
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION
VOLUME VII.
FOR THE YEAR
1863.

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADRAHAM, 501.
Alabama, the British Pirate, 668.
Alexandra, Princess, alighting from her Carriage, 396.
Alexandra, the British Pirate, 364.
Alexandria, Banks's entry into, 388.
Arkansas, Bombardment of the Fort of, 87.
Armfield, 63.
  Swimming the River, 438.
Army of the Cumberland, 639, 640, 705.
  Look-out Mountain, Capture of Rebel Works at the (3 Illustrations), 821.
  Capture of (5 Illustrations), 821.
  General Hooker Fighting among the Clouds at, 829.
Army of the Potomac Drawing Rations, 540.
  Fruitless attempt to Move, 104, 105.
  Grand Review of the, 645.
  Head-quarters at, 344, 345.
  In Huts, the, 28.
  Operators at Work, 53.
  Picket-guard, 97.
  Reviewed by President, etc., 677.
  Review of Cavalry of the, 289, 381.
  Wedding in the, 216.
Army Telegraph, the, Setting up the Wires, 53.
Artillery drawn through the Mountains, 741.
A Sign in the Rebel Trenches, 56.
Atlanta, Capture of Rebel Iron-clad, 440.
Attack of the Rebels upon our Gun-boat Flotilla at Galveston, Texas, 73.

BADEN's Quaker, 197.
Ball at the Tuileries, 204.
Balloon "Le Geant," 173.
Banks's Entry into Alexandria, 385.
  Expedition, Landing of, 753.
  Departure from Brunswick, 389.
Barrataria, the Iron-clad, 2/2.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana, General Banks's Forces landing at, 485.
  Grierson's Entry into, 356.
Bayou Navigation in Dixie, 525.
  Crossing, 525.
Bayou Teche, flight at, 301.
Bedouin Tent, 605.
Beever murdered by Sioux Indians, 577.
Belle Isle, Union Prisoners at, 665.
Beulah Battery, 164.
Bewicksley, Widow (3 Illustrations), 166, 167.
Black Island Batteries, 644, 645.
Black River Bridge, Battle of, 246.
  Cotton Bridge over, 405.
Blockade-runner, Sinking a, 536.
Blood Horses, sale of at New Orleans, 221.
Blood-hounds, Union men hunted with, 740.
Bne Ridge, 684.
Bowen, General, at Burbridge's Head-quarters, 481.
Bragg's Encampment, 760.
Brashear City, Louisiana, 297, 380.
Bridal Parure of Miss Chase, 764.
Bridging the Tennessee, 753.
Bristoe Station, Heth's Attack at, 712.
Buckland, 785.
Buford's Attack on Raccoon Ford, 633.
  Cavalry Charge, 464, 625.
Bull Run, Bridge over, 579.
Burnside at Knoxville, 413.
Butte la Rose, Engagement of, 340.

CAHLOUN, Funeral of the late Captain, 540.
Caleb Cushing Steam up, 441.
Camp of the 19th Massachusetts Regiment, 317.
Canal Universelle Texas, 395.
Canal to New Carthage, 312, 313.
Capture of Look-out Mountain (5 Illustrations), 821.
  Of Rebel Works at the White House, on Look-out Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863, 809.
  Of the Steamer *Chesapeake* by British Pirates, Dec. 7, 1863, 817.
Carlisle, Rebels shelling New York Militia in main Street of, 417.
Cavalry Attack, x, 344, 345.
  Raid, Kilpatrick's, 348.
Champion Hill, Battle of, 393.
Chancellorsville, Battle of, 325, 328, 329, 332, 333.
  Hooker's Head-quarters at, 332.
Charleston, South Carolina, Defenses of, 284.
  Bird's-eye view of, 536.
  Defenses of, 284.
  Fahy's Battery near the Light house at, 76.
  Harbor, 264, 265.
    Campaign in, 569.
    Obstructions in, 673.
    Sinking Torpedoes, 380.
  Iron-clad Fleet, 76.
  Middle-ground Battery, 76.
  Naval Combat off, 117.
  Our Blockading Fleet off North Channel, 76.
  Scenes on Sea-islands near, 517.
  The Siege of, 596, 597, 609, 613, 613.
Chattanooga, 581, 760.
  The Steamer, 760.
Chesapeake, Capture of the Steamer, by British Pirates, Dec. 7, 1863, 817.
Chicamauga, the Battle of, 696.
Cheatem, 84.
Christmas Eve, 1863, 8, 9.
Christmas, 1863, 824, 825.
Cincinnati, the Iron-clad, 385.
Colored Troops (1st Louisiana National Guards), 133.
Comicalities, 3, 16, 19, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 113, 128, 144, 160, 161, 176, 177, 192, 208, 209, 211, 224, 227, 240, 241, 256, 275, 288, 304, 320, 336, 352, 368, 384, 400, 403, 416, 419, 432, 448, 464, 480, 483, 496, 499, 512, 515, 544, 560, 576, 592, 608, 624, 640, 656, 672, 688, 704, 720, 736, 752, 768, 784, 800, 816, 832.
Confiscated Anglo-Rebel property, 573.
Contraband Volunteer, x, 180.
Contraband coming into Camp in consequence of the Proclamation, 68, 116.
  Coming in, 293.
Corbin's Neck, on the Rappahannock, 140.
Corner's Bridge, Fight at, 101.
Cotton (King) Captured, 380.
Courier Line, the, 193.
Cumberland, Army of the (3 Illustrations), 313.
Cumberland Gap, Burnside's Army at, 652.

DELAWARE, Arrival of Prisoners at Fort, 465.
Depot of Supplies, 720.
Deserters, Execution of, 509, 617.
Draft, Resumption of the, 573.
Dream, the Soldier's, 709.
Drummer-boy of our Regiment, 605.
Dumfries, 667.
Dunmory, Porter's second, at Vicksburg, 326.
Dunderberg, 728.

El Monasser, the Lalrd Ram, 801.
El Tousson, " "
Ely's *Ford*, 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry at, 308.
Emancipation Meeting at Exeter Hall, 172.
  Of the Negroes, the, 56, 57.
Escort, the Steamer, 301.
Execution of Indian Murderers, Minnesota, 37.
Expedition, the great Southern, 117.

Florida destroying the *Jacob Bell*, 189.
Foraging Party, 712.
Fort Hill, Blowing up the Rebel, 469.
  Entrance of Mine under, 469.
  Under, 469.
Fort Wagner, 701.
  Bombardment of, 650.
  Explosion of Magazine at, 628.
Fort Negley, near Nashville, Tennessee, 23.
Fort Sumter, 585.
  Bombardment of, 588.
Fort Wagner, Attack on, 569, 581.
  The last Night before, 628.
Franklin's Division receiving the River, 28.
Fredericksburg, Attack on Rebel Works at, 4.
  Burnside's House, 28.
  Capture of Heights of, 324.
  Doubleday's Skirmishers, 28.
  Franklin crossing to, 6.
  Gallant Charge of Humphreys's Division at the Battle of, 24, 25.
  On Night of 11th December, 4.
  Our Soldiers in the Streets of, 5.
  The Artillery covering the Retreat, 28.
  The Battle of, 25, 505, 508.
French Iron-clads, 725.

GALVESTON, Texas, Rebel attack on the 42d Massachusetts Volunteers at, 73.
  Attack of the Rebels upon our Gun-boat Flotilla, 73.
Gambling, etc., 717.
General Hooker Fighting among the Clouds at Look-out Mountain, 829.
Georgo Grismold arriving at Liverpool, 205.
Germania Mills Ford, Hooker's Brigade crossing, 804.
Gettysburg, General View of, 553.
  The Battle of, 473, 505, 508.
  Views of the Battle-field at, 522.
Gilmore's Test, 645.
Gold Panic in Wall Street, 188.
Goldsborough, the Battle of, 39.
Grand Gulf, Attack on, 341.
Grant directing Dispatches, 341.
Gregg, Attack on Battery, 625.
Guerrilla Attacking Gun-boat, 313.
Guerrilla Warfare, 725.
Gun-boats, our, at Western, 84.

HARRISBURG, 461.
Hartford, the Flag-ship, 545.
Hauge's Bridge over Potomac Creek, 557.
Hazen's Brigade descending the Tennessee, 756.
Hindman, Fort, attack on, 193.
Holly Springs, Mississippi, 29.
  Ruins of, 29.
  Rebel Armory, 29.
Home from the War, 261.
Honor the Brave, 650.
Hospital on Mississippi, Floating, 300.
How the Rebels destroy Railroads, 684.

INDIAN Expedition, 580.
Indianola, x, 84.
  Running Vicksburg Blockade, 149.
Irish Bend, Battle of, 316.
Iron Newton, Destruction of the, 813.

JACKSON, Battle of, 392.
  Destruction of Property at, 392.
  General Stonewall, in Camp, 160.
  Our Works before, 564.
  Prison at, 564.
  Raising Stars and Stripes at, 392.
Jacob Bell destroyed by the *Florida*, 189.
Jacob's Ford, crossing the Rapidan at, 804.
James Island, 644.
John Burns, 529.
  Residence of, 529.
Johnsonville, 621.

KELLY'S FORD, Fight at, 772.
Kenner, the Iron-clad, 360.
  Sinking, 376.
Kingston, the Battle of, 20.

LAFAYETTE, 84.
Lake Providence, Canal at, 180.
  Carrying Levee at, 180.
Lawrence destroyed by Rebel Guerillas, 564.
  Fort, 564.
Libey Prison, 668, 669.
Logan pursuing Rebels, 369.
Look-out Mountain, 724.
  Capture of (5 Illustrations), 821.
  Rebel Works at the White House, on, Nov. 24, 1863, 809.
  General Hooker Fighting among the Clouds at, 829.
  Valley-gate Captured in, 797.
Louisiana Native Guards, 133.

M'ALLISTER, Attack on Fort, 125.
M'Clellan, Gen., Review of, 677.
M'Pherson and his Chief Engineers, 493.
Madison, Wisconsin, Burning, 573.
Marriage of the Prince of Wales, 333, 823.
Maryland Campaign, 800.
Meade, Presentation of Sword to General, 636.
Meeting of Negroes in Union Square, 569.
Meeting of the Union and Rebel Pickets in the Rappahannock, 141.
Mexico, the French in, 597.
Millikin's Bend, Battle of, 493.
Missionary Ridge Stormed by General Granger, 808.
Monitor, Destruction of the, 501.
Monitor, Wreck of the, 60.
Montauk, the, Destroying the *Nashville*, 193.
  In Action, 193.
  Torpedo Exploding under, 193.
Morgan's Raid, 513.
Morris Island, General View of, 536, 552.
  Sketches, 565.
Mosby's Guerrillas, 561.
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 45.
  Appearance of the deserted Rebel Camps near, 69.
  The Battle of, 108.

NASHVILLE and Chattanooga Railroad, 313.
Nashville, the, Destruction of, 193.
  In the Ogeechee, 164.
Negley, Fort, 23.
Negroes Addressed on the Duties of Freedom, 722.
  Recruits, Teaching the Use of the Rifle, 161.
  Regiment in Battle, 168, 169.
Newbern, Battle at, 237.
New Inlet, Rebel Batteries at, 716.
New Orleans, Arrival of General Banks and Staff at the Levee at, 21.
  A Slave for sale—Before the Auction, 61.
  Custom-house, Rebel Prisoners in, 549.
  Market, Soldiers exchanging Rations for Fruit, etc., 49.
  May Day, 377.
  Requiring Levee at, 181.
  Sale of Blood Horses at, 221.
  Scene on the Levee at, 184, 185.
  Thorpe employing Poor of, 177.
Night Guard in the Southwest, 317.
Northwest, Men of, at Work, 360, 361.

ORCHARD KNOB, Capture of, 812.
Organ at Home, 733.
Oslabia, the Russian Frigate, 657.
Our new Western Gun-boats, 84.

PACK-MULES in the Mountains, 793.
Pay-day in the Army of Potomac, 156, 157.
Philadelphia, Street Scenes in, 460.
Picket Guard, the, 77.
Picket on Duty in Swamp, 289.
Planter's House, Arrival of Column at, 200.
Pontoons building on Rappahannock, 305.
  Bridge, 309.
  Sedgwick's, 309.
Powder Court-martial, 12.
Porter's Dunmory at Vicksburg, 326.
Port Gibson, 341.
Port Hudson, Augur's Assault on, 413.
  Bombardment of, 548, 549, 449, 452.
  Banks's Head-quarters, 437.
  Farragut's Attack on, 429.
  Departure of Banks for, 389.
  General Paine's Assault on, 493.
  Paine's Head-quarters, 457.
  Siege of, 476.
  Surrender of, 499.
  Union Forces taking Possession of, 500.
  View of, 500.
Post of Honor, Bombardment of, 61.
Potomac, Crossing the, 553.
President's Dispatches, 341.
Prices at Richmond, 781.
Prisoners, Attacking Gun-boat, 313.
  Union, 573.
Pushka, Mexican, 597.

Queen of the West (the Ram) Attacking the *Vicksburg*, 123.
  Destruction of, 340.
  Loss of, 151.

RACCOON FORD, Buford's Attack on, 633.
Rail line Destroyed, 429.
Rappahannock, Capture of Rebel Works on the, 765.
  Effects of Shells on Rifle-pits at, 493.
  Franklin's Grand Division crossing the, 6.
  Railway Bridge burnt, 713.
  Soldiers crossing the, 713.
  Shelling Rifle-pits at, 493.
  View of the, 200, 701.
Raymond, Battle of, 372.
Rebel Attack upon the 42d Massachusetts Volunteers at Galveston, Texas, 73.
  Guerrillas, 740.
  Negro Tickets, 17.
Reception at New Orleans by General Butler, 44.
Registered Enemies, Arrival of, in Dresden, 136.
  Departure of, 156.
  Taking the Oath, 337.
Reveille in Camp, 444.
Richmond, 684.
Riots at New York, 484, 485, 493.
Rowena, the Tug, 317.
Rush Street Bridge, 748.
Russell's Brigade crossing the Rappahannock, 308.
Russian Hall, the, 737, 744.
  Flag-ship, Common Council Committee received on Board the, 657.
  Fleet, 664.
  Procession through Broadway, 660.
  Visit, 708.

SABINE PASS, Attack on, 653.
Santa Claus in Camp, 1.
Savannah, Georgia, and its Approaches, 100.
Scenes Women leaving Washington for Richmond, 61.
Sugar Steamer, 701.
Service and Shoddy, 677.
Sharpshooter, 653.
Shell in the Rebel Trenches, 56.
Sibley's Indian Expedition, 580.
Signal Station at Naples, 313.
Sioux War, the, 693.
Skinner's Neck, on the Rappahannock, 140.
Somerville Ford, 685.
Southern Chivalry, Illustrated, 88, 89.
  Exiles on their way North, 680.
Spies, Execution of two Rebel, 617.
Springfield Landing, View of, 437.
Spy, the Life of a, 676.
Steam-rams, the Anglo-Rebel, 661.
Stevenson, 781.
Stockade on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, 85.
Stone River, Bridges over, 69.
Stonewall Jackson in Camp, 109.
Stragglers, 13.
Switzerland, the Ram, 241.
Suffolk, Virginia, 28.
Sumter and Wagner, Bombardment of, 593.
Sumter, Bombardment of, 585.
Sullivan's Island, Battery Bee on, 701.
Susquehanna, Destruction of the Bridge over the, 468.

Tacony, the Pirate, 641.
Teamster's Duel, the, 33.
Teamsters in the Army, Paying off, 748.
Tinby's Revolving Towers, 252.
Torpedo, 682, 697, 699, 700.
  Explosion of, 548.
  Exploding under the *Montauk*, 193.
  In the Western Rivers, 85.
Torpedoes in Charleston Harbor, 380.
Trenton Falls, the Diplomatic Corps at, 585.
Turtle Run at Savannah, 164.
Tuscumbia, overflow of the, 105.

UNION ARTAB, the, 776.
  Jim's Prisoners, 180.
United States Ford, Bridges at, 308.
Upperville, Skirmish at, 401.
  Skirmish near, 449.

VALENTINE'S Day, 176, 121.
Vicksburg, Admiral Porter's Fleet at, 492.
  Approaches to, 464.
  Approach of M'Pherson's Sap, 436.
  A Scene in one of the Rebel Forts before, 193, 153.
  Before the War, 469.
  Breach in the Levee near the Canal at, 309.
  Cutting away Cotton-bend at, 260.
  Indianola running the Blockade at, 149.
  In the Trenches before, 461.
  Masked Batteries Shelling, 313.
  Our Works before, 420, 421.
  Porter's Fleet running the Batteries at, 313.
  Rams running the Blockade at, 341.
  Settling Terms of Surrender of, 481.
  Siege of, 405, 501.
  Surrender of, 493.
  The Battle at—Gallant Charge of the 6th Missouri Regiment, 71.
Virginia in 1864, 801.

WALES, Marriage of the Prince of, 332, 333.
War in the West, the, 40, 41.
  The Beginning of, 584.
Warrenton from our Batteries, 212.
  Sulphur Springs, Camp at, 605.
Wedding in the Army of the Potomac, 216.
Wehawken (Iron-clad), 813, the Gain, 92.
Whitehall, the Battle of, 29.
Winter-quarters in Camp—Inside of a Hut, 52.
Wyndham's Cavalry on a Reconnoissance, 100, 101.

YATES searching for Wounded, 341.
Yazoo, Sunset Gun in the, 213.

MAPS AND CHARTS.

Charleston, Approaches to, 196.
Chattanooga and Charleston, Map of Grant's Operations between, 776.
Galveston, Texas, Chart of the Harbor of, 69.
Hooker's recent Fight, Map showing Scene of, 723.
Knoxville, Tennessee, 796.
Lake Providence, etc., 153.
Maryland and part of Pennsylvania, 467.
Mississippi, 45.
  Grierson's Route through, 353.
  River from its Source to Vicksburg, 78.
  From Port Hudson to Bayou Sara, 218.
  Red River, Banks's Route to Grand Gulf, 297.
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Map of the Battle of, 43.
North Carolina, 7.
Pennsylvania and Maryland, Map showing Seat of War in, 453.
Prairie Grove, Arkansas, 62.
Rosecrans's Operations in Tennessee and Georgia, 631.
Savannah, Environs of, 164.
Slavery Chart, 429.
Tennessee, Rosecrans's Advance in, 557.
Vicksburg, Mississippi, 45.
  And Jackson, 369, 393.
  And Vicinity, 153.
Virginia, 236.
  East, 316.
Yazoo Pass and Vicinity, 199.

PORTRAITS.

Alexandra of Denmark, 197.
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, 733.
Beecher, Rev. Lyman, D.D., 77.
Blunt, James G., of Kansas, Brigadier General, 45.
Brady, James T., 117.
Brough, Hon. John, 828.
Browne, J. Ross, 725.
Buford, General, 541.
Butterfield, Major General Dan., 109.
Colfax, Hon. Schuyler, 317.
Couch, Major General Darius, 109.
Curtin, Governor, 365.
Davidson, the Scout, 349.
Dupont, Admiral Samuel F., 257.
Farragut, Rear Admiral David G., 545.
Foote, Rear Admiral, 445.
Foster, J. G., Brigadier General, 21.
Gilmore, General Quincy A., 225, 684.
Gordon, the Negro, 681.
Granger, General Gordon, 730.
Grant, Major General, 283, 377, 378, 465.
Grierson, Colonel, 353.
Guenther, Charles G., 733.
Hammond, Dr. William A., 748.
Hooker and Staff, 295, 297.
Hooker, Joseph, Major General, 93, 729.
Howe, Julia C., Brigadier General, 49.
Howe, General David, 165.
Hunter, General David, 165.
Jackson, General Stonewall, 173, 549.
Jackson, Thomas, 549.
Kilpatrick, Major General, 541.
Lincoln, Abraham, 1, 117.
Logan, Major General, 745.
Longstreet, General, 549.
Lytle, Brigadier General, 733.
Manahan, the Archduke, 621.
M'Clernand, Major General, 81.
M'Clellan, John, Brigadier General, of Missouri, 48.
Meade, Major General George G., 433.
Mitchell, General, 9, 541.
Plesenton, General, 541.
Porter, David D., Rear Admiral, 81.
Reynolds, the late Major General John F., 453.
Rolgers, Captain John, 733.
Rose, General Leonard F., 293.
Salm Salm, Prince, 597.
Semmes (the Pirate Raphael), 653.
Shaw, Colonel Robert Gould, 569.
Sherman, William F., Major General, 40.
Slocomb, Major General, 321, 541.
Stratton, Charles F., of Wisconsin, 113.
Strong, Brigadier General George C., 525.
Thomas, Major General George H., 641.
Tom Thumb and Wife, 113.
Turner, the Rev. H. M., 796.
Union Jim, 196.
Vallandigham, C. L., 365.
Van Buren, John, 117.
Victoria, Queen, and Beatrice, 229.
Wales, Prince and Princess of, 825.
Washburne, Major General C. C., 764.

GENERAL INDEX.

Anony Gentlemen, 226.
Academy Exhibition, 260.
Academy of Design, 574.
Admiral Porter's Dummy, 295.
Agnes Sebastian, 574.
Agricultural Bureau, 722.
Alexandra of Denmark, 188.
Alexandra, the English Pirate, 262.
America and England, 1864.
American Battles, 403.
American Citizens, 743.
American Industry, 706.
Amusing Book, an, 51.
Anglo-phobia, 578.
Anglo-Prussia, 514.
Anglo-Rebel Iron-clads, 569, 601.
Annie Laurie, 397.
Another Mask off, 403.
Anti-Imperial View in France, 809.
Antipathy of Race and Religion, 130.
Antietroplus, 291.
Apathy, 435.
A poor Article of Rebel, 295.
Arkansas, Capture of Post of, 94.
Armies, the, 802.
Army and Navy Items, 515, 551, 547, 563, 579, 595, 614, 627, 659, 675, 691, 707, 725, 739, 771, 818.
Army Beef, 71.
Army of the Cumberland, the, 690, 711, 775, 808.
Army of the Potomac, the, 34, 53, 95, 101, 197, 245, 331, 405, 551, 625, 636, 646, 654, 711, 721, 764, 789.
Arrival of the Coming Man, 707.
Artemus Ward, 518.
Artist-Correspondent (our) at Large, 125.
Atlanta, Capture of the, 443.
At Last, 2.
As you Were, 782.
A very Simple Plan, 322.
A Word to the Soldiers, 329.

Bacon's Quaker, 196.
Bacon, 343.
Ball at the Tuileries, the late, 205.
Balloon, the French, 774.
Banks Expedition, the, 3, 37, 48.
Banks, General, at New Orleans, 18.
Banks's Campaign, 303.
Barbarism and Civilization, 483.
Barnum, 407.
Barnum's, 871.
Battle of Murfreesborough, 209.
Bayou Teche, Battle in, 103.
Bear-hunting, 135.
Beecher, Rev. Lyman, 77.
Rev. H. W., 723.
Belle's Fairy Frame, 518.
Berwick's Bay Expedition, 337.
Beside Crompton, 74.
Better Feeling, a, 194.
Bewitching Widow, the, 165, 167.
Birds of a Feather, 651.
Bishop Beckel, a, 719.
Blarney, 491.
Blind, 436.
Blockade-running Experiences, 794.
Blue Flowers, 566.
Blunt, Brigadier General James G., of Kansas, 45.
Border State Policy, 626.
Boston Organ, the great, 795.
Boys run Wild, 426.
Brady's Gallery, 722.
Britannia and Rams, 642.
British Journalism, 754.
British Meddle, the last, 387.
British Privateers, the, 210, 594, 626.
Broadway, 291.
Brothers in Arms, 30.
Burnside, General, 98, 707, 771.
Burton on Du Chaillu and Gorillas, 95.
Butler on Reconstruction, 466.
Butterfield, General, Life of, 120.

Cadwell Imbroglio, the, 2.
Calhoun, Funeral of Captain, 551.
Cairns, 307.
Calling Names, 322.
Camp Douglas, from, 547.
Camp on the Rappahannock, 315.
Campaign in Louisiana, 299.
Canal Convention, 371.
Capture of a Rebel Garrison, 819.
Of the Fort of Arkansas, 94.
Of the Steamer *Chesapeake*, 817.
Carlyle, 387, 723.
Case for the Prisoner, 710.
Catching the Dragon, 534.
Catiline's last Cry, 530.
Cauliflower, 511.
Cavalry, 338.
Officers, 541.
Charleston, South Carolina, 79, 98, 242, 258, 295, 375, 519, 541, 551, 621, 629, 659, 676.
Fight off, 177.
Charmer charmed, 479.
Chattanooga, 587, 737, 754, 786, 812.
Chastel, the Story of a, 295.
Chesapeake Privateer, the, 819.
Steamer, Capture of the, 817.
Chicago, Bridge Accident at, 743.
Chivalry, 194.
Christmas Eve, 54.
Cincinnati, the Iron-clad, 585.
Circumstances alter Cases, 163.
Civet wanted, 515.
Clignancourt Mystery, the, 506.
Closet, the "" in the, 196.
Cold and Unfriendly Neutrality, 573.
Colored Soldiers, Treatment of, 514.
Colored Troops, 403.
In Louisiana, 143.
Color-prints, 739.
Coming to Life again, 718.
Common Complaint, a, 371.
Conciliation, 651.
Confederate Loan in Europe, the, 266.
Confiscation of Anglo-Rebel Cotton, 295.
Congress, 3, 19, 35, 51, 67, 83, 99, 120, 131, 147, 163, 179, 195, 243, 259.
Connecticut in Louisiana, 237.
Conservatism and Respectability, 674.
Contrabands Coming in, 78.
Conway and Mason, 450.
Copperheadism, 130.
Copperhead Logic, 563.
Plan, the, 195.
Statesmanship, 467.
Coach, General, Life of, 169.
Courage, 178.
Court of the Water-Lily, 138.
Cotopaxi, 219.
Cruel Case, a, 582.
Culpepper, Cavalry Fight near, 427.
Cumberland, Army of the, 215.
Cumberland Gap, 652.
Curiosities of Cipher, 506.
Curiosities of Sleep, 61.
Curtin, Andrew G., 263.

Dare's Duty, 720.
Dark Night's Work, 58, 70, 86, 110, 122, 134, 154, 170, 190, 202, 219, 230, 247.
Deserters, Execution of, 510.
Despotism, 370.
Diplomatic Exercises, 603.
Dix, General, 563.
Dixie, Two Views of, 291.
Domestic Manufactures, 723.
Doomed to Disappointment, 583.
Dragon, 690.
Draft, the, 466, 546, 573.
Drafted, 307.
Duel or Two, a, 430.
Dumbass in Libraries, 691.
Dunderbeg, the, 127.
Dupont, Admiral, 370.
Duty of Cheerfulness, 34.
Duyckinck, George Long, 563.
Dyspeptic Patriot, a, 739.

Easy Questions, etc., 594.
Editorial Responsibility, 34.
Election, the, 723.
By the People, 35.
Emancipation, 35.
Empress of China's Navy, 291.
Empty, the Account with, 374.
A Voice from, 388.
Our Relations with, 306.
Why she keeps still, 710.
Ericsson's Devil, 371.
Escape from Prison, 838.
Essex, the Fast of the, 299.
Essex, the, and the *Alabama*, 34.
European Congress, the, 515.
Europe at Home, 802.
Everett, Speech of, 675.
Exchange of Prisoners, 7.
Execution of the Minnesota Indians, 39.
Of Williams and Peters, 417.
Exodus of Rebel Women, 81.
Expedition, the great Southern, 119.

Fable of the Bats, 562.
Fact and Theory, 354.
Fall Campaign, 694.
Fair Play, 66.
Fair Wages for fair Work, 563.
Farmer Hayden's Thanksgiving Day, 774.
Farragut, Rear Admiral, 546.
Fidelio, 295.
Fighting and Waiting, 22.
And Twaddling, 290.
Finance, 530.
Financial Situation, 290.
Fine Chance, a, 547.
Fine Names, &c.
Firmness, 307.
First Time under Fire, 746.
Florida, the Pirate, 187.
Fools, Admiral, 435, 445.
Footing up an Account, 98.
Foreign Observer, to the, 386.
War, 375.
Forey, General, 307.
Fortic et Fidelis, 678.
Fort Negley, Evacuations, 23.
Sumter, 587.
The Bombardment of, 270.
Wagner, the Attack on, 510.
Fortune's Wheel, 614.
Forty Days' Warning, 594.
Foster, J. G., Brigadier General, 21.
Fourth of July, 1863, 450.
France in Mexico, 594.
Fredericksburgh, Battle of, 6, 17.
Freedmen on the Mississippi, 770.
French dead (and gone) Shots, 466.
Emperor Policy in America, 98.
Pamphlet, 658.
Fun, 178.
Friendly Voice, 387.
Friends in England, 706.
From a Diary, 178, 194, 210, 242, 274, 291, 370, 450, 706.
From England, 594.
Richmond, 626.

Galveston, the Loss of, 75.
Gambling, 771.
Gasconade, 258.
George Griswold at Liverpool, the, 295.
Georgia, Battles in, 643.
Georgia's Resistance, 386.
Germaine, 474.
Gettysburg, Battle of, 471, 510.
Incidences of, 534.
The Hills at, 747.
Ghost at Cedar Glen, the, 118.
In the Green Park, 646.
Gift to the Wayside, 619.
Gigmour's Picture, 338.
Gilmore, General Quincy A., 626, 657.
Going to Wilson's Creek, 119.
Golden Hair, 638.
Gold Pania, the, 187.
Good-natured Man with One Eye, 563.
Good News, 450.
Government and Administration, 162.
Granger, General Gordon, 780.
Grant and some Western Heroes, 256.
Major General Ulysses S., 265, 466.
Grant's Campaign, 337, 362.
Letter, 755.
Gratia's Fortune, 658.
Greco-American Citizen, 259.
Grierson, Colonel, 354, 658.
Gun-boats, the new Western, 85.

Habeas Corpus, the, 195.
Hail! King that would be, 450.
Hammond, Dr. William A., 748.
Hands and Hearts, 123.
Happy New-Year, 18.
Have we a General among us? 34.
Haxa Bell, 291.
Hearts and Faces, 642.
Hindman, Attack on Fort, 94, 123.
History vs. Palmerston, 194.
Holy-Time, 18.
Holly Springs, 37.
Home from the Wars, 747.
Homespun, Mrs., upon Players, 66.
Hon. John Brough, Governor-elect of Ohio, 628.
Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the new Speaker, 617.
Hooker, Major General Joseph, 93, 130.
Hooker's Head-quarters, Sketches at, 241.
Hospital Register, 195.
House-keeping, 295.
Hovey, Alvin P., Brigadier General, 62.
How a free People conduct a long War, 150.
How an Officer made Love, etc., 199.
How others See us, 435.
How shall we Vote? 610.
How the First New Jersey Fought at Brandy, 606.
How to do it, 515.
Hughes, Archbishop, on the Conscription, 258.
Humor, a Stroke of, 258.
Humors of the Day, 3, 19, 35, 51, 67, 83, 99, 115, 131, 147, 163, 179, 195, 211, 227, 243, 259, 275, 291, 307, 323, 339, 355, 371, 387, 403, 419, 435, 451, 467, 483, 499, 515, 531, 547, 558, 574, 590, 609, 625, 631, 647, 670, 679, 699, 711, 734, 751, 767, 775, 798, 807, 823.
Hungarian Officer, the, 195.
Hunter, Major General, 163.

Iliad in a Nutshell, 643.
Immigration, why it Increases, 322.
Important Notice, 658.
In Dixie, 179.
Inevitable Question, the, 98.
In Extremis, 595.
In Hospital, 122.
Interrupted Letter, 322.
In the Bayous, 735.
In the Cars, 66.
In the Closet, 106.
In the Hospital, 62.
In the Waters under the Earth, 142.
Invasion of the North, 450.
Irish Bend, Battle of, 315.
Iron-dads, 274.
At Charleston, 259.
Our, in the Speeches, 306.
Irrepressible Conflict again, the, 114.
Isaac Newton, Loss of the, 515.

Jackson, Capture of, 626.
Jackson, General Stonewall, 174.
John Bull in Dixie, 642.
John Morgan's Subsistence, 78.
Justice, 547.

Kemble's Journal, 418, 451, 466.
Kentucky Loyalty, 170.
Kenlock, 258, 307.
Kiernan, Major, 466.
Killed in Action, 291.
Kilpatrick's Raid, 343.
Kinglake, Mr., 306.
Kinglake's Crimean War, 259, 290.
Kingsley, Charles, 418.

Lady Constance's Trap, 250.
Laird, Mr., 530.
Last Word, 107.
Latest News from the Dead, 491.
Lawrence's Volunteers, 23.
Lawrence, Massacre at, 566, 603.
Lay Representation, 338.
League of States, 243.
Leah, 146.
Lee, General R. E., 174.
Letter to a Rebel Friend, 210.
Liberty and Licenses, 66.
And Privilege, 323.
Literary, 259, 339, 371, 419, 467, 626, 645, 691, 739, 771, 787, 803, 818.
Piracy, 258.
Little Purple, 67.
Little Red Slipper, 238.
Lloyds's Weekly Newspaper, 419.
Locomotive and the Cow, 451.
London Charivari, 307.
Scandal, 386.
Lord Lyons's Dispatch, 226.
Loss of the *Hecksaben*, 819.
Lost Leader, 418, 546.
Louisiana, Campaigning in, 302.
Louis Napoleon's Prayer, 707.
Lounger in the next Box, to the, 50.
Lounger, the, 50, 66, 82, 98, 114, 130, 146, 162, 178, 194, 210, 226, 242, 258, 274, 290, 306, 322, 338, 354, 370, 386, 402, 418, 434, 450, 466, 482, 498, 514, 530, 546, 562, 578, 594, 610, 626, 642, 658, 674, 690, 706, 722, 738, 754, 770, 786, 802.
Loyal Soldiers, 243.
Citizens, 418.
Lyte, General, 737.

Margaret's Cross, 663.
Maryland Campaign, 519.
Maryland Yank, a, 66.
Mast-meeting, 354.
Masters and Lackeys, 659.
Maud, 518.
Mayor Hall, the, 818.
Maximilian, 691.
McClellan, Attack on Fort, 123.
M'Neil, General, 404.
Meade, Major General, 454.
Meave, Schoolmistress, 708.
Melancholy Event, 802.
Mercier *vs.* the United States, 131.
Merry Christmas, 818.
Mexican Empire, 579.
Mildred's Sacrifice, 395.
Military Statistics, 355.
Tableau, a, 59.
Millie Leslie's Secret, 182, 183.
Minnesota Indians, Execution of the, 39.
Miss Chase's Wedding Jewels, 764.
Mississippi, Opening of the, 601.
Missouri, 754.
Mixie, Prince of Fogee, 363.
Mitchell, Brigadier General Robert B., 221.
Monitor, the Wreck of the, 60.
Monitors at Charleston, 579.
Monroe Doctrine, 771.
Monster Gilbraze, the, 579.
Moor Peace, 338.
Morgan's Raid, 513.
Mr. Bluett's Christmas Dinner, 827.
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 79.
Appearance of the site of the deserted Rebel Camps at, 69.
Battle of, 103.
My First Duel, 243.
My Independence Day, 594.

National Academy of Design, 722.
National and State Governments, 594.
Nation as a Jury, 418.
Necessity of Success, the, 82.
Negley, Fort, Tennessee, 23.
Negro Emancipation, 18.
Negro Troops, 386.
In the Southwest, 721.
Negroes as Soldiers, 174.
Nelson, Lord, 434.
Nest, 731.
Neutral English Gentleman, the, 577.
Neutrality, the Fruit of British, 307.
Nothing but Bills, 51.
Newborn, Flight at, 258.
New Bureau, a, 338.
New Call for Men, 690.
New Gospel of Peace, 563, 722.
New Jersey Cavalry, 208.
New Orleans, General Banks at, 18, 45.
Affairs in, 157.
A Shower on, at 61.
Excitement in, 186.
Market, the, 98.
Rebel Prison in, 551.
Repairing Levee at, 155.
Sale of Horses at, 223.
Scenes at, 362.
New Outlet to the Gulf, 199.
New Picture, 795.
New Soldiers, 338.
Nicknames, 179.
Nile, the Sources of the, 387.
No Name, 18, 96, 97, 84.
No Peace with Rebels, 355.
North, the United, 178.
No Surrender, 66.
Now for a Victory, 210.

Octoroon Elections, 674.
Official Dignity, 403.
Ogeechee, our Iron-clads in the, 306.
Old Gag, the, 722.
One-sides Men, 67.
One of Three, 393.
One Point gained, 706.
One Women's Will, 186.
On the Accession, 51.
Opening of the Mississippi, the, 50.
Opera, the, 577, 723.
Oppression, 146.
Ordahs, 626.
Our Black Army, 731.
Our Financial Policy, 130.
Our Foreign Relations, 613.
Our Own, 483.
Our Platform, 658.
Our Relations with Great Britain, 253.

Parmentier and Portionship, 115.
Paying the Tweenters, 150.
Peace, a Little Bit of, 370.
Peace-makers, 531.
Peerage Reform, 195.
Pirates off New England, 441.
Pitt, Attempt to raise a Train Question, 516.
Plum for the Disconsolate, a, 51.
Policy and Right, 51.
Policy of the Government, 514.
Political Legislation, 146.
Poor Pilot, 94.
Porter Court-martial, 7.
Port Hudson, 497.
The Fall at, 554.
The Siege of, 411, 446, 463, 478.
Portland Ball, 599.
Precious, 195.
President and the Report, 258.
President's Letter, the 402.
Message, the, 818.
Proclamation, the, 34.
Prentiss, Gen., 23, 94.
Pretty Good Hit, 179.
Prince of Montenegro, 594.
Prince Hassan and the Ogre, 71.
Prince Salm Salm, 291.
Princess of Wales and her Bridesmaids, 247.
Prison at Charleston, 563.
Prisons at the South, 575.
Rebel, 551.
Prisons at Richmond, 687.
Proclamation, effects of the, 119.
Professors, the, 674.
Providence, Canal at Lake, 387.
Public Finances, 610.
Public Opinion, Progress of, 546.
Punkin, 398.
Pure Castilian, 723.

Quarry's Master, 14.
Queen of the West, the, 120.
Loss of the, 187.

Question of Endurance, a, 728.
To be Pondered at Leisure, 795.
Settled, 419.
Question, the, 466.

RAIN from Pennsylvania, 418.
Ralph Hazlitt, 459.
Reaction, 68.
Rebel Batteries, 397.
Dispatches, 83.
Exultation, 466.
Frankness, 696.
Garrison, Capture of a, 818.
Logic, 530.
Message, the, 818.
Negro Pockets, 17.
Policy, 425.
Rams at Liverpool, 593.
Rebels and Copperheads, 370.
Rebellion, Harper's Pictorial History of the, 275.
Recaptured, 103.
Reconstruction, 309.
Red Rover, 299.
Remaining Dangers, 610.
Reply to a Western Friend, 19.
Results, 802.
Retaliation, 354, 434.
Retrospect, 562.
Return from the Threshold, 203.
Review of the Army of the Potomac, 289.
Revolving Tower, 193.
Reynolds, the late General, 453.
Rice Plantations, 427.
Richmond, 654.
Riots, the, 337, 394, 479, 530.
Rights and their Violation, 60.
Rodgers, Captain John, 519.
Rumsh, 99, 305.
Rosecrans, Removal of, 690.
Ross, Brigadier General Leonard F., 222.
Rothschilds and the Union, 258.
Russell's Diary, 83.
Running the Blockade, 607.
Russian Alliance, 658.
Ball, the, 738, 746.
Visitors, 661, 711.
Russians, the, 674.

SABINE Pass, Disaster at, 646.
Sally's Choice, 340.
Sanitary Commission, 387.
Fairs, 735.
Santa Claus among the Soldiers, 6.
Ball, 15.
Sauce for the Goose, etc., 466.
Savannah, 193.
Approaches to, 165.
Scout in Dixie, 343.
Semmes, the Pirate Raphael, 12.
Sensation, 406.
Separation, 243.
Shakspeare's Birthday, 505.
Shaw, Colonel, 576.
Sherman, Major General W. T., 62.
Short Letter to John, a, 99.
Sibley Expedition, 597.
Side-light, a, 83.
Side-lights, 565.
Sinews of War, 354.
Sing Sing Conservatism, 547.
Sir Edward Lytton again, 675.
Situation, the, 306, 514, 754.
Slander, 371.
Slavery Chart, 149.
Slaves in Louisiana, 114.
Smith's Bridge, 168.
Social Condition of the English People, 578.
Soldiers and Saints, 328.
Soldier's Farewell, the, 115.
Something like Campaigning, 663.
Song of Songs, 211.
Sophie's Ribbon, 608.
Southern Chivalry, 87.
Southwest, our Army in the, 215.
Speaker, the new, 321.
Starvation, 779.
State Rights, 563.
Station-master at Langley, 590.
Statue by John Bull, 467.
Stockade on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, 58.
Stonewall Jackson, 146.
Stonewall Jackson's Camp, 103.
Struggle, a, 196.
Strategy, 535.
Straws, 114.
Strong, General G. C., 525.
Strong Heart, the, 466.
Study for a Copperhead Editorial, 659.
Suffolk, 98.
Sumter Meeting, 270.
Suppose and Suppose, 50.
Sword and Gown, 643.
Sylvia's Lovers, 277.
Symptoms of Carping-in, 354.

TENNESSEE, 819.
Army of the, 369.
Terror at the South, 402.
Texas, 819.
Expedition, 754.
Thanksgiving-day, a Story of, 773.
That Mysterious Joe, 506.
The Precise Point, 322.
The way Joe Allen buried Vandegrift, 622.
Thomas, Major General, 643.
Three Christmas Days, 10.
Tim Binney's Courtship, 155.
Tom Thumb and Wife, 114.
Torpedo, 258, 548, 587.
Torpedoes in the Western Rivers, 35.
Transatlantic Cousins, 690.
Trial of the Constitution, 385.
Tried, 679.
Tribe, 46.
Trumpet-blowing, 728.
Truth put to the Wall, 131.
Turner, Rev. H. M., 706.
Twinsheims and Tweedledee, 147.
Twin Crimes, 611.
Two Kinds of Men, 307.
Typical Negro, 429.

UNDER which King, 162.
Union Meeting at Dexter Hall, 171.
Universal Knowledge, 18.
Unmasking, 618.
Upperville, the Fight at, 462.

VAINGLORY, 655.
Vallandigham, 338, 362.
VARY HARD Case, 214, 234, 246, 266, 275, 294, 314, 330, 346, 358, 378, 390, 410, 422, 443, 453, 474, 490, 502, 522, 534, 554, 570, 586, 602, 618, 634, 650, 666, 683, 698, 714, 730, 742, 762, 778, 790, 810, 822.
Very Thin Mask, 179.
Vicksburg, 215, 295, 405, 427, 446, 473, 487, 501.
Battle of, 164.
Running the Blockade, 541.
The Attack of, 77.
Victory of South Carolina, 725.
Victory or Defeat, 130.
Voice of the Charmer, 515.

WAITING for the Tide, 620.
Walk through a Hospital, 178.
Wall Street, 95.
History, 434.
Wanted, a Reserve Force, 418.
War and Trade, 242.
War in Japan, 786.
In the North, 386.
In the Border States, the, 42.
Washburne, Major General, 764.
Wealth of our Country, 194.
Wedding in Camp, a, 219.
Of the Prince of Wales, 229.
Weed's (Mr.) Retirement, 98.
Weitzelen in the Gale, 95.
Loss of the, 819.
Western Boys, 370.
Whately, Dr., and Mrs. Stowe, 114.
What is Loyalty? 543.
What Mr. Lindsey Thinks, 707.
What shall it be? 578.
What's in the Pack? 343.
What to do with Money, 674.
Whether we are Whipped, 386.
Whiff, 634.
Whining, 19.
Whirligig of Fortune, 163.
White Elephants, 107.
Who are our Enemies in England, 146.
Who is Who? 674.
Who Quote the London "Times," 131.
Williams, Jim, 195.
Wigfall, 563.
Wilmington, Blockade at, 711.
Will the South Submit? 626.
Winter Campaign, 706.
Wiser and Better, 591.
Within and Without, 218.
Woman's Choice, 438.
Word, a, about Connecticut, 227.
Word, a, with my Connecticut Voter, 147.
Words and Things, 803.
Work before Congress, 786.
Work done by Congress, 162.
Would-be Martyrs, 370.
Wrath of Mrs. Elizabeth Gwynne, 173.

YANCEY, 626.
Year too Late, 675.

ZENAS CAREY'S Reward, 779.

POETRY.

After the Battle of Anti-tam, 423.
Azor Blockade, 130.
At Fredericksburg, 98.
Bachelor's Soliloquy, 342.
Banks, 483.
Broken Sword, the, 775.
Cavalryman's Story, 370.
Child's Question, 474.
Christmas Carol for 1862, 47.
Christmas, 1863, 818.
Church-yard Lily, 574.
Conscript's Appeal, 746.
Conscript, the, 723.
Copperhead Song for 1870, 450.
Counterparts, 106.
Dreams, 18.
Fading Photograph, 538.
First Waltz, the, 50.
Flag, the, 370.
Fort Donelson, 187.
For us, 562.
Forward—March, 210.
Gallop of Death, 706.
General Butler, 66.
Gettysburg, 459.
Ghostly Fight, the, 626.
Gone, 138.
Grave beneath the Willow, 46.
Graves of Gettysburg, 506.
Gun, the, 490.
Halfway Rock, 259.
Home, 634.
Homopathic Song, 938.
Hour and the Cause, the, 463.
I'd like to aid the Soldier, 774.
If, 6.
In an Album, 11.
In Hospital, 474.
In time of War, 613.
Jonathan to John, 374.
Last Words, 478.
Lay of the modern Konservative, 306.
Left on the Battle-field, 551.
Letter, a, 414.
Life's Answer, 167.
Lines to Jeff Davis, 82.
Lock of Hair, the, 106.
Love Song, 27.
Love's Inconsistencies, 231.
Method, 55.
Mexico, 690.
Monitor, 290.
More Light, 587.
Mother's Letter, the, 194.
My Confession, 698.
My Vision, 823.
New Battle-cry, 730.
Night Attack, 243.
No Change, 711.
Ode to the Peacemakers, 162.
One Day's Command, 338.
One Grave, 171.
One in a Thousand, 598.
Only, 7.
Only one Man killed To-day, 98.
Only Son, 703.
Our Color-sergeant, 226.
Our Country, 731.
Our Country's Dead, 210.
Our History, 94.
Our Jubilee, 270.
Over, 95.
President's Hymn, the, 770.
Rappahannock, 263.
Reminiscence of Fort Hudson, 586.
Rose de Guerre, 514.
Snow at Fredericksburg, 74.
Snowstorm at Belle Plain, 206.
Soldier's Burial, 218.
Soldier's marching Song, 738.
Soldier's Valentine, a, 111.
Something worth having, 143.
Song, 402.
Sowing of the Ages, 813.
Spanish Cloister, Soliloquy of the, 242.
Stolen Stars, 523.
Swamp Angel, 776.
Sympathy, 347.
Tempora Mutantur, 471.
Threads, 714.
To General Hooker, 322.
To Men, 754.
To my Soldier, 10.
Trifles, 343.
'Tis the repentant Saouth, 610.
Two Sons, 618.
Wanderer, 295.
Warning, 290.
Watch-fire, 322.
Wedding Words, 30.
Where are the Copperheads? 562.
Whisper, a, 626.
Wind-music and the Child, 482.
Wreck of the Monitor, 97.
Young Lady's Soliloquy, 554.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 314.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



SANTA CLAUS IN CAMP.—[See Page 6.]

AT LAST.

THE full chords, the flying, sparkling notes, the unwoven harmonies, were all one splendid mutiny; for Esther Travellian, after three weeks of depression and doubt of Raymond Leighton, was roused at last to revolt, and with head erect and sparkling eyes, rung out musical defiance in the name of Liszt, as bold and plain as words could have set it forth. And so Raymond Leighton understood it, as the throbbing notes, escaping through the opened windows, came on him tranquilly sitting on the piazza.

"Good!" he said to himself. "She is ready now to fling her glove in my face. We shall have a scene, and then I think we shall come to terms;" and throwing away his cigar he sauntered into the parlor.

She was alone, and his steps were lost in the thunder of the chromatic storm; but a Cenci hung over the piano, and in the glass of the picture she caught a blurred hint of his coming; saw a brown mustache, a dark outline, something masculine, guessed out the rest by the tingle of her blood, and the fast throbbing of her heart at the time to quell the secret insurrection, and was ready for him, with steady eye and lip, and a cold little hand that lay passive in the grasp into which he took it.

I thought you were yet in town."

"I have only been here an hour or so."

The sharp twang with which she brought how a month back "the hour or so" would have real five minutes, she could not keep from sounding in her voice.

"Well, have you nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing but my indecision, and that you shall end. The Eighth goes next week. Shall I go or stay?"

"I should hardly think there could be a doubt unless the Gideon flood turn again."

"It has flowed redly enough on more than one field," returned the young man, haughtily.

"Like the old Burgundians? "It could fort et bon ?"

"Then you wish me to go?"

"I—I have no wish about it; what is it to me?"

"True, it is nothing to you, of course," answered this maladroit Raymond, who might have seen that she had not withdrawn her hand, that she could not meet his look, that her very coldness was in itself a confession and a fear; and might have—but did not—quietly pulled his mustache wrathfully, and dubbed himself of the order of Fools.

She, disappointed in not being contradicted, flushed scarlet and drew away her hand.

"There is Darwin Ashe," she said, pettishly. "I want to go and ask about my letters." And with that she vanished.

Raymond stood looking after her.

He had thought himself so sure of her, and after all she had not used him. He had been in the afterglow, with a half-defined idea of making his loving more precious to her when he should at last confess it; but she had wholly loved and trusted her, and she— He burst out into a bitter laugh.

"Why, she is only a coquette after all; a little higher in feeling, keen enough to see through the trust and whiteness of soul might be, but like the rest at heart. And to think that I believed she loved me!"

Meanwhile Darwin Ashe, sitting in the cool room or hall, had kept his eyes on his paper, but his senses on the alert. He had heard and interpreted rightly Raymond's coming, the sudden hush of the music, the low talking. When Esther came and sat down by him, with white cheeks and eyes aflame, he said to himself, "One of the two extremes." When Raymond passed them to join a group of girls, with an ostentatious avoidance of their point of the compass, he guessed which extreme it was. And so thinking, he listened to whatever nonsense she was pleased to utter with a quiet look, not in itself a power, but he would give her nothing but a curve of the lips or a half-uttered word for her poorly-forged smiles and counterfeit talk, till, urged almost by his will, she put off at last her false self, gave a little shiver, and on a sudden was pale and silent.

"You are cold, well," said Darwin. "You have shut yourself up all this week, and the consequences are these dark circles about your eyes and that look of languor. You need exercise. Come and get your burnous, or tell me where to find it. I am going to take you out."

A sort of blunt authority that, a week ago, three hours back even, would have been resisted. As it was, she turned toward him with something of the old spirit, but the flash and sparkle died out before the soft, steady look. *The main de fer* held her will already in its clasp, though felt unconsciously as yet, accounted for by that facile mountebank we call our Reason; thus—

"It was pleasant to be the object of even such authoritative care" (latterly, of course, Darwin being five years her senior). "Why should she not go? There was no one else to care. No one had even seen that she suffered."

And so Raymond, cantering along the beach that afternoon, came on them under the cliffs, Esther seated on a rock cushioned with Darwin's cloak, he stretched lazily near her, the sea only neighboring them, utter solitude all mean things. It was quite natural. It had all happened in a truly unavoidable way. She had not cared to talk, and Darwin was always content to wait for hers; so they had ridden quite in silence till, out from a quiet, shaded lane, they came suddenly on the sea, rolling in on the rock-strewn beach a hundred feet below. Darwin had helped her down the breakneck path, and found a seat for her, but troubled her with no talking, and she, half forgetting that she was not alone, sat there, hushed by the rest and quiet of all about her, till Raymond passed them with a bow and a stern smile. Then she started, flushing scarlet, even called after him in her first hurry and confusion.

"It is too late," said Darwin.

"For what?"

"He will not hear you."

"Will not?"

"I mean, can not; he is gone."

"How strangely you look! I don't comprehend you."

"Nor I you."

Startled, half alarmed, Esther turned and looked into his eyes, but saw there only depths of blackness; he permitted not a gleam of his meaning to shine out to her.

"It is time to go back," she said, half uneasily. "As you like—there is no losing the train."

"You will have an hour or so in which to dress." "I shall not dress."

"Why so idyllic Mrs. Manly gives her reception." "I shall not come down."

"You will."

"I tell you no—I have my reasons."

"Not so closely masked that I can't guess them; yet, believe me, you will come."

"Why do you think so?"

"If for no better reason, because I choose it."

"Now you have given me an additional motive to stay away."

"Still you will come."

"We shall see."

"Promise me the first waltz."

"I have not waltzed since—since—" She hesitated (but Darwin knew well enough how to fill the gap) and then the doing so almost stung him out of his self-control.

"Well," he asked, sharply.

"I'll come if you will stay with you."

"So be it;" and with that they went home.

That night the drawing-rooms were silently expectant, the upper halls were echoed, with the indiscretions of half-opened doors through which came out perfumes and whisperings, glimpses of little slippers, of black lace, of white arms and shoulders, of bright hair brushed over cushions, fans and gloves sown among gilded bottles, and a general visitation of clothes-presses, with dark-eyed maids and across bright-flowered chairs; but by all these passed the fairy to the sullen door that shut in Esther in *peignoir* and toilet-slippers, making believe to herself that she was reading; and with an Undine-like tapping, these vanished as fairies ought when Esther came to open. Up and down the hall she looked in perplexity, saw at last at her feet a basket, only of moss, but in its centre a broad green leaf, and on it a delicate bunch of a cala lily; a fairy dropped it there, but the flower was guilty of no magic, unless it was that Raymond lived and gathered it, while the roses were drooping wearily in loosened braids over the flushed cheeks of the dancers, came, or rather dawned, Esther Travellian.

It was plain that she had never dressed herself after the brushing, powdering, and hooking-up style of ordinary mortals. Some sweet thought had compelled cloud and mist into her service, and she had floated down, not from the toilet-table, but some cyclic, unknown hall, all its chairs and luxury yet in her eyes, and bringing with her its enchantment, hidden, perhaps, in the lily rising and falling with every breath she drew.

The first eyes that met hers were those of Raymond Leighton, standing a little apart, and scanning her coldly, beating his white cuffs with what she had looked up at him with a look of bitterest anger, merciless scorn. Pale and stunned, she looked wildly about and found—and saw Darwin Ashe.

"You acknowledge yourself conquered," he said, softly; "remember the first waltz is mine."

She knew nothing about it, but probably she had smiled some time in the past, perhaps then she had talked of waltzing; so she went with him passively. The first notes, the solemn sounding of chords was done; the wave of waltz harmony was full upon them, and like foam on its crest, they floated with it, Esther's eyes fixed on those of Raymond; and as the passion of the music grew upon them he clasped her closer, and judging rightly that it was his triumph, and that the long-repressed fire to break through the outer crust of calmness, and made her—weak, helpless, despairing—feel in his look all the power he had over her, and that no saw how he had loved her, and with what quiet confidence he had waited, and with what relentless purpose he was taking vengeance against her, and how he had sent the lily, not Raymond, and explanation was impossible, and— She was fainting, breathless, and the music ceased just as if it had been wings, till they had crossed the hall and were in the dimly lighted smoking-room alone, and she had sunk like mist from his grasp on a sofa; dreading him more in his changed aspect than all else, and with a vague burning in his meaning on her brain; for touch and tone had been with the dumbness of a woman; and he was not asking, but calling her to account for it, as herself neither payer nor courage to contradict him.

There are tidings that are not told but felt, and Esther's method was of this nature. The knowledge of it was common property before half an hour was over; perhaps because Darwin chose thus to bind Esther's fidelity more securely. Soon enough it reached Raymond's ears, and having heard it with such grief and anger as may be guessed, his wild guess sent Darwin to the smoking-room, where Esther had at last persuaded Darwin to leave her for a while alone.

She was sitting with her head bowed in her hands, and either did not hear him or mistook his step for Darwin.

He laid his hand lightly on the hair that he once had ventured to caress.

"Is it so bitter?"

She started, looked up, and eagerly held out her hands, but drew back instantly, turning red, as she had been deadly pale.

"You need not tell me," he said, seeing her pale lips move. "I know it already."

"But not—you do not know—"

"All the excuses that you could devise I have found for you. You see it is hard to condemn utterly what we have loved so well."

Twice as terrible as reproaches was this bitter anger that disdained all help from outward passion in demonstrating itself! Worse than all, this stern harmonizing of love over dead faith and respect!

She shrank away from him, putting out her hands as if in deprecation.

"Raymond, you are killing me! You will never believe me now, but I loved you."

"Then I must think yet more meanly of you; for in that case your treachery is three-fold. You could at least have been true to yourself. You would have been, if your love had been worthy of the name."

"But—"

"Spare yourself. I did not come to reproach. The only blame is mine. If I mistook wax for pearl mine is the fault; and mine alone, I trust, the suffering."

"Hypocritical as well as cruel!" exclaimed Esther, passionately. "You can not, looking in my face, think that you suffer alone, and if you call me false, have you been true? Which came from your heart—he the lover, or he the false last weeks, or those of the first of this wretched summer? Surely if I am found guilty in your thought, you, men, have least right to cast the first stone at me!"

Thus was the farewell that he took with him; and, the first anger over, Esther thinking enough he found it. She, too, was haunted; night and day rang in her ears, "You could at least have been true to yourself; and you would have been, had your love been worthy of the name!" Daily her self-loathing grew more intolerable, Darwin's gifts and caresses more hateful; and at last she spoke out:

"I can not commit this sin! I will not marry him, Darwin Ashe!"

But he, long expecting some such outburst, did not think it worth his while to be discomposed; only drew the cloak from his shoulders quietly.

"I shall not release you. Do you think, when I have never once faltered in all the past, that I am going to release you now?"

"But I do not love you. I am growing to hate you."

"You will love me. Once mine, you will see the folly of further struggling, and I find such a wealth of tenderness for you in my heart that I have no fear. Your indifference, you can not leave."

"I will appeal to my aunt."

"And she will be properly shocked. She is fully alive to the position of affairs, and proud of her grave and somewhat troublesome responsibility. Expect no help from her, or from any other. I have made sure of you."

A sudden light shone in her eyes.

"Have you bribed Heaven?" she asked.

Darwin Ashe paralyzed, iron heartedness kept her under quiet surveillance; breathing in an atmosphere of his waiting and watching, she seemed to have yielded to her fate; and her passive resignation, till suddenly, three days before her marriage, she disappeared, leaving scarce so much trace behind her as the lily had done.

On the New England coast is to be found a Sir Charles Coldstream of a village, that is always running after the newspaper, and reads it as if his life, and the world, and the universe, were in the balance. Expect no help from her, or from any other, have made sure of you."

A sudden light shone in her eyes.

"Have you bribed Heaven?" she asked.

Darwin Ashe paralyzed, iron heartedness kept her under quiet surveillance; breathing in an atmosphere of his waiting and watching, she seemed to have yielded to her fate; and her passive resignation, till suddenly, three days before her marriage, she disappeared, leaving scarce so much trace behind her as the lily had done.

On the New England coast is to be found a Sir Charles Coldstream of a village, that is always running after the newspaper, and reads it as if his life, and the world, and the universe, were in the balance. Even October was at its meridian glory, such fortune in the way of gossip as is not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It happened that Mrs. Stapleton, leader of village tea in the days when its decoy's wife, celebrated mysteries technically known as a sociable, principally in honor of a Captain Leighton, an old friend of ours, who had been wounded at a heroic wound, and visiting her son Bob, an old college classmate.

Now this past year had by no means been a softening one for Captain Leighton; one hard thing thought had been his company keeper night and day. He had undergone the loss of one of his—brave scar across his cheek more honorable than lovely, and altogether was a grimmer and more forbidding specimen of man. Bob, however, by one knew, specially disliking women and their petting, and not a little wrathful against Fate, who had misused him so much, had taken his father's status with a "sociable;" a thing in this case consisting principally in a setting forth of elderly people, with a last victorious effort of the unmarried old of whom, if truth must be told, he bore himself somewhat stiffly, till by the centre table he chanced to spy a stately girl, with head erect, and having a something familiar in the poise and arching of head and neck, and looking a little more earnestly, met a pair of starlit eyes—Esther's.

Captain Leighton sprang forward, crying, "Esther!" and the young person, a schoolmistress, a Miss Travelling, fell fainting in his arms.

This was the next day's gossip, but there the story ended. Miss Travellian preserved a discreet silence on recovering, and was home in safety. Captain Leighton vouchsafed no explanation, perhaps he thought none necessary. I believe, however, that he took Bob into his confidence, and it was that genial man who directed him to the Widow Brigham's after Esther's disappearance, and to negotiate the next morning (fortunately it was Saturday) he was knocking at the little door at the head of the first street, and Esther was sitting at breakfast as it had never done when marching up to a battery.

Esther came herself to answer; possibly she was expecting him, for she neither started nor exclaimed, only gave him her hand with a tri-fling blush and a little nervousness, which was not but this over, they did well pourly. Conversation dragged as heavily as Pharaoh's chariot-wheels, though it is recorded of very sensible and unnervous person that they might have talked of the weather, the war, Raymond's wound, the socialist, the pig-thing instead of pretending to sew, as Esther did, with eyes brimmed and blinded with tears, or looking pitifully about at the meagre little room, and the pale face with its look of sorrowful self-reliance like Raymond, till—"Esther, my poor child, what can have been your life?" he cried suddenly. "Oh, how much sharper must have been my self-reproach, could I have known how my stray lamb was solitary and homeless among strangers!"

"I have been very well here."

"It is well to be utterly desolate?"

"My desolation is of my own making."

"Why that is the very echo of my brutality at our parting. Can you ever forgive me for that? Think, too, not twelve weeks ago, I still thought you wholly wrong, my self altogether injured. It was on the field, among the dead and dying, where I lay a day and night before they found me, that I first saw myself; guilty of falsehood, and cowardice, criminal, when you had been weak; when back all the old sweetness of the thought of you, swore to myself to win you also, for in the light of my new revelation I felt sure that you had not married Darwin; fairly struggled out of the hands of Death, I do believe, because I was to deserve you by faith and service, and so was saved and tasely said. Yet I had almost commenced to despair, my darling! Your aunt had no traces of you, and hinted at suicide. The dressed my property treasure was hidden here: only came because I half hated the world, which perhaps had you so ill-used."

From all this talk, at once so sweet and so hard to answer, Esther shrank at first, and, for the question half whispered at the last, she could not answer than to hide her crimson face on Captain Leighton's shoulder; but presently taking heart of grace, timid fingers began to touch the scar, and a hesitating voice said, softly,

"Are you quite sure that you love me, Raymond, after all?"

Surer than that I hold you to my heart. I have half offered it to Heaven a vision."

"It has been such a weary time!" says Esther, with a little sigh.

"I thought you had been very well here."

"Oh! that signified as well as I deserved."

"Ah!"

"What is that 'ah!' Translate, if you please."

"A sigh for our prodigality with our little patrimony of happiness. Those moments are so sweet that I feel a sort of regret for those we have lost."

"Yes: but then—"

"Well, what?"

"I should never have known how much you—"

"Well?"

"I loved you."

With which reasoning as Raymond was content, so will we be.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

THE CABINET EMBROGLIO.

THE battle of Fredericksburg produced its natural fruit in the shape of a Cabinet imbroglio. On 16th December a Senatorial caucus, headed, apparently, by Senators Sumner and Grimes, adopted a resolution of want of confidence in Secretary Seward, and requested the President to remove him. On the following day the resolution was amended so as merely to recommend "a partial reconstruction" of the Cabinet, without reference by name to Mr. Seward. The fact having been communicated to the Secretary, on Thursday, 18th, he placed his resignation in the President's hands. On the following day a Committee appointed at the caucus was received by the President and Cabinet, and a sharp discussion ensued, which terminated in the resignation of Governor Chase. Some of the members of the Cabinet would appear to have been so careless of dignity as to defend themselves with vehemence before the Committee, and this extraordinary meeting broke up in some confusion. Saturday and Sunday would seem to have been spent in negotiations between the Secretaries, the President, and the anti-Seward Senators; and on Monday, 22d, the President notified Messrs. Chase and Seward that the public interest would not suffer him to accept their resignations. They accordingly resumed their respective bureaus and resumed their labors. Thus ended an imbroglio which on one time threatened to be very serious, and caused a decline of 5 per cent. in Government securities.

Looking at the matter as a whole, we confess that we are astonished at the impudence of the Senate. The Constitution confers upon them no more right to demand the resignation of an obnoxious member of the Cabinet than it does New York city. When they have confirmed an appointment, their function is complete. For the Senate to attempt to dictate to the executive as to the individuals who shall serve him, or the President to assume legislative power. Such an assumption on the part of the chief magistrate would speedily end in revolution. Are not Senators Sumner and Grimes equally culpable? Some one suggests that the action of the caucus was an attempt to engraft upon our political system the method of Parliamentary pressure by which, in Great Britain, obnoxious ministries are overthrown. It is unfortunate for this argument that, according to the report, the pressure is only applied to the case of ministers who lose the confidence of the people, it was in this instance sought to be used by a caucus for the overthrow of a Secretary whose popularity is greater than it ever was, and for the maintenance of a faction which has been overwhelmingly beaten at all the State elections. The verdict of the historian on this transaction will be—not that it was proposed to introduce a new and useful political method into our system—but that by an ingenious blunder it was intended to satisfy the popular outcry for a victim by the

sacrifice of the least obnoxious member of the Cabinet. Senator Sumner has not improved his record by his share in the manœuvre; nor will the popularity of Senators Fessenden, Collamer, and the other members of the caucus be increased by the weakness with which they lent their aid to the conspiracy.

General Burnside's noble and generous letter will go far to silence this outcry. Though he does not explain why the pontoon bridges were not at Fredericksburg by 21st November, when General Sumner crossed there,—which, after all, is the joint of the whole controversy—he assumes the entire responsibility of the battle, and sets at rest forever the current reports that he was ordered to cross the river by General Halleck or the President. For so much let us be thankful. Had Mr. Lincoln really ordered that movement, or suffered General Halleck to order it, the people of the North could have had no more confidence in their Government or their cause. It is a matter for profound congratulation that the terrible disaster which so distilled the heart of the loyal North a week ago did not arise from any foolhardy recklessness of the Washington officials, but was an ordinary casualty of war which does not appear to imply any want of generalship or prudence in Burnside, any lack of courage in our troops, any superiority of the rebels, or any thing but an adverse turn of Fortune's wheel.

THE BANKS EXPEDITION.

By the time this paper reaches our readers we may have intelligence of the arrival of the Banks expedition, which, as is now known by every one, was ordered to operate in Texas. It is understood that the vessels are to rendezvous off Ship Island, for operations against Mobile, but whether the first landing will be made in the Bay of Mobile or the Bay of Pensacola is still matter of conjecture. The presumption, among parties who are usually well informed, is that the landing will be made in the Pensacola, from whence a good road leads overland to Mobile, the notion being that while Farragut assailed Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, and the other naval defenses of the harbor, Banks would lead a column of 20,000 men overland to the attack of the city itself. Were such a combined attack properly made, skill and economy of vigor Mobile would inevitably fall, unless, indeed, the rebel army in garrison there be much larger than has been supposed.

It need hardly be observed, however, that the capture of Mobile is only one of the objects which General Banks proposes to endeavor to accomplish by his march. It has been stated in the papers that he is to replace General Butler at New Orleans; and in this event he would doubtless detach a strong column of troops to attack Fort Hudson and the Red River, while the M'Clernand expedition and the army of the Southwest were assailing Vicksburg. It is reported that he will have altogether under his command an army of 60,000 men—a force which, in the hands of an able General, to accomplish any thing that may be required on the shore of the Gulf.

The rumors that he is to operate in Texas and watch the designs of the French in Mexico we believe to be without foundation. There is not the least chance of supposing that the French entertain any designs upon Texas or Louisiana. They have already on their hands an elephant of the largest dimensions in Mexico, and they are not likely to increase their stock of that beast at present. Nor is it probable that General Banks will waste any of his strength in hunting predatory bands of the vast wild area of Texas, as their capture could not shorten, or their uninterfered career prolong, the war for a single hour. The country which he will attend his north, not south of him.

A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed at the East at the dispatch of so large an army as Banks's to the Gulf, on the ground that it might have co-operated efficiently with General Burnside in Virginia. Had General Banks gone up the James River, or struck at Weldon, it is said the defeat of Fredericksburg would have ended differently, and we might be on the highroad to Richmond. There is no little force in these objections; and if it were clearly shown that the capture of Richmond would prove more fatal to the rebellion than the permanent opening of the Mississippi and the liberation of 2,000,000 of people from slavery would be irreversible. As it is, however, it is by no means clear that the defeat of Lee's army and even the fall of Richmond would put an end to the war; whereas the complete reopening of the great river of the West, and the restoration of peace and commerce to the Mississippi Valley, would undoubtedly settle the entire aspect of the contest. The Mississippi and its tributaries once more securely in our possession, cotton would go forth to the foreign demand, and restore the currency to a sound basis, copious supplies of Western food would revive the loyalty of the planters of the Southwest, and the isolation of Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the Confederacy would confine the slave empire within limits too contracted for a safe national existence. If a victory in Virginia would lead to results as important as these, then Banks might have been sent to Weldon; otherwise not.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Bobby, what is steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right, compare it." "Portlive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, biler."

A little girl was standing by a window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child; "one of the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what number I've on this one."

A woman has generally so much rigging about her, that, for the most part, she is the least part of herself.

A young lady from the country being invited to a party, was told by her self-conceited brother that she had got a bonnet, in order to catch a beau, "she looked so green in the country attire." The young lady was angry enough, and into the face of her rather fooled relative, and replied, "I better green than withered."

In the days of the old volunteers a respected inhabitant of Greenock commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded, though his services were not in any awkward regard. They never would draw up in a straight line, do what he might, so, one day, he gave it up in despair, and made his horse or he looked along the front rank—"oh, what a bow! what a bow! Just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves!"

"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse?" "Serve him right. I say didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

An anxious father had been lecturing his dissolute son, and, with a most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no sign of contrition, concluded thus:

"What, no relenting emotion? not one penitent tear?" "Why, father, replied the hopeful youth, "you may as well leave off 'boring' me; you will obtain no water, I assure you."

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood mowing and waiting for a job. "If I save two shillings about it I must get up a thousand days in a row for twenty years, or I can put away two dollars a year for two hundred years! Now which shall I do?"

MR. NORONY, the party really responsible for the Fredericksburg disaster.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Can you tell me, Jim, where they get so much corn for the manufacture into whisky?" "Why, no," says he, "but I can tell you well where the corn comes from after the whisky is made."

What do sailors do with the knots the ship makes in the log?

TOBACCO was apt to be smoky, for, as we can't see them, it is impossible to keep a watch on it.

When a provincial alderman named Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, when he went to the office: "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

There are two classes of disappointed lovers; those who are disappointed before marrying, and the more unhappy who are disappointed after it."

The most under-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

A gentleman was riding with a lady in an open carriage, "all of a summer's day," and accidentally—quite accidentally—put his arm over in the way—dropped on and around her waist. She objected very much to it, and told the arm gruffly relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure caused by it. A sudden pleasant frown is the recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another lady coming, never was known to be half started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye, exclaimed, "Sir, I desire it may be removed." "Madam," he answered, "I am exceedingly sorry."

The gallant army which is now gathering around Vicksburg is the noblest reply, we believe, that the people of the North could have made to the calumnies of the Democratic Congress. The resolution of inquiry relative to the alleged outrages upon the rights of citizens and the conduct of the War in Prairie into and report to the Senate the facts relative to the arrest of Vallandigham, by Burnside, and particularly as to what officer or officers are responsible for the wrong which was done to that person and his works; and also for the delay which occurred in preparing to meet the enemy at Fredericksburg, before the reinforcements of the cavalry force was passed; also the bill to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers from the army and aid in the inspection of convalescent camps and hospitals. The Bankrupt bill and the bill to provide for the sale of the effective speeds in favor of its passage. The Senate then adjourned over to the House of Representatives, and, examining in the aggregate appropriations to the amount of $691,000,000 for the support of the army for the year ending June, 1863, was passed by a vote of 107 to 3. An amendment to the bill was offered by Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, but rejected by the House, to the effect that none of the appropriations should be used for the purpose of running slaves, or for emancipating or colonizing them. The Senate amendments were intended to report at any early day whether letters of marque ought not to be issued for the purpose of arming or destroying the vessels now known as the "No. 290," or the *Alabama*, and other vessels of like armament, now fitting out in the ports of Great Britain for the purpose of preying upon our commerce, and to report a bill, if necessary, for such further legislation, if any, is necessary for that purpose. A joint resolution was introduced into the House to fill vacancies created by total relations for slaves wrongfully taken or detained, with the restoration of the Union as it did not get. After considerable debate the bill was laid on the table by a vote of 80 yeas to 74 nays. The remainder of the session was occupied with speeches and political topics.

On Friday, 19th, in the Senate, a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information relative to the Court of Inquiry which was ordered by the Commissioners of General Dix in Kentucky was laid over. The bill to amend the Act to provide for the more prompt settling Congress to authorize the issue of letters of marque and reprisal, and to grant rules concerning captures in water. A bill granting pecuniary aid to the Union Pacific Railroad Company was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The consideration of the resolution providing for a joint select committee on the subject of compensating States for the emancipation of their slaves was postponed. The House bill to amend the Acts of several verbal amendments adopted, and the Senate adjourned over to Monday. In the House the bill to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers and the inspection of convalescent camps was passed by a vote of 78 to 50. Speeches of Mr. Flanders, the new member from Louisiana, were delivered in favor of the admission of Mr. Hahn, and of Vallandigham, however, objected, and the papers were referred to the Committee of Elections. The bill making appropriations for invalid and other pensions was passed. The bill to amend the Act relative to the limitation of suits, recently introduced by him, saying it was his own act, was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means or with the Secretary of the Treasury. He was opposed to the appointment of Mr. Chase. A bill relations thanking Lieutenant Commanding Morris, of the *Cumberland*, for his gallantry in the fight with the *Merrimac*, the *Monitor*, for their gallantry in the engagement with the *Merrimac* was passed. These thanks are a necessary preliminary to the promotion of these officers.

On Monday, 22d, in the Senate, the Vice-President laid before the Senate a communication in response to the resolution of inquiry relative to the chartered vessels of the Government employed in the service of the War, and for which they were engaged. Resolutions were offered and adopted calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for copies and the expediency of attaching the marine corps to the army. Resolutions were offered and adopted by the House the Senate information in regard to captains and commanders in the navy, and to the appointment of Admiral *Hunterdon* and *Penance*. The resolution of inquiry relative to the alleged outrages upon the rights of citizens and the conduct of the War in Prairie into, was discussed, but not finally disposed of, and the bill relating to the exchange of State prisoners was taken up, and Senator Lane, of Indiana, addressed the Senate in favor of the bill, and was replied to by other Senators, after which the bill was passed. The Senate then went into executive session, and on the opening of the doors adjourned over to Monday. In the House Mr. Hiss, Representative from the First Congressional district of Louisiana, was qualified and entered. A memorial was presented and referred to the Military Committee inquiring of the Secretary of War whether officers and soldiers are now in service to whom pay is due, and why they have not been paid. A bill to amend the Act to prevent desertion was offered by Mr. Vallandigham, and laid over. A resolution was offered by Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, to protect all the thirty-six members against the bill recently passed, declaring slaves free, and others for sweeping and all irregular proceedings. The resolution was tabled by 75 to 57. Bills were offered and referred to regulate promotion in the Western Territories. The President was requested to inform the House if any contracts had been entered into, whether our Minister to Mexico has been using his influence in the interest of any of the contractors. The Ways and Means Committee were instructed to canvass the expediency of issuing a loan of $150,000,000 in bonds, with a circulation not exceeding twenty-five hundred shall be exempt from taxation. The bill was passed, and referred providing for the emancipation of slaves in the rebel States. The bill was passed, but failed, taking the information of the President in reference to the alleged order of the Secretary of War to General Burnside to have the prisoners against employing ground. A resolution was passed declaring that the Committee of Congress on the claims of soldiers and sailors should take precedence in settlement of all claims. A resolution was offered requiring to give gold medals to the small brave band who rescued the Union prisoners at Fredericksburg to avoid the city of rebel shop-keepers. It was referred to the Military Committee. The House then adjourned over to Tuesday, the first Monday in January. Some other business was transacted, which we have then adjourned.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP BELLE PLAIN, *December 16, 1862.*

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army, Washington:

GENERAL.—I have the honor to offer the following reasons for having the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, by the President, Secretary of War, or yourself, and for ceasing at a point different from that where I began to go at or in advance of the President's.

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his forces on the hills immediately in their weakening his defenses in front, and also thought I discovered that a portion of his forces had left the front of the whole force at Fredericksburg; and I hoped, by rapidly throwing the whole command across and that place, to separate, by a vigorous attack, the force of the enemy on the right from that on the left, and, based on the river and in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage to the army.

To do this and to gain a height on the extreme right of the enemy, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for purposes of more rapid communication along his lines, which point gained, his position along the crest would have been entirely tenable, and he could have been driven from them easily by an attack on his front in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest.

How near we came to accomplishing our object future reports will show. But for the fog and any control and mismanagement in building the bridges, which gave the enemy nearly four hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong position, we would almost certainly have succeeded, in which case the battle would have been in my opinion, far more decisive than it we had crossed on the place first selected. As it was, we came very near success.

Failing in accomplishing the main object, we remained in order of battle two days long enough to decide that the enemy would not come out of his strongholds to fight us with his infantry—after which we returned to the side of the river occupied without the loss of men or property.

As the day broke our left was the first of the army to march to the support of different positions as if going on parade. Not the least demoralization or disorganization of any kind was observed, and the whole movement was conducted with the coolness and precision of a review.

The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line, rather against the opinion of the President, secretary of War, and yourself, is known to you all. The whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, misses my responsibility.

I will visit you very soon and give you more definite information, and, finally, will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different officers and troops of my personal and staff departments of the Army of the Potomac, to whom I can not speak too highly for their energy and heavy co-operating.

I will add here that the movement was made entire than you expected; and after the President, Secretary, and yourself requested me to be in front of the line, I felt that we were supplied much sooner by the different staff departments than we could have been by any other.

Our killed amounts to eleven hundred and fifty-two; our wounded, to about nine thousand; our missing, to about seven hundred, which last have been posted and I estimated for about the same number of rebels.

The wounded were all removed to this side of the river, and are being well cared for, and the dead are all buried under a flag of truce.

I am vigorous report a much larger proportion of slight wounds than usual, 1622 only being treated in hospitals.

I am glad to say that the health of the army is now in good condition.

Tuesday the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them, I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac.

WHY GENERAL BURNSIDE RECROSSED THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, *Dec. 16—6 P.M.*

Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

The Army of the Potomac was withdrawn to this side of the Rappahannock because I deemed it impossible that the position in front could not be carried, and it was the last day I could expect to stay, for reasons which I and I repulse would have been disastrous to us under existing circumstances.

The army was withdrawn at night without the knowledge of the enemy, and without the loss of property or men. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General commanding.

THE VICTORY AT KINSTON.

The following was received on 20th at the head-quarters of the army in Washington:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, KINSTON, *December 15, 1862.*

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

GENERAL.—I have the honor to report to you that I left Newbern for this place on the 11th instant, but that, owing to the bad roads and other delays to my trains, etc., I did not reach Southwest creek, the enemy's position, until the afternoon of the 14th instant. The enemy were posted on the bluffs of the heavy timbered creek, and as the heavy infantry attack on either flank, I succeeded in securing a passage, and crossed the creek.

This morning I advanced on this town, and found the enemy in position about a mile in a defile through a heavy wooding on a creek. The position was so well chosen that the enemy had burned the bridge of our advancing. The main attack, therefore, was made by the infantry, sustained by a few pieces of artillery. After a short time, after a few hours' hard fight we succeeded in driving the enemy from his position. We followed him across the bridge to the river. The bridge over the Neuse at this point was guarded by two guns, which we fired in a few shots, when we drove behind them that we seized the bridge.

The following officers were killed: Lieut. Goldsbrough and Pikeville roads. Their force was about six thousand men, with eight guns. Their loss is unknown.

The result is, we have taken Kinston, captured eleven pieces of artillery, a large quantity of ammunition necessary, and found a large amount of quarter-master's and commissary stores. The enemy will probably not attempt to hold Kinston, and we will not. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding.

ANOTHER SOUTHWESTERN RAID.

Dispatches from Cairo state that a force of rebel cavalry, variously estimated at from two thousand to eight thousand men, under the command of Generals Forrest, Jackson, Tennessee, on 20th. After firing into a train, they left for Trenton, burning railroad bridges, and burning a long trestle work. The operator at Trenton reports an attack on that place. The force has been considerably reinforced at Columbus in anticipation of a rebel raid to that place.

GENERAL BRAGG RELIEVED INTO NEW ORLEANS.

General Beauregard's wife is now lying dangerously sick in New Orleans, and General Butler has sent to General Bragg, requesting permission to allow Beauregard to visit her. Bragg has consented, and has ordered a steamer to convey her husband to Mobile.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, December 17, in the Senate, little to-day but the pay of officers of the army was altered from day to improve the organization of the cavalry forces, and to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers, and the inspection of convalescent camps and hospitals, were reported back by the Military Committee. The consideration of the bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners, and allowing judges of United States courts to take bail to secure their trial, was postponed till Monday, and the Senate then adjourned. In the House, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for 1863, which was made the special order for Tuesday. A bill was introduced, providing of Quartermaster-General to which was read pending, or which may hereafter arise, wherein any ship, vessel, or other property may be confiscated, the court rendering judgment shall, before making award, first provide for the payment of any *bona fide* claim filed by any loyal citizen or friendly foreigner, where proof of the claim shall be established. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The resolution referring the topics of the President's Message to the various committees was taken up. Mr. Nesbit, of Missouri, made a strong speech in support of the war policy of the Administration. At the conclusion of Mr. Nesbit's remarks the resolution was adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 18th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Secretary of War for the report of the Court of Inquiry which was ordered by the Commissioners of General Dix in Kentucky was laid over. The bill to amend the Act to provide for the more prompt settling Congress to authorize the issue of letters of marque and reprisal, and to grant rules concerning captures in water. A bill granting pecuniary aid to the Union Pacific Railroad Company was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The consideration of the resolution providing for a joint select committee on the subject of compensating States for the emancipation of their slaves was postponed. The House bill to amend the Acts of several verbal amendments adopted, and the Senate adjourned over to Monday. In the House the bill to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers and the inspection of convalescent camps was passed by a vote of 78 to 50. Speeches of Mr. Flanders, the new member from Louisiana, were delivered in favor of the admission of Mr. Hahn, of Vallandigham, however, objected, and the papers were referred to the Committee of Elections. The bill making appropriations for invalid and other pensions was passed. The bill to amend the Act relative to the limitation of suits, recently introduced by him, saying it was his own act, was referred to the Committee on the Committee of Ways and Means or with the Secretary of the Treasury. He was opposed to the appointment of Mr. Chase. A bill relations thanking Lieutenant Commanding Morris, of the *Cumberland*, for his gallantry in the fight with the *Merrimac*, the *Monitor*, for their gallantry in the engagement with the *Merrimac* was passed. These thanks are a necessary preliminary to the promotion of these officers.

On Monday, 22d, in the Senate, the Vice-President laid before the Senate a communication in response to the resolution of inquiry relative to the chartered vessels of the Government employed in the service of the War, and for which they were engaged. Resolutions were offered and adopted calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for copies and the expediency of attaching the marine corps to the army. Resolutions were offered and adopted by the House the Senate information in regard to captains and commanders in the navy, and to the appointment of Admiral *Hunterdon* and *Penance*. The resolution of inquiry relative to the alleged outrages upon the rights of citizens and the conduct of the War in Prairie into, was discussed, but not finally disposed of, and the bill relating to the exchange of State prisoners was taken up, and Senator Lane, of Indiana, addressed the Senate in favor of the bill, and was replied to by other Senators, after which the bill was passed. The Senate then went into executive session, and on the opening of the doors adjourned over to Monday. In the House Mr. Hiss, Representative from the First Congressional district of Louisiana, was qualified and entered. A memorial was presented and referred to the Military Committee inquiring of the Secretary of War whether officers and soldiers are now in service to whom pay is due, and why they have not been paid. A bill to amend the Act to prevent desertion was offered by Mr. Vallandigham, and laid over. A resolution was offered by Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, to protect all the thirty-six members against the bill recently passed, declaring slaves free, and others for sweeping and all irregular proceedings. The resolution was tabled by 75 to 57. Bills were offered and referred to regulate promotion in the Western Territories. The President was requested to inform the House if any contracts had been entered into, whether our Minister to Mexico has been using his influence in the interest of any of the contractors. The Ways and Means Committee were instructed to canvass the expediency of issuing a loan of $150,000,000 in bonds, with a circulation not exceeding twenty-five hundred shall be exempt from taxation. The bill was passed, and referred providing for the emancipation of slaves in the rebel States. The bill was passed, but failed, taking the information of the President in reference to the alleged order of the Secretary of War to General Burnside to have the prisoners against employing ground. A resolution was passed declaring that the Committee of Congress on the claims of soldiers and sailors should take precedence in settlement of all claims. A resolution was offered requiring to give gold medals to the small brave band who rescued the Union prisoners at Fredericksburg to avoid the city of rebel shop-keepers. It was referred to the Military Committee. The House then adjourned over to Tuesday, the first Monday in January. Some other business was transacted, which we have then adjourned.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP BELLE PLAIN, *December 16, 1862.*

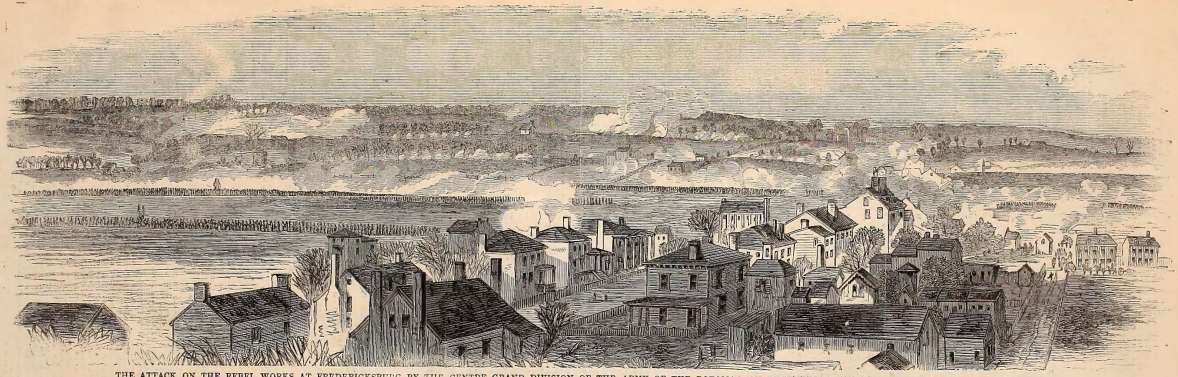
Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army, Washington:

GENERAL.—I have the honor to offer the following reasons for having the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, by the President, Secretary of War, or yourself, and for ceasing at a point different from that where I began to go at or in advance of the President's.

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his forces on the hills immediately in their weakening his defenses in front, and also thought I discovered that a portion of his forces had left the front of the whole force at Fredericksburg; and I hoped, by rapidly throwing the whole command across and that place, to separate, by a vigorous attack, the force of the enemy on the right from that on the left, and, based on the river and in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage to the army.

To do this and to gain a height on the extreme right of the enemy, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for purposes of more rapid communication along his lines, which point gained, his position along the crest would have been entirely tenable, and he could have been driven from them easily by an attack on his front in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest.

How near we came to accomplishing our object future reports will show. But for the fog and any control and mismanagement in building the bridges, which gave the enemy nearly four hours more to concentrate his forces in



THE ATTACK ON THE REBEL WORKS AT FREDERICKSBURG BY THE CENTRE GRAND DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, ON DECEMBER 13, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 6.]



FREDERICKSBURG ON THE NIGHT OF 11th DECEMBER, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 6.]



OUR SOLDIERS IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN'S GRAND DIVISION CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK ON 12TH DECEMBER, 1862.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. DAVIS.]

IF!

AH, dearest, if our tears were shed
Only for our beloved—dead!
Although our Life's left incomplete,
Tears would not be so bitter, sweet,
As now!—ah, no.

Ah, dearest, if the friends who die
Alone were those who make us sigh;
Although Life's current is so fleet,
Sighs would not be so windy, sweet,
As now!—ah, no.

If oft more pain it did not give
To know that our beloved live,
Than learn their hearts have ceased to beat,
Grief would not be so hopeless, sweet,
As now!—ah, no.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

We publish on page 4 two pictures from sketches by Mr. A. R. WAUD, representing respectively FREDERICKSBURG ON THE NIGHT OF 11TH, and the ATTACK ON THE REBEL WORKS BY THE CUSTER THE GRAND DIVISION OF DECEMBER 13TH; on page 5 an illustration of OUR TROOPS IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG, also from a sketch by Mr. A. R. WAUD; and on this page a picture from a sketch by Mr. DAVIS, representing THE PASSAGE OF THE RIVER by General Franklin's Grand Division.

The following extract from the *Herald* correspondence will serve to explain the

EVE OF THE BATTLE.

All the morning and afternoon the regiments comprising the Ninth army corps were in readiness to receive order to cross the river. The men were prepared for a march, and had every thing with them in case they had to remain on the other side or to push forward. The night was passed with the vast number of men, all armed and in every respect ready for a battle at a moment's notice, encamped. Turn where you would and you encountered troops. Here in a hollow would be hidden a brigade, with their arms stacked, and the men lying on the ground resting themselves, while the officers would be collected together chatting over the events of the day, commanding and the chances of a great and decisive conflict; and on the open plain like square blocks of stacked arms showed that the word need not be given, and in a twinkling thousands of officers and twenty hands would seize them and be ready for the fight. Quite a number of the regiments were encamped very close to the position that it was found unnecessary to take them from their camp, and they were permitted to remain these until about four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the bridges were just ready and the troops were expecting orders to march. They were then all drawn up in line, and every body was in his place. During the day the heads of the different regiments endeavored to aid by performing national and operatic airs, which afforded a most striking contrast to the burning of the artillery and the sharp hissing of the shells as they rushed through the air on their missions of death.

THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Mr. Waud's picture is well described in the following extract from the *Herald* correspondence:

No one could better understand what war is than by taking a stroll through the streets of the almost destroyed city of Fredericksburg. Turn where you will and your eye meets some evidence of the terrific fire that was hurled from our guns into the streets and dwellings. Nothing appears to have escaped. Roofs, walls, fences, trees, and chimneys are perforated; and in some instances to such an extent that the side of a house presents the appearance of a huge pepper-box, the holes are so numerous and regular, while immediately beside it are the smoking and ragged ruins of a stately dwelling. Some of remains of what once was a stately dwelling. Some of the houses on the river-front are completely torn to pieces, and as one turned from one street to another the scenes, and as one turned from one street to another the scenes would naturally rise to his mind—How could mortal human beings have lived? And yet, strange to say, any thing remain here to live? I have yet to learn of any casualty to those who did so. Quite a number, after the fashion of the citizens of Harrisburg, took their families into the cellars of their houses, and there remained in safety. In one house I found about a dozen ladies and a few gentlemen. When we entered they emerged from their place of refuge and received us with open arms. The majority of them are good Union people, and are not unknown to a number of our officers, who were here some months ago. I had but little opportunity of speaking to them. In all, I suppose some fifteen or twenty families remained, and can not see what them all from our cannon's declaration. Instead of looking for a house that has been struck, the difficulty is to find one that has not suffered more or less. The streets are piled with bricks from the chimneys, and in fact the city looks as if it wanted to be hauled all over again. The Rebels have wonderfully escaped, having been but partially injured, and the steeples are nearly as good as ever. The Bank of the State of Virginia was burned down, and I am very much surprised that the greater part of the city was not reduced to ashes, as the number of house bonuses, one would suppose, would serve to spread the flames.

The street running along the river gave strong evidence of the intention of the rebels as to stopping our crossing. It was completely lined with rifle-pits, and stone fences were made to answer the same purpose. From behind these the sharp-shooters picked off our men, until compelled to retreat themselves.

The houses were nearly all empty of furniture, with the exception of some old chairs, tables, and the like. In one house was a good piano undisturbed. Whatever remained in the building was soon in the possession of the soldiers, and as there was nothing of value, it was some little time before they were furnished with. Some ludicrous scenes were the consequence, the men arraying themselves in old hats, bonnets, etc., and parading the streets. This interfered with discipline, however, and an order was given that any one found with any article that was taken from a house should be a deserving of great praise for his the Provost Marshal, by whom the order was issued. The men for a time took all they could lay their hands on, and tubs, rakes, buckets, and pots could by their hands on, and tubs, rakes, buckets, and pots could by their hands on, and tubs, rakes, buckets, and pots could be seen in every direction carried away, to be thrown into of all descriptions were carried away, to be thrown into the street at the next crossing. Tobacco appeared to be very plenty, and all the soldiers had their pockets and haversacks filled with it. It was quite a luxury to them, as they had been paying the robbing sutlers from two to three dollars a pound for stretched stuff.

In an bedroom on a corner I perceived the bodies of about a dozen men, who were lying there previous to being buried. They were all our own men, with one exception, and he was an aged man, to all appearance fifty sixty years old. His dress was that of a citizen, and he had been shot while in the act of aiming his pistol, for even in death his arm remained their position, and his face was the mark of hate. Probably the old man, carried away by his passion, volunteered; but dearly he paid for his mistaken zeal. Our own men were properly interred, with their names and regiments placed over their graves.

THE CHARGE.

The following graphic account of the attack is from the *Times* correspondence:

The time had now come to attempt an advance on the rebel position.

The orders were to move rapidly; charge up the hills and take the batteries at the point of the bayonet. Order, easy to give, but, ah! how brief of execution!

Look at the position to be stormed.

There is a bare plateau of a third of a mile, which the storming party will have to cross. In doing so they will be exposed to the fire, first, of the enemy's sharp-shooters, posted behind a stone wall running along the base of the ridge—of a double row of rifle-pits on the rim of the crest—of the heavy batteries behind strong field-works that stud the top of the hill—of a powerful infantry force now being concealed behind these—of a plunging fire from the batteries on the lower range—of a double enfilading fire from "canon to right of them, cannon to left of them." Schoolgirl was not half so crying.

The line of battle was formed by Condé's Corps (the French), composed of the Divisions of French, Hazzard, and Howard, the left of the line abutting on Sturgis's Division of Wilcox's Corps (the Ninth). The first advanced was French's, composed of the brigades of Kimball, Morris, and Wetherby, supported by Hancock's Division, consisting of the brigades of Caldwell, Zook, and Meagher.

Forming his men under cover of a small knoll in the rear of the town, skirmishers were deployed to the left toward Hazel Toll; Sturgis, supporting at the same time, moved up, and rested on a point, on the railroad.

The moment they exposed themselves on the railroad forth burst the deadly hail. From their rifle-pits came the murderously-aimed missiles; from the batteries, tier above tier, on the terraces, shot planes of fire; from the enfilading cannon, distributed on the air of a circle two miles in extent, came great showers of shot and shell.

Imagine, if you can, for my resources are unequal to the task of telling you, the identical of that gallant but doomed division.

Across the plain for a while they swept under this fatal fire. They were literally mowed down. The bursting shells make great gaps in their ranks; but these are promptly filled by the "closing up" of the line. For fifteen immortal minutes at least they remain under this fiery surge. Onward they press, though their ranks grow fearfully thin. They have passed over a greater part of the interval and have almost reached the base of the hill, when brigade after brigade of rebels rise up on the crest and pour in fresh volleys of musketry at short range. To those who, through the glass, looked on, it was a perfect sight indeed. Flesh and blood could not endure it. They fell back shattered and broken amidst shouts and yells from the enemy.

General French's Division went into the fight six thousand strong; but as night he told me he could count but fifteen hundred!

FRANKLIN CROSSES.

The *Herald* correspondent thus describes how Franklin's Grand Division crossed the river:

The left Grand Division, commanded by Major-General Franklin, crossed on pontoon bridges above a mile below Fredericksburg. General Devens's brigade had the honor of the advance, and of occupying the ground during Thursday night. The Second Rhode Island regiment—of which General Burnside was once a member—led the brigade at a double quick, in gallant style, followed by the Tenth and Thirty-seventh Massachusetts regiments. The bridge passed quietly, and at daylight the main portion of the left wing command crossed, and encamped until the whole were over. The morning was beautiful and the troops in the spirit, and every thing looked auspicious.

The enemy could be seen occupying a strong position upon a long range of hills about three miles back of Fredericksburg, intrenched as usual.

A more beautiful sight can not be imagined than our army presented as they were formed into line of battle, with the artillery in front, supported on either side by the infantry drawn up in columns of divisions, with General Bayard's splendid cavalry in the centre. General Reynolds's corps occupied the extreme left, with General Smith on his right. The enemy continued to maintain a strict silence, although they were in a position to see all our movements.

It was nearly two o'clock before our army was in readiness to advance when the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York regiments were sent in front of General Smith's corps as skirmishers, and also portions of the First New Jersey and First Pennsylvania cavalry. They had advanced only about half a mile when they came in contact with the skirmishers of the enemy, who slowly fell back, firing, wounding quite a number of our men. By the time our batteries had reached the position intended to occupy darkness came on, and our troops slept upon their arms till morning without any fighting.

SANTA CLAUS AMONG OUR SOLDIERS.

CHILDREN, you mustn't think that Santa Claus comes to you alone. You see him in the picture on pages 8 and 9 throwing out toxes to the soldiers, and in the one on page 1 you see what they contain. In the fore-ground you see a little drummer-boy, who, on opening his Christmas-box, beholds a jack-in-the-box spring up, much to his astonishment. His companion is so much amused at so interesting a phenomenon that he forgets his own box, and for his in the mean, unopened, beside him. He was just going to take a bite out of that apple in his hand, but the sight of his friend's gift has made him forget all about it. He has his other hand on a *Harper's Weekly*. Santa Claus has brought lots of those for the soldiers, so that they, too, as well as you little folks, may have a peep at the Christmas number.

One soldier, on the left, finds a stocking in his box stuffed with all sorts of things. Another, right behind him, has got a meerschaum pipe, just what he has been wishing for ever so long.

Santa Claus is entertaining the soldiers by showing them Jeff Davis's future. He is tying a cord pretty tightly round his neck, and Jeff seems to be kicking very much at such a fate.

He hasn't got to the soldiers in the back-ground yet, and they are still amusing themselves at their merry games. One of them is trying to climb a greased pole, and, as he slips down sometimes farther than he goes up, all the others who are looking at him have a great deal of fun at his expense. Others are chasing a greased boar. One fellow thought he just had him; but he is so slippery that he can't hold him, and so he tumbles over on his face, and the next one that comes tumbles over him.

In another place they are playing a game of football, and getting a fine appetite for their Christmas dinner, which is cooking on the fire. See how nicely the soldiers have decorated the encampment with greens in honor of the day! And they are firing a salute to Santa Claus from the fort, and they have erected a triumphal arch to show him how welcome he is to them.

But Santa Claus must hurry up and not stay here too long; for he has to go as far south as New Orleans, and over so far out West; so he says, "Glang!" and away he goes through the arch like lightning, for he must give all our soldiers a Merry Christmas.

OUR MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE accompanying MAP will enable our readers to understand the recent movements of our armies in North Carolina. General Foster has taken the little town of Kinston, North Carolina, on the Neuse River, and was at latest dates en route for Goldsborough, and perhaps Weldon. On the other side, the army of the Blackwater, which is commanded by General Dix, made a strong reconoissance toward Zuni, evidently aiming at the same point—Weldon. We presume that time will develop this important strategical plan, and that the Generals in charge will be enabled to carry it out successfully.

THE PORTER COURT-MARTIAL.

ON page 12 we illustrate the COURT-MARTIAL OF GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, which is now being held at Washington. The accused is being tried on various charges, the joint of which is disobedience of the orders of his commanding-officer, Major-General John Pope. General Pope charges that General Porter, by failing to move to his support at the hour mentioned, enabled the rebels to defeat him, and prevented his destroying them, as he would otherwise have done. General Porter claims that he did all that he could, and is in no wise answerable for the disasters of Pope's campaign. Additional interest is imparted to the trial by the circumstance that General Porter is identified more or less with the M'Clellan interest, and General Pope has enjoyed, and may still enjoy, the confidence of General Halleck. The members of the Court are Major-Generals Hunter, King, Hitchcock, and Casey, and Brigadier-Generals Rickett, Garfield, Prentiss, Defeed, Slough, and Lord. Judge Holt is Judge-Advocate. The accused is assisted by his counsel, Reverdy Johnson. General Pope is present watching the proceedings in citizen's dress.

ONLY.

Only another sword
Dripping with human blood;
Only another drop
Swelling the crimson flood.

Only another tear
Wiped from the face of time;
Only a brother dear
Lost in his manhood's prime!

Smoothly the garments fold
Over the silent breast.
Only another soul
Gone to its dreamless rest!

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

"EVERY young man ought to enlist—every one!"

Letty Dallas flashed the blue light of her eyes, half smiling half scornful, upon Mr. St. Mayne as she spoke. A straight, lithe maiden, with black ripples of shining hair, and blue eyes, full of shadow, like late-blossomed violets, it was not in the nature of any male individual to endure her upright-ly badinage unmoved. Yet Marcy St. Mayne only smiled as he stood quietly watching her.

"Are you so very anxious to secure volunteers, Miss Letty?"

"Anxious? of course I am! Come, Mr. St. Mayne, follow your brother's example, and turn soldier!"

St. Mayne smiled with provoking coolness.

"Oh, if I could only inspire you with a spark of my enthusiasm!" said Letty, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. "What sacrifice wouldn't I make for the Banner of Stars!"

"Would you really sacrifice much?"

"Any thing—every thing!"

St. Mayne lifted his long dark lashes, and looked her full in the face with an expression she could hardly comprehend!

"Am I beginning to make some impression on that icicle nature of yours?" she laughed. "What bounty shall I offer? A ribbon? a smile? or a bouquet?"

"Letty!" said St. Mayne, calmly and deliberately, "I do require bounty—a bounty beyond money and beyond price!"

"What a solemn preface!" said Letty, lightly. "Well?"

"I will be your soldier, Letty, and fight as man never fought before, until your own lips bid me lay down the sword, if you will promise me, some day, with your own sweet self. *That* is the bounty I require!"

The deep crimson which had dyed her face turned suddenly to ashy whiteness—she leaned against the carved mantle cupids of the mantle, that he might not see how she trembled.

"No, no! I can not! I can not! Any thing but that!" broke from her quivering lips.

"Pardon me!" said St. Mayne, "I see I have overestimated the amount of the sacrifice you are prepared to make for your country. You are willing that we men should baptize with our blood the steps that lead to Freedom's altar, yet you can not give up one idle dream, one girlish fancy, in its behalf. Do I seem harsh?" he added, as her eyes were raised appealingly to his face. "Nay, I did not mean it. There, Miss Letty, our negotiations shall be forgotten!"

"Stop, Mr. St. Mayne!" she said, folding her little hands so tightly together that the pink-tipped nails turned to rose leaves. "You are right in speaking bitterly of idle fancies. I accept your proposition—go, as my representative, on to the battlefield!"

His face lighted up with sudden brilliance.



MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FIELDS OF OPERATIONS OF GEN. FOSTER AND THE ARMY OF THE BLACKWATER.

"And then?"

"And then—your devoirs shall not be unrewarded!"

He took the cold hand tenderly in his.

"I will lay down my life, if need be, in token of my thanks," he said.

Over—it was all over! She had given up all that a woman holds dearest for her country's sake, yet she hushed the sobs that struggled up from her breaking heart, and tried to think she had done right. And then she took a tiny-folded paper from her bosom—only a playful note about some japonica that Walter St. Mayne had once written her, and burned it, without daring to read its contents over.

"I can not lay down my life for the good cause," she moaned, "but I can yield up my life's happiness. When a soldier falls, shot through the heart, the pain is over; but oh! mine will ache on forever. Yet I should not repine—it is for my country."

White and silent, she sat there, while the sunset flamed through the silken purple folds of the curtains, and touched the dark old paintings with gold. Sweet, faint odors rose from the marble vases of heliotrope and roses in the bay-window—to Letty they seemed like the scent of those pale flowers that grow in cemetery shadows. And the gray, gray twilight came at last.

The night before the battle! St. Mayne never forgot the starry silence of the heavens without—the peculiar aromatic odor of the pine cones crackling on the stone hearth of the rude Virginia cabin —not even the ragged crevices in the log wall. He remembered them all as long as memory and life endured.

There was a light, elastic step on the threshold, a clink of spurs against the floor, and a tall, brown-faced officer stood beside him, laying a careless hand on St. Mayne's shoulder.

"Writing letters, Marcy? Don't lay them aside —there are no secrets between brothers."

"You are right," said St. Mayne; "there should be none. I am writing to my engaged wife."

Walter St. Mayne held out his hand in smiling congratulation.

"Engaged, old fellow! And never told me? But who is the lady?"

"Miss Dallas—our lovely little Letty."

"Dallas! Letty Dallas?"

Walter St. Mayne's head fell on his folded arms, both resting on the rude camp-table, and a low groan broke from his lips.

"Walter, are you ill?"

"No, not ill," stammered the young man, in a stifled voice. "Only I am tired, and these pine cones fires have such a suffocating smell. Don't be uneasy. I shall be better soon. Go on writing to—to Letty Dallas."

St. Mayne looked at his brother's drooping head with a keen, agonized gaze. He asked no questions, but quietly folded away his papers, and sat regarding the fire until Walter St. Mayne looked up again.

"We are to fight to-morrow, they tell me, Walter," he said. "Well, I'm glad of it. But, Walter, if—" He paused a moment, then resumed, "if I fall, you will not forget the brother who loved you far better than his own life. Promise me that!"

And Walter promised, with his forehead resting on Marcy's shoulder, where it had often, often lain when they were both boys.

But Marcy St. Mayne did not fall. By his side, through all the din and tumult of battle, walked his unseen guardian-angel; and when he bore his young brother from the red field, a sabre-wound across his brow, the shout of "Victory!" sounded like a pean in his ears.

The purple curtains were drawn to shut out the storm and darkness—the gilded clock ticked softly on the mantle of the room where Letty Dallas sat all alone, her dimpled cheek resting on her hand, while the unshed tears sparkled on her lashes brighter than any diamonds.

Suddenly the door was opened, and a servant announced "Lieutenant St. Mayne!"

She started up, pale and trembling; then he was come at last to claim her troth.

How changed he was as he stood before her—how the calm, steadfast brightness of his eyes perplexed her!

"Letty," he said, "by all the rules of love and war I am your captive."

She stood spell-bound in the magnetic light of his glance. "But," he added, "I wish to effect a change of prisoners."

"A change of prisoners?"

"Even so, dearest; and here is your other captive!" He stepped back, and Letty's wondering eyes fell on a tall young soldier, who had lingered in the shadow of the door-way—a handsome fellow, whose brown curls hid the fresh scar on his brow—her old lover, who had now declared to tell his love. Ah! he had grown braver *now*.

Well, true love is not exactly selfish but self-absorbed, and it was not until Walter rose to take leave, at the chimes of midnight, that they remembered that Marcy had slipped away long since.

The next day Letty received a little note, containing only the following words in Marcy St. Mayne's handwriting:

"By the time you receive this, my dear little sister-elect, I shall be *en route* for camp once more, feeling sure that I may safely leave Walter to your nursing. Let me add that I have fought one battle for you, and I hope to fight many more for my country.

M. ST. M."

And in the sunshine of her great happiness Letty Dallas never knew the everlasting eclipse that had come over Marcy St. Mayne's life!



CHRISTMAS EVE,



1862.—[See Page 14.]

TO MY SOLDIER.

"My God love thee, my beloved; may God love thee!"
MRS. BROWNING.

WATER from my bosom I send you this;
Deep in my heart these thoughts were nursed,
And my lips have lovingly left a kiss
On the words that will meet your dear eyes first.

God and our Country have claimed you from me,
I mourn for your absence, but will not repine;
For, wherever your patient step may be,
I know that your brave, true heart is mine.

Softly I whisper your name as I kneel,
Praying: "God love you! God shield you from harms!
Sickness or wounds may His tender hand heal;
Soon may He lead you back safe to my arms!"

Darling, I love you! By night and by day
Sending my heart through the distance to you,
For I, my Country, her Flag, and My SOLDIER I pray—
I love you, my darling! May God love you too!
LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, *Dec. 28, 1862.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

THE first objects of furniture in the room which attracted her attention were an old bureau of carved oak and a heavy bold table with a cabinet shape. She tried the bureau first; it looked the likeliest receptacle for papers of the two. Three of the keys proved to be of a size to enter the lock; but none of them would turn it. The bureau was unassailable. She left it, and passed for a moment to trim the wick of the candle before she tried the bold cabinet next.

At the moment when she raised her hand to the candle-flame the stillness of the Banqueting Hall shudder with the terror of a sound—a sound faint and momentary, like the distant rushing of the wind.

Had the sliding-door in the drawing-room moved?

Which way had it moved? Had an unknown hand pushed it back in its socket farther than she had pushed it—or pulled it to again and closed it? The hesitation of looking at once might by some undiscoverable agency from the life of the house was stronger in her than the horror of being secretly near the Banqueting Hall. She made desperately for the door of the room. It had fallen to silently after her when she had come in, that it was not closed. She pulled it open—and looked.

The sight that met her eyes rooted her, panic-stricken, to the floor.

Close to the first of the row of windows, counting from the drawing-room, and full in the gleam of it, she saw a solitary figure. It stood motionless, rising out of the farthest strip of moonlight on the floor. In another instant it suddenly disappeared as completely as the sun at night, in the second strip of moonlight—lost it again—saw it in the third strip—lost it once more—and saw it in the fourth. Constantly by moments advanced, now mysteriously lost in the shadow, now suddenly visible again in the light, until it reached the sixth and nearest strip of moonlight. There it paused, and strayed aside to the middle of the Hall. It stopped at the tripod, and stood shivering it gently with its elbow, with its head raised over the dead ashes, in the action of warming them at a fire. It turned back again, moving down the line of the windows—stopped at the fifth window—turned once more—and came on softly through the shadow, straight to the place where Magdalen stood.

Her voice was dumb; her will was helpless. Every sense in her but the seeing-sense was paralyzed. Her heart—her head—her feet in the fetters of its own terror—looked unchangeably straightforward, as it had looked from the first. There was no mistaking the story, full in the path of the figure advancing on her through the shadow, nearer and nearer, step by step.

It came on close. The sense of horror that held her burst asunder when it was within arm's-length. She stared back. The light of the candle on the table fell full on its face, and showed her—Admiral Bartram.

A large pewter drinking-cown was wrapped round with. His head was muffled (observed: his feet were bare. In his left hand he carried his little basket of keys. In the right hand he moved mechanically at intervals; waving to and fro before him in the air. He passed Magdalen slowly: his lips whispered in low expressionless; his open eyes staring with the glassy stare of death. Her eyes started her with a sudden knowledge of the truth. He was walking in his sleep.

The terror of seeing him as she saw him now was not the terror she had felt when her eyes first lighted on him—was separation in the moonlight, a spectre in the ghostly Hall. This time she could struggle against the shock; she could feel the depth of her own fear.

He passed her, and stopped in the middle of the room. Magdalen ventured near enough to him to be within reach of his voice as he muttered to himself. She ventured nearer still, and heard the name of her dead husband full distinctly from the sleep-walker's lips

"Noel!" he said, in the low, monotonous tones of a dreamer talking in his sleep. "My good fellow, Noel, take it back again? It worries me day and night. I don't know where it's safe; I don't know where to put it. Take it back, Noel—take it back!"

As these words escaped him he walked to the bald cabinet. He sat down in the chair placed before it, and searched in the basket among his keys. Magdalen softly followed him and stood behind his chair, waiting with the candle in her hand. He found the key and unlocked the cabinet. Without an instant's hesitation he drew out a drawer, the second of a row. The one thing in the drawer was a folded letter. He removed it, and put it down before him on the table. "Take it back, Noel!" he repeated, mechanically; "take it back."

Magdalen looked over his shoulder and read those lines, traced in the bold handwriting, at the top of the letter: *To be kept in your own possession, and to be opened by yourself only on the day of my decease.* Noel Vanstone. She saw these words plainly, with the admiral's name and the admiral's address written under them.

The Trust within reach of her hand! The Trust traced to it's hiding-place at last!

She took one step forward to stand round his chair, and to snatch the letter from the table. At the instant when she moved he took it up once more; locked the cabinet again, and turned and faced her. In the impulse of the moment she stretched out her hand toward the hand in which he held the letter. She saw the candle-light fell full on him. The awful deathin-life of his face—the mystery of the sleeping body moving, the sightless eyes open to the dreaming mind—daunted her. Her hand trembled and dropped again at her side.

He dropped the key of the cabinet into the basket, and crossed the room to the bureau, with the basket in one hand and the letter in the other. Magdalen followed him, and saw the table and watched him. As he had opened the cabinet so he now opened the bureau. Once more Magdalen stretched out her hand; and once more she recoiled before the mystery and the terror of his sleep. He put the letter in a drawer at the back of the bureau and closed it heavy oaken lid again. "There," he said, "Sal—there, as you say, Noel—safer there." So he spoke. So, time after time, the letter that he strayed him revealed the dead man living and speaking again in the dream.

Had he locked the drawer? Magdalen had not heard the lock turn. As he slowly moved away, walking back once more toward the middle of the room, she looked at the bureau—looked at the key. That discovery made, she turned and looked to see what he was doing next. He was leaving the room again with the basket of keys in his hand. When her first glance overtook him he was crossing the threshold of the door.

Some inscrutable influence possessed her—a some mysterious attraction drew her after him in spite of herself. She took up the candle and followed him mechanically as he went on and walking in her sleep. One behind the other, in slow and noiseless progress, they crossed the Banqueting Hall. One behind the other they passed through the drawing-room, and along the corridor, and up the stairs. She followed him to his door. He went in and left it behind him softly. She stopped and looked toward the trucklebed. It was pushed aside at the foot against the wall, and was empty. The bedroom door. Who had moved it? She held the candle close and looked toward the pillow with a sudden consciousness of sudden doubt.

The truckle-bed was empty.

The discovery startled her for the moment, and for the moment only. Before the other faculties were to be drawn from it, she never drew them. Her mind, slowly recovering the exercise of its faculties, was conscious of the influences of the earlier and the deeper impressions produced on it. Her mind followed the admiral into his room, as her body had followed him across the Banqueting Hall.

Had he laid down again in his bed? No; he still stood. She listened at the door. Not a sound was audible in the room. She tried the door, and, finding it not locked, softly opened it a few inches, and listened again. The rise and fall of his low, regular breathing instantly assured her that he was still asleep.

She went into the room, shading the candle-light with her hand, approached the bedside to look at him. The dream was past; the old man's sleep was deep and peaceful; his lips were still; his quiet hand was laid over the coverlet in undisturbed repose. He lay with his face turned toward the light-hand side of his bed. A little table stood there within reach of his hand. Four objects were placed on it—a candle, his matches, his customary night-drink of lemonade, and his basket of keys.

The sight of the basket reminded her of his keys that night (if an opportunity offered when the basket was not in his hand) had first crossed her mind as what she now had got to do. Since then she had lost it again, for the moment, in the surprise of discovering the empty truckle-bed. She now recovered it in the moment that followed her first attention. It was useless to waste time in trying to choose the one key wanted from the rest on the one day when the admiral might forget in her to be readily identified. She took all the keys from the table, in the basket as they lay, and noiselessly closed the door behind her on leaving the room.

The truckle-bed, as she passed it, forced itself again on her attention. After a moment's thought she moved the foot of the bed back to its customary position across the door. Whether he was in the house or out of the house, nothing might return to his deserted post at any moment. If he saw the bed moved from its usual place he might suspect something wrong—he might move his master—and the loss of the keys might be discovered. As she descended the stairs the fear of a sudden meeting with old Mazey was so vividly present to her that she carried the little basket close at her side, half hidden in the folds of her dress.

Nothing happened on the stairs; nothing happened in the corridor—the house was as silent and as solitary as ever. She crossed the Banqueting Hall this time without hesitation; the events of the night had hardened her mind against all imaginary terrors. "Now I have got it!" she whispered to herself, in an irrepressible outburst of exultation as she entered the first of the east rooms, and put her candle on the top of the old bureau.

Even yet there was a trial in store for her patience. Some minutes elapsed, minutes that seemed hours, while she found the right key and raised the lid of the bureau. At last she drew out the inner drawer! At last she had the letter in her hand!

It had been sealed, but the seal was broken. She opened it on the spot to make sure that she had actually possessed herself of the Trust before leaving the room. The end of the letter was the first part of it she turned to. It came to its conclusion high on the third page, and it was signed by Noel Vanstone. Below the name these lines were added in the admiral's handwriting:

"This letter was written by me, at the same time with the will of my friend, Noel Vanstone. In the event of my death, without leaving any other document behind me, I beg my nephew and my executors to understand that I consider the requests made in this document as absolutely binding on my honor. SOLOMON BARTRAM."

She left these lines unread. She just noticed that they were not in Noel Vanstone's handwriting. Another instance of the inventive as immaterial to the object in view, turned the leaves of the letter, and transferred her attention to the opening sentences on the first page.

She read these words:

"DEAR ADMIRAL BARTRAM,—When you open my Will (in which you are appointed my executor), you will find that I have bequeathed the whole residue of my estate—after payment of one legacy of £100—absolutely to yourself. It is the purpose of my letter to tell you privately what the object is for which I have left you this handsome token of remembrance in your hands.

"I beg you to consider this large legacy as intended—"

She had proceeded thus far, with breathless curiosity and interest, when her attention suddenly failed her. Something—she was too completely absorbed to know what—had got between her and the letter. Was it a noise? She looked round involuntarily at the door behind her, and listened. Nothing was to be heard: nothing was to be seen. She returned to the letter.

The writing was cramped and close. In her impatient curiosity to read more she failed to find the lost place again. Her eyes, mechanically, attempted to help her, lighted on a sentence lower in the page than the sentence at which she had left off. The first three words she saw riveted her attention—they were the first words she had met with in the letter which directly referred to George Bartram. In the sudden excitement of that discovery she read the rest of the sentence eagerly before she made any second attempt to return to the lost place:

"If you, my executor, do comply with these conditions—that is to say, if being either a bachelor or a widower at the time of my decease, he fails to marry Miss Garth—then I have long constructed him to marry, within Six calendar months from that time—it is my desire that he shall not receive—"

She had read to that point, to that last word, and no further, when the blinding consciousness from behind her, between the letter and her eye, and gripped her fast by the wrist in an instant. She turned—and the cry of terror, and found herself face to face with old Mazey.

The old sailor's eyes were bloodshot; his hand was heavy; his face was drawn and twisted cruelly on his feet; and his body swayed to and fro on his widely-parted legs. If he had tested his condition himself, by the unfailing criterion of the model ship, he must have inevitably pronounced sentence on himself in the usual form:

"Drunk aboard—and ought to take to night-cap."

"You young Jezabel!" said the veteran, with a leer on one side of his face, and a frown on the other. "I've got you now you take to night-walking in the neighborhood of Freeze-your-Bones use those sharp eyes of yours first, and make sure there's no one else night-walking in the garden outside. Drop it, Jezabel! drop it!"

Keeping fast hold of Magdalen's arm with one hand he took the letter from her with the other, put it back into the open drawer, and locked the bureau. She never struggled with him, she never spoke. Her presence of mind—her powers of resistance were crushed. The terrors of that horrible night, following one close on the other in reiterated shocks, had struck her down at last. She yielded as submissively, she trembled as helplessly, as the weakest woman living.

Old Mazey dropped her arm and pointed with drunken solemnity to a chair in an inner corner of the room. She sank into it without uttering a word. The veteran (breathing very hard over it) steadied himself on both elbows against the shutting top of the bureau, and from that commanding position addressed Magdalen once more.

"Come and be locked up!" said old Mazey, wagging his venerable head with judicial severity. "There'll be a court of inquiry to-morrow morning; and there's two witnesses lost—two witness. You young jade, you've committed burglary—that's what you've done. His honor the admiral's keys stolen; his honor the admiral's desk ransacked; and his honor the admiral's private letters broke open. Burglary! Burglary! Come and be locked up!" He slowly recovered an upright position with the assistance of his hands, locked by the solid resisting power of the bureau, and lapsed into lachrymose gossip. "Who'd have thought it?" said old Mazey, pumping and wiping at the eyes. "Take the outside of her, and she's as straight as a poplar: take the inside of her, and she's as crooked as Sin. A fine-grown girl, too. What a pity! what a pity!"

"Don't hurt me!" repeated the veteran, as old Mazey suggested the first matter and took her by the wrist again. "I'm frightened, Mazey—I'm dreadfully frightened."

"Hurt you?" repeated the veteran. "I'm a dead too fond of you—and more shame for me at my age!—to hurt you. If I let go of your wrist I'm certain you'll make off before me where I can see you all the way? Will you be a good girl, and walk straight up to your own door?"

Magdalen gave the promise required of her—gave it with an eager longing to reach the refuge of her room. She rose and tried to take the candle from the bureau, but old Mazey's cunning hand was too quick for her. "Let the candle be," said the veteran, winking in momentary forgetfulness of his responsible position. "You're a trifle quicker on your legs than I am, my dear, and you might leave me in the lurch if I don't carry the light."

They returned to the inhabited side of the house. Staggering after Magdalen, with the basket of keys in one hand and the candle in the other, old Mazey sorrowfully compared her figure with the straightness of the poplar, and her disposition with the crookedness of Sin, all the way across "Freeze-your-Bones," and all the way up stairs to her own door. Arrived at their destination, he peremptorily refused to give her the candle until he had first seen her safely inside the room. The conditions being complied with he exchanged the light with one hand and made a dash with the other at the key—drew it from the inside of the lock, and instantly he closed the door. Magdalen heard him outside chuckling over his own dexterity, and fitting the key into the lock again with infinite difficulty. At last he secured the door safely—a deep grunt of relief. "There she is, safe!" Magdalen heard him say, in regretful soliloquy. "As fine a girl as ever I set my eyes on. What a pity! what a pity!"

The last sounds of his voice died out in the distance, and she was left alone in her room.

Holding fast by the baluster on the Mazey made his way down to the corridor on the second floor, in which a night-light was always burning. He advanced to the truckle-bed, and, stretching himself against it, surveyed the whole length of it attentively. Prolonged contemplation of his own resting-place for the night apparently failed to satisfy him. He shook his head dubiously, and taking from the side-pocket of his great-coat a pair of old patched slippers, surveyed them with an air of illimitable doubt. "I'm all abroad to-night," he mumbled to himself. "Troubled in my mind—that's what it is—troubled in my mind."

The old patched slippers and the veteran's exciting perplexities happened to be intimately associated, with the other, in the mind's eye of one and effect. The slippers belonged to the old cobbler who had formerly come to their assistance in the particular way, and had presided in wearing them long after they were unfit for the purpose. He had now remembered old Mazey had taken the slippers to the village cobbler to get them repaired on the spot before his master could have them the next morning. He set superintending the progress and completion of the work until evening came, when he and the cobbler had withdrawn to the inn to sing and to drink each other's healths at parting. They had prolonged this social ceremony till far into the night; and they had carried, as a necessary consequence, in a finished and perfect state of intoxication on either side.

If the following hour had led to no other result than those night wanderings in the grounds of St. Crux, which had shown old Mazey the light of the east window, the discovery would unquestionably have presented it to him the next morning in the light of one of the praiseworthy achievements of his long life. He had unconsciously prevented a breach of discipline, and a breach of trust. In plainer words, he had deserted his post.

The one offence against the admiral Bartram's constitutional tendency to somnambulism was the watch and ward which his faithful old servant had kept outside the door. The veteran had ever prevailed on him to submit to the usual precaution taken in such cases. He peremptorily declined to be put into his room at night, and ignored his own liability, whenever a dream disturbed him, to walk in his sleep. Over and over again old Mazey had been roused by his master's attempts to push past the truckle-bed, or to step over it, in his sleep; and over and over again, when he had discovered the fact the next morning, the admiral had declined to believe him. As the sailor once stood, staring in sweet inquiry at his master's door, these incidents of the past rose confusedly on his memory, and forced on him the serious question whether the admiral had left his room during the earlier hours of the night? If by any mischance the sleep-walking fit had seized him, the slippers in old Mazey's hand pointed straight to the startling conclusion that followed—his master must have passed barefoot in the cold night, over the stone stairs and passages of St. Crux. "Lord send he's been quiet," muttered old Mazey, daunted, bold as he

was and drunk as he was, by the bare contemplation of that prospect. "If his honor's been walking to-night it will be the death of him!"

He roused himself for the moment by main force—strong in his dog-like fidelity to the admiral, though strong in nothing else—and fought off the stupor of the drink. He looked at the bed with steadier eyes and a clearer mind. Magdalen's precaution in returning it to its customary position presented it to him necessarily in the aspect of a bed which had never been moved from its place. He next examined the counterpane carefully. Not the faintest vestige appeared of the indentation which must have been left by footsteps passing over it. There was the plain evidence before him—the evidence recognizable at last by his own bewildered eyes—that the admiral had never moved from his room. "I'll take the Pledge to-morrow!" mumbled old Mazey, in an outburst of grateful relief. The next moment the fumes of the liquor flowed back insidiously over his brain, and the veteran, returning to his customary remedy, paced the passage in zigzag as usual, and kept watch on the deck of an imaginary ship.

Soon after sunrise Magdalen suddenly heard the grating of the key from the outside in the lock of the door. The door opened, and old Mazey reappeared on the threshold. The first fever of his intoxication had cooled, with time, into a mild penitential glow. He breathed harder than ever, in a succession of low growls, and wagged his venerable head at his own delinquencies without intermission.

"How are you now, you young land-shark in petticoats?" inquired the veteran. "Has your conscience been quiet enough to let you go to sleep?"

"I have not slept," said Magdalen, drawing back from him in doubt of what he might do next. "I have no remembrance of what happened after you locked the door; I think I must have fainted. Don't frighten me again, Mr. Mazey! I feel miserably weak and ill. What do you want?"

"I want to say something serious," replied old Mazey, with impenetrable solemnity. "It's been on my mind to come here and make a clean breast of it for the last hour or more. Mark my words, young woman. I'm going to disgrace myself."

Magdalen drew further and further back, and looked at him in rising alarm.

"I know my duty to his honor the admiral," proceeded old Mazey, waving his hand drearily in the direction of his master's door. "But try as hard as I may, I can't find it in my heart, you young jade, to be witness against you. I liked the make of you (specially about the waist) when you first came into the house, and I can't help liking the make of you still, though you *have* committed burglary, and though you *are* as crooked as Sin. I've cast the eyes of indulgence on fine-grown girls all my life, and it's too late in the day to cast the eyes of severity on 'em now. I'm seventy-seven or seventy-eight, I don't rightly know which. I'm a battered old hulk, with my seams opening, and my pumps choked, and the waters of Death powering in on me as fast as they can. I'm as miserable a sinner as you'll meet with any where in these parts—Thomas Nagle, the cobbler, only excepted; and he's worse than I am, for he's the youngest of the two, and he ought to know better. But the long and the short of it is, I shall go down to my grave with an eye of indulgence for a fine-grown girl. More shame for me, you young Jezabel—more shame for me!"

The veteran's unmanageable eyes began to leer again in spite of him, as he concluded his harangue in these terms: the last reserves of austerity left in his face intrenched themselves dismally round the corners of his mouth. Magdalen approached him again, and tried to speak. He solemnly motioned her back again with another dreary wave of his hand.

"No carneying!" said old Mazey; "I'm bad enough already without that. It's my duty to make my report to his honor the admiral, and I *will* make it. But if you like to give the house the slip before the burglary's reported and the court of inquiry begins—I'll disgrace myself by letting you go. It's market morning at Ossory, and Dawkes will be driving the light cart over in a quarter of an hour's time. Dawkes will take you if I ask him. I know my duty—my duty is to turn the key on you, and see Dawkes damned first. But I can't find it in my heart to be hard on a fine girl like you. It's bred in the bone, and it wunt come out of the flesh. More shame for me, I tell you again—more shame for me!"

The proposal thus strangely and suddenly presented to her took Magdalen completely by surprise. She had been far too seriously shaken by the events of the night to be capable of deciding on any subject at a moment's notice. "You are very good to me, Mr. Mazey," she said. "May I have a minute by myself to think?"

"Yes, you may," replied the veteran, facing about forthwith and leaving the room. "They're all alike," proceeded old Mazey, with his head still running on the sex. "Whatever you offer 'em they always want something more. Tall and short, native and foreign, sweet-hearts and wives—they're all alike!"

Left by herself, Magdalen reached her decision with far less difficulty than she had anticipated.

If she remained in the house there were only two courses before her—to charge old Mazey with speaking under the influence of a drunken delusion, or to submit to circumstances. Though she owed to the old sailor her defeat in the very hour of success, his consideration for her at that moment forbade the idea of defending herself at his expense—even supposing, what was in the last degree improbable, that the defense would be credited. In the second of the two cases (the case of submission to circumstances), but one result could be expected—instant dismissal; and, perhaps, discovery as well. What object was to be gained by braving that degradation—by leaving the house publicly disgraced in the eyes of the servants who had hated and distrusted her from the first? The accident which had literally snatched the Trust from her possession when she had it in her hand was irreparable. The one apparent compensation under the disaster—in other words, the discovery that the Trust actually existed, and that George Bartram's marriage within a given time was one of the objects contained in it—was a compensation which could only be estimated at its true value by placing it under the light of Mr. Loscombe's experience. Every motive of which she was conscious was a motive which urged her to leave the house secretly, while the chance was at her disposal. She looked out into the passage and called softly to old Mazey to come back.

"I accept your offer thankfully, Mr. Mazey," she said. "You don't know what hard measure you dealt out to me when you took that letter from my hand. But you did your duty; and I can be grateful to you for sparing me this morning, hard as you were on me last night. I am not such a bad girl as you think me—I am not, indeed."

Old Mazey dismissed the subject with another dreary wave of his hand.

"Let it be," said the veteran; "let it be! It makes no difference, my girl, to such an old rascal as I am. If you were fifty times worse than you are I should let you go all the same. Put on your bonnet and shawl and come along. I'm a disgrace to myself and a warning to others—that's what I am. No luggage, mind! Leave all your rattletraps behind you, to be overhauled, if necessary, at his honor the admiral's discretion. I can be hard enough on your boxes, you young Jezebel, if I can't be hard on *you*."

With those words old Mazey led the way out of the room. "The less I see of her the better—especially about the waist," he said to himself, as he hobbled down stairs with the help of the balusters.

The cart was standing in the back-yard when they reached the lower regions of the house, and Dawkes (otherwise the farm-bailiff's man) was fastening the last buckle of the horse's harness. The hoar-frost of the morning was still white in the shade. The sparkling points of it glistened brightly on the shaggy coats of Brutus and Cassius as they idled about the yard, waiting, with steaming mouths and slowly-wagging tails, to see the cart drive off. Old Mazey went out alone and used his influence with Dawkes, who, staring in stolid amazement, put a leather cushion for his fellow-traveler on the cart-seat. Shivering in the sharp morning air, Magdalen waited while the preliminaries of departure were in progress, conscious of nothing but a giddy bewilderment of thought and a hopeless suspension of feeling. The events of the night confused themselves hideously with the trivial circumstances passing before her eyes in the court-yard. She started with the sudden terror of the night when old Mazey reappeared to summon her out to the cart. She trembled with the helpless confusion of the night when the veteran cast the eyes of indulgence on her for the last time, and gave her a kiss on the cheek at parting. The next minute she felt him help her into the cart and pat her on the back. The next she heard him tell her, in a confidential whisper, that, sitting or standing, she was as straight as a poplar, either way. Then there was a pause, in which nothing was said and nothing done; and then the driver took the reins in hand and mounted to his place.

She roused herself at the parting moment and looked back. The last sight she saw at St. Crux was old Mazey wagging his head in the court-yard, with his fellow-profligates, the dogs, keeping time to him with their tails. The last words she heard were the words in which the veteran paid his farewell tribute to her charms:

"Burglary or no burglary," said old Mazey, "she's a fine-grown girl, if ever there was a fine one yet! What a pity! what a pity!"

THE END OF THE SEVENTH SCENE.

ON THE ANTIETAM.

I'll make you sorry for that! The fighting's fair enough; but I'm no more a dog than you are, and you shall pay for it if it takes years to do it—see if you don't!"

It was Jack Middleton who yelled out this, as, bruised and bleeding, he reeled away from Drake Porter, who had let him up with some contemptuous remark about "soiling his hands," seconded by our insulting laughter, for boyish sense of justice is not keen, and I doubt if it ever occurred to any of us that any thing from the "back street" had feelings and passions like unto ourselves. Feud had long existed between what was known in boys' parlance as the "back-streeters" and "ours;" the "back-streeters" pouring forth from two or three wretched tenement buildings in our rear, and "ours" being represented by the children of the well-to-do row of houses between —d and —th Avenues in ——th Street.

Extremes met here indeed, but only with blows; the "back-streeters" evidently regarding overcoats and whole pairs of shoes as so many direct injuries, while we considered their very unkempt existence as an impertinence, and with sticks and fists and stones, at every corner, and in every alley, whenever and wherever we were unlucky enough to meet, fought out Society's old quarrel. At such times Drake acted as our leader, fighting with an earnest fury that made all fly before him, unless I except Jack Middleton, the back-street leader, and the opposite type of Porter; olive-skinned, black-eyed, squarely built, opposing steady, dogged resistance to Drake's *élan*, and undismayed by the fact of being whipped seven times out of nine, coming up to every battle with a cold perseverance that I never saw warmed to fury but on the occasion above quoted.

The threat, however, was but little regarded—hardly remembered, except as a jest; and soon after, being sent off to school, the back street and its brawls were fast being forgotten, when, oddly enough, Middleton turned up in our very midst—no longer as a New York Bedouin, but as the nephew of a wealthy South Carolinian, who had traced, found him out, and adopted him. Rid of his rags and his hang-dog manner, I have really never seen a finer-looking boy; and gradually sprung up between him and Drake a curious rivalry (the result, doubtless, of a nearly equal balance of faculties), developing itself in the lecture-room, the gymnasium, with the girls of the neighboring seminary, wherever they came in contact; and daily growing in bitterness till we were again separated, he going to a Southern university, and we living very much after the ordinary New York fashion, till the war broke out.

Nearly all the ——th Street boys were in our regiment—Spaulding, Elliott, Davis, and, best of all, Drake Porter, Captain of our Company, and on the high-road to a well-deserved promotion. It was the 17th of September, the day of the battle of Sharpsburg. Already Monday and a part of Tuesday we had spent facing the enemy, talking to them occasionally with our guns, and answered emphatically by their batteries. As usual, they had the chronic advantage of position, being stationed behind the crest of a hill, and separated from us by the Antietam, sweeping along at their base, and too deep to be forded except in one or two places. The country between was broken, mostly plowed land, sometimes covered with high, growing corn, and terribly cut up with ravines and passes; and, with their usual touching faith in "the strongest battalions," the rebels were assembled in force, having brought troops from Hagarstown and Harper's Ferry. We had crossed the creek about four o'clock, and after some tolerably sharp skirmishing had fairly carried and taken possession of the woods from whence they had first fired at us. So we were all in famous spirits, with the exception of Drake, who was curiously grave and silent. Before lying down for the night he gave me a little packet.

"There are letters for Belle and mother, a ring, and some other trifles. If any thing happens to me you will see to them."

To which I assented briefly enough, I fancy, being much too careful of my sleeping-time to waste any of it in talking. It was midnight already, and every few minutes there was an alarm of some sort: one time it was the rebels shooting each other—by way of practice, I suppose; at another it was picket-fighting; again they were bringing in half a dozen sulky Confederates; altogether it hardly seemed that we had slept half an hour when the battle began.

As the rebel fire slackened the first line went on to the woods with a cheer and a rush, only to be beaten back by the heaviest volleys with which they had favored us yet; and then out poured the rebels, swarming like bees, in masses, not in columns, flowing out over the field, and forcing back the second brigade by sheer superiority of numbers. We could see it all plainly enough; and let me tell you, reading lists of names and seeing the men with whom you have lived familiarly shot down before your eyes stirs the blood in a widely different way.

And it was with a "Thank God!" that we heard the signal to advance. Down the hill we went on a run, making straight for the corn-field. Half way there Spaulding fell; a little further on Elliott and Manvers. Manvers was Drake's cousin; Elliott was to have married my sister Jessie—but there was no time for mourning then. We were close upon the rebels, fighting hand to hand; and they fought us like tigers, and held to every inch of ground with a stubbornness unequaled. When we took our stand on the ridge they came at us again and again, with such a dash as seemed as if it must carry all before them. Our guns thundered away nobly on our right; but they had a battery that the archfiend himself couldn't have planted so as to rake us more effectually, while their sharp-shooters picked us off from the woods beyond very much at their ease. We saw nothing of the promised assistance, and our ammunition was giving out, and, tired of waiting, we began to go down into the corn; and just then Doubleday had stopped that confounded battery, and the rebels giving back as we pressed on after them into the woods, and with Crawford and Gordon coming close behind us, things looked like success.

All this time Drake fought steadily, and, as usual, in the hottest of the fire, but escaping, as by a miracle, unharmed. In our downward rush we had carried all before us, but we found the woods a perfect hornets' nest. The —th, that had never faltered once, broke and fell back now; and Drake, fighting hand to hand, was separated and carried far on in advance of the rest, but being a good swordsman, managed before long to give his quietus to his opponent, who was in a little too much of a hurry. In the struggle they had insensibly gotten out of the thickest of the fight into comparative quiet and seclusion; and Drake, thankful for even a moment's breathing-time, was trying to wipe away some of the blood and grime from his face, when his quick ear caught an ominous click. He looked about, behind him, finally overhead, and there, showing among the leaves, a rifle-barrel glinted in the sun, and a pair of fiery eyes glowed above it. To start or run was simply almost inevitable death, and Drake, unwilling even to die in a hurry, folded his arms, saying, coolly,

"My friend, if you are so long in sighting you will be behindhand in your count."

"I have been longer in sighting than you think, perhaps, Captain Porter," was the reply, in a not unfamiliar voice, while a series of cautious movements showed from among the leaves a face at which Drake stared in utter perplexity and amazement. Suddenly light broke in upon him.

"Why, it is Jack Middleton!"

"Precisely! though your memory is not so good as mine. I recognized you on the instant, perhaps because I was so anxious to meet you."

"I have been fighting since daybreak, and don't feel too clear-headed. Do you think you could explain?"

"With pleasure. I could have killed you twice over, only that I was anxious to make this very explanation. I remember that at school you were always sharp-set after the reason of every thing. It would be a pity that you should die without knowing why."

Middleton dropped out these cruel words slowly, watching his victim's face the while for their effect, but no matter what thoughts of Belle and mother were trying at his heart-strings, he only answered,

"You are so tedious that I begin to think you have only a woman's reason, 'Because.'"

"You shall see. You remember that some years ago you called me a dog; that was the beginning of the debt I owe you. When we were at school you put it out at interest. You no longer called me a dog, but you treated me as one. You thought I would have been glad to crawl to your feet, and lick your hand, in return for your condescension. You would never let me alone. You would not be repulsed. I was not worth your disliking. At every step you crossed my path. You took my honors, you stole the hearts that would have been mine. I kept account of all these items; and, do you remember Virginia Brush?"

"A little girl with yellow curls—splendid ones? Yes, I think I do."

Middleton made a hasty movement, as if to fire, but checked himself.

"Drake Porter, I loved that girl, and would have won her but for you. You crossed me there in sheer wantonness. You cared nothing for her; I would have given my soul for her. From that time I swore to have your life. I was sure at last of—"

His hand was on the trigger, waiting the completion of the sentence, his body bent in the very act of firing, and Porter was calculating the chances of a jump at the last moment, when whir! went something over his head, and Middleton fell crashing through the limbs to the ground dead, shot through the heart by a chance bullet, if it is not profane here to speak of chance.

Drake told me the story after, and—

"I tell you what, old fellow," he concluded, "it was about as peculiar a predicament as I ever caught myself in. There wasn't an atom of feeling in my body, except in the spot that that devil's rifle covered; and when that blessed bullet sent him heels over head, I think if there hadn't been a party of our boys close at hand I should have knelt down and made a baby of myself. On the whole, I am not anxious to try it [illegible]."

To which I answered, as in duty bound,

"I should think not."

IN AN ALBUM.

BY T. HOOD.

A pretty task, Miss S——, to [illegible]
A Benedictine pen,
That can not quite at freedom [illegible]
Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must [illegible]
To fill this page's span;
But be correct, and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray, only think, for pen and ink,
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that b[illegible],
Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head,
May eke it out with heart;
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm;
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form;
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat*;
And I might dare as soon to swear
At *you* as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire,
As other poet's can;
My life (she's by) won't let me die—
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
With neither hand nor heart;
To Hymen vowed, and not allowed
To flirt e'en with your fan;
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
I'm not a single man.



COURT-MARTIAL ON MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, HELD DECEMBER, 1862, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. E. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE PIRATE RAPHAEL SEMMES.—[FROM AN ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPH.]

THE PIRATE SEMMES.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous pirate RAPHAEL SEMMES, now in command of the British pirate-ship *Alabama*. This man was once in our navy, and acquired an unenviable reputation for bad conduct, which prevented his rising in the service. At the outbreak of the rebellion he cast his lot with the insurgents, and was appointed to command the *Sumter*. In that famous craft he successfully ran the blockade of the Mississippi, and escaped to sea. For some months he made the civilized world ring with the fame of his exploits over unarmed merchantmen, which he robbed and burned. He always refused to fight a ship-of-war, and had hard work, at one time, in escaping the United States gun-boat *Iroquois* at Martinique. We published in a recent number an account of his cruise, written by one of his officers. The *Sumter* was fairly nailed at last in the British port of Gibraltar; there her crew left her, and there she lies still, under the friendly protection of British guns.

Semmes forthwith proceeded to England, where he took the command of the British pirate *Alabama*, and went to sea on 29th June last. His subsequent exploits are fresh in the memory of our readers. He burned ten whalers off the Azores; half a dozen merchantmen between New York and Liverpool; and some small trading craft in the West Indies. At latest dates he was coaling at Martinique, and the *Sea Jacinto* and other vessels of Commodore Wilkes's squadron were watching him. It is to be hoped they will catch him.

Semmes's family are residing in Philadelphia; one or two of his daughters are at school there.

SANTA CLAUS'S BALL; OR, A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

SANTA CLAUS had appointed this November night as a dress-rehearsal for Christmas. It was an occasion when not the Dolls only, but very many others, denizens of Toyland, were expected. All, in fact, who could make it convenient to attend felt it to be a duty to do so. In fact, the invitation was almost peremptory. Santa Claus expected to hear from his spies, the Old Dolls, full accounts of the conduct and behavior of his little friends the Children, in order that he might know who deserved his rich prizes, and who might merit the traditional "rod in the stocking" as the penalty of their misbehavior. He also expected to hear from the same reliable sources what all the mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins were doing with reference to assisting him; and for this information he was accustomed to rely entirely upon the Dolls. They are a very intelligent race of little beings, if one did but know it, and they always keep with at least one eye open. Consequently, when the Children have gone to bed, and the Dolls set in order in the nursery, and the bidden work is taken out, and the mysterious plans of the family talked over, the Dolls have the best possible chance to see and hear it all, and of course their sympathies are all interested in the Children, and all that concerns them.

Santa Claus was accustomed to hold this annual festival preparatory to Christmas, in order to know exactly what to do, and what to depend upon.

The gala was held in Santa Claus's favorite winter palace, an immense snow-cave in the side of Mount Hecla. Santa Claus found the climate to agree better with his health than a more southern situation, and likewise he found here, in this sequestered spot, the quiet and seclusion so necessary to the mystery in which he is accustomed to invest his good deeds.

The palace was all of a glow with warmth and light from numerous fires in huge fire-places, whose vent was none less than the great crater of Hecla himself. The cheerful blaze illumined the glittering ceiling and sparkling walls, and mellowed the atmosphere to almost tropical geniality; while, to restrain the melting of snow and ice, which naturally would have ensued, and which would have greatly incommoded the guests, the palace was placed under a perpetual spell or charm by a certain witch. This witch when young had been a famous beauty, and a great favorite of the good saint, who was a gay bachelor in those days.

Of course she could not preside publicly at his entertainments; but it was more than surmised in Northern circles that his domestic *ménage* owed much to her occasional care. It was positively asserted that if she chose she could tell what had become of a certain Geyser, which had mysteriously disappeared of late, and there were not wanting dark hints that it had been placed in his kitchen by her agency, in order that he might enjoy a perpetual supply of hot water for his punch, of which it was feared he was becoming very fond.

It is certain that he has been known to lay his finger aside his jolly red nose, wink oracularly, and indulge in a silent inward laugh and chuckle when the subject has been broached to him. But it is not my business to pry into the domestic concerns of these excellent people, but to give an account of Santa Claus's ball.

The dancing-hall was brilliantly illuminated by certain Northern Lights, which had generously volunteered their services for the occasion, and a great number of Shooting-stars were engaged to act as drivers and torch-bearers to convey the guests to and from the scene of the festivities. It was expected that this evening would witness the *début* of many of the belles and beaux of Toyland, and no pains or expense was spared to make the ball "the affair of the season."

Santa Claus had dispatched his numerous reindeer teams over the American continent to collect his guests; and, lest these accommodations should fail, several Lapland witches had benevolently loaned their broomsticks for the use of such of the company who might prefer them. *Jack Frost* had done himself more than justice in the upholstery and finishing of the palace, which he could well afford to do, having had the contract from time immemorial. The tables were abundantly spread with viands suited to the tastes and appetites of the guests; while Boreas was engaged to furnish music, assisted by a large deputation of Tin Trumpets and Painted Drums, who were expected to arrive somewhat later in the evening.

Santa Claus had to hear what communications his emissaries might have for him, and this must be attended to before dancing, of course.

The apartments were decorated with hemlock boughs and garlands, brought thither with infinite pains. Ash-berries and holly, with the ancient mistletoe, were tastefully arranged over the walls, and huge sparkling icicles glittered among them in pure and beautiful contrast to the rich dark green of the evergreens.

The reception-room was thickly carpeted with Iceland moss for the benefit of rheumatic old Dolls, and to enable imprudent young lady Dolls who might have overheated themselves with dancing to resort thither and save themselves a pulmonary attack by inhaling its health-restoring fragrance.

And now, as every thing had been properly attended to, and the arrangements were to his entire satisfaction, the old gentleman, in his best suit of furs, with his pipe laid aside for once, in compliment to the ladies, stood before the great fire-place in the reception-room, with his back to the fire and his coat-tails judiciously drawn on each side, awaiting the arrival of his visitors. He did not have to wait long; for the tinkle of his reindeer' bells were now heard, and the first installment of Dolls soon entered the apartment.

As he expected, they were the invalid guard of the hall, the battered and disabled ones, who had stood one year, at least, of the Nursery campaign, and their battered noses, cracked crowns, and shattered or missing limbs bore evidence to the hard service they had seen.

Polly, the oldest Doll, opened the conversation with grumbling and complaints. She was a very old Doll. Lame and dilapidated, with one arm and a foot gone, and her frock torn half off her shoulders, and her garments soiled and tattered generally, she presented but a sorry appearance.

After extending a courteous welcome to the lame, halt, and blinded party, he lent a listening ear to her grievances.

"If your highness could only know of the goings on in our nursery. Now I don't come here to complain of neglect or ill-usage like some, though I was once a very handsome china Doll, and was dressed and petted as much as the best. Nor do I complain of my broken arm;" and she sadly held up the stump of her once plump and snow-white arm. "But it is not myself," she went on, wiping her remaining eye with a soiled rag of a handkerchief, "it is the Children I'm so sorry for. Why, their mother never comes into the nursery more than once a day, and often not that. Sometimes she sweeps in in splendid carriage-dress just ready for a drive, and just touches the children, with 'There, there! don't touch my dress;' and off she goes, while the Children stand at the window and cry themselves sick to see the carriage go off, in which they very seldom have a ride, and never with mamma, unless she goes to fit them with clothes and hats.

"And when little Mary had the scarlet-fever, she left some tiny pills with Katy, the Irish nurse, and told her to give them so often, and the child would be well enough in the morning. But Mary turned and *fretted* for mamma, was was away at a grand party, and Katy was sleepy and tired, and she muttered to herself—*I* heard her—'What's the use o' bothering wi' the like of this thrash? I'll just be giving the poor thing a dhrop o' suthin' to bring the slape to her eyes.' And she *did* give her something out of a bottle, and Mary never woke up out of that sleep. And they carried her away, and I never saw her again. Mary had no in her little bed all the time, and I know all about it."

"How many children are there left?" asked Santa Claus, blowing his nose very hard.

"Two," answered Polly; "another girl and a teething baby. I know just how many teeth he has, for he tries 'em all on me, and I know the minute one is through."

"Poor little things!" sighed the good saint; "I really do not see how I can help them. Is there no aunt or cousin in the house?"

"Yes. Aunt Sophia and Cousin Bell; but they are entirely taken up with Aid Societies, and Lint Circles, and Hospital visiting, and they have no time for the poor children. Mrs. Harvey, the mamma, is wiser. She gave ten dollars to escape the trouble."

"Not so bad! not so bad!" exclaimed the host. "I guess that my friends the soldiers can do for us so well. May the shirts be warm and the turkeys fat that I bring, that is all! I don't suppose there is much chance that my juvenile friends are being calculated upon at all, is there?"

"Not much. I fancy the Soldiers' Christmas box engrosses all their time and attention, and the children always come off second to the public in that house."

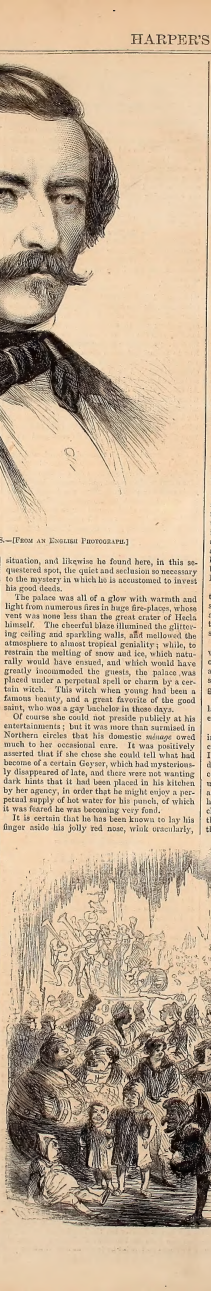
"The poor children! the poor children!" put in another doll. "Now where I live there are four little children, and not a rag of new clothes have those poor young ones had this fall or winter, and no prospect of them. And not for lack of money either. Mamma is away to the Hospital, or the Aid Society, or the Lint Company, or what not, as soon as she gets her breakfast, and Tommy's face isn't washed, nor Lizzie's hair curled until the middle of the afternoon, when Betty is all done her work. The cook hasn't made a seed-cake this fall, and every thing nice of jellies or fruit, or whatever there is, goes to the soldiers. The children don't know what a kiss or a story is hardly, it's so long since they heard one; and Charlie's shoes have gaped for patches this month, and Molly's dress is a sight to behold."

"Well, but," interposed the saint, "the soldiers are proper subjects for care and kindness. They need jellies and the children don't; and, poor fellows! they have no mothers to wait upon them."

"Small loss if they are like some mothers I know; but if those mothers don't train and love their own little soldiers at home, there will be another great rebellion one of these days."

"Just my notion," mumbled an old nut-cracker. "If the Southern mothers had only cared for their children when they were little instead of always *threatening* to send them to convents or boarding-schools—and finally *doing* it to get rid of the trouble they ought *themselves* to take—South Carolina never would have seceded, and Master Peyton wouldn't have screwed my neck off with rage when he heard of the victory of Fort Donelson."

There was another loud jingle of bells, and a merry load of the aristocrats of Toyland were joyfully ushered in. They were accompanied by a



SANTA CLAUS'S BALL.

Zouave, whose pretty china head and brilliant red white and blue had evidently dazzled the eyes of all the female portion of the company—all but Miss Josephine. She, the waxen beauty in her silk and blond, her tarletan and spangles, her embroidery and lace, felt herself entitled to the belleship of the ball-room without a question, and was especially irritated at the company of certain nondescript Dolls, who were exceedingly presumptuous, as she deemed it, in riding in the same sleigh as herself. She was especially conceited on the subject of her birth; for, as she boasted, she was a genuine Parisian, body, complexion, curls, dress, and all; and, moreover, a true Santa Clausian, who had come down standing in Santa Claus's own hands, and was none of your fair-bought, home-made, home-dressed, got-up-any-how affairs. She had been promenaded on the Boulevards, and aired in the Bois de Boulogne, and was bursting with spite that the Zouave, who was, as she alleged, "only bought at a Soldiers' Fair," should not notice her more than he did.

She flirted her tarletans contemptuously past him, and courtesied to the ground before the host. He greeted her kindly, and courteously inquired the occasion of her clouded brow.

"I can not bear mixed companies," she answered, with ill-concealed disdain.

"But my invitation was peremptory."

"True, and therefore am I here."

"Yet, my pretty Doll, your countenance indicates that you come reluctantly."

The petted beauty burst into tears.

"May I never become human!" she exclaimed. "If my heart is not almost broken with neglect!"

(This is the hoped-for future of Dolls, and with good reason, for the metamorphosis is well authenticated in many cases.)

"Neglect! I supposed the fair Josephine was far above the danger of neglect!" murmured the Zouave.

"It is very well for you, Colonel Ellsworth, to speak in that way," she pettishly replied. "You know that I have lain in the drawer without a breath of air or glimpse of daylight but what comes through the broken lock of my drawer, while you sit in the Doll-chair, the pet and darling of the nursery, and feel yourself Lord Paramount every where. My *worst* trouble, and the cause of all my troubles, is the ambition of my little mistress's parents. Unfortunately she let it out that she was a bright child, and they have shown her no mercy ever since. She goes to school at half past eight every morning. She remains until half past two, then she comes home, eats a lunch, and practices music until four. Then she sews an hour for the Aid Societies, then her evening meal and lessons from seven till nine, when my poor ten-year-old mistress goes to bed. Every day of the week this is the rule except Saturday, when sewing for the soldiers takes the place of lessons at school, and maybe she gets a short walk in the afternoon.

"Dear Santa Claus, can not you help us? She will die if this goes on. I see and hear this, and it is every word of it true;" and the tears stood again—tender, loving tears—in her waxen blue eyes.

The saint's eyes glowed like sparks under his shaggy eyebrows.

"My Master greatly loved these little ones when he dwelt on the earth, and if their human parents do not more carefully watch and tend them he will gather the lambs to his bosom again," he murmured softly to himself, as he slowly paced the floor, with his hands contemplatively clasped under his coat-tails.

A brisk-looking jointed Chinese Doll now hopped up to their host, and began to retail both information and grievance in his attentive ear.

She said that she and her friends Hoop and Hoop-stick, Ball and Bat, Battle-door and Shuttle-cock, were under a ban, and were heart-broken at the aspect of things in their residence, which was in Boston. She really did not see how she was going to bear it any longer. Evening study was now the rule, and the poor children went to bed so tired that when they rose in the morning they had no spirits for play at all, neither had they the time. She couldn't remember when they had had time.

Katy was as pale as a ghost trying for the prize for French, and Milly was equally desperate for the Mathematical medal. She stated that her memory couldn't recall when she had been properly undressed and put to bed, and she had quite lost her voice, it was so long since she had been squeezed.

The circle smiled at this, and the Zouave mischievously encircled her waist with his padded arm, to which pressure she responded with an extremely natural "squawk," which proved her bellows in excellent order, and made the Dolls look scandalized behind their fans, and Miss Josephine walked away as haughty as a crowned queen.

"It seems that the Aid Societies do not trouble your house very much," whispered the Zouave, offering his arm for a promenade; "at least you do not oppose them as violently as many do."

"Ah!" sighed the almond-eyed Squaw Lin, accepting the proffered arm with a mollified air, "if all soldiers were like Colonel Ellsworth! But really, if you *could* only see the wooden German Grenadiers at our house which came home from the last fancy fair—" The rest of the sentence was lost as they sauntered off to try the flavor of an ice *à la Hecla*.

Santa Claus looked after them with a peculiar smile.

"We have all been young once," he sighed. "I had a touch of the complaint many years ago myself."

There were many complaints and much important information brought to Santa Claus that night, to all of which he attentively listened, and promised to use his influence on the side of right, reserving to himself the privilege of judging the merits of the case.

There were almost universal complaint from the city Dolls that their little mistresses were over-studied, in school and out of school; and although the complaint came selfishly from the Dolls, Santa Claus knew too well the consequences to pass the information in silence. Dull children were in little danger. It was the bright, talented ones, who needed no urging to study at all, to whom the harm happened. Boys could and would get air and exercise somehow; but little girls, bright, studious, lady-like little girls, had no redress if parents did not take up their cause.

Santa Claus had a theory that, if a little girl of ten years old made the clothes for her Doll family, it was about as much sewing as she ought to be expected to do; and if she was studious in school she ought not to be expected to study out of school and give up her play hours. He espoused the cause of the Hoops and Balls, the Battle-doors and Shuttle-cocks, feeling that they had a good work to do, in which the parents ought rather to aid than restrain them.

His "little ones" were especially dear to the saint's heart, and he believed that his little Peter Parlegians had turned out full as well as those whose studies were more pretentious. He sadly remembered certain bright little faces that, one Christmas, would peer so curiously and sweetly into the stockings it had been his care to fill for them, who, before another Christmas, had laid their throbbing heads and quivering nerves to rest where school-books should never annoy them more. And he shrewdly opined that if half the amount of study at present exacted was performed in school under the teacher's eye, and with his assistance, the good results mentally would be doubled; and if the time thus saved from study be devoted to vigorous romping in doors or out, the value to the little students would be wonderful, and the bright eyes and curls might look into well-filled stockings until years insensibly stole away the child's privilege. But Santa Claus sighed deeply when he thought how hopeless was the task of convincing parents of this.

His heart grew still heavier when he thought of the many nurseries unblessed by the constant presence of a mother. Society—gay, bewitching, fascinating society—claimed so many, especially young mothers. "And yet," he reflected, as he promenaded the now nearly deserted reception-room, and the gusty sounds of distant music reached his ears from the dancing-halls, where the Tin Trumpet Band, Boreas conductor, discoursed melody for the multitude of twinkling feet—"and yet this class are not so hopeless after all; for sooner or later sorrow, steadiness, or wisdom come to all, and these gay young creatures turn out pretty well after all; for most generally it is only an excess of animal spirits which passes off in time. It's only a few comparatively—alas that there should be any!—who are incorrigible." But even Santa Claus shook his head as he reflected that so many really excellent, high-principled, kind-hearted mothers find their duties and tastes leading them away from home and the dear faces there, even to the neglect of his darling pets, who so sadly missed the smile, the kiss, the story or romp, the walk or ride with mamma, the sunshine of her presence. And very sad remembrances occurred to him of those who, having no tender drawing out of love of home, found bright fires and lights (such unhallowed ones!), elsewhere, and sweet smiles and brilliant glances, glowing with no holy mother-love, and accepted the wretched substitutes. He loved the poor soldiers; they were his especial care. Many a box of comforts and delicacies had he conveyed to them, and so joyfully, when mothers, sisters, and daughters filled them; but his heart ached for the dear Children whose mothers, in restlessness or ignorance, had neglected them to minister to strangers. He saw in this very neglect, whether from misguided ambition or simply indolence, the one great cause of the Great Rebellion; for, of a certainty, if the Children can obey well, the men will command well, and deserve well of the opinion of the world.

The Children of Santa Claus must neither be left to the exclusive care of either Biddy or Dinah. Neither devoted to death upon the school desk, nor impaled by the needles of infanticidal Sewing Societies. The races and romps, the balls and hoops, must resume their rule. Their precious Doll cares and baby housekeeping, the song or story from mamma, the evening frolic with papa, must be reinstated. Bo-Peep and Cock Robin must not be supplanted by Manesca and Davies; nor Jack the Giant Killer by Dumas or De Staël, nor Mother Goose by Watts on the Mind. Not a bit of it. And St. Nicholas swore by his eight favorite reindeer to claim back his own, and bid the children be Children once more.

He resolved that the children of soldiers, either absent or killed, should fare especially well, and their stockings well filled by hook or crook, and re-resolved that within the circle of his influence all faces should be bright and happy—Aid Society or Gay Society to the contrary, notwithstanding.

So he walked along with his hands in his pockets to watch the dancers. They were holding high revel there. Over the glittering floor they flew, waxen beauties, clasped by stalwart Highlander or courtly Louis Quatorze, who had escaped from the drawing-room mantles. Bronze knights in armor clinked their mailed heels in time with plump china Dolls. Rag Dolls waddled round in the embrace of India-rubber Zouaves. Wooden Dolls stumped round in the Mazurka with the German Grenadiers. Hideous Gutta Perchas and half naked Arabs hob-a-nobbed with Walnut witches over their boiling punch; while Jumping Jacks executed frantic polkas with beautiful dancing Dolls; and Chinese Dolls and Crying Babies squalled vigorously, as energetic Harlequins bounced them around in time to the wild music of the Band. The Northern Lights glimmered and flashed, the huge fire-places glowed with fervent heat. The icicles trembled on the garlands, and the weird music played faster and faster, and round and round they flew under its enchantment. The Sister of Charity, her skirts smeared with the ink she had wiped from numerous pens, simpered slily under her big white bonnet, as she touched glasses with a burly Punch, astride a beer cask. She looked abominably knowing as she winked to him that she could, if she chose, reveal what a soldier in camp had written under her supervision. "That is, I sat on the inkstand, and wiped his pen—so I read his letter," and she smiled as a gay young tiger replenished her glass with the hottest of punch.

I should talk forever to describe every thing said and done that night. I shall only hint how certain Dolls, too old to dance and too young to stay at home, formed in a snug whist party, and *en masse* got gloriously fuddled, insomuch that some ventured too close to the fire and were instantly reduced to glowing charcoal; while others, not discerning the difference between a witch's broomstick and a comfortable sleigh, imprudently chose the former, and while in the act of sailing home, singing

"On the bat's back do I fly!"

incontinently tumbled off and were lost in the Arctic ocean, and never heard from more. The younger portion of the company, who drank only ice-water, all got home in perfect safety before cock-crow.

Santa Claus made a speech to the Dolls, in which "he assured the Dolls that he would attend to their grievances, and see to it that they had more of the time and attention of their little mistresses than ever before; also that a flea should be judiciously inserted into the ears of the mothers, to the intent that their assistance and co-operation should be lent to further his plans for a merry Christmas. He added that the soldiers were the fathers of his children, and had been his children themselves, and should receive his especial care and attention. All that could be done for them was right, except when it robbed little ones of their mothers. Likewise, the children and orphans of soldiers were under his especial care, and he promised to co-operate with all Dolls from Fancy Fairs, to see that they were placed where they would do most good to the children."

He squeezed Polly's remaining hand, and exhorted her to mind the slippery steps, and pinched Josephine's glowing cheek, as she courtesied before him down to the ground and showered her flaxen curls over her waxen beauty; she leaned on the arm of the Ellsworth Zouave, who tenderly wrapped her white opera cloak around her, as he placed her inside the sleigh and took his own seat on the box beside the strolling Star who acted as driver for the nonce.

He comforted Squaw Lin, who looked venomously after them as they departed, with a promise of a splendid gutta percha Uncle Tom, and laughed himself sore to see her look of disgust.

He felt an inward disquiet, though he could not keep his face straight either, as he saw that the Walnuts and Gutta Perchas had had more than was good for them, and more than doubted if all of them would arrive safe home.

He detained the demure Sister of Charity a moment with a whispered hint of caution under her bonnet, and gave her arm a sly pinch as she nodded so violently that she nearly lost her head-gear. There was a secret understanding between them, only to be divulged to you, dear reader.

He watched each guest depart, and the long train of matrons, each escorting a load of merry, sleepy, tired Dolls home to their nursery, streamed across the ebon sky like a procession of sparks from a great conflagration.

They were the happiest Dolls that ever started off to a midnight frolic, and the tipsy ones made their exit singing,

"Wewongohomt'llmo'n'g,
'T'lldayltdoespear!"

Then he went in, lighted his pipe, and sat down to cogitate before his fire till morning. Then he concluded that an account of his ball had better be sent to *Harper's Weekly*, and see if a plea for the Children could not be made through its pages; and I did it for him, and here is the story.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE dearly cherished anniversary of so many hundred years comes back to us again in all its sacred beauty and antiquity, kept by some with the time-honored custom of gathering together all the members of the family, near and distant, and distributing among them welcome tokens of affection, of which kind old Santa Claus is supposed to be the donor. The happy few may, perhaps, again this year celebrate their annual festivities; but oh! to how many will it be a season of sad, sad memories! On the left hand of our picture, on pages 8 and 9, we see the fond wife with the likeness of her brave soldier clasped to her heart, looking up to the moon and thinking that it is also shining on him, if indeed he still be above the sod, of which she, poor soul, has never-ceasing and bitter misgivings. The gentle moon shines just as brightly as it did last Christmas when he sat lovingly by her side, and they talked with delighted anticipation of the children's joy, when, on waking in the morning, they would find that Santa Claus had more than realized their fondest hopes in the gifts he had prepared for them. Notwithstanding the anxiety so painfully weighing on the mother's heart, it shall still be "Merry Christmas" with the little ones; and as they lie nestling so sweetly in their little crib, she carefully fills the little stockings, which have been expectantly hung in the chimney, with all they have so eagerly desired. Then she decks the room tastefully with greens, and hangs a wreath below the dear absent father's portrait, which greets the little ones with loving eyes as they awake. Meanwhile the vision of Santa Claus showering his gifts down the chimney comes to them in their merry, happy little dreams, while his sleigh, laden with gifts, is impatiently waiting to jingle off to the next of his favorites.

On the right of the picture sits the subject of these tender recollections. By the light of his camp-fire he can plainly see the loved faces looking up at him from the likeness he holds in his hand. As he gazes he fancies he is again with the dear ones at home; it seems as if the children's merry tones would momentarily ring out with gay laughter. He thinks he feels the clasp of his wife's hand, the slender fingers twined so caressingly round his own; but he raises his eyes, and his own dreary Christmas comes back to him in all its loneliness. The moon is shining down on the beautiful river, and plainly reveals the forms of two of his comrades on sentry duty. Quite near him is another, who, basking in the warmth of the fire, has fallen quietly asleep, the snow lying on the ground sparkles in the moonlight, and all is very still. But there is somebody who remembers the soldier's Christmas. Behold Santa Claus driving along with merry speed, and as he goes he rapidly throws out boxes filled with good things by the thoughtful hands at home, wherein the soldiers shall find enough to make them a jolly Christmas feast, and to drink the health of those they love so dearly.

On the lower right-hand corner we see one of many of our noble ships struggling with the storm; their duty this Christmas time is to be as active as ever on the watch for privateers, while others blockade the rebel ports. There is no merry-making for them this holiday season; only to be tossed about on the wild deep, while the great waves seem to toy with their strong vessel.

On the lower left-hand corner our troops are marching along despite the snow which lies deep on the ground, and is still falling. "Onward to Victory!" is the word, and they continue to press forward. Rains can not damp their martial ardor, snows can not chill those true spirits, cold can not freeze the warmth of their love for freedom, peace, and Union.

At the top is the Northern Light glowing behind Washington's tomb; and as Duganne says, in one of his Ballads of the War—

"When Sumter's cannon in thunder spoke,
And Sumter's lightning blazed—
When out of the gloom of Vernon's tomb
The soul of the Past was raised;
When Union's stars, on the shield of Mars,
Were lifted by Freedom's hand,
Then the light of the North went grandly forth
Through all our loyal land!"

Below this are the peaceful graves of those who have numbered all the Christmases they will ever spend on earth. There they lie, side by side, buried on the field where they fought their last battle. The sad hearts of their mourning mothers, sisters, wives, and children can only find comfort in knowing that they nobly responded to their country's call, and that they yielded up their lives to its glory in as true a cause as ever made hearts beat with patriotic emotion. And so let them not mourn, but HONOR THE BRAVE!

QUASHY'S MASTER.

YOU remember Quashy Quando, don't you? He made your acquaintance through the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, and perhaps you will remember that he was, in old, old times, before the Revolution, the slave of a physician in the province of Massachusetts Bay.

This physician (besides being a gentleman and my ancestor) was, after his style, as great an original as old Quashy himself, and met with some queer adventures.

Will you hear an anecdote or two of him? He was summoned once in direful haste, to attend a daughter of Eve in her extremity. It was a lonely, old-fashioned farm-house, and the family comprised the man, his wife, and three old maids, sisters of the farmer, by name Hetty, Nabby, and Polly.

It was a cold winter's day, and the Doctor, on arrival, was invited to seat himself in the kitchen (the only sitting room indeed) beside an immense wood fire.

In those days there was at either end of the kitchen a wide door opening directly out, and when the goodman had hewed off a log, something smaller than a hogshead, he used to hitch his oxen or his horse to it by a chain, and drag it in at one door, leave it to be "crowed" on to the fire, and then drive the beasts out at the opposite door. Now that's true.

Well, the Doctor seated himself in such a kitchen before such a fire, rubbed his hands, warmed his knees, and looked about him. In the chimney hung hams of pork and mutton, with a mighty round of beef, smoking. The Doctor pulled his pipe from the pocket of his flapped waistcoat and smoked in opposition.

Upon a bench snugly accommodated in the corner of the wide fire-place slept a great pussy cat, and the Doctor watching her began to nod and blink in sympathy, but just then the door opened and in bustled Nabby bringing "the kettle" (they had but one, and she called it the dinner-pot) half full of water, which she proceeded to adjust by pot-hook and trammel to a great chain hanging lengthwise down chimney (chimney cranes are a modern innovation). Then, with many apologies for disturbing the Doctor, and voluble lamentations over "poor Nancy's" sufferings, she brought from the "butt'ry" a bucket of Indian meal, and began to stir it slowly into the water, seasoning the compound with a handful of salt taken from a great wooden salt-box hung beside the chimney.

The pudding began to boil, and Nabby giving it a parting stir, bustled out of the room and up stairs again to see after "poor Nancy."

A few minutes elapsed, and the door opening in glided Hetty, who shook hands with the Doctor, spoke hopefully of her sister-in-law's illness, and then vehemently stirred the pudding, adding as she did so a large handful of salt.

She had just finished when in minced Dolly, a beauty of thirty years before, and informed Hetty that she was wanted up stairs. Hetty went, and Dolly remained. Innocent young thing, *she* didn't know or say any thing about Nancy's illness, but whisked about the room setting all in primest order and talking of this "uncommon spell o' weather."

Finally, approaching the fire, she spied the kettle of pudding, and tucking away her striped linsey-woolsey skirt to show her pretty feet, began to stir the mush, ending by adding a double handful of salt.

"Dolly," called Nabby's shrill voice, and the fair child skipped away.

As the door closed behind her the Doctor solemnly arose from his chair, and with a severe aspect seized the stick, stirred the pudding till he could stir no longer, and then diving into the salt-box brought up as much of its contents as his capacious hand would hold, and gravely added it to the boiling mass.

Then he sat down again with one queer little twitch at the corner of his mouth.

Half an hour later, and Nabby reappeared. "Poor Nancy" wasn't ready to see the Doctor yet, and she guessed they'd better have supper right away.

So the great immovable oaken table was cleared, a number of bowls with pewter spoons were put upon it, with a loaf of brown bread, some butter, a pitcher of milk, and a great can of cider. Then Nabby, seizing the pot, drew it forward, but pausing, said, meditatively,

"Seems to me jest as if I'd forgot to salt this firmaty."

She half glanced at the Doctor, but he was deep in dignified reverie, and Nabby did not venture to disturb him.

"No, I'm sartin I didn't," said she, to herself, and dipping into the box brought out a generous handful and stirred it in.

"Seems to me the salt's got dreadful low in that 'ere box," muttered she, sturdily swinging the kettle off the chain.

The Doctor rousing himself, gallantly offered his assist-

ance, and the firmest, poured into a mighty wooden bowl, soon smoked in the middle of the table.

The family were assembled, and the pudding was ladled into a little bowls.

"I s'pose you like much and milk, Doctor? It's farmers' fare," remarked Hiram, handing the widow his portion.

"Very much when it is good," returned the Doctor, commencing to eating the substance to begin tasting.

"Well, sir, I guess it is good,—why, I use—my—mother, what upon earth ails the stuff?" exclaimed Hiram, putting a spoonful into her mouth, and swallowing it with a gulp.

"Why, sure enough, it's just as salt as brind leef!" ejaculated Nobby.

"Oh, my! I do declare! I never did!" cried into Dolly, pocketing a mouth which had been pretty nigh the measure of sinning.

"Then," recommenced Nobby, with a self-condemnatory nod of his head, "you 'was I up in it. I salted it when I put it over, and then I was so took up with your book in it!"

"Well, sister," began Hiram, sheepishly, "I didn't know we 'took salted it, and so I up and added it."

"Ho, he, he! Oh my! Oh dear my! I never did in all my days!" giggled Dolly. "Why, Jabez, I put in a double handful of salt!"

"And, ladies," began the Doctor—who had turned his eyes with evident gravity from one speaker to the other, all around the board—"I stirred and I tasted the pudding, before, perceiving that you all did it. I thought it was a household custom at such times to stir, partake and pray for the goddess Lucina. In some I was mistaken."

But the bowl laid, and the pudding, and the milk were good, and Nancy was well before morning.

Another time the Doctor was summoned to one of these outlying farms, to visit a young wife dying of some acute and painful disease. He soon saw that the case was hopeless. Five the night, and summoning the husband into another room, he broke the sad news to him, adding that he would stay awhile her to the last.

The husband left the room, and seated himself beside the kitchen fire, while the Doctor returned into the sufferers bedroom.

It was just at midnight, but through the little square window the Doctor could see the dawn in the east all the grey seem had come at last, with mingled misery and pain, hurled across like the first message by such overwhelming grief. wind as they have upon the sea-board, and northern clim.

The dawn should have crossed and trembled, the great trees waved in terror, flowed in submission, but were vast limb fixed like the gravity of the land, hugging the earth.

It was an awful night.

The Doctor sat still, returning from the window, which the bedroom door softly opened, and the young husband's hand appeared within.

"Is she a-goin', Doctor?" asked he, in a loud whisper.

"Yes, my friend," said the Doctor, and the door was closed quietly.

Some fifteen minutes passed, and the door again opened.

"Is she a-goin' yet, Doctor?"

"Yes, my friend," said the unconscious. She does not suffer now. Won't you come in?"

The man entered and closed the door.

"Poor fellow! He feels what he is losing very keenly," thought the Doctor, softly, looking again at the window.

Another fifteen minutes passed, and again the door opened. This time the husband crept cautiously in, approaching the bed, looked at his wife. The Doctor regarded him with considerable interest. A pair of bloodshot eyes were set over his pantaloons; his head was borne upon his arm, and his grotesque body and limbs covered with a hot woody and grotesque body and limbs covered with a hot woody and grotesque body and limbs covered with a loose coat or frock, and his shoulders were a loose coat or wrapper, bolted about the waist with a short cord.

"Are you a-goin' yet?" asked the Doctor, bluntly.

"She ain't gone yit," whispered the husband, not describing the dying woman. "But I reckon, Doctor, you to let me know the very minute the breath's out'n her body, 'cause I mean to be right by it."

"Were too late!"

"Yes," responded the man, compassionately, mistaking the Doctor's malignant astonishment for sheer ignorance. "Perhaps you'd better stay in that when see me die. I'm in a house then, 'those the hers are warned on it fast thing they'll do, and I reckon I'll be the last you'll see on it. You reckon she's gone' (gazing his thumb toward the bed) 'I want to know, 'cause I don't see that right out."

And five minutes after he went.

The Doctor, like most medical men, was a great skeptic as to supernatural matters, and often said he'd only ask to meet a ghost to have a good bout before parting.

So one dark night, coming home on foot from the border of a big swamp, where he had been called to visit a case of fever and gratify his own pride by crossing "Doctoman's Path-e," where old Jeff Davis had been found hanging by the neck many years before, when he had been buried, and where, he was quite sure, he might still "walked," Doctor Bolus, on darkness might like this.

The Doctor stopped, vividly along, smiling gravely to himself at the mental weakness of his fellow-townsfolk, which was entirely natural, and then stood still as if to wait for him, standing apparently half in and half out the earth, and of a dingy white form, with outstretched arms. The Doctor walked but an instant before he boldly advanced upon the fact. In not in two steps from the spot a hog, whose he hastily retreated, and regaining the road coolly walked on, congratulating that it was not a ghost and not the ghost that had vanquished him, and that he was not ashamed of the horrid thing he had mistaken for "it."

Just then, however, the Doctor became aware that some one or something was pursuing him at a short distance behind, the sound being such as by a thick hedge by the bushes growing along the edge of the road. Dull footsteps, however, on the occasional clink of a chain, plainly to be distinguished, and were evidently following in his track or course.

This was uncomfortable; but with a dogged shake of his head the Doctor walked on and walked steadily, and in the centre of the road, toward home, only wishing he had taken to ride that day.

Suddenly standing his eyes to discern the path, the poor Doctor saw a dim figure before him, a tall white form, obstructed some, stood in his path, but now there lay no log between, and which a quick fire was seen to have been viewed upon.

Nobody was so accustomed. He saw the weary white dress, the flowing dark hair, the pallid face and hollow eyes. Still he approached near and nearer, until, as he drawn within the length of a couple of yards of the form, a loud laugh, and dared away to the thick forest.

The Doctor stood still and wiped his brow. Although the night was freer and the wind a shrewd one. Just then the Doctor heard the tramble of a cradle in Jack Bolus's little farm-house; and actuated by a sudden impulse, he made up his mind to stop there for the night and not proceed, as he was following his wife to bed.

"Please, sirs, all of course receives in your wood-lot, Bolsbus," began he. "Take your gun and a lantern and come with me. Quick. Perhaps the shell out had not fired."

The lantern woman obeyed, and it was not till they were on the road that the astonished farmer gasped out:

For reply, the Doctor succinctly narrated his night's adventure.

Jack Bolsbus listened to the whole account with brooding gravity of countenance, and by the noise of the report of Daudmain's Pistol; and being encored in the affirmative, replied, that, the breech of his gun barrel he'd known his feat, looked up and down, east and west, and listened a short, silent, contentious pace of ground.

"Tellee what, Doctor! you not the old white cellar in the house, and the hen-house. The hen's cackling like old, and there's just two limbs left, that do stick out the arms, and there's a fowl. Then my old 'Sy-ree black horse, you know—he's fattened and turned into that very pasture to grow. I guess he wanted you should hereon him. Then as for the critter that screamed, I shouldn't wonder if it was that 'ere crazy woman the men was here from Stapleton arter this very mornin'—"

"Why didn't you say that first, you foolish fellow?" inquired the Doctor, with somewhat unwarrantable heat. "Of course it's she, and we must take the team and come and get her. She'll freeze before morning. And, mind you, Bolsbus, not a word to any one. Here's a dollar for you, and as you don't say a word about my little mistake to man, woman, child, nor child. I'll give you a look out for an extra dose of wine pill next time you come under my hands!"

Stebbins promised, and kept his promise for a good many years at least. Only once in a while, when any one spoke of Deadman's Pasture, he would unaccountably break into one of his peculiar laughs, and go away shaking his head in silent satisfaction.

But then—that's enough for once of the old Doctor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SPECULATION.

$25 per day made sure, and more if you persevere selling our new and popular Chromo Fluid Pictures for Parlor, age. Something NOVEL and UNEQUALED. Just out to all old agents, and containing the NOW ARTICLE of good quality. Writing Materials and Fancy Articles sell well for our customers. *Age the New Style Agents did Holiday Gift.* They are standard goods, and everybody wants them. Call and see them, and sales quick. We give it a *free present* to each person who orders our Package. A SPLENDID GIFT. Circulars sent free. Address, Draper, Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted in every County and State. Now is a *chance for soldiers* in camp or discharged. Send for circulars. Address, Draper, Packages in endless variety and at all prices.

S. C. HUKRIDGE & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. Largest and oldest Picture Publishing House in the World.

AGENTS WANTED, in every County and Town to sell our *New Mammoth Brooks Prize Packages.* We give free a BEAUTIFUL WATCH to each Agent. $15 to $30 can be made every day. Send for our new Circulars.

W. U. CATELL & CO., 49 and 51 Nassau Street, New York.

Attention Masons and Soldiers.

I will send (as sample), on the receipt of $1, a handsome Gold Plated Ring, with Square and Compass, Letter G and Gold Pin and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or Bracelet, or Sleeve Buttons, or Studs, or Charm, or Thimble, or Ring with my wholesale Circular. B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 209 Broadway, New York.

$16 WATCHES. $16 "Holiday Presents."

Lodi s' Watches.—A fine Gold Plated Hunting Case full jeweled Lever, equal to Gold 18 k. Gold in finish and guaranteed to keep correct time for three years. Price $16. Sent to any express. Address, Draper, Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted in every County and State. Now is a *chance for soldiers* in camp or discharged. Send for circulars. Address, Draper, Packages in endless variety and at all prices.

S. C. HUKRIDGE & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. Largest and oldest Picture Publishing House in the World.

AGENTS WANTED, in every County and Town to sell our *New Mammoth Brooks Prize Packages.* We give free a BEAUTIFUL WATCH to each Agent. $15 to $30 can be made every day. Send for our new Circulars.

W. U. CATELL & CO., 49 and 51 Nassau Street, New York.

Attention Masons and Soldiers.

I will send (as sample), on the receipt of $1, a handsome Gold Plated Ring, with Square and Compass, Letter G and Gold Pin and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or Bracelet, or Sleeve Buttons, or Studs, or Charm, or Thimble, or Ring with my wholesale Circular. B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 209 Broadway, New York.

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

The Perfection of Mechanism.

BEING ADAPTED TO RAILROAD USE, THE LLOYD'S OR GENTLEMEN'S WATCH COMBINES.

One of the most simple, accurate, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it the movement which the machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. In the case of this Watch are combined of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved vulcanite lever escapement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, and case of a solid piece, $20.00. Sample Watches, in best movement bores, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $25, sent by express, C.O.D. payable on delivery. Soldiers must remit payment in advance, as we can not collect from them. Address, Agency, HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

FISH'S

KEROSENE LAMP, HEATING ATTACHMENTS.

Also arranged for GAS, viz.:

Nursery, or Sitting Lamps;

TEA AND COFFEE BOILERS;

HOOPSKIRT LAMPS;

Light and Heat Combined.

Send for a Circular.

A great saving.

W. L. FISH & CO.,

No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE"—Eyes, Ears, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, Nose, Beard, Complexion, Expression, Health, Grace, given in the

Phrenological Journal

AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED FOR 1863, devoted to PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, and all that pertains to the Moral, Intellectual, Social, Mental, and spiritual Nature of Man. Amply illustrated, and all for the cheapest of publications. Only 30 cents. Subscribe now. Only $1 00 a year. Samples, 10 cents. Address, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs.

Artificial Legs are furnished to soldiers by Government without charge, by applying to Dr. DY. A pamphlet describing the reception, may be obtained free of charge by addressing DANIEL BYE, M.D., Author of No 626 Broadway, New York, or Rochester, N. Y., or Cincinnati, Ohio.

PENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE-MONEY, and Navy Claims, procured by SOMES & BROWN, No. 2 Park Place, New York. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvanic Electric Metallic Insoles are the most wonderful remedy ever known for all kinds of Rheumatism, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, and Debility. Send for a circular. MICTIAM & CO., 629 Broadway.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.

Consist of Historical Portraits of Distinguished Characters, for Jack. Fifty-three card to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags, and other National Devices, on the reverse cards. Your packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar in a small envelope. Address, J. H. MANSFIELD, Agent. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,

No. 21 Ann Street, Up Stairs, New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Cocoanut will force them to grow beautifully in six weeks upon the smoothest face, or upon a bald head. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of 25 cts. Address, Box 5,000, Boston Street Post, N. Y.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

WEDDING CARDS.

The Latest Fashionable Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 23 Broadway, cor. Trinity Pl., N. Y. 12th Established 1845. 12th For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

Splendid Holiday Presents.

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE BOOKS.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be found for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

160 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
250 Gold Lever Watches..... 75 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
50 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..... 25 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
500 Lockets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Coral Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Lava, and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Jet, and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Sets of Studs..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Pair Cuff Buttons..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gold Pens..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders..... 4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens are Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Persons can have the Goods by various articles, and each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed. They are ordered, are taken without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will be told what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article sent to you.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate sold by them, provided their remittances amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for each package delivered, 10 cents to be returned in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our readers to be sure in giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

No. 5 Broadway, New York.

Wanted by a Bookseller.

A thoroughly competent Retail Salesman. One of experience, with satisfactory references, can make an engagement at once, at a fair salary, by addressing

Lock Box 456, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,
Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners. Manufactured by the sole patentees and manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this make. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maizena

The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, milk, eggs, or spice. Is the most astonishing thing and economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. In fact for every purpose you can use flour for. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, &c. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove Mills,

Long Island.

Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

J. W. MERSEREAU,

Men's Furnishing Goods

—AND—

GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS

No. 2 Warren Street,

SECOND DOOR FROM BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Represented by N. R. MERSEREAU, L. N. WYANT.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and render them soft, smooth, and every white; are imperious to water either hot or cold, and are a certain protection to the hands of housework. For sale by the trade generally. Sent by mail on receipt of price and a little over for postage. Ladies' sizes 75 c. a pair; Gents sizes, $1 00.

GOODYEAR'S RUBBER GLOVE MFG CO.,

205 Broadway, N.Y.

Dealers in every description of Rubber Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

MILITARY GOODS.

Swords for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.

Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.

W. J. Syms & Bro.,

99 Broadway, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles sent to Soldiers at Fredericksburgh, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union Troops, can be sent free of charge, by HALLETT'S EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

FRENCH WINES AND BRANDIES.

From Jules Lefranc, 14 Cours la Reine, Bordeaux, France. Warranted strictly pure. For sale by

J. MARC MARTIN, Importer,

No. 203 Pearl Street, New York.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks or lips. With no wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Used by the Empress Eugenie of France. Extensively applied. Mailed free from observation for one dollar.

HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 422 & 424 Sixth St., Philad.

THE BEST GIFT

For Soldiers in the Field

Is one of Evans' Portable Tent Heaters.

Can be put up in *five minutes.* Will heat any tent in the service, is packed with seven feet of pipe, has but one hole or square and eight inches deep. Price complete $5. Send for Circular.

J. W. EVANS, 21 John Street, N. Y.



East India Pale and

BURTON ALES.

Also, TONIC BITTER ALE, brewed from the choicest

Barley, Hops and Malt,

In Wine, Malt, and Quarter Casks, *for Home Consumption and Exportation.* J. MATTHESON SMITH, General Agent.

N.B.—As many ask for Smith & Bro.'s ale, Brewery, and not a SUBSTITUTE is offered, consumers will do well to see that they obtain the GENUINE.

PRINCES IMPROVED FOUNTAIN PEN.—One silling by return 18 to 18 hours. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, No. 94 Nassau St., N. Y.

The Prince of Holiday Gifts or Presents.

"THE CELIC MICROSCOPE"

Magnifies small objects 10,000 times. So simple that a child may use it. A most suitable present for any person. Price by mail $2 25; with six mounted objects, $3. Address HENRY CRAIG, 182 Centre Street, New York.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For January, 1863.

CONTENTS:

A CALIFORNIAN IN HOLLAND. First Paper.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Great Geyser.—Hans Christian Andersen.—Andersen's Old Home.—Andersen Cutting Twigs.—Thorlsven.—View in the Faroe Islands.—Faroese Children.—Faroese Cattle.—Coast Land, 1811.—Shore of Glide, 1811.—Krone of Hearts, 1618.

A LIFE'S WORK: THE RESURRECTION.

PAST AND PRESENT.

HOLIDAY SONG.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Hole-in-the-Day.

TURKISTAN.

THE LEAGUE OF STATES.

ROMOLA. Book II.—Chapter I. "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XXI. Florence expects a Guest.

CHAPTER XXII. Fra Girolamo.

CHAPTER XXIII. After-Thoughts.

CHAPTER XXIV. Tessa at the Loom.

CHAPTER XXV. Outside the Duomo.

CHAPTER XXVI. The Convent of Fear.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the Via Largo.—The Escapid Prisoner.—Novice of Work.

CARLYLE'S TABLE-TALK.

MISTLETOE AND BAUD. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By Miss MULOCK. (*Concluded.*)

THE HABITS AND HAUNTS OF THE SWALLOWS.

THE REVOLVING TOWER AND ITS INVENTOR.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Front Model of the Revolving Tower, 1841.—Theodore E. Tinby.—Vertical Section of Revolving Tower.—Plan of Revolving Tower.—Section of Ship.—Section of Hull and Naval Tower.

THE SMALL VOICE. By C. ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER IX. Mrs. Dale's Little Party.

CHAPTER X. Mr. Jones and Amelia Roper.

CHAPTER XI. Mr. Jones Retires.

CHAPTER XII. Lilian Dale becomes a Butterfly.

LITERARY NOTICES.—Bard, Gardner, Halsted.—Jenny Eames's Letters.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.—Publication Agency.—The Currency Question.

METHODS FOR JANUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bill Dress.—Children's Costumes.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY together, one year, $5 00.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or Canvasser. Unless this precaution be observed, no responsibility can be assumed.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

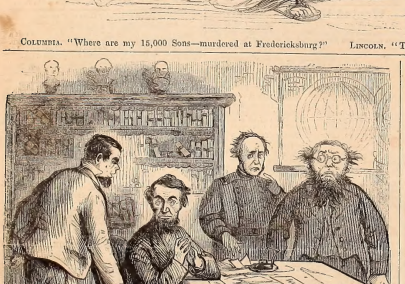
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY together, one year, $5 00.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or Canvasser. Unless this precaution be observed, no responsibility can be assumed.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



COLUMBIA. "Where are my 15,000 Sons—murdered at Fredericksburg?" LINCOLN. "This reminds me of a little Joke—" COLUMBIA. "Go tell your Joke at SPRINGFIELD!!"



THOSE GUILLOTINES—A LITTLE INCIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

SERVANT. "If ye plase, Sir, them Gillitteens has arove."
MR. LINCOLN. "All right, MICHAEL.—Now, Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to step out in the Back Yard?"

Robes, Scarfs, Ties,
Hosiery, and Gloves.
New Goods at Old Prices.

UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway, New York City.

Sleeve & Bosom Studs,
Made from fine ivory, colors white, black, red, purple, and blue, marked any initial in Old English, and mailed free to any address upon receipt of the price, $1 50 full set. Monograms made to order.

UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway, New York.

CHINA AND GLASS!
We have now in store a very large stock, and invite an inspection. Prices are low, most of the stock having been imported before the *new duty*. We have not *removed*, and have NO BRANCH STORE, but continue our business at 439 Broadway, between Broome and Grand Sts.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.

Holiday Presents.
Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Highest Premium
International Exhibition, London, 1862.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.

Buy your Skate Straps with
Fogg's Lever Buckle,
Manufactured by F. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

GOLD PENS.
Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repaired on the receipt of 50 cents or P. O. Stamps.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A New Story by Arthur!
A New Serial, by T. S. ARTHUR, entitled, "OUT IN THE WORLD," is commenced in the January Number of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE. For sale by News Dealers. Yearly terms $2. Four copies $5. Published by T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane AND 22 John Street,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris.
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.
Are now receiving by every Steamer
New and desirable styles of
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS,
Suitable for the Holiday trade,
Consisting in part of
BRONZES, MANTEL ORNAMENTS, MARBLE CLOCKS, CARD RECEIVERS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, PORTEMONNAIES, OPERA GLASSES, FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES, WORK BOXES, DRESSING CASES, PARTY & BRIDAL FANS, LEATHER BAGS.
Also, a great variety of
FINE JET AND CORAL GOODS,
To which they invite the attention of all parties purchasing in this line. A full Stock of
MILITARY GOODS, GUNS, PISTOLS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE, WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ETC.
Also FINE ENGLISH SKATES.
Entrance 19 Maiden Lane or 22 John Street.

"THE"
CENTRAL PARK SKATE EMPORIUM
An assortment of skates and skate fixings will be found at the
Skates 25 cents to 25 dollars. Everything in the skating line except pendit to suit all ages, sexes, tastes and purses.
CONOVER & WALKER, 474 Broadway, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.

Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every description.
RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Boker's Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PORTFOLIO EMBLEM. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Lyon's Kathairon.
This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is again put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill, and attention which for 25 years has obtained such unprecedented sale. Every one admires lustre and beauty! It will cost only 25 cents in large bottles. Two million bottles can easily be sold in a year when it is again known that the Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of dandruff, gives the hair a lively, luxuriant growth, and prevents it from turning gray. There are considerations worth knowing. The Kathairon has been prized for over twelve years, and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, cheap and valuable. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.
D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending D. Adee, 37 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK, Wrought, Cast, and Wire. **259**
IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES, GUARDS, and *IRON FURNITURE* of every description. Illustrated Catalogue mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM, 259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

Union Prize Packages.
Dunn & Co.'s Head-Quarters, 118 Nassau St., N.Y., and Chicago, Ills. Send for circulars (largest house in the U. S.).

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $18, $24 and $27 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!
MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, FOR 28c., COIN PREPAID. Five of different powers, $1. Mailed free.
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 239, Boston, Mass.


The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.
Oil-tree, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark. Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from welded steel and iron instead; Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.
FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS.
RETAILING
At Wholesale Prices.
Depot 2 Warren Street. J. W. MERSEREAU.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.
Read PHYSIOGNOMY in the Phrenological Journal. $1 a year. January No. ready. 10 cents.
FOWLER & WELLS, N.Y.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR AGENTS TO MAKE MONEY.—Agents are meeting with extraordinary success with Mrs. STEPHENS'S great work, the PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION. It is embellished with over two hundred illustrations. Two volumes, royal octavo, 400 pages each; $3 50 per volume. Sold only by regularly appointed agents, to whom exclusive territory will be given. FIRST VOLUME NOW READY. For terms of agency, &c., address J. G. WELLS, No. 166 Willam Street, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 315.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

REBEL NEGRO PICKETS.

So much has been said about the wickedness of using the negroes on our side in the present war, that we have thought it worth while to reproduce on this page a sketch sent us from Fredericksburg by our artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, which is a faithful representation of what was seen by one of our officers through his field-glass, while on outpost duty at that place. As the picture shows, it represents two full-blooded negroes, fully armed, and serving as pickets in the rebel army. It has long been known to military men that the insurgents affect no scruples about the employment of their slaves in any capacity in which they may be found useful. Yet there are people here at the North who affect to be horrified at the enrollment of negroes into regiments. Let us hope that the President will not be deterred by any squeamish scruples of the kind from garrisoning the Southern forts with fighting men of any color that can be obtained.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

On pages 24 and 25 we publish an illustration of GENERAL HUMPHREYS'S MAGNIFICENT CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, from a sketch by A. R. Ward. We have heretofore published accounts of the battle, and will only subjoin here Mr. Ward's account of the charge:

"The ground of the rebel position at Fredericksburg has been described a number of times; it was, indeed, a natural fortress of the most formidable character. Their guns were mounted along the crest of a steep hill, which formed a glacis sloping to the plain below, across which our troops had to charge. Along this glacis or slope runs a road inclosed by stone walls. Against the inside of these walls earth had been shoveled, and then covered with boards for the riflemen to lean on. Here, four ranks deep, they securely leveled their deadly weapons on our columns. In addition to this fortified road rifle-pits covered the hillside in all directions.

"Against this magnificent defensible position, strong as Sebastopol, and more dangerous for an attacking force on account of the river in its rear, our troops were hurled all day. To what purpose all knew now. The place was impregnable! French and Sturgis led their divisions with patriotic determination to the enemy's rifle-pits. Sturgis, suffering severely, held his ground, as it were, under the muzzles of the heavy batteries. French's column, shattered, broken, falling by hundreds, advancing still with heroism unparalleled, delivered its fire till the last cartridge was spent and nearly half its men killed and wounded. It retired as it came—over the open fields. After it came first Hancock's and then Howard's divisions, each charging more savagely than its predecessors, and holding the ground in front of the rebel works while its ammunition lasted. By this time the sun had set behind the rebel fortifications. The crimson-edged clouds gleamed luridly through masses of smoke, which almost obscured at times the bleak sky, so peaceful in its quiet evening tints, and suggestive of the cessation of the day's labor. Not for the army, however, did it indicate repose. The, relief fire broke out with more ferocity than ever. For sweeping across the fields came the divisions of Generals Humphreys and Griffin. Onward, a forlorn hope, they advance—the ground encumbered by the countless bodies of the fallen; knapsacks, blankets, guns, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-boxes, etc., strewed all over the plain. Shot, shell, canister, shrapnel, and grape is hurled as they approach. By column of regiments, led by their generals, and without firing a shot, that noble band continues on. General Humphreys, dashing ahead to a small rise in the ground, takes off his hat to cheer on his men. With reckless ardor his men, rapidly closing on the double-quick, answer cheers with cheers. Every member of the General's staff has been dismounted. The brave Humphreys himself has two horses shot under him. Here a strange thing occurs. Howard's division, lying on the ground and holding their position with the bayonet since their ammunition was expended, opposes the advance of the division of Humphreys. With pistol and sword the officers threaten and prevent the passage of another division over their prostrate lines, thereby throwing the advancing column into confusion —a confusion which may have prevented this, the last effort of the army, from being successful, for though the smoke the rebels are seen running from the wall.

"Humphreys's division has never been under fire till this battle. But before the awful hurricane of bullets no heroism can avail. The hillside appears to vomit forth fire, its leven glare flashing through the fast-thickening obscurity seems to pour with redoubled power upon our storming columns, till, being unable to stand up against it longer—although within eighty yards of the wall—the brave remnant, singing at the *abandon* of its courage, marches steadily back to the place where it formed for the charge, leaving its comrades in swathes upon the bloody ground, where, 'stormed at by shot and shell,' they had been cut down, whole ranks at a time, by that terrible fire.

"Thus closed the battle, except for now and then the boom of a heavy gun from the heights and the constant sharp report of the rifles of the sharp-shooters. But the horrors of that night—the scenes of despair and gradual death upon that bloody ground in the bitter cold and darkness—can not be described. Imagination recoils from the cruelty of the scene. No help for the dying patriots on that awful night. To attempt to reach them was to share their fate. The murderous traitors, without remorse, shot down all who approached. Men with children dependent on them —men whose wives trembled for them—men who had been little children, and whose mothers would have feared to have a cold wind blow on them they lay. Of no avail affection; not for them the soothing touch, the warm chamber, and the thousand nameless attentions of kinfolk. Drearily and with faint hope for the morrow, tired, bleeding, dying, they must stay, their noble efforts idly wasted in a fruitless struggle."

On pages 28 we publish several pictures of the Fredericksburg affair, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. One of these represents GENERAL FRANKLIN'S GRAND DIVISION RECROSSING THE RIVER AFTER THE BATTLE; another shows us the SKIRMISHERS DEPLOYED TO COVER THE RETREAT—some of them lying, others crouching behind every little hillock, or log, or stone which could serve as a protection against shot or shell, others exposing themselves more fully; another, OUR ARTILLERY FIRING UPON THE ADVANCING COLUMNS OF THE ENEMY to keep them at a respectable distance; and another, showing us THE HOUSE OF A. H. BERNARD, which was used by General Franklin as his head-quarters during the fight." It was in the grounds adjacent to this house, and within fifty yards of the door, that the gallant General Bayard was killed.

The following excellent account of the charge of Humphreys is from the *World* correspondence:

"Humphreys's division of Butterfield's corps was resting on its arms in the streets of Fredericksburg. Butterfield sent an order to move it to the front; simultaneously Hooker ordered Hazard and Perry to take their batteries to the crest which our infantry had made their fighting line all the day long; to open rapidly, and concentrate their fire upon a certain point in the stone wall. This was a perilous undertaking, but it was executed in the most gallant manner. Hazard was at once in position, though losing sixteen men and eighteen horses before he fairly began. Frank followed, took up a position farther to the left on the same line, and then Hazard reopened with shell and solid shot at a range of only two hundred and seventy-five yards.

While their cannonade was going on Humphreys, at the head of Alabama's second brigade, formed in close alliance, and was forming his men behind the crest ready for the charge, and Tyler's first brigade was moving into position, ready to support. The line was formed, the column moved gallantly forward, reached the line of fire, passed fifty yards beyond, when a deadly fire from behind the stone wall entered it to receive it. Shell, and shot, and canister, forming under the crest from which it started. Humphreys and staff, and many other field-officers, were dismounted in this charge, their horses being killed, while the brigade lost five hundred men in the engagement.

Now there was but one more chance. Tyler's brigade had come up, and notwithstanding the turmoil, General Humphreys had succeeded in forming it in gallant style. The only hope now was with the bayonet. The men were ordered not to fire —to rely solely upon their trusty steel. Then, with great exertion, the batteries and the lines of fire on the crest were persuaded to cease firing while the charge was being made; then General Hooker exhorted his men not to quail, not to look back, to disregard the men in front who were lying down, covered by every projection; to ride over them.

The officers were ordered to the front; then the bri-gade, led in person by General Tyler and General Humphreys, moved forward with a glorious cheer. They reached the little rise in the ground, within eighty yards of the stone wall, where line after line of our men lay flat upon the ground: they began to move over the living mass, when suddenly the prostrate men cried out, "Don't go there, 'tis certain death!" and, rising, began to impede the progress of the column, and by protesting of every man they ordered the men not to go forward. Then the crisis came. The division was fighting its maiden battle; other troops than they quailed before the murderous volleys now making great gaps through their ranks; the head of the charging column was enveloped in a sheet of living flame; the hideous shells were bursting all around and in their midst. Was it any wonder that they faltered? The men began to look and fire; the momentum of the charge was gone; the column began to retire slowly, falling back to its place of formation. "Oh, I can't see," said Humphreys, "if you had only gone forward as well as you came back!" And then, again dismounted, his second horse having been killed, he reported the result to General Butterfield, who ordered him to withdraw his troops to a point of shelter.

And this was the forlorn hope of the day, and this is what it did. It demonstrated the impregnability of the enemy's positions—demonstrated to the bravest troops in the world could not storm the breast of fire which poured and plowed and converged for a final fetal space; and it deadened a quiet, fearless, and accomplished man of science, with whom books, and charts, and surveys have been his studies, left a splendid development of the most vigorous mind and distinguished bravery.



REBEL NEGRO PICKETS AS SEEN THROUGH A FIELD-GLASS.

DREAMS.

Wild wandering dreams! in dusky midnight stealing,
Why wake ye thus the memories of the dead?
Departed object to our gaze revealing;
Forms that we loved ere life's warm breath had fled.
Ye can not bring them back, false dreams! then why
Come ye slowly angels from their guardian watch?
Like doves fast fluttering from the hawk away,
With quick despatch.
Wherefore this mockery?
Wild wandering dreams!

Wizards of night! ye woo false phantom shade
A form with life-blood mantling as of yore,
A face where love, all trembling, had betrayed
The secret that the eyes had told before:
Were the dear songs remembered yesterday
(Summoned in mockery) by my side to-day,
With lovely radiance as the stars of night,
Or shimmering lights that on blue ocean play—
Present in music as in song ago,
I'd curse the spell that brought her to me so,
Empty sphere!
To roam with weary step this vale of tears
Suffering life's direst woe never through long years,
Then withering go,
Dying again!

Wild midnight revelers! if ye needs must come
On stars quick tripping—flash the soul away
Where dwell the blest around the Eternal throne:
Show us Heaven's rapture; palest Eternity!
But heavenly earthward wake no memories here
Of loved ones blest!
Let angels tell us how old Time speeds on;
Woo soon the scytheman comes, and we are gone
To meet them here
And take our rest
Forever!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

BEFORE this paper is published the President will probably have issued his Proclamation offering freedom to all negro slaves resident in localities which have not elected representatives to Congress by a majority of legally constituted voters. It is hoped by the Northern partisans of slavery that the Proclamation will be postponed or withheld altogether. But we fail to discover any ground for the hope. Whatever reasons led the President to issue the preliminary Proclamation in September last apply with equal force to the case as it stands at present, and can not reverse or even supply additional motives for securing the active aid of 4,000,000 slaves, if it can be done.

The loyal parts of States which will be excepted from the operations of the Proclamation will be the States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri; the city of New Orleans, Louisiana; probably the city of Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee; the city of Norfolk, and the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, Virginia; and a strip on the sea-board of North Carolina. Emancipation will doubtless be as to the strict right of such cities as New Orleans—whose legally constituted voters are generally in the rebel army—a mere mockery of the benefits of the exceptional proviso in the Proclamation. But the chances are that that act, if enforced at all, will be construed liberally.

The question suggests itself whether to every one's mind in connection with this Proclamation, First, will it induce the negroes to run away? and, secondly, what shall we do with them if they do?

Opinions differ upon both these points; but we imagine that most well-informed persons will, with the President, doubt whether the issue of the Proclamation will be followed by any general exodus of the slaves. For a year or more our armies have refused to return fugitive slaves. Wherever our generals have invaded the rebel States, they have been compelled by military necessity to welcome the contrabands to their protection. Notwithstanding the famous order No. 3, both Grant's and Sherman's armies practically gave freedom to the slaves whom they found in Western Tennessee. General M'Clellan has published a letter in which he declares that the slaves were returned by officers of the Army of the Potomac after the enactment of the new "Article of War," but that, on the contrary, all contrabands coming to that army were received, fed, and set to work. At Hilton Head, the slaves of South Carolina have had a safe refuge for almost a year. General Hunter, General Butler has received and employed every slave who fled thither. At Memphis General Sherman issued a general order, early last fall, directing all officers of his command to welcome fugitive slaves, and deal with them as freemen, at all events for the time being. It is hardly possible that the negroes of the South can have been generally ignorant of a policy so uniformly pursued on the entire rebel frontier; and the presumption therefore is, that all the slaves who wanted to run away, and were able to escape, either have already reached our lines, or are now endeavoring to do so. The Proclamation can hardly add any thing to their knowledge of our purposes, or to their ability to elude the vigilance of their masters. In this respect, therefore, it will effect no change in the situation. It merely affirms and consolidates the policy which has hitherto been pursued by individual commanders from military considerations. Slaves will continue to escape as heretofore; the number of runaways will increase as our armies advance and the blockade is tightened. Possibly the knowledge that under the Proclamation the faith of the United States is pledged to protect them in their rights as freemen may impart courage to some who are now hesitating, and so swell the tide of the fugitives.

The problem how to employ the contrabands will necessarily be solved by the war. Necessity will compel us to use them as soldiers. We shall require, to garrison the strategic points in the enormous country which we have undertaken to overrun, more troops than even the populous North can provide. It is clear that even a million of men will be found too few to attack and defeat the rebel armies, storm the rebel forts, and at the same time hold and occupy each point we take. A quarter of a million troops, in detached forts, may not prove too many to hold the line of the Mississippi River, after it has been cleared of the rebel and other batteries. For this service the negroes are well adapted, and whatever scruples may be entertained by individual generals, the logic of events compels us to assign them to this general post. The work has already been successfully begun. We have a negro regiment at Hilton Head, and a negro brigade at New Orleans. All is still pending before Congress for the equipment of 200 negro regiments of 1000 men each, and the feeling among loyal men is in favor of its passage. We shall have to feed, clothe, and pay these liberated negroes, and there is no present way of making them earn their living except by making them garrison our forts. But when they are cut on the preceding page shows plainly, have no scruples against arming them. We can safely follow their example.

GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE country has learned with considerable regret that Major-General BENJAMIN F. BUTLER has been removed from the command of the Department of the Gulf. His energy, courage, and hearty hostility to treason in every shape, have won for him the admiration and respect of all loyal men; and the confidence in which he is held by our enemies at the South and in Europe proves how thoroughly he has done the work which was set him to do. Whether he was as careful in the exercise of his authority, and as tender of the feelings of foreign consuls as he should have been, are questions which the Administration can decide better than the public. His removal is said to be other than they were decided in the negative. Mr. Lincoln doubtless had good reasons for his course; though, as we said, the removal was a surprise to all loyal men who are in earnest in this war.

But if any possible appointment could console the country for the removal of BUTLER, it would be that of NATHANIEL P. BANKS. For no man in the United States possesses a stronger hold of the public confidence than the ex-operative of Waltham. Not that General Banks has ever electrified the country with brilliant flashes of genius, by extraordinary exploits, or unusual triumphs; but that, in whatever station he has been called to fill, from the beginning of his career a member of the Massachusetts Assembly to the present moment, he has always proved himself equal to his task. Every thing which he has undertaken he has accomplished, not with unusually clear perceptions, a calm, judicial mind, and dauntless courage, not devoid of passion, as was shown in his magnificent speech at the Cooper Institute, but never left New York; but so fair and free from prejudice that Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina, pronounced that he had stood up straight in the Democratic party as most to have leaned to the other side; gifted with such wonderful prescience that as far back as 1858, when the whole country was slumbering in the belief that the Union was indissoluble, he saw for this war; so keenly alive to the truths of the day, and accurately discerning the nature of the contest, that he alone of the leading Republicans wanted to have 600,000 men called out in April, 1861, and scorned the popular notion that we could starve out the South; a statesman of no mean ability, as one may see who reads the proclamation we forced to confess; a soldier in whom M'Clellan could find no fault. Such is the man who now comes to power with the people in this country second only to that of Abraham Lincoln.

For it can not be too often repeated that this war must be decided on the banks of the Potomac, but on the banks of the Mississippi. So long as the rebels hold any portion of the great river it will avail to them what defeats in Virginia. As they, defeated before Richmond, falls back toward Raleigh, and our triumph is barren. He may even fight us, as Davis has boasted, for twenty years on the soil of Virginia, without decisive result, so long as the present boundaries of the Confederacy remain undisturbed. But once let our armies and navy command and retain the whole course of Mississippi, and the hopes of a national existence for the Confederacy is gone. The South went to war with us because the North insisted on girdling slavery, leaving to the slave power Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Missouri. If we can take and hold the Mississippi we shall girdle slavery without those large States—shall confine the institution within the limits of old States where there is little or no new land, and no room for the migratory system of agriculture on which slavery fattens. The South could not afford to accept national existence on these terms. They would realize, as Toombs prophesied, that their country was too small for them and their negroes together, and before five years elapsed, if we recognized their independence, would come on bended knees to Washington, begging to be let out of the trap in which they had got caught.

The possession of the Mississippi River is the key to victory in the war. It now devolves upon General Banks to possess it.

THE LOUNGER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SEE volumes of our *Weekly* are now completed, and the seventh is begun. A great multitude of friends that we can not be guilty of letting the New Year pass without a word of acknowledgment. Not that any very sentimental relation exists between you, my good unknown friend, who buy this paper in the extreme West or East or North or South, and the proprietors or the writers; but because, despite all of us, a periodical paper has an individual existence, and its readers are inevitably a body, a dicease, toward which the paper feels abstractly indeed, but especially attached.

As becomes a well-conducted paper which aims to entertain the public without offending its prejudices, public questions were not discussed in these columns until we were assured at the very heart of the nation left but one commanding interest in the public mind. Then to have tattled similarly about matters for which the world cared would have been merely idiotic. For if any man said that patriotism was politics he was at heart a traitor. And if any said that he was indifferent, while his country staggered under the assassins' blows, he was a knave or a fool. And *Harper's Weekly* does not publish the favor of knaves, fools, or knaves.

While our brave boys by thousands and thousands were marching, and camping, and fighting for us in the field, this paper has been content to witness of their services and their heroism, by a copious and constant picturing of the more striking and interesting scenes, events, and groupings of the war, all along the line from Maine to Missouri. And that the world might know, as it saw them pictured, what they were fighting for, and that they might see that neither they nor the cause were forgotten by us who stay behind, we have constantly set forth great principles of this war, and so far as we may, in obedience to the first duty of every public teacher in the land, we have sought to elevate and purify the public opinion, which is the true government of the country. To that end we have often spoken strongly and sternly. And when good men and true lives were for us all shall we be mealy-mouthed? Let us at least impress upon our soldiers the fact that they are standing shot for shell, and will not their wives, or their country, or their souls their own? We have not believed in making war with olive branches or any other wooden weapon, but when a deadly assault was made upon the Government, and humanity, and civilization, we have believed, and do still believe, that all means are lawful which the true way to treat it was to make the enemy feel the overwhelming power of that Government and civilization, whether honorable and humane grasp could seize him, and be shaken until he were subdued even if it were until death. And if any subscriber thinks that in what he would be hard to do, we believe in trying, and not in submitting to an infamous foe until we have strained every nerve. To be trial may indeed not save life, but it will save honor.

To have been called "Abolitionist" is not a very overpowering fact. The time for a reactionary position of abstract hostility to slavery and practical support of it has utterly gone. Practically to favor slavery in this country at this time is to aid the destruction of the Government and invite anarchy. The question whether the friends or the foes of slavery caused the war, is idle now. Every man may think of it as he will. But we all know that except for slavery there would have been no war. And we can have no peace with it. Therefore it must conquer as the dominant interest of the Government, or be absolutely conquered.

It is certainly profoundly gratifying to us, as it is a most honorable and significant fact for the country, that the publication of *Harper's Weekly* during this melancholy time has been steadily increasing. It has not been partisan, and never will be. It has sought to be national in fact, and, by God's grace, will never be otherwise. The Lounger believes that the New Year will be happy, and he salutes all his friends with the best wishes.

HOLY-TIME.

THE holiday season probably never dawned upon so many mourning households. But the grief upon which it shines is not dead and hopeless, for the cause of the sorrow and the association of the holytime blend in a light that transfigures the memory of the departed. The dead only seem to be hardly less than to have lived well. For indeed they can hardly be said to do the one who have not done the most. And the sacrifice of young and brave and beautiful whose voices shall mingle no longer in our solemn Christmas hymns and happy New Year greetings, have given a more serious sweetness to each festival by the memory of their heroic sacrifice.

A generous nation will not stand by the graves which are covered with a year's grass, or are just closed, or just opening, and betray those who are laid in them. Those young lives were not poured out that anarchy may prevail. Every one of them has pledged us all more closely to the great object to which they were devoted. From the first slain in Baltimore, from Ellsworth and Winthrop and Greble, on to the last noble heart stilled in battle, each is a link in the chain that holds us all fast to our country. Our dimmed eyes are washed with their blood, so that we who were blind now see. Slowly, and, in how many cases, reluctantly, our minds have come to know that we must conquer or be conquered, and that there is and can be no peace but the annihilation of the cause of war.

And which of these brave youth of ours, seeing as they now do with perfect vision the work they have wrought, would regret the early ending of their martial lives, or even the sharp, sudden pang that sent to the father, or brother, or wife, or maid who loved them, or the mother's heart who bore them? For those who remain is the gain or the loss greater? Was the mother of WASHINGTON, of Nathan Hale, pitied by any man? The mother of Colonel Baker died lately in Illinois. How well she knew that her son ascended in a chariot of fire, from the floor of the Senate to the field at Ball's Bluff!

But these are the thoughts that raise our human hearts into heavenly serenity after the bitter blow has a little passed. In this friendly and sacred season the old habit of the loving circle and the beloved face and form returns and claims its own. The season is domestic. The home asks for its unbroken circle, and its wistful eye seeks those whose smile should have outlasted ours. How far the shadow this year falls! Yet, if looking nearly, O tearful eyes! for you the poet sings:

> "With trembling fingers did we weave
> The holly round the Christmas hearth;
> A rosy cloud possessed the earth,
> And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.
>
> "At our old pastimes in the hall
> We gambolled, making vain pretense
> Of gladness, with an awful sense
> Of one mute shadow watching all.
>
> "We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
> Upon us: surely rest is meet.
> 'They rest,' we said, 'they sleep well, their sleep is sweet,'
> And silence followed and we wept.
>
> "Our voices took a higher range:
> Once more we sang, 'They are not dead,
> Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
> Nor change to us, although they change.
>
> "'Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
> With gathered power, yet the same,
> Pierces the keen seraphic flame
> From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'
>
> "Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
> Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
> O Father, touch the east, and light
> The light that shone when Hope was born."

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.

IT is astonishing to observe how much Everybody knows. If only Everybody's advice had been followed the war would have been over long ago. If you are speaking of it on a little journey, you can not but hear the conversation before you and behind you, and Everybody knows every thing to the minutest detail. The refreshing unconsciousness why we have not long ago done all that we long ago undertook to do. The movements of the army especially, and the plans of the Government, are revealed in detail to Everybody—while poor Nobody evidently knows nothing about them.

It makes no difference that the knowledge of various people is entirely at variance—that both can not be any possibility be true. They ignite from the same sentiment with refreshing magnanimity, entirely disregarding the counter assertion. "I know!" says Paul; and "I know!" retorts Peter; and equally sure of his facts is the good reason as the other. One man goes to Washington and sees the documents, and returns and tells you just how it was. His neighbor goes to Washington and talks with members of the Government, and he tells you upon his return that it was all precisely the other way.

Then the entirely authentic private intelligence! Some gentleman it was said that Mary had gone up on the Virginia side to cut off Lee. "No, no!" said the next man; "impossible. Sigel has not been reinforced." "But I assure you," replied the first, "my correspondent in Washington writes me so, explicitly." The news of the cutting-off was varied for a few days only, but still retained.

After the disastrous days of July upon the Peninsula one friend met another, "So Buell is in Baltimore with fifty thousand men to defend Fort Monroe!" "Impossible." "Oh, but I assure you my correspondent in Baltimore, whose business is to get the news, wrote it to me yesterday." "Indeed."—But Buell has not yet arrived.

Statements of every kind can be taken only at the most unlimited discount. Even the most the most prodigious fabrications, but at the close of the second year of them our appetites are unated. During the Peninsula days many and the detailed news of Banks ascending the Chowan and forming divisions of his force, etc., etc. It was all gravely published and devoured. But the reaction came and memory could have had a chance, we should have reflected that, as General Banks sailed in ocean steamers, and as the Chowan is a shallow puddle or brook, the chances were terribly against the truth of the story, and swiftly in favor of its being a desperate lie to frighten the enemy.

The only permanent fact in the matter is that we all organize furiously upon pure falsehood or the most inadequate reports. Any man who wishes to know will neither believe his neighbor's correspondents nor the newspaper telegrams, but wait patiently until enough time has elapsed to verify all statements. The main fact of a battle may be correct, but whether it were a victory or defeat we can not know, however lustily it may be asserted.

And you, good friend, whose dogged insistence the other morning upon the melancholy and alarming fact that peremptory orders had been issued to all our Generals to burn up all rivers in their way has served the Lounger for a text, do you know

that he has discovered your name? It is Legion, and he publishes it to warn his countrymen.

WHINING.

THAT we should be indignant with other people for doing well and being well paid for doing what we can not do at all is not surprising, however humiliating it may be. But that we should add a querulous complaint that such people do not always agree with us in opinion, and even dare to say so, is simply silly. It is surely nobody's fault that he can not deliver a lecture, for instance, with such success as to be often solicited to speak; but to whine that other people can, and that they are actually paid for it, is still further, but not at all what they think, is the most amusing swivel that the press affords.

There is a sour discomposure, upon the part of those who do not believe the principles of the Declaration of Independence, that most of the popular Lyceum lecturers in the country do. At an hour less how to attack them for such temerity, the most convenient thrum has hitherto been that they were "itinerant." But to this enormity is now added that they are "strollers," "radicals," "nomadic," "reformers," etc., etc.; and if you go to hear them you may be outraged by hearing something with which you do not agree.

When this sort of remark is made by a newspaper it may be likened unto a gun which kicks the marksman over. For what is a newspaper but a daily lecture upon the political view of the editor? If a man goes to hear a lecture from Mr. Beecher he knows exactly to what he exposes himself, as when he buys a copy of the *Journal of Commerce* or *National Economist*. To complain that he heard certain opinions from Mr. Beecher, or that he found in the *Journal of Commerce* sentiments precisely the reverse of those of the lecture, would be sure to elicit only the amused answer, "Why, of course; what did you expect?" And to hear an editor who writes a lecture which is sold in many copies for several cents each, and read by the audience, abusing an orator who is paid by the night, and he sells in the lump for a certain sum to an audience which hears it read or spoken by the author, is a striking case of pot and kettle. If the lecturer ever insults any one of his audience because he says what that one does not like, then a loyal editor insults a rebel because he prints what the unsavoury to the rebellious palate. In like manner when we buy certain papers among ourselves we know what to expect, and we are asses if we whimper that they talk treason.

It seems not to be understood by those who complain of Lyceum lecturers as "radicals," that the people who buy tickets to a course of Lyceum lectures are aware of the names and views of the speakers and of the topics they will discuss. The lecture are bought with the full knowledge that the tendency of most all of the speakers is toward the conservation of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and Adams, and directly away from that of Vallandigham and Jeff Davis. If any conservative of the Vallandigham school chooses to go to the lecture, why should he squirm? Would he complain if he bought the *Evening Post*? Is there any deception? Is it not a fair bargain? Would he pay twenty-five cents to hear Wendell Phillips chant the praises of the patriarchal institution, or Bishop Clark eulogize Strauss, or Mr. Bellows extol the Yankees? Or has he made up his mind that he is insulted wherever he hears a forcible dissent from his own political, or social, or religious hobby-horse? If he has, he is a subject for Mr. Barnum, and should be contemplated in a glass case.

Of course the reader is ignorant that the point of the objection lies beneath all this petulance. It is simply the knowledge that the Lyceum is both an educational and a social force; and that what the speakers most sought from one end of the country to another were to loathe the anarchical spirit which now calls itself "Conservatism," that is to say that the people are so true at heart as to make political charlatans and demagogues despair.

A REPLY TO A WESTERN FRIEND.

A CORRESPONDENT in Wisconsin writes to the Lounger: "You make a list of Conservatives, Dickinson, M'Cauley, Randall, Everett, Holt, Johnson, Brownlow, and Hamilton, and set them against Wood, Vallandigham, Rynders, Davis, Brooks, Toombs, Wise, Bayne, Wright, Spratt, Keitt, and Rhett. You make a case, and decide it. Perhaps many of your friends will agree with you. But do you think the question stated with common honesty? Now let me make a case, and ask you to decide it. I choose to name the representatives of the Conservative element of the country Seymour, Bronson, O'Conor, Washington Hunt, Irs Harris, Thurlow Weed, Robert C. Winthrop, Senators Browning, Cowan, Collamer, General M'Clellan, and that sort of folks; and, as their opposites, Ben Wade, Senator Chandler, Sumner, and Hale. Lovejoy, Becher, Greeley, & Co.; and I sincerely but earnestly ask you to state frankly, as between them, where you stand."

The question is as simple as the answer shall be. That sort of folks would be doubtless surprised to find themselves classed together. Judge Collamer and Judge Harris, for instance, have no more sympathy with Mr. O'Conor's views of our general politics, and of this rebellion, than they have with Yancey's. And inasmuch as Messrs. Wood, Vallandigham, Rynders, Brooks, and Van Buren were the most ardent and conspicuous of Governor Seymour's advocates in the late election, speaking with him and for him, it is perfectly clear that their Conservatism can not radically differ from his, unless they misunderstand each other; and as the Lounger has already often enough repudiated the least sympathy with Messrs. Wood, Rynders, and Van Buren, why should his correspondent be in any doubt as to his equal want of sympathy with the men with whom they act, and of whom they are political befellows?

The Lounger still, and "honestly," prefers the conservatism of Mr. Everett to that of Governor Seymour—of Mr. Dickinson to that of Fernando Wood—of Andrew Johnson to that of John Van Buren. And as he believes that the views of Messrs. Everett, Johnson, Brownlow, Holt, and Dickinson, in regard to the scope of this war and the true policy of its conduct, do not differ substantially, however they may differ in detail, from those of Wade, Becher, and the others, he is glad to call himself a Conservative of that school and not of the other.

—And might he not put it to his "good-natured" friend whether the case *he* makes is stated with any more "honesty" than the Lounger's of? Of course extreme men must always be named to indicate tendencies. Senator Harris certainly does not agree in all points with Senator Wade, for instance. But does he "good-naturedly" man at the West ("honestly" believe that, upon the whole, Judge Harris does not agree with Senator Wade more than with Governor Seymour and his friends? The Conservative in this country is the man who would preserve the spirit as well as the *form* of the Government. And it is because the party at this moment which especially claims to be conservative seems to the Lounger to be entirely careless of that spirit that he denies its right to the name.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN recently visited the Campana Museum, for which the French Government gave $1,000,000. Every object he saw made him cry, "Admirable! fantastic!" One of the keepers saw him, and was so pleased to see at last somebody delighted with the museum, that he went up to him and said, "You are familiar with archeology, I see, Sir; doubtless an antiquary from Heidelberg, or Vienna, or Metz?" "No, Sir; but my wife, who's dead and gone, used to roll butter in just such pots as these. There." The keeper vanished, and now speaks to nobody, until after a regular introduction.

A Bangor paper says that a pig lately walked into a tailor's shop there, and before he was noticed by the proprietor made his way toward the cutting board—attracted, doubtless, by the smell of cabbage in that locality.

A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing curiosities to each other. Turning to his companion, he said, "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She "gave it up." "Because," said he, "the one flatters, a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting." "And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell. "Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished." The gentleman owned there was one lady who did not speak without reflecting and eating reflections.

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the Dark Ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next. Master Biggy, can you tell me what the Dark Ages were?" "I guess they," said the boy, before spectacles were invented." "Go to your seats."

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a despairing lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, say way," was the quick reply.

"Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment." "Ah, Miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a beau?"

There are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with nine tails; the former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon other's backs.



A FLATTERING ACCEPTANCE.

LITTLE BOTTLES—"Ah! Miss Laura, you will favaw me with your delightful company in a sleigh-ride—sh! I—suppose—of course—you know!"

MISS LAURA—"Bottles, certainly! Right off—now—as soon as you please. Take a sleigh-ride *with you or any other man!*"

At a wedding recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

"I am an unlucky man, gentlemen, exclaimed a poor fellow. "If I were to seize Time by the forelock I do believe it would come right out, and leave him as bare as a bachelor's block."

"It is all very pretty talk," said a recently married old bachelor, who had just finished reading an essay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy millinery bill was presented to him—"it is all very pretty this cultivation of women; but such a harpy as this for bonnets is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment."

There are ties which should never be severed, as the illused wife said when she found her brute of a husband hanging in his cravat.

A celebrated Parisian dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea-bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful town, he ordered a machine and attendant, and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely, but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing. "Francis," said he, "the sea smells detestably; it will poison me. There is a little eau de Cologne into the water, or I shall be suffocated."

"Say, Cassar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ-grinder?" "Don't know, Mr. Sugarloaf; why is they?" "Coz they carry a monkey about the streets."

They tell the story of a young lady of temperate habits who was advised by her physician to take ale to fatten her up. She bought a quart bottle of the article, and drank a tea-spoonful twice a day in a tumbler of water; but finding that she was becoming more ungainly, reduced the dose one half, and thus kept within bounds.

A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the job to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, Sir," said the man. "I presume so," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run a you aground."

"Josh, does the sun ever rise in the West?" "Never!" "Never?" "Never!" "You don't say so! Well, you won't get me to emigrate to the West, if it's always night there. It's a mighty poor sort of a country to live in, that is, but it must be all moonshine."

Mrs. Partington is of opinion that Mount Vesuvius should take sarsaparilla to cure itself of eruptions. The old lady thinks it has been vomiting so long nothing else would stay on its stomach.

It is but an ill-filled mind that is filled with other people's thoughts.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, December 23, in the Senate, the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior was received, also the report of Hon. Reverdy Johnson on General Butler's administration of affairs at New Orleans. The Legislature of Kansas, gave notice of a bill to authorize the raising of a force of two hundred regiments of negro soldiers. Senator Saulsbury's resolution in reference to the alleged sending of Maryland troops into Delaware at the last election was discussed for some time, but no final disposition was made of it. The Committee on the Conduct of the War presented a lengthy report on the recent battle at Fredericksburg. The Bankrupt bill was then taken up, and its consideration occupied the remainder of the open session. An executive session was held, after which the Senate, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the House on Monday, adjourned to meet on the 5th of January, 1863.

In the House, Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, moved to have placed on the Journal the entire protest of the thirty-six members against the President's suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, but the House negatived the motion by 74 against 59. The Ways and Means Committee's bill providing for the executive and judicial expenses for the year ending with June, 1864, was reported and made the special order for the 5th of January, 1863. The Postal Committee also reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a postal money order system. The bill relative to the Sioux and Dacotah Indians was taken up in Committee on the Whole; but when the time for taking a vote arrived there was not a quorum present, and the subject was laid over. The negro question was then discussed for some time, after which the House adjourned, to meet on the 5th of January, 1863.

REPORT ON THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War reported, on 23d, in answer to a Senate resolution of the 15th inst. calling on the Committee to inquire into the facts relating to the recent battle at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and, particularly as to what officers were in any way responsible for the assault, that they had proceeded to the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac and examined the depositions of Major-Generals Burnside, Sumner, Franklin, and Hooker, and Brigadier-Generals Woodbury and Houpt, and, on their return to Washington, those of Major-General Sedgwick and Brigadier-General Howe. All the facts relating to the movements of the army under General Burnside, from the forwarding of pontoons and supplies, the recent battle at Fredericksburg, down to fully and clearly stated in the depositions submitted to the committee report the testimony without comment. The committee ask that General Burnside's report made the attack on his own responsibility, but that the blame for the unsatisfactory results for this non-carrying out the orders at Falmouth till it was too late to cross safely.

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following letter was published in the WASHINGTON, *Dec. 29, 1862.*

"To the Army of the Potomac:

"I have just read your Commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor to its failure was there an army to blame. The failure was which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an intrenched foe, and that night recrossed the river without loss which you crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy, about four days before, and the attempt of a great army which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of free government. Condolence seems to be a mourners for the dead and sympathizing with the severely wounded. A consolation you had in common with each is comparatively so small. I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

ANOTHER BEE RAID.

On Saturday, 27th ult., the rebels made a dashing attack with cavalry and artillery in front of Dumfries. The pieces were held by the Eighth, Seventh, and Sixty-sixth Ohio Volunteers, with a section of a battery. Being wearied at one point, after a brief contest, the rebels moved to the Occoquan, where they met Colonel Candy's command, and attacked him with both flanks. Colonel Candy's men met on both sides, and the enemy again made for Annadale, by way of Bull Run and Wolf Run, and Centreville and Vienna, which place they passed through at midnight. Executive General Geary learned to intercept them, and came up with them between Dumfries and Bull Run, charging them without a halt, and drove the rebel forces into Burke's Station and burned the bridge at Accotink. The enemy do not appear to have gained any booty by the solid raid except a few mutter's wagons and some ambulances which they picked up on the way. They destroyed one gun at Dumfries, but were compelled to abandon it. They were reported to be 4000 strong, but this is probably an overestimate.

WINCHESTER RECOUPED.

The news from the Shenandoah Valley represents that the rebels have evacuated Winchester and have gone to Mount Hinkson, on the railroad to Front Royal and Culpeper. The destitution at Winchester is reported as fearful. Generous contributions of provisions, had occupied the time past; but the Union troops, under Colonel Keyes, advanced from Harper's Ferry on Christmas morning and took possession of the town.

A CALIFORNIA STEAMER CAUGHT BY THE ALABAMA.

On the 7th December the pirate *Alabama* came across the *Ariel*, bound from New York to Aspinwall, off the coast of Cuba, and captured her. The pirate put a prize crew through her foremast. Captain Semmes then took off her captain, and the *Ariel* made a gracious bow to the approaching his determination at the same time to land the passengers either at some port on the north coast of Cuba or St. Domingo, and then to destroy the vessel. At the earnest remonstrance of Captain Jones, in behalf of the women and children on board, however, he consented to let her proceed. The *Alabama* steered in pursuit of the *Ocean Queen*, then on her return voyage to New York, but failed to find her. Captain Jones caused the *Ariel* to make into Aspinwall, and arrived at this port on 28th, but brought no gold. With the fear of the *Alabama* before her eyes, he nicely left the treasure at Aspinwall.

ANOTHER PRIVATEER AFLOAT.

By advices from Havana, it appears that the steamer *Florida*, otherwise and better known as the *Oreto*, has succeeded in getting from Sisibon with a crew of one hundred men, having run the gauntlet of the blockade in the darkness of the night.

A ROAR FROM JEFF DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis has issued a violent retaliatory proclamation to the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, denouncing the course of General Butler in New Orleans in vehement terms, and deeming his and all his acts proper in his command to death by tee hatter, when they are caught. Jeff Davis, when he issued his proclamation, that Butler had been removed.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT OLD DEBTS.

The firm of JOHN S. COCKE & CO., of Richmond, Virginia, having refused to pay their debts to Northern citizens, on the ground that a law of the Confederate States her released and discharged them from all obligations to Northern creditors, General Dix and Vicks has issued a notice, informing said firm that their excuse for refusal to pay is a treasonable one, and that if they do not pay up in a sufficient amount of their property will be seized and sold to discharge the debt.

DESTRUCTION OF THE "CAIRO."

The Union gun-boat *Cairo* has been destroyed in the Yazoo River by the explosion of a rebel torpedo. A large rent was made in her bottom, and she began to fill rapidly. The crew, however, got all safe ashore before she went down, although with some difficulty. Other torpedoes, in the shape of ordinary demijohns filled with gunpowder, were discovered by our fleet, and taken up without doing any mischief.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

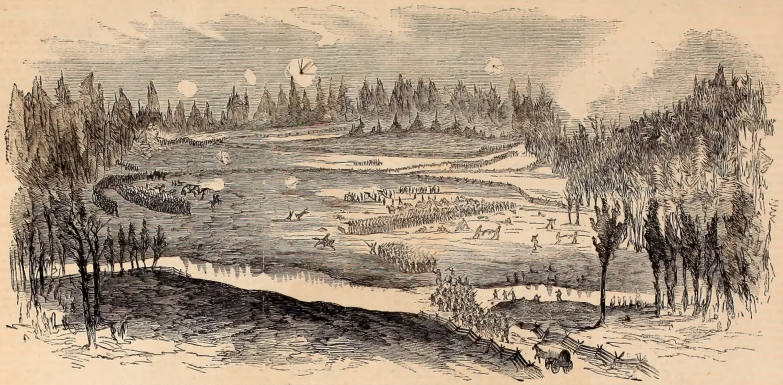
THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AGAIN.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company has held a very enthusiastic meeting in London, at which they gave in adding £600,000 sterling for the purpose of laying a new cable was subscribed to the amount of £35,000 sterling had been subscribed. The new capital stock will be issued in shares of the value of £20 sterling each.

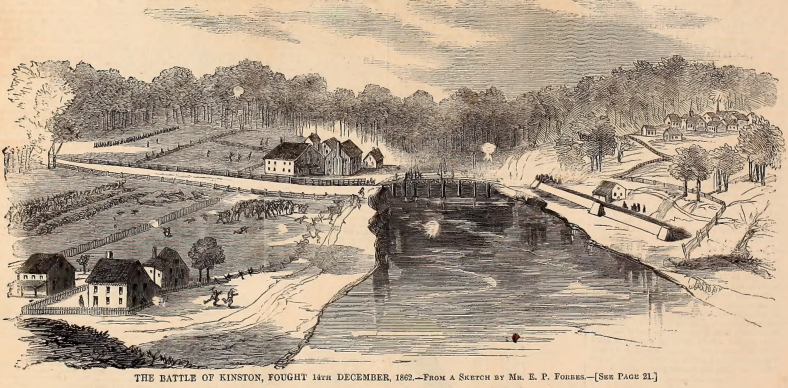
GREECE.

A PORTUGUESE KING.

The British Government has agreed with the other protecting Powers to respect the proceed by which Prince Alfred is prevented from accepting the throne of Greece; this appears to have given satisfaction to the French Government, the Cabinet of Russia. The three Powers named and recommend to the Greeks as their ruler Don Luis, king consort of Portugal, father of the present king of that country. Portugal and the Papal of Portugal during the minority of his son. He is a duke of the royal house of Saxony, forty-six years of age, and very popular.



THE BATTLE OF GOLDSBOROUGH, FOUGHT 17TH DECEMBER, 1862.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. P. FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 21.]



THE BATTLE OF KINSTON, FOUGHT 14TH DECEMBER, 1862.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. P. FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 21.]



THE BATTLE OF WHITEHALL, FOUGHT 16TH DECEMBER, 1862.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. P. FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOSTER, U.S.A.

On this page we publish a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. G. FOSTER, U.S.A., the commander of the recent successful expedition to Goldsborough, North Carolina.

The family of John G. Foster has ever been distinguished for its patriotism and valor. His grandfather, in company with the gallant Benjamin Pierce (father of ex-President Pierce), then quite young, was among the first to join the Massachusetts line in the war of the Revolution, and was often commended for his noble conduct on the field of battle. His father, Major Putney Foster, was in active service during the war of 1812, and was in the battle of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. The subject of our sketch was born in Whitefield, New Hampshire, May 27, 1823, from which place his family moved to Nashua when he was eight years of age. He early evinced a passionate love for the profession of arms, and formed and commanded a "juvenile artillery company." In 1842 he entered West Point, where he graduated with distinguished honors in his class, in 1846, as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the corps of Engineers. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Mexico with General Scott, as a Lieutenant in a company of sappers and miners, and was in all the engagements from "Vera Cruz" to "Molino del Rey." At the latter place he was severely wounded while leading a division of the storming party in the deadly assault on "Casa Mata," where two-thirds of the entire command were cut down, and where he narrowly escaped death from the Mexican bayonet by the miserable charge of the gallant Cadwalader. For his gallant conduct in Mexico he received three brevets—the first at Contreras, the second at Churubusco, and the last at Molino del Rey, where he was brevetted as Captain.

The severity of his wound was such that amputation was thought to be necessary, as a large escopet ball had struck him below the knee in front, fracturing the bone, and lodging beneath the skin on the opposite side; but he stoutly persisted in retaining his limb, which, though greatly injured, is still sufficient to enable him to do active service. After recovering somewhat from his injuries, he was ordered to Fort Carroll (Baltimore); from thence to Washington City, in Coast Survey Office.

From this position he was sent to West Point as Assistant-Professor in Engineering, and subsequently to the Government works on Sandy Hook. In 1859 he was ordered to Charleston, South Carolina, as Engineer in charge of the forts in Charleston harbor and vicinity, to repair and complete the same.

After the evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson, Captain Foster spiked the guns, burned the carriages, and blew up the flagstaff. When the fort was taken possession of by the South Carolina troops he was allowed to make a peaceable departure for Fort Sumter, in a boat, with the laborers under his direction.

After the surrender of Fort Sumter Captain Foster tendered his services to Government. He was employed for a time in superintending the construction of the great fort on Sandy Hook, but was soon ordered into active service in the army of the Potomac, with the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Burnside secured him for his expedition; and at the fight on Roanoke Island Foster led our troops, and really won the day. He subsequently distinguished himself at Newbern and at the bombardment of Fort Macon. When Burnside was ordered to the support of M'Clellan, Foster was left in command in North Carolina. He has just returned from a highly successful expedition to Goldsborough, North Carolina, where he burned bridges, and destroyed the main railroad track to the South.

Of this expedition we are enabled, through the politeness of an amateur correspondent, to publish on the preceding page three pictures, representing respectively the BATTLES OF KINSTON, WHITEHALL, and GOLDSBOROUGH. We condense the following accounts of these engagements from the *Herald* correspondence:

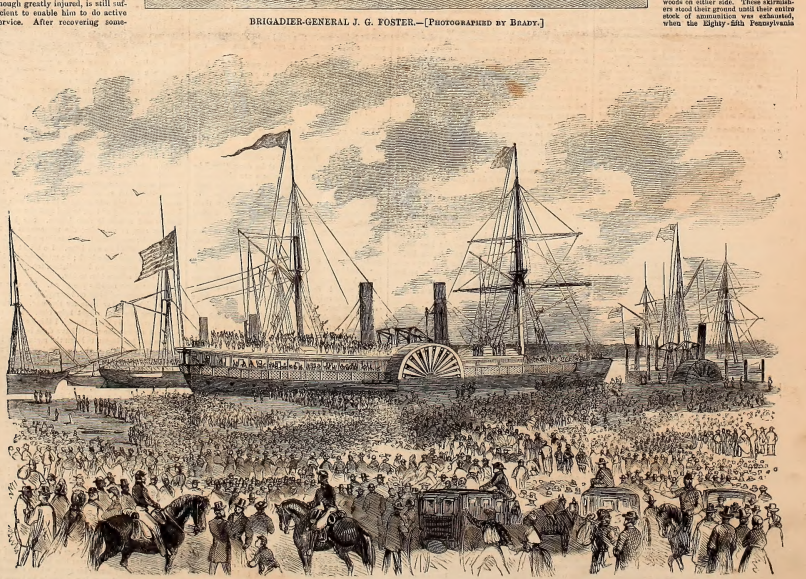
BATTLE OF KINSTON.

This battle was fought December 14. Early in the morning, when our troops commenced the advance, the enemy was met near Kinston.

The Ninth New Jersey advanced slowly down the road, and then into the woods on either side. These skirmishers stood their ground until their entire stock of ammunition was exhausted, when the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. G. FOSTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



ARRIVAL OF THE TRANSPORT "NORTH STAR," WITH MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF, AT THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

was ordered up to support the Ninth. They did their duty well. This was about ten o'clock. The enemy having brought his artillery into action, we returned a similar and much more effective fire from Captain Morrison's battery, of the Third New York artillery, the latter being posted in a small field, on a rise of ground, within 800 yards of the enemy. Soon after Captain Schanck's and Jasey's batteries were brought into play, from different and the best available positions on either side of the road. The engagement having become more general, Brigadier-General Wessells's brigade was ordered up. It comprised the 50th, 101st, and 103d Pennsylvania, and the 16th, 90th, and 96th New York. After the 46th, 11th, and 23d Massachusetts regiments had been ordered up from the rear, which was on the 30th, without the execution of a flank movement on the enemy's battery. So it was ordered, with a small portion of his forces retreated to the left, the remainder moved through a wood to the right, and formed in a crescent, and got in position on to the right, under the fire of which and a concentrating fire from the front, the enemy, after sustaining a terrific fire from The Second Jersey, after sustaining a terrific fire from the enemy, obliterated by the 17th Massachusetts; and handsomely supported by a corresponding one on the left, then it was that the enemy's position was taken from the rear of the battery, with a long fortification on the opposite side. This completed the capture, 15th ult. I was commanded at the approaches of the artillery, for suppressing it were three companies of 42d artillery, two North Carolina regiments, the 35, 17th, 18th, and 33d North Carolina cavalry, garrison, a portion of the 8th Louisiana, and the Raleigh battery of Major Nethercote's battalion, and the Raleigh battery of Captain Graham's battalion of Colonel Hoke's, who was wounded in the leg—in all about 6400 strong.

After a sharp engagement for over three hours we drove the enemy from his intrenchments and got possession of the field. The latter tree fired in the early part, but the Ninth New Jersey, a few of the Third New York artillery, and the Second Delaware, which I ordered, advanced in haste and put out the flames before the fire had done any material injury. Immediately after the advance regiments crossed, when the Tenth Connecticut advanced upon the enemy and drove them over the fields, forcing him to retreat to the further end of the town.

BATTLE OF WHITEHALL.

This was fought on 16th. As our troops approached the town an open space revealed our approach to the enemy, the latter being posted in a thick wood on the opposite side of the river. Harvey skirmishing immediately ensued between the Second New Jersey and the regiments of rebels. Major Garrard, who was in advance of the column, with a battery of artillery and a regiment of cavalry, passed over a high hill behind the skirmishers, in full sight of the enemy, and got to the rear of them in action, and then opened with his artillery. In a few minutes other guns were heard on the left of the infantry fight. Although his cavalry force was in a position of great exposure, under a heavy fire for quite a while, still he was quite trifling. The battle lasted for over three hours, the infantry engaging with a force of from about five or six thousand infantry and three batteries of artillery.

The Ninth New Jersey, Colonel Simpson, Second Delaware, and a couple of Massachusetts regiments, were engaged in the fight. A few other regiments were brought up later.

BATTLE OF GOLDSBOROUGH.

This General Foster made his way to his destination, which was Goldsborough. On December 17 he found the enemy there, and engaged him with skill. For a very short space of time the rebels stood their ground; but so accurately was the fire range of their guns, rapidly throwing in the shells, that the enemy broke from and line, and commenced a disorganized retreat across the river on the railroad bridge. We kept up our firing with considerable spirit, but by the time some of the last reserves of two rebel regiments, who fell back into thick woods on the other side of the river.

Colonel Lesley then moved a battery to within less than half a mile of the enemy's position. The Ninth New Jersey was sent to support the battery arrom an open field and afterward to the left, and the regiment got close to the right of the railroad bridge, and a short distance from the enemy's line of fire. While these operations were being carried out, the Seventeenth Massachusetts, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Folsom, were sent to the left into the woods, waded through a mill stream, and came out on the railroad directly in front of the enemy's position.

By this time, and while the Seventeenth was slowly advancing, the enemy commenced a rapid fire of shot and shell from a battery concealed in the woods across the river, and the left of the bridge, losing their range rapidly, then as also from their iron-clad railroad car, occupying a position on the other side of the river, close to the bridge, and to the bridge. At this point they also had sharp-shooters, who tried hard, but did not well succeed in picking off our men.

The object of General Foster's spearheading so far inland was to destroy the railroad bridge, but our guns refused to have it burned. Colonel Hickman, who got the order, called the regiments back, and they into effect General's desire. Many volunteered from the Seventeenth Massachusetts and Ninth New Jersey regiments, to the bridge, protected some from each regiment to go and do the work. Several attempts were made to fire it, but each were driven back.

Finally, Lieutenant Graham, of the rocket battery, and now acting adt to Colonel Hickman, and William C. Seaman, a private in the Ninth New Jersey, volunteered under the enemy's heavy firing, when Lieutenant Graham got near enough to and did fire the bridge.

As soon as we saw the bridge in flames the General gave orders to have the troops withdraw from their positions. Massachusetts regiments, who had been lying in reserve, stacked arms and went to work at the track with a will, and quickly and did the work of destruction at short notice. The rails and ties were piled up and fired by the help of pine and the effect of fire.

General Foster having successfully accomplished all his plans and more, to-day determined to withdraw his forces from the field, and the full back to the first convenient encamping place for the night.

FIGHTING AND WAITING.

"Or, and did you know Luther is going?"

She grew just a shade paler, the pretty little creature who listened, but she answered calmly.

"Indeed! I think he has managed to get up considerable element in his composition to make a good soldier."

Ella Mason was dispassioned. She had expected a scene. She had fired no random shot. It was one aimed straight at her listener's heart, sure to find its mark. Accordingly. She had not been quick enough to note that sudden pallor, and Mrs. Letch-worth's feelings were becoming a moment after. We have all read of the general's who never rode into the saddle till the fierce charge was over, though the first shot tore its way to his heart with a mortal wound. If men would take lessons from women they would do such things oftener.

"Yes, he is a gentleman in the Thirteenth. I heard that he persuaded his brother, who thought of going, out of the notion, and went in his stead. He said that men with happy fireside ought to stay at home until all those who had nothing to leave, and no one to mourn for them, had been used up."

"Used up!" Mrs. Letchworth winced again at those words, but Miss Mason was not sharp-sighted enough to perceive it, or skillful enough to hold her ground when her hostess adroitly turned the conversation. Presently she took her leave, and marched off with an uncomfortable sense of defeat. It was well that she did not bethink herself to look back through the window. She would have seen pretty Ada Letchworth frozen into a pulseless calm, like some pale statue of despair. She sat there, no one ever knew how long, with clasped hands and tearless eyes, and prayed that longed to weep but could not. She did not realize what had paralyzed her. She had not fainted; but, for the time, thought and sense were blotted out utterly.

At length her limbs shook with a sudden shudder. Her eyes overflowed with tears, and she sat there with thought only too active, a helpless, sorrow-stricken girl.

He only one gentleman, five years before, when Luther Letchworth married her. She was only twenty-two now, poor desolate little thing, all alone in the world. Would she have married him, she asked herself this question, as a stranger might have done, with a sad wonder.

Surely she and Luther had loved each other when they married. She was an orphan, and he had taken her and her fortune from her guardian's hands, and proved true to her instead of all her ties—father, mother, brother, as well as tender lover, cherishing husband. Whose fault was it that after five years he had given her back her fortune unimpaired, and they had each gone again on ways as separate as if their lives had never been entwined with a single thread? Was it his fault that a bond between them, it is true, however widely they might be parted. He could never give her back her love, and had given her none since the first the present, she could form no other ties, for there was no loop-hole by which even the law could give her absolute freedom. Was it her fault? Ah, yes! Not hers, she had always said positively, hitherto, in answer to all such questionings of her own heart. Now she hesitated a little, and tried to think honestly where the just blame lay.

I wonder if all such doubtful points will be clear in the light of eternity, and that the future will one sadly now. They had loved each other, she and Luther, but—; and where the disjunctive conjunction had separated her from him. Ah, it was first place, perhaps, seventeen ought not to have wedded thirty. Luther Letchworth was a grave, quiet, studious man, fond of his books, and a master of himself and of others. His habits were fixed, his tastes matured. He thought the fair, sweet child he had married would always be such no will of her own. It was the old dream of moulding a wife—as there ever a case in which it was not a failure?

Ada was not made of material so flexible as he had imagined. She had been used to her own way, after the indulgence of a petted child's life. Her guardian had been a bachelor, for whom a maiden sister had kept house. These two quiet, middle-aged people were devoted to their darling, acting their ward's wishes, or opposing even her whims. They had not been sentimental over her, but they had been kindly careful of her health and her beauty, for the rest letting her please herself. She had not asked her guardian's consent, nor even to be expected to submit her judgment to her husband's, though she would have been ready enough to acknowledge that his was the wiser and more judicious than she. He had given up every thing to her in their wooing days—nearly all man do—and then, after the first year, had begun to show certain tenses, they wonder, when the mask falls, that she turns a Kate on their hands instead of a Griselda.

She was a child-wife, and Luther was a man of few weeks, and Mr. Letchworth had no thought or care but to please his young bride. When they went home from their wedding tour, the room of comers sense to commence, while her six weeks of indulgence had only strengthened her belief in her right to have her own way. Between the years of thirty, Letchworth really held the reins more tightly than reason warranted. An older and better-disciplined woman than Ada might have been pardoned for growing restive.

It would be too long a story to trace the growth of the bitter weeds of discord and cruel words, alternating with reconciliations so sweet, so tender, that Letchworth half longed to anger her again that he might feel the delicious joy of making it up. She slept at first without the good-night kiss which sealed her pardon. She would rage internally, or by wrap, or say some bitter words; but it always ended by her creeping to his side and putting up her innocent child's lips, with the penitent whisper,

"I shall not sleep, Luther, unless you are friends with me."

But after a while, naturally enough, she grew tired of this. She felt that consciously that the fault had been hers she was ready to make atonement; but it was not quite so easy when she was well persuaded that it was her right to take the first side. She went to sleep one night without the kiss, because she waited obstinately for Luther to offer it. She found that he not cry, except a few silent tears once, when she woke in the middle of the night, and saw by the moonlight which came in at the window how much at ease he looked, and how sound his sleep was.

After that the periods of alienation grew longer. She began to be proud and patient also! Looking back now she could see that she had been far from faultless. She made no allowance for his pride, that Luther also had been proud. She had not. She expected the ook to stray with the wind like the aspen, and called strength coldness and want of heart.

So it went for three wretched years, until they both began to believe that they hated each other. And then she had met him one day with his bewitching married her without knowing or caring whether they could make each other happy, because she was rich. She had not been prepared for the stern change that darkened his face, the steel glint in his eyes. Yet he spoke calmly:

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, and it was your blame. I was too young to judge about it. I only believed you when you said you would devote your life to making me happy. You have cheated me!"

She wondered to see how calmly he took her words. It was a suspicious mildness. He did not commit himself. He looked at her quietly, and only asked,

"What would you wish now? I can not change the past. I am dead."

"Now!" she cried, confronting him with glittering eyes and cheeks aflame—" now I want what I can not have! To get—to be left mistress of myself and my fortune. I ask nothing from you. Give me only my own, and I will go away from you. It will be best for us both. Separate—that is best by-and-by you can get your freedom again, and find a better fate."

He only smiled, a calm smile touched with scorn, and went out.

For three days after that, except in the necessary courtesies of the dinner meals to which they sat down together, he never spoke to her. Nights she heard him moving round restlessly in the room over her head. Sometimes thoughts of their olden love would be almost too strong for her, and she would half resolve to go to him, like a penitent child, and beg him to take her back on any terms. She would shiver with exquisite pain to think how near he was—only a few words of confession, of entreaty, and she might be taken home to that only heart in the world upon which she had a claim, which had been such a haven of rest so many times. Only a few words—words which she baptized by the names of proper pride, womanly self-respect—came to her aid, and she would only weep some passionate tears, and clasp her own hands fiercely against the heart whose mad throbs she could not still, though she forced herself to keep away from him.

The morning of the fourth day he spoke to her, courteously as one might to a stranger, calling her Mrs. Letchworth. Would she have the trials five minutes' attention? He had something to say to her.

She followed him into the parlor with a terrible foreboding, a sense of coming doom, that almost choked her. He laid before her some papers which she tried to read, but she could not see them.

"All your fortune is there," he said, quietly. "I invested in your own name, precisely as it was when I married you. I accept this decree and furniture. I have spent the past three days in effecting a transfer of every thing I had half differently. I have provided you liberally in making any arrangements about this house. I did not know but you might prefer living here to going back to your guardian's."

"Shall I? Would it be proper—alone? Had I better?"

Few things could have touched him as did those helpless, child-like questions. He knew how poor she was fitted to decide for herself. It was the old confiding trust in his habit and consciousness of power, in which she had appealed to him in so many of her perplexities. His heart smote him. His conscience pricked him. What had he been doing right to leave her to struggle with all the difficulties of her position alone? Was not that child's heart hardened himself again. She was rich, he thought. She had that fortune by which she had accused him of being mercenary. She was a woman in the world where Money is King. He answered her coldly,

"It is for you to decide what you prefer. The house is yours, decided to you in your own name. With such a housekeeper as you could easily secure there would be no difficulty in your living here, if you like that way best."

"I think—I am sure I should," she said, meekly.

Did he guess that she clung to that house, even then, for his sake; because no other spot could ever to her like it, because she consecrated by the ghost of o dear a love! He showed no emotion.

"There is nothing more to be done, then," he said, quietly. "My affects are all arranged, arranged for removal. I will send a man for them at noon. They are in the room over yours. If you will be kind enough to let them remain for three hours longer, I will give you no further trouble."

She longed to sob, to shriek, to wail out her agony; but he was so calm it made her calm also. She half put out her hand toward him, and she said quietly, humbly,

"Good-by, then, and may God bless you by-and-by with some one that will make your life happier than I could. Luther, I have loved you alone you. It was only because we ought never to have come together."

Was he afraid to touch those little fingers? He pretended not to see the outstretched hand. He made short work of his good-by; but when he was out of her sight he paused and listened in the hall. and looked round for some token of her. He saw only one, a little blue bow which had been used to fasten her collar, which was suspended on the door. She would never miss it. He picked it up, and thrust it into his bosom.

No matter what she felt when he was gone—how she wore her sackcloth and ashes—what cry of mortal pain was forced from her lips by the pressure of her agony of duress. Her secret developed a strength unknown before. She felt that inaction would kill her. Before night she had suited herself with a housekeeper, and sent to her guardian the only explanation of her situation which she would ever vouchsafe to any one; and settled down to her lonely life in the house which would be no longer a home.

Hearing of all this, of course Luther Letchworth divulged her, as men almost always do misjudge women, and thought that she was not suffering.

It was a nine days' wonder to the good people of Sturbridge, one and all. Mr. Letchworth added to the excitement by quietly removing his business to Boston; and, as the absent are always wrong, his going away transferred to his wife the sympathy even of the women. He had ill-used her dreadfully, they were sure. They began to besiege her with visits of condolence. When they found that she resolutely refused to open her lips upon the subject the tide of popular feeling turned again, and they were confident that she must have been altogether to blame because she had nothing to say for herself.

Ella Mason was Mr. Letchworth's cousin. She liked him, had loved him even, as such selfish natures do love, before Ada's fair face won him. When the separation took place she would have cut Mrs. Letchworth's acquaintance but that she was too prudent to lose the hold of her cousin's home. She was determined to see how she bore her trouble. She stifled her resentment for the solace of her curiosity, and had kept up a sort of semi-friendship with Ada ever since, making her frequent visits which were never returned. They were borne patiently, because she was the only one left to whom she could talk of telling the name which still had power to thrill all the pulses of that lonely, suffering heart.

When the war broke out some numb, foreboding instinct had told Ada that sooner or later he would go; therefore Miss Mason's words had not surprised her. Perhaps they would not so much have pained her but for the insinuation that he went because he had no happy home to leave. If he had been her loving husband still, she thought she would not have held him back. She could have blessed him and sent him forth to do the noblest work of the centuries—work for God and—no, not for self. If he had fallen, she could have gone to him some time when permitted, and—but then how if he went now —went because his life was blighted and worse than less? Would not a curse lie at her door? If he died would he not have had a right to reproach her? and would she ever dare, in all the ages, to come to his side and pray for pardon? Alas! she felt now that nothing on earth or in heaven could atone she should hardly know whether even heaven was bright. And again she asked herself whose the blame had been? and grew more and more ready to bear it all herself.

It was nightfall of the day on which she had heard of his enlistment. She sat in the dim firelight, with-born of hope and agony—came to her, a Lieutenant in the Thirteenth! Had they left Boston? Was he in time to see her once more before he went? She would try. She could tell when she met him whether his heart clung to her still. Ah, yes! She knew that it would. She cut at her through his eyes. If those eyes were pitiless she would only ask him to forgive her for all the pain she had given him. Then she would go home again with no kiss or blessing, only that prayer for pardon. But if she saw love in his look—but it was weeping there at the twilight of what might be, of a full reconciliation, of feeling his arms close round her, his lips on her cheek, hearing his voice call her "Ada" once more. Still her to be so happy? In such hour even death would not be terrible.

The next morning she went to Boston. She took a carriage from the depôt to the State-House, making sure of learning there all she wished to know. At the entrance she met Major Washington Street the driver drew up his horses and stopped. Impatient of the delay she looked out. A regiment was marching by. It filled all the martial music pealing exultantly. She saw the banners wave, the bright arms glitter in the sun; and straining her eyes to watch them, she marched she saw him—Luther. She shrieked aloud, calling his name with a passionate cry, which she thought should have pierced through his heart; but the exultant music swallowed up her weak voice, and she was in the great waves of society, and her husband marched on to the front. When the last man had gone by she wrenched open the carriage door and made her way to the depôt. He dismounted respectfully, and wondered why she was so pale, and what had changed her so in such brief time.

"I have altered my mind," she gasped, hurkily. "You may drive back again to the depôt. I shall not go to the Thirteenth Alone."

She went home again—poor desolate child, only twenty-two, and so solitary in the world. She wondered how she was going to live on, now she was priced, after a day or two, to find that she was less listless and miserable than before. She had an interest now in watching the movements of the Thirteenth; and, though she hardly confessed it to herself, she lived on one hope. He might not be killed; he might be wounded and brought home. She would account no humiliation too great now which could restore him to her.

Months and months passed on. She was not idle. Womanhood grew on her rapidly. She used her wealth and her time for the war. Perhaps something of remorse might help him. That was a motive enough in itself, though I think even without that motive she would have done her utmost, for she had learned to know and sympathize with life.

She shivered when the autumn leaves fell and the winter came. Where was he? how sheltered? how fared? The spring brought her, for his sake only, a flutter of rejoicing. For herself, bird-song and springing verdure, breath of blossoms, numerous music of nature had no power to attract her unheeded. She lived only in her work and her waiting.

So it went till the breathless, turbulent days of the raid into Maryland, when every heart stood still in a wordless silence of terror and expectation. Then one night she read his name in the list of the dangerously wounded. She waited for no confirmation, no further tidings. The next morning she started off, and she hurried on night and day, without pause or rest, guided by some subtle instinct which seemed to fail her when she came to the spot at length she reached the hospital where the sufferers after one of those fierce fights. She went toward it with fainting heart but firm pulses—they would not think her fit to take care of him else.

A tall man in the uniform of a lieutenant was just coming out. She met him on the threshold. She fell fainting across his arms, which opened involuntarily to support her. Surely he knew that white face? but how three years had changed it! He gathered her close to him jealously. He took

her to his own quarters and laid her down. He did not know what to do for her, so he waited for her to recover. He had two or three questions to ask then. He was so earnest that his voice sounded stern.

"Why are you here, Ada?"

For answer she drew from her bosom the list of the wounded, and showed him his name. His voice trembled a little as he asked his next question.

"It was a mistake in the returns. Did you come because of that?"

She bowed her head mutely, holding her hand tight over her breast.

"Did you think I would want you to take care of me, Ada—you whom I had not seen for so long?"

"Oh, I did not know! I did not know!" she cried, wildly. "Do not blame me! I came because I could not stay away. I thought you might die, and I wanted to hear you say first that you could forgive me!"

"Had you forgiven me, Ada?" He was looking at her with a gaze which would have eased her heartache had she dared to meet it.

"I do not know, Luther, that I had any thing to forgive. I wonder only that you had patience with me so long. I was such a weak, foolish child. I must have tried you sorely, and that last accusation was so unjust. I knew you better all the time than to think you married me for any thing but love. I am a woman now, and if it were not too late I think I should do better."

"*I* is too late, Ada? The chief fault was mine. I was too old and too hard to wear such a delicate flower in my bosom. I was stern with you, and expected you to give up more than any woman could. And yet, child, I loved you to madness all the time. I have never ceased to love you just as well. I have been too proud to go back to you—that was where you have shown yourself nobler—but I have cherished your memory as a lost angel thinks of heaven. See this knot. You had dropped it from your collar the morning we parted. It has never left my heart. I have worn it into battle as other men wear breast-plates. See, as yet no blood has stained it. It has been my talisman. Ada, I was not worth your seeking for me thus and here."

"*I* thought you were," and that blush and smile made Ada young again.

Their joy, but why dwell on it? Who has ever rendered into mortal language the song of the spheres? They had been happy when they were bride and groom, in the old honey-moon time. They were something more, now that long pain had chastened and purified their hearts, and they had learned what love and union were worth by the agony of separation and solitude.

After a few days he sent her home. She was to wait there for him. He is a brave man, and he has no fear of death. He dreams fond dreams of a life beside which the brightest days of the old time were dull and colorless; of happy years with her, and an old age when they will look together toward the sunlight on the distant hills, and the land where the dawning is eternal.

But if they never come, those years, if some bold charge is his last, and the dear eyes waiting at home never see him more, he will not murmur. Her love is mighty to give him peace. He knows that there is a life above and beyond this world, and in the country of souls they who were one here will be one hereafter. So she waits and he fights, and neither will repine whether God's will brings them the fruition of their hopes on earth, or ordains that they shall wait for it till love and faith are glorified with immortality. Sure, let fate do what fate will, that they can not be long apart, they have courage for their work.

A MILITARY TABLEAU.

"I non't approve of it at all—in fact, Miss Mabel, I feel it my duty to say that I most highly disapprove of it."

Mr. Jonas Brown cleared his throat, and tapped his gold snuff-box solemnly as he spoke. For, if bald head and forty years couldn't give weight to a man's opinions, what could?

Mabel Crofton sat opposite to him, a perfect little sweet-pea blossom, with cheeks like damask roses and large wistful hazel eyes. One felt almost inclined to envy the chestnut brown curls that touched her round white shoulders, and the blue belt that circled her trim waist. Only seventeen, and pretty enough to drive a man wild!

She did not reply to Mr. Brown—only put out her scarlet lip with the least bit in the world of a pout.

"I should deeply regret, Miss Mabel, to see any young lady in whom I felt—*ahem!*—an interest dressed up as 'Columbia,' or 'Britannia,' or any other country on the face of the globe. I must repeat that I consider it improper!"

"It's only tableaux, Mr. Brown!" said Mabel, demurely, laying a fold in her work, and eying it with her hand coquettishly on one side. "And besides, it is for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. What's more, I've promised the girls to be 'Columbia,' and I couldn't possibly disappoint 'em!"

"I am much grieved, Miss Mabel, but—"

Mr. Jonas Brown's sentence was never finished, for just then Mabel sprang up with a little exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh, Charley, I'm so glad to see you!"

How Mr. Jonas hated the tall young volunteer whose hand had closed on Mabel's warm, white fingers, gold thimble and all!

"I'm afraid I interfere, Mr. Arkell!" said he, rising and bowing with what he intended for an air of intense irony.

"Oh, not at all, Sir, I assure you!" said Charley Arkell, in the extremest good faith. "Pray keep your seat!"

"No, I thank you, Sir," said Mr. Jonas, walking off in high dudgeon."

He proceeded straight to the library, where Dr. Crofton sat snugly smoking his after-dinner cigar, and entered with pursed-up mouth and spectacles that quivered with inward wrath.

"Sit down, Mr. Brown, sit down," said the Doctor. "Have a cigar, eh? Oh, I forgot that you don't smoke."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Brown, solemnly. "I do not appreciate the narcotic qualities of the weed."

"Well, how do you get along with Mabel?" said the good-humored Doctor, putting his slipper-ed feet on the stove.

"Not as rapidly as I could wish, Sir. The fact is—"

"The fact is," interrupted Dr. Crofton, "you're not *go-a-head* enough in the style of your courtship, Mr. Jonas!"

"How do you mean, Sir?"

"Girls like a dashing, ardent sort of fellow! Now, if I were you, I should even go with her to this tableau affair."

"But, Dr. Crofton, I have before mentioned that I disapprove—"

"Oh, hang that sort of thing! No offense, Mr. Jonas; but it is your business to approve whatever she likes just now. When she's Mrs. Brown it is time to remodel her tastes and fancies."

Mr. Jona's solemn facial muscles slightly relaxed at the idea of ripe, rosy little Mabel's being "Mrs. Brown."

"Then it is advisable that I should conform to the popular prejudices, and confer my presence upon—"

"By all means, Mr. Jonas. And whatever you do, don't allow Charley Arkell to get the start of you. I sha'n't interfere with the girl, but I *should* prefer you for a son-in-law."

Didn't our Mabel look more bewitching than ever as "Columbia" in the coronet of stars, and the silken draperies of "red, white, and blue?" Mr. Jonas thought so—and so did somebody else; for Charley Arkell was there, the busiest and merriest of all the impromptu "stage-managers."

The audience-hall was densely packed, and the curtain just ready to rise, when, lo and behold! the nice young man who was to personate "Our Loyal Prisoners" was discovered to be missing. Gone home, at the eleventh hour, with a jumping toothache.

"What shall we do!" cried Minnie Bell. "Charley, you take the part!"

"Well, I like that," said Arkell. "How can I be a captive in chains and climb up the walls at Donelson, waving the Union flag, at one and the same time?"

"But there's no one else to take it!"

"Yes there is; here's Mr. Jonas Brown!"

"No, no!" gasped Mr. Jonas, "I disapprove on principle—"

"If Miss Crofton imposes the chains you surely will not be so ungallant as to refuse to wear them," said Charley, alertly advancing with an armful of rusty fetters, and before Mr. Jonas could remonstrate, he was wrapped in black serge vestments, his hands and feet manacled, his shoulders draped with chains, and his respectable bald head topped off with a disheveled wig. The very life-currents in his veins stood still with dismay—he opened his dry lips to dissent vehemently, but it was useless. The ting bell had sounded—the green curtain was slowly ascending, and there he sat, *he*, Mr. Jonas Brown, President of the Bank, and Director of the Insurance Company, paraded before the eyes of the whole town under about forty pounds of rusty iron!

While Charley Arkell and Miss Crofton were indulging in irrepressible giggles that nearly ruined the *prestige* of their parts—it couldn't—no, it *couldn't* be possible that they were laughing at *him!*

It seemed an age before the curtain fell, and then Arkell came forward to lead the manacled hero from the stage.

"Upon my word, Mr. Brown, you act splendidly—sat like a statue! Depend on it your forte is the footlights."

If a look of deeply-lowering indignation could annihilate a man, Charley Arkell would have been knocked flat.

"Just sit in this ante-room a few seconds. I'll come and unlock the manacles the minute I've arranged the next group. There's the bell now!"

And away sprang Charley to his task.

Five minutes passed away—ten—twenty—an hour—and no one arrived to free Mr. Jonas from his shackles. He grew impatient and shouted aloud—still no one came! Ten o'clock struck—he heard the departing rush of many footsteps. The audience were dispersing then—and no Arkell. He rose to his feet with difficulty, under that superincumbent mass of iron, and staggered to the door. Ye fates! it was bolted on the other side. He redoubled his shouting, but in vain, and then—what else could he have done?—sat down and used one or two strong adjectives relative to tableaux in general, and Mr. Arkell in particular.

"Here's a pretty situation for Jonas Brown Esquire to be in!" he groaned. "I shall catch my death of cold. I shall have the rheumatic fever. Thermometer at zero, and no fire!"

And, as he involuntarily shivered, the fetters clanked with dismal distinctness.

Poor Mr. Jonas Brown!

"Dear me, Mr. Brown, who'd ha' thought o' seein' you here?" ejaculated the astounded janitor of the hall next morning as he unbolted the door and bounced into the presence of "Captivity."

"Bless my stars! how on earth—"

"Confound your questions!" roared Mr. Jonas. "Take off these things, or I'll—"

Mr. Hodgson did not stop to hear the alternative, but flew to summon aid. "For he do look awful," said Mr. Hodgson.

Jonas Brown did not wait even for his matutinal coffee, but went straight to Dr. Crofton's, resolved to reveal the full extent of Charley Arkell's villainy, or perish in the attempt.

The sitting-room door was open as he entered, and Mabel stood there, her bright eyes drenched with tears, and her cheek against Arkell's mustache—a sort of *tableau* not at all to Mr. Brown's taste.

"Hallo! what does this mean?" he stammered, furiously.

"Ah, Mr. Brown, in it?" said Charley, courteously, but without taking his arm from Mabel's waist. "Glad to see you, Sir. I'm just off with the regiment. We march in less than an hour. Hope you'll all take good care of my wife while I'm gone."

"Your *wife!*"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot that you were unacquainted with the circumstances. The sleighing was so capital last night when we left the Hall that we thought we'd just go on to C—— and get married. One more kiss, love, and good-by."

And so Charley Arkell went merrily off to the wars, and "Love was still the lord of all." As for Mr. Jonas Brown, he is "wearing the willow" and greaning under the rheumatism at the same time.

FORT NEGLEY, TENNESSEE.

PASSING through Nashville, casting your eyes above the houses, the first thing that strikes your eye is the State-house; the second, Fort Negley. The latter, situated upon Nashville Heights, commands a view of the whole country for miles around, while its cannon point in every and any direction. Our artist was not allowed to give any thing but a view of the fort, and we fear it will be contraband to write a description of it; as for the view, it can do no harm.



FORT NEGLEY, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. BEARD.—[SEE ABOVE.]



GALLANT CHARGE OF HUMPHREY'S DIVISION AT THE BATTL



E OF FREDERICKSBURG.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 17.]

OVER!

A KNIGHT came prancing on his way,
And across the path a lady lay:
"Stoop a little and hear me speak:"
Then, "You are strong, and I am weak:
Ride over me now, and kill me."

He opened wide his gay blue eyes,
Like one o'ermastered by surprise:
His cheek and brow grew burning red:
"Long looked for, come at last," she said:
"Ride over me now, and kill me."

Then softly spoke the knight, and smiled:
"Fair maiden, where was the need to wile?
"Smile on," said she; "my reign is o'er;
But do my bidding yet once more:
Ride over me now, and kill me."

He smote his steed of dapple-gray,
And lightly cleared her where she lay;
But still as he sped on amain,
She murmured ever, "Turn again:
Ride over me now, and kill me!"

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC. ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM GEORGE BARTRAM TO ADMIRAL BARTRAM.

LONDON, April 3, 1848.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—One hasty line, to inform you of a temporary obstacle which we neither of us anticipated when we took leave of each other at St. Crux. What it was wasting the last days of the week at the Grange the Tyrrels must have been making their arrangements for leaving London. I have just come from Portland Place. The house is shut up; and the family (Mr. Van Stone, of course, included) left England yesterday to pass the season in Paris.

"Pray don't be annoyed by this little check at starting. It is of no serious importance whatever. I have got the address at which the Tyrrels are living, and I mean to cross the Channel after them by the mail to-night. I shall find my opportunity in Paris just as soon (perhaps sooner) as I should have found it in London. The grass shall not grow under my feet, I promise you. For once in my life I will take Time as directly by the forelock as if I was the most impetuous man in England: and, rely on it, the moment I know the result you shall know the result too.

"Affectionately yours,
"GEORGE BARTRAM."

II.

FROM GEORGE BARTRAM TO MISS GARTH.

PARIS, April 13.

"DEAR MISS GARTH,—I have just written, with a heavy heart, to my uncle. I only think I owe it to your kind interest in me not to delay writing next to you.

"My uncle will be grievously afflicted me, but I confess I expected a very different result. My vanity may be misleading me still, for I must acknowledge to you sincerely that I think Miss Vanstone was sorry to refuse me. The reason she gave for her decision—no doubt a sufficient reason in her estimation—did not at the time, and does not now, seem sufficient to me. She spoke in the sweetest and kindest manner; but she firmly declared that her family influences' left her no honorable alternative but to think of my own interests, as I had not thought of them myself, and gratefully to decline accepting my offer.

"She was so painfully agitated that I could not venture to plead my own cause as I might otherwise have pleaded it. At the first attempt I made to touch the personal question she entreated me to pause for a moment, hurriedly left the room. I am still ignorant whether I am to interpret the 'family misfortunes' which have set up this barrier between me as meaning the misfortune for which her parents alone are to blame, or the misfortune of her having such a woman as Mrs. Noel Vanstone for her sister. In which ever of these circumstances the obstacle lies it is no obstacle in my estimation. Can nothing remove it? Is there no hope? Forgive me for asking these questions. I can not bear up against my bitter disappointment. Neither she nor you nor any one but myself know how I love her.

"Ever most truly yours,
"GEORGE BARTRAM.

"P.S.—I shall leave for England in a day or two, passing through London, on my way to St. Crux. There are family reasons, connected with the hateful subject of money, which make me look forward with any thing but pleasure to my next interview with my uncle. If you address your letter to Long's Hotel it will be sure to reach me."

III.

FROM MISS GARTH TO GEORGE BARTRAM.

WESTBOURNE HOUSE, April 16.

"DEAR MR. BARTRAM,—You only did me justice in supposing that your letter would distress me. If you had supposed that it would make me excessively angry as well, you would not have been far wrong. I have no patience with the pride and perversity of the young women of the present day.

"I have heard from Norah. It is a long letter, stating the particulars in full detail. I am now going to put all the confidence in your honor and your discretion which I really feel. For your sake and for Norah's I am going to let you know what the scruple really is which has misled her into the unwise and folly of refusing you. I am old enough to speak out; and I can tell you if she had only been wise enough to let her own wishes guide her she would have said, Yes—and gladly too.

"The original cause of all the mischief is no less a person than your worthy uncle—Admiral Bartram.

"It seems that the admiral took it into his head (during your absence) to entertain us in London by himself, and to satisfy some curiosity of his own about Norah by calling in Portland Place under pretense of paying his old friend's ship with the Tyrrels. He came at luncheon-time and saw Norah, and, from all I can hear, was apparently better pleased with her than he expected or wished to be when he came into the house.

So far this is mere guess-work; but it is unluckily certain that he and Mrs. Tyrrel had some talk together alone when luncheon was over. Your name was not mentioned, and when their conversation fell on Norah, you were in both their minds of course. The admiral (being her full junior and only declared lover) was smitten with pity for her hard lot in life. The scandalous conduct of her sister must always stand the (barely) in the way of her future establishment. Who could marry her without first making it a condition that she and her sister were to be absolute strangers to each other? And even then the objection would remain—the serious objection to the husband's family—of being connected by marriage with such a woman as Mrs. Noel Vanstone. It was very sad; it was not the poor girl's fault—but it was none the less true that her sister's life was a blot on hers. So he ran on, with no real ill-feeling toward Norah, but with an obstinate belief in his own prejudices which bore down all before them, and which people with more temper than judgment would be but too readily disposed to resent accordingly.

"Unfortunately Mrs. Tyrrel is one of those people. She is an excellent, warm-hearted woman, with a sincere affection for your lady judgment—strongly attached to Norah, and heartily interested in Norah's welfare. From all I can learn, she has never forgiven the admiral for his admiral's opinion, in his presence, as worldly and selfish in the last degree; and then interpreted it blindly for Norah's sake by the only courage his nephew's visits, which was a downright insult offered to a lady in her own house. This was foolish enough so far, but worse folly was to come.

"As soon as your uncle was gone Mrs. Tyrrel, most likely eyes grew suspicious for Norah, and repeating the conversation that had taken place, warned her of the reception she might expect from you. Norah, with the reward you in the position of a father, if she accepted an offer of marriage on your part. When I tell you that Norah's love for her sister and to her sister still remains unshaken, and that there is no hidden under her noble submission to the unhappy circumstances of her birth a grovelling cepibility to slights of all kinds, which is deeply rooted in her nature, you will understand the true motive of her refusal, and will respect it rightly and so justly disappointed you. They are all three equally to blame in this matter. Your uncle was wrong to step in between you and your lady and inconsiderately as he did. Mrs. Tyrrel was wrong in her temper get the better of her, and to suppose that Norah remained with me in ignorance of what had passed. And Norah was wrong to place a matter of pride, and a hopeless belief in her sister which no stranger can understand or share, above the higher claims of an attachment which might have secured the happiness and the prosperity of her future life.

"But the mischief has been done. The next question is, Can the harm be remedied?

"I hope and believe it can. My advice is this: Don't take No for an answer. Give her time to consider. Tell her what she has done, and to regret it (as I believe she will regret it in secret—trust to my influence over her to plead your cause for you at every opportunity I can find—wait patiently for the end to come—and ask her again. Men, being accustomed to act on reflection themselves, are a great deal too apt to believe that women act on reflection, too. Women do nothing of the sort. They act on impulse, and they often act right—or at ten they are heartily sorry for it afterward.

"In the mean while you must help your own interests by writing to your uncle. I alter his opinion, or at least to make the concession of keeping his opinion to himself. Mrs. Tyrrel has rushed to the conclusion that the harm he has done he did intentionally, which is as much as to say, in so many words, that he had a prejudice conscious, when he spoke, of the injustice of what she would do when he left it. My explanation of the matter is a much simpler one. I believe that his knowledge of your position meant naturally roused his curiosity to see the object of it, and that Mrs. Tyrrel's injudicious praises of Norah irritated his objections into openly declaring themselves. Any way, your course lies equally plain before you. Use your influence over your uncle to persuade him into setting matters right again; trust my settled resolution to see Norah your wife before six months more are over our heads; and believe me your friend and well-wisher,

"HARRIET GARTH."

IV.

FROM MRS. DRAKE TO GEORGE BARTRAM.

"ST. CRUX, April 17.

"SIR,—I direct these lines to the hotel you usually stay at in London, hoping that you may return soon enough from foreign parts to receive my letter without delay.

"I am sorry to say that some unpleasant events have taken place at St. Crux since you left it, and that my honored master the admiral is far from enjoying his usual good health. On both these accounts I venture to write to you on my own responsibility—for I think your presence is needed in the house.

"Early in the month a most regretable circumstance took place. Our new parlor-maid was discovered by Mr. Mayer, a late hour of the night (with her master's basket of keys in her possession), prying into the private documents kept in the study-bureau. The girl received her dismissal from the house next morning before we were any of us astir, and she has not been heard of since. The matter was hushed up and altered by master very seriously; and to make matters worse, on the day when the girl's treacherous conduct was discovered, the admiral was seized with the first symptoms of a severe inflammatory cold. He was not himself aware, nor was any one else, how he had caught the chill. The doctor was sent for and kept the inflammation down—until the day before yesterday—when it broke out again under circumstances which I am sure you will be sorry to hear as I am truly sorry to write of them.

"On the date I have just mentioned—I mean the fifteenth of the month—my master himself informed me that he was going to be dreadfully disappointed by a letter received from you which had come in the morning from foreign parts, and had brought him bad news. He did not tell me what the news was—but I have never, in all the years I have passed in the admiral's service, seen him so distressingly upset. So unlike himself as he was on that day. At night his uneasiness seemed to increase. He was in such a state of irritation that he could not bear the sound of Mr. Mazey's hard breathing outside the door, and he laid his positive orders on the old man to go into one of the spare bedrooms that night. Mr. Mazey, to his own great regret, was of course obliged to obey.

"Our only means of preventing the admiral from leaving his room in his sleep, if the fit unfortunately took him, being removed, Mr. Mazey and I took it in turns to watch by turns through the night—sitting with the door ajar in one of the empty rooms near our master's bedchamber. We were both of nothing better to do than this—knowing he would not allow us to lock him in; and not having the door-key in our possession, could not have ventured to secure him in his room without his permission. I kept watch for the first two hours, and then Mr. Mazey relieved me. After having had some little time in my own room, it occurred to me that the old man was hard of hearing and that I might hear my self in better in the night his ears were not to be trusted to warn him if any thing happened. I slipped on my clothed again and went to Mr. Mazey. He was neither asleep nor awake—he was between the two. My mind misgave me, and I went up to the admiral's room. The door was open and the bed was empty.

"Mr. Mazey and I went down stairs instantly. We looked in at the breakfast room, and another, and found no traces of him. I thought of the drawing-room next, and, being the most likely of the two, went there to examine. The moment I turned the sharp corner of the passage I saw my master coming toward me through the open door, in his dress, asleep and dreaming, with his keys in his hands. The sliding-door behind him was open also; and the fear came to me that he might have entered the room next door, and, finding it empty, returned with me ever since, that his dream had led him through the Banqueting Hall into the east rooms. We examined those rooms in vain, and followed the steps until he returned of his own accord to his bedchamber. The next morning, I grieve to say, all the old symptoms came back, and none of the remedies employed have succeeded in getting the better of them yet. By the doctor's advice we refrain from telling the admiral what has happened. He is still under the impression that he passed the night as usual in his own room.

"I have been careful to enter into all the particulars of this unfortunate accident, because neither Mr. Mazey nor myself desire to screen ourselves from blame, if blame we have deserved. We both acted for the best, and we both beg and pray you will consider our responsible situation, and come as soon as possible to St. Crux. Our honored master is very hard to manage; and the doctor thinks, as I do, that your presence is wanted in the house.

"I remain, Sir, with Mr. Mazey's respects and my own, your humble servant,

"SOPHIA DRAKE."

V.

FROM GEORGE BARTRAM TO MISS GARTH.

"ST. CRUX, April 29.

"DEAR MISS GARTH,—Pray excuse my not thanking you sooner for your kind and consoling letter. We are in Woodville at St. Crux. Any little irritation I might have felt at my poor uncle's unlucky interference in Portland Place is all forgotten in the misfortune of his serious illness. He is suffering from internal inflammation, produced by cold; and symptoms have shown themselves which are dangerous at his age. A physician from London is now in the house. You shall hear more in a few days. Meantime, believe me, with sincere gratitude,

"Yours most truly,
"GEORGE BARTRAM."

VI.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LOSCOMB'S INSURANCE, May 6.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have unexpectedly received some information which is of the most vital importance to your interests. The news of Admiral Bartram's death has reached me this morning. He expired at his own house on the fourth of the present month.

"This event at once disposes of the considerations which I had previously endeavored to impress on you, in relation to your discovery of St. Crux. The wisest course we can now follow, is to open communications at once with the executors of the deceased gentleman; addressing them through the medium of the admiral's legal adviser, in the first instance.

"I have dispatched a letter this day to the solicitor in question. It simply warns him that we have lately become aware of the existence of a private Document, controlling the deceased gentleman in his use of the legacy devised to him by Mr. Noel Vanstone's will. My letter assumes that the document will be easily found among the admiral's papers; and it mentions that I am the solicitor employed by Mrs. Noel Vanstone to receive communications on her behalf. My object in taking this step is to cause a search to be instituted for the Document—in the very probable event of the executors not having met with it yet—before the usual measures are adopted for the administration of the admiral's estate. We will threaten legal proceedings if we find that the object does not succeed. But I anticipate no such necessity. Admiral Bartram's executors must be men of high standing and position, and they will do justice to you and to themselves in this matter, by looking for the Trust.

"Under these circumstances you will naturally ask, 'What are our prospects when the document is found?' Our prospects have a bright side and a dark side. Let us take the bright side to begin with.

"What do we actually know?

"We know, first, that the Trust does certainly exist. Secondly, that there is no mistake in it relating to the marriage of Mr. George Bartram in a given time. Thirdly, that the time (six months from the date of the testator's death) expired on the third of this month. Fourthly, that Mr. George Bartram (as I have found out by inquiry) has not married. Positive information on the subject possessed by yourself), is at the present moment, a single man. The conclusion naturally to be drawn from these facts is, that the Trust, in this case, is an object that has failed.

"If no other provisions have been inserted in the document—or if, being inserted, those other provisions should be discovered to have failed also—I believe it to be impossible to dispute the evidence can be found that the admiral himself considered the Trust binding on him) for the executors to deal with the property bequeathed as legally forming part of Admiral Bartram's estate. The legacy is expressly declared to have been left to him, on the understanding that he was never it to certain stated objects—add those objects have failed. What is to be done with the money? It was not left to the admiral absolutely by the testator's own showing; and the purposes for which it was left to him have failed, and can not be carried out. I believe (if the case before me does really happens) that the money must revert to the testator's heir-at-law. In every case, however, dealing with it as a matter of necessity, divides it into two equal portions. One half goes to Mr. Noel Vanstone's children; the other half is divided among Mr. Noel Vanstone's next of kin.

"You will no doubt discover the obvious objection to the case in our favor, as I have here put it. You will see that it depends for its practical realization, not on one contingency, but on a series of contingencies, which must all happen exactly as we wish them to happen. I admit the force of the objection—but I must beg you at the same time that these said contingencies are by no means so improbable as they may look on the face of them.

"We have every reason to believe that the Trust, like the Will, was not drawn by a lawyer. That is one circumstance in our favor—that is enough of itself to cast a doubt on the soundness of all or any of the remaining provisions which are found to be acquainted with. Another chance which we may count on is to be found, as I think, in that strange handwriting, placed under the signature on the last page of the Letter, which you saw, but which you unhappily omitted to read. All the probabilities point to these lines having been written by Admiral Bartram; and the position which they occupy is certainly consistent with the theory that they touch the important subject of his own and only obligation under the Trust.

"I wish to raise no false hopes in your mind. I only desire to satisfy you that we have a case worth trying.

"Let the dark side of the prospect I need not enlarge on it. After what I have already written, you will understand that the existence of a sound provision unknown to us in the Trust —which has been properly carried out by the admiral, or which can be properly carried out by his representatives—would be necessarily fatal to our hopes. The legacy would be in this case devoted to the purpose or purposes contemplated by your husband, and from that moment you would have no claim.

"I have only to add, that as soon as I hear from the late admiral's man of business you shall know the result.

"Believe me,
"Dear madam,
"Faithfully yours,
"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

VII.

FROM GEORGE BARTRAM TO MISS GARTH.

"ST. CROIX, May 15.

"DEAR MISS GARTH,—I trouble you with another letter, partly to thank you for your kind expression of sympathy with me under the loss that I have sustained, and partly to tell you of an extraordinary application made to my uncle's executors in which you and Miss Vanstone may both feel interested, as Mrs. Noel Vanstone is directly concerned in it.

"Knowing my own ignorance of legal technicalities, I inclose a copy of the application instead of trying to describe it. You will notice as suspicious of any explanation is given of the manner in which the alleged discovery of one of my uncle's secrets was made by persons who are total strangers to him.

"On being made acquainted with the circumstances, the executors at once applied to me. I could give them no positive information—for my uncle never consulted me on matters of business. But I felt bound in honor to tell them, that, during the last six months of his life, the admiral had occasionally let fall expressions of impatience in my hearing, which led to the conclusion that he was annoyed by a private responsibility of some kind. I also mentioned that he had imposed a very peculiar condition on mesa condition which, in spite of his own assurances to the contrary, I was persuaded could not have emanated from himself—for reserving within a given time (which time has now expired), or of not receiving from him a certain sum of money which I believed to be the same in amount as the sum bequeathed to him in my cousin's will. The executors agreed with me that these circumstances were capable of pointing to only one otherwise incredible story; and they decided that a search should be instituted for the Secret Trust —nothing in the slightest degree resembling this same trust having been discovered up to that time among the admiral's papers.

"The search (terrible in such a house as this) has now been in full progress for a week. It is superintended by both the executors and by my uncle's lawyer, who is personally, as well as professionally, known to Mr. Loscombe (Mrs. Noel Vanstone's solicitor), and who has been included in the proceedings at the express request of Mr. Loscombe himself. Up to this time nothing whatever has been found. Thousands and thousands of letters have been examined—and not one of them bears the remotest resemblance to the letter we are looking for.

"Another week will bring the search to an end. It is only at my express request that it will be persevered with so long. But as the admiral's property has undoubtedly been left by every thing he possessed, I feel bound to do the fullest justice to the interests of others, however hostile to my own interests may be.

"With this view I have not hesitated to reveal to the lawyer a connitutional peculiarity of my poor uncle's, which was always kept a secret among us at his own request—I mean his tendency to somnambulism. I mentioned that he had been observed (by the housekeeper and his old servant) walking in his sleep about three weeks before his death, and that the part of the house in which he had been seen, and the basket of keys which he was carrying in his hand, suggested the inference that he had come from one of the rooms in the east wing, and that he might have opened some of the pieces of furniture in one of them. I surprised the lawyer (who seemed to quite ignorant of the extraordinary actions constantly performed by somnambulists), by informing him that my uncle could find his way about the house, lock and unlock doors, and remove objects of all kinds from one place to another as easily in his sleep as in his waking hours. And I declared that, while I felt the faintest doubts in my own mind whether he might not have been dreaming of the Trust on the night in question—and putting our dream in action in his sleep—I should not feel satisfied unless the rooms in the east wing were searched again.

"It is only right to add that there is not the least foundation in fact for this idea of mine During the latter part of his fatal illness my poor uncle was quite incapable of speaking on any subject whatever.

"From the time of my arrival at St. Croix, in the middle of last month, to the time of his death, not a word dropped from him which referred in the remotest way to the Secret Trust.

"Here then, for the present, the matter rests. If you think it desirable to communicate the contents of this letter to Miss Vanstone, pray tell her that it will not be my fault if her sister's assertion (however preposterous it may seem to my uncle's executors) is not fairly put to the proof.

"Believe me, dear Miss Garth, always truly yours,

GEORGE BARTRAM.

"P.S.—As soon as all business matters are settled I am going aboard for some months, to try the relief of change of scene. The house will be shut up, and left under the charge of Mrs. Drake. I have not forgotten your once telling me that you should like to see St. Croix. If you ever found yourself in this neighborhood If you are at all likely to be in Essex during the time when I am abroad, I have provided against the chance of your being disappointed, by leaving instructions with Mrs. Drake to give you, and any friends of yours, the freest admission to the house and grounds."

VIII.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LINCOLN'S INN-FIELDS, *May* 24.

"DEAR MADAM,—After a whole fortnight's search—conducted, I am bound to admit, with the most conscientious and unrelaxing care—no such document as the Secret Trust has been found among the papers left at St. Crux by the late Admiral Bartram.

"Under these circumstances the executors have decided on acting under the only recognizable authority which they have to guide them—the admiral's own will. This document (executed some years since) bequeaths the whole of his estate, both real and personal (that is to say, all the lands he possesses and all the money he possesses at the time of his death), to his nephew. The will is plain, and the result is inevitable. Your husband's fortune is lost to you from this moment. Mr. George Bartram legally inherits it, as he legally inherits the house and estate of St. Crux.

"I have no comment upon this extraordinary close to the proceedings. The Trust may have been destroyed, or the Trust may be hidden in some place of concealment inaccessible to discovery after the most patient and prolonged search for it. It is useless for either of us to speculate on the subject now. I will not add to your disappointment by any references to the time and money which I have lost in the unfortunate struggle to assert your interests. I will merely say that my connection (both personal and professional) with the matter must, from this moment, be considered as at an end.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

IX.

FROM MRS. RUDDOCK (LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER) TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"PARK TERRACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

"SIR,—Having, by Mrs. Noel Vanstone's directions, taken letters for her to the post addressed to you, and knowing no one else to apply to, I beg to inquire whether you are acquainted with any of her friends, for I think it right that they should be stirred up to take some steps about her.

"Mrs. Vanstone first came to me in November last, and took the two first floors of my apartments. On that occasion, and again on this, she has given me no cause to complain of her. She is a lady I know well by sight, and by my due. I am writing, as a mother of a family, under a sense of responsibility—I am not writing with an interested motive.

"After proper warning given, Mrs. Vanstone (who is now quite alone) leaves me to-morrow. She has not received company, and in her circumstances are fallen very low, and that she can not afford to remain in my house. This is all she has told me. I know nothing of the books and carriage, or what she means to do next. But I have every reason to believe she desires to decline all intercourse with her friends and conduct she has altered most shockingly in the last week. I believe there is some dreadful trouble on her mind; and I think it is from what I see of her, that she is on the eve of a serious illness. It is very sad to see such a young woman so utterly deserted; and therefore as she is now,

"Excuse my troubling you with this letter; it is on my conscience to write it. If you know any of her relations, I respectfully hope this time is not to be wasted. If they lose to-morrow, they may lose the last chance of finding her.

"Your humble servant,

"CATHERINE RUDDOCK."

X.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. RUDDOCK.

"LINCOLN'S INN-FIELDS, *June* 3.

"MADAM,—My only connection with Mrs. Noel Vanstone was a professional one, and that connection is now at an end. I am not acquainted with any of her friends; and I can not undertake to interfere personally either with her present or future proceedings.

"Regretting my inability to afford you any assistance, I remain, your obedient servant,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

THE LAST SCENE.

AARON'S BUILDINGS.

CHAPTER I.

On the seventh of June the owners of the merchantman Swallow were informed that the ship had touched at Plymouth to land passengers, and had then continued her homeward voyage to London. On the tenth of June she came to the East India Docks.

Having transacted the business on shore for which he was personally responsible, Captain Kirke made the necessary arrangements by letter for victualing and paying off his crew at Suffolk, on the seventeenth of the month. As usual, in such cases, he received a list of commissions to execute in the city of London at or before he left London. One of these commissions took him into the neighborhood of Camden Town. He walked from the Swallow at the Docks, and then dismissing the vehicle, set forth to walk back southward toward the New Road. He was not well acquainted with the district, and his attention wandered further and further away from the scene around him as he went on. His thoughts were busy with the memory of his sister again, had led his memory back to the night when he had parted from her, leaving the house on foot. The spell so strangely laid on him in that past time had kept its hold through all after events. The face that had haunted him on the lonely road had haunted him again on the lonely sea. The woman who had followed him, as in a dream, to his sister's door, had followed him on board of his thought, and spirit of his spirit—to the deck of his ship. Through storm and calm on the voyage out, through storm and calm on the voyage home, she had been with him. In the ceaseless turmoil of the London streets she was with him now. He knew what the first question on his lips would be, when he had seen his sister and had her to himself. "Shall try to talk of something else," he thought; "but when Lizzie and I are alone, it will come out in spite of me."

The scheme to run by the last a string of carts pass at a turning before he crossed, awakened him to present things. He looked about in momentary confusion. The street was strange to him; he had lost his way.

The first foot-passenger of whom he inquired appeared to have no time to waste in giving information. Hurriedly directing him to cross to the other side of the road, to turn down the first street he came to on his right hand, and then to ask again, the stranger unceremoniously hastened on without waiting to be thanked.

Kirke followed his directions, and took the turning on his right. The street was short and narrow, and the houses on either side were of the poorer order. He looked up as he passed the corner to see what the name of the place might be. It was called "Aaron's Buildings."

Low down on the right side of the "Buildings" along which he was walking a little crowd of idlers was assembled round two cabs, both drawn up before the door of the same house. Kirke advanced to the crowd to ask his way of any civil stranger among them who might not be in a hurry to go. The first man he spoke to was found a woman disputing with the drivers, and heard enough to discover that the two vehicles had been sent for by mistake when only one was wanted.

The house door was open; and when he turned that way next, he looked easily into the passage, over the heads of the people in front of him.

The sight that met his eyes should have been shielded in pity from the observation of the crowd. At the farther end, in the light of confined face, standing by an old chair placed in the middle of the passage, and holding a woman on the chair in a sitting position, with support herself—a woman apparently in the last stage of illness, who was about to be removed, from the dilapidated house she lived in, to one of the cabs. Her head was drooping when he first saw her, and an old shawl which covered it had fallen forward so as to hide the upper part of her face.

Before he could look away again the girl in charge of her had raised the head and restored the shawl to its place. The action disclosed her face to view, for an instant only, before her head drooped forward on her bosom. In that instant he saw the woman whose beauty was the haunting remembrance of his life—whose image had been vivid in his mind not five minutes since!

The shock of the double recognition—the recognition, at the same moment, of the face, and of the dreadful change in it—struck him speechless and helpless. The steady presence of mind and self-command which had become habitual to him of his life, failed him for the first time. The poverty-stricken street, the squalid mob round the door, swam before his eyes. He staggered back and caught at the iron railings of the house behind him.

"Where are they taking her to ?" he heard a woman ask, close at his side.

"To the hospital, if they will have her," was the reply. "And to the work-house, if they won't."

That horrible answer roused him. He instantly pushed his way through the crowd and entered the house.

The misunderstanding on the pavement had been set right, and one of the cabs was driven off. As he crossed the threshold of the door he confronted the people of the house at the moment when they were leaving her. The cabman who had remained was on one side of the chair, and the woman who had been disputing with the two drivers was on the other. They were just lifting her when Kirke's tall figure darkened the door.

"What are you doing with that lady?" he asked.

The cabman looked up with the insolence of his reply visible in his eyes before his lips could utter it. But the woman, quicker than he, saw the suppressed agitation in Kirke's face, and answered for the cabman in an instant.

"Do you know her, Sir?" asked the woman, eagerly. "Are you one of her friends?"

"Yes," said Kirke, without hesitation.

"It's not my fault, Sir," pleaded the woman, shrinking visibly from the charge in her. "I would have waited patiently till her friends found her—I would indeed!"

Kirke made no reply. He turned and spoke to the cabman.

"Go out," he said, "and close the door after you. I will call you when I want you directly. What room in the house did you take her from when you brought her down?" he resumed, addressing himself to the woman again.

"The first floor back, Sir."

"Show me the way to it."

He stooped and lifted Magdalen in his arms. Her head rested gently on the sailor's breast; her eyes looked up wonderingly into the sailor's face. She was perfectly resigned to him vacantly. Her mind had wandered back to old days at home, and her few broken words showed that she fancied herself a child again in her father's arms. "Poor papa!" she said, softly. "Why do you look so sorry? Poor papa!"

The woman led the way into the back room on the first floor. It was very small; it was miserably furnished. But the little bed was clean, and all the few things in the room were neatly kept. Kirke laid her tenderly on the bed. She caught one of his hands in her burning fingers. "Don't distress mamma about me," she said. "Send for Norah." Kirke tried gently to release his hand; but she only clasped it the more eagerly. He sat down by the bedside to wait until it pleased her to release him. The woman stood looking at them, and crying in a corner of the room. Kirke observed her attentively. "Speak," he said, after an interval, in low, quiet tones. "Speak in *her* presence, and tell me the truth."

With many words, with many tears, the woman spoke.

She had let her first floor to the lady a fortnight since. The lady had paid a week's rent, and had given the name of Grey. She had been out from morning to night, for the first three days, and had come home again, on every occasion, with a wretchedly weary, disappointed look. The woman of the house had suspected that she was in hiding from her friends, under a false name, and that she had been vainly trying to raise money, or to get employment, when on the three days when she was out for so long, and when she returned so disappointed on coming home. However that might be, on the fourth day she had fallen ill with shivering fits and hot fits, turn and turn about. On the fifth day she was worse; and on the sixth she was too ill to get at one time, and too light-headed at another, to be spoken to. The chemist (who did the doctoring in those parts) had come and looked at her, and had said he thought it was a bad fever. He had left a "mixture drawing" with the woman of the house had paid for out of her own pocket, and had administered without effect. She had ventured on searching the box by which the lady had brought with her, and had found nothing in it but a few necessary articles of linen—no dresses, no ornaments, not so much as the fragment of a letter which might help in discovering her friends. Between the risks of leaving her under these circumstances, and the barbarity of turning a sick woman into the street, the landlady herself had not hesitated. She would willingly have kept the lodgment, on the chances of the lady's recovery, and on the chance of friends turning up. But not half an hour since her husband (a sawyer) came near the house except to take her money —had come to rob her of her little earnings, as usual. She had been obliged to tell him that no rent was in hand for the first floor, and that none was likely to be in hand until the lady recovered, or her friends found her. On hearing this he had mercilessly insisted—well or ill—that the lady should go. There was the hospital to take her to; and if the hospital was full of doors, there was the work-house to try next. If she was not out of the place in an hour's time he threatened to come back and fetch her out himself. His wife knew but too well that he was brute enough to be as good as his word; and no other choice had been left her but to do as she had done, for the sake of the lady herself.

The woman told her shocking story with every appearance of having herself ashamed of it. Toward the end Kirke felt the clasp of the burning fingers slackening round his hand. He looked back at his bed again. The weary eyes were closing, and, with her face still turned toward the sailor, she was sinking into sleep.

LOVE-SONG.

THE light is slowly fading,
The sun is in the sky,
It is the hour for parting—
My only love, good-by!

Hide not those rosy blushes,
Droop not that dark blue eye,
One kiss, and one last blessing—
My only love, good-by!

Dark as the heaven above us,
So doth my future lie;
Thy memory like the moon shall rise—
My only love, good-by!

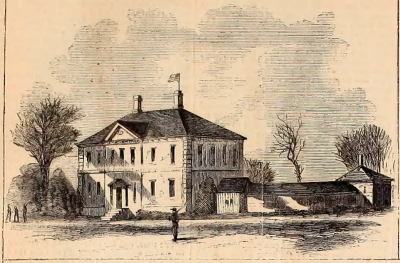
HOLLY SPRINGS.

WE publish on page 29 three illustrations of HOLLY SPRINGS, Mississippi, lately occupied by our troops. This little town, one of the prettiest and most salubrious in the South-west, though for a long time occupied by the rebel army of the Southwest. They were driven out of it early last month by General Grant's flank movement, which left it and on to Oxford. Since then the rebels, or rather some guerrilla band claiming to act on behalf of the rebels, fell upon a couple of companies of infantry whom General Grant had left at Holly Springs, captured and paroled them; so that, to the best of our knowledge, at present Holly Springs is in the hands of the insurgents. It is situate on the line of the Mobile and Ohio railway, and is about twenty miles south of Grand Junction, and twenty-eight miles north of Oxford.

THE BANKS EXPEDITION.

WE publish on page 21 an engraving, from a sketch by our special artist, MR. HAMILTON, of the LANDING OF GENERAL BANKS AND HIS STAFF from the steamer *North Star* at the levee at New Orleans, on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 14. This solves the mystery which has so long overhung the destination of the Banks flotilla. General Banks has gone to New Orleans to supersede General Butler, and take command of the Department of the Southwest, including the States of Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, and Mississippi. He assumed command on the day after his arrival, and on the following day dispatched an expedition which retook Baton Rouge.

Burnard's House.



Doubleday's Skirmishers.

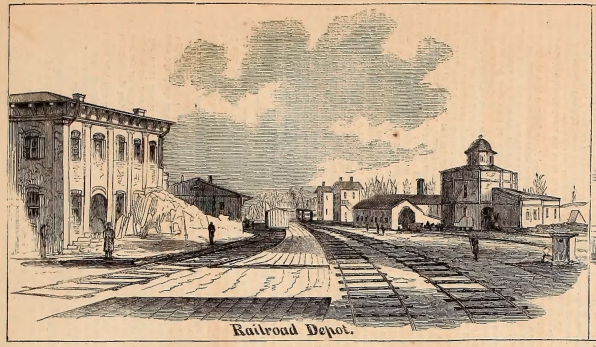




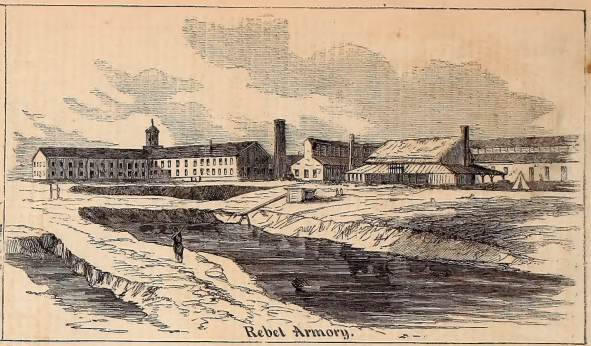
Franklin's Division Recrossing the River.



The Battle of Fredericksburg.—The Artillery covering the Retreat.—[From Sketches by T. R. Davis.]



Railroad Depot.



Rebel Armory.



Holly Springs, Mississippi.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 27.]

WEDDING WORDS.

A JEWEL for my lady's ear,
A jewel for her finger fine,
A diamond for her bosom dear,
Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,
Dear looks around her form to twine,
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,
Her dear lips, that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,
Of how my lot she's made divine;
Dear silences, my love that show
For her love is mine.

Dear cares lest clouds should shade her way,
That gladness only on her shine,
That she be happy as the May,
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life,
And tending thoughts, and dreams divine,
To feed with perfect joy the wife
Whose happiness is mine.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

LAURA CHENERY sat alone, with a gleam of wicked triumph in her handsome eyes. What was there in that fair, false face to make men love each other? Her cousins Robert and Charlie Lansdowne had been true brothers before she came—brave Robert, handsome Charlie! She was a little, slight thing, not large enough, you would think, to be noticed in a ball-room—a tiny, stirish sprite, with cheeks of the delicate flower of the peach; light soft hair, falling whenever it escaped from comb and coiffure into loose, shining curls; small delicate features, almost like a child's, with a mouse-ful curve to the full, red, childish lips; and blue eyes, large, and when she chose, languid, but capable of flashing out baleful fires. She was not accomplished as other women are. She did not sing, but when she spoke her voice thrilled you with a weird sympathy of her own. She did not dance, but her motions had a certain bird-like grace that needed not to be measured of by music. She did not talk much, but every thing she said piqued you into a wonder what she would say next, a sort of curiosity that proved fatal.

It was a civil war when her father died in France, where he had gone after his wife's death, when little Laura was only five years old; and when the boys came back for fifteen years, as politicians sometimes will, meaning every year to go home again.

There was nothing for Laura but to go to her uncle and aunt Lansdowne, whom she had not seen for all those years. Her father made the arrangements for them, during his last illness, by which that after his death there only remained to settle a few last matters, and to make the journey under the escort of old friends.

In judging Laura Chenery it is necessary to remember that she had been motherless for fifteen years; and that her education had been the superficial culture of person and manners, utterly to the neglect of heart and spirit. Her father had seen no faults in her. She was his idol—the child that he had loved in the world since the New England violets had sprung thick above the heart of her mother. In his judgment she could not err. At seventeen he took her from school, and for the next three years she mingled with all the freedom of an American young lady in that gay, Parisian society in which her father found his only divertissement.

She did not like going to the quiet, country home of the Lansdowne's, and there was no help, and so she resolved to make the best, or rather the worst of it. It would go hard, she thought, if there were not some poor, honest country parson, some stupid, gling lawyer, or rising doctor, with whom she could amuse herself for a while, and then—and then she did not know herself. She meant to live and shine in a far different sphere from the one to which she was going; but with cat-like confidence in her power to find in her feet she never worried as other women do.

She was more fortunate than she had expected, for she found herself domesticated under the same roof with two gentlemen whom even her exacting taste could but help approving—brothers, too, and there was wickedness enough in her to feel the delight of an ordinary conquest ten times enhanced by the subtle spice of setting two who ought to love each other by the ears.

Robert and Charles Lansdowne were specimens of the noblest type of the American gentleman. And search the world over you will hardly find the peer of this type. Englishmen are staunch and true and persistent; but, as a race, solid, heavy, clodgged. Frenchmen are too mercurial; their nature overflows in the external, and the sources of their emotions are very deep. They can love and kill themselves; but for the love that lives on silently and suffers, "hopes, and endures, and is patient," they lack the capacity. Germans are misty and phlegmatic. Only the thorough-bred American gentleman is staunch and true and longsuffering as a Briton; gay and contented and chivalrous as a Parisian; and earnest, ideal, and spiritual as the countrymen of Goethe and Schiller. But then it takes culture and polish. Such growths do not run wild in any soil.

Robert and Charlie had been educated well, in the best sense, that is, were strong and true—men of to-day; ready to enjoy as to suffer or to work. Why do such men make easy victims, unless it be because the utterances faith in women is part of both their breeding and their natures?

I think that, unconsciously to themselves, they both loved Laura Chenery at first sight. Their hearts warmed toward her naturally—so fair and young, perhaps those mourning garments which enhanced her pure, blonde beauty as all the tricks of color and ornament could never have done. So shy, too, she seemed, and so pathetically, almost humbly grateful for every attention. They must, each one, to regard her and to treat her as the one her they had always coveted, but never had. They did not guess that, however dear sisters may be, the love is calm, and does not fever pulses or quicken heart-beats.

Laura lay awake two hours—a long time for her—one night, when the first knew them, to decide whether she should marry either of them; for that she could have her choice between them she never doubted. They were both so much fairer, Charlie was handsome, and Robert would have been called so any where but at Charlie's side. They were both cultured, brave, true, in her weak, wicked little heart, that if either of them loved it would be for life and death and forever. But she said "Yes" at the end of the hour's musing. She knew them well enough to be certain that the future the had dreamed of and coveted she could command—might be the wife of either. They would be loving, but never weak. If she was Mrs. Lansdowne, farewell to all her dreams of shining again in the gay world of Paris; of breaking more hearts as a wife than she had ever stirred as a maiden; of queening it by sea and shore and mountain. She must be the loved, honored, cherished wife of one man—no more, no less. With her untouched, careless heart, and her dominant vanity, it would not suit her. So she put the idea aside and went to sleep.

And knowing how fatally well that steadfast handsome nature would love, she set to work herself deliberately at work to captivate them both.

It was no hard task. They had known women enough, but they had never encountered the like of the Syrens. Do you think True Thomas had never seen fair wives faces among mortals when he followed Fay Vivian across the sea? Men have seen women whose presence breathes an atmosphere as fatal as those subtle old poisons they used to sprinkle in handkerchiefs of which I have heard.

I do not know which brother yielded first to the madness. I think the spell was upon them both from the very first day that they saw her; but it was months before they understood themselves.

Laura Chenery enjoyed that summer. There was a piquant charm in the consciousness she was doing. No one knew what was coming; only one guessed her purpose. Mrs. Lansdowne, a gentle, old-fashioned lady, with the blessedness of another's love gives, had read her secret; and hated her, as even such good gentle women can hate for a wrong that is unjust and deserved, when the one which touches their own selves only.

And yet what could she do? She could not send the girl from her house, the only brother away from the protection of her roof. Would warning her soon—her dear boys she called them—do any good? She tried it. Robert was her favorite. She had ways been able to approach him more nearly than any one but his mother. He was like her, in the handsome, good-natured Charley; though all the world of her heart adored Robert for his manly and retient. He had never outgrown his boyish habit of leaning on his mother's shoulder, and her over lounging in his mother's lap. He was very fond of her and interested him—all but Miss Chenery. Up to this time, since her first coming, they had never talked of her. She was a beautiful, but unsympathetic. She always attacked her enemy in the front, and that mode of warfare has its own advantages.

"Which is it," she said, looking at Robert steadily, "that Laura loves, you or Charlie? So far as I can discover she manages you both pretty pretty equally. I should have thought Charlie would have been most to her taste."

Robert Lansdowne frowned like a girl beneath his mother's steady gaze. Her words had opened before him a new aspect of affairs. Could it be that Laura loved his brother, his younger brother, whom he had cherished all his life as the best half of himself? By the keen pang, sharp as a sword thrust, which the thought gave him, he knew how dear she had become to himself. Disguise was useless. His mother had taken him unawares, because he had his defenses down in the weak attitudes of the position. He looked up with the instinctive appeal for sympathy, the helplessness which the strongest man will feel in precisely such a crisis.

"Do you think Charlie loves her, mother? Because, God help me, I know I do."

"Yes, I think she loves him."

"Who does she love, mother? If you have read Charlie's heart and mine, you must have seen hers also."

A shiver of hope shook the strong limbs as the man spoke. He was not prepared for his mother's next answer.

"She has none."

"What, no heart?"

"None. A colder or more utterly selfish woman never lured a good man on to madness. She has been striving for the poor triumph of making you both love her. She has succeeded in every other of you. The only palliation is that she does not know what she is doing. She judges other people's natures by her own. She cannot understand that there are hearts of which an unhappy love makes utter shipwreck. Is it too late, Robert? Are you too far gone for self-control? Can you not learn to forget or despise her?"

Robert Lansdowne had not interrupted his mother; but he spoke now, resolutely.

"Mother, I should not have suffered any one else, man or woman, to say what you have said. Even what is spoken from you I must utter my protest. You do not understand Laura, and you misjudge her sorely. It may be true that she would not marry Charlie if she did not love me, and so to love her. She has been as artless and as careless as a child, and that is where her great charm lies. If we both love her it is our sorrow, and not her blame. She has treated us as brothers—had she not a right to expect to find brothers in the nearest friends she had in the world? She has never given either of us, as I believe—at any rate she has never given me—reason or right to look upon her in any other light."

Mrs. Lansdowne smiled a little bitterly, and a moment afterward sighed. Mothers have played the part of Cassandra till one would think they should have grown to find it easy; but it costs a sharp pang still to see the prophecy they know is all too sadly true rejected with scorn; and the lord one rushing on unheeding, rash tempter of his fate.

Going out of doors Robert Lansdowne met his brother. There was a bitter, murderous feeling stole into his heart. A shudder shook him that he might grow to hate his own brother if Laura loved him. An evil prompting whispered him to go at once to her and see her first. Perhaps her heart was untouched yet, and she might be won by the first comer. And then the old, wild, rival-love storms began to rage. Charly love of fair play, reasserted itself. No matter what it should cost he would deal justly by his own brother. And so they met, and spoke with a firm tone which it cost him an effort to make so steady,

"Do you love Laura—our cousin?"

The tone, the look, the question revealed all to Charlie Lansdowne. He knew his own heart, and knew his brother's. He answered, after a moment, as firmly,

"I do—with all my heart, mind, and strength."

"Have you told her so?"

"No, I have only just found out for myself that she is my only hope on earth."

Robert looked at him with a strange pity for them both in his eyes. He put his hand on his younger brother's shoulder, gently as when they were boys together. He said, in a low, changed voice,

"God help us, Charlie, for I love her too. We are brothers—and she has only a brother's. If you had not been dear to me so many years I would have gone to her now, and won her, if I could, before you knew of her coming. But I will not betray us. But, come what will, we will be honest with each other. She shall know both your love and mine, and let her choose—she has only and be happy. The other—"

"I had already made up my mind what I should do if I found that handsome Charlie's was a strange quiver round his mouth. "The cause so many are dying for needs good men and true. If I can not live for her I can find forgetfulness, perhaps, or a grave, in the war."

"So be it," Robert answered, resolutely. "We will write to her and tell her the truth—bid her choose as her heart guides her, without fear or favor. The Thrones one shall stay at home, and the one she rejects must go to the wars."

"You are the scribe and the poet. You shall write for us both," and Charlie Lansdowne made a vain effort to speak in his old gay tone.

What a scene it was when those two brothers sat down to write the letter which was to die to write the letter on whose reception hinged more than life or death! The sunshine lay warm and still over the lawns and gardens, and the birds sang, and trees and meadows were green and bright—as earth in which, on such a day, Eve might have ceased to mourn for the loss of Paradise—as yet with what a choking anguish of suspense those two hearts throbbed! Robert executed his task faithfully. He told her all—in manly words, but tenderly as they both loved her—one as well as the other. He told her how really either would be to give up all of life he had dreamed of to cherish her more tenderly than ever woman was cherished before. Then he bade her look into her own heart and fix her choice. He said that it should fall would stay to make her happiness and his own—the other would go to find death or peace on the field of battle.

When all was written they read it over, both of them silently, and then they clasped hands over it—a compact which both would hold sacred.

Then they sent it.

They waited two hours before an answer came. They opened it, noticing even then how like Laura it was—the delicate, fragile paper, with its faint rose odor, and the aristocratic monogram at the top of the sheet. The contents also were like Laura—so like her, that for a time they would not believe honestly that she loved neither of them—that such a marriage would not suit her. She wrote artfully. She knew them well. She said, indeed, that, indeed she did; they would break her heart if they doubted it; loved them far too well to choose between them, and could see no way to which she believed would be certain death. They must not ask her. Entreaties would be useless. She would never make a choice. She would cause no more pain to either of those who were so dear to her. It was a pity she had ever come there. She would go away. Then she would be free from care of herself, and they should both stay at home and forget her, and be as happy as they were before the evil hour in which she came.

Her letter was charmingly worded. Nothing could have been prettier or more touching. It produced exactly the effect she had intended. They were both more deeply in her toils than ever; and in either breast arose a feeling which neither cared to confess even to the other. Each thought that if it were not for fear of wounding his brother he should have triumphed; and each felt a pang to the core of his generosity, and to wish that he had waited for no courtesy, but pressed his point before she left, and that he had two hearts instead of one. They struggled with this feeling, and succeeded so far as to suppress its utterance. Charlie was the first to speak.

"Our plan has failed. We must try another. You are the elder. You shall go to her first, and find out whether she would have married you if I had not been in the way. I think when you are with her face to face you can at least learn the truth. If you fail, then comes my chance."

Robert Lansdowne's mood just then was not generous. He was but human, and in love; that is, any other than I, temporarily beside himself. He wrung his brother's hand hard and turned toward the house; for they had been sitting in a little summer-house which they had built together when they were happy boys.

He found Laura in a small parlor which, since her first coming, had been tacitly given up to her as a sort of boudoir. She was looking very lovely. Her hair was falling in soft curling masses about her pinkrose face, and her blue eyes looked misty, as if their beams were half quenched in unshed tears. Standing at the door, Robert Lansdowne looked at her a moment. How beautiful she was! How he longed to take her to his heart, the selfish, chagrined thing! At first she seemed not to notice his approach; but after he had had time for a good, long, hungry look at her, she got up, and with a childlike cry of "Oh, Robert, Robert!" she was in his arms, in his breast. For an instant of perilous joy he believed that she loved him. If he could have died then—but death is seldom reminded, and it was better, perhaps, that he should work out his fate.

"You do love me!" he cried, in a tone of passionate triumph.

"Oh yes, indeed, and Charlie too—as well as if you were my brothers," was the answer which let him know that he had misunderstood her, and had his task to begin over again.

It was all in vain. She was a little intrigante, worthy of her French training. Wildest waves of passion were shivered to fragments, and dashed back from the unmoved, cruel front of her selfishness. He could win no more from her than the letter had disclosed. Even if she did love one of them best, she said, nothing should ever induce her to confess it and banish the other. She was immovable and impenetrable. As a last argument, he told her that the effect of her present course would be to banish them both. If she made no choice both must go instead of one. I think in her wicked little heart she was glad of this. It deferred just then an easy way of disposing of them. She was beginning to find that the spirits she had evoked were too mighty for her. She professed to the dismay, but she did not yield an inch. She would not choose one and banish the other, she persisted; for if she made that cruel way clear they would feel as if she was his murderer—as if his blood was upon her head. If they both wanted to go and break their heart she would be free—at least she would not feel that she had sent them.

Artfully, indeed, she must have kept her promise in Robert Lansdowne's mind, for he thought she was even tenderer at than he had dreamed; but he had to give up his case all the same. She was immovable. He sat with his arms, and pressed a kiss which seemed to scorch her brain upon the forehead. Then he went out and met his brother again.

It was only another failure. Laura was not of a nature to be overpersuaded against what she believed to be her own interests. She was as armor so bullet-proof as want of feeling. Where there is no heart how can any wound be mortal?

It was agreed when Charlie left her, and she curled herself up in the corner of the sofa for a twilight nap, that they would not, indeed, visit rooms of the afternoon, but profoundly self-complacent and as placid as a dormouse.

"I am going to-morrow," Charlie said, going back to Robert, and trying to be brave and careless. There was something in his tone though that went to his brother's heart as no words could have done; making him long for the moment to put aside his own grief and comfort his rival.

"I will have no more of it, Charlie; I am going too," he said, kindly. "We ought to have gone in the spring. We should have been spared some pain."

Charlie did not answer. He sat silently for a time looking toward the west, where the sunset clouds were burning into golden splendor. How many times they had looked out together toward those distant hills, and the sunset burning above them, he and his brother! Would they ever look at them again?

"Who will tell mother?" he asked, after a little while.

"I will," Robert said, quietly. "I am going to her now."

Some of the particulars of that interview were told me afterward. Robert Lansdowne told his mother all the story—showed her the letter in which Laura had answered to their proposals, offered to her their joint resolution. Mrs. Lansdowne tried in vain to convince him that Laura had but verified her own prophecies of the impression of the character which she had entertained from the first. His faith could not be shaken. He believed, moreover, that she loved one or the other of them. With all her heart, only she had been too generous toward both, too grateful for their love, to make her election.

"Do you not know well enough," Mrs. Lansdowne cried, pressed past her patience, "to be more than sure that a woman's pique and unselfishness in quite such a way as to banish the dearest object of our love without even a parting word to cheer him under his sentence?"

I think, tender mother as she was, she would rather either of her sons should die than one should go away, with the certainty of never returning, than to have had him stay to be Laura Chenery's husband. Ah! she knew her sex better than he. She gave them her blessing the next morning, though the tears choked her words; and then she put her head into their faithful arms, turning for comfort, with pale, piteous face, to the love that had been her joy and pride before they were born.

They joined a regiment that had already been some months in the field and seen hard service, and so from the first they became familiar with the actual presence of war. They shared together many a perilous reconnaissance, many a weary march. But all this time there had been a certain reserve between them. The frank, warm-hearted freedom of their boyish love was gone. There were some subjects of which they never spoke. I wonder

whether into those true hearts there had not crept a bitter leaven?

At last, fighting boldly side by side, they fell—both of them. Pausing a moment in the fray, the comrades bore them a little off the field and laid them both, wounded and bleeding sore, beside a murmuring brook, under the pitiless southern sky. And there they lay, waiting the surgeon and their turn for care, or waiting death—they knew not which.

In that hour their hearts softened toward each other. They were brothers after all, and had lain in the same mother's arms, climbed the same father's knee! Charlie spoke first, for his was the more demonstrative nature of the two.

"Robbie, boy, those rebels hit hard. I believe they've done for us. Let us die loving brothers, if die we must. Neither of us were to blame for loving her. It was no treachery, for neither of us knew the other's heart. Why should there be any coldness between us?"

Robert Lansdowne remembered just then for how many years he had been proud of his handsome brother. He thought how dear they had been to each other—the dearest, till *she* came, of any thing the earth held. Could it be that there lurked in his heart a secret willingness that his brother should fall—a thought that, in such a case, it might be that Joy would wait for him at home? Pangs of self-humiliation tortured him even as his sore wounds had done. He writhed along on the sward closer to his brother's side, and threw his arm over his neck.

He did not say any thing. He was too weak just then, or too wretched; but Charlie understood the language of his manly caress, and lifted his face toward the true eyes that sought it so wistfully.

From that moment, come life or death, the bitter leaven was gone; there could never be a cloud between the two hearts.

They did not die there, by that brook-side, under the Southern sun. Their turn for help came sooner than they thought. Before nightfall they were in the hands of a tender, pitying foe. It was the first the surgeon had slight hope of them. Their wounds were similarly located, and their chances for life seemed equal. If they had been less vigorously moulded, less perfect in physical development, they would have died in the beginning of having lived three days, in addition to some possible that they might live yet longer.

I do not know whether they at all hoped to recover. Life is sweet, they say; but how if you have exhausted the foam and the sparkle, and the cup is already at the lees? It would not be hard then to see it overturned on the thirsty sand.

The morning of the fourth day there came a letter. It was to Robert, in his mother's hand. They let him read it, and Charlie lay and watched him. How white his lips grew! and what was that shadow on his face, that darkening gloom as over the proud, masterful face? Charlie shivered with vague apprehension even before his brother handed him the letter and bade him read it.

Mrs. Lansdowne had written with that sort of triumph to which even the best of us are not superior when the end our intuitions verified, and prophecies fulfilled. Perhaps, too, she thought she was but administering a wholesome tonic, which having taken, would be her savory, delicious boys again. Laura, she wrote, was soon to be married to a French gentleman, an old admirer, who had found Laura still without her, and came across the seas to seek her out. She seemed very happy, the guy, careless thing—in a sort of jubilant, exultant vein over the future prospects; and she was without thought or care for the absent ones whom she had driven away. Long before their term of service should have ended she would be settled in another land. Surely they must see at last how unworthy she had been, and so forget her, and bring back the old, fond love to the old cheery home.

I think Mrs. Lansdowne would have cut off the hand that penned those words rather than have written them, if she could but have known where and how they would find her boys. Charlie read them aloud, but could hear so she his dad broken when he knew it false. It is well that all natures do not clung to an object with the tenacity which is so fatal. When he had finished he handed the paper back to his brother.

"I am not surprised, Robbie," he said, quietly. "I have been looking for some time that she was never worth the pangs she cost us. Let her go."

"Thank God you can say so." There was an unspeakable tenderness of anguish in Robert Lansdowne's tone. "*I* can't. I loved her, and that was the end. I gave her up, but I wanted to believe in her. It was like a blow to rob me of belief. Is there nothing on earth or in heaven but one gigantic falsehood?"

He stopped speaking, with a suppressed groan. His sore wound had begun to bleed again in his excitement, as they say a murdered man's will when his foe draws near who struck the blow. He had got his death in that hour. There had been slight enough chance of saving him before—it was impossible now. He patient all that day and the following tortures to which no groan bore witness, and which were only to be guessed from the shuddering spasms which shook the strong limbs, and the great, cold drops which beaded the wide forehead. Just at midnight he spoke:

"Charlie, I am glad that we were true friends and brothers again before that letter came. Remember I die loving you. Tell my mother if souls live hereafter my soul will find hers there—the only faithful woman I ever knew."

Those were his last words. If his soul going out into the dark uttered any will cry for God's peace and pardon mortal ears did not hear it. There was a smile more beautiful than life on the still face over which the night-lamp gleamed, but the lips were frozen.

The next spring Charlie Lansdowne was at home, worn and enfeebled, a man whose days of proud strength were over, but he lived. He could see the crocus spring up in the meadows, and catch the sweet breath of the violets on the hill-side. His nature was too sunny and cheerful for utter wretchedness, but the joy of the old days could never come back. The friend who had shared those happier times slept under the pines, beneath which they had sat together and dreamed their boyish dreams. Woe for the voice it would never answer again to any summonses—the lips would never smile more. Was there any place in the hereafter where he should see again those true, kindly eyes?

Mrs. Lansdowne was one of that question. She accepted her son's last words as a pledge. She knew that somewhere, when the life of dreams should be over and the life of realities begun, they should find each other, she and her boy—her best loved boy: for she confessed it now to her own heart that he had always been that would have come back to her now and then among the rose odors and the dance music—the waxy whirl which she calls living. Is retribution a thing of the present or the future?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Meade's Pocket Box of Games—Containing Chessmen and Board, Checkers, Dominoes, Dice and Box, Cribbage Board and Counters, Pack of Cards, all neatly put in the pocket or knapsack. Price $1 50. Sent free by mail for $1 66.

"WAR LIFE." Stories of the Campand Field. Neatly bound. Sent free for $1 00.

CALLENDER & PEECE,
Publishers and Patent Agents, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Something New
For Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear.



FINE SLEEVE AND BOSOM STUDS.
All colors—Black, Blue, Green, Purple, and White, marked with initial letter in every style. Monograme to order. Every pair warranted a perfect fit. Sets, $1 50. Address JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, New York.

SKATERS, SKATERS.—Chilblains, Frost-bites and Cold Feet. The GALVANO ELECTRO METALLIC INSOLES are a perfect cure and preventative. Sold by all Shoe Stores. METTAM & CO., No. 429 Broadway. Send for Circular.

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES. *Are warranted to run, and keep excellent time.* The styles are superior to any thing of the kind before offered, and are decidedly the most taking novelties out. Should retail at price from $20 to $30 each. Are manufactured by the case of six, and are not sold in less quantities. Engraved upon each, Railway Time Keeper. Per half dozen, $39. Heavy silver plated, engine turned, per half dozen, $39. Samples of half of each kind will be sold at wholesale rates, $20 00. Will be sent by express C. O. D. subject to delivery. Soldiers must remit cash in advance, as we can not collect from them. Address orders,
HUBBARD BROS., Engravers,
No. 9 Spruce-st., John and Nassau Sts., New York.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and render them soft, smooth, and snowy white; are imperviousto water, and wear well. They are an excellent protection in all kinds of house-work. For sale by the trade generally. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 4 stamps to pay postage.
Ladies' sizes 6 to 8. Gents sizes, 81 00.
GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE M'F'G CO.,
205 Broadway, N. Y.
Every description of Rubber Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

GORILLA AND MAN, with Engravings; Sent free. Physiological Journal for January. Sent free. Physiological Journal for January. 10 cents. Ask your bookseller, or send to FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow on the smoothest face, or hair upon a bald face; without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, free of observation, on receipt of price. Address R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY is the only remedy in the world that cures Catarrh, exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Sold by druggists. Depot, 25 Cortlandt-st., New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Beaufort, Port Royal, Fortress Monroe, or other troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Send for circular.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL is given in a series of articles in the Phrenological Journal. Jan-uary, 1863; price, 10 cents, now ready. $1 a year. Ask your newsman for it, or send to FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.
NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Originated by the Author of "Yankee Notions." Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Four packs sealed in case on receipt of Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

Rheumatism—Who has it?
It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electric Metallic Insoles are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price $1; sent by mail for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents.
Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 429 Broadway.

WEDDING CARDS
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Gilt Edge Card Rooms, 302 Broadway, N.Y. Established 1840. ☞ For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

Splendid Holiday Presents.
100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
WORTH $500,000.
To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!
OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....80 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....50 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.....15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains.....5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " Lockets.....3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Lava Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gold Pens, Silver Cases.....3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Turquoise and Cameo Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins.....2 50 to 5 00 each.
5100 Gold Rings.....2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....3 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Sleeve Buttons.....3 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons.....2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Pairs Cuff Pins.....2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings.....2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets.....2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens with Silver Mounted Holders.....4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one will be, are first carefully mixed, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and the first one that may come all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you have to get, and then, if your option so list, send your dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions, there is a fixed charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be included with the Certificates in remit for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; three for $50; ten for $2; twenty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

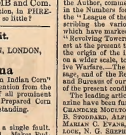
Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one Dollar each. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. A large auction stock to be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

IS HE GOOD-NATURED?—His physiognomy will disclose it. Is he generous, and ill-tempered? His face will show it. For the "signs of character" see PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. JANUARY No. now ready. Price 10 cents. *Ask your* newsman for it.

MILITARY GOODS.
Sword for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.
Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.
W. J. Syms & Bro.,
208 Broadway, New York.

J. W. MERSEREAU,
Men's Furnishing Goods
IN STORE.



No. 2 WARREN STREET.
SECOND DOOR FROM BROADWAY, **NEW YORK.**
Represented by N. R. MERSEREAU, L. N. WYANT.

Wanted by a Bookseller.
A thoroughly competent Retail Salesman. One of experience, with the best references, can secure an engagement at once, at a fair salary, by addressing
H. W. DERBY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BANTAM MEN.—TOM THUMB and COMMODORE NUTT, with portraits and description, in PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Why are they so little?

Just Tribute to Merit.
AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
1862.
Duryeas' Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a prize medal. See the unanimous vote of the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers in the World. "Pronounced Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding.

Maizena

The food and luxury of children without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Make Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Manges, &c., without Isinglass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening roast meats, gravies for fish and meats, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A fair trial will be followed by constant Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, with directions, by most druggists and grocers. Used for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.

Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Blood of Roses, a charming and perfect beautifier of the hair, for ladies, or gents. It will not stain of, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with the hair. Sent anywhere on receipt of price via stamps. Used by the celebrated Court Beauties of Europe. Exclusively. Manufactured and prepared for one dollar.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia.

The Prince of Holiday Gifts or Prizes.
"THE CRAIG MICRO-SCOPE"
Magnifies small objects 10,000 times. So simple that a child may use it. A most suitable present for any person. Price by mail $3 50; with six mounted objects $5. Address HENRY CRAIG, 180 Centre-street, New York.

MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS Heading, Rubbing, and Manipulation *Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 5,000 sold. 9th Ed. Price only **20c.** If by mail, 25c. Address
HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

PENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE-MONEY, and all Army and Navy Claims, procured by SOMES & BROWN, 74 Pine Place, New York.
Send for our Hand-Book of Information.

THE HUMAN BODY—OF WHAT COMPOSED!—Read PHYSIOLOGY in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. Only $1 a year. Ask your newsman for it, or send to FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

To all Wanting Farms.
Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, *Peaches, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Healthy, beautiful climate. 30 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Improved farms for sale. Lots in village are selling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Agents wanted at Soldiers Relief and Hospital sani tree. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

A Choice Collection of Piano Music.
Nearly 200 Pieces for $2 00.
THE HOME CIRCLE, a volume of 216 pages, containing 33 Marches and Quicksteps, 47 Waltzes, 21 Polkas, 8 Redowas, 5 Mazurkas, 4 Polka-Redowas, 4 Polka-Mazurkas, 2 Varsovianas, 1 Gorlitza, 4 Galopades, 14 Cotillions and Quadrilles, 30 Airs with Variations, &c., arranged for the Piano-Forte, the cheapest and best collection ever issued. Price, in boards, $2 00; in cloth gilt, $2 50. For which, it will be sent, post-paid, by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

The Automaton Regiment;
OR,
INFANTRY SOLDIERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR, FOR ALL REGIMENTAL MOVEMENTS IN THE FIELD. By Captain WM. HAMILTON, Adjutant U. S. ARMY.
By a simple combination of Blocks and counters, arranged and designated by a carefully considered contrast of colors, is explained the easiest and perfect beginning, where every Officer, Non-commissioned Officer, and Man with each Division, Company, Platoon, Battalion, Field Music, &c., are distinctly marked as to their position in the Battalion, and so that the number of men in each Division, can see at a glance where his company should be placed, as well as his own position. Nearly part up in boxes, price $1 00. ☞ Sent free by mail on receipt of price. Liberal terms for postage.
U. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher of Military and Naval Books, 192 Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.
Have just published:
MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S FRANCE. A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Jr. Woodcut. Large 12mo, 754 pages, Cloth, $1 25.

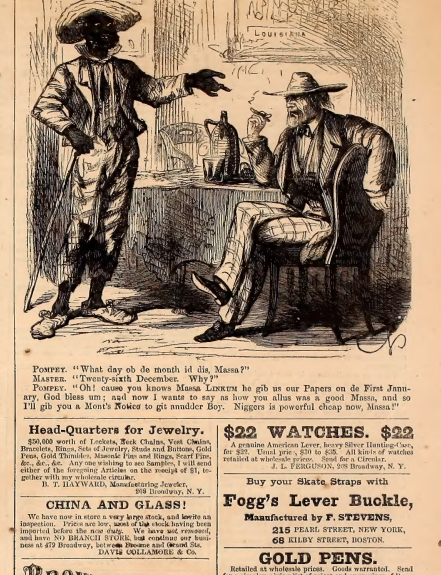
☞ Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For January, 1863.
The present Number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE contains the conclusion of MISS MULOCK'S HOUSE-HOLD STORY, "MISTRESS AND MAID," and commences MISS EVANS' Italian Story of "ROMOLA," and of MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S Novel "THE BERTRAMS," both at full length.
MR. J. ROSS BROWNE'S Narrative of a Visit to Ireland, illustrated by Engravings from characteristic Sketches by the Author, is concluded in this number. It will be continued in the Numbers for February and March.—The paper on the "League of Social Reform" closes for the present, describing the various attempts at Union and Dissolution which have marked our national history, and showing that "Revolving Tavern" will be found to be of especial interest at the present time, as giving an accurate account of the origin of the invention, and showing its adaptation, in a wide sense, to the purposes of Offensive and Defensive Warfare.—The full abstracts of the President's Message, and of the Reports of the heads of the Departments and Bureaus of our Government, furnish a complete view of the present condition of the country.
The leading articles in the January Number of this Magazine have been furnished by BENSON J. LOSSING, LUTHER CRAIG, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, MARIE EVANS, CHARLES NORDHOFF, J. ROSS BROWNE, ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, J. ROSS BROWNE, and the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," MISS MULOCK, N. G. SHEPHERD, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and WILLIAM LAIRD.

TERMS.
One Copy for one Year.....$2 00
Two Copies for One Year.....3 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.
TERMS.
One Copy for One Year.....$3 00
One Copy for two years.....5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.
Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4 37 each, are now ready.
☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Those who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or Bookseller with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.





ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SPECULATION.

$15 per day made sure, and more if you persevere selling our great NEW STYLE Union Prize and Stationery Package. Something NOVEL and UNEQUALED. Different to all old styles, and containing ALL NEW ARTICLES of good quality. Writing Materials and Fancy Articles worth $1 for only 25 cents. *Just the thing for a Splendid Holiday Gift.* They are standard goods, and *everybody wants them.* Profits immense and sales quick. We give as a *free present* to each person who orders our Packages A SPLENDID WATCH, warranted as a *time-keeper.* Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted in every Camp and every Town. This is a *chance for soldiers* in camp or discharged. Send for our New Circulars containing *Extra* inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

AGENTS WANTED in every camp and town, to sell our New Mammoth Eureka Prize Packages. A Splendid Watch free to each Agent. $18 per day sure. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 49 Ann St., N. Y.

30 PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES 50
FOR THE USE OF
75 ADAMS PRESS CO. 100
31 PARK ROW, N.Y.

Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type for 6 cents.

HEIMSTREET'S
Inimitable Hair Restorative.

IT IS NOT A DYE,

But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural nutriment, imparted by age or disease. All *inflammatory* dyes are composed of *lunar caustic*, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and effect of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a

LUXURIANT BEAUTY,

promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Colorings, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of the enumerated agents, D. S. Barnes, 28 Broadway, N.Y. Two sizes, 50 c. and $1.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on page 495.

CONFEDERATE (REBEL) MONEY.—FACsimile Treasury Notes, as exactly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally as well. $500 in Confederate Notes of all denominations, sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of $5. by

W. E. HILTON,
41 Spruce Street, New York.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON 259
WORK, Wrought, Cast, and Wire. IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAH'S, BALCONIES, GUARDS, and *IRON FURNITURE* of every description. Illustrated Catalogues mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps.
HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM,
259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

BARTLEY & CO., Needle Manufacturers for the Sewing Machines. Bartlett's Burnished Head Needles, 150 for 25 cents. Free by mail. 421 Broadway, New York.

BEAUTIFUL FACES.—What is the meaning of long noses, short noses, straight noses, crooked noses, sharp noses, blunt noses? And what is indicated by thick lips, thin lips, compressed lips, loving lips? What about laughing eyes, piercing eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes? What of chins, broad, narrow, long, and retreating? What if the mouth be large or small? And what is indicated by high hair, dark hair, red hair, straight hair, or curly hair? And of the skin—be it soft, smooth, and fair? or be it freckled, dark, or rough? Why all these different conditions, and what do they mean? Will PHYSIOGNOMY reveal the true character? Is it possible to alter, change, and improve the features? These and other questions answered in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. Only $1 a year. January No. now ready. Ask your Newsman for it, or send to
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

GOLDEN HILL
SHIRTS.
RETAILING
At Wholesale Prices.
Depot 2 Warren Street. J. W. MERSEREAU.

Rare and Beautiful Flower Seeds free to all who join the "RURAL KEYSTONE CLUB." $5 a year in $1 *clear* savings on all subscriptions to Newspapers and Periodicals. For full particulars send stamp to
P. SUTTON, Hanson, Penn.

THE BEST GIFT
For Soldiers in the Field
Is one of Evans' Portable Tent Heaters.
Can be put up in *five minutes.* Will heat any tent in the field or camp with ease. Folds flat, packed with extra length of pipe, is but ten inches square and eight inches deep. Price complete $8. Send for Circular.
J. W. EVANS, 91 John Street, N. Y.

JAS. H. WATKINS,
210 Broadway, cor. Fulton Street, N. Y.,
Importer and Manufacturer of
LADIES', MISSES', AND GENT'S
FURS
In every Variety.

"IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PACKAGES. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. J. WEIR & CO., 54 South Third Street, Philadelphia.



An Invention of Rare Merit!
LONG WANTED, AND FOUND AT LAST!
A KEROSENE LAMP CHIMNEY, EASILY CLEANED, AND WHICH WILL NOT CRACK OR BREAK FROM SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE.

THE CHIMNEY in common use breaks from unequal expansion and contraction, caused by the upper portion becoming much more highly heated than the lower portion. This constant liability of the Chimney to be broken by being suddenly cooled or "over-heated," is entirely removed by a unique and beautiful invention, BROWN'S METAL TOP LAMP CHIMNEY, which, being made in accordance with the simple law of expansion and contraction, is found to be the most "fire-proof," so far as heating by the flame of the lamp is concerned.

The clear, positive superiority of the NEW LAMP CHIMney over the old style, are,

1. It will not crack or break from sudden changes of temperature, or "over-heating."

2. The top can be instantly removed, and the glass wiped perfectly clean in a moment without mittens.

3. It is shorter than the common chimney, therefore less liable to accidents, and more convenient for carrying about the house; it is of elegant proportions, and a desirable ornament to any lamp, which will be found to burn with a clear, steady, and beautiful light.

It is really the ideal of perfection in a lamp chimney, and after using one for an evening you will wonder that you could so long tolerate the old, unsightly article.

BE A "BROWN'S METAL TOP LAMP CHIMNEY" IS WARRANTED, *with ordinary care, to last as good as long as the lamp on which it is used.*

Price only a small neat shade for common size, 25ne top, 25 cents; Brass, 31 cents; Silver-Plated, 50 cents.

Dealers will be furnished, per Express, with a sample box containing one half doz. Chimneys assorted styles and sizes, with circulars, colored show cards, price list, &c., on receipt of $1 25.

Brown's Metal Top Lamp Chimneys are manufactured only by the

NEW LAMP CHIMNEY MANUFACTURING CO.,
MILTON BRADLEY, Treasurer,
Office and Salesroom, 45 Fulton St., N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a simple Herb that CURES Coughs, Consumption, and all Lung troubles, by sending to D. Adee, 281 Pearl st., N. Y. Hurry and Live. Write for it.—Has cured thousands.

Head-Quarters for Jewelry.

$50,000 worth of Lockets, Sack Chains, Vest Chains, Bracelets, Rings, Sets of Jewelry, Studs and Buttons, Gold Pens, Gold Thimbles, Masonic Pins and Rings, Scarf Pins, &c., &c., &c. Any one wishing to see Samples, I will send either of the foregoing Articles on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale circular.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
918 Broadway, N. Y.

CHINA AND GLASS!

We have now in store a very large stock, and invite an inspection. Prices are low, most of the stock having been imported before the *new duty.* We have not removed, and have NO BRANCH STORE, but continue our business at 619 Broadway, between Broome and Grand Sts.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.

An Invention of Rare Merit!
LONG WANTED, AND FOUND AT LAST!
A KEROSENE LAMP CHIMNEY, EASILY CLEANED, AND WHICH WILL NOT CRACK OR BREAK FROM SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE.

THE CHIMNEY in common use breaks from unequal expansion and contraction, caused by the upper portion becoming much more highly heated than the lower portion. This constant liability of the Chimney to be broken by being suddenly cooled or "over-heated," is entirely removed by a unique and beautiful invention, BROWN'S METAL TOP LAMP CHIMNEY, which, being made in accordance with the simple law of expansion and contraction, is found to be the most "fire-proof," so far as heating by the flame of the lamp is concerned.

The clear, positive superiority of the NEW LAMP CHIMney over the old style, are,

1. It will not crack or break from sudden changes of temperature, or "over-heating."

2. The top can be instantly removed, and the glass wiped perfectly clean in a moment without mittens.

3. It is shorter than the common chimney, therefore less liable to accidents, and more convenient for carrying about the house; it is of elegant proportions, and a desirable ornament to any lamp, which will be found to burn with a clear, steady, and beautiful light.

It is really the ideal of perfection in a lamp chimney, and after using one for an evening you will wonder that you could so long tolerate the old, unsightly article.

BE A "BROWN'S METAL TOP LAMP CHIMNEY" IS WARRANTED, *with ordinary care, to last as good as long as the lamp on which it is used.*

Price only a small neat shade for common size, 25ne top, 25 cents; Brass, 31 cents; Silver-Plated, 50 cents.

Dealers will be furnished, per Express, with a sample box containing one half doz. Chimneys assorted styles and sizes, with circulars, colored show cards, price list, &c., on receipt of $1 25.

Brown's Metal Top Lamp Chimneys are manufactured only by the

NEW LAMP CHIMNEY MANUFACTURING CO.,
MILTON BRADLEY, Treasurer,
Office and Salesroom, 45 Fulton St., N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a simple Herb that CURES Coughs, Consumption, and all Lung troubles, by sending to D. Adee, 281 Pearl st., N. Y. Hurry and Live. Write for it.—Has cured thousands.

$22 WATCHES. $22

A genuine American Lever, heavy Silver Hunting-Case, for $22. Usual price, $30 to $35. All kinds of watches retailed at wholesale prices. Send for a Circular.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Buy your Skate Straps with

Fogg's Lever Buckle,

Manufactured by F. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

GOLD PENS.

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repointed on the receipt of 50 cents in P. O. Stamps.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE! MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, FOR 28c. COIN PREFERRED. Five of different powers, $1. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 120, Boston, Mass.

The American Parlor
Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.

Observe, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark. Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made From welded steel and iron hardened: Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.
FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $18, $24 and $27 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility.—New and reliable treatment. Valuable Reports sent free of charge, by Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By DINAH MARIA MULOCK. Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Agatha's Husband," "A Life for a Life," &c., &c. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

ODLEY FARM. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "North America," "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," "The Three Clerks," &c., &c. Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS. 8vo. Paper, 21 25; Cloth, $1 50.

☞ Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 316.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN HUTS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE TEAMSTERS' DUEL.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALFRED R. WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number our illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our special artists in the field.

Mr. Davis has sent us a sketch of the Log-huts in which the troops proceeded to make themselves comfortable after the Battle of Fredericksburg. We reproduce it on page 33. These rude shanties, built of rough logs, with tall wooden chimneys, unthatched roofs and leaky walls, present few claims to architectural merit. But they are a good deal more comfortable than shelter tents, and they can be built in a few hours. Some Colonels, who take proper care of their men, will have a whole regiment comfortably housed in a couple of days.

The Teamsters' Duel, from a sketch by Mr. Waud, on page 33, is one of the humorous scenes in which camp-life abounds. When a driver's nerves get the range of their works and drop a well-aimed shell into them, the schedule which ensues is such as Mr. Homer has depicted.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a Proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designated the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the first day above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

HAVE WE A GENERAL AMONG US?

THEY say at Washington that we have some thirty-eight to forty Major-Generals, and nearly three times that number of Brigadiers; and now the question is, have we one man who can fairly be called a first-class General in the proper meaning of the term?

Before this war broke out, it was the prevailing opinion in military circles—more or less inspired by General Scott—that "Bob Lee," now Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, was the ablest strategist in our service. He had been chief of staff to the Conqueror of Mexico. Next to him, Albert S. Johnston, who commanded our expedition to Utah, and who fell on the battle-field of Shiloh, was understood to rank in point of military capacity. But it was doubted by General Scott whether either of these two men, or any other officer in the service, was capable of manœuvring 50,000 men.

When the rebellion occurred, and Scott, with his rare sagacity, foresaw the nature of the struggle, and that we must have a Hoche or a Wellington to win it, he turned his eyes to old work, the question arose—who should be the man? Lee and Johnston were with the enemy. Harney was not trusted. Between Scott and Wool, a deadly feud reigned. Twiggs had played traitor. Patterson, like Scott, was superannuated. After much consultation the choice of Government fell upon George B. McClellan, a favorite of fair report, who had been employed for many years in the bureaux at Washington. The recent court-martials have effectually silenced the calumnies which at one time assailed General McDowell's fair fame; no blot now rests upon his honor. But his original appointment was probably due to political influence, and his subsequent record, down to the close of the campaign of 1862, showed that, while his abilities were respectable, he had no claim to the first place among Generals.

To him succeeded McClellan, whom every one pronounced the coming man. Such opportunities as he enjoyed have seldom been vouchsafed to any one in the country for any time. And it is still an open question whether or no he made the most of them. For though his delays were exasperating, it is not sure that greater haste would have been safe; that the peninsular campaign was a failure, it is not sure that this was not caused exclusively by the refusal of the Government to let him have his way. He owed to co-operate with him: though he wasted a precious month in inaction after Antietam, and refused to move at the command of the President, it is not sure that he had not moved he would not have met his Fredericksburg. It is certain that he possesses some of the qualities of a first-rate General. As a strategist, he is admitted to be perfect. He is cool, comprehensive, far-reaching, and safe. He never neglects "lines of retreat." He knows the value of earth-works. He is not a man to make other hit hard. He has made an army, and, more than that, he has won their love, as Napoleon won the love of his *vieille garde*. But, on the other hand, he has shown the critics of whether he has the dash and daring which are essential to the making of a first-class General. He is said never to have made an attack upon the enemy, but that he was attacked. He is described, in his caution, as being to preponderate over enterprise: he is always prone rather to exaggerate than to underrate the enemy's strength: a man, it is even said, of more science than genius. Such a soldier would be admirable and perfect in command of a fortress, but could not aspire to the name of a great General.

Burnside's place among soldiers is undetermined. He has hitherto given proof of the very qualities which McClellan is said to lack, viz., energy and daring. He has carried the rebel batteries at Roanoke and Newbern, and the attempt to storm Lee's intrenchments at Fredericksburg, were not at all in the Fabian style. They remind us more of Napoleon's methods. He resembles McClellan in his perseverance and in his popularity with his men. It remains to be seen whether he has the other and more genius of that eminent commander—his coolness, his power of combination, his foresight, and his rapidity of conception. If he does, he will prove that he is a General.

Of the West has been prolific of Generals of high merit. Lyon had he lived, would probably have stood high. General Pope, who at one time promised to rival Napoleon, has struck his name off the list of competitors for fame by the disastrous campaign ending at Corinth. Of Sherman, Grant, and Rosecrans, we have every confidence, enterprise, determination, and personal gallantry which have stood them in good stead. He was very fortunate at Fort Donelson. Whether his record at Shiloh will be cleared from the stain destroyed but for accidents beyond his control—will bear the test of inquiry, is a question yet undetermined. Grant has, however, still opportunities of vindicating his valor, to which confidence reposed in him by General Halleck. General W. T. Sherman is making his record at Vicksburg. Hitherto he has shown that he is capable officer and a fighting man. General Curtis did extremely well on the border of Missouri, and showed great administrative ability that, when General Halleck was called to Washington, he succeeded him at St. Louis. General Blunt has lately won laurels in Arkansas; his march to Van Buren is admirable alike for its vigor and its wisdom, and if his expedition threatens successfully he will rank high among our heroes.

At the present moment, however, the most prominent of our soldiers is Charles S. Rosecrans. This officer was selected by General McClellan at the outbreak of the war, and served under him in Western Virginia. He, like McClellan, has been a railroad engineer, resigned, and engaged in scientific and business pursuits. When McClellan was ordered to Washington Rosecrans succeeded him, and thoroughly accomplished his work. He drove the rebels out of Western Virginia, and enabled the people of that State to organize a State government in peace. But Rosecrans's accident he would have "bagged" Floyd and his army. After a period of idleness, he was sent to Corinth, where he spent a few weeks in necessary preparations, knowing that the enemy must attack him if he remained still. The attack came, and resulted not only in the repulse, but in the destruction of the rebel army, and enabled General Grant to move forward to Oxford. Promoted then to the command of the Army of the Ohio, he spent six weeks at Nashville in concentrating his forces, and accumulating equipments and supplies for the campaign. He moved on 29th December, and after five days' desperate fighting, completely defeated, and "drove" the rebel army under Bragg, which, according to the Richmond papers, was "to rescues Nashville within a week." As a strategist Rosecrans has proved himself second to none. In Western Virginia his combinations were most ingenious, and his foresight wonderful. So at Corinth, where he alone or his officers foresaw the battle, and how it would end. His wonderful mathematical ability, which was remarked at West Point, stood him in good stead. At Murfreesboro he seems to have developed personal gallantry of the highest order. Twice, at least, in the course of those five days' battles, he saved the day, and repelled the enemy, by galloping into the thick of the fight, and reanimating his troops by the sportive coolness of his air. He is a man of enthusiasm, as well as a man of calculation: when his army fights, he is with them. If he pursues the enemy as briskly as he attacked them, many of our Generals will stand higher than Rosecrans.

General Banks's record as a soldier has thus far only been that of a military man successful up the Shenandoah Valley, and in the battle of Cedar Mountain. Both operations were correct, and showed that he understood his new calling. Those who have known Mr. Banks expect more of him, and believe that before this war ends he will take a high place among its heroes. West Point has furnished the country with but few generals—but few of a military organization naturally unfits a man for being a great soldier. But we being an art, not a science, a man can no more be made a first-class general than a first-class painter, or a great poet, by professors and text-books; he must be born with the genius of war in his breast. Very few such men are born in a year, and the chief question is rather that they will be found among the millions of the outside people than in the select circle who are educated at West Point.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS.

The Italian Opera is again open, under the management of Mr. Maretzek, and the customary winter season of the Academy is not suspended even by the war. The season begins with a prima donna of the truest and impressive and refined action, Clara Louise Kellogg, who is about leaving to fulfill her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. With Miss Kellogg as the principal attraction across the sea is sighing, will be the tenor. We are to have Miss Kellogg in *Polinto, Traviata, Lucrezia Borgia, Martha*, and that marvellous opera of which the manager declares that "the New York public will have the priority of representation." Of other vocalists we should name *La Grua, Susini, Siedlen, Belvalino, Da Ballo* in *Maschera*, and *Diderah*, as well as *Martha* and *La Somnambula*. It is a brilliant array.

The German Opera also still keeps open its hospitable doors, spreading a feast within such as we have never had in this city. In the true enjoyment of opera is not so much a brilliant and original performance of a few familiar works as the thorough presentation of a large number of the best operas. In a proper metropolis there would be the opera of each nationality, German, French, and Italian. With an Italian it sometimes happens that the less frequent, but, when it is occasion, a far more genuine, and the presently enterprising, German. With an Italian it is said that variety is apt to become permanent. If all the singers are not the best conceivable, there is an orchestra, a chorus, and the whole is a most conscientiously performed. In fact, a German audience is much more exigent and critical than the fashionable science is more common in that people.

We are indebted to the gladness of the hot stress of the times for the fact that we have not only the music of lords. However exquisitely interested we may be in the struggle, it is impossible for the public mind to remain in a state of tension or exclusive devotion to the war would imply. A proper recreation becomes, under such circumstances, a tonic, and it is not difficult to find it in books, in music, in pictures, and to read good books, even while our brave boys are encamped and ready every moment to march and fight. Nor do we always go through the mimic shows, as we used in our late issue, showing the Christmas spirit of the Army of the Potomac. And here we have before us a copy of *The New South*, a neat pamphlet published, written, and edited by our soldiers in Hilton Head, South Carolina. It is a sheet of literary and social entertaining, fourteen by nineteen inches *Mercury*. It is, in fact, altogether a most wholesome newspaper than has been published for a long time. It contains the many a dainty little comedy columns are devoted to the news of the camp, of the whole army, and of things at home. There is no editorial column or moral flatter than political.

But in the special point of our remarks. This number contains an account of the Thanksgiving amusements of the army at Hilton Head. By day there were foot-races, rowing matches, target practice, hurdle and wheel-barrow races, and meal fasts, with the greased pole and greased pig's tail. In the evening there were dramatic performances by a part of the Third Rhode Island, and a fete by the officers of the Forty-eighth New York and Company G of the Third Rhode Island. The later holiday amusements were not less cheerful.

While these the soldiers smile in the very face of exposure and danger we need not feel it necessary to look gloomy or to forswear a wholesome enjoyment. There is no fear that our minds and hearts will forget them or the great work before us; while a wise recreation will fit us all the better to help them and to do the work.

THE "ESSEX" AND THE "ALABAMA."

The exploits of the *Alabama* are very annoying, but the accumulation of invincible proof that the government for capturing and destroying her off hand is childish. A privateer, or any single ship, always has the advantage of a squadron. She roams the boundless ocean at her will, and defies captures, as a solitary incendiary may for months baffle the police of a great city. The feats of the *Alabama* are like the cavalry raids of the rebels. Nothing is easier for a few daring horsemen than to ride the banks of an invading army. With a perfect knowledge of the country they can pierce the open points of a line which can not be effectively maintained from the Potomac to the Mississippi, taking the risk of a safe escape. Such raids upon the land and saucy privateering upon the sea are most annoying; but we need not suppose that the nation is gone because Stuart dashes into Maryland or Morgan upon a lonely railroad station, or Semmes and Raphael Semmes captures the *Ariel* and eludes pursuit for months.

The performances of the *Alabama* are nothing compared with those of the *Essex*. Admiral Porter, in the war of 1812. A few days after the declaration of war Porter sailed from New York in the *Essex*, a frigate of 32 guns, with a short cruise he took a large number of British merchantmen. He took one of a fleet of transports conveying troops to Canada and boasted that he knew that our California treasure ships have fallen a prey to Semmes, spite of armed guardians, it will not be an unreasonable supposition. Porter captured in an action of eight minutes the English ship-of-war *Alert*. By-and-by a British Government frigate, with fifty thousand dollars in specie, fell into his hands. Then he sailed into the Pacific ocean to prey upon the British whale-fishery. Here, having badly injured Peru's trade, and broken up our commerce, he captured a Peruvian privateer which had taken two American whale-ships. For the whole cruise Porter cruised in the Pacific protecting our commerce, capturing twelve British ships, taking four hundred prisoners, and for the time destroying the British fishery.

During all this time Porter lived upon the enemy. In February, 1814, he arrived at Valparaiso, and a week after the British frigate *Phœbe*, of 36 guns, and the sloop *Cherub*, of 20, entered the port and anchored near the *Essex*. They were a part of the force which the British Government sent to scour every sea in search of the *Essex*. They had ships in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor, Java, New Holland, and a frigate and sloop lay at La Plata. After getting supplies the *Phœbe* cruised off Valparaiso for six weeks, and the *Essex* tried to get out unobserved. But the *Phœbe* saw her. On the 28th March the *Essex* attempted to get to sea, but in doubling a headland she was struck by a squall which carried away her mainmast and destroyed several men. Thus crippled, she anchored three miles from the town and a pistol-shot from the *Phœbe*. Porter had only 255 men. The *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. The *Essex* junior, which was a tender of her namesake, could be of no service with her 14-pound carronades, and she was fought for two hours and a half the *Essex* surrendered, with a loss of 58 killed, 66 wounded, and 31 missing. The loss of the enemy was 5 killed and 39 wounded.

There is no reason for surprise if the Anglo-rebel pirate *Alabama* continues for some time longer her predatory career upon the sea. Summer has not added murder to robbery. Indeed the fascinated passengers of the *Florida* report the marvellous politeness and skill in tradition in the manner of pirates who, as every boarding-school knows, are the most "gentlemanly" of men. The fate of his crimes remains unchanged, that without the warrant of any recognized power in the world, he is waging war upon American commerce.

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A VETERAN editor suggests that it might have been better if the newspapers had been suppressed during the war; upon which another editor of experience remarks that every newspaper would have been suppressed if the Government required it. But when the Government undertook the censorship it virtually allowed the publication of every thing it deemed injurious to be true.

editor burst into the mortified laughter which afterward breaks from every reader, and to strike out the sentence? It may be true. Do you say, but, under the circumstances, don't you think we had better wait until we discover what the result is?

In a word, why should we be at the mercy of every rumor which every correspondent in Washington hears, or fancies he hears, or thinks that he ought to hear? If you are afraid that the story sent to you may be printed in some other paper, and so print it lest yours be behind, you only confirm the impression which has destroyed the value of telegraphic war-news. All the stories, for instance, in all the papers about foreign intervention might be suppressed, and we should have known exactly as much as we do now. Of course such correspondent claims that he knows all about it, and that the nation's information is rubbish. But while no editor can exactly discriminate, every man of sense is sufficient to conduct a paper as can refuse to publish two kinds of rumors, to begin with: first, the stories of what we are going to do, and, second, the irresponsible gossip of bar or tavern lobbies, which makes grave charges against conspicuous men. And this is exactly the common sense in which our papers have been wanting.

ELECTION BY THE PEOPLE.

A FAVORITE remark of the disloyal friends of the rebels at the North is, that the President is not the choice of the people, because he did not receive an actual majority of all the votes cast. The object of this statement is to weaken the sense of duty to sustain the Government, in order that the rebellion may make better terms. But it is simply false. The President is the elect of the people. The laws provide in what way the popular will shall be expressed. They do not require an actual majority of all the votes cast, but a majority of the electoral college. It is a Constitutional and legal majority which is required, and that Mr. Lincoln received as much as any President ever elected, and his tenure of office is precisely that which Washington's was, although there was a vehement opposition to his election.

And what will the disloyal orators inform us? —did a majority of "the people" of this country ever vote? The heaviest vote ever cast for President did not reach two millions, and the people count thirty millions. "The people" is an arbitrary term. It no more follows that the people do not favor the election of a candidate because the majority of the voters reject him than that they reject him because a majority of voters approve. The whole thing is purely political, and the candidate who conforms to the legal requirement is elected by the people in the only way in which he can be.

It is observable that the orators who so loudly declare that a majority of the people did not vote for the President are the same who insist that the election of the present Governor of New York indicates a change of sentiment in the State. But let them apply to the present system and see how it works. The Governor's majority in the city of New York was, in round numbers, thirty thousand; in the rest of the State, ten thousand. What is the inference? Simply that the State of New York gave its opponent twenty thousand majority. Why, then, shall the citizens of Chautauqua and St. Lawrence be told that he is only a city Governor, and not the choice of the State? Certainly, if you follow the lead of the orators of whom we speak.

But the laws of the State declare the conditions of a Governor's election as those of the election subsist the choice of an election of President. And it is in conformity to those laws that Mr. Seymour is Governor, and Mr. Lincoln President; although he has not received his majority in the free States, and the other in the city of New York.

It is needless to add that the people who are most strenuous and persistent in declaring that a President constitutionally elected is not the choice of the country are the loyal conservatives who desire to be seriously alarmed lest every comma of the Constitution should not be respected. Of all ridiculous jokes the chief is that which calls those men, who believe this Government ought not to save itself from destruction, "Conservatives." Alexander Hamilton was a Conservative. So believed the Bermuda Wood-users went to Richmond to lecture about him. Only they will not receive a medium report his opinion of the "Conservation" of the Union he helped to make, to defend, and to declare indissoluble. And this "Conservation" with above all things to save the Union, but only constitutionally! Well, nobody wishes to save it otherwise. It will probably be saved otherwise. And if you are so very anxious to save it constitutionally, why do you incessantly shriek that a President unconstitutionally elected is not elected by the people? Who is he elected by? Suppose the Constitution and laws declare that a majority of the actual voters shall be under certain conditions, elect? Is not that point just as sacred as any other?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

REMEMBERING when you are more than half-way to the Opera, that you have left your bouquet at home upon your dressing-table, and at the same time recollecting that the entrance-fee to that you wished especially to hear

While walking home to dine *en famille* with your wife, remembering that you've given her old dressmaker a cut up with you, and have quite forgotten to tell her to prepare for dinner.

Remembering at bedtime a business letter which your uncle drew whom you have expectations) bound to write post that morning, and which, you now find, is still in your coat pocket.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your uncle a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my life I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

Young women should not cast examples, for the young men are always following them.

A SMALL CASE OF NEEDLES.

WOMEN sew, and man reaps the advantage of it. Vows, like sainted-shrines, are frequently broken, when they bind a person too tightly.

When you find your property (that mind not your person) is running to waste, then stop it is justifiable to pull in.

Man without a button is helpless indeed, no less so than a ship without its needle.

A QUESTION FOR LORD DUNDWEARY.

If a woman marry a man, and her husband dies, what do people call her? Answer, a widow.

If she then marry again, and the second husband dies what then ought she to be called? Answer, a grievance.

Toward the close of an election, when all the exertions of Sheridan's friends had failed to secure his return, an honest lad, whose father was engaged in a hard contest to retain the position, and climbed one of the supporters of the hustings, in order to get a better view. Whipping off his cap full upon the tar-dab, which he turned to inadvertently account by saying that had he but 100 voters as stylish as the perpendicular gentleman before him, they would soon place him where he wished to be—at the head.

My friend Richards, says a country correspondent, was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit he took up another, which was that of breaking a pledge (or so he called it) as often as he could. And when on his bed he said he had broken off for good, but now, as I was not taking tobacco, I thought I might indulge." And, you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again." "Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

A young lady being asked by a penniless sapsuckerson to marry him, replied that she would rather be excused. "Not but some of my friends have favored me with originals proposals."

Fashionable circles never wear so enormous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the cause of one.

A clergyman advocating corporal punishment for children, said, "A child, when once started in a course of evil cannot be stopped, but by a reasonable use the strap trade. It takes the switch to get it off."

A man should tell the truth without reserve, but a general shouldn't take his army into battle in that way.

You can not preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

If you can't coax fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

A gentleman was constantly in the habit of calling his servant, Mathew Bolt. Mathew, however, was in the habit of rebel with one of them, who let him in a rage, said he was sick of being called Bolt, vowed that he would never answer it again. A few days after, his old master meeting him in the street, said, "Mathew, though you are sorry, you can't offer sir!" "Ah, Sir, I have found that answers me to harmony."

Put a good face upon every thing, unless you are so ugly that you can't.

A handcuff—A box on the ear.

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

"The man put up his hand dogmatically, but a great green leaf waved upon his finger." So is one of the tantalizing passages in a modern novelette.

The man who made an impression on the heart of opposite has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

A young man advertises his desire for a wife.—" Pretty, and entirely ignorant of the world."

A minister, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed, "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 5th, in the Senate, a bill taxing bank-notes and fractional currency was introduced and referred. Mr. Sherman reported a military bill, and moved its consideration, when the effect of the army to prevent correspondence with rebels, and to establish military sites in insurrectionary districts for sale, were introduced and referred. A resolution was adopted requesting the expediency of consolidating regiments in the field, so that each regiment shall number half as at least one thousand and twenty men, was adopted. A resolution instructing the Military Committee to report at an early day the expediency of modifying or abolishing the duty on foreign products of the soil, was introduced, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill for the relief of the fugitives by the Indian troubles in Minnesota, and referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. In the House of Representatives, calling apart lands for a railroad in Washington Territory, and granting lands to Minnesota for Colorado Territory, and providing a survey of swamp and overflowed lands in Arkansas, were introduced. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to report a bill providing for the trial of persons charged with treason, robbery and property in insurrectionary States. A resolution was introduced directing the Secretary of War to furnish to the communicate to the House his reasons, if any, for neglecting to pay to Governor Morton the money for the use of the Indiana troops. A resolution was adopted that on the 19th of December last, inquiring into the names of the officers of Colonel Mitchell's staff, and the amount of his pay of payment of the same; and further, that he do now communicate to the House the reasons, if any, existed why whether he has not paid the said stock, and if so, whether he has not received the same. The bill was made the special consideration of the subject was postponed till next day. A bill making appropriations for the Indian Department for peace was reported.

On Tuesday, 6th, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill to temporarily suspend the act to prevent and punish fraud upon the Government, and with striking Government contracts, and moved that the bill be put upon the special order for next day after the subject was postponed. The House joint resolution for the relief of Indiana was introduced, read twice and referred to the Military Committee. The bill relative to the discharge of State prisoners was taken up, and Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, made a speech in opposition to it.——In the House, the Select Committee on emancipation reported a bill providing for the issue of ten million dollars of thirty years bonds, in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Missouri, the Government pledging itself to pay the bonds when the final sum. A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of issuing Government notes bearing 6.65 interest, the amount loaned to be equal to 75 per cent. of the amount now in circulation, and such other sums as the demands of the public service for the current year shall require; that the be issued in the amount of United States 5 per cent. 20-years bonds, which bonds, with the interest, shall constitute a fund for the redemption of the 7.30 Treasury notes, the bonds to be of equal date of the Treasury notes, the interest to be paid in specie. The holders of the bonder notes shall have the right to surrender them to convert the same of $100 is presented, and receive the par value for the same. The holders of the 1.65 Treasury notes shall have the right to convert the same in 20-years 6 per cent. bonds when an amount equal to 25 per cent. of the bonds shall be presented, but not more than one-fifth in any one month. The remainder of the session was devoted to the debate upon the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bill.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
CAMP BEFORE MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
IN FRONT OF MURFREESBORO, Jan. 3, 1863.

To Lt. Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

On the 30th of December we marched from Nashville in two columns, the right under Gen. Rosecrans, the left under Gen. Thomas from his encampment on Franklin's pike, with 43,000 men, and encamped that night on the main Murfreesboro pike.

Our left and centre met with a strong resistance, such as the nature of the country permits, the rolling or hilly, but open ground, with occasional farms, and interspersed by small streams, with rocky bluff banks, forming serious obstacles.

General McCook drove General Hardee's corps a mile and a half on Wednesday. "Very," he replied," I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

A young lady being asked by a penniless sapsuckerson to marry him, replied that she would rather be excused. "Not but some of my friends have favored me with originals proposals."

Fashionable circles never wear so enormous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the cause of one.

A clergyman advocating corporal punishment for children, said, "A child, when once started in a course of evil cannot be stopped, but by a reasonable use the strap trade. It takes the switch to get it off."

A man should tell the truth without reserve, but a general shouldn't take his army into battle in that way.

You can not preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

If you can't coax fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

A gentleman was constantly in the habit of calling his servant, Mathew Bolt. Mathew, however, was in the habit of rebel with one of them, who let him in a rage, said he was sick of being called Bolt, vowed that he would never answer it again. A few days after, his old master meeting him in the street, said, "Mathew, though you are sorry, you can't offer sir!" "Ah, Sir, I have found that answers me to harmony."

Put a good face upon every thing, unless you are so ugly that you can't.

A handcuff—A box on the ear.

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

"The man put up his hand dogmatically, but a great green leaf waved upon his finger." So is one of the tantalizing passages in a modern novelette.

The man who made an impression on the heart of opposite has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

A young man advertises his desire for a wife.—" Pretty, and entirely ignorant of the world."

A minister, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed, "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 5th, in the Senate, a bill taxing bank-notes and fractional currency was introduced and referred. A bill to prevent the employment of military persons, also the efficiency of the army; to prevent correspondence with rebels, and to establish military sites in insurrectionary districts for sale, were introduced and referred. A resolution was adopted requesting the expediency of consolidating regiments in the field, so that each regiment shall number half as at least one thousand and twenty men, was adopted. A resolution instructing the Military Committee to report at an early day the expediency of modifying or abolishing the duty on foreign products of the soil, was introduced, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill for the relief of the fugitives by the Indian troubles in Minnesota, and referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. In the House of Representatives, calling apart lands for a railroad in Washington Territory, and granting lands to Minnesota for Colorado Territory, and providing a survey of swamp and overflowed lands in Arkansas, were introduced. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to report a bill providing for the trial of persons charged with treason, robbery and property in insurrectionary States. A resolution was introduced directing the Secretary of War to furnish to the communicate to the House his reasons, if any, for neglecting to pay to Governor Morton the money for the use of the Indiana troops. A resolution was adopted that on the 19th of December last, inquiring into the names of the officers of Colonel Mitchell's staff, and the amount of his pay of payment of the same; and further, that he do now communicate to the House the reasons, if any, existed why whether he has not paid the said stock, and if so, whether he has not received the same. The bill was made the special consideration of the subject was postponed till next day. A bill making appropriations for the Indian Department for peace was reported.

On Tuesday, 6th, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill to temporarily suspend the act to prevent and punish fraud upon the Government, and with striking Government contracts, and moved that the bill be put upon the special order for next day after the subject was postponed. The House joint resolution for the relief of Indiana was introduced, read twice and referred to the Military Committee. The bill relative to the discharge of State prisoners was taken up, and Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, made a speech in opposition to it.——In the House, the Select Committee on emancipation reported a bill providing for the issue of ten million dollars of thirty years bonds, in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Missouri, the Government pledging itself to pay the bonds when the final sum. A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of issuing Government notes bearing 6.65 interest, the amount loaned to be equal to 75 per cent. of the amount now in circulation, and such other sums as the demands of the public service for the current year shall require; that the be issued in the amount of United States 5 per cent. 20-years bonds, which bonds, with the interest, shall constitute a fund for the redemption of the 7.30 Treasury notes, the bonds to be of equal date of the Treasury notes, the interest to be paid in specie. The holders of the bonder notes shall have the right to surrender them to convert the same of $100 is presented, and receive the par value for the same. The holders of the 1.65 Treasury notes shall have the right to convert the same in 20-years 6 per cent. bonds when an amount equal to 25 per cent. of the bonds shall be presented, but not more than one-fifth in any one month. The remainder of the session was devoted to the debate upon the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bill.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
CAMP BEFORE MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
IN FRONT OF MURFREESBORO, Jan. 3, 1863.

To Lt. Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

On the 30th of December we marched from Nashville in two columns, the right under Gen. Rosecrans, the left under Gen. Thomas from his encampment on Franklin's pike, with 43,000 men, and encamped that night on the main Murfreesboro pike.

Our left and centre met with a strong resistance, such as the nature of the country permits, the rolling or hilly, but open ground, with occasional farms, and interspersed by small streams, with rocky bluff banks, forming serious obstacles.

General McCook drove General Hardee's corps a mile and a half on Wednesday. "Very," he replied," I have gone

General Crittenden reached within a mile and a half of Lavergne.

General Thomas reached the Wilson pike, meeting with no serious opposition.

On the 29th General McCook drove General Hardee from Nolensville and encamped on a commanding position six miles toward Stuttyville, and found that General Hardee had fallen back toward Murfreesboro.

General Crittenden fought and drove the enemy before him, occupying the line from the Creek, and encamping some prisoners with slight loss.

Gens. Negley and Palmer, the vicinity of Nolensville, when he was partially surprised, thrown into confusion, and driven back. The enemy's cavalry driven in, and pushed the enemy four times and protected the flank of the army. Gen. Negley lost 200 men, but subsequent to this outward event, which compelled me to retain the left of the army in position, which it should be rallied, and assume a new position.

On the 31st I made the retrie opened by an attack on me, and were again pushed.

The enemy's right wing was also striking along the front with threats of an attack until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy advanced, throwing a small division across Stone River to occupy the commanding ground there.

While examining the ground occupied by this division, which had no artillery, I saw a heavy force emerging from the woods on the edge of the battle field, and sweep. They drove our little division, before them after a severe struggle, in which the enemy's artillery suffered and three hundred and seventy five wounded; but they were finally repulsed by our artillery, which opened on the remaining troops of the left wing of General Morton's Pioneer brigade, which was in front of the field and beyond intrenchments, their officers rallying them with great difficulty. But the enemy's right wing was driven back and the left wing had night. The lines were completed at four o'clock in the morning.

The 3d was spent in bringing up and distributing ammunition, burying the dead, and caring for those from the field of battle. The pursuit was commenced by the entire column, the first day brigades crossing at the west ford of Stone River the following. The rebels had retreated on the Shelbyville pike. Their loss has been very heavy.

Gen. Rosecrans entered the town and push the pursuit to-morrow.

Our medical director estimates the wounded in hospital at 5500, and our dead at 1000.

Among the killed is the loss of Lieutenant Colonel Ferreiro, whose capacity and general deportment had already endeared him to the whole army, and whose bravery and gallantry on the field of battle excited their admiration.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

OUR TRIUMPH IN TENNESSEE.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
CAMP IN THE FIELD, Jan. 4, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

We have fought one of the greatest battles of the war, and are victorious.

The attack on the 31st ult. was preceded by a surprise of the right flank; but we have, nevertheless, driven the enemy from the field at all points.

They fled with great precipitation on Saturday night.

The loss of rebel officers has been very heavy.

Their loss has been very heavy.

Brig.-Gen. Sillman and others are killed.

Generals Claiborn, Adams, and Breckinridge are wounded.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

THE ATTACK ON WICKSBURG.

Report says that Gen. Sherman has now in possession of Vicksburg, after a series of desperate battles. The attack was made on the 29th ult. on Chickasaw Bayou on the south bank of the gun-boats, after having shelled the rebel works for two days. The attack was thoroughly repulsed and well defended. The gun-boat *Harriet Wes* pretty severely damaged by the rebel batteries, and her commander, Captain Gwinn, badly hurt. The enemy had seven bat- rebel rifled guns mounted on the bluffs, and made a stubborn resistance for more than an hour. We have the loss of the 29th and 30th, and the fact that the fleet was lying had been going on for five days, commencing on Saturday, the 27th ult. Gen. Sherman and the fleet commander had captured three lines of the enemy's works. The firing on the fourth and last line of defence on the Jackson and Vicksburg road had ceased, and the indications were that Gen. Sherman would occupy the latter works on Wednesday night. Before taking the fortifications General Sherman sent a flag of truce to the rebel commander with the offer to let Shreveport Railroad—work which was successfully accomplished by the rebels during the night. Gen. Sherman's force and men from General Grant's army, by way of Memphis, and the rebels from Arkansas at Vicksburg, is about forty thousand men.

SUCCESSFUL FORAY INTO TENNESSEE.

Important intelligence has been received from rebel sources of a brilliant operation performed in East Tennessee by the Union troops. From the Lynchburg *Virginian*, of New-Years day, we find a long article of Gen. Jones's, reported to be very strong, and composed of nine Pennsylvania regiments and eleven cavalry, had advanced nine miles of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and destroyed the bridges over Watauga and Holston Rivers and Wallace's tunnel, and capturing two hundred rebel cavalry and a large number of prisoners. The *Virginian* says it was the most extensive raid that has been made at any time when the road is traced to its utmost capacity. It also states that the Yankees said, which extended over a space of nearly a hundred miles, was one of widespread during and audacity.

Later Union accounts state that nearly all the bridges between Knoxville and the Virginia State line—a distance of 120 miles—have been destroyed, and the track more or less injured. So continued was the movement that the rebel authorities are engaged in a comparatively short space of time, and, as the rebel express it, the line was so much injured "that it will take several weeks to repair the damages."

ANOTHER VICTORY.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., January 3, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

General Sullivan has succeeded in getting a fight with the rebel Colonel Forrest, and whipped him badly.

General Sullivan has captured six pieces of artillery and four guns, and two hundred prisoners.

General Sullivan has now required at every point except this, and will hereafter.

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

LOSS OF THE "MONITOR."

The *Monitor* was steamed during a heavy storm on the 31st ult., going down in a gale with Cape Hatteras. The *Rhode Island*, which was towing her, lost a hawser's crew, it is supposed, to the effort to keep the hawser which connected the vessels.

GENERAL BUTLER'S VIEWS.

On leaving New Orleans, General Butler published an address to the people, in which he said:

"The enemies of my country I shall oppose and imprisonable. I have treated with most unworthy. I hold that in the present condition of the war, I am not to be a civilian, and any posthumous sheet of fame I desire is quieter and more deeply engraven in the hearts of the people of the Government. Upon this thesis have I administered my office. I have found no occasion to depart from it, because I see no occasion of complaint. I do not find that I have received letters of complaint, but horrible heresies has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country and of mankind. On the one hand, I have been regaled you with the atrocities of British civilization, and on the other with the supposed acts of enforced warfare. You might have been shocked to death at everything that has been proposed by England by reason of a General of the royal house of England; or roasted like the husband of the Spanish Inquisition; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the lust of soldiers, as the Spanish dames treated Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked, as the Spanish were by Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain in our own Revolution. You could have seen your cities turned over to indiscriminate 'loot,' like the palace of the Emperor of China. You have not yet visited deserted dwellings might have been sent away, like the peninsulas of the Moors; your property might have been left the wreck of cannon like the Spaniards at Dublin; and yet this would have been the result of the civilized warfare practiced by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations of Europe. And now, after all, you are not even the victims of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the rebels, before whom, accordingly, you are sufficient preservative and justification."

WHAT HE HAS DONE.

"I found you trembling at the horrors of servile insurrection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slaves that they could not excite it.

"I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your armies. I have them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and love.

"I have demonstrated that the petitioner can be kept from the polls.

"I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of cotton, taken from the bottom of the harbor.

"I have cleaned and improved your streets, canals, and public squares, and opened new avenues to commerce and land.

"I have given you freedom of election greater than you have ever enjoyed before.

"I have taken $800,000 to be administered so impartially that your own sympathies have unanimously approved.

"I have given you freedom of the press.

"You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice the Government against which you have rebelled.

"Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that Government—not with lip service, but with the heart?

SLAVERY.

"There is but one thing that at this hour stands between you and the Government, and that is slavery.

"The institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge in this rebellion, and will be rooted out in the term from the wheat, although the plough in torn up in the

"I have given much thought to this subject.

"I have conversed with the foreign born, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, and by interest in your country, and I say it possibility they might be with safety to the Union.

"Months of experience and of observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the permanent welfare of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has grown it has grown to be a power huge enough to overthrow the State, but it cannot be built up but it is better that it could be gradually removed; but it cannot be done, that is the point, and it is the point that it should longer violate the social, political, and fundamental principles of free labor. I am not now on politicalthis view as regards the slaves, but simply as regards the interests of the country. So the view.

"Look around you and say whether this is not the destruction of slavery. Will you not join us in the ranks of the friends of your country.

"Citizens of New Orleans, farewell words of one who has shown all devotion to his country as the peril of the life of his family. In these words are no party politics nor one interest save the good of those whom he addresses: but he who has served, with all energy and power at my goal to Heaven to bear me witness, that such are the views and motives of my conduct.

"Come, then, to the unconditional support of the Government of the United States, your own best rest and interests; remould them according to the laws of nations and of God, and your future will be as happy and prosperous as you by geographical position, only a portion of which was heretofore possessed by the people of Britain."

DEATH OF "UNCLE SAM."

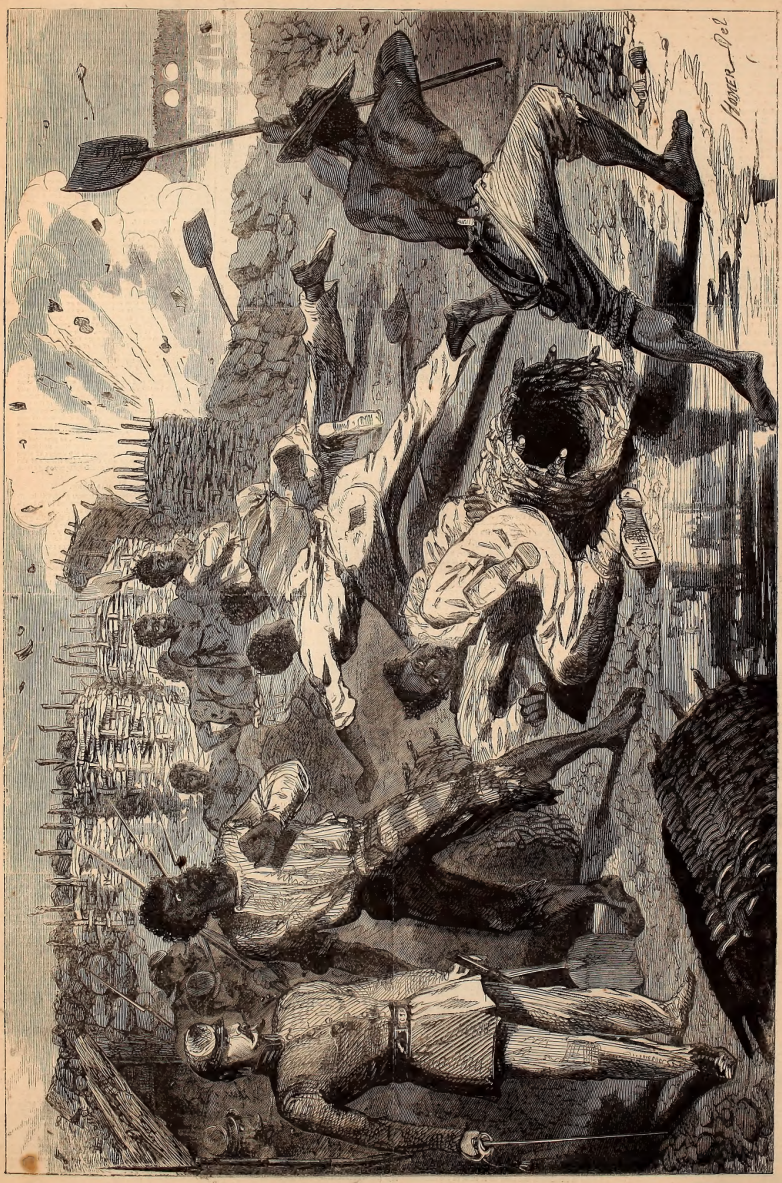
At the Head-Quarters of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at Louisville, Ky., on Sunday, the 28th ult., Private Uncle Sam, the Aged Consort of Old *Aunt Charlotte*, of Our Contraband Camp. The deceased and Aunt Charlotte have already been portrayed in the *Weekly* of Aug. 16, 1862, as the faithful partner of her husband, lived a long life of humble usefulness, and of placid good-will to all around him. He lived to see the triumph of what his fellow-slaves call "the next true contest," *Dress the Flag of God and Liberation*, at the advanced age of 70 years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

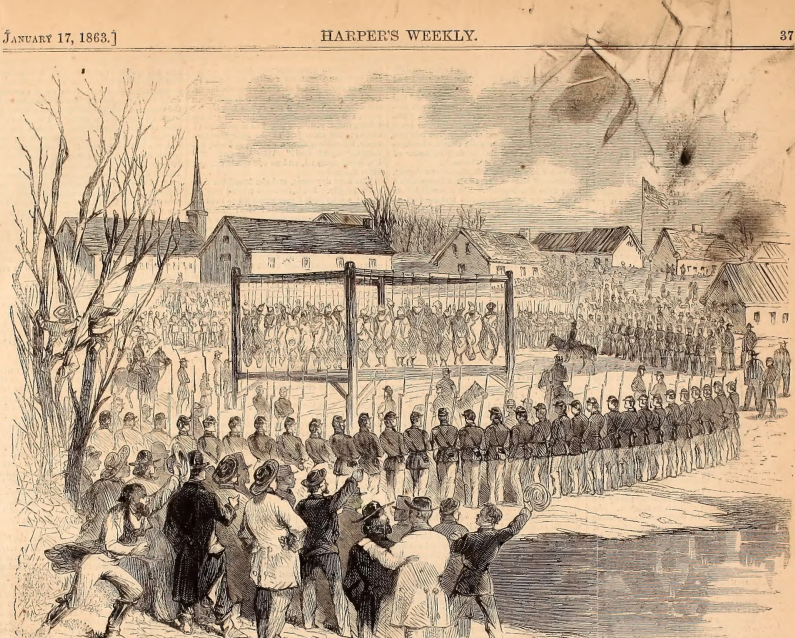
ENGLAND.

A SPEECH FROM JOHN BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT, M.P., in the interests of the laborers of the district of Rochdale, has made a splendid address to his constituents in Birmingham in support of the cause of the Union. Mr. Bright, after alluding to the distress caused in the future of the United States. He quoted Kossuth, Garibaldi, and Victor Hugo to show on which side the sympathies of English people lay. He added that he still retained the hope that the North would be successful in the rebellion, with the loss and free career for the Southern States. He concluded by a vivid sketch of [illegible]



A SHELL IN THE REBEL TRENCHES.—[SEE PAGE 37.]



EXECUTION OF THIRTY-EIGHT INDIAN MURDERERS AT MANKATO, MINNESOTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERMAN, OF ST. PAUL.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

Printed from the Manuscript and Early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.—*(Continued.)*

"Is there any one in the front room?" said Kirke, in a whisper. "Come in there; I have something to say to you."

The woman followed him through the door of communication between the rooms.

"How much does she owe you?" he asked.

The landlady mentioned the sum. Kirke put it down before her on the table.



"Where is your husband?" was his next question.

"Waiting at the public-house, Sir, till the hour is up."

"You can take him the money or not, as you think right," said Kirke, quietly. "I have only one thing to tell you, so far as your husband is concerned. If you want to see every bone in his skin broken let him come to the house while I am in it. Stop! I have something more to say. Do you know of any doctor in the neighborhood who can be depended on?"

"Not in our neighborhood, Sir. But I know of one within half an hour's walk of us?"

"Take the cab at the door, and if you find him at home bring him back in it. Say I am waiting here for his opinion on a very serious case. He shall be well paid, and you shall be well paid. Make haste!"

The woman left the room.

Kirke sat down alone to wait for her return. He hid his face in his hands, and tried to realize the strange and touching situation in which the accident of a moment had placed him.

Hidden in the squalid by-ways of London, under a false name, cast, friendless and helpless, on the mercy of strangers by illness which had struck her prostrate, mind and body alike, no he met her again, the woman who had opened a new world of beauty to his mind—the woman who had called Love to life in him by a look! What horrible misfortune had struck her so cruelly, and struck her so low? What mysterious destiny had guided him to the last refuge of her poverty and despair in the hour of her surest need? "If it is ordered that I am to see her again I *shall* see her." Those words came back to him now—the memorable words that he had spoken to his sister at parting. With that thought in his heart he had gone where his duty waited for him. Months and months had passed; thousands and thousands of miles, protracting their double length on the unresting waters, had rolled between them. And through the lapse of time, and over the waste of oceans, day after day, and night after night, as the winds of heaven blew, and the good ship toiled on before them, he had advanced nearer and nearer to the end that was waiting for him—he had journeyed blindfold to the meeting on the threshold of that miserable door. "What has brought me here?" he said to himself in a whisper. "The mercy of chance? No! The mercy of God."

He waited, unregardful of the place, unconscious of the time, until the sound of footsteps on the stairs came suddenly between him and his thoughts. The door opened, and the doctor was shown into the room.

"Dr. Merrick," said the landlady, placing a chair for him.

"*Mr.* Merrick," said the visitor, smiling quietly as he took the chair. "I am not a physician—I am a surgeon in general practice."

Physician or surgeon, there was something in his face and manner which told Kirke at a glance that he was a man to be relied on.

After a few preliminary words on either side, Mr. Merrick sent the landlady into the bedroom to see if his patient was awake or asleep. The woman returned, and said she was "betwixt the two, light in the head again, and burning hot." The doctor went at once into the bedroom, telling the landlady to follow him, and to close the door behind her.

A weary time passed before he came back into the front room. When he reappeared his face spoke for him before any question could be asked.

"Is it a serious illness?" said Kirke, his voice sinking low, his eyes anxiously fixed on the doctor's face.

"It is a *dangerous* illness," said Mr. Merrick, with an emphasis on the word.

He drew his chair nearer to Kirke, and looked at him attentively.

"May I ask you some questions which are not strictly medical?" he inquired.

Kirke bowed.

"Can you tell me what her life has been before she came into this house, and before she fell ill?"

"I have no means of knowing. I have just returned to England after a long absence."

"Did you know of her coming here?"

"I only discovered it by accident."



"DON'T DISTRESS MAMMA ABOUT ME," SHE SAID. "SEND FOR NORAH."

"Has she no female relations? No mother? no sister? no one to take care of her but yourself?"

"No one—unless I can succeed in tracing her relations. No one but myself."

Mr. Merrick was silent. He looked at Kirke more attentively than ever. "Strange!" thought the doctor. "He is here in sole charge of her—and is this all he knows?"

Kirke saw the doubt in his face, and addressed himself straight to that doubt before another word passed between them.

"I see my position here surprises you," he said, simply. "Will you consider it the position of a relation—the position of her brother, or her father—until her friends can be found?" His voice faltered, and he laid his hand earnestly on the doctor's arm. "I have taken this trust on myself," he said; "and, as God shall judge me, I will not be unworthy of it!"

The poor weary head lay on his breast again, and the poor fevered fingers clasped his hand once more as he spoke those words.

"I believe you," said the doctor, warmly. "I believe you are an honest man. Pardon me, if I have seemed to intrude myself on your confidence. I respect your reserve—from this moment it is sacred to me. In justice to both of us, let me say that the questions I have asked were not prompted by mere curiosity. No common cause will account for the illness which has laid my patient on that bed. She has suffered some long-continued mental trial—some wearing and terrible suspense, and she has broken down under it. It might have helped me if I could have known what the nature of the trial was, and how long or how short a time elapsed before she sank under it. In that hope I spoke."

"When you told me she was dangerously ill," said Kirke, "did you mean danger to her reason or to her life?"

"To both," replied Mr. Merrick. "Her whole nervous system has given way; all the ordinary functions of her brain are in a state of collapse. I can give you no plainer explanation than that of the nature of the malady. The fever which frightens the people of the house is merely the effect. The cause is what I have told you. She may lie on that bed for weeks to come—passing alternately, without a gleam of consciousness, from a state of delirium to a state of repose. You must not be alarmed if you find her sleep lasting far beyond the natural time. That sleep is a better remedy than any I can give, and nothing must disturb it. All our art can accomplish is to watch her—to help her with stimulants from time to time—and to wait for what Nature will do."

"Must she remain here? Is there no hope of our being able to move her to a better place?"

"No hope whatever for the present. She has already been disturbed, as I understand, and she is seriously the worse for it. Even if she gets better, even if she comes to herself again, it would still be a dangerous experiment to move her too soon—the least excitement or alarm would be fatal to her. You must make the best of this place as it is. The landlady has my directions, and I will send a good nurse to help her. There is nothing more to be done. So far as her life can be said to be in any human hands, it is as much in your hands now as in mine. Every thing depends on the care that is taken of her, under your direction, in this house." With those farewell words he rose and quitted the room.

Left by himself, Kirke walked to the door of communication, and knocking at it softly, told the landlady he wished to speak with her.

He was far more composed, far more like his own resolute self, after his interview with the doctor than he had been before it. A man living in the artificial social atmosphere which *this* man had never breathed would have felt painfully the worldly side of the situation—its novelty and strangeness, the serious present difficulty in which it placed him, the numberless misinterpretations in the future to which it might lead. Kirke never gave the situation a thought. He saw nothing but the duty it claimed from him—a duty which the doctor's farewell words had put plainly before his mind. Every thing depended on the care taken of her, under his direction, in that house. There was his responsibility, and he unconsciously acted under it exactly as he would have acted in a case of emergency with women and children on board his own ship. He questioned the landlady in short, sharp sentences; the only change in him was in the lowered tone of his voice, and in the anxious looks which he cast, from time to time, at the room where she lay.

"Do you understand what the doctor has told you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The house must be kept quiet. Who lives in the house?"

"Only me and my daughter, Sir; we live in the parlors. Times have gone badly with us since Lady-Day. Both the rooms above this are to let."

"I will take them both, and the two rooms down here as well. Do you know of any active, trust-worthy man who can run on errands for me?"

"Yes, Sir. Shall I go—?"

"No. Let your daughter go. You must not leave the house till the nurse comes. Don't send the messenger up here. Men of that sort tread heavily. I'll go down and speak to him at the door."

He went down when the messenger came, and sent him first to purchase pen, ink, and paper. The man's next errand dispatched him to make inquiries for a person who could provide for deadening the sound of passing wheels in the street by laying down tan before the house in the usual way. This object accomplished, the messenger received two letters to post. The first was addressed to Kirke's brother-in-law. It told him, in few and plain words, what had happened, and left him to break the news to his wife as he thought best. The second letter was directed to the landlord of the Aldborough Hotel. Magdalen's assumed name at North Shingles was the only name by which Kirke knew her; and the one chance of tracing her relatives that he could discern was the chance of discovering her reputed uncle and aunt by means of inquiries starting from Aldborough.

Toward the close of the afternoon a decent, middle-aged woman came to the house with a letter from Mr. Merrick. She was well known to the doctor as a trust-worthy and careful person, who had nursed his own wife; and she would be assisted, from time to time, by a lady, who was a member of a religious Sisterhood in the district, and whose compassionate interest had been warmly aroused in the case. Toward eight o'clock that evening the doctor himself would call, and see that his patient wanted for nothing.

The arrival of the nurse, and the relief of knowing that she was to be trusted, left Kirke free to think of himself. His luggage was ready packed for his contemplated journey to Suffolk the next day. It was merely necessary to transport it from the hotel to the house in Aaron's Buildings.

He stopped once only on his way to the hotel to look at a toy-shop in one of the great thoroughfares. The miniature ships in the window reminded him of his nephew. "My little namesake will be sadly disappointed at not seeing me to-morrow," he thought. "I must make it up to the boy by sending him something from his uncle." He went into the shop and bought one of the ships. It was secured in a box, and packed and directed in his presence. He put a card on the deck of the miniature vessel before the cover of the box was nailed on bearing this inscription: "A ship for the little sailor—with the big sailor's love." "Children like to be written to, ma'am," he said, apologetically, to the woman behind the counter. "Send the box as soon as you can. I am anxious the boy should get it to-morrow."

Toward the dusk of the evening he returned with his luggage to Aaron's Buildings. He took off his boots in the passage, and carried his trunk up stairs himself, stopping, as he passed the first floor, to make his inquiries. Mr. Merrick was present to answer them.

"She was awake, and wandering," he said, "a few minutes since. But we have succeeded in composing her, and she is sleeping now."

"Have no words escaped her, Sir, which might help us to find her friends?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Weeks and weeks may pass yet," he said, "and that poor girl's story may still be a sealed secret to all of us. We can only wait."

So the day ended—the first of many days that were to come.

CHAPTER II.

The warm sunlight of July shining softly through a green blind; an open window with fresh flowers set on the sill; a strange bed in a strange room; a giant figure of the female sex (like a dream of Mrs. Wragge) towering aloft on one side of the bed, and trying to clap its hands; another woman (a stranger) stopping the hands before they could make any noise; a mild expostulating voice (like a dream of Mrs. Wragge again) breaking the silence in these words: "She knows me, ma'am, she knows me; if I mustn't be happy, it will be the death of me!"—such were the first sights, such were the first sounds to which, after six weeks of oblivion, Magdalen suddenly and strangely awoke.

After a little the sights grew dim again, and the sounds sank into silence. Sleep, the merciful, took her once more, and hushed her back to repose.

Another day and the sights were clearer, the sounds were louder. Another, and she heard a man's voice, through the door, asking for news from the sick-room. The voice was strange to her; it was always cautiously lowered to the same quiet tone. It inquired after her in the morning when she woke, at noon when she took her refreshment, in the evening before she dropped to sleep again. "Who is so anxious about me?" That was the first thought her mind was strong enough to form: "Who is so anxious about me?"

More days—and she could speak to the nurse at her bedside; she could answer the questions of an elderly man, who knew far more about her than she knew about herself, and who told her he was Mr. Merrick, the doctor; she could sit up in bed, supported by pillows, wondering what had happened to her, and where she was; she could feel a growing curiosity about that quiet voice, which still asked after her, morning, noon, and night, on the other side of the door.

Another day's delay—and Mr. Merrick asked her if she was strong enough to see an old friend. A meek voice, behind him, articulating high in the air, said, "It's only me!" The voice was followed by the prodigious bodily apparition of Mrs. Wragge, with her cap all awry, and one of her shoes in the next room. "Oh, look at her! look at her!" cried Mrs. Wragge, in an ecstasy, dropping on her knees at Magdalen's bedside, with a thump that shook the house. "Bless her heart, she's well enough to laugh at me already. 'Cheer, boys, cheer—!' I beg your pardon, doctor, my conduct isn't lady-like, I know. It's my head, Sir; it isn't *me*. I must get vent somehow or my head will burst!" No coherent sentence, in answer to any sort of question put to her, could be extracted that morning from Mrs. Wragge. She rose from one climax of verbal confusion to another—and finished her visit, under the bed, groping inscrutably for the second shoe.

The morrow came, and Mr. Merrick promised that she should see another old friend on the next day. In the evening, when the inquiring voice asked after her, as usual, and when the door was opened a few inches to give the reply, she answered faintly for herself: "I am better, thank you." There was a moment of silence; and then, just as the door was shut again, the voice sank to a whisper, and said, fervently, "Thank God!" Who was he? She had asked them all, and no one would tell her. Who was he?

The next day came, and she heard her door opened softly. Brisk footsteps tripped into the room; a lithe little figure advanced to the bedside. Was it a dream again? No! There he was in his own evergreen reality, with the copious flow of language pouring smoothly from his lips; with the lambent dash of humor twinkling in his parti-colored eyes, there he was, more audacious, more persuasive, more respectable than ever; in a suit of glossy black, with a speckless white cravat, and a rampant shirt-frill—the unblushing, the invincible, the unchangeable Wragge!

"Not a word, my dear girl!" said the captain, seating himself comfortably at the bedside, in his old confidential way. "I am to do all the talking; and I think you will own that a more competent man for the purpose could not possibly have been found. I am really delighted—honestly delighted, if I may use such an apparently inappropriate word—to see you again, and to see you getting well. I have often thought of you; I have often missed you; I have often said to myself—never mind what! Clear the stage, and drop the curtain on the past. *Dum vivimus, vivamus!* Pardon the pedantry of a Latin quotation, my dear, and tell me how I look. Am I, or am I not, the picture of a prosperous man?"

Magdalen attempted to answer him. The captain's deluge of words flowed over her again in a moment.

"Don't exert yourself," he said. "I'll put all your questions for you. What have I been about? Why do I look so remarkably well off? And how in the world did I find my way to this house? My dear girl, I have been occupied, since we last saw each other, in slightly modifying my old professional habits. I have shifted from Moral Agriculture to Medical Agriculture. Formerly I preyed on the public sympathy; now I prey on the public stomach. Stomach and sympathy, sympathy and stomach—look them both fairly in the face when you reach the wrong side of fifty, and you will agree with me that they come to much the same thing. However that may be, here I am—incredible as it may appear—a man with an income, at last. The founders of my fortune are three in number. Their names are Aloes, Scammony, and Gamboge. In plainer words, I am now living—on a Pill. I made a little money (if you remember) by my friendly connection with you. I made a little more by the happy decease (*Requiescat in Pace!*) of that female relative of Mrs. Wragge's from whom, as I told you, my wife had expectations. Very good. What do you think I did? I invested the whole of my capital, at one fell swoop, in advertisements, and purchased my drugs and my pill-boxes on credit. The result is now before you. Here I am, a Grand Financial Fact. Here I am, with my clothes positively paid for; with a balance at my banker's; with my servant in livery, and my gig at the door; solvent, flourishing, popular—and all on a Pill."

Magdalen smiled. The captain's face assumed an expression of mock gravity: he looked as if there was a serious side to the question, and as if he meant to put it next.

"It's no laughing matter to the public, my dear," he said. "They can't get rid of me and my Pill—they must take us. There is not a single form of appeal in the whole range of human advertisement which I am not making to the unfortunate public at this moment. Hire the last new novel—there I am, inside the boards of the book. Send for the last new Song—the instant you open the leaves I drop out of it. Take a cab—I fly in at the window in red. Buy a box of tooth-powder at the chemist's—I wrap it up for you in blue. Show yourself at the theatre—I flutter down on you in yellow. The mere titles of my advertisements are quite irresistible. Let me quote a few from last week's issue. Proverbial Title: 'A Pill in Time saves Nine.' Familiar Title: 'Excuse me, how is your Stomach?' Patriotic Title: 'What are the three characteristics of a true-born Englishman? His Hearth, his Home, and his Pill.' Title in the form of a nursery dialogue: 'Mamma, I am not well.' 'What is the matter, my pet?' 'I want a little Pill.' Title in the form of a Historical Anecdote: 'New Discovery in the Mine of English History. When the Princes were smothered in the Tower, their faithful attendant collected all the little possessions left behind them. Among the touching trifles dear to the poor boys he found a tiny Box. It contained the Pill of the Period. Is it necessary to say how inferior that Pill was to its Modern Successor, which prince and peasant alike may now obtain—' Et cetera, et cetera. The place in which my Pill is made is an advertisement in itself. I have got one of the largest shops in London. Behind one counter (visible to the public through the lucid medium of plate-glass) are four-and-twenty young men, in white aprons, making the Pill. Behind another counter are four-and-twenty young men, in white cravats, making the boxes. At the bottom of the shop are three elderly accountants posting the vast financial transactions accruing from the Pill in three enormous ledgers. Over the door are my name, portrait, and autograph, expanded to colossal proportions, and surrounded, in flowing letters, by the motto of the establishment: 'Down with the Doctors!' Even Mrs. Wragge contributes her quota to this prodigious enterprise. She is the celebrated woman whom I have cured of indescribable agonies from every complaint under the sun. Her portrait is engraved on all the wrappers, with the following inscription beneath it: 'Before she took the Pill you might have blown this patient away with a feather. Look at her now!!!' Last, not least, my dear girl, the Pill is the cause of my finding my way to this house. My department in the prodigious Enterprise already mentioned is to scour the United Kingdom in a gig, establishing Agencies every where. While founding one of these Agencies I heard of a certain friend of mine, who had lately landed in England after a long sea voyage. I got his address in London—he was a lodger in this house. I called on him forthwith, and was stunned by the news of your illness. Such, in brief, is the history of my existing connection with British Medicine; and so it happens that you see me at the present moment, sitting in the present chair, now as ever, yours truly, Horatio Wragge."

In these terms the captain brought his personal statement to a close. He looked more and more attentively at Magdalen the nearer he got to the conclusion. Was there some latent importance attaching to his last words which did not appear on the face of them? There was. His visit to the sick-room had a serious object, and that object he had now approached.

In describing the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with Magdalen's present position Captain Wragge had skirted, with his customary dexterity, round the remote boundaries of truth. Emboldened by the absence of any public scandal in connection with Noel Vanstone's marriage, or with the event of his death as announced in the newspaper obituary, the captain, roaming the eastern circuit, had ventured back to Aldborough, a fortnight since, to establish an agency there for the sale of his wonderful Pill. No one had recognized him but the landlady of the hotel, who at once insisted on his entering the house and reading Kirke's letter to her husband. The same night Captain Wragge was in London, and was closeted with the sailor, in the second-floor room at Aaron's Buildings.

The serious nature of the situation, the indisputable certainty that Kirke must fail in tracing Magdalen's friends, unless he first knew who she really was, had decided the captain on disclosing part, at least, of the truth. Declining to enter into any particulars—for family reasons, which Magdalen might explain on her recovery, if she pleased—he astounded Kirke by telling him that the friendless woman whom he had rescued, and whom he had only known, up to that moment, as Miss Bygrave, was no other than the youngest daughter of Andrew Vanstone. The disclosure, on Kirke's side, of his father's connection with the young officer in Canada, had followed naturally on the revelation of Magdalen's real name. Captain Wragge had expressed his surprise, but had made no further remark at the time. A fortnight later, however, when the patient's recovery forced the serious difficulty on the doctor of meeting the questions which Magdalen was sure to ask, the captain's ingenuity had come, as usual, to the rescue.

"You can't tell her the truth," he said, "without awakening painful recollections of her stay at Aldborough, into which I am not at liberty to enter. Don't acknowledge, just yet, that Mr. Kirke only knew her as Miss Bygrave of North Shingles when he found her in this house. Tell her boldly that he knew who she was, and that he felt (what she must feel) that he had a hereditary right to help and protect her, as his father's son. I am, as I have already told you," continued the captain, sticking fast to his old assertion, "a distant relative of the Combe-Raven family; and if there is nobody else at hand to help you through this difficulty, my services are freely at your disposal."

No one else was at hand, and the emergency was a serious one. Strangers undertaking the responsibility might ignorantly jar on past recollections, which it would, perhaps, be the death of her to revive too soon. Near relatives might, by their premature appearance at the bedside, produce the same deplorable result. The alternative lay between irritating and alarming her by leaving her inquiries unanswered, or trusting Captain Wragge. In the doctor's opinion, the second risk was the least serious risk of the two; and the captain was now seated at Magdalen's bedside in discharge of the trust confided to him.

Would she ask the question which it had been the private object of all Captain Wragge's preliminary talk lightly and pleasantly to provoke? Yes: as soon as his silence gave her the opportunity she asked it: Who was that friend of his living in the house?

"You ought by rights to know him as well as I do," said the captain. "He is the son of one of your father's old military friends, when your father was quartered with his regiment in Canada. Your cheeks mustn't flush up. If they do, I shall go away."

She was astonished, but not agitated. Captain Wragge had begun by interesting her in the remote past, which she only knew by hearsay, before he ventured on the delicate ground of her own experience.

In a moment more she advanced to her next question: What was his name?

"Kirke," proceeded the captain. "Did you never hear of his father, Major Kirke, commanding officer of the regiment in Canada? Did you never hear that the major helped your father through a great difficulty, like the best of good fellows and good friends?"

Yes; she faintly fancied she had heard something about her father and an officer who had once been very good to him when he was a

young man. But she could not look back so long. Was Mr. Kirke poor?

Even Captain Wragge's penetration was puzzled by that question. He gave the true answer at hazard. "No," he said, "not poor."

Her next inquiry showed what she had been thinking of. If Mr. Kirke was not poor, why did he come to live in that house?

"She has caught me!" thought the captain. "There is only one way out of it; I must administer another dose of truth. Mr. Kirke has covered your family's chance," he proceeded aloud, "very ill, and not nicely attended to. Somebody was wanted to take care of you while you were out and to take care of yourself. Why not Mr. Kirke? He was the son of your father's old friend, which is the next thing to being one's old friend. Who had a better claim to send for the right doctor and get the right nurse when I was not here to care you with my wonderful Pill? Gently! gently! you mustn't take hold of my superfine black coat sleeve in that unceremonious manner."

He put her hand back on the bed; but she was not to be checked in that way. She persisted in asking another question. Had Mr. Kirke come here? She had never seen him; she had never heard of him in her life.

"Very likely," said the captain. "But your never having seen *him* is no reason why he should not have seen *you*."

"When did he see me?"

Captain Wragge curbed up his doses of truth on the spot without a moment's hesitation.

"Some time ago, my dear. I can't exactly say when."

"Only once?"

Captain Wragge suddenly saw his way to the administration of another dose. "Yes," he said. "Only once."

She relapsed into silence. The next question involved the simultaneous expression of two ideas —and the next question cost her an effort.

"He only saw me once," she said; "and he only saw me some time ago. How came he to remember me when he found me here?"

"Ah!" said the captain. "Now you have hit the right nail on the head at last. You can't possibly be more surprised at his remembering you than I am. A word of advice, my dear. When you are well enough to get up and see Mr. Kirke, try how that sharp question of yours sounds to him—and insist on his answering it himself." Slipping out of the dilemma in that characteristically adroit manner, Captain Wragge got briskly on his legs again and took up his hat.

"Wait!" she pleaded. "I want to ask you—"

"Not another word," said the captain. "I am quite sure you have enough to think of for one day. My time is up, and my gig is waiting for me. I am off to scour the country as usual. I am off to animate the field of philanthropy with the triple plowshare of aloes, seamonny and gamboge." He stopped, and turned round at the door. "By-the-by, a message about your unfortunate wife. If you will allow her to come and see you again, Mrs. Wragge solemnly promises not to lose sight of you next time. Good-by, love. What do you say? May she come?"

"Yes; whenever she likes," said Magdalen.

"If I ever get well again may poor Mrs. Wragge come and stay with me?"

"Certainly, my dear. If you have no objection I should like her beforehand with a few thousand impressions in red, blue, and yellow of her own portrait ('You might have blown this unhappy man with a feather before he took the Pill. Look at her now!'). She is sure to drop herself about perpetually wherever she goes, and is naturally gratifying vanity in an advertising point of view, must inevitably follow. Don't think me mercenary. I merely understand the art I live in." He turned once more away out, for the second time, and turned round once more at the door. "You have been a remarkably good girl," he said, "and you ought to be rewarded for it. I'll give you a last piece of information before I go. Have you heard any bells ringing about you, for the last day or two, outside your door? Ah, I see you have. A word in your ear, my dear. That's Mr. Kirke. He rings the bell from the bedside as regularly as ever. Magdalen heard him advertising himself to the nurse before he closed the door. "If you are not out about it," he said, in a confidential whisper, "the name is Wragge; and the Pill is to be had in neat boxes, price thirteen pence halfpenny, government stamp included. Take a few copies of the portrait of a female patient whom you might have blown away with a feather before she took the Pill, and whom you are simply requested to contemplate now. Many thanks. *Good-morning.*"

The door closed and Magdalen was alone again. She felt no sense of solitude. Captain Wragge had left her with something more than a cure of Hour after hour her mind dwelt wonderingly on Mr. Kirke until the evening came and she heard his voice again through the half-opened door.

"I am very grateful," she said to him, before the nurse could answer his inquiries—"very, very grateful for all your kindness to me."

"If you get well," he replied, kindly, "you will more than reward me if you try to get well."

The next morning Mr. Merrick found her impatient to leave her bed and be moved to the sofa in the front room. The doctor said the suggested the wanted a change. "Yes," she replied, "I want to see Mr. Kirke." The doctor consented to move her on the next day, but he positively forbade the additional excitement of seeing any body until the day after. She attempted a remonstrance—Mr. Merrick was impenetrable. She tried to win him over—he was proof. Her impersonation—the nurse was impenetrable too.

On the next day they wrapped her in shawls and carried her in to the sofa and made her a little bed on it. On the table near at hand were some flowers and a number of an illustrated newspaper. She immediately asked who had put them there. The nurse (failing to notice a warning look from the doctor) said Mr. Kirke had thought that she might like the flowers, and that the pictures in the paper might amuse her. After that reply her anxiety to see Mr. Kirke became too ungovernable to be trifled with. The doctor left the room at once for Mr. Kirke.

She looked eagerly at the opening door. Her first glance at him as he came in raised a doubt in her mind whether she now saw that tall figure and that open sun-burnt face for the first time. But she was too weak and too agitated to follow her recollections far back in Aldborough. She resigned the attempt and only looked at him. He stopped at the foot of the sofa and said a few hearing words in a voice which she had never hearer, and offered him her wasted hand. He tenderly took it in his and sat down by her, but they were both silent. She could not look for sorrow and the sympathy which his silence would fain have concealed. She still held his hand—unconsciously now—persistently as he had held it on the day when he found her. Her eyes closed after a vain effort to speak to him, and the tears rolled slowly over her white cheeks.

The doctor signed to Kirke to wait and give her time. She recovered a little and looked at him. "Tell me about yourself," she said, in a murmured. "And how little I have deserved it!"

"Hush! hush!" he said. "You don't know what a happiness it was to me to help you."

She sound of his voice seemed to strengthen her, and gave her courage. She looked gratefully at him with an eager interest, with a gratitude which artlessly ignored all the conventional restraints that separate the sick woman from the man. "Where did you see me," she said, suddenly, "before you found me here?"

Kirke hesitated. Mr. Merrick came to his assistance.

"I forbid you to say a word about the past to Mr. Kirke," interposed the doctor. "You have had Mr. Kirke to say a word about it to you. You are beginning a new life to-day; and the only recollections I sanction are recollections five minutes old."

She looked at the doctor and smiled. "I must ask him one question," she said, and turned back again to Kirke. "Is it true that you had only seen me once before you came to this house?"

"Quite true!" He made the reply with a sudden change of color, which she instantly detected. She, perhaps, would have noticed it more earnestly than ever, as she put her next question:

"How came you to remember me, after only seeing me once?"

His hand unconsciously closed on hers, and he paused for the first time. He attempted an answer, and hesitated at the first word. "I have a good memory," he said at last, and suddenly looked away from her face. He was evidently a strangely unlike his customary self-possession of manner that the doctor and the nurse both noticed it.

Every nerve in her body felt that momentary pressure of his hand with the exquisite susceptibility which every sensation has in the delicate balance on the way to health. She looked at his changing color, she listened to his hesitating words with every pulse in her throbbing body; and age quickened to seize intuitively on the truth. In the moment when he looked away from her she read his face, she heard his voice, and turned her head aside on the pillow. "*Can it be?*" she thought, with a flutter of delicious fear that beat high with a glow of delicious confusion burning on her cheeks. "*Can it be?*"

The doctor made another sign to Kirke. He understood it, and rose immediately. The momentary discomposure in his face and manner had both disappeared. He was satisfied in his own mind that he had not betrayed his secret, and in the relief of feeling that conviction he had become himself again.

"Good-by, till to-morrow," he said, as he left the room.

"Good-by," she answered, softly, without looking at him.

Mr. Merrick took the chair which Kirke had resigned and laid his hand on her pulse. "Just five hours' fasted," remarked the doctor; "too quick by half."

She petulantly snatched away her wrist. "Don't bother me!" she thinking from him. "Pray don't touch me!"

Mr. Merrick good-humoredly gave up his place to the nurse. "I'll return in half an hour," he whispered, "and carry her back to bed. Don't let her talk. Show her the pictures in the newspaper, and keep her quiet if you can."

When the doctor returned the nurse reported that the newspaper had not been wanted. The patient's attention, she said, had wandered, and had not been at all restless, and she had never spoken a word.

The days passed; and the time grew longer and longer which the doctor allowed her to spend in the front room. As soon as she was able to dispense with the bed on the sofa—she could be dressed, and could sit up, supported by pillows, in an arm-chair. Her long convalescence from the bedroom represented the great daily events of her life. They were the hours she passed in Kirke's society.

She had a double interest in him now—her interest in the man whose protecting care had saved her reason and her life; her interest in the man whose heart's dearest and deepest secret she had surprised. Day after day they grew as easy and familiar with each other as old friends; little by little she presumed on all her privileges, and wound her way unsuspected into the most intimate knowledge of his nature.

Her questions were endless. Every thing that he could tell her of himself and his life she drew from him, delicately and insensibly; he, the least self-conscious of mankind, became an egotist in her dextrous hands. She found out his pride in his ship, and practiced on it without remorse. She drew him into talking of the fine qualities of the vessel, of the great things the vessel had done in encounters with the sea-gales; and his life talked yet to any living creature on shore. She found him out in private sea-faring anxieties and unutterable sea-faring exultations, which he had kept a secret from his own mate. She watched his kindling face with a delicious sense of retaining in silence for her ear alone. She stopped him into forgetting all considerations of time and place, and striking as hearty a stroke on the Aldcastry Mill lodging-house table, in the fervor of his talk, as if his hand had descended on the solid bulwark of his ship. His confusion at the discovery of his own foolishness scarcely displighted her: she could have cried with pleasure when he penitently wondered what he could possibly have been thinking of.

At other times she drew him from dwelling on the pleasures of his life, and led him into talking of its perils—from the time when she made mistress the sea, which had absorbed so much of his existence, which had kept him so strangely remote and so strangely near to the world on shore. Twice he had been shipwrecked. Times innumerable he and all with him had been threatened with death, and had escaped their doom by the narrowness of a hair's-breadth. He was always unwilling, at the outset, to speak of this dark and dreadful side of his life; but he was only adroitly tempting him, by laying little snares for him in his talk, that she lured him into telling more of the escapes of his second days. She set him going to him with a breathless interest, looking at him with a breathless wonder, as those fearful scenes—one after another—in the dangerous language in which he told them—fell, one by one, from his lips. His noble unconsciousness of his own heroism—his modesty about the skill which he described his own acts of dauntless endurance and devoted courage, without an idea that they were any thing but the common duty of every man to which he was bound by the vocation that he followed—raised him to a place in her estimation to hopeless distance. Her fear that she became un easy and impatient until she had pulled down the idol again which he herself had set up. It was on these occasions that the most rigid self-exactest from him all those little familiar attentions so precious to women in their intercourse with men.

This last fault—if fault it might be—was a supreme delight in secretly following the indulgence while he was close to her—this hand that has rescued from the drowning now is shifting my pillows so tenderly that I hardly know when they are moved. This hand that has seized men mad with mania and held them down by sheer duty by main force, is mixing my lemonade and peeling my fruit more delicately and more neatly than I could do it myself. Oh, if I could be a man, how I should like to be such a man as this!"

She never allowed her thoughts, while she was in his presence, to lead her beyond that point. It was only when the night had separated them that she ventured to let her mind dwell on the self-sacrificing devotion which had so mercifully rescued her. Kirke little knew how she thought of him, in the secrecy of her own chamber, during the quiet hours that elapsed before she sunk to sleep. No suspicion crossed his mind of the influence which the recurring events of her—of the new spirit which he was breathing into that new life, so sensitively open to impression in the first freshness of returning sense! "She has nobody else to amuse her, poor thing!" he used to think, sadly, sitting alone in his small second-floor room. "I suppose I follow him as much as quite the weary hours, till her friends come here, she is heartily welcome to all that I can tell her."

He was not the only guilty and restless one whom ever he was by himself. Little by little, he fell into a habit of taking long lonely walks at night. Mrs. Magdalen thought he was going down stairs. Once he went away abruptly in the daytime—on business, as he said. Something had caused him uneasiness, and himself he was going before, which had let him into telling him her age. "Twenty, last birthday," he thought. "Take twenty from forty-one! I ought to say something in subtraction—as easy a sum as my little nephew could wish for." He walked to the Docks, and looked bitterly at the shipping. "I mustn't forget how a ship is made," he said. "It won't be long before I am back at the old work again." So he knew his own heart, and paid a visit to a bench ear-sailor, a married man. In the course of conversation, he asked how much older his friend might be than his pretty wife. "Twenty was six years' difference between them." "I suppose that's difference enough?" said Kirke. "Yes," said his friend, "quite enough." Are you looking out for a wife, at last? Try a seasoned woman of thirty-five: that's your mark, Kirke, as near as I can calculate."

The time passed smoothly and quickly—the present time, in which she was recovering so happily—the present time, which *he* was beginning to distrust already.

Early one morning Mr. Merrick surprised Kirke by a visit in his little room on the second floor.

"I came to the conclusion yesterday," said the doctor, entering abruptly on his business, "that our patient was strong enough to gossip us, at last, in running all risks, and commence acting with her friends; and I have accordingly followed the example of Captain Wragge, Mrs. Wragge, put into our hands. You remember he advised us to apply to Mr. Pendril, the lawyer? I saw Mr. Pendril two days ago, and was referred by him—not over-willingly, as I thought—to a lady, named Miss Garth. I heard enough from her to satisfy me that we have exercised a wise caution in acting as we have done. It is a very, very sad story—and I am bound to say, that I, for one, make great allowances for the poor girl down stairs. Her only relation in the world is her elder sister. I have discovered that the sister shall write to her in the first instance—and then, if the letter does her no harm, she shall see her sister to-morrow. I have not given the address, by way of preventing any visits from being paid here without my permission. All I have done is to prepare the first forward the letter; and I shall probably find it at my house when I get back. Can you stop at home until then, my man with the beard? There is not the least hope of my being able to bring it myself. All you need do is to watch for an opportunity when she is not in the front room, and to put the letter where she can see it when she comes in. The handwriting on the address will break the news before she opens the letter. Say nothing to her about it—take care that the landlady is within call—and leave the rest to herself. I know I can depend on you to follow my directions; and that is why I ask you to do us this service. You look out of spirits this morning. Natural enough. You don't need to plead hard for a cousin, and you're beginning to pine to this close prison!"

"May I ask a question, doctor? Is she pining in this close place, too? When her sister comes, will her sister take her away?"

"Decidedly—if my advice be followed. She will be well enough to be moved in a week or two. Good-day, my dear fellow; early out of spirits, and your hand feels feverish. Pining for the blue water, captain—pining for the blue water?" With that expression of opinion the doctor cheerfully went out.

In an hour the letter arrived. Kirke took it from the landlady's hand, and closed his door softly, without looking at it. Having understood that Magdalen was still engaged at her toilet, and having ascertained that the bustling nurse-sister of remaining within call, he went down stairs immediately and put the letter on the table in the front room.

Magdalen heard the sound of the familiar step on the floor. "I shall soon be ready," she called to him through the door.

He made no reply—he took his hat and went out. After a momentary hesitation he turned his face eastward and called on the ship-owners who employed him, at their office in Cornhill.

THE EXECUTION OF THE MINNESOTA INDIANS.

On page 37 we give an illustration of THE EXECUTION OF THIRTY-EIGHT INDIAN MURDERERS, which took place at Mankato, Minnesota, on 26th ult. The scene selected for it by Mr. St. Peter, for the sketch we have reproduced. The St. Paul *Press* says:

The gallows stood upon the high street close in front of the levee. It is estimated that not less than four thousand people, exclusive of the military, were in attendance. The gallows was a double affair, in a row of twelve posts. Four less on each angle, sufficient to execute ten on each side. A square was formed around the gallows by the military, and the citizens occupied the land on the river. The drop fell at 10 o'clock, and the whole number were launched out at the same moment before the Great Spirit to answer for their inhuman butcheries.

Upon leaving the state building the condemned set up the death song and kept it up all the way to the gallows.

While the soldiers were at work upon the gallows a Roman Catholic priest, who was present with the condemned, had asked the privilege of "driving one nail." The request was granted, and he drove a nail in a post of the gallows. The soldier handed him his hammer and a nail, and told him where to drive. The nail driven, the priest took into a chair of the platform, thanked the soldier, and descended to the ground.

William J. Duley, who had half his family massacred at Lake Shetek, was assigned to the duty of adjusting and cutting the rope. Another man offered five dollars for the privilege.

At precisely 10 o'clock the condemned were marshaled in a procession, and the death song resumed. They passed out into the street, and directly upon through files of citizens to the scaffold, which had been erected, and which were delivered to the Officer of the DAY, Captain Burt. They mounted the platform, and ranged themselves in a row, standing each over to be shaved, just like a lot of hungry horse-jockeys before the A. T. Stewart's door. Each one was provided by their quarter-stacked arms and followed them, and, when the arms were taken away, by their supporters, etc.

When they commenced the arrest of the scaffold, the death song was again started, and when they had all come up, the noise ceased, and were left to their own devices. The pandemonium had broken loose. It had a wonderful effect upon the Indian visages. Every one of them had been given a clear by one of the reporters, just before they were executed, and the contrast between the two pictures, setting away very coolly during the intervals of the interview. "He-ye-tu-ma-za," and others, who had put on a brave look over his face, he mashed it to get it over his mouth and smear. Another was smoking a pipe, and he took it out of his mouth, and threw the mouthful over the people of each, by Captain Libby, all who ready for the final signal.

The drop fell at 10 minutes past 10 o'clock. A painful and breathless suspense had the next minute. The Indians fell through, and were launched into eternity. Three died, measured, and distinct falls—the others fell through, and their struggles were brief. The signal officer, and the rope was cut by Mr. Duley, the assisted fell, and thirty-nine fellows below knew the difference between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken by the fall, and the affair brought to a halt. The executioner fell at a quarter past ten o'clock, and in twenty minutes the bodies had all been examined by Surgeon Le Poussier, Surgeon Finch, Clark, and others, and life pronounced extinct.

The bodies were then cut down, placed in four army wagons, and in charge of Company C, Sixth Regiment, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, and the whole procession moved off in the direction of the lower end of the town, nearly in front of the town.



THE WAR IN THE



WEST.—[See Page 42.]

THE WAR IN THE BORDER STATES.

WE illustrate on pages 40 and 41 THE WAR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

On the left hand, we see some of our Union troops passing through a Border State town. Not a store is open; no vehicles are encountered by them in their march; there is no hurry and bustle of business; all seems to bear evidence of the rebels having hastily left and taken with them every sign of life. One might fancy that not a soul had remained, until some of the concealed inmates, seeing that our errand is not plunder, or murder, or cruelty, emerge from cellars and other hiding-places, and gather courage to beg, in heart-rending tones of despair, for something, be it ever so little, to appease their gnawing hunger. Our gallant soldiers, though not provided with more than sufficient for themselves, can not witness such suffering, nor listen to that plaintive appeal without responding to it. Each gives all he can spare, and blessings are invoked upon their kind hearts. Oh! it is pitiful to see the little children clutch at the hard crust and devour it as eagerly as if it were the daintiest morsel, and delicate women, not accustomed to every luxury, now bereft of every thing but a few rags scarce enough to cover them. But the soldiers' power to alleviate their distress is very limited, and the best they can do goes a very little way. They march on with their memory full of what they have just seen, and the cries of misery ringing in their ears.

On the right hand are the ruins of one of the houses of a town that has been recently bombarded. Others are also visible which have escaped complete destruction, but still bear mournful evidence of what they have undergone. Scarcely a window is left in any of the dwellings; and the church-spire is pierced with many a hole. It looks almost like the ghost of a town—a mere spectre of what it once was. In the fore-ground we see a mother and her two children mourning over a body—her husband, and which she recognizes as that of her husband. She came forth from the place of concealment where he so carefully put her and the little ones, while he thought he would go and try to save a few of the things most necessary to their comfort, and the first object which meets her gaze when she returns out, after the noise of firing has ceased, is that lifeless form. There lie lies among the smouldering ruins, for the first time deaf to the sound of his wife's lovel voice. The children call upon his name in vain; no answer comes from those dear lips, and, frightened at the silence, they shrink timidly together, awe-struck, unable to comprehend why their father lies so quiet and motionless. They look to their mother for comfort, and—heart-broken wail of anguish is the only sound which greets their ears. Fragments of shell are lying all around them, and there is scarcely one living left which they can recognize, and which could tell them that *this* was once their happy home.

In the corner above this a guerrilla raid is represented—the dread and horror of all the peaceful inhabitants of the country—who lay waste all within their reach, and bear away every thing of value on which they can lay their hands; who commit murder indiscriminately in order to obtain their object; and to whom an act of cruelty and outrage is a good joke. To cause the innocent to suffer, to perform deeds of unparalleled atrocity and wickedness, is their daily work.

On the opposite corner a party of rebel cavalry is seen approaching, and men, women, children, and negroes are all flying from their home to the friendly woods for protection. The men would willingly stay and defend their homes to the very last; but *cui bono?* In no other hour did cases in which Union men have been seized, tied with ropes, and at the point of the bayonet obliged to join the rebel army?

In the lower corners the work of destruction still goes on. The left shows us a town being shelled. Once lively and prosperous, it will soon be nothing but a heap of smoking ashes. The handsome houses which once rose so proudly in air will soon be leveled to the ground. Hardly a trace of their former grandeur will be found in the blackened, unsightly ruins.

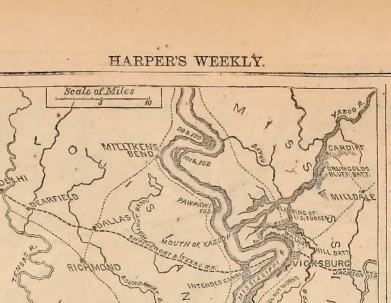
On the other side a bridge is burning; with each plank which falls helplessly into the water go the chances of communication from side to side. It is the same with railroads; one after another is destroyed, and in a country so vast as this, without such means of facilitating intercourse between one distant part and another, the work of progress and civilization ceases, education is neglected, and all advancement stops.

At the top is one of the windows of a prison. Two men are peering through the bars to pass the time away; they can just see the top of the sentry's bayonet as he slowly marches to and fro. The cause of their confinement they are told is treason, but their own reminiscences accuse them of nothing worse than having avowed their Union sentiments too loudly.

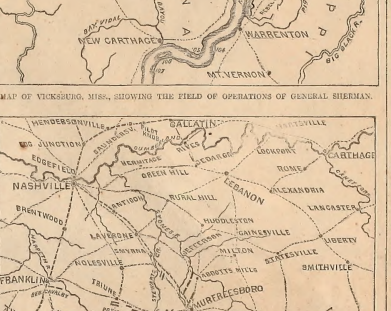
At the bottom is a planter's late residence; now there is no sign of life there save a few birds flitting about, no occasional hat, and some rats who may have their own way there undisturbed. Scenes like that bonus lying about would seem to tell of some tragedy having been enacted there, but no living voice remains to relate how it is that the place looks so desolate, and why the grass is allowed to grow in the path, and the garden to be untended and full of weeds.

Here it is, in the Border States, that the real sufferers of the war are to be found. We, in our comfortable homes, hardly form an idea of the acute distress which it entails upon the people of that section.

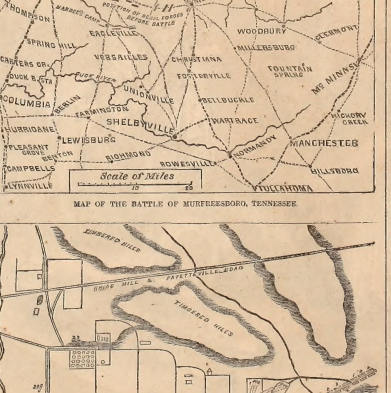
God grant that this terrible rebellion, with all its fearful consequences, may speedily be crushed; that our beloved country may once more be restored to peace and prosperity; that the accursed work of destruction and of wasting lives may cease; and that the wail of newly-made widows and orphans may be heard no more among us!



MAP OF VICKSBURG, MISS., SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL SHERMAN.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, ARKANSAS.—(SEE PAGE 46.)

GENERAL JOHN M'NEIL.

WE publish on page 45 a portrait of the famous GENERAL M'NEIL, whose alleged execution of ten rebels for the murder of a Union citizen of Missouri has attracted so much attention.

General John M'Neil was born in the British Provinces, of American parents. Emigrating at an early age to Boston, he learned the trade of a hatter, commenced business in New York, failed, and removed, twenty-five years ago, to St. Louis. There he established himself in business and made a fortune, part of which he has lost through Southern repudiation. When the rebellion broke out the rebels Price and Jackson counted upon M'Neil's support, as he was known to be a strong Democrat, and closely allied with Southern men. But the moment the gallant Lyon raised the flag of the Union at St. Louis, M'Neil was one of the first to hasten to its side, and from that hour he has never flinched.

On the 8th of May, 1861, he was sworn into the service of the Government, and fought Harris at Fulton, routing him.

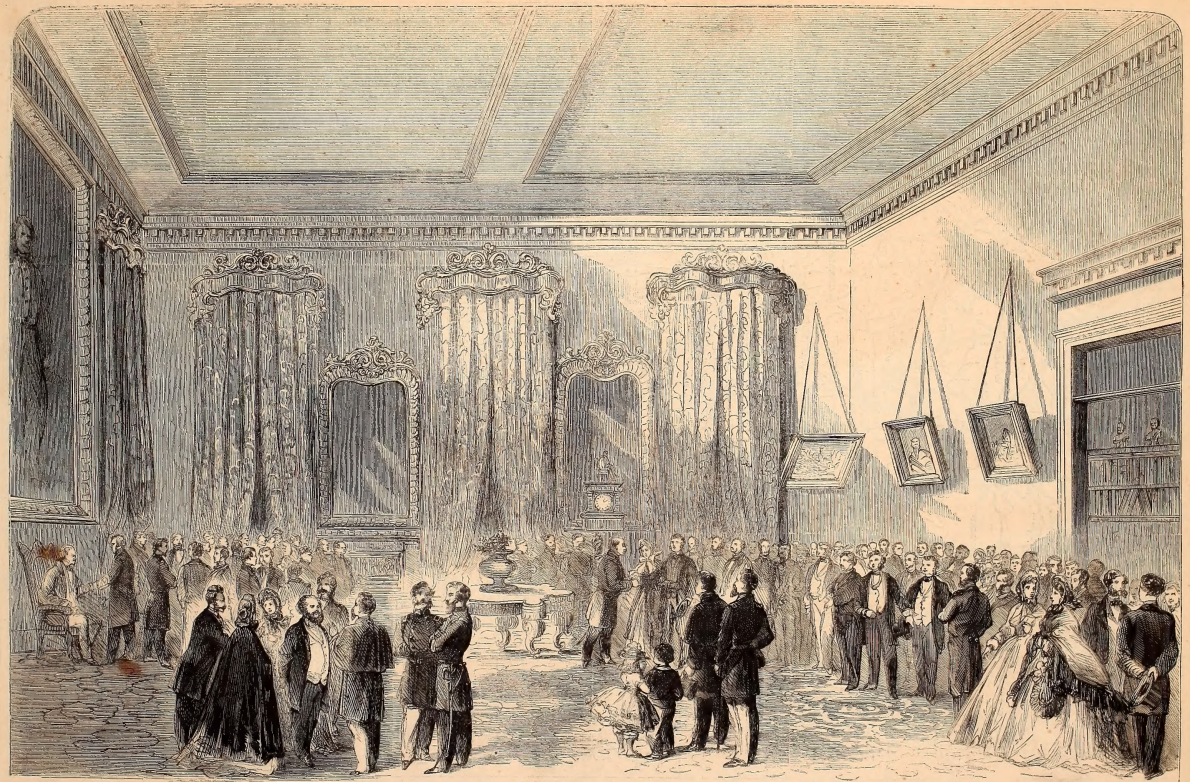
Major-General Frémont soon arrived, and one of his first acts was to put M'Neil in command of the city. He fulfilled his arduous duties with complete success; and when the Provost Marshal, General M'Kinstry, was sent to the field M'Neil was appointed his successor. Here again he gave ample evidence of his faithfulness and administrative abilities. On the 3d of August he was commissioned Colonel of the Nineteenth Missouri Volunteers—"Iron Regiment"—to which he had been designated by General Lyon, and which, in December to accept a colonelcy in the State troops, with the command of a district on the Kansas line, where he spent the winter organizing troops and protecting the Union citizens. He returned to St. Louis in the spring of 1862, and took charge of a cavalry regiment, with command of the District of Northeast Missouri. This was a very responsible post, as the locality was infested with rebel allies, and very many of the old soldiers of Price's army returned, been paroled, and were home apparently with no other motive than to deceive the Government, violate their oaths, disseminate treason, and, by secret means, incite new allies, procure supplies and equipments, and furtively labor to overthrow the Government they had thus deeply forsworn. In July there was a general uprising of the rebels in the northeast under Porter, Poindexter, and Cook. As Union man's life was safe, and robbery, arson, and robbery were of daily occurrence. On the 14th of July M'Neil moved to overtake Porter, and every where punished those who he knew had rendered this daring leader active aid, arrested the violators of parole, many of whom were captured in arms, with the certificate of the Government upon their persons, and ferreted out treason with no cessation. He pursued the main body of Porter's forces till the fall of August, and then at Kirksville, in Adair County, with only 1054 men against 3000 under Porter, fell upon him with daring impetuosity, and, after a seventy-*fourth* charge, utterly routed the rebels. He came out of this fight with several bullet-holes through his clothing and a severe gun-shot wound upon his thigh. As an evidence of the masterly manner in which he disposed his forces, it should be mentioned that he lost only *five* killed and *thirty-seven* wounded, while that of the enemy, as stated in the official report, was one *hundred and fifty killed*, nearly *four hundred wounded*, and *forty-seven prisoners*. Many of these prisoners, by their own admission, had been paroled from previous capture, on their solemn oath, *under penalty of death*, not again to take up arms against the Government. He carried out the orders of General Halleck regarding such doubly-damned treason, and ordered, that every Governor Gamble instantly appreciated his brilliant and faithful services, and gave him a Brigadier-General's commission as a reward.

From thence M'Neil went into what has been styled "the Gibraltar of treason," Monroe County, driving all before him. He quickly ascertained that where a Union man *could not* live in peace, a secessionist *could not*. He sold his last arrival with fire and sword, and on the 14th September attacked and broke up the last camp of rebellion in that region. He made his head-quarters at Palmyra, where he held many prisoners; a scale or more of these being the most desperately bad men among the violators of the most sacred pacts. An old man named Andrew Alleman, a true and faithful adherent to the Stars and Stripes, had just been captured by Porter, and his friends and family appeal to General M'Neil to use his power to rescue him. The General selected *ten of the worst* criminals he had in arrest, and immediately notified Porter and his confederates who had abducted Alleman, that if the old man was not returned to his family by the hour of October 18, the ten men who had voluntarily forfeited their lives should be executed as a penalty. The notification was extensively circulated, but the facts rolled by and the old man came not to greet his distracted family. The military edict was executed, and ten traitors paid the forfeit for the life of one good citizen, who was doubtless murdered.

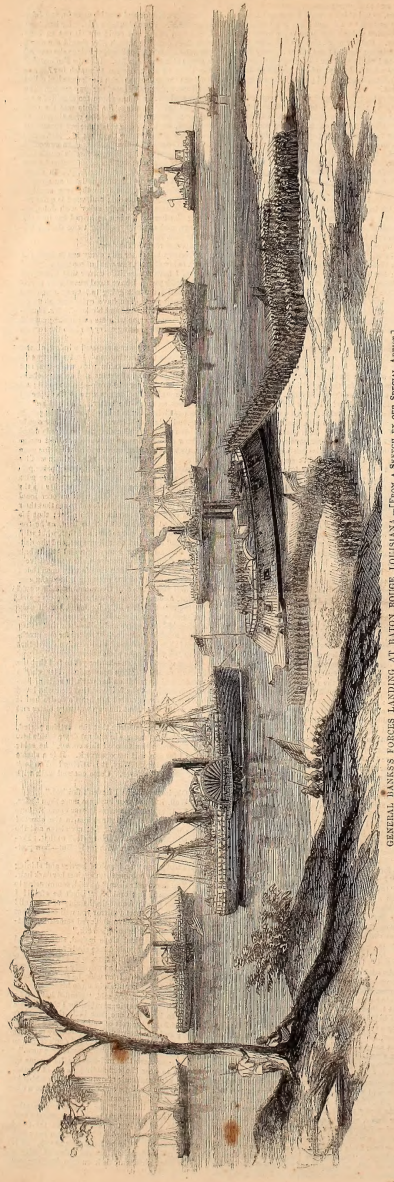
A friend of the General writes: "These measures were severe, but not from the character of General M'Neil: he will receive the applause of all earnest patriots for treating treason as it deserves. The fruit of his policy is patently exhibited where he has ruled. Before his advent murders and all lesser crimes were frequent, for no fault of the sufferers except that they were true to their country and to God. Now no more peaceful, stable, and Union-abiding people are to be found than those who live in Northeast Missouri. Jefferson DAVIS is thirsting for the blood of the brave General, and his conspirators in the North are wallowing. General M'Neil, fabricating statements of his brutality, and even asserting the two-fold falsehood that the wife of Alleman petitioned that the rebels might be executed, and that she did not receive a cent returned. But he will bear such calumnies, and live to reap grateful tributes."



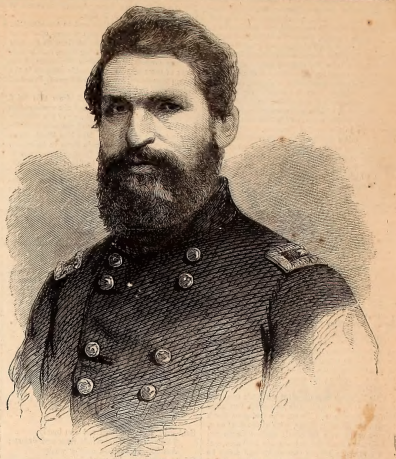
MAP OF MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF GENERALS SHERMAN, GRANT, AND BANKS.



RECEPTION OF THE AUTHORITIES OF NEW ORLEANS BY GENERAL BUTLER PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL BANKS'S FORCES LANDING AT BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES G. BLUNT, OF KANSAS.

GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS.

OUR special artist at New Orleans has sent us two sketches, which we reproduce on this and the preceding page. The large picture represents THE GRAND RECEPTION OF GENERAL BUTLER AT THE NEW ORLEANS CITY HALL on the evening preceding his departure for the North. It was a magnificent success: all the loyal citizens were present, together with a crowd of elegantly-dressed ladies, officers of the army and navy, etc. The smaller picture represents THE LANDING OF GENERAL BANKS'S TROOPS AT BATON ROUGE, which event we mentioned in our last.

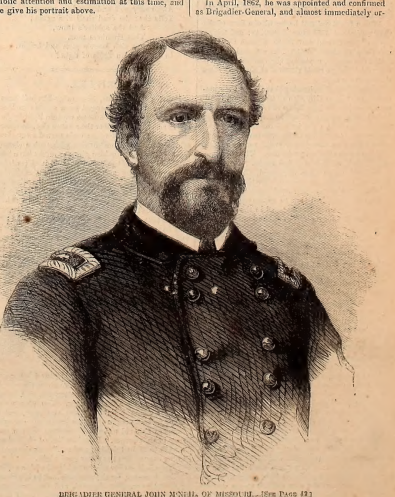
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES G. BLUNT, OF KANSAS.

THE recent brilliant victories of this officer in the far West are filling for him a large measure of public attention and estimation at this time, and we give his portrait above.

He was born in the State of Maine, and followed the sea for many years, holding the rank of Captain in the merchant service. Having a liberal education, and being well-grounded in the elementary studies of the medical profession, he abandoned his "life on the billows," emigrated to Ohio, settled at the capital, where he pursued the quiet avocations of his professional life until the furor of Kansas emigration carried him, among the first, to that historic field of Free-State achievement and suffering.

At the outbreak of this war he shouldered his musket and enlisted as a private, but was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Regiment Kansas Volunteers, at its first organization. During this period of his military life he participated in the battle of Dry Wood, under command of General Lane; and commanded a force which penetrated far into the Indian country, engaged the force of the celebrated marauder Matthews, killed the leader and dispersed the band, which had for months been the terror of Southern Kansas.

In April, 1862, he was appointed and confirmed as Brigadier-General, and almost immediately or-



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN MCNEIL, OF MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 42.]

dered to the command of the Department of Kansas, which then comprised Kansas, the Indian Country, Colorado, Nebraska, and Dacotah. He had been preceded in this command, and portions of it, by Generals Sturgis, Denver, and Major-General Hunter. They had all of them, to a greater or less degree, failed. Entering at once upon the discharge of his duties with his characteristic energy and resolution, he soon brought order out of chaos, and succeeded almost immediately in placing the troops of his Department upon the most admirable footing. He reorganized and *started* the great Southern Expedition, which had been atrociously strangled by his predecessors: and in less than a month they were in the Indian Country, two hundred and fifty miles south of Fort Leavenworth, the starting-point of the Expedition. So admirably was the campaign planned, and so quietly did execution follow upon conception, that, but for an incident which no human sagacity could have foreseen, the Southern forts in that region would have been in his possession last August, long before reinforcements could have reached them.

The commanding officer of the force in the field was forcibly arrested by his subordinate officers, and general confusion, preferring of charges, and arrests of officers was the result. The enemy, in immense and overwhelming force, was before this little army, and it was disorganized and demoralized. In this condition it fell back to Fort Scott. General Blunt, with his customary promptness, proceeded there himself, accompanied by his staff, heard every thing, listened to every thing, said nothing. After hearing all that was to be said on all sides, he dissolved the court-martial previously ordered, relieved each officer from arrest, and assumed the chief command in person.

Up to this time he had won the approval of all as to his administration of the affairs of the Department, but his capacity in the field was doubted. It was said he was a man of conduct and affairs, but not of action; his forte was the cabinet, not the field.

This idea was soon dispelled when his trumpets sounded "*To horse!*" His first push was after Coffee, Jackman, and Tracy, who had gone North toward the Missouri River, with about 5000 men, to co-operate with Quantrall against Lexington and Kansas City. Blunt had about 2000 men, and after a forced march of two nights and a day he came in sight of them, when they broke and fled without waiting his impetuous charge. They wheeled toward Arkansas, and he followed them almost to the line, when his jaded horses compelled him to forego further pursuit. His promptitude and efficiency thus saved Lexington and Kansas City from sack and conflagration.

After resting his exhausted stock he started his first brigade—General Salomon, of Wisconsin, commanding—forward to Sarcoxie, to co-operate with General Brown against a large rebel force fortified at Newtonia. General Salomon's advance attacked the place, but was driven back with considerable loss. General Blunt, hearing of this, pushed forward in person, examined the ground, made his dispositions, attacked the enemy with characteristic impetuosity, and in thirty minutes had his broken columns scampering across the prairie, with our flying squadrons in eager and fearful pursuit. The flying enemy was chased to Elk-Horn Tavern, Arkansas.

From this point Generals Schofield, Totten, and Brown, who had accompanied General Blunt from Newtonia, returned to Springfield, Missouri, while General Blunt remained to try to draw the enemy from his cover of the fastnesses of the Boston Mountains.

After a few days' rest he heard of a force of the enemy of about 4000 near Maysville; and taking parts of the Second and Sixth Kansas Cavalry, and Robb's Indiana Battery, he engaged and defeated the enemy, capturing the veritable old battery which Bragg made classical at Monterey some sixteen years ago.

Immediately after, hearing that General Marmaduke was at Cane Hill with 12,000 men, and Hindman hurrying up from below to reinforce him with 15,000 more, he determined to strike and destroy Marmaduke before the junction could be effected. Accordingly he left his transportation behind, and with 5000 men marched forward to the attack. His charge was like an avalanche. The enemy recoiled, fled, rallied, and fled again. He fought them over twelve miles of ground, always in the front rank himself, exposing his life like a common soldier, until under the sacred delay of a flag of truce the enemy had time to get beyond pursuit, while the flag-party was engaged in the ostensible duty of caring for their wounded and burying their dead.

The junction of the rebel forces was effected, and the enemy was 28,000 strong. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, General Blunt's little army being but scant six thousand, he pushed boldly into the Boston Mountains, with the persistent obstinacy which forms so large an ingredient of his character, offering the enemy battle in his own strong-hold.

In the mean time Hindman determined to adopt Blunt's tactics, pass him in the night by a parallel road, get to his rear, and attack General Herron, who was marching to his assistance, by order of General Schofield, with reinforcements from Springfield, before he reached his destination. General Blunt, well advised of the enemy's designs, allowed him to pass undisturbed, and then deliberately took his trail, to attack him in the rear while Herron engaged him in front. Some unexpected obstacles intervened, which delayed him longer than he anticipated; but still the gallant Herron maintained his position until the charging squadrons of the First Division made the very earth to tremble beneath their shock and thunder. Then commenced one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war. The enemy was desperate, and Blunt resolute and elastic as steel. From ten o'clock till dark the battle raged with unabated fury, the enemy growing weaker, and our own gallant troops more intent and earnest with each succeeding hour. We publish on page 42 a plan of this battle, called the BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, sent us from General Blunt's army by Mr. J. T. Cox.

Darkness at last put an end to the struggle. General Blunt ordered his men to sleep upon their arms, in order to renew the battle with the first faint streak of dawn. Morning came, but the enemy was gone. He had taken advantage of the cover of the night to steal to his retreats in the Boston Mountains, leaving *two thousand of his dead and wounded on the field.*

It will be readily conceived, from this brief sketch, that the annals of the last six weeks of this gallant little division of the Army of the Frontier sound more like the vagaries of romance than the stately march of history. Men like Blunt are in demand. Our country needs them in high positions. In recognition of services like these, marches so rapid and victories so brilliant and crowded, Government should give him the added star, and make him a Major-General without delay. The little State of Kansas has between thirteen and fourteen thousand troops actually in the field, and but two brigadiers. She is certainly entitled to a Major-General, and Blunt is the COMING MAN!

THE GRAVE BENEATH THE WILLOW.

[Far away, upon the banks of the Mississippi, a soldier pitched his tent by night, died at the dawn of morning, and is buried beneath the weeping willow, to await the morning réveille of the eternal day. These verses, taken from our port-folio of months past, are dedicated to his memory.—M.]

HARD by the river's winding way,
Beneath an aged weeping willow,
Pendent o'er the foaming billow,
Where the breath of blossoms blended,
And the songs of birds ascended;
Just as rising day was dawning,
And the east winds fanned the morning,
Death came rapping,
Softly tapping,
Tapping at the soldier's door—
The weary soldier's door.

Said he, "I've wandered sad and lonely,
Through the night-winds dark and dreary;
Am like yourself—a soldier weary
Of my marching—let us shelter
In this silent vale together:
Let me place my icy fingers
Where thy life-spark warmest lingers."
And then a death-dart
Touched a brave heart,
Silent now to move no more—
Never any more!

Now the willow, and the lilies,
And the eglantine are weeping,
Weeping o'er the soldier sleeping,
Sleeping where no cannon's rattle,
Nor the angry storm of battle,
Can awake him any more!
Nor doth again tap at the door.
The resting stranger,
Freed from danger,
Soundly sleeps beneath the willow—
The hoary, weeping willow!

Around the grave beneath the willow
The ivy and the roses bloom;
The flowery vale is not all gloom;
For weary on their little wing,
The birds light on the boughs to sing;
And every soft and warbling strain
Tells that the dead shall rise again;
And the soldier's brow,
That slumbers now,
Shall wear rich laurels pure and bright,
In the Elysian fields of light!

TRIFLES.

FROM a treacherous, September-like mildness the dying day had changed on a sudden to December sharpness. The fierce western light broke out in scarlet flushes over the sombre sky, and just above the hills thunderous clouds parted away curtain-wise from a dome burning with such a showing of rose through golden glory as might have befitted the gates of the unknown land itself; while the wind coming across the flat meadow-lands drove with a bleak rush and howl at the window by which Hope Easton was sitting. Already it was very dim in the little room, the shadow gaining so fast on the firelight that Hope could no longer see the pine wreaths that she was tying. The air was haunted by a pleasant woodland fragrance; and not Aladdin's palace could boast of such a cornice as the branches massed over door and window. Coziness was the name of the household god enshrined in the cheerful fire-place by which sat little Nellie looking into the bright flame, her fat little hands folded in her lap, and her fresh round face as grave as some little owl reflecting for the first time on the uncertain ways of mice.

Presently,

"Hope," said this reverend personage, "Mary Horton told me to-day that she was tired of Christmas-trees."

"Well?"

"Now I want one so much."

"Well!"

"Isn't it odd that God should give Christmas-trees to little girls that don't care about them? I thought perhaps he had forgotten me, so I asked him to send me a tree to-night. You know what he says about believing when you pray, and I know he could make one grow here easily enough. Suppose I should wake up to-morrow and find one over in that corner. I don't believe I shall sleep a wink to-night thinking about it." As she spoke going over to kiss her sister good-night.

Hope held up her face to be kissed with a smile, belied, however, by the troubled look in her clear, pleasant eyes, that lingered, and deepened, and darkened as if it had been the shadow itself closing about her as she still sat by the window. She could tie boughs together for Nellie's Christmas-tree; and that young person, less *blasé* than Mary Horton, would think herself happy and fortunate as the possessor of the doll lying in all the state of long-clothes and crocheted cap in the lower bureau drawer. But her quick thought had drawn a parallel between the child and herself. Mary Horton, tired and careless of her Christmas pleasures, her sister—what had the proud and handsome Julia in which Hope Easton could possibly have a common interest?

The outer gate clanged sharply, steps came up the walk; there was a bustle and some laughing in the hall; then somebody came toward the door humming *La ci carem.* There was no particular need for starting or blushing in the dark when no one could see how marvelously pretty she looked. It was only John Hazlemere, her mother's lodger. They were expecting him; for he had written to say that he should be back that night. (A most business-like epistle, by-the-by, not worthy of the tender keeping to which Hope had confided it.) He came in hesitating in the uncertain light till he had made out the slender figure by the window; and then—oh, the hypocrisy of girls!—such astonishment as she uplifted to him in her brown eyes! John could hardly persuade himself that he wore slippers of silence, or that the wind was in the habit of whistling scraps of *Don Giovanni* through the key-holes in Mrs. Easton's cottage; but how entirely she must have forgotten the letter (lying at that very moment over her heart) to be so utterly surprised by his appearance! She hardly glanced at him, her hand lay entirely passive in his. She looked interrupted—half displeased—indifferent or unconscious of the very evident pleasure with which he had met her, thought John, clouding fast.

Meanwhile somebody who had been talking with Mrs. Easton came along the narrow hall with a quick clatter of little boot heels and a rustle and swish of silken garments, diffusing a faint odor of violets as she (for the apparition was clearly feminine) entered the shadowed room.

"How dark it is! I can't find my way at all! Mr. Hazlemere, I think you were really barbarous to leave me so!" said a soft, lisping voice.

"You were talking with Mrs. Easton. How could I tell if it were discreet to remain?"

"Oh, you have— Miss Easton!" with a slight start; "you here! I didn't see you at first. I expect you to thank me for bringing Mr. Hazlemere home to you; though, as I was coming here when I found him on the road, it was not specially benevolent after all. How do you feel this evening, Miss Easton? Do you think you are very good-natured?"

"Not particularly," answered Hope, freezingly.

"That is unfortunate, for I came to ask a favor. Miss Golden has been unkind enough to fall ill at the last moment, when we depended on her for the dressing of the font, and we are in such a dilemma! I assure you we are quite desperate enough to seize and imprison you, and make your liberty dependent on your obliging us. You do those things so beautifully; and none of us have a gift that way, even if we were not so busy!"

She was standing as she talked close by the hearth, full in its light, looking even prettier than usual, with her splendid golden hair put away under her little velvet hood, and her cheeks in a glow. She was swinging her muff by its tassels, making the diamonds on her white fingers leap into sudden splendor with every move, and her cloak falling away showed the dainty collar and knot of ribbon, and the sparkling clasp at her slender waist; trifles in themselves, yet not unimportant parts of the effect that she produced—an effect of something dazzling, faultless, altogether of another and higher sphere, being most condescendingly at home in a shabby, wretched little room.

Hope felt it keenly; resented through all her nature the soft, lisping insolence, ten times harder to bear than open imperiousness; the familiarity, so offensive in contrast with Miss Morton's usual half-recognition; worst of all, the easy way in which she assumed entire possession of Mr. Hazlemere and all his faculties, the utter ignoring of all possibilities for him except that of attendance upon herself. I will not go! was Hope's first, angry thought; but her second was of Miss Horton's need, not her insolence, and of shame for her own pettiness of spirit.

"Well?" asked Miss Horton, half-indignant at the long silence.

"I will come," said Hope.

"Oh you are very kind! Mr. Hazlemere, we shall see you, of course; or will you ride home with me?"

"Thank you; but I will wait for Hope."

The "Hope" slipped out naturally—lovingly. Miss Horton gathered her cloak about her with an air.

"Good-evening, then! Come early, Miss Easton."

An odor of violets was all that remained of this unexpected visitation, and Hope sat down to think it over. She was hard at it when John came back, having seen Miss Horton safely to her carriage; and looked such a pretty picture, sitting there in the half light, that he had much ado to sit down like a sensible man on the opposite side of the fire-place, and taking refuge in the first commonplace that came into his head, asked what she was thinking about.

"Constituting myself a Committee of Ways and Means; and at present reading the Honorable Committee is sorely puzzled to find some magic that will make a certain gray merino presentable at Mrs. Horton's; and uncertain how it will get time and strength to construct a Christmas-tree for Nellie, who has gone to sleep in full faith that God will have a tree ready grown in that opposite corner to salute her waking eyes."

"Dear little thing!" said John, looking straight at Hope. "Suppose the Committee imitates her simple faith, and leaves the tree where she left it; while as for the gray merino, in my opinion the Committee is at present in possession of all the magic that is requisite to make the dress the prettiest in the room."

Here Mrs. Easton and candles came in, and John disappeared. Hope clouded again. He had been absent two weeks, and could not sit out an hour with them quietly; though why should she care? she asked, spitefully, pulling her hair as she combed it out as if it had been his. Had the Fool-catcher any thing in his collection to match her? She had been happy because John Hazlemere had called her Hope, and complimented her gray merino. The insane asylum would have been too dignified a retreat for her. A refuge for idiots was the only shelter adapted to her case. She was thoroughly wretched, for of all quarrels those we sometimes hold with ourselves are the most hopeless. She had entertained ambitious projects of an unwonted knot of ribbons, and possibly a fuschia nestled in the coils of her hair; but she now dismissed them contemptuously with her other folly. In short, she was in a mood to extract as large an amount of discomfort as possible from the very smallest given quantity of material; and, what is quite inexcusable, was exceedingly sulky with John, refusing him her hand when he helped her into the carriage, and scarcely speaking twice during the ride to Mrs. Horton's.

Julia met them in the door.

"You are late, after all; every one is here" (as Hope, to her dismay, saw was but too true). "Miss Easton, I have a nice little corner that I reserved specially for you. I have stood guard over it valiantly, and I am not going to let any one come and disturb you. You have quite enough to do without being talked to and hindered. Mr. Hazlemere, you must come with me and make yourself useful. We are pressing every one into the service to-night."

Hope's "corner" was a recessed window, almost shut off from the drawing-room by its heavy curtains. There was a table with work-box and pasteboard, a basket of greens and an easy-chair. Clearly she was there to work—nothing else; all empty formulas of politeness were to be dispensed with; but so much the better. She had neither heart nor inclination to talk with any of the people there, only she would have been glad if her corner had been differently placed, or if she had only dared to draw the curtains, so that she need not see so exactly what Mr. Hazlemere and Miss Horton were doing. Certainly his sphere of usefulness was by no means an extended one, it consisting principally in revolving about Miss Horton, walking with her up and down the rooms, or helping her tie the wreaths when she was seized with an occasional spasm of industry. Impossible not to see that their fingers met and lingered on each other; that his hair brushed her cheek when he bent, as he frequently did, to whisper to her; and that, what with heightened color and sparkling eyes, and the dazzling contrast of her snowy skin and bright hair with the deep azure of her dress, she was positively radiant. Other eyes than Hope's were upon them. Hardly conscious of her presence behind the curtains, all the gossips in the room, as Fate would have it, discussed them and their prospects; and, much against their will, Hope found herself duly qualified to have given in the general vote concerning Mr. Hazlemere and Julia—how that "they were a handsome couple, just suited for one another, and that there could be no possible doubt that the match would take place before spring."

It was hard to listen—harder yet to feel that the hearing of such things was pain. Her cheeks burned, and tears fell on her work in spite of herself; in her heart she believed that God who loved her would have granted her heart's desire had it been well for her, but the cup was very bitter and hard to drink.

It was at this juncture that the curtains parted, and Louis Horton came in and sat down beside her.

"My sister has tabooed this corner," he said; "but I for one will not observe it. It is a shame to keep you here. Why, it is stifling! You look as if you had a fever. Come out and walk with me!"

"Oh, impossible! I haven't finished."

"Well, it is not your business more than theirs, is it? Every one else takes it easy enough. Suppose there *are* a few letters less in the church! Who will be the wiser? Let my sister and the Committee to which she belongs look to that. Positively you must come with me! But—how pretty that is?"

He had taken up a bunch of berries and shining leaves, and was holding them against her dark hair.

"You must wear them," he said, commencing to fasten them in her braids. "Don't be afraid! I am as deft as any femme-de-chambre of them all! Now when you meet a mirror you will confess that in three seconds I have achieved something prettier than all your evening's work."

And pretty indeed Hope looked, shrinking and turning away her flushed face shyly from his eager look; but not in John's eyes, who coming to look for her, saw and turned sorrowfully away, as Hope came out with Louis from what he styled her den. Louis went with her straight up to his sister.

"Your prisoner," he said, "pleaded hard to be let alone, but I was inexorable, for I thought it a shame to keep this one poor little thing hard at work while all the rest of you were lazily luxuriating; and, by-the-way, Julia, you may set some of those other people at work, for I don't intend to let her go back. She is under my charge now."

And once more that mal-apropos John came up in time to hear the concluding words of Louis's speech, and see the air of ownership with which he gave his arm to Hope and carried her off to a distant quarter of the room.

"Are you hungry?" he inquired, presently. "There is the usual fight going on about the supper-table, but 'only the brave deserve the fair;' and if you say the word— No? I can not say I am very sorry. I like better to look at you. It is such a relief after the blues and reds and yellows of the other girls, and their endless giggling and attitudinizing."

As vinegar upon nitre was all this nonsense to Hose's heavy heart. She thought of home and Nellie with a longing that amounted to pain; and seeing John pass caught him by the arm.

"Do take me home!" she urged. "I am so tired; and you know I must not disappoint Nellie."

"I have promised this next half hour to Miss Horton," he answered, gravely, "but I will go with you then; and you need not be uneasy about Nellie's tea. I will help you with it."

The red seemed to Hope's eyes very purple.

"I will go!" she said to herself, passionately. "I will go!" Louis, who had left her for a moment, was coming back, but she slipped out of a door near by, before he could reach her, to the dressing-room, found her cloak and hood, and stole out by the back way, unseen by all, that the world would wait for her and stop her in the front hall.

So eager was she for the rest and shelter of home, and so morally afraid of being pursued, that she ran till she reached her own door, when she found that she was crying. All was dark and quiet in the little house; her mother and Nellie fast asleep long since time, and only the dimmest possible light in the little sitting-room, where in one corner stood a scorching tall and dark, with wide-spreading, fragrant branches, building all manner of mysterious packages, and gleaming with tapers and gilded fruit.

This was what John had buried himself about! this was the occupation of his indifference to her appeal! As she had always found him in all the year of his stay at her mother's house, so had he proved himself now, strong, thoughtful, and with a tender even of a child's fancies. And she! it would be hard to tell how unutterably she hated and despised herself. Soon she heard him in the hall. He was coming into the room, and there was no escape for her. She must sit still and meet him.

He came in and stood for a while by her in silence. At last,

"Why did you run away?" he asked.

"You know," she wished to make something for Nellie's Christmas."

"You had no confidence in me?"

"How could I know?"

"You might have placed some small trust in me. At least I hoped till now that you did. Did you come alone?"

"Yes."

"Imprudent to a degree, as well as insulting to me."

"Insulting! you mean that! Are you angry?" For it had never occurred to her that this last great evil could happen, and that John could actually be angry.

"I am. I think I have a right to be."

What could she say? She could not explain. He had never asked to know what was in her heart, and she could find no words that would not betray her. Yet, writhing mouthly for words to answer that she could not find, he left her with a curt good-night.

The next night was Christmas Eve, and Nellie, who had all day been quite sure "that God was growing a Christmas-tree for her in the parlor, because Hope had so carefully excluded her," was at last allowed to enter. John came also, dressed to spend the evening with Miss Horton, and saw with one glance that Hope had laid the parcels bearing her name unopened on the table.

"You have not looked at your gifts," he said, coldly.

"No," returned Hope. "I want something more."

"Indeed!"

"I want forgiveness, your forgiveness," she went on timidly, and blushing very much.

"For what?"

"For whatever it was that made you angry."

"Truly you are incorrigible!" burst out John suddenly, at boiling heat; then instantly freezing again.

"I beg your pardon. I have no right to be angry or to forgive you. It was a piece of unpardonable impertinence in me."

"You will not be friends, then."

John looked at her coldly.

"You women are curious, inconsistent things. I could almost think—"

Here Louis gayly intervened.

"Oh! Hope, here is your letter—the one that you dropped out of your dress this morning. I forgot it till I was in bed. I just ran over in my nightgown, where I have had it all the time."

As she held it out John's quick eye caught the signature, and with a sudden change of face, at once altered, looking it high above Hope's head, who vainly tried to reach it, finding that useless, drew paler than before, covered her face with her hands, and tried to make her escape, but he stopped between her and the door, and inexorably held it fast.

"Not yet," he said, with a half smile. "This letter was mine, is now your mother's; what were you doing with it, my property?"

"Oh! please let me go," was the answer.

"Not yet. I have too many questions to ask you; and, first, If you care so much for the letter, how much do you care for the writer?"

Large tear-drops began to find their way through Hope's clasped fingers.

"I think you would hardly weep if you knew how joyful my heart is," whispered John, softly. "I have waited and hoped so long, and, latterly, I feared, in vain. I thought I had lost you."

Hope looked up suddenly, smiling.

"And that, then,"

"What visit?"

"That you were to pay Miss Horton."

"I shall go, indeed—"

"Will!"

"Unless I am bribed with a gift—a Christmas gift."

Hope's answer was too low for other ears than John's to hear; but that he obtained his gift I have no doubt, since their wedding cards are lying on the table before me.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1862.

The skies are dim, the trees are stiff,
The earth is gray and cold;
The frost is glittering, as if
Th' very rays were cold.
And men have lost their heritage—
No sweat is on their brow:
Come, Babe, and bring them work and wage,
Be born, and save us now.

Across the sea, beyond our sight,
Roars on the battle's clash;
Down go the men in bloody fight,
The women weep and hate.
And in the night, be which that may,
Surely the strife is long:
Come thou, O Child, thy lowly way,
And right will have no wrong.

Good men speak lies against thine own—
Tongues quick, and hearing slow;
They will not let their will alone,
And think to serve thee so.
If they the children's freedom saw,
In thee, the children's king,
Thy wound be still with holy awe,
Or only speak to sing.

Some neither lie, nor starve, nor fight,
Nor yet the poor deny;
But in their hearts all is not right—
They plot, and wait, and smile.
We need thee every day and hour,
In sunshine and in snow:
Child-King, we pray with all our power,
Be born, and save us now.

We are but men and women, Lord;
Thou art a gracious child:
Oh, fill our hearts, and heap our board,
Of grace, this winter wild.
And though the world be sad and bare,
Hungry and Hate about,
Come, Child, and ill deeds and ill fare
Will soon be driven out.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. O. O. F.—THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW, a Monthly Magazine of 36 double columns octavo, with engravings, devoted to disseminating a knowledge of the sentiments, principles, operations, and condition of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. One dollar a year, in advance. Specimen numbers will be mailed, gratis, on application. Any number of 16 cents, in postage stamps, for each number ordered. Published by JOHN W. ORR, 75 Nassau Street, New York. The first number of the second volume is now ready.

The first volume, bound, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.50.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Soldiers of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jacks. 36 numbered cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Four packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately begun their style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless Watches of British make, and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being the mere manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *packaging* and *swindling* purposes.

In order to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AS ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPERS, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at $20, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Open Face, at $18, and *Legions* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have issued the new series of WATCH-CARDS. We Explain Notes, which will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is out of date or forgery.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Something New

For Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear.



Hooks and Eyes on Blank Cards of the finest Ivory, brought to a high polish, of all colors, and engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monograms to order. Free by mail on receipt of price. Sets, $1.50. Address

JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

CATARRH.—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY positively cures the very worst of this terrible disease, and effectually relieves Fever and Sorrow. Price $1.00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Splendid Holiday Presents.

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.,

WORTH $500,000,

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....50 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.....10 00 each.
2000 Vest and Fob Chains.....5 00 to 8 00 per one.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets.....5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Pins.....3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Pearl Brooches.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Pearl Ear Drops.....4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins.....2 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Watch Keys.....1 00 to 2 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Lockets.....3 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons.....2 00 to 4 00 each.
6000 Pair Studs.....2 00 to 4 00 each.
6000 Sleeve Set Rings.....2 00 to 4 00 each.
6000 Lockets.....3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders.....4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....4 00 to 6 00 each.

And Gold Pens for Ladies and Gentlemen.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of the above various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed, and when ordered they are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article sent you.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, and paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents in the setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect fifteen cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps, for each certificate issued by their correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

193 Broadway, New York.

INVENTORS SHOULD PROCURE Copy of "HOW TO GET A PATENT." Send a 3-cent stamp to FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1862,

Duryeas' Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" exhibited, and was the only such honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of Corn Starch and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding.

Maizena.

The food and luxury of children, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custard, Blanc Mange, &c., without Isinglass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A single trial will convince. For West Point greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening soups, gravies, and sauces for fish and meats, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in Coffee greatly improves it. For coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.

Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

W. DURYEA, General Agent.

MILITARY GOODS.

Swords for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.

Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.

W. J. Syms & Bro.,

209 Broadway, New York.

J. W. MERSEREAU,
Men's Furnishing Goods
—AND—

GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS

No. 2 Warren Street.

Fashion Door near Broadway, NEW YORK.

Represented by N. B. MERSEREAU, L. N. WYANT.

India-Rubber Gloves for Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and render them soft, supple, and pliable, and restore the skin to its natural color, for cold, and are an excellent protection in all kinds of house-work. Price by mail, post-paid, 50 cents per pair. Any number of pairs and 4 stamps to pay postage.

Ladies' and Gent's Gauntlets, sizes 81-50.

GODDARD'S INDIA RUBBER DEPOT, 20 Park Row, N. Y.

Every description of Rubber Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for sale by the Soldiers' Relief Association, Hilton Head, Beaufort, and all places occupied by Union forces, should be addressed, and will be forwarded by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

The Prince of Holiday Gifts or Presents.

"THE GRAND MICROSCOPE"

Magnifies small objects 10,000 times. So simple that a child may use it. A most valuable present for any person. Price, by mail, 25 cts.; with six mounted objects, 50 cts. Address HENRY CRAIG, 181 Centre Street, New York.

DENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE-MONEY, and all Army and Navy Claims, Procured by SOMES & BROWN, No. 2 Park Place, New York. Send for our Hand-Book of Information.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards will only be 2 SHEPHERD'S Building, Ann corner Nassau, Beekman, and Park Row, N. Y. Specimens mailed. For five Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

Nautical Routine

And STOWAGE, with SHORT RULES FOR NAVIGATION. By J. McKone Mulvihill, and W. N. Jeffers, Jr., U.S.N. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth, $2 50.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N. Y. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Best climate. Water of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., to become 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—30 acre lots from $100 to $250 per acre, payable either a year. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to Charles K. Landis, Esq., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural men, Free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old settled region, where good markets are near, that I have ever found farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

Rare and Beautiful Flower Seeds free to all who join the "RURAL KEYSTONE CLUB." 29 c. in 81 clear cash pays for 1 year's membership and Periodicle. For full particulars send stamp to

F. E. STILSON, Bangor, Penn.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new Cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Ornamental Pencils*, and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars free. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!

My Unguent will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 40 days. Sent by mail, with directions, for One Dollar by mail. J. F. JAGGERS, Cahoes, Illinois.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used it, that the Guinea Pepper Plasters of Dr. Isaacs are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price 25 cents per pair and for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents.

Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 629 Broadway.

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES. *Are warranted to run, and keep excellent time.* The styles are superior to any thing of the kind before offered in the market, decidedly the most taking novelties out. Should retail at prices from $20 to $30 each. All are fully packed by the case of six, and are not sold in less quantities. Engraved superior, and effectually prevents any half dozen $20. Heavy silver plated, engine turned, per half dozen, $30. Sample dozen of half of each kind will be sent at wholesale rates, $20. Will be sent by express, with bill for collection on delivery. Should any small cash balance remain, as we can not collect from the Army. Address orders,

HUBBARD BROTHERS,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

AND ARMS. Selphe's Patent. 515 Broadway, N. Y., opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Send for a Circular.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other Guns and Rifles. Send for a Circular. 8,000 sold in 1862. Price only **20c.** 3 for $1. Mailed *Free.* Address

R. LUCAS & CO., Hamilton, O.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.
Have just published:

MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By Jasmes Shanad, Captain U.S.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE STUDENT'S FRANCE. A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Large 12mo, 734 pages, Cloth, $2 00.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. Richards. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 00.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

☞ Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR January, 1863.

The present Number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE contains the conclusion of Miss HOLMES'S Household Story, "Hortense and Maid," continuations of Miss ELLET'S Thrilling Story of "Fair Play," and of Mrs. TROLLOPE'S English novel "The Small House at Allington."

Mr. J. Ross Browne's Narrative of a Visit to Ireland, illustrated by Sketches from the Author's own pencil; by the Author, commenced in this month, will be continued in the Numbers for February and March. Mr. Browne's paper on the "League of the States" closes the series of articles describing the various attempts at Union and Secession which have marked our national history.—The article on "Breeding Cattle for the Shambles" is by a practical farmer at the present time, so giving an authentic account of the origin of the improved breeds, and showing the progress on a wider scale, to the purposes of Offensive and Defensive Warfare.—The Record of Current Events, Literature, and of the Reports of the heads of the Departments and Bureaus of our Government, contain a complete view of the present condition of the country.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Any Person sending Five New Subscribers	
will be entitled to a Sixth Copy for	
himself, gratis.	
Any Person sending Ten New Subscribers	
will be entitled to a Seventh Copy for	
himself, gratis.	
Any Person sending Twenty New Subscribers	
will be entitled to a Fourteenth Copy for	
himself, gratis.	

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

Any Person sending Ten New Subscribers will be entitled to a Copy for himself, gratis.

Any Person sending Twenty New Subscribers will be entitled to a Copy for himself, gratis.

TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or Fifteen Subscribers, at $3 00 each, will be supplied by TRAVELING AGENTS.

☞ The Publishers (*supply the Harper's Magazine or Parties who desire to subscribe to Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly*) find better remit themselves or Genuine, or not their subscription to some Responsible and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



CUTTING HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.

MAN OF COLOR. "Ugh! Get out. I ain't one ob you no more. *I'se a Mom, I is!*"



UNCLE ABE. "Hello! Ben, is that you? Glad to see you!"
BUTLER. "Yes, UNCLE ABE. Got through with that New Orleans Job. Cleaned them out and scrubbed them up! *Any more scrubbing to give out?*"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SPECULATION.

$15 per day made sure, and more if you persevere selling our great NEW STYLE *Union Prize and Stationery Package.* Something NOVEL and UNESCALED. Different to all old styles, and containing ALL NEW ARTICLES of good quality. Writing Materials and Fancy Articles worth $1 formerly 25 cents. *Just the thing for a Soldier to Present to your Friends in the Army.* They are snatched goods, and *everybody wants them.* Profits immense and sales quick. We give as a *free present* to each person who orders our Package A BRILLIANT WATCH, *warranted as a time-keeper.* Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted in every County and every Town. This is a *chance for soldiers* in camp or diverted. Send for our New Circulars for 1863, containing *future* inducements.

S. C. HERARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

PHYSIOGNOMY, or Signs of Character, PHYSIOLOGY, and the Bodily Functions; PHRENOLOGY or the Brain and Nervous System; PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul; ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man, with Instructions, in the Choice of Pursuits, Personal Improvement, etc., are some of the topics elucidated in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for 1863. No. 1 now ready, only $1 a year. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere for our Splendid and Mammoth Javelin Prize Package. 100 per cent. to 6. Sent to Watch free to all Agents. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATLEY & CO., 49 Ann Street, New York.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK, Wrought, Cast, and Wire. 259
IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES, GUARDS, and *IRON FURNITURE* of every description. Illustrated Catalogues mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM, 259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $21, $24 and $30 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

THOMAS PLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

E. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 381 Broadway.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, etc., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

Buy your Skate Straps with

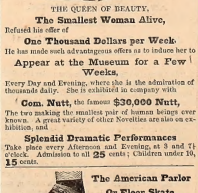
Fogg's Lever Buckle,

Manufactured by P. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

Barnum's American Museum.

The Manager is happy to announce that, notwithstanding

MISS LAVINIA WARREN,



THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,
The Smallest Woman Alive,
Refused his offer of

One Thousand Dollars per Week

He has made such advantageous offers as to induce her to

Appear at the Museum for a Few Weeks,

Every Day and Evening, where she is the admiration of thousands daily. She is exhibited in company with

Com. Nutt, the famous **$30,000 Nutt,**

The two making the smallest pair of human beings ever known. A great variety of other Novelties are also on exhibition, and

Splendid Dramatic Performances

Take place every Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7½ o'clock. Admission to all **25** cents; Children under 10, **15** cents.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.

Observe, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark. Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from welded steel and iron bottomed: Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Horne & Co.'s celebrated Skates.

FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, New York.
68 KILBY STREET, Boston.

Lyon's Kathairon.

This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is now put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill, and attention, which first created its immense and unprecedented sales of over one million bottles obtained. It is still sold at 25 cents in large bottles. Two million bottles can easily be sold in a year when it is again known that the Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of scurf and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich luxuriant growth, and prevents it from turning gray. These are considerations worth knowing. The Kathairon has been tested for over thirty years, and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, cheap and valuable. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle



Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $12.

AND

MILLIGAN'S ARMY TENT STOVE.
Patent applied for.



To close with Pipe &c. Packed.

Weight 9½ pounds, price $6 00. Sold by Dealers in Military Goods throughout the country. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, New York.
Send for Circulars. MILLIGAN BROS.

GOLD PENS.

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 cents in P. O. Stamps.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!
MAGNIFYING **500** TIMES, FOR **28c.** COIN PREPAID. Five of different powers, $1. Mailed free.
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 2270, Boston, Mass.

$16 WATCHES. $16

LADIES' WATCHES.—Heavy Gold Plate Hunting Case Lever Watches for $16, equal to solid 18 k. Gold in finish and general appearance. Send for a Circular.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.
S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 2273, Boston.



Broadway MENAGERIE
AND
Zoological Institute.
Broadway below Houston Street.
Open Daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.
With the most magnificent and complete collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
in America. Admission 25 cts. Children under 10, 15 cts.

Confederate Rebel Money.
FAC-SIMILE REBEL TREASURY NOTES,
So exactly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally well. $500 in Confederate Notes of all denominations, sent free by mail on receipt of $5, by W. E. HILTON, 11 Spruce Street, New York.



An Invention of Rare Merit!

LONG WANTED, AND FOUND AT LAST!

A KEROSENE LAMP CHIMNEY, EASILY CLEANED, AND WHICH WILL NOT CRACK OR BREAK FROM SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE.

A "BROWN'S METAL TOP LAMP CHIMNEY" is warranted, with *ordinary care, to last just as long as the lamp* on which it is used.

Price (with a small neat shade for common size), Zinc top, 75 cents; Brass, 31 cents; Silver-Plated, 50 cents.

Dealers will be furnished, per EXPRESS, with a *sample box* containing one half doz. Chimneys assorted styles and sizes, with circulars, colored show cards, price list, &c., on receipt of $1 25.

Brown's Metal Top Lamp Chimneys are manufactured only by the

NEW LAMP CHIMNEY MANUFACTURING CO.,
MILTON BRADLEY, Treasurer,
Office and Salesroom, 45 Fulton St., N. Y.

☞ For further particulars see "Harper's Weekly" of last week or send for a circular.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Pure soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

GOLDEN HILL SHIRTS

RETAILING

☞ **At Wholesale Prices.** ☜
Depot 2 Warren Street. J. W. MESSEREAU.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PORTFOLIO PACKAGE. Now the best and cheapest in the market. Sells more than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 34 south Third Street, Philadelphia.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility.—New and reliable treatment. Valuable Reports sent free of charge, by Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, No. 3 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it—it has cured thousands.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 317.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALVIN P. HOVEY.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET—SOLDIERS EXCHANGING RATIONS FOR FRUIT, ETC.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE FIRST WAITS.

A MEDITATION FOR ALL.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gent."

So, Christmas is here again!—
While the house sleeps, silent as death,
'Neath the midnight moon comes the Waits' shrill tune
And we listen and hold our breath.

The Christmas that never was—
On this frosty November air,
With clear pale gleam, like the ghost of a dream,
It is painted every where.

The Christmas that might have been—
It is here in the scroll of a reed,
Down the empty street, with the tread of feet
That lie silent underground.

The Christmas that yet may be—
Lies in Bethlehem-star, loads kind:
Yet our life chimes past, hour by hour, fast, fast,
Few before—and many behind.

The Christmas we have and hold,
With a tremulous tender strain,
Half joy, half fears—Be peace in the years,
"Grief passes, blessings remain!"

The Christmas that sure will come,
Let us think of it, fireside fair;
When church bells will sound o'er one small green mound,
Which the neighbors pass to prayer.

The Christmas that God will give—
Long after all these are o'er,
When is day nor night, for the LAMB is our Light,
And we live for evermore.

THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

OUR artist, Mr. Davis, some time since sent us a sketch which we reproduce on page 49. It represents our troops in New Orleans "swapping" their rations of flour for tropical fruits and other farm-produce in the markets of New Orleans. Flour has long been extremely scarce at New Orleans; our brave boys, who receive a fair modicum of it daily as part of their ration, manage to dispose of it in market in such a way as to use their own words, "to live like fighting cocks." The scene is rather a striking one.

THE WRECK OF THE "MONITOR."

BOOM—boom!
How the huge waves smite her side—
The waves she has long defied,
In mockery of her doom!

Hark—hark!
The massy rivet snaps!
The jointed armor gapes!
The prompt wave rushes dark!

Creak—creak!
The great pumps labor fast!
The eager men rush past,
With sweat-disfigured cheek.

Toil—toil!
For a ship appears in sight:
But faster comes the night,
And the waves with fury boil.

More—more!
The floods to the hot fires creep,
And the mercury of the deep
Bates not a single roar.

Haste—haste!
Ye eager friends within hail!
Your perilous scheme will fail
If but one breath you waste!

Quick—quick!
Lower the swiftest boat:
Death has them by the throat,
And darkness gathers fast!

Black—black!
Are the mighty rolling waves:
But the boat a handful saves,
And now once more turns back.

Vain—vain!
The sea, with an awful frown,
Beats the mailed warrior down—
He never will rise again!

Swift—swift!
Sinks the pride of the Union tars,
Away from the glowing stars
To the sullen ooze and drift.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

IN this Number we conclude Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S magnificent Tale, NO NAME; and we begin the publication of a New Story by the Author of "MARY BARTON," entitled

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

This will be followed, in March, by a New Serial Work of Fiction by

CHARLES READE, D.C.L,

Author of "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," etc.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN view of the characteristic perseverance of the American people, the repulse at Vicksburg, and the annoying raids of the rebel guerrillas upon our supply trains and railway communications out West, only render it the more certain that within a given space of time we shall reopen the Mississippi River. Our people are not the sort of men whom obstacles frighten or adverse weary. The greater the difficulties the greater the energy put forth to overcome them. Like our forefathers the English, who always began their wars by getting soundly thrashed by their enemies, and only commenced to achieve success when it was thought they were exhausted, we are warming to the work with each mishap, and learning from each defeat how to secure victory hereafter. Let no man doubt for an instant but that our armies and our fleets will accomplish the business of opening the Mississippi.

It may serve to encourage the faint-hearted to state that the expeditions fitted out for the purpose of opening that river are entirely without parallel in history. No monarch of Europe ever gathered together so many men, so many vessels of war, and so many guns for any single purpose. If the figures were printed they would remind the reader of the semi-fabulous records of the expedition of Xerxes for the conquest of Greece. In comparison with the forces commanded by M'Clernand, Grant, Banks, Porter, and Farragut, the allied expedition to the Crimea was an insignificant affair. Napoleon had perhaps more men when he set out for the invasion of Russia; but he had no naval force, while Porter commands a fleet which alone would constitute a respectable national navy. The British army under Wellington, which carried on the Peninsula War, was less than any of the flying columns of our army of the Mississippi. Lord Clyde employed the rebellion in India, and reduced 100,000,000 people to subjection with fewer men than Grant commands. Should the war be finally settled by a pitched battle in the heart of Mississippi, as Jeff Davis almost predicts, the forces engaged will probably be twice as numerous as those that fought at Waterloo, and our army ought to exceed that of the rebels by a large percentage.

If it be asked why, with so many advantages and so vast a development of strength, we seem to make so little headway, the answer is that it is easier to hold a strong-hold than to take it. The rebels choose their position, fortify themselves, throw up earth-works, dig rifle-pits, plant their guns, and wait for us. We are annoyed, against such odds, in taking their works, as we did at Fort Donelson, they fall back and repeat the performance elsewhere: and with so vast a territory as theirs, there is plenty of room for repeated defeats and repeated retreats to new strong-holds. In the end, there can be but one result: but it must not be forgotten that if our resources and our strength are great, and our hopes high, the job we have undertaken is of the most monstrous character, and its progress will most certainly "try men's souls" at the North.

THE LOUNGER.

FAIR PLAY.

IF there is any maxim which peculiarly expresses the true spirit of American civilization it is *Fair Play for All*. Our system is a very different one doctrine—equal human rights based upon a common humanity. The departure in practice from that original doctrine has virtually been the ruin of this sanguinary war, which is the struggle of the nation to restore its practice to its true faith and fundamental principle. The obedience to the instinct, as vital in states as in individuals, which temporarily subordinates every right, every guarantee, every principle, and every law to the paramount necessity of self-preservation, the President, Commander-in-Chief, has decreed emancipation in the chief slave-section of the country. Whether as by his order, and by the necessity of the case, the lives of citizens are taken in battle, without due ordinary process of law, as by the same order and necessity the supply trains and property which aid the rebellion are without process of law cut off and seized; and in obedience to the rule of common sense that in a state of war all persons concerned are either friends or foes, and are accordingly to be protected or corrected, he has, in the only way possible, summoned all the friends of the Union and the country to the national standard, assuming that all whose liberty is restrained by the rebels shall be protected by the supreme national power.

It is a war-measure which involves the most vital consequences to the civilization and development of a class of human beings, who have hitherto been the subjects of the most remorseless oppression. In peace the power to take the step was dormant and could not be exercised. But the war upon the Government, waged by those who wished to perpetuate the injustice, awakes that sleeping power, clothes the President with that magnificent authority, and calling God and the world to witness the rectitude of his purpose, and invoking the divine blessing and the national support upon an act just in itself, and justified by the national peril, he has spoken the word which is an edict of fair play to every man in the land: which at once releases a people which has been outraged, and a nation which has been unwillingly privy to injustice. It clears the individual conscience and the national escutcheon. It is an invocation of the spirit of the Constitution to save its form—being merely an exercise of that supreme and irresponsible discretion, vested by the fundamental law in its chief magistrate, during a state of war, for its own protection.

This is the spirit in which the noble picture in this day's paper is conceived. It is a summary of the scope of the act, looking before and after. The picture shows what was in America, and what shall be. It commemorates the restoration of the nation to the faith of the fathers, and to their expressed intention in the practice of the Government they formed, and it depicts at a stroke the sublime scope of a measure which is in its form simply a necessary military order.

Mr. NAST never has done work not only the masterly skill of the artist and the eye of the poet, but the perception of the patriot and the heart of the man. His picture presents the equal humanity of the colored race. It shows them swayed by the same emotions, inspired by the same hopes, capable of the same human enjoyment, as those of us who belong to another race. For America does not say that all men are equal in any thing but rights. That it does not say, places the rebel forever say and maintain, that all men, whether of the Shemitic or anti-Shemitic families, whether Mongolians or Caucasians, whether Kaffirs or Celts, whether Asians, Africans, Europeans, or Americans, are men, and therefore are born with a natural equality of right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

TO THE LOUNGER IN THE NEXT BOX.

IF every Lounger could take a part in all the conversation which he hears around him and which greatly interests him, what a general talking he would keep up! I was anxious, for instance, the other evening, when, dining at a chop-house, I heard a pleasant voice in the next box remark, "Well, I don't think the negroes are worth the half-million of lives they are costing us"—I was anxious, I say, to put my head over the box and say, "Well, what then?"

The remark which I heard is said in a great many ways, and is thought in a great many more. What is the sense of it? Obviously to do or be not think that the security of equal rights to every man is worth a war, what do you think of a war to save a nation from anarchy and self-destruction? That is the question. We had not the option of not fighting, except upon the condition of submission to the demands of the enemy. There had been no unconstitutional act upon the part of the Government—no violation of law in the next box! The new party in power did not even control Congress, did they?

—What is the use? That they had made a great row about Slavery? Certainly they had freely discussed it. Was that unconstitutional? They had said that they hoped to keep it within the States where it was. Was that unconstitutional?

The friends of slavery, on the other hand, said they liked it. Did any body infringe their right to say so? They said they would carry it every where. Did any body deny their right other than a perfectly constitutional resistance? Meanwhile they annulled, so far as they could, the Constitutional right of the Government to be supported and sold into slavery free citizens of other parts of the country. They brutally smote a Senator to the floor—

—Hallo! you friend in the next box! you think the friends of liberty were aggravating, do you? Well, those things were done before the question arose into general public discussion. The offense of the North was that it chose to resist constitutionally the effort of the South to carry on the Government quietly and overrun the country with its extremely "peculiar institution."

Do you say the Vorhees passed Personal Liberty bills? Did you ever read one of them? Do you know what they proposed? Of course you do not. But even assuming them to be exactly what you suppose them to be, that is, a legalized State resistance to the national law, have you asked why they were passed? Obviously because your friends of the slave-holding interest had for many years absolutely nullified the national Constitution by whose laws kidnapping and selling citizens of other States without the least charge of crime. You think that the Personal Liberty laws of the North were very "aggravating." What do you think of the Personal Slavery laws of the South?

You are perfectly right in saying that one wrong does not excuse another. But even admitting that they were wrongs, it does not lie in the mouths of those who have done infinitely worse wrongs, and who proposed to change, by arms, to make objection. The Personal Liberty laws were in no sense such a flat and scornful violation of the Constitution as the laws of the South under the name free citizens. But even had they been so, the course of the discontented Southerners was clearly to say, "Here, we will give you back your laws of your citizens, and we will guarantee you the same rights of speech that you secure to us, and do you repeal your Personal Liberty laws."

They chose not to do so. They chose to shout that we trampled upon the Constitution, and then they fired upon the flag. Now what would you have done? You say that the slaves are not worth such bloodshed. Then you would have surrendered. You would have said: "Any thing for a quiet house. We will repeal our liberty bills, and you shall keep your slavery bills. You shall hang people who say they do not like, and we will mob them. You shall take your slaves into the Territories, and we will help you. You shall bring them North, and sell them here at your pleasure. Don't let us quarrel about negroes, who are only fit for slaves."

Friend in the next box, if the nation had said this, who do you think that history would have recorded as only fit for slaves?

"ROMOLA."

THE novel of "Romola," by the author of "Adam Bede," which is now publishing in *Harper's Magazine*, is one of the most striking stories that has of late appeared in English literature. The lofty tone, the power, the freshness and the beauty of the work, are all remarkable, while it is the most signal proof of the affluent genius of the author. Turning away from England, and the life, and motives, and characters of to-day, she steps back four centuries; plants herself in Florence; makes the daughter of an old Italian scholar of the revival of letters her heroine; a young Greek, bright and shallow, her hero; weaves her plot of the threads of tragical fate that interlace two natures so entirely different; surrounds it with the most vivid and picturesque grouping of the costume, the customs, the spirit, and life of the time; and develops her hero and heroine into two of the most individual creations of modern fiction—one of the few heroines in literature whose lofty beauty and womanly soul impress the reader as they affect her lover, and one of the few heroes whose fascination is as intelligible as his weakness.

The story is not yet ended, nor is the catastrophe discernible. But no woman can read it without such interest and power since "Jane Eyre," although "Romola" differs as entirely from "Jane Eyre" as the Florence of four centuries ago from the Yorkshire of last year.

SUPPOSE, AND SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE that a Cavalier, in the time of the great civil war in England, had said in a Tory pump at Nottingham, or in his court at Oxford, "Sire, the Cavaliers and Roundheads are both guilty. They are both responsible for the war. The last limit of the prerogative is not the cause, but only the subject, of the war. Let us look to our own faults. Let us correct ourselves, your Majesty, and let us tell the Parliament that all its rights shall be conceded."

Suppose that, after talking to the King in this vein for an hour or two, the Cavalier had added, as he was leaving the royal presence, "But, of course, the Royal prerogative must be maintained, your Majesty; of course, of course."

Do you think that Charles would have counted much upon the sympathy or services of such a gentleman? Would he have called him to his Privy Council? Would he have given him a responsible command upon the eve of Edgehill or Marston Moor?

Suppose that the same words, changing King to Parliament, had been spoken by a member of the Commons. Would Hampden have trusted him? Would Pym have counseled with him? Would Cromwell have tolerated him? Would it not have been perfectly clear that such a Cavalier would have been willing to see the King defeated, and such a Roundhead to see the Parliament humbled?

Or again, suppose that in the Continental Congress a man had said, "Gentlemen, we have certainly very much aggravated the King. If Lord North has been too slow, we have palpably been too fast. We ought to have averted the war. When our General, the worthy Mr. Washington, of Virginia, says to Governor Trumbull that 'persons who are preying upon the vitals of the country ought not to be suffered to stalk at large,' he forgets himself; he overlooks the important truth that a state of war is exactly the same as a state of peace. In fact, gentleman, if we are to countenance such an extravagant document as the hotheaded gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Jefferson has prepared, where is this war to end? How can we ever hope to make peace with Great Britain? Let us never be deluded into forgetfulness of the fact that when war is once established as this is, the only hope of fighting to a successful issue lies not in swords and cannon, which, always as desperate people, but in palm-branches, and smooth talk, and buncomb, as which the enemy speaks, they will have their ill-manners. And why should we be ill-mannered because they are? Does an impoliteness excuse an impoliteness?"

And so on, and so on, for a couple of hours. Don't you think that in the spirit that would have given us the victory? Don't you think that the policy that would have overthrown North, and humiliated King George, and have brought every nation in the world to our side, full of sympathy and respect? If you had heard those words, would you not have believed that you heard Washington, or Adams, or Otis, or Patrick Henry, or Edmund Henry, or General Greene, or Christopher Gadsden, or Old Put? Would you ever for an instant have imagined that he was Conway, or Charles Lee, or Benedict Arnold, who was speaking?

There might be many similar suppositions made in an ingenious mind; but there will answer for to-day.

RIGHTS AND THEIR VIOLATIONS.

MR. BRECHER seems to fall under the high displeasure of the Conservatives. A few weeks since, while he was attending to the Master's business in a church in this city, they daubed his house with filth; and a few evenings since they threatened to mob him if he lectured in a town in New Jersey. Nevertheless he did lecture, and the only Conservative demonstration was a hooting and howling as he returned to the cars. Now is an interesting and suggestive fact that if, instead of ministering to our soldiers, he had gone to his church to set forth the sinfulness of Northern men in exasperating Wigfall and Toombs, his house would not have been defiled. And if he had gone to Elizabeth to lecture the Jerseymen upon their duty of letting

our wayward sisters go, the Conservatives would not have threatened trouble. We do not know the subject of his lecture. But we judge, as the Conservatives probably judged, from his antecedents, that there was danger he might say that people ought not to sell other people's babies merely because they were poor and helpless; and that is a little more than Conservatism can stand.

We say Conservatism, and we say it advisedly. The party which claims that name to-day is the party which has always favored and incited riots for the suppression of free speech in time of perfect quiet, and which now complains because in a time of extreme public peril some few men have been silenced by the Government. The party which to-day assumes to be Conservative is the party which has always said, when the peace has been broken by a mob on account of a speech or lecture which the inciters of the mob did not like, "Of course; served him right. Let him shut up his d—— mouth!" The leaders of the public riots in Boston and Philadelphia, and New York and Syracuse, in the winters of 1859–'60, were what is called "respectable" men, under whose guidance and support the rabble acted; and these "respectable" men are now the chief pillars of the Conservative party, which is so overwhelmed at the arbitrary invasion of the rights of speech by that hoary and appalling despot, Abraham Lincoln.

Moreover, this same Conservative party is the same party which at that time frankly and openly defended the destruction of the plainest constitutional rights at the South. If a man was tarred and feathered in Georgia or Arkansas, "Of course," they said, "why didn't he hold his tongue? If we could only force these fellows to be silent here at the North, we shouldn't all be in danger of being hung when we go into a slave State."

On the other hand, when Toombs lectured in Boston, was he mobbed? When Yancey made a tour through the North, in the very heat of a tremendous political canvass, was he mobbed? When, a little earlier, the dull Simms and the sentimental Thompson lectured in the Lyceums—were they mobbed? No, never. The newspapers of this pseudo-conservatism unblushingly declare that the "Free-speech party" is very zealous for its own speech, and very inimical to that of others. It is simply untrue. A street-mob gathered against an unpopular speaker by the anti-slavery party in this country is an event almost, if not altogether unknown. While the innumerable threats and riotous attempts against the free public discussion of important public questions by American citizens have always been instigated, and often led by those who now claim, as they then claimed, to be Conservative; and, therefore, while we would not hold any party responsible for the excesses of its individual members, the truth of history justifies us in the assertion that the spirit of the Conservative party in this country has favored and still favors the most lawless and dangerous assaults upon individual rights.

To attempt to extenuate such street-mobs by the arrest by Government in time of war of men who are trying to embarrass and defeat its efforts to save itself from destruction is futile and foolish. The Government has *not* suppressed free speech. It has tolerated not only honest criticism but the most venomous attacks in the interest of disunion and rebellion. In the confusion of the sudden burst of the war it stopped Schnabel's mouth for a little while; but soon released him, and has permitted Vallandigham, and Van Buren, and Rynders to say exactly what they chose. We certainly do not claim that the Government is infallible, or has made no mistakes. But we do claim, and history will confirm, that the friends of that Government, those who brought it into power and those who sustain it now, are not only the especial friends of the natural rights of all men, but of the constitutional privileges of American citizens—while the party that now calls itself Conservative not only denies the rights of man, but systematically, in time of perfect peace, connives at the violation of the constitutional rights of citizens.

A PLUM FOR THE DISCONSOLATE.

THERE is one consolation in contemplating the Proclamation, and that is, that one man, at least, is pleased. What man? No other than our wayward sister Van Buren. On the 13th of July, 1849, he made a speech in Cleveland, Ohio. Will you taste a plum from it, this fine morning? Here it is, at your service:

"Yet there is one thing which remains to be done to perfect this proud fabric [the government], and render it as enduring as time. *Strike the manacles from the slave, and elevate him to the position of a moral, rational, intelligent, and, if need be,* A POLITICAL BEING!"

It is clear what Mr. Van Buren went to Washington for. It was to urge the President not to falter. And the President has done the very thing which our wayward sister thought was the only thing wanting to make the government eternal!

CHANCE IN BATTLE.

SIR EDWARD CUST, a retired British General, who was contemporary with all the great wars of this century, has been writing their annals. Two of his volumes cover the first nine years of the century, including the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, Eylau, Jena, and Wagram; Trafalgar and Copenhagen; Assaye, Laswarree, Delhi, Agra; and Talavera—with lesser fights by sea and land.

Such a book has a most timely interest; and one of its chief morals is the truth which General Napier always so strongly stated, that the event of every battle is in a great degree a matter of chance. In a position favorable to cavalry, a dashing charge may turn defeat into victory. Or again, as at Waterloo, an unseen road, which Napoleon did not know, may baffle the shrewdest plan, and wrest from your hands the victory already grasped.

Thus, in speaking of Marengo, which was the first overwhelming triumph of the First Consul—making him, as General Cust thinks, Emperor—he says: "The personal fame accruing to him as the victor and director of the contest has been greatly exaggerated. The battle was clearly lost at four o'clock; and had the Austrian General been where he ought to have been, there was nothing in the renewed combinations of Napoleon which could have carried the day. But when the Austrians were surprised, and at one blow deprived both of Melas and De Zach, so slight an event as a successful charge of cavalry was enough to change completely the state of affairs, and to convert defeat into victory."

If we bore such facts in mind, we should not suffer ourselves to be profoundly depressed or foolishly elated by the success of any single engagement. We should neither suppose that "the backbone of the rebellion" was broken because Vicksburg, for instance, was taken; nor that there was no longer any hope for mankind and civil liberty because Burnside was not successful at Fredericksburg. Marengo alone would certainly not have made Napoleon Emperor. So no single victory, but continued success alone, will subdue the rebellion.

AN AMUSING BOOK.

MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, otherwise "Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," has in the press of Carleton an autobiographical work, called "Drifting About." The title precisely expresses the scope and character of the book. "Colonel Jeems" carries his reader with him all over the world. He drifts from Botany Bay to St. Peter's; from eating *Poi* with the King of the Sandwich Islands to riding upon a donkey through the bazars of Cairo. From California and Oregon and Australia he passes to India, where he arrives during the Sepoy rebellion. His shrewd eye shows him in all these lands and scenes the most striking and amusing points, and his ready pen nimbly sketches them for the companions who wish to have all the pleasure of drifting without the annoyances. And as the work will be "comically illustrated," whoever selects "Colonel Jeems" as his guide, philosopher, and friend in a rapid circumnavigation of the globe will hardly fail to be diverted and instructed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HINT FOR THE LAZY.—The sun wouldn't be as bright as he is if it were not for his early rising.

NURSERY RHYMES.

There was a young lady of Bicester,
One day that her lover had kissed her,
She seemed quite perplexed,
And to show she was vexed
She gave such a slap to her sister.

There was a young lady of Leeds,
Her eyes were the bigness of beads;
When they said, "Do you squint?"
She replied, "I've got lint,
Which I put to my nose when it bleeds."

There was a young lady of Harrow,
Who would go to church in a barrow;
It stuck in the aisle,
And she said, with a smile,
"They build these here churches too narrow."

The first apple was eaten by the first pair.

"Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create these wonders.

We are told that in Michigan they sheer sheep by machinery. We should have thought this had been a sheer impossibility.

The man that forgets a great deal that has happened has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

We are told to "take care;" but it comes soon enough whether we want to take it or not.

One kind of mortar is designed to fill up chinks; another to make them.

Judy Brallaghan having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed, "Upon my conscience, then, but they are mighty hard to *peel!*"

Carriage accidents may be avoided in winter by keeping the horses' shoes and the driver's bottle well corked.

A correspondent writes to ask how much the waist of time measures round?

Mosquitoes are like doctors, they never let blood without running up a bill.

A man cut off by his baker for non-payment of his bill is "struck off the rolls."

People who like so much to talk their mind should sometimes try to mind their talk.

LINES WRITTEN ON GLASS.—The following lines are visible on a window-pane of the Hotel des Pays-Bas, Spa, Belgium:

"1793.
"I love but one, and only one,
Oh, Damon, thou art he;
Love thou but one, and only one,
And let that one be me."

Why should the stars be the best astronomers?—Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves, givin[illegible]son that she only wished to keep her hand in.

A garrulous barber happening to be called on to shave a celebrated wit, asked him, "How shall I shave you, Sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man?—Because they have no eyes.

Beauty is a stronger wooer than loving words; so the women woo us more than we do them.

It sounds oddly that a ship of war, when at sea, keeps every one of her guns in port.

When are gloves unsalable?—When they are kept on hand.

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

If we grasp quicksilver, it slips through the fingers; and this is apt to be the case with most silver.

Pressures in the money-market are far less pleasant to young people than pressures in the love-market.

The commonest way to steal is to buy and not pay.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, January 5, in the Senate, the Military Committee made a report regarding the swords of honor belonging to the late rebel General Twiggs. The Committee recommend that one of the swords be bestowed upon General Butler, another deposited in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, and the third be preserved in the Patent Office as a trophy of the rebellion. A bill to reimburse Minnesota for expenditures incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities was referred to the Military Committee. The resolution regarding State prisoners was then taken up, and Senator Field, of New Jersey, made a speech defending the policy of suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, etc. The bill empowering the President to issue letters of marque was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill forfeiting the pay of officers of the army who are absent from their duties over thirty days was passed. A bill was introduced repealing so much of the act establishing the grade of line officers in the navy as authorizes the appointment of rear-admirals and commodores on the retired list; referred to the Naval Committee. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution denouncing General Grant for issuing an order expelling the Jews from his department was laid on the table by a vote of 56 against 53. A resolution of thanks to General Butler for his energetic, able, and humane administration of affairs in the Department of the Gulf was offered. A motion to lay it on the table was negatived—27 against 77. The resolution was then laid aside. The debate on the Bankrupt Bill was then resumed, and several members spoke in favor of the measure. As a test of the sense of the House on the subject, a motion was made to lay the bill on the table, which was rejected by a vote of 59 yeas against 66 nays. The further consideration of the bill was then postponed till Thursday week, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 6th, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill to raise volunteers for the defense of Kentucky, with an amendment as a substitute. A joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to General Rosecrans and his army, for their gallantry at Murfreesboro, was referred. The bill to tax bank-bills and fractional currency was taken up, and Senator Sherman, of Ohio, made a speech in support of the measure. The debate on the bill for the discharge of state prisoners was then resumed. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, severely denounced the Administration, while Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, defended the Government. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was reported providing ways and means for the support of the Government. The Treasury Bank bill was reported back with a negative recommendation. A resolution tendering the thanks of the House to General Butler, for his able administration of the affairs of the Department of the Gulf, was adopted by a vote of 83 to 28. A resolution calling for a detailed report of operations connected with the negroes at Port Royal, and in Georgia, was laid on the table—81 against 50. On motion of Mr. Dunn, it was resolved that the Attorney-General be requested to inform the House whether the law for the confiscation of rebel property has been enforced in the District of Columbia, and if not, the reason for delaying the execution of the same. A resolution, asking the Secretary of the Treasury why he has not provided the means for paying the army, and why the bonds heretofore authorized to be sold, if necessary, to make such payments, have not been sold, was adopted. The credentials of the member elect from the second district of Virginia, Mr. John B. M'Leod, were presented and referred. In Committee of the Whole a long and interesting debate occurred on national questions, in which Messrs. Stevens of Pennsylvania, Dunlap of Kentucky, Thomas of Massachusetts, Olin of New York, and Lovejoy of Illinois participated.

On Friday, 7th, in the Senate, a bill for the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan, so as to admit of the passage of armed vessels, and to enlarge the locks of Erie and Oswego canals in New York, to adapt them to the defense of the Northern lakes, was introduced and ordered to be printed. Senator Willey gave notice of a bill to aid Western Virginia in the speedy and final extinguishment of slavery in that State. A bill providing for the punishment of persons convicted of crime in the District of Columbia by confinement in the prisons of States, was passed. Senator Collamer introduced a bill authorizing suits to be instituted by persons who may have been wronged by reason of summary arrest, and for the transfer of such suits to the Circuit Court of the United States. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The joint resolution for the prompt payment of the army and navy was reported back by the Finance Committee.——In the House, reports for and against raising volunteers for the defense of Tennessee, were presented by the Military Committee. The bill making appropriations for the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the Government was passed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to general debate on national topics, in which Messrs. Bingham, Cox, Biddle, and Norton participated.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 12th, in the Senate, the bill providing for a further issue of bonds and United States notes, with a view to the prompt payment of the army and navy, was passed. A resolution requesting the President to inform the Senate what measures have been taken to enforce the Confiscation bill, and if any additional legislation is necessary for the enforcement of such act, was adopted. A resolution requesting the Committee on the Conduct of the War to report the causes of the non-execution of the Confiscation act, especially in the District of Columbia, was adopted. Notice was given of a bill for the consolidation of regiments in the field, and to facilitate the return of absentees from the army. The bill relative to arbitrary arrests was taken up, and Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, made a speech, in which he charged the Democrats with plotting to break up the Government, and Quarter-master General Meigs and Adjutant-General Thomas with disloyalty. The bill to raise volunteers for the defense of Kentucky was passed by a vote of 23 against 18.——In the House, a resolution to discharge the Ways and Means Committee from the further consideration of the bill reducing the duty on imported paper, and that the same be considered in the House forthwith, was laid on the table. The committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of reducing the duty on rags. A joint resolution, ratifying and approving of the President's emancipation proclamation was introduced, and a motion to lay it on the table was disagreed to—50 against 85. The subject was then referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of granting one hundred and sixty acres of land of any confiscated rebel plantation to soldiers was adopted by a vote of 66 against 59. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill providing for the employment of 150,000 negroes in the military service. A motion to lay it on the table was lost—53 against 83—and the bill was then laid aside till Wednesday week. In Committee of the Whole the bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government was taken up, and Mr. Spaulding delivered an important speech on the subject. He concluded by saying that by military success only could the national finances be maintained and the Union restored.

On Tuesday, 13th, in the Senate, the petition in favor of mediation in our affairs by Switzerland was reported back from the Foreign Affairs Committee with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed, which was agreed to. A bill for the consolidation of regiments in the field was introduced and referred. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to furnish the Senate with all official correspondence in reference to the capture of British vessels carrying articles contraband of war intended for the Southern rebels. A resolution was also adopted requesting the President to communicate the correspondence, if any there be, between the State Department and the Mexican Minister at Washington relative to exportations contraband of war from any of our ports to those of Mexico. The death of the late Senator James A. Pearce, of Maryland, was then announced, and, after eulogies on the deceased by different members, the Senate, out of respect to his memory, adjourned.——In the House, the Speaker announced Messrs. Fenton of New York, Kellogg of Illinois, Wadsworth of Kentucky, and English of Connecticut, as a special committee to inquire into the expediency and necessity of a direct railroad between New York and Washington, for the purpose of facilitating the transportation of mails, troops, arms and war munitions. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill to provide ways and means for the support of Government, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, spoke at some length on the subject. A message from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Pearce, of Maryland, was received, and various members, in fitting words, offered tributes to his memory, after which appropriate resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

OUR REPULSE AT VICKSBURG.

General Sherman's repulse at Vicksburg was complete. The entire force, under General M'Clernand, re-embarked on 3d on transports, closely followed by the rebel advance, which, coming in range of the gun-boats, were driven back with severe loss. Our loss, as near as could be ascertained, was six hundred killed, one thousand five hundred wounded, and one thousand missing.

A council of war was held on 4th on board the *Tigress*, which vessel for the present has been selected by General M'Clernand as his head-quarters. Admiral Porter, Major-Generals Sherman and M'Clernand, with the Generals of the divisions of the army in Kentucky were present. It was determined at this council that it would be folly again to attempt any thing further against Vicksburg with the present force. The rebels had means of communication by which they were too rapidly and heavily reinforced, while the Unionists had no such opportunity or prospect of receiving reinforcements. It was, therefore, deemed expedient that the campaign should be abandoned for the present.

A telegraphic dispatch from General Pemberton to the rebel Secretary of War, dated on the 8th, says that all the Union troops have gone up the river; that there were only seven gun-boats between Vicksburg and Milliken's Bend, and that the city was being strengthened every day, and could be maintained against all attacks. The rebel Generals Pemberton and Price are in command there. The rebel forces have been reinforced to the extent of sixty thousand men. They have an artillery force of one hundred and sixty guns in battery, besides a large number of field-pieces. Our losses in the expedition are from two thousand five hundred to three thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's loss is unknown, but it must have been large.

EXPEDITION UP WHITE RIVER.

Dispatches from Memphis state that Commodore Porter's squadron, together with a land force under General M'Clernand, have gone up the White River. General Grant had arrived at Memphis. Holly Springs is said to be nearly consumed.

RECAPTURE OF GALVESTON.

The rebels made an attack on Galveston, Texas, by land and water, on New-Year's Day, and recaptured it. They made a bold assault on steamers protected by cotton bales, from behind which they poured so murderous a fire upon our gun-boats that the *Harriet Lane* had to succumb, and was taken, after being boarded by the rebel sharp-shooters, and her captain (Wainwright) and most of her crew killed. The flag-ship *Westfield* was blown up by her commander, Captain Renshaw, in order to save her from capture. He and his first lieutenant and many of his crew perished with her. The small command under Colonel Burrill, at Galveston, were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. We give on page 60 a map of Galveston, which illustrates the event.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, in describing it, says: "General Magruder, in his official dispatch concerning the capture of the *Harriet Lane*, says, 'I have taken six hundred prisoners and a large quantity of valuable stores, arms, etc. The *Harriet Lane* is but little injured.'"

The rebels numbered about 5000. Colonel Burrill's troops did not exceed 300. Our loss is estimated at 160 killed and 200 taken prisoners.

AN ATTACK ON SPRINGFIELD.

On January 8 the rebels, 6000 strong, under Generals Marmaduke and Burbridge, made an attack on the town of Springfield, Missouri, and opened fire upon it without giving notice to remove the women and children. General Brown defended the town. A body of fully 1000 rebel cavalry were visible, drawn up in line of battle.

On 12th General Curtis telegraphed to General Halleck that our troops, under Colonel Crabb, at Springfield, had repulsed the rebels at that place at every advance, and then held the town. Our men behaved gallantly. We lost only 17 killed. The enemy were in full retreat, and General Curtis had three columns in pursuit of them. Thirty-five of the rebels were killed, and a large number of wounded were left in our hands.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

Intelligence from the vicinity of Murfreesboro is to the effect that General Bragg had fallen back to Tullahoma, to give his army rest. Tullahoma is situated on Rock Creek, seventy-one miles from Nashville and thirty-two from Murfreesboro, and on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, where it intercepts the M'Minnville and Manchester road. According to a rebel dispatch from Chattanooga, "The enemy [General Rosecrans] has advanced his line seven miles this side of Murfreesboro. He has been guilty of the most outrageous enormities, stealing private property, robbing peaceable citizens, and running off negroes."

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis has been making another speech at Mobile, in which he talks hopefully and boastingly of the ultimate success of the South over "the Yankees, who are seeking to enchain us in the same degrading servitude with themselves, with a baboon for a king."

THE "ALABAMA."

The *Alabama* appears to have turned up on the 12th ult. off the desert island of Banquitta, coast of Venezuela, where she took in coal from a vessel awaiting her there. The *San Jacinto* arrived there just twenty-four hours after the pirate left.

Another report says that she has gone to the south coast of Asia.

BURNING OF THE STATE HOUSE AT BATON ROUGE.

The State House at Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, now occupied by General Banks, was totally destroyed by fire on the 28th of December. The library and all the buildings connected with this fine structure were burned to the ground. It was strongly and plausibly suspected that the disaster was the work of rebel incendiaries.

A REWARD FOR BUTLER'S HEAD.

It appears by the Southern papers that Hon. Richard Yeadon has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the head of General Benjamin F. Butler. This Yeadon is editor of the Charleston *Courier*, and is known among the fraternity by the sobriquet of "Sancho Panza." From his personal appearance we should judge that he never had money enough to buy himself a respectable-looking coat.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A MEETING OF WORKING MEN.

THE working men of Manchester have made an important demonstration in support of the cause of the American Union, expressing at the same time their approval of the war and emancipation policy of President Lincoln by the adoption of an address of congratulation to him. The Mayor of Manchester presided, but not in his official capacity, and the negro, Jackson, ex-coachman of Jeff Davis, was on the platform. A Union effort "to coerce the South" found favor, and was indorsed by the resolutions.



WINTER-QUARTERS IN CAMP.—THE INSIDE OF A HUT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE ARMY TELEGRAPH—SETTING UP THE WIRE DURING AN ACTION.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

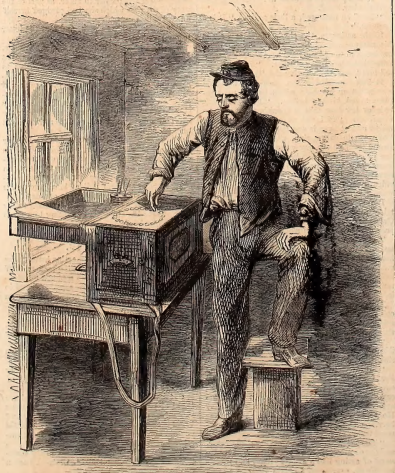
WE continue our series of illustrations of the Army of the Potomac. On page 52 we publish a picture by Mr. W. Homer illustrating

CAMP-LIFE IN WINTER.

Mr. Homer shows us the interior of a hut, in which a glowing fire is blazing, shedding light and warmth around. Stretched on the floor, bunks, and seats, are soldiers in every imaginable position—smoking, chatting, reading, card-playing, and sleeping. Almost in every company there is one sharp-witted fellow who can tell a good story. The soldiers' great delight is to get this man into a tent or hut, and start him on a good long old-fashioned yarn, which lasts from dark until far on in the night. The scene—while the narrator is harrowing the imaginations of his rapt hearers, and the red glare of the fire lights up odd spots in the darkness—is very striking. On this page Mr. Waud has illustrated for us the

ARMY TELEGRAPH.

Of this important institution he says: "The army signal-telegraph has been so far perfected that in a few hours quite a large force can be in constant connection with head-quarters. This, while a battle is progressing, is a great convenience. The wire used is a copper one insulated,



THE ARMY TELEGRAPH—THE OPERATOR AT WORK.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



A SIGNAL STATION AT NIGHT.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

raised on light poles, made expressly for the purpose, on convenient trees, or trailed along fences. The wire and the instrument can be easily carried in a cart, which as it proceeds unwinds the wire, and, when a connection is made, becomes the telegraph-office. Where the cart can not go the men carry the drum of wire by hand. In the picture the cart has come to a halt, and the signalmen are hastening along—some with the drum, while others with two-bars make the holes for the poles, upon which it is rapidly raised.

The machine is a simple one, worked by a handle, which is passed around a dial-plate marked with numerals and the alphabet. By stopping at the necessary letters a message is easily spelled out upon the instrument at the other end of the line, which repeats by a pointer every move on the dial-plate. The whole thing is so simple that any man able to read and write can work it with facility."

Mr. Davis shows us, on page 53,

AN ARMY SIGNAL-STATION AT NIGHT.

The signal corps is one of the most hard-worked and deserving bodies in the service. All day and all night its members are kept busy telegraphing news of movements and orders from one end of the army to the other, by the aid of their inexpressible signals.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

MAGDALEN'S first glance round the empty room showed her the letter on the table. The address, as the doctor had predicted, broke the news the moment she looked at it.

Not a word escaped her. She sat down by the table, pale and silent, with the letter in her lap. Twice she attempted to open it, and twice she put it back again. The hypocrite time was not alone in her mind as she looked at her sister's handwriting—the fear of Kirke was there with it. "Is my past life" she thought. "Who will he think of me when he knows my past life?"

She made another effort and broke the seal. A second letter dropped out of the inclosure, addressed to her in a handwriting with which she was not familiar. She put the second letter aside, and read the lines which Norah had written:

"VENTNOR, Isle of Wight, *August* 24.

"MY DEAREST MAGDALEN,—When you read this letter, try to think we have only been parted since yesterday, and dismiss from your mind (as I have dismissed from mine) the past and all that belongs to it.

"I am strictly forbidden not to agitate you, or to weary you by writing a long letter. Is it wrong to tell you that I am the happiest woman living? I hope not, for I can't keep the secret to myself.

"My darling, prepare yourself for the greatest surprise I have ever caused you. I am married. It is only a week to-day since I parted with my old name—it is only a week since I have been the happy wife of George Bartram of St. Crux.

"There were difficulties, at first, in the way of our marriage, some of them, I am afraid, of my making. Happily for me, my husband knew, from the letters I wrote, that I really loved him; he gave me a second chance of telling him so after I had lost the first, and, as you see, I was wise enough to do it. You ought to be especially interested, my love, in this marriage, for you are the cause of it. If I had not gone to Aldborough to meet the lost corpse of you—you—George had not been brought there, at the same time, by circumstances in which you were concerned, my husband and I might never have met. When we look back to our first impressions of each other we look back to you.

"I insist on my promise not to weary you. I must bring this letter (sorely against my will) to an end. Patience! patience!—I shall see you soon. George and I are both coming to London to take you back with us to Ventnor. This is my husband's invitation, mind, as well as mine. Since I have married him, I have studied, until I had taught him to think of you as I think—to wish with my wishes, and to hope with my hopes. It would be much more delightful to me, much more about George, if I might only give my thoughts and my pen their own way. But I must leave Miss Garth (at her own special request) a blank space to fill up on the last page of this letter; and I must only add one word more before I say good-by—a word to warn you that I have another surprise in store, which I am keeping in reserve until we meet. Don't attempt to guess what it is. You might guess for ages, and be no nearer than you are now to a discovery of the truth.

"Your affectionate sister,

"NORAH BARTRAM."

[ADDED BY MISS GARTH.]

"MY DEAR CHILD,—If I had ever lost my old loving recollection of you, I should feel it in my heart again now when I know that it has pleased God to restore you to us from the brink of the grave. I add these lines to your sister's letter because I am not sure that you are quite so fit yet, as she thinks you, to accept her proposal. She has not said a word of her husband, or herself, which is not true. But Mr. Bartram is a stranger to you—and if you think you can recover more easily and more pleasantly to yourself, under the wing of your old governess, than under the protection of your new brother-in-law, come to me first, and trust to my reconciling Norah to the change of plans. I have watched the refusal of a little cottage at Shanklin—near enough to your sister to allow of your seeing each other whenever you like, but sufficiently away, at the same time, to secure you the privilege, when you wish it, of being alone. Send me one line, before you leave Ventnor, to say so. And I will write to Shanklin by the next post.

"Always yours affectionately,

"HARRIET GARTH."

The letter dropped from Magdalen's hand. Thoughts which had never risen in her mind yet, rose in it now.

Norah, whose courage under undeserved calamity had been the courage of unselfishness, Norah, who had patiently accepted her hard lot—who! from first to last, had meditated no vengeance, and stooped to no deceit—Norah had reached the end which all her sister's ingenuity, all her sister's resolution, and all her sister's daring, had failed to reach! Norah had been tenderly, with love on one side and love on the other, Norah had married the man who possessed the Combe-Raven secret! Norah Magdalen's own scheme to recover it had opened the way to the event which had brought husband and wife together!

As the light of that overwhelming discovery broke on her mind the old strife was renewed; the old Good Evil struggled for mastery which should win her—but with added forces this time; with the new spirit that had been breathed into her own by the influence of Norah, and had grown with the growth of her gratitude to the man who had saved her, fighting on the better side. All the higher impulses of her nature, which had never, from first to last, let her err with impunity—which had tortured her, before the marriage and after, with the knowledge that no woman inherently heartless and inherently wicked can feel—all the nobler elements in her character which had entered into the present struggle, and strengthened her to meet, with no unworthy shrinking, the revelation that had opened on her view, were now strengthened in the light of its own immortal life, the truth rose before her from the ashes of her dead passions, from the grave of her buried love. She looked, she looked at the letter again—when she read the words once more, which told her that the recovery of the secret had been the work of Norah, not hers, she had victoriously trampled down all little jealousies and all mean regrets; she could say in her heart of hearts, "Norah has deserved it!"

The day wore on. She s t absorbed in her own thoughts, and heedless o the second letter, which she had not opened yet until Kirke's return.

He stopped on the landing outside, and, opening the door a little way only, asked, without entering the room, if Magdalen wanted anything that he could send her. She begged him to come in. His face was worn and weary; he looked older than she had seen him look yet. "Have you put my letter on the table for me?" she asked.

"Yes. I put it there at the doctor's request."

"I suppose the doctor has told you, too, of my sister? She is coming to see me, and Miss Garth is coming to see me. They will thank you for all your goodness to me better than I can."

"I have no claim on their thanks," he answered, sternly. "I have only done what I have done for them but for you." He waited a little and looked at her. His face would have betrayed him to her in the days when she had first betrayed him in the next words he spoke, if she had not guessed the truth already. "When your friends arrive, Miss Garth tells me, they will take you away, I suppose, to some better place than this?"

"They will take me to no place," she said, gently, "which I shall think of as I think of the place where you found me. They can take me to no dearer friend than the friend who has saved my life."

There was a moment's silence between them.

"We have not, after all, begun very happily," he went on, in lower and lower tones. "You won't forget me when we have said good-by?"

She turned away from the words pained his lips; and, leaving her chair, knelt down at the table, so as to look up into his face, and to force him to look into hers.

"Why do you talk of it?" she asked. "We are not going to say good-by—at least not yet."

"I thought you—"

"Yes?"

"I thought your friends were coming here—"

She eagerly interrupted him. "Do you think I would go away with any body," she said, "even with the dearest relation I have in the world, and leave you here, not knowing and not caring whether I ever saw you again? Oh, you don't think that of me!" she exclaimed, with the passionate tears springing into her eyes—"I am sure you don't think that of me!"

"No," he said: "I never have thought, I never can think, unjustly or unworthily of you."

Before he could add another word she left the table as suddenly as she had approached it, and returned to her chair. He had unconsciously replied in terms that reminded her of the hard necessity which still remained unfulfilled—the necessity of telling him the story of the past. Not an idea of concealing that story from his knowledge crossed her mind. "Will he love me, when he knows the truth, as he loves me now?" That was her only thought as she tried to approach the subject in his presence without shrinking from it.

"Let us put my own feelings out of the question," she said. "There is a reason for my not going away, unless I first have the assurance of seeing you again. You have a claim—the strongest claim of any one—to know how I came here, unknown to my friends, and how it was that you found me fallen so low."

"I make no claim," he said, hastily. "I wish to know nothing which it distresses you to tell me."

"You have always done your duty," she rejoined, with a faint smile. "Let me take example from you, if I can, and try to do mine."

"I am old enough to be your father," he said, bitterly. "Your duty is more easily done at my age than it is at yours."

His age was so constantly in his mind now that he could not but be in her mind too. She had never given it a thought. The reference to it had just made to it did not divert her for a moment from the subject on which she was speaking to him.

"You don't know how I value your good opinion of me," she said, entreatingly, "or how I wish to retain her sinking courage. "How can I deserve your kindness, how can I feel that I am worthy of your regard, if you keep concealing my heart from you? Oh, don't encourage me in my own miserable weakness! Help me to tell the truth—force me to tell it, for my own sake, if not for yours!"

He was deeply moved by the fervent sincerity of that appeal.

"You *shall* tell it," he said. "You are right—and I was wrong." He waited a little, and considered. "Would it be easier to you," he asked, with delicate consideration for her, "to write it than to tell it?"

She eagerly caught at the suggestion. "Far easier," she replied. "I can be sure of myself—I can be sure of hiding nothing from you, if I write it. Shall I begin directly, on your side?" she added suddenly, rising, with a woman's instinctive quickness of penetration, the danger of totalking of yesterday's Weighfield influence over him. "Wait till we meet, and tell me with your own lips what you think."

"When shall I tell it?"

"Here," she said, eagerly. "Here, where you found me helpless—here, where you have brought me back to life, and where I have learned to know you. I can bear the hardest words you say to me, if you will only say them in this room. Not to-day—it is late. I can bear longer than a month; a month will be enough, and more than enough. If I come back—" She stopped suddenly. "I am thinking of myself," she said, "when I ought to be thinking of you. You have your own occupations, and your own affairs. When can you decide for us? Will you say how it shall be?"

"It shall be as you wish. If you come back in a month, you will find me here."

"Will it cause you no sacrifice of your own comfort and your own plans?"

"It will cause me no sacrifice," he replied, "but a journey back to the City." He rose and took his hat. "I must go there at once," he added, "if I shall get back in time."

"It is a promise between us?" she said, and held out her hand.

"It is," he answered, a little sadly. "It is a promise."

Slight as it was, the shade of melancholy in his manner struck her. Forgetting all other anxieties in the anxiety to cheer him, she gently pressed the hand he gave her. "If *that* won't kill him for me," she thought, "what will?"

It failed to tell him the truth—but it forced a question on his mind which he had not ventured to ask himself before. "Is it her gratitude or her love that is speaking to me?" he wondered. "If I was only a younger man, I might almost hope for love." The bitter, terrible sum in subtraction, which had first presented itself on the day when she told him her name, began to work again in his mind as he left the house. He took twenty from forty-one, at intervals, all the way back to the ship-owners' office in Cornhill.

Left by herself, Magdalen approached the table to read the letter in answer which Miss Garth requested, and gratefully to accept the proposal that had been made to her.

The second letter lay open. She had laid aside and forgotten, was the first object that caught her eye on changing her place. She opened it immediately, and looked at the signature. To her unutterable astonishment her correspondent proved to be no less a person than Mr. Clare!

The philosopher's letter dispensed with all the ordinary forms of address, and entered on its subject without any preliminary phrases of any kind in these uncompromising terms:

"I have more news for you of that contemptible cur, my nephew, than it is in the fewest possible words.

"As I always told you, if you remember, that Frank was a Sneak. The very first trace we discovered of him, after his running away from his employers in China, presents him in that character.

"When he chose to think he turns up at last. He turns up hidden behind a couple of flour barrels, on board an English vessel bound homeward from Hong-Kong to London.

"The name of the ship was *The Deliverance*, and the commander was one Captain Kirke. Instead of acting like a sensible man, and throwing Frank overboard, Captain Kirke was fool enough to listen to his story. He made the most of his misfortunes, you may be sure—he was half starved; he was an Englishman lost in a strange country, without a friend to help him; his only chance of getting home was to sneak into the hold of an English vessel—and he had sneaked in, accordingly, at Hong-Kong, two days since. That was his story. Any other Jost in Frank's situation would have been rope's-ended by any other captain. Deserving no pity from any body, Frank was, as a matter of course, coddled and compassionated on the spot. The captain took him by the hand, the crew pitied him, and the passengers patted him on the back. He was fed, clothed, and presented with his passage home. Luck enough, so far, you will say. Nothing of the sort; nothing like luck enough for my despicable son.

"The ship touched at the Cape of Good Hope. Among his other acts of folly, Captain Kirke took a woman-passenger on board at that place—not a young woman, by any means—the elderly widow of a rich colonist. Is it necessary to say that she forthwith became deeply interested in Frank and his misfortunes? Is it necessary to tell you what followed? Look back at my uncle's career, and you will see that what followed was all of a piece with what went before. He didn't deserve your poor father's interest in him —and he got it. He didn't deserve your attachment—and he got it. He didn't deserve the best place in one of the best offices in London; he didn't deserve an equally good chance in one of the best mercantile houses in China; he didn't deserve food, clothing, pity, and a free passage home—and he got them all. Last, but not least, he didn't even deserve to marry a woman old enough to be his grandmother—and he has done it. Not five minutes since I sent his letter-writing out to the dust-hole, and tossed the letter that came with them into the fire. The last piece of information which that letter contained is, that he and his wife are looking out for a house and estate to suit them. Mark my words, Frank will get one of the best estates in England; and I, a man the House of Commons will follow as matter of course; and one of the legislators of this Assembly-ridden world will be—My dear Miss Garth—

"If you are the sensible girl I have always taken you for, you have long since learned to look at this in a true value, and have even a send you will only confirm your contempt for him. I wish your poor father could have lived to see Frank's end. Often as I have amused my old gossip, I don't know that I ever felt the loss of him so keenly as I felt it when Frank's wedding-card and the above letter came to this house.

"Your friend, if you ever want one,

"FRANCIS CLARE, SEN."

With one momentary disturbance of her composure, produced by the appearance of Kirke's name in the letter, Magdalen's singular self-command had now fully recovered its sway. Miss Garth had read the letter steadily through from beginning to end. The time when it could have distressed her was gone by; the news that had since fallen from her eyes. Mr. Clare himself would have been satisfied if he had seen the quiet contempt on her face as she folded his letter. The only serious thought it cost her was the thought in which Kirke was concerned. This careless manner in which he had referred, in her presence, to the passengers on board his ship, without mentioning any of them by their names, showed her that Frank must have kept silence on the subject of the engagement once existing between them. The confession of that vanished delusion was left for her to make, as part of the story of the past which she had pledged herself unreservedly to relate.

She wrote to Miss Garth, and sent the letter to the post immediately.

The next morning brought a line of rejoinder. Miss Garth had written to secure the cottage at Shanklin, and Mr. Merrick had consented to Magdalen's proposed visit to the Isle of Wight. Norah would be the first to arrive at the house; and Miss Garth would follow, with a comfortable carriage, to take the invalid to the railway. Every needful arrangement had been made for her: the effect of moving was the one effort she would have to dread.

Magdalen read the letter thankfully—but her thoughts wandered from it, and followed Kirke on his return to the City. What was the business which had once already taken him there in the morning? And why had the promise exchanged between them obliged him to go to the City again for the second time in one day?

Was it by any chance business relating to the sea? Were his employers tempting him to go back to his ship?

CHAPTER IV.

THE first agitation of the meeting between the sisters was passed. The first vivid pleasure, half painful, half painful, had softened a little—and Norah and Magdalen sat together, hand in hand, each rapt in the contemplation of her own joy.

Magdalen was the first to speak.

"You have something to tell me, Norah?"

"I have a thousand things to tell you, my love; and you have ten thousand things to tell me. Do you mean that I should surprise you, which I told you of in my letter?"

"Yes. I suppose it must concern me very nearly, or you would hardly have thought of mentioning it in your first letter?"

"It does concern me very nearly. You have heard of George's house in Essex? You must be familiar at least with the name of St. Crux? What is there to start at, my dear? You are afraid you are hardly strong enough for any more surprises just yet?"

"Will you tell me now?"

"Not now. You shall know it when we are at the sea-side—you shall know it before I accept the kindness which has invited me to your husband's house."

"What *can* it be? Why not tell me at once?"

"You used often to set me the example of patience, Norah, in old times—will you set me the example now?"

"With all my heart. Shall I return to my own story as well? Yes? Then we will go back to it at once. I was telling you that St. Crux is George's house, in Essex, the house he inherited from his uncle. Knowing that Miss Garth had a curiosity to see the place, he left word (when he went abroad after the admiral's death) that she and any friends who came with her were to be admitted, if she happened to find herself in the neighborhood during his absence. Miss Garth and I, and a large party of Mr. Tyrrel's friends, found ourselves in the neighborhood not long after George's departure. We had all been invited to see the launch of Mr. Tyrrel's new yacht, from the builder's yard at Wivenhoe in Essex. When the launch was over the rest of the company returned to Colchester to dine. Miss Garth and I contrived to get into the same carriage together, with nobody but my two little pupils for our companions. We gave the coachman his orders, and drove round by St. Crux. The moment Miss Garth mentioned her name we were let in, and shown all over the house. I don't know how to describe it to you: it is the most bewildering place I ever saw in my life—"

"Don't attempt to describe it, Norah. Go on with your story instead."

"Very well. My story takes me straight into one of the rooms at St. Crux—a room about as long as your street here; so dreary, so dirty, and so dreadfully cold that I shiver at the bare recollection of it. Miss Garth was for getting out of it again as speedily as possible, and so was I. But the housekeeper declined to let us off without first looking at a singular piece of furniture—the only piece of furniture in the comfortless place. She called it a tripod, I think. (There is nothing to be alarmed at, Magdalen; I assure you there is nothing to be alarmed at!) At any rate, it was a strange three-legged thing, which supported a great pan full of charcoal ashes at the top. It was considered by all good judges (the housekeeper told us) a wonderful piece of chasing in metal; and she especially pointed out the beauty of some scroll-work running round the inside of the pan, with Latin mottoes on it, signifying—I forget what. I felt not the slightest interest in the thing myself, but I looked close at the scroll-work to satisfy the housekeeper. To confess the truth, she was rather tiresome with her mechanically-learned lecture on fine metal-work, and while she was talking I found myself idly stirring the soft, feathery white ashes backward and forward with my hand, pretending to listen, with my mind a hundred miles away from her. I don't know how long or how short a time I had been playing with the ashes when my finger suddenly encountered a piece of crumpled paper hidden deep among them. When I brought it to the surface it proved to be a letter—a long letter full of cramped, close writing. You have anticipated my story, Magdalen, before I can end it. You know as well as I do that the letter which my idle fingers found was the Secret Trust. Hold out your hand, my dear. I have got George's permission to show it to you—and there it is!"

She put the Trust into her sister's hand. Magdalen took it from her mechanically. "You!" she said, looking at her sister with the remembrance of all that she had vainly v[illegible]ured, of all that she had vainly suffere[illegible] Crux. "*You* have found it!"

"Yes," said Norah, gayly. "The Trust has proved no exception to the general perversity of all lost things. Look for them, and they remain invisible. Leave them alone, and they reveal themselves! You and your lawyer, Magdalen, were both justified in supposing that your interest in this discovery was an interest of no common kind. I spare you all our consultations after I had produced the crumpled paper from the ashes. It ended in George's lawyer being written to, and in George himself being recalled from the Continent. Miss Garth and I both saw him immediately on his return; and he did, what neither of us could do—he solved the mystery of the Trust being hidden in the charcoal ashes. Admiral Bartram, you must know, was all his life subject to fits of somnambulism. He had been found walking in his sleep not long before his death—just at the time, too, when he was sadly troubled in his mind on the subject of that very letter in your hand. George's idea is that he must have fancied he was doing, in his sleep, what he would have died rather than do in his waking moments—destroying the Trust. The fire had been lit in the pan not long before, and he no doubt saw it still burning in his dream. This was George's explanation of the strange position of the letter when I discovered it. The question of what was to be done with the letter itself came next, and was no easy question for a woman to understand. But I determined to master it, and I did master it, because it related to you."

"Let me try to master it in my turn," said Magdalen. "I have a particular reason for wishing to know as much about this letter as you know yourself. What has it done for others? and what is it to do for me?"

"My dear Magdalen, how strangely you look at it! how strangely you talk of it! Worthless as it may appear, that morsel of paper gives you a fortune."

"Is my only claim to the fortune the claim which this letter gives me?"

"Yes—the letter is your only claim. Shall I try if I can explain it in two words? Taken by itself, the letter might, in the lawyer's opinion, have been made a matter for dispute—though I am sure George would have sanctioned no proceeding of that sort. Taken, however, with the postscript which Admiral Bartram attached to it (you will see the lines if you look under the signature on the third page), it becomes legally binding, as well as morally binding, on the admiral's representatives. I have exhausted my small stock of legal words, and must go on in my own language instead of in the lawyer's. The end of the thing was simply this. All the money went back to Mr. Noel Vanstone's estate (another legal word! my vocabulary is richer than I thought), for one plain reason—that it had not been employed as Mr. Noel Vanstone directed. If Mrs. Girdlestone had lived, or if George had married me a few months earlier, results would have been just the other way. As it is, half the money has been already divided between Mr. Noel Vanstone's next of kin, which means, translated into plain English, my husband and his poor bedridden sister—who took the money formally, one day, to satisfy the lawyer, and who gave it back again generously the next to satisfy herself. So much for one half of the legacy. The other half, my dear, is all yours. How strangely events happen, Magdalen! It is only two years since you and I were left disinherited orphans, and we are sharing our poor father's fortune between us after all!"

"Wait a little, Norah. Our shares come to us in very different ways."

"Do they? Mine comes to me by my husband. Yours comes to you—" She stopped confusedly, and changed color. "Forgive me, my own love!" she said, putting Magdalen's hand to her lips. "I have forgotten what I ought to have remembered. I have thoughtlessly distressed you!"

"No!" said Magdalen. "You have encouraged me."

"Encouraged you?"

"You shall see."

With those words she rose quietly from the sofa, and walked to the open window. Before Norah could follow her she had torn the Trust to pieces, and had cast the fragments into the street.

She came back to the sofa and laid her head with a deep sigh of relief on Norah's bosom. "I will owe nothing to my past life," she said. "I have parted with it as I have parted with those torn morsels of paper. All the thoughts and all the hopes belonging to it are put away from me forever!"

"Magdalen! my husband will never allow you—I will never allow you myself—"

"Hush! hush! What your husband thinks right, Norah, you and I will think right too. I will take from *you* what I would never have taken if that letter had given it to me. The end I dreamed of has come. Nothing is changed but the position I once thought we might hold toward each other. Better as it is, my love—far, far better as it is."

So she made the last sacrifice of the old perversity and the old pride. So she entered on the new and nobler life.

* * * * * *

A month had passed. The autumn sunshine was bright even in the murky streets; and the clocks in the neighborhood were just striking two as Magdalen returned alone to the house in Aaron's Buildings.

"Is he waiting for me?" she asked, anxiously, when the landlady let her in.

He was waiting in the front room. Magdalen stole up the stairs and knocked at the door. He called to her carelessly and absently to come in—plainly thinking that it was only the servant who applied for permission to enter the room.

"You hardly expected me so soon?" she said, speaking on the threshold, and pausing there to enjoy his surprise as he started to his feet and looked at her.

The only traces of illness still visible in her face left a delicacy in its outline which added refinement to her beauty. She was simply dressed in muslin. Her plain straw-bonnet had no other ornament than the white ribbon with which it was sparingly trimmed. She had never looked lovelier in her best days than she looked now, as she advanced to the table at which he had been sitting, with a little basket of flowers that she had brought with her from the country, and offered him her hand.

He looked anxious and care-worn when she saw him closer. She interrupted his first inquiries and congratulations to ask if he had remained in London since they had parted—if he had not even gone away for a few days only to see his friends in Suffolk? No: he had been in London ever since. He never told her that the pretty parsonage-house in Suffolk wanted all those associations with herself in which the poor four walls at Aaron's Buildings were so rich. He only said he had been in London ever since.

"I wonder," she asked, looking him attentively in the face, "if you are as happy to see me again as I am to see you?"

"Perhaps I am even happier, in my different way," he answered, with a smile.

She took off her bonnet and scarf, and seated herself once more in her own arm-chair. "I suppose the street is very ugly," she said; "and I am sure nobody can deny that the house is very small. And yet—and yet it feels like coming home again. Sit there, where you used to sit, and tell me about yourself; I want to know all that you have done—all that you have thought even—while I have been away." She tried to resume the endless succession of questions by means of which she was accustomed to lure him into speaking of himself. But she put them far less spontaneously, far less adroitly, than usual. Her one all-absorbing anxiety in entering that room was not an anxiety to be trifled with. After a quarter of an hour wasted in constrained inquiries on one side, in reluctant replies on the other, she ventured near the dangerous subject at last.

"Have you received the letters I wrote to you from the sea-side?" she asked, suddenly, looking away from him for the first time.

"Yes," he said, "all."

"Have you read them?"

"Every one of them; many times over."

Her heart beat as if it would suffocate her. She had kept her promise bravely. The whole story of her life, from the time of the home-wreck at Combe-Raven, to the time when she had destroyed the Secret Trust in her sister's presence, had been all laid before him. Nothing that she had done, nothing even that she had thought, had been concealed from his knowledge. As he would have kept a pledged engagement with her, so she had kept her pledged engagement with him. She had not faltered in the resolution to do this—and now she faltered over the one decisive question which she had come there to ask. Strong as the desire in her was to know if she had lost or won him, the fear of knowing was, at that moment, stronger still. She waited and trembled; she waited, and said no more.

"May I speak to you about your letters?" he asked. "May I tell you—"

If she had looked at him, as he said those few words, she would have seen what he thought of her in his face. She would have seen, innocent as he was in this world's knowledge, that he knew the priceless value, the all-ennobling virtue, of a woman who speaks the truth. But she had no courage to look at him—no courage to raise her eyes from her lap.

"Not just yet," she said, faintly. "Not quite so soon after we have met again."

She rose hurriedly from her chair and walked to the window, turned back again into the room and approached the table, close to where he was sitting. The writing materials scattered near him offered her a pretext for changing the subject, and she seized on it directly. "Were you writing a letter," she asked, "when I came in?"

"I was thinking about it," he replied. "It was not a letter to be written without thinking first." He rose, as he answered her, to gather the writing materials together, and put them away.

"Why should I interrupt you?" she said. "Why not let me try whether I can't help you instead. Is it a secret?"

"No—not a secret."

He hesitated as he answered her. She instantly guessed the truth.

"Is it about your ship?"

He little knew how she had been thinking in her absence from him of the business which he believed that he had concealed from her. He little knew that she had learned already to be jealous of his ship.

"Do they want you to return to your old life?" she went on. "Do they want you to go back to the sea? Must you say Yes or No at once?"

"At once."

"If I had not come in when I did, would you have said Yes?"

She unconsciously laid her hand on his arm, forgetting all inferior considerations in her breathless anxiety to hear his next words. The confession of his love was within a hair's-breadth of escaping him, but he checked the utterance of it even yet. "I don't care for myself," he thought. "But how can I be certain of not distressing *her?*"

"Would you have said Yes?" she repeated.

"I was doubting," he answered—"I was doubting between Yes and No."

Her hand tightened on his arm; a sudden trembling seized her in every limb; she could bear it no longer. All her heart went out to him in her next words.

"Were you doubting *for my sake?*"

"Yes," he said. "Take my confession in return for yours—I was doubting for your sake."

She said no more—she only looked at him. In that look the truth reached him at last. The next instant she was folded in his arms, and was shedding delicious tears of joy, with her face hidden on his bosom.

"Do I deserve my happiness?" she murmured, asking the one question at last. "Oh, I know how the poor narrow people who have never felt and never suffered would answer me if I asked them what I ask you. If *they* knew my story they would forget all the provocation, and only remember the offense—they would fasten on my sin, and pass all my suffering by. But you are not one of them? Tell me if you have any shadow of a misgiving! Tell me if you doubt that the one dear object of all my life to come is to live worthy of you! I asked you to wait and see me: I asked you if there was any hard truth to be told to tell it me here with your own lips. Tell it, my love, my husband!—tell it me now!"

She looked up, still clinging to him as she clung to the hope of her better life to come.

"Tell me the truth!" she repeated.

"With my own lips?"

"Yes!" she answered, eagerly. "Say what you think of me with your own lips."

He stooped and kissed her.

THE END.

EMANCIPATION.

THIS week we publish, on pages 56 and 57, another double-page drawing by Thomas Nast, the subject of which is the great event of the day—EMANCIPATION.

In the centre of the picture is a negro's free and happy home. Here domestic peace and comfort reign supreme, the reward of faithful labor, undertaken with the blissful knowledge that at last its benefit belongs to the laborer *only*, and that all his honest earnings are to be appropriated as he may see fit to the object he has most at heart—his children's advancement and education.

On the wall hangs a portrait of President Lincoln, whom the family can not sufficiently admire and revere. They regard him with feelings akin to veneration, and in each heart there is honest love and gratitude for him. Near this is a banjo, their favorite musical instrument, a source of never-ending enjoyment and recreation.

At the top of the picture the Goddess of Liberty appropriately figures. The slaves have often heard of her before, but have rather regarded her as a myth. Underneath is old Father Time, holding a little child (the New Year), who is striking off the chains of the bondman and setting him at liberty forever.

On the left are incidents of everyday occurrence in slave life; and, in happy contrast, on the right we see some of the inevitable results of freedom and civilization. One of the scenes represented is a slave sale. We can not do better than quote verbatim some parts of a report which appeared in the *Tribune* of March 11, 1859. The sale consisted of 436 slaves—men, women, and children—and were the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, and were sold to pay his debts. It took place near the city of Savannah, Georgia:

"There were no light mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness. They have been little defiled by the admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood, and for the most part could boast that they were of as pure a breed as the bluest blood of Spain.

"None of the Butler slaves have ever been sold before, but have been on these two plantations ever since they were born. [We should have said before that old Major Butler left the property to his two sons, and those sold were only half of them, the others still remaining as before.] Here have they lived their humble lives and loved their simple loves; here were they born, and here have many of them had children born unto them; here had their parents lived before them, and are now resting in quiet graves on the old plantations that these unhappy ones are to see no more forever; here they left not only the well-known scenes dear to them from very babyhood by a thousand fond memories, and homes as much loved by them, perhaps, as brighter homes by men of brighter faces; but all the clinging ties that bound them to living hearts were torn asunder, for but one half of each of these two unhappy little communities was sent to the shambles, to be scattered to the four winds, and the other half was left behind. And who can tell how closely intertwined are the affections of a little band of four hundred persons living isolated from all the world beside, from birth to middle age? Do they not naturally become one great family, each man a brother unto each?

"It is true they were sold 'in families,' but let us see: A man and his wife were called 'a family;' their parents and kindred were not taken into account; the man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina, their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and the rice swamps of Louisiana, while the parents might be left on the old plantation, to wear out their weary lives in heavy grief, and lay their heads in far-off graves over which their children might never weep. And no account could be taken of loves that were as yet unconsummated by marriage, and how many aching hearts have been divorced by this summary proceeding no man can ever know.

"And the separation is as utter, and is infinitely more hopeless, than that made by the angel of death, for then the loved ones are committed to the care of a merciful Deity, but in the other instance to the tender mercies of a slave-driver. These dark-skinned unfortunates are perfectly unlettered, and could not communicate by writing even if they should know where to send their missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, clung all their sympathies and affections, not less strong, perhaps, because they are so few. The blades of grass on all the Butler estates are outnumbered by the tears that are poured out in agony at the wreck that has been wrought in happy homes, and the crushing grief that has been laid on loving hearts."

The quiet and reserved deportment of the slaves during the few days that preceded the sale, when the buyers, coming from far and near, had leisure to examine them, particularly of the women, is spoken of thus:

"The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke the first unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do. Their conversation and demeanor were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land; and through all the insults to which they were subjected they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect.

"And now come the scenes of the last partings—of the final separations of those who were akin, or who had been such dear friends from youth that no ties of kindred could bind them closer—of those who were all in all to each other, and for whose bleeding hearts there shall be no earthly comfort—the parting of parents from children, of brother from brother, and the rending of sister from a sister's bosom; and oh, hardest, cruelest of all, the tearing asunder of loving hearts, wedded in all save the one ceremony of the Church—these scenes pass all description; it is not meet for pen to meddle with tears so holy."

In the picture above this is a slaver from Africa laden with its precious freight of hundreds of human beings, packed as close as possible. In the same picture are runaway slaves. One of them has already been overtaken by the unerring scent of the carefully-trained blood-hound; another has yielded up his life rather than his liberty; and some others are trying hard to make their escape to the dismal swamp. The lower picture shows us the overseer compelling the negroes to work by the power of the lash.

The other side of our picture shows us the negroes receiving pay for their faithful labor—their just due for services rendered their employer—and the children going to school.

METHOD.

NATURE, that will not be commanded, never
To arbitrary method hath submitted:
And time, that tends on nature, men not ever
Have into limitary system fitted.

We call a year a year, and bid it cover
Three hundred five and sixty days: who'll trust it?
Mere fiction! since a fraction still stays over,
And we, to keep our plan, must readjust it.

Even if within the hundredth of a minute
We could approach precision, that small fraction
Would still bear our discomfiture within it,
And doom our nicest system to destruction.

Then let us follow nature, glad and fleeting,
Since her fast footstep not her best trap catches;
Content to time her progress by the beating
Of her own bosom, not of our wise watches.



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGROES, JANUARY, 1863—THE PAST A



ND THE FUTURE.—Drawn by Mr. Thomas Nast.—[See preceding Page.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

[Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER I.

In the county town of a certain shire there lived (about forty years ago) one Mr. Wilkins, a conveyancing solicitor of considerable standing.

The certain shire was but a small county, and the principal town in it contained only about four thousand inhabitants; so in saying that Mr. Wilkins was the principal lawyer in Hamley I say very little unless I add that he transacted all the legal business of the country for twenty miles round. His grandfather had established the connection; his father had consolidated and strengthened it, and, indeed, by his wise and upright conduct, as well as by his professional skill, had obtained for himself the position of confidential friend to many of the surrounding families of distinction. He visited among them in a way which no mere lawyer had ever done before; dined at their tables—he alone, not accompanied by his wife, be it observed—rode to the meet occasionally, as if by accident, although he was as well mounted as any squire among them, and was often persuaded (after a little coquetting about "professional engagements," and "being wanted at the office") to have a run with his clients; nay, once or twice he forgot his usual caution, was first in at the death, and rode home with the hounds. But in general he knew his place—as his place was held to be in that aristocratic country and in those days. To let it be supposed that he was in any way a tradesman. He respected himself too much for that. He would give the most unpalatable advice, if need were, and could do the most unsparing reduction of expenditure to an extravagant man; would recommend such an abatement of family pride as taxed the wife on one or two happy marriages in some instances; nay, what was the most likely piece of conduct of all to give offense forty years ago, he would speak up for a thoroughly-used tenant; and that with so much temperate and well-timed wisdom and good feeling, that he more than once succeeded in his point. He had one son, Edward. This boy was the secret joy and pride of his father's heart. For himself he was not, in the least ambitious, but it did cost him a hard struggle to acknowledge that his own business was not lucrative and brought in as large an income to keep pace into the hands of a stranger, as it would do if he indulged his ambition for the boy by giving him a college education, and making him into a barrister. This determination on the more prudent side of the argument took place before Edward was at all old. He had had, perhaps, the largest allowance of pocket-money of any boy at school; and he had always looked down upon the boys in Church-lane, along with his fellows, the sons of the squires, his father's employers. It was a severe mortification to him to find that his destiny was changed, and that he had to return to Hamley to be articled to his father, and to assume the hereditary subservient position to lads who had had licked in the playing-fields and beaten at learning.

His father tried to compensate him for the disappointment by every indulgence that money could purchase. Edward's horses were even finer than those of his father; his literary wants were kept up and fostered by his father's permission to form an extensive library, for which purpose a wing was added to Mr. Wilkins's already extensive house in the suburbs of Hamley. And after his year of legal study in London his father left him to choose the prints and with something very like carte blanche as to expenditure, to judge from the packages which were sent home from various parts of the Continent.

At last he came home, came back to settle as his father's partner in Hamley. He was now to be proud of, and right down proud was old Mr. Wilkins of his handsome, accomplished, gentlemanly son. For Edward was not one to be spoiled by the course of indulgence he had passed through; at least, if it had done him an injury, the effect was at present hidden from view. He had no vulgar vices; he was, indeed, rather too refined for the society he was likely to be thrown into, supposing that society was to consist of the highest of his father's employers. He was well read, and an artist of no mean pretensions. And though his father was in the right place," as his father used to observe; nothing could exceed the deference he always showed to his father. And yet Edward was not one to be spoiled by the course of indulgence he had passed through; at least, if it had done him an injury, the effect, at present hidden from view. He had no vulgar vices; he was, indeed, rather too refined for the society he was likely to be thrown into, supposing that society was to consist of the highest of his father's employers. He was well read, and an artist of no mean pretensions. And though his father was in the right place," as his father used to observe; nothing could exceed the deference he always showed to his father. And yet Edward was not one to

I do not know if it was Edward's own ambition or his proud father's wishes that had led him to attend the Hamley assemblies. I should conjecture the latter, for Edward had of himself too much good taste to wish to intrude into any society. In the opinion of all the shire, no society had more reason to consider itself select than that which met at every full moon in the Hamley assembly-room—an excrescence built on to the principal inn in the town by the joint subscription of all the country families. Into those choice and mysterious precincts no tenth person was ever allowed to enter; no professional man might set his foot there, on any account, before he might make his bow to the queen of the night; but the old original founders of the Hamley assemblies were dropping off; minuets had vanished with them; country dances had died away; quadrilles were in high vogue—nay, one or two of the high magnates of Hamley were trying to introduce waltzing, as they had seen it in London, where it had come in with the visit of the allied sovereigns—when Edward Wilkins made his debut on these boards. He had been at many splendid assemblies abroad, but still the little old ball-room attached to the George Inn in his native town was to him a place grander and more awful than the long magnificent saloons he had seen in Paris or Rome. He laughed at himself for this unreasonable feeling of awe; but it was there, notwithstanding. He had been dining at the house of one of the lesser gentry, who was under considerable obligations to Mr. Wilkins, and who was the parent of eight "muckle-mou'ed" daughters, so hardly likely to oppose much aristocratic resistance to the elder Mr. Wilkins's wishes. He replied with that Edward should be presented at the Hamley assembly-rooms. The many squires glowered and looked black at the introduction of Wilkins the attorney's son into the sacred precincts; and perhaps would have been pretty much more gratification than pleasure in their assembly to the young man had it not been for an incident that occurred pretty late in the evening. The lord-lieutenant of the county usually came with a large party to the Hamley assemblies once in a season; and this night he was expected, and with him a fashionable duchess and her daughters. But time wore on, and they did not make their appearance. At last there was a rustling and a bustling, and in sailed the superb party. For a few minutes dancing was stopped; and Edward, like all the rest, had to make his obeisance to the lord-lieutenant, to some of their acquaintances came up to speak to them; and then the quadrilles were finished in order to make room for country-dances. Edward, in which none of the lord-lieutenant's party joined; then there was a consultation, a request, an inspection of the music, a hurrying of the orchestra, and the band struck up a waltz; the duchess's daughters flew off to the music, and were many young ladies anxious for such partners, but, alas! there was a lack of gentlemen acquainted with the new-fashioned dance. One of the stewards belonged to the Hunt Club, which was just returned from the Continent. Edward was a beautiful dancer, and waltzed to admiration. For his next partner he had one of the Lady —s; for the duchess, to whom the —-shire squires and their little county politics and contingents were alike unknown, for no reason but her lovely Lady Sophy should not have a good partner, whatever his pedigree might be, and begged the steward to introduce Mr. Wilkins to her. After this night his fortune was made with the young ladies of the Hamley assemblies. He was not unwilling to waltz with any one of the heavy squires still locked at him askance, and the heirs (whom he had licked at Eton) called him an upstart behind his back.

CHAPTER II.

It was not a satisfactory situation. Mr. Wilkins had given his son an education and taste beyond his station, and he could not provide him with either profit or pleasure with the doctor of the brewer of Hamley; the vicar was old and dead, the curate was married, and half fright ened at the sound of his own voice.' Then, as to matrimony; for the idea of his marriage was hardly more than a floating fancy—nothing to that of his father's—he could hardly fancy bringing home any one of the young ladies of Hamley to the elegant mansion, full of refinement and association to an educated person, so inappropriate a dwelling for an ignorant uncouth ill brought up girl. A wife from London! Even at his father was not, that of all the young ladies who were glad enough of him as a partner at the Hamley assemblies, there was not one of them but would have considered herself offended by an offer of marriage from an attorney, the son and grandson of attorneys. Edward might not perhaps received many a slight and mortification pretty quickly during these years, which yet toil upon his character in silence. Even at his very time they were having their effect. He was of too sweet a disposition to show resentment, as many spare would have done; but he remembered he took a secret pleasure in the power which his father's money gave him. He would buy an expensive house after the most magnificent model to the price, about which a needy heir of one of the proud country families had been haggling for three weeks. He would buy out the last book sellers in England, no matter at what price; his guns were the newest and most improved make, and all those were expensive articles which were among the objects of daily envy to the squires and squires' sons around. They did not much care for the encouragement of art, which report said were being accumulated in Mr. Wilkins's house. But they did covet the horses and hounds he possessed, and the young man knew that they coveted, and rejoiced in it.

By-and-by he formed a marriage, which went on near an hundred miles off, and astonished every body. He was desperately in love with Miss Lamotte, so he was delighted when she consented to be his wife. She was the eldest child in his delight, and, besides, was charmed to remember that Miss Lamotte's mother had been Sir Frank Holmby's favorite sister, and that, although her marriage had been disowned by her family, as beneath her in rank, yet no one could object to her now on the ground of blood, as her father, Lamotte, had left two children, a boy and a girl, of whom their uncle, Sir Frank, took charge, as their father was worse than dead—an outlaw, whose name was never mentioned. Mark Lamotte was in the army; Lettice had a dependent position in her uncle's family; not intentionally made more dependent than was rendered necessary by circumstances, but still dependent enough to grate on the feelings of a sensitive girl, whose natural susceptibility to slights was redoubled by the constant recollection of her father's disgrace. Sir Frank was considerably involved, as Mr. Wilkins well knew; but it was with very mixed feelings that he listened to the suit which would provide his penniless niece with a comfortable, not to say luxurious, home, and with handsome accomplished young man of unblemished character for a husband. He said one or two bitter words respecting to Mr. Wilkins, even while he was giving his consent to the match; that was his temper; his proud, evil temper; but he really and truly was satisfied by the connection, though he would occasionally turn round on his unfortunate son, and rating him with a fervent insult as to his want of birth, and the inferior position which he held, forgetting apparently that his own grandfather and Lettice's father might be at any moment brought to the bar of justice if he attempted to re-enter his native country.

Edward was annoyed at all this; Lettice resented it. She loved her husband dearly, and disdained for him, for she had discernment enough to see how superior he was in every way to her cousins, the young Holsters, who borrowed of his horses, drank his wines, and yet had caught their father's habit of sneering at his profession. Lettice wished that Edward would interest himself more in his domestic life, would let himself drop out of the company of the ——shire squirearchy, and find his relaxation in his wife's society, her library, or lovely drawing-room, so full of white-glistening statues, and gems of pictures. But, perhaps, this was the natural wish of a young wife, especially of one who felt himself fitted in many ways to shine in society, and who was social by nature. Sociality for the sake of killing time many men's rivality. Edward did not care for wine, and yet he was obliged to drink—and by-and-by he grew to enjoy the flavor of the decanter as a judge of wine. His father by this time was dead—dead, happy old man, with a contented heart—and Edward had become more neighborly in loving him, his richer respecting him, his son and daughter-in-law the most affectionate and devoted of children, and had had his healthy conscience at peace with his God.

Lettice could have lived to herself and her husband and children. Edward daily required more and more the stimulus of society. His wife wondered how he could care to accept dinner-invitations from the —shire country-house. What she would have had him share from the pride of her heart, she would have warned him to avoid from conditions to sinful unprofitableness which it led him into. He had begun to spend more than he ought, not in intellectual—but there, Lettice had been wrong—even in purely sensual things. His wines, his table, should be such as no squire's purse or palate could compete with in dinner-parties—such, remember, the viands rare and delicate in quantity, and sent up to table by an Italian cook—whom Edward had secured in London stars without notice with admiration. He would have Lettice dressed in the richest materials, the most delicate lace, jewelry, he said, was beyond their means: glancing with proud humility at the diamonds of the elder ladies, and the alloyed gold of the younger. He was ignorant of many such things. She was made for society, and yet she hated it. And one day she went out of it altogether—for ever. She had been dressing early in the morning when Edward went down to his office in Hamley. At noon he was sent for by Harriet Holmby's messengers. When he got home, breathless and uncomprehending, she was past speech. One glance from her lovely loving black eyes showed that she recognized him with the passionate yearning that had been one of the characteristics of her love through life. There was no word from them. He could not speak any more than could she. He knelt down by her. She was dying; she was dead; before the doctor arrived. They brought him his eldest child, Ellinor, in utter despair as to what to do to rouse him. They had no thought but that the effect of grief would shut up in the nursery during this busy day of confusion and alarm. The child had no idea of death, and her father, kneeling and kissing, was for her an object of surprise or interest to her than her mother, lying still and white, and not turning her head to meet her eyes.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried the child, in shapeless terror. But the mother never stirred; and the father, hearing all this, was for less as the clothes to stifle a cry as if a sharp knife had pierced his heart. The child forced her impetuous way from her attendants and rushed to the bed. Undeterred by deadly cold or stony immobility, she kissed the lips and stroked the glossy raven hair, murmuring sweet words of wild love such as had passed between the mother and child often and often when no witnesses were by; and altogether seemed so nearly beside herself in an agony of love and terror, that Edward arose, and softly taking her in his arms, bore her away, lying back like one dead, so exhausted was she by the terrible emotion they had forced on her childish heart, into his study, a little room opening out of the grand library, into which, for many evenings, never to come again, he and his wife were wont to retire to have coffee together, and perhaps to stroll out of the glass-door out into the open air, the shrubbery, the fields—never more to be trodden by those dear feet. What passed between father and child in the seclusion never came to light. Late in the evening Ellinor's supper was sent for, and the servant who brought it in saw the child lying in no one dead in her father's arms, and before he left the room, watched his master feeding her, the girl of six years of age, with as tender care as if she had been a baby of six months.

CHAPTER III.

From that time the tie between father and daughter grew very strong and tender indeed. Ellinor, it is true, divided her affections between her baby sister and her papa; but he, caring little for babies, had only a theoretic regard for his younger child, while the sister absorbed all his love. Every day that he dined at home Ellinor was placed opposite to him while he ate his late dinner; she sat where her mother had done during the meal, although she had dined and even supped some time before on the more primitive nursery fare. It was a pretty, half amusing to see the little girl's grave, thoughtful ways and modes of speech, as if trying to act up to the dignity of her place as her father's companion, till sometimes the little head nodded off in slumber in the middle of lisping some wise little speech. Mrs. Aldi-fashioned the nurse called her, and prophesied that she would not live long in consequence of her old-fashion. But instead of the fulfillment of this prophecy, the child's light baby was seized with fits, and was well, ill, and dead in a day. Ellinor was left the most sensible alarming from its quietness and contentment. She waited till she was left—as she thought—one night, and then undressed and said her passionate cry for "Baby, baby, come back to me—come back!" till every one feared for the health of the little girl whose childish affections had had to stand two such shocks. Her father put aside all business, all pleasure of every kind, and sat during from her grief. No mother could have done more, no tenderest nurse done half so much as Mr. Wilkins then did for Ellinor.

If it had not been for him she would have just died of her grief. As it was, she overcame it—but slowly and painfully—letting herself love any one for some time, as if the instinctively feared lest all her strong attachments should find a sudden end in death. Then she would sit and listen with an intensity of attention for his footstep. Once she need expressed some wonder as to the time at which Edward could hear her father's approach, saying that she had listened and could not hear a sound, to which her father replied:

"Of course you can not; he is not your papa."

Then when he went away in the morning, after he had kissed her, Ellinor would run to a certain window-from which she could watch him as he left the house, behind a hedge, now reappearing through an open space, again out of sight, till he reached a great old beech-tree, where he lost, apparently, all trace of him. And then she would turn away with a sigh, sometimes reassuring her unspoken fears by saying softly to herself:

"He will come again to-night."

Mr. Wilkins liked to feel his child dependent on him for all her pleasures. They brought her a veritable jealous of any one who devised a treat or conferred a present the first news of which did not come from out himself.

At last it was necessary that Ellinor should have some more instruction than her good old nurse could give; her father did not care to take upon himself the office of teacher, which he thought he foresaw would necessitate occasional harsh, an occasional severity of reproof which might possibly render him less idolized by his little girl; so he commissioned Lady Holster to decide out some governess for him. She found for a governess to his daughter. Now, Lady Holster, who kept a sort of amateur county registry office, was only too glad to be of use to him in this way; but when she inquired a little further as to the sort of person required, all she could extract from Mr. Wilkins was:

"You know the kind of education a lady should have, and I will, I am sure, choose a governess for Ellinor better than I could direct you. Only please choose some one who will not marry me, and who will let Ellinor go on playing me, and doing pretty much what she likes, for she is so good they need not try to make her better, only to teach her what a lady should know."

Miss Monro was selected—a plain intelligent quiet woman of forty—and it was chosen to decide whether she or Mr. Wilkins took the most pains to avoid each other, acting, with regard to Ellinor, pretty much like the famous Adam and Eve in the weather-glass: when the one came

out the other went in. Miss Monro had been tossed about and overworked quite enough in her life to value the privilege and indulgence of her evenings to herself, her comfortable school-room, her quiet cozy teas, her book, or her letter-writing afterward. By mutual agreement she did not interfere with Ellinor and her ways and occupations on the evenings the girl had not her father for companion; and these occasions became more and more frequent as years passed on, and the deep shadow was lightened which the sudden death that had visited his household had cast over him. He was always a popular man at dinner-parties, as I have said before. His amount of intelligence and accomplishment was rare in ——shire, and if it required more wine than formerly to bring his conversation up to the desired point of range and brilliancy, wine was not an article spared or grudged at the county dinner-parties. Occasionally his business took him up to London; hurried as these journeys might be, he never returned without a new game, a new toy of some kind, to "make home pleasant to his little maid," as he expressed himself.

He liked, too, to see what was doing in art or in literature; and as he gave pretty extensive orders for any thing he admired, he was almost sure to be followed down to Hamley by one or two packages or parcels, the arrival and opening of which began soon to form the pleasant epochs in Ellinor's grave though happy life.

The only person of his own standing with whom Mr. Wilkins kept up any intercourse in Hamley was the new clergyman, a bachelor, about his own age, a learned man, a fellow of his college, whose first claim on Mr. Wilkins's attention was the fact that he had been traveling-bachelor for his university, and had consequently been on the Continent about the very same two years that Mr. Wilkins had been there; and although they had never met, yet they had many common acquaintances and common recollections to talk over of this period, which, after all, had been about the most bright and hopeful of Mr. Wilkins's life.

Mr. Ness had an occasional pupil—that is to say, he never put himself out of the way to obtain pupils, but did not refuse the entreaties sometimes made to him that he would prepare a young man for college by allowing the said young man to reside and read with him. "Ness's men" took rather high honors; for the tutor, too indolent to find out work for himself, had a certain pride in doing well the work that was found for him.

When Ellinor was somewhere about fourteen, a young Mr. Corbet came to be pupil to Mr. Ness. Her father always called on the young men reading with the clergymen, and asked them to his house. His hospitality had in course of time lost its *recherché* and elegant character, but was always generous, and often profuse. Besides, it was in his character to like the joyous, thoughtless company of the young better than that of the old—given the same amount of refinement and education in both.

Mr. Corbet was a young man of very good family from a distant county. If his character had not been so grave and deliberate his years would only have entitled him to be called a boy; for he was but eighteen at the time when he came to read with Mr. Ness. But many men of five-and-twenty have not reflected so deeply as this young Mr. Corbet already had. He had considered and almost matured his plan for life; had ascertained what objects he desired most to accomplish in the dim future which is to many at his age only a shapeless mist; and had resolved on certain steady courses of action by which such objects were most likely to be secured. A younger son, his family connections and family interest pre-arranged a legal career for him, and it was in accordance with his own tastes and talents. All, however, that his father hoped for him was that he might be able to make an income sufficient for a gentleman to live on. The eldest Mr. Corbet was hardly to be called ambitious, or, if he were, his ambition was limited to views for the eldest son. But Ralph Corbet intended to be a distinguished lawyer, not so much for the vision of the woolsack, which, I suppose, dances before the imagination of every young lawyer, but for the grand intellectual exercise, and consequent power over mankind that distinguished lawyers may always possess if they choose, a seat in Parliament, statesmanship, and all the great scope for a powerful and active mind that lay on each side of such a career—these were the objects which Ralph Corbet set before himself. To take high honors at college was the first step to be accomplished; and in order to achieve this Ralph had not persuaded—persuasion was a weak instrument which he despised—but gravely reasoned his father into consenting to pay the large sum which Mr. Ness expected with a pupil. The good-natured old squire was rather pressed for ready money, but sooner than listen to an argument instead of taking his nap after dinner, he would have yielded any thing. But this did not satisfy Ralph; his father's reason must be convinced of the desirability of the step as well as his weak will give way. The squire listened, looked wise, sighed; spoke of Edward's extravagance and the girls' expenses, grew sleepy, and said, "Very true," "That is but reasonable, certainly," glanced at the door, and wondered when his son would have ended his talking and go into the drawing-room; and at length found himself writing the desired letter to Mr. Ness, consenting to every thing, terms and all. Mr. Ness never had a more satisfactory pupil—one whom he could treat more as an intellectual equal.

Mr. Corbet, as Ralph was always called in Hamley, was resolute in his cultivation of himself, even exceeding what his tutor demanded of him. He was greedy of information in the hours not devoted to absolute study; Mr. Ness enjoyed giving information, but most of all he liked the hard tough arguments on all metaphysical and ethical questions in which Mr. Corbet delighted in engaging him. They lived together on terms of happy equality, having thus much in common. They were essentially different, however, although there were so many points of resemblance. Mr. Ness was unworldly as far as the idea of real unworldliness is compatible with a turn for self-indulgence and indolence; while Mr. Corbet was deeply, radically worldly, yet for the accomplishment of his object could deny himself all the careless pleasures natural to his age. The tutor and pupil allowed themselves one frequent relaxation—that of Mr. Wilkins's company. Mr. Ness would stroll to the office after the six hours' hard reading were over—leaving Mr. Corbet still bent over the table—book bestrewn—and see what Mr. Wilkins's engagements were. If he had nothing better to do that evening, he was either asked to dine at the parsonage, or he, in his careless hospitable way, invited the other two to dine with him, Ellinor forming the fourth at table, as far as seats went, although her dinner had been eaten early with Miss Monro. She was little and slight of her age, and her father never seemed to understand how she was passing out of childhood. Yet while in stature she was like a child, in intellect, in force of character, in strength of clinging affection she was a woman. There might be much of the simplicity of a child about her, there was little of the undeveloped girl, varying from day to day like an April sky, careless as to which way her own character is tending. So the two young people sat with their elders, and both relished the company they were thus prematurely thrown into. Mr. Corbet talked as much as either of the other two gentlemen; opposing and disputing on any side, as if to find out how much he could urge against received opinions. Ellinor sat silent; her dark eyes flashing from time to time in vehement interest—sometimes in vehement indignation if Mr. Corbet, riding a tilt at every one, ventured to attack her father. He saw how this course excited her, and rather liked pursuing it in consequence; he thought it only amused him.

Another way in which Ellinor and Mr. Corbet were thrown together occasionally was this. Mr. Ness and Mr. Wilkins shared the same *Times* between them; and it was Ellinor's duty to see that the paper was regularly taken from her father's house to the Parsonage. Her father liked to dawdle over it. Until Mr. Corbet had come to live with him, Mr. Ness had not much cared at what time it was passed on to him; but the young man took a strong interest in all public events, and especially in all that was said about them. He grew impatient if the paper was not forthcoming, and would set off himself to go for it, sometimes meeting the penitent, breathless Ellinor in the long lane which led from Hamley to Mr. Wilkins's house. At first he used to receive her eager "Oh! I am so sorry, Mr. Corbet, but papa has only just done with it," rather gruffly. After a time he had the grace to tell her it did not signify; and by-and-by he would turn back with her to give her some advice about her garden, or her plants—for his mother and sisters were first-rate practical gardeners, and he himself was, as he expressed it, "a capital consulting physician for a sickly plant."

All this time his voice, his step never raised the child's color one shade the higher, never made her heart beat the least quicker, as the slightest sign of her father's approach was wont to do. She learned to rely on Mr. Corbet for advice, for a little occasional sympathy, and for much condescending attention. He also gave her more fault-finding than all the rest of the world put together; and, curiously enough, she was grateful to him for it, for she really was humble, and wished to improve. He liked the attitude of superiority which this implied and exercised right gave him. They were very good friends at present. Nothing more.

All this time I have only spoken of Mr. Wilkins's life as he stood in relation to his daughter. But there is far more to be said about it. After his wife's death he withdrew himself from society for a year or two in a more positive and decided manner than is common with widowers. It was during this retirement of his that he riveted his little daughter's heart in such a way as to influence all her future life.

When he began to go out again, it might have been perceived—had any one cared to notice—how much the different characters of his father and wife had influenced him and kept him steady. Not that he broke out into any immoral conduct, but he gave up time to pleasure, which both old Mr. Wilkins and Lettice would have quietly induced him to spend in the office, superintending his business. His indulgence in hunting and all field-sports had hitherto been only occasional; they now became habitual, as far as the seasons permitted. He shared a moor in Scotland with one of the Holsters one year, persuading himself that the bracing air was good for Ellinor's health. But the year afterward he took another, this time joining with a comparative stranger; and on this moor there was no house to which it was fit to bring a child and her attendants. He persuaded himself that by frequent journeys he could make up for his absences from Hamley. But journeys cost money; and he was often away from his office when important business required attending to. There was some talk of a new attorney setting up in Hamley, to be supported by one or two of the more influential country families, who had found Wilkins not so attentive as his father. Sir Frank Holster sent for his relation, and told him of this project, speaking to him at the same time in pretty round terms as to the folly of the life he was leading. Foolish it certainly was, and as such Mr. Wilkins was secretly acknowledging it; but when Sir Frank, lashing himself, began to speak of his hearer's presumption in joining the hunt, in aping the mode of life and amusements of the landed gentry, Edward fired up. He knew how much Sir Frank was dipped, and comparing it with the round sum his own father had left him, he said some plain truths to Sir Frank which the latter never forgave, and henceforth there was no intercourse between Holster Court and Ford Bank, as Mr. Edward Wilkins had christened his father's house on his first return from the Continent.

The conversation had two consequences besides the immediate one of the quarrel. Mr. Wilkins advertised for a responsible and confidential clerk to conduct the business under his own superintendence; and he also wrote to the Herald's College to ask them if he did not belong to the family bearing the same name in South Wales—those who have since reassumed their ancient name of De Winton.

Both applications were favorably answered. A skillful, experienced middle-aged clerk was recommended to him by one of the principal legal firms in London, and immediately engaged to come to Hamley at his own terms, which were pretty high. But as Mr. Wilkins said it was worth any money to pay for the relief from constant responsibility, which such a business as his involved, some people remarked that he had never appeared to feel the responsibility very much hitherto, as witness his absences in Scotland, his various social engagements when at home; it had been very different (they said) in his father's day. The Herald's College gave him hopes of affiliating him to the South Wales' family, but it would require time and money to make the requisite inquiries and substantiate the claim. Now in many a place there would be none to contest the right a man might have to assert that he belonged to such and such a family, or even to assume their arms. But it was otherwise in ——shire. Every one was up in genealogy and heraldry, and considering filching a name and a pedigree a far worse sin than any of those mentioned in the commandments. There were those among them who would doubt and dispute even the decision of the Herald's College; but with it, if in his favor, Mr. Wilkins intended to be satisfied, and, accordingly, he wrote in reply to their letter to say, that, of course, he was aware that such inquiries would take a considerable sum of money, but that still he wished them to be made, and that speedily.

Before the end of the year he went up to London to order a brougham to be built (for Ellinor to drive out in in wet weather, he said; but as going in a closed carriage always made her ill, he used it principally himself in driving to dinner-parties), with the De Winton Wilkinses arms neatly emblazoned on panel and harness. Hitherto he had always gone about in a dog-cart—the immediate descendant of his father's old-fashioned gig.

For all this the squires, his employers, only laughed at him, and did not treat him with one whit more respect.

Mr. Dunster, the new clerk, was a quiet, respectable-looking man; you could not call him a gentleman in manner, and yet no one could say he was vulgar. He had not much varying expression on his face, but a permanent one of thoughtful consideration of the subject in hand, whatever it might be, that would have fitted as well with the profession of medicine as with that of law, and was quite the right look for either. Occasionally a bright flash of sudden intelligence lighted up his deep-sunk eyes, but even this was quickly extinguished as by some inward repression, and the habitually reflective, subdued expression returned to the face. As soon as he came into his situation he first began quietly to arrange the papers, and next the business of which they were the outward sign into more methodical order than they had been in since old Mr. Wilkins's death. Punctual to a moment himself, he looked his displeased surprise when the inferior clerks came tumbling in half an hour after the time in the morning; and his look was more effective than many men's words; henceforward the subordinates were within five minutes of the appointed hour for opening the office; but still he was always there before them. Mr. Wilkins himself winced under his new clerk's order and punctuality; Mr. Dunster's raised eyebrow, and contraction of the lips at some woeful confusion in the business of the office, chafed Mr. Wilkins more, far more, than any open expression of opinion would have done; for that he could have met and explained away, as he fancied. A secret respectful dislike grew up in his bosom against Mr. Dunster. He esteemed him, he valued him, and he could not bear him. Year after year Mr. Wilkins had become more under the influence of his feelings, and less under the command of his reason. He rather cherished than repressed his nervous repugnance to the harsh, measured tones of Mr. Dunster's voice; the latter spoke with a provincial twang which grated on his employer's sensitive ear. He was annoyed at a certain green coat which his new clerk brought with him, and he watched its increasing shabbiness with a sort of childish pleasure. But by-and-by Mr. Wilkins found out that from some perversity of taste Mr. Dunster always had his coats, Sunday and working-day, made of this obnoxious color; and this knowledge did not diminish his secret irritation. The worst of all, perhaps, was that Mr. Dunster was really invaluable in many ways—"a perfect treasure," as Mr. Wilkins used to term him in speaking of him after dinner; but for all that he came to hate his "perfect treasure," as he gradually felt that Dunster had become so indispensable to the business that his chief could not do without him.

The clients re-echoed Mr. Wilkins's words, and spoke of Mr. Dunster as invaluable to his master, a thorough treasure, the very saving of the business. They had not been better attended to, not even in old Mr. Wilkins's days; such a clear head, such a knowledge of law, such a steady, upright fellow, always at his post. The grating voice, the drawling accent, the bottle-green coat, were nothing to them; far less noticed, in fact, than Wilkins's expensive habits, the money he paid for his wine and horses, and the nonsense of claiming kin with the Welsh Wilkinses, and setting up his brougham to drive about ——shire lanes, and be knocked to pieces over the rough round paving-stones thereof.

All these remarks did not come near Ellinor to trouble her life. To her her dear father was the first of human beings; so sweet, so good, so kind, so charming in conversation, so full of accomplishment and information! To her healthy, happy mind, every one turned their bright side. She loved Miss Monro—all the servants, especially Dixon, the coachman. He had been her father's play-fellow as a boy, and, with all his respect and admiration for his master, the freedom of intercourse that had been established between them then had never been quite lost. Dixon was a fine stalwart old fellow, and was as harmonious in his ways with his master as Mr. Dunster was discordant; accordingly, he was a great favorite, and could say many a thing which might have been taken as impertinent from another servant.

He was Ellinor's great confidant about many of her little plans and projects, things that she dared not speak of to Mr. Corbet, who, after her father and Dixon, was her next best friend. This intimacy with Dixon displeased Mr. Corbet; he once or twice insinuated that he did not think it was well to talk so familiarly as Ellinor did with a servant, one out of a completely different class, such as Dixon. Ellinor did not easily take hints; every one had spoken plain out to her hitherto: so Mr. Corbet had to say his meaning plain out at last. Then for the first time he saw her angry; but she was too young, too childish, to have words at will to express her feelings; she only could say broken beginnings of sentences, such as, "What a shame! Good, dear Dixon, who is as loyal and true and kind as any nobleman. I like him far better than you, Mr. Corbet, and I shall talk to him." And then she burst into tears, and ran away, and would not come to wish Mr. Corbet good-by, though she knew she should not see him again for a long time, as he was returning the next day to his father's house, from whence he would go to Cambridge.

He was annoyed at this result of the good advice he had thought himself bound to give to a motherless girl, who had no one to instruct her in the proprieties in which his own sisters were brought up; he left Hamley both sorry and displeased. As for Ellinor, when she found out the next day that he really was gone—gone without even coming to Ford Bank again to see if she were not penitent for her angry words—gone without saying or hearing a word of good-by—she shut herself up in her room, and cried more bitterly than ever, because anger against herself was mixed with her regret for his loss. Luckily her father was dining out, or he would have inquired what was the matter with his darling, and she would have had to try to explain what could not be explained. As it was she sat with her back to the light during the school-room tea, and afterward, when Miss Monro had settled down to her study of the Spanish language, Ellinor stole out into the garden, meaning to have a fresh cry over her own naughtiness and Mr. Corbet's departure; but the August evening was still and calm, and put her passionate grief to shame, hushing her up as it were with the other young creatures who were being soothed to rest by the serene time of day and the subdued light of the twilight sky.

There was a piece of ground surrounding the flower-garden, which was not shubbery, nor wood, nor kitchen-garden—only a grassy bit, out of which a group of old forest trees sprang. Their roots were heaved above ground; their leaves fell in autumn so profusely that the turf was ragged and bare in spring; but to make up for this, there never was such a place for snow-drops.

The roots of these old trees were Ellinor's favorite play-place; this space between these two was her doll's kitchen, that its drawing-room, and so on. Mr. Corbet rather despised her contrivances for doll's furniture, so she had not often brought him here; but Dixon delighted in them, and contrived and planned with the eagerness of six years old rather than forty. To-night Ellinor went to this place, and there were all a new collection of ornaments for Miss Dolly's sitting-room made out of fir-bobs, in the prettiest and most ingenious way. She knew it was Dixon's doing, and rushed off in search of him to thank him.

"What's the matter with my pretty?" asked Dixon, as soon as the pleasant excitement of thanking and being thanked was over, and he had leisure to look at her tear-stained face.

"Oh! I don't know! never mind," said she, reddening.

Dixon was silent for a moment or two, while she tried to turn off his attention by her hurried prattle.

"There's no trouble afoot that I can mend?" asked he, in a minute or two.

"Oh no! it's really nothing—nothing at all," said she. "It's only that Mr. Corbet went away without saying good-by to me, that's all." And she looked as if she should have liked to cry again.

"That was not manners," said Dixon, decisively.

"But it was my fault," replied Ellinor, pleading against the condemnation.

Dixon looked at her pretty sharply from under his ragged, bushy eyebrows.

"He had been giving me a lecture, and saying I did not do what his sisters did—just as if

I were to be always trying to be like somebody else—and I was cross and ran away."

"Then it was Missy who would not say good-by. That was not good manners in Missy."

"But, Dixon, I don't like being lectured!"

"I reckon you don't get much of it. But, indeed, my pretty, I dare say Mr. Corbet was in the right; for, you see, master is busy, and Miss Monro is so dreadful learned, and your poor mother is dead and gone, and you have no one to teach you how young ladies go on; and by all accounts, Mr. Corbet comes of a good family. I've heard say his father had the best stud-farm in all Shropshire, and spared no money upon it; and the young ladies, his sisters, will have been taught the best of manners; it might be well for my pretty to hear how they go on."

"You dear old Dixon, you don't know any thing about my lecture, and I am not going to tell you. Only I dare say Mr. Corbet might be a little bit right, though I am sure he was a great deal wrong."

"But you'll not go on a fretting—you won't now, there's a good young lady; for master won't like it, and it will make him uneasy, and he's enough of trouble without your red eyes, bless them."

"Trouble—papa, trouble! Oh, Dixon! what do you mean?" exclaimed Ellinor, her face taking all a woman's intensity of expression in a minute.

"Nay, I know naught," said Dixon, evasively. "Only that Dunster fellow is not to my mind, and I think he pesters the master sadly with his fid-fad ways."

"I hate Mr. Dunster," said Ellinor, vehemently. "I won't speak a word to him the next time he comes to dine with papa."

"Missy will do what papa likes best," said Dixon, admonishingly; and with this the "pair of friends" parted.

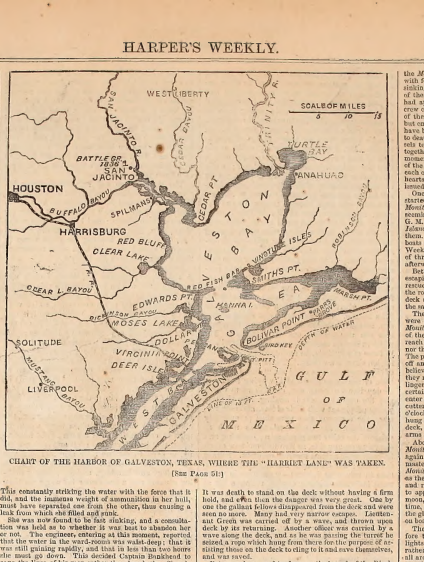


CHART OF THE HARBOR OF GALVESTON, TEXAS, WHERE THE "HARRIET LANE" WAS TAKEN.

(SEE PAGE 61.)

THE WRECK OF THE "MONITOR."

We are indebted to one of the surviving officers of the ill-fated *Monitor* for the picture of her wreck, which we publish on this page. No event of the war has caused more sorrow than the loss of the brave little vessel. Its history is thus told by an officer:

From ten to eleven P.M. the water still gained rapidly. It was now known for certain that she had opened a leak. The storm was at its height, the waves striking and passing over the *Monitor*, burying her completely for the instant, while for a few seconds nothing could be seen of her from the *Rhode Island* but the upper part of her turret, surrounded by foam. This was caused as follows: A huge wave would lift her up, when, in descending to meet another, instead of riding it like other vessels, she plowed through, the projecting armor at her bow striking the water with such force that the spray and foam were thrown around her for the distance of forty feet. This projecting armor is undoubtedly the cause of the leak, as it extended six thirty-two feet, and forward fourteen. This constantly striking the water with the force that it did, and the immense weight of ammunition in her hull, must have separated one from the other, thus causing a leak from which she filled and sunk.

She was now found to be fast sinking, and a consultation was held as to whether it was best to abandon her or not. The engineer, entering at this moment, reported that the water in the ward-room was waist-deep; that it was still gaining rapidly, and that in less than two hours she must go down. This decided Captain Bankhead to save the lives of his men rather than lose both. Signals of distress were now ordered to be made to the *Rhode Island;* and while these were preparing Captain Bankhead shouted, "What'll cut the hawser?" "I will," answered Mr. Stodder, the Master; and taking a hatchet, he, at the imminent peril of being washed overboard, succeeded in severing the hawser, the waves passing over him at every motion of the vessel. One poor fellow, whose name is not known, strained, but he was dashed off and drowned.

Several of the crew and some of the officers also found a watery grave about this time, by being washed overboard. It was dealt to stand on the deck without having a firm hold, and often than the danger was very great. One by one the gallant fellows disappeared from the deck and were seen no more. Many had very narrow escapes. Lieutenant Greeh was carried off by a wave, and thrown upon deck by its returning. Another officer was carried by a wave along the deck, and as he was passing the turret he seized a rope which hung from there for the purpose of assisting those on the deck to cling to it and save themselves, and was saved.

Between eleven and twelve P.M. the launch of the *Rhode Island* was manned, and started for the *Monitor*. About this time the hawser, which now hung loose, became entangled in one of the paddle-wheels of the *Rhode Island*, so that it could not be worked, thus rendering the vessel unmanageable. She drifted toward the *Monitor*, as if there was great danger of a collision before the hawser could be extricated. The launch was between the two steamers, and before she could clear them the whole of one of her sides was crushed in, just escaping the waterline. The gallant fellows in her had a narrow escape from a horrible death; but nothing daunted, they struck boldly out for the *Monitor* with their broken boat, and safely returned with fourteen or fifteen of the *Monitor's* crew, though in a sinking condition, and landed them all safely upon the deck of the *Rhode Island*. In the mean time the two vessels had approached so near each other that five or six of the crew of the *Monitor* seized the rope hanging from the side of the *Rhode Island*, and started to climb up her side; but only three reached there. The others are supposed to have been struck by the *Monitor*, when they fell, crushed to death, or perished in the sea. Those on board the vessels tell me that they expected every wave to dash them together, when the loss of both must have occurred. The moment that the *Rhode Island* was looming up broadside of the *Monitor* was a terrible one to all. The two passed each other without touching, and many were the relieved hearts and the audibly expressed "Thank God!" that issued from the mouths of the men on both the vessels.

One of the *Rhode Island's* cutters was now manned and started off about the same time that the launch left the *Monitor*. They approached each other, and lights were seemingly no chance of preventing a collision, when Dr. G. M. Weeks, of the *Monitor*, Ensign Taylor, of the *Rhode Island*, and one of the sailors, sprang to the side to part them. The force of the blow was thus broken and the boats saved from destruction. The right head of Dr. Weeks was caught between the boats, crushing the bones of three of his fingers so seriously that amputation was afterward found necessary.

Between twelve and one A.M. the cutter, after narrowly escaping a collision, started for the side of the *Monitor* to rescue others. Arriving there, Captain Bankhead told the vessel while he men got into it, the last departing on the deck several times and being carried back by the waves the same as the launch on the previous trip.

The last of the crew and officers that reached on deck were now in the boat, and none remained on board the *Monitor* but some six or eight who were clinging to the top of the turret. They were told to come down and try to reach the boat, but neither the entreaties of their comrades nor the orders of their officers had any effect upon them. The poor fellows had even their crumbles one by one washed off and delivered in the attempt to reach the boats; and believing that there was no chance of being saved, even if they reached the boat, they preferred to remain there and linger a few moments more than to come down and meet certain death. Captain Bankhead was then compelled to leave the boat without them and leave them behind. The cutter arrived at the side of the *Rhode Island* about one o'clock, and the men and officers, seizing the ropes which hung from her sides for that purpose, soon climbed to her deck, on reaching which they were received with open arms regardless of rank.

About two o'clock a last effort was made to reach the *Monitor*, and rescue those on the turret. The cutter was again manned with a picked crew, and D. Rodney Brown, master's mate, took command, and started for the doomed vessel; but whether it reached her or not is unknown, as the boat was last seen making straight for her, pitching and rolling fearfully, her gallant crew working manfully to approach the *Monitor* as soon as possible, when the waves which had been gradually going down for some time, now entirely disappeared, and the boat was lost in the gloom. (The boat but since been picked up, with all on board.)

The *Monitor* was last seen at this time also. Just before the moon vanished, a quarter before two o'clock, lights were plainly visible, but her turret and deck were rather indistinct. For a few moments after darkness was all around, the burning lights of the *Monitor* shot here and there like an ignis fatuus, when suddenly they all disappeared, and then it was known that she had gone down. At this time she was distant from the *Rhode Island* about a mile and a half, while, when the boat was last seen, she was not more than a third that distance, so that it was almost impossible to have reached her.

We learn, as we go to press, that the new Monitors *Passaic* and *Montauk* had hard work in getting down to Beaufort; and it is evident that some further improvements must be made in this class



THE WRECK OF THE IRON-CLAD "MONITOR."



A SLAVE-PEN AT NEW ORLEANS—BEFORE THE AUCTION, A SKETCH OF THE PAST.

of vessels before they can be deemed safe or seaworthy.

THE MONITOR.

Oh, loyal souls, sunk in a noble ship
At e'er the waters crossed!
What direful tidings ring from every lip—
"The *Monitor* is lost!"
Sunk in an instant underneath the wave,
With half the crew lost in a watery grave.

And yet not lost. Within a higher realm
We deem they are at rest,
Where a sure Pilot stands beside the helm:
Surely such peace is best.

There quietly the ship at anchor rides,
Beyond all fear of adverse winds and tides.

Tenderly, brothers, will we name them o'er,
Nor think they died in vain,
Who went down with the *Monitor*, no more
To look our flag again.
Their early toil has left us more to do;
But who could falter with their names in view?

Ours "Monitor"—she earned her title well,
Though short the race she ran:
She left a record, for the world to tell,
Of "victory nobly won."
Tenderly guard her in thy depths, O sea!
For never nobler vessel sailed o'er thee.

A SLAVE-PEN AT NEW ORLEANS.

In connection with the gradual downfall of slavery, we publish on this page an illustration of a gang of negroes in a slave-pen at New Orleans before an auction. The picture is from a sketch taken by a foreign artist before the war. In describing it the artist wrote:

"The men and women are well clothed, in their Sunday best—the men in blue cloth of good quality, with beaver hats; and the women in calico dresses, of more or less brilliancy, with silk bandana handkerchiefs bound round their heads. Placed in a row in a quiet thoroughfare, where, without interrupting the traffic, they may command a good chance of transient custom, they stand through a great part of the day, subject to the inspection of the purchasing or non-purchasing passing crowd. They look heavy, perhaps a little sad, but not altogether unhappy."

EXODUS OF REBEL WOMEN.

We illustrate on this page a scene which is frequently renewed at Washington, viz., THE DEPARTURE OF SECESH WOMEN FOR RICHMOND.



SECESH WOMEN LEAVING WASHINGTON FOR RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY MR. JASPER GREEN.]

One day last week the steamer *New York* took 450 women and children from Washington to the realms of Secessia. They all had, or claimed to have, friends or relatives in Jeff Davis's kingdom, and were sent South at Government expense. Among the number were several young women whose departure from the Federal capital will lighten the duties of the provost-marshal. The Washington *Star* says:

Had their baggage passed without inspection they would have added much also to the necessities of the Southerners in dry goods, millinery, medicines, and many other articles and goods much required at the present time in Jeff Davis's dominion. However, there were engaged all last night in examining the baggage that had been sent down. In many of the trunks were found great stores of valuable kinds and textures, plus, medias, thread, etc., which articles were, of course, confiscated.

In one very large trunk a sufficient quantity of dry goods was found to fully stock a country store. Some of the trunks had ten, fifteen, and as high as twenty-five pairs of shoes. No passenger, however, was allowed to take more than two pairs. One lady, when asked why she had packed so many shoes, replied that she expected to wear out two pair per month! All this morning the wharf and the neighborhood of ninth street was crowded with relatives and friends, who resorted there to witness the departure and for the purpose of saying farewell to them.

Judging from the expressions we heard in the crowd seventh sympathized predominated. A gentleman asked an old lady who was going, if whether she was pleased at her departure. She replied, "Yes, thank God! it is a great pleasure to get rid of Government contractors, and Government, and not by Yankee boors." A crowd immediately gathered around, and then commenced expressions of contempt from the lips of the United States Government generally, and Secretary Stanton and Cabinet in particular. One young lady remarked to a friend as she took her parcel, "Oh, my friend, write quickly; you know how to get the letter through." Another lady remarked that she hoped to return ere long, but with the victorious Confederate army.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

We publish on page 49 a portrait of GENERAL SHERMAN, commanding the United States forces at Vicksburg, from a photograph by Anthony.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born in the State of Ohio, about the year 1818. He entered West Point in 1836, and graduated in June, 1840, standing about in his class. He entered the Corps of Artillery, and, on 30th November, 1841, was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. During the war in Mexico he served in California, and was brevetted a Captain for meritorious conduct. In 1853 he resigned the service, and, we believe, engaged in mercantile business in New Orleans. At the first break of the rebellion he tendered his services to the Government, and on 14th May was appointed Colonel of the newly-fifteenth Infantry. His regiment he commanded at the battle of Bull Run. He was subsequently appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and shortly afterward commanded a General Anderson in command of the Department of the Ohio. He was in command at Louisville when Secretary Cameron and Adjutant-General Thomas made their famous visit journey to the West, and he took occasion to tell those worthies that 200,000 men would be required to fight the rebellion in Kentucky. This statement—which subsequent experience has abundantly verified—seemed so outrageous to the Cameron that General Sherman was shortly afterward removed, and doubts were cast upon his sanity. He was then in command at Sedalia, Missouri, but resigned the position shortly afterward, and was by General Halleck placed in command of a column in the field. At the battle of Shiloh he took a leading a part in which General Halleck reported to Washington that the success of the day was mainly due to him. He was rewarded by promotion to a Major-General's rank, and subsequently placed in command of the fifth division of General Grant's army, he had charge of the city of Memphis, and received almost absolute authority for vigor and discretion. On 24th December last he departed at the head of an expedition against Vicksburg, and at latest dates had been repulsed, after some very hard fighting.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALVIN P. HOVEY.

We publish on page 49 a portrait of GENERAL HOVEY, whose operations in the Southwest have attracted considerable attention. The portrait is from a photograph by Anderson.

Alvin P. Hovey was born in Mount Vernon, Indiana, on the 6th of May, 1823. After receiving a tolerably liberal education, he was licensed, in 1845, to practice law, and entered on the duties of his profession at Mount Vernon, Indiana, under very favorable auspices. Being a young man of energy and close application, he soon rose to rank with the most talented and profound lawyers of the State, and won some of the most honorable positions within the gift of the people. His friends were not surprised to find him among the first to offer his services to the Government when the dreadful fratricidal war was forced upon us. General Hovey was first called to the command of the 24th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, which was one of the first of the many fine Regiments Indiana had sent to the war. The history of his campaign, at the head of his Regiment, through Missouri and Western Kentucky, is too well known to be repeated here. He led his gallant Twenty-fourth on the bloody fields of Shiloh, and shortly afterward, for "gallant and meritorious conduct," was promoted to the command he now holds. The history of his administration while in command at Memphis, Helena, and other points on the Mississippi, and of his recent daring exploit in penetrating the heart of the enemy's country, is fresh in every mind.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

"WHAT a marvelous power over pillows you possess. Thank you; how kind you are! I wonder if you are so honest."

"As much so as women generally."

"*Mo fèi* have I offended? I beg pardon. Camp life has made me rude. I wonder what brought you to such a place as this."

"Another wonder which I can better satisfy. Selfishness brought me here. I came to relieve my own suffering."

"In doing good to others worse off. That is a peculiar selfishness; but have you suffered really?"

"So much so that I must not speak of it. Why were you speculating upon my honesty?"

"Because I wish to ask a plain question and receive a straightforward answer."

"Ex cuse."

"I feel pretty sure of you—more so than of those men who petter over me with, "Well, my boy, we must turn you out before long." Turn me out, yes indeed they will. What I wish to ask is, how much longer you think I'll last."

He was not much more than a boy, and looking into his fine clear eyes I hated for once to tell the truth. But day by day I had watched him with the most intelligent interest, and had denied my spending over children of my own; and each day I had seen the silver cord slipping, slipping—slowly, but surely perceptibly, and surely lengthening. After he spoke and lay there closely watching for my answer, scanning eagerly my face, which was too well trained to express even pity when I chose it should not, I was silent for a while.

"Won't you tell me?" he pleaded.

"I want to see you strive more hopefully for health."

A faint smile curled his lip.

"Like all the rest," he whispered to himself.

"I think not," was my reply, while for a moment a prayer from my heart went up for the youth and manhood about to be cut off from the nation's heart, one drop of the great red artery, carrying away in its stealthy flow the pride and glory of our homes.

"How much longer, then," he repeated, "do you think I'll last?"

"God only knows, my dear young friend: not many days, unless there is reaction."

He closed his eyes and grew a little paler, but I did not leave him. No one but I knew I had done rightly.

"Thank you," he said at last, and grasped my hand.

"But you must care more to live; you must not be so passive," I told him.

"No; if you think he would not think so."

"You told me you had no parents: have you not sisters, some one whose presence would cheer you?"

"No," he replied, but the gathering frown of pain or annoyance warned me to change the topic. I rearranged his pillow, and as one does when leaving him, hoping that sleep would refresh him, but he begged me to stay. So I took up a book and began softly reading, but that also had not the desired effect.

"There is one person I wish to see before I die," he would say, "but I am not sure she would come," he muttered; "yet I wish, I long, I must see her. Will you write, or will you go—that would be better—for her? Tell her—" and then he would tell Dick Temple, an dying, and she must come, bid me good-by, or my ghost—" He buried his face in the pillow, and left a beautiful setting for his loneliness, promised to do his bidding.

That is why I am waiting the return of the livcried man who has ushered me in this sumptuous room, and carried my card and note to the lady I have never heard of before to-day.

The house does not differ from the many of wealth and fashion I have been in, the same elegance, and luxury, and comfort in all. There is no more to be guessed from it than from the glistening garb a woman wears at her bridal; no fitness of things in one place or upholsterer and the modiste is about all we get at from either. Lace and damask, ormolu and bronze—tulle, orange blossoms, and veil.

I was rather startled by the footman's return and message in the midst of this reverie, but was too conscious of the necessary calmness and imperturbability in the presence of such functionaries to betray what I felt.

"Will you please go up stairs?"

"Certainly," and I followed his lead.

Noiselessly we ascended, and I by rest hall, up the broad, carved, oaken staircase, to the door where I was ushered in alone.

A young maid-servant met me and whispered quickly:

"My mistress has been very ill: for weeks we have thought mamma would follow papa. Inquire her forehead with her finger; "but as soon as she read your note she brightened, and said she must see you. The nurse is not willing, but she would, if it's right. You will please tell the nurse it is not my fault if you see her."

The room was darkened, the heavy curtains down so that the sunshine filtering through them had the purple tinge of twilight.

A large canopied bedstead, half lost in the pillows, I espied white drapery, and a soft, sweet voice gave me welcome. I approached and told my errand cautiously, for I discovered rightly that I was not the bearer of glad tidings.

At the first glance the face seemed to reiterate what the maid had whispered. She was a very pretty face, the kind that men rave about; of flowerlike beauty and mould, tint and texture. The long drooping lashes raised slowly and the eyes gazed abstractedly, like a child's waking out of a dream. She looked at me as if striving to recall my personality, which I gently explained was one of mercy, no cognizance of. Then she looked at my note, and the light of full reason swept away the mistiness of death which veiled her face of expression.

"You are come from Richard, Richard Temple. Sit down here by me and tell me all about him. Is he so ill: was he very badly wounded?"

"Very badly, very cruelly wounded," I replied, not surprised to see the sudden swaying of her slender form as it strove hard with a sudden gust, and a great driving fall of tears.

"You know, do you not, that he is no relation of mine; that, as Mrs. Withers, I ought not even to call him friend?"

"No; he did not tell me so."

"But he is dying: you can not deny it. It is not wrong for me to think of him now, is it? I am glad he is dying, for I can love him now; there is no harm in it. My darling, darling! oh, how I have been punished! I wonder if God forgives such as I—women so false to their better natures?"

He forgives all who repent."

"But I have not. I have been penitent after closking myself in deceit. I knew Richard loved me long ago, though he had not said it in plain words; even looks and action were full of tenderness; but I was spoiled with flattery and adulation, and piqued that he gave me none; so, in wicked quickness, I allowed others to suppose my heart was free.

"Three summers ago we were at Lake Geneva Papa never disliked Richard, because his family was not *distingué*, and he was very ambitious that I should make a grand match; so, before I hardly knew what I was doing, I was betrothed to Mr. Withers. At first the novelty and sensation of the thing amused me, and for a week or two I was quite happy; but during Mr. Richard came back from a trip in the mountains, and I was so glad to see him that I quite forgot my *fiancé*. We strolled around the grounds, and then Mr. Withers had gone sailing, which I could never be induced to do, and at last sauntered in where the people were dancing. The music inspired me somehow, and we were shortered by the bay-window; but in a pause of the band Richard told me the old, old story, which it was too late to hear and not love. It stunned me so completely that I forgot where I was—that his arm was around me, and his lips near mine; but in a differstay was brought so much nearer my heart responded to his glowing words than to the stately offer I had before received, that I dared not tell him the truth. I only felt with my silence and sufficed him; my heart was beating so tumultuously I could not speak; and he was happy—for a short time only—for directly Mr. Withers stood before to dance, calling me familiarly 'Florence;' and I, quickly drawing of my glove, showed him my engagement ring. I shammed dead truth in his eyes, and I whirled away in a redoan with Mr. Withers.

"I have not seen him since. I knew he enlisted as a private, and that he was wounded, and that shock, and the death of my little child, have almost crazed me; but I have told you all this, so you can advise me. Shall I go to him, or will you be wrong?"

Had she been my own child I could not have spoken colder, or been less puzzled how to reply. There was her beautiful face looking up at me with the same pleading that another face lying on a lonely cot had worn.

"Where is your husband? Ask his permission, I evaded.

"He is away from home."

"Can you not write?"

She shuddered a little. "It may be too late then.

It may be I was sinning for a moment in thinking there could be no wrong in her inviting the penitent of the past, but I knew—for once letting custom and appearances, ay, even duty, stand aside—that any woman with natural feeling in her bosom would have hastened to her, as I was, to tell her to go for there she stood watching me with painful intensity and apprehension, as if the boon she craved were in my gift.

"Just once before he dies," she whispered.

"But the cost of that once—your husband's anger—"

She sprang to her feet. "Do you think I care for the cost, or in what way I may suffer for it, while he lies there dying all alone?"

"You have vowed before God to obey your husband. Do you candidly believe he would be willing?"

She sank down again, huskily uttering "No."

My heart was full of pity, but I had the strength to say,

"Then, my dear Mrs. Withers, it is very plain to me that you can not go, and must wait your harbor, though to stifle it makes your cross ten times heavier."

I clasped her hand and drew her head down on my bosom, where it lay motionless for some time; nor would I have had her know the defiant thoughts while I was hurling at the world and all its mockeries.

When I rose to go she thanked me with earnest sincerity, and we parted, I believe, with great tenderness, that though she had always loved him she was striving to be a true wife. Her face had lost all its color, and the twilight left a look of hopelessness. With assurances that I would do all in my power to comfort him I left her—left her in the dungeon gloom and twilight of her darkened room, crowned with youth and beauty and sorrow, for

"——this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

It was very hard for me to go back to that little hospital cot with such a return for the important longings spent in vain.

But he bore it manfully, without a tremor in his voice or sigh, when I told him I could not open him all the gentleness and care I would have.

The end was not far off. The shadows were growing heavier in the gathering dusk. Life receding: eternity drawing nigh. Every day I strove to make the narrow path lighter with the Truth, and to direct his dying thoughts to the fadeless, bright spirit, feldom giving way to doubts. Never again had he spoken of Florence Withers.

One snowy afternoon I, finishing a Psalm, the Twenty-third, thought him asleep, and knowing his extreme weakness, rather fearfully bent down to listen to his breathing: it was soft as an infant's. I saw his lips move and heard one word; it was only "Hey"—perhaps, thought I, he is praying, and I moved back softly away.

It must have been so, and his prayer was answered, for when I came back I found a kneeling figure at his side and his head pillowed in Florence's embrace.

Standing alone and gazing out the window was a gentleman whom I knew must be Mr. Withers; and so individually grateful was I for this his unselfish deed, that I regarded him as holding that rarest of all titles, "Nature's nobleman."

They were just in time. Death came with the twilight.

I never have known what prompted Mr. Withers to this kindness, but I am assured as he did so doing it he took the surest method toward gaining the affection which, through no fault of his, had been lavished on another.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

THERE is much yet unexplained and mysterious about the phenomena of sleep, and to those who wish to speculate on the subject, the following facts relating to dreaming and somnambulism may be interesting.

Whispering in the ears of a person asleep will sometimes produce curious effects. An officer in the expedition to Louisburgh, in 1758, was often practiced upon by his companions. After the army had landed, he was one day found asleep in his tent. There, sounding plainly disturbed him, and he was made to believe that he was engaged. He expressed great fear, and was evidently disposed to run away. Some of his companions were with; but at the same time the groans of the wounded and dying were simulated, and on his frequent inquiries who after those groans, the names of particular friends were mentioned. At length he was told that the man next to himself had fallen, when he leaped from under his bed and out of the tent, and was awakened by falling over the tent-ropes.

A gentleman assumed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, and deserted. He was captured, taken back, tried, sentenced to be shot, and on the day appointed, the preparations were made, and a gun was fired. He then awoke, and found that a noise in an adjacent room had both caused his dream and awakened him.

Dr. James Gregory dreamed of ascending the crater of Mount Etna, and of feeling the warmth of the ground under his feet. He was allowed to sleep with a vessel of hot water at his feet. He had ascended Mount Vesuvius, where he felt this sensation of heat, and had descended on the side of the crater. He also dreamed of wintering at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering acutely from the cold. On awaking he found that one foot of his bed-clothes were off. A few days before he had been perusing an account of the condition during winter of the people of which he had dreamed.

A gentleman and his wife during a period of great excitement both dreamed at the same time of the expected French invasion. The dreaming it was found that a pair of tongs had fallen in the room above, and the noise made by this accident was the cause of the simultaneous excitement dreams. Dr. Reid states, that when the dressing of a blister on his head had become ruffled so as to cause considerable irritation, he dreamed that he fell into the hands of savages, who scalped him. A patient in the Edinburgh Infirmary talked a great deal when asleep, and remembered very distinct references to patients who had been in the ward two years ago, at which period she herself had been there. A similar case is recorded of those cases which were then in the ward. A gentleman who had been chased by a bull forty-five years before, and of which all recollection of circumstance had almost invariably dreamed of his perilous adventure ever since it occurred, whenever he had eaten unripe supper, or any thing indigestible.

A gentleman connected with a bank in Glasgow was paying money at the teller's table, when a payment of six pounds was demanded. The person who made this demand was impatient, and somewhat noisy, and, although his turn had not arrived, a gentleman requested that he might be paid and got rid of. Eight or nine months after, a deficiency of six pounds was discovered on the account of this person. Several days and nights were vainly consumed in efforts to discover this error, and the gentleman who had made the payment just mentioned went home greatly fatigued. He then dreamed of the whole transaction with the impatient client, and every conduct had annoyed him at the time, and awoke with the belief that this dream would bring about an extraction from the difficulty in the bank accounts. Accordingly, he found that this sum of six pounds had not been entered in the book of interests, and thus the deficiency was made good. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this and many other of our facts, considers this case "exceedingly remarkable."

A gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala was prosecuted for, considerable arrears of tithe, of which he was said to owe to the whole family. He believed that these tithes had been purchased; but, after examining his father's papers, the public records, and those with whom he had transacted law business with his father, he was unable to obtain evidence of such a purchase. He therefore resolved to ride to Edinburgh, and compromise the affair as well as he could. Going to bed with the intention of putting this plan in execution on the morrow, he dreamed that his father, who had been dead many years, appeared to him. He inquired the cause of his anxiety, and when the gentleman had replied, and had added that the payment was the more unpleasant, because he had a strong conciousness that it was not owing, although he could not prove that to be the case, "You are right, my son," answered the father; "I did acquire right to the tiends for which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. ——, a writer (or attorney), in a now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occa-

sion for a particular reason, but who never, on any other occasion, transacted business on my account. It is very possible that Mr. —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." The gentleman rode to Inveresk, and inquired of Mr. ——, a very old man, if he had transacted a certain business for his father. The old gentleman could not remember; but when the Portugal piece of money was mentioned, the whole came to his mind, and he at once sought for the papers, and found them.

Some years ago an investigation was made in the north of Scotland respecting an atrocious murder. A man came voluntarily forward, and stated that he had dreamed of a house near to which a voice had seemed to tell him that the pack of the murdered peddler was buried. The spot mentioned was examined, and the pack was found near to it, but not precisely at the place. The individual accused was convicted; he confessed, and in the strongest manner exculpated the dreamer from any knowledge of or share in the murder. It appeared, however, that immediately after the murder the two men had been together in a state of almost continual drunkenness, and some statements had probably then slipped from the murderer, which his companion might not remember when he was sober, but which the dream now recalled.

A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire—which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamed that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned, along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion, in the Frith of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement; his companions went and were all drowned. Dr. Abercrombie declares these anecdotes to be "entirely authentic."

A clergyman went to Edinburgh from a place at a short distance, and was sleeping there, when he dreamed of seeing one of his children in the midst of a fire. He awoke, and instantly returned home, and when he came within sight of his house he found it on fire. He arrived in time to rescue one of his children who had been left in a dangerous situation.

A gentleman in Cornwall dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons. A small man entered, wearing a blue coat and a white waistcoat; and immediately after another man, wearing a brown coat with yellow basket metal buttons, drew a pistol from under his coat and fired it at the first man, who instantly fell. Blood issued from a wound a short distance beneath the left breast. The murderer was seized, and the dreamer saw his countenance. He awoke and told the dream to his wife, who made nothing of it; but in the same night the dream was repeated three times, with precisely similar circumstances. He felt greatly disposed to warn Mr. Percival, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer; but some friends whom he consulted told him that he would be treated as a fanatic. Shortly after this gentleman heard of Mr. Percival's death, he was in London, where he saw a picture of the murder in the print-shops, in which he recognized the countenance and dress of the individuals seen by him in his dream—the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the yellow basket-buttons on Bellingham's coat, corresponding precisely with what he had seen. Dr. Abercrombie received the particulars of this case from the gentleman himself.

Dr. George Moore is our authority for the following remarkable anecdote: An individual whom he knew well dreamed that he was in a church-yard reading the epitaphs, when a new grave attracted his notice. A remarkable stone at its head contained the name and the date of death of a friend whose company he had that evening enjoyed. This dream strongly impressed his memory; but thinking it superstitious to regard such a matter, he thought little or nothing of it till seven months afterward, when the death of his friend occurred at the precise time of which he had dreamed. A young lady of Ross-shire dreamed that she saw her lover slain at Corunna on a particular day, and the dream proved a true one.

Dr. Macnish dreamed of the death of a relative who was three hundred miles distant, and three days after he learned that his dream was correct, although there had not been the least expectation of his death.

A gentleman whom Dr. Darwin mentions was so deaf that for thirty years it had been necessary to converse with him by writing or by signs. He told Dr. Darwin that he never dreamed of hearing persons speak, or of conversing with them but by the fingers or by writing. Two persons who were blind also assured him that they never saw visible objects in their sleep since they had lost their sight. But Dr. Blacklock, who became blind when a few months old, had a consciousness in his dreams of the possession of a sense which he had not when awake. He fancied that he was joined to objects by a species of distant contact, which was effected by means of strings or threads.

After forty years of total blindness, Huber dreamed of the sights of his childhood. Dr. Gregory says that he has employed thoughts in his lectures and writings which occurred to him in his dreams. He even used the expressions in which they were conveyed. Condorcet said that he more than once made calculations in his sleep; and various instances of literary composition during sleep are on record.

A distinguished lawyer was consulted upon an important and difficult case, which he studied for several days with anxious care. His wife then saw him rise in the night and go to a desk in the bedroom. He sat down and wrote a long paper, which he carefully placed in the desk. He then returned to bed, and in the morning told his wife that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion about a case which had greatly perplexed him, and that he wished he could remember the train of thought of his dream. She directed him to the desk, and there he found the opinion clearly copied out, which proved to be correct.

Moffat, the missionary, after wandering for some days in an African desert, without food or drink, says: "The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished-for waterfall; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard was the distant roar of the lion; but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely. I felt as if engaged in roving among ambrosial bowers, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed, and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These pleasures continued till morning, when we awoke speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal."

Somnambulism and dreaming appear to be closely allied. Possibly the truth may be that, when dreaming, we are not perfectly asleep, and that the somnambulist is still more awake, without being fully in possession of the physical and mental powers which he has when completely awakened. He is half awake. But more probably the phenomena depend on some special condition of the nervous system not yet ascertained.

Horstius mentions a young nobleman who rose in his sleep, wrapped himself in a cloak, and passed through a window, in the citadel of Breslau, to the roof. Here he tore the nest of a magpie in pieces, and, wrapping the young birds in his cloak, returned to his room and went to bed. In the morning he stated that he had dreamed of doing these things, and could not be persuaded that his dream was a reality until the birds in his cloak were shown to him. Dr. Pritchard tells of a man who rose, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the place where a market was held, all in his sleep. Martinet states that a saddler was accustomed to rise and pursue his calling when asleep; and Professor Upham tells of an American farmer who rose in his sleep, went to his barn, and there threshed five bushels of rye in the dark, and yet he separated the grain and straw with the greatest accuracy. Many cases are recorded where somnambulists have studied or composed.

Dr. Abercrombie received the following case from an eminent medical man, whose pupil the somnambulist was. This pupil was a botanist, and had lately received the first botanical prize from a public institution. One night, after a long botanical excursion, his master heard a heavy, measured footstep on the stairs; and, on going into the passage, he found his pupil in his hat and shirt, with his tin case slung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. "His eyes," says his master, "were more open than natural; but I observed he never directed them to me, or to the candle which I held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Going by water, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'May I go with you, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir; but I am going directly; therefore please to follow me.' Upon this I walked up to his room, and he followed me, without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin case from his shoulders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing he knew my face very well—he had often seen me at the river's side." A long conversation then passed between the pupil and the imaginary boatman, which continued for three-quarters of an hour, and in which he never made an irrelevant reply. But when asked, in this conversation, who had gained the first botanical prize, he named another gentleman, but did not mention himself. "Indeed!" was the reply; "did he gain the highest prize?" but he said nothing. And when asked, "Do you know Mr. ——?" after much hesitation he answered, "If I must confess it, my name is ——." With these two exceptions, he never hesitated in the conversation. He now lay down in bed, saying that he felt tired, and that he would wait until the professor came. But he soon sat up, and conversed with another gentleman with correctness, and without hesitancy, even in uttering long sentences. After talking for about an hour, he said, "It is very cold on this grass; but, I am so tired, I must lie down." Shortly afterward he did lie down, and was quiet through the night. In the morning he was quite unconscious of what had passed, and could not remember that he had even dreamed of any thing.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Hints to Company Officers
ON THEIR MILITARY DUTIES.
By CAPT. C. C. ANDREWS, U.S.A.
1 vol. 18mo, red cloth, 50c.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N. Y.
Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

STRONG'S
SOLDIERS' VALENTINE PACKAGE, NO. 1,
CONTAINS
1 very fancy Valentine, new style........15
1 elegant embossed Envelope........2
1 handsome Valentine, new style........10
1 nicely embossed Envelope........2
3 Military Comic Valentines, new style........9
1 Poetry Valentine Writer........6
2 fancy Valentine Cards........5
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.
SOLDIERS' VALENTINE PACKAGE, NO. 2,
CONTAINS
1 elegant Valentine, new style........30
1 fancy Envelope........2
1 very rich Valentine, new style........20
1 fancy embossed Envelope........2
1 beautiful Valentine, new style........10
1 embossed Envelope........2
3 nicely colored Military Comic Valentines, new designs 18
1 Valentine Writer........6
2 splendid Valentine Cards........10
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.
The above packages are enclosed in a handsome illuminated envelope, printed in colors, and will be sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Sutlers and the trade furnished at a liberal discount. Send your order early. T. W. STRONG, Importer and Publisher,
98 Nassau Street, New York.
☞ Send for a circular.

Meade's Pocket Box of Games—Containing Chessmen and Board, Checkers, Dominoes, Dice and Boxes, Cribbage, Backgammon, &c., &c., all in a neat box for the pocket or knapsack. Price $1 50. Sent free by mail for $2 00.
"WAR LIFE." Stories of the Camp and Field. Neatly bound. Sent free by mail for 50 cents.
CALLENDER & PERCE,
Publishers and Patent Agents, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Rheumatism—Who has it?
It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price $1; sent by mail for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents.
Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 429 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS
AND ARMS. Selpho's Patent. 516 Broadway, N. Y., Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Send for a Circular.

LONDON LANCET for JANUARY is now issued.—Articles of the first eminence, including two on the Health and Surgery of the American Armies.
Publishing Office, H. DEXTER, No. 113 Nassau Street.
JAS. HERALD, Proprietor.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Just Tribute to Merit.
AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,
Duryea's Maizena
Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding.
Maizena
The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, with directions.
A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.
Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

INVENTORS SHOULD PROCURE A Copy of "HOW TO GET A PATENT." Send a 3 cent stamp to FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

MILITARY GOODS.
Swords for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.
Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.
W. J. Syms & Bro.,
300 Broadway, New York.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and render them soft, smooth, and snowy white; are impervious to water either hot or cold, and are an excellent protection in all kinds of house-work. For sale by the trade generally. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 4 stamps to pay postage.
Ladies' sizes 87 c. a pair; Gents sizes, $1 00.
GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE M'F'G CO.,
205 Broadway, N. Y.
Every description of Rubber Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

To all Wanting Farms.
Large and *thriving settlement* of *Vineland*. *Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches*, &c., to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.
"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE
For VIOLIN, FLUTE, AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON, FIFE, FLAGEOLET, and CLARIONET, containing Instructions to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of Music. Each, 50 cents. Teachers, pupils, and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book, one that is useful and attractive, will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are adapted to all grades of scholars. The exercises are sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Mailed, post-paid, by DITSON & CO., Boston.

Splendid Holiday Presents.
THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE-BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC., ETC., ETC.,
Worth $500,000,
To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.
J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Army Musical Boxes!
A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR ORNAMENT!
A Cheerful Companion for the Soldier!
Richly ornamented, and performing all the popular Airs of the day. Can not get out of order.
Size No. 1, per half dozen, assorted........$30.
Size No. 2, per half dozen, assorted........42.
Size No. 3, per half dozen, assorted........54.
Samples, comprising 2 of each kind, assorted 42.
To Sutlers and other Dealers:
When a dozen or more are ordered, a discount of 10 per cent. will be made. NOT SOLD IN QUANTITIES OF LESS THAN SIX. Will be sent by Express, with bill for collection. Persons ordering in this manner, must remit one quarter of the bill as a guarantee that the goods will be paid for, or deposit the whole amount with the Express Agent, sending a certificate of the same. These rules will not be deviated from under any circumstances. Order explicitly.
SAMUEL F. SCHAFFER & CO.,
Corner Maiden Lane and Broadway, New York.

PENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE-MONEY, and all Army and Navy Claims, procured by SOMES & BROWN, No. 2 Park Place, New York.
Send for our Hand-Book of Information.

Portable Printing Offices,
For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE BEST SELLING HISTORY OF THE REBELLION IS ISSUED BY **THE AUBURN PUBLISHING CO.** ☞ BOOK AGENTS should send at once for full particulars, private terms, and a well paying business, to
E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

To the Nervous.
Dr. Adam Laurie's Life Pills,
The great Nervous Remedy, are for sale at the Sole Agency, No. 4 Union Square, New York.
Price One Dollar per box, with full directions.
All letters with enclosures must be addressed as above.

Rare and Beautiful Flower Seeds free to all who join the "RURAL KEYSTONE CLUB." 25 c. in $1 clear saving on all Subscriptions to Newspapers and Periodicals. For full particulars send stamp to
P. SUTTON, Ransom, Penn.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils*, *Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

WEDDING CARDS
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published;

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. RICHARDS. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Brig.-Gen. Vols., U. S. A. 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

☞ Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.
TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



The Bird of Freedom and the Black Bird.



A New Plan to frighten Fine Old English Gentlemen.



Reception of the "Brute Butler" by the Ladies of the North.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Agents. Soldiers

In camp or discharged, can make easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free* to all Agents. Package in endless variety and at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches* at low prices. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. HICKARD & CO., 103 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Price Package House in the World.

The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.

Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from rolled steel and iron bandered: Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.

FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, New York.
68 KILBY STREET, Boston.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility—New and reliable treatment. Valuable hygienic and dietetic treatise by A. MILLER HOUGHTON, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia Pa.

VALENTINES.

Lay in your Stock,
BUT FIRST
Read our Circular.

Sent free. Address
AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY POSTPOID PACKAGE. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Confederate Rebel Money.
FAC-SIMILE REBEL TREASURY NOTES,
So exactly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally well. $500 in Confederate Notes of all denominations, sent free by mail on receipt of $5, by W. E. HILTON, 11 Spruce Street, New York.

HEIMSTREET'S
Inimitable Hair Restorative.
IT IS NOT A DYE,
But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All *Unfortunate Dyes* are composed of *lunar caustic*, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and offend of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a
Luxuriant Beauty,
promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, D. S. Barnes, 25 Broadway, N.Y. Two sizes, 50 c and $1.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON 259
WORK, Wrought, Cast, and Wire. All
IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES,
GUARDS, and *IRON FURNITURE* of every description. Illustrated Catalogues mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM.
259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

$16 WATCHES. $16

LADIES' WATCHES.—Heavy Gold Plate Hunting Case Lever Watches for $16, equal to gold 18 k. Gold in finish and general appearance. Send for a Circular.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD PENS.

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repaired on the receipt of 20 cents in P. O. Stamps.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.
A. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 2175, Boston.

Valentine Packages

And Valentines for soldiers. New, and very attractive, PRIZE PACKAGES. Many varieties adapted for the Army. Send for NEW Circular.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., No. 30 Beekman St., New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Ades, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

AGENTS WANTED every where for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 250 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free, to all Agents. $10 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 49 Ann Street, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE! MAGNIFYING **500** TIMES, FOR **28c.**, COIN PREPAID. Five different powers, **$1.** Boiled Objects, Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

PHYSIOGNOMY, or Signs of Character, PHYSIOLOGY, and the Bodily Functions; PHRENOLOGY, or the Brain and Nervous System; PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul; ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man, with Instructions, in the Choice of Pursuits, Personal Improvement, etc., are some of the topics elucidated in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for 1863. No. 1 now ready. Only $1 a year. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

BEWARE THE SNOW HEATERS!

BROWNE'S IMPROVED PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS totally exclude Cold, Wind, Rain, and Dust from around Doors, Windows, and Skylights of every description, and stops the rattling without interfering with the free use of the same; are warranted good, Winter and Summer, for 5 years, and are endorsed by thousands of the leading men of New York and vicinity.
For Circular, address the
PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIP CO.,
212 Broadway, cor. of Fulton St., N. Y.
Agents wanted in every city.

$50 per week net profit.—NEW ARTICLE. Everybody must have it. Retails for $1 00. Exclusive rights for sale low. For terms, &c., address BALLOU & SON, Haverhill, Mass. ☞ P. S. Samples for Agents sent by mail for 30 cents, Postage Currency. Address as above.

Buy your Skate Straps with

Fogg's Lever Buckle,

Manufactured by F. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, New York,
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $21, $24 and $30 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway

THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE TO HEALTH.
In Embracing Rules for Preserving the Health of the Soldier, and Hints on Camp Life, to which are added Instructions for Applying Field Dressings and Discharging Duties from the Revised "Army Regulations." Hall's Journal of Health, and other eminent sources.
PRICE **10** CENTS. FINER EDITION **25** CENTS.
Sent Free of Postage.
☞ Every Officer and Private in the Army needs this little work; it is an invaluable companion. The Rules for Preserving Health and Instructions for obtaining Furloughs and Discharges are worth one hundredfold its cost.
AGENTS WANTED. Address the Publisher,
G. G. EVANS,
Philadelphia, Pa.
N.B. Those having friends in the Army should send this little book to them, as lives and health are saved by it.

$5.—A BEAUTIFUL Engraved GOLD PLATED WATCH, *English Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address for $5. Fine Watches and Jewelry at low prices. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 49 Ann St., or P.O. Box 5027.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Have just published,
MODERN WAR: its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By Arthur Sherard, Captain U.S.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 318.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



ARMY BEEF.—Drawn by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 75.]

GINERAL BUTLER.

[LINES RIT TU RICHARD YEADON, A RANK, PIZEN REBBEL, WHU HES OFFERED TEN THAOUSAND DOLLARS FUR THE HED OV GINERAL BUTLER. I ONLY WISH THE AMERIKAN EGLE MAY LIVE TILL HE GITS IT!]

Yu offer us ten thaousand fur the hed ov Butler, du ye?
Wa'al, I vaow I wunder at it! But yu may jest spare yure pains.
I tell yu (ef yu know enuff tu git the idee thru yu),
Yu'd better wish, a tarnal site, fur Gineral Butler's brains!

Here's a fust-rate chance tu make a pile!—a bribe fur human natur!
Naow is the time fur Judases tu clap thare hands and larf;
Ten thaousand dollars offered fur the sarvice ov a traitor?
Why thare's menny a poor scoundrel thet wood du the work fur half!

Want the hed ov Gineral Butler! Wa'al, I never! 'tis surprisin!
Yu fellers daown in Dixie must be fallin off from grace.
Not hevin enny decent hed (that fact thare's no disguisin),
Yu want tu take yure nabor's, es ef that wood help yure case!

Ten thaousand dollars offered! Specie payment is't, I wunder?
Bein a Yankee born, yu know, p'r'aps I *am* kind o' cute.
Yure promises air fair enuff—but fokes du sumtimes blunder,
And them Confederate notes ov yourn—'tain't every wun they'd suit!

Ten thaousand dollars offered fur the hed ov Butler! Reely!
Haow long is't sense yu larfed et him, and called him "Pickayune?"
Did yu find he was tu big a coin fur yu tu hold genteely?
Or has he put yure notes ov war a leetle aout ov tune?

Yu offer us ten thaousand fur the hed ov Butler, du yu?
Wa'al, I *don't* mutch wunder at it—but yu may jest spare yure pains;
But I'll tell yu (ef yu know enuff tu git the idee thru yu),
Yu'd better (fur yu need 'em) wish fur Gineral Butler's brains!

Charity Grimes.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 31, 1863.

NO SURRENDER!

THE Army of the Potomac is again in motion. In the Southwest General M'Clernand, after the brilliant operation against the Post of Arkansas—the most complete triumph won by our arms since the capture of Fort Donelson—is preparing to renew the struggle at Vicksburg. Rosecrans is in the heart of Tennessee. Banks is thundering at the gates of Port Hudson. Foster may have taken Wilmington. Every where our armies are moving; and though success has lately been unequal, there is no diminution of energy on the part of the North.

For the spirit of the North is undaunted. No one has quailed at the reverses which the Union arms have lately encountered. In Wall Street a few craven voices have been heard praying for peace. But the spirit of the country at large is as stout as ever, and the purpose of our Anglo-Saxon millions as fixed as ever upon the preservation under one Government of the entire territory of the United States.

The true reason of this stern and resolute fixity of purpose is simply the practical impossibility of negotiating a peace except upon terms which secure the restoration of the Union. No international division of the territory of the United States can by any ingenuity be devised. No line can be imagined which could be permanent, or which should secure to either section the blessings of peace and a chance of material prosperity. If to-morrow we acknowledged the independence of the rebel Confederacy, and granted them a border line, war would break out in less than twelve months. They would object to Northern travelers expressing Northern sentiments in their midst, and they would demand that we should catch and return their fugitive slaves. On the other hand, our people would be more apt to catch slave-owners than slaves; and if Northern men were molested South, an account of and reparation for the injury would be exacted. The South would attempt to discriminate against our manufactures and in favor of those of their European sympathizers, which would lead to angry and irreconcilable disputes. The freedom of the Mississippi would prove an endless source of quarrel. It might be declared free by statute of the rebel Confederacy; but any slave-driver overflowing with rage and whisky might close it at an hour's notice with a single piece of cannon, and defy the whole State of Mississippi to control him—as was the case in the spring of 1861. Passing over the impossibility of discovering a boundary which would be satisfactory to both parties, it is obvious that the successful secession of the South would be followed by further steps toward disintegration, which, in the event of the success of the slave-owners' rebellion, would be feebly resisted by the Government at Washington. The West would, in course of time, seek to establish a central empire. New England and the Middle States would agree to differ, and part company. The Pacific States would follow the fatal example. Thus, in the course of ten years, we should witness a repetition of the Central American broils in our own country: and the great republic of which we are citizens would be split up into half a dozen or more "feeble, jarring States, exhausting their strength in internecine conflicts."

Hence it is that, notwithstanding our military failures and the disasters which every now and then befall us, there is no change of sentiment among the people of the North. It was hoped and believed at Richmond that the triumphs of the Northern Democracy at the October and November elections insured the success of a party pledged to the acknowledgment of Southern independence. But in fact the representative Democrats are as stanch in their hostility to the severance of the Union as the best friends of the President. Here, in New York city, we have a few sneaks, who have wormed themselves into positions of political prominence, who have all along sympathized with the rebels, and would now grant them all they ask. But these creatures have no more power or influence than that eminent British prig, Mr. Gladstone. The heart of the Northern Democracy is sound and loyal to the core.

Again, it is because we believe that the dissolution of the Union is the greatest possible misfortune which could befall this country—a misfortune not limited in its effects to this generation alone, but transmitted with geometrically increasing intensity to our children, our children's children, and their posterity forever—that we are about to consent to an unparalleled adulteration of our national currency, which will produce in Northern society and Northern commerce changes as extensive as those which might be caused by a complete political revolution. It is now settled that there is no chance of obtaining more money on loan, and the Treasury Department is consequently preparing to flood the country with irredeemable paper. This policy will enable the Government to carry on the war to a successful issue, which is the one thing desired by loyal people. That it will produce the ruin of thousands, will defraud creditors, impoverish the rich, and press heavily on the mechanic, the working man, and the man of fixed income, create an enormous advance in all articles of necessity, and generate an era of speculation which will eventually cause most of the property of the Northern people to change hands, is too clear for argument. But if it should ruin the entire race of Northern men now alive, a wise judgment would deem the price not too dear for the preservation of the Union. For, though we be all ruined, our sons may still work their way in the world, and achieve success and prosperity; whereas the destruction of the Union would insure not only our ruin but theirs, and their children's.

No such war as ours has ever been waged since the Crusades. It is cheering, in the face of bad news, day after day, to realize that the stout, manly spirit of the Northern people has not yet shown signs of surrender, and that we are all as fixed as ever in our purpose of maintaining intact the integrity of our country, whatever may become of the renegade, degraded, and brutified people who inhabit its Southern section.

THE LOUNGER.

LIBERTY AND LICENSE.

In his Essay upon Milton, Macaulay says what many of us may ponder with profit to-day. He is speaking of the royal Conservatives in England, who foolishly held Liberty responsible for the excesses of License:

"There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he can not bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

"Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty until they become wise and good in slavery, they may wait forever.

"Therefore," he adds, "it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton, and all other wise and good men, who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty."

REACTION.

"When you spoke some time since of a reaction, dear Mr. Lounger, what did you mean?"

Simply that the purpose of the nation is relaxed. It is no longer resolved, as it was eighteen months ago, to subdue the rebellion at all costs. There is a large party at the North which hates another Northern party more than it does the rebels. A great deal of the energy and eloquence of the North is now devoted to the alienation of various sections of country among ourselves. Some have lost all hope of military success. Some are appalled by the prospect of an enormous debt and commercial distress. Some think the war the result of unlawful agitation. Some openly sigh for peace. And a very large party see in the prosecution of the war by every means the sure destruction of its own party-power, and so, under the plea that the Constitution is unconstitutionally maintained, it embarrasses in every way the action of the Government. There is a frank excuse for secession, if not its plain justification, in many mouths; there is an open repudiation of the principles of the founders of the Government; and a deliberate assent to those laid down by Alexander H. Stephens.

The cause of this reaction is found in the fact that party-spirit is stronger than patriotism. The war is a conflict of principles. It is so understood and stated at the South. It is denied at the North. Consequently the rebels are united, firm, and desperate: and we are divided, languid, or worse. The rebellion says frankly, "We repudiate the Union and Constitution because they will gradually develop the personal liberty of every man; and we don't believe in liberty." The rebellion puts at its head, therefore, the men who most truly represent that infidelity and hate. It knows its aim and strikes steadily. On the other hand, the nation, instead of saying in reply, "Of course the Union and Government will secure personal liberty, but they will achieve it peacefully and under law, and without any grievance of which you can fairly complain," falls to vituperation and crimination in its own ranks: affirms or denies the essential principle involved—and instead of meeting conviction with conviction, unity with unity, and desperation with resolution, halts, higgles, doubts, and paralyzes its own efforts.

The consequence of the reaction, if it continues, will be defeat, disgrace, national dissolution, and anarchy. There is but one road to peace, and that is the absolute suppression of the rebellion by force, and the gradual yielding of the rebel section to the conviction that the will of the nation is a stronger will than its own. Compromise and separation are equally impracticable. There may yet arise a party strong enough to insist upon trying to effect one or the other. But each must fail. The rebels honestly repudiate all reconstruction, for they are not fools. Davis and his men know where the secret of the war is. It is the old secret, despotism and liberty; privilege and right; aristocracy and democracy. The sole safety of the rebels is in secession, for our subjugation is not possible. But separation is equally impracticable, for separation is total dissolution—no line can be devised but by the vote of States; and to concede that States may stay in the Union or leave it, is to allow a principle which justifies Fernando Wood's proposition for the withdrawal of the city of New York from the State.

The reaction and the rebellion are but the Northern and Southern aspects of anarchy. One man in earnest is the match of six who are indifferent. The rebels are the man in earnest. Are we the indifferent six?

IN THE CARS.

"There it is, Sir," said Rusticus to Civicus in the cars, "I can not see why you make such a pother about Slavery. If we had it in this State it would be a different thing. But if you paid a minister for preaching, and liked to go to church and thought it your duty to go, how would you like to hear Sunday after Sunday about the heathen in China? Heathenism is bad, and once in a way a man may say so; but why ding, ding, ding forever about it and never go near China? I don't like slavery, and never did. I wouldn't have a slave if you would give him to me. But there's no fear of our having any slaves in Chautauque, and why should we preach and discuss all the time the sins of other people?"

But, my good friend, if you lived in China and were still a Christian, and knew that any where within the Chinese wall Heathenism was struggling hard, and even with apparent success, to get the whip-hand of Christianity—although there might be no heathen in your town, do you think it would be a question that you had no business to discuss? If you cared any thing at all for your religion, don't you think you would be a zany if you folded your arms and said, "It's none of my business. We haven't any heathen for ten miles round."

"Ah! in that case—"

Yes, but take one nearer home. Let us suppose that you drink no intoxicating liquor; that you think it wrong to make, sell, or drink it; that you believe half of the crime and poverty in the land to be caused by rum; but still that there is no grog-shop, no drunkard, and, so far as you know, no drop of liquor in your town or county.

"Well, in that case, I hope that we should reserve our censure for our own sins, and not those of the next county or the rest of the State."

Stop a moment. You live in a State of many counties. You are a voter, and you have these views of rum-selling and drinking. Now in other counties the liquor interest, we will say, is straining every nerve, spending endless money, and openly declares its intention to be to secure the entire political control of the State, so that it may repeal all license laws and submit the State to the direction of one interest, and that interest rum; and suppose that the would-be drunkards in your town and county cried Amen, and were trying to help that interest in every possible way, do you think that you would then say that you thought you had better reserve your censure, and since you were none of you drunkards, therefore you would not discuss dram-drinking?

"No, by George!"

But if you should hear any body declare that to discuss the Liquor question in your county was an impertinent meddling with the rights of other voters, would you not be tempted to ask, "Friend, how much does the Liquor interest pay you for talking in that style up here?"

"You'd better believe it! I should say to him, I am a citizen of this county, but also of the State. I don't believe in liquor; but if men have made it and bought it, and the law protects them, very well. But when they say we are going to run the State for the benefit of that interest, I say, 'Not if I can help it.' And I turn to and try to persuade every one of my neighbors to vote against it."

Well, and if the Liquor interest says that if it does not succeed it will overthrow the Government, then what?

"If my liver isn't white, that makes no difference."

Well, suppose the Liquor interest is lawfully beaten, and actually tries by force to execute its threat?

"I shall hope to be on hand."

And if it turns upon you fiercely and says that you caused the row, because you insisted upon saying that you didn't like liquor, and thereby helped influence public opinion so that the Liquor interest couldn't get votes enough to obtain lawful control of the Government, then what would you do? Tell me that.

"I should laugh out loud."

You wouldn't think the Liquor question was like that of heathenism in China?

"No, Sir."

Neither should I.

A MARYLAND "YANK."

At the second battle of Bull Run a Maryland Union soldier lost both his eyes by a single shot. He was young, brave, devoted. When he recovered from the stunning blow he found himself lying upon the ground, and the noise of battle was dying away. Suddenly he heard a groan near him, and listened intently to the words he heard.

"Hallo!" cried he, at length.

"Hallo!" was the faint reply.

"You're a reb, a'n't you?" said the blind soldier.

"Yes; and I s'pose you're a Yank?" feebly answered the other.

"Yes, I'm a Yank. Where are you wounded?"

"My legs are broken," returned the rebel.

"Well, now, reb, if you'll lend me your eyes I'll lend you my legs. Hey?"

"I'll do it," said the cripple.

The blind man then groped his way to the rebel, and took him upon his back. The rebel guided him safely, and as they were already within the enemy's lines they reached head-quarters without difficulty. Directed to a surgeon, the two wounded men at length lay down together upon the ground. An officer, seeing the blue coat of the blind soldier, approached and said, in a brisk but not unkindly tone,

"Well, Yank?"

"Well?"

"Lost your eyes, hey?"

"Yes, I'm blind."

"Well, now, a'n't you sorry you came? Haven't you got enough of it? What did you come for?"

"To put down the rebs," stoutly answered the Marylander.

"Well, well; don't you wish you'd staid to home?"

"No, I don't," replied the youth, good-humoredly.

"Yank, if you had both your eyes, and were safe out of our lines—come, now—what do you think you would be doing?"

"Well, I reckon I should be sighting a reb," rejoined the indomitable hero; and the officer, finding that the young man was just as much in earnest as he, and understood exactly why he had come to fight, and regretted his lost sight not for himself but for his country, turned and left him, but not without a special charge to the surgeon to treat him well.

MRS. HOMESPUN UPON PLAYERS.

Mrs. Sarah Homespun writes to the Lounger about plays and theatres. She came to town with her daughter, and she says:

"What I want to ask you is this: We went to the theatre, at Mr. Wallack's in Broadway Street, a few nights back, and saw a very funny piece, called 'A Bachelor of Arts.' * * * Every once in a while the gentlemen actors on the stage swore horrid oaths, and when they didn't swear, they were vulgar, and said, 'the devil,' and 'devilish,' and all such mean sort of truck as that. Now, Sir, I brought my daughter Sarah up to despise such works, and I know she is as good a girl as can be; but she laughed when these things were said, though I knew she didn't think it was funny. Don't you think it shameful for actors to use such language before decent folks? * * * Mr. Lounger, if people must have theatres, and plays, and that sort of thing, what use is there to cuss and swear, and rip right out, as I tell my old man sometimes? It isn't a bit funny, and I declare I couldn't help feelin' sorry for that young woman on the stage, who was obligated to stand by and hear such pirate's talk. Do write a piece in your paper about it.

"P.S. I guess if them actors heard the comments people made about them behind their backs, they wouldn't use such vulgar talk."

Mrs. Homespun's postscript answers her note. The conduct of actors is not determined by what is said behind them, but before them. If Miss Homespun did not laugh when the actors swore, they would soon cease to be profane. The only proof players have that they are amusing is the response from the audience. If the house hissed when the stage was vulgar, it would very soon be decent. Mrs. Homespun knows probably that hot bread for breakfast is not considered wholesome food. But,

upon her travels, she must have observed that every hotel table is covered in the morning with hot bread. The reason is that people like it and eat it. They ought not to like it, but landlords provide what the public approves. Actors do exactly the same thing. The reform must begin in the customers. Let Mrs. Homespun and her family hiss lustily when there is swearing or indecency upon the stage, and she will soon purify it.

ONE-IDEA MEN.

THERE is a loud outcry in certain quarters against people of one idea. We are informed that we are in prodigious danger from such people. There are plenty of us who have no ideas whatever, but we are not formidable. There are plenty more who have false and sophistical ideas, but they are honorable and innocent.

The danger, it seems, is not in having inhuman, impolitic, unjust, and extravagant ideas, if you only have enough of them. There must be enough to pass out of the singular number. But if a man has one idea, no matter how wise, how true, how elevated, and beneficent, he is a nuisance, a pest, and, in short, a man of one idea.

Let us look at this matter a little. Our own history, like that of every nation in the world, is full of one-idea men from the beginning. Washington was eminently their leader. He had one fixed, dominant idea. That idea governed his life and his thoughts. For that idea he relinquished the charms of home and risked his life and fortune. That idea he defended in debate and in the field. For the sake of that idea he was willing to see his native land desolated by war, he was willing to hazard the lives and fortunes of his neighbors. For that idea he saw trade languish and commerce expire. For that idea he endured every kind of contumely, slander, and enmity; and after working strenuously for seven years, with one idea in his soul and heart and brain, he saw it triumph in the independence of America. Had he swerved from that one idea of independence—had he yielded to the taunts and threats and sneers and arms of his opponents, he might indeed have won from shallow lips the praise of not being a man of one idea; but he would have lost from the heart of mankind, and the eternal gratitude of his country, the fame of Washington.

In this very moment of our history there are three classes of men, each of one idea. The first class believes in the maintenance of the Government by every means known to war. The second class hope solely at its destruction. The cause of the country, that is the one idea of every man who loves country more than party. The cause of the rebellion, that is the one idea of every man who hates the Union.

But there is a third class of one-idea men. It is composed of those who love party more than country, more than national union or disunion. It is the least respectable of all, and it is the one which incessantly denounces the first class as fanatics of one idea, and the second as gentlemen who have been goaded into hasty action. When a ship is in dire peril of going down there can be but three parties, and they have each one idea. The one would save her at all risks. The second would let her sink. The third is careless whether she sinks or swims.

In the peril of the ship of State every man must choose which one idea he will favor. And when he has decided, let him not be bullied by other one-idea men that he is a man of one idea.

FINE NAMES.

THE country has been recently favored with another "Conservative" demonstration. There was a Senator to be elected in Pennsylvania. The "Conservatives" had one majority upon joint ballot. There were doubts as to the result; so Mr. M'Mullen, an eminent "Conservative," who is to Philadelphia what our own Rynders is to us, headed a thousand other Conservatives of the same kind, and went to Harrisburg. That the peace of that capital was endangered, that the Legislature sat in practical duress, and that a Pennsylvania Senator was elected under the menace of a mob, no sensible man will deny. In like manner the rowdies of Tammany Hall and the Five Points prevented the organization of the New York Assembly last week.

It was a truly "Conservative" proceeding. It was strictly in accordance with "Conservative" principles. Two years ago last autumn Mr. Yancey, who was then a most distinguished "Conservative," although his views are entirely unchanged, came to New York and made a speech, and told us that if we persisted in voting as we chose, and constitutionally electing a President, he and his friends would dissolve the Union. That was "National" and "Conservative" speech-making at that time. The thing is always the same, whatever you call it. It is a principle at war with law, with order, with human rights, and with constitutional guarantees. It was so then; it is so now. And when well-meaning but deluded men observe that all disturbance of public order and outrage of law, all pandering to the basest prejudice and denial of generous principle, is made by the most unscrupulous politicians and the most disreputable men, who call themselves "Conservative," he will gradually wonder whether that word correctly describes that kind of thing and person. For some time in Paris at a certain *café* the most popular dish was hare curiously stewed. The demand was immense. Every body was eating and praising the wonderful hare. It was so exquisite, so delicate, so nutritious. Suddenly one of the patrons conceived a horrible suspicion. He inquired—he discovered—and cried out to the appalled company, "It's cat!" Hare ceased to be in demand from that day.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WHEN paragraphs appeared in the newspapers stating that a wonderful little lady was holding court at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and that she was all that the most fastidious fancy could desire in a small woman, the thoughts of the sagacious instantly turned to the American Museum. But when a "correspondence" was published between Mr. Barnum and the prodigy, in which the latter declined his offer of ten thousand dollars a day, more or less, upon the plea that she was only waiting the completion of her wardrobe and of the setting of her precious stones before sailing for Europe to visit the "crowned heads," etc., every body knew that Mr. Barnum had secured another dwarf, and was advertising his success. Her name is Lavinia Warren. She is 21 years old, 32 inches high, and weighs 29 pounds. Unquestionably she is one of the most interesting of the many wonders of the kind which the Museum has offered to the public. General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt are henceforth not without hope. The poets of the press describe her faultless form, her winning voice, her sparkling dark eyes, her rich, dark, waving hair, her exquisitely modeled neck and shoulders, her bust a sculptor's study (!), and her singular intelligence. If Bottom should stray into the American Museum he would be sure that he beheld Titania. In the words of one of the enthusiasts—"What more could we desire?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How is it you never *wear* a great-coat?" said Jones to a friend. "Because I never *was*," replied the wag.

Wetherbee, who "drives the Harleck stage," is a great wag. "There's a young woman lying in that 'ere house yender," said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer; "there's a young woman been a lyin' there near about a month, and they haven't buried her yet!" "Why not?" we innocently inquired. "'Cause she ain't dead!" quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then he tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with his whip.

A gentleman who is in the habit of never "going home till morning," while dining at a friend's house, ventured to suggest that he thought there was more noise made about garroting than was necessary, and addressing his conversation to the hostess, said, "No attempt has ever been made to garrote me, and I go out a great deal." "That is," replied the lady, "because you go out too late for the garroters."

It is singular how rapidly some young gentlemen from the country lose their color when visiting large cities. They go there very green, and invariably come away done very brown.

An old bachelor, who has dined out on Christmas-Day for several years, says: "If, when you visit a friend, his wife tells you, in a husky voice, to 'make yourself at home,' obey her literally as soon as possible."

"Mamma," said Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!" "Yes," replied his mamma; "but don't say 'fat,' dear; say 'stout.'" At the dinner-table on the following day Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry; "I'll take some stout."

A wealthy French financier being suspected of filling his own coffers at the expense of the royal treasury, was deprived of his office and dismissed from the court. He manifested no confusion at his disgrace, and was merely heard to say, "They have acted very foolishly to dismiss me. I had provided sufficiently for myself, and was just going to exert myself for the state."

The swell of the ocean is said to be a dandy midshipman.

An elderly dandy, who was more noted for running into debt than for paying his tradesmen, made an exception in favor of his wig-maker, that he might be enabled to say that he wore his "own hair."

What is the schoolmaster's tree?—Birch.

"Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess *knot*, Jack."

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered under-sleeves would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

What kind of a fever have those who wish to get their names in print?—Type-us fever.

At a recent conference meeting the members were asked, "How many brethren can you accommodate at your house?" One lady rose and said, "I can sleep two, but I can eat as many as you will send."

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

A French paper represents the Chancellor of the Exchequer as having delivered his well-known speech in Newgate instead of Newcastle.

"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another. "How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

Why is a bird a greedy creature?—Because it never eats less than a *peck*.

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D. D.

Resolve on that course of life which is most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

Why is the sun like a good loaf?—Because it's light when it rises.

A man so intoxicated that he can't hold up his head is a tip-top fellow.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers?—The street door.

A promising young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one much better.

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room?—An Israel*ite*.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

With what two animals do you always go to bed?
Two calves.

Why is the cook at the Palace like a man sitting on the top of St. Paul's?
Because both are in a high cool and airy (culinary) situation.

My first is a ruffian that riots in blood;
My second has a rough coat, and is son of the wood;
My whole is a phantom that scares you by night,
When the tapers burn blue and the moon gives pale light.
Bug-bear.

What English word has all the vowels following each other?
Facetiously (a e i o u y).

What famous battle was fought in a most vulgar place?
Agincourt (a gin court).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, January 14, in the Senate, ex-Governor Hicks, the new Senator from Maryland, was qualified and took his seat. The Judiciary Committee reported back the House bill granting aid for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri, with an amendment. The Military Committee reported back the bill to consolidate the regiments now in the field. The Committee on the Conduct of the War were directed to inquire relative to the transportation of disloyal women to and from within the rebel lines. The consideration of the joint resolution annulling treaties and forfeiting the lands and annuities of the Sioux Indians, was postponed till the 21st inst.——In the House, a joint resolution providing for the immediate payment of the army and navy, was adopted. A resolution directing the arrest of Simon Stevens, for contempt in refusing to answer questions before the Select Committee on Government Contracts, was adopted. A bill to provide for a military and postal road between New York and Washington was referred to the Select Committee on the subject. The remainder of the session was occupied in debate on the war and national politics.

On Thursday, 15th, in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Charles R. Buckalew, the new Senator from Pennsylvania, were presented. A resolution calling for information respecting the accident to the steamer *Ossipee* was adopted. The papers relating to the French Spoliation claims were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Finance Committee reported back the joint resolution to provide for the payment of the army and navy, and it was adopted by a vote of 38 against 2. Senator Collamer introduced a bill relative to suits for damages growing out of arbitrary arrests. The bill making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy at West Point was next considered, and, after some debate, passed, by a vote of 29 against 10.——In the House, the credentials of Mr. Jennings Piggot, of North Carolina, and the protest of Charles Henry Foster against his admission to a seat, were presented and referred to the Committee on Elections. The remainder of the session was devoted to debate, in Committee of the Whole, on the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government.

On Friday, 16th, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of the Interior asking for an appropriation of half a million for the Capitol extension, and two hundred thousand dollars for the new dome. The Military Committee reported back the bill to suspend the sale of land on the South Carolina and Georgia coast, with an amendment as a substitute. A resolution directing the Naval Committee to inquire into the efficiency of the construction of iron-clad vessels of war was introduced. It was stated that the whole matter had been referred to a board of competent engineers, whereupon the resolution was rejected. The bill providing pecuniary aid for emancipating the slaves in Missouri was then taken up, and Senator Henderson, of Missouri, made a speech in support of the measure. At the conclusion of his remarks the bill was laid aside. The bill providing for consolidating the regiments in the field was discussed and postponed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Territories to report whether the publication of the Message of the Governor of Utah had been suppressed; if so, what were the causes and what was the message. The bill to increase the clerical force of the Quarter-master's Department was called up, and Senator Lane reiterated his suspicions of the loyalty of General Meigs.——In the House, several private bills were considered. The bill reported last June from the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, with amendments, authorizing the enlargement of the Mississippi and Michigan canal for the passage of gun-boats, munitions of war, etc., and also the enlargement of the Erie and Oswego canals for similar purposes, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario with the Hudson River, was taken up, and a motion to lay on the table disagreed to by a vote of 42 against 93. The debate on the bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government was then resumed, and continued until the adjournment. Both Houses adjourned until Monday.

On Monday, 19th, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Post-Office Department, stating that the detention of the mails between New York and Washington was caused mainly by the increased travel on account of the war, but that it would be remedied. Senator M'Dougall introduced a series of resolutions declaring the attempt of the French to subjugate Mexico hostile not only to the United States but to free institutions every where; that it is the duty of the Government to require the withdrawal of the French forces; and that it is also the duty of the Government to lend such aid to Mexico as may be required to prevent the forcible interposition of European Powers in the political affairs of that republic. The resolutions were laid over till Thursday next. The debate on the bill in relation to the discharge of state prisoners was then resumed by Senators Powell and Wright. A special Message was received from the President, stating that he had approved the joint resolution authorizing the issue of an additional $100,000,000 of United States notes for the payment of soldiers and sailors, and urging upon Congress the necessity of restricting the circulation of paper currency, and the expediency of taxing the paper issues of banking institutions.——In the House, a bill appropriating $10,000,000 in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Maryland was introduced and referred to the select committee on the subject. A bill authorizing duties on importations to be paid, if desired by importers, in legal tender notes, with 33 per cent. added, was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. The Secretary of War was requested to inform the House what sums had been paid since the breaking out of the rebellion to the various railroad companies for the transportation of troops and munitions of war between Washington and New York. The credentials of John B. Rogers, claiming a seat as a representative from Tennessee, was referred to the Committee on Elections. The debate on the Finance bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole and continued till the adjournment.

On Tuesday, 20th, in the Senate, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a bill to pay the French spoliation claims. The bill provides that these claims are to be adjusted to an amount not exceeding five millions of dollars, and to be paid *pro rata* in United States five per cent. stock. The Naval Committee reported back the bill to authorize letters of marque and reprisal, with amendments, and notice was given that it would be called up at an early day.——In the House, the President's special Message recommending a tax on the paper issues of State banks, etc., was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, and ordered to be printed. A resolution was adopted that the Secretary of the Navy communicate any information in his possession to show that American vessels, cleared for any foreign ports, have engaged in the coolie slave-trade, or submit such suggestions to prevent it as he may deem proper. The Judiciary Committee submitted resolutions explanatory of the Tax law, that the salaries of the President, Vice-President, and Judges of the Supreme Court and inferior courts of the United States be exempted from tax. The resolution declaring Mr. Vandever, of Iowa, not entitled to a seat in the House since he joined the army as Colonel of the Ninth Iowa regiment, in 1861, was discussed, and finally adopted by a majority vote. The question was raised that the resolution was one of expulsion, and consequently required a two-thirds vote. The Speaker overruled the point, and an appeal from the decision was made. Pending the question the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Finance bill. Mr. Spaulding, on behalf of the Committee of Ways and Means, proposed amendments to the first section, which were agreed to, viz.: To authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow, from time to time, on the credit of the United States, a sum not exceeding $300,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and $600,000,000 for the next fiscal year, and to issue therefor coupon or registered bonds, payable at the pleasure of the Government after twenty years from date, and of such denominations (though not less than fifty dollars) as the Secretary may deem expedient, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin. Mr. Thomas offered an amendment, which was agreed to, making the coupon or registered bonds payable at the pleasure of the Government after twenty years from date in coin. Mr. Spaulding moved to strike out the restriction of the sale of bonds at not less than par, so that the Secretary may in his discretion dispose of them at any time upon the best terms he can obtain. Pending the consideration of this amendment the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The news received in Washington from the Army of the Potomac on 20th is said to have caused a great deal of excitement there. The character of the news has not been promulgated.

THE CAPTURE OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of General Grant:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
POST OF ARKANSAS, *Jan.* 11, 1863.

Major-General U. S. Grant, commanding the Department of the Tennessee:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that the forces under my command attacked the Post of Arkansas to-day at one o'clock, having stormed the enemy's works. We took a large number of prisoners, variously estimated at from seven to ten thousand, together with all his stores, animals, and munitions of war.

Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, effectively and brilliantly co-operated in accomplishing this complete success.

JOHN A. M'CLERNAND,
Major-General Commanding.

JEFF DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

Jeff Davis has issued his annual Message to the rebel Congress. He speaks of the early determination of England, France, and other European Powers to confine themselves to recognizing the self-evident fact of the existence of a strict neutrality during the progress of the war, but draws from this the conclusion that their course of action was but an actual decision against the South, and in favor of the Union, at the same time tending to prolong hostilities. He denounces the conduct of the Union armies as atrocious and cruel.

HIS VIEWS OF THE PROCLAMATION.

In relation to President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, he says he may well leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a beneficent Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fellow-men of all countries to pass judgment on a measure of which several millions of human beings of an inferior race, peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination; while, at the same time, they are encouraged to a general assassination of their masters by the insidious recommendation to abstain from violence, unless in necessary self-defense. Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable massacre recorded in the history of guilty man is tinctured by a profound sentiment for the impotent rage which it discloses. As far as regards the action of this Government on such criminals as may attempt its execution, I confine myself to informing you that I shall, unless in your wisdom you deem some other course more expedient, deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced in the proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States, providing for the punishment of criminals engaged in exciting servile insurrections. In its political aspect this measure possesses great signification, and to it in this light I invite your attention. It affords to our people the complete and crowning proof of the true nature of the designs of the party which elevated to power the present occupant of the Presidential chair at Washington, and which sought to conceal its purposes by every variety of artful grace, and by the perfidious use of the most solemn and repeated pledges on every practicable occasion. He gives extracts from President Lincoln's inaugural, and comments fully upon the subsequent acts by Congress and the Administration.

NO SURRENDER.

After briefly referring to the campaigns since his last annual message, he says:

The anticipations which entered into the contest have now ripened into a conviction, which is not only shared with us by the common opinion of neutral nations, but is evidently forcing itself upon our enemies themselves. The advent of peace will be hailed with joy. Our desire for it has never been concealed. But, earnest as has been our wish for peace, and great as have been our sacrifices and sufferings during the war, the determination of this people has, with each succeeding month, become more unalterably fixed to endure any suffering, and continue any sacrifice, however prolonged, until their right to self-government, and the sovereignty and independence of these States, shall have been triumphantly vindicated and established.

THE "ALABAMA" AGAIN.

The *Alabama* is again at her work of destruction upon our merchant ships. The schooner *Union*, which arrived at Jamaica on the 8th inst., was captured by the rebel pirate, but subsequently released, as her cargo belonged to British subjects. She brought with her, however, the crew of a Boston bark—the *Parker Cook*—which had only the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and not the ensign of England, to protect her, and hence was seized and burned by the *Alabama*.

The *Vanderbilt* has arrived at Fortress Monroe after an unsuccessful cruise after the *Alabama*.

THE SKIRMISH ON THE BLACKWATER.

Major-General Dix contradicts the statements of the Richmond papers that our troops were defeated by the rebel General Roger A. Pryor on the 9th inst., at Providence Church, near Suffolk. It appears from the official report of General Peck that the enemy crossed the Blackwater in considerable force, and attempted to drive in our right wing. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery were employed by the rebels; but they were repulsed by Major Wheelan's New York mounted rifles. At dusk the enemy's advance was charged upon and driven back upon his support. So that it was a victory for our arms, instead of a defeat, as boastingly claimed by Pryor.

NO MORE OFFICERS TO BE EXCHANGED.

Orders have been issued by Jeff Davis that officers of the United States Army captured after the 12th inst. are to be handed over to the Governors of the rebel States within whose jurisdiction they are taken, to be dealt with in accordance with Jeff Davis's recent declaration that they are to be regarded as persons inciting servile insurrection under President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. General Halleck has issued an order, which may be regarded as retaliatory, commanding that no rebel officers shall be released until further orders.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

IN France the Emperor Napoleon did not allude to American affairs in his reply to the diplomatic corps during his New Year's reception. When the Emperor passed where the United States Minister (Mr. Dayton) stood, he inquired, "What news, Mr. Dayton?" and on Mr. Dayton referring to the bad news which had just been received, his Majesty replied that he regretted it, and hoped "it would be better within the year."

THE FRENCH TO USE NEGRO SOLDIERS.

The French transport *Seine* has received instructions to go to Alexandria for a battalion of one thousand men, composed of negroes of Darfour, which Said Pacha, of Egypt, has offered the Emperor for his expedition to Mexico. They are old, well-trained troops, sufficiently brave, and not liable to be affected by hot weather or fever, which qualities will give them an immense advantage over the Mexican guerrillas.



CONTRABANDS COMING INTO CAMP IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE PROCLAMATION.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

APPEARANCE OF THE SITE OF THE DESERTED REBEL CAMPS NEAR MURFREESBORO.—DRAWN BY MR. F. BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 79.]



MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY MR. F. BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 79.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

The summer afterward Mr. Corbet came again to read with Mr. Ness. He did not perceive any alteration in himself, and indeed his early-matured character had hardly made progress during the last twelve months, whatever intellectual acquirements he might have made. Therefore it was astonishing to him to see the alteration in Ellinor Wilkins. She had shot up from a rather puny girl to a tall, slight young lady, with promise of great beauty in the face which a year ago had only been remarkable for the fineness of the eyes. Her complexion was clear now, although colorless—twelve months ago he would have called it sallow—her delicate cheek was smooth as marble, her teeth were even and white, and her rare smiles called out a lovely dimple.

She met her former friend and lecturer with a grave shyness; for she remembered well how they had parted, and thought he could hardly have forgiven, much less forgotten, her passionate flinging away from him. But the truth was, after the first few hours of offended displeasure, he had ceased to think of it at all. She, poor child, by way of proving her repentance, had tried hard to reform her boisterous tom-boy manners, in order to show him that, although she would not give up her dear old friend Dixon at his or any one's bidding, she would strive to profit by his lectures in all things reasonable. The consequence was, that she suddenly appeared to him as an elegant, dignified young lady, instead of the rough little girl he remembered. Still, below her somewhat formal manners there lurked the old wild spirit, as he could plainly see after a little more watching; and he began to wish to call this out, and to strive, by reminding her of old days, and all her childish frolics, to flavor her subdued manners and speech with a little of the former originality.

In this he succeeded. No one, neither Mr. Wilkins, nor Miss Monro, nor Mr. Ness, saw what this young couple were about—they did not know it themselves; but before the summer was over they were desperately in love with each other, or perhaps I should rather say Ellinor was desperately in love with him, he as passionately as he could be with any one; but in him the intellect was superior in strength to either affections or passions.

The causes of the blindness of those around them were these: Mr. Wilkins still considered Ellinor as a little girl, as his own pet, his darling, but nothing more. Miss Monro was anxious about her own improvement. Mr. Ness was deep in a new edition of Horace, which he was going to bring out with notes. I believe Dixon would have been keener-sighted, but Ellinor kept Mr. Corbet and Dixon apart for obvious reasons—they were each her dear friends, but she knew that Mr. Corbet did not like Dixon, and suspected that the feeling was mutual.

The only change of circumstances between this year and the previous one consisted in this development of attachment between the young people. Otherwise every thing went on apparently as usual. With Ellinor the course of the day was something like this: Up early and into the garden until breakfast-time, when she made tea for her father and Miss Monro in the dining-room, always taking care to lay a little nosegay of freshly-gathered flowers by her father's plate. After breakfast, when the conversation had been on general and indifferent subjects, Mr. Wilkins withdrew into the little study, so often mentioned. It opened out of a passage that ran between the dining-room and the kitchen, on the left hand of the hall. Corresponding to the dining-room, on the other side of the hall, was the drawing-room, with its side-window serving as a door into a conservatory, and this again opened into the library. Old Mr. Wilkins had added a semi-circular projection to the library, which was lighted by a dome above, and showed off his son's Italian purchases of sculpture. The library was by far the most striking and agreeable room in the house; and the consequence was that the drawing-room was seldom used, and had the aspect of cold discomfort common to apartments rarely occupied. Mr. Wilkins's study, on the other side of the house, was also an afterthought, built only a few years ago, and projecting from the regularity of the outside wall; a little stone passage led to it from the hall, small, narrow, and dark, and out of which no other door opened.

The study itself was a hexagon, one side-window, one fire-place, and the remaining four being occupied with doors, two of which have been already mentioned, another at the foot of the narrow winding stairs which led straight into Mr. Wilkins's bedroom over the dining-room, and the fourth opening into a path through the shrubbery to the right of the flower-garden as you looked from the house. This path led through the stable-yard, and then, by a short cut, right into Hamley, and brought you out close to Mr. Wilkins's office; it was by this way he always went to and returned from his business. He used the study for a smoking and lounging room principally, although he always spoke of it as a convenient place for holding confidential communications with such of his clients as did not like discussing their business within the possible hearing of all the clerks in his office. By the outer door he could also pass to the stables, and see that all proper care was taken at all times of his favorite and valuable horses. Into this study Ellinor would follow him of a morning, helping him on with his great-coat, mending his gloves, talking an infinite deal of merry fond nothing, and then, clinging to his arm, she would accompany him in his visits to the stables, going up to the shyest horses, and petting them, and patting them, and feeding them with bread all the time that her father held converse with Dixon. When he was finally gone—and sometimes it was a long time first—she returned to the school-room to Miss Monro, and tried to set herself hard at work at her lessons. But she had not much time for steady application. If her father had cared for her progress in any thing, she would and could have worked hard at that study or accomplishment; but Mr. Wilkins, the ease and pleasure loving man, did not wish to make himself into the pedagogue, as he would have considered it, if he had ever questioned Ellinor with a real steady purpose of ascertaining her intellectual progress. It was quite enough for him that her general intelligence and variety of desultory and miscellaneous reading made her a pleasant and agreeable companion for his hours of relaxation.

At twelve o'clock Ellinor put away her books with joyful eagerness, kissed Miss Monro, asked her if they should go a regular walk, and was always rather thankful when it was decided that it would be better to stroll in the garden—a decision very often come to, for Miss Monro hated fatigue, hated dirt, hated scrambling, and dreaded rain; all of which are evils, the chances of which are never far distant from country walks. So Ellinor danced out into the garden, worked away among her flowers, played at the old games among the roots of the trees, and when she could seduce Dixon in the flower-garden to have a little consultation as to the horses and dogs. For it was one of her father's few strict rules that Ellinor was never to go into the stable-yard unless he were with her; so these tête-à-têtes with Dixon were always held in the flower-garden, or bit of forest ground surrounding it. Miss Monro sat and basked in the sun, close to the dial, which made the centre of the gay flower-beds, upon which the dining-room and study windows looked.

At one o'clock Ellinor and Miss Monro dined. An hour was allowed for Miss Monro's digestion, which Ellinor again spent out of doors, and at three lessons began again and lasted till five. At that time they went to dress preparatory for the school-room tea at half past five. After tea Ellinor tried to prepare her lessons for the next day; but all the time she was listening for her father's footstep—the moment she heard that she dashed down her book, and flew out of the room to welcome and kiss him. Seven was his dinner hour, he hardly ever dined alone, indeed he often dined from home four days out of seven, and when he had no engagement to take him out he liked to have some one to keep him company. Mr. Ness very often, Mr. Corbet along with him if he was in Hamley, a stranger friend, or one of his clients. Sometimes, reluctantly, and when he fancied he could not avoid the attention without giving offense, Mr. Wilkins would ask Mr. Dunster, and then the two would always follow Ellinor into the library at a very early hour, as if their subjects for tête-à-tête conversation were quite exhausted. With all his other visitors Mr. Wilkins sat long—yes, and yearly longer; with Mr. Ness because they became interested in each other's conversation, with some of the others, because the wine was good, and the host hated to spare it.

Mr. Corbet used to leave his tutor and Mr. Wilkins and saunter into the library. There sat Ellinor and Miss Monro, each busy with their embroidery. He would bring a stool to Ellinor's side, question, and tease her, interest her, and they would become entirely absorbed in each other, Miss Monro's sense of propriety being entirely set at rest by the consideration that Mr. Wilkins must know what he was about in allowing a young man to become thus intimate with his daughter, who, after all, was but a child.

Mr. Corbet had lately fallen into the habit of walking up to Ford Bank for the *Times* every day, about twelve o'clock, and lounging about in the garden until one; not exactly with either Ellinor or Miss Monro, but certainly far more at the beck and call of the one than of the other.

Miss Monro used to think he would have been glad to stay and lunch at their early dinner, but she never gave the invitation, and he could not well stay without her expressed sanction. He told Ellinor all about his mother and sisters, and their ways of going on, and spoke of them and of his father as of people she was one day certain to know, and to know intimately; and she did not question or doubt this view of things, she simply acquiesced.

He had some discussion with himself as to whether he should speak to her, and so secure her promise to be his before returning to Cambridge or not. He did not like the formality of an application to Mr. Wilkins, which would, after all, have been the proper and straightforward course to pursue with a girl of her age—she was barely sixteen—not that he anticipated any difficulty on Mr. Wilkins's part, his approval of the intimacy which at their respective ages was pretty sure to lead to an attachment, was made as evident as could be by actions without words. But there would have to be reference to his own father, who had no notion of the whole affair, and would be sure to treat it as a boyish fancy; as if at twenty-one Ralph was not a man as clear and deliberative in knowing his own mind, as resolute as he ever would be in deciding upon the course of exertion that should lead him to independence and fame, if such were to be attained by clear intellect and a strong will.

No; to Mr. Wilkins he would not speak for another year or two.

But should he tell Ellinor in direct terms of his love, his intention to marry her?

Again he inclined to the more prudent course of silence. He was not afraid of any change in his own inclinations: of them he was sure. But he looked upon it in this way: If he made a regular declaration to her she would be bound to tell it to her father. He should not respect her, or like her so much if she did not. And yet this course would lead to all the conversations, and discussions, and references to his own father, which made his own direct appeal to Mr. Wilkins appear a premature step to him.

Whereas he was as sure of Ellinor's love for him as if she had uttered all the vows that women ever spoke; he knew even better than she did how fully and entirely that innocent girlish heart was his own. He was too proud to dread her inconstancy for an instant; "besides," as he went on to himself, as if to make assurance doubly sure, "whom does she see? Those stupid Holsters, who ought to be only too proud of having such a girl for their cousin, ignore her existence, and spoke slightingly of her father only the very last time I dined there. The country people in this preciously Bœotian ——shire clutch at me because my father goes up to the Plantagenets for his pedigree—not one whit for myself—and neglect Ellinor; and only condescend to her father because old Wilkins was, nobody knows—who's son. So much the worse for them, but so much the better for me in this case. I'm above their silly antiquated prejudices, and shall be only too glad when the fitting time comes to make Ellinor my wife. After all, a prosperous attorney's daughter may not be considered an unsuitable match for me—younger son as I am. Ellinor will make a glorious woman three or four years hence, just the style my father admires—such a figure, such limbs. I'll be patient and bide my time, and watch my opportunities, and all will come right."

So he bade Ellinor farewell in a most reluctant and affectionate manner, although his words might have been spoken out in Hamley market-place, and were little different from what he said to Miss Monro. Mr. Wilkins half expected a disclosure to himself of the love which he suspected in the young man; and when that did not come, he prepared himself for a confidence from Ellinor. But she had nothing to tell him, as he very well perceived from the child's open unembarrassed manner when they were left alone together after dinner. He had refused an invitation, and shaken off Mr. Ness, in order to have this confidential tête-à-tête with his motherless girl; and there was nothing to make confidence of. He was half inclined to be angry; but then he saw that, although sad, she was so much at peace with herself, and with the world, that he, always an optimist, began to think the young man had done wisely in not tearing open the rosebud of her feelings too prematurely.

The next two years passed over in much the same way—or a careless spectator might have thought so. I have heard people say, that if you look at a regiment advancing with steady step over a plain on a review-day, you can hardly tell that they are not merely marking time on one spot of ground, unless you compare their position with some other object by which to mark their progress, so even is the repetition of the movement. And thus the sad events of the future life of this father and daughter were hardly perceived in their steady advance; and yet, over the monotony and flat uniformity of their days, sorrow came marching down upon them like an armed man. Long before Mr. Wilkins had recognized its shape, it was approaching him in the distance—as, in fact, it is approaching all of us at this very time: you, reader, I, writer, have each our great sorrow bearing down upon us. He may be yet beyond the dimmest point of our horizon, but in the stillness of the night our hearts shrink at the sound of his coming footstep. Well is it for those who fall into the hands of the Lord rather than into the hands of men; but worst of all is it for him who has hereafter to mingle the gall of remorse with the cup held out to him by his doom.

Mr. Wilkins took his ease and his pleasure yet more and more every year of his life; nor did the quality of his ease and his pleasure improve; it seldom does with self-indulgent people. He cared less for any books that strained his faculties a little—less for engravings and sculpture—perhaps more for pictures. He spent extravagantly on his horses, "thought of eating and drinking." There was no open vice in all this, so that any awful temptation to crime should come down upon him, and startle him out of his mode of thinking and living; half the people about him did much the same, as far as their lives were patent to his unreflecting observation. But most of his associates had their duties to do, and did them with a heart and a will, in the hours when he was not in their company. Yes! I call them duties, though some of them might be self-imposed and purely social; they were engagements they had entered into, either tacitly or with words, and that they fulfilled. From Mr. Hetherington, the Master of the Hounds, who was up at no one knows what hour to go down to the kennel, and see that the men did their work well and thoroughly, to stern old Sir Lionel Playfair, the upright magistrate, the thoughtful, conscientious landlord—they did their work according to their lights—there were few laggards among those with whom Mr. Wilkins associated on the field or at the dinner-table. Mr. Ness—though as a clergyman he was not so active as he might have been, yet even Mr. Ness fagged away with his pupils and his new edition of the classics. Only Mr. Wilkins, dissatisfied with his position, neglected to fulfill the duties thereof. He imitated the pleasures and longed for the fancied leisure of those about him—leisure that he imagined would be so much more valuable in the hands of a man like him, full of intellectual tastes and accomplishments, than frittered away by dull boors of untraveled, uncultivated squires—whose company he never refused, be it said, by-the-way.

And yet daily Mr. Wilkins was sinking from the intellectually to the sensually self-indulgent man. He lay late in bed, and hated Mr. Dunster for his significant glance at the office-clock, when he announced to his master that such and such a client had been waiting more than an hour to keep an appointment. "Why did not you see him yourself, Dunster? I am sure you would have done quite as well as me," Mr. Wilkins sometimes replied, partly with a view of saying something pleasant to the man whom he disliked and feared. Mr. Dunster always replied, in a meek, matter-of-fact tone, "Oh, Sir, they would not like to talk over their affairs with a subordinate."

And every time he said this, or some speech of the same kind, the idea came more and more clearly into Mr. Wilkins's head of how pleasant it would be to himself to take Dunster into partnership, and thus throw all the responsibility of the real work and drudgery upon his clerk's shoulders. Importunate clients, who would make appointments at unseasonable hours and would keep to them, might confide in the partner, although they would not in the clerk. The great objections to this course were, first and foremost, Mr. Wilkins's strong dislike to Mr. Dunster—his repugnance to his company, his dress, his voice, his ways—all of which irritated his employer, till his state of feeling toward Dunster might be called antipathy; next, Mr. Wilkins was fully aware of the fact that all Mr. Dunster's actions and words were carefully and thoughtfully prearranged to further the great unspoken desire of his life—that of being made a partner, where now he was but a servant. Mr. Wilkins took a malicious pleasure in tantalizing Mr. Dunster by such speeches as the one I have just mentioned, which always seemed like an opening to the desired end, yet for a long time never led any further. Yet all the while that end was becoming more and more certain; and at last it was arrived at.

Mr. Dunster always suspected that the final push was given by some circumstance from without; some reprimand for neglect, some threat of withdrawal of business that his employer had received; but of this he could not be certain; all he knew was that Mr. Wilkins proposed the partnership to him in about as ungracious a way in which such an offer could be made; an ungraciousness which, after all, had so little effect on the real matter in hand, that Mr. Dunster could pass it over with a private sneer, while taking all possible advantage of the tangible benefit it was now in his power to accept.

Mr. Corbet's attachment to Ellinor had been formally disclosed to her just before this time. He had left college, was entered at the Middle Temple, and was fagging away at law, and feeling success in his own power; Ellinor was to "come out" at the next Hamley assemblies; and her lover began to be jealous of the possible admirers her striking appearance and piquant conversation might attract, and thought it a good time to make the success of his suit certain by spoken words and promises.

He needed not have alarmed himself even enough to make him take this step, if he had been capable of understanding Ellinor's heart as fully as he did her appearance and conversation. She never missed the omission of formal words and promises. She considered herself as fully engaged to him, as much pledged to marry him, and no one else, before he had asked the final question as afterward. She was rather surprised at the necessity for those decisive words.

"Ellinor, dearest, will you—can you marry me?" and her reply was—given with a deep blush I must record, and in a soft murmuring tone—

"Yes—oh yes—I never thought of any thing else."

"Then I may speak to your father, may not I, darling?"

"He knows; I am sure he knows; and he likes you so much. Oh, how happy I am!"

"But still I must speak to him before I go. When can I see him, my Ellinor? I must go back to town at four o'clock."

"I heard his voice in the stable-yard only just before you came. Let me go and find out if he is gone to the office yet."

No! to be sure he was not gone. He was quietly smoking a cigar in his study, sitting in an easy-chair near the open window, and leisurely glancing at all the advertisements in the *Times*. He hated going to the office more and more since Dunster had become a partner; that fellow gave himself such airs of investigation and reprehension.

He got up, took the cigar out of his mouth, and placed a chair for Mr. Corbet, knowing well why he had thus formally prefaced his entrance into the room with a—

"Can I have a few minutes' conversation with you, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow. Sit down. Will you have a cigar?"

"No! I never smoke." Mr. Corbet despised all these kind of indulgences, and put a little severity into his refusal, but quite unintentionally; for though he was thankful he was not as other men, he was not at all the person to trouble himself unnecessarily with their reformation.

"I want to speak to you about Ellinor. She says she thinks you must be aware of our mutual attachment."

"Well!" said Mr. Wilkins. He had resumed his cigar, partly to conceal his agitation at what he knew was coming. "I believe I have had my suspicions. It is not so very long since I was young myself." And he sighed over the recollection of Lettice, and his fresh, hopeful youth.

"And I hope, Sir, as you have been aware of

it, and have never manifested any disapprobation of it, that you will not refuse your consent —a consent I now ask you for—to our marriage."

Mr. Wilkins did not speak for a little while —a touch, a thought, a word more would have brought him to tears; for at the last he found it hardest to give the consent which would part him from his only child. Suddenly he got up, and putting his hand into that of the anxious lover (for his silence had rendered Mr. Carbet anxious up to a certain point of perplexity—he could not understand the implied he would and he would not), Mr. Wilkins said,

"Yes! God bless you both. I will give her to you, some day—only it must be a long time first. And now good-by—go back to Jacobs—for I can't stand this much longer."

Mr. Corbet returned to Ellinor. Mr. Wilkins sat down and buried his head in his hands, then went to his stable, and had Wildfire saddled for a good gallop over the country. Mr. Dunster waited for him in vain at the office, where an obstinate old country gentleman from a distant part of the shire would igfiore Dunster's existence as a mere matter, and pertinaciously demanded to see Mr. Wilkins on important business.

PRINCE HASSAN AND THE OGRE.

EASTER MONDAY, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and on that very day the gallant young Prince Hassan, his servant, and all the Cashmere went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the prince could gallop, and the prince galloped twice as fast as any body else, you will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking round him, he perceived he was in a place where he had never been before.

Presently, however, he espied in the hill-side the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in hopes of finding shelter and water. In this he-light there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern: and, looking, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. This monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense tomb-stones; his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there really is nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogress would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymuggiuse; but the prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water without my leave," said the ogre, in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net, and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster—if you have any Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper-caster and vinegar-cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry-box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, Sir," said the prince (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak), "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I've got fit to eat; you will find me very nasty, you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like 'em. There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me any thing I couldn't swallow, I'd give you the run of the cave for my head."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, gentlemanlike ogre like you would never be able to swallow; and if you would just let me go home I'll tell you about it on a bit. And then I could bring you something of the sort; and then I hope your honor would not forget what you said just now!"

"Very well," said the ogre, after reflecting a little, "I don't mind letting you have a trial—indeed, as I am very eager to want you to come, it will suit me very well. I will give you leave to try four times; but mind, you must give me your word of honor to come back here every day at noon; and unless you bring me something that I can't swallow, I shall swallow you yourself on the fourth day—that's all!"

Now you must understand that the ogre did not say this out of very nicety for the prince; but the fact is, he had got into the things that I just make every body else sick even to look at; and he thought this would be a good opportunity for getting a choice supply of all the dainties that he was so fond of without any trouble; for he wanted some variety, and was tired of picking up dead dogs and nibbling the pig-styes.

The prince gave his word to come back very duly, for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a track way out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the ninth just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away; but he knew that no prince ever broke his word, you know, seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took fifty adders, fifty rats, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs (addled), and two scuttlefuls of rubbish out of the dust-hole; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a beggar's old shirt, and for water to boil it in desired the Grand Mistress of the Slop-pails to bring him the dirty soup-suds from all the kitchens in the palace. With this precious mess he knocked at the ogre's back door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding; "it seems very heavy." And, in the dismay of the poor prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny bun!

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad! Do you call that nasty? You must bring me something very different if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho! come again to-morrow."

And then he took out the pitchfork which he used as a tooth-pick, and went back to his den.

The next day the prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal that he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastry-cooks in the town, and bought up all the twelfth-cakes, the gingerbread, sprigs-pies, and turkey-ovgre in their shops; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggiuse's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre? Take it away this instant; but—no! Stop! You shan't escape me that way. I will eat you, but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard-pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and rats that you used to catch when you were at school! I will!" Then,



holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp. "Ho, ho," he said, "you see *that* won't do either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow; and, remember, no more nonsense!"

This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan, and his only consolation was that the expression of the giant's face showed some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache.

But as he was returning home he happened to pass the dominion's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The night gave him new hopes. "I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rhubarb, all the jalap, all the castor-oil, and all the senna-tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed, and on that happy night no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly the prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking the tub with him; for this time he was full of confidence.

"I have kept him this time for certain," he said to himself; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But, alas! he was no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the prince saw that, he gave up despair, for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be sorry, my boy! You shall have one more chance, you know; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough old woman now? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that: ho, ho!' And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large trees.

"No, no," said the prince; "I see it would be no use; you had better take me at once and have done with it; I give up; you can't swallow any thing if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble. And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes —at any rate, it is worth your while to try.I should think; for remember, *to-morrow is the fourth day!* Ho, ho!"

So saying he went back into his cave; and the prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his fingers in a way that froze his marrow.

The unhappy young man now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits. He had got a very different day this time to-morrow," thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents, for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake, and as soon as it was day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time he came to a wretched, tumble-down old cottage, and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

"How now, Goody?" said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. "You don't seem over-comfortable here."

"Comfortable?" said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice; "I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what to live for, I'm sure."

When the prince heard the old woman talk in this way he wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him and began to tempt him. "Surely," he said to himself, "there and watching the path by which the prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

"What!" he roared out, "no old woman? no cow? no ewe? Where is she? Bring her! Quick!"

"Sir," said the prince, as bravely as he could, "I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself."

"You!" cried the ogre. "You, indeed! What! a good-looking young fellow like you compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find one ever since yesterday?"

"No," said the prince. "I did find one; but I didn't choose to bring her." And then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

"What!" he bellowed out as soon as the prince had finished, "do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than there came a loud clap of thunder, and the monster turned as white as a sheet; and then there came a second clap, and the monster's knees began to tremble and his teeth to chatter in his head; and then there came a third clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great fifteen-hundred-pound arm-chair, with four bats with parchment wings and traces of red tape.

"You wicked and nasty ogre," said his lordship, in a very loud and cross voice, "you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to see it put in execution. But as you have been so candid give him leave to eat off your head if he could bring you any thing that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has, and now your honor is come."

So saying he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, and presented it to the prince.

"Sir," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves, and foxes."

The prince took the sword with respectful bow, and going up to the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor and blubbering like a great coward as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck that the head rolled from the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggiuse.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct on the whole, though you allowed a bad thought to get the better of you for a moment: as if there is any thing that you would like, mention it before the Court rises and I will grant it you."

"My lord," said the prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing but my liberty; but if you could do any thing to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home I think you will see a change for the better."

So the prince walked cheerfully down the hill again; but when he came to the old woman's house what do you think he saw? Why, that the wretched, tumble-down old hovel that he had left he saw the prettiest, neatest white cottage you ever imagine, covered with roses and honey-suckles; and walking in he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, and looking as sing and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do again? hope you find a little better than you were?"

"Oh, Sir!" said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains are gone; the house and every thing about me is clean and fresh again; and if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit I should not wish for the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in white and walking rather lame, came in with a pail of water, and without saying a word set about getting down the cups and saucers and making the old lady some tea.

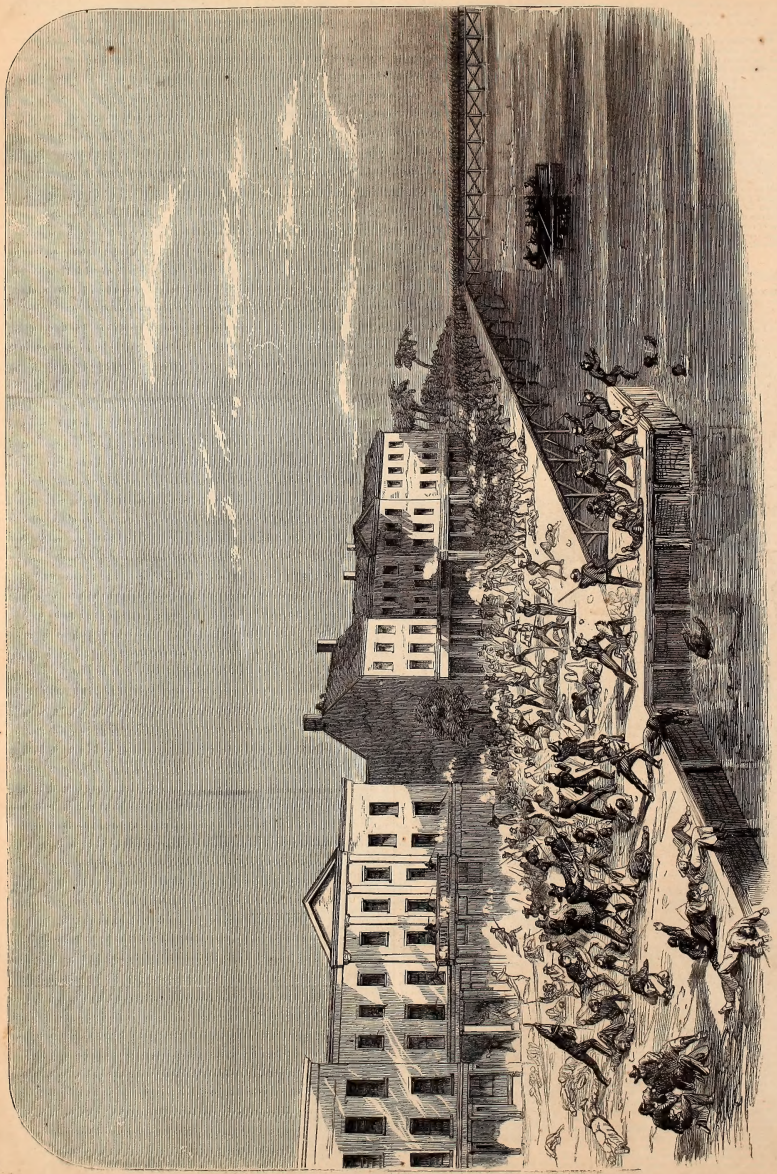
"Whom and what are you, my dear?" said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying lukstand, touched me just now with a wand, and told me to come to what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which I am sure I shall be very happy to do."

So the prince went home very well contented; but he ever afterward took care not to lose his way out hunting.

ARMY BEEF.

On page 65 we publish a graphic illustration by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, which is appropriately entitled ARMY BEEF. The killing, cutting up, cooking, and final devouring of the ox constitute scenes of no little interest to the soldier. In an army like that of the Potomac several hundred head of cattle perish daily. Much of the army up the Peninsula, and the various movements in Maryland and Northern Virginia, leave left their mark behind them in huge piles of whitening beef-bones. The Southern soldiers are not so well provided as ours in their rations. Beef-steak is a luxury; in the Army of the Potomac it has been so abundant as to be wasted.



REBEL ATTACK UPON THE FORTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 79.]



ATTACK OF THE REBELS UPON OUR GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA AT GALVESTON, TEXAS, JANUARY 1, 1863.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 79.]

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Drift over the slopes of the sunrise land,
  Oh wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh! pure as the breast of a virgin saint,
  Drift tenderly, soft and slow!
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
  And into the haunted dells
Of the forests of pine, where the sobbing winds
  Are tuning their memory bells!

Into the forests of sighing pines,
  And over those yellow slopes,
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
  But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed, and straightly made,
  Not shapen with loving care;
But the souls let out, and the broken blades,
  May never be counted here!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
  Oh delicate-dropping snow!
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love
  On the warrior heads below!
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul
  As she waiteth and watcheth for One
Who will never come back from the sunrise land
  When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
  Drift—white as the bridal veil—
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
  Who sitteth afar, so pale.
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
  Who stretcheth despairing hands
Out to the blood-rich battle-fields
  That crimson the Eastern sands!

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
  Oh delicate snow, and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified
  Husband and son and lover!
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
  And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls
  And their mantles of righteousness!

BESSIE CROMPTON.

"I am Miss Bessie Crompton, Pim," I said.

I spoke with the dignity of a young lady fresh from a boarding-school. I had been at the Clergy Daughters' School for four years, being educated for the express purpose of becoming a teacher; yet when my allotted term was ended, my sister Felicia, who had been a governess herself, decidedly declined the offer of the lady superintendent to find me a situation, and desired that I should return home at once. Yet though I had been absent so long, only old Pim, our servant, who had been errand-boy to my father's grammar-school longer than I could remember, met me at the station. I was almost ashamed of recognizing him as he waited at the back of the platform, in an antiquated, threadbare black suit of my father's, looking like the embodiment of decrepitude and poverty, and blinking with a bewildered, purblind gaze, at the long train and crowd of passengers, like an owl dragged out into the tormenting light of day. I approached him with sufficient stateliness and distance to convince any by-stander that he was nothing to me than a servant.

"Lord love you, Miss Bessie, it can't be you!" he exclaimed, instantly reviving from sixty to thirty years of age, "the master himself 'll not know you again. If you wouldn't be above it, miss, when we're out of sight, I should like to shake hands with you for this once; if it's not too great a liberty. You gave old Pim a kiss when you went away."

"Oh, Pim! dear old Pim!" I cried, seizing his big hand, covered with a very worn pair of my father's gloves. All the dignity of the Clergy Daughters' School vanished as if it had never been, "I love you just the same, old Pim; and I'm coming to live at home again, you know, so we shall have the old times back."

Pim aged into sixty again in a moment, and shook his bended head feebly; halting and flagging as if unable to keep up with my young, impatient step, as he walked a few paces behind me. When I tried to question him about home, he replied reluctantly. Once even he produced a Jews-harp, and began to twang a doleful tune upon it, as he had been used to do when, as a child, I had asked him unanswerable questions; but, recollecting himself, he replaced it in his pocket with an humble and despondent apology, and we walked on without further conversation.

Our home was an old, rambling mansion attached to the Elizabethan Grammar School, of which my father had been master for thirty years. The endowment was fifty pounds a year, and the scholars on the foundation were only twelve in number; but under former masters the school had won something more than mere local reputation, and one after another had retired, either in possession of a comfortable competency, or with the presentation to a church-living. College Hill, where the school was situated, was one of the oldest and narrowest streets in Tamford, and no thoroughfare of business; the buildings consisting chiefly of a row of decaying houses, property in Chancery, and a large, inclosed quadrangle, entered by an arch-way opposite the school-house, and surrounded by alms-houses for twenty-five aged men. The character of the street depended altogether upon the condition of the school. No surer index was needed than its aspect at noon and evening when the scholars dispersed; if Tamford Grammar School was prospering, the walls echoed to the shrill whoop of school-boys, and the pavements rang with their clattering footsteps, followed by the wrathful maledictions of the alms-men. But not a sound was to be heard as we entered it, save the lagging step of a foundationer, who slunk close to the wall, with a sly, insolent, side-long glance at me, as we passed him. In the dark shadow of the porch, which stretched across the narrow causeway, I saw Felicia watching for me. The pale beams of the wintry sun glistened through the lattice casement of the projecting window of the study over the porch, upon my father's snow-white head, which was bowed weariedly upon his hands. Neither of them moved as I appeared, but Felicia's beautiful, sad face kindled into a sudden glow, which faded before I had run quickly across the little space between us. When I threw my arms round her neck, she bent her lofty head to mine and kissed me coldly, without a word of welcome.

We passed on into a bare and empty lobby, across which she led me to our old parlor, so often pictured and repainted by my imagination that it had become a very pleasant place; not grand or gorgeous, for Felicia had hinted gently in her letters at a blight of poverty fallen upon us, but at least a tasteful, simple, home-like sitting-room. The paper was discolored with damp, and hung in mouldy shreds from the blank walls. The long narrow casements were uncurtained, and the boarded floor had no carpet, except a dingy rug on the hearth; a square, uncovered table, where nothing was lying, stood in the centre, and four chairs only broke the straight line of the low lining of wainscot. The room was a large one, and it wore an empty, desolate, and chilling aspect.

"You shiver," said Felicia, in her soft voice, which sounded caressingly, though she spoke no words of endearment; "there is a fire in the school-room. We generally sit there now."

I had forgotten how low and dark the unlighted passages were, and how bleak-looking the white-washed walls; and, when the massive door of the school-room swung heavily from Felicia's hold, I scarcely recognized the lofty and spacious hall. It had the look of a chapel, with its decorated ceiling high above us, and the rostrum of black oak, surmounted by a sounding-board, which stood at the opposite end; the fixed desks and forms down each side; the horizontal windows with diamond lattices and stone casements far above; the memorial tablets inscribed with the titles of deceased patrons; and the doubtful shadows lurking about the farthest corners, as if it was not worth while for the darkness to leave altogether the ancient room, oppressed me with the solemn, eerie feeling of being in a church at twilight. I had thought of it as a scene of frolic and boyish games; and I turned uneasily to the huge corner fire-place, where Felicia was stirring into a blaze a handful of smouldering embers.

"I thought my father would have come down," I said.

"He is either at his book or asleep," she answered, sighing.

"Felicia," I cried, bursting into tears, "what is the matter? Is this home? Are you always like this?"

Before Felicia could answer, Pim came forward from an obscure corner, and addressed me in a quick, cheerful tone:

"Ay, little Miss Bessie," he said, "it is home, but it's not always like this. Bless you, my dears, the master's going to finish his big book, and we shall all ride in our carriage. Or Miss Bessie 'll be certain to marry some grand gentleman, and make our fortunes. And Mr. Edward, in Canada, he'll grow money on his farm, 'specially when I go out to him, as I'm waiting to do as soon as you're all settled here. Lord love you! Whenever I feel a little down in the mouth, I go and read inside Master Garforth's desk. You look here, Miss Bessie, what he's wrote. Here's 'Faint heart never won fair lady;' 'Hope on, hope ever;' 'Never say die;' and this here Latin, my dear, means 'Love conquers all;' and 'While there's life there's hope.' He *was* a head-boy, he was—a regular taw; and his desk's like a chapter out of the Bible to me."

"But, Pim," I said, "I did not know—" And then tears stopped my utterance.

"I could not tell you, Bessie," said Felicia, sadly, "when all your letters were looked at. But we were obliged to have a sale to pay our debts; and there are no boys now but the foundationers; and my father—Pim says, is getting on with his book. During my absence as a governess to the children of Colonel Clarke"—here my sister unaccountably checked herself—"he sunk deeper into the fatal habit of opium-eating, and now he is so great a slave to it that the instruction of the few poor burgesses' sons who come to school devolves upon me. Our affairs were bad enough when you went, if you had been old enough to notice. And now, dear, we are very poor and very lonely."

I suppose Felicia was worn down to this lifeless existence; at least she accepted it with a grave patience peculiar to herself. Her very footstep, languid and inelastic, might have been timed to the measured ticking of the school clock, and her low voice never rose or fell beyond a certain cadence, which bore in its reiterated tone a monotony, as the harping burden of some sorrowful song, like Barbara's song of willow. From the household work to the school-room, where the rough scholars grew quiet in her quiet presence, and thence to the alms-houses, she passed daily in a dull routine, with a meek acceptance of these duties, to which I could never attain. Only once, disturbed by some words of mine, there came a wistful, longing, weary look into her blue eyes, followed by rare but passionate weeping, before which Pim himself was silenced, and retreated into his own corner of the vast school-room, whence he watched her with mute anxiety and distress. My father spent most of his time in the study, amidst a litter of books and papers, where he could sleep in peace, unreproached by our presence. Sometimes when I went past the unfastened door, which had neither latch nor lock, singing loudly—for I could still sing when the sun shone brightly without—he would start at the sound, and seize his pen quickly, like a child caught in a fault; but the nerveless fingers relaxed in a moment, and the gray head nodded again over the half-written papers, while I stole away guiltily, with a sense of shame at having seen his miserable disablement and prostration.

Thus a year and a half passed away, taming down the wild pulses of my youth. It was the second winter since I had left school, but a change was coming now—a very slight change, but there was an element of excitement and hope in it. Pim had been seeking constant employment as rural messenger in the post-office, by which he would earn fourteen shillings a week. Another candidate for the office had been recommended, and it was yet uncertain whether he would succeed, and to-night he was gone to hear the final decision. My father had gone to bed, as his custom was, at nine, and I, crouching beside the fire, was watching Felicia, as she paced to and fro into the ruddy gleam of the fire, and back to the cold, clear moonlight at the upper end of the hall. There was an impatient tread in her usually measured footstep, and I could see that her little hands, roughened with coarse work, were clenched feverishly together, while at every sound without she turned sharply toward the door, betraying how eager she was for this good fortune, and how in secret she chafed at the privations and narrowness of our lot. She had just paused for a moment beside me, when we heard the twang of Pim's Jews-harp, and she darted back to the door, but before he could reach it he entered and closed it after him.

"I've got it," he said, in a voice of agitation; "it's all right. Little Miss Bessie, I'm her Majesty's Rural Messenger to High Overton, with fourteen shillings a week. God bless Queen Victoria!"

"It's all right, Miss Crompton," repeated Pim, taking my sister's hand, "all right, my dear. Bless you, we shall be as happy as the day altogether, 'specially of a night when I'm come home. I shall be back in time for any odd jobs about the house; only I sha'n't see much of the master, Lord love him! It was so uncommonly kind of him to write that beautiful recommendation for me, when he's so busy with the big book. I'm a made man through it, with fourteen shillings a week clear."

"It's all right, my dears," he reiterated; "right to a tittle. Every thing's right. But I shouldn't have got it without Mr. Garforth. It's been uncommon difficult to keep my temper over this business. You wouldn't believe it, but this postmaster—he's not a Tamford man—asked me if I was any blood relation to the master."

"And what did you say, old Pim?" I asked.

"Why, I'm afraid I swore a little," he replied, with a deprecating glance at Felicia, who had come to my side; "I'm afraid I said I'd be something'd if I was; but I didn't mean it."

"Pim!" murmured Felicia.

"I couldn't help it," he continued; "he was so uncommonly impertinent, 'specially about my character, though the master himself had written that letter for me. Saving your presence, Miss Crompton, and yours, Miss Bessie, he went so far as to say he'd been told my father and mother weren't married, and that's forty years ago clear."

Felicia's face flushed with a deep crimson, but I could not help laughing.

"That was no fault of yours, Pim," I said.

"Just the remark as Mr. Garforth made, Miss Bessie. I didn't use any bad language then, Miss Crompton. I only said, 'Sir, it's a awful thing when the Master of us all, who has got wisdom and discretion, begins to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children; but when a man that hasn't got any sort of wisdom sets about it—' Mr. Garforth said, 'True, old fellow!' to me."

Felicia's hand, lying upon my shoulder, rested there more heavily, as she stood silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes. In all the large moonlit room there was neither sound nor motion, and I felt a superstitious panic creeping over me.

"What is that, Felicia?" I cried.

A low, gentle tapping at the northern door, not as loud as the stroke of a robin's wing against the window, a feeble, irregular knock, like the beating of a child's open hand against the iron-studded panels, succeeded by a pitiful wail, which stole into the quiet room, and filled it for a moment with a babyish, pleading tone of trouble. Felicia shivered as she leaned against me, and old Pim stood paralyzed, gazing back to the dark end of the hall; but when a second cry came, a shrill, sharp, passionate scream of fright, I sprang to my feet, and pushing past them both, ran hastily to the door. It was bright, clear moonlight, and the shadows slanted across the street, making alternate spaces of light and darkness. Scarcely more soundless and deserted was it than in the daytime; even less so, for as I stopped for a moment looking out, the cry burst forth again, and I saw the form of a little child, pattering swiftly along the pavement, in the deepest shadows of the school walls. I followed the little flying figure, but it fled from me in increased fear, a fear so intense and overwhelming, that when I caught it, and taking it in my arms sat down on the step of an untenanted house, it was long before all my caresses and soothing could still the vehemence of its sobs. At length it lay passive in my arms, and I looked up to Felicia, who stood before us, the moonlight falling upon her white, grave face, and lending a pale glory to her golden hair, like a halo round the calm forehead of a saint.

"Pim is looking for the woman," she whispered, as if afraid of being overheard; and she stooped down to lay her hand gently on the little head lying languidly on my bosom.

"See how frightened it is, Felicia," I cried, "the poor little bird! Where can it have come from?"

"She has been deserted," answered Felicia, in a bitter tone.

"Deserted? Impossible!" I replied. "What are we to do with it?"

"We can not talk about it here," she said; "take the child in, Bessie, while Pim and I look every where. We must search every corner."

So, with the child sobbing itself to sleep in my arms, I returned to the old house, and the hearth where I myself had been the last little infant, the youngest born of our family. I felt a deep instinctive love for this wailing, forsaken child; and before Felicia and Pim returned, I had collected a number of unanswerable arguments for adopting her into our household if they found no clew to account for her appearance.

They came in utterly foiled. Every nook in the quadrangle had been searched, and the doors of the alms-houses tried, often to the great anger of the alms-men within. All the untenanted dwellings in the street were apparently empty, and their doors carefully locked; neither sound nor sight had hinted any thing to them. Only one thing could be decided upon, and that we resolved unanimously. The child must remain with us till the morning, and then we would have a private discussion before my father was up, so that we might have a definite plan beforehand which he would not take the trouble to interfere with.

I employed all my eloquence and arguments in that discussion, pleading with Felicia to let us keep the little waif, and Pim lent his voice to mine.

"Who can tell whose child she may be?" I said; "for I am sure she is no common child, Felicia. See what a noble face she has! Are there no marks upon her clothes?"

"None," said Felicia, who was examining them closely; "they are worn and poor, Bessie."

She sighed heavily as she laid down the little garments, and stood undecided for a minute, watching me feed the child with bread and milk, which the child was taking hungrily. "I will be a mother to it, Felicia. God helping me, I will be a better mother than the one that has forsaken it, if that be true."

Felicia, usually so cold and reticent, fell down on her knees before us, and clasped me and the wondering child in her arms, murmuring in a voice that only I could hear, "God forgive the mother! God pardon the poor, wretched, abandoned woman! God help my Bessie!"

Ever after life wore a different aspect to me. The monotony and gloom were gone. The child, after a day or two of fretfulness, became a merry laughing, romping little creature, "gurgling," as Pim called it, about the old house, with a keen enjoyment of the sounding, empty rooms. To Pim and me she was a priceless treasure. Even my father would rouse himself to take her, whe she was quiet, upon his knee, and let her fall asleep in his arms, himself yielding to the dreamy lethargy, which now always brooded over him with heavy wings. Only Felicia, allowing herself but a hurried notice of the child now and then, retained the melancholy step and glance of former times. We used to have long conversations about her at night, when Pim returned from his round; canvassing every conjecture that arose in our minds, until the subject became the one absorbing, predominant idea of my brain. I no longer avoided the main streets of my native town, hurrying down by-paths to hide my poverty-stricken appearance.

It was a totally unlooked-for misfortune when Pim fell ill, in the spring succeeding this autumn; but the doctor who attended the alms-men said a few days' rest would set him up again if we could get a substitute for his work. This consisted of a walk into the country of about seven miles, with no very heavy load of letter-bags; only a trustworthy and intelligent person was needed. After many objections raised at home, and some demur at the post-office, I was at last allowed to take Pim's place until he fairly recovered. I was young and strong, and the walk in the pleasant spring mornings and evenings, with the long days' rest in the country air, would be good for me. I said to Felicia the early hour at half past five in the morning, and the dusk in the evening, would hide me from the curiosity of our townspeople.

But neither of these circumstances availed me in the country, where I met with idle querists who considered me a fair enigma offered for their solution. Yet there was nothing remarkable about me. I was commonplace and insignificant enough to go through my work unnoticed; not like Felicia, who moved and spoke like a discrowned queen. One woman especially, a widow, living about two miles from Tamford, waylaid and catechised me so rigorously that in a little time I began to suspect her of some sinister meaning. She was born to excite suspicion. Such depths of dissimulation there were in her heavy, slow-moving eyelids! such fraud in the forced smile on her thin lips! such lines of cunning on her face! She was so humble, too, so affable and insidious; she asked me impertinent questions so delicately that I found her worming out all the little secrets of our secluded household. I dislike to think of that woman to this day.

"I have a letter for you," she said, one evening—"a most important letter, and I wish to see you put it safely into your basket, where you can not lose it. Not with the others, please; I should like it kept separate, and posted separate, so that you may remember it particularly."

I put it into my own basket to satisfy her, and went on my way homeward, very weary, and thinking only of the rest by the school-room fire, with Felicia and our little child. Pim met me at the entrance of the town to take my light burden from me, and as the child was with him we walked on forgetfully and happily enough, leaving him to proceed to the post-office. Not till I was luxuriating in my anticipated rest, with Felicia waiting upon me, and little I busily unlacing my boots, did I remember the important letter in my basket.

I recollect it lying there, in the brightest light of our one candle, with the thick, marked characters, unlike a woman's handwriting. An idle feeling of curiosity mingled with my irritation, and I took it up again to examine it more closely. Beneath the thin envelope I deciphered but too readily this sentence: "The child is safe enough, at school with the daughters of a clergyman, who is master of."

Such a clear, decisive clew I had never had before. Mrs. Barn's inquisitiveness, the strange suddenness of her interest in me, the familiarity and ease with which she had caught the names of our little household, rushed instantly upon my mind. I kept silence, and before many minutes

of thought were passed I determined to conceal my suspicions from Felicia, and from Fim if possible, for I had begun to doubt his simple capacity, and I resolved to follow out this clew myself. I would waver at nothing that would tend to solve the mystery of Bell's birth. Still holding the letter in my trembling hand, I was rapidly coming to the decision to retain it, when Fim returned, and Felicia took it from my reluctant grasp, and sent him away again to post it.

It is a hard thing to confess to crime; harder, perhaps more humiliating, when there is something mean in it. A bold, brave, great sin, or a soft, passionate error one can recall with a kind of palliating tenderness and pity for ourselves. When Fim, a few days after my discovery of this apparent clew, was well enough to resume his work, and at my secret solicitation came home to have some breakfast, bringing his letters with him, which was transgressing a strict rule, and I looked them over, and the words "Try Fazeley" would lead Mrs. Barnett to suppose that it had been detained in Tamford for our days, that the boy's memory was might see if it belonged to any one in his delivery. Pim would confirm this opinion if she spoke to him about it. The envelope was not sealed, and could be opened and reclosed readily. Yet I hesitated. I followed Felicia about, afraid of being left alone, and watched Fim play placidly at her stitching, with the child at her feet attempting to sew a piece of cloth, the pretty little features puckered into lines of great anxiety. At last she looked up with large, grave, childish eyes into Felicia's face.

"Will mamma come to-day?" she asked; for I talked often to her of the mother who was gone for her some time, and love her more than we could.

"No," answered Felicia.

"I wish she would," sighed the child wistfully; "I'm so tired."

That decided me. I went back into the dining-room, where the sooty class of poor scholars had assembled, and nestled myself at poor old Pim's desk —the head-boy's desk, with its mottoes of hope, which he had appropriated to his own use, and concealing myself behind the heavy lid, which rested upon my forehead, I unfastened the envelope with a wicked daring, and drew out the letter, which was wrapped within a blank paper."

There was nothing whatever but a few shillings' worth of postage-stamps, without a line of writing. I suppose if I had been a greater adept in crime I should have been disappointed at the failure of my private communication; I had been saved from doing Mrs. Barnett the treacherous injury I had designed. Now, when I had refastened the envelope, and Pim had taken it to her, I should feel as if I had done her very little wrong; and, having once taken the bitterness and humiliation of dishonor, I should never fall into the same temptation again.

I was obliged to leave it, until the boys were gone, carefully locked up in Pim's desk. The morning were slowly away, but at length the fumigation-dishes were dismissed, and my father prepared to lounge out for his noonday stroll. He was loitering at the school-door, deliberately drawing on his gloves, when I stood beside him, confident for his departure, when at the turning into College Hill there appeared an extraordinary group, escorted by a few policemen. The great constable and a stranger walking briskly toward us, and behind them a policeman, with our poor old faithful Pim, trotting, too quickly to give me any comment's time for thought, they entered the schoolroom after my father, who retreated hastily at the sight of them, and shut the door in the white faces of the boys and slam-men clustering round. Their errand was speedily told. A letter containing much money had been posted in Tamford, detected the honesty of the town letter-carrier, and had been addressed only to "Mrs. Barnett, Tamford" —selected, almost at random—in the confirmation that it would necessarily pass into the hands of the suspected man; but the postmaster, knowing no one of that name except the lady of Fazeley, had put it among Fim's letters for him to try, first, whether it belonged to her. The detective—the pleased and satisfied-looking stranger—had come down to Tamford to learn the success of his experiment, and, upon finding the postmaster's statement, had repaired to Mrs. Barnett's to reclaim the letter. Finding it was not delivered, he had gone on to Pim's private door, whose confusion and frightened manner had already condemned him in his eyes. They were come now to institute a search for the missing letter.

"Oh, Miss Bessie," cried Pim, falling upon his knees before me, "have pity upon me, my dear. Don't you say one thing to break my heart, I won't be hard to bear if you don't get into trouble, and your mother left you in my charge. Don't speak—don't speak!"

I saw it all in a moment—every consequence, every dire dreary result of my fault. Pim's tears were falling fast upon my hands, which he kissed imploringly, while he reiterated his prayer to me to be silent. But I had no power to speak. Suddenly he seemed to lose a long way from me, and his words sounded like indistinct mutterings, only I heard him say it was all right now, as I felt Felicia's arms round me, and was conscious of nothing more.

That night, after the dreadful afternoon was over, with its confusion and dismay, and the solemn magisterial visit of the mayor and rector, who were trustees of the grammar-school, I had to tell my secret to Felicia—not to my father, he could neither counsel nor aid me. But I was unprepared for the terrible paroxysm of agitation and anguish into which my shameful confession threw her. It was nearly dark in the school-room, for we had had no heart to light a candle, and I could scarcely see her white face; but she trembled violently, and gasped in broken sentences.

"What ought I to do, Felicia?" I asked, trying to look steadfastly at our position.

"I can not tell," she said, wringing her hands; "we ought not to let Pim suffer this for us; he has done so much for us!"

"I wish we had one friend," I sobbed, thinking of all our townspeople, who were attending their business and pleasure without any care for us, and we had no one to help us.

"We have a friend," said Felicia, many minutes afterward, as if she had not dared to mention him before, "and to-morrow I will send for him. Lawyer Carfoth, Bessie, may know shall have to tell him all. We will abide by his decision."

It was not strange that I should lie awake all night, wondering whether such things events were real. I waited through the long and weary hours of the morning for the arrival of Mr. Carfoth, who was to decide what I was to do. The sudden helplessness of Felicia as the time drew near increased my vague apprehensions. It was I who had to admit him—a grave, stern-looking man, not the boy I dimly remembered, into whose face I did not dare to glance, as I conducted him through the empty lobby to my father's study, where Felicia was waiting for him: Felicia, in her faded dress, but with a soft dawn of color on her delicate face, and with decision and pride, which she could not vain as he approached her.

"Felicia—Miss Crompton," he said, eagerly, "I was not prepared to find you here. I heard of it in my office this morning. Why did you not send for me at once?"

"The trouble if my sister's," she answered, in her cold, quiet tone. "I should not have sent for you on my own account merely."

She drew me to her side, with an unusual show of affection; but, as if recollecting herself, pushed me gently away from her, while she told him an abrupt, unvarnished story of the last twelve months, without a word to appeal to his sympathy or interest, until she came to my confession. He took me to spoke with tears, and with every plea on my behalf which could soften his judgment and reprobation. When Felicia finished, Mr. Carfoth paused for a long time absorbed in thought.

"You know," he said, suddenly and simply, "that Pim could not part, if he will, and there seems no doubt about that, poor fellow! Your sister can not take the consequences of the imprudent act."

For the first moment I met his eyes, which had been fastened on Felicia's face; deep, tranquil eyes, that were full of confidence at once. He saw it, and smiled rather sadly.

"The consequences are worse than the fault," he continued, "and I am not sure Bessie's child. We can not lay bare the history of your family before the public. We dare not expose you to the ridicule which would be placed; and the punishment will not be all his."

"But for Fim to be in jail," I cried. "Oh, Mr. Carfoth, you will not, little Bessie!" he replied; "and knowing all, I decide as I do. Go away now; I wish to speak to your sister alone."

I left them with my head Bell's shrill little voice calling to me from the garden, and I went out to her, under the windows of the parlor, where Felicia was standing with Fim's letter in her hand regarding us intently and furtively from one side of the deep chestnut, and I saw him for a moment put his face with his hands in a quick, mute gesture of trouble.

We went the next day—Felicia, and Mr. Carfoth, and I—to Fim's little cottage at Fazeley, where I clung to Mr. Carfoth's steady arm, but Felicia walked before us with her smooth tranquil step, and slightly bowed head. It is the long, low, wide gages and jealously-locked gates could not move her frigid quietism, nor the thought of seeing Fim in prisoner quicken her pace. She was calm still. Even when we stopped before the door of his cell, and the turnkey was unfastening the massive lock, she did not turn to us, nor stand on one side for Mr. Carfoth to enter first.

Pim was at work when we went in, and looked up shyly, with a kind of sullen resentment in his face, which was changing into one of delight at seeing Felicia and me, when his eyes fell upon Mr. Carfoth, and his face grew pale. He laid down his work and began his slow, deliberate movements to put on his coat.

"Oh, Miss Bessie, you've told," he exclaimed, "and you've told him! I wouldn't have had you tell him for all the world. Any body but him; any body but Mr. Carfoth, the head-boy. He knows enough about us already."

"Come, old fellow," said Mr. Carfoth, laying his hands on Pim's shoulders, and forged like the master knows every thing in school and out. He should have more confidence in me. Do you think I have forgot Tamford Grammar-school?"

"No, Sir; no, Mr. Lawrence," he sobbed, "we can't either of us forget the school; nor Mrs. Crompton, God bless her; and I should be ashamed of seeing her face in heaven if any harm came to the children, any worse harm, Mr. Carfoth. It was only a young thing's curiosity at first, not love things alone, but must rest them out somehow; and, Lord love you! being here don't hurt me a bit, but it's the misery of the poor, helpless, dumb creature like her. I've chapel every morning, and it's fetching up my religion better than at home. Besides, it wasn't altogether her fault; she was driven to it, Mr. Carforth."

Mr. Carforth bent his head without speaking.

"And I've been a deal happier since Fim, following into a reverential tone, "that somehow it's the grandest thing a poor man like me can do, who was born a shame—it's the grandest thing I can expect to do, to bear trouble and disgrace for somebody else, and save them. You see, by having my life a little bit heavier and harder, I can make hers light and easy, as it ought to be. Bless you, when I think I can save little Miss Bessie; save you, my dear, I feel as proud as if the call couldn't hold me. I'm not ashamed of being born then; and I sha'n't be ashamed when I stand before the judge. If I've not done my duty by Miss Crumpton and Mr. Edward, I shall have done it by you; and if ever I have a chance in heaven, I shall be bold to tell your honored mother—"

"But I can not bear it, Fim," I said, weeping till my words were lost in sobs.

They tried to comfort me, making light of my fault, and the penalty which would fall upon Fim; Mr. Carfoth promising to make every effort in his power to secure a short term of imprisonment. But the case was too clear; the abstraction of the letter, Fim's guilty confession when it was demanded from him, his evasive answers, which were both confessions, and the discovery of its notes in his own locked desk, formed an unbroken chain of circumstance too conclusive to be evaded. Mr. Garforth spoke frequently for him, and my father was roused to the exertion of rising to the occasion to avoid his long and faithful services; but the sentence could not be otherwise than it was—twelve months' imprisonment and hard labor in Shrewbury jail.

They told me nothing about it at the time, for was too ill to bear the knowledge of it. Life often so low that it was only by the doubtful hope that I would ever swell buoyantly again with the full tide of youth and health. Even after it had turned, with a flood of life, and the increase of strength, Felicia spoke of Fim with caution, and read fictitious letters to me, written in his name by Mr. Garforth, for which I was glad to let me that Felicia only write once a quarter, so full of his quaint pleasant, chattering cheerfulness, that they seemed like Fim's own words. I learned from some of the secret of Felicia's endurance in my helpless ness, and in our whispered conversations I told her of it feeling as if the sad impatience of my youth was quelled forever by the memory of my fault. Often, too, when little Bell was lying in my arms, her head resting against mine, and her tales of our life for the last twelve months, without a word to appeal to his sympathy or interest, until we came to my confession. Then I spoke in spoke with tears, and with every plea on my behalf which could soften his judgment and reprobation. When Felicia finished, Mr. Carfoth paused for a long time absorbed in thought.

"You know," he said, suddenly and simply, "that Pim could not part, if he will, and there seems no doubt about that, poor fellow! Your sister can not take the consequences of the imprudent act."

For the first moment I met his eyes, which had been fastened on Felicia's face; deep, tranquil eyes, that were full of confidence at once. He saw it, and smiled rather sadly.

"The consequences are worse than the fault," he continued, "and I am not sure Bessie's child. We can not lay bare the history of your family before the public. We dare not expose you to the ridicule which would be placed; and the punishment will not be all his."

"But for Fim to be in jail," I cried. "Oh, Mr. Garforth, you will not, little Bessie," he replied; "and knowing all, I decide as I do. Go away now; I wish to speak to your sister alone."

I left them with my head Bell's shrill little voice calling to me from the garden, and I went out to her, under the windows of the parlor, where Felicia was standing with Fim's letter in her hand regarding us intently and furtively from one side of the deep chestnuts, and I saw him for a moment put his face with his hands in a quick, mute gesture of trouble.

We went the next day—Felicia, and Mr. Garforth, and I—to Fim's little cottage at Fazeley, where I clung to Mr. Garforth's steady arm, but Felicia walked before us with her smooth tranquil step, and slightly bowed head. It is the long, low, wide gages and jealously-locked gates could not move her frigid quietism, nor the thought of seeing Fim in prisoner quicken her pace. She was calm still. Even when we stopped before the door of his cell, and the turnkey was unfastening the massive lock, she did not turn to us, nor stand on one side for Mr. Garforth to enter first.

Pim was at work when we went in, and looked up shyly, with a kind of sullen resentment in his face, which was changing into one of delight at seeing Felicia and me, when his eyes fell upon Mr. Garforth, and his face grew pale. He laid down his work and began his slow, deliberate movements to put on his coat.

"Oh, Miss Bessie, you've told," he exclaimed, "and you've told him! I wouldn't have had you tell him for all the world. Any body but him; any body but Mr. Carfoth, the head-boy. He knows enough about us already."

"Come, old fellow," said Mr. Garforth, laying his hands on Pim's shoulders, as he forged like the master knows every thing in school and out. He should have more confidence in me. Do you think I have forgot Tamford Grammar-school?"

"No, Sir; no, Mr. Lawrence," he sobbed, "we can't either of us forget the school; nor Mrs. Crompton, God bless her; and I should be ashamed of seeing her face in heaven if any harm came to the children, any worse harm, Mr. Garforth. It was only a young thing's curiosity at first, not love things alone, but must rest them out somehow; and, Lord love you! being here don't hurt me a bit, but it's the misery of the poor, helpless, dumb creature like her. I've chapel every morning, and it's fetching up my religion better than at home. Besides, it wasn't altogether her fault; she was driven to it, Mr. Garforth."

Mr. Garforth bent his head without speaking.

"And I've been a deal happier since Fim, following into a reverential tone, "that somehow it's the grandest thing a poor man like me can do, who was born a shame—it's the grandest thing I can

legacy of one thousand pounds, which in Canada will make her an independent woman."

"Oh, I understand it all now!" I exclaimed. "My poor Felicia! my darling, my darkest Felicia! she loved Colonel Clarke; they loved one another. And is he dead?"

"He is," was the brief answer; and after a pause he continued, "to Felicia and Fim will go to Canada. I have written to them that you behind if you can think of any friend you could stay with happily. Think, Bessie. Could you be happy with me?"

I could only bow down my head upon the hand lying on the desk before me, murmuring the word "happy" over and over again, as our child had done when she could only speak a few lisping syllables.

"Let us go to Felicia," I said, a long time afterward, when the evening brightness was fading away; and we turned with hand in hand among the passages trodden by children's feet to the parlor, where we found her sitting in the twilight, with little Bell's head snuggling on her lap. The soft and beautiful smiles played upon her face when Mr. Garforth told her of our betrothal, and she put the child down to take me into her arms.

But Bell, the little, excitable, sensitive child, as if foreboding some separation, wept bitterly, and I could not comfort her, though Mr. Garforth, who had never caressed or fondled her before, tried playfully to soothe her. Ever since my protracted illness she had been brought into a listless and passive quietness. Of late, whenever I was not with her, she had been used to climb up to the window and press her little pale face against the panes in wistful watchings for the mother who never came. I felt my heart ached at having filled her with a hope that now would never be realized.

During the next month, while we were busy making preparations for the intended expiration as soon as Fim was released, I was often startled with Mr. Garforth's mother until our marriage, I found myself in a position to approach the tacitly forbidden theme, and besought him to let me speak to child with me; but he refused it, my first request, with a look of pain which I never saw on his face, though it awoke a dread of him, and at the time when I should be left alone to his stern authority, which he had softened to mildness and reserve sprang up between us. But my darling, my youngest little one, was declining now visibly and surely, and every other interest was absorbed in that one for her. Perhaps that low ebbing of my life which she had seen with the bewilderment and vague fear of childhood, and the mysterious pain and grief unnessed in my father when he did not awake at the sound of our crying; or the oppression of Felicia's sadness that no often weighed me down in all the trouble, and privation, and care had burdened the young heart till it shuddered at life, and recoiled from it, dimly conscious of its sorrows.

It was the evening I had been looking forward to so long, and Mr. Garforth was gone to Shawbury to bring Fim home once again to the waiting world. Through many hours of the day I had carried my child—a light burden now—to and fro in the large deserted mansion, resting sometimes myself, but only for a few minutes, for she would lie in no other arms but mine; while Felicia followed us unceasingly, with delicate and helping eyes which gave mine to ask unutterable questions. She was asleep now upon my lap, as she had slept the first night we had found her, and Felicia, on a low chair upon the hearth, had buried her face from all sight and sound, in an attitude of motionless anguish. The room was as still as it had been during the day for the moan of the child; yet they entered so noiselessly, with such a solemn hush of care, that I did not know they were come until Mr. Garforth had his hand upon my head, and I looked up into poor Fim's face stooping over us with tears streaming down his cheeks and sudden shocks.

"The Lord love her!" he said; "the dear Lord love her, and keep her forever!"

"Pim," I whispered, "it is so long for the poor mother to be here. The child ought to die in her arms, not mine."

I spoke so softly that the child in its sobbing slumber did not move; but Pim groaned aloud, and stretched out his hands beseechingly to me, while he cast an awe-stricken glance at Felicia, I, too, gazed with terror at the tall, slender, bending figure gliding forward with an air of indescribable pleading and humiliation.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" she cried, sinking to my feet, and hiding her face in my dress, "I never wanted you to know it; but"—I could hear her heart beat—"but little Bessie is—" She whispered the rest against my knee and ear.

Even at that moment, with the awe and shock of this confession, I looked to Lawrence. His triumphal face was bent down upon us with a grave and quiet comfort, while he laid his hand once more gently upon my head.

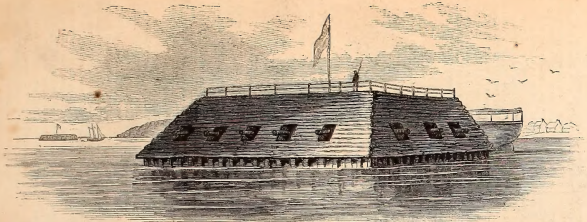
"Speak to her," urged Felicia. "tell her that you'll not cast her off. For your mother's sake forgive her. God knows she's suffered. Speak to her or she'll die, Bessie."

Still Felicia lay motionless, and she did not answer, only her hands clasped my feet more closely, until I heard Mr. Garforth lift her down, and the child stirred restlessly upon my lap, and her transparent purple-veined eyelids opened widely.

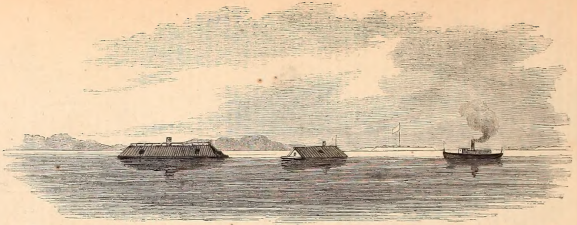
"Little Bell's dear mother is come at last," I said, and the wonderful childish eyes kindled with a strange glow as they gazed up dreamily into mine. "Call your mother, little Bell."

"Mother," breathed the faint voice, and a smile, like a feeble moonbeam upon some little mountain stream, glimmered in her face as she stretched her wistful eyes away from me in earnest expectation —not vainly, for Felicia was bending over with the sacred love and anguish of a mother pleasing through her familiar features. The child was satisfied, and lifting feebly her little fingers, let them flutter for a moment playfully upon the mother's forehead and the golden hair falling over it; but the effort lasted only for a moment. Utterly forgetting look passed over her innocent face, and once again she spoke to Felicia."

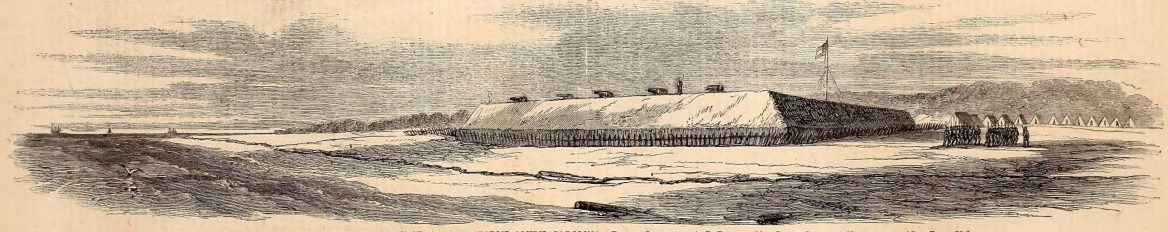
"Good-by, mother," she whispered.



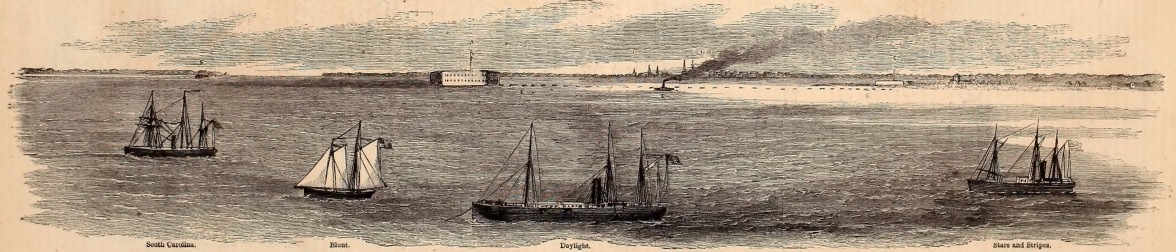
MIDDLE-GROUND BATTERY, Charleston, S. C.—Sketched by A. P. Palmer, 21st South Carolina Volunteers.—[See Page 79.]



THE CHARLESTON IRON-CLAD FLEET.—Sketched by A. P. Palmer, 21st South Carolina Volunteers.—[See Page 79.]



FOLLY'S BATTERY, NEAR THE LIGHT-HOUSE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—From a Sketch by A. P. Palmer, 21st South Carolina Volunteers.—[See Page 79.]



Ripramascus.—A, Fort Sumter.—B, Charleston City.—C, Fort Moultrie.—D, Rebel Tug at work on the Obstructions.—E, E, Obstructions.—F, Fort Johnson.—G, Mount Pleasant Batteries.

OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF NORTH CHANNEL, CHARLESTON HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 79.]

THE LATE REVEREND LYMAN BEECHER.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the REV. LYMAN BEECHER, who died on 10th January in the city of Brooklyn, at the age of eighty-seven; and we condense the following sketch of his life and services from a longer biographical memoir:

Lyman Beecher was born at New Haven, Connecticut, October 12, 1775; graduated at Yale College in 1797; and studied theology under the direction of President Dwight. In December, 1798, he was ordained pastor of a church at East Hampton, Long Island, upon a salary of $300 per annum. In 1810 he removed to the care of the first church, at Litchfield, Connecticut. Here he remained about sixteen years, during which time his remarkable qualities as a preacher and as a zealous and active minister brought him a great reputation and a remarkable influence throughout New England. In 1826 he was installed over the newly-established Hanover Street Church, Boston, and, during his residence there, devoted himself with both zeal and ability to the various work committed to his guidance. His ministry necessarily partook largely of a controversial character. He threw himself into the thickest of the battle, and was sustained by the confidence and fervent admiration of the religious body to which he belonged. The sincerity and spirituality of his preaching was generally acknowledged, and it was attended by decisive results, in a revival of the spirit and increase in the numbers of evangelical Christians. In 1832 the Lane Theological Seminary was established at Cincinnati, and Dr. Beecher was invited to take the direction. He carried the same strength and ardor into his new connections, and electrified a considerable part of the country by the publication, soon after his arrival, of a tract sounding the alarm of Roman Catholic supremacy at the West. He remained in Cincinnati about ten years, having, in addition to the care of the Seminary, the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church. After leaving there he resided for many years in Boston, without fixed employment, but with undiminished intelligence and vigor, even at a very advanced age. During the more active portion of his life few or none of his profession were better known to the people of the United States, and it is probable that the labors of no other have produced a more immediate and apparent effect. His fame as an orator was widely spread.

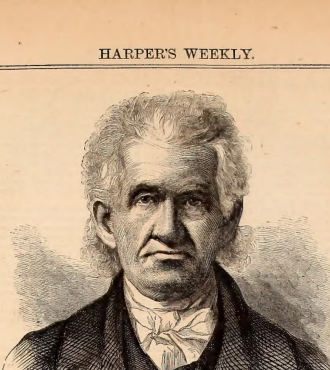
Of Dr. Beecher's thirteen children not a few have attained to eminence as writers and ministers. Mrs Catherine Beecher, Dr. Edward Beecher, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Revs. George, Charles, Thomas, William, and James Beecher are all known in certain spheres of public usefulness, and each in his specialty has done service in his day and generation.

Of his son Henry, Dr. Beecher was peculiarly fond and proud, and during the last ten years of his life beg been more or less with him. About five years since he became a permanent resident of Brooklyn, living within a stone's-throw of his son's house and church. At the latter place he was for some time an honored Nestmark of a former generation, and an object of universal esteem and affection. Latterly, however, during the past three years, his body, originally so erect and sinewy, had rapidly failed.

At the close of the morning sermon on January 11, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher paused a moment, and then, in a voice tremulous with deep emotion, which sent a thrill throughout the vast congregation, he proceeded to say, in substance:

Last night, at five o'clock, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, my venerated father went to his eternal rest. His life was singularly blameless—simple, natural, full of the noblest Christian heroism, faithfulness, and devotion to the cause to which he early consecrated his powers. For about a year and a half his mental condition has been exceedingly feeble and child-like. He has been like a weary child, and packed his trunk in anticipation of a journey, and, expecting every moment to start, could not unpack it. But now the long-expected journey has been made. He has reached the place where, all his mental powers unlocked, not as here on earth, but with every faculty brightened, and every sense glorified, he can employ them as never before in the service of his divine Master. He had long been ready to depart. Almost the last sentient act of his life occurred about two years ago, when, on his recovery from a severe sickness, he called for "that passage." After reading a multitude of passages, for he was unable to designate the particular one he desired, the reader opened, by the good providence of God, to these verses: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only—"

They were proceeding to read further, but my father cried "Stop! that is not for me! *This* is my testimony; write it down so mine." And I think he could use those words so fully and so justly as the man that wrote them. One of the most touching characteristics of his later years was his affectionate remembrance of his early associates in the Christian warfare. His heart clung with peculiar tenderness to the memory of Taylor, Ewarts, Cornelius, and Wisner. He loved them all, but especially Taylor. And in his last years, and in his dying hours, his heart turned not to Boston, the scene of his brightest triumphs; not to Brooklyn, where for so many years he had lived so near our beautiful Greenwood, from where shall rise so many on the Last Day, when the trumpet shall sound which only they who are called shall hear; not even to Litchfield, where lies buried the wife of his youth, for whom he cherished all the tender affection which his loving nature could lavish upon an object; but his last request was, "Lay me by the side of brother Taylor." And there, in the old grave-yard at New Haven, shall repose side by side the bodies of these two Christian soldiers and heroes, until the day when they shall rise glorified and incorruptible, to dwell forever before the face of God in heaven.



THE LATE REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

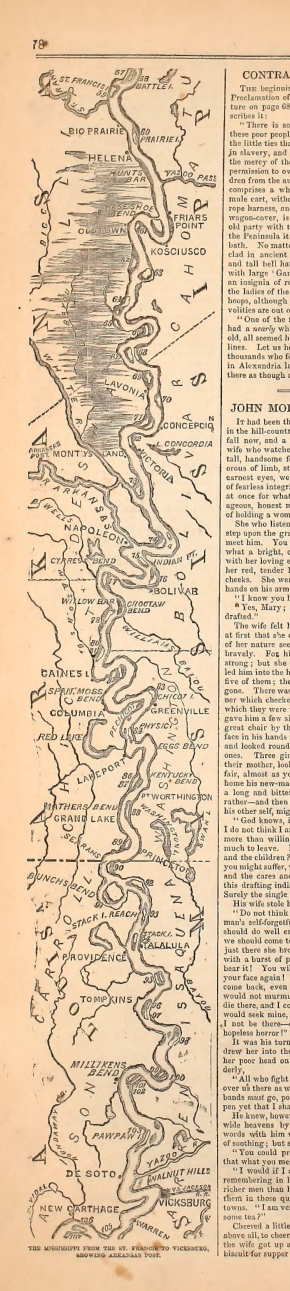
THE ATTACK OF VICKSBURG.

THE picture given below illustrates one of the most daring feats of arms ever attempted in the progress of this war, and not surpassed by any thing in the annals of warfare. When General Morgan L. Smith's division of General Sherman's command undertook to storm the enemy's works on the banks of the bayou in the rear of Vicksburg, the Sixth Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Blood, was detailed for the advance. The enemy's works were very strong, there being a steep bank of thirty feet high to ascend, fortified with heavy works and rifle-pits, with a heavy force drawn up in line of battle behind them. The only approach was by a road across a sand-bar in the bayou, exposed to a double cross-fire from the enemy, and the only way of ascending the bank was by cutting a road. An order was received for two companies to be sent over in advance for the purpose of cutting the road —one with picks and shovels, and the other with muskets to protect the workers from the enemy's sharp-shooters in the rifle-pits over their heads. Company F, Captain Boutell, and Company K, Captain Buck, were the first to volunteer, the peril being so great that Colonel Blood was reluctant to order a detail. Their services were accepted, and the two companies of heroes went across under a most terrific fire, which left more than a tenth of their number stretched upon the sand. On getting across they immediately commenced operations on the bank, and very soon made a large excavation, almost sufficient for the purpose, when the position of the enemy's forces and batteries were found to be such that the further prosecution of the attempt would be certain destruction to all concerned in it, and without accomplishing any thing. In the mean time Lieutenant-Colonel Blood, with the balance of the regiment, had crossed over to their support, but with still greater loss, one-sixth of his force being killed or wounded.

Shortly afterward, the attempt being found impracticable, the regiment was recalled; and under cover of our guns, and favored by approaching darkness and a heavy shower of rain, succeeded in returning without further loss. During the whole time the regiment was crossing, and while it was under the bank, it was exposed to a heavy cross-fire which threatened it with annihilation; but it never faltered or hesitated, but marched steadily on, apparently heedless of the storm of bullets which assailed it. Private M'Gee was shot four times, and thirteen bullets penetrated his clothing. As he lay upon the bar, unable to proceed, the enemy's balls still came whistling around him, and to protect himself he scooped a hole with his hands in the sand and crawled into it. The Sixth Regiment Missouri Volunteers has certainly won a right to a niche in the temple of fame. Notwithstanding the ill success of the attack on Vicksburg, such exploits as this will redeem the history of the affair in the memory of our soldiers.



THE BATTLE AT VICKSBURG—GALLANT CHARGE OF THE SIXTH MISSOURI REGIMENT.



THE MISSISSIPPI FROM THE ST. FRANCIS TO VICKSBURG, SHOWING ARKANSAS POST.

CONTRABANDS COMING IN.

THE beginning of the effect of the President's Proclamation of Freedom is illustrated in our picture on page 66. Its author, Mr. Waud, thus describes it:

"There is something very touching in seeing these poor people coming into camp—giving up all the little ties that cluster about home, such as it is in slavery, and trustfully throwing themselves on the mercy of the Yankees, in the hope of getting permission to own themselves and keep their children from the auction-block. This party evidently comprises a whole family from some farm: the mule cart, without a particle of leather about its rope harness, and with a cover thrown over it for wagon-cover, is unique in its dilapidation. The old party with the umbrella is a type. Down on the Peninsula it is generally an old hat. Sabbath. No matter how fine a day, the old darkeys, clad in ancient dress-suits, white cotton gloves, and tall hats, always make their appearance with large 'Gampish' umbrellas—as I conjecture an insignia of respectability. Somehow or other the ladies of the colored persuasion manage to get hoops, although bonnets and other fashionable frivolities are out of their reach.

"One of the family represented in the picture had a *nearly* white child, a girl; and, young and old, all seemed highly delighted at getting into our lines. Let us hope they fare better than the thousands who found a refuge from the institution in Alexandria last year; the poor creatures died there as though a plague had smitten them."

JOHN MORGAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

IT had been the day for drafting in a little town in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and it was night-fall now, and a man walked slowly home to the wife who watched and waited for him. He was a tall, handsome fellow—thirty-five, perhaps—a vigorous of limb, strong of muscle, with kindly yet earnest eyes, well-cut features, and an expression of fearless integrity. You would have known him at once for what he was—a good, unselfish, courageous, honest man, worthy of winning, capable of holding a woman's love.

She who listened for his coming heard the slow step upon the gravel, and sprang from the door to meet him. You could see, even in that dim light, what a bright, cheery, pretty woman she was; with her loving eyes; her dark, satin-smooth hair; her red, tender lips; and the fresh rose in her cheeks. She went up to her husband and put her hands on his arm lovingly.

"I know you have bad news for me, John!"

"Yes, Mary; I must go. I was the third one drafted."

The wife felt her limbs shake, and she thought at first that s'he could not stand. All the forces of her nature seemed giving way, but she rallied bravely. "Then, my husband, you must be calm and strong; but she could not speak just then. She led him into the house, where their children were—five of them—the eldest only in its July, just gone. There was something in their father's manner which checked the noisy demonstrations with which they were wont to greet his coming, and they gave him a few silent kisses as he sat down in the great chair by the west window. He buried his face in his hands for a while, and then he lifted it and looked round on the little group of his loved ones. Three girls and two boys, and his wife, their mother, looking, in spite of years of care, as fair, almost as young, as the day he brought her home his new-made bride. His chest heaved with a long and bitter sigh—a sort of despair, it was rather—and then he said, as if he feared even she, his other self, might misunderstand him:

"God knows, it is not for my own sake, Mary. I do not think I am afraid to die. I would go with more than willingness, set it so, if I had not so much to leave. If I fall, what will become of you and the children? I can not bear to think of what you might suffer, with no one to stand between you and the cares and sorrows of the world. Mary, this drafting indiscriminately does not seem just. Surely the single man ought to go first."

His wife stole her hand into his very gently.

"Do not think of us," she said, with a true woman's self-forgetfulness. "It is not that. We should do well enough. You need not fear that we should come to want. But oh! John—" And just there she broke down—she had tried and with a burst of passionate tears, "No, I can not bear it! You will die! I shall never, never see your face again! If I could only know that you would come back, even were it maimed and helpless, I would not murmur; but to think that you might die there, and I could not go—that your boys would seek mine, your hands grope for mine, and I not be there—oh! John, I shall go mad with hopeless horror!"

It was his turn to be the comforter now. He drew her into the shelter of his arms; he rested her poor head on his breast; he whispered, tenderly,

"All who fight do not die, Mary. God watches over us; there are still hopes. Some women's hearts bands must go, poor child! Something may happen yet that I shall not have to."

He knew, however, no adverse chance under the wide heavens by which he could escape. The words with him were but the vaguest utterance of soothing; but she caught at them eagerly.

"You could procure a substitute, perhaps—that what you mean?"

"I would if I could," he answered, evasively, remembering in his own mind the difficulty far richer men than he had experienced in procuring them in those quiet, thinly-peopled, agricultural towns. "I am very tired, Mary; can you give me some tea?"

Cheered a little by her new hope, and anxious, above all, to cheer him and make him comfortable, the wife got up and went into the kitchen. The biscuit for supper were already made, and in a few minutes tea was upon the table. John Morgan drank cup after cup of it, with an eager, feverish thirst, but eating with him was a mere feint. When the meal was over the children were put to bed, all but the two eldest girls. They stole out to the open door, and sat down in the September moonlight, their arms round each other—feeling, with a sort of dumb pain, that a shadow which they could not resist had fallen upon the household. Their mother, meantime, had lighted her lamp and taken her work—child's frock which she was finishing—to the little round stand. She would not let this evening seem more unlike other evenings than she could help.

Soon there came a footstep up the gravel-walk; this time a quick, firm tread. The girls in the door made way for the new-comer to enter, and he came in and stood silently for a moment in the centre of the little sitting-room. This was a slender, elegantly-moulded man. You could see at a glance that the flare of his manhood had never yet been tested by any tough struggle with fate. Yet one would not have doubted his untried courage. In shone in his steady blue eyes, and with an unspoken pain; it betrayed itself in the curl of his lip, the curve of his nostril. They say no soldiers ever fought more bravely than the gentry of England—white of hand, lavishers of gold, delicate of feature. Some such blood flowed in the veins of Ash Thornycroft. He was the only son of the rich mill-owner whose fortune John Morgan was. He was no stranger at the little cottage; and even in this sorrowful hour there was no danger of his being unwelcome. He was the first to speak.

"It is hard on you, Morgan, this draft. My father was saying to-night that he did not know how he should continue to spare you. So well as you're doing now, too—already comfort and competence for you and yours, and better things in prospect."

"It's useless talking. I think I was not born under a lucky star. You were. Mr. Thornycroft's son, to begin with; young, rich, without a tie to bind you; and of course he can't draft spare you."

"Without a tie! Do you call that happiness?"

John Morgan's eyes fell beneath that sad, steady gaze of reproach. He remembered then one who had died in March, on whose grave the lonesome spring rains had wept tears which sprang up again in rose and violets—for the gentle girl whom Ash Thornycroft had loved so long and well.

"Forgive me," he said, in a low, penitent tone. The other went on:

"I think you forget yourself a little when you replne at this stroke as if it were the worst thing which could happen to you. Would you give up your wife, or one of your children, even to escape from the perils of this war?"

"Did you think I was a coward?" and the honest soul looked indignantly out of John Morgan's eyes. "It was not for myself I feared, but for those. If I were to fall what would they do? I have struggled to shield them so far as I could from toil, or care, or privation. How are they fitted to tread the world's paths alone?"

"No, I did not take you for a coward. If I had I should not have thought your life worth saving. I think I know pretty well how you feel in your place. It is a place in which I shall never stand. I am going to stand, John. It is my duty, for I have nothing to keep me at home. I am ready to give all that I have to my country. If I fall I shall only go to those whom all my longings tend. What is to hinder my sparing you to your happy fireside? I came to propose myself as your substitute."

"It is not, are you sure it is not, to spare me? Would you go in any case?" John Morgan asked, with a keen glint in his eyes.

"Do not fear that I am going for your sake. I made up my mind as soon as the call came for the volunteers. I am going for this very thing—the chance, if I should not be drafted myself, of saving some man who was to the woman who loved him. I am glad it is you, John, my good old friend, to whom I can render this service."

John Morgan was a man of few words, of feelings which lay so deep that they seldom rose to the surface; but there was something which Ash Thornycroft needed no language to interpret in the look of his eyes, in the grasp of his hand, as he hurried out of the room.

Thornycroft was one of those men with a vein of tenderness in the midst of their strength which always allies them more nearly to women than to men. Left alone with Mrs. Morgan, he said what he would have said to her husband. It was when she thanked him, with earnest words, and sobs and tears of joy yet more eloquent.

"There's no one, Mrs. Morgan, who loved me as well as you love John. You do not need to thank me. All that I ever could do for any other woman I would do for her sake. You have seen her; you know how fair and sweet she was; but I think no one save me knows all her purity, her saint-like goodness. I have had only one hope ever since she died, that I might be fit to go to her. If I die in this good cause, think of me as happy with an unspeakable happiness. I will but be opening the golden gates the sooner. I shall not see you again, so I will bid you good-by now."

Her tears fell upon his hand, her lips touched it. She whispered brokenly her blessing, the blessing of one who owed to him more than her own life; and so, anointed for his work, as it were, by those holy tears and prayers, he went away.

The girls at the door saw his face in the moonlight, and felt the solemn and tender. They ran in to their mother asking their childish questions—

"What must Mr. Thornycroft look so? What was he here for?"

"Father is not going away: Mr. Thornycroft is going in his stead. We shall keep father at home."

And then, woman-like, she fell to hugging them and crying over them; and just then John came back, and took the three all together in his strong arms.

It was one of the supreme moments of life which, whether of joy or grief, intoxicate themselves to our minds and need no description.

Ash Thornycroft walked away with a firm tread. He turned aside when he came to the church, with the old burying-ground in its rear, full of grass-grown mounds. He went in there and knelt beside a grave on whose head-stone the name of Constance Ireton gleamed white and clearly out in the moonlight.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, with his lips pressed to the sod. If the dead could hear, that still heart beneath should have throbbed again to the accents of such love. Many a night had he talked to her there, as now, with a strange sense of nearness—a full belief in the communion of their souls.

"You are not here, I know, and yet I know you hear me. I am going away to-morrow, God's soldier and yours. Give me your blessing, Constance, and pray for me, you who have already seen the Father's face, that I may do my work without faltering, and the end may come soon."

It was but a dream of his own overwrought fancy; but he seemed to see a cloud draw near, from which a face looked—a white, sweet face, sad with waiting, yet glorified with immortal hope. He seemed to hear a voice, which said,

"Go forth, my beloved, and do your work. Soon will the struggle be over, and the reward is long and sure."

For an instant he seemed to see the smile upon her face, the look of faithful love in the immortal eyes. Then, when he stretched out his arms toward it, the cloud seemed to melt into the white moonlight; not even an echo of the voice thrilled the September air—he was alone with the night.

He went away next day to join his regiment, one which had already seen hard service. There was in him the mettle of a true soldier. His day might be short—he would be busy while it lasted. Besides, I think he liked his grim work. He was known to be found among the volunteers for any desperate service. In many a fierce charge he led the van, with his bright fair hair glittering golden-ly in the sunlight, and a blue glint in his eyes. He was never wounded. Nothing happened to dismble him from his duty. He had refused well-earned promotion, and more, when a true comrade who marched always at his side had asked him the reason why, he answered,

"Because I shall be here so little while."

"I thought you volunteered for three years. I had heard that you came in place of a nine-months' man, but that you chose to enlist for the longer time and join an old regiment."

There was no answer to the inquiring tone which made a question of this remark, and Steven Chase, who understood his comrade too well to press the point, was as much puzzled as ever.

He comprehended it all later the night before Fredericksburg. They sat together on a stone a little way from their tent. For a while both had been thinking silently of what the dawning was to bring.

"It will be a tough fight," Chase said, at length. "I wish you could say so, Ash Thornycroft answered. "It is a terrible responsibility to assume, that of leading men to such certain destruction; and yet, if we are not with the advance, I shall be hardly a man but would be willing to sell his life for that. It is the only regret I have in going in, that I shall never know which side conquers."

"Nonsense, man, don't get blue after seeing as much blood split as you have, and coming out of so many hard battles! Cheer up!"

"It was not my time hitherto. It is now. I have had my call. But I'm not blue, never fear. I shall go into that fight more joyfully than ever dred chief went home. I have only one wish. If you pull through alive take care of my body. I want to be buried at home, beside a grave that was made last March, in the Westville church-yard. You must send to my father—David Thornycroft, Westville, Connecticut. Here it is written down for you. Papers that I left at home explaining my wishes will be sufficient for the rest."

His manner carried conviction with it, conviction at least of his own faith in his forewarning, but Steven Chase tried to shake it off.

"I never made a presentiment to come true in my life," he said, sturdily. "You will talk over the matter with me twenty times more than now."

Thornycroft only smiled, as he said,

"Do you promise what I asked, Steven? Will you send my body to my father if it is within your power to protect it?"

"Yes; for your satisfaction I promise. I shall not bid you good-night though."

They were toiling up the hill, that fatal afternoon of the next day, side by side, when suddenly Thornycroft paused, and with kindling eyes to his comrade. He stretched out his hand with a smile which the other will never forget if he lives till his hair is white.

"Good-by, Steven!"

The next instant he fell heavily. A rebel shot had given him his release.

With exertions which would seem half incredible if I should relate them, Steven Chase succeeded in bringing off the field. He was not dead, and a hope still lurked in his true comrade's heart that he might yet live to tell at home the story of his life and death. Even when the wounded found him—the thin ranks out of which so many brave feet had marched forever. Just at dawning he looked up, and met his friend's eyes. He faltered, feebly,

"A defeat, Steven! I lived to know—victims, not conquerors." Then his face brightened with a strange radiance, and he whispered, so softly that his friend could scarcely catch the words—whispered as to some invisible auditor—

"Yes, my darling, yes!"

The next instant the faint heart-beat under Steven Chase's hand was still.

They have buried him, since then, beside the grave where he knelt in the moonlight the night before he went away. Only a foot of earth between the two who loved each other so dearly. Is there so much? Surely our dreams of the future are not all in vain. Surely somewhere, in the heaven which is "anchored off this world," where sickness and sorrow never come, and there are neither wars nor rumors of wars, somewhere in that still Land of Peace they are tasting the cup of joy which we denied them.

John Morgan, and John Morgan's wife and children, will speak the name of Ash Thorycroft all their lives with such reverent tenderness as befits the memory of one who is enshrined in their hearts as saint and as deliverer. We know not yet for how long, and to and from whom Felix will hire laid down their lives—God grant that we may know hereafter—that the seed sown in tears we may reap with exceeding great joy.

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.

WE publish on page 69 a view of MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE, now occupied by General Rosecrans, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. R. Berrel. The *Times* correspondent says of the place:

Murfreesboro is a town which once contained some ten thousand inhabitants, it situated upon a level plain, but two miles are visible—the Bigelow Female Institute and the Soule Female College—and an academy for males, six churches, a court-house, &c.

In the centre of the town is a public square, containing a very handsome court-house. Around this square are the principal business-houses of the place. The streets are wide, and contain many handsome residences. At present the place is entirely deserted by its former residents. It was always strictly rebel in sentiment, and the few citizens who were indeed with Union sentiments have been refugees from home since the retreat of Bragg last year. During my stay not a store was open save those taken for the use of Commissary and Quarter-master's stores. No citizens were upon the streets, nor a woman or child visible—every thing is about the town in military.

The other picture on the same page illustrates a curious spectacle which met the eyes of our army as they advanced to Murfreesboro. This was a forest of abatis—trees which had been cut down by the rebels to keep their lines warm, and had been left standing when they decamped. Mr. Beard counted these chimneys by hundreds. They gave a funereal aspect to the place.

THE LOSS OF GALVESTON.

WE publish on pages 72 and 73 two illustrations of the FIGHT at GALVESTON, TEXAS, on 1st January, from sketches by our special artist in the Gulf. One of these represents the

GUN-BOATS ENGAGED.

The *Herald* correspondent thus described this scene:

When morning dawned signals were sent up from the flag-ship, which were responded to by all the gun-boats except the *Harriet Lane*, and now it was that the Confederates first discovered that she had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The flag also revealed the position of the enemy's fleet, and the preparations for an attack from the shore with artillery and infantry.

It was now determined by the Commodore to retake the *Harriet Lane*, and he ordered the *Owasco* to head to and open fire. This gun-boat has an armament of one 11-inch and two 9-inch guns, and she opened with her heaviest.

No sooner had she sent one of her shells than the rebels crowded our prisoners on board of them wherever and everywhere—upon the deck of the *Harriet Lane*. They then raised a flag of truce, and paraded and trotted the officers over the *Harriet Lane*, and her only surviving officer, on board the flag-ship, was dispatched to Commodore Renshaw to the effect that if another shot was fired upon the *Harriet Lane* every man on board would be shot before the enemy overboard. In consequence of this message Commodore Renshaw ordered the firing to cease, and made no further attempt to recapture the vessel.

The loss of the enemy's fleet was at this time as follows: The two vessels which had accomplished the capture of the *Harriet Lane* were still lying near her, severely warming with shot-shrouds. Two more lay further off towards the bay, while the fifth laid further inland at a considerable distance. This fifth vessel was reported to be the flag-ship, and had received the most severe punishment, as below on board the previous caress of General Magruder, whom she had carried off, were the captains of the rebel fleet, who had been carried from Yorktown to Galveston. But it is probable that they are still lying near by, as they were warming with shot-shrouds. Two more lay further off towards the bay, while the fifth laid further inland at a considerable distance. This fifth vessel was reported to be the flag-ship, and had received the most severe punishment, as below on board the previous caress of General Magruder, whom she had carried off, were the captains of the rebel fleet, who had been carried from Yorktown to Galveston. But it is probable that they are still lying near by, as they were warming with shot-shrouds.

During the morning the enemy opened fire upon our vessels with a rifle gun, and the city, of course, was very now in full possession. Their sharp-shooters, breaking upon the house along the levee, took possession, and fired from the windows, while the batteries which had been placed in position opened. They were promptly met by our gun-boats, and the mutual exchanges of courtesies continued for about an hour, without much effect on either side.

The rebels had placed two guns upon a point of land inside of mid near the entrance to the harbor. The gun-boat *Corwin* was ordered to shell these guns, and performed her work very handsomely. She fired first from her bow gun, then from her stern gun, and then from her broadside, and fired from her gun off, then rounded again and delivered a broadside. This she did twice, when the enemy's guns were effectually silenced.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION—DEATH OF COMMODORE RENSHAW.

The flag-ship *Westfield* was aground, and a little before noon took in the forenoon the Commodore determined to board her, and the expedition resolved in the steam launch, which cost the Commodore his life. He covered the deck, and was standing on the after part of the vessel ready to mount her burning and had her set on fire. He then left the vessel in charge of Lieutenant Commanding, and Engineer William R. Green and two sailors, to proceed to another vessel. But the launches had been left lying, and seriously had the Commodore and his comrades waited themselves to the shore when a terrible explosion occurred. The magazine, which was stored with ammunition, shells, &c., had exploded, and the flagship and the Commodore's boat were scattered through the air in ten thousand fragments. Not one of the unfortunate men on board the vessel at the time or in the boat escaped instantaneous death. It is certain that it was never perfected by the rebels before, but the number is estimated at ten to twenty officers and soldiers. Some say that the Commodore remained on board, and the vessel sit unharmed; but what remained was scattered.

Immediate the rebels were making formidable preparations on shore to prevent the escape of the vessels. They were seen to drag artillery with heavy mule teams to the point commanding the bar, and were busily engaged in planting their batteries and training their guns to prevent the exit of our ship. The transport *Mary Boardman*, which is rigged privately like a gun-boat, was lying near the flag-ship at the time of the explosion, and the officers of the Commodore was known only on board this vessel. It was supposed on board the other vessels that the Commodore had gone on board this ship. They therefore signaled her, asking "What shall we do?" Major Burt, a volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Hamilton, told the captain of the vessel that they had no signals with which to reply, but that there was one signal which they could make which he thought would be heeded. He proposed to run at once, and the captain, agreeing to this, immediately started. This was taken as a signal of retreat, and the *Boardman* was followed by all the other vessels in our possession. The passage over the bar was exceedingly dangerous, and the vessels were now grounding hopelessly several times; but they all escaped before the enemy had formed line sufficiently to be able to open fire upon them.

The transports, which had gone to carry supplies to the Banks's expedition, safely got to sea and returned to this city, the gun-boats remaining behind.

The other picture represents

THE FIRE AT MOBILE,

where the gallant Colonel Burrill with the Massachusetts Forty-second was overpowered by the enemy. A prisoner describing the affair to the *Times* correspondent spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of the Forty-second Massachusetts. He says they were completely shut in at one end of the wharf, where there was no possibility of escape or manœuvring, and that they fought with the most desperate bravery, and were outnumbered at least ten to one. Several times they fairly drove back the rebel torrent that was rushing down upon them, and the enemy were at last compelled to take to clubs and the bayonet. How many of our gallant fellows were killed he does not say, but he knows that the wounded were taken prisoners to Havana, and that the rebels had twenty-five killed in the struggle.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE illustrations on page 76 will give the reader some idea of the position of affairs at Charleston, South Carolina, and of fortifications and places of which some of the names are familiar to us in the course of a day or two. How our illustrations were obtained is a mystery which we do not at present propose to gratify rebel curiosity by revealing. Suffice it to say that, while the rebels have been very active in strengthening their works, our gallant officers have not been idle, and the Union navy still rides proudly find, when the tug of battle comes, that we know more of the nature and position of their defenses than they imagine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

An opportunity that seldom occurs is now afforded those desiring a *really handsome and serviceable time-piece* at a low price. We are closing out a large importation of the

Improved Sweep-Second Duplex.

In *sterling Silver Cases, with English crown work, and superior adjusted movement, with "stop," to be used by* engineers, artificers, &c., in marking time. Price, with guarantee, $25. For officers, engineers, and others, requiring a really handsome, elegant, and convenient watch, reliable find, when the tug of battle comes, that we know more of the nature and position of their defenses than they imagine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

An opportunity that seldom occurs is now afforded those desiring a *really handsome and serviceable time-piece* at a low price. We are closing out a large importation of the

Improved Sweep-Second Duplex.

In *sterling Silver Cases, with English crown work, and superior adjusted movement, with "stop," to be used by* engineers, artificers, &c., in marking time. Price, with guarantee, $25. For officers, engineers, and others, requiring a really handsome, elegant, and convenient watch, this fills a desideratum long felt. Will be sent by Express with $20 for Collection. Express charges to be paid on receipt of Order. Address

HOWARD EXPRESS COMPANY,
No. 59 Broadway, N. Y.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED,
AN IMPORTANT MILITARY WORK.
ELEMENTS OF MILITARY ART AND HISTORY.
Embracing the Modern Practice of War, Grand Operative Arms, the Combination of the Arms, and the minor operations of War. By Lieut.-Col. Edward de la Barre Duparcq, Captain of Engineers, and Professor of the Military Art in the Imperial School of Staff, Paris. Translated by Gen. George W. Cullum, U.S.A., Chief of the Staff of Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, U.S.A. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, with illustrations. Price $4. D. VAN NOSTRAND,
Publisher, No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.



Weight 9½ pounds; price $6 00. Sold by Dealers in Military Goods throughout the country. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, New York.
Send for Circulars. MILLIGAN BROS.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHIOS? If so, procure them to grow lavishly in six weeks (upon the smoothest and tenderest skin) by using the Argo. Price $1 sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. GRAHAM & CO., No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and others who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 cent. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confidently acknowledged by thousands who have used Alcock's Porous Plasters, that of all remedies are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists, and by dealers everywhere. Price 25 cents each; or sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents. Send for a circular. BETTAM & CO., 429 Broadway.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Reliable information furnished, rules of claims adjusted upon the best principles, and accounts cashed. A pamphlet of Laws and Instructions sent gratis by enclosing a one-cent stamp to
SOMES & BROWN, 3 Park Place, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

"THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES."
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE-BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC., ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to cost, and not to be sold for more than one dollar, whether you send for one or more.

Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Fine Sleeve and Bosom Studs.



Sleeve and Bosom Studs made of the finest Pearl, brought to a high polish, of all colors, and engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monograms to order. Free by mail on receipt of price. Sets, $1 50. Trade supplied.
JOHN F. PHELPS, 423 Broadway, N. Y.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hinkle's Fishing, and many other *Great Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 8,000 sold. 24th Edition only **20c.** 3 for $1. Mailed Free. Address
HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS
AND ARMS. Sayford's Patent. 516 Broadway, N. Y., Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Send for a Circular.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY possesses to the very last at this terrible disease, and invariably relieves Nasal Catarrh in 10 to 20 minutes. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Army Musical Boxes!
A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR ORNAMENT!
A Cheerful Companion for the Soldier!
Newly-arranged, and performing all the popular Airs of the day. Can not get out of order.
Size No. 1, per half dozen, assorted. . . . $30.
Size No. 2, per half dozen, assorted. . . . 42.
Size No. 3, per half dozen, assorted. . . . 54.
Samples, comprising 2 of each kind, assorted. 42.

To Sutlers and other Dealers:
When a dozen or more are ordered, a discount of 10 per cent. will be made. NOT SOLD TO QUANTITIES OF LESS THAN SIX. Will be sent by Express, with bill for collection. Express charges to be paid on receipt. Cannot re-mit one quarter of the bill as a guarantee that the goods will be paid for on the receipt of the Musical Box. Express Agent, sending a certificate of the same. These rules will not be departed from under any circumstances. Order explicitly.
SAMUEL F. SCHAFFER & CO.,
Corner Maiden Lane and Broadway, New York.

INVENTORS SHOULD PROCURE A Copy of "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT." Send a 3 cent stamp to FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.
NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 varieties, with Portraits of Jeff. Davis, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Sent free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
Box 4,000, Chambers Street Post Office, New York.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and other new articles. Sample circulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

WEDDING CARDS
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Established, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
Established 1840. Copy the number, 302 Broadway, two stamps.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Beaufort, and all Places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by Rail, via PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

LONDON LANCET for JANUARY is now ready. Contains the first eminent surgeon's lecture on the Health and Surgery of the American Armies. Publishing Office, H. DUPUY, 129 Nassau Street.
JAS. HERALD, Proprietor.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 70 acre tracts of from $15 to $30 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Handbooks are sent free. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Send 6 cents for Pamphlet containing Map and all necessary information.

To the Nervous.
Dr. Adam Laurie's Life Pills,
The great Nervous Remedy, are for sale at the Sole Agency, No. 4 Union Square, New York.
Price One Dollar per box, with full directions.
All letters with enclosures must be addressed as above.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire many Agents at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and render them soft, smooth, and snowy white; are impervious to water either hot or cold, and are an excellent protection in all kinds of house-work. For sale by the trade generally. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 6 cents for postage.
Ladies' size 8½ or 9, pair; Gents' size, $1 00.
GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE MFG CO.,
205 Broadway, N. Y.
Every description of Rubber Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

Meerschaum.

POLLAK & SON, manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes and Fine Bronze Steel, near Bowery, New York, have always on hand a well-assorted stock of Meerschaum Pipes, Tubes, &c., at the lowest prices. They import the raw meerschaum from Smyrna, and manufacture to order. Pipes and out of town orders solicited, and they will be served to the best. Repairing neatly done.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For February, 1863.

CONTENTS:

A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND. SECOND PAPER. Illustrations.—The Capital of Iceland.—Church at Reykjavik.—Governor's Residence.—Iceland Women.—Islanders at Work.—Geir Zoega.—Icelandic Heroes.—English Party.—Among the Lava Stuff.—Icelandic Dog.—Geir Zoega and Brass.—Entrance to the Almannagja.—The Althing.—Interior of Church.—Old Islanders.—Outline View of Thingvalla.—Fall of the Almannagja.—Outline View of Thingvalla.—Church at Thingvalla.—The Pastor's House.—The Pastor of Thingvalla.—Thingvalla, the Lagberg, and Almannagja.—Skeleton View of the Lagberg.—Diagram of the Lagberg.

DOCTOR HAWLEY. PART I.

Illustrations.—The Doctor and his Daughter.—Uncle and Nephew.—Husband and Wife.—In full Costume.

ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."
CHAPTER XXVII. The Sunday Walk.
CHAPTER XXVIII. The Painted Record.
CHAPTER XXIX. A Moment of Physical Anguish.
CHAPTER XXX. The Avenger's Secret.
CHAPTER XXXI. Felix Is Sent to Bed.
CHAPTER XXXII. A Revelation.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Walking.—Coming Home.—The Painted Record.

PHILIP AUVERNE'S SACRIFICE.
A TILT AT THE WOMAN'S QUESTION.
THOMAS HALLOPP'S REVELATIONS.
GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.
JUMPING JACK'S DAUGHTER.
THE HARDY METHOD.
UP TO THE HILLS.
THE SMALL HOURS AT ALLINGTON.
CHAPTER XIII. A Visit to Gosstwick.
CHAPTER XIV. The Lesson Taken a Walk.
CHAPTER XV. The last Day.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Soldiers.—"Why, it's young Eames!"

THE GUN-BOAT ESSEX.
THE POLICEMAN'S CHRISTMAS TRAMP.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
ILLUSTRATION.—On the Pond.
THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY. [*Illustrated.*
FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Lady and Child's Street Dress.—Negligée Robe.

TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for one Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each. With a Club of 11 Copies for $30, HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, for $30.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, or 6 Copies for $15.

☞ The Publishers employ no Travelling Agents. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly* will remit the money to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and all wholesome responsibility they are secured.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have just Published

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," &c. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $1 00.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, Author of "British Expedition," &c. 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $1 00.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHAS. LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harold Fitzgerald," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "One of Them," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, $1 50.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Large Type. Uniform with "The Student's Hume," "The Student's Gibbon," "Student's Lingard," "Student's Hallam," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from Celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By ERNEST SARAZIN, Captain U. S. A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. RICHARDS. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D. 12mo, Portrait, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune, Cloth, $1 00.

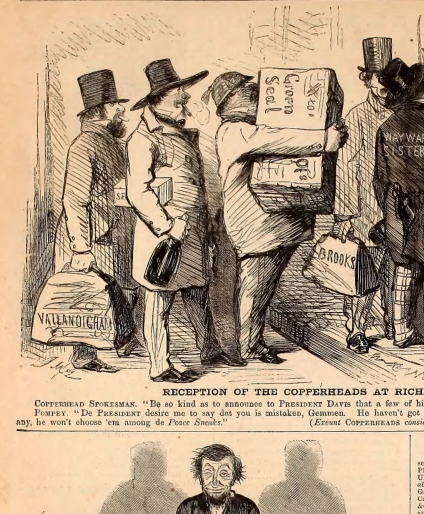
LINES LEFT OUT. By the Author of "Line upon Line," "Streaks of Light," "More about Jesus," "Rending Asunder Tears." With 25 Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth gilt, 75 cents.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from Army Regulations, and Forms and Army Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Major-Gen. Vols., U.S.A. 16mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By DINAH MARIA MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Agatha's Husband," "A Life for a Life," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ORLEY FARM. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "North America," "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," "The Three Clerks," &c., &c. Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 00.

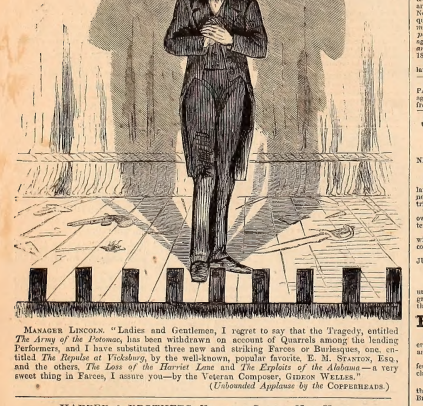
☞ Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.



RECEPTION OF THE COPPERHEADS AT RICHMOND.

COPPERHEAD SPOKESMAN. "Be so kind as to announce to PRESIDENT DAVIS that a few of his Northern Friends wish to see him."

POMPEY. "De PRESIDENT desire me to say dat you is mistaken, Gemmen. He haven't got no friends at de Norf; and when he wants any, he won't choose 'em among de *Peace Smoke!*" (*Extract* COPPERHEADS *considerably shocked.*)—(*Vide* DAVIS'S *Message.*)



MANAGER LINCOLN. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to say that the Tragedy, entitled *The Army of the Potomac*, has been withdrawn on account of Quarrels among the leading Performers, and I have substituted three new and striking Farces or Burlesques, one, entitled *The Repulse at Vicksburg*, by the well-known, popular favorite, E. M. STANTON, ESQ., and the others, *The Loss of the Harriet Lane* and *The Exploits of the Alabama*—a very sweet thing in Farces, I assure you—by the Veteran Composer, GIDEON WELLES."
(*Unbounded Applause by the* COPPERHEADS.)

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have just Published:

NO NAME.

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "QUEEN OF HEARTS," "ANTONINA," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK, Wrought, Cast, and Wire. **259**
IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES, GUARDS, and *IRON FURNITURE* of every description. Illustrated Catalogue mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM,
259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Lithography,
Engraving, and Printing, by LONG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Plate to Stone made equal to *copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility.—New and reliable remedy. Valuable Report sent free of charge, by Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents. Soldiers

In camp or discharged, can make easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing *All* New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, (*Ancestors of Heroes*, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your *friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches* at low prices. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

SOMETHING NEW FOR LADIES TO DO. WILL PAY SPLENDIDLY. Call on or address, enclosing Postage Stamp, Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, office hours from 1 to 5 P.M.

John Taylor & Sons,
Albany Brewers,
Have Removed to their
NEW WAREHOUSES, No. 334 GREENWICH STREET,
NOS. 33 and 35 JAY STREET,
AND 321 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK.
Their brewing establishment at Albany is one of the largest in the country, in which are introduced all the new improvements in machinery in this and other countries.
Their Malting Houses, where they manufacture their own Malt, are all conducted under the personal superintendence of themselves.
They therefore feel confident in challenging comparison with any other brands of ale produced in this or any other country.
They guarantee their article to be made from the PURE JUICE of the

Barley Corn,

unadulterated by any WEST INDIA MALT, or other ingredients used to produce CHEAP Ale or Beer—which this country is flooded with.

For over Forty Years,

During which time this House has been in successful operation, it has been the chief aim of the Firm to produce an article of Ale equal to any Brewed in the World.
Their whole means and time have been expended in perfecting such improvement as would overcome the extreme changes of climate we are subjected to in this country.
THEY BEG LEAVE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC, that they feel the fullest confidence in recommending their Brands of

ALBANY IMPERIAL CREAM XX ALES.

As equal in quality, purity, and excellence to any produced for Nachers, Southern, or the West India markets, to be had in New York, Albany, &c.
BREWERY No. 123 BROADWAY, COR. ARCH, ALBANY.
Depots 334 GREENWICH, cor. of JAY, NEW YORK.
" 117 COMMERCIAL, cor. of RICHMOND, BOSTON

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $21. $24 and $30 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 38 cents.
S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 2373, Boston.

PHYSIOGNOMY, or Signs of Character, PHYSIOLOGY, and the Bodily Functions; PHRENOLOGY, or the Brain and Nervous System; PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul; ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man, with Instructions, in the Choice of Formula, Personal Improvement, etc., are some of the topics elucidated in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for 1863. No. 1 now ready. Only 21 a year. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE,
MAGNIFYING **500** TIMES, FOR **25c.**, COIN PREFERRED. Five of different powers, $1. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 2373, Boston, Mass.

Buy your Skate Straps with the

Fogg's Lever Buckle,
Manufactured by F. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK, }
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale prices of our GREAT STATIONERY PURPOSES PACKAGE. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

GOLD PENS.
Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 cents in P. O. Stamps.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Wicker Street, N. Y., were awarded a *first prize* medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.
The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway underscored by the *Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.*"

$5.—A BEAUTIFUL Engraved GOLD PLATED Watch, *English Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address for $5. Fine Watches and Jewelry at low prices. CHAS. H. NORTON & CO., 49 Ann St., N. Y.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Highest Premium.
International Exhibition, London, 1862.
See the recent Improvements.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.

Confederate Money.
$20,000!—TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS in *fac-simile* Bank Notes of different denominations sent, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of $5, by B. C. UPHAM, 403 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



Made of cast iron, in three sections. Packs with 6 ft. of pipe in the space of the lower section, 6x 10 inches. Will warm any tent in the service. Price, boxed complete, $5.
J. W. EVANS,
21 John St.,
New York.

The American Parlor or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.



Observe, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark.
Also, 10,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from refined steel and iron hoiloware; Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description: Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Holmes, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates,
FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

Lyon's Kathairon.
This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is again put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill, and attention, which first created its immense and unprecedented sale of over one million bottles annually! It is still sold at 25 cents in large bottles. Two million bottles can easily be sold in a year when it is again known that the Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of scurf and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich luxuriant growth, and prevents it from turning gray. These are considerations worth knowing. The Kathairon has been tested for over twelve years, and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, cheap and valuable. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.
D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York.

Send for Trade-List, revised Jan. 25, 1863.
PEERS & BANCHER,
WHOLESALE NEWS AGENTS, SUCCESSORS to J. F. PEERS & CO., 34 ANN STREET, *New York*. All orders for Books, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Articles promptly filled.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Print Package. 200 per cent. profit. Send 25 Cents free to Agents. $10 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

CONFEDERATE (REBEL) MONEY.
Fac-Simile Confederate Treasury Notes.
So nearly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally well. $500 in Confederate Notes sent, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of $5, by W. E. HILTON, 11 Spruce Street, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

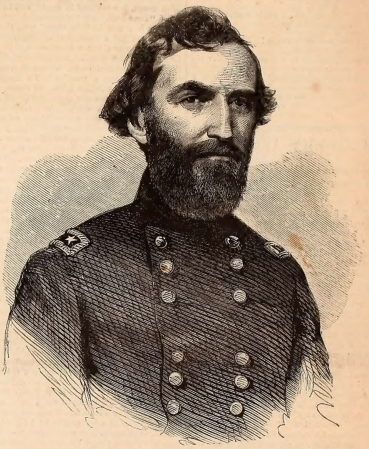
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 319.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

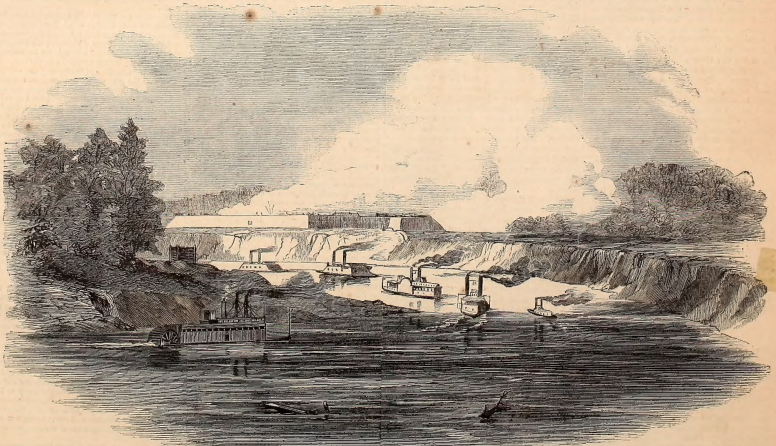
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, COMMANDING MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



BOMBARDMENT OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS, JANUARY 11, 1863.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

LINES TU JEFF DAVIS.

"Our trials have been converted into *blessings*."—JEFF DAVIS'S *Message*.

So you kaount your trials blessins? Why that's jest what we hev told you!
Every lickin gi'n a rebbel is a blessin in disguise.
Ye air not up as a sort ov mark for the wurld to behold yu,
And ponder the reward ov thoze who scorf et good advice.

When yu toss your starry banner from the flagstaff and the steeple,
And raised a pesky rebbel rag tu be a guide unto it,
Did yu think yu'd meet no warfare from the hands ov honest people?
Had yu put on the cloth ov yu, in short, unless yu change yure tune!

Yis, yure trials *air* a blessin! Yu was rite in that, Jeff Davis,
But 't strikes me as annaouncin it yu've bin amazin slow.—
See Freedom's soljers shout hurrar whereso a traitor grave is,
And yu'll find the North agreed with yu a long, long while ago!

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

WALL STREET.

THAT famous mystic spot, Wall Street, is going through one of those fevers which render it so terribly enchanting to persons of a speculative turn of mind. Stocks have risen enormously within a month, and fortunes have been made and lost as if by enchantment. Gold has advanced twenty per cent. in a few weeks or days, and the famous, long-bearded *sojers-vladers* in the commodity have swelled their leetle monials accordingly. Tis a period which occurs but once in a century—perhaps but once in a couple of centuries.

Alison tells us that when the Bank of England suspended specie payments at the close of the last century a speculation received a tremendous impetus. The business of the London Stock Exchange quadrupled in extent, and rendered it necessary for the members to secure additional accommodation. Fortunes were made by magic, and lands and stocks changed hands as universally as if the kingdom had passed through a revolution. The Norman swooping down on the fair fields of Kent and Devonshire, grasping whatever suited them best, and driving the Anglo-Saxon boors out to work or starve, did not cause more extensive mutations in the ownership of property. Creditors were cheated, debtors were relieved. Bankrupt corporations once more raised their head, and saw their stock at a premium. The battle raged fiercely, and, to superficial observers, with doubtful results; but in the end victory rested with the debtor class, and creditors went to the wall.

History does but repeat itself. What England experienced in 1797–1815 we are now going to attempt. There is this difference in our case. The Bank of England, under suspension, did not materially increase its paper issues. Our Bank—which is the United States Government—has already issued as much greenbacks there was afloat in the whole country in 1860, and is going to issue an indefinite number of hundreds of millions more.

We are witnessing the commencement of the new era. Gold has risen to 155. Stocks have risen 100 @ 200 per cent. The broker class has doubled in numbers. Instead of one board we have two, and each transacts far more business than was ever done in old times on the legitimate stock exchange. Speculators in stocks have increased in the ratio of the square of the brokers. If the latter have doubled, the former have quadrupled. In this era of newspapers, railroads, and electricity, intelligence is transmitted rapidly throughout the country: our stock exchange represents not this city alone but the whole country.

One of the largest operators of the day lives in Wisconsin, and operates by telegraph. We deem him to be a quiet, thoughtful man, who never reads any thing in the papers except the facts, and religiously declines to notice editorial comments and opinions. He is one of the few men of the present day who do their own thinking. He does not live in a city, and probably hears few opinions on current events. Hence his views are based on pure theory, and though the accomplishment of his predictions may be delayed, it arrives, sooner or later, with the unerring certainty of fate. He began business (in stocks) with a cargo of corn as his capital, he has already realized over a quarter of a million dollars. For, you see, he has this advantage over city operators—that he is not swayed by the temporary and deceptive currents of Wall Street, arrives at his conclusions on abiding principles of political economy, and steadily adheres to them until they are realized.

Very different has been the course of our smart friend Whiskerandos. His misfortune has been that he knew too much. He had private advices from Mr. Seward that the "coming rebellion" would collapse in a few weeks, and operated accordingly. He was confidentially told by General Halleck that a million bales of cotton would be liberated by New Year, 1863, and sold gold short at 133 in enormous amounts. He was, from private friendship, allowed to know that old Jeremiah—the leading director of the great Painted Post Railway—was going to sell his stock, and he hastened to improve the information by putting out short contracts in Painted Post stock. What is the consequence? Whiskerandos is a bankrupt. He placed his trust in Seward, in Halleck, in our pious old friend Jeremiah, and the consequence is that all the money he made by the large, and which led to his being so generally envied in Wall Street, has vanished in smoke, and he is left a "lame duck." *O! si non novit!*

There is a man in the street who, three months ago, had a horse, and horse, nothing more. Calumny alleges that the horse was spavined. One fellow limb that he was broken-winded likewise. Spavined or no, broken or sound winded, he proved a treasure to his master, who, desiring to purchase a hundred shares of Erie, put up the horse as margin, and deposited him at his broker's stable. The adventure proved profitable; was succeeded by others, equally successful. Margin after margin of means, ventures increased; and so, at last, the owner of the spavined horse found himself, for the first time in his life, in possession of $20,000. You see, he had no private sources of information, and no sympathies.

Nothing is more fatal in Wall Street than sympathies. Jones had a brother a Brigadier-General in the Army of the Potomac, and he consequently confident of victory because he wanted victory; operated on the confidence, and was so thoroughly used up after August, 1862, after the battles of the seven days—which were not such so brilliant things in victories as he expected—that he was glad to enter the office of Smith as book-keeper, at a salary of one half his former stamp. His father, his brothers, and his cousins were in the rebel army. He had a sister who was a rebel in New York, an aunt who was a rebel at Philadelphia, and a cousin who was a rebel at Baltimore. The uncle communicated, by rebel post, with a relative at Richmond—sent him letters, they were forwarded to Jonesville, and received intelligence in return—Smith paying the bills. This intelligence was quickly transmitted to the female rebel relative at Philadelphia, and by her to the rebel male rebel relative at New York, and so Smith had a monopoly, the possession whereof tempted him so to operate that in a few months he smashed to pieces. His sympathies and his private exclusive information always led him to expect that Stonewall Jackson would be in New York, or at least in Washington, by the 4th of March ensuing following; and, operating accordingly, he met his fate.

One remarkable fact about the late—or, perhaps, we should say the present—fever in Wall Street, is that the old experienced kings of that region have not profited by it. The patriarchs in Wall Street experience about the same fate in the deluge—have always seen a rise followed by a fall. When the December rise occurred, they said to each other confidentially—wagging their wise old heads—there will be a fall in January, and acted accordingly. January has passed, and prices are considerably higher than in December. They have not gone home any wiser and poorer; they had never set up any money-area before; and the fools—or, perhaps, we should say the new men who appreciated and realized the situation—have become mushroom millionaires.

How will this end? Echo answers—how? To make money by buying stocks and selling them at an advance corresponding to the depreciation of the currency is really not to make any money at all. Prices must eventually adjust themselves to the gold standard, and that "purchasing power" of $100 of paper-money with gold at par will ultimately prove the same as the purchasing power of $100 in gold at 150. The boy who thought he had made a sharp bargain by exchanging one $5 note for five $1 notes—his stock of paper having been quintupled—was not sillier than the Wall Street operators who fancy they are making money when they sell at 90 a stock they bought at 85, gold having, meantime, advanced ten per cent.

We must remember that the recent financial scheme of Congress will affect Wall Street. That measure was designed to check speculation in gold and stocks, and was calculated to produce that end by creating a temporary stringency in the money market. If it succeeds, not a few of the nouveaux *riches* will realize the poverty about riches having wings. If the ingenuity of Congress can evade the inexorable law of political economy which declares that issues of irredeemable paper must cause that paper to depreciate steadily, and prices to advance in a corresponding ratio, a triumph of no mean import will have been won.

THE LOUNGER.

RUSSELL'S DIARY.

THE Diary of Mr. Russell, "our own" correspondent of the London *Times*, which is just republished by the Harpers, is not a reprint of his letters written in this country, but literally his diary, his daily comments upon men, scenes, and affairs, as he moved rapidly through the country. His shrewd and observing eye, trained by many various experience, and a packydermatous organization, which is insensible to a special newspaper correspondent, because it enables him to hear and to repeat many things which a more sensitive nature could not, have given us a book full of value to the historian of the war. His Irish blood keeps him in the best humor possible under the circumstances. He sees fun himself, and although he is a product of the civilization of Ireland, he clearly despises the civilization of America; and although having seen the humanity and justice and national right of the British Government in India and the Crimea, he is profoundly convinced of the absurdity of the American Government's effort to maintain its supremacy over its own domain, yet his book is sure, although not so intended, to reveal the real character of the rebellion, and to so attract the sympathy of all friends of civilization and human liberty to the cause of the United States.

Mr. Russell was prepossessed in his first impressions of the country, and he never recovered from their influence. Upon his arrival in New York he fell into the hands of the persons who breakfasted him and dined him, who had wealth and a certain social position; some of whom were foreign born and others American "old families." In seeing these persons he had a right to suppose that he saw a fair representation of the general sentiment of substantial and respectable Americans in regard to the situation of their country. Had he come to London when the integrity of the British empire was threatened by a rebellion in Wales, which put forth no other manifest than that the right of hereditary freeboating was in danger of suppression by law, and he proceeded to society and civilization, and had been invited to breakfast and dine with the magnates of Lombard Street and Cheapside, he would naturally have been astounded to hear that the country was gone to the deuce—that Lombardy and Cheapside had not their money and their advocated their influence to the support of their party friends, who openly threatened to destroy the government if they lost the election. But it was not carried, and these friends began their war. In had not, when Mr. Russell arrived, yet come to actual battle. The heads of the Southern leaders and of their Northern friends was, as Mr. Hunter, Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Mason privately stated in Washington and publicly suggested by their organ in New York—that the revolution would be peaceably accomplished; that the Government could not possibly raise a force to subdue it, and that a new government would be constructed from the ruins which should secure a perpetual immunity for slavery. Even the New England colonies, and with her as a single State with two Senators. It was of the last importance that Europe should suppose that the Government was not united; that the revolution was already in fact, if not yet in form, accomplished. To that end rebel emissaries had already gained the British mind with fabulous; and the official representatives of the Government virtually renounced it, and proplesied the inevitable dissolution of the existing Union. To a point made was that the nature of the Federal bond, as it was called, did not allow the forcible coercion of a State. That theory and falsehood of the position were perceived by few Americans resident abroad, however patriotic; and the political arguments were left to the country, despite the able efforts of Mr. Motley in England and a few others. But that there might be found whatever remaining in foreign public opinion, it was essential that Mr. Russell, who was to speak to Europe through the London *Times*, should report that revolution was already virtually successful, and had the assent of the better population of the free States. To that end the conspiracy in which he hoped in this way to avoid two results—the appeal to force, in which case, as Mr. Barlow's letter to the Southern leaders plainly said, they knew, plainly shows, they were not so confident of the consent of the North to national ruin; and, secondly, the fact that such a policy would forever upset the real character of the Federal bond which they had so carefully misrepresented. These persons, therefore, took pains to impress Mr. Russell upon his arrival: reiterated the senseless doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's Message, that the Government had no right to save itself; and, says Mr. Russell, "although they admitted the Southern leaders had meditated 'the treason against the Union' years ago, they could not bring themselves to allow their old opponents, the Republicans, now in power, to dispose of the armed force of the Union against their brother Democrats in the Southern States."

These persons secured their point. Mr. Russell knows that the Union was virtually dissolved. Europe sneered "Told you so!" and arrayed herself more confidently and contemptuously than ever against this country. It is a result which the cunningest, even, in great part, to those who successfully labored to prove to a foreigner that their country had neither a decent perception of honor, nor manliness, nor common sense, nor knowledge of the nature of its own government. But certainly it is not surprising that those who worked with the Southern leaders, after their plans had succeeded during the canvass, should have both hoped and believed in the utter pusillanimity of their fellow-citizens. Nor is it wonderful that the same persons, whose idea of nationality was the support of an oligarchy, which then used them as tools, should now, under the plea of conservatism, counsel submission to that oligarchy in rebellion, which now spurns them as cowards.

The opening chapters of this book are thus full of humiliation and shame for every honorable and earnest American. Mr. Russell was compelled to accept the character and position of the person whose hands he fell as those of the Northern people. That there was a true-hearted, clear-headed, patriotic people in this country which would accept the war, endure all its necessary reverses in the beginning, lavish its blood and money, and wage the war until the aristocracy was crushed and the Constitution maintained and perpetuated in its original spirit—how could the bewildered Irishman suspect in the soft drawing-rooms where pretty ladies lisped disdain of the bowwild vulgar, wall-spitter, or in the profane drinking-saloons upon the very brink of a fearful civil war which must involve their lives and their fortunes, bankers and lawyers, "all men of position in New York society had the same dilettante tone, and were as little anxious for the future, or excited by the present, as a party of *savans* watching the movements of a magnetic storm." Taking them as the representatives of the American people, the correspondent of the *Times* justly inferred that the destruction of the Government was already accomplished, and that the great Republic was an ignominious and ferried failure.

From New York he moved southward to Washington, and pressed on to New Orleans. His description of the general condition of society in the States unhappily cursed by slavery agrees with that of every intelligent observer. He saw too many patriots and martyrs to regard the slave risings; he heard too many curfews to warn the slaves home; he heard too much of the "highest and most cultivated race in the world" to know the truth. His account of the extreme luxury of the life of the great planters, and the utter squalor, misery, and barbarism of the rest of the population, is not new, but it will help open the eyes of thoughtful Europeans to the necessary state of a society which rests upon the glorious "corner-stone" of slavery. The London *Athenæum*, in alluding to this part of the book, remarks: "Deep drinking, swearing, incessant duelling, and swaggering accusing ancient pedigrees, are the ordinary characteristics of the whole South." The growing disdain of England to romance about an the descendants of the old English cavaliers. * * * Of New Orleans," continues the *Athenæum*, which, by-the-way, seems to think us from the beginning, "Mr. Russell speaks in terms which lead us to believe that its present state is not unlike the iron-bound coast which must be an improvement on its former condition. * * * Well may Mr. Russell exclaim, 'Shame and horror to a Christian land!' Such is the special correspondent's picture of the South—such his description of the Southerners whom Mr. Spence, after manifold pains, was painting as refined and chivalric gentlemen, anxious to till their ancestral acres in pastoral simplicity and be at peace with all the world."

Of course the reader will understand that Mr. Russell cordially dislikes us all, North and South. He believes that the Union is hopelessly severed, and that the free States will be greatly the gainers by the dissolution. But it is for his observations of life, the social and political system, that his book is valuable. It is also very instructive. It reveals the true character of men and parties. It helps us to see who is and who is not national in this country; who had been and are Conservative. It shows the oligarchy at the South publically claiming the right to assist fighting for a foreign prince; and it exposes their allies at the North—with the affectations, but without the character of an aristocracy—also professing a fellow-democracy, and spurning the Irish "mob of the city," upon whose votes they rely for political power. The book shows very clearly, but quite unconsciously, that the war is truly a struggle of right against privilege—of free labor against slave labor—of men against men—of Liberty and the people against Slavery and an oligarchy.

THE NECESSITY OF SUCCESS.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I have been pondering your last week's article upon 'Reaction.' I observe that you merely state facts, you do not express an opinion. Let me ask you, whether you doubt the issue? Do you think the reaction will prevail?"

Certainly not. For the war is controlled by dominant and pulsating chief of which is the character of the Saxon race. If that is modified by the large Celtic element, it is again reinforced by the German which, like the Saxon, is Teutonic. The tradition of that race is personal Liberty. It will have free tongues, free pens, and free hands, and it has submitted nothing else for ages. Thus in England, when Charles I., in 1638, began the invasion of those rights, the civil war began, and it lasted for sixty years, until, in 1688, the Bill of Rights settled the question and gave peace to England. Meanwhile there were the noblest and most stupid reactions; but the course of civilization could not be withstood, and every thing was uncertain until the guarantees of these rights were secured.

Now in our own war it is clear that, if the rebels will yield to reunion at all, it will be only upon condition of the amplest security for the slave sys-

tem. It is equally clear that that system requires for its maintenance absolute silence. A free press, free discussion of the right and wrong, of the principle or the policy of slavery, is totally inconsistent with its existence. Free speech is to slavery what a spark is to gunpowder. Consequently the mouth, and, if possible, the mind must be muzzled in a society where the system prevails. The ready lynching, the mobbing, the hanging, and outlawing of anti-slavery men in the Southern States, is a logical necessity of the condition. The Southern Press, too, is a pretty palace over a vault of powder, and whoever scratches a match is a deadly enemy. If, then, we are to retain, it can only be upon condition that the discussion of this question shall be absolutely forbidden. But it is a question of personal Liberty—and its discussion, or the right of free speech, is the very fundamental right which is the security of peace in a political community of the Saxon race. You might as well hope to prevent the sun from rising as to deny the utmost freedom to the tongue of the free people of the free States of this Union. Nobody knows it better than Davis. He is perfectly honest in scorning Vallandigham's obsequious offers; for he is an older man and a wiser man than Vallandigham; and he is perfectly aware that, even if the attempt should be made to force a gag into the mouth of the people, the consequences would be annihilating to his cause.

Therefore faith in the national success is rooted inevitably in human nature. Human nature, however force or extent, are only ripples upon the surface of affairs. A necessity beyond its control urges the people of the Union to overcome at this month, indeed, not this year, necessarily, but none the less surely. Whatever means are essential to that end the people will surely accept. It is already as such fatigue of the stress of war, such mortification at apparent incompetency, such apprehension of enormous expense and possible permanency, should that for a time the basest demagogues, under a cry of peace and conciliation and conservatism, may influence and even lead some to certain acceptance. But it will constantly more plainly appear that what is called Conservatism by the most unprincipled men, is but a mask for a party purpose. The events as stated the meeting of the Pennsylvania and New York Legislatures will be understood by thousands who, from various reasons, were deluded into voting with men whose only hope of personal advantage lies in the common ruin. Those who voted for "Conservative" candidates did not mean to vote for anarchy; and they will learn that, as peace is first necessity of a truly conservative interest, whoever in war wishes for a speedy peace must use all warlike means to secure it or be destroyed.

A SIDE-LIGHT.

EVERY year there is published in Paris a work called "Annuaire des Deux Mondes," or a universal history of events for the past year. In the issue for the year 1861 the attentive reader will find an allusion to the visit of H. R. H. the French Minister, to Richmond. M. Mercier, it will be remembered, is not a friend of the United States Government, but is a particular friend of the chief rebels:

"The French Minister, M. Mercier, in a rapid visit to Richmond, had not concealed from Mr. Jefferson Davis that the evacuation of the town would inflict a most fatal blow on the cause of the South in the opinion of Europe, which would look upon such a measure as an avowal of impotence. The Confederate Government understood the necessity of saving its capital at any price; and while it gave up the defense of the coast, and called in all the troops which could be brought by rail to Richmond, and even part of Beauregard's forces, the Confederate army, stopping its retreat, began to dispute the ground foot by foot with M'Clellan."

Should this extraordinary statement—which is unfortunately the most probable—prove not to be true, it is not a pleasing revelation. It is not Louis Napoleon's fault that his Minister at Washington was a keen appreciator of things. He will certainly be the fault of our Government if a confidential adviser of the rebels is tolerated in an official position at the capital.

THE REBEL DISPATCHES.

THE intercepted correspondence of the rebel leaders with their commissioners in Europe, lately published, is very amusing, and shows a curious jumble.

First, that Louis Napoleon may have some design upon Mexico. But the French policy in regard to this continent is still merely subject of speculation.

Second, that the French policy in regard to this continent is directly opposed to that of the United States.

Third, the correspondence shows conclusively that the blockade is as effective as any blockade ever instituted. It takes the dispatches of the rebel agents seven or nine months to come to and from the rebel Secretary of State unlively mentions to one of his ministers that his No. 2 has arrived, and that his Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6 are in transitu. The postal arrangements of the new nation do not seem to be quite perfect.

Third, the correspondence reveals the fact that Earl Russell is cold to the "Honorable" Mr. Mason of Virginia—that is to the Senate of the United States pocketing the money of a Government against whose existence he was plotting. The Earl may be cold, indeed, that this "Honorable" Mr. Mason thought of withdrawing: but the confederates urge him to remain, and to continue to be useful in the hope of helping to lay the corner-stone of the new nation.

Fourth, the correspondence discloses the interesting fact that when the Confederate emissary left Madrid, he put his books and papers in charge of the agent of the Rothschilds, showing the position which the great bankers compel their agents in every country to hold in regard to the rebellion, and of course, indicating the kind of value which is to be placed upon any support given to treason by any such agents, whose birth, training, sympathies, and interests are entirely foreign.

Fifth, the correspondence informs us that Mr. James Spence, who has written a book in favor of the rebellion, which was for a long time the handbook of English information of American affairs, and who perpetually urges upon the British Government the recognition of the Confederacy, is a paid agent of the rebels.

Sixth, it shows that great efforts are making for the construction of a rebel fleet in English "neutral" ports.

There is also much highly-colored rhetoric from Mr. Benjamin about the success of the rebellion, and the sure overthrow of the Government, which is of equal value with the editorials in the rebel newspapers, all of which are supervised by trusty censors; and there is an extremely unpromising system of contraband correspondence by which Mr. Mennunger—a kind of painfully vague and operose promise to pay, as a basis for pecuniary loans. It is the latest effort to extract money from our customers.

Such a correspondence will not fail to make due impression upon the common-sense of the world. Read in the light of the acknowledged object of the rebellion, it can hardly give much comfort to the European friends of American slavery who are published with the addition of Mr. Davis's speech in the Southern Congress, in which he calls Mr. Lincoln a baboon, it would be a striking memorial of the veracity and dignity of the "gentlemanly" Government of the Confederacy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

Leaves that are lasts becoming to a warrior's brows—leaves of absence.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it!

A great game in a small compass—cricket on the hearth.

EXQUISITE. "Ah, doctaw, does the cholewa aviaw the highaw ands?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician. "Why, sometimes," was the reply, "but it's generally death on foot, and you'd better leave the city immediately." "Do 'alkaw' dogs!

What would be the difference between "Uncle Ned" and Louis Napoleon, in the event of a French revolution?—the first had no hair on the top of his crown, the place where the hair is usually found; the latter has a crown of hair on the top of his hair, the place where the crown ought to be.

"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the reply. "Then stand there, my friend, while I throw you're rifle five mat with in this murtherin' country."

It is a pleasant old custom in Holland for young men, having erected a bridge with a single arch, to send out from them in the shape of a kiss. Why are the girls not the same?

The order of the poor never enter into the sars of the covetous man; or, if they do, he has always one ear deafer to them than the other, in order to take them in.

What is the difference between a pretty impudent man and an easy bed?—One is *lazed* up, the other *soft* ones.

Debts are troublesome, but, as a general rule, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

HOW TO MAKE AN AFFLE TART.—Soak it in vinegar.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If a god view is to be had from the top of a mountain? If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job?

A pill of milk often drinks as much water as a cow.

RIGHT HONESTY.—Patrick O'Brien was one day strolling with a friend through a grave-yard, when his eye was attracted by a splendid white marble tomb-stone of peculiarly elegant and costly workmanship. "Hi ran that!

"Bought it, sir, as you see, at a sacrifice dear!
I ran as fast, but sleeping here."

"Well," said O'Brien, "if I was dead, I would be honest enough to own it."

SIR THOMAS FITZGERALD was famous for forgiving, and had at most periods of parliamentary existence in the United Kingdom, which he called "Ancient Erin." He and his wife were always on the best terms. The latter was also boasted frequently of their bravery, and that no other troops were so fierce in the battle as the Irish. "I wonder," said one of his friends; "thanks to your fogging, they were unbeaten under their backs."

WITTY REPROOF.—A story is told of the revenge taken by a Nantucket ship-master upon the United States Consul who was very ready to be found in his office, although upon the wharves he was rarely to be seen. A vessel of the skipper's captain, after trying to find the consul several times unsuccessfully, entered the office and found him at his official's sign, so that it read, "*You* to one he is not in."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, January 21, in the Senate, the credentials of Hon. Lyman Trumbull, elected Senator for a full term upon the death of the late John R. Thomson, were presented. Mr. Wall was qualified and took his seat. The credentials of Charles Sumner, re-elected from Massachusetts for six years from the fourth of March next, were also presented. The bill reorganizing the Court of Claims was taken up, and a long discussion ensued upon the question of the delay in the payment of the soldiers. Finally the provision for two additional Judges of the Court was struck out, some other amendments were agreed to, and the bill was then passed. The Senate then took up the bill to provide over, that Constellate Vanderbilt, Commodore Van Brunt, and Charles H. Haswell, with the rank of Commodore in the Banks expedition, are guilty of negligence in the discharge of their duties, and that the sentence of suspension entered by F. J. Boutwell was an express violation of the agreements made by him and Secretary Welles, and refused to the Government. The Senate then adjourned. In the House, Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Ways and Means, offering Clement Vandever, of Iowa, not entitled to his seat, owing to his having accepted a commission subsequently reconsidered, and, after a long discussion, the subject was laid aside till the 3d of March next. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the West Point Academy appropriation bill. The remainder of the session was devoted to general debate on national topics.

On Thursday, 22d, in the Senate, the credentials of Hon. David Turpie, elected Senator from Indiana, were presented. Mr. Hollman from the Committee of Claims to Commodore Renshaw and Commander Wainwright reported, with a recommendation that the thanks of Congress for seven years unless sooner discharged. It also proposed the creation of a corps of examining surgeons to consist of three to select from. Without taking action on the subject the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On 20th January Major-General Burnside turned over the command of the Army of the Potomac to Major-General Joe Hooker, who came to the head-quarters of the camp for that purpose. As soon as the change became known throughout the army's considerable number of the regular officers called on General Burnside and took their parting leave of him with many regrets.

It is understood that Major-General Sumner and Major-General Franklin have also been relieved of their commands—the first at his own request, and the second at that of the Potomac; but the names of their successors have not yet been divulged.

BURNSIDE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The following is the address of General Burnside to the army:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP WHITE OAK CHURCH, January 25, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 9.

By direction of the President of the United States, the Commanding Officer of the Army of the Potomac is relieved from that command. Major-General Joseph Hooker,

The short time that he has held these two movements has not been fruitful of victory nor any considerable advancement of our lines, but has again developed the old material of courage, patience, and endurance that, under many favorable circumstances, would have accomplished the most results.

Continue to exercise these virtues, be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have sworn to support, and you will receive and obtain victory. I have long been identified with your organization, and who it has been my pride to command, I shall need neither support nor co-operation, and you will deserve success.

Your General, in taking an affectionate leave of the army, from which he separates with so much regret, may have something of his last command to say to you. He entered associations of the Ninth corps. His prayers are that God may be with you and grant you success in the great result the rebellion is crushed. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

LEWIS RICHMOND, Acting Adjutant-General.

HOOKER'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

The following is the address of General Hooker to the army:

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 1.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., January 26, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, the undersigned assumes command of the Army of the Potomac.

He enters upon the discharge of the duties imposed by the trust with a just appreciation of their responsibility.

Since the formation of this army he has been identified with its history. He has fully participated in its reverses and its reverses, with no other desire than that these relations might be reversed, and success might be permitted to be accomplished.

In the event of your achievements there is much to be proud of, and with the blessing of God we will constitute something for the future of which the nation is worthy of success.

To secure them each your commander will require the cheerful and zealous co-operation of every officer and soldier in this army.

In equipment, intelligence, and valor the enemy is our inferior. Let us show ourselves his superior in the endeavor we can find him.

The undersigned only gives expression to the feelings of this army when he conveys to our late commander, Major-General Burnside, the most cordial good wishes for his future.

My staff will be announced as soon as organized.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General, commanding the Army of the Potomac.

ROBE VICTORIES IN ARKANSAS.

The Union expedition on the White River has met with additional success. Colonel Clayton, of Powell Clayton's regiment, on the 20th inst. he had taken the three rebel boats, one loaded with cotton. The St. Louis Re says: "The light draughts are over three hundred miles above the mouth of the White River. The rebels, under General Commander Walker, captured at David's Bluffers block ade, and destroyed a considerable amount of valuable field stiffer, and three platform cars, and at Des Are we captured thirty-nine prisoners and a quantity of arms and ammunition."

REBEL PRISONERS CAPTURED.

Among the prisoners taken at Arkansas Post were one general, ten colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, ten majors, one hundred and eighty captains, two hundred lieutenants, and a lot of adjutants, quartermasters, surgeons, and chaplains. Jeff Davis will probably have a hard time in exchanging, instead of putting in force the threats contained in his proclamation.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

In the Assembly the long, angry, and tempestuous struggle for the Speakership was at last ended, and the session could commence, brought to a termination. On assembling a majority of the Democratic members nominated Mr. Fenton Speaker and a Clerk together, by nine votes; but after the Republicans had refused to proceed to organize and after the House proceeded to ballot for a Speaker, when Mr. Fenton, the nominee of the Republicans, received fifty-three votes, and Mr. Trimmer, Democrat, 50. Mr. Callicot was therefore declared by the Democratic majority the presiding Assembly. This was the ninety-third balloting in a session of three months and a half, and the first three weeks. Mr. Callicot was conducted to the chair, and made an address, thanking the members for the honor conferred.

POLITICAL COMPLICATIONS.

A rebel steamer, supposed to be the *Alabama*, the *Oreto* and the *Florida* of Earl Russell—which three it is hardly to be possible States gun-boat soliloquy in conversation with the United States gun-boat *Hatteras*, which attempted to run the blockade off Galveston, Texas, on the 11th—*Brooklyn* and *Sciota*, upon hearing the firing, went to the *Hatteras*'s assistance, and the rebel ran on shore in a heavy sea, and the *Hatteras* was sunk in nine fathoms of water. The rebel commander found himself to be the British war steamer *Jaguar*, and while being boarded by the *Hatteras* proved a tremendous fire into her, which the fatal results above recorded.

THE CAPTURE OF "ORETO."

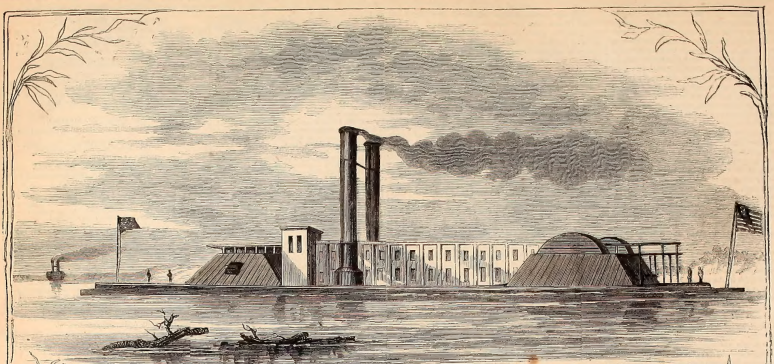
We learn of the escape of the rebel steamer *Oreto* from Mobile, notwithstanding the vigilance of the blockaders. She is supposed to have received a large number of a thousand bales of cotton on board, and having encountered and sunk a Boston brig, named Unknown, on the way.

FOREIGN NEWS.

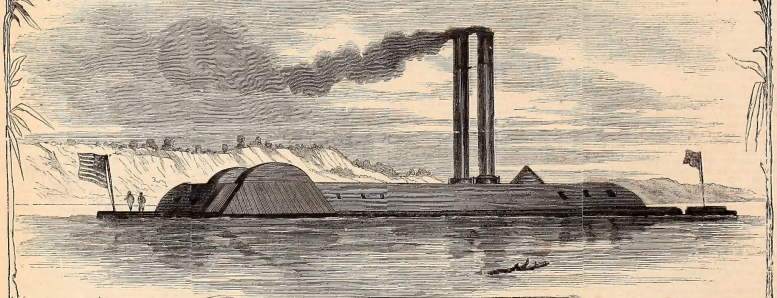
FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

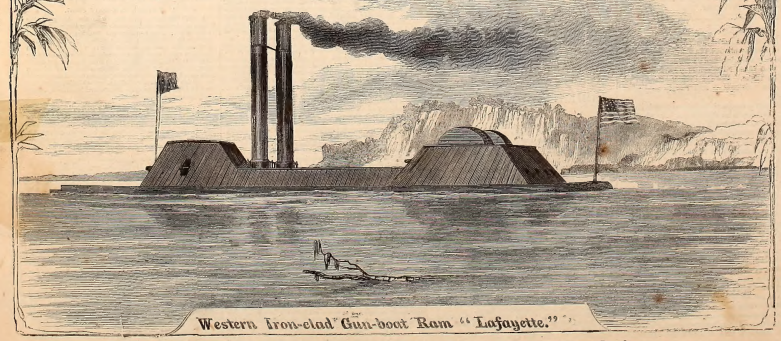
In the course of his speech to the Legislature the Emperor said that the foreign questions, the settlement of which estimates have been considerably diminished. The finding which had been anticipated, and the improvement in the conversion of the rentes a great step has been taken in the direction of reducing the public debt. The state of the direct revenues show a continual increase, from the simple fact that the taxes increase in proportion as the consumption of the empire would be flourishing if the war in America did not cause a crisis in the cotton trade and several of our industry. The forced stagnation of labor has caused in many districts an excess of destitution which deserves all our solicitude, and a grant will be asked from you for the support of those who with exemption submit to the effect of a misfortune which it is not in our power to put a stop to. Nevertheless, I have made the greatest to send beyond the Atlantic serious inquiry if by a sincere sympathy; but I have not succeeded in obtaining any thought to which I can as yet to act in concert with me; I have been old got to the end of the difficulties which have arisen from the blockade, the object of which was to stop the efforts of blood, and the consequences of which affect the future of which can not be looked upon with indifference."



Western Gun-boat Ram "Indianola."

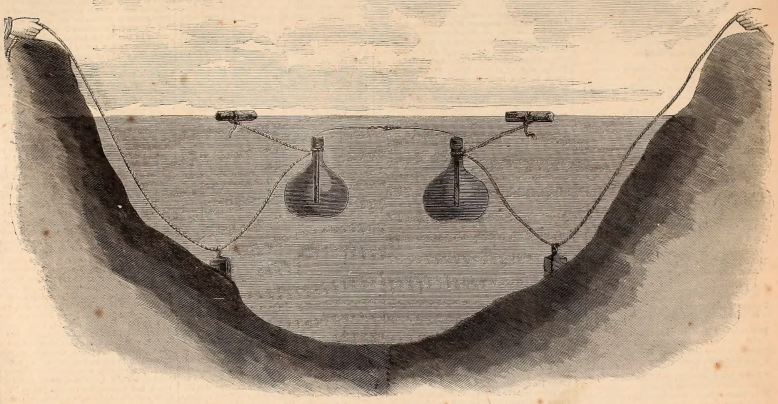


Western Iron-clad Gun-boat Ram "Choctaw."



Western Iron-clad Gun-boat Ram "Lafayette."

OUR NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.—[FROM SKETCHES BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.]



TORPEDO IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 95.]

THE NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.

We publish on page 84 portraits of three of the NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS, which will shortly be heard from. They will form part of Commodore Porter's flotilla. The following descriptions will explain the pictures:

"INDIANOLA."

The *Indianola*, Lieutenant Commander George Brown, is a vessel of the following dimensions: Length, 170 feet; beam, 60 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet; and will draw when ready for action about six feet of water. She is propelled by four independent engines, two attached to the wheels and two to the propellers. She has four high-pressure boilers, and, with this great steaming power, it is expected that she will run against the current about thirteen miles per hour. She is covered with two-inch rolled plates. She has one stationary turret with sloping sides. She carries two 11-inch Dahlgren guns in the turret, and several 24-pounder guns in broadside. She has also a powerful ram; and with her great power she will no doubt prove a very destructive boat among the rebel craft.

"CHOCTAW."

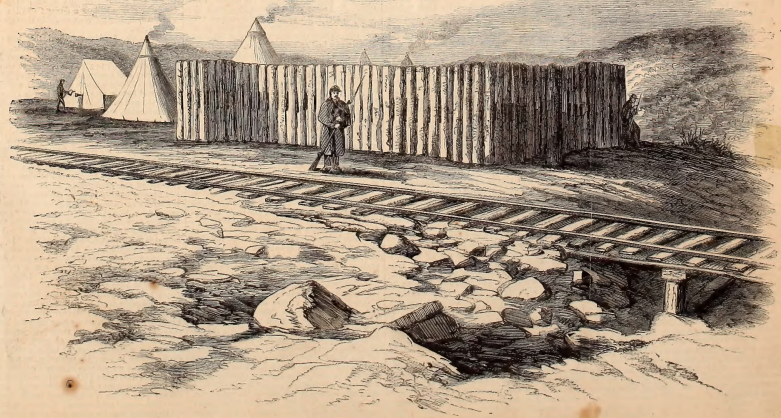
The *Choctaw* is another vessel of the ram class, with a turret on the bow, and a few broadside guns at the stern of the vessel. She is more extensively mailed than the *Indianola*, but in other respects she is not far from being identical with her.

"LAFAYETTE" OR "FORT HENRY."

The *Fort Henry* is a ram vessel without a turret, having instead a heavy casemate forward, in which are six 11-inch guns. She has great power and speed. She was built from plans furnished by Commodore W. D. Porter, United States Navy, and was known as the *Fort Henry*.

STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

On this page we reproduce a sketch sent us by our special artist in Tennessee, Mr. Frank Beard, representing one of the numerous STOCKADES erected on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for the protection of the track. Every bridge of consequence is guarded by one of these stockades, and most of the stations likewise. Garrisoned by a few disciplined troops, these stockades can resist the attack of a very large force indeed. What a picture of grim war these stockades conjure up!



STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY MR. FRANK BEARD.]

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

It was just before the last fierce charge,
  When two soldiers drew their rein,
For a parting word and a touch of hands-
  They might never meet again.

One had blue eyes and clustering curls—
  Nineteen but a month ago—
Down on his chin, red on his cheek:
  He was only a boy, you know.

The other was dark, and stern, and proud;
  If his faith in the world was dim,
He only trusted the more in those
  Who were all the world to him.

They had ridden together in many a raid,
  They had marched for many a mile,
And ever till now they had met the foe
  With a calm and hopeful smile.

But now they looked in each other's eyes
  With an awful ghastly gloom,
And the tall dark man was the first to speak:
  "Charlie, my hour has come.

"We shall ride together up the hill,
  And you will ride back alone;
Promise a little trouble to take
  For me when I am gone.

"You will find a face upon my breast—
  I shall wear it into the fight—
With soft blue eyes, and sunny curls,
  And a smile like morning light.

"Like morning light was her love to me;
  It gladdened a lonely life,
And little I cared for the frowns of fate
  When she promised to be my wife.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone,
  And send back the fair, fond face;
Tell her tenderly how I died,
  And where is my resting-place.

"Tell her my soul will wait for hers,
  In the border-land between
The earth and heaven, until she comes:
  It will not be long, I ween."

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy—
  His voice was low with pain:
"I will do your bidding, comrade mine,
  If I ride back again.

"But if you come back, and I am dead,
  You must do as much for me:
My mother at home must hear the news—
  Oh, write to her tenderly.

"One after another those she loved
  She has buried, husband and son;
I was the last. When my country called,
  She kissed me and sent me on.

"She has prayed at home, like a waiting saint,
  With her fond face white with woe:
Her heart will be broken when I am gone:
  I shall see her soon, I know."

Just then the order came to charge—
  For an instant hand touched hand,
Eye answered eye; then on they rushed,
  That brave, devoted band.

Straight they went toward the crest of the hill,
  And the rebels with shot and shell
Plowed rifts of death through their toiling ranks,
  And jeered them as they fell.

They turned with a horrible dying yell
  From the heights they could not gain,
And the few whom death and doom had spared
  Went slowly back again.

But among the dead whom they left behind
  Was the boy with his curling hair,
And the stern dark man who marched by his side
  Lay dead beside him there.

There is no one to write to the blue-eyed girl
  The words that her lover said;
And the mother who waits for her boy at home
  Will but hear that he is dead,

And never can know the last fond thought
  That sought to soften her pain,
Until she crosses the River of Death,
  And stands by his side again.

L. C. M.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

A few days afterward Ellinor's father bethought himself that some further communication ought to take place between himself and his daughter's lover on the subject of the approval of the family of the latter to the young man's engagement, and he accordingly wrote a very gentlemanly letter, saying that of course he trusted that Ralph had informed his own father of his engagement; that Mr. Corbet was well known to Mr. Wilkins by reputation, holding the position he did in Shropshire, but that as Mr. Wilkins did not pretend to be in the same station of life, Mr. Corbet might possibly never even have heard of his name, although in his own county it was well known as having been for generations that of the principal conveyancer and land-agent of ——shire; that his wife had been a member of the old knightly family of Holsters, and that he himself was descended from a younger branch of the South Wales De Wintons or Wilkins; that Ellinor, as his only child, would naturally inherit all his property, but that in the mean time, of course, some settlement upon her would be made, the nature of which might be decided nearer the time of the marriage.

It was a very good straightforward letter, and well fitted for the purpose to which Mr. Wilkins knew it would be applied—of being forwarded to Mr. Ralph Corbet's father. One would have thought that it was not an engagement so disproportioned in equality of station as to cause any great opposition on that score; but, unluckily, Captain Corbet, the heir and eldest son, had just formed a similar engagement with Lady Maria Brabant, the daughter of one of the proudest earls in ——shire, one who had always resented Mr. Wilkins's appearance on the field as an insult to the county, and ignored his presence at every dinner-table where they met. Lady Maria was staying at the Corbets at the very time when Ralph's letter, inclosing Mr. Wilkins's, reached the paternal halls, and she merely repeated her father's opinions when Mrs. Corbet and her daughters naturally questioned her as to who these Wilkinses were; they remembered the name in Ralph's letters formerly; the father was some friend of Mr. Ness's, the clergyman with whom Ralph had read; they believed Ralph used to dine with these Wilkinses sometimes along with Mr. Ness.

Lady Maria was a good-natured girl, and meant no harm in repeating her father's words, touched up, it is true, by some of the dislike she herself felt to the intimate alliance proposed, which would make her sister-in-law to the daughter of an "upstart attorney," "not received in the county," "always trying to push his way into the set above him," "claiming connection with the De Wintons of —— Castle, who, as she well knew, only laughed when he was spoken of, and said they were more rich in relations than they were aware of"—"not people papa would ever like her to know, whatever might be the family connection."

These little speeches told in a way the girl who uttered them did not intend they should. Mrs. Corbet and her daughters set themselves violently against this foolish entanglement of Ralph's; they would not call it an engagement. They argued, and they urged, and they pleaded, till the squire, anxious for peace at any price, and always more under the sway of the people who were with him, however unreasonable they might be, rather than of the absent, even though the latter had the wisdom of Solomon or the prudence and sagacity of his son Ralph, wrote an angry letter, saying that, as Ralph was of age, of course he had a right to please himself, therefore all his father could say was that the engagement was not at all what either he or Ralph's mother had expected or hoped; that it was a degradation to the family just going to ally themselves with a peer of James the First's creation; that, of course, Ralph must do what he liked, but that if he married this girl he must never expect to have her received by the Corbets of Corbet Hall as a daughter. The squire was rather satisfied with his production, and took it to show it to his wife; but she did not think it was strong enough, and added a little postscript:

"Dear Ralph,—Though, as second son, you are entitled to Bromley at my death, yet I can do much to make the estate worthless. Hitherto regard for you has prevented my taking steps as to sale of timber, etc., which would materially increase your sister's portions; this just measure I shall infallibly take if I find you persevere in keeping to this silly engagement. Your father's disapproval is always a sufficient reason to allege."

Ralph was annoyed at the receipt of these letters, though he only smiled as he locked them up in his desk.

"Dear old father! how he blusters! As to my mother, she is reasonable when I talk to her. Once give her a definite idea of what Ellinor's fortune will be, and let her, if she chooses, cut down her timber—a threat she has held over me ever since I knew what a rocking-horse was, and which I have known to be illegal these ten years past—and she'll come round. I know better than they do how Reginald has run up post-obits, and as for that vulgar high-born Lady Maria they are all so full of, why she is a Flanders mare to my Ellinor, and has not a silver penny to cross herself with, besides! I bide my time, you dear good people!"

He did not think it necessary to reply to these letters immediately, nor did he even allude to their contents in his to Ellinor. Mr. Wilkins, who had been very well satisfied with his own letter to the young man, and had thought that it must be equally agreeable to every one, was not at all suspicious of any disapproval because the fact of a distinct sanction on the part of Mr. Ralph Corbet's friends to his engagement was not communicated to him.

As for Ellinor, she trembled all over with happiness. Such a summer for the blossoming of flowers and ripening of fruit had not been known for years: it seemed to her as if bountiful loving Nature wanted to fill the cup of Ellinor's joy to overflowing, and as if every thing, animate and inanimate, sympathized with her happiness. Her father was well, and apparently content. Miss Monro was very kind. Dixon's lameness was quite gone off. Only Mr. Dunster came creeping about the house, on pretense of business, seeking out her father, and disturbing all his leisure with his dust-colored parchment-skinned careworn face, and seeming to disturb the smooth current of her daily life whenever she saw him.

Ellinor made her appearance at the Hamley assemblies, but with less éclat than either her father or her lover expected. Her beauty and natural grace were admired by those who could discriminate; but to the greater number there was (what they called) "a want of style"—want of elegance there certainly was not, for her figure was perfect, and though she moved shyly, she moved well. Perhaps it was not a good place for a correct appreciation of Miss Wilkins; some of the old dowagers thought it a piece of presumption for her to be there at all; but the Lady Holster of the day (who remembered her husband's quarrel with Mr. Wilkins, and looked away whenever Ellinor came near) resented this opinion. "Miss Wilkins is descended from Sir Frank's family, one of the oldest in the county; the objection might have been made years ago to the father, but as he had been received she did not know why Miss Wilkins was to be alluded to as out of her place." Ellinor's greatest enjoyment in the evening was to hear her father say, after all was over, and they were driving home,

"Well, I thought my Nelly the prettiest girl there; and I think I know some other people who would have thought the same if they could have spoken out."

"Thank you, papa," said Ellinor, squeezing his hand, which she held. She thought he alluded to the absent Ralph as the person who would have agreed with him had he had the opportunity of seeing her; but no, he seldom thought much of the absent, but had been rather flattered by seeing Lord Hildebrand take up his glass for the apparent purpose of watching Ellinor.

"Your pearls, too, were as handsome as any in the room, child; but we must have them reset; the sprays are old-fashioned now. Let me have them to-morrow to send up to Hancock."

"Papa, please, I had rather keep them as they are—as mamma wore them."

He was touched in a minute.

"Very well, darling. God bless you for thinking of it."

But he ordered her a set of sapphires instead, for the next assembly.

These balls were not such as to intoxicate Ellinor with success, and make her in love with gayety. Large parties came from the different country-houses in the neighborhood and danced with each other. When they had exhausted the resources they brought with them they had generally a few dances to spare for the friends of the same standing with whom they were the most intimate. Ellinor, coming with her father, and joining an old card-playing dowager by way of a chaperon—the said dowager being under old business obligations to the firm of Wilkins and Son, and apologizing to all her acquaintances for her own weak condescension to Mr. Wilkins's foible in wishing to introduce his daughter into society above her natural sphere. It was upon this lady, after she had uttered some such speech as this I have just mentioned, that Lady Holster had come down with the pedigree of Ellinor's mother. But though the old dowager had drawn back, a little discomfited at my lady's reply, she was not more attentive to Ellinor in consequence. She allowed Mr. Wilkins to bring in his daughter and place her on the crimson sofa beside her; spoke to her occasionally in the interval that elapsed before the rubbers could be properly arranged in the card-room; invited the girl to accompany her to that sober amusement, and on Ellinor's declining, and preferring to remain with her father, the dowager left her with a sweet smile on her plump countenance, and an approving conscience somewhere within her portly frame, assuring her that she had done all that could possibly have been expected from her toward "that good Wilkins's daughter." Ellinor stood by her father watching the dances, and thankful for the occasional chance of a dance. While she had been sitting by her chaperon Mr. Wilkins had made the tour of the room, dropping out the little fact of his daughter's being present wherever he thought the seed likely to bring forth the fruit of partners. And some came because they liked Mr. Wilkins, and some asked Ellinor because they had done their duty dances to their own party, and might please themselves. So that Miss Wilkins usually had an average of one invitation to every three dances, and this principally toward the end of the evening.

But considering her real beauty, and the care which her father always took about her appearance, she met with far less than her due of admiration. Admiration she did not care for; partners she did; and sometimes felt mortified when she had to sit or stand quiet during all the first part of the evening. If it had not been for her father's wishes she would much rather have staid at home; but, nevertheless, she talked even to the irresponsive old dowager, and fairly chattered to her father when she got to him, because she did not like him to fancy that she was not enjoying herself.

And, indeed, she had so much happiness in the daily course of this part of her life, that, on looking back on it afterward, she could not imagine any thing brighter than it had been. The delight of receiving her lover's letters—the anxious happiness of replying to them (always a little bit fearful lest she should not express herself and her love in the precisely happy medium becoming a maiden)—the father's love and satisfaction in her—the calm prosperity of the whole household was delightful at the time, and, looking back upon it, it was dream-like.

Occasionally Mr. Corbet came down to see her. He always slept on these occasions at Mr. Ness's; but he was at Ford Bank the greater part of the one day between two nights that he allowed himself for the length of his visits. And even these short peeps were not frequently taken. He was working hard at law; fagging at it tooth and nail; arranging his whole life so as best to promote the ends of his ambition; feeling a delight in surpassing and mastering his fellows—those who started in the race at the same time. He read Ellinor's letters over and over again; nothing else besides law-books. He perceived the repressed love hidden away in subdued expressions in his mistress's communications, with an amused pleasure at the attempt at concealment. He was glad that her gayeties were not more gay; he was glad that she was not too much admired, although a little indignant at the want of taste on the part of the ——shire gentlemen. But if other admirers had come prominently forward he should have had to take some more decided steps to assert his rights than he had hitherto done; for he had caused Ellinor to express a wish to her father that her engagement might not be too much talked about until nearer the time when it would be prudent for him to marry her. He thought that the knowledge of this, the only imprudently hasty step he ever meant to take in his life, might go against his character for wisdom if the fact was known while he was as yet only a student. Mr. Wilkins wondered a little; but acceded, as he always did, to any of Ellinor's requests. Mr. Ness was a confidant, of course; and some of Lady Maria's connections heard of it, and forgot it again very soon, and, as it happened, no one else was sufficiently interested in Ellinor to care to ascertain the fact.

All this time Mr. Ralph Corbet maintained a very quietly decided attitude toward his own family. He was engaged to Miss Wilkins, and all he could say was that he was sorry that they disapproved of it. He was not able to marry just at present, and before the time for his marriage arrived he trusted that his own family would take a more reasonable view of things, and be willing to receive her as his wife with all becoming respect or affection. This was the substance of what he repeated in different forms in reply to his father's angry letters. At length his invariable determination made way with his father; the paternal thunderings were subdued to a distant rumbling in the sky; and presently the inquiry was broached as to how much fortune Miss Wilkins would have; how much down on her marriage; what were the eventual probabilities. Now this was a point on which Mr. Ralph Corbet wished himself to be informed upon. He had not thought much about it in making the engagement; he had been too young, or too much in love. But an only child of a wealthy attorney ought to have something considerable; and an allowance, so as to enable the young couple to start housekeeping in a moderately good part of town, would be an advantage to him in his profession. So he replied to his father, adroitly suggesting that a letter containing certain modifications of the inquiry, which had been rather roughly put in Mr. Corbet's last, should be sent to him, in order that he might himself ascertain from Mr. Wilkins what were Ellinor's prospects as regarded fortune.

The desired letter came, but not in such a form that he could pass it on to Mr. Wilkins; he preferred to make quotations, and even these quotations were a little altered and dressed before he sent them on. The gist of his letter to Mr. Wilkins was this: He stated that he hoped soon to be in a position to offer Ellinor a home; that he anticipated a steady progress in his profession, and consequently in his income; but that contingencies might arise, as his father suggested, which would deprive him of the power of earning a livelihood, perhaps when it might be more required than it would be at first; that it was true that, after his mother's death, a small estate in Shropshire would come to him as second son, and of course Ellinor would receive the benefit of this property, secured to her legally as Mr. Wilkins thought best—that being a matter for after-discussion—but that at present his father was anxious, as might be seen from the extract, to ascertain whether Mr. Wilkins could secure him from the contingency of having his son's widow and possible children thrown upon his hands by giving Ellinor a dowry; and if so, it was gently insinuated what would be the amount of the same.

When Mr. Wilkins received this letter it startled him out of a happy day-dream. He liked Ralph Corbet and the whole connection quite well enough to give his consent to an engagement; and sometimes even he was glad to think that Ellinor's future was assured, and that she would have a protector and friends after he was dead and gone. But he did not want them to assume their responsibilities so soon. He had not distinctly contemplated her marriage as an event likely to happen before his death. He could not understand how his own life would go on without her; or, indeed, why she and Ralph Corbet could not continue just as they were at present. He came down to breakfast with the letter in his hand. By Ellinor's blushes, as she glanced at the handwriting, he knew that she had heard from her lover by the same post; by her tender caresses—caresses given as if to make up for the pain which the prospect of her leaving him was sure to give him—he was certain that she was aware of the contents of the letter. Yet he put it in his pocket, and tried to forget it.

He did this not merely from his reluctance to complete any arrangements which might facilitate Ellinor's marriage. There was a further annoyance connected with the affair. His money matters had been for some time in an involved state; he had been living beyond his income, even reckoning that, as he always did, at the highest point at which it ever touched. He kept no regular accounts, reasoning with himself—or, perhaps, I should rather say persuading himself—that there was no great occasion for regular accounts, when he had a steady income coming in from his profession, as well as the interest of a good sum of money left him by his father; and when his expenditure, living in his own house near a country town where provisions were cheap, for his small family—only one child—could ever amount to any thing like his incomings from the above-mentioned sources. But servants and horses, and choice wines and

rare fruit-trees, and a habit of purchasing any book or engraving he might take a fancy to, irrespective of the price, run away with the money, even though there be but one child. A year or two ago Mr. Wilkins had been startled into a system of exaggerated retrenchment—retrenchment which only lasted about six weeks—by the sudden bursting of a bubble speculation, in which he had invested a part of his father's savings. But as soon as the change in the bubble, necessary by his new economies, became irksome, he had comforted himself for his relapse into his former easy extravagance of living by remembering the fact that Ellinor was engaged to the son of a man of large property; and that though Ralph was still a very second son, yet that his mother's estate must come to him, as Mr. Hess had already informed Ellinor's father, when hearing of her engagement.

Mr. Wilkins did not doubt that he could easily make Ellinor a fitting allowance, or even pay down a considerable dowry; but the doing so would involve an examination into the real state of his affairs, and this involved distasteful trouble. He had no idea how much more than the interest of any annuance would arise out of the investigation. Until it was made he decided in his own mind that he would not speak to Ellinor on the subject of her lover's letter. So for the next few days she was kept in suspense, seeing little of her father; and during the short times that she was with him she was made aware that he was nervously anxious to keep the conversation engaged on general topics rather than on those which she had at heart. Mr. Corbet had written to her by the same post as that on which he sent the letter, of which I have already spoken, to her father, telling her of its contents, and begging her in all those sweet words which lovers know how to use to urge her father to the convenience for his sake—his, her lover's—who was pining and lonely in all the crowds of London, since her beautiful presence was not there. He did not care for money, says he for a means of hastening their marriage; indeed, if there were to be some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage fixed, however distant, he could be patient. He did not want superfluities of wealth; his habits were simple, as she well knew; and money enough would be theirs in time, both from her share of contingencies and the certainty of his finally possessing Bromley.

Ellinor delayed replying to this letter until her father should have spoken to her on the subject. But as she perceived that he avoided all such conversation, the young girl's heart failed her. She began to blame herself for making so much of him, to consider herself for being accessory to any step which made him shun being alone with her, and look distressed and full of fear in the presence of the prescribed course of things; and, as usual, it was the poor girl who bore the suffering for no fault of her own. She blamed herself for being the cause of the disturbance in the previous order of affairs. Ellinor had no one to speak to confidentially of her father and her lover, and when they were at issue she could talk openly to neither, so she brooded over Mr. Corbet's unreasonable love and her father's silence, and became pale and dispirited. Once or twice she looked up suddenly, and caught her father's eye gazing at her with a certain wistful anxiety; but the instant she saw this he pulled himself up, as it were, and would go on talking gayly about the small topics of the day.

At length Mr. Corbet grew impatient at not hearing either from Mr. Wilkins or Ellinor, and wrote urgently to the former, making known to him a new proposal suggested to him by his father, which was, that a certain sum should be paid down by Mr. Wilkins, which should be applied, under the management of trustees, to the improvement of the Bromley property, for the profits of which, or other sources in the elder Mr. Corbet's hands, a steady rate of interest should be paid on the money, which would make a fair income to the young couple immediately, and considerably increase the value of the estate upon which Ellinor's settlement was to be made. The terms offered for this laying down of ready money were so advantageous that Mr. Wilkins was strongly tempted to accede to them at once. But Ellinor's pale cheek and want of appetite had taken such a powerful hold upon him—not only that very morning smout upon his conscience, and this immediate transfer of ready money was, as a sacrifice, a soothing balm to his self-reproof, and himself and his dislike to immediate unpleasantness of action had its counterbalancing weakness in imprudence. Mr. Wilkins made some rough calculations on a piece of paper—decided, and all such tests of accuracy being down at the office—discovered that he could pay down the sum required; wrote a letter to that effect to the proposal, and before he sealed it called Ellinor into his study, and bade her read what he had been writing, and tell him what she thought of it. He watched the color come rushing into her white face, her lips quiver and tremble, and even before he had done reading she was in his arms, kissing him, and thanking him with blushing caresses rather than words.

"That, there!" said he, patting and sighing; "that will do. Why, I do believe you took me for a hard-hearted father, just like a heroine's father in a book. You're bound to imagine this week past as Othello. One can't make up one's mind in a day about such sums of money as this, little woman; and you should have let your old father have time to consider."

"Oh, papa! I was only afraid you were angry."

"Well, if I was a bit perplexed, seeing you look so ill and pining was not the way to bring me round. Old Corbet, I must say, is trying to make a good bargain for his son. It is well for me that I have never been an extravagant man.

"But, papa, we don't want all this much."

"Yes; yes; it is all right. You shall go into their family as a well-portioned girl, if you can't go as a Lady Maria. Come, don't trouble your little head any more about it. Give me another kiss, and then we'll go and order the horses, and have a ride together, by way of keeping holiday. I deserve a holiday, don't I, Nell?"

Some country people at work at the roadside, as the father and daughter passed along, stopped to admire their bright, happy looks, and one spoke of the hereditary handsomeness of the Wilkins's family (for the old man, Mr. Wilkins's father, had been fine-looking in his drab breeches and gaiters, and usual assumption of a yeoman's dress), and the other of the large fee for rich to be handsome; they had always plenty to eat, and could ride when they were tired of walking, and had no cares for the volunteer service was banned. He does not hesitate to say that the formation of the volunteer corps was because the rebels believed it to be the body of Colonel Sloman, against whom they were plotting for revenge. He played so much courage and chivalry in forcing his regiment forward and leading them on.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED.

A dispatch from Murfreesboro, dated December 31, says:

The enemy during yesterday harassed our rear with their cavalry, and captured some of our wounded men near Murfreesboro. The rebels commenced firing upon our army wagons, ambulances, etc., and acted most outrageously, stripping the wounded and killing those unable to die.

Major Stenner and Captain King, who were being conveyed away wounded from the battle-field in an ambulance, were captured by the rebels, robbed of their miles away, and then paraded and thrown out on the road.

The Medical Director of General Grant's army, in an official report dated at Holly Springs on 20th December, says:

I received the assurance by General Van Dorn's adjutant that the hospitals and the wounded should be protected, but that it should be protected by a guard. Satisfied with this, I returned to my command, but had not been there an hour when I was informed that the building was in flames; and from this fire numerous of the wounded burned to death, in numerous set of drugs and surgical apparatus, thousands of blankets, stores, clothing, etc., was over destroyed.

This proceeding, in violation of an express promise, and in all rules of civilized warfare, is the evidence of the barbarity and want of principles in the Confederate officers, and this is not all. The building was scarcely burned to the ground, when I was informed that the main square, and which at the time contained a number of sick and wounded, and a large quantity of ordnance stores had been deposited in a building on the next block fully prepared by the officer who had charge of General Van Dorn's personal effects, and without the knowledge of the matter, the barrels of powder were cut and piled up nearly in front of the hospital and set fire to.

Two hundred rounds of artillery exploded with caution set, but their requests were treated with contempt. The fire soon reached the store-house on the side walls and windows of the hospital were riddled with flying balls and shells, and finally a terrific explosion took place which shook the entire building, destroying almost every window and door in the building, and scattering the wounded right and left, creating a scene of the wildest confusion.

Every effort made by the medical officers who assisted me in caring for the sick and wounded on that trying day, I thought that the fire was the work of accident, but since my own observation, and from the testimony of others, I am forced to believe that it was the work of incendiaries. Surgeon Samuel Brewster, who stated to had been detailed by General Van Dorn to remain with the sick and wounded, and who had been paroled, collected together, pistol in hand, about 150 sick soldiers, who were able to walk, formed into body and fall in line, threatening to shoot the medical officer who expostulated with him, and marched off, leaving the poor fellows, suffering from typhoid fever, pneumonia, and diarrhea, stark with him on the floor. The rebels took pity on the sick, and had to rise again for fear of being shot, when they were no worse off than before nothing but the knowledge of being imprisoned if there was any thing in the name of humanity that could be expected from the rebel authorities, he finally consented to let them alone on receiving a paper, signed by all the citizens present, stating that the men were too sick to walk, and their removal was an impossibility.

A newspaper correspondent writes:

One of the enemy's cavalry rode up to a wagon containing a wounded soldier belonging to the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Company, Second Wisconsin regiment, and, dragging him out by the hair of the head, commenced beating him about with his sword, yelling, "I'll teach you d—d Black abolitionists to come down here." Another of the troopers then mounted upon the driver of the wagon, and, with a back cut of his sabre, severed the poor man's head from his body, and he fell lifeless among his horses.

At the battle of Bull Run, an Ohio surgeon detailed for duty in the hospitals, was taken prisoner, and was ludicrously shelled by the rebels while the wounded of both armies were being cared for in it.

The Philadelphia Press contained the following, shortly after the battle:

A lieutenant of an Ohio regiment, now in this city, and who was at the battle of Bull Run, relates that he saw several of our wounded tarvened and having their throats cut by the secession soldiers, who were passing over them. The poor fellows begged for their lives, but their pleadings were disregarded, and with an oath the wounded was inflicted.

MURDERS OF DESERTERS.

The following is one of the murder of General Robert M'Cook is in point:

On Tuesday last General Robert L. M'Cook, who was at the time very ill, was, with his staff, escorting some ladies to camp, on his way to his lodgings. The ambulance was travelling over the same road where, about ten o'clock in the morning it arrived at a plantation where there was an abundance of fruit, and four refreshing themselves they passed on with the wounded General. Intelligence of his wheelbarrow, and the ambulance was stopped. It is supposed, for before the ambulance had proceeded three miles the officer commanding the guard was arrested by guerrillas.

It was impossible to think of flight, and Gen. M'Cook's wounding prohibited the thought of resistance. The guerrillas leader ordered the ambulance to stop, the occupants of the officer commanding the guard, who had arrested him, were set, and the sick officer turned into the road. While on his knees, General M'Cook was shot in the left side of the head and shot through the side.

The wounded officers, General M'Cook surviving it but a few hours. He bore his sufferings heroically, and to the last manifested an undaunted spirit. His last words were: "Tell Alex (alluding to his brother, General Alexander McCook) that I die like a man, and tell him that I have tried to live like a man and do my duty."

Commissary Packham, of Platt's Zouaves, communicates the following narrative of the murder of two members of that regiment by rebel guerrillas in Western Virginia:

A few days ago John Cottello and John Cerbe, Company D, with a loyal Virginian named Collins, attached to Company G as guides, were sent after a detachment of the Second loyal Virginia Cavalry, whom our colonel desired to be nearer our lines. When about 16 miles from camp they suddenly came upon a party of rebel militia, who fired, wounding the Virginia guide. Cottello and Cerbe instantly returned the fire, but before they could reload they were overpowered and taken to a Mrs. Gilkinson's. Next morning the rebels consulted upon the disposal of the prisoners. Some were for sending them to Richmond, some to their own headquarters at Lewisburg, and others, some for killing them, and Mrs. Gilkinson, to the eternal disgrace of female character, pleaded hard that one be killed on her porch, so that she could dance in his blood.

The killing party, with the two prisoners, were commanded to me by R. Mays, in our hospitals, a short time before he died, from a wound he had received while attempting to escape from the guard-house.

Mrs. Gilkinson's wish was granted.

In the morning we took one up the run, a quarter of a mile from the house, and shot him. Cerbe fell dead, and then to a tree. Bill Pritchet, Lee Pritchet, Isom Miller, and Stevens, were all in a place, and shot at him that fell killed him. Question, Did you shoot a horse? No; I shot at the man. Cerbe fell dead, and we took to him to Logan; but they fixed him to a tree, and shot him. Then some one said, Let us go and see if he is dead. They had shoot three shots apiece at him. Q. Did most of the shots hit him? A. Yes; all but two or three. Q. Was after he was dead? A. No. Q. What became of Collins, the Virginian? Q. Any body else? A. Yes; Mrs. Gilkinson's till near noon; then took him away up the run, and killed him. I did not hear more; all the killing was done by the two Pritchets, Miller, and Stevens. Pritchet said they were the men who killed Cerbe because he bore without killing him. Q. How many times do you think the boys were hit? A. I don't know; I counted four the first every time. My name is Mays. I live on the Beech Fork.

The wretch was dead. Since writing the above additional information has been received. Cottello is a prisoner, and got 13 prisoners, among whom we are in hopes to find all the absentees of the above hundred men.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS BURHAM, Platt's Zouaves,
Commissary Thirty-fourth Regiment O. V.

OUR DEAD SCALPED.

A correspondent from the West says:

The Commissioner of the Department of Injury are respecting testimony from Fox Ridge, showing incontrovertible that these men have been scalped by the rebel Indian allies, but in other respects outraged.

Another writes:

You will of course have heard of the fact that the rebels have scalped some of the dead Indians under the command of Albert Pike. Also that some twenty of our men who fell in the engagement at Prairie Grove, near Fox Ridge, and under General Davie on Saturday, and had the misfortune to be in the field, were found shockingly mutilated, scalped, murdered, and robbed by these red-skinned wretches.

CONTRABANDS DRIVEN SOUTH OR SHOT.

A correspondent from Murfreesboro writes:

All "contrabands" captured by the rebels on the Federal wagon-trains are driven South. Twenty thus killed are lying on the Murfreesboro Pike.

The *Times* correspondent says:

While making a call on Colonel Lee, ten citizens, named Moore and Ball, came within our lines and were detained by the pickets. They were all in search of the whereabouts of Moore's four-mills, at Aldie, on a branch of Goose Creek. The rebels had burned his mills, and he was ruined. They had "done nothing," so they said, and were neither fruit-growers nor farmers. Moore's sons were captured by the rebels within our lines when no near their homes, from which they had been driven by the rebels. They were forcibly conscripted closely they admitted that they had just come from the Shenandoah Valley, where the great battle had been running off "niggers," having just taken a large gang, belonging to Moore, to Richmond, and were on their way to Aldie, to avoid being thrown under the emancipation proclamation. It understood, from the testimony of these men and of the species of property, throughout this section of the State, that all the able-bodied negroes have been or are to be separated from the plantations, and the slaveholders boast that they will not have a single rebel in all this part of the State by the 1st of January next.

Another correspondent says:

The rebels in Secessia are busily engaged just now in impressing negroes, and the poor wretches, beyond regret and description. A Union man, just from below Columbia, tells me that in the brush, and thickly scattered, are the dead bodies of negroes killed at, all strongly guarded. He does not exactly know what they were killed for, but thinks it a mere matter of whim on the part of the rebels.

MISCELLANEOUS BARBARITIES.

The following are a few extracts culled from army letters:

Every day new barbarities perpetrated by the rebels come to light. The week two soldiers who had straggled from the ranks on the march from Corinth to Iuka, were reported as missing, subsequently, by the roadside with their throats cut from ear to ear.

Here the rebels were guilty of barbarous atrocities. Many of the dead were found with their throats cut from ear to ear. One man was brought in who had had his eyes gouged out by their bayonets. This was one of the most unrelenting fury on finding this way of retreat cut off.

Numbers of our men were found with their throats cut, and some had their eyes picked out. One was found tied to a tree. But enough of these horrors—I must conclude.

To what depths of inhuman wickedness men, or devils, can descend, is illustrated by the fact that the rebel wizard Beelzebub murdered, and the fingers of our dead cut off to secure rings. We have proof of this.

One man says: They kept harrowing me until I re-covered from the swoon. Then one left me, the other remaining over me, when I heard a shot. I lay on the ground until ten o'clock next day.

The fellow at first made no reply, but, stooping down, put his hand to the side of the head of the wounded man, and cut off his grave, in order to get at the buttons on his clothes for trophies.

Another saw the brains of the wo—d being beaten out by clubs, thus confirming the previous wapaper reports.

There is enough in these extracts to —ar out the pictures on pages 88 and 89, hereafter to be given. We refer to and to serve as a complete refutation of Jeff Davis's claim to superior chivalry. Will the foreign journals, who have made such an outcry about Butler and M'Neil, be so good as to let their readers hear of a few of these cases?

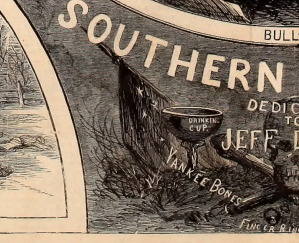












THROWING SICK AND WOUNDED U.S. SOLDIERS IN THE ROAD TO DIE.



BY THOMAS NAST—DEDICATED TO JEFF DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

I.

"I MET young Weymer down town this morning, and invited him to eat his Christmas dinner with us, Alice."

"Weymer?"

"Robert Weymer's son; have you forgotten him? He went to Europe directly after his father's death, and arrived in New York yesterday. He has no near relatives in the city, you know, and I thought he might find our home pleasanter to-day than his hotel."

"Yes, certainly, I am glad you invited him; he must feel lonely:" and then Alice Rosemere, after giving a servant an order to lay another plate, dismissed "young Weymer" from her mind, until—

"My daughter, Mr. Weymer."

Alice was standing in the midst of uncles, aunts, and cousins, dispensing her graciousness with that pretty stateliness which became her as sole mistress of the house; for Mr. Rosemere had never given her a step-mother, since her own mother died, ten years ago.

Standing in the midst of uncles, aunts, and cousins, she looked up to greet "Mr. Weymer," hardly noticing his *personnel* in the merry confusion about her, but saying politely, with a sense of his being a stranger,

"We are very glad to have you with us to-day, Mr. Weymer."

"And I am very glad to be here. It is a pleasanter 'coming home' than I anticipated, Miss Rosemere."

"He has a fine voice," thought Alice, in whose ear her cousin Frank was rattling his good-natured nonsense in those immature tones of his; and then they went in to dinner, and she thought only of her duties of hostess, unconsciously shining as she never shone at ball or party, as she sat there at the head of her father's table, her usually brilliant face subdued by its rather unusual expression of kindly care for all these young cousins, with their evident expectation of being "looked out for" by such a splendid "Cousin Alice."

Cold and haughty and self-absorbed as most people, specially her own sex, thought Alice Rosemere, to her credit be it said, that she never shirked these small requirements of her, which many persons of far more amiable reputation make a point of doing. Perhaps her accusers might have said that it was a mere matter of pride that she didn't. That she smiled upon you, or any other young fool if you came in her way, in that courteous manner, simply because she had set herself above all evasions of social grace, as a lesson of lofty pride.

The Rosemeres were ladies and gentlemen through a long line of gracious lineage, and it was said that this last representative of the name had higher notions than any of her predecessors concerning that title of "a lady." Be this as it may, we will not find fault with the quality of pride when it produces such results as in the present instance, that of fitting herself to the pleasures of these "younger folk" who look up at her so admiringly.

But at last the complex wheels are moving smoothly. Shy Lucy has found her voice under the gay patronage of that rattling Frank. Awkward Tom has forgotten his huge hands and feet in telling his college stories to sympathetic little Jenny, and the elders are safely launched in old-time talk.

So Alice once more retires into herself for a little rest and quiet.

She was absently crushing the soft almond shells in her white fingers, gazing the while into her glass of "rare old wine," with a gaze that told of dreams and fancies far outside of the scene before her. As she looked into the purple-tinted wine glowing and sparkling with its

"——beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

was she thinking of the

"——lands where the olives grew,
Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row?"

If she was, somebody spoke just then who carried on the fancy.

"I had come straight through from Italy—from Rome, where the winter is so kind that people are more out of doors than in; and a month ago, *only* a month—it seems odd now when I glance out of these windows upon the ice and snow—a month ago I came up from Malta, where the grapes were hanging in the sun, and the olives lay yellow on the walls, and the air was heavy with the odors of each. I have shut my eyes since then many times, and fancied I could scent the fragrance."

What voice was this so full of Italy? She lifted her head.

It was Mr. Weymer, talking to her cousin John. John Maynard, who hated college because he wanted to be an artist and go to Italy. The younger man's face was charmed from its commonly petulant expression as he listened. It took but a few eager questions of his to lead Mr. Weymer on to further talk of artists and pictures there, for Robert Weymer, Jun., loved Italy too, as the very tones of his voice lingering over her sweet, lingering names testified.

And while he talked on, he had another hearer than he was aware of; Alice sitting there, crushing the almond shells between her fingers, and for the first time since he had entered, *seeing* "young Weymer."

She found a man who matched the voice. A great shouldered, well-made fellow, with a head of dark hair not cut too closely, and falling a little over a bronzed forehead whose color spoke eloquently of Campagna wanderings. And there was rest in the brown eyes as if they had been lately looking at

"The champaign, with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses every where!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease."

And between the full flowing beard of warmer brown than the hair and eyes, the red mouth stirred with a slow serenity of movement, as if it were keeping time to the soft oar-dips in the canals of Venice.

Alice was pleased. She liked enthusiasm, earnestness, and it was agreeable to meet a person who had forgot to "hurry," and who had delivered himself over to such artistic influences.

When they had entered the drawing-room again, and while the others were engaged in their Christmas merriment, Alice crossed over to her guest, who was standing quite alone by the great wood-fire that crackled and blazed on the hearth—crossed over, her mind tinged with the tone she had caught at the table. But the elegant air which met her struck back her genial impulse. It smacked of Paris *salons* and New York drawing-rooms, not of Italy. Where was the dreamy youth she had seen bending over his glass and discoursing eloquently of

"——the lands where the olives grow?"

Perhaps, if she had glanced at herself in the mirror as she crossed the room, she would have been aware that the fashionable-looking young lady, in her stiff purple silk, her ruffles of lace, and her glittering jewels, was *not* the object to suggest

"——the lands where the olives grow."

If Robert Weymer had looked into her eyes, he might have seen possibly where her dreams had been; but he did not look into her eyes, only down that trailing splendor of silk which swayed gracefully to the proud step. So he made his best Paris bow, and began talking to the splendid young lady about what he thought she would like to hear. The French theatre, the French soirées, and her neighbor, Charley Goodwyn, whom he had met there, and who spoke of her several times he was sure.

To all this Alice bent her head graciously, inwardly bored to death. She didn't care a sou for French theatres, French soirées, or Charley Goodwyn; and what ailed this fine fellow to talk to her in this way? Her quick perception got at the reason at last, or at least a glimpse of it. He was flying on over a batch of brilliant gossip, when she brought him up standing, as the phrase is, by:

"Mr. Weymer, forget I am a New York girl, with sixteen yards of silk to my gown, and corresponding follies of chains and ornaments, to declare me *non compos mentis*, and talk as you talked to my cousin John, over your wine."

Here was something new and strange—originality and independence, with nothing "fast" about it. A lady speaking freely, quite as she meant, and losing none of her reticence in the speaking.

He started at first, then a little delicate laugh of appreciation broke heartily through the brown beard.

"I like this," he thought, and he almost said so; and from that they fell into conversation of an entirely different description from what he had at first essayed, though certainly not such as he had carried on with her cousin. It was an odd, what most of her contemporaries would have called an out-of-the-way talk; but in it, Robert Weymer, who knew something of men and women, found that he had met a new specimen of her sex; at least new to his experience. He had been making himself agreeable as she wished, by falling into a natural, simple expression of his thought and travel to her, and there had come a brief pause; when she broke it by saying abruptly, evidently in response to some inward reflection on what had passed:

"If only a woman could feel, when she meets a man who is companionable and interesting, that she might be free and cordial as her nature should dictate, without provoking the thought, as Charles Reade, I believe it is, says, that she is 'after him,' how much finer it would all be! Ah," with an absent, weary air; "one gets tired and humiliated by the false positions which society's corruptions place one in. But it can't be helped, I suppose. I believe that even the simplest and most modest of your sex would think that a girl was 'after him,' should she treat him with the frank and innocent cordiality which she extends to a woman like herself, and with precisely the same innocent cordiality which she feels for the woman; and that from no fault of his, but from the accepted state of things. The root of the mischief lies far below the present; but still women are much to blame now for carrying on this folly by all sorts of artifices. If men could only believe that there are women like her who said:

"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him, how could I marry him?"

And here this "out-of-the-way" conversation was brought to an end. Cousin Frank came running up with a petition that Alice would sing; and Alice, breaking off her thread of talk, moved, smiling, away, convoyed by that marplot of a Frank, with no expression in her face to betray that she was not having her own highest pleasure in her compliance; though Robert Weymer could have sworn that she liked their talking ten times better: and yet she gave no sign.

He could not make her out. Was she serene and calm because of some chill currents in her blood? How clearly and coolly she had spoken to him, a stranger! Undeniable truths, and he admired her for the speaking; but from what experience had she arrived at these conclusions? Had more love been poured out at her shrine than she could understand? Had it become distasteful to her from that prodigality? and more the artist than the woman in her nature, did she desire only man's friendship? It looked like this, for how coldly, though intensely, had she spoken! On the other hand, perhaps she had yearned for the strength and support of manly sympathy, but knowledge of life had held her back; too proud to risk misunderstanding, she had intrenched herself in this glacial dignity. He doubted if there was much warmth either way. That calm, clear face, that passionless manner! But how she had said those words:

"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him, how could I marry him?"

He had arrived at this point in his speculations, when the gay songs that Frank had been calling for, with their brilliant accompaniments, suddenly gave place to a soft but happy strain, and a voice, the same, yet not the same, came gushing and fervent down that Irish "Welcome."

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you."

Weymer slipped round into a curtained niche where he could see the singer as this first verse reached him. And he saw a face full of tender meaning. Was it merely the artist's rendering of the song, or was it—? But wait—the tune changes. There is a cluster of slow-woven chords, a braiding of major and minor tones, which he wonders where he has heard before, and then he would fancy himself back in some Roman palazzo, listening to a dark-eyed Signorina, were it not that, often as he had heard this passionate heart-break of Torquato Tasso sung by Italian women as they *can* sing, ever had he *felt* its intense pathos, its repressed yet overwhelming ardor, so surely rendered until this moment.

He leaned forward, and caught the lustre and hue of her eyes as she sang. The icy mask was down, the lights shining clearly out. What a fool he had been—he who believed his intellect and intuition infallible in reading human character. She, with those "golden eyes," those thrilling tones, that vainly-tried control; cold, wanting in warmth!

She sang on, and he forgot the place and the hour.

Still looking into those "golden eyes," he recalled an olden dream. Vague and impossible, a little time since, seemed that vision of his youth. And here just a breathing space, and he finds the phantom, the impossible no longer, but possible. He realizes—

"No, I can not sing any more now, Frank; my throat—" A quick disdain of her subterfuge; then clearer toned: "This song exhausts me, that is all." But she can not lose the glance that struck into her soul just now. She can not escape that haunting look, and she knows all subterfuge with him who gave that glance is vain.

But still gay Frank rattles on,

"Oh, come, Alice, give us a bright little thing now, to carry off that Italian affair."

Weymer walked out from his nook.

"Talking of bright things," he said, "you should hear the Roman boys whistle and sing their scraps of songs, as they saunter the streets."

Frank turned, interested, and asked a hundred questions; and Alice left the piano and went down the room, quite conscious of the consideration that gave her such respite.

Half an hour later her strange guest came to bid her good-night.

He thanked her in some simple, sincere phrase, though conventional, for the pleasure of the evening. Their cheerful Christmas cheer had robbed his lonely coming home of half its sadness, etc. She put out her hand at this; and it was then, as he clasped it, that he said, after a brief hesitation, and a little lower of tone:

"Will you let me come and talk to you about Italy sometimes? I think you would love Italy."

She looked up into his waiting face. Golden eyes; but the lights were lowered now; he could not get beyond that outer radiance; yet very gently she answered him, giving graceful assurance of welcome.

Then her father approached—that gracious gentleman, who had been his own father's closest friend in times past. His cordial words, his hearty hand-pressure, were pleasant things for Robert Weymer, returning to a desolate home after four years of wandering; but there was still another pleasure—the mystery of those "golden eyes."

II.

IT was a pleasant picture. That old dining-hall at Holly Hill, with its quaint dark wainscoting, its floor of French tiles, and narrow oval windows, now curtained with bright damask, and the whole room shining with the Christmas preparations. Wreaths and festoons of December greenery, hanging all about over door and window, and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the guests. A pleasant picture enough to warm any lonely man's heart, and Robert Weymer, who was a lonely man enough, Heaven knows, realized all that this pleasant picture meant; but as he lifts his glass of sherry to his lips there escapes a low but deep sigh through the brown beard, and he turns a wistful gaze toward the windows, all softly shrouded against the dark and stormy night. It was just here that pretty Kate who sits beside him asks, in a very soft tone,

"Cousin Robert, why did you say when you came to-night that you thought it soon enough for such a blue old fellow as you? and why were you so reluctant any way when I first invited you?"

He still held the glass of sherry in his hand, and gazing into its amber depths, said, slowly,

"Kate, a year ago to-day I met, to lose, the dearest friend I ever had. And when I sit at feasts now, I think of another feast whose flowers will never bloom again. And I had said to myself: 'This year I will keep the day in solemn remembrance, as we keep all remembrances of the dead.'"

The tears were in Kate's dark eyes as she listened to these sad and simple words.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, softly, "how good you were to me; how unselfish to come!"

"No, not good, nor unselfish, but merely not quite so self-indulgent as I meant to be. Let it pass, dear. I am glad if my coming gave you pleasure—it gives me pleasure too, Kate; believe that."

Kate Marsden, notwithstanding her gay and willful temper, was full of tender tact; and though her heart was full, she let it pass, and left him to the silence she knew he coveted; turning aside from him all necessity for talk by some adroit appropriation; repaid by the single glance of confidence which he gave her, as he led her from the table to the drawing-room.

But back in the drawing-room, standing by the blazing yule-log, and watching its brilliant flames with that same absent anxious look, he hears words which move him to the very core of his heart. Plunged in his absent reverie a voice breaks through with that magic name:

"Rosemere? Where is Rosemere now?"

"That is what many people ask, and no one can answer. He disappeared after the failure, and not even his own, or his wife's family—he is the last of the Rosemeres, I believe—know any thing of him. It was a perfect crash, you see—utter ruin; and he, the proudest man alive."

"But why, in the name of sense, didn't he begin again—get some office or something? He had friends enough surely for any influence."

"Well, this is the saddest part of it. A stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of his right arm. What could he do? Then, if you had known Henry Rosemere, you'd see at once how difficult it would be for him to accept favors. I think he'd rather die."

"And his daughter, that Lady Alice as we used to call her, what became of her?"

"Oh, she went with him. By-the-way that reminds me of something my Harry spoke of the other day. He said he was passing down Broadway, just at nightfall about a month ago, and he could have sworn that he saw Alice Rosemere go by, leaning on her father's arm. He thought she looked changed, and Rosemere, he said, was a mere wreck of what he was. However, he might have been mistaken. Harry is a little near-sighted, and doesn't always get things right."

The flame that suddenly burst red and glowing from the heart of the yule-log was not more fiery than the red glow the passionate heart of Robert Weymer sent burning to his cheek at this moment.

"My God!" he murmured beneath his breath. "Have I searched all these weary months for her in vain while she may have been passing my very door."

But again his attention is arrested.

"And this house, you say, once belonged to him?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Marsden: "the old Rosemere homestead. It passed into the creditors' hands, and I bought it. It was for sale just as I got back from Europe. An odd old place it is, and full of interest. They say that he never came here much, and rarely spoke of it, for his wife died in one of the rooms, and was buried from the house. Rowly, who had the settling of affairs, declared that the only time he saw Alice Rosemere break down, or evince in fact any emotion, was when she found this place must go."

"Sad! sad!" muttered the other, shaking his head, regretfully.

Sad! It was wasting desolation and despair. It was constant corroding anxiety, and hungry sorrow to more than those two of whom they speak. Even to him—to that gallant fellow, who leans against the oaken mantle with all the absent wistfulness in his expression changed to fresh determination.

Long after the guests had retired Robert Weymer kept troubled vigil. Again his mind went back to last year's Christmas-tide, when he had left that fair presence with the germ of a feeling which ere long blossomed into perfect flower. And she—he was sure she loved him as he loved her.

Ah, why had he not spoken?

Three months—only three months, and in that time the dreams of his youth were being realized. Three months, and at the end—ruin and desolation indeed.

He recalled the last time he had seen her. It was at a brilliant ball. He had danced with her; and down the floating measures, to the entrancing sweetness of divine music, he had led her into the fairer, dimmer regions of flower and shrub, in the deserted conservatory. And in that softer light how surely he felt that their spirits stood confessed to each. But why had he not spoken? Why? It was one of those moments that seem fit only for silence. Her presence, the glance of her eyes, her hand upon his arm, rapt him in a trance for the time. Then the breaking of alien voices approaches from without, and—"the good minute goes." He had said to himself: I will see her to-morrow.

That night the breaking of a trace, as he was whirling home to his hotel in a hackney-coach, broke up all his plans for "to-morrow." For two weeks he was a prisoner to his room. At the first moment of release, still lame and weak from bruise and sprain, he sought her presence. But instead of finding Alice Rosemere he found the house closed and deserted. What did it mean?

Coming down the stately steps he met young Sayle—her cousin Frank.

"Where are the Rosemeres?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard?" in an amazed tone.

"Heard? No! What is it? I have been ill—thrown from a carriage. I know nothing. For God's sake, what is it?" he exclaimed, in his feverish impatience.

"Oh, it's horrid!—not so much the failure; but to lose Alice, to have her father's pride sever every thing—" began Frank, in a horror-struck, irrelevant way.

"Lose Alice!" repeated his companion. "Frank, stop! Tell me the plain facts."

And Frank told him.

"The day after the Bowdoins' ball the crash had come. The greatest failure for years. Rosemere gave up every thing; refused all offers of assistance; and went away, no one knows where, with his daughter. Only once had he been heard from. An old acquaintance, out of the fullness of his pity, made some communication through the columns of a paper, where a post of book-keeper was offered in one of those blind ways to H. R., etc., by D. M. With his unerring sagacity Mr. Rosemere discovered his correspondent, and a swift reply was sent back. A reply written in Alice Rosemere's graceful chirography, but in her father's clear and cold phrase—thanking the donor, but refusing the offer with the simple intelligence of its uselessness to

one who had but just found his right arm paralyzed for work; courteously intimating, with that unbending pride, that from the present, at least, Mr. Rosemere and his daughter preferred to remain in utter seclusion.

"Those who knew Henry Rosemere did not dream of disregarding this hint. A simple phrase enough; but from him it said: 'I have shut my door against friend or foe; let none dare enter.'

"As proud and invincible in his defeat as in his triumphs, there was none hardy enough to intrude after this decree. And now neither friend nor foe could tell of his whereabouts."

There were the facts which Frank Sayle gave him, in his own indignant, boyish phrase.

From that day Robert Wegmer commenced his search. A patient, sorrowful investigation, which he felt sure in the end would be successful. In the first pang of grief at Frank's revelation he bitterly deplored the fate that kept him silent on the last night that they had met. Through hope or despair he never lost this bitterness; and pacing his room there at Holly Hill, as he waited all the weary past—these eight months and more—of vain watching and waiting, he exclaims, hoarsely, "If I had but spoken!" And again he blamed his proud spirit stung by his absence, by his silence, in that fearful time when he lay stricken and helpless, and denying himself with his characteristic reserve from any chance visitor, who would have given him earlier information, perhaps, which might—Ah, might!" He struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he walked there, with this ever-recurring thought for maddening company.

And this was the termination.

No! He rose up with new energy again, as he strode the room that night at Holly Hill. What he had heard hours ago in that evening gossip had only quickened in the never-dying fire.

And pacing the floor he muttered: "I will never give up my search until I find her, and may God help me!" And then again:

"Her home too. How strange that I should find myself within its walls so unwittingly! And this night of all others. There is some link in it. I'll take it for an omen. Another year and she shall reign here."

A restless smile lightened the gloom of his face. He had uttered these words with more passion than thought, but as they left his lips he thrilled; they sounded like a prophecy, and under their new influence he flung himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, and slept.

The next day was wild and stormy. Why should he return to the city? "Stay and I will show you the house from top to toe. Strangers say it is worth seeing, though I think it a dreadfully dreary old granny."

Thus pleaded Kate.

He who had been so unwilling to come but yesterday now yielded readily to this proposition. This house had once been Alice's home. It was the closest association he could form with her. And he determined, what you will see.

Kate had shown him the house from top to toe, and he had found it worth the seeing. Its antiquity belonged to a past age, and revealed quaint wainscoting, and specimens of architecture which the old Dutch builder had brought over years ago from his native land, but because it had once been HER home.

"Kate, I like this house," he said; "I have never seen one that I like better. Is your father much attached to it, do you think?"

"He hates it, I know; but we have only lived here for a few months. There are no associations connected with it to make him specially attached. Why?"

"Kate, I want it; I want to buy it."

"You!" and Kate opened wide her eyes. "Are you going to be married, Robert?"

His lips trembled; his cheek flushed with emotion. Then he answered,

"I told you, Kate, last night that I had lost the dearest friend I ever had. I should never marry any other."

Again Kate evinced her wisdom by keeping silence. She asked him no questions.

After dinner that day Mr. Marston sat smoking with his wife and nephew in the little left-hand parlor. They had been talking about the place, its advantages and disadvantages, when Mr. Wegmer suddenly astonished his uncle with the words,

"I wish you would sell to me."

"To you! This place! What can you want of it?"

"It suits me. I want to live here."

The other bent forward. "You are not going to be—"

"No, no," the younger man interrupted quickly. "I have taken a fancy to this house, and am tired of hotel life. I met Mrs. Kinly, my father's old housekeeper, the other day, and she is ready to take me in charge again. It would seem like home once more."

"But why not go back to Fernden? The distance from the city is the same, the surrounding country more agreeable, and the house not only handsomer but more commodious. You have there the benefit of all modern improvements. I should much prefer it."

"Should you? Then let us make an exchange, uncle."

"Yes; that would be a good joke," Mr. Marston laughed.

"No; I am in earnest, Uncle Ben."

His host dropped his cigar.

"In earnest! You don't mean to say, Robert, that you are in earnest when you suggest exchanging Fernden, with all its natural and artificial advantages, for this out-of-the-way neglected estate of Holly Hill?"

"I do mean to say that I never was more in earnest in my life. Look here, Uncle Ben. Appreciate in Holly Hill just what you don't care for. Its oddity, its possible romantic history, and especially its age, which suggests a long line of hereditary descent, wherever you laugh. What is Fernden to me, new and splendid—two things which I don't care for."

"But, Robert—"

"I know all you would say, Sir; that, if you should entertain the idea of this exchange, it seems like unfair advantage, etc., of my romantic folly. My dear uncle, it is a folly I have had all my life, and which *I call a taste*. I have never desired to possess a home like Fernden because it was modern and fine. I have always desired to possess just such a queer old ancestral affair as this. It is a mere difference in taste between us. Come, what do you say?"

Mr. Marston had very little to say. He looked upon Fernden as the most desirable place he knew. It was in every way more advantageous to him than Holly Hill, and he would be loth to part any available residence then in the market, on his return from abroad.

So the thing was decided, and Robert went up to town, much happier than he went down, caring very little that the matter-of-fact Mr. Marsden thought him a romantic fool.

Yes, happier than he had been for a long time. One step seemed taken toward his object. Why, he could scarcely have told; but to live in the house she had once lived in, to tread the floors she had once trod, seemed a link between her and him.

III.

IT was early morning; bright and clear the sun shone on the snow-covered roofs, the wide, lonely street, and the tall, ice-glittering masts down the bay. In this wide, lonely street, in one of the most out-lkirts of the city, where it was neither fashionable nor mean, but simply respectable—there stood an old dome-roofed house, which had once been more than that in looked now, plain and unpretending. The faded paint, the rusty blinds, the sunken gate at the gravel-walk, proclaimed the fact that days of decay which touched it with a dignity it had never worn in its green and white freshness.

In this old mourning hour a lady stand at one of the windows gazing down upon the still street with a pensive, abstracted air.

The face is young enough and full of subtle beauty, but there are marks of trial and experience in it. Yet hope and courage still shine from her eyes, though obscured, her spirit is brave, and her imagination fresh and ardent.

The room wherein she stands is very plain and simple, almost shabby. It has but the ordinary necessaries furnish it—a worn and faded carpet, three chairs, a table, and a stove. The table is spread for breakfast. Some coarse, but white and the few dishes are of delicate old china. But it would not need this to tell any one that the occupant of the room was a woman born to better fortune than surrounds her now. Her very presence makes the carpet look less faded, the furniture less shabby, and lends a finer aspect, which is almost grace, to the poor apartment.

Presently her head turns from the window, and she leaves it in the direction of the door, as two others—a man, slender and pale, with a figure once erect, now somewhat bent and twisted by disease, limps the few steps that separate it. It was enforced by pain, and care, and disappointment; by loss and desolation, and bitterness; but over it all was flung a shifting mask of cheerfulness. The blue eyes were undaunted at 'ill fortune, at physical suffering. The firm mouth held a serenity which you felt was habitual. It was the face, despite all pride and lonely courage, the serenity of disdain, which said, "Though defeated, I scorn to complain."

There was a morning greeting, simple enough, yet tinctured with the flavor of a courtesy which would have graced a palace as it did that poor room.

And then a little maid entered with a steaming tray, and Alice Rosemere poured her father's coffee, while he talked to her of the events in a gracious a manner as he had ever done in the old brilliant times. But in their conversation there never mingled allusions to the past present, or the future. Tacitly, by that mutual understanding which finer sympathy gives, they avoided all painful topics, yet with no appearance of avoidance. In the inexhaustible subjects of books, of art, and even science—for Alice Rosemere had been associated with her father too closely not to have caught something of the spirit of his favorite study—these subjects were empty of pain. In these days, and to-day was less congenial. And this first picture of their every life was the picture of every day. They rose early, sometimes breakfasted, sometimes at a later hour; and afterward, while Alice attended to household cares, assisted by this one little maid-of-all-work, he had some of her life by half a score—her father read and looked over piles of papers. Then, while it was yet too early for any possible meeting of acquaintances, they took their daily walk. And returning, as invariably, a small desk was wheeled out from an inner room, and the day's occupation begun—that of author and amanuensis.

Sitting there by the window which looked into the obscene side-street, with its dreary walls, its parallized right hand and arm lying helpless upon an arm of the chair, with his other, Mr. Rosemere now and then, by eloquent gestures, kept pace with the brilliant and startling thoughts that flowed from his lips in a low but untiring voice. Opposite him, Alice rapidly transferred these thoughts in phonographic characters to paper, her own face lightening as his lightened, with pride, or earnestness, or application.

But one day the work was finished. Alice looked up with the words

"When will it be out, father?"

"On Christmas-day."

A shade flitted momentarily across her face, and she shrank a little as if something had hurt her. Then immediately:

"I am glad it is so soon."

He smiled, a musing, triumphant smile, and said, absently:

"Yes; I think it must succeed."

Succeed! She smiled too.

"It must succeed with such heralding. Read this, father," and as she spoke she handed him a newspaper and pointed to a paragraph.

It was one of those paragraphs that say so little and imply so much.

"We understand from the publisher of the so and so magazine, that he has in press a work from the pen of the author of those brilliant papers which have from time to time appeared under the titles, etc., etc."

Then followed a darkly hinted at the probable authorship hidden under the modest *nom de plume*. A hint of course widely astray.

Mr. Rosemere read it with satisfaction, but at the same time a sarcasm was on his lip as he read.

And Christmas-day came round again. It was ushered in with bright skies and life-giving airs, but to Robert Wegmer, sitting at his lonely fireside in the dark-as-night room at Holly Hill that morning, there was little of brightness.

Where were his prophecies, his plans of last year? Alas, "Man proposeth, but God disposeth." And he muttered this half aloud, as he looked out with that old wistful gaze upon the ice-bound country. "And it seems very cold; but where he lives, He had spent time and energy, and used every means in his power, and to no purpose. Where was she, in this same she? While he dwelt under her roof amidst luxury and ease, she might be suffering poverty's sharpest stings. How often had he thought of this as he had sat in these rooms for the past year. But this day at least he would keep fully the faith that he would sit at no feast; only slenderest fare and loneliness should be his portion.

Mrs. Kinly in vain tried to rebel. She would have had him dine sumptuously. But no. "Have what you like for yourself, Mrs. Kinly, but I wish to be alone, that day."

Mrs. Kinly was anxious.

"Whatever could all the young gentleman *?* But you know best, Sir," she had answered. One of his friends had come to see him, and she ushered him into the presence of her master with a secret delight.

Robert Weymer was not specially glad to see this visitor—his good-natured cousin, Harry Marsden; and his asked,

"What brings you here to-day, Harry?"

"Oh, I was riding up from the valley, and thought I'd look in upon you. It's rather shabby of you, Bob, not to come over to us for dinner. Kate 'll be with us, you know. Hullo! So you've got this number, too. Have you read the notices their heads over?" taking up a book that lay upon the table.

Robert looked up in some surprise at his cousin, who cared little for such literature as this—a strange new book of philosophical and scientific essays.

But Harry explained.

"Dickey Lane was over last night. Dickey's uncle is the author of this, you know, and he told us what a time they've had over the mystery of the affair."

"Mystery?"

"What! You know nobody can find out who the author is even now, don't you?"

No; he had not known. Robert set little himself warily to hear a story about which he felt no interest, yearning for silence, for solitude, to shut out those bitter, light-hearted tones, which brought no answering light-heartedness to him.

"Well, it's the oddest thing," Harry went on. "The whole correspondence conducted through the post, up to this time, under the name of Ross; but nobody believes it's Ross, you know. And then the handwriting is a woman's! Dickey gave me a scrap of a letter his uncle let him have. See. It's graceful, but bold enough. I say it's a man's. What do you think?"

Weymer took the slip of paper carelessly; but as his eyes fell upon the characters he was suddenly transformed. He was no longer the cold, then sudden puller succeeded. He rose, went to the window, stood with his back toward his cousin for a few moments in the morning, and, in his ordinary tones, with no trace of his strange emotion:

"Will you lend me this, Harry?"

"I'll give it to you. I don't care for it. Dickey seemed to think he was offering me 'great things,' as I took it. But I've seen answers to inquiries."

"But, bless my soul! is your clock right? I must be off in a hurry." So you won't come with us, and eat of the Christmas turkey, Robert?"

"Not to-day. Good-by!" And Robert Weymer closed the door after his guest with a deep breath of relief. And then turned to the window again with that scrap of paper.

That handwriting! Well he knew that in his dark there lay a strange, graceful history. Biography could match this, line by line. The mystery so dark to others was clear to him. He knew Mr. Rosemere's style. He knew something of his deep yet brilliant mind. And plainly rose before his inward vision those two working together. The father with his fine, subtle sight into the human fiance to poverty and misfortune in the presence of such true and tender aid.

And now the author would make himself known. He would come forth from his obscurity to receive the praise which awaited him!

Then Robert Weymer's heart stood still. No, no, he must find her before this acknowledgment of the world had found them, else he might be misjudged. He must see nothing of his long search.

He must find her! When? "Now! This very day! This very hour! There was no time to lose."

As he said this, all the passion, all the fervor, all the power of the last two years seemed to pass into his soul. It mounted to his brain. A dizziness overcame him, and for momentary relief he flung himself down upon the couch.

Softly as night falls over the weary day did sleep descend upon him then. Brief slumber, but a lifetime seemed compressed within its limits. He awoke with the sense of having lived through a next minute, cool and clear, recollection came.

Down the mystic reaches of slumber where had his soul wandered? What had he seen?

He had seen a wide and lonely street, and overlooking it a lonely house, old, and faded, and shabby. He had seen himself walking along the deserted pavement. He had seen at the window of this lonely house a face look out and smile upon him. HER face!

Where was this lonely street? Where this lonely house? Did it exist only in the strange phantasy of a dream? But no, he had surely beheld that true point of shore to which his soul had surely observed that view of the bay, the masts, the spars and rigging, lying dimly outlined against the sky!

Suddenly he flashed upon Robert Weymer the last unfrequented portion of the city, where the wide, lonely and blank, were winding off to shore. He remembered the desolate appearance of its dwellings. And perhaps this lonely house was in this neighborhood. Perhaps that face sat in the window—he sprang up. The old clock over the mantle struck the half hour. He had yet time to gain the station, to take the train for town.

Alice had just read the letter from the publisher her father had brought in to her late last night. It was cordial and flattering, but it was curious.

It pressed politely yet pointedly the mutual benefit of personal acquaintance.

She looked up, smiling. "Well, will you—"

"Not yet, not yet," he interrupted, musing her thought.

"No"—and he bent musing over the fire, a smile of soft scorn wreathing his firm lips—"no, I am not ready to meet them—yet."

As he mused the soft scorn melted away, and the expression his face wore when lost in contemplation resumed its place. Once more he glanced about the room with a look which seemed to say, "This life, so solitary and so simple, has its charms for me, it is the life I have chosen, and I am reaping its results."

Alice herself paused to reflect something of this feeling as she slowly turned the leaves of that beloved book with which she had become so identified. But those many times which her wistful pain came into those golden eyes, and the proud lips curved to passionate regret. It came now as the far sound of Christmas chimes floated to her ears during the nook she turned her face away from her father's possible observation; but it was unnecessary. In a few moments he was once more at his solitary walk below the bend of the hill, where the shoreward path led over deserted plains and trackless snows. But they were familiar and well beaten foot. And left alone she gave herself up to the memories those chiming bells suggest. Memories that a few moments later, deeply, dropped half unconsciously through quivering lips:

"That he should have failed me!" And as she spoke the bell clanged mournfully in tones of Cross and Passion.

Lost in these reveries she does not hear that unusual outdoor bustle with the coming of whose amazed voice denies the existence of any Miss Rosemere within those walls.

"My mistress name is Ross, Sir—Miss Ross."

But the visitor pushes past her.

And Alice does not hear the opening door, nor note her guest, until, through the last clanging bells, the tide of memory, that voice—the voice of him she thought had failed her—meets her ear. In what torturing words does he speak of the past, does he tell the eloquent tale of his devotion? By what tender phrase has he soothed her pain, her weariness, has he so suddenly summoned back the mystic light within those golden eyes? Oh, spirit of Love, make answer! She only knows the earth and sky, that faith and hope have given her once throughout the world, and Heaven is very near.

When Mr. Rosemere returns even his impassible face shows evidence of the emotions of his generous thus unbidden guest. Then he listens to a story which awakens still deeper wonder: a story told in few words, but in a few manly words, of this long love and unwavering search.

Beneath the cold and proud exterior of Henry Rosemere, for nearly all his years, a tender and enduring unbelief, there lurked a passionate heart and a vivid imagination. And as he listened to this tale of everlasting constancy, as one sentence broke to another, in brief and calm phrases, his heart was touched and his imagination fired. He felt all the pain and fervor which was left unspoken—all the enduring devotion, the steadfast will. And shaking from his face the cloak of reserve:

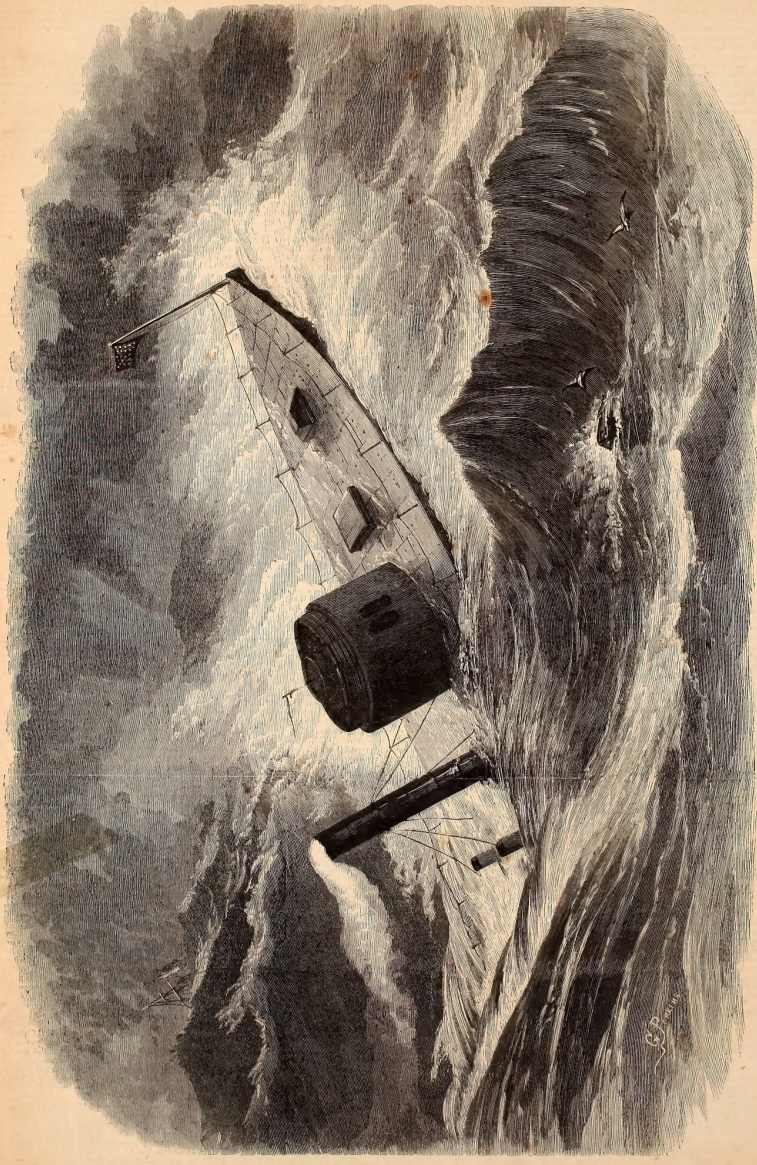
"Here is a nature that is both steady an' ardent, a soul undaunted and faithful." Heroic elements which he knew how to appreciate. "Robert," he said, as soon as the other had concluded, "I loved your father. He was my closest friend. You shall be my son, and bless you!"

And turning, he left the room.

This instant appreciation and fine comprehension were the only answer to the outpouring of surprise to Robert Weymer on this strange day. If the Rosemeres were proud it was the pride of lofty natures. And Robert Weymer felt no surprise at this. And giving largely, it accepts as largely. Thus it was that when their guest spoke of his new home that Mr. Rosemere, doubly subdued by his delicate proof of unvarying intensity of feeling, overcoming the old pain of association, himself suggested what the other could not.

And so it came to pass that on that Christmas-day, as her lover had wildly and passionately vowed, Alice reigned at Holly Hill. But long before another Christmas came round—ay, long before the spring-buds of that year had bloomed in the garden and the wood—she reigned there indeed, not temporarily, as on that single day, but for all days of every year.

And Henry Rosemere? Again he was quits with the world. No longer prostrate, suffering defeat, and at the mercy of her pity; but crowned with success and triumphant, an honorable and prosperous future before him. Hand to hand now, face to face, he would meet her. His pride was appeased.



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE STORM OF 29TH JANUARY.—[SEE PAGE 85.]

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, who has just been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in lieu of General Burnside.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Bernard, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to annoy them with their river blockade while McClellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When McClellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

After the battle he sent the following report to General McClellan:

CENTREVILLE, MD., *Sept.* 17, 1862.

Major-General McClellan:

A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious. I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until ten o'clock this morning, when I was wounded and compelled to quit the field. The battle was fought with great violence on both sides. The carnage has been awful. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the operations until they were concluded, for I had counted on either capturing their army or driving them into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot.

J. HOOKER, Brigadier-General.

On the reorganization of the army under General Burnside, General Hooker was given the command of one of the three grand Divisions into which it was distributed. He commanded his Division at Fredericksburg, but took no active part in the fight.

The *Herald* gives the following memoranda of him:

In person General Hooker if very tall, erect, compactly, but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of great physical endurance, of a light complexion, a fresh, ruddy countenance, full, clear mild eyes, intellectual head, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray—and altogether one of the most commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending, and courteous, removing embarrassment from even the humblest personage who approaches him. It is only when at the head of his command and in the storm of battle that he arrays himself in the stern and lofty aspect of the commanding military chieftain.

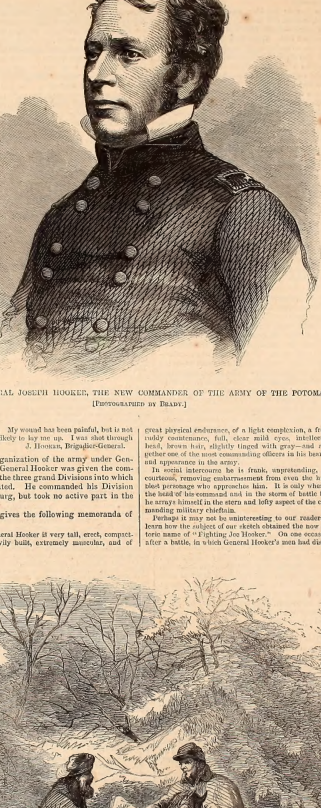
Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the subject of our sketch obtained the now historic name of "Fighting Joe Hooker." On one occasion, after a battle, in which General Hooker's men had distinguished themselves for their fighting qualities, thus adding to the fame of their commander, a dispatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies announcing the fact. One of the copyists, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the dispatch the words "Fighting Joe Hooker." Of course this heading went to nearly every newspaper office of the country, through the various agencies, and was readily adopted by the editors and printed in their journals. The *sobriquet* was also adopted by the army and by the press, and is now well known all over the world. Thus an unpretending, innocent copyist, unaware that he was making history, prefixed to this General's name a title that will live forever in the annals of the country.

But it appears that General Hooker does not like his title; for, on one occasion, when called so by a friend, he is reported to have said, "Don't call me Fighting Joe, for that term has done and is doing me incalculable injury. It makes a portion of the public think that I am a bat-headed, furious young fellow, accustomed to making furious and needless dashes at the enemy." By this remark it would appear that, although he has the characteristic of undoubted bravery and boldness, he still possesses some of that prudence and caution without which no general can be great.

General Hooker's friends in California have prepared a handsome testimonial in remembrance of his past services. It is a sword of the finest steel, with belt thickly studded with diamonds, a scabbard of solid silver, heavily and richly mounted with gold. The cost of this magnificent sword will be between $4000 and $5000. The inscriptions are as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,
FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO,
December 20, 1862.

Williamsburg—Fair Oaks—Glendale—Malvern Hill—
Bull Run—Germantown—South Mountain—
Antietam.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ONE of our correspondents, Mr. Oertel, has illustrated one of the few amenities of war, the INTERCHANGE OF CIVILITIES BETWEEN TWO MOUNTED PICKETS on the Upper Rappahannock. When the war first broke out the pickets on either side used to fire at each other on sight, and it gave our officers a good deal of trouble to check the murderous practice. The rule is now the other way. The pickets no sooner find themselves within hailing distance than they begin to converse; and the chat generally ends in an interchange of rations, liquor, and newspapers. This custom is severely reprobated by most of our Generals, but is very common nevertheless. Mr. Oertel writes: "During the recent engagement at Fredericksburg it was a most essential precaution to guard against a flank movement by the enemy, and the fords above on the river were vigilantly watched. This important duty was assigned to the Sixth New York Cavalry, who by former experience knew all the fords and roads thereabout well, and they were there by special order of General Burnside, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel M'Vicar. They are at the post still. The duty is arduous, and one of danger, being at the extreme right, and in sight and within easy reach of the enemy. The pickets sometimes meet, by special agreement, in the middle of the river, first laying down their arms at their respective shores, and in this wise they friendly converse, and exchange such commodities as tobacco and newspapers."



MEETING OF UNION AND REBEL PICKETS IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[SKETCHED BY MR. OERTEL.]

OUR HISTORY.

AMOAD in the breeze waves our starry flag,
Beneath its folds toil we.
We make their nations their harvests reap,
And some are at play, and some asleep,
We are writing our history.

We write—not one to labor alone,
But thousands hold the pen.
Delicate youth and hoary age
Leave a record upon the page,
Fair women and stalwart men.

What does our history speak about,
What story does it tell?
It tells of struggles, of hopes, and fears,
Of hearty foes, and bitter tears
(The world knows the lesson well!)

Of gallant deeds to make one thrill,
And perils by land and sea;
Of children leaving their mother's side
To strike one blow, in their childish pride,
For the country of the free.

Oh! scornful world, watching without,
"Stricken of God?" ye say?
Nay, through the cloud as our fathers trod,
We are marching onward to meet our God,
His promise our only stay.

What though the sword from its scabbard leap,
And cannon echoes wake!
Though thousands are falling beside us— Still
We follow boldly, for 'tis His will
That we suffer for Freedom's sake!

O not one star from our flag shall fade!
There our Father bade them be,
And said if we kept them free from stain
They should form forever a golden chain
To bind us to Liberty.

And so, though foreign foes would beguile,
And traitorous voices call;
Though anarchy's waves would rise at every turn,
On bended knees an oath we have sworn,
That our banner shall never fall!

There is hardly a house where every chair
Is filled as it might have been,
Were there no blank sheets in our history,
To be filled ere another year we see—
And faster travels the pen.

It matters not, O doubting world!
That our labor be hard or long,
For never by man was a good work wrought
But angels were with the devil fought,
Yet Heaven was the strong.

Float on the breeze, thou flag of hope!
Bravely beneath roll we!
While other nations their harvests reap,
With glorious *deeds* for memory's keep,
We are writing our history.

POOR PHIL!

IT was a mystery to me; why Bob Lyons should fight so shy of Nellie Waterman, the prettiest girl in the place, I couldn't for my life imagine! He had been badly hit at Fredericksburg, and was borne on sick-leave; and every day her carriage stopped at Mr. Wood's door (by-the-way, it was worth the waiting to see the fine fort and saddle that she shoved in getting out) with a basket of hot-house fruit, or flowers that she had arranged herself (and she did those things like a French woman), or the last feuilleton, for Lieutenant Lyons. But though Bob had a hearty laugh and a shake of the little roan at the head of the stairs that his callers use, he never took the smallest notice, except a grateful acknowledgment very like an oath, from under his mustache, or, if in the parlors, to bobble away as fast as possible, for fear of meeting her. The flowers he wouldn't let into his room, but left them to wither in the outer hall; the fruit he gave the children; the books he tossed over to his sisters without cutting open—in short, if Nellie Waterman had been the cholera, instead of a handsome, stylish girl, he could hardly have avoided her more persistently; churlishly refusing to give any other reason for his unaccountable conduct than that it was his whim.

Nothing like it, by-the-way, so hard to prison secrets. Relax your vigilance ever so little, and the things will be on the house-top in spite of you. And so one day out popped Bob's confession, like a Jack-in-the-box, and he told me all that was in his heart.

It was in answer to some remark of mine about Nellie Waterman, who had just passed. Bob turned his back quickly to the window, and sent his cigar savagely into the fire.

"I had as lief see a toad," he said—"rather, for it wouldn't be necessary to be civil to the spotted animal. Do you remember what Jule was reading the other night—something of Ruskin's, I think, about girls with spots of blood on their ball-dresses, and grave-weeds twined in their wreaths? Well, I swear I never see this one without thinking that her dainty hands are red with blood, and that her beautiful bright hair is thick-twisted with the yellow that shades Phil Seldon's grave. Poor dear old Phil! he were her false face over his heart when he went down. Worthless as he had proved her to be, he could never quite give her up. I had known her from a child, and warned him of his danger, and the ugly shadow that ever fell on our friendship came between us then. There never was a man more thoroughly infatuated. He thought her pink and white face the incarnation of purity; her downcast looks he took for modesty; and it was useless to tell him that, besides her pretty face, she was simply full of coquetry, bonnets, and French novels.

"She was, in his idea, womanly perfection—physical, mental, and moral. And she threw him over, of course—flirted with him till she was tired, then dropped him. When he insisted on making reason for this wrecking of his hopes, closed her doors against him by way of answer. He came back fuming like a pilot-boat in a hurricane. Indeed, you could scarcely have dreamed that this was our old sunshiny Phil.

"I hate women when I think of it. Leave out my mother and sisters, and all the crinoline and grimacing in the world are not worth his dear old face, though he never looked worth-all after that, unless he was on some specially dangerous service —some risky reconnoitring or picket duty, affording him an extra chance of being killed. Then he used to light up with a sort of grim satisfaction, because, he told me once, the excitement left him no time to think; adding, mournfully, that he should be dubbed the greatest coward in the regiment could it but be known with what dread he looked forward to his long, sleepless nights, and those listless days when only the ordinary routine was going on.

"We were before Fredericksburg—or rather, the river that separated it from us. Phil had just come back from——, where he had been sent on a secret mission, and had returned only short time enough to come on here, and get himself stabbed to the heart afresh. He had seen Nellie; she had received him as only *she* can receive anybody she has in feet; but relenting by degrees, suffered him to plead his cause again, and raised his hopes only to dash them most fatally to the ground.

"He came back utterly desperate. We were getting ready for the bombardment, and he threw himself into the preparations in the very wildest spirit of twenty men. Every thing was as peaceful as if Nature was holding her breath to watch us. In the early hush of the Sunday morning, though I don't know what ever put it in my head at such a time, I could think of nothing but that other winter's day when I was in church quietly praising God, and proclaiming peace on earth. The water seemed to hush itself, as if afraid to ripple. In the stillness a wreath of mist lifted itself from the dogs and the melancholy chiming of the town-clock sounding out the hour; while on our side the only stir was the preparations we were making to get the batteries into position, and the heavy roll of the pontoon trains going down to the river-bank. It sounded like thunder in our ears; but they are as dead silence as if they were all in an enchanted sleep till our men had pushed off and fairly gotten the bridge across the river.

"I don't know whether they suspected what we were up to or not, or whether it was a part of their cursed strategy to let us get right under a possible under fire; but when they did at last commence they made things lively for us, as you may imagine. We comfortably stowed away in cellars and houses on the bank, they had only to cut us down at their leisure. Shell and shot came in showers—round, unavailing; the city indeed was fired, but the forces were not unearthed, and three times our brave fellows were driven back, and brought their dead and wounded up the bank to fill the floors of the Lacy House.

"By this time it was morning, and we had procured a train with solid shot from Aquia; the rebels, who had stopped firing, commenced again, and the fight was renewed with terrible fury. A splendurous fog cleared away, Fredericksburg burning like a second Moscow. The solid shot plunged through brick and stone, and the pontoons had a fresh effort to lay the bridge proved also unavailing, the rebel sharp-shooters dropping our men like so many rotten apples.

"Then it was that Burnside called for volunteers, and that the Seventh Michigan and our regiment (the Nineteenth Massachusetts) answered the call. As we marched out, Phil came quickly up to Mark Gifford, his brother-in-law, who was at my side.

"'You are to take care of Nellie, if need be,' he said. 'I have none, and never shall. Let me go in your place; wait (as Mark was going to refuse) and hear me. I am not a coward, you know that; I swear it, even if I swim after the boats; so there will be simply two to mourn for in the homesteads of your people.'

"He was in such desperate earnest, and the time was so short, for the regiment was already moving on, and Mark, never to swallow a lump of Phil, was so taken by surprise that he stepped back, and Phil took the place by my side and rushed on with us. Our boat was the fifth that left the bank, when we went down that bank I no more dreamed of ever coming alive out of that ruin of fire than of going to heaven in a chariot of flame. Indeed, as we crouched behind the boats and the piles of lumber the bank came in among us like hailstones. Phil got a slight scratch, and a ball carried off his cap as if it had come expressly for it. Not that we left all the fighting to the rebels. We did a little sharp-shooting on our own account, right and left, while in its way, and keeping them about as busy as they knew how, the cannon began to speak again; then we pushed for the bank, got into them pell-mell, and made off. Such a crossing! It wasn't exactly a sail by moonlight, I can tell you. I never imagined such a din possible, unless at the day of judgment. Crack! crack! from those deadly rifles, and our poor fellows dropping at every shot, though lying low as possible in the boats. Our batteries thundering away, waking up the echoes, that rolled back on us as if they were having a battle of their own. I don't believe I ever shall again experience such an intoxicating excitement as I felt on landing with my head still on my shoulders.

"I panted out something of this sort to Phil, who answered with a stern smile and something about the ides of March, only half heard, as we rushed up the bank and after the rebels scampering out of every ridge, and from behind every wall and shrub, springing up as if they had been a sort of fungus growth of legs warranted to make good time before Yankee bayonets.

"Most of them escaped, but some either couldn't or wouldn't run. One of these fellows Phil started. A surly fellow, grim and gaunt, who had taken out a cellar door, and evidently meaning to die game. I called out as I saw the man taking deliberate aim at Phil, coming down the street; but he kept turning his head in answer, and showing me the same obtuse, reckless look that he had worn all that day, went on one step further—got the ball in his heart; for he was dead when I reached him.

"I was on his murderer before he had time to load again, and I think I should have beaten him to death as I did then had he been Samson; rage and grief were terrible powers in me. But, after all, what was his worthless life? It can never comfort me, or help weep for Phil in the old homestead, where he lies buried, dear fellow! dead—poor, loving, generous heart!—by that woman, whom I long, every time I meet her, to call Murderess!"

CAPTURE OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS.

WE publish on page 81 an illustration of the BOMBARDMENT OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS on the Arkansas River, by Admiral Porter's fleet, on January 11. Our picture is from a sketch transmitted by the correspondent of the *Herald*, and kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Bonner. We give portraits of ADMIRAL PORTER and GENERAL M'CLERNAND, the heroes of the affair.

The 10th January, with land forces, under the command of General M'Clernand, and the flotilla, under Admiral Porter, ascended the river, and the latter immediately opened a view of surrounding the work. During the night the gun-boats fired a few shots at the work, and next morning, the troops being in position, the attack commenced in earnest. The *Herald* correspondent says:

THE BOMBARDMENT.

It was five minutes past one when the gun-boats *Baron De Kalb*, Commander Walker, ironclad, all iron-clad, steamed up to within about three hundred yards of the fort, and opened fire upon it. At the same moment above here in sight, and before they fired a shot, the fort opened on them. The first shot struck over the bend in the river, the rebels had exerted several targets, which were to assist them in firing at the gun-boats. Another shot was soon placed in the river opposite the fort; but the high-water mark was reached, and the shot struck on the inland open. The bombardment increased in rapidity as other vessels of the squadron came into action. It took some time to get good range of the cannonade guns and the barbette guns in the fort, but after a few shots had been fired the Admiral's fire at the right hand easemate, the *Louisville* at the middle one, and the gun-boats at the left, the *Baron De Kalb* and the *Lexington*, the latter commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Woodworth, and the *Cincinnati*, commanded by Commander Stemble, the gun it was instructed to fire at about the same time. At twenty minutes past two the fire was very severe, and the rifled guns in the fort were most effectually silenced. The *De Kalb*, Commander Walker, the *Louisville*, Captain Phelps, and *Admiral's* flag-ship, steamed up and took part in the fight. The Admiral's flag-ship, his secretary, Dr. Heap, was in the little tug which was all the time steaming and dancing about among the gun-boats, directing and superintending the fight.

THE LAND ATTACK.

The first gun from the fleet was the signal for the soldiers to move. Generals Morgan and Burnside immediately pushed forward their men, and were met by a fierce fire from the rebel works. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the crisis and end of the fight:

"The troops in front were now sharply engaging the rebels in the rifle-pits, and their fight was the hottest. Just behind the breastwork near the fort, were blazing away the rebel guns, and the rebel gunners, as they fired, and the rebels galloped the horses up to the parapet with a gun, and then wheeled them around with it, in order that it might be placed in position, our infantry fire killed all the men who attempted to run the guns around, and for an instant and left their gun. At a shot from one of our Parrott guns, Lieutenant Dunnington, of the fourteenth battalion, at least a hundred rebels ran away from behind the intrenchments into the open field, and fled in confusion, and now coming from the front for ammunition. At ten minutes past three most of Morgan's men were in. Burnside's corps now were forming in columns in the rear. In five minutes more they were all in position, and a sharp musketry and artillery firing was kept up all the time. At twenty minutes past three a heavy column of Morgan's men moved up to the left of the fort, and near the river bank. It was at first supposed that it was the intention of Morgan's corps to go in the rear by a double-quick, for it is well known that when Morgan gets in the rear of a fort, he is sure to leave the fort abandoning columns, enveloped in clouds of smoke, had left the fort, and were retreating. It was at this time that was moving quickly to the front to extend the attacking line.

The time now was fifteen minutes past three. Every thing was now coming from the front for ammunition. At ten minutes past three most of Morgan's men were in. Burnside's corps now were forming in columns in the rear. In five minutes more they were all in position, and a sharp musketry and artillery firing was kept up all the time. At twenty minutes past three a heavy column of Morgan's men moved up to the left of the fort, and near the river bank. It was at first supposed that it was the intention of Morgan's corps to go in the rear by a double-quick, for it is well known that when Morgan gets in the rear of a fort, he is sure to leave the fort abandoning columns, enveloped in clouds of smoke, had left the fort, and were retreating. It was at this time that was moving quickly to the front to extend the attacking line.

The time now was fifteen minutes past three. Every thing was coming close to the bank, and, with the other gunboats, was pouring shot into the fort; Lindsay's brigade, across the river, was also firing into the works, while Morgan's and Sherman's men were advancing fast in front. The white flag was seen in several places on the parapet; individuals were seen running from troops to troops, waving conseil; the rebels ran from behind the breastworks; and still Morgan's and Sherman's men pushed on, and still the rebels could not rally, and still they could not rebuild the rebel flag. The fort had surrendered.

TAKING POSSESSION.

He adds:

The moment the lieutenant in the trees had reported the cheering along the line and had concluded with "I believe the fort has surrendered," General M'Clernand and staff dashed off, and were soon in the enemy's intrenchments, surrounded by thousands of the men. When the flag was shown on the river side the jolly Jack Tars had jumped ashore and were soon in the fort, followed by Admiral Porter and a number of his officers. Colonel Dunnington, commander of the fort, surrendered his sword to the Admiral in person. General Churchill, commander of the fort, was captured with all his staff, and surrendered himself and his troops to General M'Clernand. "I am sorry I have been under such circumstances," said General M'Clernand; "what your men fought bravely to-day in defending the fort." General Churchill replied, that himself he had not intended to surrender; that there was no other alternative as the fleet was in the rear, also in the left with his staff, and on hearing the cheering supposed it was the capturing of his men, but on riding back into the fort had found our troops just taking possession. He said that he had issued orders to the troops that they must die in the ditches in preference to surrendering the Post. It is certain that the enemy could no longer successfully resist, and also that white flags were shown in the parapets of the fort on the river side. Some of the soldiers told me that General Churchill had ordered the surrender. General Churchill told me that he did not; but, on the contrary, that the place was surrendered in his absence. It may be that the officers, seeing that further resistance was useless, declined to shoulder the defense. One thing is certain, there was great unanimity among the rebels in the surrender.

POST OF ARKANSAS.

He thus describes the place:

Post of Arkansas is the oldest settlement in the State. Seventy two centuries ago there was a Spanish town in the vicinity of the present city, and I believe a small Spanish fort. It is situated on the right bank as you ascend the Arkansas River, about fifty miles from the mouth, and one hundred and seventeen miles from Napoleon, at the head of the State. It was settled in 1685 by the Arkansas French, as they are called, who live in the surrounding country. From the high point on which the fort is constructed, to the Mississippi River on the land along the course of the Arkansas overflows during the winter and the spring. The river is the property of the Arkansas, only a few steps, and then at intervals for a few miles along the river bank are cultivated fields.

The fort is a regular, square-bastioned work, one hundred yards on exterior side, with a ditch twenty-five feet wide, and a parapet eighteen feet high. A number of blind mud redoubts were lying in the ditches when we entered, and many sick soldiers in the hospital. All the heavy guns were on the river face, and had been thrown about in fragments on the ground. Ammunition captured by the rebels in the Arkansas *Blue Wing* was a large amount of war materials and supplies of various kinds, and about one thousand prisoners have been taken into our hands by this brilliant achievement of our arms.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

The following sketch of Admiral Porter, who commanded the gun-boat attack, will remind the reader who he is:

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, the Commander of the Mississippi Flotilla, is the son of the famous Commodore David Porter, of the War of 1812, who died about the year 1814. In 1829 he entered the navy as midshipman on board the Essex, commanded by his father, and was in that ship and the United States. In 1841 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and was attached to the Observatory at Washington he was placed on active duty in the Gulf of Mexico, where he remained, and served with that rank on board the Constellation for four years. After a brief period on the Coast Survey, he was appointed to the command of the Pacific Mail Company's steamer, and remained several years in the service of that company. When he commanded one of the California steam-ships—the Crescent City—he made a voyage which attracted much public attention at the time. In consequence of the *Black Warrior* affair Spain had demanded and refused to grant satisfaction, and the United States would be entirely justified in declaring war against that power. Such was the opinion of the officers of the Crescent City, when she left Havana, and had she been overhauled on the high seas, and, by force, detained, he would go in; and he did, the Habaneros fearing to do so upon him. He was afterward, on board the Saranac flag ship stationed at that time, in defiance, after which he was ordered to the Pacific.

At the beginning of the year 1861 he was under orders to join the Gulf squadron; on the 19th of April, however, had not left when the rebellion broke out. His name at that time stood number 4 on the list of lieutenants. The resignation of several naval traitors left room for his advancement, and in the "Naval Register" for August 1, 1861, places him number seventy-seven on the list of commanders. He was placed in command of the steam ship of war Powhatan, a vessel of about twenty-five hundred tons, and was ordered to the Gulf coast. After blockading duty for some time, he left that ship to take special charge of the mortar vessels. The mortar vessels just took part in the reduction of the forts below New Orleans will make his name as familiar to the people of the nation with that of "bombers," as the sailors term them. After the capture of New Orleans, he left the Gulf for the Mississippi River, and was engaged in several affairs on that river, including that at Vicksburg. From there he was ordered to the Yazoo River, and returned to the Ozborean, from which flag ship he left for the Red River expedition, he fell in with and captured the Anglo-rebel steamer Rebel Queen. He was highly applauded for the conduct of all the naval forces on the Mississippi River, with the rank of acting Rear-Admiral, which rank he now holds, and proceeds, guns, and men, is larger than has ever heretofore been under the command of any United States naval officer. His squadron is distinct in every way from that of Admiral Farragut, and is now operating on the Yazoo and Blockading Squadron.

The Post of Arkansas is the first exploit performed by the Admiral in his new command. We may expect to hear of the reduction of many others.

Admiral Porter is a man of wiry, muscular frame, hardened by long years of exposure, height, 5 feet 9 inches, and is now about forty-seven years of age. He married a lady from Massachusetts, January 1, 1832. The last-named lady resides with her children on the Tennessee River, and fought the rebel ram *Arkansas* on the Mississippi River. Mrs. Admiral Porter-John Brown of Tennessee.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLERNAND.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND is a lawyer by profession, and has figured prominently as a leading Democratic politician from Illinois. He was a leader of the Douglas Democrats, and did battle for them valiantly at Charleston. At the outbreak of the war he took close military rank in the Cullom, and shortly afterward was nominated by Governor Yates Brigadier General of Volunteers. In the Belmont fight he manifested that he possessed very good military capacity, and during his administration of military affairs at Cairo he secured the good-will of the men under his command. He was subsequently, in the year of his command, the advance upon Fort Henry, and at the grand battle before Fort Donelson, General M'Clernand made

fested superior military ability. For his gallantry on these occasions he was, on the 31st of March, made by Congress a Major-General of Volunteers, and accompanied the advance up the Tennessee River toward Savannah. At the battle at Pittsburg Landing he distinguished himself exceedingly. On 3d January he superseded General Sherman in command of the army which was repulsed at Vicksburg, and proceeded immediately to attack the Post of Arkansas as narrated above.

TORPEDOES IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.

THROUGH the politeness of an officer in the navy we are enabled to lay before our readers, on page 85, the picture of a REBEL TORPEDO in one of the Western Rivers. All the tributaries of the Mississippi are filled with these destructive implements of warfare, and the rebels seem to be improving in their manufacture. A year ago our sailors used to laugh at them, and the harmlessness of torpedoes became proverbial. Since the destruction of the ships in the YAZOO RIVER they have been fewer jests on the subject. These torpedoes are fired off in various ways—some by electricity, from a concealed station on shore—but more of them by friction, as in the sketch. A vessel passing over the torpedo we have illustrated, and scraping one of the floats with her bottom would ignite the two demijohns of powder, and knock a hole in her hull which would cause her to sink in ten minutes. The means of sending the torpedoes and fishing them up is one of the most exciting and perilous duties of our Western sailors.

THE "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE GALE.

We illustrate, on page 92, the Monitor "WEEHAWKEN" in the gale of 30th. Her performance in this encounter was admirable, and set at rest the apprehensions which had been raised by the loss of the original *Monitor*. She proved that she was a seaworthy vessel, and actually behaved better than the tug which had been taken to take care of her. Her captain, John Rodgers, late of the *Golora*, sent the following telegram to Captain Ericsson on his arrival at Fortress Monroe:

FORTRESS MONROE, *January* 19, 1863.

We have arrived safely, and all well. Monday, about two P.M., had to cast off from the *Seneca* on account of heavy weather and freshening. She ran back toward the Delaware Breakwater. Had a hard storm from the northeast on Sunday night; were about thirty feet high. Vessel made excellent weather and very little motion. When the *Seneca* left I refused a line from her to the *Ironsides*—I am now sure wisely. Yesterday, when the gale had abated, took a tow-line from the *Seneca*. Arranged her machinery, cast off and came in alone. The *Iroquois* came in under steam, and is now here.

JOHN RODGERS,
Captain Iron-clad Weehawken.

HOMELESS.

JESSIE, as I came home to-day, I saw
That crippled man upon the flags, we have
So often seen, with crutches our pity to.
I watched him crawl along the sunny street
Through heedless crowds, until he reached the place
Where evening shades, and there he lay down.
His strong companions, those two crutches were,
And sat him down upon the stones and slept—
And gazed and gazed. Then, Jessie, all my tears
Rose to my eyes, and in the street I wept
So, I could hardly speak for weeping; but
I came close up to him and paused and said:
"Oh! I could break my heart against these stones
To see you thus. I'd give my limbs to be
Utterly sick and sore, if only by
My breaking I could give you perfectness!"
His smile of thanks started with eyes—but not
Like eyes that I care see, whose grief had plucked
Majesty from despair—his had a strange
Unmanly stare, more like of peace than pain.
Jessie, he is not sorry to be there:
He never wept as I wept for him then!
He finds contentment in the gaudy street;
Finds in carriage wheels a ceaseless home
Among the people; rest in their unrest.
I turned away; but, looking once again,
Saw how he raised for upon his head.
The wan face dropped on the half-covered breath—
His eyelids closed. I thought that he was dead.
He was but sleeping—velvet-footed Sleep,
Treading her way amid the crowds and din,
Had taken him tenderly and laid him in
The cradle quietness. Stretched on the ground
I left him sleeping, who had found
Infinite pity above him and around.

BURTON ON DU CHAILLU AND GORILLAS.

CAPTAIN BURTON has written a letter, as follows, which we find in the London *Critic*:

SIR,—Arriving—sadness, not sickness—in this unpleasant land by the West African mail, I was astonished to find in your columns my name cited by a private correspondent, and a passage from one of my letters quoted to the detriment of M. Paul du Chaillu. As this is hardly fair to myself, perhaps you will allow me room for a few lines of explanation.

M. du Chaillu and I differ upon many points. He may be right, or we may be wrong, but that is still a question. I am willing, however, to trouble your readers with a discussion touching particulars. I will briefly state that, after a residence of about three weeks in the Gaboon country, during which I travelled to Cape Lopez, and explored the northeastern fork of the river beyond any former traveler, my opinion of M. du Chaillu's book is lighter than it was before visiting the land of the gorilla.

The Mpongue natives give "Mpulo"—i. e., the "demon," the equivalent of M. Du'l'ne meaning—a peculiar character as a chaunter. So soon, the native Jealous Empire, despite his having taken the great stronghold round, I modestly disbelieve in the danger, and nursery it is sense. Hiding for this opportunism to have succeeded when three Englishmen—Mr. Lertzen, Mr. Winwood Reade, and myself—have failed.

And with thanks for your kindness, and with a colored promise, under any and all circumstances, to be deaf and dumb upon the "gorilla controversy" until I do buy a gorilla or two, I subscribe myself, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

14 MONTAGU PLACE, MONTAGU SQUARE, *Jan.* 10.

POPULAR NEW BOOKS

Just Published by

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

☞ Sent by Mail, Postage free, on receipt of Price.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NO NAME. NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," "Antonina," &c., &c. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 25.

BRADDON'S AURORA FLOYD. AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

RUSSELL'S AMERICAN DIARY. MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MISS MULOCK'S MISTRESS AND MAID. MISTRESS AND MAID. A Household Story. By DINAH MARIA MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Life for a Life," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "The Head of the Family," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

TROLLOPE'S ORLEY FARM. ORLEY FARM. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," "The Three Clerks," "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," &c. Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

THACKERAY'S PHILIP. THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD: Showing who robbed Him, who helped Him, and who passed Him by. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," "Pendennis," "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," "The Four Georges," &c., &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

MODERN WAR: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE. Illustrated from celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By ERNEST SZABAD, Captain U.S.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By MRS. C. H. B. RICHARDS. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

LINES LEFT OUT. By the Author of "Line upon Line," "Streaks of Light," "More about Jesus," "Reading without Tears." With 28 Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth gilt, 75 cents.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. CAMP AND OUTPOST DUTY FOR INFANTRY. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Brig.-Gen. Vols., U.S.A. 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Sheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white as alabaster. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for house work and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Sizes, $1 25 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 203 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ HARPER JEWELRY &c. Rubber Goods in great variety. Wholesale and Retail.

PRICE'S PATENTS
THE SERGEANT'S
BOLL-DOOR FOR THE COMPANY,
DETAIL AND SQUAD.

A neat pocket-book, bound in a waterproof flap cover, with pencil and calendars for 1862-3, complete. Size 4½ cap, 6½ by 4 inches. Containing blanks which will last for thirty-one days, and one hundred names for six months. Mailed free on receipt of $1 00.

J. W. FURTHMAN, 19 Chatham St., N. Y.

A Liberal Discount to Jobbers and Dealers.

A TALK WITH MY PUPILS.

By MRS. CHARLES BUTLER, Author of "Woman's Counsel," "Life's Preparatory Period. Daughters and Sisters. Relations with the Poor and Friendless. Relations with Servants. Manners. Habits of Nature. Traveling. Teaching. School Government. Marriage. Maternity. Parental Wisdom and Folly. The Shame of Society et al., seven Truth. Days of Mourning. Prejudice and Harsh Judgment. Duties. Courtesy. Extinction. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of $1 00.

Address, 19 Broadway, New York.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Reliable information furnished, rules of claim negotiated legal advice given. Soldiers entitled to a pamphlet of Laws and Instructions sent by enclosing a one-cent stamp to

SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS

Three Colored Engraved Cards sent only at 1 RUSSELL'S Old Establishment, 29 Broadway, cor. Cedar St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1845. Open to Specimen by Mail, and Low Charge.

INVENTORS SHOULD PROCURE A Copy of "HOW TO GET A PATENT." Send a 2 cent stamp to FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

To the Nervous.

Dr. Adam Laurie's Life Pills,

The great Nervous Remedy, are for sale at the Sole Agency, 4 Union Square, New York.

Price One Dollar per box, with full directions.

All letters with enclosures must be addressed as above.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every County to sell my new Patent Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine. Address, MACHINE, Box 3, MADISON, Maine.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newborn, and all places occupied by Union Troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS. No 74 Broadway. Bulters charged low rates.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., to be seen—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—10 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Houndreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P. M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural real free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS."

Hunting, Fishing, and many other Books published in the Turf, Field and Farm. 800 cuts. 9th Ed. Price only 20c. Sent Sl. Mailed free. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
WORTH $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	50 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
1000 Gold and Nork Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Do Do	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gents' Studs, and Scarf Ring Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5100 Gents' Breast Pins	2 50 to 3 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Sleeve Buttons	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Mosaic Rings	2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Lockets	2 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted	2 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension and Gold Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above will be sold for One Dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one has, will be put into sealed envelopes, well mixed, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; and one hundred for $10.

Agents to those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificates ordered by them, provided their business amounts to one dollar. Those who remit us the cents for every Certificate, and remit 18 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County and State.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
295 Broadway, New York.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates the very seat of the terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1.00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 616 Broadway.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

NATURE IS BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Cristadoro's Hair Preparations for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

MAJ. GEN. BURNSIDE says: "*Its adaptation to Army life and warmth is complete.*"

Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac, Jan. 9, 1863.

JAMES W. EVANS, Esq., New York:—SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Dec. 29th, and one of the box containing the "Tent Stove," addressed to Major-Gen'l A. E. BURNSIDE, and to inform you that I have no express his thanks for the Stove, and to say, that he considers it a perfect success; its adaptation to Army life and comfort is complete, as it is sufficiently large to warm an ordinary sized tent, and is very easily transported. Very Resp'y, D. RANNEY, *Private Secretary*. Major General A. E. BURNSIDE.

Made of cast iron, in 3 pieces; sections. Packs with 6 ft. of pipe in the space of the lower section, for 12 inches. Will be sent by express to any part of the country, boxed complete, $8.

J. W. EVANS,
21 John St.,
New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE form a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The work is issued in quarterly volumes, each number commencing with the June number. For Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number by mail, *post-paid*. Any Number, including the Number for June, and in Muslin, will be mailed, post-paid, to any place in the United States within One Dollar of New York, for Four Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-five Volumes, elegantly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-five Cents per volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for one Year 5 00
Three Copies for one Year, for every Club of Two Subscribers, at $2 50 each, in addition to the Club, . . . 7 50
Four Copies for one Year, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $2 50 each, in addition to the Club, . . . 10 00

Postage to Subscribers in the United States, prepaid by the Publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

Postage to Subscribers in the United States, prepaid, one year, $0 60.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth cases, Price $3 75 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* and better remit Direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are associated, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

Sloven and Burnish Stude made of the finest Ivory, brought to a high polish, of all colors, and engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monograms to order. Free by mail on receipt of price. Sets, $1 50. Trade supplied.
JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

COLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Send for circular. GEORGE F. HAWKES, 64 Nassau St., N. Y.



GREAT NEWS.

FIRST CITIZEN. "So the *Army of the Potomac* has crossed the Rappahannock again!"
SECOND CITIZEN. "Ah! indeed! which way?"



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

ARMY CONTRACTOR'S WIFE. "And say, Young Man, put me up a Diamond Necklass and a couple of Gold Watches *along of them other things!*"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW DIME BOOKS.

Beadle's Dime Book of Verses,

Comprising Rhymes, Lines, and Mottoes: also

Valentines, Album Pieces,

Gift Verses, Birthday Lines, Epitaphs, &c.

Tax Law Decisions (Complete).

Alphabetically arranged—a requisite for every Taxpayer and Collector.

Ten Cents each. Single copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers and News Dealers. Address

BEADLE & CO., 118 William Street, New York.

Barnum's American Museum.

MISS LAVINIA WARREN,



THE LITTLE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

will positively be

Married to General Tom Thumb,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10,

and certainly closes her public exhibition on Saturday, February 7th.

This is the last chance of seeing her. She is on exhibition every day, from 10 A.M. till 10 P.M., till then. Admission **25** cents; Children under 10, **15** cents.

TRUSSES. *Dr. Rupp' Hard Rubber Truss* challenges the severest criticisms. Warrs-proof, cleanly, and comfortable. This truss and a Varicocele Instrument may be seen at Dr. Rupp' Office, No. 2 Barclay St., N. Y.

$5.—A BEAUTIFUL Engraved GOLD PLATED WATCH, *English Movement*, perfect Time-keeper. Sent to any address for $5. Fine Watches and Jewelry at low prices. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 80 Ann St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Lincoln Prize Package. 100 per cent. profit. Sells forth with for Agents. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CAPRON & CO., 9 Ann St., N. Y.

HEIMSTREET'S

Inimitable Hair Restorative.

IT IS NOT A DYE,

But restores grey hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural nutriment, impaired by age or disease. All *imitations since* are composed of *lunar caustic*, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and afford of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coating not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a

Luxuriant Beauty,

promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable druggists, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, H. S. Horner, 22 Broadway, N. Y. Two sizes, 50c. and $1.

Agents. Soldiers

In camp or discharged, can make easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old *styles*; containing *all New Articles*, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Package in endless variety and at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches* at low prices. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. HICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of Birnie and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the trashy *Anchre* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

102 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Valentine Packages

And Valentines for Soldiers,

New and Very Attractive

Prize Packages.

Many Varieties Adapted for the Army.

Send for NEW Circular.

G. S. HASKINS & Co, No. 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

THE "CRAIG MICROSCOPE,"

Of which over 80 dozen, and 250 dozen mounted objects have been sold since the 1st of Oct. in the city of Boston alone, will be sent, postage paid, with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3. Liberal discount to dealers. Address HENRY CRAIG, 383 Centre Street, New York.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 21 Park Row, N. Y.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON 259
WORK, Wrought, Cast, and Wire.
IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES, GUARDS, and *IRON FURNITURE* of every description. Illustrated Catalogue mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM,
259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles are the only preventive and cure. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price $1; sent by mail for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents. Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 420 Broadway.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LONG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Plate to Stone made *equal to copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30 and $33
PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 38 cents.

S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 5173, Boston.

PHYSIOGNOMY, or Signs of Character, as PHYSIOLOGY, and the Bodily Functions; PHRENOLOGY, or the Brain and Nervous System; PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul; ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man, with Instructions, in the Choice of Pursuits, Personal Improvement, etc., are some of the topics elucidated in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for 1863. No. 1 now ready. Only $1 a year. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Buy your Skate Straps with

Fogg's Lever Buckle,

Manufactured by F. STEVENS,

215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,

And 68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Aden, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

To Color Photographs

Elegantly and rapidly, you have only to use NEWTON'S IMPROVED COLORING BOOK. It contains the genuine Oil Paint and bottle has the name of the sole agent for the United States affixed. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston. For sale in New York by WALTER LOW, 812 Broadway. Price $3 48 per box, and with a large bottle of Reducing Liquid, $5 25.

CONFEDERATE (REBEL) MONEY.

Fac-Simile Confederate Treasury Notes.

So exactly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally well. $500 in Confederate Notes of all denominations, sent free by mail on receipt of $5, by W. E. HILTON, 71 Spruce Street, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!

MAGNIFYING **500** TIMES, FOR **38c.** COIN PREPAID. Five of different powers, **$1.** Mailed free. Address F. C. DOWEN, Box 720, Boston, Mass.

By the Author of Aurora Floyd.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Authorof "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE LADY LISLE," &c.

Cloth, 75 Cents. Paper, 50 Cents.

This Novel has caused an immense excitement in London, and will have an enormous sale here. The English press pronounce it to be far superior to the "WOMAN IN WHITE" or "LADY LISLE." Published by

DICK & FITZGERALD, No 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

10,000 Agents Wanted.

Business permanent, respectable, and very profitable Enclose stamp for full particulars. Address

JONES & CLARK, 60 Nassau Street, New York.

Send for Trade-List, revised Jan. 25, 1863.

FEEKS & BANCKER,

WHOLESALE NEWS AGENTS, Successors to J. F. FEEKS & Co., 24 Ann Street, *New York*. All orders for Books, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Articles promptly filled.



The American Parlor
Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.

Observe, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark

Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from welded steel and iron hardened; Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.

FREDERICK STEVENS,

215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PORTFOLIO PACKAGE. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 94 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens equivalent on the receipt of 38 cents in P. O. Stamps.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.

Highest Premium.

International Exhibition, London, 1862.

See the newest Improvement.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

Confederate Money.

$20.000!—TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN *Fac-similes* Notes of different denominations and, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of $5, by S. C. UPHAM, 403 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Ready:

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHAS. LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "Arthur O'Leary," "Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "One of Them," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "The Last of the Mortimers," "The Days of My Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 75 cents.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Large Duo (Uniform with "The Student's Home," "The Student's Gibbon," "Student's Greece," "Liddell's Rome," &c.). Cloth, $1 75.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 320.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"Who goes there?"—"Friends."—"Dismount, one friend advance, and give the countersign."

THE PICKET GUARD IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

ONLY ONE MAN KILLED-TO-DAY.

TURNS are tears and sobs in the little brown house
On the hill-side slops so-fay:
Though the sunlight gleams on the outer world
There the clouds drift cold and gray.
"Only one man killed," so the tidings read—
"Our loss was trifling:' we triumphed," twas said—
And only here in the home on the hill
Did the words breathe aught but of triumph still.

They had watched and waited, had prayed and wept,
Those hearts by the cabin hearth,
And the hope was strong that their darling would walk
Unscathed where'er bold the battle's wrath.
They would gladly have shielded his life from ill,
But their trust was all in their Father's will;
They had left the dear life here world-ward now
The pride of their hearts from a soldier's grave.

Now His wisdom had ordered what most they feared,
And their arms were crossed by the stern decree.
"Only one man killed"—so the telegram read—
But for them life's beauty has passed away;
And all the glory and triumph gained
Seems a matter small to the woe bleed-stained,
That has rent and riven like a rushing tide,
Throbs "Only one man killed," as a funeral knell.

"Only one man killed"—so we read full oft,
And replace that the on our side was small;
Forgetting meanwhile that some loving heart
Felt all the force of this murderous hill.
"Only one man killed," comes again and again:
One here more 'mong the martyred slain.
"Only one man killed," carries sorrow for life
To those whose darlings fall in the strife.

A. M. L.

STILL RIVER, MASS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

CHARLESTON.

BY the time this paper reaches its readers Fort Sumter may, perhaps, attract more attention than any other point—except, perhaps, Vicksburg. For it is suspected that the rebels of South Carolina are going to have another opportunity to display their devotion to the cause which has plunged this continent into the present bloody war.

At the time we write the great Southern expedition which has been assembling at Beaufort, North Carolina, must have started, and an army of 83,000 or 40,000 men, with a fleet of thirty to forty iron-clads, must be approaching—if they have not already reached—their destination. Of course no one knows whither they are bound. It may be Wilmington, or it may be Savannah, and it may be Charleston. Among the "sporting fraternity" odds are offered on Charleston; perhaps because there prevails so universally as it did when secret city published for the woes it has brought upon the country. The possession of Charleston would not only gratify a very general and natural desire on the part of the North, but the moral effect of its capture would be immense, and in a material point of view it would be important, as it would put an end to most of the contraband trade which is now carried on between the South and Nassau.

Charleston certainly seems anxious to invite attack. Its rebel city, as is stated in dispatches published on next page, the rebels, under Ingraham, made a very vigorous sortie from the port, and, if their accounts are to be believed, sunk one of the gun-boats—the *Mercedita*—and drove off the others. The rebel reporters and officers commanding assert that the blockade of the port was actually raised; though on the following day "at least twenty blockaders were off the bar again." Whether, in view of this latter fact, Charleston will gain much by the official proclamation of the reopening of the ports seems at least doubtful. But there can be no doubt but the occurrence of the 31st, however the results may have been exaggerated or misrepresented by the rebels, will convince Admiral Dupont and General Hunter of the necessity of no longer delaying the long-threatened attack on the hotbed of treason. It is in their power to take and destroy Charleston: we hope to be able to announce, before the end of the month, that we have done so.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S POLICY IN AMERICA.

A DISPATCH from the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, commanding the French troops in Mexico, has revived the alarms of those well-meaning but ignorant people who have all along expected France to interfere in our civil war, has prompted a Senator to move resolutions of inquiry into the purposes of the French, and has furnished the secession sympathizers of the North with fresh capital wherewith to distract the Northern mind and shake Northern credit. The papers are full of diatribes against Louis Napoleon, who is represented as being on the point of recognizing a confederacy based on the corner-stone of African slavery—an institution execrated by the French, and of menacing the North, the hereditary friend of France, her best customer, and her most reliable ally in the event of trouble between France and England.

We trust that the subscribers and readers of *Harper's Weekly* need no instruction from us to enable them to form a correct judgment on the subject.

The people of France, whose organ and executive is the Emperor Napoleon, are very different in temper and disposition from the English. Frenchmen, as a rule, never barter principle for gain. An Englishman will sell his most cherished dogma for an advance of one per cent. on his goods; they are, as Napoleon truly said, a nation of shop-keepers. Frenchmen, on the contrary, though flighty and idealists, are never sordid. History exhibits them constantly as sacrificing material gain for moral or political notions. They will spend a thousand millions to free Italy, or establish liberal principles in France or Germany. But there is no instance on record where they have sacrificed a principle of French policy was sacrificed, or even suspended for a time, for the sake of benefiting the operatives of Lyons, Rouen, the Maine, or Paris. This distinction between them and their British neighbors must ever be borne in mind by students of modern French policy.

Every one who knows England, afterits emancipating experience in the British West Indies, and claiming the first rank among opponents of human slavery throughout the world, no sooner saw a prospect of a fine market for British manufactures in the Southern Slave States than she shifted her ground on the slave question, and the leading organs of British opinion devoted almost their entire columns to justification of the system of slavery. Not so France. French writers have criticised our military operations with a severity which perhaps was not undeserved; but no Frenchman, be he Republican, Roman of character or influence in Parisian society, has been base enough to depart from the traditionary anti-slavery principles of French policy, for the sake of securing the prospect of a market for French silks, wines, gloves, and jewelry in the kingdom of Jefferson Davis.

Vigorous efforts have been made by the British press to represent the Emperor Napoleon as the chief enemy of the restoration of the Union. These efforts have been seconded by correspondents of Democratic and Anti-American journals, who had doubtless excellent reasons for espousing the Anglo-Rebel view of the subject. Letter-writers from Paris for British and American journals, have repeated at weekly or monthly intervals stereotyped lies about the Emperor's hostility to the United States; his more than usual attachment to Mexico, and more they have persisted in them. The agent of the Associated Press of New York has done this best to give circulation to these British inventions upon almost every week in the year, in the face of all this lying, what are the facts?

For twelve months after the outbreak of the war the Emperor was never even suspected of being unfriendly to us. He was praised by the English—as we learn from the published volume of diplomatic correspondence—to concede to the rebels belligerent rights before the proclamation the construction which we placed upon the act, he caused Mr. Dayton to be told that he would have recalled it, but for his conviction that it would operate to the disadvantage of the insurgents and to our gain. A few months ago, he was informed by the individual who unfortunately represents him at Washington, that he were ready for a compromise—foreign intervention, and, with prompt candor, he tendered it. Accident prevented the measure from being consummated; but the Emperor and the whole French Government has stated distinctly that it was not designed to operate against the United States in any way, or in favor of the rebels, and the highest French authority has given the public testimony to the Emperor's desire that the Republic should be reunited under one Government.

By a trick similar to that which led the Emperor to concede belligerent rights to the rebels, the British Government beguiled him into the Mexican fiasco. Relying on Lord Cowley's word, Napoleon was led to believe that the Mexicans would gladly welcome his troops as deliverers and restorers of peace and order. The British and Spanish troops, however, made their exit before the dramà began. The French, less tricky and more consistent, having commenced the campaign, persevered in it. It was a mistake, a blunder. The Mexicans have forgotten their internal feuds to unite against the common enemy; and it will need great outlay of money, men, and skill to extricate General Forey's army from its present perplexing predicament. From first to last the Emperor has been endeavoring to disabuse the British mind, and because he does their national enmity; and in his last letter to General Forey he endeavors to rouse their pride as a race, by talking about preserving the equilibrium between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races on this continent. Every one sees easily that this is mere clap-trap, and that the real object of the Emperor is not conquest, or annexation to the United States, but simply the conclusion of such a treaty with Mexico as may restore the old friendly relations between that republic and the French empire, and enable the French to withdraw from Mexico without sacrifice of honor.

In one word, the Emperor has said and done nothing as yet which fairly justifies the imputation that he is hostile to us or to the Union. On the contrary, he has done and said much which implies a friendly feeling and a desire to see the Union re-established. He has the misfortune of being represented as Washington by a man who is an ardent secessionist, and takes no pains to conceal it. And, like all powerful monarchs, he has at his court at the Tuileries men of base origin and corrupt instincts, who have proved readily accessible to the rebel emissaries, and have earned their hire by abusing us in semi-official journals. But no man, with all the facts before him, can honestly declare that the Emperor has been our enemy.

THE LOUNGER.

FOOTING UP AN ACCOUNT.

WHAT is the net result of the "Conservative" movement thus far? Its programme was a more constitutional method of suppressing the rebellion than that of the Administration. Are not tae following points already established?

That the rebels hailed the movement with delight, reprinting the "Conservative" speeches, as indicative of a supine reaction on the part of the Yankees? What do they mean by "returning reason?"

That the rebels delighted in the "Conservative" triumphs at the polls?

That the election of "Conservative" Senators in Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania is greeted by the Richmond *Examiner* as proof that the "Lincoln tyranny"—by which is meant the United States Government—is losing its support in the war with the support of a unanimous sentiment?

That the scenes in the Pennsylvania Legislature and still in that of Ohio, which point alternately at anarchy, are the action of the party professedly "Conservative?"

That the tone of the "Conservative" papers, in speaking of the duty of the soldiers in regard to the war order of the President concerning slavery, tends directly, and is intended, to excite mutiny and disaffection, and consequent disaster?

That, in fine, the "Conservative" reaction has organized an opposition to the Government, which takes the ground that its policy in the war is unconstitutional, and that good citizens ought not to support it; that it has for its ground at least drawn party lines, so that at this moment the Government has lost much of that unity of sentiment without which success is impossible and endurance is suicide.

These things are known. There is but one answer. It is that the Government is no longer waging the war for the restoration of the Union, but for what is called Abolition. But the answer says what is not true. The President, as Commander-in-Chief, has, under the liberation of slaves, by the same power and for the same purpose that he decrees the movement of the army, employed slaves as soldiers. It is a source of peculiar strength to them. By the plain command of common sense the Commander-in-chief is bound to withdraw from the same rebel use of his slave. And, in aiming to do this, he must do it in the way most certain to secure the object. He need not, in any sense, abolish slavery. The President must assume their assent to his exercising a necessary and lawful power according to his discretion.

To say, therefore, that because of the proclamation the war is diverted from its object, is as foolish and untrue as to say that it is diverted because of the desolation of Virginia. The object of the war is the maintenance of the Government—and the desolation and conflagration are inevitable accidents of thorough warlike operations. The object of the "conservative reaction" is the restoration of a system which has for its effect that object it exposes the Government to destruction.

If a man likes the supremacy of that party more than the supremacy of the Government—or if he hates the Republicans more than he hates the rebels, then under the name of "conservatism" he will continue to follow the course which Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, and Jefferson Davis applaud. But if he loves his country more than a party, or more than anything peace more than war, he will support a Government which does not believe any thing to be unconstitutional which is necessary to save the Constitution; nor any thing truly dangerous to the liberty of any citizen which is essential to the guarantee of the liberty of all the people.

MR. WEED'S RETIREMENT.

MR. THURLOW WEED has retired from active public life. By his withdrawal one of the shrewdest political managers of the day thus disappears. His valedictory address to his friends in the columns of the *Evening Journal*, which he has edited for thirty-two years, is simple, genial, and pathetic. He retires at a moment of the greatest public peril, because he no longer agrees with the party which he has so long led, and because he does not wish to embarrass by constant opposition the policy of an Administration which he helped to bring into power. He has a new party ties, nor is it likely he ever will. His old political friends are still "my party;" and while he can no longer think them wise, he wishes them God-speed as he says farewell.

The simplicity and frankness of his valedictory disarm criticism. His retirement establishes at least the earnest sincerity of his later course. That that course has had the very result which he so stringently deprecated seems clear enough to us, but does not affect our estimate of his honest conviction. Party vehemence has pursued him with bitter calumny. But he will doubtless see in that very vehemence a tribute to the power he was felt to wield. When the threat of rebellion ripened into war, it was not strange that men of the same general political sympathy differed upon points of policy. The same principles of human nature that create parties divide them; and each division believes that its own policy is essential to success. It is a pity, but it is unavoidable, that personal accusation and acerbity should mingle in discussions which might be entirely impersonal. Mr. Weed has not been spared, neither has he spared, in such acrimonious contests. His retirement is therefore the more magnanimous.

With winning personal traits that no party asperity denies—with comfort secured by long service in his profession—with the agreeable consciousness, to a man ambitious of the substance rather than the show of power, that he has played a more influential part in the political history of this State during the last dozen years than any other man—with the kindest regard of his associates and friends at the West—he turns away from the great arena of public affairs. But, like Sir William Temple, who retired to his garden and library in the dark days of the revolutionary period in England, but came forth again when summoned by his country, so Mr. Weed holds himself ready to serve, when he can, his country and his friends, while, so far as all things personal are concerned, "his work is done.

THE INEVITABLE QUESTION.

THE question that every body has seen from the beginning of the war must be answered has at last been asked. Shall there be colored soldiers? It is a question upon which there are two lots of temper. If a man says that he is willing to see the Government lost rather than maintained by such allies, he must answer the question whether, then, he cares enough for the Government to fight for it. He must then answer the other question, Why it is not as shameful to serve the Government by bribing men by enormous bounties to be soldiers, while men who have the most vital interest in the success of the war are ready to fight. If saving the Government is a matter of pride and not of principle, and the most earnest conviction of the necessity of its salvation, that pride must be gratified in any whimsical way. It may be more agreeable to it to have the work done by grenadiers six feet high, with long regulation whiskers and a hundred and ninety pounds. Or it may gratify pride to have it accomplished only by men whose ancestors came over in any generation since A.D. 1066 by the Anglo-Saxon blood merely; or by the Celtic, or by the Teutonic, or by volunteers who fight for the love of it, and only scorn bounty.

Indeed, if you make your point of honor any thing short of the salvation of the Government, and the union by all the warlike means and at all costs, you have already virtually relinquished the contest.

The Government is waging a fierce war with a wicked rebellion. It wants all the soldiers it can muster. If it rejects a good fighting man because he is a Negro instead of a Scotchman, or a Frenchman, or an Irishman, it is guilty of utter folly. If it rejects a good fighter because he has every reason to fight for the Government that any man can have, because victory is a palpable, tangible, incalculable advantage to him—because he is native to the soil and accustomed to the rigors of the war, and because he has proved himself the most faithful ally, and is by no means claiming the most docile of soldiers, then the Government is mad.

Now the people are really the Government, and, right or wrong, they say that they are entirely prejudiced against the colored ally. Yes; but suppose that party-leaders stopped appealing to that prejudice, and that a colored regiment should march in the field a South Carolina regiment—just by way of poetic justice. Do you think that, if the people in that regiment fought as bravely and obeyed as the best, its prejudice would stand against that? Not unless patriotism and honor are extinct in its heart.

The common sense of the matter is very simple. For many years it has been considered an unanswerable argument in the great question to say: "It may be unjust and cruel to deprive these men of personal liberty for no crime but color, but we must take things as they are. What can we do with them if they are emancipated?" Passion is a stronger impulse with a slaveholder than interest; and as he now gratifies his anger by maiming his property, he would then gratify his fury by enslaving rather than turning to hire his late slave. What will you do with the facts of the case?

Granting that the facts are as stated, we have reached a point in the rebellion when, as an expedient of war, that is made possible which was not so in peace. Emancipation is forced by the exigencies demands and therefore justifies it. The late slaves know that our lines are the lines of liberty. The hundreds and thousands of able-bodied men are made dependent upon the guidance of the Government, which requires, and will long require, a large military force. The men are dependents are trained to obedience. They are by nature docile and brave. They have every thing to fight for, and they know it. The war has the same desperate earnestness to them that it has to their late masters. One side fights for property: the other for life and liberty.

Is not the solution providential? Do we absolutely insist upon rejecting such soldiers because of some abstract theory of equality and rights? They are not of the same race. True; and neither are the French and the Irish; but we do not reject them; we are heartily grateful to get them. Here is a letter, lately in our possession, from one of the privates in the first South Carolina Volunteers. He was lately a slave. The letter is written in a shapely hand. Scarcely a word is misspelled. It is an intelligent and self-respecting man who writes, and he says that of course he and his friends must fight, because there is no hope for them if taken.

Let it be left to men like Vallandigham and Cox and Wood to do reverence to a prejudice that a nation may be destroyed.

"A TALK WITH MY PUPILS."

IN many a happy household all over the land one of the clearest and pleasantest points of memory is the quiet little town of Lenox among the solemn Berkshire hills. It was there for many years that Mrs. Charles Sedgwick had her school for girls; and now that she has relinquished its

charge her heart yearns toward all her scholars, both maid and matron, and she has written, under the name of "A Talk with my Pupils," a truly admirable volume of simple, sensible, thoughtful, and friendly suggestions for the life of women.

Mrs. Sedgwick's great experience and practical wisdom enable her to appreciate perfectly the proper scope of such a work, and she has made herself, in her book, the friend of many more than her pupils. In fact, she keeps in its pages the most delightful school for all of us, old grizzled Loungers of both sexes, as well as the tender and the gay round us. The book is a charming Family Manual. It understands the value of the little things which make the great difference in life, and is a home philosophy of good morals and manners. It is as gently didactic as such a work can be, and its discourse is as enlivened by anecdotes drawn from experience that it runs no risk of rejection as a dry ethical essay; while it is as penetrated with human sympathy as the true secret of really fine manners that it will not be mistaken for a treatise upon etiquette.

Doubtless, as its pages are read in those many happy homes by the husband and father, he will no longer wonder why the solemn Berkshire hills are so pleasantly remembered, while he will gladly acknowledge, what is so often forgotten, the tender, inspiring, thoughtful influence which, in moulding the girl, modeled the future woman.

A SHORT LETTER TO JOHN.

MY DEAR JOHN,—As we parted you said that if any more military arrests were made in the State of New York would be redder with blood than ever Virginia was. Now you are a sensible man, and we can talk this talk together as patriots could not.

By arbitrary arrests you mean the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. That the power of suspension is granted by the Constitution you will not deny. That, in the absence of Congress, it may be necessary to exercise it, in certain cases, you will agree. That the proper person to do it is the President you will allow. That, if Congress justifies him in the suspension, the only powers that hold the right are satisfied you must concede. You will say that the State of New York is not in rebellion, nor is it invaded, and therefore the writ can not be suspended here. The reply is, that the writ is not suspended anywhere in the State, but that the privilege of certain citizens of the United States resident here, to the writ, is suspended on the just ground of national necessity.

Neither you nor any man who is anxious that the Government of the United States shall prevail at every hazard, can deny the right to the exercise of any arbitrary exercise of power. That that exercise has been always discreet no man will affirm but that such power must exist for the right deny. Nor will he contend that the complaint of its exercise during this war has been founded upon an honest fear of the overthrow of the guaranties of liberty; for we all know that the complaint has been merely a party cry.

When Second sent Jeffreys butchering through the west of England the English people justly complained of the peril of their rights. But when William Third suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, in the recess of Parliament, the same people thanked him for defending their liberties. No English lawyer denies that the Parliament in the struggle with Charles First exceeded the constitutional limits of its power. The Parliament itself did not deny it, but for the question of rebellion was whether the King should destroy the Constitution, or whether the Parliament should assume powers to save the Constitution. The point was not that the British Constitution was unconstitutionally exercised, but that the Parliament was obliged to transcend its constitutional powers to save the Government, and he has not transcended them. And he has, and the people approve it, and the step was honestly taken and meant to save the nation, they would not fail to applaud and indemnify him.

This rebellion is an effort to overthrow by force the Government of the United States. That Government is constitutional, under the war power which would be implied if it were not expressed in the Constitution, ¶ does not use every means, including suspension of habeas, to conquer the rebels. No Government can not take any course which the people do not approve. If, therefore, the people do not approve the emancipation and confiscation of the privilege of the writ in any case, or they are not willing to take those steps to secure victory, and if, therefore, our destruction is always the earnest national purpose of success, they directly conspire for national ruin. In other words, they are resigned to their own destruction. When you and other grave, moderate men see that the party's malignity which calls itself "conservation" has brought you to the brink of the dishonor of defeat, or the faithful support of the most radical war measures for the national existence and civil order, you will regret that you had not earlier cast off your inactive. Let us hope, dear John, that it will not then be too late. Your dutiful

LOUNGER.

BURNSIDE.

From the first appearance of General Burnside in this war as Colonel of the First Rhode Island Regiment and Acting Brigadier at Bull Run, through the brilliant Carolina campaign, to his arrival here from the Army of the Potomac, his career has been so manly, so simple, and so heroic, that General has awakened a more affectionate regard in the popular heart. He has held himself aloof from all cliques of designing men speculating upon the possibility of using him as a Presidential candidate. There has been no question of his bravery, his energy, and his celerity in the field, qualities essential to an invading army. Upon the loftiness, purity, and earnestness of purpose no suspicion has been breathed. He has issued an foolish address. In the hour of reverse he has neither thrown the blame upon the Government nor suffered others to do so, but cheerfully assumed all the responsibility that must necessarily belong to the General in command; in every position bearing himself as the most modest and loyal citizen, the daring and skilful soldier, and the frank and generous man.

In the wild vortex of contemporary events it is impossible to know the exact or even relative truth. We are compelled to see much that we can not explain, and which vehement partisan speculations do not help to elucidate. yet it is, however, an accepted fact that the Army of the Potomac is not judged by his success. For the want of that success, although it may show no want of energy and fidelity, but the most disastrous consequence of uncontrollable circumstances, FRÉMONT, McClellan, M'Dowell, Pope, and Burnside have disappeared from the stage of war. Political intrigues keep McClellan in a publicity which it would be unkind to suppose him to desire. Fortunately for their usefulness no such intrigues have been at any time formed about the other Generals.

Whether or not General Burnside takes another command or resigns withdrawn for the present from the public eye, the public heart will follow him with admiration, sympathy, and gratitude. His are the qualities of which the noblest citizens and the purest men are made: which, if shared by every General and Soldier, would unite order and distinction, intrigue, and jealousy, and give us the victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"When the sky falls we shall catch larks," said an old gentleman, quoting a well-known proverb. "Certainly," said a wag beside him; "but in my opinion our young folks have no call to wait for that event; they have too many 'larks' already."

AND SO FORTH.—There is a young man in the United States Army who was born July 4, at 4 o'clock P.M., in No. 44, in a street in Boston, 1844, a 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted into the Seventeenth Company, which has joined the 4th battalion, 4th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September will be promoted 4th corporal, and is now gone *forth* to defend his country.

If all the world were pudding,
And all the seas were ink,
And all the trees were sinoonds, stuck
Around it and across!

If such a change should happen,
Why—then beyond all question—
Oh! what a deal of writing just would be
A lot of indigestion!

When a man is indisposed with the *gout*, it makes him indisposed to *go-out*.

Your *wife* can not have been too dearly won, if you and she are dearly one.

Parties fit a dead look should extricate themselves with a broken key.

Dryden says, that, "If a straw can tickle a man, it is to him an instrument of happiness." Tickle his nose with it and see.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd the been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

The man who took every body's eye must have a lot of lids.

In navigating the sea of life, carefully avoid the breakers—"especially the beam-breakers," says old Growler.

AT a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," said a lady, indignantly, "you are a fool. A woman is made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

SCARED INDIVIDUAL, BORDING INFURIATED BULL BEHIND A TREE. "You ungrateful beast, you! You wouldn't toss me over a fence, would you? Why, I've been at bed in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?"

DEAR SIRS,—I am a poor apothecary, that has business was to pound and sell. *Which has kneed but little, and by which, which he knew less.*

To keep water from coming in—*Don't pay the waterrate.*

The first ingredient in conversation is *truth*, the next good sense, the third *good-humour*, and the fourth *wit*.

INTERESTING TO "PARTIES IN DIFFICULTIES."—Every six hours out of the twenty-four is *quarter days*.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very *tidy*.

A MORMON DEFINITION.—A spare rib—A second wife.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

When is a vessel smaller than a bonnet?—When she's *cap-sized*. (The author has since had his head shaved.)

IRON-CLAD MEN.—An "old flint" is preferable to an "old screw."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why would a tailor rather be a poet than a tailor?
Because it would be a nuisance (nay sense).

It's pretty, it's useful in various ways,
Though by 3 men after 6 it never stays;
Take one letter from it, and then 'twill appear
What young men are fond of every day in the year;
Take two letters from it, and then without doubt
You will be wise enough if you can find it out.
Glass—lass—ass.

Why is a nail for in like an old man?
Because it is inferior (in form).
What regiment was Adam in?
The Buffs.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, January 28, in the Senate, the Post-Office Committee reported back the bill establishing a line of steamers to Europe, with a recommendation that it do not pass. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, offered a resolution requiring the tributaries and debtor States, of Delaware, on 27th, and a resolution that he be expelled from the Senate. The resolution was laid over under the rules. A resolution was adopted instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of extending such relief as circumstances may require, and inquire into the case of Mr. Thomas, known as "Zarvona the French lady," of Maryland, now a prisoner of war at Fort Lafayette, and who, as represented, has been confined in a dungeon since that fortress since June last, and is now hopelessly insane by reason of his confinement. The President was requested to transmit to the Senate, if consistent issued by the Secretary of War and Treasury in relation to the payment of commutation money to drafted citizens from the United States to the Mexican Republic, any orders modifying the proportion of citizens to each band of war for the use of the French army. The Senate proceeded to consider the bill for the relief of soldiers and sailors, and after debate the bill was passed. The Army Appropriation bill was also passed. The Conference Committee on Appropriation bills was created, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means was brought up on a motion to refer the bills authorizing the suspension of habeas corpus to the Committee on Military Affairs. The opposition attempted to defeat the bill, but through a connected series of parliamentary manœuvres the main object was secured, until two o'clock this morning, without any result as regards the legislation of the House.

On Thursday, 29th, in the Senate, Senator Sumbuley, of Delaware, made a speech on the recent vacation and disorderly conduct, and the resolution expelling him from the Senate was for the present disposed of. The resolution concerning Commodore Vanderbilt, Commodore Van Brunt, and others, for their services in reference to the sale of the Brooks exposition was discussed, but no vote taken. The bill amendatory of the act for the compensation of the slaves in Missouri was taken up, and debated at length by Senators Wilson and Howe, in relation to detaining the bill for arming negroes.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, a communication from the President, recommending a vote of thanks to Commodore David D. Porter, for his gallantry in the affair at Arkansas Post, was referred to the Naval Committee. The resolution concerning Commodore Wilkes, in fitting out the vessels of the Burnside expedition was discussed for some time, and finally laid over. The new Senator from Illinois, Hon. W. A. Richardson, was qualified and took his seat. The debate on the bill to prevent the pecuniary aid for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri was then resumed, and finally, on motion of Senator Harris, the bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee. After an executive session the Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House, on Thursday, the Naval Committee reported back the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commander John P. Worden for services in the conflict between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The resolution was passed. The same committee reported back the joint resolutions tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Charles H. Porelease, U.S.N., to Davis, J. H. Dahlgren, Stephen C. Rowan, David D. Porter, and S. F. Du Pont, for services in the late naval battles, but the name of Commodore Lardner, not for any thing derogatory to him, but because he had not been present, except to see in command of an expedition or having a separate command. The resolution was agreed to, and the resolution adopted. The bill to encourage enlistments, when regularly drafted, was also drafted by the same and reported back by the Military Committee. The resolution to amend the Constitution so that no person naturalized, &c., to Mexico for the use of the French was adopted. The Committee on Public Expenditures, Committee on Naval Affairs, The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was then taken up, and discussed during the afternoon session. The session of the House was taken up with debate on the bill to increase the compensation of soldiers and soldiers.

On Monday, February 2, in the Senate, a communication was received from the President of the Southwestern Railroad Company, signed by George E. Badger, of North Carolina, ought no longer to be a member of the Board of Directors, by reason of his adhesion to the cause of the South and war, moreover, in the rebel army. The petition of William C. Jennings, setting forth that while in Texas he was arrested in August last by order of the Secretary of War, and imprisoned for nine months in Fort Lafayette, that no reason was ever assigned for the arrest or discharge, and praying for compensation for a wrongful arrest. An inquiry into the facts, but the petition was laid on the table by a vote of 22 against 16. The Judiciary Committee reported back the bill to prohibit peddling in the Missouri in emancipating slaves. The Paymaster General was directed to report the number of persons to whom payments were made to the army up to the 31st of August, and, if not paid, the reasons why payments have not been made at present. The bill making appropriation for executive, legislative, and judicial purposes was then taken up, and after debate adjourned. In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation bill with the exception of those for the survey of the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North, were concurred in. The Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were also concurred in. The Senate bill amendatory of the act for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts was passed by a vote of 78 to 64. It authorizes the President to employ negroes as soldiers was then resumed. After the previous question had been sustained by a vote of 85 against 66, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 3, in the Senate, a bill to Hon. Beverly Johnson, Senator-elect from Maryland, were presented from the Legislature. Appropriation bill was passed. The bill to establish a national currency secured by United States stocks was then taken up for the day. A bill authorizing the pay of unemployed army officers was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. Senator Wilkinson moved to take up his resolutions relative to the French invasion of Mexico, and the subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, opposed the proposition; but the Senate decided to take up by a vote of 26 against 19. Senator M'Dougall then addressed the Senate at considerable length on the subject of Mexican affairs, and concluded his remarks by moving to lay the resolutions on the table. The motion to lay on the table was carried into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

In the House, the Committee of Elections reported favorably on the credentials of Messrs. Flanders and Helm, members from the Parish and Second Districts of Louisiana. The bankrupt bill was then taken up, and, after some explanations, Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, moved to lay it on the table, which was agreed to by a vote of 69 against 58. The Military Committee reported back the bill providing for the enlargement of the New York and Michigan and Illinois canals, with amendments, and the subject was referred to the Committee of the Whole. A bill was reported authorizing the construction of a continuous telegraph line from M'Henry to Galveston, touching at various points on the coast. A motion to lay the bill on the table was lost by a vote of 49 against 68, and pending the question on its passage the House adjourned.

A SALLY FROM CHARLESTON.

A dispatch to the *Richmond Inquirer*, dated Charleston, January 31, says:

This morning the gun-boats *Palmetto State*, Captain Rutledge, and Chicora, Captain Tucker, accompanied by three small steamers—the *General Clinch*, *Stinson*, and *Chesterfield*—all under the command of Commander Ingraham, made an attack on the blockaders, and succeeded in sinking two and crippling a third.

The engagement commenced at 4 o'clock.

The *Palmetto State*, with Commander Ingraham on board, opened fire upon the Federal gun-boat *Mercedita*, carrying 11 guns and 165 men, which was soon sunk in five fathoms of water. Her commander, Captain Stellwagen, with his officers, escaped in a boat and surrendered. One shot pierced her boiler, going clear through. Eighteen Bellringer and crew were paroled by Commodore Ingraham.

Captain Tucker, of the *Chicora*, reports sinking another Federal gun-boat and the disabling of the steamship *Quaker City*. The latter was set on fire by the *Chicora*, and hauled down her flag to surrender, but afterward managed to escape, using only one wheel. She was very seriously damaged.

The number of the blockading fleet outside at the time of the attack was thirteen, with two first-class frigates, and the transports and Commodore.

The Federal loss was very severe. It was a complete rout. Our loss was very slight, not a man.

Our gun-boats were not even struck.

All the blockaders have disappeared. There is not one to be seen within five miles with the strongest kind of glasses. Our forts are now completely clear.

The following is the official despatch:

CHARLESTON, February 1.—"PALMETTO STATE."

I went out last night. The steamer *Mercedita*, the Admiral's ship, was sunk at boat and brought to. The officers and crew were paroled. Captain Tucker thinks he sunk another steamer and another as they were under our flag. The blockading fleet had gone to southward and eastward out of sight.

Flag-Officer Commanding.

REOPENING OF THE PORT OF CHARLESTON.

The following proclamation was forthwith published:

OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION.

HEAD-QUARTERS, LAND AND NAVY FORCES,
CHARLESTON, February 1, 1863.

At about five o'clock this morning the Confederate States naval force on this station attacked the United States blockading fleet off the harbor of the city of Charleston, and sunk, disperse, or drove all and out of sight for the time the entire hostile fleet.

Therefore we, the undersigned, commanders respectively of the Confederate States naval and land forces in this quarter, do hereby declare that the blockade kept by the United States of the said city of Charleston, South Carolina, to be raised by a superior force, and that vessels may pass from and after this 31st day of January, A.D., 1863.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.
D. N. INGRAHAM,
Flag-Officer commanding Naval Forces in South Carolina.

Official: THOMAS JORDAN, Assistant Adjutant-General.

A Charleston dispatch, dated 1st February, says:

Yesterday afternoon General Beauregard placed a steamer in the channel for the foreign vessels in the fleet to relieve that no blockade existed.

The French steamer Gassendi, accompanied by General Ripley, accepted the invitation. The British Consul, with the consent of Admiral Dahlgren, also entered. Several previously gone five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockaders, but found no vessels there within glance.

Late in the evening four blockaders reappeared, keeping far out. This evening a large number of blockaders are in sight, but keep about five miles from the port.

THE PROSPECT AT VICKSBURG.

A special dispatch from Cairo says that information has been received from Vicksburg. Deserters have been landed on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi River, five miles below the city of Vicksburg, and in the rear of the city on Vicksburg. Two brigades were encamped when the information left, under the command of the 3d of General William, which is to make Vicksburg no longer a fever city. General Sherman had left Memphis for where with one division. The river was quite full at Vicksburg at last accounts. The rebels are evidently about to make movements, for the Yesterday Express of the 26th, says, in a dispatch from Vicksburg: "We have received by intelligence from above that the great Yankee flotilla, consisting of ironclads and transports, has passed Greenville, Mississippi, coming down. We are ready."

THE "MONTAUK" AT WORK.

The ironclad *Montauk* has had a brilliant fight with the rebel battery *M'Allister*, in the Ogeechee River, under cover of which she is trying to get up. The particulars of the affair have come to hand. The Richmond and Savannah papers tell us that the *Montauk* came up to the fire in fine style, and that she was the only boat engaged. These shot and shell struck the water and flying struck her sides, but her turret was so badly injured that she had to haul off. The rebel fire in the main was remarked below a head of the river, entirely out of the action. On the other hand, the rebel Department says the ironclad ran 33 feet Fortress Mokree, stating that there is no truth in the statement that the *Montauk* was sunk by the rebel Commander Worden lay under the enemy's guns for four hours, and that their shot had no more effect upon his vessel than bullets.

A FIGHT ON THE BLACKWATER.

General Corcoran has had a brilliant fight with the rebel chief, Roger A. Pryor, on the night of the 25th, and completely defeated him. The fight took place at a point ten miles from Suffolk, and the battle opened by an artillery duel between the rebel battery and the two rebel artillery began to slacken, when General Corcoran ordered a charge of his infantry and cavalry. The rebels fell back before our troops for two miles, and there made another stand, and for a short time the fight was a severe one, General Corcoran had a narrow escape from a shell which burst directly in front of him. Our loss was about one hundred and four.

CAPTURE OF AN ANGLO-REBEL STEAMER.

It is stated, upon the authority of the *Liverpool Mail*, that the British steamer *Princess Royal* was surrounded and captured by the Federal gun-boat *Iroquois*, belonging to ten the blockade into Charleston, on Thursday, with 1,400 bales of cotton, 1,000 boxes of tea, and 600 barrels of powder, 8 Armstrong guns, a large lot of muskets, and 1,000 rounds of shot and shell. The bales are 5 feet of bandware, 35 cases of boots, 500 bags of coffee, 600 boxes of tea, and other valuables. A party of English workmen skilled in the manufacture of Armstrong guns was captured with the vessel.

GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS.

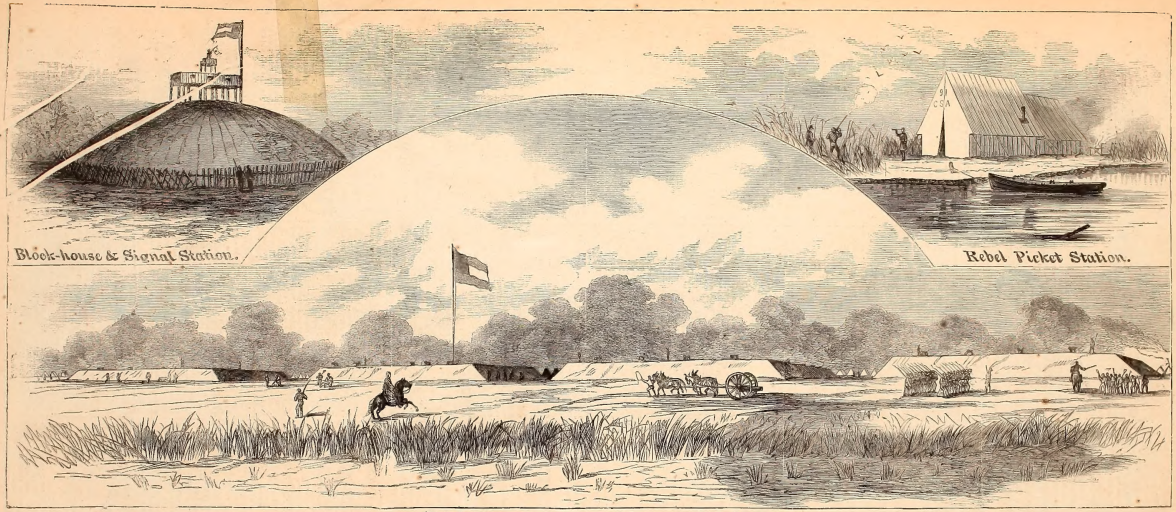
Major-General Banks is still in New Orleans. He has published General Butler's order issued upon his assuming to ten the blockade into Charleston, on Thursday, with 1,400 bales of cotton, 1,000 boxes of tea, and 600 barrels of powder, 8 Armstrong guns, a large lot of muskets, and 1,000 rounds of shot and shell. The bales are 5 feet of bandware, 35 cases of boots, 500 bags of coffee, 600 boxes of tea, and other valuables. A party of English workmen skilled in the manufacture of Armstrong guns was captured with the vessel.

FOREIGN NEWS.

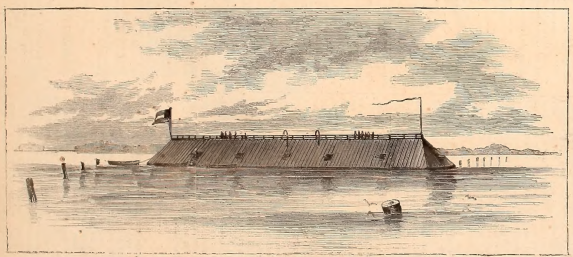
FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S VIEWS OF THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

A LETTER has been transmitted by the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Mexico, in which he says: "Providence has favored us by the glory of the expedition to that country, both present and prospective. This most significant document has been officially submitted to the French Legislature. In it the Emperor says: "It is the present state of the civilization of the world the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who feeds our manufactures and gives life to our commerce. We have an interest in this—that the republic of the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have upon its integrity and its moral influence—not all the glorious Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, and carry to Europe the products of the New World."



Rebel Batteries near St. Augustine Creek.



The Rebel Iron-clad "Georgia."

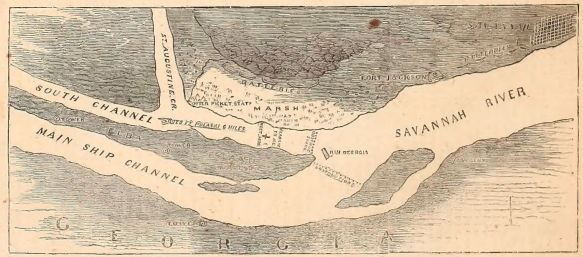
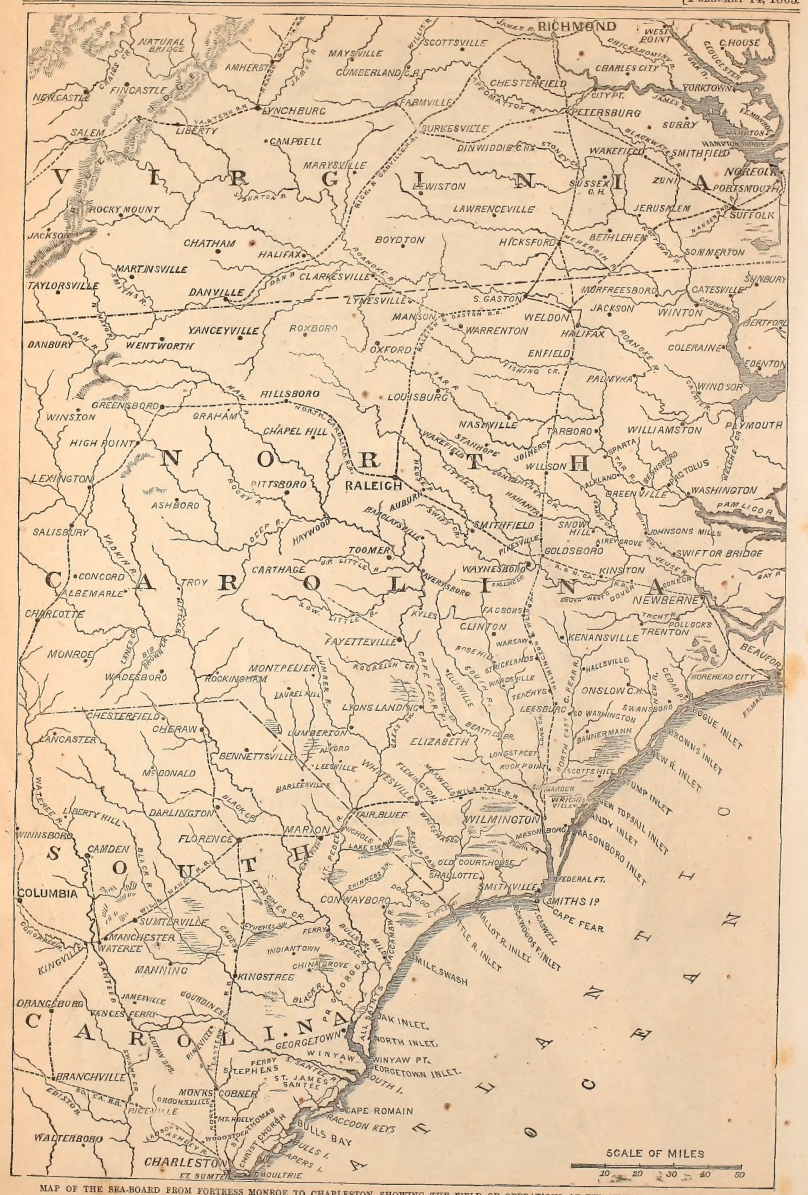


Chart of the Approaches to Savannah, Georgia.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AND ITS APPROACHES.—From Sketches by Mr. Loomis.—[See Page 103.]



THE FIGHT AT CORNEY'S BRIDGE, BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA, AND DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "COTTON," JANUARY 14, 1863.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 101.]



MAP OF THE SEA-BOARD FROM FORTRESS MONROE TO CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF THE NEW SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

An occasional correspondent, Mr. Hübner, of the Third Ohio Volunteers, has sent us the picture of the Battle of Murfreesboro, which we reproduce on page 108. It represents the situation of affairs on the third day of the battle, and we give Mr. Hübner's description in his own words:

"The accompanying sketch represents the position of the centre of the army on the third day of the battle. The batteries were situated on commanding ground; across the plain ran a rifle-pit. The slightest elevation of the ground was used to protect our boys from the heavy fire out of the woods. The rebels made several fierce attacks, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

"Colonel Loomis's battery and Captain Terrill's United States battery opened a cross-fire on them, and the enemy soon retreated back into the woods, where they had strong intrenchments, leaving behind a good number killed and wounded.

"The Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers made a rush upon the Twenty-sixth rebel Regiment of Tennessee, drove them back with great loss, and captured their flag, on which was the motto, 'Death before Subjugation!' The gallant Captain Taylor, a member of Major-General Rousseau's staff, bore it away amidst the cheers of thousands and thousands of brave men.

"The boys suffered terribly on account of the inclemency of the weather. A cold rain fell, and when not in action we had to lie down, often in the mud, in order to be concealed from the rebel batteries. The boys built small fires and crowded around them, not minding the cannon-balls or bursting shells which came in volleys from the rebel batteries. *A favorite stratagem of our gallant and beloved commander, Major-General Rosecrans, is to make us lie down under the crest of an elevation of the ground, and await the arrival of the enemy until they come within a short distance, then jump up, give them a volley and charge with the bayonet; and 'tis true enough, if carried out with precision and boldness, it leads to victory.*

"Our rations run short too, and there was no chance of a fresh supply. So many of our soldier boys attacked the fresh-killed horses which lay around. A thin slice of horse roasted on a stick, with pepper and salt on it, is a delicious meal when nothing else is to be had."

RECAPTURED.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

A summer twilight under the green awning of low-branched linden-trees—clove-pinks blossoming in the garden borders, like chalices of spice—and stars just trembling into the warm violet sky—if Clinton Audley had lived to be a hundred years old, he never would have forgotten the dim, indistinct beauty of the dusky landscape. Nor all that happened on that summer night was branded upon his heart in lines that Death itself had no power to efface!

"Not yet, Clara; do not speak so firmly! Remember that it is my life's doom you are pronouncing. Oh, Clara! think again."

He had led his men up to the very cannon's mouth without a thought of fear, yet now he was a coward in the presence of that slender blue-eyed girl!

"It is useless," said Clara Mervyn, with cheek whose color never varied, and firm, pitying eyes; "my answer would be the same did I take a whole year for deliberation. I am *very* sorry, Clinton; but—"

"Nay," interposed Audley, with a cold, constrained voice that scarce hid the angry emotions in his heart, "do not waste your pity on me. The matter is unfortunate as far as I am concerned; but I can not see why *you* should grieve. I have been a mad fool, that is all. Good-evening, Clara!"

He lifted his light military cap and was gone; and Clara Mervyn sat down on the rustic garden seat and had a good cry! Surely it was not her fault that Clinton Audley was so foolish—he might have known she didn't care for him.

While the young officer, restlessly pacing to and fro, thought of the dark-eyed soldier whose head he had supported at Manassas while the life bubbled from his breast in red surging drops—thought of his last words, "It isn't for myself; but Mary's heart will break when she hears of it!"—oh why could he not have died in that boy's stead? There was no heart to break for *him!*

"The idle dream is ended!" he said, aloud; "and now for the realities of life. We shall never meet again."

Could he but have looked forward to the time when they two *should* meet again!

"Only my right hand, doctor? Pooh! never mind; there's many a poor fellow worse off than I am!"

"A very philosophical view to take of matters," said the surgeon, half smiling, "but at the same time an unusual one. Hold still half a minute, can't you?"

"Well, what does it matter after all? I've neither wife nor sweet-heart to fret about my disfigurements."

"But I suppose you expect to come into possession of one or both of those articles some day?"

"Can't say that I do. There, I'm comfortable enough now. I say, though, doctor!"

"Well?"

"Could you persuade that fat old nurse to get a pair of shoes that squeak in a minor key? Every sick man has his trials, and mine are those calf-skin shoes. Possibly I'm nervous, but I can't help it!"

The surgeon laughed good-humoredly.

"Don't annoy yourself on that score; there will be a change of nurses to-night, and I do not think the shoe-question will trouble you further. Try to sleep a while now!"

Clinton Audley closed his eyes, and strove to forget the sharp spasms of pain that racked his poor wounded frame, while the fire shone ruddily on the walls, faintly illumining the long rows of narrow white beds on either side, and the gray dusk blackened into night, and—

"I must have been asleep!" he thought, with a sudden start, as the little clock chimed eleven. "Yes, I must; but who on earth is that? Oh, the new nurse, I suppose. *She* don't wear calf-skin shoes, at all events—moves like a shadow!"

For like a shadow she had glided to his bedside.

"I think your draught was to be taken at eleven, Sir!" and she glanced at her written directions.

And as Clinton Audley silently extended his left hand for the slender vial, he knew that the "new nurse" was Clara Mervyn. She recognized him at the same instant—there was a slight start, but neither spoke.

Fate had brought them together once again!

The January snows melted away from the purple Maryland hills, and February's blue heaven smiled overhead. Spring was nigh at hand, yet the lost roses had not blossomed again on Clara Mervyn's cheek.

"Don't overwork yourself, Miss Mervyn," said the kindly surgeon; "there's no earthly occasion for it. They are all doing well, except that young Audley!"

The color rushed in a scarlet torrent to Clara's cheek, then receded, leaving it cold as marble.

"Will he die, Sir?"

"Die? oh no! not the least danger of his dying. What I meant to say was, that his recovery is slow. Never knew such a lagging convalescence. A fine young fellow that—very. We surgeons are commonly supposed to have no feelings, Miss Clara; but I can tell you it went to my heart to take that boy's hand off. However—but bless me, it's nearly noon. Be sure you take care of yourself, Miss Mervyn!" and away hurried Dr. Wilde, who never knew what it was to have a moment's leisure!

Clara was left alone, her head drooping on her breast. The next instant she rose up and looked at her own slender right hand with a shuddering, sobbing sigh.

"Oh, if I could have given *my* useless hand to save his!" she moaned. "If I had but the right to cheer and comfort him! Ah me! what can a woman do but endure!"

Clara was learning a hard lesson in life's saddest school—to suffer and be silent.

"Miss Mervyn!"

She started at the words. He had never called her "Clara" since their parting under the linden-trees.

"Are you very busy to-night?"

"Not particularly so; why do you ask?"

"Then come and sit beside my pillow for a little while. I feel conversational just now."

She obeyed silently.

"Are you better this evening, Lieutenant Audley?"

"I think so. The red, glorious sunset has done me good. Did you know that this was St. Valentine's Eve?"

"The 13th of February—so it is!"

"Do you believe in the goodly offices of St. Valentine, Miss Mervyn? I assure you *my* faith is limitless in the patron saint of lovers!"

Clara smiled as she remembered all the time-worn "valentines" she kept under lock and key at home.

"I confess to a little superstition on the subject," she said, coloring, for she felt that Clinton's eyes were fixed on her downcast lashes.

"Very well, then; you won't consider me mawkishly sentimental if I ask you to be so kind as to act as my right hand for once."

"I should be *so* glad. But how—"

"Will you write a St. Valentine's love-letter for me?"

"Certainly."

"Stop, though! Answer me one question first, frankly and fully. Do you think it would be a piece of presumptuous folly in me to ask a woman's love to bless a maimed, useless wretch like me? Nay, do not spare my feelings. I wish to hear the *truth.*"

Clara Mervyn was silent for a moment; and when she spoke it was in a distinct, though very low tone.

"If the woman you love be worthy of the name, you will be far dearer to her now than ever you were in the prime of health and strength."

"You have taken a great weight from my heart, Miss Mervyn; and now will you assume the *rôle* of amanuensis?"

Writing a love-letter for Clinton Audley to another woman—it was a strange duty—yet Clara Mervyn went through with it with a sort of mechanical calmness, heedless of the sore heart that ached so bitterly in her breast, while every word seemed the knell of a death-warrant. It was the bitterest cup she had drunk yet—a cup that *must* be swallowed to the dregs!

"Thank you, Miss Mervyn. I won't trouble you to direct it. Ah, if I were but certain that St. Valentine would speed my suit!"

He smiled; but it would have been difficult to tell which was paler—the cheek that lay against the pillows of the hospital pallet, or that shadowed by Clara Mervyn's brown tresses!

She gave him the folded letter, with its earnest words of pleading, and then went away to her own room; for, fortunately, the "night-watch," as it was called, had been confided to another. And only the quiet stars saw the convulsive bursts of grief that shook her frame ere at last she sobbed herself to sleep, her flushed cheek lying on her drenched hair, and the lips quivering even in her dreams!

How gloriously the crimson banners of St. Valentine's dawn were draped along the sky when at length she opened her eyes—how radiantly the morning lighted up those blue, far-off hills! Unconsciously her lips formed themselves into a smile, and then—ah, *then* the old pangs of heartache came back to her!

She was nearly dressed before her eyes fell upon a tiny bunch of violets, dew-sprinkled and fragrant, that lay on her toilet-table—she caught it up with an exclamation of delight, and a note fell from its blue heart—a note directed in a strange, straggling hand.

"Some hospital directions," she murmured, and, smiling at Dr. Wilde's eccentricities, she unfolded the paper.

"Great Heaven! can it be possible?" she faltered, as she recognized her own handwriting. "Did he mean to ask *me* to become his wife? Oh, it is too much, too much happiness!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, then sank to her knees beside the little white bed, half uncertain whether it were not all a dream.

Five minutes later Clinton Audley held out his left hand to the blushing little nurse who had stolen softly to his bedside.

"Well?" he asked, scanning her face smilingly.

"Oh, Clinton, I am so happy!"

And then she burst into tears: it was well that there were not many patients in the convalescent ward!

"Are you really captured, my little, shy, tremulous bird?" he whispered.

"Nay," said Clara, shaking back her curls with a spice of the old mischief, "it is you who are recaptured, brave soldier though you deem yourself!"

"And had you no suspicion of the destination of that valentine?"

"If I had known it would have spared me a great many tears. But oh, Clinton, I think I shall never shed any but happy tears again!"

With the radiant dawn of St. Valentine's Day had risen the morning-star of Clara Mervyn's life and love!

SAVANNAH.

One of our special artists, Mr. Loomis, has sent us the sketches of the Approaches to Savannah, Georgia, which we reproduce on page 100. It seems that our forces in Fort Pulaski have taken pains to inform themselves pretty thoroughly of the nature of the rebel defenses, so that when the time comes for an assault there shall be no more Big Bethel blunders. We hold the mouth of the river, Fort Pulaski, the two channels on either side of Elba Island, and St. Augustine Creek. The rebel advance is at the junction of that creek with the river. There they have erected some pretty substantial earth-works, mounted with heavy guns in barbette. And on a line with these, in the river, is a row of obstructions consisting of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, and secured together with chains. Behind these floats the iron-clad *Georgia*, formerly the British steamer *Fingal*, a vessel of no mean power, though not very well adapted, we should judge, to cope with our Monitors. It will be seen that the rebels have not been idle in taking measures for their protection. There will be all the more glory for our brave soldiers and sailors when they take the place.

THE BATTLE IN BAYOU TECHE.

Our attentive New Orleans correspondent sends us a sketch—which we reproduce on page 101—of the Battle of Corney's Bridge, in Bayou Teche, Louisiana, fought by General Weitzel on 14th January. He had gone up the bayou to destroy a rebel boat called the *Cotton*. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the affair:

Early on Wednesday morning, at 6 A.M., the *Diana*, Captain Goodwin, was ordered to go down the bayou to Lynch's Point, to take the Eighth Vermont across to the left or northern bank, in order for a flank movement on the enemy. At 7 the *Calhoun*, Commodore Buchanan, *Kinsman*, Captain Wiggin, and *Estrella*, Captain Cook, commenced moving slowly up the bayou, and at 8 o'clock reached the formidable obstruction. This was at a place called Corney's Bridge, from a man of that name owning a plantation there. Nothing but the piles of the old bridge remain, protruding about three or four feet above water, and against these the rebels had sunk an old steamer, filled with brick, and placed all manner of rubbish—making it impossible at that time either for the *Cotton* to come down to us or for us to get at her.

At this time, about 8.45, an artillery duel commenced between our gun-boats and the gun-boat *Cotton* and the rebel batteries. The firing continued for some time without any manifest difference to either party. A few desultory rifle-shots had been fired at us from the shore.

Suddenly the *Kinsman* felt something explode under her; it was a torpedo, and her stern was violently lifted in the air, but fortunately with no damage, as was afterward found. An aid of General Weitzel came galloping up to tell the *Kinsman* of another torpedo being planted right ahead, a contraband, escaped from the *Cotton*, having brought the intelligence. Owing to this, and one of her guns being disabled—so the *Kinsman's* officers all assured me—she was cautiously dropping back, after warning both the *Estrella* and *Calhoun* of what had been told her.

Commodore Buchanan, either not hearing or not heeding the information, at once steamed up right ahead of both the *Estrella* and the *Kinsman*, and personally seized the post of danger. It was now about 10 o'clock, when the rebels, from behind their concealed rifle-pits, poured forth a most murderous volley upon our men; and the *Cotton* coming down to attack our batteries, the fight became severe and general.

The gallant Buchanan was one of the first to fall. He was standing forward, spy-glass in hand, a motionless target for the deadly missiles of the hidden enemy. W. D. Brown, Acting Chief Engineer, who was near him at the time, having received a spent ball in the thigh, the Commodore said: "Ah! you've got it." The very next moment a ball struck Buchanan in the right cheek, immediately below the temple, passing through to the opposite side. He exclaimed, "My God!" and fell back dead. Some say this gallant officer was rash on this occasion, and threw away his loved and valued life; perhaps so, but it was a rashness which will endear his heroic name forever.

To show how terribly murderous was the position in which our boats were placed, it is only necessary to state that at this point the bayou was so narrow that the *Calhoun* in turning had her bow and stern aground.

While this was going on our land-forces were by no means idle. The Eighth Vermont, as soon as they had been brought across from Lynch's Point in the *Diana*, at once attacked the rebels in the rear of their rifle-pits; and during a brisk and sharp engagement killed several, took forty prisoners, and put the rest to flight, their cannon leading the way. But for this sudden and gallant assistance from the Eighth Vermont, there can be little doubt that the *Calhoun* would have been lost, from the impetuosity with which the rebels were firing upon her.

In the mean time, no less efficient aid was being given by other portions of our troops. Three batteries—the First Maine, Lieutenant Bradbury; one section of the Fourth Massachusetts, under Lieutenant Briggs, and Captain W. W. Carruth's Sixth Massachusetts—had gone round by the woods, from Patersonville to a point above the *Cotton*, where they could successfully play upon her; and in this they were assisted by some of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, and 60 sharp-shooters of the Seventy-fifth New York, who played havoc among the crew of the rebel gun-boat, which was one of those enormous Mississippi steamers, protected by cotton wherever possible, and clad in iron.

Thrice did this ungainly monster retire up the bayou, from the effect of the deadly iron hail poured into her, and thrice did she desperately come up to renew the contest. She came once too often, however; for, after having had her men nearly cleaned out of her, the last time she made her appearance—which was at 2 o'clock next morning—she was floating in solitary glory down the bayou, one sheet of flame.

The game being over, and the ostensible object of the expedition accomplished, our gun-boats and land-forces returned in perfect order and good spirits.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S CAMP.

We publish on page 109 a picture of Stonewall Jackson in Camp, from a sketch by Mr. Vizetelly, the artist of the London *Illustrated News*, who has cast his lot among the rebels. This sketch was made some weeks since, and was sent from Secessia in the vessel which was lately captured off Charleston. All the documents found on board were transmitted to Admiral Dupont. Some of them, such as the correspondence between Benjamin and the rebel agents in Europe, have been published in the papers. What became of Mr. Vizetelly's drawings we can not tell; but the one we reproduce was kindly traced for us, by permission of the Admiral, and thus sees the light—rather unexpectedly to its author—in our columns.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We reproduce on pages 97, 104, and 105, two of Mr. Waud's sketches. One of them illustrates the fruitless attempt of the Army of the Potomac to move toward the Rappahannock on 20th January—or, in the coarser language of the rebels, "Burnside's Army stuck in the Mud;" and the other, the Night-Patrol making his Rounds. The latter picture explains itself, and needs no description. By way of explanation of the former we append the following graphic account from the correspondence of the *Times:*

It was a wild Walpurgus night, such as Goethe paints in the "Faust" while the demons held revel in the forest of the Brocken. All hopes that it would be a "mere shower" were presently blasted. It was evident we were in for a regular northeaster, and among the roughest of that rough type. Yet was there hard work done that fearful night. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery were to be planted in the position selected for them by General Hunt, Chief of Artillery—a man of rare energy and of a high order of professional skill. The pontoons, also, were drawn down nearer toward the river, but it was dreadful work; the roads under the influence of the rain were becoming shocking; and by daylight, when the boats should all have been on the banks, ready to slide down into the water, but fifteen had been gotten up—not enough for one bridge, and five were wanted!

The night operations had not escaped the attention of the wary rebels. Early in the morning a signal-gun was fired opposite the ford, reminding one of that other signal-gun fired by them on the morning of Thursday the 11th December, when we began laying the pontoon opposite Fredericksburg, and which was the token for the concentration of the whole force at that point. It was indispensable that we should secure all the advantages of a *surprise;* and though our intention was thus blown to their ears early on Wednesday morning, we were, nevertheless, forty-eight hours ahead of them, and with favorable conditions should have been able to carry our position before they could possibly concentrate.

Accordingly a desperate effort was made by the Commanding General to get ready the bridges. It was obvious, however, that, even if completed, it would be impossible for us, in the then condition of the ground, to get a single piece of artillery up the opposite declivity. It would be necessary to rely wholly upon the infantry—indeed, wholly on the bayonet. Happily, if the rebels should prove to be in strong force, the country is too thickly wooded to admit of much generalship, and it was hoped that our superior weight of metal would carry the day.

Early in the forenoon I rode up to the head-quarters of Generals Hooker and Franklin, about two miles from Banks's Ford. The night's rain had made deplorable havoc with the roads. The nature of the upper geologic deposits of this region affords unequaled elements for bad roads. The sand makes the soil pliable, the clay makes it sticky, and the two together form a road out of which, when it rains, the bottom drops, but which is at the same time so tenacious that extrication from its clutch is all but impossible.

The utmost effort was put forth to get pontoons enough into position to construct a bridge or two. Double and triple teams of horses and mules were harnessed to each pontoon-boat. It was in vain. Long, powerful ropes were then attached to the teams, and a hundred and fifty men were put to the task on each boat. The effort was but little more successful. They would flounder through the mire for a few feet—the gang of Liliputians with their huge-ribbed Gulliver—and then give up breathless. Night arrived, but the pontoons could not be got up. The rebels had discovered what was up, and the pickets on the opposite bank called over to ours that they "would come over to-morrow and help us build the bridge."

That night the troops again bivouacked in the same position in the woods they had held the night before. You can imagine it must have been a desperate experience—and yet not by any means as bad as might be supposed. The men were in the woods, which afforded them some shelter from the wind and rain, and gave them a comparatively dry bottom to sleep on. Many had brought their shelter-tents; and making a flooring of spruce, hemlock or cedar boughs, and lighting huge camp fires, they enjoyed themselves as well as the circumstances would permit. On the following morning a whisky ration, provided by the judicious forethought of General Burnside, was on hand for them.

Thursday morning saw the light struggling through an opaque envelop of mist, and dawned upon another day of storm and rain. It was a curious sight presented by the army as we rode over the ground, miles in extent, occupied by it. One might fancy some new geologic cataclysm had o'ertaken the world; and that he saw around him the elemental wrecks left by another Deluge. An indescribable chaos of pontoons, wagons, and artillery encumbered the road down to the river—supply-wagons upset by the road-side—artillery "stalled" in the mud—ammunition trains mired by the way. Horses and mules dropped down dead, exhausted with the effort to move their loads through the hideous medium. A hundred and fifty dead animals, many of them buried in the liquid muck, were counted in the course of a morning's ride. And the muddle was still further increased by the bad arrangements—or rather the failure to execute the arrangements that had been made. It was designed that Franklin's column should advance by one road and Hooker's by another. But, by mistake a portion of the troops of the Left Grand Division debouched into the road assigned to the centre, and cutting in between two divisions of one of Hooker's corps, threw everything into confusion. In consequence, the woods and roads have for the past two days been filled with stragglers, though very many of them were *involuntary* stragglers, and were evidently honestly seeking to rejoin their regiments. It was now no longer a question of how to go on; it was a question of how to get back.



FRUITLESS ATTEMPT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TO MOVE TOWARD THE



APPAHANNOCK ON 20TH JANUARY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

COUNTERPARTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A FIRST-TREE standeth lonely,
In the North, on mountain cold.
He sleeps; the ice and snow-wreaths
White draperies round him fold.

He dreameth of a palm-tree,
Which, in the far East, doth look
Toward him, as she mourneth lonely
On burning shelf of rock.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. L. H.

THE ******** IN THE CLOSET.

PASSAGES EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE BARON DELAUNAY.

3d June, 1770: Paris.—The Vicomte de Grandchamps called this morning—splendid as usual, with buttons of Bowman mosaic on his velvet vest, and his point-lace *jabot* the true coffee-color now in vogue. What an age of pretension it is! The dandy conceals his own dear heart behind a hideous crop of the barber's invention. The ladies cover their fair skins with rouge and little patches of black; the graceful play of their limbs is thwarted by some artificial device to swell out their petticoats and nip in their waists—even the pearly whiteness of their teeth is dyed in coffee to give it a look of age! How preposterous shall we appear to future ages, when a more enlightened education and a higher tone of morality will allow the society to return to nature, consequently to beauty! I can fancy how the students of the next century will contrast the costume of our ladies—their petticoats tucked up to display their legs, attractively set off by red and embroidered stockings; their little feet distorted by high-heeled shoes; their painted cheeks, their false hair, their little staghelen hats—with the long flowing robes indicating the graceful limbs without displaying them, the chaste wimple, the modest veil of the middle ages. I can foresee what lesson they will deduct from these outward signs, and how they will understand only from pictures the reverential devotion of the Knights of Saint Louis's time for their noble ladies, and the familiar, lewd gallantry of the reign of Louis XV. To return to the Vicomte who suggested this digression. He entered, and threw himself indolently down on the easiest of my armchairs, stretching out his legs the better to admire their exquisite proportions.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you are on the eve of giving up your liberty?"

"My liberty! What is that?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a little laugh, stroking his calves the while, "very good; what is his liberty?—certainly, he has not yet reached the bachelors' come and go at will, order our own dinner, pursue our own pleasure, form our own little acquaintances, not to be done with tenderer name, invite our own friends to our own banquets? Once married, *mon cher*, some one else rules all that; you may pay the bill—but what is your share of the fun. It is true you may have separate establishments, but that is expensive, and no particular good."

"All that may be the case in your ménage, Vicomte," I replied, "but I assure you it will not be so in mine. I hope only to prove how much marriage may increase or diminish my happiness; but, decidedly, I shall remain master of my own house."

"Then you will be the first perpetual widower, and we shall soon see the marks of nails on your grave, sober face. That is a worse condition than the other."

"Neither one nor the other is necessary, I assure you."

"Ah, poor Delaunay, what an infatuation! I had hoped it might not be true, when the fellows at the fencing-school told me, and asked the hand of Gabrielle de Vigny of her parents."

"It is true that I have made proposals to the parents of Mademoiselle de Vigny," I replied with a stress on the *mademoiselle* he had so rudely omitted; "but I am not so sure of obtaining it."

"You don't mean to say De Vigny hesitated?—the hypocrite!"

"Not at all, but the young lady herself has not seen me; she will see me for the first time."

"And you think she will be consulted?"

"I am sure she will; I will not force myself upon any one."

"Ah, well, girls are all alike! she will say yes, glad enough to leave school and be Madame la Baronne Delaunay with a handsome husband, a handsome house, and a handsome fortune. And then she will amuse herself. Poor things, they are so cozied up in their nothing but convent ideas, whereas we men, by marrying, either lose our liberty, or—"

"Valuable liberty, truly! We do as we like, because no one cares what we do; stop out late, because no one at home is longing for us; forsworn friendships because there is no one to fill up the blank in our heart."

"Ow! ow! Really, Delaunay, your conversation with you is like reposing in a shady arbor! I am a man of the court of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XV. talking about our hearts! Ah, here is François with chocolate; I drink in that most innocent beverage to the success of your Arcadian dream. May your choice be as sweet as your chocolate!"

And so he ran on, and I reasoned with him no longer. *Au fond* he was not worth the trouble. But am I so sure of the wisdom of my plans? I have seen her portrait; it is charming. Her parents are worthy people, and she is only fifteen: surely, at that age, she can have acquired no taint of the vices of the day; no taste for its artificial pleasures. She will yield to my superior experience. I will be so gentle with her; I will so truly make her feel the identity of our interests—but softly, this is not yet mine, she may never bear my name, for her wishes shall never be forced for me.

5th June.—Waited betimes on Madame de Vigny, for she had, I know, fixed on the 4th for her daughter's arrival in Paris, and I could not rest till I had seen her and learned my fate. There is a certain air of poverty about the apartments, in spite of the gentility of the lady's manners, which makes me fear that my fortune may be an acceptable prospect to the De Vigny's, and I more than ever determine to ascertain for myself if the parents dictate to the poor girl her choice. After a brief apology for presenting myself so early in the day, "I is she arrived?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed."

"And she was quite willing to come?"

"What a question! Gabrielle has never disobeyed her parents."

"But was she glad, happy, or did she weep?"

"Nay, I must admit she shed many tears; but what would you expect? She has been with the good nuns seven years, and she loves them dearly. She is so young she had never thought of changing her condition; and she is so timid too. There were girls there no older than herself who cast such looks of envy upon her as she bade them farewell! 'Ah, how happy you will be!' they exclaimed. 'Come and see us when you are a great lady, and tell us all about court when you are presented.' But my poor Gabrielle only kissed them, and wept without speaking. They were all still standing behind the *grille* when we drove away. But she is quite happy this morning; listen, is not that merry song?"

She paused, and opened the window; from the little square garden below the sound came clear and like the matins of a bird. How my heart beat as I caught the vague outline of a female dress among the lilac-bushes!

"Ah, Madame, let me go down to her. I must see her. I can wait no longer now I have heard her voice."

"What are you thinking of, Baron? She has no proper attire; she still wears her poor little convent frock. I have ordered a dress from the first maker. In a few days she shall be presented to you; but to see her alone before marriage, at any rate before signing the contract, is a custom that is never done. Monsieur le Baron must be aware of it?"

"I am, dear Madame; but I am not bound by any of our absurd formalities myself, and I entreat you to set them aside in my favor. Good Heavens, Madame! think what I have at stake in the future son, that you are afraid to trust him to speak to your daughter?"

As I grew warm the lady was obviously embarrassed between her strong sense of the proprieties and her desire not to offend me. "I wish my husband were at home," she said.

"Listen, dear Madame; you must allow me to see mademoiselle, for I have vowed never to marry a girl who can not assure me that she voluntarily becomes my wife."

The lady looked still more uncomfortable. She is to timid she would not dare to refuse me so much.

"Well, at any rate you must let me try. Do you not see that I am only consulting her interest? You cannot refuse me. I shall be almost in your presence in that arbor."

The lady fairly cried as she again muttered something about her poor child's fright in the room. The more she desired the match the more determined I became to ascertain if the daughter was averse to it; for I was resolved not to enter into the garden. Gabrielle was standing under a lilac-tree—the sun glancing in checkered rays through the boughs upon her brilliant hair and white throat, her simple dress. Ah, I see that dear little frock now—a white chintz strewed with rosebuds! Her face was bent down, and as I left the-valley she was smelling, but the profile was exquisite; the little hands which held the flower were so delicate! My heart beat with a sudden check; it was for me to feel timid, uncertain. What if that lovely flower were not for me? what if that rose-face were to turn away from me with aversion? All my thoughts were confused; words failed me. Now that I had seen her, how could I bear to risk a refusal? I felt a strong impulse to return to her mother, and beg her to plead my cause; but I could not utter a single figure, that elegant form, that beautiful head, entranced me quite. Suddenly she turned round and perceived me; a deep blush overspread her face and neck, and she was bounding away like a startled fawn, when I boldly caught her hand, and, greatly alarmed, she paused to listen. I was, indeed, but her mother had allowed me to visit her in the arbor.

Poor little thing! how frightened, how agitated she looked! For seven years she had seen no man but the old priest; and her dress fluttered visibly with the beating of her heart. "I am going to spoil me how to reassure her. I had determined to be as correct, as respectfully ceremonious as her mother's, considering that was overpowering but with dear darling, trembling child by my side, how could I? I seated her on a little bench, on which there was barely room for us two, and still retaining her hand, I said, simply,

"Gabrielle, your parents have allowed me to ask you to be mine—will they speak to you also on the subject?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And the thought grieves you?"

There was a pause: I could see that she dared not answer openly.

"Do not be afraid; you are entirely your own mistress; no one will control your inclinations; no one will even persuade you in the matter. I will never see you again if you tell me to go. If it does not make you unhappy I will remain with you a little while; may I?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Then don't tremble so; have confidence in me, for I seek only to make you happy. Look at me, and tell me if I am so very formidable."

She raised her eyes as if from a habit of o. dience, and fixed them again; then looked at me again, voluntarily and steadily. The truthful, beautiful eyes! how I did love their lustrous depths! That look sealed my fate. Gabrielle ceased to tremble. She said little, but she listened willingly; and before I quitted her side she had given me the lily-of-the-valley she had been smelling when I first saw her (I have it still). Ah! what a change had taken place in my sensations since I first saw her mother! I actually embraced the good lady.

"Well?" she said.

"She is an angel. I have not deserved such happiness. And she will love me soon—I know she will. Ah, Madame, how can I thank you enough for such a treasure? And her dress is charming. Pray do not alter it; do not spoil her lovely simplicity; do not make her look ever so little like the ladies of the court."

The good mother was immensely relieved by my enthusiastic admiration, but she said her daughter must have the trousseau of a lady; and so I came home to my solitary house in a state of elysium.

8th June.—My suit prospers; each day my Gabrielle (dear) grows more familiar, more charming; but I feels sort of panic when I consider her extreme youth and inexperience. She has seen nothing, knows nothing; she does not dislike me; but with whom could she compare me? How mother takes her from house to house to pay the customary calls for the first days before marriage; but I know too well how such visits are endured. A kiss on the forehead, with kind congratulations from the elders, is how from the young creatures the distribution of a little box of bonbons, which all and young are expected to handle round, and the ceremony is ended, without my timid little Gabrielle having raised her eyes.

A laudable sometimes as I think of the wretched marriages I have known, and fancy that perhaps the poor young bride was taken from her convent to be the slave, perhaps the innocent ex pe nothed, and that, when it was too late, her eyes were opened, and her affections engaged when her vow it found that it was irrevocable!

It was my wish to retire to my château of St. Vermont, and there to lead with her such a life as was not exist in Paris—the capital; but her mother, I see, expects her to be presented at court, and I myself feel scruples as to the kindness of secluding her from her ere she has experience to judge of it for herself.

"Yes, she must first see a little more of life, and here, *à propos*, I must introduce to you the Comte's father, the Marquis de Grandchamps, to a fête champêtre at his superb house at St. Maur. He is a friend of both Madame de Vigny and her lovely daughter, in whose honor the fête is given. Ah! I have hardly patience to think of the old libertine's face for—about, and interlocuing her to his friends, male and female. Inconsistent that I am, it is not that I was just relishing was the prospect of the two?"

11*th June.*—The most lovely day favored the Marquis's fête, which was certainly a grand success. Madame de Vigny arrived in a plain coach; it is a most antiquated vehicle, and so heavy that her four fat Norman horses could barely drag it along at the pace of four miles an hour. But what mattered the slowness of their pace to me, with Gabrielle, seated opposite to me, with her head drooping down, listening to my account of every thing the journey suggested, particularly the donjon of Vincennes? Ah! I could not resist the temptation of showing those eyes dilate with real terror as I related to her, as graphically as I could, some of the horrible adventures of prisoners immured forever in those dark cells.

"And are there prisoners there now?" she asked, looking sadly at the fortified walls.

"Yes, many."

"So you said when we passed the Bastile," she answered. "Two prisons in one drive, and on such a brilliant summer's day. The good God comfort the poor captives!"

I regretted of the picturesqueness of my description—that I had exaggerated—when I found that I could not win another smile from her till we came suddenly at a turn of the road upon the Bastile, which, gilded by the merry bright in the sunshine, there blue and cool beneath the willows which overhang it. The grounds of the Marquis look gayer, the water's edge, brilliant with gay-painted kiosques and Chinese summer-houses, was supported on banks of flowers, festooned, marked the approach to the house; and almost ere we had passed the gates a group of would-be shepherdesses, adorned with pink and blue knots, stepped up with roses, and with blue ribbons fleating from their crooks, advanced to welcome us and conduct us to the scene of the revels. Poor little Gabrielle's dress was the prettiest of the whole; but she looked unpretending, and abstracted, as if her book is unsophisticated, not a gesture is natural."

The fête, as might be expected, was splendid, and very magnificent; but it seemed to regret, to me, except when her modesty suffered as she was brought too prominently forward to public notice. I think I had a pleasure in seeing a delightful specimen in which the Vicomte had pronounced the perfection a selection from Piccini's 'Dido.'

"Ah," I thought, as I was enjoying, observing her delight, "you young people find pleasure in all that wandering up and down, which, to me, is little better than tuning the instruments. If you had heard Lulli play the violin, so tender, so simple, yet so wonderful! This is my way to like to wild after the music, he ordered the concert. He takes his part with such vehemence that he has written at least twenty-four pages of music; and at that famous battle at the Palais Royal he is believed to have knocked down about a dozen Gluckites with the feather out of his hat, which was the only weapon he had at command."

"All which," I observed, "does not hinder Gluck from being the greatest composer we have ever had, as I hope to prove to Mademoiselle de Vigny to-morrow at the representation of his 'Orfeo.'"

The old Marquis smiled. "I should have guessed you were a Glückite, always of the same opinion. Ah! Mademoiselle, you must enliven your future husband; make him one of us. Do not allow him to frown down upon our innocent frivolity, like a Puritan Cato. Time is so short, why not improve it by gliding its wings, since we can not clip them, and crowning it with flowers, since we can not conceal its old bald head."

The Marquis then begged me to lead out Mademoiselle de Vigny for a minuet; but though her mother looked approbation at the proposal, Gabrielle herself grew pale with timidity. She dared neither refuse nor accept; and most gratefully she thanked me when I assured her that she was there only for her own pleasure, and need do nothing that was painful to herself.

On our return home, as the moon was at the full, Madame de Vigny had caused no footman to attend us with torches—the way, too, being so long; but the moon was often obscured by clouds, or concealed by the tops of the trees. In passing along the Bois de Vincennes we were for nearly half an hour in total darkness. Madame slept profoundly. Never before had I had my betrothed so entirely to myself; and from low whispers of affection we broke into a sweet and more eloquent still of love. I took her hand, and it returned the pressure of mine; I could not see her face, but I drew her nearer—nearer to me, and on to her forehead I imprinted the first kiss I had ever dared to take, half fearing the while lest she should resent it; but my lips still lingered on her cheek when I felt her dear arms cast around me—her heart was beating against mine. We had not sought mine. O joy! all that I felt for her she felt for me; it was no quiet acquiescence in an inevitable doom; her being had caught the flame with which it filled mine. I was said, but from that moment I felt she was my wife. All scruples ceased; it mattered not where she dwelt, or where she saw, she was mine as voluntarily as I was hers.

12th June.—Conducted Gabrielle and her mother to the representation of Gluck's 'Orfeo.' Poor Gabrielle, how delighted she was moved—it was all real to her; her eyes never wandered a moment from the stage, and flashed with hope or filled with tears as the story changed; but when at last she saw Orpheus about to turn round, unable to bear the agonizing doubt of Eurydice, she clasped her hands passionately, and exclaimed aloud, "Why do you not trust him when he loves you so much!" instantly Eurydice looked up to her husband, and so did many others. Poor Gabrielle, covered with confusion, sat as far back as she could, and the curtain had not faded from her neck when De Grandchamps entered.

"I have come to felicitate you," he exclaimed. "What would I not give to have such a beauty in a play! I can only just remember the sensation, but it was very delightful. Now, you see, I'm only wondering whether Orpheus will turn or will he true. Gluck never before received such praise as yours. I had intended to ask you if you did not think it would be worthy of the Opera; but when I saw your face, I knew it was useless to try and get any consure from you. Ton have espoused Delaunay's taste bodily, have you not, himself?"

He spoke in a bantering way, as usual, but I could see that he was unusually charmed by the honest girlish beauty of Gabrielle; he looked at her continually, and chatted to her with so much fun, and such a candid confession of all behind, that she soon seem very much entertained with him, and gave him some of those silvery peals of girlish laughter, which he told me were as delightful to the ear of Eurydice. Returning home, I asked her how she liked De Grandchamps.

"I think him very amusing; of course, I do not believe in all the wickedness he pretends to boast of. I suppose, on the contrary, he is very good."

"And why so?"

"He could not be so gay if he were guilty—remorse would poison his life. He could not make a jest of sin."

Poor innocent Gabrielle! I thought, Is that all thy penetration? then art thou safer with a protector less guileless than thyself.

I have confided to Gabrielle my first design of living with her at St. Vermont, for I think her convent education seems to have fitted her specially for the life I have most at heart. Yes, she will prove like a good angel among my people, healing their bodily sicknesses with medicines and restoratives, and pouring into their moral wounds the balm and oil of Christian faith and touching sympathy. I told her I feared her mother would not be satisfied—her dreams for the future had been more ambitious.

"Nay," she answered, with her usual frankness, "mamma is too well pleased with our engagement to feel disappointed at any thing you propose, and papa would quite agree with your views of happiness."

Three days more, and she is mine! Ah! how can I ever make her sufficiently happy? the darkness and disquietude of my unfledged love can never be forgotten.

St. Vermont, 24th June.—Mid-summer in all its bloom, and we here in the beautiful country to enjoy it. What peace, what serenity, after the excitement of our marriage! The checkered emotion of separation from Gabrielle's parents—the journey here—the enthusiastic reception of our good people! Gabrielle is delighted; she says it is a new world, much larger and grander than the Paris world of fashion, of which she merely took a peep.

Ah! Mademoiselle, you must enliven your future husband; make him one of us. Do not allow him to frown down upon our innocent frivolity, like a Puritan Cato. Time is so short, why not improve it by gliding its wings, since we can not clip them, and crowning it with flowers, since we can not conceal its old bald head."

The Marquis then begged me to lead out Mademoiselle de Vigny for a minuet; but though her mother looked approbation at the proposal, Gabrielle herself grew pale with timidity. She dared neither refuse nor accept; and most gratefully she thanked me when I assured her that she was there only for her own pleasure, and need do nothing that was painful to herself.

On our return home, as the moon was at the full, Madame de Vigny had caused no footman to attend us with torches—the way, too, being so long; but the moon was often obscured by clouds, or concealed by the tops of the trees. In passing along the Bois de Vincennes we were for nearly half an hour in total darkness. Madame slept profoundly. Never before had I had my betrothed so entirely to myself; and from low whispers of affection we broke into a sweet and more eloquent still of love. I took her hand, and it returned the pressure of mine; I could not see her face, but I drew her nearer—nearer to me, and on to her forehead I imprinted the first kiss I had ever dared to take, half fearing the while lest she should resent it; but my lips still lingered on her cheek when I felt her dear arms cast around me—her heart was beating against mine. We had not sought mine. O joy! all that I felt for her she felt for me; it was no quiet acquiescence in an inevitable doom; her being had caught the flame with which it filled mine. I was said, but from that moment I felt she was my wife. All scruples ceased; it mattered not where she dwelt, or where she saw, she was mine as voluntarily as I was hers.

12th June.—Conducted Gabrielle and her mother to the representation of Gluck's 'Orfeo.' Poor Gabrielle, how delighted she was moved—it was all real to her; her eyes never wandered a moment from the stage, and flashed with hope or filled with tears as the story changed; but when at last she saw Orpheus about to turn round, unable to bear the agonizing doubt of Eurydice, she clasped her hands passionately, and exclaimed aloud, "Why do you not trust him when he loves you so much!" instantly Eurydice looked up to her husband, and so did many others. Poor Gabrielle, covered with confusion, sat as far back as she could, and the curtain had not faded from her neck when De Grandchamps entered.

"I have come to felicitate you," he exclaimed. "What would I not give to have such a beauty in a play! I can only just remember the sensation, but it was very delightful. Now, you see, I'm only wondering whether Orpheus will turn or will he true. Gluck never before received such praise as yours. I had intended to ask you if you did not think it would be worthy of the Opera; but when I saw your face, I knew it was useless to try and get any consure from you. Ton have espoused Delaunay's taste bodily, have you not, himself?"

He spoke in a bantering way, as usual, but I could see that he was unusually charmed by the honest girlish beauty of Gabrielle; he looked at her continually, and chatted to her with so much fun, and such a candid confession of all behind, that she soon seem very much entertained with him, and gave him some of those silvery peals of girlish laughter, which he told me were as delightful to the ear of Eurydice. Returning home, I asked her how she liked De Grandchamps.

"I think him very amusing; of course, I do not believe in all the wickedness he pretends to boast of. I suppose, on the contrary, he is very good."

"And why so?"

"He could not be so gay if he were guilty—remorse would poison his life. He could not make a jest of sin."

Poor innocent Gabrielle! I thought, Is that all thy penetration? then art thou safer with a protector less guileless than thyself.

I have confided to Gabrielle my first design of living with her at St. Vermont, for I think her convent education seems to have fitted her specially for the life I have most at heart. Yes, she will prove like a good angel among my people, healing their bodily sicknesses with medicines and restoratives, and pouring into their moral wounds the balm and oil of Christian faith and touching sympathy. I told her I feared her mother would not be satisfied—her dreams for the future had been more ambitious.

"Nay," she answered, with her usual frankness, "mamma is too well pleased with our engagement to feel disappointed at any thing you propose, and papa would quite agree with your views of happiness."

Three days more, and she is mine! Ah! how can I ever make her sufficiently happy? the darkness and disquietude of my unfledged love can never be forgotten.

St. Vermont, 24th June.—Mid-summer in all its bloom, and we here in the beautiful country to enjoy it. What peace, what serenity, after the excitement of our marriage! The checkered emotion of separation from Gabrielle's parents—the journey here—the enthusiastic reception of our good people! Gabrielle is delighted; she says it is a new world, much larger and grander than the Paris world of fashion, of which she merely took a peep.

She thanks God her lot is placed here. Sweet child! she came to me this morning early, her hands and dress laden with roses still gemmed with dew. "Come with me," she said; "I have gathered these for the altar of our kind Lord: it is the day of St. John: we will go to church together, and thank him—oh! for so much happiness!" and tears purer than the dew on the roses stood in her dark eyes, and a flush of joy more brilliant than their lovely color heightened the beauty of her girlish face. I could only look at her; my heart was too full for words: surely my cup of contentment runs over.

30th.—Our sweet retirement ends to-day. De Grandchamps joins us. He has not been well, he says, and begs us to give him a change of air and a little quiet. He is welcome, and we will nurse him well; but we are so happy I can not look upon any change with pleasure.

1st July.—Certainly the Vicomte is much altered, and my wife sees it as much as I do. I questioned him as to his dejection, but can not find that he has been playing deeper than usual, and I can think of no other loss that would affect him. A good dose of fresh air, he says, will set him up again. "Yes," I added, "if you do not die of *ennui* during the process."

3d.—Gabrielle looked sad to-day—perhaps I should rather say very serious—for the first time since our marriage. When we were alone at night, "Gabrielle," I said, "there is not to be the faintest cloud between us two: tell me what saddens you."

Her old timidity returned, and her color, which varies so perpetually, went and came. I saw she was struggling with her natural shyness, and I waited patiently, holding her hands in mine to encourage her with my love and tenderness.

"Monsieur de Grandchamps tells me you are so very learned, and I am so ignorant. He said—no, he did not say so, but he—at least I understood him to mean that you would soon be tired of me, that you cared for nothing but science, literature, and —and—all that I don't understand. I saw that he was much surprised that you should ever have thought of me, and so am I now I reflect upon it."

"Dear Gabrielle! thank you for telling me. But I had imagined De Grandchamps far too much of a flatterer for such a speech."

"Oh, he interlarded it with compliments, and said he preferred me as I am, but I did not heed all that, because I was struck with the truth of what he first said—that you were so learned, and I so ignorant."

"I am twelve years older than you, Gabrielle, and certainly not twelve years wiser. But I own to a great respect for learning, though not learned myself. Shall we study together? Here, in this quiet place, we shall have leisure for reading."

"Any thing with you."

4th.—Study with Gabrielle is not a brilliant success as yet; it is difficult to manage. Those stupid old nuns have left untaught the very first laws of every thing but embroidery and confectionery, and it is really puzzling to know where to begin, so that Gabrielle may understand me. But if I am obliged to own that my wife has no book-learning, I must say that every fresh test proves her more and more intelligent and really wise. She has always done the right thing with the most perfect grace, while I have been considering what was expected of me; but as for books, the poor child yawns; it can not be dissembled, she positively yawns.

I shall be glad when De Grandchamps returns to Paris. He seems quite well now, and is enjoying himself immensely. Strange that he should, so quiet as is our life. * * *

A box from Paris has quite restored my wife's gay smiles. I suppose because it was a remembrance of her mother; for the box seemed to contain nothing but old school-books, working materials, etc.

12th.—De Grandchamps gone to a friend a few leagues off. I am afraid I am wanting in hospitality, but I really was not sorry to see him ride off, though he may return a day hence.

14th.—What is the meaning of this? When I went to my wife's boudoir this morning—always as much mine as hers—I found the door locked; and when, after some delay, it was opened, her manner was confused, her face averted from mine. What does it mean? I had vowed to hear of, to practice, no concealment, and yet somehow I could not explain myself—could ask nothing about the hurried manner, the locked door.

15th.—I fancied, after our little discomfort of yesterday, that Gabrielle might be embarrassed, colder, perhaps, but she is not. I never saw her more gay, more playfully kind. And yet she has said nothing satisfactory; she has not even reproached me with not demanding the explanation we had agreed to have on every subject of difference, be it ever so slight. And yet she hides—Nonsense, her face is candor itself; she hides nothing. It was a chance, and she has attached no importance to it, has not thought of it again. But why lock the door when she heard me?

16th.—O misery! she conceals something. I saw her to-day hastily snatch some article from her work-basket and thrust it into her pocket. And yet she carries it off bravely! she is gay, and I—I am wretched—tormented with doubts. To-morrow I will know all—at any price I will—I know not why I am silent so long; is it fear?

17th.—I feigned to go out fishing this morning and returned almost immediately. I went straight up to Gabrielle's room, but as I approached the door I heard her step within fly across the room and hastily draw the bolt. All calm forsook me—

"Open the door, Gabrielle!"

"Yes, dear, in one moment."

"Instantly, Madame!"

The bolt was withdrawn immediately, and Gabrielle stood there with such a look of fearful perplexity in her large eyes; I had called her Madame!

"Why did you lock your door?" No answer.

"Why did you lock your door?" I repeated, more angrily. Still no answer.

Gabrielle could not prevaricate, but I saw that her frightened looks turned ever to the door of a large closet near the window.

"Give me the key of that closet."

She obeyed tremblingly, but as I put the key in the lock she rushed forward, and, with a look of most miserable confusion, put her little hands against the door.

"I pray you not to open it!"

For all answer I took both her hands in one of mine (they were such baby hands!), and with a jerk of successful rage burst open the door—as I did so, there came tumbling against me the figure of a large waxen doll! My rival—my skeleton in the closet! It had been sent in that box which had given her so much pleasure—her old convent doll—her playmate for many years! And I had been jealous of that doll, with which my poor little wife of fifteen played on the sly! As I beheld her round, vacant, rosy face, her staring glass eyes, my first impulse was a burst of laughter, quenched almost immediately in a feeling of such remorseful shame as I hope never to feel again. I had so erred against my most innocent wife that I was ashamed to ask her forgiveness; every attempt, even at apology, would be an insult to a spirit so pure—so incapable of a thought even of evil. What was I to do? A stifled sob from Gabrielle met my ear. I knelt down and asked her pardon with most sincere humiliation.

"Forgive you," she sobbed, "for what?—will *you* not despise *me* forever?"

Her guileless mind had not even understood my insane suspicions; she thought only of her detected childishness. Glad was I to avail myself of her innocence.

"I have been so rude to you, dearest; I have given you pain," I stammered out.

Ah! how much more ashamed was I of my jealousy than she could be of her doll, and how much more ridiculous was I! Dear, dear little Gabrielle!

* * * * * * *

1st December.—Gabrielle called me this morning to show me the waxen dolly carefully packed up in a box.

"Do you know for whom I am saving dear old waxy?" she asked, with a smile; a smile which has much, much more in it than the old sunbeam of the childish face six months back.

"And yet, Gabrielle," I answered, pointing to some Liliputian needle-work, "yet you are still making doll's clothes?"

"For all your learning you are only a goose!" was the reply.

Fancy Gabrielle laughing at me in the presence of that doll of which she has been so dreadfully ashamed. Certainly something or other has greatly raised her sense of self-importance.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

WHEN the King of Siam has an enemy among his lords whom he detests, but whom it would not be polite to destroy publicly—one who must be dispatched without long delay, but whose poison must be sweetened, and for whom the edge of the axe must be gilded—he sends him a white elephant. Not that the gift is one of either profit or pleasure, for the brute must not be shot, nor given away, nor put to mean uses of hire or labor; he must not carry a howdah nor drag a plow, but must be cared for, and fed, and pampered, and adulated, and kept, like a tough-skinned Apis as he is, in the splendid idleness of a four-footed god. He must have his body-guard and his palace, his attendants and his flatterers; his huge feet may trample down crops and vineyards if it pleases him to walk that way; and his capacious trunk may draw up the last drop of water in the well for his morning bath, while human souls are perishing from drought. All is permitted to him, and he must be cared for and indulged first of all the world; for he is the white elephant of royal favoring, to be received with gratitude and maintained with cost. In the end, the cost is so great that the receiver is ruined and commits suicide—the white elephant having proved as efficacious for punishment as a bow-string or a bowl of poison. All the better, indeed, because the deadlier design was masked beneath the appearance of consummate favor.

Neither is the kingdom of Siam the only place where one receives white elephants, to the destruction of happiness and life; and that intelligent pachiderm, with his waving trunk and flapping ears, his caution, his cunning, and his "fidgetiness," is not the only form in which favors are received. Friends and fortune often play the part of Siamese royalty, and offer us gifts of honor quite as ruinous and inconvenient. What is it but a white elephant gift when your brother abroad sends you a huge case of foreign rarities, which you are by no means to part with to dealers or discriminating friends, but must house with reverence—first paying the cost of transit and custom-house dues? You are a poor man, with narrow boundary lines set against your orchard; your life's acre grows only just enough potatoes for your pigs and children, leaving no surplus borders for green-house flowers; nevertheless you are obliged to root up half a dozen rows of that useful, if vulgar esculent, to plant in their place geraniums and fuschias, which give neither swill for the swine nor bread for the children. You have to go without essentials for the next six months, that you may load your chimney-pieces with carved ivory baskets holding nothing, and squat deities in filigree silver, not always impeccable with regard to delicacy, and utterly wrong-sided with regard to beauty. And not one of which you would value a farthing, or would regret to see consigned to the dust-heap this very day. But your friends congratulate you on the generosity of your brother abroad; and the virtuosi among them envy you, or tempt you with fiendish offers of fabulous wealth, if you will part with your book of Japanese costumes, or your Ganesa in jade-stone, with Confucius in Chinese silver, or Isis in verdigrised bronze; offers of fabulous wealth impossible to be accepted, yet for the half of which you would transfer to them the whole consignment, satisfied if you could get back your original outlay at the custom-house, not to speak of the running account at the framemaker's and the decorator's, not yet brought to a stand-still. Your brother abroad did not think of all this. He meant only to do you honor, and to give you a white elephant that would exalt your fame far above that of your friends and neighbors.

Your father-in-law did the same when he presented you with a new carpet for your drawing-room, on the tenth anniversary of your wedding-day. It was a bran-new Brussels, all red and green and white and yellow; a gorgeous Brussels, worth four times as much as that modest moss-colored Kidderminster which you were ogling at Shoolbred's. It killed all the shabby furniture of ten years' standing, and reduced to instant and unutterable ruin what had formerly been nothing more than permissible decadence. It made your curtains and your furniture, your paint and your paper, your frames and your chandeliers, simply impossible; and you found yourself some eighty pounds the worse—your experience of a white elephant.

My dear wife had a white elephant given her, when her mother presented her with that magnificent brocaded silk, which was as stiff as a board and as bright as the sunlight. She could not forbear having it "made up," you know; that was absolutely necessary; but, of course, she would not have it "made up" by little Miss Twopenny, who did her common things well enough, but who was by no means equal to brocaded silk that would "stand by itself." She must go to Madame Grandechose, who had such a "fit" and such taste, and do dear mamma's present justice. So she went to Madame Grandechose; and Madame Grandechose undertook her brocade, and furthermore enlightened her on the contingent necessities of the situation—on the lace, and the flowers, and the feathers, and the thousand-and-one costly trimmings which must be added to do dear mamma's handsome present justice. My wife found, or rather I did for her, when the bill came in, that the trappings of her white elephant had cost more than our whole year's clothes of ordinary wear—that mamma's one brocade came to as much as her entire wardrobe, summer and winter included. Besides, as she very acutely argued, what was the good of a brocade like that if no one saw it? It was a pity to have spent so much money only to lay the brocade by in cedar shavings. As she had a white elephant, it was as well to parade it through the streets; as she had a brocaded silk dress with Madame Grandechose's taste superadded, it was a social duty to wear it. So we gave a few dinners and a few evening parties, and went out as often as we were asked that season; and by the end of it, I had overdrawn my banker's account several hundred pounds, and Johnny was taken from school and put to business a year and a half too soon. His mother's brocaded silk stunted my boy's career for life; which was paying rather dearly for a white elephant.

I once knew a man who had set his heart on a certain very personable white elephant of his acquaintance; an elephant of power and presence, on whose majestic back he thought he could rear a howdah of surpassing grandeur which would shelter his life from the fierce heats of summer and the chill blasts of winter alike, and carry him safely and nobly to his goal. He was a poor man, a man without friends or fortune, who aspired to be the husband of a nobleman's dowerless daughter, by whose grand connections he expected to rise to eminence in his profession, and whose powerful influence he thought would pull him through any difficulties that might beset him. That was his chart of calculation, his Mercator's Projection of the Universe of the future. Hers was the natural desire of the female elephant, whether white or black, for a home paddock and a gallant mate, for a troop of little baby elephants, with their trunks in the air and their knees deep in sweet vernal grass, and for the broad roof-tree, broad enough to shelter love and happiness and grandeur all together; so she responded to the call, and walked bravely through the gate of the paddock left open for her. But it did not answer. That paddock was too small for her ample creamy limbs; the roof-tree too narrow to harbor love and happiness and grandeur in a row; her baby elephants tossed up their trunks indeed, but it was in disdain at the coarse poor halm which barely covered their baby toes in place of the sweet vernal grass which should have grown above their knees; and when, in disgust at the poverty of the provisions offered, she broke down the paddock-gate and marched out into the open, she led her owner into a morass whence he never shook himself free until he crawled under the harrow of the Insolvent's Court, and emerged with scratches on his back that bled and festered always. His white elephant did for him what all white elephants do for their owners; and when the end of time came, he lay on the road of life a mangled wreck, with the print of an elephant's foot on his head.

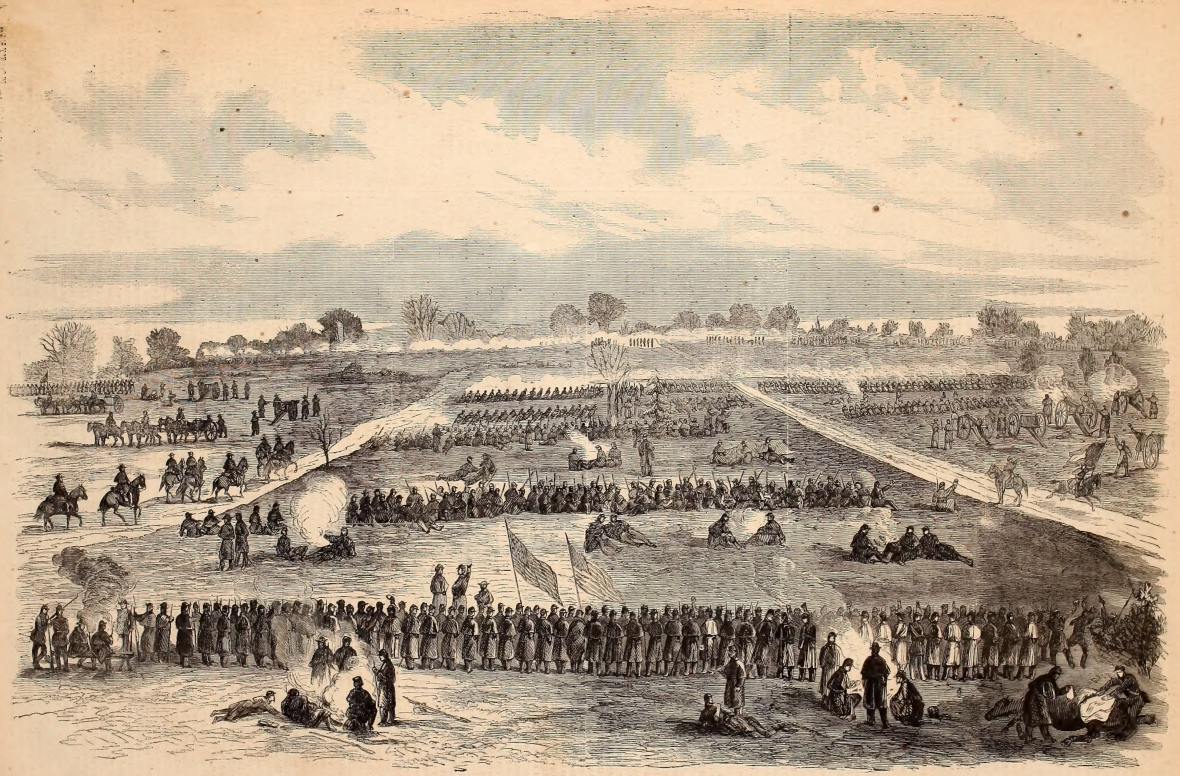
Another white elephant that I know of brought her own trappings and provision with her. She was a rich wife, with a dowry that would have satisfied the most exacting. Surely there was no ruin looming in the distance here! If a creature brings its own corn, may it not eat safely in your manger? If it supplies its own silk and satin, can you not stitch up its howdah without pricking your fingers to the bone? The fortunate possessor of this special white elephant brought her to his home which her gold had gilded, and led her into the park which her acorns had planted; and he gave her full permission to walk beneath her own avenues, and eat the topmost branches of her own seedlings; to strengthen her manger with golden plates if she liked, provided she hammered them herself out of the nuggets of her own gold mines. So she did. But she ate so ma[ny] seedlings than her own acorns had planted, and she strengthened her manger with golden plates so outrageously thick, that in time she exhausted her supplies. Then she fed out of her owner's manger until she ate him up, body and bones. The wife was rich, but the woman was extravagant; and this special white elephant turned out in the end one of the most destructive of the tribe.

And among the biggest and whitest of the herd are and have been royal visits to favored noblemen. Very much flattered and honored was courtly Leicester when the high-starched ruff of the Leonine Virgin quivered beneath the lights of Kenilworth. Here was a white elephant whose sleek sides were worthy to be regarded and envied of all mankind! Here was a quadruped of strength, with dim forecastings of possible howdahs, and a swift and steady bearing to the highest point of the hill of fortune! But poor Leicester was no better off than the Siamese nobleman whom his king delights to favor left-handedly. His queen's grace was the white elephant of his life—mowing down irresistibly all the virtues and noblenesses of soul that might have borne goodly crops. If he had never been so gifted, he might have lived a happy man and have died an honest one, and the shade of poor pale Amy would not have haunted his waking hours, and crime and dishonor would not have howled from the depths of the troubled past. But he kow-towed to his white elephant, and fell down and worshiped it, and kissed the dust from its feet, and spread out the tender branches of love and honor in its way, and the big feet trampled them down step by step, and tossed them like refuse: and then he died, and he, too, was counted but as refuse among men. Essex did the same; but he crawled about the white elephant's feet with such abased hardihood, that at last he got kicked heavily out of the way, with his life torn right asunder, and the manhood trampled out of him. All for the sake of kow-towing to a queen, and bartering truth and life for a crowned old coquette's false smiles.

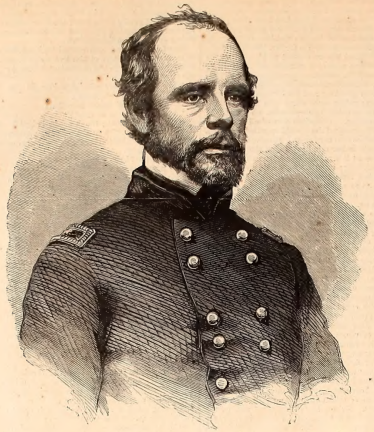
I remember how mightily I was enchanted and honored when my Lady Fairstar did me the unfathomable honor of asking me to dine at her splendid mansion in a glorified region of Belgravia! It seemed to me, then a poor struggling barrister on a mythical yearly allowance, that I was on the high-road to fortune at once, and that I had only to follow my Lady Fairstar's cavalcade to be landed safe in the very heart of the gardens of Aidann without delay. I went. I made no manner of doubt that I went to fascinate and to subdue, and that I should make such deep dints on the heart of our delightful hostess as not even the incessant rubbing of high life would be able to efface. And certainly my lady was gracious to me. But I found in the end that all I had made by the white elephant of her countenance was a portentous bill at my tailor's, another portentous bill at my boot-maker's, an unnecessary supply of embroidered shirt-fronts and French cambric handkerchiefs, and my laundress left unpaid owing to the transfer of her funds to the pockets of the cabmen. That was what I found when I took the two columns and added up the cost and the gain of my Lady Fairstar's Russian dinners, with scented ringlets laughingly shaken and bewildering smiles prodigally bestowed. It was a white elephant—nothing but a white elephant; and I ran away from it. Those grand visits are terrible matters generally. You are asked to a country-house. You are acknowledged to be a crack shot, and a first-rate rider; you tell a story capitally, and pocket every ball on the board; but at what a cost do you thus administer to the white elephant of your pride? At the cost of a year's income compressed into the six weeks of your stay. Butlers and footmen and pages and grooms and gillies and coachmen and the odd men about the place, and the odd women too—all to fee, all to pay—and the little wife left at home to fight with an unruly butcher who has undisciplined notions of trade, and to tell taradiddles to the landlord, who finds himself under the necessity of "looking you up." That is your white elephant when you get Lord Darkstar's invitation to his country seat in the hunting season.

There are all sorts of white elephants in our path! big and little, wild and tamed, tushers and toothless, of all heights, of all weights, of all hues. A patent of nobility to a poor gentleman with a miniature rent-roll bound in duodecimo, is a white elephant of tremendous appetite; so is knighthood to the honest leather-dresser made mayor of the town by the inadvertence of fortune, who offers the keys of the ancient city to her Majesty, and receives them back with the label of Sir.

What is it but a white elephant when that artist friend of yours generously presents you with a proof before letters of his own engraving? You don't want his proof before letters; you have quite as many pictures on your walls and brackets, and nick-knacks and ornaments, as you care for, and you really can not afford a frame of sufficient quality to match the excellence of the engraving, according to your friend's arithmetic. Yet, it will not do to dishonor his white elephant. You must frame your engravings in gilded carving, and study which is the best light as religiously as you would study the Koran if you were a Mussulman, or the Shasters if you were a Brahmin. Your grandmother, in a blue sash and mushroom hat, is made to turn her back on your grandfather in a full bottomed periwig and snuff-colored coat, that your friend's proof may have the post of honor on the wall; your favorite Clyte is dismounted from the bracket that your friend's proof may not be overshadowed in the extreme left-hand corner just before sunset; and when you have done all this, you find that the new gilding makes the old look deplorably shabby, and that you must have your whole wall-decoration retouched, because of this new bright bit of gold-leaf. Is not this a white elephant? I often wish that there were no such thing as a white elephant, and that when people make presents or bestow honors, they would give what was useful, and not a great glaring magnificence which makes every thing else look mean. White elephants do not do in donkey stalls: which is a great fact too often overlooked.



THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE—CENTRE OF THE ARMY ON 2D JANUARY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. HENRY R. HÜBNER.—[SEE PAGE 109.]



MAJOR-GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH, COMMANDING THE RIGHT GRAND DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL HOOKER.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERALS COUCH AND BUTTERFIELD.

We publish herewith, from photographs by Brady, portraits of GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH, General Sumner's successor in command of the Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, and of GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Chief of Staff to General Hooker. Both are fine-looking military men, and will make themselves heard of. We subjoin the following sketches of their lives:

GENERAL COUCH.

General Darius N. Couch was born in New York about the year 1826, entered West Point in 1842, graduated in the artillery in 1846, and went with his regiment (the Second Artillery) to Mexico. At the battle of Buena Vista he was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the close of the war Lieutenant Couch resigned his rank in the army and settled in Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined the Volunteers, and left Boston at the head of a well-appointed regiment. In May, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In all the battles on the Peninsula General Couch proved himself a gallant and able soldier; and when General Sumner resigned there was little hesitating in appointing him to the vacancy.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

In the dark days of April, 1861, when the capital was in danger and the existence of the Government doubtful, one of the earliest, if not the first, to hasten to Washington with a tender of his services was Daniel Butterfield, commanding the Twelfth Regiment New York Militia. He found an attack momentarily expected, and an organization of visitors and citizens hastily formed, known as the Clay Guard, for the protection of the city from the hard-riding and hard-drinking cavaliers premiered for its "subjugation" by "Wise the Wilious." Colonel Butterfield enrolled himself at once, and many senators, judges, lawyers, and distinguished citizens who served as privates in the ranks of the Clay Guard on the memorable nights of the 17th and 18th of April will remember him in the young orderly-sergeant who drilled them, and watch his career with additional interest as a commander on a larger field. While engaged in this sacred duty Colonel Butterfield had obtained the permission of the Secretary of War to reorganize, fill up, and report his regiment at Washington on the 20th, prepared for duty. With this order Colonel Butterfield made his way through Baltimore, wet with the gore of Northern citizens shed by "plug uglyism" turned "secesh" in its mad frenzy, and over broken bridges and torn up tracks arrived in New York on Thursday night of the 20th, filled up his regiment (like most of our militia organizations then merely a skeleton) from some 500 to 1000 men, and left with them on Sunday afternoon in the *Baltic*, bound for Washington, by the way of Fortress Monroe, looking to a passage up the Potomac; and then, by information there obtained, to Annapolis.



GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON IN CAMP.—FROM A DRAWING BY MR. VIEWELLY, INTERCEPTED BY OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF CHARLESTON.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

Adopted to the army corps of Patterson, the Twelfth saw their hopes of active service disappear in the marches and countermarches over the "sacred soil," while Bull Run was being fought and the vanity of the South in arms supplied with material for boasting. In Patterson's division General Butterfield (then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry by a recent appointment) commanded a brigade, and sought for permission to lead it into action. Soon afterward he received the full appointment of Brigadier in an unsolicited and gratifying manner. During the autumn and winter General Butterfield was profoundly occupied in drilling and disciplining his brigade and converting them into those "solid manhill veterans" as they are known for the South.

In the movement before Yorktown General Butterfield's brigade was constantly engaged, and gained credit by advance. They made the first reconnaissance to Big Bethel and literally fell, and mingled with Porter when he led his first approaches and attack on Yorktown. On the 17th of April a portion of the brigade repulsed a sortie of the enemy, receiving high encomiums from General Porter. At the battle of Hanover, on the first week of May, General Butterfield left his sick-bed for the saddle, and fought admirably. Again at the battle of Machanicsville and Gaines's Mills he won glory by his skill and bravery. The Prince de Joinville was struck by his gallantry and presented him with a horse in token of his regard. In the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac he assumed the division, which he has just relinquished to assume the responsible position of chief of General Hooker's staff—a most ordinary honor for a soldier who was not educated at West Point.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VI.

AT Easter—just when the heavens and earth were looking their dreariest, for Easter fell very early this year—Mr. Corbet came down. Mr. Wilkins was anxious to see much of him, and were together even less than usual, although not less friendly when they did meet. But to Ellinor the visit was a mixed happiness. Philip Egerton she had always had a little fear mingled up with her love of Mr. Corbet; but his manners were softened by his attentions and his evident respect, and his whole treatment of her showed such tenderness that the young girl basked and revelled in it. Then the two of their conversations had reference to their future married life in London; and she then perceived, although it did not jar upon her, that her lover had quite forgotten his ambition in his love. He tried to inoculate her with something of his own craving for success in life; but it was all in vain. She nestled to him and told him she did not care to be the Lord Chancellor's wife—wigs and woolsacks seemed to her to be unlike; only if he wished it, she would wish it.

The last two days of his stay the weather changed. Spring burst forth, as it will so occasionally for a few hours even in our chilly English spring. The gray-brown bushes and trees showed a faint but visible green, and even the tender green shade which is the forerunner of the bursting leaves. The sky was of full cloudless blue. Mr. Wilkins was so completely pretty early from the office to ride out with his daughter and her lover; but after writing some time for letters, he was too late, and found himself obliged to give up the project. Nothing would serve Ellinor, then, but that she must carry out a table and have tea in the garden, on the south side of the tree, among the roots of which she used to play when a child. Miss Monro objected a little to the proposal on Ellinor's account, as it was too early for out-of-door meals; but Mr. Corbet overruled all objections, and helped Ellinor in her preparations. She always looked to the early hours of her childhood, although she, as then, regularly sat with her father at his late dinner, and in much afternoon, was by no reality to her and Miss Monro. There was a place arranged for her father, and she seized upon him as he was coming from the stable-yard, by the shrubbery path, to his study, and with merry playfulness kept him a prisoner, accusing him of disquieting them of their revels, and of having him, more than half unwilling, to his chair by the table. He was not so silent, and almost said; his presence damped them all, they could hardly tell why, for he did not object to any thing, though he seemed to enjoy nothing, and only to force a smile at Ellinor's occasional allusions. These became more and more rare, as she perceived her father's depression. She watched him anxiously. He perceived it, and said—shivering in that strange unaccountable manner which is generally explained by the supposition that some one is passing over the earth that will one day form your grave—

"Ellinor! I must set a day for out-of-door tea. I never felt so chilly a spot in my life. I can not keep from shaking where I sit. I must have this place, my dear, in spite of all your good tea."

"Oh, papa! I am so sorry! but look how full these tea-cups are come on this tray. I thought I had chosen such a capital spot!"

But he got up and persisted in leaving the table, although he was evidently sorry to spoil the little party. He walked up and down the gravel walk, close by them, talking to them as he kept pushing and trying to forward their mirth.

"Are you warmer now, papa?" asked Ellinor.

"Oh yes! all right. It is only that place that seems so chilly and damp. I am as warm as toast now."

The next morning Mr. Corbet left them. The unseasonably fine weather passed away too, and all things went back to their rather gray and dreary aspect; but Ellinor was too happy to feel this much, knowing what absent love existed for her alone, and from this knowledge unconsciously trusting in the sun behind the clouds.

I have said that few or none in the immediate neighborhood of Hamley, besides their own household and Mr. Ness, knew of Ellinor's engagement. At one of the rare dinner-parties which Mr. Wilkins was not quite aware of the reason for such late visits, and had never put together the two facts (as cause and consequence) that on such occasions her father had been absent from the office all day, and that there might be necessary business for him to transact, the urgency of which was the motive for Mr. Dunster's visits. Mr. Wilkins always seemed to be annoyed by his coming at so late an hour, and spoke of it, resenting the intrusion upon his leisure; and Ellinor, without observation, adopted her father's mode of speaking and thinking on the subject, and was rather more angry than he was when-the more ebullitions of wrath rose on business in the evening. This night was of all nights the most ill-purposed time (so Ellinor thought) for a tête-à-tête with her father. However, there was no doubt in her mind as to what she had to do. So late as it was, the unwelcome visitor could not stop long; and then she would go down and have her little confidence with her father, and beg him to see Mr. Livingstone when he came the next morning, and dismiss him as gently as might be.

She sat on in the window-seat, dreaming waking dreams of future happiness. She kept losing herself in such thoughts, and became almost afraid of forgetting why she sat there. Presently she got up and got up to fetch a shawl, in which she muffled herself and resumed her place. It seemed to her growing very late; the moonlight was getting paler and fuller into the garden, and the blackness of the shadow was more concentrated and stronger. Surely Mr. Dunster could not have gone away along the dark shrubery-path so noiselessly but what she must have heard him? No! there was the swell of voices coming up through the window from her father's study: angry voices they were; and her anger rose sympathetically, as she knew that her father was easily irritated. There was a sudden movement, as of chairs pushed hastily aside, and then a mysterious, unaccountable noise, heavy, sudden, rather a slight movement as of chairs again; and then a profound stillness. Ellinor, her face turned against the side of the window, to listen more intently, for some mysterious instinct made her sick and faint, felt a cold breeze. Only by-and-by she heard, what we have all heard at such times of intent listening, the beating of the pulses of our heart, and then the rustling rush of blood through her head. How long did this last? She never knew. By-and-by she heard her father's hurried footing in his bedroom, next to hers; but when she ran thither to speak to him, and ask him what was amiss—if any thing had been—if she could help him—he was gone Mr. Livingstone's letter, she found that he had gone down again to his study, and almost at the same moment she heard the little private street-door of that room open; some one went out, and then there were hurried footsteps along the shrubery path. She ran down the stone, that is to say, Mr. Dunster leaving the house, and went back for Mr. Livingstone's letter. Having found it, she passed through the room to the private staircase, thinking that if she went by the more regular way she would have run the risk of disturbing Miss Monro, who might be still sitting stoned in the morning. Even in passing down this remote staircase she trod softly for fear of being overheard. When she entered the room the full light of the candles dazzled her for an instant, coming out of the darkness. They were flaring still in the draught from the window through the open door, by which the outer air was admitted; for a moment there seemed to be no one in the room. Then she saw, with strange sick horror, the legs of some one lying on the carpet behind the table. As if compelled, even while she shrieked out doing it, she went round to see who it was that lay there, so still and motionless as never to stir as her sudden coming. At the sight of his head propped on chair-cushions, his eyes open, staring, distended. There was a strong smell of brandy and smelling-salts in the room, as well as powerful as not to be neutralized by the free current of night air that blew through the two open doors. Ellinor could not tell if it was an exact instinct that made her act as she did during this awful night. In thinking of it afterward, with shuddering recollection, in haunting memory that would come and overshadow her during many, many years of her life, she grew to believe that the overpowering smell of the spirits had by absolutely intoxicated her—an unconscious Rechabite in presence. But something gave her a presence of mind and a courage not her own. And though she learned to think afterward that she had fallen down and kissed her father's cold wickedly, yet she marveled, in recalling that time, how she could have then behaved as she did. Filling a wine-glass herself up from her fascinated gaze at the dead man and went to the staircase door, by which she had entered the night, and called to the first maid she met—who—looked again; took the brandy bottle, and knelt down, and tried to pour some into the mouth; but the teeth she found not could not do. Then she wetted her handkerchief with the spirit and moistened the lips, all to no purpose; for as Ellinor said to herself, she knew he was dead—by a rupture of a vessel of the brain; how occasioned, I must tell by-and-by. Of course, all Ellinor's little attempts were only professed effect; her father had tried them before—vain endeavors all to bring back the precious breath of life! They only could not hear the sound of those open eyes, and softly, tenderly, tried to close them, although unconscious that in so doing, she was rendering the pious offices of some beloved hand to a dead man. She was sitting by the body on the floor when she heard steps coming, with rushing and yet cautious tread, through the shrubery; she had no fear, although it might be the tread of robbers and murderers. The awfulness of the hour raised her above common fears; though she did not go through the usual process of reasoning, and by it feel assured that the feet which were coming, so softly and swiftly along, were the same which she had heard leaving the room in like manner only a quarter of an hour before.

Her father entered, and started back, almost upsetting some one behind him by his recoil, on seeing his daughter in her motionless attitude by the dead man.

"My God, Ellinor! what brought you here?" he said, almost fiercely.

But she answered, as one stupefied:

"I don't know. Is he dead?"

"Hush, hush, child; it can not be helped."

She raised her eyes to the solemn, pitying, white-face behind her father's—the countenance of Dixon.

"Is he dead?" she asked of him.

The man stepped forward, respectfully pushing his master on one side as he did so. He bent down over the corpse, and looked, and listened, and felt, touching a candle on the table, he signed Mr. Wilkins to close the door. And Mr. Wilkins obeyed, and looked with an interesting of eagerness almost amounting to fierceness on the experiment, and yet he could not hope. The flame was steady—steady and pitilessly unstirred, even when it was shaded from the warmth and nostril; the heat was raised up by one of Dixon's stalwart arms, while he held the candle in the other hand. Ellinor looked from Dixon to some trembling on Dixon's part, and grasped his wrist tightly in order to give it the requisite motionless firmness.

All in vain. The head was placed again on the cushions, the servant rose and stood by his master, looking sadly on the dead man. Dixon, living, none of them had liked or cared for, and Ellinor sat on, quiet and tearless, as one in a trance.

"How was it, father?" at length she asked.

He would fain have had her ignorant of all, but so cornered by her light questions, by her eyes, in the very presence of death, he could not choose but speak the truth; he spoke it in confusion and in such sentence—in effort:

"He taunted me—he was insolent, beyond my patience—I could not bear it. I struck him—I can't tell how it was. He must have hit his head in falling. Oh, my God! one little hour ago I was thinking of the man's blood!" He covered his face with his hands.

Ellinor took the candle again, kneeling behind Mr. Dunster's head, she tried the futile experiment once more.

"Could not a doctor do some good?" she asked of Dixon, in a low, piteous tone.

"No!" said he, shaking his head, and looking with a sidelong glance at his master, who seemed to be striving in vain to shrink away from the suggestion. "Doctors can do naught, I'm afeared. All that a doctor could do, I take it, would be to open a vein, and see if could do any thing for the best of them, if I had but my fleam here." He fumbled in his pockets as he spoke, and, as chance would have it, the fleam (a blood-letting lancet) was somewhere about his dress. He drew it out, smoothed and tried it on his finger. Ellinor tried to look away, but could not avoid it, as she did so. Her father started eagerly forward, and did what was necessary with hurried, trembling hands. If he had cared less about the result, they might have been more afraid of the consequences of the operation in the hands of one so ignorant as Dixon. But, with an artery, it signified little; no living blood gushed out; only a little watery moisture followed the cut of the fleam. Dixon shook his head, in his strange, sad death-couch. Dixon spoke next.

"Master Ned," said he—for he had known Mr. Wilkins when he was full of bright, careless boyhood, and almost was carried back to them by the sense of charge and protection which the servant's presence in the room and sharpened sense gave him over his master on this dreary night—"Master Ned, we must do summut."

"Do you think so, what will you do?"

"Did any folk see him come here?" Dixon asked, after a time. Ellinor looked up to hear her father's answer. She felt if it was across her mind that all might be concealed somehow; she did not know how, nor did she think of any consequences except of saving her father from the vague dread trouble and punishment that she was aware would await him if all were known.

Mr. Wilkins did not seem to hear the fact, he did not hear any thing but the unspoken echo of his own last words that went booming through his heart:

"An hour ago I was innocent of this man's blood! Only an hour ago!"

Dixon got up and poured out half a tumbler-full of raw spirit from the brandy-bottle that stood on the table.

"Drink this, Master Ned," putting it to his master's lips. "Nay"—to Ellinor—"it will do him no harm to drink; bring back his senses, which, poor gentleman! are scared away. We shall need all our wits. Now, Sir, please to answer my question. Did any one see Measter Dunster come here?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Wilkins, recovering his dignity. "If all servants be quiet. He offered to walk home with me; I did not want him. I was almost rude to him to keep him off. I did not want to talk of business. I had taken too much wine to be very clear, and some things at the office were not quite in order, and he had found it out. If any one heard our conversation they must know I did not want him to come with me. Oh! why would he come? He was as obstinate—he would come—and here it has been his death!"

"Nay, Sir, what's done can't be undone, and I'm sure we'd any of us bring him back to life if we could, even by cutting off our hands, though he was a mighty plaguy chap while he'd breath in him. But what I'm thinking is this: it will,

maybe, go awkward with you, Sir, if he is found here. One can't say. But don't you think, miss, that, as he's neither kith nor kin to mine him, we might just bury him away before morning somewhere? There's better nor four hours of dark. I wish we could put him in the church-yard, but that can't be; but to my mind the sooner we set about digging a place for him to lie in, poor fellow! the better it will be for us all in the end. I can pare a piece of turf up where it will never be missed, and if master will take the spade, and I another, why, we'll lay him softly down, and cover him up, and no one will be the wiser."

There was no reply from either for a minute or so. Then Mr. Wilkins said:

"If my father could have known of my living to this! Why, he will say me as a cruising and you, Ellinor! Dixon, you are right. We must conceal it, or I must cut my throat, for I never could live through it. One minute of passion, and my life blasted!"

"Come along, Sir," said Dixon; "there's no time to lose." And they went out in search of tools—Ellinor following them, shivering all over, but begging that she might be with them, and not have to remain in the study with—

She would not be bidden into her own room, she dreaded inaction and solitude. She would herself busy with carrying heavy baskets of turf, and straining her strength to the utmost; fetching all that was wanted, with soft swift steps.

Once, as she passed near the open study door, she thought that she heard a rustling, and a flash of hope came across her. Could he be reviving? It was brief, but a moment was enough to undeceive her; it had only been a night rustle among the trees. Of hope, life, there was none.

They dug the hole deep and well, working with fierce energy to quench thought and remorse. Once or twice her father asked for brandy, which Ellinor, reassured by the apparently good effect of the first dose, brought to him with a word and once, at her father's suggestion, she brought food, such as she could find in the dining-room, without alarming the household, for Dixon.

When all was ready for the reception of the body in its unblessed grave, Mr. Wilkins bade Ellinor go to her own room, she had done all she could to help them; the rest must be done by them alone. She felt that it must; and indeed both her nerves and her bodily strength were giving way. She could have kissed her father as he sat wearily at the head of the grave—Dixon had gone in to make some arrangements for carrying the corpse—but he pushed her away quietly but resolutely

"No, Nell, you must never kiss me again; I am a murderer."

"But I will, my own darling papa," said she, throwing her arms passionately round his neck, and covering his face with kisses. "I love you, and I don't care what you are, if you were twenty times a murderer, which you are not; I am sure it was only an accident."

"Go in, my child, go in, and try to get some rest. But after we must finish—as fast as we can. The moon is down; it will soon be daylight. What a blessing there are no rooms on one side of the house. Go, Nell, go! And she went; straining herself up to move noiselessly, with eyes averted, through the room which she shuddered to see in the place of her usual unhallowed death.

Once in her own room, she bolted the door on the inside, and then stole to the window, as if some fascination impelled her to watch all the proceedings to the end. But her aching eyes could hardly penetrate through the thick darkness which, at the time of the year of which I am speaking, still precedes the early dawn. She could discern the tops of the trees against the sky, and could single out the well-known one, at a little distance from the stem of which the grave was made, in the very piece of turf over which so lately she and Ralph had had their merry little tea-drinking; and where her father, as she now remembered, had shuddered and shivered as if the ground on which his seat had then been was less fateful and ominous to him.

Those below moved softly and quietly in all they did; but every sound had a significant and terrible distinctness to Ellinor's ears. Before they had ended the little birds had begun to pipe out their gay revelde to the dawn. Then doors closed, and all was profoundly still.

Ellinor threw herself, in her clothes, on the bed; and was thankful for the intense, weary, physical pain which had come to relieve of the anguish of thought, anguish that she fancied from time to time was leading to insanity.

By-and-by the morning cold made her instinctively creep between the blankets, and, once there, she fell into a dead, heavy sleep.

A SOLDIER'S VALENTINE.

JUST from the sentry's tramp
(I must take it again at ten),
I have laid my musket down,
And seized instead my pen;
For, pacing lonely round
In the chilly twilight gray,
The thought, dear Mary, came
That this is St. Valentine's Day.

And with the thought there came
A glimpse of the happy time,
When a school-boy's first attempt
I sent you, in borrowed rhyme,
On a gilt-edged sheet, embossed
With many a quaint design,
And signed, in school-boy hand,
"Your loving Valentine."

The years have come and gone—
Have flown I know not where—
And the school-boy's merry face
Is grave with manhood's care;
But the heart of the man still beats
At the well-remembered name,
And on this St. Valentine's Day
His choice is still the same.

There was a time—ah! well:
Think not that I repine—
When I dreamed this happy day
Would smile on me as mine;
But I heard my country's call;
I knew her need was sore:
Thank God, no selfish thought
Withheld me from the war.

But when the clear old Flag
Shall float in its ancient pride—
When the twain shall be made one,
And feuds no more divide—
I will lay my musket down,
My martial garb resign,
And turn my joyous feet
Toward home and valentine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Attention Agents. Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one wishing to purchase FIFTEEN HUNDRED Pocket Knives, to be sold together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gold Chaser for his watch, will be furnished, or a neat gilt Eye Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
198 Broadway, N. Y.

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.

Complete for four officers. Price $5.

MILLIGAN BROS.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 5 inches high by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 15 pounds. Price $10.

Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 9 Platt Street, N. Y.

Send for circular.

MILLIGAN BROS.

New Military Books.

ELEMENTS of MILITARY ART and HISTORY. By Lieut. H. du Pin Dufour, Professor of Military Art, Geo. W. Cullum, U.S.A. 8vo, Cloth, $4.

HINTS TO VOLUNTEER OFFICERS on their Military Duties. By Lieut.-Col. C. C. Andrews, U.S.A. 18mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

SIEGE AND REDUCTION OF FORT PULASKI. By Brig.-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, U.S.A. 8vo, Cloth, $2.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Copies sent Post Paid by mail on receipt of price.

How to get a Furlough!!

HOW TO GET A DISCHARGE!!

HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH!

With much other information of especial interest and value to the Army and Navy. Price 25 cents. Address, by mail, *Furloughs and Discharges* are always worth a hundred fold the cost of a Book! Send for a copy.

Price 10 Cents. Finer Edition, 25 Cents.

Agents Wanted. Address the Publisher,

G. G. EVANS, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAJ. GEN. BURNSIDE SAYS: *"its vitalizing action is very life and comfort is complete."*

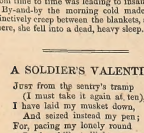
Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac, Jan. 9, 1863.

James W. Evans, Esq., New York:—Sir,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of Dec. 30th, and also of the box containing the "Evans Stove," addressed to Major-Gen'l A. E. Burnside. The latter desires me to express his thanks for the Stove, and to say, that he

considers it a *perfect success*; its adaptation to camp life and comfort is complete, as it is admirably large to warm an ordinary tent, and is very easily managed. Very Respy'd'y, D. Ralston, *Private Secretary.* Major General A. E. Burnside.

Made of cast iron, in 15 pieces, with Forks with 6 ft. of pipe in the space of the lower section. 6 ft. of pipe with every tent in the service. Price, boxed complete, $25.

J. W. EVANS,
21 John St.,
New York.



RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

For Army Speculators. The Army and Navy Gazette, of Philadelphia, in its February Number, says: "The importation of the Railway Time Keepers, by Geo. Shirley, fills a long-felt want, being a handsome and serviceable Watch at an extremely moderate price. *Superior in style and finish! Decidedly the most taking novelties out!* Should retail at prices from $20 to $30. Good imitations of both gold and silver, with fancy colored hands and handsomely engraved dials. They are standing in my list." Sold only by the case of six of assorted designs. Engraved and superior elegant cases, with gold, also heavy silver plated, per case of six, $30; large size, $42.

Terms Cash. Will be sent to any part of the loyal states by express, with bill for collection. *Buyers ordering in this manner must depend on the honor of the express agent where they receive the goods, or remit us two dollars on account that the bill will be paid. Soldiers must send payment in advance.* Address,

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Agents,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.

Colored for King, Goddess of Liberty, Flags, and Major for Jack. 52 assorted cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and run of all the usual games. These packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

Do you want luxuriant whiskers or mustaches?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. Graham, No. 509 Nassau Street, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE-BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chilblains, thereby rendering them soft and white as alabaster. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Size, $1 12 for Gents'. C. B. RAY, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ Burnet Jewelry, &c. Rubber Goods in great variety, Wholesale and Retail.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's Catarrh Remedy penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it from the system. Price $1.00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used Dr. Scott's Electric Pain Saloeso Electric Health Insoles are the only preventive and cure for Rheumatism, Chilblains, Cold Feet, Foot-Sores, Fresh Air, Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Price $1; sent by mail for $1.20. Sample by English and American letters. Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 629 Broadway.

RICHARDSON'S

New Method for the Pianoforte.

UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST, and recommended by leading Pianists and Teachers as so without a rival. Thousands of copies have been distributed from Maine to California, and yet the demand is unabated—the strongest proof of its merit, and a very strong evidence that no other book for the Pianoforte can be obtained that will give as much real value. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of its price, Three Dollars.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Send for circular. GEORGE F. HAWKES, 64 Nassau St., N.Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, or allow a large commission, to sell our *Envelopes, Writing Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new articles. 16 circulars (3c.). H. STINSON & CO., 84 Clark, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS!—A New Article! Something worthy of your attention! Full particulars free, or sample (worth $1) sent for 25 cents. Don't be imposed upon by so-called Agents. Address Inventor. P. O. Box 19, Hawley, Pa.

PRICE 75 CENTS
THE SERGEANT'S
ROLL-BOOK FOR THE COMPANY,
By Lieut. WM. H. ALBY, U.S.A.

A neat pocket-book, bound in a waterproof flap cover, with ruled blanks, size 7½×5 inches, complete. Size du cup, 6½ by 4 inches. Containing blanks with printed dates for the Company Roll, Descriptive List, and Record of Events, for a company of 100 men for six months. Mailed free on receipt of the price.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Chatham St., N. Y.

A Liberal Discount to Sutlers and Dealers.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Soldiers' Pensions furnished, rules of Court negotiated upon the best terms, and accounts audited. A pamphlet of full instructions sent by enclosing a six-cent stamp to pay postage.

SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.

Specimens sent by mail. Send for Circular. Established 1840 years ago.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Reduced Prices. Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops. Send for Price List, rules, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen,—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. *Beautiful climate*—for many years. Send for a circular, containing a map of the State, and other information, to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Vineland Fifty Miles from Philadelphia and Twenty-five from Camden and Amboy Railroad. Depot.

It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

To the Nervous.

Dr. Adam Laurie's Life Pills,

The great Nervous Remedy, are for sale at the Sole Agency, 4 Union Square, New York.

Price One Dollar per box, with full directions.

All letters with enclosures must be addressed as above.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Have Just Published:

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. By Mrs. Oliphant. Author of "Salem Chapel," "Lizzie's Love Trial," "Lost of the Mortimers," "The Days of My Life," "The Quilt of Norlaw," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1; Paper, 75 cents.

NO NAME. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," "Armadale," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1.

Eighth Thousand.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By William Howard Russell. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Ninth Thousand.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S

Illuminated and Pictorial

BIBLE

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations by Colbert, comprising Frontispiece, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a magnificent Family Volume.

Pages.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and panelled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $28 00. Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $12 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Readings of the Latest Copyists, Tables of Weights and Measures, Concordance, Table of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, &c., &c., &c. Also, the Apocryphal Books, with Illustrations. Together with the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, Tinted Paper throughout, Ornamental Borders, &c., &c., from original designs made expressly for this work by F. O. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which is full Index.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston; Sartr, Eccleme & Co., Philadelphia; Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore; Frank Taylor, Washington; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati; Keith & Woods, St. Louis; S. C. Griggs & Co., Cincinnati; Dawson & Bronsons, Montreal.

Lever's Last and Best.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Square, New York.

Publish this Day:

I.

BARRINGTON.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harold Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "Dr. Hose about Jesus," "Strokes of Light," "Martin Darcy," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

II.

Lines Left Out.

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Line upon Line." This First Part relates Events in the Times of Patriarchs and Prophets. By the Author of "Line upon Line." "Reading without Tears," "More about Jesus," "Strokes of Light," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

The authoress, several years ago, prepared a little work about the Bible, to be read by mothers to children. This work was called "Line upon Line." It was followed "Line upon Line" and next came "More about Jesus" and "Strokes of Light" and now we have additional historical matter from the Bible not included in the others, under the title of "Lines Left Out."

The book is an admirable one. We speak from experience, for it was read to us, and indeed among the young.—*Presbyterian Standard* (Phila.).

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Have just Published:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY. 25 cents.

MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from Continental Campaigns. By Lieut.-Col. Hamley, Royal Engineers. By Emerg Staaud, Captain U. S. A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. Richards. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By Major Gen. Butterfield, Brig.-Gen. Veho, U. S. A. 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Agatha's Husband," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Agatha's Husband," "A Life for a Life," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of Harper's Magazine a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. Such subscribers may now complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five cents they will be supplied for the small, *post-paid.* Any Volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Subscribers may have remaining Twenty-five Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, at the charge of the subscriber, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Two Subscribers, at $2.50 each, or Five Copies for $12.50.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Two Subscribers, at $2 each, or 11 Copies for $20.

Harper's Magazine and Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

Harper's Weekly is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can at any time be supplied.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "Harper's Weekly," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4.17 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no Traveling Agents. Persons who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster of General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.



JIM CROW JUMPING ABOUT SO.

"On to Richmond! The Rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there in July."—(*See N. Y. Tribune, May and June, 1861.*)

"Let us bow to our destiny, and make the best allowable peace."—(*See N. Y. Tribune, Jan., 1863.*)



PAPA. "Well, my Dear, did you tell Mamma that Miss MYRTLE was waiting to see her?"
CHILD. "Yes, Pa!"
PAPA. "And what did she say?"
CHILD. "She said *what a Bother!*"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

259 ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK Wrought, Cast, and Wire. IRON-RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES, GUARDS, and IRON FURNITURE of every description. Illustrated Catalogues mailed on receipt of four 3 cent stamps. HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM, 259 259 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

THE NEPLUS ULTRA. No Chimney Adjustment. The best and most perfect all over lavented article of the ordinary burners, of various sizes, now in use. It costs only a trifle more than a single glass chimney. Gives a clear light without the usual smoke, and can be turned in the strongest draft without going out, therefore being indispensable for parlor or hall use. Agents wanted. Good pay guaranteed. Send for circular. JOS. TIDDEN, Manufacturer, 413 Broadway, N. Y.

PHYSIOGNOMY;
Or, "Signs of Character, and How to Read them"—Phrenology; or, the Roots of Men—Physiology, Phrenology, and Psychology—are given, in volumes, in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. $1 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Sore Breasts, &c., making them smooth and white, and are suitable for house-work. For sale by the trade. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 4 stamps for postage. Ladies' sizes 6½ c. per pair; Gents sizes, $1 00. GOODYEAR, L. I. R. GLOVE M'F'G CO., 205 Broadway, N. Y.

Rubber Goods of all kinds Wholesale and Retail.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE! MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, FOR 28c. COIN FREE-FEDERAL. Five of different powers, $2. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

A SPECULATION.

Agents and Soldiers, in camp or discharged, can make easily $50 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALLED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality Writing Material, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c.; altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all agents. Packages in endless variety sent at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches* at low prices. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 NASSAU STREET, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24, $30 and $33 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and samples of different styles of shirting, collars and cuffs free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 33 cents.
S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 5073, Boston.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 481 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

$30 Watches. $30
I will sell genuine English Lever Watches, in Silver Hunting Cases, for $30. Worth $45. Watches of every description at equally low figure. Send for a Circular. *All Watches warranted.*
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Lithography,
Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone *made equal to copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Highest Premium.
International Exhibition, London, 1862.
See the recent Improvements.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.

Portable Printing Offices,
For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *packeting* and *swindling* purposes.
We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, an accurate and durable time-keeper, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the trashy *Americ* and *Lepine* of foreign make, already referred to.
We have issued the fine series of Watches, Wm. Ellery, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.
Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vinalhaf, on previous page.

Buy your Skate Straps with
Fogg's Lever Buckle,
Manufactured by F. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK;
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

CONFEDERATE (REBEL) MONEY.
Fac-Simile Confederate Treasury Notes.
So exactly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally well. $200 in Confederate Notes of all denominations, sent free by mail on receipt of $5, by W. E. HILTON, 11 Spruce Street, New York.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PORTFOLIO PACKAGES. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 84 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

THE "CRAIG MICROSCOPE,"
Of which over 80 dozen, and 250 dozen mounted objects have been sold since the 1st of Oct. in the city of Boston alone, will be sent, postage paid, with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $2. Liberal discount to dealers. Address HENRY CRAIG, 183 Centre Street, New York.

ATTENTION, LADIES!
The Lilliputian Wedding.
By special arrangement, we will publish on the 16th February, immediately after their marriage, the Card Photograph of
GEN. TOM THUMB
AND HIS
FAIRY BRIDE,
IN THEIR WEDDING DRESS,
with their autographs. No album will be complete without this interesting picture. Price 25 cents. Can be sent by mail. All orders must be sent to
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
501 Broadway, New York,
Manufacturers of Photographic Albums, and Publishers of Card Photographs of Celebrities.

The Parlor Gardener.
A complete illustrated guide to the cultivation of House Plants, care of Green-House, Aquarium, and instructions in many new and beautiful methods of growing Plants, of Grafting, Budding, &c., &c. Price 50 cents; postpaid, 70 cents.
J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

Darley's New Picture.
Morning, Noon and Night.
An elegant Photographic copy of this beautiful work of Art may be now obtained at all principal print and book stores.

$25. A BEAUTIFUL Engraved Gold Plated Watch, *Duplex Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address for $5. Fine Watches and Jewelry at low prices. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 40 Ann St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 200 per cent. profit. Sargent's Watch free to Agents. $75 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 46 Ann St., N.Y.

Inquire of your Grocer for
MORGAN'S SONS
PEARL
MOTTLED
The Best and Cheapest Soap in use, manufactured from the best materials, and *warranted entirely free from all injurious substances.* Unrivalled for washing Flannels and *Fine Goods*, or for FAMILY USE of any kind.
KNOLL MORGAN'S SONS,
211 Washington Street, New York.

GREAT TRIUMPH.
STEDMAN & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Wilder Street, N. Y., were awarded a *first prize* medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.
The special correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by the Jurors is *emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.*"

TRUSSES. *Dr. Hoyt's Hard Rubber Truss* challenges the severest criticisms. Water-proof, cleanly, and indestructible. This truss and a Varicocele Instrument may be seen at Dr. Hoyt's office, No. 2 Barclay St., N. Y.

Send for Trade-List, revised Jan. 25, 1863.
PEERS & BANCKER,
Wholesale Dealers in Ladies', Gentlemen's & J. F. Peers & Co., 24 Ann Street, *New York*. All orders for Books, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Articles promptly filled.



The American Parlor
Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
Of neat, cash Skate is labeled with the trade mark.
Also, all the new and popular styles of Rink Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made of the welded steel and iron hammered. Skate straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Buckle. Sole Agents for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.
FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
68 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

Lyon's Kathairon.
This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is equal put up by the original proprietor, and is now, as it has been for the past 40 years, the purest, most effectual and unprecedented relief of our race millions testify, and to be had at 25 cents in large bottles. Two million bottles sold yearly in the U. S. Let no one be deceived by the Kathairon sold in a poor watery fluid, which is worse than nothing. The Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of scurf and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich luxuriant growth, and prevents it from changing. These great considerations worth knowing. The Kathairon has been for many years counterfeited, and the genuine is now rarely to be found. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon, as its daily perfume. Sold by druggists generally. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.
D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Ready:
MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 321.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES S. STRATTON (GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE).—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

TOM THUMB AND HIS WIFE.

We publish on the preceding page portraits of the two dwarfs—CHARLES S. STRATTON, better known as Tom Thumb, and Miss LAVINIA WARREN—in their wedding dress.

Tom Thumb's name and pigmy form are well known to every body. Fifteen years ago he was quite the rage, and boasted—probably with truth —that he had kissed millions of fair faces. He has since made his fortune, and has lived in quasi retirement at his place in Connecticut.

Miss Lavinia Warren was born in Middlebro, Massachusetts, in 1842, and is consequently twenty years of age. She measures 32 inches in height and weighs 29 pounds. Some months since Mr. Barnum engaged her as to exhibit herself at his Museum, in this city, and shortly afterward it was announced that she was to be married to Tom Thumb. Since then the rage to see her has been well among the ladies, and Mr. Barnum has been enabled to fill his Museum and his pockets with unusual rapidity.

The wedding took place at Grace Church on Tuesday, 10th February. We extract the following very graphic description of the affair from the *New York Herald*:

We entered the sacred edifice. Grand, solemn, and silent then aisles—"storied windows richly dight," etc.—are here, indeed, we thought, if we had thought at all. Decisive men outside, what shall we say of it within? Here, indeed, was the true "vision of fair women." Here was the carnival of crinoline, the apotheosis of purple and fine linen. Here, indeed, was the secret body soon to take advantage. Babylon was a rag fair to it.

All the magnates of the city we had passed us by: the here! the feathers! the gems—and "the shining eyes like antique jewels in a barbaric dream."

There were silks of every possible hue, and thus a rich variety of color, and plenty of room. There was, every possible species of toilet — dainty hand-dresses, delicious bonnets, and the most delicate veils to set beautiful and loud ever body else into temptation.

But bonnets! Ah, we must say there were not dwarfs. How many wished they were! How many regretted their "no girl abandon!"

Around the chancel, up and down the aisles, here, there, and every where, were groups of ladies, chatting with gentlemen, with their caps on, and order reigned in the matrimonial Wyvern.

So we quietly took our comfortable seat, and listened to the magnificent voices of the choir singing, between times, gave the overture to "William Tell," and "Oberon," "—as from "Midsummer," and from "Robert le Diable" the air "Robert Toi que Jaime."

As it became dark in the church it became every minute more and more like a fairy festival. The music "grounding in" with the light of the whole body of the church filled with beautifully-dressed women, and shed over all a silvery mist or light streaming in through the windows "diamonded with panes of quaint device." All these made a picture like a matter of everyday occurrence, then like the action of some old romantic story.

There were a few minutes of silence before the bridal party arrived. Then in came the great Phineas and several of the ushers—and the music, which had sunk into a lull in a few moments more the stir and the buzz of voices near to the door said the bridal party arrived.

Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren (the bride's sister) led the way, and took their places in the chancel, and seated their very slow progress up the aisle, until they reached the open space in front of the altar, the steps of the dais prepared for them in front of the chancel rail.

Then the crowd closed in behind them, and by the opposite aisle, Thumb and the bride stepped between, and there was the bridal party.

NOW NUTT, for size, is such a man as might be made after supper of the cheese parings. He is a full inch shorter than Tom Thumb, but is self-possessed and airy to the most perfect extent. Tom Thumb is also wonderfully shorter than NUTT. He, a veteran in the show business, knew, and the time, Mr. WELLS, to come forward and read the marriage rite. Thumb and LAVINIA responded shortly and affirmatively at proper places, and it was done in a very full and very slim gentleman in very black clothes—the very utmost of respectability, attended the steps of the dais with the manner of a Lord Chamberlain to "Miss Jones," though he did not make so much noise about it, and gave the bride away.

Then they knelt for prayer, and the rich sunlight fell through the high windows upon their group—

And there warm gules upon the bride's fair breast,
And there the lark flew singing gree and loud;
Here bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver sandals sweetlyest,
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

Upon the conclusion of the ceremony Dr. Taylor, the Rector of Grace Church, pronounced the benediction, Bishop Potter was not present. The Potter PRESS afraid to herald into such a scene two little bits of the "—one pone loin of human clay.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

SLAVES IN LOUISIANA.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS is beginning to realize some of the practical difficulties which beset emancipation. In all those portions of the State of Louisiana which are held by the national forces slavery is practically abolished, and the slaves are actually as well as legally free. As might have been expected from suddenly freed slaves, they evince a remarkable disinclination to work. Hence, on the one hand, there is great danger that the bulk of the sugar crop will be lost for want of labor, while, on the other, the Government is put to an enormous expense to feed thousands of colored refugees. To remedy these evils General Banks has issued an order compelling the negroes to work for a fair remuneration. This order has drawn down upon the General the thunders of some of the extreme anti-slavery leaders of the North, who complain that our armies are being used as slave-drivers for the sugar lords of Louisiana.

Again, General Butler commenced, and General Banks is continuing, the work of enrolling negroes as soldiers, and forming them into companies, regiments, and brigades. This operation provokes the hostility of a large number of our Northern troops, in whom aversion to the negro is deeply ingrained. Something very like a mutiny broke out lately at Baton Rouge in consequence of the encampment of a negro battalion in proximity to certain New York regiments. A colonel of one of the Louisiana colored regiments—himself a Northern white man—declar... that he could actually buy himself a fat Sa. Captain Brown, while being insulted. As at Port Royal, the white troops refuse to be brigaded with negroes, and many of their officers also refuse to serve over men in their regiments—lose no opportunity of showing their contempt for colored soldiers, and for the white men who are appointed to command them.

These are some of the practical difficulties with which General Banks has to contend. We are satisfied that he is the man to grapple with them. Reflection will by-and-by satisfy every one that emancipation must not be construed as securing to the negro a life of sloth at our expense. We have always held that the right to do so would eat, must work. Emerging from hereditary slavery, he can not be expected to understand at once his responsibilities as a free man, and it is our duty, for the present time, by salutary and humane laws, to compel him to lead such a life as he would lead without coercion had he been born free and among whites. An equal guilt divided each of the three classes.

These notions were exemplified in their local institutions. Hostility to freedom of the press, of speech, and of the assemblage, was a marked characteristic of Southern municipal law. Not only could no newspaper or book be published at the South which contravened the views of the people of that section, but it was a matter of life and death to own or to read a Northern publication which the populace deemed heretical. To speak against slavery was to insure lashing or feathering, or hanging by some Vigilance Committee. Half a dozen negroes could not meet to change work without being separated by the police and taken home to be flogged. Law and order—which are the first fruits of democratic institutions—were unknown in the Southern States. When a man was shot in open day-light in Jackson, Mississippi, according to Governor Pettus. in New Orleans the average executed number was four. Assassination of the envied pistols of large bore in his pocket ready for work. No one respected the law, or troubled himself about it. As among the Choctaws and the Camanches, every man was the keeper of his own vengeance, the executioner of the penalty he chose to inflict.

If we add that this race—so boasted with insane notions of its own superiority, and so brutified by hostility to all restraining laws and habits of lawlessness and violence—was still further degraded by the unrestrained licentiousness which has ever been the product of slavery, we shall have said enough to show that there had grown up, under the ægis of the national Government, a race of people as diametrically opposite, in every possible characteristic, to that of the North, as can be readily imagined, and between whom and us there could be no possible community of feeling or harmony of action.

This war, in fact, was a necessity, an inevitable necessity, and its prosecution, to the utter overthrow of one of the belligerents, is equally inevitable. The South has accepted the issue. Freedom Compromise there would have been a brief period of peace, but Mr. Lincoln would hardly have been re-elected to the Presidency. Were the North now to offer terms which the South would condescend to accept, it would merely secure a brief truce. Two radically different and essentially hostile forms of society are arrayed against one another, in sight of each other and interlocked with each other at every turn. You can not compromise them by a territorial division, nor can you devise any compromise between them. The struggle between them is a death-grapple, and only one of the two will rise from the contest.

THE LOUNGER.

DR. NÉLATON.

M. NÉLATON is a French surgeon. He was summoned from Paris to attend Garibaldi, and discovered that the bullet was in the foot. Upon his return to Caprera, enthusiastic for Garibaldi, and grateful to him whom they regarded as his preserver, expressed his gratification in the only practicable way. They were not rich enough to give him a medal, a vase, a golden table service, not even a complete set of surgical instruments mounted in silver and pearl. They could not pay, but they could vote. They therefore proposed to vote for him as a Deputy to the Italian Parliament.

But it seems that Dr. NÉLATON is purely professional. "A ball in the foot!" exclaims the Doctor; "well, it's my business to find it. It's nothing to me to whom the foot belongs. You say it belongs to what you call the friend of the people, Garibaldi; *à la bonne heure*, that is his affair. To me it is a ball and a foot, nothing more. My interest does not reach above the knee. The interest of the case in the wound, which is the man." It is hinted also that the shrewd Dr. NÉLATON had an eye to the social consequences of being thought a personal friend or political ally of Garibaldi's.

Now what do the ministers seen at Albany and in Washington suppose his reply was to the offer of the nomination? It was this: "I do not well see how my knowledge of surgery could aid me, or how I should suddenly have become a political economist, a financier, and a legislator, because I have discovered the presence of a ball in the foot of a wounded man. I am even convinced that the affairs of my country would not go on better, and that my patients, being neglected, would fare the worse." DR. NÉLATON is evidently a man from whom Louis Napoleon has nothing to fear. "I mind my surgery," says the good Doctor, "and I leave those whose business it is to attend to the Government." "Excellent," replies the Emperor; "and you, my good brother, please mind your own business; and you, good merchants, and lawyers, and men of letters, and clergy, and tailors, shoemakers, farmers, carpenters, mason-ery, all of you, of whatever profession or employment, listen to this wise Dr. NÉLATON: mind your own business, don't neglect your customers, and leave governing to those whose business it is!"

The country, the great body of the workmen of Paris have, however, been at peace all the last seventy years, that the Government is the business of nobody or man in the main and for the most part it is as true of France as of every country in the world, that no Government in which the mass of the people are not represented can ever rest on a firm foundation, or be long secure. For no man, no class, no oligarchy nor aristocracy will, in the long run, govern justly. Government exists to protect the natural rights of every man, and when those are permanently disregarded, they will heave society from its foundations, just as surely as the upheavings of the frozen Arctic sea have still tear a passage to the light. A man may wear a smooth shirt-front over a cancer, and he may twist his cuticle with a grin, and call himself respectable well. But the cancer is eating his heart out for all that, and some day the excitedly will man will fall dying in the city. And in this country been convinced from the beginning that justice in the best policy, we should have had no civil war. If the wise counsels of that national statesman, long cut upon a permanent disregard of natural rights, is as worthless as an enormous fortune in counterfeit Philadelphia, the war will have been a cheap lesson to the nation.

STRAWS.

MR. THOMAS C. FIELDS, the leader of the "Conservatives" in the Legislature of this State, who during the confusion of the organization informed the clerk that "a portion of order is the best coat," and whose patriotic devotion no one who believes in Vallandigham can doubt, has, it is said, suggested in the Assembly the presentation of a sword to General Meagher, and of a silver medal to each soldier of the Irish Brigade. What the other Generals and brigades from the State have done, that they should not have swords and silver medals, the ministers "Conservatives" does not say.

On the same day that MR. FIELDS made his suggestion in the Legislature the Committee on Donations and Charities of the Common Council of New York reported in favor of "donating" the sum of ninety-six dollars to MARY KAVANAGH to pay the physician's expenses of her husband, who died from wounds received at Antietam. Councilman Gross said that the subject was "a very delicate one," and his motives might be misconstrued, but he felt obliged to oppose the passage of "any such a resolution." The President, also, warned the board against the passage of any such resolution. He said that if it were passed there would be plenty of people going down to Virginia and bringing bodies North, and then claiming the same compensation from the city. He said also that there would be "repeaters" who would bring in half a dozen bills for carrying one body. The proposition was lost by a vote of 15 to 9. It was then reconsidered and referred to the Committee on Ordnance! Affirm.

Nobody has reason to doubt that Francis KAVANAGH was a brave soldier. Every body knows that he died bravely for a dashing cause, and that the Irish Brigade fights well. But why do not the "Conservatives" of the Legislature and Council teach their subordinates more directly? Why not persuade the Legislature and the Council to "donate" fifty dollars annually to every body who will vote the "right" "Conservative" ticket?

DR. WHATELY AND MRS. STOWE.

THE letter of the Archbishop of Dublin to MRS. STOWE is interesting as his estimate of the current public sentiment around him in regard to our war. There are but two points of importance in that opinion, and they are the old ones.

First, he says, those who are opposed to the cause of the Government reject any appeal for their sympathy on the ground of justice or humanity; for, they say, the American Government insists that the war is not an anti-slavery war, and that the Proclamation "does not waver much of zeal for abolition," for it protects the slaves of loyalists who live in States that still adhere to the Government. In regard to this point Dr. Whately knows, if he knows any thing at all of the matter, that while the South took and takes the form of a rebellion against the lawful authority of the Government, and is therefore upon the part of the nation a simple attempt to maintain the Government; yet that the object of seeking the overthrow of the Government is the protection of slavery. In the course of the present effort to secure its authority in a struggle which has the form and proportions of a great international war, the Government strikes at slavery, precisely as by the blockade it strikes at the trade, and by its armed ships, forts, and artillery, at the lives of the rebels, as a means of establishing its authority. It does not proclaim the freedom of slaves because slavery is unjust, but because it is a cardinal support of the rebellion. Thus, while the object of the rebellion is to overthrow the Government in order to perpetuate slav-

ery, the object of the Government is to maintain its authority, and as an aid in that work it frees the slaves. If, therefore, the sentiment of which Dr. Whately speaks favors the form more than the substance, it will continue to quarrel with us because we did not emancipate, because slavery is wrong. But if it cares more for liberty and the peace which comes from justice, it will not repine, nor accuse us, because justice was done merely as a stroke of military policy and not in deference to a moral principle. The history of emancipation any where will not show that it was solely the result of moral conviction. Certainly it does not become John Bull to scrutinize censoriously the motive of emancipation.

Second, the next point made by the Archbishop is that the rebels have as good a right to their revolution as our fathers had to theirs.

What then does Dr. Whately or any other Englishman understand by the right of revolution? If he takes the old high Tory ground that there is no such right—then, of course, he will not excuse the revolt of the rebels against an established Government. But if he asserts that right in any form, he must ground it upon oppression for which legal redress is hopeless. That is the only right of revolution acknowledged by any English or American authority. Very well, our fathers' grievance as British subjects was that they were taxed without representation, and redress was refused them. Therefore they rebelled. But our rebels do not set forth any oppression of the Government to justify their resistance. They do not even acknowledge their rebellion as a revolution. They claim that secession is a lawful act under the Government and within the laws. The right of revolution as we all understand it, therefore, has nothing to do with the rebellion. For how could they pretend to any oppression under a Government which they had themselves always controlled?

There may be people in England who have no very clear idea of the right of revolution, and who suppose that the insurrection of the slaveholders in this country has some resemblance to the resistance of our fathers to Great Britain; and there may be others who reject liberty for the slaves when it does not come as a moral impulse but as a military discretion. But the British feeling against us is a mingled product of ignorance, sophistry, and the steady jealousy of the governing class in England of a political system whose success imperils their monopoly of privilege and power. The letter of Dr. Whately shows that there has been no considerable change in general sentiment within his observation. But across the channel in England the question begins to be better understood. While Westminster boggles about forms, and says that it is a war for dominion or for the restoration of the Union, Lancashire sees that it is a contest for principles, and that its own future is blended with the success of the American republic.

PATRIOTISM AND PARTISANSHIP.

"MADISON," in Wisconsin, writes to call the Lounger to account for saying that the *Weekly* had not been partisan. "Madison" says that he believes firmly in the principles of the Democratic party, and that this paper did not hesitate to oppose the election of Mr. Seymour. How then, he asks, have you the face to say that you are not partisan when you supported the candidate for whom the *Times*, and *Tribune*, and *Independent* labored?

The answer is very short and simple. General Wadsworth was nominated upon a Union war platform, and his companion upon the ticket was Lyman Tremaine, certainly as good a Democrat as Mr. Seymour or "Madison." There was no party issue in the canvass. The platform of the Union party was a vigorous prosecution of the war by every just means. This paper stands and has always stood upon that platform, and the Union and country can be saved upon no other. It is the point of meeting of men of all parties. The President, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Dickinson are all there. The debate upon what measures are most vigorous can not be made a party issue. Men may differ; but they do not differ as partisans, but as patriots.

If, however, a general opposition to the war policy of the Government should be maintained by any party and called Democratic, and every old adherent of that party should be summoned to that platform, and we, because we may believe in the fundamental principles known as Democratic, should therefore desert the position of support of the Government in suppressing the rebellion, then we should be truly liable to the charge of "Madison" that we had deserted patriotism for party. If he has done that, if he obeys a mere party call, which ought not to be raised, and can not loyally be raised during a war for national existence, he is a convicted partisan, because he is more strenuous for his party than for his country. If, however, he obeys that call because he thinks it promises a speedier triumph for the country, he does it, not as a Democrat or a partisan, but as an American citizen and patriot. And if we or any other think that another policy is surer of success, we adhere to it in the same way, not as Democrats, but as patriots.

We support the policy of the Government not because the Republican papers approve it, nor because many Democratic papers approve it, but because we believe it to be a sound and effective policy for the restoration of the Union and the speedier return of peace and prosperity. And when Mr. Seymour, or Mr. Vallandigham, or Mr. Saulsbury show themselves as heartily and singly in earnest for the maintenance of the supreme authority of the Government of the United States as President Lincoln, we shall just as warmly support them as we do the President. "Neutrality" between parties, Mr. "Madison," does not mean saying that every body is equally right and equally wrong, but in pursuing the patriotic purpose whatever either party says or does. If that course leads us to travel much the same road as one of the parties, so much the better for the patriotism of that party.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FOR so many years "the glory of France" has been such a purely military glory—the greatest of modern Frenchmen was so entirely a great soldier, that in any French song-book the most melodious and touching songs are generally of the camp. The "*t'en souviens-tu?*" of the two French veterans of the Guard, sung to the German melody of "Denkst Du daran?" is familiar to all lovers of that kind of song. And here a friend sends a pleasant and skillful rendering of *Le Dernier adieu du soldat*, a military ballad, which is introduced in Charles Lever's "Jack Hinton." The mingling of jest and pathos is entirely characteristic.

The original begins:

"Rose! l'intention d'la présente,
Est de t'informer d'ma santé,
L'armée Française est triomphante
Et moi, j'ai l'bras gauche emposté."

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Dear Rose, to you I send this present writing
To let you know how goes the world with me;
Our gallant boys have done some glorious fighting,
A left arm lost, alas! has done for me.
We've great successes on our track advancing,
The cruel grape has taken my poor bones;
We've sacked whole cities, but a spent ball glancing
Pays me my share of booty in my groans.

From an old hospital this word I'm sending,
To leave it soon at Death's call for the grave;
I send ten francs from him who does my mending,
For them I've sold the body he can't save.
I send the pieces, for I'm just now thinking
That if to-night must see me in the earth,
I can't do less for one whom love's been linking
So close to me than give her *all I'm worth.*

My poor old mother, when I left her crying,
Was nearly gone and looking close on death,
I've writ a line to tell her I am dying;
But I do hope she's taken her last breath.
For if the dear old woman still is living,
Her heart's so soft that if she hears I'm gone
She can not stay, and I shall death be giving
To her who gave me life, now left alone.

My little Rose, there's one old friend I cherish
You won't desert—my good old dog I mean;
He mustn't know I'm dead—for sure he'd perish
If he but thought of me the last he'd seen.
He's looking now to see me home returning,
At least a Corporal, if not something more;
Then guard him well, and keep the dog from learning
I died, a private, on this earthen floor.

It cuts me to the heart to think of dying
Far from the village and from you, my Rose;
No chance to say good-night to friends, or, sighing,
To press your hand before my eyelids close.
At home they'd soon my shattered bones be laying
Hard by the church—a cross above my head,
And there my Rose would sometimes come, and, praying,
Ask God to keep him whom she loved though dead.

Then good-by, Rose, good-by, and don't be weeping;
Farewell, farewell! I'll see you, dear, no more;
For in the company I'll soon be keeping
They give no furloughs, though you beg them sore.
All's turning round—I feel I'm just departing,
I've got my orders and must leave you here;
Good-night, good-night!—One last word before starting;
God bless you, Rose, and don't forget me, dear!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT is the matter, Sir?" said a surgeon to his patient.

"Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I suppose they have disagreed with me."

"Have you eaten any thing else?"

"Well, no—why, yes, I did, too; that is, I took for my tea a mince-pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters were not good for me!"

A gentleman, who had a very blundering servant, put down in writing every thing he wished him to do. Going to the country one day, the master fell into a ditch. He called the lad, who, instead of hastening to his assistance, exclaimed, "Stop, let me see if it's down in my memorandum-book." Great presence of mind that, wasn't it?

"My affairs tend downward," as the oyster said when about to be swallowed.

During Lord Holland's last illness George Selwyn called and left his card. Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead, he will like to see me."

Why is a windy orator like a whale?—Because he often rises to spout.

TOO CANDID BY HALF.

As Tom and his wife were disputing one day
Of their personal traits, in a bantering way,
Quoth she, "Though my wit you disparage,
I'm certain, dear husband, our friends will attest
That, compared with your own, my judgment is best!"
Quoth Tom, "So they said at our marriage!"

"I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes, "that's just what I want."

The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *water cure.*" A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

WANTED.

A coffin to bury the Dead Sea.
The saucer into which the cup of misery overflowed.
A night-cap to fit the head of a river.
The match which kindled the fire of love.
A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of Justice.
A remedy to cure the deafness in the ears of corn.
The broom with which the storm swept over the sea.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

Why is the letter *l* in the word "military" like the nose?—Because it stands between two i's.

"What's that ar a picture on?" asked a countryman in a print store the other day of the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings. "That, Sir, is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." "Du tell! Which is Josh, and which is his son?"

The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor written, the lady had recovered; on which he added the following postscript, and sent the servant off: "My wife having recovered, you need not come."

"I haven't another word to say, Sir; I never dispute with fools." "No," was the reply, "you are very sure to agree with them."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?
When it becomes a pretty woman.

Why is an Israelite named William Solomon similar to a public festival?
Because he is a jubilee (Jew Billy).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, February 4, in the Senate, the credentials of Senator Doolittle, re-elected Senator from Wisconsin for six years from the 4th of March next, were presented. The bill to prevent correspondence with rebels was reported back. A bill authorizing the President to make qualified pardons, so as to remit fines, relieve from imprisonment, etc., was passed. The resolutions relative to French intervention in Mexico were laid on the table by a vote of 34 against 9. The resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy not to accept the title of League Island until further order of Congress, was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill for the encouragement of re-enlistments and the enrolling and drafting of the militia was taken up, and several amendments adopted. A motion to strike out the second section, giving the President power to make all rules and regulations for enrolling and drafting the militia, was disagreed to. Pending a motion to strike out the fourth section, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported adversely on the claims of J. B. M'Loud, and his contestant, W. W. Wing, to represent the second district of Virginia. The bill providing for a submarine telegraph from Fortress Monroe to Galveston, communicating with intermediate points on the coast, was passed. The bill providing for the codification of the laws of the United States was rejected. The bill relative to the enlargement of the canals so as to admit of the passage of gun-boats, was discussed at some length, and then laid aside. Bills appropriating $30,000 for the protection of overland emigrants; for the organization of an ambulance corps of twenty thousand men; and authorizing the employment of additional clerks, copyists, and laborers in the Quarter-master-General's office, were passed. The Senate bill for the more efficient administration of the Subsistence Department was also passed. The Senate bill authorizing twenty thousand men to be raised for the defense of Kentucky was likewise passed, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 5th, in the Senate, a bill to aid the construction of railroads and telegraphs in Kansas was introduced. A resolution directing inquiry into the case of Captain John Wethers, of the Fourth New Jersey Regiment, who has been confined at Fort Delaware for several months, was laid over. The consideration of the bill to encourage re-enlistments, and providing for the enrollment and drafting of the militia, was resumed, and, after considerable discussion, the subject was recommitted to the Military Committee. A resolution requesting the President to communicate the number of volunteer and drafted men actually raised and mustered into service by the several States, and the time when their terms of service will expire, was adopted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Ways and Means Committee reported back the Senate's amendments to the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bill. Several amendments were disposed of, and finally the bill was committed to a conference committee. A joint resolution to revise and codify the naval laws was adopted. The Naval Appropriation bill, involving expenditures to the amount of $68,000,000, was then taken up. A proviso was added to the appropriation of $12,000,000 for iron-clads that no contracts shall be entered into for this class of vessels until proposals have been solicited from the principal iron-ship builders. The appropriation for the Brooklyn Navy Yard was increased.

On Friday, 6th, in the Senate, a resolution instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of repealing the duty on paper was adopted. A motion to postpone all prior orders and take up the Bankrupt bill was disagreed to—14 against 24.——In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Post-office Appropriation bill, authorizing a contract for carrying the mails in steamers between San Francisco and the several ports in Oregon, at a sum not exceeding $24,000 per annum, was concurred in. The debate on the Illinois and New York Ship Canal bill was resumed, and continued till the adjournment.

On Saturday, 7th, in the Senate, a bill for the construction of a military and postal railroad from Washington to New York was introduced and referred. Senator Sumner offered a resolution, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War be directed to inquire into the condition of the Army of the Potomac, both officers and men; and to consider what measures are necessary in order to promote its efficiency, increase the mutual confidence of the officers and men, and to secure from all an unwavering and soldier-like devotion to the declared policy of the Government, with power to send for persons and papers. This was laid over. The remainder of the session was occupied in debate on the Missouri Emancipation bill.——In the House, the Illinois and New York Ship Canal bill was under consideration.

On Monday, 9th, in the Senate, a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the Senate the amount of Government cotton sold in New York since the blockade of the Southern ports, the amount of commissions and storage, and the names of all persons interested in such sales, was adopted. A bill to enroll and equip three hundred thousand negro soldiers was introduced by Senator Sumner. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate to the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interests, the character of the suggestions made by the Secretary of State of the United States to M. Mercier, the representative of the French Government, as related by him to M. Thouvenel, which induced M. Mercier to undertake a mission to Richmond, and what representations he was authorized to make from the Government or from the Secretary of State to the rebel authorities. Several bills relating to the District of Columbia were passed. The bill to provide a national currency, secured by the pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof, was then taken up. An amendment increasing the amount of circulating currency from two hundred millions to three hundred millions was adopted. An amendment was offered requiring each banking association organized under the act to keep in its vaults gold and silver coin to the amount of one-fourth of the amount of notes it is authorized to issue, and pending the question on this proposition the Senate went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the Indian and Civil Appropriation bills were reported by the Ways and Means Committee. The consideration of the bill to enlarge the Illinois and New York canals was then resumed, and after some discussion the bill was defeated by a vote of 61 yeas against 71 nays. The Committee on Elections reported against the credentials of John B. Rogers and Lewis M'Kenzie, the former claiming a seat from Tennessee, and the latter from the Seventh District of Virginia. The report of the same committee in favor of the claims of Messrs. Flanders and Hahn to seats as members from Louisiana was called up and discussed, but the House adjourned without taking a vote on the subject.

On Tuesday, 10th, in the Senate, the bill reorganizing the Post-office Department was passed. A bill to increase the number of Major and Brigadier Generals was reported by the Military Committee. A resolution was offered and adopted requesting the President of the United States, if not incompatible with the public interests, to lay before the Senate any correspondence which has taken place between this Government and the Government of France on the subject of mediation, arbitration, or other measures looking to a termination of the existing civil war. The bill to provide a national currency was then taken up. The amendment requiring banks to keep in their vaults specie to the amount of one-fourth of their circulation was rejected. Several other amendments were proposed and also rejected. The bill to prevent and punish frauds on the revenue was reported back with amendments. A bill to allow the United States to prosecute appeals and writs of error without giving security was introduced, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Ways and Means was instructed to examine and report on the practical operation of the Excise law upon the interests of manufacturers of limited means. The consideration of the report of the Committee on Elections in favor of admitting Messrs. Flanders and Hahn, members elect from Louisiana, to seats was then resumed, and a lively debate ensued, which continued until the adjournment.

FROM THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

There is nothing new from the Army of the Potomac. Every thing is quiet in that direction.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 6.

First. The division of the army into grand divisions impeding rather than facilitating the dispatch of its current business, and the character of the service it is liable to be called upon to perform, being adverse to the movement and operations of heavy columns, it is discontinued, and the corps organization is adopted in its stead. They will be commanded as follows:

First Corps, Major-General John F. Reynolds. Second Corps, Major-General D. N. Couch. Third Corps, Brigadier-General D. E. Sickles (temporarily). Fifth Corps, Major-General George G. Meade. Sixth Corps, Major-General John Sedgwick. Eleventh Corps, Major-General Franz Sigel. Twelfth Corps, Major-General H. W. Slocum.

Second. Hereafter the corps will be considered as a unit for the organization of the artillery, and no transfers of batteries will be made from one corps or division to others, except for purposes of equalization, and then only under the authority of the chief of artillery.

Third. The cavalry of the army will be consolidated into one corps, under command of Brigadier-General Stoneman, who will make the necessary assignments for detached duty.

Fourth. The foregoing changes in command will be made as soon as convenient. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

THE RAM "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

The Union ram *Queen of the West* ran the blockade gallantly at Vicksburg on Monday morning, 2d, about daylight. A hundred heavy siege guns from the shore and a rebel steamer in the river opened fire on her, and kept up the storm of shot and shell for three-quarters of an hour. The rebel steamer was crippled by the fire of the Union vessel, which ran the gauntlet in safety. We learn from rebel sources that she arrived at Vidalia, opposite Natchez, on the same evening, and then steamed down the river, doing considerable damage.

THE CANAL AT VICKSBURG.

The progress of cutting the canal near Vicksburg goes on rapidly. The largest force which can be employed on it are at work night and day, and will continue so until its completion to that point opposite which a formidable rebel battery is said to be now constructed. It has been decided by the engineers that the canal must be cut by artificial means to its full width, as no reliance can be placed upon the action of the water in washing out the banks. It is ascertained that some weeks, at least, must elapse before the work can be advanced so far as to enable our gun-boats to effect any thing of importance against the rebel stronghold at Vicksburg.

THE REPULSE OF THE REBELS AT FORT DONELSON.

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE, *Feb.* 6, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

The rebels Wheeler, Forrest, Wharton, and Woodward attacked Fort Donelson yesterday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, with four thousand men and eight pieces of artillery. We had eight hundred men in the fort, under Colonel A. C. Harding.

The rebels charged the fortifications several times, but were repulsed by our artillery and infantry with great loss—the enemy, as usual, before and after the fight, demanding a surrender, and offering to spare life if accepted, etc.

Colonel Harding replied that "He was ready for all the consequences."

The enemy's loss in killed was over one hundred, and in prisoners three hundred.

The forces under Colonel Lowe, from Fort Henry, are pursuing the rebels, and others have been sent to intercept their retreat. Our loss is twelve killed and thirty wounded.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

OCCUPATION OF LEBANON.

Our troops entered Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 8th inst., and captured six hundred of the rebels, most of them belonging to Morgan's men, including Paul Anderson and a number of field-officers.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

The pirate steamer *Alabama* is reported to have turned up at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 20th ult., where she landed the crew and officers of the United States steamer *Hatteras*, numbering over one hundred. It was reported that the *Alabama* had suffered severely in her fight with the *Hatteras;* that she had five shots in her hull, one of which—through her stern-post—was a very bad one. She put into Kingston to repair damages, and expected to be ready for sea in four days. Immediately upon this news being received in Havana, the United States steamers *Wachusett* and *Oneida* sailed direct for Kingston, and the *Santiago de Cuba* and *R. R. Cuyler*, then on the south side of Cuba, were ordered at once to the same port, and the *Tioga* and *Sonoma* were also steering in the same direction.

HOW CHARLESTON WAS WARNED OF OUR ATTACK.

Dispatches in the Richmond *Examiner*, from Charleston, state that the British frigate *Cadmus* brought intelligence there that a most formidable naval and land expedition was about to attack Charleston, the preparations being now nearly complete. This vessel brought orders for the British Consul to go on board and get to Havana as soon as possible.

A TESTIMONIAL TO COLONEL THORPE.

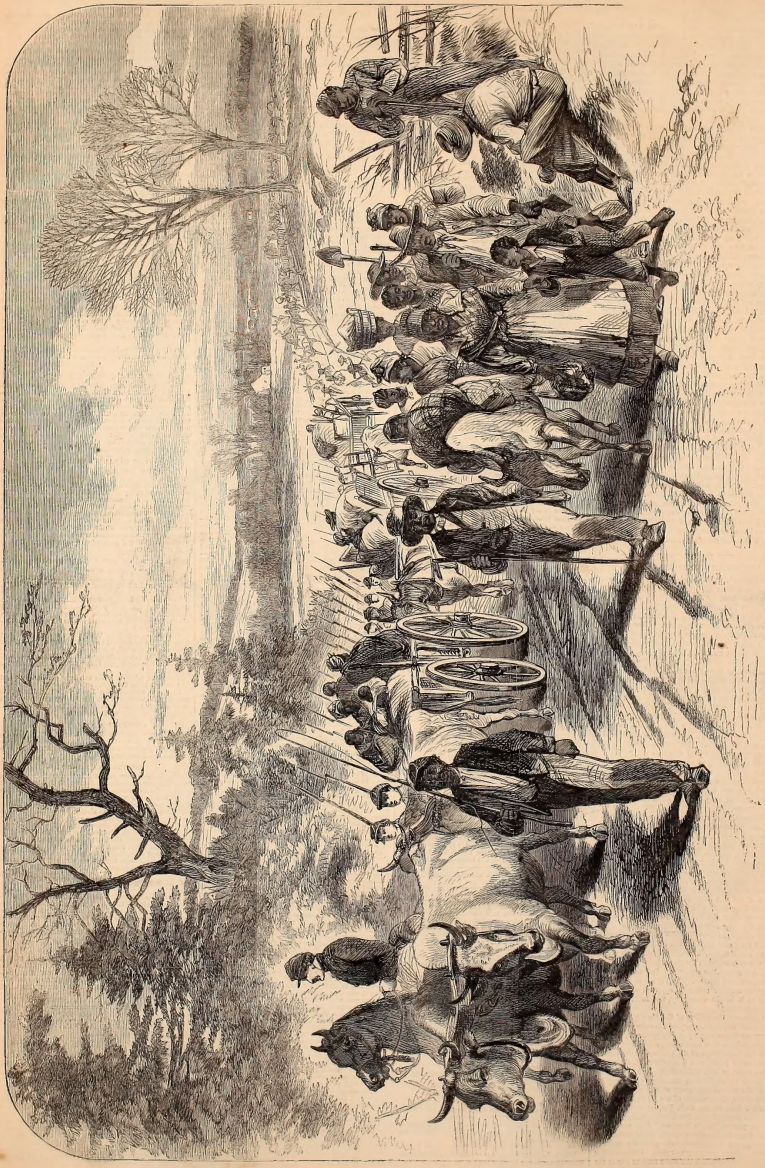
The workmen of New Orleans, engaged under Colonel Thorpe in repairing and cleaning the levees and streets of that city, have presented the Colonel with a magnificent service of plate, as a testimonial of their personal regard, and a token of their sense of the great services which he has rendered to the city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

MORE MEDIATION RUMORS.

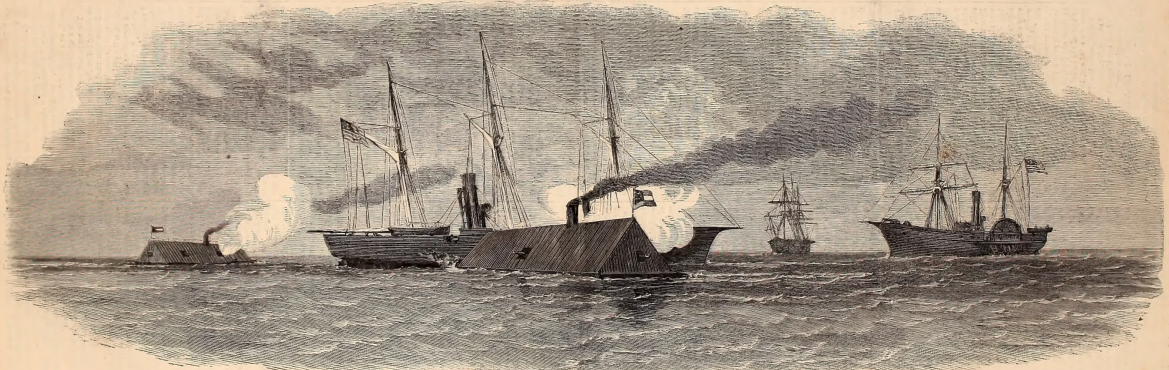
THE Paris *Pays* says that it has reason to state that the Government of the Emperor has addressed a communication to Washington, proposing means of arrangement between the two belligerents which would fully protect the dignity of the Americans. *Le Nord* also says that France has proposed the convocation of an American Congress with a view to peace. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that official instructions have been sent by the French Government to Washington suggesting that commissioners be delegated by the Federal Government and by the Southern States to meet on neutral ground and confer together, without hostilities being suspended, so that they might advise mutual concessions and effect a reconciliation, so desirable for the interests of the world.



THE EFFECTS OF THE PROCLAMATION.—FREED NEGROES COMING INTO OUR LINES AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 125.]



DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION FROM BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY AN AMATEUR.—[SEE PAGE 110.]



THE REBEL RAMS ENGAGING OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, JANUARY 31, 1863.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

THE GHOST AT CEDAR GLEN.

"DULL? I should think so! I never was so lonesome in my life, Sara. And it used to be so different when 'the laddies were in town.' It's of no use denying it, life goes very stupidly without the laddies. We women, I for one, need their society to keep my temper on the right balance."

"They need us quite as much," I exclaimed, rather hastily.

"That's just like you, Sara. You're so tenacious of the dignity of '*our sex.*' Sara"—all the time poking the grate fire lazily, lying at her "lissom length" upon the floor—"Sara I wonder you never put on bloomers, and went round lecturing on woman's rights."

I flung my ball of yarn at the speaker. It hit her dark glossy head, and disarranged a braid or two. She revenged the act by trailing the ball along for "Keeps" the Maltese to scamper after. And leaning back in my chair, I watched her and thought about her.

"A dark, handsome little creature," I thought, "but inscrutable. You talk idly," I thought. "You assume carelessness, lightness, frivolity, to cover, if not a memory which hides and hurts, a restlessness, a fever of unquiet, born of an unsatisfied spirit. Which is it?" She was a half-way cousin of mine; we had been correspondents all our lives, off and on, and visited each other at irregular intervals. And this present visit of mine, which had lengthened from a season into a twelvemonth, had passed, and yet I had not yet fathomed her—this inscrutable something still baffled me. If this doesn't give some indication of character, I don't know what does. To live in the same house with a woman, eat at the same table, read a good many of the same books, and have sundry mutual feminine interests, and yet for a year *not to find her out!*

I had only come for a season—for the winter—then I should return North again, and Jessie would go with me for the summer: that was my plan. But that summer came, with war-clouds hurrying threateningly, and breaking in heavy destruction. I urged departure, never doubting but this gay little cousin would accede. But no. She said coolly, and quite carelessly,

"I sha'n't go and leave Liz and Ned here at school, while such a rumpus is going on about their ears."

"Take them too," I suggested.

"Out of the question. You forget Uncle Rush has their responsibility. He'd be likely to let them go North now, wouldn't he? No, I must stay."

And then she burst out of her coolness, and for a moment I felt the fire of the Radeford blood.

"Stay with me, Sara—stay with me; I shall be lonesome as death if you go."

"You lonesome, with all the Radefords to pay cousinly devoir, and the Kingstons down the street?"

"You simple Sara," she answered, "don't you know that I am only part Radeford? Don't you know that the Chester soul is within me—that it tempers, and tames, and cools, not chills, Sara, this wild Radeford fire? Don't you remember how I have been Aunt Miriam's charge for the greatest half of my life? Aunt Miriam, who is all Chester, soul and body—all Yankee, as Uncle Rush sneers. And so, perforce, don't you see that I should consume myself and die, if left in this fiery atmosphere without a whiff of the Chester air to relieve me? Come stay, Sara; I like you best of any body."

So I staid. Why shouldn't I? I was alone in the world, with no nearer relatives than my aunts and their children. And none of these liked me "best of any body."

It *was* a fiery atmosphere for me at least, who believed in human freedom, the laws of God, humanity, and the government that most nearly represented these.

It never occurred to the Radeford cousins that there was any thing inscrutable in Jessie Radeford. They thought cousin Jessie "so amusing," "so droll," "rather wild to be sure," and they "wondered what she could see in that cold Sara Chester."

But cold Sara Chester fancied *she* could see far beneath their ken, and below reserve, and wild wit, and drollery, that she could detect stinging sarcasm and sardonic scorn.

And so, as she lay there "at her lissom length," this inscrutable Jessie Radeford, and played at talking, as usual, while she played with Keeps, the cat, I thought my thoughts about her.

What was it? What set me following on that trail on this night? What, unless as the fire-light struck upon her face as she spoke, I imagined that there was a haggard look about her eyes?—that there were hollows in the cheeks, and that the pomegranate-bloom there was hot fever only.

I was going to follow up my thought, when she began again:

"Sara, your argument isn't sound."

"What argument? I didn't know I had argued."

"My! don't she snap us up on our words, Keeps?" Then to me directly: "Well, your assertion, Sara, that the laddies need us as much as we need them. I don't believe it. They can fight, legislate, and do quantities of things, a good deal better without us than with us. Then, even in social affairs, who ever heard of a woman from choice having a party entirely of her own sex, clubs, and all that—eh, now?"—resting on an elbow, and eying me triumphantly over Keeps's head.

I laughed: "Oh, that's only their bad taste, Jessie. This is a question of needs, and the bad taste doesn't spoil the fact that they need us."

"Oh ho! you wouldn't like to fight, would you, Sara? You don't think your need comes there, do you?"

I had forgotten her first presumption, and only answered the last; but her words touched the fretted string, and I blazed a little, in a passion of words, which relieved me.

I told her I longed to do any thing which would proclaim my belief in the law of right. As to fighting, nobody knew what the necessity might be; and I believed I should begin that target-practice again, which Rick commenced teaching us at Newport two summers ago. The fire must burst out some way, for utter repression wasn't *my* forte, however it might serve others. And here I darted a keen glance at her. I might as well have looked at the Sphinx.

There she lay, trailing the ball of bright wool round and round a circle of the carpet for that frisky Keeps to spring after; and her face was about as expressionless as the cat's.

Presently she gave a little giggle, as the Maltese clutched the plaything and rolled over with it in feline merriment. Then, as if the play was out, she rose, yawned, and said,

"I've got a plan, Sara. I shall die of ennui if I stay here for the holidays, and preside at Lou Radeford's Christmas-tree, and superintend punch-bowls. So I propose a trip to the Cedars. There we'll have Christmas all to ourselves, and make merry in any fashion that would shock the Radefords. It's a huge old house, you know: wings, gables, and all sorts of queer places; and it's haunted too."

"Hasn't that story died out yet?" I asked.

"Yet? No; it's revived. Since the first of the Radefords—that old wicked Sir Rushton that Aunt Rush takes such pride in—since he used to stalk round, in old colonial times, with spurs and rapier, to the terror of the country folks, I believe the tradition has held until a few years ago, after Spiritualism appeared, when it assumed new form, and it was averred by the neighbors that lights had been seen at unusual hours, and strains of music heard. That's rather agreeable haunting, isn't it? Well, this died away, to be brought up by—who do you think? Jetson! Jetson came up from the old place the other day, declaring that he 'b'lieved the sperrits were round agin,' for 'he was sure that he and Jemimy heard 'em flyin' round in the easterd gable.'

"'Are you afraid, Jetson?' I asked.

"''Fraid! Lor bless you, no, missus! They's won't hurt nobody. They's good sperrits, I hearn tell; but I let 'em have their part all to theyselves. Couldn't think of interferin', you know, with 'em. They mightn't like that.'

"You ought to have seen the old fellow's eyes roll as he said this.

"'Well,' I said, 'you needn't interfere, Jetson; but is that what you came up to tell me?'

"'Well, no,' he answered; 'but if I'd let Jim and Luce come down and spend Christmas 'twouldn't be so lonesome-like. You see sperrits make a place dredful lonesome, 'specially nights.'

"I laughed at him, and told him 'twas nothing in the world but some boards in the east gable—had got loose, probably, and were creaking in the wind; and that old willow, you know. I declare I'll have that willow cut down! It's made more fuss in frightening people than it's worth."

"So you consented to Jim and Luce going down?" I broke in.

"Yes; in company with us I knew you'd like it better than the Radeford party."

"But what will the Radefords say?"

"Say? Oh, laugh at me, perhaps sneer a little at Jessie's odd notions, and then lay it all to that cold Sara Chester."

I laughed. I was quite willing to take the odium.

"And when do we go?" I was impatient to be away.

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And the children?"

"Oh, Ed and Liz are crazy over Christmas-trees yet, and they've dreamed of this one for months; besides, Uncle Rush would feel hurt at my proposing to take them. I'll have 'em down at New-Year's, though. They can spare their sister until then up there with the Radefords."

So "to-morrow" it was. The day was bright and clear; and as we approached the brow of the hill, which commanded a view of Cedar Glen, I thought I had never seen a more romantic spot, or one more fitted to suggest "the fairies tripping on the green," or the "mysterious ghost in pallid moonbeams flitting."

It was high noon, but the house lay half in shadow, showing glimpse of gable and wall spotted with moss and mould; tall chimneys, from two of which issued a faint wreath of smoke, evincing that Jetson and his Jemimy were making hospitable preparations for us. It was the same picture of other days—those of my childhood visits, when I had once or twice been out to the Cedars for Christmas. The same, yet not the same. Then it was filled with gay, grand company, and up the avenue rolled many a fine carriage in place of our old-fashioned and rather dilapidated vehicle. Then, too, saddest loss of all, instead of only these two sable figures to greet us, there were a group of smiling faces, the centre of whom were those whose fading "made the hame gang drear" for those left behind.

I thought of all this as I entered. I wondered did Jessie think of it too. I turned and looked to see. There was a "far" expression in her eyes, and her lips were closed tightly, as if holding back a sigh. Then, of a sudden, she said to me:

"Why not—why shouldn't I keep Christmas here at the Cedars where my father and mother kept it? I have always wanted to since—since—but—" And here she ended a little sharply to stem a softer tide. I hated to have those seventeen Radefords here to yawn and wonder what I could see in this old barn."

Her face grew bright again in a moment, either from resolve or a natural reaction, it was hard to tell which; and we went in under the broad lintel with her gay voice sounding in gay speeches to the grinning welcome of Jetson and Jemimy.

We passed the day quickly enough, much more quickly than when in town, for there was plenty to do in going over the place, sadly changed from the old times, yet still showing a certain care and order, which plainly implied a loving oversight; and I discovered where to attribute this, as I listened to the minute inquiries of my little cousin, and the scarcely less interested answers which that faithful old Jemimy gave.

"Truly," I thought, "circumstances do alter cases wonderfully. In this one day I have found a trait, or a depth of feeling in this Jessie Radeford, which a whole year of town life failed to betray."

Yes, we passed the day quickly, and night found us sitting before the huge fire-place in a room that had once been used to breakfast or lunch in—presenting in its smaller size an aspect of greater comfort than the parlors.

I remember perfectly the conversation of that evening, for it proved curiously significant. And I remember how Jessie looked. Dark, slight, and picturesquely handsome, she sat on the floor—one of her favorite attitudes—presenting a decidedly foreign appearance, something half French and Italian, in a skirt of black silk, and a pointed waist of deep red velvet, with a little flowering of a rich old lace at throat and wrists. Keeps, that never-failing Keeps, was in her lap, winking and purring her satisfaction. Altogether the picture was pretty and amazingly cheerful, and I said so.

"Yes, it's a great deal better being here than at the Radefords', isn't it?" she asked, unheeding my compliment.

"Yes, of course I like it better, but you seem to get on well enough with the Radefords," I answered, a little maliciously.

She replied, without her usual *persiflage:*

"I get on *well enough*—that is just it—for I get on lightly, skim the surface, you know. I like Uncle Rush—I *love* Uncle Rush," she went on, musingly; "but my cousins, they are not like him, excepting Stamford: Stamford has fine qualities, a dash and spirit and generosity, poor fellow!" Why did she say poor fellow?

He wore a *gray uniform*, with marks of high distinction upon the shoulders! Did this strange girl, who had carried an appearance of thoughtless, childish levity, and disregard of the state of the country—did she own somewhere a feeling deep down in the hidden depths of her heart, which made her consider this young Confederate with pity for his course?

"But the rest of my cousins are not of my 'kith,' Sara," she proceeded. "They don't consider me up to their high-water mark of pride. They lay all my queer notions, vulgar notions they mean, to the Chester blood; my mother's blood." Her tone grew here more vehement. And they said of her—*her!*—that she wasn't a lady fit to match with a Radeford, because she did not come of a race who had been lords of the soil for generation after generation. A cruel, wicked race in the past, if tradition can be relied upon. My father resented these slights to her as long as he lived; and I have that one trait of the Radefords—I do not forget."

As she ceased her tone was quiet and low, but there was fierce emphasis in it, and a glow on her cheek and fire in her eye.

"No," I thought, "you do not forget; and that is not the only Radeford trait that flashes out occasionally. Happily their more generous qualities fall to your share."

We sat a while after this in a little silence, which I broke by saying,

"Well, I think we are two adventurous damsels who deserve praise for our boldness, Jessie."

She looked up, inquiringly.

"How?"

"Why *isn't* it rather adventurous, not to say bold, for us to take up our abode here, with only one old man and a boy for defense of the castle, in the present wild condition of the country?"

She laughed, "Oh, this is too far away. There has been no soldiery this side of the hills."

I laughed, too, at her cool decision.

"But there may be, Jessie, any day."

"Well, I'm not afraid. Are you?" with a half contemptuous air.

"No. I'm not afraid, or I shouldn't have come; but I don't think it would be particularly pleasant for us two girls to have a visit from a party of strangers, whatever the color of their coats;" and I glanced significantly at her.

She tossed her fingers in the air with disdain.

"Let them come; let them come. I'm not my father's daughter if I could flinch before a regiment of them, whatever the color of their coats, as you say, Sara. No, I think it would be fine fun—indeed I do; an adventure, sure enough. Do you mind that old ballad,

'And twenty thousand Jacobins
Rose all at once to horse?'

And do you remember how James Barry used to repeat it?"

She got up as she said this, and, walking up and down the room, began reciting the ballad in her curious way of imitation, catching with singular fidelity the voice of which she had spoken. Then pausing before the fire, with her mouth stirring in little half smiles, her eyes filled with dreams, she said, "Oh, how pleasant those days were, Sara! How we strolled, and strolled, on those lovely Newport cliffs in moonlight nights, or at sunset! And how the days went in riding and bathing, and the nights to music! Ah me! I wonder shall we ever see them again—James Barry, and Rick Edwards, and Charley Baynes, and the cliffs, and the sea."

She ceased suddenly, and went to the window, humming over a French air that James Barry sung in those old days, and occasionally saying a word or two of the ballad in precisely his tone. All at once she cried out, in quite another voice,

"Sara, come here!"

I obeyed her.

"Look out there—there, at the edge of the hills where the pines are."

"What is it? I don't see—only the little scrubby pines."

"Only the pines! Pines don't move like that. Look now! They are coming down. *They!* It's a body of soldiers, Sara."

"Well, what did I tell you?" I retorted; but I must confess that I shivered a little as I recognized the dark moving objects. Who and what were they? It might be some unorganized, lawless band, bent upon depredation. I communicated my anxieties to Jessie.

"Pooh! don't borrow trouble, Sara. Trouble!" she repeated, between her teeth; "perhaps there is a crisis coming to the trouble."

I had suspected all along—I was sure of it now: Jessie Radeford was hiding against her heart some secret, which that insane pride of hers denied all respite of expression.

They came riding quietly down the hill, not over half a dozen mounted men, and as quietly, but surely, approached the house, and at length entered the avenue. There was a clicking of swords, a clink of spurs, and the ring of heels upon the stones without, a murmur of voices, and then the great ponderous brass knocker rang a summons.

"Cool, upon my word!" ejaculated Jessie. "Only six of them; how do they know but it is the strong-hold of their opponents. Bah! 'Tis plain they are acquaintances!" and she darted to the door, saying, "No, no, I will go; Jetson or Jim would act like fools for fright."

In a minute more I heard her light laugh, then a deeper-toned one in response; and they came in together—she slightly preceding—and Harold Kingston, that ambitious young rebel, her companion. Then a lieutenant, one of the Hughes, and all the rest, picked men: "Only part of a detachment lying the other side of the hill," they told us. "Lying in wait for a suspected approach of a force of Federals lurking about the vicinity, unless we can hunt them out and surprise them," said Captain Kingston.

Jessie's eyes shone, and she talked in her old reckless way, humming little drum tunes and martial airs as she stood swaying before the roaring fire. What was in this incomprehensible girl's mind I discovered sooner than I expected to.

The guests were tired, famished; besides a storm was coming up—and what with riding all day, they were quite content to remain where they were.

We served them with meat and drink, and Jetson found them places to sleep in that many-roomed house.

By midnight Jessie and I sat alone in the parlor we had improvised, and "talked over" our adventure. She was excited, but not from the mere events that had just transpired. Fearless and wild in her spirit, she would only take such events coolly and naturally. But there was some deep undercurrent stirred.

"Sara," she said, as the house grew still, "this is not all ended. Something of greater moment is to happen. I feel it. There is fever in my veins, and a curious, expectant flutter about my heart. I know the sign. Twice I have felt this way before, and twice something *has* happened. But it was not happiness," and she shuddered.

Then abruptly, but with passion: "Sara, the time has come to tell you every thing. Ah, Heaven! what a relief to speak *all!*" and she pressed her hands with emotion against her heart. "Sara, I have kept silence because I dared not speak before. I knew myself too well. If once I had established a mutual, confessed bond of sympathy between myself and any other being, I no longer had complete control of my actions, nor my words. To betray them would have been madness. And you—all this time—you have not known what to make of me, Sara. So flippant, so childish, so selfishly occupied in the midst of such convulsions! But I was neither flippant nor childish. Sara"—and her voice hushed—"I have thought as you thought, felt as you felt, all along. My sympathies are not with those who sleep up stairs, but with those for whom they wait and watch. You think it strange, you think it sudden? If you had known my mother well you would not be surprised. It was the one point of difference between her and my father. She hated slavery; and as soon as I was old enough to understand the position of things, and keep my own counsel, she instilled her principles into my mind. Ah! do you wonder that I love the North, with my mother ever before me as the type of what is noblest and best there?"

She ceased, in a little passion of loss and yearning, then went on:

"My father suspected all this, and when he died his property was found to be so arranged that we could do nothing but continue living on in the same way. We could neither release the slaves nor sell the landed property; and when every thing was settled, it turned out that we had much less of any other—of available money than we had supposed. Poor mother! It was a great blow to her. Well, it was not long before she left it behind her.

"It was then you began to see more of your half-way cousin. You thought me strangely reserved at the very first—when we met North, Sara. Ah, you little knew how long habit of repression had sealed my lips. Then I had one hope yet. My mother had left me with this charge—if it were possible, to instill into the minds of Ned and Liz what had become her religion. If I babbled much of my feelings I should have made this forever impracticable, under the guardianship, as they are, of Uncle Rush. Well, so time went on, and I spent those summers at Newport—there I met another fate. She raised her head now and looked me steadily in the eyes, and her face burned though her voice was so clear. There I met James Barry, and I loved him, Sara."

"Jessie!"

It was all I could say, for though deeply touched by this confession her will kept me from further demonstration here.

"Yes, I loved him," she proceeded in the same tone, "and he loved me, Sara, but he would not trust me. It was one night down there on the cliffs, and I told him that I could not leave my brother and sister for a good while yet, that I had a sort of charge for them; and so, though I loved him, I would leave him free. Though I loved him! I told him *that*, Sara, and it is not easy for me to speak. But he would not understand. He misinterpreted every thing, and wronged me by sus-

picion of coquetry and higher ambition; accused me of pride, and thanked me, all in that quiet, cool way of passionate scorn which he had, for saving his vanity too fatal a blow by my fine reasons of rejection. Because I was rich, he thought, and he was poor; for long before he spoke I knew he hesitated, for very pride, with that feeling. My passion rose too, and I disdained a word more of explanation. To be so judged, and by him! How dare a man ask a woman to marry him when there is any where in his heart the seed of such suspicion?"

Her voice grew vehement again, and again sank to its calmer tone.

"He went away the next morning. I never saw him again. Then you came home with me. Then the war followed. And from this last event, not a day, not an hour have I been free from tormenting anxiety for him. I saw at the very first, in a Northern paper, his name among the volunteers; and any moment—" She stopped, covered her eyes with her hand, and set a white tooth hardly against her lip to crush back the tide of emotion. But all at once she dropped the slight cover, her face full of that expectant look—eager, watchful, listening.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Sara, I can not get rid of that strange feeling—I am haunted. Something unusual is going to happen. I believe I am clairvoyant. It is a trait that the Radefords used to call second-sighted; and in every third generation it appears in one of the descendants."

I drew nearer to her, thrilled at her words. The room was full of ghostly shadows, for the fire burned low, and one dim candle was flaring itself out in a corner.

Looking about me, I saw to my relief that the heavy inside shutters were closed and barred, and over them drooped, in thick folds, the dark old damask curtains.

As I thought of this safety—hist! what was that that broke the deep stillness?

I glanced at Jessie. She had not moved a thread; it was no fold of her dress that made that sound!

And she had heard too; her lips were parted to still her respiration, her eyes expectant. Neither of us spoke nor stirred.

It came again—a soft, dull sound—a footfall. Something flashed over me. I leaned forward and breathed in the lowest whisper,

"Jetson's ghost, Jessie."

She shook her head for silence more than for a denial; and still *waited*.

Again, distincter now than before, that footfall, nearer yet, and—there was a hand feeling for the door-latch—the door of the room where we sat. I grasped at Jessie, but she rose, and turned to face whoever might be about to enter. I rose too, feeling strangely excited, but not fear-stricken. The next instant the groping hand had found what it had searched for. There came a cautious click—the door swung open; and upon the threshold there stood the figure of a man in some military uniform.

It was but for a second. What happened then? I saw Jessie Radeford spring forward. I saw her seize the intruder by the wrist, and draw him into the room. I heard her exclaim, breathlessly, "James! James!"

James Barry! And how came he here?

I know not by what word or question she asked this; but I remember that hesitation which called forth her passionate reply:

"For God's sake—for humanity's sake—do not distrust me again at such an hour, James Barry!" she ejaculated, in suppressed tones. "Do you think I would betray you? Listen. There sleep up stairs Captain Kingston and five other armed men. They are but a detachment of a greater number lying in wait for a suspected force of Federals in this vicinity. I have but to raise my voice and you are their prisoner; but, instead, because I espouse the cause of the North from my heart and soul, I ask you, as one of her soldiers, to trust in me, that I may render aid—the aid that lies in my power. You are a Federal officer, perhaps in command of this force; let me warn you of their—"

He interrupted her with an eager movement.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "You have espoused the Federal cause. You wish to aid it. You have now a signal opportunity. Captain Kingston and his men will see you before they depart. Engage them in conversation—a conversation which you will assist me to hear from some unsuspected covert. They will readily disclose their whereabouts, their number, their plan of attack upon us. This is the only way whereby you can aid the Federal cause which you love. Will you do it?"

Her womanly heart shrank a moment; but presently a fire shone in her eyes. Her voice was firm and resolute.

"Yes, I will do it—*for the Federal cause which I love!*" she emphasized.

"I should not be likely to misinterpret your motive," he said, hastily, but more sadly this time than proudly.

Then we heard how he came there. A fugitive had given him information a few days before of the proximity of the enemy; had told him of the haunted house—as Cedar Glen was known in that region—as a guide-post to the neighborhood. Captain Barry had seized upon this as a fortunate circumstance, and upon several occasions had made that uncanny "east wing," which the negro had fully described, a hiding-place and a point of observation. Knowing the house to be occupied for a long time, only in some remote kitchen corner, by two old domestics, he had sometimes taken a pleasure in exploring the strange mysteries of the ancient apartments.

He hoped Miss Radeford would pardon the liberty; and even then the love that tore and rent this proud heart burst out in the bitter grace of his manner and his voice, as he bowed his stately head before her.

But Jessie felt only the irony; and, with a shade of wrong upon her face, she turned to the subject of his concealment.

There was an old mirror of polished steel, ornamented with deep framings of dark wood, which reached from the ceiling to the quaint table standing under it. Behind this a panel-door slid, and communicated with a press that had once been used, but was now empty.

"Quite a Castle of Otranto," remarked Captain Barry, as he surveyed this refuge, hidden only for convenience' sake.

And his voice had the old music in it now, in its half jesting tone—the old music, that brought those summer days, the cliffs, and the sea so vividly to view. I did not wonder that Jessie trembled as she heard.

The night, by this time, had worn on far toward morning. In a short time the early breakfast, at which we were to play such strange parts, would summon the guests from their slumbers.

As we turned to leave the room to prepare ourselves in something more fitting for breakfast than our evening silks, Captain Barry too turned. A change had come over his face. Its hardness had vanished; and he held out his hand, with these words:

"Miss Radeford, before you go, let me say how much I appreciate the true spirit and courage that enables you to do this. Let me say that I no longer distrust you; that the woman who, under these circumstances, can prove such loyalty and faith, wins for herself all faith in the best, purest of motives, however she may act. In looking back upon the past now, I can, in simple justice, only consider myself unfortunate in not awakening the same emotions that I felt myself."

I was glad that he had done her even partial justice at last; and as I saw them part, she never giving sign of her suffering, I followed her up the stairs to our room, resolved what I would do. *They should never part thus.*

But, as we stood in the chamber, I could see that her spirits had risen by his words. She stood there arraying herself in her bright merino morning-gown, a flush of excitement on her cheek, a kindling fire in her eyes.

"I feel like a French woman," she said; "a French woman in the days of Richelieu. I hope I may be as wise and far-seeing as they were."

I never doubted her capacity, I told her; and then I stole away. I was cold, I explained to her, and as I had finished dressing first I would not wait for her.

I went straight back to the parlor, where Captain Barry was waiting, and before I left the room again he knew how he had misunderstood. He knew for what noble charge, what sacred responsibility she had *left him free*. The strong fellow actually groaned at his injustice. "Will she ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, huskily.

And he was for having me beseech her to come to him at once; but I showed him how much wiser it would be to wait until she had performed the part which had been assigned her for the interview that was coming. Wiser not to startle her with any fresh surprises.

A while later, in that same room, gracious, graceful, and piquante, a slim, dark girl presided at a wide and well-supplied table.

The hand that poured the coffee was steady. The voice that asked those marvelously well-chosen questions, or laughed in response to some bright sally, was clear, firm, and even gay; not a note rung falsely. And the manner had its accustomed nonchalance, its careless, even play, from the low chiding of that lazy, blundering Jim, who waited upon us, to the coquettish glance at the *steel mirror*, which reflected a knot of ribbon awry that her dextrous touch brought into order.

It was marvelous, this cool control, this matchless ease, with such a secret under all.

I, too, thought of French women as I saw her now; dark, fascinating, distracting women, who had sat at the tables of princes, with gay smiles and brilliant jests, while beneath their silken boddices throbbed hearts that held the secrets of a kingdom.

To me the moments seemed leaden-weighted. To her who sat opposite me time appeared to have lost its value. Her spirits actually rose as the seconds ticked audibly past from the old clock upon the mantle. It was the fine sense of the *diplomatiste* when he sees the success of his finesse. Once I feared that this subtle elation might overdo the nice point of success. Vain fear. To the last—to the very end, when at the door she stood nodding and smiling adieu, it was the same careless, thoughtless gayety; and as they rode down the avenue she leaned against the door-way, beating a little foot upon the stone, and humming a little tune, while she gazed across the hills.

But when the last rider disappeared, like a mask all gayety, all childish thoughtlessness fell from her face as she turned to re-enter the room where another interview awaited her.

For myself, I fled to my chamber. That interview was not for me.

Later a voice, her voice, called me. "Sara, come down!"

I went, and I saw at once that I had done wisely in my revelation. There was peace between them, and love and faith which no more doubts would ever shake.

There was a soft light in Jessie's eyes as she said, simply, "Captain Barry is going, Sara, and he wishes to bid you 'good-by.'"

"To bid you good-by and God bless you, Sara Chester!"

I knew what he meant. I had done wisely.

Then in the next moment he had kissed us both—her last, holding her in lingering arms, and saying:

"I will wait for you all my life if need be, Jessie." And then he was gone.

But they had not to wait so long. There was a crisis coming indeed. Neither of us felt it. She was wrapped in the present. I was dulled by the past excitement from any hope or foreboding. That night she sat gazing dreamily from the window when I saw her face whiten. She called me to look.

A fierce rider was coming at headlong speed down the western range of hills.

What did it mean? She thought of *him*. I could have counted the strokes of her heart as those hoofs rang on the road and nearer up the avenue. We neither of us looked now until he stood before us.

A messenger from the Radefords! I breathed easier.

But something had happened! She saw it in the man's bearing. Ah, there was a letter. She seized it, tore it open. A grave look passed into her face, but it chased all horror away. It was solemn news, but not what she feared. I took the sheet from her hand and read it. "Uncle Rush" was dead. A sudden but easy death—one of those swift spasms of the heart which stop its beat forever.

It was all a whirl of excitement following this. We went up to town, and there, amidst preparations for the funeral, came tidings of the capture of Captain Kingston and a detachment of the —ths by a force of Federals.

Thank Heaven *that* was safely over!

Then, at the last, that crowning fate. Those children for whom she had sacrificed so much were left without further prevision of guardianship. To their grateful sister fell the welcome charge.

What was to keep us now in this land of bondage? Nothing but rashness, and we were not rash: we had learned too long the lesson of caution for that.

And one day we found ourselves in far New England—in free New England, for which we had yearned.

And later still, on another day, there was a happy reunion. The ghost of Cedar Glen appeared to us, not in surprise as on that strange night, but heralded by joyful letters.

And again I heard a voice full of manly emotion say, "God bless you, Sara Chester!" And I pray God's blessing upon them—upon James Barry and his wife Jessie—and to all men and women who believe in the cause of God and humanity.

GOING TO WILSON'S CREEK.

Fun, I fancy, must be one of the original elements, though I doubt if it be accredited by schoolmen, for even in the grim game of war, amidst forced marches, half rations, shivering night rounds, massacres called battles, and the deaths of those we love, turns up occasionally such a joke as my going to Wilson's Creek.

Per se, it was hardly a laughing matter, for the rebels keep good watch, and have always a rope or a bullet ready for the unlucky scouts that they catch napping; but the General was urgent to know something more of their position, and however risky I felt it to be, I couldn't disgrace my branch of the profession by backing down, specially as all the other fellows were so kindly afraid of robbing me of the "glory" of the expedition.

How to go was, however, an open question, for they are near-sighted rascals, those rebels, and shallow devices won't go down with them; besides, for some reason or other, I had gotten into a sort of panic, and could think of nothing but the delights of being strung up amidst the jeers of a parcel of rebels; and though I don't think I am much more of a coward than men on the average, to start in that frame of mind on an undertaking requiring all a man's wit and nerve, was simply going to certain death; while to make matters worse, I could no more scare up a disguise or an excuse than if that sort of ware had been entirely out of market.

At last Sue Scott, who is in my confidence, and is going to be my—but never mind that—got vexed at seeing me hesitating there like a girl, and said, sharply,

"Why, George, if you haven't the heart to go like a man, go like a woman, but go somehow."

And the careless speech struck me as a spark does a train of gunpowder, and in ten minutes I had it all planned, and was getting as fast as I could for laughing into a riding dress of Sue's, who, luckily for me, is on an ample pattern, broad in the shoulders, and as tall as I within an inch.

The fun of the thing had driven all thoughts of panic out of my head, and what with Aunt Rhoda's red and white, used, as she solemnly averred, only in painting maps, my short hair turned under at the back in a net, with braids (Aunt Rhoda's again, preserved, she says, as specimens of the vanity and wickedness of New York), fastened on either side of my face, and the whole surmounted by a pork-pie hat with a drooping plume, and one of those misty little things that Sue calls a veil, I think my own mother would hardly have recognized me.

It is true I had a somewhat awkward way of tripping myself in my long skirt, and that Sue insisted that my face was an impudent libel on the modesty of the sex; but I intended not to dismount if possible, and had full faith that the women (the patriotic ones, at least) would forgive me; and with a letter addressed in Sue's handwriting to a supposed brother in Price's army, and a revolver in the bosom of my riding-dress, I started off just after dusk, perched up, woman fashion, on a side-saddle, and allowed to draw about one breath in three by that diabolical instrument of torture called a corset. In fact, since that ride, it is a question with me whether the whole dress wasn't originally a penance devised for some feminine sinner of rank, and ignorantly copied by the sex as the mode; for it pinches you in at the waist, and half throttles you at the neck, and pinches you at the wrists; and their boots stop just where they ought to go on; and the wretched little hats won't stay on; and the veil half blinds you; and— However, there is some old proverb about not abusing the bridge that carries you safely over, and so I will go on with my story.

I reached Wilson's Creek without incident of any kind, and the pickets were civil enough to the pork-pie and riding-skirt, which was about all that they saw in the dim light; while the pork-pie, on its part, conducted itself with becoming reserve, saying no more to the guards than was proper in a young lady of discretion, but using its eyes diligently on the way to the nearest officer—not wary veteran, but, as Fortune (who, like every thing feminine, is generally kind to impudence would have it, a gay young fellow of twenty-on handsome as a girl, and much more attentive t the red and white, and Aunt Rhoda's shining braid seen through the veil, than to the probabilities o my story.

He took the letter carelessly.

"Joseph Lose Berne. Your brother, you say Do you know his regiment?"

"I am not sure, but I think it is the ——th, naming one that I was sure was posted at a di tance.

"And you don't know the company? Well, will try and find him. Why not wait till we ca see if he is near the lines."

"Oh, impossible! they will miss me."

"They?"

"My family are Unionists, and have discarde my brother. I slipped away secretly, and mu get back before I am missed."

"Why go back at all?"

The riding-dress drew itself up indignantly.

"Good-evening, Sir!"

"Stop one moment!" he cried, following m "Pray forgive me! but if you only knew how ra such visits are, and how like angels' visits the seem! You must permit me at least to ride bac with you—a part of the way. You are too pr cious to be left to the mercy of the first straggl that may meet you."

Such fools as we make of ourselves with women We are only equaled by the fools who believe u Not that I said so to him; on the contrary—S Scott forgive me!—but I am afraid that her ridin dress encouraged him—that her snowy gaunt lay unresistingly in the tender clasp into which took it; in short, that while he was so polite showing me all that I most wished to see, I didn conduct myself quite as she would have done u der the circumstances: else how could he hav dared, while pathetically urging me to a corr spondence, to steal his arm about my waist, as blush to say—that is, I would blush, if I could, f having forgotten to do so then) he did, enforcin his arguments with an occasional tender squeez I am aware that I deserve the sentence of deat at the hands of a feminine jury, and that it w due to my costume to have made a show of virt ous indignation; but when, *apropos* of our corr spondence, he was so exceedingly kind and minu in his details of their future movements, I reall hadn't the heart to stop him.

It was cruel in me, however, when he, at par ing, prayed for a lock of my hair, to give him o of Aunt Rhoda's braids, after a feint of cutting off, neatly rolled up in a small round parcel. H placed it gallantly over his heart, and went awa rejoicing; but I am afraid that the first examin tion of his artificial treasure changed his joy in wrath only equaling that of Aunt Rhoda's, w mourned for her braid like Rachel, and who, I fe will never forgive me my journey to Wilson Creek. The General, however, got the desired i formation, as my gallant friend had unconsciousl afforded me every facility for so doing, and I ha made my peace with Sue, who pouted a little first hearing the story. I have sent also to N York for another pair of artificial braids; and for the rebel officer, it only serves him right. L him learn in future how to treat unprotected f males.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.

On page 117 we illustrate The Departure of the Great Southern Expedition from For Macon, North Carolina, from a sketch by volunteer correspondent, who writes as follows:

Fort Macon, *January* 24, 1863

Accompanying this note you will find a sketch of a lar fleet which has been for some time past fitting out here go we know not where, but suspect it is Charleston; are now in ignorance, but perhaps ere this reaches you will have known its destination, and its success or failu Many of our principal steamers are engaged in conveyi the troops; the gun-boats and *Monitors* left last Saturd but I suppose they will co-operate with the troops n leaving. The view is taken from Morehead City railro landing; the dépôt and part of the railroad are promin on the left; part of a regiment are on the platform t side of the dépôt, and stragglers are to be seen here a there engaged in different occupations, the most noticea at the time being that of cooking; sailing boats, a la schooner (the masts only are visible), and a steamb (the *Freeborn*, which obtained I believe a reputation running the Potomac blockade), lie at the wharf; the fo ground is marshy grass, so common in the Southern h bors. I have drawn the vessels as they appeared.

Fort Macon can be seen between the shipping, most which having received their complement of troops are chored off the fort, making them quite small from the po from which the sketch was taken. The *Guide*, *Cahaw Convoy*, *New England*, *Expounder*, ship *J. Morton*, numerous propellers and side-wheelers are in the numb

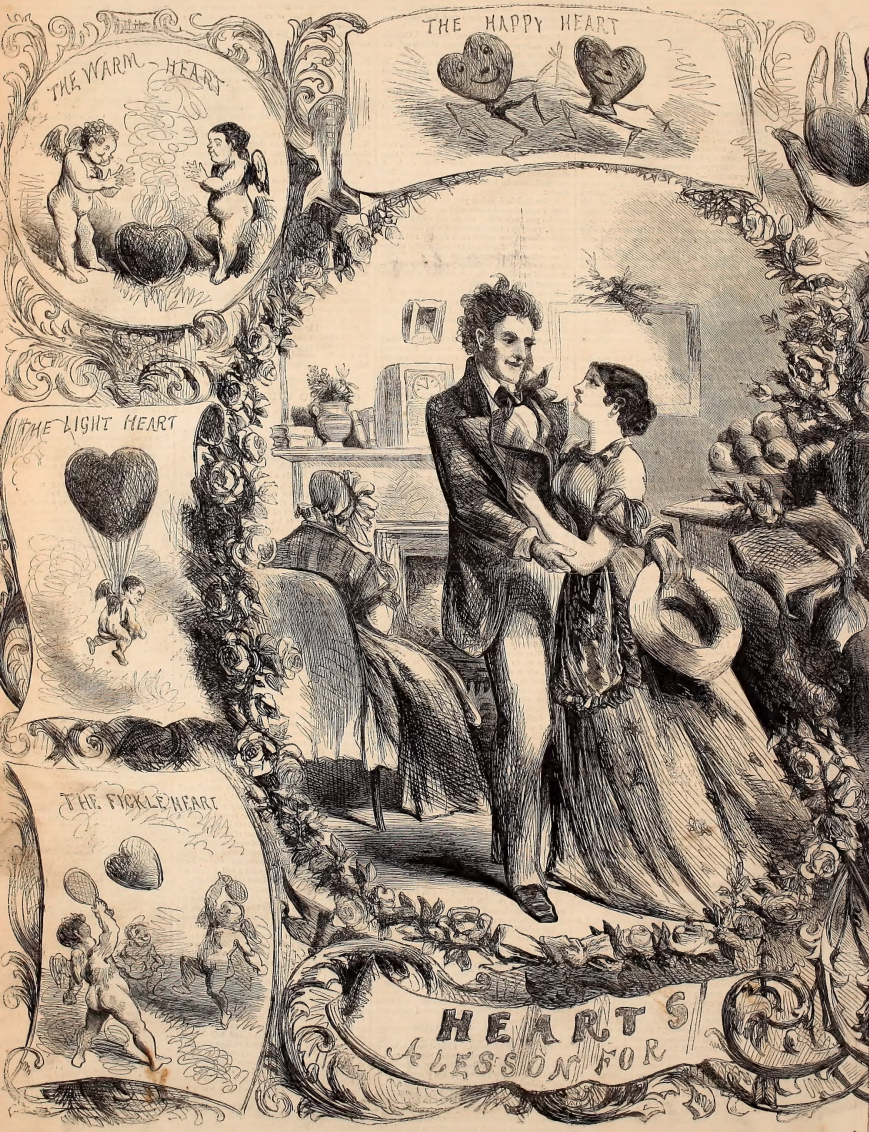
THE EFFECTS OF THE PROCLAMATION.

Though the President's proclamation of fr dom has been so often compared to the Pope's B against the comet, it seems to be producing so substantial fruits. We publish on page 116 an lustration of Contrabands coming into Ne bern, North Carolina, from a sketch sent by an amateur, who writes as follows:

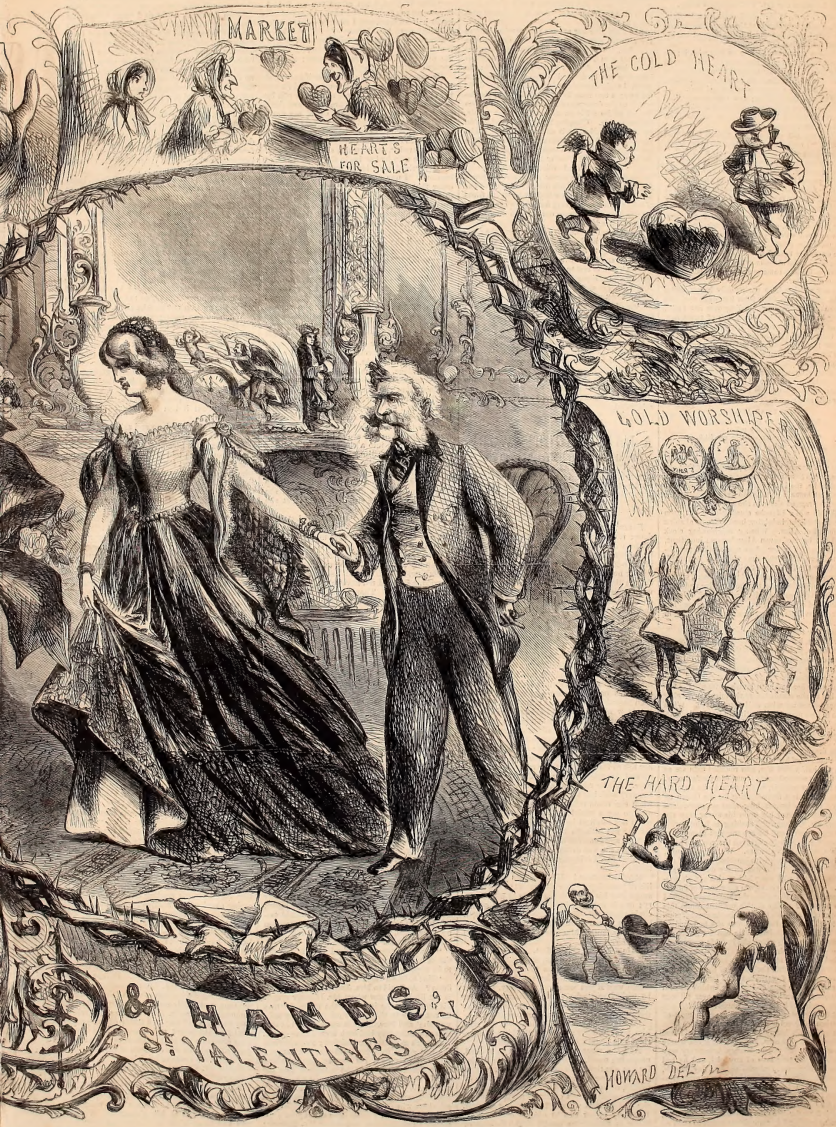
Newbern, North Carolina, *January* 26, 186

I inclose a sketch of a very interesting procession wh came to Newbern from "up country" a few days ago. is the first-fruits of the glorious emancipation procla tion in this vicinity, and as such you may deem it wor of engraving in your illustrated *Weekly*.

On our late expedition into Greene and Onslow Coun our company (Company C, Fifty-first Massachusetts R ment) was out on picket duty the night before our ret to Newbern, when an old slave came in to us in a dre ing rain; and on being informed that he and his frie could come to Newbern with us, he left, and soon the trabands began to come in, with mule teams, oxen, an every imaginable style. When morning came we had slaves ready to start with their little all, happy in thought that their days of bondage were over. They that it was known far and wide that the President has clared the slaves free.



HEARTS AND HANDS—ST. V.



ALENTINE'S DAY, 1863.

HANDS AND HEARTS.

A Lesson for St. Valentine's Day.

"What now, Alice?" exclaimed Blanche Raymond, tearing into shreds at the same time the delicate-tinted valentine which had absorbed her attention for the last few moments.

"I have arranged the lace as you wish it; do you not think it greatly improved?" and she held up the rich silk with the graceful trimming for the admiration of Blanche, who nervously grasped it, unmindful of the damage to ruches and lace.

"Yes, yes, that will do; now take it away."

"If you have no further need of my services this evening I should like to go home earlier than usual," Alice ventured to say.

"You can not go just yet," replied the proud beauty, "I wish for your undivided attention on some or something done. So you can wait a while."

A crimson flush suffused the cheek and brow of Alice Hastings. Gathering up the rich robe, she quietly passed into the next room to await further orders. Alice had schooled her heart to receive in silence the petty tyranny of her patron. He say she did not feel each bitter word would belie the sensitive nature of one so pure and guileless. Though poor and compelled to work each day, Alice was not unhappy; and when her busy fingers plied the needle through the rich fabric of some exquisite robe destined to deck the graceful figure of Blanche at some grand reception or ball, no jealous feelings came over her heart, no sigh of envy escaped her.

To-day she has been particularly happy, and a bright gleam stole forth from her dark eye, and pleasant memories were lingering over her heart, giving her countenance such a look of sweet content as to excite the envy of Blanche, who had all that mortal could desire but a contented spirit.

Dear reader, if you would learn the reason of Alice's happiness, listen to the little valentine she has hugged all the day long to her beating heart. It is but a rude design, and the uneven characters of the penman show that he is not an accomplished scholar, but the language is that of a true heart, and reads thus:

TO DEAR ALICE

Thy joy shall be my only thought,
Thy excellence my pride;
Thy fate, fair one, shall be my fate,
If thou wilt be my bride.

TRUMAN.

Do you wonder at her happy looks, at that she was anxious to return home early, knowing, as she did, that he, the idol of her heart, would come to make that home a paradise to her? Surely the moments dragged slowly as she sat waiting.

All this while Blanche stood gazing out upon the cold and dreary landscape, her bitterness of spirit unminuffled of Alice. When a neighboring clock tolled the hour of seven Alice began impatient, and at the sound of her name again asked permission to leave, which this time was readily granted.

Quickly the little feet of Alice pit-a-patted over the frozen ground, and soon she reached home. If wealth did not shine out from parlor and hall, there dwelt contented spirits, and the kind welcome she received from the inmates of the day caused her to forget the little annoyances she had to contend with.

Seated by the side of her aged mother before a cheerful fire, her heart was filled with rosy dreams of the future, picturing herself the happy wife of one whose coming she momentarily awaited. Leaving her thus pleasantly occupied, let us return to Blanche Raymond.

Nature to her had been lavish in its gifts. Beheld her as she stands before the mirror arranging her head-dress upon her well-shaped head. What a face to look upon! Beautiful in its chiseled outline! An abundance of soft, wavy hair crowns her polished brow and is shaded by heavy bands at the back. The long brows shade her soft eyes, in whose dreamy depths are shadowed forth all the wild emotions of her untamed spirit. The Grecian nose, the half-parted lips, and rounded chin are as beautiful as some picturel Houri of a poet's dream.

In her own opinion she is exquisite in its appointments that it is a fit habitation for the Queen of Fairy-land, she lingers long after an obsequious servant has announced that his master awaits the word of Mr. Graham. Touching it lightly with her taper fingers, and for one moment glancing at the name in the centre of the pictured screen, she petulantly threw it into the fire. Watching it burn, her lovely form shook with emotion, and, as if angry with herself for the momentary weakness, she exclaimed, "I will not yield to this girlish passion. Oh, why do you return after years of forget-fulness, thinking the world should have as wretched from memory? Why at this moment comes this whisper of discontent, this thrilling tempest of emotion?" Blanche Raymond knows the hand made a vow to forget; but how little can we guess our strength in matters where the heart is concerned! Where find the balm to soothe its bitterness when we feel that all of love is over, when we know that it is wrong to think of the love of the past, when the sound of the footstep must no longer gladden the ear, and the tone of the voice, which had all the power of enchantment, must never fill our hearts again with its sweet music! Closed also must be the gates of memory to every thought of one whom the hand is pledged to another.

In girlhood's happy hours, ere the world had claimed her for its own, Blanche had loved wisely and well; for her cousin Herbert was in every way worthy of the true love of any girl, and he had given her his heart in return—not for a day, month, or year, but forever; for love in him was unchangeable. And in the far-off home there was not a breeze fanned his brow but left him burdened with love for her whom he had left home and kindred to seek fame for her sake; but as years rolled on, Blanche indulged her ambitious views to such an extent that Herbert was seen as a speck upon the horizon of fame, and her eye wandered higher and higher until it rested upon Mr. Graham—one of the great magnates of the land—as one before whom position even her spirit could bow. And with all this she must take his winter of age. There was no elixir in all the catalogue which would once more give the freshness of youth to his face or elasticity to his step.

She must give no answer this evening, and as the moment approaches a sickening dread comes over her, leaving her more an outcast from her own soul than from the world to which she is about to sell herself. Already an hour has elapsed; the interview can be delayed no longer. Clasping a jeweled arm and hand of white and cold, and leading away a tear from her carnation cheek, she descends to the drawing-room and, with a smile upon her lip, glides swiftly to the presence of Mr. Graham's side. Clasping her jeweled hand within his wrinkled palm, he is about to imprint a kiss upon her lips, when she turns aside her head to hide her feelings, and for the moment her thoughts wander to where Herbert, under the blue morning sun, dreams of his betrothed bride, little thinking that she will in that hour barter peace and happiness for fame, and give her life into the keeping of one upon whose wrinkled brow had gathered the frosts of many winters. Leaving her to give her answer, we will once more retrace our steps to the humble home of Alice Hastings.

She had waited but a few minutes ere the well-known step of her lover fell upon her listening ear, and springing to meet him, she was soon folded to his heart, and felt that in all the wide world there was no love of true devotion, no sympathy so sacred for all her hopes and fears as his faithful bosom. And with his strong arm around her, she took with confidence into his keeping a heart that feels that not one of the thousand cords he had woven around her heart would ever know blight or mildew so long as they were true.

Looking down in her up-turned face, he said: "Alice, I have loved you long and well; I know the purity of your life, and my companionship with you has taught me much that has made me what I am. Will you be mine, one and inseparable forever?" The soft response of the head on his manly breast told the story of these loving hearts forever.

Ere many months had elapsed two weddings were celebrated.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

With Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

ELLINOR was awakened by a rapping at her door; it was her maid.

She was half aroused in a moment, for she had fallen asleep with one clearly-defined plan in her mind, only one of her thoughts and cares having no relation to the terrible events we as though they had never been. All her purpose was to shield her from suspicion. And to do this she must control herself—her mind, and body must be ruled to this one end.

So she said firmly:

"Let me lie half an hour longer; and beg Miss Monro not to wait breakfast for me; but let her have an hour from me up a cup of strong tea, for I have a bad headache."

Mason went away. Ellinor sprang up, rapidly undressed herself, and got into bed again; so that when her maid returned with her breakfast there was no appearance of the night having been passed in any unusual manner.

"How ill you do look, Miss!" said Mason.

"I am sure you had better not get up yet."

Ellinor thought: "Is my self-control bad yet shown himself; but this question—so natural at any other time—seemed to her so suspicious under the circumstances, that she could not trust her lips to frame it. At any rate, she must get up and struggle to make the day like all other days. So she rose, and when she did not feel very well, but trying to make light of it, and when she could think of nay thing but the one woe, to say to Mason's questions. But she could not recollect how she behaved in general, for her life hitherto had been simple, and led without any consciousness of effort.

Before she was dressed a message came up to say that Mr. Livingstone was in the drawing-room.

Mr. Livingstone! He belonged to the old world of yesterday, with its billows of the night that swept over his mark on the sands of her memory; and it was only by a strong effort that she could remember who he was—what he wanted. She sent Mason down to inquire from the servant who admitted him whom it was that he had asked for.

"He asked for master first. But master has not rung for his water yet, so James told him he was not up. Then he asked for mistress for a while, and asked could he speak to you—he would wait if you were not at liberty, but that he wished particularly to see Mr. Dunster or you. So James asked him to sit down in the drawing-room, and he would let you know.

"I must go," thought Ellinor. "I will send him away directly; to come thinking of marriage to a house like this—to-day too!"

And she went down hastily, and in a hard, unsparing mood, toward a man whose affection for her, she thought, was like a gourd, grown up in a night, and of no account but as a piece of foolish, brash excitement.

She never thought of her own appearance—she had dressed without looking in the glass. Her only object was to dismiss her would-be suitor as speedily as possible. All feelings of shyness, awkwardness, or maiden modesty were quenched and overcome. In she went.

He was standing by the mantelpiece as she entered. He made a step or two forward to meet her, and then stopped, petrified, as it were, at the sight of her hard white face.

"Miss Wilkins, I am afraid you are ill! I have come too early; but I have to leave Hamley in half an hour, and I thought— Oh, Miss Wilkins! what have I done—"

For she sank into the chair nearest to her, as if overcome by his words; but, indeed, it was by the impression of her own thoughts: she was hardly conscious of his presence.

He came a step or two nearer, as if he longed to take her hand, or support her with his arm; but she rather; but she stiffened herself and arose, and by an effort walked toward the fire-place, and there stood, as if waiting to hear what he would say next. But he was overwhelmed by her aspect of illness. He almost forgot his own wishes, his own suit, in the desire to relieve her from the pain, physical or, he believed it, under which she was suffering. It was she who had to begin the subject.

"I received your letter yesterday, Mr. Livingstone. I was anxious to see you to-day, in order that I might prevent you from speaking to my father. I do not see any thing of the kind of affection you can feel for me—me, whom you have only seen once. All I shall say is that the sooner we both forget what I must call folly the better."

She took the airs of a woman considerably older and more experienced than himself. He thought her haughty; she was only miserable.

"You are mistaken," said he, more quietly, and with more dignity than was likely from his previous conduct. "I will not allow you to misconceive me. I fully expected to be presumptuous on my part. I had no business to presume myself so soon; but which in its foundation was true and sincere. I ask no answer for a month," solemnly. It is a possible though it may not be a usual thing for a man to feel so strongly attracted by the mind and qualities of a woman, even at first sight, as to feel sure that she, and she alone, can make his happiness. My dear Miss Wilkins, you are right—you were dreaming that you could return my feelings in the slightest degree, when you had only seen me once. And I am most truly ashamed of myself. I can not tell you how sorry I am, when I see how you have compelled yourself to come and speak to me when you are so ill."

She staggered into a chair; for, with all her wish for his speedy dismissal, she was obliged to be seated. He put his hand out upon the bell.

"No, don't!" she said. "Wait a minute."

His eyes, bent upon her, with a look of deep anxiety, turned away at that moment, and she was on the point of shedding tears; but she checked herself, and rose again.

"I will tell you. It is the kindest thing I can do. Only, may I write? May I venture to write, and urge what I have to say more coherently?"

"No," said she. "Don't write. I have given you my answer. We are nothing, and can be nothing to each other. I am engaged to be married. I should not have told you if you had not been so kind. Thank you. Now go now."

The young man's face fell, and he became almost as white as she was for the instant. After a moment's reflection he took her hand in his, and said,

"May God bless you, and him too, whoever he may be, for he must be a most a friend, I may be that friend, may I not? and try to prove that my words of regard were true in a better and higher sense than you could think at first." And, kissing her passive hand, he was gone, and she was left sitting alone.

But already she was not what she could bear. She went quickly up stairs, and took a strong dose of sal volatile, even while she heard Miss Monro calling at the door.

"My dear, who was that gentleman that has been closeted with you in the drawing-room all this time?"

And then, without listening to Ellinor's reply, she went on—

"Why, Mason has been here" (it was at Mrs. Jackson's house that Mr. Dunster lodged), "wanting to know if we could tell her where Mr. Dunster was. She has been home last night, it all. And you were in the drawing-room with —who did you say he was?—that Mr. Livingstone. Ellinor, you have been at a better place, and hid good-by, and he has never dined here, had he? so I don't see any reason he had to come bothering us. Mason, if your papa was up, go up. So I said to Mrs. Jackson, 'I'll send and ask Mr. Wilkins if you like, but I don't see any reason why he should tell you just as well as any body that Mr. Dunster is not in this house, wherever he may be, and that nothing would astonish me but that some one must go and look up your papa, and ask if he could tell where Mr. Dunster was.'

"And did papa?" inquired Ellinor, her dry throat huskily forming the inquiry that seemed to be expected of her.

"No! to be sure not. How should Mr. Wilkins know? As I said to Mrs. Jackson, 'Mr. Wilkins has had Mr. Dunster's address where Mr. Dunster was his time when he is not in the office, for they do not move in the same rank of life, my good woman!' and Mrs. Jackson apologized, but said that yesterday they had both been dining at Mr. Hodgson's together, she believed; and somehow she had got it into her head that Mr. Dunster might have missed his way in coming along Moor Lane, and might have slipped into the canal; so she just thought she would step up and ask Mr. Wilkins if they had left Mr. Hodgson's together, or if your papa had driven home. So I asked her why she had not told me all these particulars before, for I could have asked your papa myself all about when he last saw Mr. Dunster; and I went up to ask him a second time, but he did not like it at all, for he was busy dressing, and I'm sure I don't wonder at gentlemen thumping a door, and he could not always hear me at first."

"What did he say?"

"Oh! he had walked part of the way with Mr. Dunster, and then cut across by the short path through the fields, as far as he said I was to send him through the door. He seemed very much annoyed to hear that Mr. Dunster had not been at home all night; but he said I was to tell Mrs. Jackson that he would go to the office as soon as he had had his breakfast, which he ordered to be sent up directly after his own room, and he had no doubt it would all turn out right; but that he had better go home at once. And, as I told her, she might find Mr. Dunster there by the time she got there."

"There, there is your papa going out! He has not lost any time over his breakfast!"

Ellinor had taken up the Hamley *Examiner*, a daily paper, which lay on the table by her knee in the first instance; but it served a second purpose, as she glanced languidly over the columns of the advertisements.

"Oh! here are Colonel Macdonald's orchidaceous plants to be sold! All the stock of hot-house and stove-plants at Hartwell Park! I must send James over to Hartwell to attend the sale. It is to last for three days."

"But can he be spared for so long?"

"Oh yes; he had better stay at the little inn there, to be on the spot. Three days;" and as she spoke she ran out to the garden, where she was sweeping up the newly-mown grass in the front of the house. She gave him hasty and unlimited directions, only seeming desirous if any one had been suspiciously watching her words and actions—to hurry him off to the distant village where the auction was to take place.

When he was once gone she breathed more freely. Now no one but the three cognizant of the terrible reality, of the disturbance of the turf under the trees in a certain spot in the belt round the flower-garden, could be likely to go into the place. Miss Monro might wander round with a book in her hand; but she never noticed any thing, and was absorbed into the book again. Three days of this moist, warm, growing weather, and the green grass would spring, just as if there was what it had been twenty-four hours before.

When all this was done and said it seemed as if Ellinor's strength and spirit sank down at once. Her voice became feeble, her aspect wan; and although she told Miss Monro that nothing was the matter, yet it was impossible for any one who loved her not to perceive that she was far from well. The kind governess placed her papil on the sofa, covered her feet up with a shawl, darkened the room, and then stole out on tip-toe, fancying that Ellinor would sleep. Her eyes were, indeed, closed; but by no means as she supposed in quiet, she was up in less than five minutes after Miss Monro had left the room, and walking up and down with all the restless agony of which fear arises from an overstrained mind. But soon Miss Monro reappeared, bringing with her a dose of soothing medicine for her own convincing, for she was great in domestic quackery. What the medicine was Ellinor did not care to know; she drank it without any sign of her mind's nervy resistance to physic of Miss Monro's ordering; and as the latter took up a book and showed a due purpose of remaining with her patient, Ellinor was compelled to lie still, and presently fell asleep.

She wakened late in the afternoon with a start. Her father was standing over her, listening to Miss Monro's account of her indisposition. She only caught one glimpse of his strangely-altered countenance, and hid her head in the cushions and shut it from observation; not from love. For in an instant she must have conjectured the interpretation he was likely to put upon her shrinking shame, and she had turned toward him and had thrown her arms round his neck, and was kissing his cold, passive face. Then she fell back. Even all this time their sad eyes met, because they dreaded the look of recollection that must be in each other's gaze.

"There, my dear!" said Miss Monro. "Now you must lie still till I fetch you a little broth. You are better now, are not you?"

"You must not go for the broth, Miss Monro," said Mr. Wilkins, ringing the bell. "Fletcher can surely bring it." He dreaded the being left alone with his daughter—and she felt it less. She heard the strange alteration in her father's voice, hard and hoarse, as if it was long since he had used it. The mental signs of his suffering cut her to the heart; and yet she wondered how it was that they could both be there, and that every day was not rending their garments and crying aloud. Mr. Wilkins seemed to have lost the power of conversation, except through his servant. He wished to leave the room now his anxiety about his daughter was relieved, but really hated to be left alone. He was obliged to think about the veriest trifle in order that, by an effort of reason, he might understand what he should say when spoken to; and he had been free from blood-guiltiness. Ellinor understood all by intuition. But henceforward the unspoken comprehension of each other's hidden motions made their mutual presence a burden to some anxiety to each. Miss Monro was a relief; they were glad of her as a third person, unconscious of the secret which constrained them. This afternoon her unconsciousness was present also, although not after reflection each found in her speeches a cause of rejoicing.

"And Mr. Dunster, Mr. Wilkins, had he come home yet?"

A moment's pause, in which Mr. Wilkins pumped the words out of his husky throat.

"I have not heard. I have been riding. I went on business to Mr. Estcourt's. Perhaps you will be so kind as to send and inquire at Mrs. Jackson's."

Ellinor sickened at the words. She had been all her life a truthful, plain-spoken girl. She held herself high above deceit. Yet here came

the necessity for deceit—a snare spread around her. She had not revolted so much from the deed which brought unpremeditated death as she did from these words of her father's. The night before, in her mad fever of affright, she had fancied that to conceal the body was all that would be required; she had not looked forward to the long weary course of small lies, to be done and said, involved in that one mistaken action. Yet, while her father's words made her soul revolt, his appearance melted her heart as she caught it, half turned away from him, neither looking straight at Miss Monro nor at any thing materially else. His hollow, sunk eye seemed to Eldine's fancy a vision of the dead man before it. His cheek was livid and worn, and its healthy coloring, gained by years of prosperous door occupancy, was all gone into the wanness of age. His hair even, to Eldine, seemed greyer for the past night of wretchedness. He stooped, and looked dreamily earthward, where formerly he had stood erect. It needed all the pity called forth by such observation to quench Eldine's passionate contempt for the course on which she and her father were embarked when she heard him repeat his words to the servant who came with her broth.

"Fletcher, go to Mrs. Jackson's and inquire if Mr. Bumpster is come home yet. I want to speak to him."

"To him!" lying dead where he had been laid; killed by the man who now stood in her presence. Eldine shut her eyes, and lay back in despair. She wished she might die, and be out of this horrible tangle of events.

Two minutes after she was conscious of her father and Miss Monro stealing softly out of the room. They thought that she slept.

She sprang off the sofa and knelt down.

"O God! she prayed; "Thou knowest! Help me! There is none other help but Thee!"

I suppose she fainted. For the next scene afterward, Miss Monro, coming in, found her lying insensible by the side of the sofa.

She was carried to bed. She was not delirious, she was in a stupor, which they feared might end in delirium. To obviate this, her father sent for and wide for skillful physicians, who tended her at the side of each other for a little minute.

People said how hard it was upon Mr. Wilkins, that hardly had that wretch Dunster gone off, with no one knows how much out of the trusts of the firm, before his only child fell ill. Then to tell the truth, he himself looked burned and scared with affliction. He had a startled look, they said, as if he never could tell after one experience, from which side the awful proofs of the uncertainty of earth would appear, the terrible pleasantness of unforeseen dress. The old and poor, town and country, sympathized with him. The rich cared not to press their claims, or their business, at such a time; and were considered in their superficial talk, after dinner, how such a good fellow as Wilkins could ever have been deceived by a man like Dunster. Even Sir Frank Holster and his lady forgot their old quarrel, and came to inquire after Eldine, and sent her hot-house fruit by the basket.

Mr. Corbet behaved as an anxious lover should do. He wrote daily to Miss Monro to beg for the most minute bulletins: he postponed everything in town that any doctor even fancied might be of service. He came down as soon as there was the slightest hint of permission that Eldine might see him. He overpowered her with tender words and caresses, till at last she shrank away from them, as from something that was irritating, and past all right comprehension.

But one night before this, when all windows and doors stood open to admit the least breath that stirred the sultry July air, a servant on velvet tips let Wallen up to Eldine's open door, and had beckoned out of the chamber of the sleeper the ever watchful nurse, Miss Monro.

"A gentleman wants you," were the words the housemaid dared to say so close to the bedroom. And softly, softly Miss Monro stepped down the stairs into the drawing-room, and there she saw Mr. Livingstone. But she did not know him; she had never seen him before.

"I have waited all day. I hoped she was ill—was dying. May I just have one more look at her? I will not speak; I will hardly breathe. Only let me see her once again!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't know who you are; and if you mean Miss Wilkins by 'her,' she is ill, but we hope and trust that she was very ill, indeed, yesterday; very dangerously ill, I may say, but she is having a good sleep, in consequence of a soporific medicine, and we are really beginning to hope—"

But just here Miss Monro's hand was taken, and, to her infinite surprise, was kissed before she could remember how improper such behavior was.

"God bless you, Madam, for saying so. But if she sleeps, will you let me see her; it can do no harm, and I will tread as if on egg-shells. And I have come so far—if I might just look on her sweet face. Pray, Madam, let me just have one sight of her. I will not ask for more."

But he did ask for more, after he had had his wish. He stole up stairs after Miss Monro, who looked round reproachfully at him, for every irregular sang, or an owl hooted in the trees outside the open windows, yet who paused to say herself, outside Mr. Wilkins's chamber-door.

"Her father's room; he has not been in bed for six nights till to-night; pray do not make a noise to waken him." And on into the deep stillness of the hushed room, where one clear ray of hidden lamp-light shot athwart the floor, where a watcher, breathing softly, sat beside the bed—where Eldine's dark head lay motionless on the white pillow, her face almost as white. Her form almost as still, you might have heard a pin fall. After a while he moved to withdraw.

Miss Monro, jealous of every sound, followed him, with steps all the more heavy because they were taken with so much care down the stairs, back into the drawing-room. By the bed-candle flaring in the draught she saw that there was the glittering mark of wet tears on his cheek; and she felt, as she said afterward, "sorry for the young man." And yet she urged him to go, for she knew that she might be wanted up stairs. He took her hand, and wrung it hard.

"Thank you. She looked so changed—oh! she looked as though she were dead. You will write — Herbert Livingstone, Langham Terrace, Yorkshire; you will promise me to write. If I could do any thing for her, but I can but wait. Oh, my darling! my darling! and I have no right to be with her."

"Go away, there's a good young man," said Miss Monro, all the more pressing to hurry him out by the front door, because she was afraid of his emotion overmastering him, and making him break in his solemn promise. "Yes, I will write; I will write, never fear!" and she bolted the door behind him, and was thankful.

Two minutes after and there was a low tap; she undid the fastenings, and there he stood, pale in the moonlight.

"Please don't tell her I came to ask about her: she might not like it."

"No, no! not I! Poor creature, she's not likely to see to hear of any one for long while. She never roused at Mr. Corbet's name."

"Mr. Corbet's!" said Livingstone, below his breath, and he turned away from her in his trouble for good. But Eldine recovered. She knew she was recovering, when day after day she felt involuntary strength flowing into her limbs. Her body seemed stronger than her will; for that would have induced her to creep into her grave, and shut her eyes forever on this world, so full of troubles.

She lay, for the most part, with her eyes closed, very still and quiet; but she thought with the intensity of one who seeks for lost peace and can not find it. She began to see that it in the mad impulses of the moment, when she and her they had all strengthened each other, and dared to be frank and open, confessing a great fault, a greater danger, and a greatest relief, that the first instance was hardly a crime—their future crime, perhaps, and any thing would have been a simple and straightforward one to them. But it was not for her to undo what was done, and to cover the dead out of sight of her father. Only she, turning anew to God, in the solemn and quiet watches of the night, made a covenant, that for ourselves and our individual life, she would act loyally and truthfully. And as for the future, and all the terrible chances involved in the secret kept from all His hands—if, indeed (and here came in the Tempter), He would watch over one whose life thereafter must be passed in deceit, for the original sin, offered "standing afar off," was, "the lie is said and done and over—it was not for my own sake. Can Him by eyes so severe as the sights of justice and truth as to demand of me that I should reveal my father's guilt?"

His father's sorrow, his remorse, began. He knew why she suffered, what made her young strength falter and tremble, what made her life seem nigh about to be given back to Him, as he could not take his sorrow and care in the natural manner. He was obliged to think how every word and deed might be misunderstood. He fancied that people were watching him with suspicious eyes, when nothing was further from their thoughts. For one thing, he had chosen to look "Awful evenin', sin't it? Thank'ee, I will set a bit nearer to the fire—can't stay but a minute though. Pretty smart, eh? Spite o' the horrid the news?"

"News? no—what news is there?" said Ruth, rather haughtily, for she felt but little interest in such village gossip as the widow Elbury was wont to retail.

"Why, do tell! You hain't heerd, then? Widder Gray's dead—she 's was Anne Moss, you know Walter Gray's mother."

"I know whom you mean," said Ruth, mechanically biting her lip till the blood came.

"Yes, poor soul—been ailed a good a last. She always was a shiftless consarn—and that boy o' hern will have to go to the poor-house, for there isn't a cent to bless herself. Anne was quite a-pull, and doctors' bills do mount up so. He's a pooty boy enough—eight year old last June, jest the picter o' his father, they used to be. Any remember what a chirky feller he was? Folks used to say one while he was courtin' you!"

The widow looked sharply at Ruth to see how she took this house-thrust; but Ruth quietly seamed away at the heel of her blue worsted stocking, and the widow was disappointed.

"Ain't that Steve Rogers's lumber-wagon I hear comin' down the hill? 'Tis, sure enough! Well, Ann, I'm sorry for the poor widder, but I calculated on gittin' a ride over to my sister Almiry's with Steve. Good-evenin'. Do come over and see us a day with our folks!"

Ruth came in from seeing her talkative guest safe into the wagon, and sat down by the window, and stood a moment before the fire, listening to the wild wind.

"Poor Gray's child cast upon the tender mercies of the Poor-House!" she thought, again and again. "I prayed years ago that I might live to see myself revenged: the prayer is falsified; and yet—"

Ah, Ruth, in the fulfillment of such prayers there is but the bitterness of Marah!

"It can not—must not be!" she exclaimed, hysterically, a moment afterward. "I loved Walter once: I can not see his child suffer."

Ruth tied on her little brown bonnet, wrapped the worsted shawl with trembling fingers around her, and went out into the rain and sleet of that dreary, dreary night.

RUTH HOLLIDAY'S VALENTINE.

HARK! was that elfish sound only the wail of the November wind upon the snow-covered hillside? or was it something more than human? Ruth Holliday shivered involuntarily as she sat all alone in front of her bright hearth-stone knitting with mechanical rapidity.

"I must be getting nervous," she murmured to herself. But she rose, nevertheless, to close the window-shutters—as if that could exclude the melancholy moan of the autumn illness—and to replace the blazing fore-stick which had fallen from the bright iron dogs and lay among smouldering sparks and ashes upon the red brick hearth.

All alone, we said, for she was one of that much mentioned class of society—old maids! You might have discovered that for yourself with one glance round the neat little room, where the boards of the floor on either side the hearth-rug had been carpeted with white satin, and the fringe to the window-curtains looked like netted snow! And there was a kitchen, too, where the black-leaded stove actually winked at you with brightness, and the fat copper tea-kettle sat side by side with a brass-pan full of simmering apples, and the overflowing tin pail of "tatter" which was to resolve itself the next morning into golden-brown buckwheat cakes. Ruth Holliday's youthful prettiness and bloom, and "crows-feet" lurked under her eyes, and at the corners of her mouth. Ruth Holliday might have been eleven years or more or less in not for the sad, almost bitter expression that characterized her face.

For to-night, while the melancholy wind sighed in the hollows, and gusts of sleet tinkled ever and anon against the window-panes, something had set her to thinking of old times—of the St. Valentine's eves when she was a rosy girl, and Walter Gray used to sit beside her at the same hearth and hold the ball of yarn while she knit as she was knitting now—of her first Valentine, slipped under the window, while the sweet lilacs just reddening above the forests, and Walter Gray lingered

"——at the casement waiting
To hear the first love-greeting."

How vividly they all came back to her! the days when he was her sweet-heart at singing-school and apple bee, and the neighboring girls used to tease her about the "handsome sailor," and her cheeks were redder than the red-hearted shells he used to bring her from these long, long cruises!

Well, it was over now. They had quarrelled on some slight pretext—Walter had married Anne Moss, and she—she was an old maid! Yet when the news had come—come with the May breezes and sunshine—of his death amidst the shot and hail of that fatal engine on the Inner Reef, Ruth felt as if she too were bereaved as well as the pale, indolent Anne, whom she hated so fiercely in her heart. Ruth had said over, day after day, how never would forgive either Walter or Anne—and she had kept her word.

Ruth's name had was plying the rusty iron knocker without, and Ruth rose to undo the latch.

"Why, Mrs. Elbury, is it you?"

"Yes, it is," said the widow Elbury, emerging from under the shadow of her green hood and scarlet blanket shawl, shriveled and wrinkled, as one might have fancied Old Age herself to look.

"Awful evenin', ain't it? Thank'ee, I will set a bit nearer to the fire—can't stay but a minute though. Pretty smart, eh? Spite o' the horrid the news?"

"News? no—what news is there?" said Ruth, rather haughtily, for she felt but little interest in such village gossip as the widow Elbury was wont to retail.

"Why, do tell! You hain't heerd, then? Widder Gray's dead—she 's was Anne Moss, you know Walter Gray's mother."

"I know whom you mean," said Ruth, mechanically biting her lip till the blood came.

"Yes, poor soul—been ailed a good a last. She always was a shiftless consarn—and that boy o' hern will have to go to the poor-house, for there isn't a cent to bless herself. Anne was quite a-pull, and doctors' bills do mount up so. He's a pooty boy enough—eight year old last June, jest the picter o' his father, they used to be. Any remember what a chirky feller he was? Folks used to say one while he was courtin' you!"

The widow looked sharply at Ruth to see how she took this house-thrust; but Ruth quietly seamed away at the heel of her blue worsted stocking, and the widow was disappointed.

"Ain't that Steve Rogers's lumber-wagon I hear comin' down the hill? 'Tis, sure enough! Well, Ann, I'm sorry for the poor widder, but I calculated on gittin' a ride over to my sister Almiry's with Steve. Good-evenin'. Do come over and see us a day with our folks!"

Ruth came in from seeing her talkative guest safe into the wagon, and sat down by the window, and stood a moment before the fire, listening to the wild wind.

"Poor Gray's child cast upon the tender mercies of the Poor-House!" she thought, again and again. "I prayed years ago that I might live to see myself revenged: the prayer is falsified; and yet—"

Ah, Ruth, in the fulfillment of such prayers there is but the bitterness of Marah!

"It can not—must not be!" she exclaimed, hysterically, a moment afterward. "I loved Walter once: I can not see his child suffer."

Ruth tied on her little brown bonnet, wrapped the worsted shawl with trembling fingers around her, and went out into the rain and sleet of that dreary, dreary night.

Up through the desolate wall of the tempest rose the feeble treble of a child's voice, crying out,

"Must I go to the poor-house?" Oh, mother! mother! why did you die and leave me all alone?"

There was a touch on his shoulder; he shrank back, sobbing and shuddering.

"Oh, not yet! I can not go to the poor-house yet!"

"My boy," said Ruth, softly, "you shall not go at all. Hereafter you shall share my home with me, and be my adopted child!"

Little Walter, looking up through his father's eyes, clung fondly round the old maid's neck; to him she was as beautiful as an angel at that moment.

He ate his supper that night at Ruth Holliday's hearth-stone—white milk, new bread, and Ruth's choicest cranberry preserves—and he played with the light of a new smile illuminating her face.

The old maid had found something to live for.

So the old year died out in white drifts of snow stained with the crimson fire of many sunsets. Ruth made a pilgrimage with little Walter one clear January evening to the church-yard on the hill; but none of the neighbors ever guessed who hung the wreath of golden immortelle over the rude stone that marked Anne Moss's neglected grave.

St. Valentine's Eve—a night of keen wind and driving snow—and the strange pair were sitting together at the cozy hearth, keeping silence and talking by turns.

"Aunt Ruth," said the boy—thus she had learned him to call her—"do you hear the wind? It sounds like a person crying out in pain."

We are warm and snug here, Walter," said Ruth.

"I was thinking," resumed the child, "what a dreadful gale this must be at sea. Aunt Ruth, when I'm a big man, I want to be a sailor, like my father."

Ruth did not answer; she only pressed Walter's hand closer in hers, and he felt the soft palm trembling.

Suddenly there was a step on the floor beside them: some one had entered unheard in the groanings of the storm. Ruth uttered a shriek, as she saw the tall sun-burnt man standing in their midst, then sprang wildly to her feet.

"Walter can it be Walter?"

"Yes, Ruth, it is Walter, and he has heard it all—how you have been a mother to his poor motherless boy. Ruth, I never thought to have stood beside you alive again. I have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and I thought of you all cheerfully—ay, even gladly—had I looked forward to this.

What a troubled, joyous evening that was!—troubled through its very excess of gladness; and when at length little Walter's heavy eyelids drooped, and he was laid in his little bed at the fireside, Gray rose, reluctantly, to depart.

"Ruth," he said, clasping her hand, as they stood together by the window, "Ruth, dear Ruth, will you be Walter's mother in reality, as well as in tenderness? Will you be my wife, dear Ruth? Ah! look not away from me with such a frown! I was your boy-Valentine, but I love you more dearly than ever, for I have learned your worth. Will you marry me, Ruth?"

When Ruth came back to rouse little Walter and put him to bed he opened his sleepy eyes wide at the lovely smile on her face.

"Why, Aunt Ruth, your cheeks are like that monthly rose in the window. What is the matter?"

But Aunt Ruth, perverse for once in her life, could not answer him.

Verily, the ancient prophecy concerning such things had been fulfilled, and it happened that Ruth Holliday's first Valentine was her last.

ATTACK ON FORT HINDMAN.

WE are indebted to Mr. Stellwagen, of the Bureau of Ordnance at Washington, for the drawings of the ATTACK ON FORT HINDMAN, at Arkansas Post, which we reproduce on page 124. We have, together with a picture of the Fort, in our number before last, a full description of the work and of our attack upon it, and do not deem it necessary to repeat them again.

THE ATTACK ON FORT MALLISTER.

On page 125 we publish an illustration of the attack of the iron-clad gun-boat *Montauk* on Fort M'Allister, in the Ogeechee River, on the 28th January. Our picture is from a sketch by an officer of the *Dawn*. The *Montauk* was not disabled, as reported by the rebels. She received seventeen shots in her side and twelve on her turret, without receiving any injury whatever, although engaged for five hours. She returned to her anchorage for want of shells. It being foggy next morning she did not return to the attack.

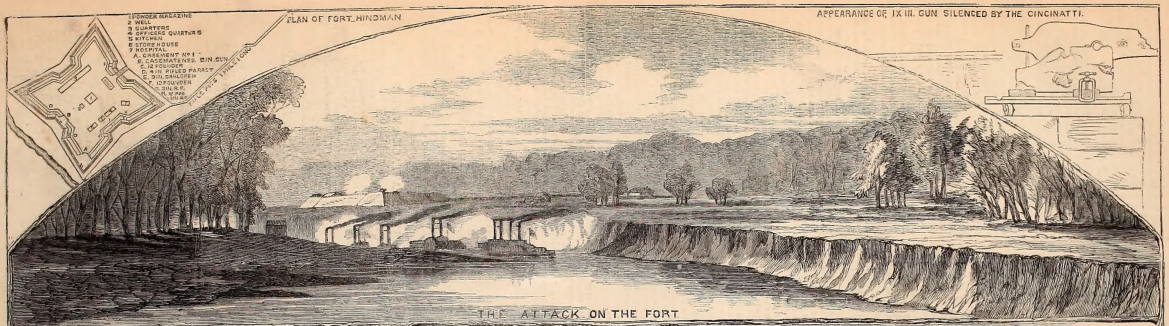
The *Herald* correspondent thus describes Fort M'Allister:

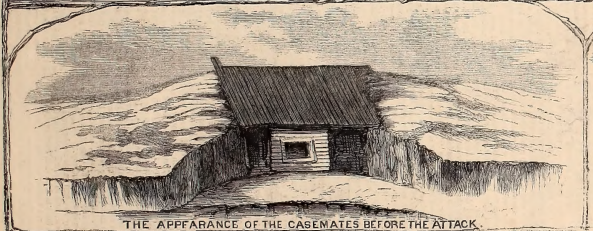
FORT M'ALLISTER is casemated, and is a strong-built, bomb-proof fort on the Ogeechee River. Shells from the Union fleet could easily be seen bursting inside, and the enemy's forces could be seen running to and fro, but not effectively manned. A brigade from Savannah is reported to have reached the fort on the morning of Thursday, and the battery around is alive with cavalry and infantry.

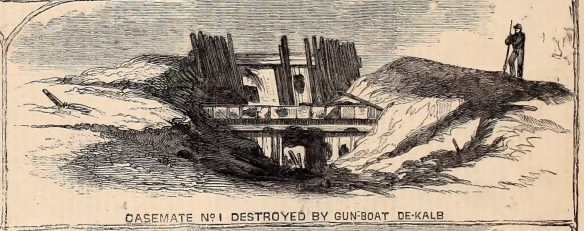
Of the performance of the *Montauk* he says:

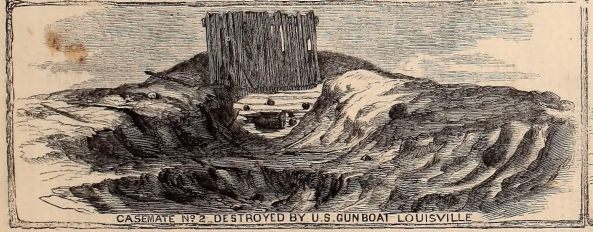
It is said that the *Montauk* fired in all seventy-six shots, and was struck forty-five times, forty striking the turret, making no further impression than an indentation in the iron from three-eighths to five-eighths of an inch deep, and dinged like a saucer. The enemy's shots were filled with sand to render them more effective, and, when they struck, burst like a percussion cap, exploding the iron and sand around. It is said that one shell entered the smoke-stack of the *Montauk*, thereby setting fire to her, but no injury to the fort was done than the dismounting of one gun and two.

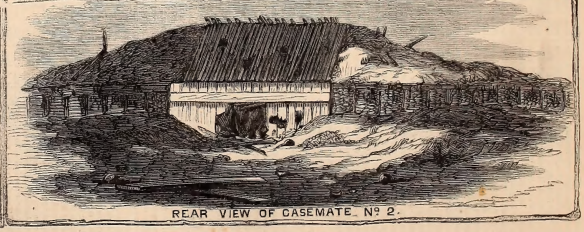
The attack would be renewed as soon as the obstructions in the river were removed.











FORT HINDMAN, AT ARKANSAS POST, ARKANSAS.—FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

OUR ARTIST "CORRESPONDENT AT LARGE."

MR. J. ROSS BROWNE is well known by name and works to the literary world. His contributions to *Harper's Magazine* would fill several volumes. Like most men possessing the faculty of humor, he is fond of caricaturing himself, and he appears in a variety of questionable disguises in his own sketches. The above portrait, for which we are indebted to Mr. Cramer, a young American artist, residing at Frankfort in Germany, barring a slight touch of caricature, is a capital likeness of the man who visited Crusoe's Island, discovered Yusef Badra, "The Destroyer of Robbers," travelled with Doctor Mendoza, "Peeped at Washoe," made a "Dangerous Journey" in California, visited Norway, Poland, Iceland, Russia, and several other countries in behalf of *Harper's Magazine*, where not a few of his varied adventures have been recorded, and where more, we trust, will be narrated. During more than twenty years of almost constant travel he has supported himself and a large family, and made his way in almost every capacity within the limits of human industry. His journeyings by land and sea amount already to more than six times around the world—no trifling achievement when we consider the various methods of travel which he has adopted. Mr. Browne is a native of Ireland. A generation ago his father was the editor of the *Dublin Comet*, the leading paper of the day in Ireland. Taking strong ground against the oppressive acts of the English Government, his paper was suppressed and he was thrown into prison. A book written by him called "The Parson's Horn-book," illustrated by Samuel Lover, gained a wide notoriety, and may even now be met with. The elder Browne was finally released from imprisonment on condition of leaving the country. He came to America in 1833, bringing with him his family, among whom was John Ross, then a mere lad. He struck for the Far West, settled in Indiana, where he established himself as the owner of a sawmill and proprietor of a ferry; subsequently he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he became editor of a newspaper, in connection with which his son's literary faculties received their first definite impulse.



MR. J. ROSS BROWNE, OUR ARTIST "CORRESPONDENT AT LARGE."

Mr. Browne commenced his adventurous career by starting from Louisville, Kentucky, on foot, and making a tour of several months through the Western States. He made several trading voyages down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in the capacity of a common boatman. At the age of eighteen he became police reporter to the Louisville *Advertiser*; then a student in the College of Medicine; and subsequently a stenographic reporter in Congress. In 1842, having saved up fifteen dollars, he started for Europe, put up at the Astor House, and got rid of the last remnant of his money in about two days. He then went down on South Street, saw a sign calling for whalemen, and shipped on a voyage to the Indian Ocean. Browne was one of a crew of thirteen men, chiefly Portuguese, and lived in the forecastle, subject to all the benefits of hard fare and harder labor. During this memorable voyage he visited the Azores, Cape de Verde, and Canary Islands; Madagascar, Makumba, and the Comoros; and finally, on the breaking out of a mutiny, occasioned by cruel treatment of the crew, left the vessel at Zanzibar, near the East Coast of Africa, and lived for three months among the Arabs. From Zanzibar he worked his passage home in a vessel bound to the United States from the Persian Gulf; and touched on the way at St. Helena, where he paid a visit to Napoleon's tomb. Of his perilous adventures in the whale-fishery he has given a graphic account in a narrative published by Harper and Brothers in 1844, entitled "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise," which has been noticed by the *Edinburgh Review* and other English journals in favorable terms.

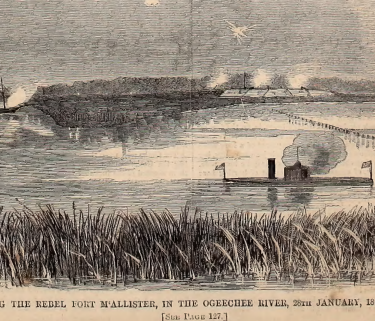
Resuming his place as a reporter in the Senate, he followed up his old business till the end of the session, when he took charge of the books in the office of the Ohio *Statesman*, at Columbus. About that time Mr. Robert J. Walker became Secretary of the Treasury and gave Browne a confidential appointment. This he held until 1849, when he set sail in a passenger ship for California, under a commission as a Lieutenant in the Revenue Service. At Rio Janeiro he was detained some three weeks by a difficulty between the captain and passengers. A new captain was placed in command, and after many storms and adversities the ship rounded Cape Horn, and made the Island of Juan Fernandez. With ten comrades Browne started in an open boat, rowed seventy-six miles, and landed on the island. His adventures in this "Crusoe Land" were published, with illustrations, in the February, March, and April numbers of *Harper's Magazine* for 1853.

Stopping a couple of weeks at Lima, in Peru, he reached California in August, 1849, with just sufficient change in his pockets to pay the postage on a package of letters. One of them contained notice of a reduction in the revenue service and his own removal. While looking around for a situation as washer-man or mule-driver, he met an influential friend who appointed him a deputy Postal Agent, and he traveled through the southern part of California in that capacity. When the Convention met to form the State Constitution, Browne being the only regular stenographer in the country, was appointed to report the proceedings. For this job he received ten thousand dollars cash in advance. During the debate in the United States Senate, relative to the admission of California, it became necessary to have this report, and the Senate, by resolution, purchased two thousand copies, for which they paid our lucky adventurer three thousand dollars. With the fortune thus acquired, he built a handsome house near Washington, and "retired" for life.

Three months of retirement answered his purpose. He sold out for cost, pulled up stakes, and started for Europe. We next find him, by letters to the *National Intelligencer*, ranging through Austria, Hungary, the various German States, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. His adventures in Syria and Palestine have been given to the world in a popular book entitled "Yusef—a Crusade in the East," issued by the Harpers in 1853. Yusef Badra, the renowned dragoman who conducted Mr. Browne through Syria, is the most perfect type of his class in our literature. Kinglake's Demetri can not be compared with him. He was a real character, a little idealized perhaps, and might have made his fortune from the celebrity which Browne gave to him, only he fell into bad ways, and after visiting America in charge of some Arabian horses, returned to Beirut, where he died three or four years ago. If we were to select the five most readable books of Eastern travel, we should hesitate whether the first place should be given to Browne's "Yusef" or Kinglake's "Eothen." The third place certainly belongs to Warburton's "Crescent and Cross;" the fourth and fifth place may be fairly contested by Curtis's "Howadji" and Prime's "Tent Life."

On his return from this extensive tour he went to Washington, received an appointment as General Inspector of Custom-houses and Public Depositories; and in that capacity visited all the Collection Districts in the United States, including those of Minnesota, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory.

In 1855 he bought a small ranche, and settled in California, and for the ensuing five years was Special Agent of the Treasury and Interior Departments for the Pacific Coast; and visited all the Indian Tribes, and nearly every acre of ground between the Straits of Fuca and San Diego. He has made altogether six trips to and from California. Before the close of the Buchanan Administration he got himself into trouble with the powers at Washington for exposing the frauds committed in the public service. A spirited account of this part of his career is given in an article on "The Indian Reservations," in the August Number of *Harper's Magazine*, 1861. On losing his official head he buckled on his pack and blanket, and started on foot for the Silver Mines of Washoe, where he set up an Agency. His hardships, trials, and misfortunes there are amusingly described in a series of papers entitled "A Peep at Washoe," also published in *Harper's Magazine*. In 1860 he left the Pacific Coast for Europe; and during the last two



THE IRON-CLAD "MONTAUK" ENGAGING THE REBEL FORT M'ALLISTER, IN THE OGEECHEE RIVER, 28TH JANUARY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "DAWN."

[SEE PAGE 127.]

years and a half has traveled on foot nearly all through Germany; made tours through Spain, Portugal, and Algeria; Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Norway; and Lastly, Denmark, and Iceland. Various sketches of his adventures in these interesting regions have appeared, illustrated by himself.

Mr. Browne has all the requisites for a traveler —indomitable courage, unfailing perseverance, a quick eye for character, and, above all, unfailing good-humor. Nature has given him the faculty of getting along with all sorts of people. In half an hour he is perfectly at home any where—in an Indian hut, an Italian locanda, a Syrian caravansera, a Russian traktir, a German beer-garden, a Fifth Avenue mansion, an Icelandic cabin, or a Californian cavern. We believe he has never tried a turn among the cannibals; but we have no doubt that a Fijian or a Fan would, in an hour, be ready to give him the best his bones afforded. A good story was told us the other day illustrating his faculty of "getalongativeness." A score of years ago, while on foot-tour with a companion through Kentucky, they chanced to be for a few days at the pretty village of Henderson.

"There seem to be pleasant people here," said one to the other; "we must get acquainted with them."

They had passed one pleasant house, and caught a glimpse of a bright face or two peeping from the window. Upon inquiry at the hotel they learned that the owner was Colonel Attocks, a magnate of the place, a fine old Kentucky gentleman, famous as a boot-maker in old times, and having a host of charming daughters. Their plan was formed at once. Knocking at the door, they inquired if the Colonel was at home. He was soon seen on the farm, they were told by his wife, a well-bred Kentucky lady; wouldn't the young gentlemen walk in and wait for him? Of course they would, and soon fell into pleasant talk with the good lady. A piano stood in the parlor; Browne can his fingers over the keys in the intervals of talk. The street door soon opened, and a young lady entered, followed at intervals by another and another, until the whole family was assembled, and they with their unannounced visitors were soon in full flow of pleasant talk. After an hour or so the Colonel made his appearance, true old Kentucky gentleman. Now came the crisis.

"Myself and friend," said Browne, "allow us to introduce Mr. or Mrs. O'Gorman—Colonel Attocks."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. O'Gorman, and your friend, Mr.—?" replied the Colonel, interrogatively.

"Mr. Browne—Colonel Attocks," responded O'Gorman, introducing his friend in turn.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Browne," said the Colonel, bowing.

"Myself and friend," continued Browne, "in traveling through this part of the State have heard that you have in your employ some extraordinary boors, and have taken the liberty of calling upon you, and asking if you would tell us about them."

The Colonel was only too happy to speak on his favorite hobby, and for a couple of hours there were told some of the tallest bear-stories ever narrated; the youngsters enjoying them amazingly, and reminiscences; the young ladies alternating with chat and music. All parties were equally delighted. Browne approached—subsequently to

"Gentlemen," said the worthy Colonel, "you must stay to tea."

They accepted themselves, but, with the Colonel's permission, they would call in the evening. Evening came. Browne put his flute in his pocket, and O'Gorman carried his violin, and were at the Colonel's hospitable mansion. The worthy hosts, delighted with their chance acquaintances, had invited their friends and neighbors, and the parlors were filled with a score or two of the élite of Henderson. The strangers were formally introduced, and a delightful evening followed. The young men were pressed, with true Kentucky hospitality, to visit all their new acquaintances, and were made free use of the best society in the place during the week through which their stay lasted.

The story ought, by rights, to have ended by one or both of the young men falling in love with and marrying one of the acquaintances thus oddly made. But nothing of the kind happened. They pursued their journey, carrying away and leaving kind remembrances of a pleasant time. This was a score of years ago. Doubtless the charming belles of that day have become staid matrons. We trust that some of them are yet living, and will recognize in this anecdote a pleasant reminiscence of their youth. We tell the story as we have heard it from one of the parties, to illustrate that adaptive power of accommodation which has made him at home every where, and enables him to see those charming bits of life which form the charm of his writings.

Mr. Browne proposes now to make another little tour: first to California, to look after his rancho at Oakland, Petaluma, and Tulare, then to India, then Persia and parts adjacent, then back to Germany, where his family now reside. Before many months we dare say that the readers of *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly* will have pleasant sketches from his pen and pencil, describing meetings with Chinese mandarins, Hindoo gentlemen, Arab sheikhs, and Persian emirs.

Meanwhile, for a few weeks, Mr. Browne will remain in the Eastern States, and will deliver lectures upon the various regions which he has visited. One course of Iceland has been received with favor by several intelligent audiences. Geir Zöega, his guide to the Geysers, has taken rank with Yusef, and the English traveler, with their usual facetious appliances for "roughing it" in Iceland, are already classic. If he will only throw his Cruise Adventures into the form of a lecture *à la Alfred Smith*, it could not fail to be a charming entertainment. As a lecturer, Mr. Browne needs experience. He talks well only when he is in perfect *rapport* with his audience. When this is the case, his quaint, delicate humor comes out. As he told us the other day, "I have traveled hard roads in my day, but this of lecturing is the hardest. Yet I have never failed in any thing which I have undertaken, and I don't mean to fail in this." We, who know him well, know that he will be successful in this new sphere. His lecture on Iceland is a success, and we are sure that Cruise will be a triumph.

"PECCAVI."

THERE wasn't the shadow of an excuse to serve her as a refuge. She knew it, and knew that a faint sound was a thing not to be thought of; the least possible tinkle had done with itself in that ringing air as shortly as possible, and the dressing-bell rang out so sharply that she must have heard it. Neither were any considerations of the weather to be allowed in her defense, for Marie had kindled the fire long before, and the cozy, crackling heat had driven back the early frosts out on the windowpanes, where it set forth, in sparkling show, silvery intricacies of forest, scathed and barren pines, and branches bearing fantastic fruit quite independently of soil or trunk, after the manner, doubtless, of originals in Fairy-land.

The more sumptuous robe and embroidered skirts hung ready by the long dressing-glass, brushes and china toilet-boxes were arrayed on the marble dish before it, and the scent of Parisian essences had (where our lazy little Sophie, cuddled among great square pillows, lay looking out at window like a meditative feline mouse) wag her *paignoir* and fascinated slippers.

The *shadow?* why there wasn't the ghost of an excuse; and she must certainly come at once, for you can put your finger on a shadow, and you can't on a ghost, if there is any faith in tradition: only—for we have found a woman unprovided with an excuse?—it was so pleasant to lie there listening to the gradual waking of the house, the jarring of doors, and clattering of dishes, the hurrying here and there, voices and steps commencing to sound below, and all the while, opposite her window, fog and shadow building in a wall just above the cold hills to keep out the late day, and the splendid light shooting over it, making it waver on the edges, trembling in the air, and, after scattering it at last, and pouring out in triumph just as the second bell rang—the dressing-bell.

And here, if there be any one impatient to know what this idle story is to be about, let him or her take two or three more turns in the room, according to their respective pronouns, while I stop to lament over a phrenological deficiency in that bump, which, if developed at all, should be at an early age to raids on the cat's tail and the bag of indigo, to the wrath and consternation of the family and said cat, to the development of artistic tendencies; for here am I, with my story and my heroine in the cold, and the dictionary bankrupt. Heroine, could I but describe her, with her over the slender fingers of her left hand with a dextrous turn and toss that carried it back from her forehead, and twisted the rich mass of hair as far back of her head, where she made sure of it with a comb. And I should have shown you how, in a face at all times pleasant, and capable of beauty, in the dimples about the mouth, and the melting of the chin into the round throat, in the sudden darkening of white lashes when she smiled, in the softening downward sweep of brown lashes over clear gray eyes, in the contrast of dark brows with the bright hair, and the delicate, pearly incarnation of color in either cheek, all the more piquant because to be waited and watched for, and then, in the orthodox, classic style, I should have come with her down the broad staircase to the breakfast-room, which she entered very quiet and smiling, causing thereby sudden uprising of eyes in the breasts of those ladies who were pale and languid in consequence of Mrs. Pomeroy's soirée the night before.

Sophie's first glance showed her that Lieutenant Hermingly's chair was empty, and Mrs. Livingston's (her aunt's) first question was concerning it.

"Sophie, we were just speaking of George Brundage. Of course you know when he is coming back."

"No; my intuition doesn't extend so far," returned Sophie, bushing, but otherwise imperturbable.

"His regiment is ordered away to-morrow, I doubt if he comes back at all," said Eugénie Leigh, too, maliciously.

"I should think he owed me that civility at least!" answered Sophie, quietly.

"Oh! but Kate Mason is in town; and in cases of that kind young men are apt to forget the civility that is due to old friends," suggested Eugénie. Really you can hardly blame him. They are said to be quite one *petits mens*."

That epigram quite could have barbed this conversation, and, guided by malicious instinct, struck straight at Sophie's heart, is, on the face of it, manifest; but Sophie's self-control and coolness could regard as pleasant payment of a long score of offenses innocently done their jealous vanity, her burning cheek and filling eyes, is quite incredible. They, of course, had no thought of hurting her; they smiled around the table when she left the room.

"Sophie is a nice girl, and we are very fond of her," explained Eugénie benevolently—"only she is such an incorrigible little coquette I have no patience with her!"

Philip Dupont, who had looked on gravely, now rose and followed her. He knew well enough, even before he opened the library door, how he should find her—nestling in one of the great chairs, her head bent down and face hidden in her hands; knew too that the pain in her quivering face, as she looked up at him in a pitiful, appealing way, was for his rival; but the suffering was hers, and the sympathy that he dared not speak looked down at her from his kindly eyes as he sat down beside her. The conversation, however, might have been retailed from the house-steps.

"Since when have you renounced bills and taken to philosophical meditations?" he asked. "I looked for you every where, unable to believe that you would absent yourself from the most brilliant affair of the season."

"Was it pleasant?"

"I found it intensely stupid."

"Confession is good for the soul."

"That does not follow. Pleasure, or the lack of it, depends on one's stand-point and surroundings. I think I might have been very unpopular."

"You mean you yourself were stupid?"

"If you choose to understand me so."

His quiet patience smote Sophie with sudden penitence.

"Mr. Dupont, I think I am very impertinent and disagreeable."

"No one else agrees with you. If you remain in that opinion utter solitude must be your portion."

"You intend that for the traditional coals of fire?"

"No; only my honest conviction."

Spite of herself a smile dimpled about Sophie's mouth, and she was commencing to reply with something light and interesting, when the click of a heel sounded on the gravel-walk. There was a quick run up the steps, a firm, elastic tread in the hall.

Philip Dupont looked down while Sophie turned quietly enough and held out her little hand in a matter-of-course way to Lieutenant Brundage, just entered, who, however, were not so to be deceived. Color and light had leaped up to her face, dimples struggled in her cheeks to be let loose in a smile, and her eyes were full of that which she looked up at him, and the content with which she sat near him quiet and silent, while he answered Philip's questions concerning, were more to the purpose than a dissertation the size of the Grand Cyrus would have been.

The entrance of Philip's now, and there were none to soothe it, for perhaps the half-mournful glance with which Sophie looked after him as he left them would not be seen by him deeper than all the rest, could he have seen it. George drew a sigh of relief.

"How good of him to go! I have so much to tell, so little time in which to say it, and such a morbid sense of the uncertain proclivity of doors to open just at the wrong time and admit intruders. Yesterday when you asked I would not tell you where I was going. Shall I tell you now?"

Sophie, deep in contemplation of a dingy, uncertain saint over the mantel-piece, signified from the extreme corner of her chair that she was listening.

"I went to see your father," pursued George, low but steadily, "to ask him what you would have known long ago. He was very kind, but said, frankly, that he could not look with the same favor on me as on Philip Dupont, richer, more settled in character, could give you the position you deserved. You, of course, were free to make your choice; but he wished it all to be open and clear, and not made now, but after a year of reflection. I was at liberty to tell you this, as Mr. Dupont will doubtless do, but there was to be no plighting of troths, no giving of rings, no romance, as he styled it. As Philip can see you when he chooses, I, who must be absent many months, will not. Will you, Sophie, only I have given *parole d'honneur* that my letters shall treat of the war, the weather, gossip, plague, pestilence, and famine, and nothing but love. He, then, he turned out a second Lubin on my hands, though, I think I shall be able to keep it," holding up a little perfumed glove. "I found it here on the floor. May I have it?"

Sophie was quite unfaltered in her reply.

"And you will answer my letters?"

"Certainly."

"Shall we say good-by now? You know I am going this afternoon, and we can not bid farewell before all those prying eyes."

He had taken and was holding out both his hands. She gave him hers timidly, and tried to meet his look, then to break loose from his grasp as the fell heavily on her hand; failing in both, burst out with a pitiful cry,

"Oh, George, how can I bear it! How can I let you go!"

The people were coming from the breakfast-room, Philip talking in a raised voice as he came along the hall with Mrs. Livingston. Sophie took the little hands in one and pressed them against his heart.

"Goodby, precious. Ah!—Sophie—God willing, I will come back."

The Goths were upon them; in saying which we beg the kind pardon, as we have never heard them accused of the ineffable meanness of prying, specially into things sacred; but between Eugénie's malicious gaze and Sophie, faithful, generous Philip interposed, as he would have done had her eyes been several times as malicious; and for his reward, saw Sophie's tearful, quivering face, as he stood pretending to talk with her in the deep window, and heard her low murmur of, "It is more than I can bear!"

It was at home—Sophie's home—and just a little after Christmas. Bitter-sweet filled the vases, pine wreaths still circled the pictures and shadowed darkly over the door, showing most fine and delicate tracery on the white walls, wherever leaped and danced the light of the cheery fire by which she had drawn up her lounge, so that she could look into the quivering flame as she lay there.

There had been a year of waiting and watching, of sickening dread before looking at fateful lists of dead and wounded, only brightened by letters that never treated of love, but were love itself, and that told her he was still safe and well. Just before that Christmas, Philip, spite of a rejection, still her first and self-forgetting friend, had spoken to her again, not for a love that he knew was given to his rival, but for a reprieve of his sentence. He did not say that the intercession of George's letters, and the story that Eugénie told over wines of his betrothal to Kate Mason, spending the winter in Washington, had renewed his hopes, but he showed her enough of his great love to fill her with sadness, and even shake her with doubts of a self that could remain unconquered by such tenderness.

Against such doubts, and against all opposition, spoken or implied, she had hitherto gone on steadily enough; but now that the light went, the chart lost, and ominous whispers of George's unfaithfulness in every breeze, her poor little bark drifted on a miserable way of its own. Dr. Hutchin or Fulton ever were more forlorn than she. Her father made no secret of his wish; her mother and sisters plaintively wondered at her; even he approved of her; she and her love were all alone, and perhaps even that was slipping from her grasp. She was very weary, longing unutterably for rest. Why should she not take refuge in the faithful, patient love Philip Dupont had for her? She had felt when she had asked Philip for a week's delay: and "Chateau qui parle et dame qui écoute va se rendre," though he, joyous, in a moment did it. But alas for him! At the first shadowing of this possibility on her soul, love, faith, and truth rose to her lips and would not; and she had rejected him bitterly, hating her to its end sick in body as well as mind, half despairing, and wholly undecided. Then came the letter, and with it the change; the flames playing about a great log lying sideways in the fire-place, and glowing red, over and about which the fitful light darted and shot its dragons' wings, in tongues of fire, pointed arches, and all manner of flame trickery and somersaulting. Outside, clouds of snow, and the bleak, bare street—faces with eyes wide apart, or entirely given to mouth or nose; there were pits of endless burning; there were extreme cheerfulness and crumbling at the acme of their glory; and most curious of all, in the very centre, a rather dully bedowned out, very square top and bottom, and cushioned seat, of a burning red.

As she looked at it, half smiling at the quaint conceits it suggested, she saw composedly sitting thereon a little figure not lengthen her finger, with a pointed beard and now curious cloak; there on his queer little head, and now gleamed on the tip of his foot, and now went whirling in unimaginable somersaults into the chimney-corner (the brightest at last on his ugly pate), leaning composedly back and returning her stare unwinkingly from its little black eyes, and at grave pauses taking out a pipe not larger than a dew-drop, but out of which rolled smoke, rosy and fragrant, toward the ceiling in such volumes that, although the flue was not can not contain the greater, left Sophie no other why of reconciling the difficulty than by considering this phenomenon individually as a miniature pyle edition of Mount Vesuvius. But everyday smoke, whether of a cigar or a cruiser, makes off with itself in long spirals, and clouds; this, as we said, as Sophie saw it do, arch itself into windows, and drape itself into hangings, and pack itself away in the corners of the room in such a shatter-proof manner that dreamers or Popocatepetl may be thinking about, they don't float out entire libraries, as the Sibyl's leaves in the pipe.

Sophie recognized the room with a quick pang. It was her Aunt Livingston's drawing-room, and the vines near the window were George and herself; not a doubt of it. He looked kindly enough there, as if the "Precious!" that she heard in a low rapture, full music, sounding out apparently from her own thoughts, came from his heart; but before she had time for more than a passing feeling of astonishment, figures, books, bangings, all were gone, melted together, took new forms. The room was full of people, and apparently in the midst of festivity—chattering, though she could not hear a word; pantomiming prodigiously; all manner of doubts and suspicions, changing as fast as the figures; looking like George; in his form laughing at her letters; kneeling before a figure of Kate Mason, to make him at every turn a low bow, and, kissing it; vanishing silently, soundlessly, at the opening of the door as Philip came in and sat down quietly beside her.

Then for the first time she heard how the night had changed—from still, starry quiet to howling, blinding drift and wind; and rain beating against the window, at which the wind raved and clamored as if frantic to get in. There was a change, too, in Philip. His face was pale; his eyes gloomy and restless; his look no longer peaceful or pleasant. He sat with his arms hanging on the back of the chair, still maliciously peering at her from behind his chair. Involuntarily she shrank from him as he took her hand, though she curiously blessed the cause that she could scarcely tell whether it was the wind, his voice, or the wailing music (that still went on in her thoughts) that spoke.

"I am here for your decision; and knowing me as you do, you may judge whether I should have forsaken my fate, were I not in possession of circumstances affecting it. Knowing, so bitterly as I do, how from the beginning you have never loved me, judge what proofs of falsehood and dishonor I must have had to embolden me to anticipate the decision that you were to send me. Remembering how coldly you have heard all that I had to say, how little worth you have esteemed my love, think how bankrupt and forlorn I must believe you, once more to offer what you have so despised."

Was this the generous Philip of old, with mean triumph in his restless eyes, that never looked steadily into hers? Were these the only words that he could find?

She shrank still further from him—answered, coldly,

"You mean that George has forgotten me, do you not?"

And whether it were Philip's voice, or the music that still went on, she was answered,

"Yes."

"Still," she pursued, "love is not a bargain. If we have lost it once it is forever. There can be no second trial."

"Then is indifference, however, and weariness on your part," he returned, "and an active will on mine. You have no longer any thing with which to oppose me; and I can not only willingly, but intend to take you, cold as you are. You have only to choose between meeting 'them,' coming here to triumph over you, fortune and desolate, or as my wife, to seem, at least, in *their* eyes, unhurt, unharmed. That is your affair, not mine."

This was Philip, the true-hearted gentleman, the faithful lover of truth and right! No longer was there hope of refuge for her in such a heart as that; but she might have rest from struggling, purchase peace from his will, by yielding to it. He had only spoken truth. Sooner or later he must triumph. Why prolong the contest? In his hand he held a ring—"Portis" glittered on it in the firelight, the motto of the line race of Dupants. He had slipped it on her finger, he had kissed the little passive hand, he had called her "his" before he left her. And again, as the door closed after him, she heard with wonder how the storm had grown; with what wild tumult it raved about the cozy little home, and how the air was full of sighing, wailing voices. As she listened to them, she was startled by a sigh close at her side, and looking up with joy, saw a dark, cowled figure within reach of her hand. Her heart beat wildly —stopped—throbbed sickeningly again. What was there in her hand, she had cut out her hands, she cried out in terror, as a sudden jet of flame, shooting up from the glowing embers, shone full on the face of George. She had not heard him come; she could not divine how he had entered; but she sprang to her feet, she clasped him close. She never once questioned his right to claim her homage. It was enough that his eyes looked down on her as tenderly as when they parted; that he called her "darling," as he had done then; that he held her fast in his arm, as if he *thought* her "precious," as they sat together on the sofa.

"My life! my love! you have been true to me!" were his first words. "God bless you, and forgive me for doubting you; but I heard some hateful rumors of you and Philip, and when I met him coming from here, and looking so exultant, I half believed them."

True! with that circle of guiding fire never to overmore. True! with that device on her third finger striking out into unbearable light in his very sight!

"I have been through a great agony," he went on, not observing her silence. "Only two weeks ago I emerged from pestilence and monotonous chains, that were to be counted by weeks, not days. In all that time you had received no word from me, and the thought that made me so wretched was that I retarded my own recovery. The pain and fever were nothing to the avarice with which I counted the moments as the miserable helplessness with which I have submitted to the creeping of express trains, to the irritation with—with—why, what is this? Let me hand you the ring at first—at last; its boldest lettering had obtruded itself on his sight. He had recognized it; and if it had been an age, and among him, he could not have looked at it with more achy horror—spoken more falteringly: "Sophie, what is this?"

She was raising her downcast head and shrinking figure speaking to him plainly enough.

"Answer," he said, sternly. "Did you ever love me?"

"Yes."

"Then you were too weak to be faithful?"

"I think I was mad."

He rose, casting her aside like an infected thing; but she clung to him.

"Oh! don't hate me."

"Hate you! Not at all. I don't hate the thistle because it has not proved the lily that I expected. I only despise my own folly."

"Alas! I have harmed you as well as myself. You will never again believe in woman's faith and truth."

"Oh yes; only I will apportion my belief better. I will grant women capable of folds for half an hour—truth while they are talking."

He thrust her off as he spoke, pushing away her clinging fingers with scorn. She sprang to him, sobbing, struggling with the arms that held her, still believing in the miserable truth of her dream —looking so piteously into the grave, unrelenting face of Philip—seeing, with wonder, that there were lights in the room, and that her mother was standing near the door.

"Philip!" she cried out, wildly, "be generous. I can not, will not, I can not!" as she was not yet fully awake, still putting forth all her little strength to escape.

"You see," said Philip's deep voice, glancing slightly toward her mother, "how worse than hopeless it is! Then to Sophie: "If any thing that I have ever said or done to hope has gained you, I here renounce it; bury it deep, forget it, and think of me in future as only your friend, but a friend always—till death."

Something in his face told her that the sentence was unfinished—something in the pain of his look, and the way in which her mother glanced at the half-open door, gave her a guess of what was waiting in the shadow of the hall. Before the door slowly opened—before the cause pale and ghastly, also a hasting sickness, but glad and eager—before she sprang into his arms with a cry that pierced the hearts of those who heard it—she was sure that it was George.

And Philip? There must always be pain to bring forth life. Trees fall that fires may burn and homes be joyful; mountains grind away that valleys may be verdant. To some it is given to suffer, as to others to rejoice; and he even his cross as they their crown.

THE FIGHT OFF CHARLESTON.

IN our last we announced, on the strength of rebel telegrams to Richmond, which had found their way into the New York *Herald*, that the rebel ram at Charleston had attacked our blockading fleet off Charleston, and destroyed the *Mercedita*. We have since received a sketch of the affair from an occasional correspondent, which we reproduce on page 117, and subjoin the following reliable account of the transaction:

It appears from the statement of an intelligent EYE-WITNESS that the cause of this attack of the rebel ram on our squadron was owing to the capture of the *Princess Royal*, the captain and pilot of that vessel having escaped ashore during the darkness and confusion, and communicated intelligence to the enemy.

The *Princess Royal* endeavored to run the blockade by way of Beach Inlet on the 20th ult., but was discovered by the blockaders. The vessel was chased, but the pilot boldly proceeded toward her, and captured the prize without otherwise resistance. It was then discovered that the captain and pilot had succeeded in getting ashore by a small boat, carrying important dispatches to the rebel Government. The *Unadilla* carried her to the side of the *Housatonic*, and her three still English crew were transferred to the latter, accompanied by sharp flashes of fire. It was supposed that our fleet was engaged in making up the Admiral's *Proclivities* were endeavoring to form, an entrance. At daylight the rebel iron-clad ram was seen coming out from the direction of Stono Inlet toward our fleet.

They attacked the *Housatonic* first. One ram struck her on the water ridge, keeling her over, and at the same time firing a shell which exploded on the deck, carrying away the sixth of three pennons, including a gunner, by a limb and steam. The *Housatonic* was then abandoned, and Captain Stellwagen lowered one of his small boats, after leaving one of his officers on board, and two men to assist it. The ram answered our hail by replying, "Confederate States of America. Do you surrender?" As we were expected three times, Captain Stellwagen replying at each inquiry, "I can not surrender my colors." The ram then moved, "God damn you to hell, if you don't surrender we will fill all your cots of water. Send your boat."

The boat which Captain Stellwagen lowered then contained the following persons: one officer and four men of the rebel ram, and the officer asked to be admitted on board. He was informed by Captain Stellwagen that Captain Stellwagen's statement that "we are in a sinking condition." He asked, "Will you take us on board?" We replied then the rails; we can not take you aboard." The officer then gave the rebel ram's commander, who refused to ship. The rebels were then successfully deceived as to the condition of the vessel, thinking that we were in a sinking condition. She lay in about water, and hence their sight that "we could not surrender our colors."

The ram then steamed toward the *Keystone State*, and sent a shot through her boiler, disabling her. Out of her twenty-one persons—twelve by the shot and nine by being scalded to death. Fifteen were wounded, and are now at Port Royal, some in a precarious condition. In the mean time the United States gun boat *Housatonic* engaged the other ram, driving her away. At half past six o'clock in the morning both rams left the scene and proceeded up to Charleston.

During the attack on our fleet, the *Princess Royal*, which lay near, and was captured by the rebel fleet of three of contest on both sides, succeeded in getting off, mainly through the energy of Chief Assistant Engineer Thomas Somes, a brother of his son all the inflammable material on board.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Attention Agents: Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one to whom this paper is sent, who will send 1 Will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Pen and pencil, Gold Pen and Silver Chaser Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain. Address, H. B. GOODRICH, 109 Broadway, N. Y.

The Family Circle Glee Book, containing about 200 Songs, Glees, Choruses, &c., including many of the most popular pieces sung at the Opera and Musical Harmonized for Four Voices, with full Accompaniment for the Piano, Seraphine, or Melodeon. The Key of Glee Clubs, Singing Classes, and the Home Circle. By Wm. Bradbury, M. A. Price $1.50 in boards, post-paid, on receipt of price, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Cured by Bates' Patent Scientific Electro appliances—the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. For Pamphlets and Drawings describing the process, address H. C. L. MEARS, 371 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 4,586.

Fine Sleeve and Bosom Studs.

Sleeve and Bosom Studs made of the finest Ivory, brought to a high polish by the use of Gold and Silver Leaf, Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monograms to order. Free by mail on receipt of price. Sets, $1. Trade supplied. JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

The Secret Out!

Humbug Exploded! A "Book of Wonders!" containing Secrets worth Millions! "Secrets of Secrets" and Patents Revealed, "Employment for all," "Secrets worth Knowing Revealed," "Discoveries (Artificial Gold, Silver, and Diamonds, "Whiskers and Hair," "How to Make Money," "Art of Painting, Every's Horse-Taming Method, "Greek Fire," Fluid Lightning, Electricity, Magnetism, Sent free by mail for 25 cents. Address H. C. L. MEARS, 371 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 4,586.

Agents, Male and Female, wanted to sell Articles of real merit and practical utility, needed by every family. Great profits realized.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very root of this terrible disease, and exterminates it. Sent to any address, Price $1.00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 619 Broadway.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

WORTH $500,000.

To be sold for cash or on credit, without regard to value, and to be paid for just till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
500 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " "	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gold Lockets, Various Styles	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gold Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral Necklaces, and Opal Pins	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Pen and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Silver Thimbles	2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Silver Dollars	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gold Dollars	2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Horse Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Ladies' Gold Pens	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above Articles will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what they are, will be put in sealed envelopes, mixed well, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail or express. We give all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what it is you are to get. Then if you do not like it, send us one dollar and take the article or not.

Of the Certificates issued, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 20 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; twenty-five for $5; sixty for $10; and one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to $1 each order. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

203 Broadway, New York.

SALESROOMS COR. JOHN AND NASSAU STREETS, ENTRANCE NO. 54, 1ST FLOOR.

TO OUR PATRONS!—Our prices, on and after date, will be regulated by the following schedule: Should Exchange advance, our prices will advance with it, and *vice versa*. Be sure and give numbers, imported especially for "the times," and can not be obtained from any other house.

The Magic Time Observer,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING AND OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH, COMBINED IN ONE. Have been made a most pleasing novelty, of which the BUNKARD BROS., of New York City, have the honor to be entitled the Sole Time Observer, and is a hunting and open face watch combined in one, and is a most perfect time keeper, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered to the public, and contains a combination of its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The case of the Watch is also composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the appearance of the entire best gold watch, and is warranted an accurate timepiece."

It is made in two sizes, Ladies' and Gents', a half dozen, $204. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those preparing to buy or sell, $3 each.

The Improved Duplex In Full Ruby Actions.

A first-class timepiece, of silver material, over which is electro-fire plated fine 18 k. gold, making the imitation to be more than a match for the genuine, and the same material by the most experienced judges; solids will not effect it. Is made in open face and hunting cases, and is not to be excelled in general appearance. Engineers, engineers, and persons desiring a reliable watch superior to any others; alteration of climate will not affect their accuracy. Sent by express, C. O. D., to any place on receipt in good shape and in best running order, only $28 00.

Hunting Composition Cased Levers.

English movements, jewelled in centre, capped and full jewelled, have ruby seconds, and the newest improvements. Have cased with hunting cases, plated with gold. Price per case of a half dozen, $110, or per single one, only $20.

Open Face Ladies' Timepiece.

Jeweled, capped, and all the recent improvements, elegant fire plated with 18 k. gold. A very pretty ornament, for business or as a dress watch. Stands unsurpassed. Price per case of six in good running order, only $90 00; single one $20. Will stand any climate. Sent by express, C. O. D., to any place on receipt of $20 for $50.

The Hunting Silver Plat ed Army Watch.

Superior regulated movement and handsome finish, detached lever, double balance, &c., per case of half dozen, $36. A single one, $15.

The Hunting Composition Cased Army Watch.

Jewelled and full polished cap, handsomely engraved, in engine turned cases. Price per case of a half dozen, $48. Single one, $8.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH IN ALL INSTANCES! Remittances may be made either by draft on Express in Treasury notes or by bank bills. Goods can be sent by Express which will fill collection on delivery. Strangers will please deposit the amount in the hands of the Express Company at the place where they will receive the parcel, or make us a cash remittance of two dollars as a guarantee that the bill will be paid. THESE RULES ARE POSITIVE, and will be strictly adhered to. ALL ORDERS BY MAIL MUST BE CASH IN ADVANCE as we can not collect from persons at a distance. Persons buying promiscuously will be called such commissions. The Express is discharged on the receipt of the money, and we are not liable for loss. Should any article not suit, the money can be refunded if returned in good order, provided we receive such notice within ten days, and the article is sent to us by express, or given up upon our delivery at such express office.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,

North cor. John and Nassau Streets,

NEW YORK.

READER!—If you want employment, or the best article (two-sided) Sewing Machine ever manufactured, send to ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO., Newburyport, Mass., for a circular of terms, &c. A liberal salary, or commission, to the Agent may desire.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and viable as alabaster. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for *Ladies'* Size, $1 15 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 201 Broadway, N. Y.

FIRST BRANCH JEWELRY, &c. RUBBER Goods in great variety, Wholesale and Retail.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Genial climate. Orchards, Corn, Forest, &c., within easy, cheap access from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—30 acres Good Farm $75 to $150 per Acre, payable in small sums. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHARLES K. LANDIS, P. M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural News free. Free Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old-wood land region, offering unusual inducements for ground farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Steel Plate Engraving Establishment, 302 Broadway, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1838. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every County in the United States, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Beaufort, Newbern, and all Southern and Upper Ports, should be sent, at half rates, by HARDENE'S EXPRESS, No. 9 Wall street. Circulars giving further rates.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequalled as a Dressing. Sold by all fair dealers, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Send for Circular. HENRY E. HALL & CO., 82 Nassau St., N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Grecian Fluid*, and 13 other articles. Sample and particulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

AGENTS!—A New Article! Something worthy of your attention! Full particulars free, or sample sent for 50 cents; sent for 30 cents to those proposing to act as Agents. Address Inventor, P.O. Box II, Hartford, Ct.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all claims against the Government, promptly collected. Reliable information furnished, sales of claims not encouraged. Send for circular, containing laws and pamphlet of Laws and Instructions sent by enclosing a 3-cent stamp to CODDINGTON & CO.,

SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS

AND ARMS. Selpho's Patent. 510 Broadway, N. Y., and 194 Pulton St., Brooklyn Hotel. Send for Circular.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electric Metallic Instep Soles are a certain cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chilblains, Cold and Frost-bitten Feet, &c. Sold by all Druggists, and by the manufacturer, and sent by mail for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents. Agent for a circular. METCALF & CO., 429 Broadway.

Light Employment for either Sex. From $2 to $5 can be made in an evening. It requires no capital, and the smallest cost but a few cents. Any person is worth $500 to any person who is unemployed evenings. Full instructions sent free of cost.

G. H. MELLISH, Box 540, Worcester, Mass.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Counsel will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any part of the world, on receipt of P. O. order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 160 Nassau Street, N. Y.

MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS.—Dr. PERRY'S CELEBRATED *Medicated Moustache Secretia*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 500 pp. 8th Ed. Price only $1 25. Sent by mail. Address Dr. PERRY & CO., 49 Ann St., New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For cash, Volumes I. and II. half bound, per Volume, $1 00; *post-paid*. Any Volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Muslin, 81 cents; sent by mail, post-paid, to any of the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Cloth cases for binding, comprising Twenty-five Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, for one year.	

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.	

The Publishers will not be responsible for subscriptions, one year, $5 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4 00 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or Country Merchant from whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

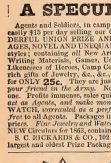
E. M. STANTON'S
PHYSIOLOGICAL HAIR CUTTER
IS EQUAL TO A SHAVER.



UNITED STATES MILITARY SHAVING SHOP.
HEAD BARBER. "*Next!*"

A SPECULATION.

Agents and Soldiers, in camp or discharged, can make easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE,ALL and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions for the Army, rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your Friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp create as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free* to all Agents. Package in endless variety and at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches at low prices.* Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. HICKADS & CO., 105 Nassau Street, New York,
largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.



THE NE PLUS ULTRA.
No Chimney Attachment.
The best and most practical ever invented.—Its all the ordinary burners, of various sizes, now in use. It costs only a trifle more than a single gas chimney. Gives a large, clear light without the least smoke, and can be carried in the strongest draft without going out, therefore being indispensable for portable or hall lights. Agents wanted. Sample sent free for 35 cts. Send for circular. JOS. DIMMICK & Sons', 413 Broadway, N. Y.

Metallic Legs

(Patented Jan. 6th, 1863), by the
UNIVERSAL JOINT AND ARTIFICIAL LIMB COMPANY.
Weighs only 4 Pounds.
Soldiers, price $50; civilians, $75; silver-plated, $100. They will lengthen and shorten, and are self-adjusting. Send for a circular to J. W. WESTON,
No. 491 Broadway, New York.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Highest Premium.
International Exhibition, London, 1862.
See the recent Improvements.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.

STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR.



DRAWN & ENGRAVED FROM LIFE.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating obnoxious of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itchings of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 403 Broadway.

Portable Printing Offices,
For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being reliable manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and sent here only for *packing* and *swindling* purposes.
We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, an accurate and durable time-keeper, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the trashy *Lazars* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.
We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.
Send by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States.
Wholesale orders should be addressed to
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY. N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlers $40. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
AGENTS WANTED.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.
S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 3273, Boston.

Lithography,
Engraving and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to copper-plate *printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!
MAGNIFYING **500** TIMES, FOR **28c.** COIN FREE. Five of different powers, **$1**. Mailed free.
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

PHYSIOGNOMY;
Or, "Signs of Character, and How to Read them"—Ethnology; or, the Races of Men—Physiology, Phrenology, and Psychology—are Proven, in extenso, in THE FIELD, NOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. $1 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., making them smooth and white, and are suitable for horse-work. For sale by the trade. Send by mail on receipt of price and 4 stamps for postage.
Ladies' sizes 6½ or per pair; Gents sizes, $1 00.
GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE MFG'G CO.,
205 Broadway, N. Y.
Rubber Goods of all kinds Wholesale and Retail.

ATTENTION, LADIES!
The Lilliputian Wedding,
By special arrangement, we will publish on the 10th February, immediately after their marriage, the Card Photograph of
GEN. TOM THUMB
AND HIS
FAIRY BRIDE,
IN THEIR WEDDING DRESS,
with their autographs. No album will be complete without this interesting picture. Price 25 cents. Can be sent by mail. All orders must be sent to
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
501 Broadway, New York,
Manufacturers of Photographic Albums, and Publishers of Card Photographs of Celebrities.

Buy your Skate Straps with
Fogg's Lever Buckle,
Manufactured by P. STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,
63 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.
IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PURCHASE PACKAGE. We also give better Wholesale to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 54 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

THE "CRAIG MICROSCOPE,"
Of which over 80 dozen, and 250 dozen mounted objects have been sold since the 1st of Oct. in the city of Boston alone, will be sent, postage paid, with **C** beautiful mounted objects, for **$3**. Liberal discount to dealers. Address HENRY CRAIG, 183 Centre Street, New York.

$5.—A BEAUTIFUL Engraved Gold Plated Watch, *English Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address for $5. Five Watches and Chains at low prices. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 40 Ann St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Illustrated Subscription Books. 100 per cent. profit. Report Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATLEY & CO., 49 Ann St., N. Y.

Soldiers and **Everybody** read the "Secret Out," on page 127, inside.

The American Parlor
Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
On error, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark.
Also, 50,000 pair of Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and improved patterns, made from welded steel and iron hardened. Skate Straps and Leather Goods of every description. Fogg's Improved Lever Skate Buckle. Sole Agent for Williams, Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.
FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
63 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

Send for Trade-List, revised Jan. 25, 1863.
PEEKS & BANCKER,
WHOLESALE NEWS AGENTS, Successors to J. F. FREE & Co., 34 Ann Street, New York. All orders for Books, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Articles promptly filled.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. Its sale is free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for THE BEST PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER, the oldest and leading and most Popular Farm and Fireside Journal in America, entered upon its Fourteenth Year and Volume in January, 1863. In all the essentials of a first-class Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family Newspaper combined, The Rural has long been pronounced by both Press and People,

THE BEST OF ITS CLASS,

And the immense circulation it continues to maintain throughout the Loyal States, Canadas, &c., proves that the War for the Union has not diminished its standing or popularity. Our aim will be in the future, as it ever has been in the past, to make it superior in all respects, and unquestionably,

The Most Useful Home Journal
Published in America!

Always *Loyal, Practical*, and *Progressive*, The Rural has long been the Favorite Agricultural and Family Weekly—largely read and ardently admired in both Town and Country. Its ample pages comprise Departments devoted to, or which treat ably and fully upon,

AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE,
ARCHITECTURE, RURAL ECONOMY,
EDUCATION, ARTS AND SCIENCE,
LITERATURE, GENERAL NEWS,

With various minor Departments, and including numerous Illustrations, Tales, Sketches, Music, Poetry, Enigmas, &c., &c.—rendering the paper instructive and Entertaining to the various members of the Family Circle.

The War News, Markets, &c,

Receive special attention—the Rural containing Reports of the principal Grain, Provision, Cattle, Wool, and Fruit Markets in the Country. Remember that the Rural is published Weekly in one of the very best cultivated sections of America, and that its Editors, Contributors, and Correspondents strive to promote the *Pecuniary Interest* and *Home Welfare* of its tens of thousands of readers.

☞ In Western Corresponding Editor, Chas. D. Brageon, Esq., whose "Western Editorial Notes" have attracted much attention, and been widely copied during the past year, will hereafter devote still more time and thought for the benefit of the Rural New Yorker and its readers.

Style, Form, Terms, &c.

Volume XIV., for 1863, will maintain the enviable reputation the Rural New Yorker has acquired for both Contents and Appearance. It will be published in Form and Style—with *New Type, new White Paper, and many fine Illustrations*. Its Form will continue Double-size, with an Index, Title Page, &c., at close of year, complete for binding.

TERMS, Always in Advance.—$2 a year;
2 copies for $3; 4 for $10; 10 for $25—with a free copy for every club of six or more. ☞ Now is the time to Send, Some and Form Clubs. Effective Local Agents wanted in all places reached by the United States and Canada mails, to whom we offer handsome Premiums. ☞ Specimens, Premium Lists, &c., sent free to all disposed to benefit their neighbors and community by introducing the paper to new and good readers and support.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Barnum's American Museum.

LITTLE MINNIE WARREN,



The Empress of Beauty,
Sister of the late
MISS LAVINIA WARREN,
Now Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb,
though not half her size (36 cases each).

25 Inches High and Weighs but 19 lbs.!
The smallest little Lady ever known, yet perfect in her form, beautiful face, and very way charming and pleasing. She will be on exhibition at all hours, Day and Evening, in company with
Commodore Nutt, the $30,000 Nutt,
the two making by far
The Smallest Pair of Human Beings
ever seen—smaller even than the illustrious
Gen. Tom Thumb and Wife.
Also, the Living Hippopotamus, Sea Lion, What is It? Albino Family, &c., &c.

Splendid Dramatic Performances
Every Afternoon at 3 o'clock, and Every Evening at 7½. Admission 25 cents. Children under 10, 15 cents.

Male and Females.—For valuable information send 10 cents to Dr. Wm. Lake, Box 63, Woburn, Mass.

HEIMSTREET'S
Inimitable Hair Restorative.
IT IS NOT A DYE.
But restores grey hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All unsightly appearance is removed of the *tonsor canicie*, destroying the vitality and beauty of the *tonsor canicie*, destroying the vitality and beauty of hair, and afford of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but cures the hair's

Luxuriant Beauty,

promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country. Depot of the renowned Dyes of D. S. Barnes, 52 Broadway, N.Y. Two sizes, 50 c. and $1.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 322.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AOUR BLOCKADE.

(The owner of the steamer Princess Royal, and cargo was an M.P., who but your wanted England to disregard sour blockade, owno it wasn't effabeth. Iguo ble's fasand sout it's *blo "block-ded"* that is "unoffabetun."

WHAT dye think ov sour blockade now, old feller?
Don't it make your hed feal kind o' meller—
Sly'l, I mean—when yu reed
Of cute Jonathun's deed?
Took yare ship in, as the widder took" old Squire;

Who bev warned yu thet trubble was a brewin'
For fokes thet wood du es yu was duin—
That thare's meany a slip
Twixt the port and the ship—
But yu' wood kum aout tu far, tu yure roin!

I awanye it's the best joke ov the season!
Though yu mite hev expected it, in reason.
Yu bev shown plain enuff
Yu aint quite "up tu snuff"—
Takes a smarter chap then yu tu thrive on treason!

Our blockade is made ov paper, is't? du tell!
Guess a're bin made the "victim ov a sell!"
Seat keep on es yu've begun,
And continue with bev fun.
Prince Johnny Bull hes furnished suit 'em well.

CHARITY GRIMES.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish on the preceding page a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, who now commands the army of the Potomac.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Captain, now General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major, and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. At the outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the three who did old Winfield Scott, and the first Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the Army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while McClellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division nearly stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again displayed their valor, and the rebels fled fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part, and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fight. When McClellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been ever ready to do his duty. At last fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; from this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

After the battle he sent the following report to General McClellan:

CENTREVILLE, MD., *Sept 19, 1862.*

Major-General McClellan:

A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious. I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until dark. This morning, when it was daylight, we could see the enemy in force. The battle was fought with artillery and both sides. The contest was very severe. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the engagement after my wound was received. I counted on either capturing their army or driving them into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot.

JOSEPH HOOKER, Brigadier-General.

On the reorganization of the army under General Burnside, General Hooker was given the command of the Right Grand Division into which it was distributed. He commanded his corps at Fredericksburg, but took no active part in the fight.

The *Herald* gives the following memoranda of him:

In person General Hooker is very tall, erect, compactly, but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of great physical power. He is of light complexion, a fresh, ruddy countenance, full, clear, mild eyes, intellectual head, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray—altogether one of the most commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending, and courteous, and in conversation reserved. He has a hasty but emphatic way of speaking, but it is only when he is in the heat of his command and in the storm of battle that he arrays himself in the stern and lofty speech of the commanding military dictator.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the subject of our sketch obtained the nickname of "Fighting Joe Hooker." On one occasion, after a battle, in which General Hooker's men had nobly polished themselves for their fighting qualities, and were fit to the fame of their commander, a despatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies announcing the fact. One of the copyists, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the dispatch the words "*Fighting Joe Hooker.*" Of course this heading went to nearly every newspaper office of the country, through the various agencies, and was readily adopted by the editors and printed in their journals. The nickname was also adopted by the army and by the people, and is now well known all over the world. Thus an augmenting, innocent copyist discovered that he was making history, prefixed to this General's name a title that will live forever in the annals of the country.

But it appears that General Hooker does not like his title; for on one occasion, when called to by a friend, he is reported to have said, "Don't call me Fighting Joe, for that name has done and is doing me considerable injury. It makes a portion of the public think that I am a bobtailed, fire-eating young fellow, seeking and making fuss and needless duties at the enemy." By this remark it would appear that, although he has the reputation of undoubted bravery and boldness, he still possesses some of that prudence and forethought which are generally said to be great.

General Hooker's friends in California have prepared a handsome testimonial in remembrance of his past services. It is a piece of the Mexican flag, and the thirty studded sigh diamonds, a emblem of solid silver, heavily and richly mounted with gold. The cost of the magnificent sword will be between $900 and $1000. The inscription is as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,
FROM THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.
December 25, 1862.
Williamsburg—Fair Oaks—Malvern Hill—Malvern Hill—Bull Run—Germantown—South Mountain—Antietam.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

OUR FINANCIAL POLICY.

BY the time this paper reaches its readers the financial policy of the General Government will have been determined by Congress.

It is impossible to say what amendments of detail may be made in the financial bills before they receive the sanction of the President. But it is certain that, in the main, the ways and means for the prosecution of the war will be derived as follows:

1*st.* By the issue of more legal-tender notes. Of these not more $200,000,000 are authorized by Acts of February and July, 1862, of which $250,000,000 have been issued. The House has voted for a further issue of $300,000,000; the Senate for a further issue of $150,000,000. If they compromise on $225,000,000, the aggregate issue will be $475,000,000, so long as the evil figure one is used with the Secretaries are undisturbed, and $525,000,000 after those loans have been called in.

2*d.* By the issue of new legal-tender notes, bearing interest, and not to be numbered by denomination. Both Houses have agreed upon an issue of $400,000,000 of these notes; the Senate, however, proposes that the interest shall not be payable in paper, while the House voted to pay it in coin. The Senate also proposes to make these notes absolutely a legal tender; while the House confines them exclusively to the loan market, and therefore only indirectly a currency.

3*d.* By the sale of long bonds, bearing not over six per cent. interest. Both Houses have agreed to an issue of $600,000,000 of these bonds. The House proposes to make them 20-year bonds; the Senate grants to the Secretary power to issue them for 5, 10, or 20 years, at his expedient. Both Houses agree that the interest and principal of these bonds shall be payable in coin.

4*th.* By the issue of fractional currency for sums less than a dollar. The House proposes to limit this issue to $50,000,000; the Senate proposes no limit on the issue.

It will become the duty of a Conference Committee to adjust the differences between the House and the Senate plans; their report will appear very soon; and when they have seen the light, if it has not been made public before.

Mr. Chase, in his report, stated that he required $600,000,000 to meet the wants of July, 1864. Mr. Spalding, of the House Committee of Ways and Means, and a guide quite as safe as the Secretary himself, stated that $1,100,000,000 would be required. He argued that the Conference Committee agree upon a further issue of United States notes to the extent of $300,000,000, and that the receipts for that period will be: United States notes, $225,000,000; Treasury Notes, $400,000,000; fractional currency, say, $50,000,000; 20 or 40 year bonds, $500,000,000; total, $1,175,000,000. In other words, Mr. Chase would be compelled to negotiate $425,000,000 of long bonds, at or near par, to pay his debts to July, 1864.

The Secretary's Bank bill has passed the Senate, and is said to be likely to pass the House also—though a majority of both bodies are known to be opposed to it. This measure authorizes the establishment of banks of issue, the issues of which are to be secured by deposit of United States bonds with the United States Treasury Department. The notes of these banks are to be exempt from taxation, not redeemable in coin, and receivable for all public dues. The objection urged by the opponents of this measure is not likely to be acted upon to any general extent. Speculators and some Western wild-cat bankers may avail themselves of the opportunity of issuing irredeemable paper; but no real banks are likely to be started under the new scheme until the war ends.

The practical feature of the Administration policy will be, must be, continued inflation. Great wars can not be waged on a specie basis. Issues of irredeemable paper are as essential to their prosecution as issues of shot and shell from Government arsenals. This is one of the great evils of war. But it is an evil necessary and inevitable; and the part of wisdom is to expect and make allowance for it—not to exclaim against it, or to try to render the Administration responsible for results over which they have no more control than the winds of heaven.

COPPERHEADISM.

MR. CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM, member of Congress from Ohio, made a speech last week which he avowed himself a "Copperhead." Certain editors nearer home have likewise rejoiced in the title. It becomes interesting to inquire what it means, and how it came to be applied to a class of politicians.

A "copperhead," according to the American Cyclopedia, is a venomous serpent....the head is thick ...the neck contracted, and its scales smooth; there are no rattles, the tail being short ...near the flanks are rounded dark blotches ... it prefers dark and moist places ... It gives no warning of its proximity ... feeds on mice, small birds, etc., and seldom attacks man ... it is slow and clumsy in its motions, and a very slight blow suffices to kill it ... It is also called 'chunkhead' and 'deaf-adder.'"

It can not be denied that the analogy between this loathsome reptile and the mean, sneaking politicians who are now distracting the Northern mind with cries of peace is quite striking. Like the copperhead, the peace party are "venomous" in their attacks on the nation; like it, their "head" is undoubtedly "thick;" like it, their "neck" and reach are "contracted." Their "scales," too, are "smooth;" and they have no rattles to warn the honest traveler of their insidious approach. Like the copperhead, their character is "stained by dark blotches;" and, like it, they "prefer dark places" to the light of day. Like that sneaking reptile, their prey is "small, feeble creatures;" and they "seldom venture to attack" a man. If we add that our political Copperheads, like their reptile type, are so "slow and clumsy in their motions" that they deserve the additional cognomina of "Chunkhead" and "deaf-adder," and that a "very slight blow" makes an end of them, we shall have made the analogy complete. It is creditable to the discernment of our Western fellow-citizens that they quickly realized the resemblance between the copperhead snake and the peace politician, and baptized them by one common appellation.

We shall not waste time in arguing with the Copperheads. Men who are capable of justifying the rebels and espousing their cause when the Rebel Congress declares that every Northern family reddens Southern soil, and the bones of Northern soldiers are worn as ornaments by Southern women, are not likely to be convinced by argument, or to be pervious to any thing short of a bayonet thrust.

But one suggestion we will make. If Mr. Vallandigham, the leader of his fellow-copperheads, will visit any large camp of loyal troops, either in the East or in the West or in the South, and, in the presence of the soldiers, express the sentiments they have uttered at Newark, New York, and elsewhere; and if, without the protection of the generals and provost-marshals, whom they so heartily despise, they could, after delivering their speech, in making their escape alive, and without a coat of tar and feathers, we shall agree that they have materially belied the loyal Northern soldiers are anxious to have the challenge accepted.

THE LOUNGER.

VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

THERE are people who begin to talk about mediation, negotiation, and peace; who think the war is a drawn game, and that we can never subdue the rebels. The Illinois Legislature is in labor with resolutions calling a Convention to adjust matters. The New Jersey Legislature proposes to send commissioners to ask the rebels what they will take to come back again. The Indiana philosophers wish to know why Massachusetts does not go down to Richmond. The Ohio Democrats in English newspapers grin across the water and exhort us to give it up.

Give it up! Say'em back? When the rebels have had enough of it, let them say so. Until then the duty of the Government is like that of small boys in the street when the policeman appears: it is to move on. Any proposition of armistice, negotiation, mediation, or whatever smooth name it may bear, is only a confession of ignorance and ruin to the country. The Government is maintaining its authority, nothing more. Every one who has studied the civil wars of Rome, England, and France, knows that the only way to restore authority is overthrown at one point it falls at all points. If it is successfully defied in Charleston, it ceases in Chicago. If the French Government were obliged to acknowledge the separate independence of any Department of France, a revolution would have been accomplished which would radically change the Government. The case of colonial is different, because they are not integral parts of the national domain.

That the truth is as we state it would be seen in this, that the moment the "Confederacy" were acknowledged, movements in various of the remaining States would begin for the purpose of effecting union with the governments which had proved itself the strongest. There is, therefore, no other ground of treating with the rebels than the consciousness that they have conquered us. Then, like all other evildoers, we must do the best we can. If they will undertake to govern us, we must pray them to be as mild as they think we deserve. If they kick us out, as the "Confederacy" is meanly to crawl back to it. If they refuse us while we are united, each State must singly try to lie most ghastly in the lies, and to make the best terms whatever may see and be satisfied not only that manliness, honor, and decency are utterly extinct in our hearts, but that we richly deserve that we get in the end. The rebels, who have always claimed to be our natural lords and masters, despised us before they took up arms to shatter us, but when they have whipped us in, there will be loathing in their contempt.

This is the feast to which any kind of settlement other than a total submission of the rebellion by military measures invites us. This is the pit which "Conservatism" of every shade is digging for the nation. Better to fight the battle out with whatever result. Better that Liberty be utterly vanquished and overthrown by Slaverythan patch up a separation, an armistice, a peace. Then it is left to the death shows Liberty to be still godlike. To pray to dodge and shirk shows her to be tainted by the devil with which she is struggling.

But between the two essential pair cpiles now contending there can be no question. The behavior yields the truce confesses defeat. There can be no peace between them, because the rule of the one is the ruin of the other. There can be no more any peace between them, for our whole political history is the story of the struggle under forms of law which has now flamed out into civil war. Jefferson Davis knows it, and therefore spits upon every proposal of submission. His hopes from dimision to become a lease for Slavery. Let us not secure it shrewd but hopeless. There will be but one nation, but one Government, but one Union upon our domain. The condition of its peace is the absolute obedience to the lawful supreme national authority, and the moral and permanent basis of that authority will be justice and equal human rights.

ANTIPATHY OF RACE AND RELIGION.

Two or three years ago a noted Hebrew Rabbi delivered a discourse upon the consoling text that intense prejudice was born to a low degree. However, this kind of discourse is always preached by people who consider that they do not belong to that class. There is many a fine gentleman and lady who will tell you how greatly superior the system of foreign society is to our own. They think it an admirable thing to have "the common people" kept in their place. But then they always assume that they themselves belong in another place. It is no contradiction to prove that they may even born to be damned. You may hear one of these placid gentlemen saying, "Yes, we beloved fellow-creatures, are born accursed; but I, by being specially elected to have your children sold by another man to pay his debts, am elected to keep mine, and buy yours if I want to." As one! if we could only hear the lion's story!

Well, it was amusing, as I was thinking of this worthy Rabbi, and of those of his race who doubtless hold his opinions—as, for instance, the great Hebrew bankers, the Rothschilds, who have agents in Madrid the robel commissioner turned over his papers upon leaving—to come upon a few facts in regard to the wild Christian antipathy to the Hebrew race, which was probably the fiercest recorded in history, even worse than that of the Irish and English, or of the Spaniard and the Moor. Indeed it is an antipathy by no means extinct, although disgraceful. Will those who indulge it, or who cherish any prejudice of race, and prove or call it invincible, reflect upon these facts, which are such a pleasing commentary upon the Rabbi's sermon that some people are born to be condemned?

"Circumscribed in their rights by decrees and laws of the ecclesiastics, as well as civil power; excluded from all offices of honor; driven from place to place, from province to province; compelled to subsist almost exclusively by mercantile operations and usury; despised and degraded in the cities; kept in narrow quarters, and hurled in their dress with signs of contempt; plundered by princes and people without justice; an easy prey to all parties during civil feuds; again and again robbed of their pecuniary claims; stripped of all property at the will of princes; butchered by mobs and revolted peasants; chased by the wrecks; burnt by the thousand in their houses; and also burnt their brethren of Jerusalem in their synagogue; tormented by ridicule, abusive sermons, monstrous accusations and false charges; and experiments of conversion—the Jews of England, France, and Germany offer, in their medieval history, a frightful picture of horrors and misery."

You see that they had no rights which any Christian man was bound to respect, because they were Jews. You remember poor old Isaac of York, in Ivanhoe. He was plainly born to have his teeth wrenched out to make him tell where his gold was, because he was a Jew. In London, during a long drought, in 1391, they were murdered in many cities, because they were Jews; and in 1753 all the Jews in Berlin, about 3000 in family, were tabulated—because they were Jews. Can't you fancy a worthy Christian priest preaching to a congregation of his own faith that it is the inscrutable design of God that all Jews should be banished, and have their teeth pulled, and be massacred frightfully—because they were Jews? It was very inscrutable, of course; but it was clearly Providential that Jews should be sold as serfs, and robbed, and imprisoned, and degraded, and outraged—because they were Jews.

That is our logic to-day. The African race is treated with the same ignominy and injustice as the Jews. Why not? They are accursed, you

know. They are an inferior race. Good Heavens, what heels! They are much better off than they are enslaved. It is Christianity. Every slave region reeks with the Christian virtues. Every body knows—ask the worthy Rabbi, or any money-changer of his faith, if it is not so—that the Hebr— that is to say, the African, have a natural aptitude for being outraged.

Let the Hebrew Shylock answer for every man of every race whose equal human rights are denied:

"He hath disgraced me, . . . and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

O! worthy Rabbi, is it not, upon the whole, cheaper to treat men as born to be men?

WHO QUOTE THE LONDON "TIMES?"

THE friends of the rebellion at the North are beginning to quote the London *Times* in support of their political views. They are wise. They have not a stronger ally than that paper. There has been no more constant, false, venomous, and unscrupulous enemy of this country and its Government than the London *Times*: and those who are engaged in helping the rebels destroy it by insisting that it has a right to use to us all its power to help itself will find their arguments much more strong and reliable stated by the London *Times* than they are by the Richmond *Enquirer* or the Charleston *Appeal*, or by any of the papers which the Democratic Committee proposes to circulate among the troops.

Lest, however, any honest man, who is not in the habit of reading the London *Times*, or who has no opportunity of knowing its sentiments, should wish to understand what views are entertained in those circles which furnish arms and ammunition to those who are crying to paralyze the Government of the United States, we submit a short extract from a late number, and it is the keynote of all it thinks and says of this country and the war:

"The United States have been a vast burlesque on the function of government: and there is no reason why the fate to behold their transformation cease, and to see the first tumbles of their clowns and pantaloons."

When such sentiments find it convenient to their purpose to quote from a foreign paper which speaks of us in this way, even in a review of a book, what probably is that purpose?

TRUTH PUT TO THE WALL.

A MR. WALL, of New Jersey, who was elected United States Senator by a majority of the Legislature of that State because he had been arrested as dangerously disloyal to the United States Government, in a late speech in the Senate quoted the London *Times* in support of his resolution of the State old untruth that the West India emancipation had left the negro race in a worse condition than it was in slavery. Mr. Senator Wall ought to know that the London *Times* is no more an authority upon that question than John C. Breckinridge upon the Constitutional duty of American citizens, or the New Jersey Legislature upon patriotism. The authorities in the Jamaica question is the word of the Governor of the colony; and we commend some passages in his report for 1861 to the consideration of Mr. Senator Wall and other statesmen who devote themselves exclusively to exciting the prejudice of one part of their fellow-citizens against another. Governor Darling says:

"The proportion of those colored men who are settling themselves industriously upon their holdings, and rapidly rising in the social scale, while commanding the respect of all classes of the community, and some of whom are, in a limited extent, becomes the employers of their fellows, paid for either in money or in kind, is, I am happy to think, not only steadily increasing, but at the present moment is far more extensive than was supposed by those who are cognizant of all that took place in that colony in the early days of negro freedom.

"There can be no doubt, in fact, that an independent, respectable, and, generally, trustworthy native class is rapidly forming . . . . If the real object of emancipation was to place the freed man in such a position that he might work out his own advancement in the world, and prove his capacity for the full and rational enjoyment of freedom, I cannot, secured by Constitutional liberty, Jamaica will afford more instances, even in proportion to its large population, than can be produced by any other land in which African slavery once existed.

"Jamaica at this moment presents, as I believe, . . . the strongest proof of the complete success of the great measure of emancipation as relates to the capacity of the emancipated race for freedom."

The Governor then proceeds to speak of the decline in commercial importance of the colony, stating the reasons for it, and ogeping another question. Of course the only answer to these truthful and temperate official statements is that Governor Darling is probably a "d—d abolitionist." For slavery, reduced as it is in the discussion to the last extremity, politically, socially, industrially, and morally, has no other reply left than "d—d abolitionist." And even that valorous and vague cious argument is already staggering on its last legs. For Beauregard the Great calls all Lincoln hirelings and Northern rebels, whatever their views of slavery may be, "abolitionists."

Heavens! Governor Darling's report entirely annihilates the wild talk of the London *Times* quoted by Senator Wall.

M. MERCIER FS. THE UNITED STATES.

In the French yellow-covered literature which the Emperor has lately published, the letters of M. Mercier, the French minister in the country, are the most interesting pages to us. The sympathies of M. Mercier have been well known from the beginning of the war. They have never been more one set forth in this paper. But there has been no such plain statement of them as he makes in a letter to his chief, M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, immediately after the autumn elections. He writes under date of November 10, 1862: "But if it (the war) should be restrained within the limits and principles and rights recognised by the Constitution, it would not completely attain its aim."

That is to say, that the Union can not be constitutionally maintained; that the Government can not defend itself without overthrowing the Constitution.

This is a doctrine which M. Mercier learned from his friends the rebels. It is the doctrine which was held by Mr. Buchanan and his friends. But Buchanan said in his message that people had no right to destroy the Government, but if they tried, the Government had no power to defend itself. And even at all, said Mr. Mason, cheerfully, and Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Benjamin, at those charming dinners and dinner of which his Excellency the French Minister was an ornament.

Nor was it the doctrine of the President's cabinet and the Washington salons only. Mr. Russell, the London *Times*, describes a series of agreeable breakfasts and dinners made in his honor in New York upon his arrival, at which precisely the same "Conservative" sentiments were expressed. He found that the general opinion seemed to be that the Constitution could not defend itself, must be saved. If it were only vigorously attacked it had great recuperative powers. And the London *Times* gives as its last opinion of the very question of the treadle of rebellious circles in Washington, and the imbecile President's message, in New York, and of an imbecile President's message, and a knavish cabinet's counsel, that it is simply a failure of the American Constitution.

M. Mercier gravely writes this failure as a fact. But if he had lived less in the city of Washington and more in the country, if he had mingled—if he had learned that the sentiment of card parties in Washington, and of dinner parties in New York, was not the public opinion of this nation, if he were not have allowed his sympathy and hopes to prevail against his better knowledge and his common sense. But if there be not in him that common sense it is, that so vast and powerful a nation as this does not submit to dismemberment or anarchy without a struggle, that the whole instinct of self-preservation which lends a man to defend himself inspires a great people to maintain their political existence by every means at their command.

M. Mercier may learn something of this truth by watching affairs in Mexico. And his mistake will learn it to their fullest satisfaction by looking sharp at the American people.

MR. RICHARDS'S STUDIES AND SKETCHES.

IT these sober times the painters are still busy in their studios, and it is a curious relief from the stern engagements of the day to enter those quiet rooms and see the tranquil streams, meadows, grazing cattle, and hazy mountains. Mr. T. Addison Richards, formerly Assistant Secretary of the National Academy, proposes a sale of some of his paintings, sketches, and studies—landscapes, chiefly, and those of the most agreeable kind—on the Derby Gallery on the 24th of February. The visitors to the annual exhibitions need no introduction to his name; and whoever has been interested in the collection will prove to be the site-or a gold mine, and that every placid stream may be covered with that choicer game than canvas-backs, green-backs.

"A TALK WITH MY PUPILS."

IN speaking of this pleasant and valuable little volume a fortnight ago, we know not under what misconception we did so. We spoke of it as the author-ess, Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts, as having relinquished her school. We hasten to correct the error. The book tells a well-known pile who are about her, as well as with those who go to her school in the persons of their daughters. And the book is the picture of the thoughtful, the sagacity, and pure tone of all the influences of the school.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LATE school, well known for his gigantic size and burly deportment, being unexpectedly by a diminutive freshman in the street, with "Hullo, old fellow!" . . . "I say, was not such a little reptile I would kick you down stairs." "Little reptile!" repeated the creditor. "And what if I am? Recollect, sir, that what is little is sometimes strong."

A sentiment/young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as Nature benevolently guards the roe with fleetness, she endows with prolificness the rabbit."

The lady whose heart "swelled with indignation" has had it reduced with poultices.

Not many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who resides in Chestnut Street, sold his device to a young and attractive widow, named Rachel H——, residing on Long Island. The widow paid him a round sum for the tool, or from some other cause, the offer was declined. Shortly after, a quarrel took place between the two, and the modern lucretia he had known where Rachel refused to be Comforted.

Never quarrel with a lady. If you are troubled with her, retreat; if she abuses you, be silent; if she tears your hair, give her your cane; if she pours dirt upon you, be her in return; if she tears your eyes out, feel your way to the door, and—*fly!*

A correspondent of a contemporary says: "It is my duty to impress upon you the certain fact that one-half of our young people have their heads turned the wrong way before. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady-love, and has been about growing and signing in a most pitiable manner. She has no opposite, and can get at the top of the house, close to the moon. He can only stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting on his coat to watch, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day because it had red cheeks."

An Irishman, being a little full, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe you're asking about?" said he. "Why, I belafe in Father Mathy. I belafe in twelve shillings for whisky, and she behaves I'll never pay her; and, faith, that's my belief, too."

PATENT SHOCKER.—A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart by a young M.D. in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her right ear.

A printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises that he operates. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

N'A CURIOSITY.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a white negro! A slave "sold with his wife and child." The man who has discovered it has retired from public life.

"Doctor, the"re rat's-bane of yours is fast-rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it know'd it," replied the latter, "proof of arsenic." "Don't keep nothing but fast-rate doctor's stuff." "And, doctor," said the Jokey, calmly, "I want to buy another pound of you." "Another pound!" "Yes, Sir; I go that pound I bought the other day to a boarding-house myself, and one devoured at sick, and I'm sure another pound would kill him."

After quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a writer says that a hoop skirt, hanging out of a shop door, always reminds him of the peal of a bell!

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What was Eve's maiden name?
Per Adam's Express Company.
Why are your nose and your chin always at variance?
Because an expression of feature divides them.
What fruit kept best in the ark?
The preserved pears of creation.
Why should the number 288 never be named before 14?
Because it is too gross (one).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, February 11, in the Senate, a resolution to compensate the sailors of the gun-boat Cairo for loss of clothing was adopted. Mr. Wilkinson offered a resolution for a referendum telegraph along the Southern coast, to the construction of which he pledged himself to Washington to New York, and to the amendment of the Fugitive Slave act, which he promised. The bill to increase the number of major and brigadier generals was briefly discussed. The debate was brief only because it was postponed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, bills were introduced for the establishment of a Territorial Government for Nevada, and to repeal so much of the act of 1862 as prohibits the introduction of slaves into the Territories. A resolution was adopted, on the motion of Mr. Colfax of Indiana, calling a report from the Secretary of State, with the correspondence and papers relative to the recognition of Hayti and Liberia on the part of the French Government. The President was requested to furnish the correspondence relative to the mediation he may have regarding the employment of negroes by the French colonies. The bill to increase the number of major and brigadier generals was taken up, and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, moved to strike out the major and fifty brigadier generals was adopted, and the bill was passed. ——In the Senate, on the 12th, the bill providing a temporary government for the Territory of Montana was taken up. A substitute for the bill providing for the admission of the Territory was rejected—39 against 26—and the bill passed. Mr. Wilkinson offered a bill for the admission of Washington Territory. The consideration of the bill indemnifying the loyal citizens of Louisiana and Arkansas for property of the writ of *habeas corpus* was postponed. In Committee of the Whole on the Army appropriation bill an amendment to be reported to the House. The bill making appropriations for the support of the Army was taken up, and the sum of $300,000 for the defence of Washington agreed to. The amendment was reported to the House, and the House adjourned.

On February 13, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back Mr. Sumner's bill to raise three hundred regiments from the slaves of rebel masters, recommending that it do not pass, because the authority intended to be granted is already conferred by the act of July 17, 1862. At the expiration of the morning hour the bill to provide for the payment of claims against the Government was taken up, and the amendment being taken separately, was agreed to—yeas 28, nays 14. The bill was then passed. The Naval Appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment reported from the Committee on Finance to increase the Secretary of the Navy contingent fund was rejected. The House bill to provide for the payment of the Government contingent was taken up. The House bill making appropriations for the support of the Army for the year ending June 30, 1863, and for other purposes, was taken up, and after debate a substitute was offered by Senator Grimes and adopted, authorizing the President, in all domestic and foreign wars, to issue letters of marque, and make all needful regulations relating thereto. The bill was then passed by a vote of 37 against 3. The Naval Appropriation bill was reported back by the Finance Committee. A bill to guarantee to certain States a republican form of government was introduced. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the efficiency of the medical department of the Army under General Hooker, and to report such legislation as necessary to secure the utmost possible skill and attention in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed. The Loudoun Junction case was discussed, and the report of the Committee, Messrs. Flanders and Hahn entitled to seats adopted by a vote—negative forty-four, affirmative 43. Mr. Dunnell entered upon his duties; but Mr. Flanders was absent. The report of the Committee of Elections, relative to the claim of Mr. McKenzie, of Virginia, was adopted. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency bill, and means for the support of the Government were all acted on, and the House adjourned.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL TO ARBITRATE.

The President sent into the Senate last week a letter from M. Drouyn de l'Huys proposing to confer with the South with a view to peace.

"If the Cabinet of Washington," says he, "believes that it ought to repel any foreign intervention, could it be brought about in the idea of direct intercourse or intercourse with the authority which now represents the States of the South? . . . The opening of informal conferences between the belligerent parties does not necessarily imply the immediate cessation of hostilities. The unanimously offered or Commissioners of the two parties could assemble at such point as it should be deemed proper to designate, and which could, for this purpose, be declared neutral."

Mr. Seward, in his reply to this proposal, gives a brief survey of the present military situation in this country. He tells the French Minister that the contest is not yet a revolutionary one, and it may well have been thought by the Emperor of Australia one. But, says Mr. Seward, nothing less than a proposition that while this Government is engaged in suppressing an armed insurrection, with the purpose of maintaining the national existence and integrity and preserving the integrity of the country, it shall enter into negotiations which shall be the result to recognize the questions whether that authority shall not be renounced, and whether the country shall not be dismembered over to disunion, to be quickly followed by another. Adds Mr. Seward, in behalf of the Imperial offer, Mr. Seward suggests that the true and constitutional forum for dispute between the people and the Federal Government of the United States, where there are vacant seats awaiting the Senators and Representatives of the insurrectionary States, by who may be constitutionally sent there from the State s in which they reside.

Mr. Seward, in this dispatch, upholds with splendid power the dignity and the right of the Government both the national spirit and purpose. It is a document of extraordinary power and elevation, and of unquestionable meaning, and in every respect is fully up to the height of the great argument.

THE LEVEES CUT.

The levees on the Mississippi side of the river, twelve miles below Helena, Arkansas, have been cut by our forces. They have also been cut at Greenville, and on the Louisiana shore opposite Lake Providence. The object of this is to get to the rear of Vicksburg.

THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON AND NOT BROKEN.

Flag-Officer WILLIAM PRESTON BOYCE, Senior Captain, July 16, 1862.

SIR.—In my letter of yesterday I informed you that the mail was closing. I informed the department I would send a refutation, in letters, of the statements made in General Beauregard's proclamation as to the blockade of Charleston, and I now do so. I have collected from such papers, and accompanied by memoranda made with the approximate dates of the events to which they refer. The requisite letter of Captain Turner No. 1), the clear and decided letter of Captain Turner (No. 2), and the letter of Lieut. Stellwagen, together with the previous inquiries and examination of the books on the subject, all go to show that Captain Turner was the senior officer present previous to the arrival of the Flag-Officer Dupont. I had dispatched the letter to you on the day of the mail, leave no notice to add, save to express my entire satisfaction at the statement to the facts above enclosed.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DUPONT,

Rear-Admiral commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

FALL OF THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION.

The Louisville Convention resolves, adopted by a party vote in the Illinois House, have finally failed in the Senate of that State—the vote in the latter body standing 17 to 17—others voted with the Republicans against pressing the resolutions to a vote. So it is very certain that the Louisville gathering, which was to have convened on the 18th of last month, will not be held. Governor Johnson, of the New Jersey Legislature seems reluctant to inaugurate revolutionary proceedings, while that of Indiana has backed, and even Kentucky has not yet acceded to the proposed convention.

THE "ALABAMA" AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

The *Alabama* arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on 23d January. A correspondent of the London *Times* says that officers and citizens of Kingston in the Connecticut Exchange on the 24th "had the pleasure of meeting on board with the distinguished lamer by our "neutral" British friends, who welcomed him on board with the utmost cordiality and courtesies ebcare. The crew of the *Hortense*, who were landed by the *Alabama*, were also received on board the American ship *Bredelius*, chartered by the American Vice-Consul for their passage home.

THE SLAVES TO BE PAID IN LOUISIANA.

The planters of Louisiana are greatly exercised concerning the emancipation scheme. A meeting was held on the important meeting at New Orleans in reference to the latest scheme of the Government. The chief topic was the abuse of the Government, of which they are "registered enemies." They seem to have agreed at last to pay their negroes wages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

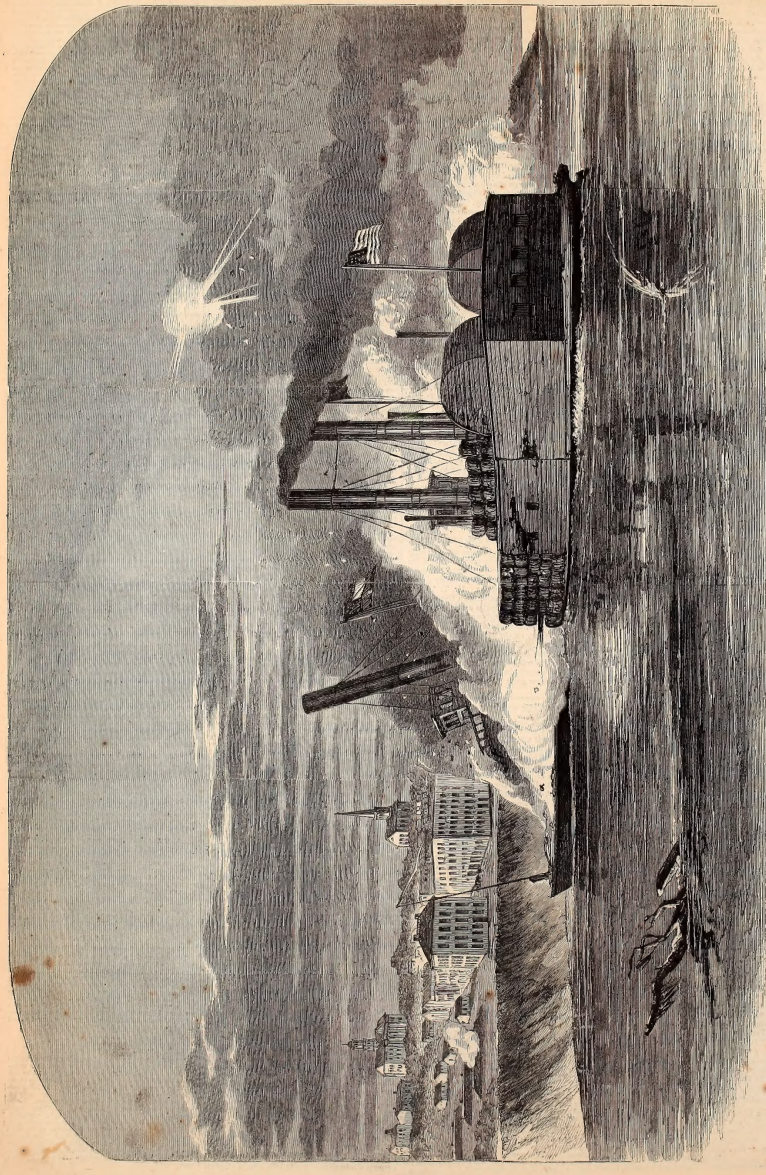
ANOTHER STEAMER FOR THE REBELS.

THE steamer of the *Alabama* class, the *Alabama*, was in the harbor of Holyhead, England, last week to sail for the South. She is described as a very formidable craft of rough-looking men of sinister appearance. She has a crew of twenty-two officers and one hundred and carries out quantity of tea and other necessaries for the use and benefit of the officers. A letter from Holyhead says: "Her crew—rather numerous, by-the-way—are all Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, and look like the offspring of Cooper's heroes. She is bound for America, and looks just the thing for running a blockade."

MEXICO.

THE WAR WITH FRANCE.

The skeleton notice are getting forth the most vigorous efforts for the defence of the capital. The fortifications and the French invaders are characterized by say that they are the dash and rapidity of movement of the General Forey promised in his proclamation. The Emperor's direction is not promptly and decisively to supersede the leg carried out by the rule of inverse proportion. There have been several skirmishes between the Mexicans and French, in which the former have come off victorious. The attack on Puebla, so often defeated, has again been put off, and by the most time the Mexican Commander has had to fortify it. Gen. Bazaine is at Orizaba. The trains and outposts continually suffer from the depredations of guerrilla bands. Since the 1st of January to the 1st More than 1200 French males have been taken by these



THE FEDERAL RAM "QUEEN OF THE WEST" ATTACKING THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "VICKSBURG" OFF VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 133.]



Capt. Charles Semmanat, Co. D. 1st Lieut. L. D. Larrieu, Co. A. 2d Lieut. J. L. Montieu, Co. A. Capt. E. Davis, Co. A.
2d Lieut. V. Lavigne, Co. D.

OUR COLORED TROOPS—THE LINE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST LOUISIANA NATIVE GUARDS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 143.]



OUR COLORED TROOPS AT WORK—THE FIRST LOUISIANA NATIVE GUARDS DISEMBARKING AT FORT MACOMBE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 143.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

[Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER VIII.

STILL youth prevailed over all. Ellinor got well, as I have said, even when she would fain have died. And the afternoon came when she left her room. Miss Monro would gladly have made a festival of her recovery, and have had her conveyed into the unused drawing-room. But Ellinor begged that she might be taken into the library—into the school-room—any where (thought she) but looking on the side of the house on the flower-garden, which she had felt in all her illness as a ghastly presence, lying within call of the close very window through which the morning sun streamed right upon her bed—like the accusing angel, bringing all hidden things to light.

And when Ellinor was better still, when the Beth chair had been sent up for her use by some kindly old maid out of Hamley, who still petitioned that it might be kept on the lawn or town side of the house, away from the flower-garden.

One day she almost screamed when, as she was going to the front door, she saw Dixon standing ready to draw her instead of Fletcher, the servant she usually went. But she checked all demonstration of feeling, although it was the first time she had seen him since he and she and one more had wished their hearts out in bodily labor.

He looked so stern and ill! Cross too, which she had never seen him before.

As soon as they were out of immediate sight of the window she asked him to stop, forcing herself to speak to him.

"Dixon, you look very poorly," she said, trembling as she spoke.

"Ay!" said he. "We did na' think much of it at the time, did we, Miss Nelly? But it will be the death of me, I'm thinking. It has aged me about a bit. All my fifty years afore were but as a forenoon of child's play to that night. Measter, too, I could almost a good deal for measter cuts through the stable-yard, and past me, wi'out a word, as if I was poison, or a stinking toomart. It is that as is worst, Miss Nelly, it is."

And the poor man brushed some tears from his eyes with the back of his withered, horny hand. Ellinor caught the infection, and cried outright—sobbed like a child, even while she held out her hand to shake his hand to say good-by for as soon as he saw her emotion he was penitent for what he had said.

"Don't now—don't," was all he could think of to say.

"Dixon!" said she, at length, "you must not mind [—don't say you're not to mind it, for I know it does not like to be reminded of that, even by seeing me. He tries never to be alone with me. My poor old Dixon, it has spoiled my life for me; for I don't think he loves me any more."

She sobbed as if her heart would break; and now it was Dixon's turn to be comforter.

"Ah, dear, my blessing! he loves you above every thing. It's only he can't abear the sight of us, as is but natural. And if he should fancy being alone with you, there's always one as does, and that is a comfort at the worst of times. And don't ye fret about what I said a bit years ago. I were put out because measter all but pushed me out of his way this morning, without never a word. But I were an old fool for taking eye. And I've really forgotten why I told Fletcher I'd rayther ye a bit about to-day. The gardener is beginning for to wonder ay you don't want to see the annuals and bedding-out things as you were so particular about in May. And I thought I'd just have a word wi' ye, and that if you'd let me we'd go together just once round the flower-garden, just to say you've been, you know, and to give them chaps a bit of rayting. You'll only have to look on the beds, my pretty, and it may do ye sometimes to see summat green."

He began to pull resolutely in the direction of the flower-garden. Ellinor bit her lips to keep in the cry of pain that otherwise rose to them. As Dixon stopped to unlock the door, he said:

"It's not hardness, nothing like it; I have waited till I could get you were better; I'd not for a penny in for a pound wi' us all; and folk may talk; and bless your little brave heart, you'll stand a deal for your father's sake, and so will I though I do feel it above a bit, when he puts out his hand as if to keep me off, and I only going to speak to him. Measter Clipper's house, though I'd own I had wondered many a day when I was to have the good-morrow master never missed giv' he were a stop-time. Well! I said nowt as I seen the beds, and can say they looked mighty pretty; and as done ahs you would [—and were got out again, and breathing fresher air, and you sun-baked hole, with its smelling flowers, not half so wholesome to snoff as as good stable-dung."

So the good man chattered on; not without the apparent object of getting Ellinor into a rage herself; and partly also to drown his own cares, which lay heavier on his heart than he could say. But he steadied himself presently by Ellinor's thanks, and warm pressure of his hand hand as she got out at the front door, and bade him good-by.

The break to her days of weary monotony was the letters she constantly received from Mr. Corbet. And yet, here again lurked the sting. He was all astonishment and indignation at Mr. Dunster's disappearance, or rather flight to America. And now that she was growing well enough he did not scruple to express curiosity respecting the details, never doubting but that she was perfectly acquainted with much that he wanted to know; although he had too much delicacy to question her on the point which was most important of all to his eyes, namely, how far it had affected Mr. Wilkins's worldly prospects; for the report prevalent in Hamley had reached London, that Mr. Dunster had made off with, or carried off trust-property to a considerable extent, for all which Mr. Wilkins would of course be liable.

It was hard work for Ralph Corbet to keep from seeking direct information on this head from Mr. Monro, or indeed from Mr. Wilkins himself. But he restrained himself, knowing that in August he should be able to make all these inquiries personally. By the middle of the June Vacation he had hoped to marry Ellinor; that was the time which had been planned by them when they had met in town the year before her illness had all this misfortune happened. But now, as he wrote to his father, nothing could be definitively arranged until she had paid his visit to Hamley, and seen the state of affairs.

Accordingly, one Saturday in August, he came to Ford Ellinor, this time as a visitor to Miss Monro's home, instead of to his old quarters at Mr. Ness's.

The house was still as if asleep in the full heat of the afternoon sun as Mr. Corbet drove up. The window-blinds were down; the front door open, great masses of roses, jessamine, and rose, and geraniums stood just within the shadow of the hall; but through all the silence his approach seemed to excite no observation. He thought it strange that he had not been watched for, that some did not come running out to meet him. But he allowed Fletcher to take charge and attend to his luggage, and ushered him into the library just like a well-known visitor, any morning caller. He stiffened himself up into a supremely indignant coldness of manner. But it vanished in an instant, on the door being opened, when he saw Ellinor standing holding by the table, looking for his appearance with almost panting anxiety. Her face looked thinner than her last evident weakness, her changed looks, for which no account of her illness had prepared him. For she was standing in shade, and the light that dark eyes seemed unnaturally enlarged, while the cheek in which they were set strangely deep and hollow. But she was dressed with all her pretty closely; she did not usually wear a cap, but with some faint idea of making herself look better in his eye, she had put one on that day; and the effect was that she seemed to be forty years of age; but one instant after he had come in her calm face was lighted up with joy, and her eyes were full of tears. She had hard work to keep herself from going into hysterics, but she instinctively knew that he would not like a scene, and she checked herself in time.

"Oh," she murmured, "I am so glad to see you. I am so glad you have come. It is very good of you to come."

And so she went on, cooing out words over him, and stroking his hair with her thin fingers. When he looked up and met her eyes, he was so much afraid of betraying how much he thought her altered.

But when she sat down, dressed for dinner, this sense of her change was diminished to him. Her short brown hair had already a little wave, and was crossed on her forehead in a line; she wore a large black lace shawl, it had been her mother's of old, over some delicate-colored muslin dress; her face was slightly pale, and had the tints of a wild rose; her lips kept pale and trembling with involuntary motion, it is true; and as the hours went on, and she grew a little hardened by the window, he was aware of a little convulsive twitching at every noise, even while she seemed gazing out of window on the long, long, smooth slope of the newly-mown lawn, stretching down to the little brook that prattled merrily over the stones on its course to Hamley town.

He felt a stronger twitch than ever before, even while his ear, less delicate than hers, could distinguish no peculiar sound. About two minutes after that Miss Monro entered the room. He came up to Mr. Corbet with more cordiality, some of it real, some of it assumed. He talked volubly to Ralph, giving him no notice of Ellinor, who dropped into the back-ground and sat down on the sofa by Miss Monro; for on this day they were all to dine together. Ralph saw that Mr. Wilkins was anxious to spare his daughter any exertion, beyond that, to which indeed she seemed scarcely equal, of sitting at the head of the table. And the more her father talked—so fine an observer was Mr. Corbet—the more silent and depressed Ellinor seemed. Her melody is accounted for this inverse ratio of gayety, as he perceived how quickly Mr. Wilkins had his glass replenished. And Mr. Corbet drew from these his conclusions from the silent way in which, without a word or a sign from Mr. Wilkins, Fletcher gave him more wine—not claret usually; wine that was drained off at once.

"Six glasses of sherry before dessert," thought Mr. Corbet to himself. "Bad habit—no wonder Ellinor looks grave." And when the gentlemen were left alone, Mr. Wilkins helped himself even yet more freely; yet without the slightest effect on the clearness and brilliancy of his conversation. His daughter's presence was, evidently, that Ralph knew, and in this power he now recognized a temptation to which he feared that his future father-in-law had succumbed. And yet while he perceived that this gift led into temptation, he coveted it for himself; for he was perfectly aware that this fluency, this happy choice of epithets, was the one thing he should fail in when he began to enter into the more serious business of confession. But after some time spent in listening, and admiring, with this little feeling of envy lurking in the back-ground, Mr. Corbet became aware of Mr. Wilkins's increasing confusion of ideas, and rather unnatural excitement; and, with a sudden revulsion from admiration to disgust, he rose up to go into the library, where Ellinor and Miss Monro were sitting. Mr. Wilkins accompanied him, laughing and talking incoherently. Was Ellinor aware of her father's state? Of that Mr. Corbet could not be sure. She looked up with grave sad face as they came into the room, but with no apparent sensation of surprise, annoyance, or shame. When her glance met her father's, Mr. Corbet noticed that it seemed to steal Miss Monro immediately. He sat down near the open window, and did not speak, but sighed heavily from time to time. Miss Monro took up a book, in order to leave the young people to themselves; and after a little low-murmured conversation, Ellinor drew a chair just on her father's side of stroll through the meadows by the river-side.

They were sometimes sauntering along in the lovely autumnal weather, by rapid streams and grassy hedge-row bank, or standing still, looking at the great barges, with their crimson sails, lazily floating down the river, making a picture in the glassy opal surface of the water. They did not talk very much, Ellinor seemed disinclined for the exertion, and her lover was unwilling over Mr. Wilkins's behavior, with some surprise and distaste of the habit so evidently growing upon him.

They came home looking serious and tired; yet they could not account for their fatigue by the length of their walk; and Miss Monro, forgetting Autolycus's song, kept fidgeting about Ellinor, and wondering how it was she looked so pale, when she had been as far as the Ashmeadow. To escape from this wonder Ellinor went early to bed. Mr. Wilkins was gone, no one knew where, to Ralph and Miss Monro, and were left to a half hour's tête-à-tête. He thought he could easily account for Ellinor's languor, if indeed she was looking as much as he said she did, of her father's state when they had come into the library after dinner. But there were many details which he could not know of from a comparatively indifferent person, and as soon as he could be passed on from the conversation about Ellinor's health to inquiries as to the whole affair of Mr. Dunster's disappearance.

Next to Ellinor herself, Miss Monro was the person who could give the most connected and satisfactory account of the events universally reported and believed in by the people of Hamley. How Mr. Dunster had been living beyond his means; how every body remembered that he could never look them straight in the face; how he always seemed to be hiding something that he did not want to have known; how he had drawn a large sum (exact quantity unknown) out of the county bank only three days before he left Hamley, and less in preparation for his escape; how some one had told Mr. Wilkins he had seen a man just like Dunster busy at the low docks at Liverpool, about two days after he had left his lodgings; but that this same one, being in a hurry, had not cared to stop to speak to the man; [how, when the affairs in the office were discovered to be in such a sad state that it was no wonder that Mr. Dunster had absconded, that Mr. Wilkins had been so trusted by poor dear Mr. Wilkins. Money gone no one knew how or where.

"But has no one been who can explain his proceedings, and account for the missing money in some way?" asked Mr. Corbet.

"No, none," said she. "He has written every where, right and left, I believe. I know he had a letter from Mr. Dunster's nearest relation—a gentleman in Liverpool, I think—and he could give no information in any way. He knew that about ten years ago Mr. Dunster had had a great fancy for a sea-faring life, and had read a great many travels—all just what a man would do before going off to a country."

"Yet you say he never knew Liverpool," said Mr. Corbet, half smiling; "shows malice prepense with a vengeance!" But then, turning his head away, he knew Hamley in debt?"

"No, I never heard of that," said Miss Monro, rather unwillingly, for she considered it as a piece of loyalty to the Wilkinses, whom Mr. Dunster had injured (as she thought), to blacken his character as much as was consistent with any degree of truth.

"It is a strange story," said Mr. Corbet, musing.

"Not at all," she replied, quickly; "I am sure if you had seen the man, with one or two single-hearted friends, he could ruin his business, as if he were ashamed of it, and his eyes that never looked at you, and his way of eating with his hands when he was in company, proved that he was not educated—oh, and numbers of things!—you would not think it strange."

Mr. Corbet smiled:

"I only meant that he seems to have had no extravagant or vicious habits which would account for his carelessness of the money that is missing—but, to be sure, money in itself is a temptation—only he being a partner, was in a fair way of making it without risk to himself. Has Mr. Wilkins taken any steps to have him arrested in America? He might easily do that."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Ralph, you don't know our good Mr. Wilkins! He would rather bear the loss, I am sure, of all this trouble and care which it has brought upon him, than be revenged upon Mr. Dunster."

"Revenged! What nonsense! It is simple justice—justice to himself and to others—to see that villainy is so sufficiently punished as to deter others from entering upon such courses. But I have little doubt Mr. Wilkins has taken the right steps: he is not the man to sit down quietly under such a loss."

"No, indeed! He had him advertised in the *Times* and in the county papers, and offered a reward of twenty pounds for information concerning him."

"Twenty pounds was too little."

"So I said. I told Ellinor that I would give twenty pounds myself to know him apprehended, and she, poor darling! fell a-trembling, and said, I would give all I have—I would give my life! And then she was in such distress, and asked so, I promised her I would never name it to her again."

"Poor child—poor child! she wants change of scene. Her nerves have been sadly shaken by her illness."

The next day was Sunday: Ellinor was to go to church for the first time since her illness. Her father had decided it for her, or else she would fain have staid away—she would hardly acknowledge why, even to herself, but it seemed to her as if the very words and presence of God must there search her and find out her sin.

She went early, leaning on the arm of her lover, glad to forget in the past in the present. They walked slowly along between the rows of waving golden corn ripe for the harvest, and Ralph gathered blue and scarlet flowers, and made up a little rustic nosegay for her. She took it and stuck it in her girdle, smiling faint ly when she did.

Hamley Church had, in former days, been collegiate, and was, in consequence, much larger and grander than the majority of country town churches. The Ford Bank pew was a square one, down stairs; the Ford Bank servants sat in a front gallery, in full view of their master. Ellinor was all "hardening her heart" not to listen, not to hearken to what might disturb the devotional calm she was just beginning to feel when she caught Dixon's face up above. He looked worn, sad, soured, and anxious to a miserable degree; but he was straining eyes and ears, heart and soul, to hear the solemn words read from the pulpit, as if in them alone he could find help in his strait. Ellinor felt rebuked and humbled.

She was in a tumultuous state of mind when they left church, she who was so fond of Ruth, yet could not ascertain what it was. Who was to help her with wisdom and advice? Assuredly it is to whom they seem to be most needed. But the case must be stated in an impersonal form. No one, not even her husband, must ever know that she herself was the sinner. Ellinor was so artless herself that she had little idea how quickly and easily some people can penetrate motives and combine together old experiences. She began to speak to Ralph on their slow sauntering walk homeward through the flower-meadows:

"Suppose, Ralph, that a girl was engaged to be married—"

"It is very easily suppose that, with you by me," said he, filling up her pause.

"Nay, but listen. I mean myself at all," replied she, reddening. "I was only thinking of what might happen; and suppose that this girl knew of some one who—who—who—we will call it a brother—who had done something wrong, that would bring disgrace upon the whole family if it were known, and, indeed, indeed, Ralph, it would been so very wrong as it seemed and as it would look to the world—ought she to break off her engagement for fear of involving her lover in the disgrace?"

"Certainly not, without telling him her reason for doing so."

"Ah! but suppose she could not? She might not be at liberty to do so."

"I can imagine supposititious cases. I must have the facts—if facts there are—more plainly before me before I can give an opinion. Who was this thinking of, Ellinor?" asked he, rather abruptly.

"Oh, of no one," she answered, in affright. "Why should I be thinking? Any one but I (utter try to plan out what I should do, or what I ought to do, if such and such a thing happened, just as you supposed I were the sinner? I should have presence of mind in case of fire."

"Then, after all, you yourself are the girl at having a brother; and who has the imaginary brother who gets into disgrace?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said she, a little annoyed at having lost her personal interest in the affair.

He was silent, meditating.

"There is nothing wrong in it," said she, timidly. "is there?"

"I should not better tell me fully out what is in your mind," he replied, kindly. "Something has happened which has suggested these questions. Are you putting cases for the price of any one about whom you have been hearing lately? I know you used to do so formerly, when you were a little child."

"No; it was a very foolish question of mine, and I ought not to have said any thing about it. See! here is Mr. Ness overtaking us."

The clergyman joined them on the broad walk that ran by the river-side, and the talk became general. It was a relief to Ellinor, who had thus attained her end, but who had gone far toward betraying something of her own individual interest in the question she had asked. Ralph had been more struck even by her manner than her words. He was sure that something lay locked behind, and had an idea of his own that it was connected with Dunster's disappearance. But he was glad that Mr. Ness had joined them, as it put a restraint to consider a little. The end of his reflections was that, the next day, Monday, he

went into the town, and artfully learned all he could hear about Mr. Dunster's character and mode of going on; and with still more skill he extracted the popular opinion as to the embarrassed nature of Mr. Wilkins's affairs—embarrassment which was generally attributed to Dunster's disappearance with a good large sum belonging to the firm in his possession. But Mr. Corbet thought otherwise; he had accustomed himself to seek out the baser motives for men's conduct, and to call the result of these researches wisdom. He imagined that Dunster had been well paid by Mr. Wilkins for his disappearance, which was an easy way of accounting for the derangement of accounts and loss of money that arose, in fact, from Mr. Wilkins's extravagance of habits and growing intemperance.

On the Monday afternoon he said to Ellinor, "Mr. Ness interrupted us yesterday in a very interesting conversation. Do you remember, love?"

Ellinor reddened, and kept her head still more intently bent over a sketch she was making.

"Yes; I recollect."

"I have been thinking about it. I still think she ought to tell her lover that such disgrace hung over him—I mean, over the family with whom he was going to connect himself. Of course the only effect would be to make him stand by her still more for her frankness."

"Oh! but, Ralph, it might perhaps be something she ought not to tell, whatever came of her silence."

"Of course, there might be all sorts of cases. Unless I knew more, I could not pretend to judge."

This was said rather more coolly. It had the desired effect. Ellinor laid down her brush, and covered her face with her hands. After a pause, she turned toward him, and said,

"I will tell you this; and more you must not ask of me. I know you are as safe as can be. I am the girl, you are the lover, and possible shame hangs over my father, if something—oh, so dreadful!"—here she blenched—"but not so very much his fault—is ever found out."

Though this was nothing more than he expected—though Ralph thought that he was aware what the dreadful something might be—yet, when it was acknowledged in words, his heart contracted, and for a moment he forgot the intent, wistful, beautiful face creeping close to his to read his expression aright. But after that his presence of mind came in aid. He took her in his arms and kissed her, murmuring fond words of sympathy, and promises of faith, nay, even of greater love than before, since greater need she might have of that love. But somehow he was glad when the dressing-bell rang, and in the solitude of his own room he could reflect on what he had heard; for the intelligence had been a great shock to him, although he had fancied that his morning's inquiries had prepared him for it.

He found it a very difficult thing to keep down his curiosity, as to all that Ellinor knew, during the next few days. It was a miserable thing to have this unspoken secret severing them like a phantom. But he had given her his word that he would make no farther inquiries from her. Indeed, he thought he could well enough make out the outline of past events; still there was too much left to conjecture for his mind not to be always busy on the subject. He felt inclined to probe Mr. Wilkins, in their after-dinner conversation, in which his host was frank and lax enough on many subjects. But once touch on the name of Dunster, and Mr. Wilkins sank into a kind of suspicious depression of spirits—talking a little, and with evident caution, and from time to time shooting furtive glances at his interlocutor's face. Ellinor was resolutely impervious to any attempts of his to bring his conversations with her back to the subject which more and more engrossed Ralph Corbet's mind. She had done her duty, as she understood it, and had received assurances which she was only too glad to believe fondly with all the tender faith of her heart. Whatever came to pass Ralph's love would still be hers; nor was he unwarned of what might come to pass in some dread future day. So she shut her eyes to what might be in store for her (and, after all, the chances were immeasurably in her favor); and she bent herself with her whole strength into enjoying the present. Day by day Mr. Corbet's spirits flagged. He was, however, so generally uniform in the tenor of his talk—never very merry, and always avoiding, as on principle, any subject that might call out deep feeling either on his own or any one else's part—that few people were aware of his change of mood. Ellinor felt them, though she would not acknowledge them; it was bringing her too much face to face with the great terror of her life.

One morning he announced the fact of his brother's approaching marriage; the wedding was hastened on account of some impending event in the duke's family; and the home letter he had received that day was to bid his presence at Stokely Castle, and also to desire him to be at home by a certain time, not very distant, in order to look over the requisite legal papers, and to give his assent to some of them. He gave many reasons why this unlooked-for departure of his was absolutely necessary; but no one doubted it. He need not have alleged such reiterated excuses. The truth was, he was restrained and uncomfortable at Ford Bank ever since Ellinor's confidence. He could not rightly calculate on the most desirable course for his own interests, while his love for her was constantly being renewed by her sweet presence. Away from her he could judge more wisely. Nor did he allege any false reasons for his departure, but the sense of relief to himself was so great at his recall home just at this time, that he was afraid of having it perceived by others; and so took the very way which, if his companions had been as penetrating as himself, would have betrayed him.

Mr. Wilkins, too, had begun to feel the restraint of Ralph's grave, watchful presence. Ellinor was not strong enough to be married; nor was the promised money forthcoming if she had been. And to have a fellow dawdling about the house all day, sauntering into the flower-garden, peering about every where, and having a kind of right to put all manner of unexpected questions, was any thing but agreeable. It was only Ellinor that clung to his presence—clung as though some shadow of what might happen before they met again had fallen on her spirit. As soon as he had left the house she flew up to a spare bedroom window, to watch for the last glimpse of the fly which was taking him into the town. And then she kissed the part of the pane on which his figure, waving an arm out of the carriage window, had last appeared, and went down slowly to gather together all the things he had last touched—the pen he had mended, the flower he had played with, and to lock them up in the little quaint cabinet that had held her treasures since she was a tiny child.

Miss Monro was perhaps very wise in proposing the translation of a difficult part of Dante for a distraction to Ellinor. The girl went meekly, if reluctantly, to the task set her by her good governess, and by-and-by her mind became braced by the exertion.

Ralph's people were not very slow in discovering that something had not gone on quite smoothly with him at Ford Bank. They knew his ways and looks with family intuition, and could easily be certain thus far. But not even his mother's skillfulest wiles nor his favorite sister's coaxing could obtain a word or a hint; and when his father, the squire, who had heard the opinions of the female part of the family on this head, began, in his honest, blustering way, in their tête-à-têtes after dinner, to hope that Ralph was thinking better than to run his head into that confounded Hamley attorney's noose, Ralph gravely required Mr. Corbet to explain his meaning, which he professed not to understand so worded. And when the squire had with much perplexity put it into the plain terms of hoping that his son was thinking of breaking off his engagement to Miss Wilkins, Ralph coolly asked him if he was aware that in that case he should lose all title to being a man of honor, and might have an action brought against him for breach of promise of marriage?

Yet not the less for all this was the idea in his mind as a future possibility.

Before very long the Corbet family moved en masse to Stokely Castle for the wedding. Of course Ralph associated on equal terms with the magnates of the county, who were the employers of Ellinor's father, and spoke of him always as "Wilkins," just as they spoke of the butler as "Simmons," without the prefix of his Christian name or title. Here, too, among a class of men high above local gossip, and thus unaware of his engagement, he learned the popular opinion respecting his future father-in-law—an opinion not entirely respectful, though intermingled with a good deal of personal liking. "Poor Wilkins," as they called him, "was sadly extravagant for a man in his position; had no right to spend money, and act as if he were a man of independent fortune;" and then his habits of life were criticised, and pity, not free from blame, was bestowed upon him for the losses he had sustained from his late clerk's disappearance and defalcation. But what different could be expected if a man did not choose to attend to his own business, and so on.

BEAR-HUNTING.

SAM SLICK remarks in the "Clockmaker" that if you ask a fisherman suddenly, "How many fins has a cod at a word?" it is almost a certainty he can not tell you. I am quite sure that not one out of fifty frequenters of our zoological gardens could tell you, if they were asked, "Has a bear got a tail?" Having hunted, killed, skinned, and assisted in eating a great number of our black bears in Texas, I am in a position to state that they have tails, though very short ones.

There is what an old hunter would call "a right smart chance of bar" in the forests of the Southwest, though the numbers vary from their rambling habits, and from the failure or abundance of mast in certain districts. Thus in some years the mast perhaps will fail altogether, or partially, on the Colorado River, and yet be very plentiful on the neighboring Brazos; then the bears migrate, led by instinct, to the banks of the latter stream. It is those seasons when there is a general failure through the country of acorns, nuts, and other fruits, that are most fatal to Cuffee; for then, made bold by hunger, he invades the corn-fields, where the havoc he commits is soon discovered, and various are the methods employed to bring him to account for his larceny. As he always comes over the fence at one spot—for he is a creature of habit—until he has been disturbed or frightened away, he frequently falls a victim to an old musket, the barrel of which is half filled with slugs: to the trigger of it a string is attached; and this, passed round a stick set behind the stock of the gun, is for Bruin to stumble against, who thus commits unintentional suicide. Some of the negroes on the plantations are very expert in setting these guns.

Very often a planter, whose fields have been ravaged in this way, will inform his neighbors that on a particular day he means to have a bear-hunt, and they are invited to meet at his house, an hour before daylight, bringing with them all the mongrels, curs, and hounds that they can individually muster. A substantial backwoods breakfast discussed, the main features of which are usually venison-steaks, hot corn-bread, and coffee; the whisky-flask is handed round, and all having taken a "smile," merely to prevent the morning air from injuring them, "boot and saddle" is the word, and each, gun in hand, mounts his horse. The very dogs on such an occasion feel that something of importance is to be done, and burying their canine war-hatchets, forget to have a free fight among themselves, reserving their powers for the tough business instinct warns them is at hand. The order of the day is usually this: There is generally some one or two in the party who have an old steady dog or two called "start-dogs," broken exclusively to run nothing but bear. These ride in front round the headlands of the field, the rest of the party keeping with the main pack, a hundred yards or so in the rear. When the leaders come to where a bear has either entered or left the field, the "start-dogs" immediately own the scent, and open on the trail; the main pack are cheered on, and then comes a burst of dog-music that would do a cross countryman's heart good. The hunters throw down the fence-rails, which are easily replaced, and pass out. Sometimes the bear's den, generally an old tree-top that has been snapped off in some gale, is not more than two or three hundred yards from the fence, a bear having a decided objection to residing very far from his feeding-ground. On some occasions he is surprised in his hold, where he sits on his hams with quite a Fitz-James "come one, come all" expression on his countenance, and regards the dogs with what they consider a by no means inviting manner. Then comes the excited rush of the hunters, who, hearing the baying of the pack, dismount; and each hurries through the cane or brush as best he may, to get the first shot. At other times the quarry has a shrewd guess as to what is in the wind when he first hears the cry of the hounds, and puts his best leg first to get as far into the impenetrable recesses of the cane-brake as possible; the stout bamboos bend like rye-grass before his weight, and close in his rear, making it very difficult for the dogs to follow, and impossible for the hunters, who have to ride the best way they can, guided by the yelling of the hounds. I have known a bear get clear away very often owing to the impassable nature of the jungle. Clumsy as the beast looks, he is by no means inactive, and can travel very fast.

Occasionally, when very fat, he "trees," that is, climbs a tree, at once, even when not particularly pressed by his foes; at other times he is so bullied and pinched by them that he is forced to ascend. This is always a fatal step, as the dogs remain under the tree and bay him until some of the hunters arrive, when a well-placed ball generally finishes him. The shot, the death-mote sounded on a horn, soon bring up the stragglers of the hunt, when, if the burst has not been too severe or lasted too long, the game is left to be disemboweled by a negro or two, then placed on a mule, and borne in triumph to the platform, the sportsmen starting back to the field, to see whether another bear has visited it. I should here mention that very savage dogs are not the best for this sport; a bull-dog, who would seize a bear and hang on to him, would come to grief instantly; he would be killed, as they say out West, "before he knew what hurt him." The best dogs are those with whom discretion is the better part of valor; curs who will watch their opportunity and jump in, giving the bear a sharp pinch, and bound away again, to enjoy their little practical joke in safety. In wild cattle-hunting the reverse is the case, and I have frequently owed my life to my having had severe dogs.

Bears are never stalked in the same way as deer, although occasionally the "still hunter" comes across one in the woods; it will be as well, then, for him to make a sure shot, for a wounded bear is by no means a pleasant antagonist.

It is not at all an unusual occurrence in the backwoods to hear, toward evening, or early in the morning, the screams of a pig in mortal agony. The planter, overseer, or hunter who proceeds to the spot will find probably either a bear, a panther, or leopard cat making free with the pork; and if he can not then obtain a good shot, the best thing he can do is to return to the plantation, get all the dogs he can collect, and returning to the dead porker, put his pack on the trail of the murderer, who, unwilling to leave his prey, generally trees at once, and it very seldom happens that the guilty animal escapes.

The first bear I ever shot I killed in Brazos County, Texas. I was in search of wild-turkeys; and just as I had disengaged myself from a thicket of rattan vines, I heard a noise at the top of a large tree, the head of which had been blown off, and up it a large sour winter grape-vine had climbed, the fruit of which hung ripe, and in great profusion. The noise I heard was made by a bear, who had ascended the tree to feast upon the grapes, and who had discovered my arrival about the same time that I first saw him. He immediately began his descent on the opposite side to that on which I was, keeping the trunk of the tree very carefully between himself and my gun; and as he came down, at about every two feet, he kept poking his head round, first on one side, then on the other, to see my position, as well as what I was doing. I waited quietly for him till he had reached within about six feet of the ground, holding the gun to my shoulder, ready to fire on the side where I next expected to see his head appear. Sure enough, as I expected, round came his brown muzzle, and, at the same instant, twelve large buck-shot from my right-hand barrel cut half his neck away, severing the jugular vein, from which jets of blood came half as thick as my wrist. My poor pointer-bitch, Rose, who had been away on the scent of some turkeys, had returned just about the time I fired, and threw herself at once upon what she considered was an enormous turkey, but a convulsive blow of the dying brute sent her flying some ten or twelve feet. I shall never forget the expression of her face as she picked herself up, for fortunately she was not much hurt. As she approached very cautiously, she winded the bear, and set up all the hair on her back, uttering sharp barks; then she would look up into my face, and, wagging her tail, whine, asking, as plain as if she had spoken: "What on earth have we got here?" It was the first bear she had ever seen, as, indeed, it was the first wild one I had seen either.

Owing to the open and warm winters the bears do not "house" themselves in the winter, as they do in Canada and the Northern States, although they shut themselves up, when the cold "northers" prevail, for a week or two. It is during the winter that the honey-stores of the wild-bees, and the hogs that roam the forest, suffer most, as there is then very little other food in the woods for them, except the grubs they find in the fallen trees.

As the planters often make prodigious crops of corn, they are sometimes obliged, for want of room, to put it for temporary accommodation into pens, made of rails, and roughly thatched, in the fields. These corn-cribs are frequently visited in the night by the bears, and many a vigil have I kept for them, rendered doubly long, as I could not permit myself the consolation of my pipe, the smell of which would have made all my trouble useless.

There are many good points about the Southern Bruins. They are quiet, harmless fellows, unless attacked and wounded; they then fight any odds bravely. The maternal instincts are very strong in the females, who will wage war to the last gasp in defense of their little ones. The old male is never seen with the female when she has cubs, probably from his having the same dislike to juveniles which some men have; he consequently leaves all the care and trouble of his family to his wife, like a bear as he is. They seem to think that there is luck in odd numbers, too, for three cubs will be oftener found with an old she-bear than any other number.

I was once hunting for a sugar-plantation on Caney Creek, in Matagorda County. The summer had been excessively dry; all the ponds had dried up, and so had the small streams, except here and there where there were deep holes. I had been accustomed both night and morning to seek a large and deep lake which lay in the forest about a mile and a half from the house. To this lagoon wild animals of all descriptions resorted for water, and I had on each visit been able to secure two or three deer, varied occasionally by a wild cow or hog. It was on the 3d of September, 1858, that I rode out to this place one afternoon about four o'clock, and having tied my horse where he could not be observed, repaired to my usual place of concealment to watch for game. The first animal that came within rifle-range was an old Mexican boar, but as he was worthless for meat, I allowed him to drink and depart in peace. Presently, the fluttering of some robins, as they are called, a kind of migratory thrush, showed from their hurry and clucking cry that some intruder had disturbed them. I had not long to wait to see what it was, for out rolled, with their peculiarly droll waddle, an old bear with her three, five, or six months' old cubs. They were about fifty yards from me, and right to windward, and while they were drinking I stretched myself flat on my stomach, resting the rifle in the fork of a peg I had set in the ground, and from which I had made many dead shots previously, and prepared to fire whenever the old lady should turn her head to me, so that I could get a fair shot at her eye. It may seem to those not acquainted with the subject that the eye of a bear is a very small mark to shoot at, and so it is; but the orifice in the skull is very large, although the eye itself is small—a ball, therefore, placed in or near the eye is certain, if fired from the front, to find the brain. She soon turned her head; and taking a very careful aim, I shot her through the corner of her right eye—the bullet, as I afterward discovered, passing out at the base of the left ear. She fell without a struggle, not even a kick of her legs. The cubs did not seem to be aware that any thing particular had happened, as I had hoped would be the case if I made a good shot; and I proceeded to load so that I could dispose of them at my leisure. Those who have never loaded a rifle when lying flat on the ground can form no idea of its difficulty; I have very often had to do this, and speak from experience. I succeeded in killing the three cubs, and then rode into the plantation, to have a cane cart and mules sent out to bring in the game. The house was full of company—several young ladies staying there from neighboring plantations, for a dance which was to be given the next evening. Proud enough I was as I rode in at the head of my prizes, for even in Texas it is not often any one has the luck to bag four bears of an evening. The mother was not in very prime condition, but the cubs were perfect lumps of grease, and would have delighted Poll Sweedlepipe's father or Mr. Finch.

The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St. Louis, Missouri, to El Passo, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, while a wild-boar beneath was revelling in the overripe dainties which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances Bruin threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider even involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the boar only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Cuffee's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of dust-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the boar for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and Bruin speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death.



PAY-DAY IN THE ARMY OF THE



POTOMAC.—[Drawn by Mr. Homer.]

THE HUNGARIAN OFFICER.

In the year 183- (I abstain purposely from giving the exact date), I—then a very young man—had an appointment connected with our embassy at Vienna. At that time the lion of the day was a certain Colonel Bergfeldt. He was a Hungarian, I believe; but I know that he was reported to be a man of good birth, of considerable wealth; and that beyond this little seemed to be known of him. His appearance seemed suddenly in Vienna society; but, once there, he very soon became the rage. Young as I then was, I remember being prodigiously struck with him, and perhaps all the more so because of the disparity of age between us. As to his age, who could tell it? There are some men who, in figure and complexion who are very puzzling in that matter of guessing their age.

This colonel was a tall man, with a hard, thin, perfect figure. Plenty of chest and shoulder, with long fine limbs. It was the figure of the kind of man who, where fatigue and endurance are concerned, is sure to knock every body up; the kind of figure, all others, that one seldom meets but in connection with ill-health, or even sudden temporary disease. There was not flesh enough for inflammatory disorders; there was too much wire for those that spring from debility. It was long, however, before one noticed these particulars, the attention of any stranger being naturally put off by some sort of attempt to fathom the man's countenance, and see what there was there of promise or of warning.

It would be next to impossible to say certainly that there was either. It was a face of stone. Pale, but with no ability at all. A strange phenomenon, with a curious earthy quality about it that was a defect—almost the only defect—by daylight, but which did not appear in candle-light at all. His hair, and mustache were all different shades of the same color, or absence of color. This was what made him look unnaturally remarkable, blended with the regularity of his features, and the want of change about them, would any way have distinguished him from other men. Ability, weakness, nerve, and will were all marked legibly in his countenance; as to any thing else, certainly of that time—that I may be sure—he was not physiognomist enough to be able to go deeper.

The accomplishments of this man were wonderful. Was there any thing he could not do, and do well? He seemed to know every thing. As to languages, I myself knew four of them tolerably well—French and fluency, in French, English, German, Italian, and Spanish in one evening. Then, if we were at the theatre together, his accuracy of aim made us all feel ashamed of ourselves. At billiards we had no chance with him. His horses were the admiration and envy of every body in Vienna. They were tame and manageable in his hands, as if they knew it was no use to resist. His success in every thing, in short, seemed the same, down even to waltzing and lansquenet.

Was it any wonder that a man gifted with such advantages should have been a favorite in the society in which he appeared? He was the rage. No ball, no shooting-party, no banquet or fête champêtre was thought of without him. He was the life and soul of the society of Vienna.

It may be imagined what was the effect upon us all when the colonel, suddenly and without warning, disappeared from among us. The sensation made by his presence—great as it was—was nothing to that caused by his absence. His disappearance, I remember, was first remarked on the occasion of a grand ball at the French Embassy, at which he was to have been present; and which was the consternation among those ladies who had been keeping themselves without engagements throughout the season, for days after hope of him was away and the colonel did not appear. From that time he was seen no more among us. His engagements for a month or fortnight, of different sorts, were all broken through; and this, though one of the colonel's most remarkable characteristics was an almost punctilious attention to duty. It was the strangest thing. He was gone. This same punctuality, of which I have spoken, had, however, appeared in the strangest decline. He left behind no debt behind him. Every thing was paid up by his confidential servant, who left the town a few hours after his master.

The thing was a nine-days' wonder, and every soul among us was for that time occupied with incessant speculations as to what had possibly come become of this man, who had won the admiration of all the men, and turned the heads of half the women in Vienna.

Among my acquaintances made at Vienna was one whom I think I am justified in calling by the warmer title of friend. This was a certain Mademoiselle Stortzer, a lady who at that time occupied a high and influential position in our society, her husband being Minister of the United States Court, and quite one of the great men of Vienna. Had, on first coming out, brought introductions to Madame Stortzer from an old and valued friend of mine, and partly owing to this circumstance, and partly perhaps because my business of enjoyment and good spirits amused her, she had taken me socially altogether under her wing.

Of course at the time I am speaking of it was only natural that our talk should often turn to the subject with which I have said that I, in common with every one else, was so much occupied—the Hungarian colonel and his extraordinary disappearance. Now it so happened that whenever our conversation did take this turn, I could not help observing that a curious expression came over the lady's face. It was quite involuntary, and indeed very slight and little noticeable; but still I did remark it, and that so invariably that I became at last impressed with the idea that some particular and in connection with this matter were known to Madame Stortzer, of which the rest of the world was ignorant.

One day I was sitting talking to her as usual, and, as was also usual, I was for the hundredth time expressing my surprise that this secret of the reason and manner of the colonel's disappearance had baffled all our friends, and that the thing still remained a dead secret to all of us. As I spoke, I looked fixedly at Madame Stortzer's face, and there, sure enough, was the old expression. It was the expression of one bursting with information, full of a secret, able to reveal it, but deterred from doing so. I spoke suddenly, and on the impulse of the moment:

"Dear Madame Stortzer, I am persuaded that you know more about this affair than any one."

"What do you mean?" she replied, trying to look displeased.

"I mean," said I, "that your kindness to me has emboldened me so much that I allow my thoughts to find expression in words. You know what has become of Colonel Bergfeldt."

"I know it," I said, almost unconsciously.

"Hush," she exclaimed, in a low tone. Sit still there on that fauteuil by the stove and listen. What I know you shall know."

I took my place as she had directed me, and she went on:

"My husband, as you know, is a member of the Council, and it is from him that I have learned what I am going to tell you. Judge if secrecy is necessary on your part." I bowed, and she continued:

"Know, then, that some years ago an old friend of mine, the Count Vordenberg, took to himself a young wife, and carried her off to his estates in the old town of Reigersfeldt. How surprised all his friends were! The count was a middle-aged man, and, though not deformed, was in figure and in familiarity called an 'old bachelor.' He was a man, too, of excessively quiet and studious habits, who liked to live shut up with his books, and who, besides, was engaged in all sorts of scientific experiments. In short, he seemed the last man to marry a young lady, such as his wife then was, besides being very pretty, was extremely animated and fond of gayety and change, almost to a fault.

"Well, the marriage took place, and the Count and Countess Vordenberg went off to their château to try the genuine effect of the honey-moon, which threw into the shade all those in which the count had formerly spent so much of his time. I will be the countess the justice to say that I believe her to have been sincerely attached to her husband, and that I also believe that he was sincerely proud of his bride, and a good girl. Her worst faults were a love of admiration and a frantic appreciation of pleasure. Dangerous enough combined as well say. It was almost more wonderful that she should have fallen in love with the count than that he should have fallen in love with her. She was full of fancies, and I suspect that at the particular time when the count made his offer she had a fancy that a husband who was a man of study was the man for her. Be that as it may, she could look up to, and so. At all events she loved her husband, and went away to the old château full of happy anticipations.

"Alas, poor child! she had either miscalculated her forces, or had not measured the strength of will in her whole life. At first it was all very well. There was the old castle to examine, and all its curious nooks and corners to be explored together over all, and it was a pleasure to sport about her other, middle-aged husband, and lighten him up with her almost childish gayety. Sometimes, it is true, even at first, it would happen that misgivings would come into her mind as she thought over the matter—misgivings as to how she was to get on in time between that present hour and the distant period when age should have begun to tone her down, and make her fit to be the wife of a quiet, patstable and even delightful to her. Still, such thoughts as these built but unfrequent sway, and vanished her like passing clouds.

"Time passed—time, that tries our strength so relentlessly—time, the only test—time, that shows us the metal we are made of. Slowly as a cold, curious, or paltry foil, or tinsel lacquer, or dross. Time passed, and Countess Vordenberg began to mope, and to complain that Reigersfeldt was 'worse than Heaven knows,' continued Madame Stortzer, as she glanced up at the memorandums of her many engagements, in that pocket-book of hers—'than no knows I do not blame her. Of course she ought to have remembered that she had committed herself, and to that end had married her husband, who had married her husband because she loved him, that she had had a miserable home before, which was indeed the case, from which she wished at any price to get away, and that now it behooved her to make the very best of the lot to which she had entered. No doubt this would have been only right; but still living such a different existence as she did, and thus her disposition not being at all signed and contented in the old castle at Reigersfeldt.

"And her husband. It is a question how far he was to blame in not trying to accommodate himself and his habits to the requirements of his wife's nature. When two people enter on marriage they each sign a contract which demands of each some amount of concession to the other's peculiar requirements. No doubt if the count had chosen he might very much more have mitigated the dullness of which his wife complained. There was society to be had in the neighborhood if he had cultivated it, instead of rejecting the overtures of well-meaning people whose visits bothered him, and interrupted him in the pursuit of his studies. There were amusements too in the town, on the very outskirts of which the castle stood. There were balls. There was an opera, and a play-house. But the count was lazy, and hated the trouble of going out. Sometimes, indeed—for the count loved with an affection that had something of the parental in it, 'the disturber of his peace,' as he called his wife—sometimes he would for a day or two take compassion on her dullness, and make the great effort of going out to dine with some of their nearest neighbors, a family, the head of which a certain General Brenner, was one of his oldest friends. But he was very rarely, only two or three times in a year, that he could be induced to make even this concession to ordinary sociability.

"It was on the occasion of one of these visits to the general's that the count happened to be seated next an officer in the army who had just arrived to take temporary command of the dépôt quartered in the town of Reigersfeldt. He was a young and singularly handsome man, with a peculiar force and authority expressed in his demeanor, which in his youth must have been remarkable. That youth of his was, however, enough for the count, who had a general idea that all young men were fools; he therefore devoted himself to his neighbor on the other side, who was a learned doctor of the town, and ready to talk of chemistry and science potentially. He scorned the count like, introducing long words enough to interfere with his very digestion.

"It happened that in the course of that dinner the conversation got upon some excavations which had been made in a distant part of the country, and which had led to the discovery of considerable remains of an archeological nature. The young officer seated next to the count had been present when these discoveries were made, and now launched out into some account of all that he had seen and heard in connection with the subject. Nothing could exceed the interest which—unless it was his delight, as he listened to these particulars, and as he discovered that the young man, of whom he had conceived so poor an idea was not only well-informed on this particular matter, but was thoroughly acquainted with other antiquarian subjects. The learned doctor, on the other neighbor, was deserted altogether, and during the remaining time that the company was at table the count and his new friend were completely engaged in conversation, which to the older man, whatever it might have been to the younger, was of the most surpassing interest. Interest, though, in the case of it, an invitation was given to the young officer to ride over, when occasion served, and inspect the different excavations which the count had got together, or in his own private cabinet. That invitation was accepted.

"Lieutenant Bergfeldt"—I started at that name, though I had guessed what was coming—"Lieutenant Bergfeldt had been ways than one of rendering himself welcome at the castle. Besides being able to talk to the count upon scientific matters, he was always ready to be the pet of the countess, and was always prepared to be her escort whenever a protector was necessary to her. The countess, a timid rider, was glad of him to make long excursions on horseback, having for her companion one of the most accomplished horsemen that ever put foot in stirrup. The lieutenant, again, to go to some ball in the neighborhood, to some concert or opera in the town? there was the lieutenant ever ready to serve her in any way for to the carriage, to go all, in short, that her husband ought to have done. Cruel and selfish neglect," Madame Stortzer broke off. "I think sometimes the poor wife of that husband, who so left to stand alone the frail fabric of a woman's weakness. Not," she continued, rapidly—"not that they erred, the Countess Constantia was a true wife."

"It was part of the same selfishness of the count's which made him, on the accidents of which his wife did, so long as she did not interrupt him in his favorite pursuits—that neither would he exercise any of his authority, even half an hour of his night's rest to her constitutional love of pleasure and change. If he did not get to bed early and when his day was over, he, he would not be fit for the labors of the next day. So the countess must be in every night by eleven o'clock. What was she did till midnight was a matter of indifference to her husband, she might go where she liked and do what she liked, provided that by eleven o'clock she must be inside the castle gates. On one or two occasions there had been some slight infringement of this regulation, but the result had been that the count was so seriously displeased as actually to go the length of saying that from that time the porter of the castle should receive strict orders to close the doors at eleven o'clock, and not to open them after that hour to any living soul.

"Things were in this position, one day the intelligence was brought to the castle by the Lieutenant Bergfeldt that a new company of actors of unusual ability had arrived in the town, and were to perform an adaptation of one of those French dramas of extreme interest which at the time I am speaking of were attracting considerable notice at the Paris theatres. The lieutenant had seen the play in Paris, and gave so promising an account of it that the countess was wild to see it, and that very evening it was arranged that Lieutenant Bergfeldt should come to the castle and accompany her at the proper hour to the theatre. I think I have mentioned that the castle was just outside the town—"

Madame Stortzer paused for a moment, as if almost unwilling to go on, and described what followed with something of a hesitating reluctance.

"The play almost exceeded in interest even what the countess had expected, and when in the middle of an act, and at one of the most exciting moments of the story, the lieutenant suddenly leaned over to her and said that he had some inspection to make, some military duty to de—I know not what—he was obliged him to be absent from the theatre for a short time, perhaps half an hour at most—when this occurred, she was so absorbed in watching what was going on upon the stage that she hardly heard what he said, and merely bowing her acquiescence, turned again eagerly to the scene, reluctant to lose a word.

When Bergfeldt returned, after about half an hour's absence, the play was near its termination, and the interest was so completely at its highest that the countess merely turned for a moment to let the lieutenant entered the box and put up her fingers to engage him to silence.

"There was a pause in the acting for a few minutes, and the countess turned to her companion to ask the time. 'How pale you look,' she said; 'are you suffering?'

"No,' he replied. 'I was afraid of being late, and I have been running.'

"What time is it?' asked the countess again.

"It is ten minutes to eleven.'

"I must go,' she said; 'how dreadful to lose the rest!'

"In another quarter of an hour the play will be over, or at least the main interest of it,' said the lieutenant.

"Yes, but that time the gates will be closed.'

"You don't mean to say that you imagine for one moment that the count—that your husband—that such an order as that will really be carried out,' urged Lieutenant Bergfeldt.

"I am sure of it,' she answered.

"And I am equally certain the other way. Why it is ridiculous. Take my advice and try the experiment. You can not always adhere to this arrangement of being in at a certain hour, like a school-girl.'

"The count's arrangements are all good ones and such as he has a perfect right to make,' replied the countess, who never would hear a disparaging word said of her husband.

"At that moment the intermediate scene came to an end, and the interesting part of the story was resumed. Again was evidently close at hand. The countess lingered in her place.

"When she rose to go it was ten minutes past eleven.

"The countess looked at her companion. She was as pale as he now, but infinitely less composed. It ten minutes more they were at the castle gate. It was closed.

"The countess trembled violently, as she said: 'What have I done? I have lost this and will be so.'

"Nonsense,' said the lieutenant, who himself was somewhat discomposed, 'it is only a joke. The thing will never be persisted in. Ring the bell. Lawsa,' he added to the coachman, who had descended from his place.

"The man did as he was told, but no notice was taken of the appeal. He rang again and again, and at last a window was opened in the turret which flanked the gate, and the porter put out his head.

"'Why don't you open the gate?' said the lieutenant, in an angry tone. He had alighted from the carriage, and was now standing beside the coachman. 'How dare you refuse to admit directly, by keeping your mistress waiting here at this time of night?'

"My orders are not to open the gate,' replied the man.

"Do you know who this lady is?'

"I know perfectly,' the porter answered. 'But what can I do?'

"Do! why, open the gate instantly!' cried the lieutenant.

"I dare not do it,' the man replied.

"Hans Traner,' said the countess, speaking for the first time, 'you know me well enough and see her at the risk of my life.'

"The man's head disappeared at the turret-window, and the sound of unfastening bolts and bars was heard behind the great doors.

"The lieutenant took his leave at the door, as his carriage was, and the countess made him good-night, and went into the house. Cautiously, and on tip-toe, she approached the room which her husband was lying, for she hoped that he might still be asleep in spite of the noise which had been made at the gate, and she was very thankful to be offered explanation till the morrow. There was no sound in the room, and the lady approached the bed expecting herself that the count was still soundly asleep. As she drew nearer something strange about her husband's position struck her, and looking at him more closely she observed that his eyes were partly open.

"In another moment the castle was ringing with the countess's shrieks, and the whole household rushed to the apartment in which the count lay—dead.'

Madame Stortzer paused for a moment, but I did not interrupt her, although I was breathless to hear the rest. Presently she went on:

"It was at first thought that the count had died a natural death, but on examination of the body it was found that there were evident signs of suffocation. There were marks on the throat and evidence of heavy pressure on the chest, which left little doubt that violence had been used, though every effort had been made to conceal the signs of it. Of course a most searching inquiry took place with a view to the discovery of the murderer, but it was wholly unavailing. The count had retired to bed at an unusually early hour, and none of the servants had heard any noise in the house, or seen any strange person about the premises. Hans Tranner, the porter, was of course more specially examined, in order that it might be ascertained whether any one had, in the course of the evening, passed through the gate, and it then came out that

the lieutenant had entered the castle with the countess, and had left it again in a few minutes, and the countess turned to her companion to ask the time. 'How pale you look,' she said; 'are you suffering?'

"No,' he replied. 'I was afraid of being late, and I have been running.'

"What time is it?' asked the countess again.

"It is ten minutes to eleven.'

"I must go,' she said; 'how dreadful to lose the rest!'

"In another quarter of an hour the play will be over, or at least the main interest of it,' said the lieutenant.

"Yes, but that time the gates will be closed.'

"You don't mean to say that you imagine for one moment that the count—that your husband—that such an order as that will really be carried out,' urged Lieutenant Bergfeldt.

"I am sure of it,' she answered.

"And I am equally certain the other way. Why it is ridiculous. Take my advice and try the experiment. You can not always adhere to this arrangement of being in at a certain hour, like a school-girl.'

"The count's arrangements are all good ones and such as he has a perfect right to make,' replied the countess, who never would hear a disparaging word said of her husband.

"At that moment the intermediate scene came to an end, and the interesting part of the story was resumed. Again was evidently close at hand. The countess lingered in her place.

"When she rose to go it was ten minutes past eleven.

"The countess looked at her companion. She was as pale as he now, but infinitely less composed. In ten minutes more they were at the castle gate. It was closed.

"The countess trembled violently, as she said: 'What have I done? I have lost this and will be so.'

"Nonsense,' said the lieutenant, who himself was somewhat discomposed, 'it is only a joke. The thing will never be persisted in. Ring the bell. Lawsa,' he added to the coachman, who had descended from his place.

"The man did as he was told, but no notice was taken of the appeal. He rang again and again, and at last a window was opened in the turret which flanked the gate, and the porter put out his head.

"'Why don't you open the gate?' said the lieutenant, in an angry tone. He had alighted from the carriage, and was now standing beside the coachman. 'How dare you refuse to admit directly, by keeping your mistress waiting here at this time of night?'

"My orders are not to open the gate,' replied the man.

"Do you know who this lady is?'

"I know perfectly,' the porter answered. 'But what can I do?'

"Do! why, open the gate instantly!' cried the lieutenant.

"I dare not do it,' the man replied.

"Hans Tranner,' said the countess, speaking for the first time, 'you know me well enough and see her at the risk of my life.'

"The man's head disappeared at the turret-window, and the sound of unfastening bolts and bars was heard behind the great doors.

"The lieutenant took his leave at the door, as his carriage was, and the countess made him good-night, and went into the house. Cautiously, and on tip-toe, she approached the room which her husband was lying, for she hoped that he might still be asleep in spite of the noise which had been made at the gate, and she was very thankful to be offered explanation till the morrow. There was no sound in the room, and the lady approached the bed expecting herself that the count was still soundly asleep. As she drew nearer something strange about her husband's position struck her, and looking at him more closely she observed that his eyes were partly open.

"In another moment the castle was ringing with the countess's shrieks, and the whole household rushed to the apartment in which the count lay—dead.'

Madame Stortzer paused for a moment, but I did not interrupt her, although I was breathless to hear the rest. Presently she went on:

"It was at first thought that the count had died a natural death, but on examination of the body it was found that there were evident signs of suffocation. There were marks on the throat and evidence of heavy pressure on the chest, which left little doubt that violence had been used, though every effort had been made to conceal the signs of it. Of course a most searching inquiry took place with a view to the discovery of the murderer, but it was wholly unavailing. The count had retired to bed at an unusually early hour, and none of the servants had heard any noise in the house, or seen any strange person about the premises. Hans Tranner, the porter, was of course more specially examined, in order that it might be ascertained whether any one had, in the course of the evening, passed through the gate, and it then came out that

for some time the porter had left the lodge in charge of his little boy, while he went in to look after his wife, who was still suffering from the remains of a severe attack of fever. The man was devotedly attached to his wife, and had in this respect unquestionably neglected his duty. As to the boy's evidence, little could be made of that. He said, indeed, that he had seen a man muffled up in a cloak come into the entry, but that he took no notice of this, as he felt sure at the time that it was Lieutenant Bergfeldt, to whom he knew that the entrance of the castle was accorded at all hours. The child stuck to this statement even in the teeth of the lieutenant's own contradiction of the story: but as by his own account he had been absent part of the time when he ought to have been watching the gate, no importance was attached to the evidence. The lieutenant's word, of course, went for more than that of the porter's little son. I must remark, by-the-by, that no one was more concerned than Lieutenant Bergfeldt in trying to find out the real criminal, but neither his efforts nor any one else's were in this respect successful.

"I will tell you," Madame Stortzer continued, "on the grief and self-reproach of the coutess. Her attachment to her husband had been great, and the thought that she had been disobeying his injunctions at the very moment of his death was almost worse to bear than even the grief with which she accompanied, as he had been appointed by the late count to administer his affairs. The countess has left off, of course, all gayety, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, being bequeathed to her by the will of her late husband.

"I have said that the widow was rich. She is from time to time, in contact with Lieutenant Bergfeldt. It was impossible to imagine any thing more perfect than the relations of respect and sympathy with which this young officer approached the bereaved lady. For some time no allusion was made between them to her affliction, and when reference was confined almost entirely to matters of business: but after a while, and in a manner insensibly, the lieutenant would allow himself to say some sympathetic word, to make some mention of his respect for the deceased count, to allude to the intimacy which had existed between them. By degrees, too, and after a long interval, he would allow, as if accidentally, some expression to escape him indicative of the intense feeling of commiseration with which he was penetrated as he looked on and saw what were the sufferings of the young widow—sufferings all the time so helpless to relieve those sufferings in any way whatever. But why do I speak thus?" said Madame Stortzer, interrupting herself impatiently. "The man laid out his plan like an a 'at, and day by day, hour by hour almost, the o 'ation of his success became more and more necessary to the countess.

"Consolation is a dangerous thing, when the consoler is a man possessed of a personal qualities as this Lieutenant Bergfeldt, and when the consolee is a young and pretty woman, with large means at her disposal. Before the year was out it is became evident to those who stood by and watched that the poor old count would soon have a successor, and not the second year was half over when Lieutenant Bergfeldt was established in the old castle, lord of its mistress and of all the place contained.

"I am now the unwilling narrator of the story," my friend went on. "His object gained, this unhappy woman in his power, and all her possessions within his grasp, it became necessary for him to play his amiable part longer, and very soon this ill-starred lady found to her dismay that she had incurred hatred to a man of whose real will was unfettered by any restraints such as the heart and the conscience exercise over less cold-blooded mortals. Scenes of ill-usage and violence at home were followed by seasons when the poor woman was altogether deserted by her cruel and unscrupulous lord. Sometimes even she was made the hardthing of him for months together, and, indeed, there is little reason to doubt that the less she heard of him generally in such times the better off she was.

"It was during one of these absences from the castle, no doubt, that Colonel Bergfeldt, as he is now called, made his recent appearance in Vienna. You yourself were the witness of his success in society, and you, like every one else, were astonished at his sudden withdrawal. Only I, who have accounted to you for that withdrawal all that I have got to tell in connection with this strange and terrible affair will be at an end.

"It is only a few days since that the people about the palace here were a good deal astonished by the arrival at the gates of a young officer, who came up from a distant part of the country, and desired to have an audience of the emperor, alleging that he had a communication to make of the very greatest possible importance, and which he could or would only make to the emperor himself. It is one of the curious, apparent inconsistencies of our despotic governments that the sovereign is quite accessible; so it was not long before that petition of the old priest's was granted, and he was admitted to an audience with the emperor. The old man said that he had known for a long time that his own end was near, and that he had traveled, in spite of his many infirmities, a long distance, in order that he might disclose to the Father of the People certain secrets which, as they concerned others, he felt ought not to die with him. And then he spoke at once of this man, the Colonel Bergfeldt. The marriage ceremony, which the priest himself had performed between the countess and Bergfeldt, had been a vain and sacrilegious mockery, the latter having at the moment when it was celebrated a wife still living—an unprincipled woman, who consented to keep the thing secret in consideration of a certain annual sum paid to her by the colonel. These circumstances had come to the knowledge of this priest under the seal of the confessional; for it was one of the fantastic elements in Bergfeldt's character that he still held to the performance of some of the rites of religion, or, as it should be called in this case, perhaps, of superstition.

"Under the same seal of secrecy, too," continued Madame Stortzer, "there came to the priest's knowledge the true story of the death of the old count. You have no doubt guessed already who was the perpetrator of that cruel murder. When I told you of that tempest-tossed season of misery and horror intolerable to me. A strange desire took possession of me now to be a witness of that last scene which was to end this strange, eventful history. Now I should shrink from such a thing, do any thing, go any where, to avoid it.

I imagined what was in my lead to Madame Stortzer.

"Do you really wish it?" she said. "Why anxious unnecessarily to be present at a scene of such unutterable misery and terror?"

My friend argued long and earnestly against my desire, but I was not to be shaken. A strange infatuation it was. I seemed unable to resist it. I dreaded the thing unspeakably, yet felt that it must be done.

At last Madame Stortzer's arguments gave way before my obstinacy. It was not difficult for her after all to see that I wanted, like Macbeth, "to know all," and she yielded to my request.

I shall never forget that night, or the scene of horror which followed. The little chapel of the prison was so situated that it was approached by certain passages or corridors communicating with different parts of the main building. Each of these corridors had a separate entrance in the chapel, and it was so arranged, no doubt in order that different classes of persons might enter the consecrated building without being necessarily brought in contact with each other. The chapel was in a dark corner, close to the altar, from which post I could see every thing that passed without being myself observed. The altar was blazing with light and the candles on the altar, and by the faint glimmer of the small hanging lamp which burnt before it, and which was placed in front of and on the steps of the rude altar stood the priest, attended by a single chorister, waiting till the moments should arrive when the mass for the dead formed. One or two jailers and attendants were about the chapel, but one only knew they were there, for I imagined to me that the officer of justice, the guards, the great shadows thrown by the pillars and by the massive stone-work of the building rendered it impossible to see them.

In that dead silence the faintest and most distant sounds were distinctly audible, and it was not long before I heard the sound of bolts and bars shooting of a heavy door in a remote part of the building. By-and-by there were more such sounds, and then I heard the tramping of a body of soldiers, very near to me but behind the wall. In another moment a door opened close to where I stood, and there entered, with a file of the police officers of the prison; and then, walking between two turnkeys and heavily manacled, there appeared the man whom I, and I only of those present, knew. The man who had seemed to me to unite all the qualities which could make life enviable to the man whom I had last seen speaking to him on the night of the gayest saloons in one of the most brilliant capitals of the world.

Just between I what a man this was! Had that inconceivable heroism and strength which belonged to him been employed in some good cause, how glorious his memory would have been! But he was now useful to his fellow-men. He was almost unchanged. He was, as I have said before, always pale, but he was not more so. The change in the lines of his face may have been dug a little, a very little, deeper. Otherwise he was unchanged, save but for the difference in his dress he was still the same man who had carried all before him in the drawing-rooms of Vienna. If I could have seen him in my dark corner, I am pretty sure that it would have appeared that I was infinitely more agitated than the principal in the scene.

For one moment he flinched, and did seem to feel some part of the horror of the situation. It was when, as he passed the open door of the chapel for some short time, with the faint light of the hanging lamp upon his terrible face, a sort of shuddering horror seemed to pass through him as he was approaching, and presently, by a door opening into the chapel, exactly on the opposite side of the building to that by which he had entered, the wife, closely veiled, and attended by two ladies, whose features were also concealed, but one of whom I guessed was Madame Stortzer, was supported into the chapel.

It seems almost wrong to speak or agony so terrible as this of the wife of the murderer. Suffice it to say that she reached the altar the countess lifted her veil, and it was then that that momentary change of which I have spoken must have come the sorry features of the man beside her. As to the countess herself, she absolutely seemed lost; there was hardly recognition in the gaze which she fixed on her husband—as I will call him in anticipation—and which never, I believe, throughout the ceremony, which commenced immediately, was removed for a moment from his face. It is my hope that she was in some sort, by long suffering and the horrors of the situation, reduced to a state of half-stupefaction. I do not know that during the celebration of the marriage she spoke. She may have done so, but the priest must have known, but I heard no sound of her voice, nor saw a movement of her shiny lips. Her eyes were fixed with a scared, side-long glance on her husband; and I believe she took no more part in what went on than we take in our dreams. But when all was over, and the man stooped down to kiss her forehead—then she awoke. Then she knew all. Then she knew that they were to part, that he was already surrounded by the guards who were to take him away, that that parting away was to death; and then the old love for him broke out, and about his neck and his fettered hands she hung, with such cries and lamentations as made the very walls give back the sounds of agony that woke a hence echo yet in the hearts of those who stood by and listened!

It was mercy to bring such misery as this to an end. The governor of the prison whispered the priest to ask if he knew any one when a parting to his man, these two but now united were torn apart, and by those separate ways by which they had come into that terrible place, the husband went his way to death, and the wife back to a home where laughter might never be heard, but where the voices of her children should bring her comfort in the days that were yet to follow.

THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

We illustrate on page 132 the attack of the Federal ram *Queen of the West* upon the rebel ram *Vicksburg*, off the city of Vicksburg, on February 3. The following letter to the *Herald* gives a graphic account of the affair:

MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR VICKSBURG, *Feb. 5, 1863.*

A very exciting scene was witnessed here this morning. The Union ram *Queen of the West*, Captain E. W. Shifflin, ran the gauntlet the whole of the batteries of Vicksburg. Colonel Charles R. Ellet, commander of the ram Ram, was on board of her, and directed the whole movement. The event has created great excitement in this vicinity. When the rebels saw the ram coming down the channel, near the city, and then pass down the river uninjured, they were not less astonished than chagrined. The ram was believed, by them at least, that no Union steamboat could safely pass their formidable line of batteries.

The following is a partial list of the officers on board the ram: Colonel Charles R. Ellet, Commander; Lieut. Ellet, retired, Captain; J. E. Tuthill, First Lieutenant; Sims Ellet, Master; J. C. Duncan, Master; Reuben Townsend, Engineer.

The *Queen of the West* had been previously provided with all the necessary implements and material for the complete success of the dangerous undertaking. Three immense bales of hay were placed around the wheel to the fever and placed on board, particularly about the machinery, which would have formidable an any obstacle to her shot and shell from the rebel batteries. Read-aboard Admiral Farragut's fleet, which is now lying off Vicksburg, destroy the rebel steamboat *City of Vicksburg*, and to upwards of 1,000 shot and shell from the rebel batteries. The Colonel was directed to keep close to the west bank going down, and to the east bank coming out. Unfortunately—as it was intended that she should run the gauntlet in the night—the ram—and, indeed, the whole

The *Queen of the West* had been previously provided with all the necessary implements and material for the complete success of the dangerous undertaking. Three immense bales of hay were placed around the wheel to the fever and placed on board, particularly about the machinery, which would have formidable an any obstacle to her shot and shell from the rebel batteries. Read-aboard Admiral Farragut's fleet, which is now lying off Vicksburg, destroy the rebel steamboat *City of Vicksburg*, and to upwards of 1,000 shot and shell from the rebel batteries. The Colonel was directed to keep close to the west bank going down, and to the east bank coming out. Unfortunately—as it was intended that she should run the gauntlet in the night—the ram—and, indeed, the whole

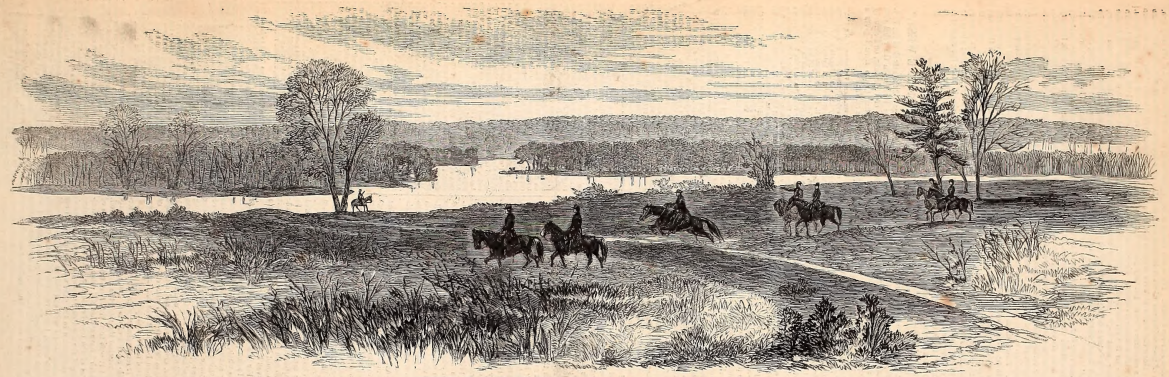
The Colonel started with the ram from above the bend a half past two o'clock in the morning, the machinery getting under way he discovered that the change made in the position of the ram had thrown the compass out of the former position to a narrow place behind the bulwarks—rendered almost impossible to see the boat's head by reason of her accompanying. Consequently an hour was spent in effecting the necessary alterations. It was about four o'clock when the sun was rising, when the ram rounded the point of land and twice passed through the fleet of rebel boats through no land to work her, it having been arranged that the commander of the ram should run down the west bank and not on board of her before she had passed the batteries.

When Vicksburg came in sight the batteries were by the rebels. They immediately opened a heavy fire from several of their guns, which threw the water and the shells about the city. The *Queen* slowly and steadily proceeded down the river, and when the ram came into batteries, until she reached a point opposite the spot where the rebel ram *Vicksburg* lay. Colonel Ellet then says that steamboat was lying in almost the same position as when she left her on the previous night. She was with that name *Queen of the West*. If the rebel steamboat had been under the fire of the rebel batteries all night, and the crew instead of penetrating her, would be inclined to believe that she fell down to one of the lower forts. Wishing to make the shock as effective as possible, when the ram had come within a short distance of the rebel steamer partly around, so as to face the city, and then made about the river steadily for the rebel steamboat. The rebels, who had crowded on the banks, scampered off in the most affrighted manner from the ram as she approached up in the city. The ram still went steadily on to the attack, and her destructive crew were ready to strike the rebel steamboat forward of the wheel-house; but at the moment of collision the ram's engines were put in full speed, and seeing her round so rapidly that nearly all the momentum of the blow was lost. To set the steamboat on fire on the transport of the arrangement. That portion of the pre- tentious was intended for the rebel ram *Vicksburg*. She was directed to fire the forward guns loaded with combustible balls and shells, and the moment the ram swung round he was ordered to fire them. Just at that moment a fire was discovered from the after-part of the ram, some exading into the barricades of cotton near him; but the fire was soon put out by the boldness of the active exertion of the order. The guns were fired, a tremendous blaze was seen on board the rebel steamer, and the ram was in flames.

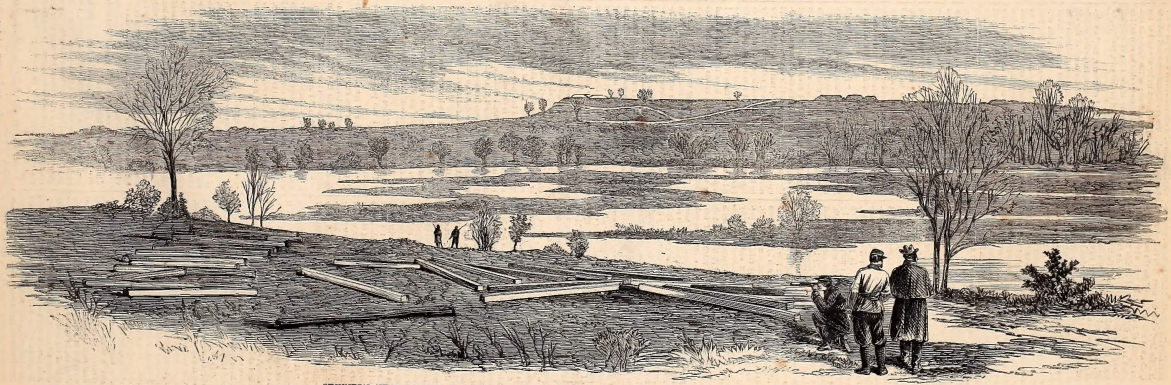
At that time the ram was found to be on fire, A shell from shore had set her on fire near the starboard wheel-house, which ignited the cotton bales near it. Shells had fired the cotton on her bow. Both steamboats were now on fire at the same time. The flames spread rapidly on both vessels. The smoke from the fires of the rebel ram *Vicksburg* was so dense as almost to suffocate the engineers. Those on board the rebel steamboat had to take to the water to escape suffocation on their boat. This they soon accomplished. Colonel Ellet had intended to fire the steamboat himself, but was unable to finish the work of destruction; but the spreading flames on the *Queen of the West* rendered it necessary for him to leave the scene of his own vessel. He therefore ran down stream, and was soon out of the reach of shot and shell from the batteries. Though the cotton had been wet before starting, the fire soon communicated to the woodwork, and the ram was shown overboard in order to save the ram, she then abandoned to the flames. The crew of the ram, all of them, got safely ashore.

All this time the rebels were approaching the city and having fired their batteries were blazing away at the *Queen of the West* with light guns and small arms, and shells were also thrown from the rebel steamboat *City of Vicksburg*, which was on the west bank of the Mississippi river. Many rifle-pits on the bank, and, as opportunity offered, the guns from the batteries were fired at the rebels. The ram was now on fire forward on her bow. It was a most one hundred and twenty whole yards from the batteries; but the ram was struck only twelve times, and received no injury from the musketry. She was struck twelve in the hull above the water-line, the cotton was considerably smashed, and one casemated gun was disabled and destroyed.

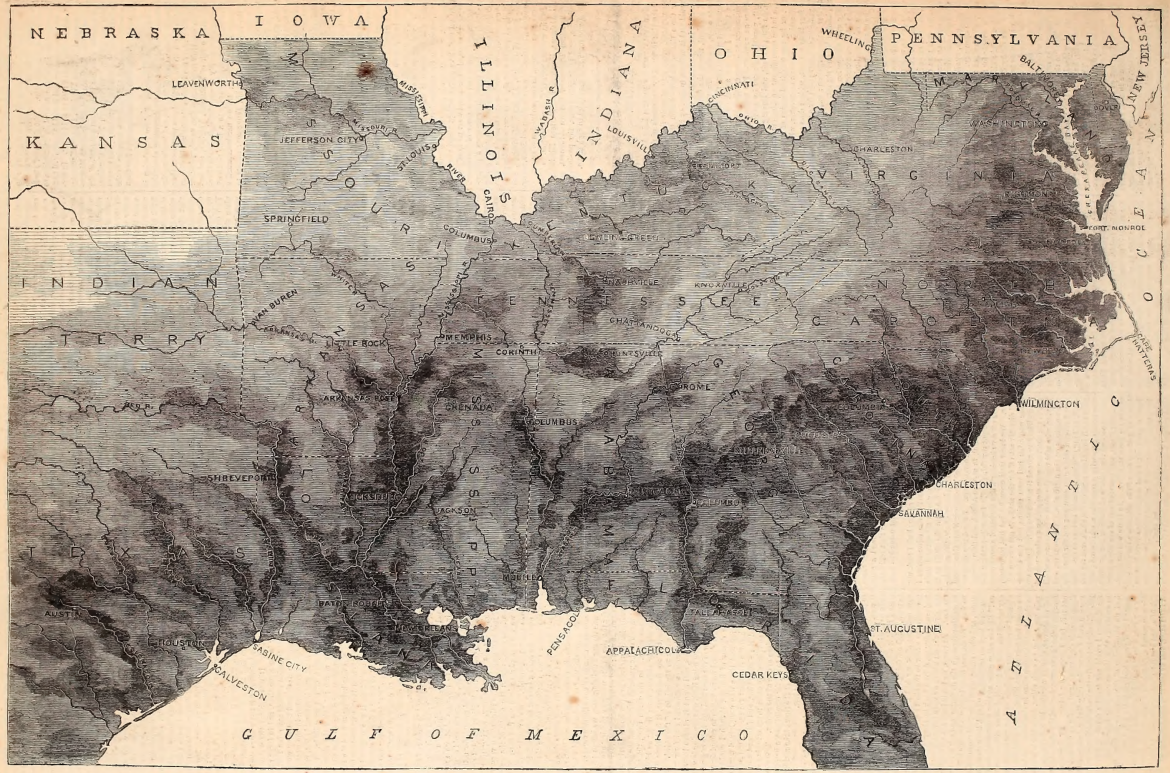
The steamboat *City of the West* ran the blockade of Vicksburg harbor, damaged the rebel steamboat opposite the city, and then, having received no material injury, the crew of the rebels endeavored to get steam up on board the *City of Vicksburg*, but failed, although the appearances indicate that she has been damaged seriously.



CORBIN'S NECK, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



SKINNER'S NECK, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, BELOW FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, SHOWING THE RELATIVE PROPORTION OF SLAVES IN THE DIFFERENT LOCALITIES.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

OUR SLAVERY CHART.

On page 141 will be found a chart which represents to the eye the relative slave population in the different parts of the Southern States at the beginning of the rebellion. The depth of shade represents density of the colored in proportion to the white population; and it will be perceived that the shade varies from white to solid black. In several counties in West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, Northern and Southeastern Missouri, the slaves were less than three per cent. of the whole population. In Western North Carolina, Northern Georgia, Northern Arkansas, and toward the northern part of Alabama, are counties in the population of which the slaves numbered less than six per cent.

The densest proportion of slave population is embraced within the country extending along the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, and bordering the Southwestern rivers. The slaves were more than fifty per cent. of the inhabitants included between the sea and Gulf coasts and a line, nearly parallel, beginning west of Richmond, Virginia, and extending southwardly to near Raleigh, North Carolina; thence southwestwardly to a little north of Montgomery, Alabama; thence northwestwardly to the vicinity of Memphis, Tennessee; thence to Shreveport, Louisiana, and a little to the north of Austin, Texas. Within this region there are counties in Southwestern Georgia, Southeastern Alabama, Central Mississippi, and some parts of Texas, as where the slaves were less than twenty-five per cent. of the whole people. In many of the counties they were from fifty to sixty per cent.; and in nearly all the region along the Mississippi River, Central Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, and in Virginia south of Richmond, they were more than sixty per cent. of the inhabitants; and in some South Carolina districts along the coast, in parishes in Louisiana, and counties in Mississippi along the Mississippi River, the slaves were over ninety per cent. of the whole population. In Central Kentucky, Tennessee, along the Tennessee River in Northern Alabama, and along the Missouri River was a slave population varying from thirty to sixty per cent., while in Western Kentucky and Tennessee it was scarcely thirty per cent., except in the region northeast and east of Memphis, where cotton is produced in abundance.

In all the Slave States, except those along the northern border, the north and west parts of North Carolina, and the north and east parts of Tennessee, the density of slave population presents a proportionate abundance in the product of cotton. Along the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia rice is an additional product of slave labor; and along the Gulf coast of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, particularly at the Sea-Island State, the slaves were engaged in the production of sugar.

In the western part of Central Virginia, in Central Alabama, Southern and Western Georgia, Southwestern Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Louisiana, and in Middle Texas, the produce of cotton was more than two bales to each slave.

IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH.

PROBABLY very few persons indeed ever think of the risk incurred by thousands of their fellow-countrymen, every day of their lives, in laboring for those things without which they themselves would find it difficult to live, or if they do remember it, it is only when some more than usually fearful accident, where the destruction of life is on a large scale, occurs. In the case of accidents in mines, it is seldom that the sufferers survive to tell the tale. I do not speak of such commonplace occurrences as being crushed by a fall of rock, but where an explosion has taken place near the pitshaft, possibly followed by a fire, thus cutting off egress from the pit, and leaving the unfortunate men in the more distant workings to perish by hunger, or by the combined action of starvation and suffocation. Such an occurrence, when only three or four lives are lost, seldom does more than form the subject of a paragraph for a newspaper, and the matter is then forgotten; and more frequently it is not known beyond the pit.

My own occupation has been of a kind to bring me in frequent contact with miners, and by those employed in coal-mines, but those who are engaged in the less dangerous, but, as I think, more unpleasant kinds of labor for one, I have often seen—poor cripples, who have little to live on except the few shillings a week they get from the owner of the pit in which they were maimed, for the privilege to enter upon an occupation carried on under such miserable conditions, that they might find work. If not in this, at all events in another country, sure for the open sky. One of these men, an old man now, who had, in the time I heard his little narrative been a cripple for fifteen years had escaped unhurt, by what might almost be called a miracle. His name was Henry Spanley, and he, with his brother Richard, another miner named Smale, and a son of the last named, a little fellow barely eight years old, were at the bottom of working number five. The manner in which the boy was employed was a secret among the men themselves, the reason given by the fireman or overlooker for keeping him in the pit with him being, that having no mother to look after him, he wished to keep him out of the way of harm. The part of the pit in which they worked was so distant from the shaft that they never saw any of the overmen more than once a day, and more often not at all; and whenever he did make his appearance in that part of the pit where they were, the boy, who had been on the look-out, gave them notice of his approach, and they would hastily leave the working in which they were actually engaged for another a hundred yards distant, and running in a different direction.

The reason why they were so anxious to conceal the scene of their operations was as follows: The pit was one of those on the west, and the richest, and therefore most profitably worked part of it, was beneath the sea. One of the veins was so high and broad, and the coal so easily worked, that it was extended to a distance under water, which, in the opinion of an inspector, endangered the safety of the mine. In consequence of this opinion the men were ordered to discontinue working it; and most people would have thought that nothing more was necessary than to obey the order, when the miners knew that it could only be disobeyed at the peril of their lives. But considerations of interest in the exercise of their vocation never have and never will deter miners from disregarding orders, when they bring in a remedy for danger, or even inconvenience. The men above named were in the habit of working this vein, though ostensibly, and at times actually, they were employed in a siding, where the overlooker found them when he went in that direction. Their earnings, under these circumstances, were large, but they had to pay for a specific much remark; and, to celebrate their success, they agreed to eat their Christmas dinner together. They had worked on the Monday in the part of the place they were sitting at the extreme end of the working referred to, eating their mid-day meal, when they were startled by a sudden, loud fall, followed by the hollow crackling sound which good coals produce when they crumble together into lumps. There was a pause, and then the fall completely blocked up the vein, and this at a distance of not more than thirty or forty paces from where they had been sitting. Of course they sprang in a cell, as it might be called, about fifty yards long, four wide, and three in height. Fortunately there was no escape of gas at the time, which was enough with such matters to know that the air must in a limited time be rendered incapable of sustaining life. The first thing they did after they had recovered a little from the shock, was to examine their bags, to see what provisions they had left; and this second, by the way, was the only articles they had among them. As regarded provisions, they were more than commonly well off, one of them having brought a large loaf of home-made bread down with him that morning, in order that his mates might taste it. The next source of light, they were badly off; they found that if they put out all except one, in less than twenty-four hours they would be in total darkness.

Of the extent of the fall they could form no idea; but as their only chance of escape was by clearing a way through it they set to work at it without delay. They toiled for hours, but the progress made was slow, owing to the slipping down of fresh pieces in the place of those removed, which, moreover, helped to fill up the not very large space in which they were confined. They rested two at a time, the third relieving one of the others at regular intervals. In this way hour after hour passed, and to all appearance they were as far from getting out as at the beginning, and their alive in the body of the earth, which the imagination is scarcely capable of realizing. The poor fellows then almost despaired, as they began to believe, to a slow but certain death within a few hours, grouped their way together, and sat down on the ground. Silent and motionless they sat, the thoughts of each occupied with those they had left in the morning; suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of the little boy repeating a part of his evening-prayer in

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

The little voice could not but get beyond the second line, but broke down with a deep sob, followed by a passionate burst of tears. The sympathy which his father could be heard trying to console him in a half-choked voice. The others, unable to contain themselves any longer, gave way to their grief; and for some minutes nothing could be heard in the darkness but deep sobs. When these had died away, they could hear the dull, heavy sounds above them, which followed each other in monotonous and slightly irregular succession: it was the beating of the sea on the rocks over their heads overhead, said the poor fellow who told me this, how much the sense of their position was aggravated by those sounds. For hours, in the dark, but the progress they made was hopelessly small; but with the light which shone upon them, increased their agony to desperation, and, with the exception of the child, each reflected within himself whether it would not be better to end it by a speedy act of his own. They agreed that the best plan was to keep working this vein, and would therefore not think of searching for them there. Rather than sit in idle restless despair, they resumed work in the dark; but if the progress they made was hopelessly small by the light, it was still more so now that they had none. They were soon exhausted by the exertion, and, much perhaps, from their hopelessness as from fatigue. Throwing themselves on the ground, they resigned to prepare themselves for the fate which they now regarded as certain. Timidly, as is the wont of men when they address their Creator even in the presence of others for the first time, Stanley uttered a few short sentences of prayer; Smale was the next to follow his example, and after him Richard Stanley. Comforted by their appeals they continued them at short intervals; and presently the child, at the desire of his father, sang a hymn he had been taught at the Sunday school, the men joining their rough voices to his little childish treble. At the conclusion of each verse, the sound of the dashing waves on the shore above filled the hole in which they were buried with its low, thundering, monotonous beat. Soon this was the only sound audible. The two brothers put their arms round each other, and they all lay patiently waiting for the coming of that light which all, even those who daily ask for it, shrink from with inexplicable inconsistency.

By a merciful condition of existence, those unfortunate men who are buried as these were, gradually cease to feel the dread of death, in proportion as hope of rescue fades away from their minds, the exhalement of carbonic acid gas reducing the vitality by degrees till the brain becomes paralyzed, and this long before the vital spark is utterly extinguished. Richard Stanley had already reached the stage of insensibility, when his brother heard a dull, murmuring sound as the coal, hitherto at a further settling down of the mass, under increased pressure from above, or of its being removed by men on the other side. Under the stimulus of this thought, Henry Stanley crawled to the heap and listened with all the eagerness of which he was still capable. His presence of mind soon enabled him to satisfy himself that men were at work on the other side, and he was in the act of turning to crawl back to try and rouse his companions to a peril to a knowledge of the good news, when a heavy shock fell on him from the roof upon his loins, crushing him to the ground beneath its weight, and rendering him completely incapable of moving. The exact position that he was in he soon found him when they had worked their way through the fallen mass. Richard was insensible, and it was some hours by say at eleven o'clock by his arms round his little boy, who was lying on his bosom. The child was past recovery; but that several hours more air, till they could be seen regained their senses, Henry Stanley alone being permanently injured by the accident.

Another accident, a somewhat kind, which likewise occurred in a coal-mine, was related to me by one of the survivors, though how he came to survive is a mystery to himself. The place was a solid winter night, a middle-aged man named William Jamieson was waked by his wife, who was crying and moaning in her sleep, and was unable by her not to go to work the next day. Wondering what had happened to cause her to make the noise, he, after a few minutes, when she had told him that she had dreamed twice that night that she had seen him go down into the pit, take a lamp, and that the lamp had gone out of the mine, and he joined their sons and began work; that while they were at work she heard a dreadful crash, and then a roar like that of the sea, which left a pause of loneliness and workings from one end of the mine to the other, and finally rushed up the shaft in a body, and that she awoke with clouds and darkness all around her.

Without attempting to initiate Jamieson's dialect, which would only worry the reader, I will give the facts he related as nearly as I can remember them.

"That is what she was what she had dreamed I told her it was all nonsense. Our wives are always having dreams of this kind, but in time they get used to them, and take no notice. However, she was so earnest about it, and seemed so frightened, that I promised her at last I would stay at home. I was thinking directly afterward what I should do all day, when I thought it would be a good opportunity to kill our pig instead of putting it off a week or two longer. I got up between six and seven o'clock, and when I went down found my sons having their breakfast, and their mother trying to persuade them not to go to work. They did not pay much heed to what she said; and when they had finished breakfast they took their dinners and started. I went out with my wife just before the door and begged me not to let them go. I was ashamed to say that I had promised not to go to work because of her mother's dreams; so I said that I decided on having the pig killed that day, and that I should not stay at home, as there would make a holiday of it. As they refused to do this, and were too old to be made to do what they did not like, there was no help for it but to let them go. After breakfast I went to the slaughter-man to ask him to come down with me, and on the way I bought some pudding and put some meat in a bottle filled with gin, which I slung over my shoulder. On getting to his house I found that he had gone to Liverpool, and was not likely to be back before the evening. I was uncertain what to do. The promise I had made my wife only made me angry with myself for having to help for her, and nobody I could have a holiday with; so, at last, I made up my mind that I would go to work at once. I had no doubt that when I got to the pit, and I had to wait a while before I could be lowered, and while I was waiting, an overlooker came up, and I told him that I should have a good deal of gas in Delk's Hole—a name that had been given to a spot where a man of that name had been killed.

When I got to the bottom of the shaft I took my lamp and walked to the part of the mine where I had been working, and found it was as we always left it before. It was about as far from the shaft as it could be; but there was plenty of air, the ventilation in the mine being very strong, if any thing, and apt to give the rheumatism. I stood two or three minutes talking to my son Alfred, and then left them to their work and walked off. I was just taking the bottle off my shoulder when we heard a smothered roar. We knew well enough what had happened, and directly set off for the shaft, to get drawn up, if the explosion had been serious and the choke-damp had not extinguished the pit. Before we had got to the shaft we were stopped by a miner named Naylor, who said that the shaft was on fire, and all the workings were filled with gas. We were not to be frightened by such a roar like a whirlwind; and every now and then pieces of burning timber came crashing down, and bounced out of the fire toward where we were standing. As there was no possibility of getting out of the pit before the fire had burned itself out, I and my two boys went back to the place where we had left our things, leaving the other men still standing near the shaft. I knew that several hours must pass before the timber in the shaft would be burned out we staid where we were, calculating how long it would be before we could venture up. When we went back we found that the fire had spread several feet in our direction, which made our situation more desperate; but for what we thought then was the danger from the water into the shaft it would not be long before it would be extinguished. We never thought they would close the shaft, with the deliberate intention of filling the pit with water. The upward draught was strong, the progress of the fire toward us was not slow as to be alarming; and, as for the air, because so heated that we were forced to draw further and further back into the mine, the hot air causing the gas to come out of the coal. Long before there was no chance of our being able to escape for many hours, at least, we went back to the place where we had left the little basket with the provisions, and found that the air was still fresh and cool, in comparison with what it was near the shaft. To economize our food, as much as to conceal from my boys how low down and went to sleep.

When I woke I fancied I could detect unusual dampness beneath my hand, as I rolled over to get on my feet. My son remarked the same thing when I called them; and as we round of together as much as we could, liquor our lamp—for, fortunately, we had matches, as most of us usually have, though it is against pit regulations—hoping to find the fire extinguished. We had not gone far before we felt that water splashing beneath our feet. It was evident the water had been pouring in for some time, and from the quantities, and the suspicion crossed my mind that the pumps had ceased to work, and that they were allowing the water to accumulate in the workings. The air near the shaft was insufferably hot, but the fire had not extended, or but very little. Unfortunately, the floor of the pit there was a little was higher than the surrounding parts, so that the water ran off, and was first helping to flood the mine, while the place we were in was not yet covered uncovered. To remedy this, it was proposed that we should go to work to make a dam of coal-dust; but as it was immediately found that the only effect of this would be to cause the water to flow through the mine in one direction instead of two, the idea was not carried out.

Meanwhile the fire continued to rage as fiercely as ever in and about the shaft; and as it could do no good to remain near it, we went back to our sad air, I proposed to my sons that we should again return to our refuge, where we could retrieve the loss of some of the water, at a time. Alfred agreed to come, but William decided on remaining with the other miners, saying that he would join us presently. The water was not very deep, and the difference in the depth of the water, since we left the place where we had been working, was quite perceptible. We directed our steps to work, and made such a barrier as was sufficient to keep the water from reaching us, as we thought, for many hours to come, and sat ourselves down. My thoughts ran a good deal on my wife's dream, as the most convenient subject at hand, and I wondered at the singular coincidence, and whether there was any chance of our ultimate escape. As there was no use in sitting idle, we began to prepare for the rise in the water by picking away the coal from the roof; and without working very hard, we had raised ourselves in a few hours to a safe level with the roof of the passages throughout the greater part of the mine. In the mean time, the water had been advancing in the shaft very rapidly as the first joint of my forefinger, it had risen while we were at work to the height of the third. We made several journeys backward and forward to and from the shaft, and found it always burning, but the fire in the mine itself was growing less and less. Very few hours would have put the matter out now, and a good many began to complain that they were dying of hunger, though I could not help telling them that they were complaining out on this score had the strongest voices. My son Alfred had noticed the same thing, and followed one of them who was crawling toward the shaft, saying with him a huge piece of one of the ponies. This was a precious resource to us, for careful as we had been with the food we had at the time of the accident, we had only a few ounces left.

As William preferred to remain with the other men, when we left him in the level, Alfred and I were alone in our misery. We sat side by side in the darkness, our hands fast locked together, and our feelings too deep for words. Once I crawled to the edge of the heap of coal we were sitting on to plunge my arm into the water to see how deep it was. The water in this was quite cold, from it had been to the length of my arm, and I found the next time I tried it that my fingers would scarcely bend. I left off doing it.

Of the other men, we saw nothing after we had got too weak to wade through the water to the shaft; but when we first left them we heard them talking to another through the darkness, and ask him how he was. By degrees these inquiries became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether, and were uttered. Another kept on repeating "Lord, have mercy on us!" till his voice grew weaker and weaker at every repetition, and at last died away altogether. I shouted for my son William, and he answered, but he could not join us, not being able to find his way to us. I knew that there were in the dark at intervals we called to each other, but after a while I got no answer, though whether he had perished or had crawled to some other part I could not tell, but I hoped the latter. By degrees all these sounds died away, and at last I could hear my son and I were the only living beings in the pit. Slowly but surely the water continued to rise, for though I could not test its depth, it was easy to ascertain that it was creeping toward us. We had no knowledge of the passage of time, but it seemed as if years had passed, when I was roused by my son, who was making feeble efforts to put his arm round my neck. I was myself too weak to lift him, but I crept close to him and kissed him. A little later, and he was cold and motionless. For

hours, or it might have been days, I continued to hold his lifeless body in my arms. Of food I had none, and my only support was a sip of spirits taken at long intervals.

Still the water continued to rise, till I felt it touching my feet. I spent the time in sleep mostly, and when I lay awake, I had just life enough to wonder how long it would be before the water rose above my head. I did not now feel any particular dread of this happening; I had got so familiarized with the fearful reality that I only speculated in a dreamy kind of way on what the sensation would be like when it took place. From what I heard since, I believe I must have slept many hours at a time. I know that when I woke once I felt that my feet were no longer in the water. I stretched them as I judged, passed before I could say with certainty that it had sunk any more. This was about the most dreadful period of my imprisonment. When I lost my poor boy, I was expecting every hour to join him, and passed as it was, it seemed as if we were long separated for the whole while. Now my thoughts were busy with home. What would my wife say when she saw me back once more from the grave? What would she be doing when I got home? These and a thousand other wondering surmises passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness; I sat at last I got weary, and began to despair of getting out after all, the water rose so slowly. I tried to forget home and wife, but I found this was not half so easy now. Not to spin out my tale any longer than I can help, I will say simply that after what I felt and thought was what resolutions I made for the future, if I only reached the surface of the earth once more alive.

At last the time came when the water nearly reached my knees at a distance of several feet in advance of the hoop on which I had been lying, and I began trying to reach the wall. This I at last succeeded in doing, though it took me a long time, owing to my weak and exhausted condition. Close to the shaft I found two of the air-holders and also several of the miners at work in repairing it. They were so much startled at seeing me as though I had been a ghost, and, indeed, as far as appearances went, I might with good reason have been taken for a skeleton. When I came down into the pit I had left the ground hard and frozen; the first time I saw it the grass was green, there were leaves on the trees, and a bright and warm sun was shining.

OUR COLORED TROOPS IN LOUISIANA

We publish on page 133 two illustrations of THE FIRST LOUISIANA NATIVE GUARDS, taken sketches by our special artist, Mr. Hamilton.

It is now some five months since General Butler's attention was called, by certain free colored men in New Orleans, to the fact that they held commissions from Governor Moore, of Louisiana, as duly-enrolled officers of the Confederate army, and requesting to transfer their services to the United States. General Butler, with that quick perception for which he is so remarkable, at once saw the bearings of this important matter, granted the request of his applicants, and issued the order mustering the regiment into our service, under the command of Colonel (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Spencer H. Stafford, one of his aides-de-camp.

Although ready and anxious for a brush with the enemy, that opportunity has not yet been afforded them. They have hitherto been employed mainly down in the Lafourche District, under the command of General Weitzel, guarding the bridges over important bayous, in a circuit of some fifty miles, and forming the base of Weitzel's late expedition into the Teche District. That affair being over, and the General returned to the main command at Thibodeaux, the Colonel of the Native Guards reported to the Department Head-quarters for further orders. On the evening of the 23d, pursuant to orders, eight Companies (comprising 800 men), embarked upon the *Laurel Hill* to join the garrison of Forts Jackson and St. Philip—the remaining two of each (ge—the remaining two Companies—A and D —being sent to Fort Macombo, on the Chef Menteur Pass, under Major Lucien Dupuy de Lome) by train.

The point selected by our special artist for illustration is the disembarkation from the steamer *J. D. Brown*, at Fort Macombe. The special New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Times* tells the following story of these men:

"You see my men can work, Sir, though people say they can't fight," said the Colonel, indignantly, as he drew a trouble our heads much about transportation. Put me down in a forest with these same officers, and they'll pass a city; for I have every useful trade represented among them."

At this moment a Captain came up to the Colonel, inclined him very respectfully, and, after saluting, said, modest, wait off."

"I understand you, Colonel," said I, "that all your line officers were colored men: there goes one, at any rate, who is white!" The Colonel turned his head, and smiled with a smile:

"And do you really think him white? Well you may, Sir; but that man is a negro—one who carries the solitary drop of African blood in his veins."

I was literally amazed. Often as my senses had been deceived in this matter, they never had been so completely before. This officer, Captain E. Davis, of Company A, this portrait is given in our group,—fair, was a fine-looking young man, not unlike General McClellan in mould of features, with light blue eyes, ruddy complexion, soft, silky hair, and a splendid mustache, of a sandy color, faintly approaching red. I would have defied the most consummate expert in Negrology, by the aid of the most powerful microscope, to discover the drop of African blood in that man's veins. Still there it was upon the record against him.

During this voyage, and after our arrival at the fort, I not only had the best opportunity for observing the general demeanor of these soldiers, but I made a point of conversing with several of the line officers, in order to come at some just conclusion as to their mental stability, manners, etc. Truth and honesty compel me to state that, so far as the privates were concerned, a more docile, orderly, obedient, and soldierly set of men I never saw; while, as regards the officers, I came to the conclusion that a large number of white men, taken at random, I could not have expected to find more general intelligence, education, and refinement.

We present our readers, on the same page, with a group of portraits, five of the line officers of Companies A and D of these Louisiana Native Guards. The central figure, Lieutenant L. D. Lanusse, Company D, and the figure to DAVIS, as before stated, is to all appearances perfectly so. The other three bear, more or less, marks of African origin. The officers all seem to have a clear loyalty and assert their manhood in the field; and, should this infamous rebellion continue, it is to be hoped their desires will not be long ungratified.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

To have the sure esteem
Of those whose worth we know,
The heart will oft redeem
From many a cold throe.
The dearest soul declares
Some good must be in us,
Or by *such* souls as theirs
We were not valued thus.

When brimming cups go round,
When friends by friends are met,
Where jest and smile abound—
Oh, if we there may meet
Such long-tried friends to share
To wish us the wine—
Tis nectar then—and cheers
With influence divine!

Or, if oppressed with care
Or sickness, low we lie,
What most doth us compare
With friendship's love-lit eye?
One fond plain English word
More cheers our suffering man
Than all the gems absurd
Of doctor's Latin can.

Oh, bliss how bright, how rare,
Where friend like this appears,
With smiles our joy to share,
Or share our griefs with tears:
To have this, is to win
From out our earthly strife
The brightest jewel in
That crown of thorns—called life!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Reliable Article for Domestic Use!

ANDREWS' YEAST POWDER has been in constant use in the city of New York for the last twelve years, and found for the immediate raising of BREAD, TEA BISCUIT, PUDDINGS, &c., and ready for use "in one minute!"

The quality of this YEAST POWDER is never changed, and where used, gives the greatest satisfaction. Physicians are half a million cts per annum, and the certificates of Chemists, of *Purity and Healthfulness*, accompanies each label; also, full directions for use. Sullers are cautioned to ask for the "new and improved" composition" preparation ever made, and is "unfermentable" where kept in any climate. Manufactured and for sale by ANDREWS' "EXCELSIOR" YEAST Powder, and use no other, if you want "The Staff of Life" manufactured in perfection, sale by THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 and 138 Cedar St., New York.

Attention Agents, Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one wishing a permanent HOME WITH GOOD WAGES, and an occupation for life, together with wholesale Clothing, a Gold Mounted Watch, Gold Pencil, Gold Chain with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, Ring, Pin, Locket, Sleeve Buttons, Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring free of charge.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 119 Nassau Street, New York.

TRUSSES.—Marble's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and ANN STREET. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

ARE SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES. *Superior in Style and Finish to any Watches ever before offered in this or any other country.* Small retail at prices from $30 to $50 each. *Our assortment of both gold and silver cases, and our gold and beautifully engraved dials, the letters and figures in relief.* Sold only by the Company at the above address. Sent by express, with the privilege to examine before paying charges. Also, a large assortment of Watches of other makes, at low prices. Send for a descriptive circular. Address HUBBARD BROS., *Sole Importers,*
No. 320 Broadway, New York.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confessedly acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvanic Electro Metallic Insoles are the most powerful remedy for Rheumatism, Chilblains, Cold and Feet-bitten Feet, &c. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers throughout the country. Price, small $2 25. Secured by English and American Patents. Send for a circular. DAVIS & CO., 61 Nassau Street, New York.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of the terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHIOS?—My Organic will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail, post free, to any mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c. WORTH $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Watches	40 00 each.
200 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
300 Vest and Pocket Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 "	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Lava Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Lava Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gold Pens, and Gold Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Roven Studs	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Locket Rings	2 50 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the articles in the list will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one also is worth, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed well. These envelopes are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of a certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article sent you.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the certificate, postage, and 7 cents for the letter. Persons, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent to us. Certificates will be issued to any one for seven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate sold, by their sending us the remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
203 Broadway, New York.

Valuable Naval Books.

NAVAL GUNNERY INSTRUCTIONS, SIMPLIFIED FOR VOLUNTEER OFFICERS. By Lieut.-Commander Edward Barrett, U.S.N. Second Edition, revised. 12mo. Cloth, $1 25.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR MEN-OF-WAR. By Commodore U. P. LEVY, U.S.N. Third Edition. 18mo. Cloth, 50 cents.

Publisher, No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Reliable information furnished, rules of claims registered upon file, blanks, and assistance cashed. A pamphlet of Laws and Instructions sent by enclosing a six-cent stamp to

SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland, Neb. Soil, Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c. Situated 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—19 acres made of from 10 to 50 per acre, payable within 5 years. School schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost treat position, and suitable emotion for pleasant farming that is among all the wilds of the Western Prairie.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Issued for Diversion, Instruction and Liberty for Grown-up Children. Sold by the dozen or pack. Sent by mail for 25c. each. Single cards, and Agents wanted. Address, NATIONAL AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
No. 192 Broadway, New York.

$10 made from **$1.** Something entirely new, ingenuity needed in every family. Light and portable. Address, with stamp, R. L. WOLCOTT, Hartford, Conn. Square, N. Y.

Dr. Colborn's

Vegetable Sugar-Coated Universal *Health Pills.* Free from all mercurial or deleterious substances, active in searching out and expelling every impure thing in the body, perfectly safe for females, and even the most delicate infant. An indispensable Family Aperient for Diseases of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, and highly efficacious as a general Purifier of the Blood. No Mother, Nurse, Soldier, Traveller, or head of a family should be without them. Price 50 cents per box. Sent, free of postage, on receipt of price.

Also,

Dr. Colborn's

Compound Vegetable Ointment, the Great American Remedy for Scrofula, Scrofulous Diseases, Ulcers, Old Sores, Diseases, Cancers, Fever Sores, Scorbutic or Cutaneous Eruptions, and all Diseases of the Skin whatsoever. This is the grand desideratum in medicine, as it will remove all impurities from the blood, and is justly entitled to be called the Great American Remedy of the age.

Two sizes, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

L. H. COLBORN & CO., No. 501 Broadway, N. Y.

Magic Pocket-Books for Postal Currency, with elastic bands. Sent, post-paid, for 75 cents per doz. $7 50 per gross. Sample for 10 cents.
J. SNOW & HAYGOOD, 23 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

The Badge,† or valuable recipes by a Pharmacist, 25 cents, post free.
Address, GEORGE RENARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Entertaining Pencils, Oriental Drawers*, and 15 other new articles. 15 circulars free. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other Wonderful Secrets, all in the *Beadle's Readers.* 6000 sold. $25. Free only 20c. 6 for $1. Mailed free. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

WEDDING CARDS

Three Colored Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Die Establishment, 302 Broadway, one Square North of the Metropolitan Hotel. 50 Fine Specimens, Mailed, and the stamps.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address
E. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Hospitals, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Send for circular. Address P. LALLEMAND, 48 Nassau St., N.Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Hours Just Published:

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP on his Way through the World; showing who robbed Him, who helped Him, and to whom He was a Friend. By Harland Bill. Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," "The Adventures of Philip," "The Eighteenth Century," "The Four Georges," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Laird of Norlaw," "The Days of My Life," "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Hons on the Moor," &c. With Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, $2 25.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For March, 1863.

CONTENTS:

CONTINENTAL MEMORY.—
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Riverse of Massachusetts Treasury Note.—Lower Portion of Reverse.—Maryland Bill.—Georgia Certificate.—New York Five-Pound Bill.—Bank of New York Bill.—Bank of Commerce Bill.—Bank of Continental Bill.—Dealers and Mottoes of One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Eight, and Twenty Dollar Bills.—Of Shilling Bill.—Back of Same.—Device of Half Dollar Note.—Of Twenty, Thirty-five, Forty-five, Fifty, Fifty-six, Sixty, Sixty-five, Seventy, and Eighty Dollar Bills.—Continental Bill.—Back of Same.—Genuine and Counterfeit Continental Bill.—Group of Continental Money.

A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND. (*Concluded.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Herring Fishery.—Artist at Home.—Effigy in Lava.—Lava Fields.—The Thermal Springs Burst Forth.—Sleeping Car.—Sleeping Car Stroker.—Side-Saddle.—Great Geyser and Receiver.—Bath-room and Geyser.—Geyser in Eruption.—Interior of Icelandic Hut.—An Awkward Predicament.—Return to Reykjavik.
DOCTOR HAWLEY. (*Concluded.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Miss Hawley and her Friend.—"You shan't Kiss Me!"—Laughing Hawley.—The Reception.
ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."
CHAPTER XXXIII. Balthassere makes an Acquaintance.
CHAPTER XXXIV. No Place for Repentance.
CHAPTER XXXV. What Florence was thinking of.
CHAPTER XXXVI. Ariadne discovers herself.
CHAPTER XXXVII. The Tabernacle unfolded.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—In Florence.—"You didn't think it was so Fine!"—Enraged.
MUSICIANS OF FIELD AND MEADOW.
FOR DEBATE, FOR WORSE, IN THREE PARTS. PART I.
EUROPEAN SOUVENIRS.
AFTER VICKSBURG.
MRS. HENDERSON'S ANNIVERSARY.
LITTLE JENNY.
OUR PROPHETS.
QUAIL.
LEMORNE *verses* HUSH.
LIGHT VANE.
THE OLD HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.
CHAPTER XXXI. Mr. Crosbie meets an old Clergyman on his way to Crossjay Patterne.
CHAPTER XXII. Courcy Castle.
CHAPTER XXIII. The Return of First Love-Letter.
ILLUSTRATION.—In Burchester Cathedral.
DIDO.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Battle Piece.—Hats on Bonnet Boxes.
FASHIONS FOR MARCH.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carriage Dress and Girl's Toilet.—Home Toilet.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every number a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is desirable acquisition to any public or private library. They form, at the end of each complete set, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will be sent by mail, post-paid. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in cloth, will be sent, postage free, by express, to the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-five Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the cost of which is to be paid by purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Two Subscribers.
Six Copies for $15 00 each. Ten Copies for $20 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.
Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the YEARS 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4 25 each, are now ready.
☞ The Publishers prefer no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscriptions to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



THE COPPERHEAD PARTY.—IN FAVOR OF *A VIGOROUS PROSECUTION OF PEACE!*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SPECULATION.

Agents and Soldiers, in camp or discharged, can make easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; embracing 40 New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army.* No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money from it.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper,* presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches* at low prices. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. BICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being price manufactured vast to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *packaging* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Americus* and *Lepinus* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new serial No. 1 Watch, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Buy your Skate Straps with

Fogg's Lever Buckle,

Manufactured by F. STEVENS,

215 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,

68 STREET, BOSTON.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PACKAGES. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WEIR & CO., 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

India-Rubber Gloves cure Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., making them smooth and white, and are suitable for home-work. For sale by the trade. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 4 stamps for postage.
Ladies' sizes 81 c. per pair; Gents sizes, $1 00.
GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE M'F'G CO.,
205 Broadway, N. Y.
Rubber Goods of all kinds Wholesale and Retail.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Splendid Engravings.

Gen. Tom Thumb and his Wife,

AND

Commodore Nutt with

Miss Minnie Warren.

Painted in Colors, forming two beautiful pictures, size each 11x14. Mailed free on receipt of 50 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.
AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, N. Y.

Send for our Circular of splendid Cartes de Visite of Generals, &c. Magnificent Cartes Portraits of Generals (Union and Rebel). Beautiful Card Photographs, 250 Subjects. Rich and durable Photograph Albums; and every thing else in demand. Special discounts to Jobbers.



ATTENTION, LADIES!

The Lilliputian Wedding.

By special arrangement, we will publish on the 10th February, immediately after their marriage, the Card Photograph of

GEN. TOM THUMB

AND HIS

FAIRY BRIDE,

IN THEIR WEDDING DRESS,

with their autograph. No album will be complete without this interesting picture. Price 25 cents. Can be sent by mail. All orders must be sent to

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

501 Broadway, New York,

Manufacturers of Photograph Albums, and Publishers of Card Photographs of Celebrities.

Male and Females.—For valuable information send 10 cents to Dr. Wm. Collier, Box 63, Woburn, Mass.

The most Perfect Work on Billiards ever Published.—Popular Edition.

Price only 25 Cents.

THE ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK

BY

Michael Phelan and Claudius Berger.

This work of 160 pages and elegantly illustrated, contains all the requisites to instruct the novice and make him a proficient in this most elegant and beautiful pastime. It also contains all the rules of all games played with Billiard Balls, a History of, and many delightful and interesting information pertaining to the game. For sale by all Dealers. The Trade supplied by SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 Nassau St. Mailed free on receipt of price.
Address PHELAN & BERGER,
67 Crosby Street, N. Y.

Lyon's Kathairon.

This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is again put up by the original proprietor, and it now made with the same care and attention, which first created its immense and unprecedented sales of over one million bottles annually! It will sold at 25 cents in large bottles. Two million bottles can easily be sold in a year when it is again known that the Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of rust and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich luxuriant growth, and prevents it from turning grey. These are considerations worth knowing. The Kathairon has been tested for over twelve years, and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, cheap and valuable. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,

New York.

$22 Watches. $22

A genuine American Lever Watch, in heavy Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22, worth $35. Send for a circular. J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 38 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Stationery Package and Book Agents.

A *new wonder, and unsurpassed chances* for you! Address Box 301, Syracuse, N. Y.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a *first prize* medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by the Jurors is *emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.*"

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent Scientific Appliances—the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering. Stuttering, &c.

They took the First MEDAL at the last London Exhibition, and of which the Illustrated London News, 2 Aug., 1862, says:—"Mr. Bates, of Philadelphia, shows some small and ingenious instruments for the treatment of Stammering, the effect of which on an individual so afflicted is really remarkable."

For Pamphlets, &c., describing the same, address H. C. L. MEARS, 371 West 23d St., New York. P. O. Box 5076.

Metallic Legs

(Patented Jan. 6th, 1863), by the

UNIVERSAL JOINT AND ARTIFICIAL LIMB COMPANY.

Weighs only 4 Pounds.

Soldiers, price $200; Civilian, $75; silver-plated, $100. They will lengthen and shorten, and are self-adjusting. Send for a circular to J. W. WESTON,
No. 491 Broadway, New York.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and diagram of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED

S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

THE "CRAIG MICROSCOPE,"

Of which over 80 dozen, and 250 dozen mounted objects have been sold since the 1st of Oct. in the city of Boston alone, will be sent, postage paid, with **6** beautiful mounted objects, for **$3**. Liberal discount to dealers. Address HENRY CRAIG, 152 Centre Street, New York.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.
S. WOODWARD, P. O. Box 5773, Boston.

Rye Coffee

FORCED OUT OF THE MARKET.

Since the recent discovery in Brooklyn of the injurious effects of using Coffee adulterated with meal Rye, many thousands are asking what they shall do, having already suffered so much from the evil effects of this unfortunate war, and now to be deprived of their favorite beverage in consequence of the almost prohibitory price, is indeed really too bad, as it is not only a luxury, but to many thousands almost an absolute necessity, and he who can furnish a good and healthy article of Coffee at a fair price is a public benefactor, and is deserving of the gratitude of the people at large. We have seen and used such an article, known as the "GOLDEN RULE COFFEE," of which there are spurious articles in the market. The genuine is prepared only by GROOM BROTHERS & CO., wholesale grocers, and proprietors of the golden Rule Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 323 Pearl St. and No. 1 Franklin Square. It has been analyzed by the eminent chemist J. R. Chilton, of New York, and we have seen his certificate, in which he says there is nothing in the Coffee injurious, but, on the contrary, it is very healthy and nutritious given for invalids. Drs. Bauer and Palmedo of the Brooklyn eye-passing case make daily also say it is healthy and nutritious. It is sold by many grocers at the low price of 15 cents per pound, and by using we find that it takes no greater quantity than we always use of the pure Java and Mo Coffee. All should try it.

A BEAUTIFUL Engraved GOLD PLATED WATCH, Lever Cap, *Scottish Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address by mail, free for one, $7. Solid Silver, same as above, $8. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transfers from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made *equal to copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!

MAGNIFYING **500 TIMES**, FOR **28c.** COIN PREFERRED. Five different powers, **$1**. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 5230, Boston, Mass.

PHYSIOGNOMY;

Or, "Signs of Character, and How to Read them"—Ethnology; or, the Races of Man—Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology—are given, in earnest, in THE FREE NOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. $1 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.

Highest Premium.

International Exhibition, London, 1862.

See the recent Improvements.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Healthy climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Monmouth Cartes Prize Package. $20 per cent. profit. Superb Work Box for agents. $12 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 49 Ann St., N.Y.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 21 Park Row, N. Y.

HARPER'S

Illuminated and Pictorial

BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely executed by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-page, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

Prices.—Morocco, gilt edges, bevelled and panelled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $22 50; Full Calf, marbled edges, flush sides, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $16 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Selected Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The Illustrations, Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, drawn expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; of which a full list will be found in

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WINCH, Boston; E. Co., Philadelphia; EGGERS & Co., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; PARKER, PIKE, Washington; JAMES KILLEBREW & Co., Cincinnati; KERTH & WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & Co., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Ready:

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "The Last of the Mortimers," "The Days of My Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 75 cents.

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," "Antonina," &c., &c. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

Eighth Thousand.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. With Illustrations.

Ninth Thousand.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Line upon Line." This First Part relates Events in the Times of the Patriarchs and the Jews. By the Author of "Line upon Line." "Reading without Tears," "The Young Jesus," "Stories of Light," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her Son, the Rev. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

☞ Any of the above works sent by mail, postage-free, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 323.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE LATE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the late Western millionaire, NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, who died at Cincinnati on the 10th inst.

Mr. Longworth was born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1783. In early life it is said that he was brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. He soon abandoned this, and tried his hand at trade in South Carolina. In 1804, when just twenty-one, he removed to Cincinnati, and entered the office of Judge Jacob Burnet as a law student. He pursued his studies about six months, and then dashed into the practice of his hastily-acquired profession in the rough and irregular way peculiar to that primitive period. He forsook, at an early period of his residence in the West, the future greatness of the then insignificant village of Cincinnati; and though unsanctioned in his opinions by those of his fellow-settlers in the new community, took advantage of their unbelief, and began a series of systematic investment of every thing he could make by his services as lawyer and land-agent in the well-wooded acres surrounding the original clearing of Fort Washington and Losantiville. He bought for trifling sums whatever was rejected by every body else, and thus acquired the title, which his heirs still retain, to some of the most valuable portions of the present city and its immediate suburbs. By this means he accumulated, in the course of a few years, an amount of property that, in 1819, he gave up practicing law, that he might devote himself to the management and improvement of his estate.

Perhaps the first step toward the accumulation of his wealth was an incident which occurred to him during his legal practice. The story is told by those who knew him well and kept a careful record of his career. Mr. Longworth once received as a legal fee from a criminal accused of horse-stealing, and who had nothing else to give, two second-hand copper stills. These were in the charge of one Joel Williams, who kept a tavern adjacent to the river, and who was a large property-holder at that time. On presenting his order, Mr. Williams told Longworth that he could not part with the stills, for he was just building a distillery in Butler County; but he would give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row in lieu of the articles. Mr. Longworth, whose view of the value of property was always in advance of public opinion, gladly closed with the proposal. Those thirty-three acres occupied a front on Western Row from Sixth to Seventh streets, running west; and this transaction alone, taking into view the prodigious advance in real estate, in itself furnished the basis of an immense fortune, the ground itself being in 1861 worth nearly two millions of dollars, and of course is of much more value now. His property increased so rapidly that in 1850 he was rated higher than any other man in the United States except William B. Astor, the taxes of the latter amounting to $23,116, while those of Longworth were over $17,000.

It was, however, as a vine-grower and horticulturist that he was most famed. He always manifested a fondness for the cultivation of fruits and flowers, and at an early period astonished the Western people by the beauty and extent of his garden. He took much pains to gather from all parts of the West the most valuable and interesting of our native vegetable productions, and placed them in circumstances best fitted mentally to their improvement by aid of the best systems of garden and green-house culture then known. Many of our beautiful native plants, now familiarly known as favorite florists' flowers, are indebted to him for their introduction into cultivated society, their native homes being the forests and prairies of the Western States. He was always curious after new and interesting things of Nature's producing. It was the remark of an old citizen of Cincinnati that, if Mr. Longworth was to be suddenly thrown, soul and heels, into the Ohio River, he would come to the surface with a new variety of fish in each hand. His chief interest in horticultural matters, however, has been expended upon the strawberry and the grape. The perfection of variety and culture to which he has, by his experiments and labors, brought these two important fruits of the country have established their extensive and systematic cultivation in all parts of the West.

The Catawba Grape is a native of North Carolina, having been first brought into public notice as a wine-grape by Major Adlum, of Washington; and the knowledge of the fact that wine, in an experimental way, had been made from its fruit, induced Mr. Longworth to enter systematically upon its cultivation, and to take measures for manufacturing the wine on a scale extensive enough to encourage the establishment of numerous vineyards, and to afford a market on his own premises for all the Must that could be made and delivered to him in a circuit of fifty miles. At the same time he offered a reward of five hundred dollars to whoever should discover a better variety. It proved a great stimulus to the growth of the Catawba vine in the neighborhood of Cincinnati to know that a man of Mr. Longworth's means stood ready to pay cash, at the rate of from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a gallon, for all the grape juice that might be brought to him, without reference to the quantity. It was in this way, and by urgent popular appeals through the columns of the newspapers, that he succeeded, after many failures, and against the depressing influence of much doubt and indifference, in bringing the enterprise up to its present high and staple position. When he took the matter in hand there was much to discourage any one not possessed of the traits of constancy of purpose and perseverance peculiar to Mr. Longworth. Many had tried the manufacture of wine, and had failed to give it any economical or commercial importance. It was not believed, until Mr. Longworth practically demonstrated it, after many long and patient trials of many valued varieties from France and Madeira, none of which gave any promise of success, that a native grape was the only one upon which any hope could be placed, and that of the native grapes, of which he had experimented upon every known variety, the Catawba offered the most assured promise of success, and was the one upon which all vine-growers might with confidence depend. It took years of unremitted care, multiplied and wide-spread investigations, and the expenditure of large sums of money, to establish this fact, and bring the agricultural community to accept it and act under its guidance. The success attained by Mr. Longworth soon induced other gentlemen resident in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and favorably situated for the purpose, to undertake the culture of the Catawba, and several of these are now regularly and extensively engaged in the manufacture of wine. The impetus and encouragement thus given to the business soon led the German citizens of Hamilton County to perceive its advantages, and under their thrifty management thousands of acres, stretching up from the banks of the Ohio, are now covered with luxuriant and profitable vineyards, rivaling in profusion and beauty the vine-clad hills of Italy and France. The oldest vineyard in the county of Hamilton is of Mr. Longworth's planting. The annual product of these vineyards may be set down at between five and six hundred thousand gallons, worth at present from one and a half to two dollars a gallon; but the price, owing to the rapidity of the consumption, will probably advance rather than decline. It is the prophecy of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's son-in-law, that, in the course of comparatively few years, the annual product of the Sparkling Catawba will be counted by millions of bottles, while that of the still sorts will be estimated by its millions of gallons. Mr. Longworth alone bottled annually over 150,000 bottles, and had five years ago in his cellars a ripening stock of 300,000 bottles. These cellars are situated on the declivity of East Sixth Street, on the road to Observatory Hill. They occupy a space ninety feet by one hundred and twenty-five, and consist of two tiers of massive stone vaults, the lower of which is twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Here are carried on all the various processes of wine-making, the mashing, pressing, fining, racking, bottling, labeling, and boxing; and beneath the arches and along the walls are the wine butts, arranged and numbered in the order of the several vintages; piles of bottles stand about, ready for the bottlers.



THE LATE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, THE WESTERN MILLIONAIRE.

The charities and eccentricities of "Old Longworth," as he was fond of calling himself, are a never-ending theme among Ohioans. His charities were unequaled, and he never gave when he did not fully understand the case. He seldom refused work to those who asked for it, devising it for the occasion when he really had none waiting, and furnishing the necessary implements to those who had none of their own. The class to which he was accustomed to give work, chiefly of the sort requiring picks and shovels and garden tools, were not always of the most honest description; and he used to relate numerous instances in which his spades and hoes and similar implements—saws, pickaxes, and what not—had been carried off at the close of the day by those to whom he had loaned them to enable them to earn what he paid them for their day's work. The chief objects of his usual charities were those utterly destitute, and the least likely to obtain assistance from any body else. He had a whimsical theory that those whom every body will help were not entitled to any aid from him, and that he would confine his donations to the worthless and wretched vagabonds that every one else turns away from. A committee of Mormons, on a begging expedition, was once sent to him by a friend, with a note intimating that, as these people were not Christians, and seemed to be abandoned by every body that professed to be, they probably came within his rule, and he could consistently assist them. He did so without hesitation.

Over his immense wine-cellars he erected a large four-story building of brick, for the accommodation of poor laborers of both sexes. The different floors are reached by separate stairs and galleries, and each is divided into fourteen good-sized apartments, suitable for a man and his family, or two or three women. These rooms are generally all occupied, and those who are unable to pay are charged no rent. The building is well known among those for whose use it was built as the barracks. Notwithstanding the really charitable design of this construction, its tenants have

been the most uncrateful and troublesome of any he had to deal with. They used to annoy him incessantly, and frequently broke into the winevaults below and stole his choicest wine.

Another of Mr. Longworth's permanent and quiet charities was the weekly distribution at his house, every Monday morning, of three to eight hundred ten-cent loaves of bread to whoever would call for them. Once, when flour was high, and the bakers reduced the size of their loaves, Mr. Longworth thought he would be doing his beneficiaries a good turn by having them made purer and rye, and thus considerably enlarging their size. His customers, however, as soon as they found it out, raised such a clamor, and called him so many disparaging names, and annoyed him so much with their threats and complaints, that he was glad to order a return to the pure wheat. The ingratitude of this kind wearied the kindness of his heart, or distressed him half so much as the sight of destitution and suffering.

When Professor Mitchell took in hand the establishment of an Astronomical Observatory, and went about soliciting popular subscriptions for the purpose, application was made to Mr. Longworth to know whether he would part with his Mount Adams property. His only answer was, in a tone of a white cravat, with a shirt collar sometimes reaching to his ears, sometimes falling over his coat collar. His hair was rough, old, and discolored; his clothes fitting loosely about him; his shoes or brogans rather, were large and unblacked, and his whole air, if they had any, straggling about. This figure, with hands stock in the pockets of a very long coat, with a cigar, twinkling eye, sunny countenance, and a long thin mouth, quivering with fun and sarcasm, could be easily recognized in the streets of Cincinnati as Nick Longworth, the millionaire.

A curious anecdote is related of him, which illustrates his peculiarity of dress and habit. On one of those abominably hot days which this Cincinnati in mid-summer he sat on a stoop to rest for a few moments, and while waiving the perspiration from his forehead held his hat in his hand. A gentleman passing by, judging from his dress and fatigued appearance that he was in need of alms, dropped a quarter into his hat. Nick, with the ancient happy days when quarters formed a portion of the circulating medium. Mr. Longworth put the coin in his pocket, and remarked pleasantly, "Thank you, Sir; I never earned a quarter so easily before in my life." Despising the externals of dress and elegance in his habits of life, Longworth kept a princely home. His gardens and hot-houses abounded in the rarest exotics, and he did not begrudge any one with a struggling taste the public. His beautiful gardens in Pike Street, near Deer Creek, were accessible to every respectable person who wished to enjoy them, and if his gardeners were not on hand to point out their beauties, it is very probable that Nicholas Longworth himself would perform the part of chaperon. Mr. Longworth was a ready writer, full of wit, humor, and sarcasm. His contributions to the agricultural magazines and daily journals were very valuable. In fact, the agricultural and fruit-growing field of the West are highly indebted to him for their progress.

Mr. Longworth had four children—three daughters and one son. One of the daughters married Lafe Anderson, of Cincinnati, brother of the hero of Fort Sumter—a prominent lawyer, at one time a noticeable Whig politician, and a man elegant and accomplished gentleman. The wealth of which Mr. Longworth died possessed is put down at fifteen millions, but it is probable that it may be quoted at a much higher figure. His city lots alone would probably amount to that sum. The value of his property in the suburbs of Cincinnati, and in the different counties of Western Ohio, from Hamilton County to Sandusky, would probably swell his estate to twenty millions. In every sense he was a remarkable man, whose biography is worth preserving.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

WHO ARE OUR ENEMIES IN ENGLAND?

SOME stir has been created in fashionable circles by the eccentric behavior of a British nobleman, the Marquis of, or Lord, Hartington, son, it is said, of the Duke of Devonshire, who lately appeared at an evening party given by the banker Belmont with a miniature secession flag, worn as an order of nobility, on the breast of his coat. He was civilly requested to remove it, but declined to do any thing so reasonable. Thereupon an officer in the United States Infantry, a son of our townsman Mr. Charles A. Heckster, gave him the choice of removing it himself or having it removed for him; and the British nobleman wisely chose the former alternative. It was expected that a hostile meeting would grow out of the little transaction; but, his Lordship has very commendably avoided provoking any such breach of the peace.

Before we condemn this interesting member of the British aristocracy—as many of our fellow-citizens seem inclined to do—we must call to mind his station and the examples he had before him. The favorite motto of the British aristocracy is, "Stand by your Order!" And it is to the faithful adherence of the bulk of British noblemen to this party cry that the British aristocracy has owed its long lease of power. Begotten in corruption, fattened on plunder, and subsisting solely through the inconceivable devotion of the British people to the principles of loyalism, the British aristocracy would have been long since overthrown and destroyed, but for the staunch adherence of all its members to the duty of standing by their order, and opposing, by any and every means, the inroads of the democracy upon their hereditary domains. Every British nobleman is bred in this principle—that, perish what may, he must stand by his party. Like John (now General) Cochrane, who declared himself ready to vote for the devil if he had received a regular nomination at Tammany Hall, every member of that hallowed body, the British aristocracy, is ready to sustain, by word or act, the policy of his order, though that policy proposes him to stand by Satan and all his myrmidons.

This young lord, now, seeking a guide of conduct during his stay here, will naturally have found it in the speeches and writings of the leaders of his party at home. He will have noticed that Mr. Gladstone, who, though untitled, is one of the most reliable leaders of the British aristocracy, has expressed his decided sympathy with the Southern rebels. He has read Earl Russell's smoothing dispatches to our Government, and a speech in which he declared that "the North was contending for power, and the slave-owners for independence." He has doubtless remarked that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, the Parliamentary leaders of the British aristocracy though of the party opposed to Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone —have concurred in the opinion that, on the whole, the South was sure to succeed and the North sure to fail. He will have observed that other persons, representing, more or less directly, the British aristocracy, as Mr. Roebuck, Ferguson and Mr. Lindsay, member of the British Parliament, after coming here, and eating their beef, drinking our wine, and accepting the obeisances of our snobs, returned to their home and reviled us, having found no "gentlemen" here outside of the Southern plantation, where men own their mistresses and their children. Finally, if he be an acute and observant youth, he will have perceived that every journal of aristocratic opinion in Great Britain sympathized with the rebels, while every democratic organ gave us its support.

Under these circumstances, what could a young British nobleman do? Why, do as he was order—do but sport a secession flag? We protest that great injustice has been done this young man—should we apologize for calling him mere? It is very—by democratic rule—a mark of vulgar rascal, and a scamp who desired to insult Monsieur Belmont's guests. He merely did what any other British nobleman of his spirit would have done under the like circumstances.

In the general tendency to denounce England —which has been aroused by the *Alabama*, etc. —it is often forgotten that there are more rebels in England are as palpably divided on the subject of our war as the people of the United States. In London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and a dozen other British cities, public meetings have been held, at which resolutions of sympathy with the North have been carried by overwhelming majorities. The great majority in England have been challenged to call a single popular meeting to sustain their views, and have wisely declined the challenge. It is believed that there is not a single town in England in which the partisans of the slave Confederacy could venture to face the people on their platform. Wherever the British people have had a fair chance to express their views, the honest British spirit has taken sides manfully with the North.

But the aristocracy—the men who live by other men's labor, like the Southern planters; the lordlings who enjoy fat estates in virtue of the apostasy of their ancestors—the enemies since, or because a dissolute female ancestor of theirs became the mistress of a king or prince; the class which thrives on hereditary privileges and exclusive rights, and which would see its livelihood depend on the exclusion of the yeomen of England from the legitimate reward of their labor—this class is our deadly enemy.

For years, these indecent robbers of other men's bread—European types of Southern slave-drivers —have regarded the United States as the chief source of their prosperity, the very mainstay of their sons' inheritance. They have lived, eaten, drunken, and slept, in terror, lest the people of England should some day discover that American Government was possible without an aristocracy. In times gone by slavery was the stone they used to throw in our face. Now they are fond of quoting Jefferson and not Mason, and they stone us with the pebble—disunion. And every act and every word of theirs is designed to aid the Southern rebels—not that they love them, but that they want to show to the people of England that government without a hereditary aristocracy is an impracticable vision.

The contest we are waging is not fought in our interest alone. We are fighting the battle of democracy throughout the world. If we win, hereditary privilege will have seen its best day. If we fail, the Marquis of Hartington and his class will realize their dearest hope, and the partisans of democracy and free government will be crushed for many a generation.

THE LOUNGER.

LEAH.

WHEN we spoke last week of the hatred of races, and mentioned the fearful persecution of the Jews in Europe three or four centuries ago, we did not know of the powerful sermon that was nightly preached from the same text in the drama of *Leah*, played by Miss Bateman at Niblo's theatre. It is an English adaptation of a German sensation drama, and there was never a more timely play. It was in its fifth week when we saw it; and it would be well if it could be seen for fifty weeks and always by a crowd as large as that which has thronged the theatre during Miss Bateman's engagement.

The plot is simple, and turns upon the loathing which was felt in Christian Europe for the Jews. It shows the deadly, the terrible crimes, the baseless imbruting of human nature, which necessarily springs from the indulgence of such hate. The effect is great, for the very sensations are aroused once it is remarkable. The play is wrought in bold, coarse strokes. There is never any doubt as to the meaning, or the peculiar frame to the condition of our public affairs is most striking.

The play opens in a village in Germany upon a holiday. The peaceful service in the church-yard pass out, leaving the old magistrate, the priest, the schoolmaster, and a young woman upon the scene. The schoolmaster is a renegade Jew, living in terror lest he should be discovered and betrayed by some of his race, and therefore affecting an extreme Christian zeal. He has the more unscrupulously insist upon banishing all Jews. There is some theological sparring between him and the priest, in which the false convert is painfully zealous for the observance of forms, and the priest mildly asserts the superiority of the Christian spirit. The young girl then tells a story of a poor Christian family relieved by some Jews. The schoolmaster starts with horror, denounces them as unforgivable hate of Jews, and betrays his fear of the consequences of their coming. While they are still talking the young girl's cottage walls are chasing Leah the Jewess, whom they have discovered, and clamor for her death. The priest, having heard her story, and seen her pious humility, gives her protects her. "What has this forlorn woman done to you?" "She is a Jewess," reply the mob, "and that's enough." Driven by the mob, the priest advances and holds them back. "I am your pastor. You are Christians. Christ commands us to live in charity with all men. Why would you harm the innocent, who asks only forbearance?" The crowd are softened by his appeal, and fall back from their violence, but their motionless and silent. But the apostate, fearing lest the priest should prevail, and the Jews be suffered to remain with the means of escape, seeks to shame to himself, turns toward the priest and people and says: "But the laws of our country forbid her to remain. Shall we not obey the laws?" Instantly the cries arise again for the innocent blood. But the priest repeats the law of God commanding the succor of the helpless, and the crowd once more yield.

Then, fierce and malignant, the apostate turns to them, holding up his finger, crouching, glaring, and whispering: "Are not the Jews here? Are not the accursed race here?" Again the clubs are raised, and the hearse cry of the rabble is heard. Again the priest interposes, and the fiend the apostate, glaring once more and scornfully whispering, demands: "Have they come for? To beg; to steal; to take your work and wrest the bread from your mouth! Ha ha! We want no accursed Jews! Not in one eye of the multitude shrieks in reply, and they press more furiously and threateningly upon the pale and terrified Leah. The priest appeals to the ferocious rabble, and the mob are in play, and the apostate hisses again: "Not only to beg; not only to rob; not only to take your work and bread, but to steal your children and murder them for the Passover feast. No Jews here! None of the God-accursed race in our peaceful village!" It is the critical moment. Malignant hate and Christian charity contend for the mastery. The mob rushes on to immolate the unresisting victim, but in the very moments of threatened murder the priest, vicar of God, places his hand upon the head of the Jewess, raises the cross above her in the air, and the crowd of furious peasants at the sight of the holy symbol instinctively fall upon their knees.

The rest of the play develops the course of crime and universal misery which springs from the fear of the apostate and the deep-seated hate of the people for the Jewish race.

It would not be possible to represent the attitude and arguments of the Southern leaders and of the North more perfectly than in the words and conduct of the apostate. The staple of all the speeches against the Government, and in favor of the rebellion and anarchy is, like his, an appeal to the popular prejudice against an outcast race. The argument is simply—Are we going to be a negro man? Will you fight for the negro? Do you want your daughter to marry a black man? Do you want the negro to have your property and do the work from your hands by negroes? Will you have black Senators and a negro President?

Upon this hatred of race the reaction tries to found its political power in order to abase, divide, and destroy this nation. It has no other hope, no other resource, than this desperate pandering to the meanest and most inhuman prejudice. If such a course is not in itself sufficiently revolting—if its exposure in history is not appalling enough—then, whenever and wherever you can, go and see Leah, and have the lesson burned in upon your mind, which may help to save the national life and honor.

OPPRESSION.

At a time when the despotism of party-spirit is endeavoring to make it appear that the liberties of American citizens are endangered by the Government, it is worth while to note an instance of real oppression by a Government that we may understand what tyranny is. From some of the wild articles published in Conservative" China, but fortunately often blessed as well as applauded, it might be supposed that honest people here were really in peril. Long-continued midnight visits, secret enmbonstrated as if there were a system of terror already established. And the loudest cries are raised by those who have instigated all the mobs in the country for the last twenty years, and who have deliberately excused the constant wanton violations of the Constitution, of common right, and of ordinary humanity, which have been always matters of course in this section now in rebellion.

The immediate occasion of the late Polish insurrection against the Russian Government was the conscription for 1863. Instead of being distributed equally among the people it was made to fall, by a special order, upon one class, and resulted in a mixture of the bankers, traders, and professional men of the country, "the main object being to clear the country of all persons likely to disturb the public tranquillity." A general clearance was made upon their houses at night by Cossacks. The victims were seized. Their hands tied. They were dragged to fortresses, and then sent off in gangs to the Caucasus and Siberia to serve for twenty-five years in a foreign army.

Among civilized nations in modern times there has been no such outrage of humanity and civil right as this, except in the rebellious slave section of this country. There a more subtle and benign despotism and universal terror prevails than an American citizen of the free States can believe to be possible. Under the war notices of which he was a crime punishable with insult, danger, and even death to be a Northern man. Now it is a capital offense to be suspected of disloyal to the country. And this is the state of things with which those are in full and active sympathy who are so alarmed by the "Union Leagues." Marshal Lee, who is profoundly concerned for the liberties of American citizens at the North, so it Valladingham, or is May-or is every man who wishes the success of the Rebellion. But upon the fearful and bloody annihilation of every form of liberty, personal and political, under the rebel rule, they have not a word to say except in commendation and sympathy.

Let every man ask himself, in what this means. To what does "Conservatism" of this kind inevitably tend? Let him read the recently published work of Mr. Alison, who is deeply excited of loving his country, escaped from the rebel gallows, and the story of Parson Brownlow, and of Mr. Stevenson in the North Carolina Legislature, Federate Army, and, of Mr. Russell in his Diary at the North and South; let him talk with his neighbors who have had experience before the war of the respect shown the rights of an American citizen by slaveholding communities, and answer.

POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.

POPULAR politics—to use a convenient term—began with our Revolution. To control the popular sentiment is, therefore, the study of political leaders. How to control it is their problem. The question has been historically answered in three ways.

First, and longest, it was answered by fraud that the general well-being was founded in the perception of natural equal rights, and was to be maintained by constant popular enlightenment as to the close relation between the protection of rights, or justice, and public prosperity. Second, the French Revolutionists of 93 answered it by the iron rule of work of terror"—a policy which ended in anarchy and military despotism. Third, the French Revolution of 1830 answered it by saying that the control of public opinion was to be secured by fear of tumults, and by universal and skillful corruption.

Louis Philippe was the Magnus Apollo of this policy. He is the great progenitor and model of what Mr. Bancroft calls the Democratic party of New York school. Louis Philippe depended upon the timidity of trade, and upon his ability to bribe men by their ambition, to keep his throne in a state of gold. If they wished reputation with action, he gave office at home and abroad. If they wished massive distinction, he covered them with honorary decorations. His reign was the policy of governing by selfish interest, tried by the most skillful hand under the most favorable circumstances. What was the result? Simply that, after a career of eighteen years, his government suddenly ended, not by an overthrow, but by a collapse—a tumbling down. In all France no voice spoke for it—no finger was raised for it. The old Bourbon branch, who often inquired why he call it, at least an insolent, convulsed Europe and the world, and finally, by its foreign alliances, conquered the revolution, seated Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries, and sent his children to St. Helena. But the younger branch simply rotted in its corruption, like a tree decayed entirely and wholly, not in a gale, but because of its utter decay.

The doctrine of Louis Philippe is that of a school of politicians among ourselves. It is what is called the doctrine of expediency. It claims the possession of common sense. It scouts all theories, and impracticable theorists, and visionary philosophers. It assumes to be practical, to take men as they are. It boasts it best deals with facts. It informs us that civilization and progress are slow processes; that we can't hurry God; and that Jefferson tells us to do what we can, and not to spoil every thing by trying to do all we would. In one word, it declares that politics have nothing to do with morals, because politics as a system is the science of expediency.

Granted. But now please to explain your explanation. If there were ever a politician unvexed by any moral qualms, Louis Philippe was he. If there were ever a man of expedients, Louis Philippe was the man. If ever the doctrine that govern-

ment is an affair of shifts, and arrangements, and concessions, and compromises, and yielding to prejudices, and making all things smooth and profitable in the pocket, for every body had a fair chance, it was during the eighteen years, from 1830 to 1848, in France. By their fruits ye shall judge them. If the success of prosperity, honor, and peace with dignity, be the test of good government, who achieved it, Louis Philippe, the practical man of expedients, or Oliver Cromwell, the enthusiast and religious fanatic?

Is it not clear that when you excuse the appeal to the lowest selfishness upon the plea that politics is a science of expediency you beg the whole question? For what is the question? Given human nature and man in society, what is expediency? That only which is based upon the broadest view of human nature, upon its strongest instincts, upon its most profound emotions. And what are they? What are the tendencies and feelings in human nature that have produced the great epochs in history, the controlling changes in civilization? Did they spring from the pocket or the conscience? Unquestionably the right path is also at last the profitable, but not at first, and it is the first step that costs. Nothing which outrages the common conscience can be expedient. If, for instance, it be a law, it is inexpedient, because it will either remain a dead letter and bring all laws and just authority into contempt, or else it will be executed amidst tumults and protests which will end in revolution. Thus the moral nature of men becomes the most important consideration of all in matters of political policy. Interest, convenience, and all the minor oppositions may be set aside, but conscience is firmer than the everlasting hills, and surer than the law of gravity.

Thus it is the most foolish fallacy to make expediency the counterpart or opposing term in politics to principle; or to evade the moral view of public questions by saying that morality has nothing to do with them. Why, you have only to fortify any cause with a moral conviction and you make it impregnable. The Albigenses, the Cameronians, the early Christians, the later Protestants, might be routed and massacred, but the cause itself, intrenched in the popular conscience, laughed the conqueror to scorn.

The meanness, the timidity, the miscalled "expediency," the total want of principle in our politics have plunged us into this war. Since the days of our fathers, who were forced to know and willing to declare the moral principles upon which they acted, the simplicity and manliness of our public men have declined. The insolent bullying of Congressmen, whose pride it was that they bought and sold human beings in a republic based upon liberty and equal rights, was hardly so mortifying as the hesitating opposition and obsequious bearing of those who thought with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Laurens, George Mason, and John Adams, and whose political views and principles were those of the Constitution. In Washington Slavery has cracked the whip and Liberty has cowered and apologized, always with splendid and memorable exceptions. The wretched excuse has been that it was not "expedient" to do otherwise. Was it, then, not "expedient" for John Hampden to refuse to pay twenty shillings, even if he risked a revolution? Was it not "expedient" in the colonies to declare that they would not pay taxes without representation? Is it not "expedient" to declare to-day that either the victory of the rebellion will fortify Slavery, or that of the Government will establish Liberty upon this continent? If Louis Philippe and his school had sat in the seats of Hampden, Pym, and Tiennes—if they had stood in the shoes of Patrick Henry and Sam Adams—if they had been monks with Martin Luther—the work of three centuries would have to be done over again. Until men acknowledge the expediency of equal justice there will be no permanent peace in any nation. Are those, therefore, who insist that justice is the truest expediency blind guides? Our politicians hitherto have insisted that there was no relation between them. But their position in the presence of this war, which is simply the tremendous assertion that there *is* a relation between them, is more pitiful and ludicrous than that of their great prototype, Louis Philippe, appalled by the mere shadow of a revolution, and fleeing from France as Mr. William Smith with a huge cotton umbrella under his arm.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

The attempt of "the Conservative movement" to cut loose from its leaders will not succeed. If Wood, Vallandigham, Cox, Brooks, and the Seymours are not its logical leaders, who are? Who conduct the movement against the Administration and the war? It is these men or nobody. For there are but two parties, there can be but two. That which supports the Government in the war, and that which opposes it. To undertake a third party, which calls itself a war-party, provided the Government will be directed by it, is nonsense. Vallandigham would be satisfied if the Government would be controlled by him.

That the men we have named are the leaders of this new "Conservatism," which would reduce this nation to a mob of contemptible States, like Venezuela, and Ecuador, and Guatemala, and that the rebels regard them as their friends and virtual allies, should be clear enough by this time to the dullest mind.

The influence of "the Conservative movement," as illustrated in the autumn elections, upon the suppression of the rebellion, is seen in all the rebel papers and correspondence.

"Were it not," says a correspondent, writing from Richmond to Knoxville, "for the utter demoralization of the Federal armies; were it not that the quasi rebellion of the Governors of New Jersey and New York had affected Burnside's army as thoroughly as that of Rosecrans, which has felt more seriously the influence of Richardson, Bright, and Vallandigham; were these Federal forces as brave and devoted to the cause they have espoused as they were twelve months ago," etc.

Here are simple cause and effect. "Quasi rebellion" of certain Governors is cited by the rebels as the demoralizing influence of our army. Was, or was not, the election of those Governors hailed as "a Conservative triumph" by those who try to get rid of Vallandigham and Co.?

So in October, pending the elections, the Richmond *Examiner* said:

"The elections of New York will decide the complexion of the next House of Representatives, and they thus possess an interest which has attached to no other elections that have taken place since the commencement of the war."

Why this great interest? Clearly because of the chance of a Congress which differed in sentiment from this. Could it be more determined upon the war? Certainly not. The interest lay, therefore, in the hope of a House more favorable to negotiation. Could that House be elected except by "a Conservative triumph?" Echo answers, No.

"It is not to be denied," says the rebel writer, "that a Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

Were there more than two tickets at the election? And was not the "Conservative" ticket precisely what is here called Democratic? Why, then, would such a "Conservative" victory be so gratifying to the men who are in arms against the Government and nation? Because it would help them or hurt them?

The identity of the "peace" party with the "Conservative party" is so clearly established that to attempt to prove it is a gilding of fine gold, a painting of the lily. And that the leaders of the one are of necessity the chiefs of the other is equally evident. The attempt to stand between this "Conservatism," which is disunion, and anarchy, and acknowledgment of the rebellion, and the vigorous and hearty support of the Government, whether all its measures and men exactly please us or not, is hopeless. In the English civil war of 1645 the Presbyterians tried to stand between the Independents and the King. They argued that because the King claimed more than his constitutional rights it was not fair for the Parliament to overstep the limits of its power in order to put him down. But the truth was, as Macaulay, and Lord Nugent, and Godwin, and all the historians show, that a middle course was impossible. The King was resolved to overthrow the Constitution. He was fair in talk, and as false as fair. And the Parliament knew it. The game was desperate. The stake was the liberty of the English subject; and Parliament did not hesitate to exceed its normal powers in order to save the Constitution and the nation. And all the people cried Amen! The Constitution was saved, and the rights of the nation secured.

The rebels are as false and haughty as Charles Stuart. They mean the destruction of the Government. Fortunately that Government need not and does not transcend its powers to save itself. But even if it were forced to do so, what man capable of conceiving the disaster of disunion would not cry God-speed? We must stand by that Union, then, or leave it to its enemies. And when the enemy is at the gate, there is no distinction in moral guilt between a foe who fires upon the garrison and one who insists that the garrison shall not fire unless they will use such powder and ball as he has to sell.

A WORD WITH ANY CONNECTICUT VOTER.

No faithful citizen of the United States, in whatever State he may live, will wish to vote for a candidate who is acceptable to the rebels, because to do so is to help them overthrow the Government. Should any Connecticut voter, therefore, whose party sympathies have been Democratic, but whose heart and soul are true to his country, happen to see this paragraph, let him reflect upon the statement of the Richmond *Examiner*, one of the chief organs of the rebellion, which, in denouncing the Northern Democrats in general for being "as fierce in their apostasy to former principles as Butler himself," says, however, that among them "*are to be found one Pierce, one Vallandigham, one Wood, and two Seymours, like the five just men in Sodom.*"

If, therefore, any Connecticut freeman feels that he can be true to his country by doing what his enemies wish, let him vote for the man whom the rebels praise. It is not a party question. It is the salvation of the country which is at stake.

CHILDS'S NATIONAL ALMANAC.

This work is the best American almanac ever published. It contains full and complete statistics of the General Government, names of the officials, abstracts of the laws, statistics of the Census of 1860, a full account of the Government, population, finances, agricultural and commercial condition of each State; a digest of the history and condition of all the railroads of the United States; statistics of education, crime, crops, etc., etc. and a very good account of the war from its commencement. It is a book every one should have.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Pray, Sir, of what profession are you?" said a learned counsel to a witness who had come prepared to prove a fact, and who was not deemed a very respectable gentleman. "Sir, I am a shoemaker and wine-merchant." "A what, Sir?" said the learned counsel. "A wine-merchant and shoemaker." "Then," said the counsel, "I may describe you as a sherry cobbler!"

"Why is it," said a young swell, a few days since, "that I can't make my collar sit well?"—"Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

The man that drew a long breath has taken another chance in the same lottery.

"Is that animal a biped or a quadruped?" asked one of the visitors to a circus, one day, of a by-stander. "I think, Sir," said an evident student of natural history, with bulging eyes and green spectacles, "that the man who shows the animals called it a *kangarooped!*"

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked how he was. "Well," he said, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

There was an Irish lawyer who invariably wrote at the bottom of his brief, "If any part of the case should fail, or want making out, call my clerk, Tim Donnegan, and he will swear any thing."

"I am happy, Tom, to hear the report that you have succeeded to *large landed property*." "And I am sorry to say it is *groundless*."

Why is a lady remarrying like a chimes'-ringer?—Because one rings the changes, while the other changes the ring.

A handsome woman pleases the eyes, a good woman pleases the heart: the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

"'Tis false," as the girl said when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

Query for a Debating Society.—What do the sailors do with the knots the ship makes in a day?

The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind finds himself "blown" all over town.

The Burglar's Aspiration.—A skeleton-key in every cupboard.

"I'll be *blessed* if I do," as the girl said when her lover asked her to be married.

"I can't support you any longer," as the rotten bridge said to the elephant.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, February 18, in the Senate, Senator Foot, of Vermont, was chosen President *pro tempore*, Vice-President Hamlin having announced his intention to be absent for the remainder of the session. A joint resolution to compensate the crew of the iron battery *Monitor* for loss of clothing was adopted. The bill making appropriations for fortifications was passed; also the bill to regulate the appointment of midshipmen. The bill fixing the gauge of the Pacific Railroad and branches at four feet eight and a half inches was passed. The bill organizing the courts of the District of Columbia was discussed, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill granting aid to Missouri for the emancipation of slaves was referred to the select Committee on Emancipation. The House passed the Senate bill for the purpose of removing doubts as to the meaning of former laws. It authorizes the President, when two kinds of punishment are imposed by a court, pecuniary and imprisonment, to remit the one or the other. When the imprisonment is remitted, the fine shall be collected as a judgment of debt in the common forms of law. The bill indemnifying the President and other public officers for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and for acts in pursuance thereof, was then taken up, and an interesting debate ensued, which continued till the adjournment.

On Thursday, 19th, in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Morgan, the new Senator from New York, were presented. A communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, exhibiting the debit and credit account of the contrabands of the Sea Island cotton district, was received. It shows a balance of more than half a million dollars in favor of the Government. The bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners, and authorizing the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, was taken up. A motion to strike out the section of the bill authorizing a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was rejected—yeas 13, nays 27. Senators Trumbull and Carlile offered substitutes for the bill, but no further action was taken on the subject. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the bill indemnifying the President and other persons for acts done under the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was referred to a conference committee. The Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to adjust the equitable claims of contractors for naval supplies and regulating contracts with the Navy Department was adopted. The House passed the Senate's joint resolution expelling ex-Senator Badger from the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for his giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and appointing Professor Louis Agassiz to fill his place. At the evening session the National Currency bill was taken up, and Messrs. Spaulding and Fenton spoke in favor of its passage.

On Friday, 20th, in the Senate, the House bill providing a government for the Territory of Arizona was passed. The bill enabling the people of Nevada Territory to take preparatory steps for being admitted into the Union was reported back. Similar bills relative to Nebraska and Colorado were reported. The joint resolution directing the payment of troops in hospitals and convalescent camps within sixty days was adopted, and Committees of Conference on the Indemnity and Finance bills were ordered.——In the House, the bill to establish a uniform national currency was passed as it came from the Senate, by a vote of 78 against 74. The Senate Post-Office Reform bill was taken up, and several amendments adopted, among them one establishing a postal money-order system.

On Saturday, 21st, in the Senate, a memorial from citizens of New York, asking for the establishment of a submarine telegraph from Fortress Monroe to Galveston, was presented. Senator Powell offered a resolution that a committee of three be appointed to investigate the facts in reference to the arrest, imprisonment, and release of D. A. Mahony, J. A. Mullen, and Andrew J. Duff. Laid over. Senator Powell also gave notice that he should, at an early day, offer a resolution for a committee to investigate the conduct of General Gilbert in recently dispersing a convention in Kentucky. A resolution to print 10,000 extra copies of the Currency bill was referred. The bill for the discharge of State prisoners, and authorizing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, was taken up, and an angry discussion ensued between Senators Wilson of Massachusetts and Powell of Kentucky. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a Committee of Conference was asked of the Senate on the disagreeing amendments to the Finance bill. The Post-Office Reform bill was next considered; an amendment that all soldiers in camp or hospital shall receive and transmit letters free of postage was adopted, and the bill passed by a vote of 72 against 56. The Ways and Means Committee reported amendments to the Internal Tax bill. The Senate's amendments to the Post-Route bill were agreed to. The Senate bill to prevent correspondence with rebels was passed, also the Senate bill to punish bribery. The Senate bill authorizing the issue of letters of marque was then taken up and discussed till the adjournment.

On Monday, 23d, in the Senate, Senator Willey presented a resolution from the Constitutional Convention of West Virginia, accepting the constitution as amended by Congress, and also resolutions asking for an appropriation in compensation for the emancipation of slaves in West Virginia. Senator Collamer called up the resolution relative to the payment of foreign postage in coin, and offered a substitute authorizing the Postmaster-General to take such measures as he may deem necessary to provide for the payment in coin of the balances against the United States. The substitute was accepted and the resolution adopted. After disposing of several unimportant subjects, the bill relative to the discharge of State prisoners and authorizing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was taken up and passed by a vote of 24 against 13.——In the House, the report of the Committee on Elections, adverse to the claim of Mr. Jennings Piggott to represent the Second Congressional district of North Carolina, was accepted. The Naval Appropriation bill was taken up, and several Senate amendments not being concurred in, the bill was returned to that body. The consideration of the Senate bill enrolling and calling out the National militia was then resumed. Amendments were cut off by the ordering of the previous question, but an exciting and acrimonious discussion was kept up till after eleven o'clock at night.

On Tuesday, 24th, in the Senate, a conference committee was appointed on the Naval Appropriation bill. The Indian Appropriation bill was discussed and amended and laid aside. Ten thousand extra copies of the Currency bill were ordered to be printed. A bill was introduced authorizing the President, in certain cases, to take possession of steamboats and other vessels.——The House was engaged in discussing the bill providing for calling out and arming the militia of the nation. It was agreed that a vote should be taken on the bill on the following day. During the debate Mr. Stevens attacked General M'Clellan, and read a letter from General Scott accusing General M'Clellan of insubordination.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

The mortar boats of the expedition against Vicksburg were towed into position on the 18th inst., and opened fire upon the city on that day. They were answered by the rebel batteries, three in number. The position of the gun-boats was found to be too much exposed to the fire of the enemy, and they accordingly withdrew to a safer place, from which they renewed the bombardment.

A COAL BARGE RUNS THE BLOCKADE.

A barge containing seven thousand bushels of coal followed the example of the ram *Queen of the West*, and ran the blockade at Vicksburg on the night of 14th, passing harmlessly through in the dark. The gun-boat *Conestoga* destroyed Bolivar Landing, a scattered village fifty miles above Memphis. The river is rapidly overflowing its banks on the Louisiana side to such an extent that the little town of De Soto, opposite Vicksburg, is now nearly under water, and it is thought that the whole peninsula will ere long be submerged. The *Queen of the West* has gone up Red River on the hunt for rebel boats supposed to be lying there.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

We have from rebel sources a report of the capture of the Union ram *Queen of the West*, whose gallant exploits in running the blockade at Vicksburg are already known to our readers. She is said to have been captured under Fort Taylor, at Gordon's Landing, on the Red River—the pilot, who was taken off the rebel steamer *Eva*, having treacherously run her within range of the guns while asserting that the fort was fifteen miles away. Her steam-pipe was knocked off, and she was otherwise so disabled that she drifted to the opposite shore, and all of the crew except thirteen escaped. The boat and the rest of the hands fell into the power of the rebels.

A SECESH MEETING DISPERSED IN KENTUCKY.

A crowd of secessionists in Frankfort, Kentucky, met last week in the theatre of that city for the ostensible purpose of nominating candidates for the August elections; but Colonel Gilbert, with a regiment of Union troops with bayonets fixed, made his appearance, took the chair himself, and dispersed the meeting by declaring that they should then and there prove by oath their loyalty to the Government, as he believed they were nothing but Democrats and secessionists. With the fear of fixed bayonets before their eyes, and remembering, no doubt, the story of Cromwell and the Rump Parliament in the good old times of free and merry England, the citizens of Frankfort wisely resolved to separate, and they did so.

THE SOUTH DON'T WANT FRENCH INTERFERENCE.

We find an interesting commentary upon the diplomatic correspondence of M. Drouyn de l'Huys and Mr. Seward in the Richmond papers. The plans of the French Minister for mediation and peace are pretty roughly handled; in fact, they are rather uncivilly declined. The Emperor himself is somewhat snubbed. The Southern Confederacy, we are told, needs no commissioners to settle the difficulty, either of French or any other suggestion; the commissioners already exist in the persons of Generals Lee, Beauregard, Longstreet, Jackson, and Joe Johnston.

BEAUREGARD PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

General Beauregard, as military commander of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, has issued a proclamation declaring it to be his solemn duty to announce to the citizens and authorities of Charleston and Savannah that an attack by the land and naval forces of the United States is about to be made upon either or both cities, and warning those who are not able to take up arms for their defense to retire to some place of safety. He urges, however, upon every one who can join in the struggle at "this hour of trial" to do so without regard to the kind of weapons they may have in their possession. Pikes and scythes, he says, will do for the destruction of their enemies, and spades and shovels for the protection of their firesides, altars, and the graves of their fathers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The British Parliament met in session on the 5th of February. The Queen's Speech contains very little of importance, excepting the following:

Her Majesty has abstained from taking any step with a view to make a cessation of the conflict between the contending parties of the North American States, because it has not yet seemed to her that any such overtures could be attended with a probability of success. Her Majesty has viewed with the deepest concern the desolating warfare which still rages in those regions, and she has witnessed with heart-felt grief the severe distress and suffering which that war has inflicted upon a large class of her Majesty's subjects, but which have been borne by them with great fortitude and exemplary resignation. It is some consolation to her Majesty to be led to hope that this suffering and this distress are diminishing rather than increasing, and that some renewal of employment is beginning to take place in the manufacturing districts.

PARLIAMENT.

During the debates on the address, in reply to the speech in both Houses, Lord Palmerston's course was generally sustained, although Earl Derby and Mr. Disraeli regretted that England had not made an effort in conjunction with France to induce an armistice. All parties agreed in opinion, however, that the attempt would fail. Earl Russell, in the House of Lords, however, expressed the opinion that the Union would never be restored. Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, agrees with him, and says he foresees that the future America will be one "of armies, and turbulence, and wars."

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The insurrection in Poland is spreading. The city of Wengrow has been taken by the Russians, after a sanguinary battle.

COCHIN CHINA.

THE FRENCH IN TROUBLE.

The people of Cochin China have revolted against the French, and made desperate attacks on the Emperor's troops. The natives were repulsed with heavy loss. The Queen of Spain, it was said, had refused to send her troops back to Cochin China at the request of the Emperor Napoleon.

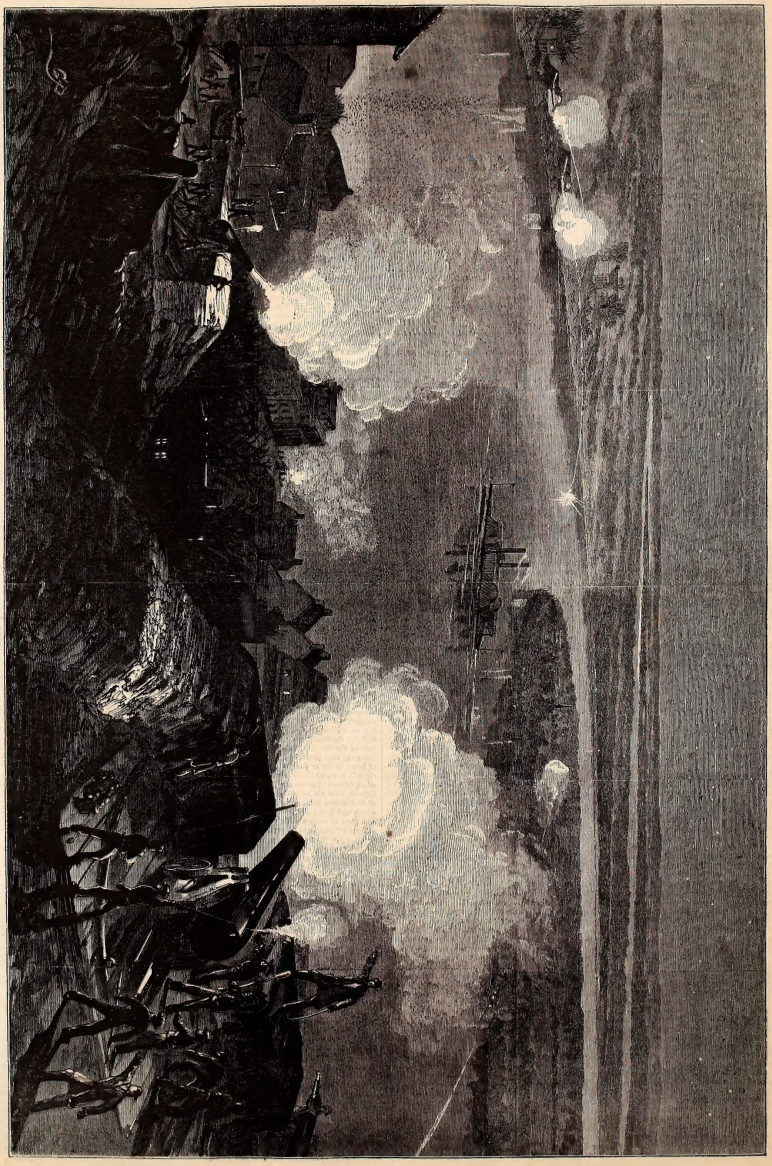
NASSAU.

ANOTHER PIRATE ENTERTAINED.

Captain Maffit, of the *Oreto*, waited on the Governor of Nassau at his official residence, and obtained permission to remain off Nassau for twenty-four hours, during which time he laid his ship alongside the English war-steamers *Galatea* and *Barracouta*. The *Oreto* was thought to be looking out for the American ship *Eliza Bonsall*, which had left Nassau the day before for Abaco to take away United States troops lately wrecked there. Her capture by the *Oreto* was considered as very probable.



PAYING OFF THE TEAMSTERS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 150]



THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "INDIANOLA" (IRON-CLAD) RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT VICKSBURG.

PAYING THE TEAMSTERS.

On page 148 we reproduce an illustration by Mr. Waud, representing The Payment of the Negro Teamsters. Mr. Waud writes: "In the Army of the Potomac there are probably from 8000 to 10,000 negroes employed as teamsters. This is a business they are well fitted for, and of course it relieves an equal number of white men for other duties. A teamster's life is a very hard one, particularly at this season of the year. It does not matter how much it storms, or how deep the mud, subsistence must be hauled to the camps, and day and night, toiling along with tired horses and mules, the creaking wagons are kept busy carrying to and fro commissary, quarter-master, and ordnance stores, in addition to keeping the camps supplied with fire-wood. White teamsters have $25 a month. Colored men are paid $20, an increase of $10 a month on 'Contrabands pay' previous to the proclamation of emancipation.

"To a negro slave the ideal of social existence is to have their labor paid for as the white men do; consequently 'pay-day' has unusual charms for them. It is amusing to watch the effect of a handful of bills on the countenances of the colored ones as they receive their dues. Captain Howard, who is fond of a joke, would sometimes hand a particularly unsophisticated-looking darkey his money in large bills, tendering the next one a like amount in ones and half-dollar bills, thereby producing temporary but complete mystification in their souls. Some, like the old fellow represented in the sketch, would be so comically overcome by the joke of the whole performance that they hardly knew how to approach their funds, especially as they had been immensely overawed by the solemn ceremony of holding the end of the pen, while the clerk, Mr. Fury, wrote their names at the foot of the pay-roll.

"No band of nigger minstrels could hope to equal in comic effect a party of these fellows, with their wonderfully held together rags, their comic heads of wool, often encased in a turban, their black-snakes (technical for whips), and great variety of expression. Many of them are very wild, and need strict management to keep them in order. They appear, however, in most cases to realize the advantages of their new position, and do as well as can be expected."

HOW A FREE PEOPLE CONDUCT A LONG WAR.

A CHAPTER FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY CHARLES J. STILLE.

"History, if it be not the merest toy, the idlest pastime of our vacant hours, is the record of the onward march of Humanity toward an end. Where there is no belief in such an end, and therefore no advance toward it, no stirrings of a Divine Word in a people's bosom, where not as yet the beast's heart has been taken away, and a man's heart given, there History can not be said to be. They belong not, therefore, to History, least of all to sacred History, those Babels, those cities of confusion, those huge pens, into which by force and fraud the early hunters of men, the Nimrods and the Sesostrises drave, and compelled their fellows: and Scripture is only most true to its idea while it passes them almost or wholly in silence by, while it lingers rather on the plains of Mamre with the man that 'believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness,' than by 'populous No' or great Babylon, where no faith existed but in the blind powers of nature, and the brute forces of the natural man."—Trench's Hulsean Lecture, *The Unity of Scripture.*

We have known hitherto in this country so little of the actual realities of war on a grand scale, that many are beginning to look upon the violent opposition to the Government, and the slowness of the progress of our arms, as signs of hopeless discouragement. History, however, shows us that these are the inevitable incidents of all wars waged by a free people. This might be abundantly illustrated by many remarkable events in English history, from the days of the great Rebellion down through the campaigns of the Prince of Orange, and of Marlborough, to the wars which grew out of the events of the French Revolution. War is always entered upon amidst a vast deal of popular enthusiasm, which is utterly unreasoning. It is the universal voice of history, that such enthusiasm is wholly unreliable in supporting the prolonged and manifold burdens which are inseparable from every war waged on an extensive scale, and for a long period. The popular idea of war is a speedy and decisive victory, and an immediate occupation of the enemy's capital, followed by a treaty of peace by which the objects of the war are permanently secured. Nothing is revealed to the excited passions of the multitude but dazzling visions of national glory, purchased by small privations, and the early and complete subjugation of their enemies. It is, therefore, not unnatural that at the first reverse they should yield at once to an unmanly depression, and, giving up all for lost, they should vent upon the Government for its conduct of the war, and upon the army and its generals for their failure to make their dreams of victory realities, an abuse as unreasoning as was their original enthusiasm.

Experience has taught the English people that the progress of a war never fulfills the popular expectations; that although victory may be assured at last to patient and untiring vigor and energy in its prosecution, yet during the continuance of a long war there can be no well-founded hope of a uniform and constant series of brilliant triumphs in the field, illustrating the profound wisdom of the policy of the Cabinet; that, on the contrary, all war, even that which is most successful in the end, consists rather in checkered fortunes, of alternations of victory and disaster, and that its conduct is generally marked by what were evidently, when viewed in the light of experience, blunders so glaring in the policy adopted by the Government, or in the strategy of its generals, that the wonder is success was achieved at all. The English have thus been taught that the true characteristic of public opinion, in its judgment of a war, should be, not hopefulness nor impatience of immediate results, but rather a stern endurance—that King-quality of heroic constancy which, rooted deep in a profound conviction of the justice of the cause, supports a lofty public spirit equally well in the midst of temporary disaster, and in the hour of assured triumph.

We have had no such experience here. Our people are perhaps more easily excited by success, and more readily depressed by reverses, than the English; and it is, therefore, worth while to consider how they carried on war on a grand scale and for a protracted period. It will be found, if we mistake not, that the denunciations of the Government, so common among us of late, and the complaints of the inactivity of the army, have their exact counterpart in the history of the progress of all the wars in which England has been engaged since the days of the great Rebellion. He who draws consolation from the lessons of the past, will not, we think, seek comfort in vain when he discovers that in all those wars in which the government and the army have been so bitterly assailed (except that of the American Revolution), England has at last been triumphant. It is worth while, then, to look into English history to understand how war is successfully carried on, notwithstanding the obstacles which, owing to a perverted public opinion, exist within the nation itself. These difficulties, although they inhere in the very nature of a free government, often prove, as we shall see, more fruitful of embarrassment to the favorable prosecution of a war than the active operations of the enemy.

We propose to illustrate the propositions which we have advanced by a study of the series of campaigns known in English history as the Peninsular War. We select this particular war because we think that in many of its events, and in the policy which sustained it, there are to be observed many important, almost startling parallelisms with our present struggle. We have, of course, no reference to any similarity existing in the principle which produced the two wars, but rather to the striking resemblance in the modes adopted by the two people for prosecuting war on a grand scale, and for the vindication of a principle regarded as of vital importance by them.

The Peninsular War on the part of England, as was contended by the Ministry during its progress, and as is now universally recognized, was a struggle not only to maintain her commercial supremacy (which was then, as it is now, her life), but also to protect her own soil from invasion by the French, by transferring the scene of conflict to distant Spain. The general purpose of assisting the alliance against Napoleon seems always to have been a subordinate motive. It is now admitted by all historians, that upon success in this war depended not only England's rank among nations but her very existence as an independent people. The war was carried on for more than five years, and on a scale, so far as the number of men and the extent of the military operations are concerned, until then wholly unattempted by England in her European wars. The result, as it need not be said, was not only to crown the British arms with the most brilliant and undying lustre, but also to retain permanently in their places the party whose only title to public favor was that they had carried on the war against the most serious obstacles, and brought it to a successful termination. Thus was delayed, it may be remarked, for at least twenty years, the adoption of those measures of reform which at last gave to England that place in modern civilization which had long before been reached by most of the nations of the Continent by passing through the trials of a bloody revolution. If we, then, in our dark hours, are inclined to doubt and despondency as to the final result, let us not forget the ordeal through which England successfully passed. We shall find that, in the commencement, there was the same wild and unreasoning enthusiasm with which we are familiar; the same bitter abuse and denunciation of the government at the first reverses; the same impatient and ignorant criticism of military operations; the same factious and disloyal opposition on the part of a powerful party; the same discouragement and despondency at times on the part of the true and loyal; the same prophecies of the utter hopelessness of success; the same complaints of grievous and burdensome taxation, and predictions of the utter financial ruin of the country; the same violent attacks upon the government for its arbitrary decrees, and particularly for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*; the same difficulties arising from the inexperience of the army; and the same weakness on the part of the government in not boldly and energetically supporting the army in the field. These are some of the more striking parallelisms between the Peninsular War and our own struggle, which a slight sketch of the progress of that war will render very apparent.

The insurrection in Spain which followed immediately upon a knowledge of the intrigues of Napoleon at Bayonne, in April, 1807, by which the royal family was entrapped into an abdication of its right to the throne, and Joseph Bonaparte made king of that country, roused universal admiration and enthusiasm in England. It was thought by all parties that an obstacle to the further progress of Napoleon's schemes of the most formidable character had at last been found. It was the first popular insurrection in any country against Napoleon's power, and consequently, when the deputies from the Asturias reached England imploring succor, their appeals excited the popular feeling to the highest pitch, and the opposite parties in Parliament and the country vied with each other in demanding that England should aid the insurrection with the whole of her military power. It is curious to observe that, when the question of aid was brought before Parliament, Mr. Canning and Mr. Sheridan, who had probably never acted together before on any political question, rivaled each other in their praise of the Spaniards, and in their expressions of hope and belief that Napoleon had at last taken a step which would speedily prove fatal to him. Large supplies were voted by acclamation, and an important expedition, afterward operating in two columns, one under the command of Sir John Moore, the other under that of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was dispatched to the Peninsula to aid the insurgents. It is not our purpose to trace the progress of this expedition, but merely to notice the effect which its immediate results, the retreat to Corunna and the Convention of Cintra, produced upon popular feeling in England. As we look back on the history of that time the folly and madness which seized upon the popular mind when the terms of the Convention of Cintra became known can only be explained by recalling the high-wrought and extravagant expectations of immediate success with which the war had been entered upon. By this Convention, and as the result of a single battle, Portugal was wholly evacuated by the French; yet such were the unreasonable demands of public opinion that, because the whole French army had not been made prisoners of war, the Ministry was almost swept away by the outburst, and it could only control the storm by removing the two generals highest in rank. It required all the family and political influence of the third, Sir Arthur Wellesley, to enable him to retain his position in the army. The disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna, and the easy triumphs of the French at that period throughout all Spain, plunged the English into despair. Going from one extreme to another, men who, only three months before, had quarreled with the army in Portugal because it had not given them the spectacle of a French marshal and twenty thousand of his soldiers as prisoners of war at Spithead, now spoke openly of the folly of any attempt at all on the part of England to resist the progress of the French arms in the Peninsula. In Parliament there was the usual lame apology for disaster, an attempt to shift the responsibility from the Ministry to the General in command; but the great fact that all their hopes had been disappointed still remained, and after the explanations of the Government the general despondency became more gloomy than ever. It is not difficult in the light of history to see where the blame of failure should rest. Any one who is disposed now to sneer and cavil at the shortcomings of our own Administration, to impute to it views short-sighted and impracticable in their policy, and to blame it for want of energy and vigor in the prosecution of the war, has only to turn to Colonel Napier's account of the stupid blunders of the English Government, its absurd and contradictory orders, its absolute ignorance not only of the elementary principles of all war, but of the very nature of the country in which the army was to operate, and of the resources of the enemy, to be convinced that, had its mode of carrying on hostilities (which was the popular one) been adopted, in six months not an English soldier would have remained in the Peninsula except as a prisoner of war. The history of this campaign contains important lessons for us; it shows conclusively that the immediate results of war are never equal to the public expectation, and that if this public expectation, defeated by the imbecility of the Government, or soured by disaster in the field, is to be the sole rule by which military operations are to be judged, no war for the defense of a principle can long be carried on.

Fortunately for the fame and the power of England, the Ministry, although ignorant of the true mode of prosecuting hostilities, had sense enough to perceive that their only true policy was perseverance. They were strong enough to resist the formidable opposition which the events we have referred to developed in Parliament and the country, and, undismayed by the experience of the past, concluded a treaty with the Provisional Government of Spain, by which they pledged England never to abandon the national cause until the French were driven across the Pyrenees. The army was placed upon a better footing, was largely reinforced, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the chief command. The Government, not yet wholly awakened from its illusions, still thought it practicable to reach Madrid in a single campaign, and to that end the efforts of Wellington were directed. It became necessary first to dislodge Soult at Oporto, and the magnificent victory of the English, gained by the passage of the Douro at that point, went far to revive confidence at home in the invincibility of their army. Yet so clear is it that victory in war often depends upon what, for some better name, we may call mere good fortune, that we have the authority of the Duke of Wellington himself for saying, that this army, which had just exhibited such prodigies of valor, was then in such a state of demoralization that, although "excellent on parade, excellent to fight, it was worse than an enemy in a country, and liable to dissolution alike by success or defeat." Certainly no severer criticism has ever been justified by the inexperience and want of discipline of our own raw levies than that contained in this memorable declaration. A little reflection and candor might perhaps teach us, as it did the English, that nothing can compensate for the want of experience, and that every allowance is to be made for disasters where it is necessary to educate both officers and soldiers in the actual presence of the enemy. Wellington soon afterward moved toward the Spanish frontier, hoping by a junction with the army under Cuesta to fight a battle with the French which would open to him the road to the capital. The battle was fought at Talavera, and although it has since been claimed by the English as one of their proudest victories, and the name of Talavera is now inscribed upon the standards of the regiments who took part in it with those of Salamanca and Vittoria, yet the result was, in the end, that Wellington was obliged to retreat to Lisbon just three months after he had set out from that place, having left his wounded in the hands of the French, having escaped as if by a miracle from being wholly cut off in his retreat, and having lost one-third of his army in battle and by disease. Of course the blame was thrown upon the want of co-operation on the part of the Spaniards. This we have nothing to do with; it is the result of the campaign with which we are concerned. Dependence upon the Spaniards was certainly, as it turned out, a fault; but it was one of the fair chances of war, and it was a fault in which Wellington, made wise by experience, was never again detected.

When the news of the untoward result of this campaign reached England, the clamor against the Government and against Wellington was quite as violent as that excited by the disasters of Sir John Moore's army. The Opposition in Parliament took advantage of this feeling to rouse public opinion to such a manifestation as might compel the termination of the war in the Peninsula and drive the Ministry from office. The Common Council of London, probably a fair exponent of the opinions of the middle class, petitioned the King not to confirm the grant of £2000 a year which the Ministry had succeeded in getting Parliament to vote to Wellington. The petitioners ridiculed the idea that a battle attended with such results should be called a victory. "It should rather be called a *calamity*," they said, "since we were obliged to seek safety in a precipitate flight, abandoning many thousands of our wounded countrymen into the hands of the French." In the opinion of the strategists in the Common Council and of their friends in Parliament, Wellington might be a brave officer, but he was no general; he had neglected the protection of his flanks and his line of communication. When it is remembered that at this very time, Wellington, profiting by the experience of the past, was diligently making his army really effective within the lines of Torres Vedras, from which strong-hold it was in due time to sally forth like a giant refreshed, never to rest until it had planted the English flag on the heights of Toulouse, we may perhaps smile at the presumption of those who, sincere well-wishers to the cause, displayed only their ignorance in their criticism. But what shall be said of those who, knowing better, being quite able to understand the wisdom of the policy adopted by the General to insure success in the stupendous enterprise in which the country was engaged, yet with a factious spirit and with the sole object of getting into power themselves, took advantage of the excitement of the ignorant multitude to paralyze the energies of the Government?

That hideous moral leprosy, which seems to be the sad but invariable attendant upon all political discussions in a free government, corrupting the very sources of public life, breeding only the base spirit of faction, had taken complete possession of the Opposition, and in its sordid calculations, *the dishonor of the country, or the danger of the army, was as nothing, provided the office, the power, and the patronage of the Government were secured in their hands.* It mattered little to them, provided they could drive the Ministry from office, whether its downfall was brought about by blunders in Spain, or by the King's obstinacy about Catholic Emancipation, or by an obscure quarrel about the influence of the Lords of the bedchamber. The sincerity of these declamations of the Opposition was curiously enough put to the test some time afterward, when the Ministry, wearied by the factious demagogism with which all their measures were assailed, and understanding perfectly their significance, boldly challenged their opponents, if they were in earnest, to make a definite motion in the House of Commons, that Portugal should be abandoned to its fate. This move completely unmasked their game, and for a time silenced the clamor, for it was perfectly understood on all hands, that deep in the popular heart, undisturbed by the storms which swept over its surface, there was a thorough and abiding conviction of the absolute necessity of resisting the progress of Napoleon's arms, and that the real safety of England herself required that that resistance should then be made in Spain. *Still this noisy clamor did immense mischief; it weakened the Government, it prolonged the strife, it alarmed the timid, it discouraged the true, and it so far imposed upon Napoleon himself, that thinking that in these angry invectives against the Government he found the real exponent of English sentiment, he concluded, not unnaturally, that the people were tired and disgusted with the war*, and that the privations which it occasioned were like a cancer, slowly but surely eating out the sources of national life.

In the midst of these violent tumults at home, Wellington was silently preparing for his great work within the lines of Torres Vedras. It would not be easy to overrate the difficulties by which he was surrounded. He was fully aware of the outcry which had been raised against him; he knew that from a Cabinet so weakened by internal dissensions as to be on the verge of overthrow from the vigorous assaults of the Opposition, and from its own unpopularity occasioned by the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and the disasters in the Peninsula, he could expect no thorough and reliable support. Indeed the Government, almost in despair, threw the whole responsibility for the military measures on the Continent on him alone. He accepted the responsibility in a most magnanimous spirit. He writes:

> "I conceive that the honor and the interests of the country require that we should hold our position here as long as possible, and please God, I will maintain it as long as I can. I will neither endeavor to shift from my own shoulders on those of the ministers the responsibility for the failure, by calling for means which I know they can not give, and which, perhaps, would not add materially to the facility of attaining our object; nor will I give to the ministers, who are not strong, and who must feel the delicacy of their own situation, an excuse for withdrawing the army from a position which, in my opinion, the honor and interest of the country require they should maintain as long as possible."

Animated by this heroic sense of duty, the Commander-in-Chief prepared to contend against the 200,000 men under Massena, whom Napoleon had sent to chase him into the sea. He had, to oppose this immense force, only 25,000 English soldiers, and about the same number of Portuguese tolerably organized. Secure within the lines of Torres Vedras, he quietly waited until the want of provisions, and the utter hopelessness of an assault upon his position forced upon Massena the necessity of retreating. Then instantly pursuing, in a series of battles, of almost daily occurrence, he drove Massena out of Portugal, and reached once more the Spanish frontier in May, 1811, nearly three years after the English had sent an army to the assistance of the Peninsula. Here he rested for a long time, making preparations for the siege of

Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, operations requiring time, and the success of which was essential to the safety of the army in its further progress. Still, so little was Wellington's position, military and political, understood in England even at that time, after all the proofs he had given of consummate ability, that public clamor was again roused against the mode adopted by him for conducting the war. As there were no disasters at which to grumble, people talked of "barren victories," because like those of Creçy and Azincourt, they brought no territorial acquisitions, forgetting then what they have never been weary of boastingly proclaiming since, that these victories were the best proofs that their army was distinguished by the highest military qualities, which, properly directed and supported, were capable of achieving the most glorious results. So profound was the conviction of the immense superiority of the French, both in numbers and in the quality of their troops, that the public mind was in a state of feverish anxiety, and many of the stoutest hearts gave way to despair. About this period Sir Walter Scott writes to Mr. Ellis:

"These cursed, double cursed news (from Spain) have sunk my spirits so much, that I am almost at disbelieving a Providence: God forgive me, but I think some evil demon has been permitted in the shape of this tyrannical monster, whom God has sent on the nations visited in his anger. The spring-tide may, for aught I know, break upon *us* in the next session of Parliament. There is an evil fate upon us in all we do at home or abroad."

So Sir James Mackintosh, writing to Gentz, at Vienna:

"I believe, like you, in a resurrection, because I believe in the immortality of civilization, but when, and by whom, and in what form, are questions which I have not the sagacity to answer, and on which it would be boldness to hazard a conjecture. A dark and stormy night, a black series of ages may be prepared for our posterity, before the dawn that opens the more perfect day. Who can tell how long that fearful night may be before the dawn of a brighter morrow? The race of man may reach the promised land; but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness."

As if to render the situation more gloomy, if possible, the Marquis of Wellesley, the brother of Wellington, left the Ministry upon the avowed ground that the Government would not support the war with sufficient vigor. History has stripped his conduct of any such worthy motive, and shown that the real trouble was his anxiety to supplant Mr. Perceval. At the same time the attack was kept up in the opposite quarter. "No man in his senses," said Sir Francis Burdett, "could entertain a hope of the final success of our arms in the Peninsula. Our laurels were great, but barren, and our victories in their effects mere defeats." Mr. Whitbread, too, as usual, was not behindhand with his prophecies. "He saw no reason," he said, "to alter his views respecting peace; war must otherwise terminate in the subjugation of either of the contending powers. They were both great; but this was a country of factitious greatness. France was a country of natural greatness." So General Tarleton "had the doctrine of Mr. Fox in his favor, who wished for the pencil of a Cervantes to be able to ridicule those who desired to enter upon a Continental war."*

Thus, from universal enthusiasm in favor of the Spanish war, public opinion, at first manifesting itself through the factious spirit of the Opposition, at length spoke through all its organs, in tones of despondency and despair, of the situation and prospects of the country, and simply because there had not been that sort of military success which it could understand to sustain and direct it. Universal distrust seized upon the public mind; and had it not been for the heroic constancy of that great commander, whose task in supporting the Ministry at home was at least as difficult as that of beating the French in Spain, the glory of England had sunk forever.

Yet it happened, as it so often happens in the order of Divine Providence, in the moral as in the physical world, that the night was darkest just before dawn. Amidst all this universal despondency and sinister foreboding, events were preparing which in a few short months changed the whole face of Europe, and forced back that torrent of revolutionary success which had spread over the whole Continent, until it overwelmed the country where it had its source in complete ruin. The discussions in Parliament to which we have referred took place in February, 1812. With the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo on the 18th of January of that year, with the fall of Badajoz on the 26th of March, the first battle of Salamanca on the 20th of July, and Napoleon's invasion of Russia in June in the same year, began the downfall of the French Empire.

Wellington at last reached Madrid in August, 1812, more than four years later than he ought to have done, according to the strategists of Parliament and the Press. This was all forgotten at the moment, so magic a wand is held by success. The fickle voice of popular applause was again heard, echoing the spirit of confidence which his persistent and undaunted conduct had revived in the hearts of his countrymen. His career of victory, however, was destined not to be unchecked; and when, after his occupation of Madrid, his unsuccessful assault upon the Castle of Burgos rendered a retreat to the Portuguese frontier, and the evacuation of the capital, a proper military movement, although that retreat was compensated for by the abandonment of Andalusia by the French, in order to concentrate their whole force against him, still the blind multitude could not be made to understand it, and began again to murmur.

It is not now difficult to see that the victory at Salamanca was really what the far-seeing sagacity of Marshal Soult predicted at the time it would become, "a prodigious historical event;" that it was the pivot on which at that time hinged the destinies of England—one of those battles, of which we see perhaps a dozen only in the whole course of history, which are really decisive of the fate of empires. It completely unloosed the French power in the Peninsula, and prepared the way for the great success of Vittoria, the next year, which gave the *coup de grace* to the French military occupation of Spain. It is not our present purpose to trace the history of the next campaign, but it is curious to observe the effects produced by assured success upon that public opinion which had shifted so often and so strangely during the progress of this eventful struggle. The Opposition, as their only hope of escape from political annihilation, and thinking to swim with the popular current, abused the Ministers for not supporting Wellington with sufficient earnestness, complaining that they had taken the advice which they themselves had so often and so eloquently tendered. But it was of no avail. This wretched charlatanism was too transparent to impose upon any one; and *of the great party who opposed the war, no one ever after rose to office or power in England.* It required a whole generation, in the opinion of the English constituencies, to expiate the faults of those who had sneered at the great Duke, and had called the glorious fields of Vimeiro, Busaco, Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, names which had become associated with the proudest recollections of English renown, "mere barren victories, equal in their effects to defeats."

We pass now to the consideration of another class of difficulties inherent in the prosecution of every war, and generally of far greater magnitude than any other—those connected with the raising of the vast sums of money required for the support of military operations. In this important matter, if we mistake not, there are some striking points of resemblance between the English experience during the war, and our present situation. It is the fashion among many who seek to excite the public alarm on this subject from unworthy, and sometimes, it may be feared, from treasonable motives, to represent the enormous outlay of the nation's wealth which is poured out to save the nation's life, as wholly unparalleled in history. Yet it may be asserted, without any fear of contradiction, that England, with a population then little more than half of that which now inhabits our loyal States, with resources infinitely less in proportion at that time than our own, her manufacturing industry, so far as external outlet was concerned, wholly crippled by the operation of the French Continental system, and her own Orders in Council, expended, during every year of the Peninsular war, as large a sum as has been required here each year to create and keep up the gigantic force now in arms to put down the Rebellion. During the five years that the war lasted her average annual expenditure exceeded ninety millions of pounds sterling, or four hundred and fifty millions of dollars, which is about the same sum which is demanded of us. No one, of course, pretends to say that this rate of expenditure is not appalling; yet it concerns us to know that it is not unprecedented, and that these vast amounts have been raised from national resources far inferior to our own. It should not be forgotten, also, that they represent the money price of England's independence; and if ours is secured by a far greater outlay, we certainly are not disposed to quarrel with the wisdom of the investment.

The question is, how were these immense sums raised in England? The man who would have predicted, at the commencement of the war with France, that the English national debt would at its close exceed one thousand millions of pounds sterling, and that the country would be able to bear such a burden, would have been regarded as a visionary as wild as he who in this country, two years ago, might have foretold the present amount of our national debt, and have contended that, in spite of it, the public credit would remain unimpaired. The difficulty in England of raising these vast sums was ten-fold greater than it is here. Napoleon, looking upon England as the Southern people have been taught to regard us, as a purely commercial nation, undoubtedly placed more reliance for ultimate success upon the instinct of money-getting, which would shrink from the pecuniary sacrifices necessary in a prolonged struggle, than upon the mere victories of his army. Hence he pursued, during his whole career, an inflexible purpose of ruining English commerce, and by a series of measures known as the Continental system, endeavored to exclude English ships and English products from the markets of the world. The effect of these measures, although not so serious as he wished and had anticipated, nevertheless crippled enormously the resources of England just at the period when they were most needed.

Taking the three years before the issuing of the Orders in Council and the vigorous enforcement of the Continental system, which were coincident in point of time with the commencement of the Spanish war, the average annual exports sank from fifty-seven millions to twenty-three millions, taking the average of three years after they had been in operation. Taxes were laid on at a most burdensome rate. The income tax was ten per cent., and besides, specific war taxes amounting to more than twenty millions a year were imposed. Notwithstanding all these taxes, the debt increased more than one thousand millions of dollars during the Peninsular War. Discontent and violence among the laboring classes became universal, and it was remarked that the achievement of the greatest victories in Spain was celebrated in England "amidst a population who had been prevented by the burden of taxation on the absolute necessaries of life, from securing a livelihood by the strictest industry, and thus pauperism had been generated throughout the land, a pauperism aggravated by a spirit of pillage, which it required a strong military force to repress." Bankruptcy and ruin fell upon the trading classes, and absolute exhaustion of the resources of the country seemed almost reached. The public stocks had sunk to such a degree that the three per cents., which are now always above 90 per cent., were rarely higher during the war than 65 per cent., and so depressed at last had the public credit become, that the last loan of the Continental war, that of April, 1815, was taken by the contractor at 53 per cent., and paid for in the depreciated paper of the day; and yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer was congratulated even by the Opposition for having made "a good operation." The Bank was in a state of chronic suspension, the buying and selling of gold were prohibited to the public under severe penalties, and yet every gold guinea which was sent by the Government to the army in Spain (and nothing else would answer the purpose of money in that country) cost thirty per cent. premium. How England survived all this complication of troubles is one of the marvels of history, but it is not our purpose to discuss that question. The great fact that the money required was somehow raised is all that we have to do with at present. When we have been at war for twenty years, and are forced, in order to raise the means of carrying it on, to submit to one tithe of the sacrifices which were endured by the English, we may then perhaps begin seriously to consider the money value of the Union.

The lesson which this review of the progress of the Peninsular War teaches, is, it seems to us, one of hope and encouragement; for if it shows any thing, it proves clearly that in the support of public opinion, and in the means requisite to maintain a great army, those fundamental essentials of real military success, our Government is immeasurably stronger than the English ever was at any period of the war. It teaches also another important lesson, and that is, that there is such a thing as public opinion falsely so called, which is noisy just in proportion as its real influence is narrow and restricted. One of the most difficult and delicate tasks of the statesman is to distinguish the true from this false opinion, the factious demagogue from the grumbling but sincere patriot, and to recognize with a ready instinct the voice which comes from the depths of the great heart of the people, in warning it may be sometimes, in encouragement often, but always echoing its abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the good cause.

[After some remarks on military efficiency, Mr. Stillé goes on to say:]

Much inconvenience has necessarily resulted in our case from the ignorance of Regimental Officers, to a greater degree probably, however, from a want of proper care and attention on their part to the troops when in camp, than from any gross incompetency or misconduct on the field of battle. Instances of such misconduct there have undoubtedly been, but, considering the number of the officers and their want of experience, those instances are extremely rare, and when we call to mind the number of officers who have fallen, while leading their men in battle, out of proportion, as it undoubtedly is, with the losses in other wars, we may well palliate deficiencies in this respect, out of considerations for their heroic gallantry and devotion. We do not underrate, certainly, the value of good officers; but history tells us that great victories have been achieved by armies who were no better led than ours. The incompetency of his officers was one of Wellington's standing complaints in Spain. Most of them knew absolutely nothing beyond the mere routine of garrison duty; they were all what is technically called "gentlemen," for each one had purchased his commission at a high price, but they had had no systematic training in military schools; nearly all of them had had no actual experience of war, and their average intelligence was undoubtedly below that of the men who hold similar positions in our army.* All accounts agree that at that period the scientific branches of the great art of war were almost wholly neglected in the British army, and such was the happy ignorance of the elements of strategy, that at a court-martial composed of general officers for the trial of General Whitelock, in 1808, for his failure at Buenos Ayres, it was necessary to explain to the court what was meant in military phrase by the "right bank" of a river.

[We omit here some remarks on the superior *morale* of our soldiers to the rank and file of foreign armies.]

One of the most cruel statements which party rancor has circulated in regard to the condition of the army is, that the rate of sickness and mortality is excessive, and that this is due to the neglect of the Government. Fortunately we have the means of showing that these statements are false. From June 1, 1861, to March 1, 1862—nine months—the annual rate of mortality for the whole army is ascertained to be 53 in a thousand, and the sickness rate 104 in a thousand. The returns for the summer campaigns are not yet printed, but it will appear from them, that in the army of the Potomac on the 10th of June, after the battle of Fairoaks, and while the army was encamped on the Chickahominy, the whole number of sick, present and absent, compared with the whole force of that army present and absent, was 128 in a thousand. During the stay of the army on the Peninsula it lost less than 14,000 men by death from disease and wounds, and the annual sickness rate during the campaign was about that which has for some time prevailed in the whole army, less than ten per cent. of the whole force. It appears, strange to say, that the army was more healthy when in the trenches before Yorktown than at any other period of the campaign. Compare this with the English experience. We have already said that Wellington lost about one-third of his whole army from malarious fever on his retreat from Talavera: on the 1st of October, 1811, the Anglo-Portuguese army had 56,000 men fit for duty, and 23,000 sick in hospitals; and in the Crimea, while the annual rate of mortality for the whole war was 232 in a thousand, the period of active operations, the last three months of 1854 and the first three months of 1855, shows the fearful rate of 711 deaths in every thousand men.

It can not be doubted that to many the most unfavorable symptom of our present condition is the slow progress of our arms. This slowness is more apparent than real, for the history of modern warfare scarcely shows an instance in which so great real progress has been made in the same space of time, and it is manifest that whenever our Northern soldiers have had a chance of fighting the enemy on any thing like equal terms, they have fully maintained their superiority.

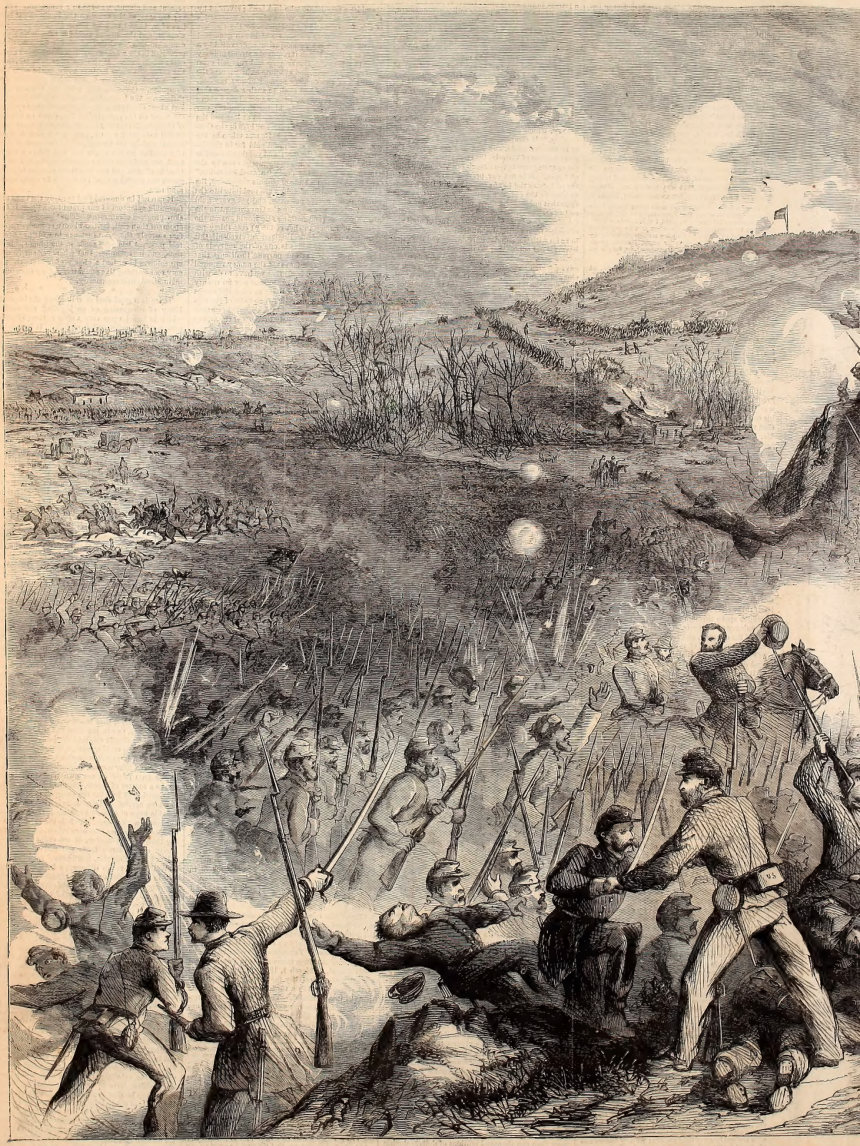
* * * * * * *

There is a good deal of talk about the impossibility of conquering or subjugating the South, which is based upon very vague notions of what conquest and subjugation signify. It is surprising to find how even intelligent men have been imposed upon by this favorite boast of the rebels and their sympathizers. A pretended saying of Napoleon is quoted, that "it is impossible to prevent any people determined on achieving its independence from accomplishing its purpose; and it is confidently asked whether any one ever heard of the subjugation of twelve millions of people determined to be free. We reply that history, ancient and modern, is full of instances of the only sort of conquest or subjugation which any sane man proposes shall be submitted to by the South. No one thinks it possible or necessary, for the purpose in view, to occupy the whole South with garrisons, but simply to destroy the only support upon which its arrogant pretensions are based, namely, its military power. This gone, what becomes of all the rest? and this remaining, where is there any hope of permanent peace and safety to us? For what is all war but an appeal to force to settle questions of national interest which peaceful discussion has failed to settle? and what is an army but only another argument, the *ultima ratio*, which, if successful in decisive battles, must give the law to the conquered? To say nothing of instances in ancient history, Poland, Hungary, and Lombardy, in our day, were just as determined to be free as the South is, and quite as full of martial ardor; and certainly Prussia, Spain under the Bonaparte dynasty, and the French Empire, are all examples of nations which valued their independence, and had ten-fold the resources for maintaining it which the South possesses; yet the capture of Warsaw, the surrender of Villagos, the battles of Novara, of Jena, of Salamanca, and of Waterloo, respectively, settled as definitively the fate of the inhabitants of those countries, and their future condition, as if the terms imposed by the conquering army had been freely and unanimously agreed upon by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. And, in like manner, can any one doubt, looking at the present comparative resources of the two sections, that if we should gain two decisive battles, one in the East and the other in the West, which should result in the total disorganization of the two rebel armies, and thus enable us to interpose an impassable barrier between them, we should soon hear a voice imploring in unmistakable accents peace on our own terms? It would not be a matter of choice, but of necessity; a simple question of how far the progress of exhaustion had been carried, and that once settled, and no reasonable hope of success remaining, the war would not last a week longer. This is the experience of all nations, and our Southern rebels, notwithstanding their noisy boasting, do not differ in their capacity of resistance from the rest of mankind. "Hard pounding this, gentlemen," said the Duke of Wellington to his officers, as he threw himself within one of the unbroken squares of his heroic infantry at Waterloo, "*but we'll see who can pound the longest;*" and the ability of that infantry to "pound the longest" on that day settled the fate of Europe for generations.

Let us bend, then, our united energies to secure, as much as in us lies, success in the field, and that success gained, we may be sure that all things will follow. Let us recognize with confidence as co-workers in this great object all, never mind what opinions they may entertain about the causes of the war and the new issues which its progress has developed, who desire in all sincerity, no matter from what motive, the success of our arms. Upon such a basis, the wider and more catholic our faith becomes the better. "In essentials, Unity; in non-essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity:" this should be our motto. The only possible hope for the South is in our own divisions. Let us remember that with success all things are possible; without it, all our hopes and theories vanish into thin air. With success in the field we should not only disarm the rebellion, and rid ourselves forever of the pestilent tribe of domestic traitors by burying them deep in that political oblivion which covers the Tories of the Revolution, and those who sneered at the gallant exploits of our Navy in the war of 1812, but also force public opinion abroad, whose faithlessness to the great principles which underlie all modern civilization has been one of the saddest developments of this sad war, to exclaim at last, "*Invidiam gloriâ superâsti.*"

* The following description of the Opposition of that day, taken from the *Annual Register* for 1812, bears so striking a likeness to the peculiarities of the leaders of an insignificant but restless faction among us, that, omitting the old-fashioned drapery of the proper names, they seem to have sat for the photograph. "It may be remarked as a most singular circumstance, that those persons in this country who profess to have the greatest abhorrence of ministerial tyranny and oppression, look with the utmost coolness on the tyranny and oppression of Bonaparte. The regular Opposition do not mention it with that abhorrence which might be expected from them; but the leaders of the popular party in Parliament go further. They are almost always ready to find an excuse for the conduct of Bonaparte. The most violent and unjustifiable acts of his tyranny raise but feeble indignation in their minds, while the most trifling act of ministerial oppression is inveighed against with the utmost bitterness. Ready and unsuspecting credence is given to every account of Bonaparte's success; while the accounts of the success of his opponents are received with coldness and distrust. Were it not for these things, the conduct of Mr. Whitbread and his friends would be hailed with more satisfaction, and inspire more confidence with the real lovers of their country; for they deserve ample credit for the undaunted and unwearied firmness with which they have set themselves against abuses and against every instance of oppression."

* We have no room to enumerate in detail the complaints made by the Duke of the officers of his army. Those who are interested in the subject may consult Colonel Gurwood's 4th volume, pages 343, 346, 352, 363, 385, 399, and 407. The whole story is summed up, however, in the general order occasioned by the disorderly retreat from Burgos, in which the Duke said "that discipline had deteriorated during the campaign in a greater degree than he had ever witnessed, or ever read of in any army, and this, without any disaster, or any unusual privation or hardship; that the officers had from the first lost all command over their men, and that the true cause of this unhappy state of affairs was to be found *in the habitual neglect of duty by the Regimental Officers.*" This is the army of which the Duke said later, that "with it he could go any where and do any thing," and, good or bad, it saved Europe—in the English sense.



A SCENE IN ONE OF THE BATTLES



BEFORE VICKSBURG.—[See Page 156.]

THE BATTLE OF VICKSBURG.

We illustrate on pages 152 and 153 a SCENE IN THE FOUR DAYS' BATTLES BEFORE VICKSBURG. These famous battles, which have caused so much distress throughout the West, and done so much to create dissatisfaction with the Government, really developed an amount of courage and self-devotion on the part of our troops which have rarely been paralleled during the present war. Rarely has an attempt been made to storm intrenched works under so great difficulties. The enemy were in all probability more numerous than their assailants under Sherman, and they had the advantage of a superior position, elaborate earth-works, and countless batteries of artillery. Our brave fellows had to scramble up bluffs under a terrible fire, positively working their way on their hands and knees, and pulling themselves up by the rancid bridges with their nails. At every step of the way they were shot down by concealed foes: when the decimated remnant reached the crest of the hill, they found themselves opposed to a superior force, fresh, confident, and well armed. A storming party under similar circumstances is usually covered by a heavy artillery fire. The assailants under Sherman had no such ally. The memory of their repulse will nerve the remainder of the army to wipe out the disgrace when the assault is renewed.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

THE wedding went by, as grand weddings do, without let or hindrance, according to the approved pattern. A cabinet minister honored it with his presence, and, being a distant relation of the Morants, remained for a few days after the grand occasion. During this time he became rather intimate with Ralph Corbet; many of their tastes were in common. Ralph took a great interest in the manner of working our political system, in the balance and value of parties; and had precisely the right appreciation of the exact qualities on which the minister piqued himself, in return, the latter was always on the look-out for promising young men, who, either by their capability of speech-making or astute devotion, might advance the views of his party; and recognizing the powers he most valued in Ralph, he spared no pains to attach him to his own political set. When they separated it was with the full understanding that they were to see a good deal of each other in London.

The holiday Ralph allowed himself was passing rapidly away; but before he returned to his chambers and his hard work he had promised to spend a few days with Ellinor; and it suited him to go straight from the duke's to Ford Bank. He left the castle soon after breakfast—his luxurious, elegant breakfast, served by domestics who performed their work with the accuracy and perfection of machines. He arrived at Ford Bank before the man-servant had quite done the dirtier part of his morning's work, and he came to the glass-door in his striped cotton jacket, a little soiled, and rolling up his working apron. Ellinor was not yet quite strong enough to get up and go out and gather flowers for the rooms, so those left from yesterday were rather faded; in short, the contrast from entire completeness and exquisite freshness of arrangement struck forcibly upon Ralph's perceptions, which were always critical rather than appreciative; and as his affections were always subservient to his intellect, Ellinor's lovely face and graceful figure flying to meet him did not meet with his full approval, because her hair was arranged in an old-fashioned way, and her waist was either too long or too short, her sleeves too full or too tight for the modes of fashion to which of late he had been accustomed while scanning the bridemaids and various high-born ladies at Stokely Castle.

But as he had always piqued himself upon being able to put on one side all superficial worldliness in his chase after power, it did not do for him to shrink from facing and seeing the incompleteness of moderate means. Only matrimony might make the means was gradually becoming more distasteful to him.

Nor did his intercourse with Lord Bolton, the cabinet minister before-mentioned, tend to reconcile him to early matrimony. At Lord Bolton's house, he found the highest intellectual society, and all that smoothness in ministerial society, lower wants in eating and drinking which seems to provide that the right thing shall always be at the right place at the right time, so that the wants of it shall never impede for an instant the feast of wit or reason. Also, if he went to the houses of his friends—men of the same college and standing as himself, who had been seduced into early marriages—he was uncomfortably aware of numerous inconsistencies and hitches in their messages. Besides, the idea of the possible disgrace that might befall the family which he had in thought of allying himself haunted him with the tenacity and also with the exaggeration of a night-mare whenever he had over-excited himself in his search after available and profitable knowledge, or had a fit of indigestion after the exquisite dinners he was learning so well to appreciate.

Christmas was, of course, to be devoted to his own family; it was an unavoidable necessity, as he told Ellinor; while, if the truth must be told, he was learning to feel absence from his betrothed something of a relief. But the misgivings and folly of his home, even blessed by the presence of a Lady Maria, made him look forward to Easter at Ford Bank with something of an old pleasure.

Ellinor, with the fine tact which love gives, had discovered his annoyance at various little incongruities in the household at the time of his second visit in the previous autumn; and had labored to make all as perfect as she could before his return. But she had much to struggle against. For the first time in her life there was a great want of ready money; she could not dismiss the old servants' wages, and the bill for the spring seeds was a heavy weight on her conscience. For Miss Morgan's methodical habits had taught her rapid great exactitude as to all money matters under her control.

Then, her father's temper had become very uncertain. He avoided being alone with her whenever he possibly could; and the consciousness of this, and of the terrible mental secret which was the cause of this estrangement, were the reasons why Ellinor never recovered her health and strength during the winter. Her opinion it was to it that the outside world attributed her changed appearance. They would shake their heads, and say, "Ah, poor Miss Ellinor! What a lovely creature she was before that fever! To see her now, one would never think that she was almost a beauty only twelve months ago."

But youth is youth, and will assert itself in a certain elasticity of body and spirits; and at times Ellinor forgot that she had been ill many hours together. And even when her father's averted eye brought it all once more before her she had learned to endure with more composure, and to regard Mr. Dunster's death as only the consequence of an unfortunate accident. But the tried to put the mystery of the circumstance entirely out of her mind; to go on from day to day, thinking only of the day's work, and leaving it so as to cause the least irritation to her father. She would so gladly have spoken to him on the one subject which engrossed her thoughts in intercourse: she fancied that by speaking she might have been able to banish the phantom, or at any rate to work out the reality of what she supposed to be the due proportion. But her father was evidently determined to show that he was never going to allude to the subject himself, and as she could do in her helpless perplexity was to follow his lead on the rare occasions that they fell into something like a tête-à-tête conversation. As yet, to her, he had never given way to anger; but before her he had often spoken in a manner which she could not bear to think of. Sometimes his eye in the midst of his passion caught on her face of affright and dismay, and then he would stop short, and make a effort to control himself as sometimes ended in tears. Ellinor did not understand both these phases of temper owing to ignorance of the world in his daily life at home, how it should go on with oiled wheels, neither a jerk nor a jar. It was no use telling him that Mrs. Dunster was dead and cold, with all she had shut up in her poor weary heart. Miss Morso was her great comfort; she kept unconsciously a sort of check on her and any thing below the surface; and yet her full and delicate recognition of all the little daily cares and trials which fell to the lot of a woman such as Ellinor, while there was no need to fear that it would ever even give Miss Morgan that power of seeing into the heart of things which it frequently confers upon imaginative people, who are deeply absorbed in some one of the arts of peace.

There was a strong bond between Ellinor and Dixon, although they scarcely ever exchanged a word but on the most commonplace subjects. Yet their silence was based on different feelings from that which separated Ellinor from her father. Ellinor and Dixon were silent from love; Ellinor because their hearts were full of pity for the faulty man whom they both loved so well, and tried so hard to respect.

This was the state of the household to which Ralph Corbet came down at Easter. He might have been happier in the more brilliant society met by this time; but he could not afford to throw his life away in fine-works; he calculated his means, and considered that, as much as such as might be, only visiting where he was likely to meet men who could help him in his future career. He had been invited to spend the Easter vacation at a certain country-house which would be full of such human stepping-stones; and he declined it to go to Ellinor, to bring the fever to Ford Bank. But he could not help looking upon himself a little in the light of a martyr to duty; and perhaps there was a little of the feeling in him chafe under his future father-in-law's irritability of manner, which now showed itself even to Ralph. He forgot, in his unconsciousness, that he had suffered himself to be engaged so early in life; and having become conscious of the temptation, and having resisted it for a time, of course it returned and returned, and gradually assumed the proportions of a duty which was to be gained by keeping to his engagement to Ellinor? He should have a delicate wife to look after, and even more than the common additional expenses of married life. He should have a father-in-law whose character at best had but only a loose fabric of principle to govern it, which it was now daily losing by habits which were both sensual and vulgarizing: a man, too, who was strangely ignorant of the common action into moody sullenness. Besides, he doubted if, in the evident change in the prosperity of the family, the fortune to be paid down on the occasion of his marriage to Ellinor could be forthcoming. And above all, and around all, there hovered the shadow of some unrevealed disgrace, which might come to light at any time and involve him in it. He thought he had pretty well ascertained the nature of this probable disgrace, and had little doubt but that it would turn out to be that Dunster's disappearance to America or elsewhere had been an arranged plan with Mr. Wilkins. Although Mr. Ralph Corbet was capable of suspecting this mean crime (so far removed from the impulsive commission of the past sin, which was dragging Mr. Wilkins daily lower and lower down), it was of a kind that was peculiarly distasteful to the acute lawyer, who foresaw how such base conduct as he considered would taint all whose names were ever mentioned, even by chance, in connection with it. He used to lie awake, tossing on his sleepless bed, turning over all these things in the night watches. He was tormented by all these thoughts; he would bitterly regret the past events that connected him with Ellinor, from the day when he first came to see with Mr. Ness up to the present time. But when he came down in the morning, and saw the faded Ellinor flash into momentary beauty at his entrance into the dining-room, and when she blushingly drew near with the one single flower, freshly gathered, which it had been her custom to place in his button-hole when he came down to breakfast, he felt as if his better self was stronger than temptation, and as if he must be an honest man and honorable lover even against his wish.

As the day wore on the temptation gathered strength. Mr. Wilkins came down, and while he was on the scene Ellinor seemed always engrossed by her father, who apparently cared little enough for the fair attentions. Then there was a complaining of the food, which did not suit the sickly palate of a man who had drunk hard all his life, and possibly these complaints were extended to the servants, and their incompleteness or incapacity was brought thus unpleasantly before the eyes of Ralph, who would have preferred to eat a dry crust in silence, or to have gone without breakfast altogether, if he could have had intellectual conversation of some high order, to having the greatest dainties with the knowledge that they were to feel in all the pecuniary position thus coarsely discussed before him. By the time such breakfasts were finished Ellinor looked dusky, and as if she were going to cry all day. It had become difficult for him to contract his mind to her small domestic interests, and she had little courage to listen to him about any thing beyond them. She sat down to breakfast, and he responded but curtly to all her questions about himself, and was weary of professing a love which he was obliged to feel in all the passionate nothings which usually make up so much of lovers' talk. The books she had been reading were old stories to him, and in literature he no longer admitted of keen discussion; the poor whom she cared for were all very well in their way; and if Ellinor had been more gifted as to illustrate a theory, hearing about them might have been of some use; but, as it was, it was simply troublesome. And after day of Mrs. Palmer's rheumatism and Mrs. Day's baby's fits. There was no talking politics with her forever, and Ralph was quite aware that she always agreed with what he said.

He even grew to find luncheon and Miss Morgan one and the same, and learn to hate unconscious tête-à-tête. Then came the walk, generally to the town to fetch Mr. Wilkins from his office; and once or twice it was pretty evident now he had been employing his hours. One day in particular his walk was so unsteady and his speech so thick that Ralph could only wonder how it was that Ellinor did not perceive the state of affairs. She was openly anxious about the headache of which her father complained to have been at all aware of the previous self-indulgence which had occasioned it. When they got very afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, the Duke of Hinton and a gentleman whom Ralph had met in town at Lord Bolton's rode by, and recognized him; saw Ralph supporting a tipsy man with such quiet friendly interest as must have all appearance that they were gentlemen friends. Mr. Corbet chafed and fumed inwardly all the way home after this unfortunate occurrence; he was more thoroughly evil respective they reached Ford Bank, but he had too much self-command to let this be very apparent. He turned into the drawing-room, leaving Mr. Wilkins to take her father into the quietness of his own room, there to lie down and shake off his headache.

Ralph walked along, ruminating in gloomy mood as to what was to be done; how he could best extricate himself from the miserable relation in which he had placed himself by giving way to impulse. Almost before he was aware, a little knock at the door, his folded arms, and Ellinor's sweet and eyes looked into his.

"I have put papa down for an hour's rest before dinner, Ralph dear. His head seems to ache terribly."

Ralph was silent and unsympathizing, trying to nerve himself up to be disagreeable, but finding it difficult in face of such sweet trust. At length he began—

"Do you remember our conversation last autumn, Ellinor?"

Her head sank. They were near a garden seat, and she quietly sat down without speaking.

"About some disgrace which you then fancied must hang over you?" No answer. "Does it still hang over you?"

"Yes!" she whispered, with a heavy sigh.

"And your father knows of this, of course? Does he?"

"Yes!" again in the same tone, only lower, more silent.

"I think it is doing him harm," at length Ralph went on, decidedly.

"I am afraid it is," she said, in a low tone.

"I wish you would tell me what it is," he said, a little impatiently. "I might be able to help you about it."

"No! you could not," replied Ellinor. "I was sorry to be very hurt to tell you what I did; I did not tell you because I wanted help; all that is past. But I wanted to know if you thought that a person situated as I was was justified in marrying any one ignorant of what might happen; what has been done and trust never will."

"But if I don't know what you are alluding to in this mysterious way, you must see—don't you see, Ellinor, I am in the position of the ignorant man, whom I think you said you could not feel it right to marry. Why don't you tell me straight out at it is?" He could not help his irritation betraying itself in his tones and manner of speaking. She bent a little forward, and shaded that with his face, as though to prove to the very heart's truth of him. Then she said, as quietly as she ever had spoken in her life,

"Ralph, you with to break off our engagement?"

He reddened, and grew indignant in a moment.

"What nonsense! Just because I ask a question and make a remark! I think your illness must have made you fanciful, Ellinor. Surely nothing I said deserves such an interpretation. Have I ever said a word that ought to lead you to think so? On the contrary, have I not shown the sincerity and depth of my affection to you by clinging to you through—through every thing?"

He was going to say "through the wearying opposition of my family;" but he stopped short, for he knew that the very fact of his mother's opposition had only made him the more determined to have his own way in the first instance; and even now he did not intend to let out what he had concealed up to this time, that his friends had regretted his imprudent engagement.

Ellinor sat silently gazing out upon the meadows, but seeing nothing. Then she put her hand into his. "I quite trust you, Ralph. I was wrong to doubt. I am afraid I have grown fanciful and silly."

He was content: put to it for the right words, for she had precisely divined the dim thought that had overshadowed his mind when she had looked as cheerful as him. But he pressed her, and reassured her with fond words, as incoherent as lovers' words generally are.

By-and-by they sauntered homeward, and when they reached the house Ellinor left him and flew up to see how her father was. When Ralph went into his own room he was vexed with himself, both for what he had said and what he had not said. His mental look-out was not satisfactory.

Neither he nor Mr. Wilkins were in good-humor with the world in general in general next time, and it needs little in such cases to condense and turn the lowering tempers into one particular direction. At dinner, as Ellinor was still absent, staid in the dining-room a sort of moody peace had been kept up, the ladies talking incessantly to each other across the vista of silence and their daily life, with an instinctive consciousness that if they did not chatter on something would be said by one of the gentlemen which would be distasteful to the other.

As soon as Ralph had shut the door behind them Mr. Wilkins, who went to the window, and took out a bottle which had not previously made its appearance.

"Have a little Cognac?" asked he, with an assumption of carelessness, as he poured out a wine-glassful. "It's a capital thing for the stomach; and this nasty bowling we have had given me a racking headache all day."

"I am sorry for it," said Ralph, "for I had wanted particularly to speak to you about business—about my marriage, in fact."

"Well! speak away; I'm as clear-headed as any man, if that's what you mean!"

Ralph bowed, a little contemptuously.

"What I wanted to say is that I am anxious to have all things arranged for my marriage in August. Ellinor is so much better now; in fact, so long that I think we may reckon upon her standing the change to a London life pretty well."

Mr. Wilkins stared at him rather blankly, but did not immediately speak.

"Of course I may have the deeds drawn up in which, as I understand, you propose to advance a certain portion of Ellinor's fortune for the purposes therein to be assigned; as we settled her years ago, when I hoped to have married in August?"

A thought flitted through Mr. Wilkins's confused brain that he should find it impossible to produce the thousands required without having recourse to the money-lenders, with ruinously high discounts, and of swearing him usurious interest for the advances they had lately made; and he would have tried to obtain a diminution in the sum he had originally proposed to give Ellinor. "Unwisely," because he might have read Ralph's character better than to suppose he would easily consent to any diminution without good and sufficient reason being given, or without some promise of compensating advantage in the future for the present sacrifice asked from him. But perhaps Mr. Wilkins, dulled as he was by drink, thought he could display a good self-sufficient reason, for he said:

"You must not be hard upon me, Ralph. That property was made before—before I exactly knew the state of my affairs."

"Before Dunster's disappearance, in fact," said Mr. Corbet, fixing his steady penetrating eyes on Mr. Wilkins's countenance.

"Yes—exactly—before Dunster's—" mumbled out Mr. Wilkins, red and confused, and not finishing his sentence.

"By-the-way," said Ralph—(for with careful carelessness of manner he thought he could extract something of the real nature of the impending disgrace from his companion in the state in which he then was; and if he only knew more about this danger he could guard against it; stand others—perhaps himself)—"By-the-way, have you ever heard any thing of Dunster since he went off to America? Isn't it thought?"

He was startled beyond his power of self-con-

trol by the instantaneous change in Mr. Wilkins which his question produced. Both started up; Mr. Wilkins white, shaking, and trying to say something, but unable to form a sensible sentence.

"Good God! Sir, what is the matter?" said Ralph, alarmed at these signs of physical suffering.

Mr. Wilkins sat down, and repelled his nearer approach without speaking.

"It is nothing, only this headache which shoots through me at times. Don't look at me, Sir, in that way; it is very unpleasant. Can I tell you, to find another man's eyes perpetually fixed upon you."

"I beg your pardon," said Ralph, coldly; his short-lived sympathy, thus repulsed, giving way to his curiosity. But he waited for a minute or two without daring to renew the conversation at the point where they had stopped: whether interrupted by bodily or mental discomfort on the part of his companion, he was not quite sure. While he hesitated how to begin again on the subject, Mr. Wilkins pulled the bottle of brandy to himself and filled his glass again, tossing off the spirit as if it had been water. Then he tried to look Mr. Corbet full in the face, with a stare as pertinacious as he could make it, but very different from the keen observant gaze which was trying to read him through.

"What were we talking about?" said Ralph, at length, with the most natural air in the world, just as if he had really been forgetful of some half-discussed subject of interest.

"Of what you'd a d—d deal better hold your tongue about," growled out Mr. Wilkins, in a surly, thick voice.

"Sir!" said Ralph, starting to his feet with great passion at being so addressed by "Wilkins the attorney."

"Yes," continued the latter, "I'll manage my own affairs, and allow of no meddling and no questioning. I said so once before, and I was not minded, and had cause of it; and now I say it again. And if you're to come here with such impertinent questions, and stare at me as you've been doing this half hour past, why, the sooner you leave this house the better!"

Ralph half turned to take him at his word, and go at once; but then he "gave Ellinor another chance," and resolved in his heart-of-hearts, but I was in no spirit of conciliation that he said,

"You've taken too much of that stuff, Sir, and you don't know what you're saying. I'll not do it. I should leave your house at once, and never to return."

"You think so, do you?" said Mr. Wilkins, trying to stand up and look dignified and sober. "I say, Sir, that if you ever venture again to talk and look as you have done to-night, why, Sir, I will ring the bell and have you shown the door by my servants. So now you've made my fine fellow!" He sat down, laughing a foolish, tipsy laugh of triumph. In another minute his arm was on the mantel-piece, and his head forward as we as strangers to each other. As to Ellinor"—his tones softened a little, and he sighed in spite of himself—"I do not think we should have been happy. I believe our engagement was formed when we were too young to know our own minds, but I would have done my duty and kept to my word; but you, Sir, have yourself severed the connection between us by your insulting conduct. I, to be turned out of your house by your servants!—I, a Corbet of Weasley, who would not submit to such threats from a peer of the realm, let him live or ever so drunk!" He was out of the room, almost out of the house, before he had spoken the last word. Mr. Wilkins sat still, first fiercely angry, then astonished, and lastly dismayed into sobriety.

"Come, Corbet! Ralph!" he called in vain; then he got up and went to the door, opened it, looked into the fully-lighted hall; all was so quiet therein that he could hear the voices of some of the women in the drawing-room talking together. He thought for a moment, and went to the hat-stand, and missed Ralph's low-crowned straw hat.

Then he went back and sat down once more in the drawing-room, and endeavored to make out exactly what had passed; but he could not believe that Mr. Corbet had come to any ordering for food and wine to break off the engagement, and he had almost reasoned himself back into his former state of indignation at impertinence and injury when Ellinor came in, pale, hurried, and anxious.

"Papa! what does this mean?" said she, putting as many notes into his hand. He took up his glasses, but his hand shook so that he could hardly read. The note was from the parsonage to Ellinor only three lines and a half. The old servant, who had come to fetch Mr. Corbet's things. He had written three lines with some consideration for Ellinor, even when he was in his first flush of anger against her father, and it must be considered of relief as being the first distraught about by the act of another, and not of his own working out, which partly saved his conscience. The note ran thus:

"DEAR ELLINOR,—Words have passed between your father and me which have obliged me to leave his house; I fear never to return to it. I will write more fully to-morrow. But do not grieve too much, for I am not, and never have been good enough for you. God bless you, dear, dear Nelly, though I call you so for the last time.—R. C."

"Papa, what is it?" Ellinor cried, clasping her hands together, as her father still sat silent, vacantly gazing into the fire, after finishing the note.

"I don't know!" said he, looking up at her, piteously; "it's the world, I think. Everything goes wrong with me and mine; it went wrong before THAT night—so it can't be that, can it, Ellinor?"

"Oh, papa!" said she, kneeling down by him, her arms round his neck, her face hidden on his breast.

He put one arm languidly round her. "I used to read of Orestes and the Furies at Eton when I was a boy, and I thought it was all a heathen fiction. Poor little motherless girl!" said he, laying his other hand on her head, with the caressing gesture he had been accustomed to use when she had been a little child. "Did you love him so very dearly, Nelly?" he whispered, his cheek against hers. A confession of love he has not seemed to me to be good enough for thee. I am sure he has got an inkling that something has gone wrong; and he was very inquisitive—I may say, he questioned me in a relentless kind of way."

"Oh, papa, it was my doing, I am afraid. I said something long ago about possible disgrace."

He pushed her away; he stood up and looked at her with the eyes disdain, of misery, and in fierceness, of an animal at bay; he did not heed that his abrupt movement had almost thrown her prostrate on the ground.

"You, Ellinor! You—you—"

"Oh, darling father, listen!" said she, creeping to his knees, and clinging round him with her hands. "I said it as if it were a possible case of some one else—last August—but he immediately applied it to me, and asked me if it was over me the disgrace, or shame—I forget the words I used—hung; and what could I say?"

"Any thing, any thing, to put him off the scent. God help me, I am a lost man, betrayed by my child!"

Ellinor let go of his knees and covered her face. Every one stabbed at that poor heart. In a minute or so her father spoke again:

"I don't mean what I say, Ellen don't mean it now. Ellinor, you must forgive me, my child!" He stooped and lifted her up, and was down, taking her on his knee, and smoothing her hair off her hot forehead. "Remember, child, how very miserable I am, and how miserable I shall be if you don't forgive me, and yet he must have seen I had been drinking."

"Drinking, papa?" said Ellinor, raising her head, and looking at him with sorrowful surprise.

"Yes. I drink now to try and forget," said he, blushing and confused.

"Oh, how miserable we are!" cried Ellinor, bursting into tears—"how miserable! It seems almost as if God had forgotten to comfort us!"

"Hush, hush!" said he. "Your mother said once she did so pray that you might grow up religious; you must be religious, child, because she prayed for it. And I—I am very, very glad I am that you are dead!" Here he began to cry like a child. Ellinor comforted him with kisses rather than words. "Let me alone, child," after a while, and said, sharply, "How much does he know? I must make sure of that. How much did you tell him?"

"Nothing—nothing, indeed, papa, but what I told you just now!"

"Tell it me again—the exact words!"

"I will, as well as I can; but it was last August. I only said, 'Was it right for a woman to marry, knowing that disgrace hung over her, and keeping her lover in ignorance of it?'"

"That was all, you are sure?"

"Yes. He immediately applied the case to me—to ourselves."

"And you never wanted to know what was the nature of the threatened disgrace?"

"Yes, he did."

"And you told him?"

"No, not a word more. He referred to the subject again to-day in the shrubbery, but I told him nothing more. You quite believe me, don't you, papa?"

He pressed her to him, but did not speak. Then he took her head between his hands and it will as much care and attention as he could collect in his agitated state of mind.

"Nelly," said he, at length, "he says true he is not good enough for thee. He shrinks from the thought of the disgrace. Thou must stand alone, and bear the sins of thy father."

He shook so much as he said this that Ellinor had to put any suffering of her own on one side, and try to comfort him. Gradually the thought of getting her father immediately up to bed. She sat by him till he went to sleep and she could leave him, and go to her own room, to forget fulness and rest, if she could find those priceless blessings

TIM BLANEY'S COURTSHIP.

TIM BLANEY was fireman in a large hotel. From 6 o'clock in the morning till late in night he knew little of life excepting as reflected from a coal grate and dinned into his ears by the heavy growling bass of Boniface, who was every inch a part of the house, signified that Mrs. So-and-So's fire, up in the fourth story, needed poking, or Mrs. Somebody else, in the farthest wing, wanted a few cinders on hers.

He was a little man, evidently having spent the five-and-thirty years of his existence in the midst otherwise than in adding to his own dimensions. Whether bread-and-butter was too scarce in his growing days, or whether it felt an instinctive feeble reluctance to being converted into Irish bone and sinew, the result was the same, and Tim remained at the stature of a boy of twelve.

He was never seen excepting as attended by a coal-hod, and I question if he even did not eat and sleep surrounded by the signs of his calling. His face as well as his hands and clothes were always grimy with soot and coal-dust; and altogether he looked, with his comical figure and twinkling eyes, like some burrowing creature just unearthed.

That he was more than an intelligent, cultivated woodchuck, or a highly-trained and tractable dwarf gorilla, was evident by the fact of his possessing a thumb, which, according to Dr. Kirk, is the distinguishing feature and decisive test of manhood.

He was, therefore, indubitably a human being, like the rest of us, capable of culture and infinite development, which he had as yet received in a very limited degree. That he was a being with a depth of generous warm-heartedness and unruffled good-nature was not to be questioned. You might know that by the way he patted down the coals in the grate with a kind of dumb caress, as though he put the children to bed, analytic, after the fire place in the mineral kingdom was giving its recognition; or, what was more likely, as though he felt an affectionate tendency out toward the companion of his toils and object of his cares. You might know it too by his cheery "good-morning," as sprightly as the chirp of a little brown snowbird coming out after a winter storm to find what blessing returning sunshine might have brought down. He showed it also, even in the little act of tugging his heavy hods around old Lion, the shaggy watch-dog, not to put him to the trouble of barking.

Notwithstanding, you would sooner look to see the tongs make love to the shovel, and the fender propose to the grate, than that smutty little Tim should presume to feel a glow of the sentiment by which much purer natures are inspired.

We might, with a great stretch of fancy, imagine, remembering the story of Beauty and the Beast, that a drop-scene in the water in the coffee-drinking-trough is capable of mirroring the stars, thus one of the fair-faced, sweet-voiced ladies in the house would, some moonlight night, have her dazzled him with the brightness of her shining, as the unshaded sun does the sharpest, strongest eyes of an old gray-headed man in the belief of gazing at it. It might possibly be that he, in blind unconsciousness, could feel, at his low level, the beauty and the grace of the waving locks and the hearts of men high up on the ladder of birth and breeding; and so come to find a double willingness and attractiveness in his work, in his cheery, unbent understanding why, a flash of pride and joy when she spoke to him, or when his foot touched the spot of carpet where she had moved.

Such things have been and may be again, but Tim fell a victim to no such delicate and enchanting moment.

Neither did his affections, as was more probable, wander toward some one of the trim, red-cheeked maid-servants who were enjoying his future tranquillity—nor in the direction of the fat pastrycooks or the frouzy laundresses.

Oh no! Tim's affections, so much greater and stronger than his head, went down instead of up to the cook in the kitchen, as he did full in love, and with the sorriest piece of womanhood one could ever think to exist among the honest poor.

This unhappy girl had fevered to money above her level, was called Cat Green. Not that her mother named her so; her real name, if she ever had one, was probably buried somewhere, and forgotten as the story of the mysterious Western mounds and the history of the old mill at Newport.

Cat had probably been born beneath a hedge, been born into the world, nobody had felt at liberty, seeing no sufficient occasion, to send her out of it; and therefore, very injudiciously, was left to lay kitchened extinguished, her sides thin, and her face rough and coarse, she slinks about as though quite ashamed of her forced existence.

Thus also should Cat have been—a quiet, appropriate filling-out of some simple domestic economy, had she been left to it when she was not. Her nature, kindly and loving, had been repressed and thwarted by pain and misery, and still not much but the animal life looked from the dull eyes, and showed in the unattractive figure.

But she was a woman, a mere beast after all; she had a *thumb*, and could write her name by the help of it, and even make a shift at spelling out a little in easy words.

Occasionally she came to the hotel where Tim built fires to get washing to do, which she did in Bridget Jolan's kitchen over her sink. Then she was above her strength, without being equal to her necessities; yet so low down was she that any hope of better could not enter her mind, or know how unless it was that she sometimes considered if she was rich enough to own a tub she shouldn't have to pay for the use of Bridget's, besides having the first right to its use, and maybe money coming in from somebody for the hire of it.

Happening to be in the scrub-gi-wai was wanted to clean the floors and stairs at the hotel, Cat was employed for an hour every morning; and thus the romance and history of Tim's love commenced.

Tim saw her, of course, as he patted up and down with his hods; and, of course, pitied her. Those face and eyes were such as would have pitied any an overladen horse.

Cat had a cough, as was natural she should have with no feet and scanty clothing; and Tim wished he had some hot drops for her. Thus the romance of Tim's love-life commenced. Tim thought of her the more he pitied her; and the more he pitied her the more he thought of her.

It is a big answer for a stout chap like me to be slaping in a tid ivery night, and ateing my dinner like a torn lord, while that poor crayter has nayther the one nor the other?" cogitated he, puzzled how to right this existing wrong.

"If some gintleman would be giving me his garden to tend, and a couple of cows with maybe a horse to look after, that might do her and me; I've always heerd two can kape themselves cheaper than one," he soliloquized at last, in the height of his perplexity and from the depth of his generosity.

After the idea had once found a resting-place in his thoughts it grounded itself there, and became more and more settled. So while Cat coughed and scrubbed away, quite unconscious, Tim had established in his own mind entire claim and guardianship of her; and she was therefore already growing comely in his eyes. This state of things might have gone on indefinitely, but suddenly Cat failed to appear, and Tim was nothing of her for a week, by which time he was quite uneasy, and so absent-minded that he left Mrs. Balquidder's blower up full three minutes too long, thus greatly exercising the temper of that lady.

At the end of the week Cat came again, coughing much worse than ever—and still more ragged.

Tim gave one look at her; then, filled with selfreproach, trotted off to the landlord.

"If you please, Sir," said he, "I'm like to be married, and it's me discharge I'll be after having, may it plase you," said he.

"Married, are you? But what if I don't plase?" returned the landlord.

"Sure and it's not yerself will be so cruel, Sir. I'm sure the missus will not be after her the poor crayter needs; it is indade, Sir!" replied Tim, beseechingly.

"But it is for only a month longer you are engaged; can't you stay that out?"

"Indade and I'm thinking the cough will kill her before the month is up, Sir; and I could niver look mesilf in the face again if I left her to die," said Tim, fairly crying.

"But what can you do to take care of a wife? You can't keep yourself in whole clothes. How do you expect to keep her?" asked the landlord, who was so hard-hearted as to recollect that tears would not buy coal at eleven dollars a ton.

"Indade and it is mysilf I thought maybe would give me some jobs among the porters till I could look about a bit. I'm a dale stronger than I looks to be, Sir."

The absurdity of Tim aspiring to the holy sacrament of marriage so tickled the landlord's fancy that he could scarcely forbear to laugh outright, and give Tim some odd jobs of work till he could do better. So the next morning, after the round of the building fires was made, he sent for Tim, and paying him the accumulations of his earnings for the winter, which was twelves dollars, told him the situation he had made; giving him the day to himself, and directing him to be on hand early for what work he might have on the morrow.

Tim went upstairs inarticulately, ducked his little black head, and trotted off to find Cat, chuckling the while with delight at the success of his benevolent scheme.

The bride-cleat was on her knees scrubbing off the last stair.

"Come, Cad! get through with yere washing as quick as iver ye can, for I'm going to marry ye this blissed morning!" said Tim, abruptly.

Cad looked up with as much astonishment as her lustreless eyes, so unused to expressing emotion, were capable of. Tim, with the full sense of his own generous intentions, it was not strange that she stared and opened her mouth wider than was lovely in a young girl, but not in Cat Green.

Her comprehension was dull and darkened, and her ideas few; yet there lurked among her limited perceptions the faintest impression, common to most girls, that marriage means something better and freer than the present life; so Cad was not averse to accepting Tim's novel and unexpected offer when she fairly understood it. For her it brought indeed the emancipation which so many girls long for.

"We will make baste for the prasts at once," said Tim, and Cad decided Cad's life was not unbearable and come legally under his protection.

But the girl, with some dim notion of the finery beneath her notice, looked at her tattered, splashed-up gown, drew back, and said,

"I ain't fit; I'm too nasty!"

"Don't ye be thinking of such as that; I'll get ye a gowud since," said the bridegroom, cheerily, as he led the way, drawing Cad by the force of his will after him, as a tug draws a ship unwillingly.

The simple, ragged pair trudged first to the city clerk for a license; then to the priest's, where they were speedily made one flesh, according to the service.

Then Tim's honeymoon commenced, and here it ended; but not so the moon which followed. Tim of course had no accommodation for his wife, who was raised in a factory in a large village outside the great city, got him the place of fireman there after three months.

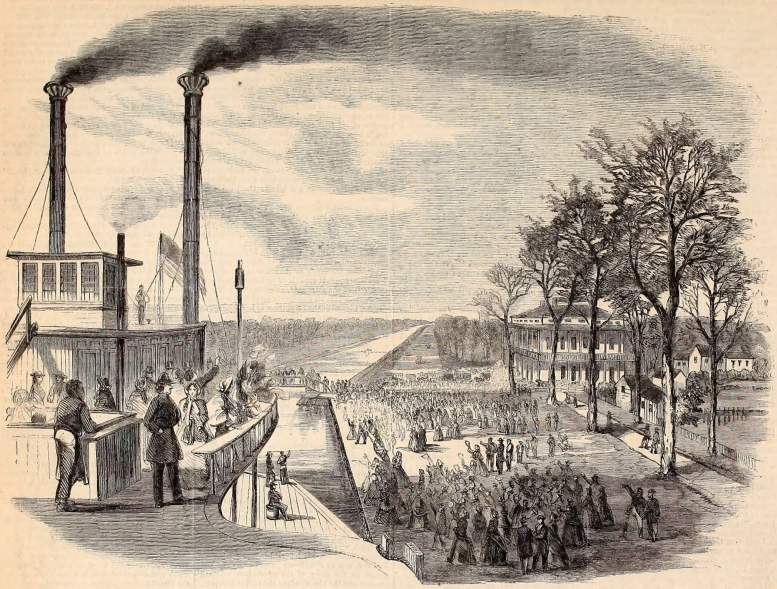
Wages were better, as well as the air, and in time Tim went to housekeeping in a cabin with a garden and the store-pigs common to building the roof, as independent as any landholder.

Such a sight as dandlions and daisies were to Cad, who had never seen anything in the city limits before! And so proud as she was of her home, her husband, and her housewifery!

The improvement effected in the way of food might have been more savory and toothsome, but Delmonico's dainties never meet with a more satisfied and delighted appreciation than Tim gave them; while, in the light and warmth of his praises and affection, Cad improved in many not only in domestic accomplishments, but in person.

The pinched, hungry look faded out from her face, and there came at length some degree of intelligence into it, with an abundance of faithful devotion and admiration for her Tim, which last quality he had always had in large measure.

Then Cad beamed a grateful smile upon him, and went about her duties as happy and as proud a wife as any since the days of Eve.



DEPARTURE OF REGISTERED ENEMIES OF THE UNITED STATES FROM FORT HICKOK, TO MADISONVILLE, LA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



LANDING OF REGISTERED ENEMIES OF THE UNITED STATES AT MADISONVILLE, LA., FEBRUARY 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Our special correspondent, Mr. Hamilton, keeps us supplied with illustrations of affairs in General Banks's Department. We reproduce some of them herewith. The cuts on the opposite page illustrate the

RETURN OF REGISTERED ENEMIES TO DIXIE.

Mr. Hamilton writes:

After about half an hour's ride, by railway, from New Orleans, we arrived at Port Hickok, on the south shore of Lake Pontchartrain, where the Lake House is situated, at the end of the famous shell-road, the "Bloomingdale" of New Orleans. The scene presented here was really very striking and beautiful. The day was bright and lovely; hundreds of people—a large proportion of them gayly-dressed ladies—had collected there, some to leave for Dixie, and others to say farewell to those who were going. The *J. D. Brown* was there, rolling out its dense volumes of smoke, and an immense array of vehicles of all sorts were congregated. In the balconies, on the bridge, and in the large white space in front of the Lake House, the whole place was swarming.

This was the second trip of the kind, and, owing to its having been discovered that the first had been used as a means for smuggling goods into Secessia, the authorities had caused it to be published in the papers that every body—ladies included—would undergo a rigid search. This caused no little flutter and excitement among the crinoline.

They were ushered into a separate room, where ladies of high respectability were employed to conduct the necessary investigation. I saw many a pretty pair of rosy lips curved, pouting dreadfully at having been obliged to prove whether her plump little figure owed all its sweetness to the gifts of nature, or to sundry packages of bitter quinine stuffed artfully about her; and whether in that cunning little envelope, so stealthily concealed in her bosom, the balls alluded to meant fancy balls or cannon-balls. I heard some very angry comments made upon their searching "even the stockings of children;" but this was very natural, for a vast amount of knowledge about infantry can be conveyed by a small slip of paper in a baby's stocking.

When we had all got on board the *J. D. Brown*, at about 10 A.M., and she began to move off, the scene was really picturesque and exciting. Such a waving of handkerchiefs, red and white scarfs, and other secesh emblems—such adieux and kissing of hands—I never saw before. I noticed some few weeping on the shore; but the general feeling, both on board and on land, was one wild, open, defiant outburst of disloyalty, in which no check whatever was put upon expressions for the rebel Government, though in the hearing of our own officers.

"Feel *humiliated*?" shouted one female from the shore.

"No, indeed!" scornfully replied a fair one near me at the bulwarks.

"That's right, dear; never say *that* word."

"I've seen him, dear; you'll be comfortable enough," screams another in the crowd.

"Who?" asks the lady on board as addressed.

"Colonel Clark,* to be sure. Who else did you think?"

"Give my love to all our friends, Mary," cries an old lady.

"Yes, ma; I'm going to give my love to every body and every thing I meet."

So they went on, running along a steep slip of land to keep pace with the boat, about a hundred of them, ladies and all, scrambling through the mud, until the land coming to an abrupt stop, they could go no farther; and they gave a parting cheer as we got out of the basin on the broad surface of the lake.

We steered due north, right across Lake Pontchartrain, and, entering the small Chefuncteer River or Bayou, got up to the little village called Madisonville about noon. Here we saw the Stars and Bars flying, and the place in command of Lieutenant M. Cassard. Madisonville is very picturesque, the shore being covered with fine live-oak trees, whose enormous gnarled trunks and twisted roots look as if they have been defying the storms of centuries.

The enthusiasm and excitement of friends and relatives meeting were, of course, only a counterpart of what we had just seen at starting. We went ashore, but did not remain more than an hour. There was little information of any value to be obtained, beyond the fact that they were suffering much for many of the necessaries of life. Still, on the surface, there was no outward show of wretchedness.

On this page we give an illustration of

THE POOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

There are few questions of greater importance at present engaging the attention of General Banks than how to find food and employment for the 50,000 poor of New Orleans.

Previous to the change of administration in that city, General Butler had adopted a very simple and summary mode of overcoming this difficulty, which he often said outweighed all the other duties of his administration. He merely levied a *per-centage* upon the contributions which the rich secessionists of New Orleans had subscribed toward the rebellion, thus compelling them to alleviate the very misery they had caused.

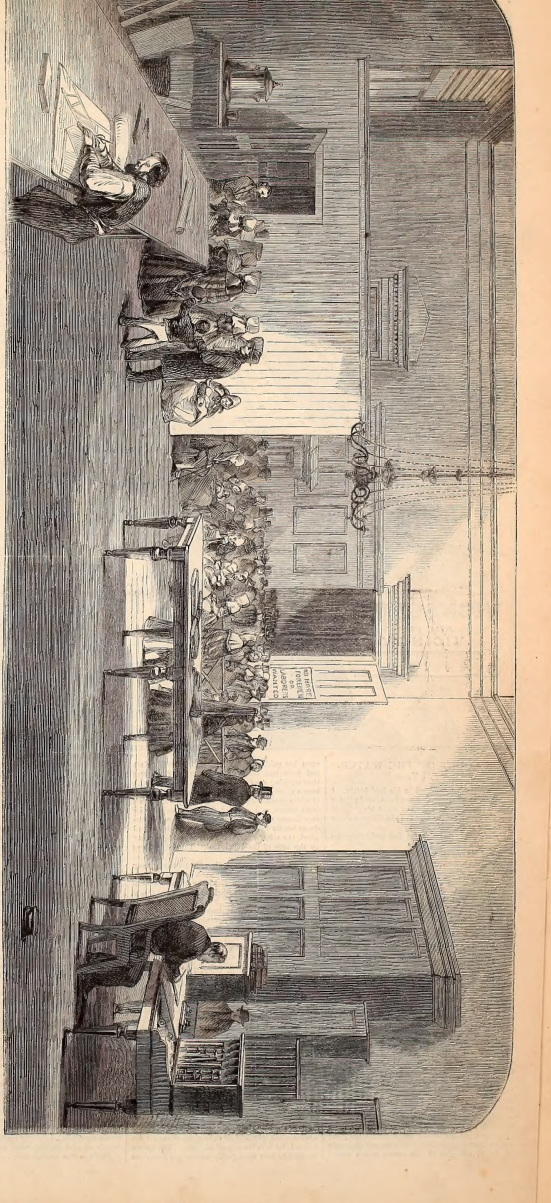
Having thus raised the necessary funds, he issued his famous Special Order No. 244, authorizing the City Surveyor, Colonel T. B. Thorpe, to employ not less than 1000 workmen upon the streets, levees, canals, etc., married men with families to be always preferred, and such one *to have the oath of allegiance in his pocket.* By this admirable process, 30,000 people were weekly relieved, at an average cost (for labor and rations) of $28,000 per week; $10,000 for labor only, and $18,000 for provisions. Out of this large number of people only 1400 were really residents of the North; the remainder being foreigners or citizens of Louisiana and other Southern States, and over 5000 of these were women (old and young) who had openly acknowledged themselves to be the mothers and wives of Confederate soldiers in actual war against us!

As soon as General Banks arrived this policy was changed; the works on the streets were immediately suspended, the following week on canals, and by the commencement of February the whole had ceased.

The result of this was immediately felt. Hundreds of men of all ages and conditions collected every day round the City Hall, from morning till night, vainly imploring employment. In the interior of the building the scene was no less painful. Then the crowds perpetually besieged the powerless City Surveyor, and it was in vain he assured them that he had no longer the means of giving them aid or employment. Mothers came there with babes in their arms, tottering old men were there also, and also many a poor lady who—until this dreadful war broke out—had homes of comfort if not of luxury. It is one of these scenes in the City Surveyor's office which our artist has made the subject of his illustration.

We are glad to find, however, by our latest advices from New Orleans, that this serious state of affairs, if not completely removed, is now undergoing a change. The poor workmen, unable to hold out any longer, petitioned General Banks, who received them very kindly and promised to do all he could to assist them. He has taken steps to have 1400 men employed upon the Government works—a measure that will go far toward removing a source of evil that was really becoming quite alarming.

* General Banks's Chief of Staff, who was on board, and represented in the fore ground of our sketch.—*Ed.*





THE COURT OF THE WATER-LILY.

Poon Robert was killed in his first battle. I felt sure that he would be when he enlisted; but it would have made no difference about his going if he could have read his doom in the Records above before he put down his name.

My sister Lucy sent me to find and bring him home.

One of his comrades showed me the spot where he found him when the search for dead and wounded began. The poor fellow had crept out of the great highway of battle (leaving a bloody track behind him, to show where he fell), into a corner, and lay there peacefully asleep, with his cheek pillowed upon a little clover-clump. "There had been little pain in his death," the soldier said; "his face was calm and quiet. I buried him near where he fell. Here!" Marking the place where he was laid, I rode back for permission and assistance in disinterring the body.

As I crossed a bright little stream, which widened away to sedges on its farther side, I loosened my horse's rein that he might drink. I had lingered so long that the full moon was shining brightly, and the air was redolent of forest odors distilled by the dewy night; and feeling confidence in my good steed, I "hoppled" him and let him graze, while I asked in the summer moonlight.

There was a great commotion going on in the stream.

Slowly out of its crystal depths rose a green, foam-crested wave, dashing itself upon the grassy bank, where it remained fixed—no longer a wave merely, but a stately throne of the purest emerald, carpeted with downy foam, and canopied with an inverted water-lily. Up in the snowy dome the many golden stamens trembled ringly rang out with melodious chime the hour of midnight; and a being, fairer than mortal tongue could tell, arose from the sparkling stream and ascended the royal dais. Gems of water, brighter than any diamonds of Earth, sparkled in the crown which rested upon her golden curls; and while her tiny face and form had much of regal grace, there was that winning smile of tender love which won the hearts of all who saw her. Her coronation robes, of white velvet relieved with green, swept the rich foam carpet, and mingled their softness with its own downy texture. One hand and arm of wondrous beauty held the sceptre of moonlight-colored pearl, the other extended itself in snowy beauty on the arm of the royal seat. The Lily Queen waited to hail her court.

There was a pause, and then the tiny bells rung a merry chime. Swiftly the summons was obeyed, and the air was tremulous with the flutter of many-colored wings and the rustle of the feet of insect steeds upon the grass.

From far and wide regions they came—Rose, Lily, Tulip, Heliotrope, Geraniums and Fuschias, Cacti and Thistles, Violets, Orange-buds, and a countless host of others.

Now who could not guess that the stiff Court Chamberlain, in his many-colored robes and palegreen trousers, was a Tulip on ordinary occasions? or mistake the Rose, with her blushing cheeks and regal port, her sweet odor and magnificent attire, for any but her own lovely self? or that fair band of sisters, who, arrayed more gorgeously "than Solomon in all his glory" disposed themselves about their royal cousin? A shade of anxiety rested on each tiny face, for the Emerald Crown would be awarded to-night, and there was a flutter of expectation among all who had come to strive for the prize, for every blossom that loves the sun or seeks the shade, that blooms by day or weeps at night, bowed its dew-gemmed head before the throne.

The Honey-suckle herald sounded his bugle. The ushers of the Golden Rod marshaled the brilliant crowd, and the royal proclamation went forth.

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! All true and loyal subjects of the Lily Queen are to be given speech and audience to-night, and all evil spirits of the air are banned, for it is the eve of St. John. The Queen would fain hear what goodly service had been done to men by her subjects, to comfort those who have so tenderly cared for us. Oyez! oyez!"

"Fair sister," said the Queen, as the Rose bent low before her, "thou art a queen, like ourself, in other lands; therefore speak first. Or hast thou idled, listening to the song of thine own nightingale?"

The Rose blushed to the edge of her crimson robe. "Even had I such idle thoughts as your Majesty implies, my nightingale is far over the seas, and mine has been too varied a duty to spare time for lighter-love songs. Time will not suffice to tell how often I have cheered the sick-room; or how I have blanched my cheek that it should be a fit companion for the wearer dead, on whose chilly breast they laid me to sleep. And how, borne in fair ladies' hands, I have heard the gay rattle of the ballroom; or, decking the walls of the brilliant salon, I have trembled to the throbbing waltz. I come now with no such idle tale; though I come, indeed, from such scenes. I was borne to-night in a hand —a fair one, too—whose touch should have withered me, for it was hot with treason. I felt a billet placed in my green arms, and I felt that secrets were intrusted to my keeping. I raised my eyes—made, as your Majesty knows, of the lens of the eye of a lightning-bug—and saw, oh, horror! a map of the Union defenses, a list of the Union forces, and a perfect transcript of the Union plans for the next campaign! She let the rebel spy, in the guise of a gallant, attend her to her carriage, and suffered him to keep the flowers—as if they had been a tender love-token, instead of bitter treachery!"

"You but discovered the treason, good sister," replied the Queen, sadly. "You had no power to prevent the consequences. Worthier service than this must deserve the royal guerdon, much as it grieves us to say it."

"Ho! ho! ho!" sounded a goblin laugh close beside me, and I dimly discerned an eerie shape cowering dimly and darkly behind the willow clump near me. I felt the pestilential odor of his breath as of a charnel house as he growled out, "That's a true enough story. The Confederates have got it all safe by this time. *I* saw to that. The whole of it isn't bigger than a silver quarter, if I haven't forgotten the size of one."

And his rattling laugh sounded like thin ice crackling under the skater's heel.

The purple Heliotrope, leaning on the arm of her faithful Geranium, had a little story, not a new one, to tell. There have been such tales ever since young people found that flowers could tell of gentle hopes easier than lips. The fair Queen smiled, and the goblin shape hissed out a sneer.

The Geraniums fluttered their fans, and spoke much of the delights of gay society, and the select circles in which they moved. In turn they were chilled with the icy hauteur of the snowy Camelia, who, scarcely bending her head, and vouchsafing not a word, swept past the fragrant but parvenue throng.

There were pure white flowers in crowds, and side by side with them I saw a Blue Violet from the garden of a crippled child. There was a Scarlet Bean, grown in a window-box, from a poor tenement house, in New York, side by side with the light-blooming Cereus from the great hothouse. The Mistletoe, in the guise of a white-haired gentleman of the old school, violently ogled the blushing Holly, who appeared in a rich green satin, tastefully ornamented with coral, while Miss did not in the least resent the liberty, but was evidently pleased with her ancient friend. The demure Lavender, in the character of a pretty German chamber-maid, was covertly carrying on a flirtation with a tall and slender Sweet Clover, who was trying to assist her in her passage through the crowd. The Sweet-Pea, looking for all the world like one's own pretty country cousin, clung for support to the Purple Lilac, who, in the similitude of a rustic schoolmaster, took the best care of her that he could. This pair, being in turn severely snubbed by his cousin, the White Lilac, who, having lately been promoted at the court of Eugénie, gave herself immense airs in consequence. The Crimson Peony, who was accompanied by her contemptive sister, was severely injured by the rudeness of a Prickly Pear, who had nearly destroyed her best rod satin gown on his spurs.

"The less I see of men the better I like them," was his uncourteous address to the Queen. "Let us alone and we do no harm; but woe to him who tramples on my rights!" And he swung his reliow cap defiantly, and actually put it on his head.

It being evident that he had partaken too freely of the private bottle of *ayuardiente* which it was known he was in the habit of carrying, the Grand Chamberlain signed to two stout Scotch Thistles, who guarded the throne with fixed bayonets, to remove him. He struggled violently, but the stout Highlanders carried him to a distance and gave him a severe ducking, which, being at variance with his usual habits, effectually cooled his impudence.

"There was small chance for an argument then —bayonets against spurs," I remarked to the shape.

"They had no right to meddle," growled the Dark One. "He had as good right to his spurs as they to bayonets. Let him alone, and there would have been no row."

I could but dimly discern his figure in the pale light, but I fancied I could see—no matter what kind of feet. He wore no boots, and had the C. S. A. buttons.

Now each fair plant and tender blossom had spoken a few words, and the Emerald crown had glittered and paled as each testimony was of greater or less valuable service; yet it still remained immovably fixed upon its velvet cushion.

Then the Herald sounded again on his fragrant bugle:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! Inasmuch as the crown hath not been awarded to the Flowers, nor to all the green tribes who feed mankind, or comfort his heart with drink or drug, come forth, and declare what deed of signal service they have done! Let them now speak! Oyez! oyez! oyez!"

And now, to be sure, arose a tumult, as the motley crowd began to jostle toward the throne.

Here a portly dame, in flaming yellow gown and green gaiters, tried hard to push herself ahead of another, evidently of her own family, though of a more elegant shape.

"Don't push yourself airs, Miss Squashblossom," she panted; "you're no better'n what I be, if you ain't quite so big!"

"Do, ma'am, you yourself airs, Miss Squashblossom," she panted; "you're no better'n what I be, if you ain't quite so big!"

"Don't push yourself, you lumbering porpoise!" roared out a sturdy Potato. "It's enough to bring the tears to my eyes to tramp on a fellow's corns at that rate!"

"I shall certainly cry in two minutes!" moaned the poor Onion, who was getting the worst of it, as the crowd pushed her on one side.

"I shall certainly exhale in this vulgar jam!" sighed the Tobacco.

"Don't you exhale yourself, Cousin Tobacco!" growled a Tomato vine. "I wonder which of us smells the worst, or is hardest to learn to like at first, you or I—hey?"

"Ah me!" sighed the Poppy, to her gallant cousin, *Cannabis Indica*, "would I were at home in my native East. Late hours were always much for me!"

"There will be merry work ere long," whispered the Hazseed, leaning across to a Shamrock, who covertly fingered his shillalah a little on one side.

"Ay, wait a bit!" was the exulting answer; but the two, like those, knowing their characters, quietly dipped them a warning wink, and they relapsed into quiet.

"I will you just see the airs Cauliflower is taking on," whispered the Cabbage, as he bowled along with the Turnip on his arm, while the Cauliflower scornfully cut her ancient relative.

With much difficulty the Usher and the Royal Guards succeeded in arranging the order of presentation.

The Potato plead hard for the reward. She claimed she had fed more people, and "better ones," too, than any other vegetable on the ground, and she glanced appealingly toward the Shamrock, who quickly responded, "Throw for ye, darlint!"

The Pumpkin had unctuous tales of Thanksgiving to relate; but she and the Squash differed, as only relations can, and the two were quickly silenced. Then the Beans spoke out, with a strong New England accent, but were interrupted by Messrs. Dill, Fennel, and Carraway, who appeared in white chokers, and claimed to represent the ecclesiastical interests. "They had always been to mestin' reg'lar, and had assisted more by keepin' people awake than any other yarbs that grew."

"Hold on!" sputtered Peppermint; "don't talk about what you don't understand. If I don't sweet a white chicken I get to mestin' too, and every body knows I'm better for wind—"

"On the stomach, perhaps," sneered Tobacco. "When it rises to the brain, I am your humble servant then."

"There's some yarbs," mumbled old Sage, in her everlasting green fustian and dowdy blue ribbons—"there's *some* yarbs that *has* faculty, and some that *hav'n't*. Some kin take night hold, and cook and nuss like nothin', and some jest stan's 'round in the way. Now thyme, n Savory, 'n Marjoram—most as good's what I be at gettin' up Thanksgivin': but as for nussin'—"

"Jest shet up, granny!" cried Catnip and Pennyroyal; "what do you know about babies, for example? Lord! I've put more to sleep and saved 'em more span—"

"Now then, all of you," growled "Lobely," while the Cardinals actually turned pale with disgust.

"And what would you all do without me?" scornfully ejaculated Cinchona (Jesuit's Bark). "Shiver and burn! shiver and burn!"

"I 'm quite the opposite!" yelled Wormwood.

"Not a bit better than I," retorted Arnica.

"Take that, then!" And Arnica carried a black eye for a week.

"Whoop! Shillahs! never miss fire!" shouted the Shannon, joyously twirling his stick at the prospect of a general row; while the Grape broke out into "Sparkling and bright," and called vociferously for a song.

Then the Queen rose in her majesty. "Silence, ye insolents! Shall even our royal presence be invaded and insulted by such unseemly riots? Guards, do your duty. Herald, the crown moves not. Let the third call be sounded."

While our faithful friend was borne off, yelling vigorously, and consigned to a dungeon under a damp stone, at the imminent risk of a "cowld in his head," as he pathetically remonstrated with his guards, the Herald sounded the third summons.

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! Forasmuch as none others have joined the Emerald Crown, now late all grains and grasses and all way-side weeds now speak, if perchance they have deserved the royal guerdon! Oyez! oyez! Now let the fields and way-sides speak!"

Then, in tassels and wampum, gilded past me the Indian Corn; the stout Barley, with his belt full of barbs; the golden Wheat, with her generous smile; the trembling Oat, with her classic voice; the Rice, with her gleaming pearls; the Millets and Grasses, whose honest worth spoke for itself; and the luxurious Grass, in her sweet simplicity. There was the "modest crimson-tippit flower," the golden Dandelion, childhood's favorite blossom, the Scotch Gowan, and the Alpine Rose.

"I," said the Wheat, with a beaming smile, "I went to idle Lancashire, and heard the gaunt men and starving women solemnly whisper, 'God bless America!' and the wolf at their doors was not so hideous as the treason in the hearts of their richer neighbors. I feel the armies too."

I heard a low groan escape the dark shape which cowered beside me.

They went on with their testimony. How they fed starving Ireland; how the land smiled and glowed with thankfulness at the abundant harvest. All but one had spoken, yet the crown had not moved.

One little creature stood alone, in a pale crimson robe, with no fern-crown in her hair, no flower in her breath. Trembling she stood while the Lily Queen addressed her:

"Little one, friend Clover, hast thou no word to say? All have spoken but thee."

"Alas!" replied the little creature, "this so little I am ashamed—"

We ourself will judge of that; and perhaps thou hast good reason for coming unjeweled and unperfumed into our presence."

Then a redder flush came into the little lady's cheeks as she answered, in a low and broken voice,

"I grew in a lonely field-corner, O Queen! and never till yesterday had I seen the face of a man to serve. But then came the crash of muskets, the booming of cannon, and rattle of drums, and men met in dreadful rage, and many died, and others suffered so wildly that I was sure it would have been your Majesty's heart could you have heard them cry out for 'help' and 'water!'"

"Ho, ho, little one!" Queen Bella mused. "It was a great day! I was there!"

"I'll warrant you"! I thought, beginning to understand the character of my neighbor.

"One poor lad fell near me, and crawling out of the trench, left a bloody trail behind him, buried his poor face in my blossoms. I gave him my dew-crown to moisten his parched lips, and my perfume seemed to cool his dying breath.

The Queen and her ladies listened eagerly.

"And what then?" she demanded.

"Oh, that was sweet!" he murmured. 'That was like the cold spring by the granite ledge Lucy, I thought I felt your soft curls! Mother dear Lucy!' and so the sweetest of smiles came over his face as he died with that word. It was only my blossoms; but he thought it was his Lucy's curls. This, O Queen! is why I crown thus unjeweled before thee."

Then slowly the hitherto invisible wings unfolded, the Emerald Crown rose lightly in the air and gently settled down upon the little Clover blossom's blushing brow. Then the Herald blew a blast upon his bugle, and the Queen spoke:

"My loyal subjects have all done well, nobly, each in his own way, either of beauty or use. But know that whoever by the giving of his or her own life or substance shall cheer the death-couch of the Brave and True shall evermore deserve and receive the Emerald Crown."

Then, while the "horns of Elfland" all sounded the merry peal of revelry and dainty feasting, and the lily-bells rang their joyous peal, a low, shivering moan went up beside me, and a sigh, as of unutterable woe, escaped his anguished breast.

"Now I must go back to fire and darkness! There is no room for me!" The words of the forest serve them, and the Fays of Fairy-land are their friends. Despair!" A faint, unwholesome mist rose in the air, vanishing away, sighed, as it exhaled in the early morning.

There was a peculiar chill in the air, a pale light in the east, and the distant crow of a cock. Trusted the Fays were gone!

As the brilliant cloud of wings faded away I caught sight of the Shamrock, as, released from his damp dungeon, he laid his finger knowingly beside his nose and gave me a significant wink!

ADVERSEMENTS.

Just Published.

THE IRON FURNACE;

Or, Slavery and Secession.

Being Mr. Augher's Thrilling Narrative of his Outgoings, Imprisonment, and Escape from the Rebels.

Illustrated by
WILLIAM S & ALFRED MARTIEN.

Price, in paper cover, fifteen cents.

The Bird Work and Napkin Holder.

Heavily Gold and Silver Plated. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers. Trade Circular sent free. ALLYN & PHELPS, Inventors & Manf., Dept 423 Broadway, N.Y.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, 2 Vesey street, Astor House. Also, at 3 Fulton street, and over sixty other Truss Offices of same name. A female attends ladies.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, *Special Reserve*, and *Fancy Goods*. Address SHAW & CO., Biddeford, Me.

Magic Pocket-Books for Postal Currency, with elastic bands. sent, post-paid, for 75 cents per doz. $7 per gross. Samples for 10 cts.
SNOW & HAGGOOD, 22 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

READER!—If you want employment, or the best Paper, Novelties and Selling Medicine ever manufactured send to ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Newburyport, Mass., for a sample terms of terms. A liberal salary, or commission, as the Agent may choose.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Soldiers' information Blanks sent free. Claims negotiated upon the best terms, and accounts cashed. A pamphlet of Laws and Instructions sent by enclosing a one-cent stamp to pay postage.
SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine.
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Send for circular. GEORGE F. HAWLEY, 64 Nassau St., N.Y.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Average Crop of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., to acre.—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—26 acre tracts of from $10 to $50 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to ISAAC E. LANDIS, P. O., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural, and free. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost ideal position, and suitable condition for thousand farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies

$1000.—A fortune secured for $1. Address Box 217, Taunton, Mass.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi Manufacturing Company's

P O U D R E T T E .

JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York.

This article, prepared from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, and most POWERFUL FERTILIZER offered in market. It greatly increases the crop, and hastens the harvest from one to two weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre.

FORTY TUNS OF POUDRETTE to a FULL load, a mixture of bone and night soil, ground fine, at $45 per ton. A superior article of Bone Dust, $60 per ton.

A pamphlet containing direction, &c., may be had free. Address as above.
Agent for the Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS

AND ARMS. Selphes Patent. 816 Broadway, N. Y., Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Send for a Circular.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been conclusively acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvano Electric Metallic Insoles are the only remedy that can cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and all Nervous Affections. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers throughout the U. S. Sent by mail for $1.25. Secured by English and American Patents. Send for a circular. METTAM & CO., 402 Broadway.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colored for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Knave. 50 counted cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD MANUFACTORY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

WORTH $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 50 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..... 15 00 each.
1000 Gold Vest Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Pins..... 3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gold Stone Set Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Jet Mosaic and Lava Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Jet, and Pearl Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Rings..... 2 00 to 8 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gold Set Bosom Studs..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Medallions..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can be had for, are put in envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then have it at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions with us we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and one hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to $2 or more. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great exertion should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State, in full.

Address
J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. Specimens and Estimates furnished by Mail, on receipt of Stamp.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT

WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or cranium in six weeks (upon the smallest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 209 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Fifth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOUNDED IN 1840.

INCORPORATED BY LEGISLATIVE CHARTER.
Being the only COMMERCIAL COLLEGE in the Union conducted by a

PRACTICAL MERCHANT.

OVER SIX THOUSAND STUDENTS
Have been educated in the Principles and Practice of all the details of a business education from DUFF'S system of

Mercantile Book-Keeping.

Awarded four Silver Medals and the sanction of the highest Educational Authorities in the country. Also, DUFF'S

Steamboat Book-Keeping.

"A perfect system for such books and accounts." Also, DUFF'S per cent system of

Railroad Book-Keeping.

After the forms of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Also, DUFF'S new system of

Private Bank Book-Keeping.

The only Bank Book-Keeping in which the correct state of accounts are all taught under the daily supervision of the Principal, and, it is believed, to a degree of perfection never attained elsewhere.

12 FIRST PREMIUMS

for best Business and Ornamental Penmanship awarded to our present Penman by the

United States Fair at Cincinnati in..... 1860.
United States Fair at Wyoming..... 1860.
Western Penn's Fair at Pittsburg..... 1860.
And the Ohio State Fair at Cleveland..... 1860.

All of which are exhibited at our office.

HARPER'S ENLARGED EDITION OF DUFF'S BOOK-KEEPING.

Price $1 50. Sold by Booksellers generally.

For Full Description and Terms for our New Circular, pp. 68, and samples of our Penman's Business and Ornamental Writing, enclose 25c. to

P. DUFF & SON, Principals.

A Reliable Article for Domestic Use!

ANDREWS' YEAST POWDER has been in constant use for the last ten years, and is the most perfect compound for the immediate raising of BREAD, TEA BISCUIT, PANCAKES, &c., and ready for use "*in one minute*."

The quality of this Yeast Powder is never changed, and it does not lose its strength by exposure to climate. Our sales are half a million cans per annum, and the certificate of Eminent Physicians, Chemists and Analysts,always accompanies each label; also,full directions for use. Sisters to the Lodies, may it be your comfort and satisfaction, per cent age that ever was made, and is "*indispensable*" where lightness and health are desired. Ask your grocer for ANDREWS' "EXCELSIOR" Yeast Powder, and see no other. If you want "THE BEST," buy the Excelsior, and sold wholesale by THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
138 and 140 Cedar St., New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by Adams' Express, to HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Butter charged at 20c.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY positively is the very best of the Nostrum Genera, and exterminates it root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Dept 423 Broadway.

This Day Published:

UNION FOUNDATIONS: A Study of American Nationality as a Fact of Science. By Capt. E. B. Hunt, Corps of Engineers U. S. Army.
Octavo, paper, price 50c. D. VAN NOSTRAND,
192 Broadway, N. Y.
Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

Attention Agents, Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
R. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.

Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $12.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in service. When packed measures 5 inches high by 13½ inches in diameter. Weight 10 pounds. Price $6 00.

Sold by all Dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, N. Y.
Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

THE AUTOMATON COMPANY;

Or, Infantry Soldiers' Practical Instructor for all Company Movements in the Field. By G. D. Brewerton, U. S. A. Price in boxes, $1 25; when sent by mail, $1 95.

THE AUTOMATON REGIMENT;

Or, Infantry Soldiers' Practical Instructor for all Regimental Movements in the Field. By Dr. Brewerton, U. S. A. Price in boxes $1 25; when sent by mail, $1 95.

THE AUTOMATON BATTERY;

Or, Artillerists' Practical Instructor for the Manœuvres of all Mounted Artillery in the Field. By G. D. Brewerton, U. S. A. Price in boxes, $1 00; when sent by mail, $1 40.

D. VAN NOSTRAND,
Publisher, 192 Broadway, New York.

Ladies, Read this Attentively.

Give up the use of that vile compound called rouge. It can deceive no one, no matter how skillfully it is applied. Nothing is more beautiful and worthy of admiration than a skin white as alabaster, rosy cheeks, lips red as coral; in short, a complexion of dazzling beauty and purity. Do away with your paraphernalia of Cosmetics, Pearl Powders, Blooms of Rose, and other frauds. Follow my directions, and you will find to your surprise that in a very short space of time you can become possessor of a beautiful complexion.

Send your address and one stamp to
A. G. LAMONT, Perfumer, Box 4673,
New York City.

Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type for 6 cents.

THE TUNER'S GUIDE.

A TREATISE ON
TUNING THE PIANO-FORTE,
Organ, Melodeon, and Seraphine,
containing many concise rules in
Specification of Defects and their Remedies.

Price 40 cents, on receipt of which it will be sent, postpaid. DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

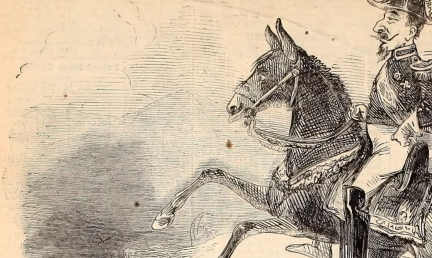
If the stomach is wrong all is wrong. It is the baleful wheel of body and mind. The dyspepsia is the most miserable of human beings. The first thing necessary to re-establishment is healthful digestion, and the first means of intellect, to activity, to the enjoyment of life, is a sound digestion. If the stomach does not perform its duty, discipline it into regular and healthy action by the use of this genial TONIC. Persons of feeble habit and diffusive stimulant ever administered. It is mild and pleasant. It is certain and safe. It imparts elasticity and energy to the whole system. Its action upon the coats of the stomach is removing in a wonderful degree. Use it for a week and you will find the sense of oppression alter or disappear, and dizziness and faintness become strange, which are the distinguishing features of dyspepsia, entirely relieved, the bowels regular, the appetite good, and the pulse firm and even.

Depot, 628 Broadway, New York.

MARK YOUR CLOTHING!

A Stencil Plate, with your name neatly cut in a brush, and a bottle of the best Indelible Ink
For Marking Clothing.
Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. *Write plain*, to avoid mistakes. Address
N. E. BAKER, Lebanon, Mass.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other *Beautiful Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 500 Gold. 9th Ed. Price only **20c.** by Mail. Mailed *Free*. Address
C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.



DESIGN FOR A *MODERN HISTORICAL* PICTURE.
NAPOLEON III. crossing the American Continent on his Mexican Mule.



THE "ARKANSAS TRAVELER,"
As lately performed with Rapturous Applause by General HINDMAN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SPECULATION.

Agents and Soldiers, in camp or discharged, can make easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions of the Army, Rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents.* Packages in endless variety and at all prices. *Fine Jewelry and Watches* at low prices. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.



THE NEC PLUS ULTRA.
No Obtuse Attachment.
The best and most practical ever invented.—fits all the ordinary burners, of various sizes, now in use. It rests only a trifle more than a single glass chimney. Gives a large, clear light without the least smoke, and can be carried in the strongest draft without going out. Another living indispensable for portable or hall lights. Agents wanted. Sample sent free for 25 cts. Send for circular. JOS. ODDIN, Manuf., 442 Broadway, N. Y.

PHYSIOGNOMY;

Or, "Signs of Character, and How to Read them"—Ethnology; or, the Races of Men—Physiology, Phrenology, and Psychology—are given, in extenso, in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. $1 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made *equal to copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Highest Premium.
International Exhibition, London, 1862.
See the recent Improvements.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE!
MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, FOR 25c. COIN PREPAID. Five of different powers, $1. Mailed free.
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

The Craig Microscope.



If you would like the most interesting, instructive, amusing, and useful instrument in the world, send $5, and the Craig Microscope and 6 beautiful mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. This celebrated microscope is so simple that a child can use it, and magnifies about 10,000 times.
Address HENRY CRAIG,
109 Centre Street, New York.
Liberal discount to Dealers.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!!—We have reduced the wholesale price of our GREAT STATIONERY PACKAGES. We also give better Watches to our Agents than any other firm. Send stamp for new circular. WITH & CO., 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Health Preserving Corporation.
PURE MILK!

The Orange County Condensed Milk Company put up Condensed Milk in bulk; from which is extracted eighty per cent. of water, the *impurity* of which is so deleterious to children (even in pure milk) and delivered at their doors in New York daily. Families, Hotels, Steamboats, Restaurants, &c., supplied in the usual way. To the *Concentrated Milk* is added for the *Army, Ships, and Travelers'* use, the best refined sugar to preserve the same. Put up in one or two pound packages.
Office 9 COOPER INSTITUTE, N. Y.

ATTENTION, LADIES!
The Lilliputian Wedding.
By special arrangement, we will publish on the 10th February, immediately after their marriage, the Card Photograph of

GEN. TOM THUMB
AND HE
FAIRY BRIDE,
IN THEIR WEDDING DRESS,

with their autograph. No album will be complete without this interesting picture. Price 25 cents. Can be sent by mail. All orders must be sent to
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
501 Broadway, New York,
Manufacturers of Photographic Albums, and Publishers of Card Photographs of Celebrities.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *pocketing* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, as accurate and reliable time-keepers, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the flimsy-named pieces and *Lepines* which some make, slanderously referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
132 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlements. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

IOAHS. IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial Diseases, &c.
Dr. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 659 Broadway, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL Engraved Gold Plated Watch, Lever Cap, *English Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address by mail, free, for only $7. Solid silver, same as above, $8. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 40 Ann St., N. Y.

A Heretofore Unsupplied Want.
THE
National Almanac
AND
ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863,

FURNISHING MORE FULL, ACCURATE, RECENT AND INTERESTING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR COUNTRY THAN HAS EVER BEEN ISSUED IN ANY SINGLE VOLUME.

In the extent, fulness, and accuracy of its statistics, and the variety and completeness of its details, it is believed that the NATIONAL ALMANAC far surpasses any previous statistical work on the United States, and that it must become such a hand-book of reference for every thing appertaining to our NATIONAL, MILITARY, and NAVAL condition as every person will need.

Notwithstanding the large amount expended in getting up this work (over five thousand dollars), and the high price of paper, it is furnished at a very low price.

12mo, 700 pages, bound in Boards, price $1 00; or substantially bound in Muslin, $1 50.

Sent free, by mail, on receipt of price.
Address GEORGE W. CHILDS, Publisher,
628 and 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Acos, 381 Penn St., N. Y. He sends it free. Written E.—Ills cure cured thousands.

The Secret Out!
Over 1000 Things worth knowing!

Sent post-paid on receipt of 20 cents.
Soldier's Edition 25 cents.
Address E. B. WALL, Box 362, Syracuse, N. Y.

Male and Females.—For valuable information send 10 cents to Dr. Wm. Lallue, Box 62, Woburn, Mass.

GOLD PENS
Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 38 cents.
T. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.



DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating ointment of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely grey, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 402 Broadway.

$50 per week net profit.—NEW ARTICLE. Every family will buy. Agents have it. Retails for $1 00. Territory rights for sale low. For terms, &c., address DALLOU & SON, Haverhill, Mass. 12th P. O. *Samples for* Agents sent by mail for 50 cents. Postage Currency.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement. Set of rules and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED.

R. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.
S. HOODWARD, O. Box 2,000, Boston.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent Scientific Appliances.—Its only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering. Illustrated Book free.
They took the PRIZE MEDAL at the late London Exhibition, and of which the Illustrated London News, 3 January, 1863, says: "Mr. Bates, of Philadelphia, shows some small and ingenious instruments for the treatment of Stammering, the effect of which on an individual so afflicted is really remarkable."
For Pamphlets, &c., describing the same, address H. C. L. MEARS, 277 West 23d St., New York. P. O. Box 5076.

TRUSSES.—*Dr. Hoyt's Hard Rubber Multipedal Truss* challenges comparison with any Truss known. Waterproof, always clean, and can not be worn out. Also a Varicocele Truss and a Hard Rubber Spring Supporter. Send stamp for circular. Office No 9 Barclay Street, New York. [illegible]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 324.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



TEACHING THE NEGRO RECRUITS THE USE OF THE MINIE RIFLE.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

"DO THAT THE PEECE-MAKERS,

WHO WANT TU CARRY THARE OLIVE BRANCHES IN THE HART OV THE SAOUTH

Gether up yure "olive branches"—git lots ov 'em, es yu may,
Go daount Saouth, es forst es yu kan go, and drop 'em avul the way;
And then kum back and tell us jest what the rebiels say!

Go, meet the Rebs who fired on sour banner with a grin,
Lick up the dust before thare feet—tell 'em yu hope they'll win;
So the marbiers ov loyal men may be yure frends agin.

Tell 'em yu'r glad when men like Ellsworth die
—they air wel fire and frendly;
Reddy tu fite ribbellion daoun, while yu was awl-ways lawful—
Ef yu've got tu go fur warfare, yu hed ruther fite the North!

Tell 'em yu've awl *peece-makers* (fur thet thare's no denying)—
A tryin' tu peece the bull kuntry with yure lying;
Thet yu're longing fur the time tu kum when yu kan be Prezzydent dying.

Tell 'em the infurnal reguns air a useless institushun,
Cal'lated tu keep party lines from kummin in hollushun!—
Yu'd ruther Satan shood go loose, and help on the konfushun.

Tell 'em the old Dimmockrassy ain't sich es yu was a few yeers ago,
Thet awl Republikans tu-day air fools without disgiss;
And yu takes sich men es yu be tu pull wool over thare eyes.

Then stop and reed yure *eppitaf*, awfreddy rit by Fame:
"Here lies the dust ov traitors, who glorid in thare shame;
Thare father's name is *Satan*, and Legion was *thare name*."

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

THE WORK DONE BY CONGRESS.

THE Thirty-seventh Congress of the United States has expired, having, in the short session which ended on March 4, passed some of the most momentous measures ever placed upon the statute-book. Those measures, as a whole, are calculated to the very point, in a republican Rome, was taken whenever the state was deemed in imminent danger, and which history calls the appointment of a Dictator. The President of the United States has, in effect, been created Dictator, with almost supreme power over liberty, property, and life—a power nominally as serious and as irresponsible as that which is wielded by the Emperors of Russia, France, or China. And this is well. To succeed in a struggle such as we are waging a strong central Government is indispensable. We now see the advantage which the rebels have had over us in the unity of their purposes, and the despotic power of their chief. We are now armed, not with them in these respects, and we shall see which is the better cause.

The measures which collectively confer upon Mr. Lincoln dictatorial powers consist, 1st, of the Conscription Act; 2d, of the Finance measure; and, 3d, of the Indemnity Act.

The conscription bill enrolls all the males of the loyal States (including Indians and negroes) between the ages of 20 and 45 into a national militia, and empowers the President to call them into the service of the United States for three years or the war. The only exemptions are the President and Vice-President, and one slave in each family where there are no aged parents or infant children dependent on the labor of their adult relative for support. The entire body of the militia, as thus enrolled, is to be divided into two classes: 1st, persons between 20 and 35, whether married or single, and persons between 35 and 45 if unmarried; and 2d, married men between 35 and 45. It is presumed that the latter class will not be called upon until the former has been exhausted. As according to the census there will remain, in the loyal States, after deducting the men now in the field, some 3,500,000 men liable to enrollment under this Act; and as it is quite certain that under no circumstances can such a number be required, Congress has wisely empowered the Executive to receive a sum of $300 from any drafted man who prefers paying to serving. This sum, it is believed, will always secure a substitute. Clergymen, professional men, large merchants and manufacturers, and others who are of more use to the country while prosecuting their various peaceful avocations than they would be if forced to carry a musket, will thus be exempted, while the class of men which take their place will receive money enough to keep their families as comfortably as if they had remained at home.

Under the section of this Act the President will be enabled to recruit our armies to the full standard when the time of the nine months' men expires, and the hopes of the rebels—which have been re-echoed by the correspondents of disloyal journals—that our armies would melt away in the spring will be thoroughly defeated. Under this Act the President may keep a million of men in the field without difficulty.

No allowance is made in the Act to the enlistment of negroes. Other laws are held to cover the case, and to clothe the President with ample power to enroll and arm negroes in any part of the country. Under these laws General Hunter has a brigade, at least, of negro troops at Port Royal; General Banks has several colored regiments at New Orleans and Baton Rouge; General Grant has quite a considerable negro force at Vicksburg, and General Rosecrans—who appears to arm the negro chiefly with M'Clellan's favorite and trusty weapon—the spade—has several thousand at or near Murfreesboro. In a word, we have armed and are using all the rebel weapons we have got, and shall continue to do so. We presume that before the end of the year we shall have 100,000 of them armed, equipped, and in the field.

The second of the measures which have been passed to increase the power of the President is the Financial Bill. This empowers him to issue $500,000,000 more legal tender paper money, in addition to the $300,000,000 authorized at the last session of Congress; of which $550,000,000 $150,000,000 are to be ordinary United States notes similar to those now in circulation, and $400,000,000 interest-bearing notes, to be either a legal tender themselves or to be exchangeable for legal tender on presentation. They are furthermore negotiate, at any rate which he deems fair, United States Bonds to run for not less than ten and not more than twenty years, and to bear a rate of interest not over six per cent. and interest payable in specie. The money-market and the purse of the country are thus placed absolutely at the disposal of the Government. If the Secretary of the Treasury can borrow, he has every opportunity of doing so. If he can not borrow, he has the right to manufacture money. It is true that such money manufactured at the fiat of a Government—invariably depreciates in the ratio of its issues. This is one of the evils which are necessarily involved by great wars, and which are inseparable from the paper-money system. It must be hoped that we may succeed in crushing the rebellion before the point of absolute depreciation is reached.

Besides this measure, another Act—Mr. Chase's Bank Act—transfers the entire control of the bank currency of the country to the General Government. It is not to be expected that individual or corporation to bank on the basis of Government securities, and to issue currency, based on the deposit of those securities, to par in ten per cent. of their market value. It is not expected that this Act will go fully into effect during the war, though some banks in the West will probably be organized under it. But the purpose of the measure is to institute such a connection between the public credit and the banking interest as shall, on the one hand, give the President virtual control of all the banks in the country, and, on the other, make every stockholder and banknote-holder in the land an underwriter, so to speak, for the Government bonds. Of course, pending the war, any issues of bank-notes under this Act will merely operate as a swell the inflation which now exists. But, as we said, this inflation is one of the necessary drawbacks of war.

The purse and the sword of the country thus placed unconditionally in the President's hands, it only remained to invest him with power to protect the Government from attacks in the rear from insidious treason. This was the third purpose, in accordance with the practice of old Rome, of constitutional England, and of the United States themselves. Congress passed an act empowering the President to suspend the Act of *habeas corpus* whenever and wherever he may deem it necessary. That this Act was necessary no one who has watched the treasonable movements of the Northern Copperheads, or reflected upon the mischief they might do if unrestrained, will venture to deny. At this very moment Southern emissaries and their Northern thiners in Indiana are manœuvring to wrest the control of the State troops out of the hands of the constituted authorities, and leading individuals in New York and Connecticut are engaged in sending arms and supplies to the rebels, chiefly for the sake of gain, but also, in some degree, for love. It is quite obvious that in the face of such a state of things, and when the nation is engaged in a death-grapple of which the issue is very doubtful, the slow and cautious remedies which the law provides for the redress of wrongs in time of peace would be out of place. The country might be ruined while we were empaneling a jury to try a traitor. *Inter arma leges silent.*

When we undertook the war we tacitly agreed to accept it with all its evils. Prominent among these are a depreciated currency, a temporary deprivation of personal liberty, and a liability to be taken from one's business to carry a musket in the army. These are grave inconveniences. But they are temporary and bearable; whereas the evils which would result from the disruption of the Union are permanent and intolerable. We may suffer, but our children will benefit by our suffering. Whereas if this country is severed in twain the future which lies before us is plainly depicted in the history of Mexico and Central America—incessant wars, constant subdivisions, a cessation of honest industry and agriculture, a decay of trade, a disappearance of wealth and civilization, and in their stead chronic strife, famine, bloodshed, and misery. To avoid these things we can well afford for a few years to have a strong Government.

THE LOUNGER.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

WE read a good deal in these days of supporting the Government and opposing the Administration. We are told with great complacency by orators whose speeches are hailed with delight in Richmond and Charleston, that the Administration is not the Government. We are informed by people in parades great intelligence, if they are charged with lukewarm patriotism, that they will support the war so far as it is Constitutional, but no further; and they gravely add, that it makes no difference whether the Constitution is defied by Jeff Davis or violated by the President.

Now supposing that a bad man takes the case, even as thus stated, to be true, what will he do? The Government is threatened by a furious rebellion. Some members of it, therefore, and civil order itself, are in peril. Practically but two parties are possible—those who attack and those who defend the Government. The Government can have no Constitutional executive existence for two years except in the present Administration. The loyal man will suppose, though that the Administration assumes doubtful powers. But if he withdraws from its support, and attempts to maintain a political organization for the purpose of securing another Administration at the end of two years, at the very time when the Government and national unity are so sorely pressed, does he not do all that he can not only to overthrow the Administration but to destroy the Government? At the worst, is not the question he has to answer a very simple one? Is it not plainly this: "Allowing that every Administration is inclined to maintain the Government is not such as I approve, yet which party is most likely to secure the duration of the Government, the unity of the nation, and the supremacy of the Constitution? Is it the party in active rebellion, or the party of the Administration?" In other words, if doubtful powers are assumed, are they not assumed at a most critical moment by a perfectly patriotic and honest executive for the purpose of saving the nation? and is he not, therefore, entitled to the heartiest support of every man of equal patriotism and honesty? Since for two years he is the Constitutional President, and can only be removed by revolution—since (by the supposition) in his patriotic zeal he has transcended his powers, and therefore his active opposition is fatal, can the refusal to support him be honorably justified upon any other ground than that the Union, the Constitution, and the Government are in more danger from him than from the rebellion? And is not that like the very insanity of folly?

The whole question of the Constitutional authority with which the President is charged is the emancipation order. Yet Mr. Van Buren, a leader of the Democracy, says plainly that the army ought to advance, and that the necessary consequence of its advance will be emancipation. The argument is, that the Commander-in-Chief is bound to order an advance which will result in freeing the slaves, but he has no right to declare them free. Is that such a violation of the Constitution that loyal men ought to protest by refusing their support to the administration?

The other unconstitutional stretch of power is alleged to be the "arbitrary arrests." Some of Baltimore, who, it seems, was privy to a plan to assassinate the President, but whose telegrams, indicating Baltimore as a rendezvous of masonry, are matters of publicity, was summarily arrested, imprisoned, and others, often mere brawlers, whose arrest was extremely foolish and injurious to the Government, have been likewise imprisoned by executive order. We all know the extent of such arrests. Are they also such violations of the Constitution that loyal men ought to refuse to bring their support to the Administration, thereby securing the victory of a rebellion which, in Texas, declares, unwittingly, that the bones of citizens, guilty only of loyalty to their flag and country, "are bleaching in the sun," and "their bodies are suspended in the trees like black-jacks"?

Thus, even were it granted that the Administration had in some points acted without Constitutional warrant, the step was taken to secure the Constitution itself, and to maintain the Government. To refuse to do so is to prove by the position made upon such grounds is in the interest of the rebellion.

"THE TRIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION."

DURING the earnest political canvass of 1856 there appeared some articles in the Philadelphia *North American* signed *Cecil*, which were remarkable for the calmness, the moderation, and the profound sagacity of their views upon the territorial question, which was the real pivot of the election. The style was not less notable for its clearness, richness, and incisiveness; while the argument was conducted upon no partisan ground whatever. The substance of these articles, amplified and completed, were afterward published in a small volume, which was most highly appreciated by a few thoughtful readers, but which had, probably, no extensive sale, depending, as it did, exclusively upon its merits, and upon no arts of advertising or puffing.

The chief interest of the little book was the fact which it made known that we had an acute, original, and trained political thinker and scholar, observing and criticising public affairs; but who cared less to publish his name than his thoughts, and who sought to influence his fellow-citizens by reasonable argument rather than by official position. A little pamphlet upon *Race* followed, in which the author developed his views upon a topic which in her this country of paramount importance. His conclusions were not what is commonly called anti-slavery. The dominant idea of his theory was that civilization is mainly determined by qualities of race; that in this country the Saxon, or superior race, is planted side by side with the African, or inferior race; that the superior must guide the inferior; that it is too late to regret the juxtaposition, but that the part of wisdom being to deal with facts, the true solution of our problem lies in replacing chattel slavery by some humane form of freedom. The question was stated with power and clearness, with perfect calmness and sincerity. It was the friendly tone of a thinker who differed from both of the extreme views of the subject which divided the country, and of a man who was more anxious to know the truth than to be applauded.

The earnest inquiry of those who wished to be thought in a time of shallow rhetoric presently revealed as the author of these treatises a scholar and gentleman of the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and of a family well known in its history, Sidney George Fisher. Such readers were ready to listen with the profoundest attention to whatever he might have to say upon the absorbing topic of the time, and they consequently turn with an interest which no other author could excite to the recent work upon "The Trial of the Constitution," published in Philadelphia, but so entirely without the usual machinery of publication that it is known to a probably unknown to most of those who read these lines. The work is not large, and is composed of five chapters or essays, with a supplement upon the Proclamation. The titles of the chapters are: A Written Constitution—Union—Executive Power—Slavery—Personal Liberty.

In such a paragraph as this we have no intention of attempting to discuss the general law of the Constitution and its working set forth by Mr. Fisher. Our object is to inform the reader of the existence of the work, and to commend it at once unreservedly to his attention as one of the most fearless, profound, thorough, and acute criticisms of our system which has ever been written. The courage of the author shrinks from no inquiry, and is dismayed by no result. He has none of the idolatry which is content with intellectual paralysis, and he regards our great charter not as a fetich to be worshiped, but as an instrument to be judged by its operation. His keen sight of the fact that the Constitution is upon trial; and exactly where and how it is tried he shows with exquisite perception. The style has the same freshness, ease, and lucidity which have been remarked in the former works of the author; but in this volume it is somewhat more diffuse, which will be readily pardoned by the reader, because, in this case, it really helps to fix the impression of the thought.

As the author proceeds the reader inevitably asks, *Quis custodiet custodes?*—Who shall save the commentators from being commented? For with remorseless logic he subjects every false and fallacious interpretation, and sets forth the necessity of the case. Let the tone of the times be one of inquiry, not of dogmatism. The author's attitude is that of a learner, not of a doctor. And whoever shall be led by these words to listen to Mr. Fisher, and ponder his suggestions, whether he assents to them or not, will confess that he owes something to the Lounger.

UNDER *WHICH* KING?

In these columns no unkind word has ever been spoken of General M'Clellan. We have therefore the right to ask him if he be seriously believe that the tendency or the intention of the political movements now on foot in his name is the strengthening the hands of the Government for a more vigorous and successful campaign against the rebels? Does he mean that when he addresses the army on the 4th of July, 1863. "On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that the victory shall enter the capital of the so-called confederacy; that our National Constitution shall prevail; and that the Union, which alone secures to us equal peace and external security to each State, 'must and shall be preserved,' cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood."

Every brave and loyal heart in the land cries Amen! Is M'Clellan the only man in the country who does not know that the men who surround him, and use his name to paralyze the Government, repudiate those sentiments, and are willing to buy temporary peace with eternal dishonor?

Trading upon his military name and popularity they hope to make him President and then his tool. Has he asked himself at what price, and for what purpose?

A QUERTION.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—In looking over the names of the Delmonico Committee for the Diffusion of Copperhead Literature, I observed one which I remember to have seen before. And I write my pen in hand to ask you if, in Professor Brown's lately published Life and Works of Rufus Choate, there is any mention of the famous advocate's remark upon the gentleman who now figures in the enviable light of one who is "equally unpopular, the cassic jury-lawyer replied: "Some men we dislike *for cause*—him, peremptorily."

Yours truly, TRI-MOUNTAIN.

The Lounger is unable to answer his correspondent's question. But Mr. Choate's remark may have a wider application. For it expresses perfectly the feeling of all loyal American citizens toward all Copperheads.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF FORTUNE.

THE morning papers a few days since contained, in the usual Congressional record, the report of a remark of Mr. Vallandigham that the New York *World* was an abolition print in disguise! But in the same papers were extracts from rebel papers, and especially from the Richmond *Enquirer*, which, speaking of the efforts of Mr. Vallandigham and his co-laborers to detach the Northwest from the Union, said frankly, "If they repudiate the debt they have contracted, and abandon the Government they have helped to create, and recast the vows and break pledges, and eat dirt, it is well: we shall be charmed; the movement will suit us perfectly; and although we shall not exactly respect the actors in that affair, yet we shall not be unwilling to trade with them—*holding our nose a little* [Hear! Vallandigham!] Vallandigham!]—and to show them all proper civilities, but at a proper distance!"

What sorrow a happy family is this, where Vallandigham calls the New York *World* an abolitionist in disguise, and the Richmond *Enquirer* says that it must hold its nose when it speaks of Vallandigham's services!

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

SENATOR RICHARDSON, of Illinois, said lately in the Senate that the rebellion was *at the beginning* causeless. So he and his friends, then, mean to say that it is now justifiable!

He also said at the same time that it might have been avoided by compromise. How? Upon what ground of honor or manliness was it possible to compromise with men who would *ceaselessly* rebel? The rebellion began after compromise was refused. Still he thinks it possible. Then the failure to compromise was not a cause or justification of rebellion.

Besides, upon what principle would he have compromised? The election had been Constitutionally conducted and concluded. Some of the defeated party said, "Why, we don't like the way we lost, and we are going to break up the Government." Now does Mr. Richardson mean that he would then have offered some sort of Constitutionally defeated part of a party to submit to the laws? Does he mean that when a defeated faction threaten a revolution in 1863, the friends of the Government are of good citizens quietly to allow them to accomplish it?

Suppose the glove had been on the other hand, and his friend Mr. Douglas had been elected. If the Republican party or any part of it had said, "We don't like the way we won't submit," would Mr. Richardson have then advised that the Administration should ask them upon what terms they would submit? It would be base and mad. If they won't submit to a Constitutional election, train every gun in the country upon them and blow the d——d Abolitionist to hell.

Circumstances alter cases, we know, but do they alter them so entirely as this?

BRIEF EXTRACT FROM THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON THE 22D FEBRUARY, 1863.

"MR. VALLANDIGHAM. I yielded the floor in the spirit of a gentleman, and not to a blackguard. [Excitement very much.]

"MR. CAMPBELL. 'The gentleman himself is a blackguard.' [Applause in the galleries.]

* * * * * * *

"MR. ROBINSON. 'I insist upon the galleries being cleared.'

"MR. COX. 'I hope not. There are only a small number of them, and the fool-killer's heel can keep them in order.'

"MR. VALLANDIGHAM thought it would be admitted by the galleries that *this is a legislative and deliberative assembly*, and that it is not becoming to express any approval or disapproval of whatever takes place upon this floor."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT a crowded concert the other evening a young lady standing at the door of the hall was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion: "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a seat, but our copy-cats are all full."

A letter was posted at the chief post-office in London a while since, bearing the subjoined minute, though somewhat imperfect orthography: "Mr. Post Master Brigden or else by my brother Tim misery or if not to gaily her mother in law who is very sick misery let this old nut stay here till I come back to the cold country—in care of the Postie who live in the Parish of Inniskeen in Cork or if not to some Decent Neighbor in Ireland."

MR. Parables is not what you may consider an intemperate man by any means, but he calls on the old fire, once in a while, for the boot-jack, to draw his hat off with.

I heard a good thing one evening at a party. A Miss Joy was present, and in the course of the evening some one said sympathetically, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when the excitement, "Oh, I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a *Joy forever*."

"PATRICK, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the window with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended?—Because it requires to be circulated in vain.

Why is a drunkard, hesitating to sign the pledge, like a skeptical Hindoo?—Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of Jug-ger-naut.

It is related of a famous wit that, having been appointed to attend to the removal of a stove, and not having performed his duty as urged, in excuse, "I think it was the warmest friend, and he could not be expected to remove it."

A peddler being asked by a rebel-cracked wag if he had any overalls, replied, "No; but I have a pair of cinder-sacks with which I would just fit you."

"Stop that abominable noise," said a commanding officer to a trumpeter, to the relief of a battle; "we can stand fire, but we can't stand that air."

Rosa gowerby is better than poor pay.

He who dies in the path of duty deserves a nobler name than he who leads a victorious army over the ruins of a conquered kingdom. This is consolatory to drivers of stagecoaches who freeze to death on the box.

MR. PARTINGTON expresses her apprehensions that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

"WHAT object do you see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few seconds, and then replied, "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is a post mistake."

Many persons think themselves perfectly virtuous because, being well fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't deserve praise, because they can't help it.

FOR a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered underclocks would be considered dirty, but to drag the parasols with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

"PLEASE, Sir, give me a penny to keep me from starving."

GRUFF. "Can't stop—in a great hurry—I've got to make a speech at the Society for the Relief of the Destitute."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, February 25, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed. Bills authorizing the President to confer brevet rank, and to promote the health, comfort, and efficiency of the army, were also passed. The bill amendatory of the Pacific Railroad act was passed. Several important bills and resolutions were introduced and appropriately referred, and, after an executive session, the Senate adjourned. On Thursday, the consideration of the Senate bill to organize the militia of the nation was resumed. Amendments involving the view of active service to three years, providing for the punishment of spies, and striking out the clause requiring the president-militia to inquire into and report to the President-Militia-General all treasonable practices, were adopted, and the bill passed by a vote of 118 against 49. The Senate Committee on Finance reported a bill appropriating $10,000,000 in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Maryland. It was recommitted. The same Committee reported a bill appropriating $15,000,000 for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri. A motion to make Mr. George W. Bridges to a seat as the representative of the United District of Tennessee was agreed to. The bill amendatory of the Internal Revenue act was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and a number of amendments adopted.

On Tuesday, 26th, in the Senate, a resolution for a select committee to inquire into the conduct of Colonel Gilbert, who dispersed a meeting at Frankfort, Kentucky, recently, was laid over. Bills to carry into effect the treaty with Peru, and providing additional rights for the courts of California and Oregon, were passed. The resolution of James Harlan, late Secretary of the Interior, and others was indefinitely postponed—21 against 18. The bill organizing the militia was resumed from the House, and amendments ordered to be printed. A motion to take up the Sackargo bill was agreed to by a vote of 20 against 16, and the Senate then went into executive session, and, on the second ballot, confirmed the nomination of Benjamin Stanton to be Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-office Department. In the House, a bill to punish frauds on the Government was passed. The Senate bill for the appointment of additional general and limited brigadier-generals; also that the appointments shall be made by the President alone, was taken up. The report was agreed to by a vote of 71 yeas to 59 nays. The House concurred in the Senate bill to amend the Judiciary act. In Committee of the Whole the amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were considered. An amendment reducing the duty on paper was offered by Mr. Lovejoy, but was not acted on. The committee subsequently rose.

On Friday, 27th, in the Senate, the Conference Committee on the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government, reported that in striking out the points at issue between the two Houses, except the tax on bank-notes. The report was agreed to. The same conference committee on the bank-tax appointed. The Conference Committee on the bill limiting the number of generals made a report. Seventy major-generals and two hundred and seventy-five brigadiers are allowed by the report. A motion to take up the Militia bill was rejected—17 against 18. The joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to General Rosecrans and his army for gallantry at Murfreesboro' was passed. Various unimportant subjects were disposed of, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned. In the House, the Conference Committee on the subject of taxing bank-notes reported they were unable to agree, and recommended that the House recede from the disagreement to the Senate's proposition to levy the tax. The House refused to recede, and asked for another conference committee. In Committee of the Whole the amendments to the Internal Tax bill were perfected, and the bill reported to the House. The Committee on Government Contracts reported a resolution, which was adopted, that the Secretary of the Treasury be requested to decline any further payment to the parties interested on account of chartering the steamer Catalone in April, 1861. Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes on the bill to indemnify the President and others for acts committed under the suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, made a report thereon. It authorizes the President, during the present rebellion, and when the public safety requires it, to suspend this writ of *habeas corpus* in any State or parts of States, and therefore the bill passed the House. The tax discharged to take the oath of allegiance. The Senate concurred in the report by a vote of 26 against 16, and was successfully resisted by the Opposition, and at two o'clock a. m. the House adjourned.

On Saturday, 28th, in the Senate, a joint resolution giving the Secretary of Commerce and Commander Ringgold was reported. The Committee on Foreign Relations made a unanimous report on the subject of foreign mediation and intervention. The bill reorganizing the Engineer corps was reported back by the Committee on Military Affairs. Grimes introduced a bill for the purchase of the Stevens floating battery. The bill to reorganize the Ordnance Department was passed, and a bill to regulate proceedings in prize cases and to amend the acts of Congress on the question thereto was introduced. The Conscription bill was then taken up, and a long debate ensued, in which the measure was hotly assailed by the Opposition; but a motion to fix the adjournment of the House was all carried in and the bill passed.—In the House, the amendments to the Internal Tax bill were gone through with, and the bill passed. The Naval Appropriation bill, and the bill organizing the Pacific Telegraph Department were also passed. The Conference Committee on the bill pending for additional major and brigadier generals made a report, which was adopted. The report agrees to appoint thirty of the former and seventy-five of the latter. The House proviso is also modified, so that the officers to be appointed under the act shall be selected from those conspicuous for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the line of duty. The Committee on Elections made an unfavorable report on the credentials of Alvin Hawkins, claiming a seat as representative from the Ninth District of Tennessee. In the evening session the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up, and an interesting discussion on the rebellion and political questions generally ensued.

On Monday, March 2, in the Senate, the bill to regulate proceeding in prize cases was passed. Senator Wilky presented the credentials of the Hon. B. S. Bowden, elected United States Senator from Virginia for six years from the 4th of March. The President sent in correspondence about the suffering working-men of England. The Conference Committee on the bill to indemnify the President reported. The Internal Revenue bill was reported back with amendments. The Engineer Corps bill was taken up. A long fight followed; an amendment was carried on an equality but by one man should be a commissioned officer in the national army; this was modified by the House amendment, providing that by a majority, but a block was should be commissioned except as company officers over companies and of Africans only. The bill then passed. The National Revenue bill was taken up, and the income on retail liquor dealers was fixed at $50, as at present. An amendment was carried that no collector should have more than $6,000 per year besides the expenses of his office. In the House, the Senate bill granting lands to Wisconsin and Minnesota for military road purposes was passed. The Senate bill to organize a Signal Corps was also passed. The House, by a vote of 71 to 71 against 45, concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of the Senate and House to indemnify the President and others for suspending the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus. In the evening session a bill was passed authorizing the Acting Governors of Tennessee and Arkansas to call on the loyal men of those States, and of Congress, according to the local laws. The Senate bill to establish the Pacific Railroad graduated rate and right of way, etc., etc., etc. The New York Central Railroad grade—was passed. The House bill providing for the appointment of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States shall hereafter consist of one Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices, one of whom shall hold Court in the new Circuit of California, owing to the long-pending difficulties of travel to Kansas by railroad and telegraphic purposes. One with the amendments of the Senate. Providing that there shall be appointed one midshipman, between fourteen and twenty years of age, for each Member and Delegate in the House, recommended by the Members and Delegates of the present Congress, to immediately form a class according to the present regulations and qualifications for admission, giving the right of pre-examination to settlers on the Sioux Ranch, California. One session. Morning hour was resumed to take such measures as may be advisable to avoid losses to the Department, owing to the frauds of the foreign correspondents. Giving to soldiers discharged in consequence of wounds or sickness one bounty and to their widows and heirs two years. One providing for the removal of certain banks of Sioux Indians. Years of age. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, moved that the House recede from the disagreement to the Senate's brevet rank on such commissioned officers as have or may hereafter distinguish themselves by gallant action; such brevet not to carry additional pay. One to carry into effect the recent convention with Peru for the settlement of claims, providing for the appointment of two Commissioners and other officers.

On Tuesday, 3d, in the Senate, an effort was made to have the previous day's journal corrected, the Opposition insisting that the vote had not been fairly taken; but it was proved conclusively that the proceedings in the matter were perfectly correct, and the motion was not pushed. To make the matter certain, however, a roll-call was taken on recalling the Internally bill from the House, and was carried in the negative—10 to 31. The bill to modify the existing laws for the collection of duties on imports was passed, with various amendment. The nomination from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, on mediation and intervention, were adopted, and the Senate went directly five dissenting votes.—Senators Carlile of Virginia, Powell of Kentucky, Nesmith of Oregon, Saulsbury of Delaware, and Wall of New Jersey. The bill to establish a branch mint in Nevada Territory was passed. A Committee of Conference was appointed on the Internal Revenue bill. The Senate refused to take up the resolution to investigate the conduct of Colonel Gilbert in dispersing the secession meeting in Kentucky. The bill to incorporate the National Academy of Science was passed. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to appoint a day of national fasting and prayer. The bill to establish a Court of Claims, consisting of three judges was voted up. A motion to lay it on the table was lost. It was, however, subsequently laid. The bill for the admission of Nevada was passed. The bill to establish a Territorial Government for Arizona, including parts of Texas, was also passed.—In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were considered, and all agreed to—consequently, a Committee of Conference was ordered. The Senate bill to amend the revenue laws relative to sales of town sites, etc., was passed. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was further considered. In Committee of the Whole the Senate bill to amend the Judiciary act was frequently reported to the House. At three o'clock, according to order, the call of States for miscellaneous cases was called up. A motion to lay it on the table was lost. It was, however, subsequently laid. The bill for the admission of Nevada was passed. The bill to establish a Territorial Government for Arizona, including parts of Texas, was also passed.—In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were considered, and all agreed to—consequently, a Committee of Conference was ordered. The Senate bill to amend the revenue laws relative to sales of town sites, etc., was passed. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was further considered. In Committee frequently reported to the House. At three o'clock, according to order, the call of States for miscellaneous cases of the District was again taken up, and was finally passed by. At the evening session the bill was reported by the Committee on Elections, against Mr. Grubbs and Mr. Hawkins, of Tennessee, respectively, and both of Tennessee, were unseated in. A report was made from the Committee on Elections, affirming that the Constitutional law cannot be exclude from the music applendable Senators, Messrs. Saulsbury and Wall, who voted in opposition to the report. The House passed the Senate bill to establish a Territorial Government for Idaho. A great variety of minor matters were acted upon, and both Houses were in session until after 4 a. m.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The concurrent resolutions reported by Senator Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, in relation to the subject of mediation by France or any other foreign power, have been the chief stand against Congress this winter, declaring that Congress can not hesitate to reject any proposition which looks to intervention in the present contest so as for unreasonable and inadmissible that the President ought not to be found in the unfortunate list of the true state of the question and of the real character of the war, and that the policy of the United States is non-interference is injurious to the national interests; and that Congress will be obliged to take further and further steps in the same direction so as sufficiently act.

LOSS OF THE "INDIANOLA."

U. S. STEAMSHIP *Indianola*, *Pat W.*
OFF HAVANA, *March 1.*

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, etc.

SIR,—I regret to inform you that the *Indianola* has also fallen into the hands of the enemy.

On the night of the 24th the *Wat* attacked her 25 miles from here and rammed her until she surrendered. I have ordered the vessel to a non-compliance with my instructions.

I do not know the particulars.

DAVID D. PORTER, Commander.

THE CALL AT VICKSBURG.

The reports from the cut-off at Vicksburg are most favorable. It is said that the channel has been cut to a depth of nine feet. On the 27th a gunboat and a large coal steamer, passed through, and that most of the fleet lying above were about to follow.

THE LATEST FROM VICKSBURG.

As we go to press we have a report that the rebels have attacked Grant's communications, and it is we have a rebel report that a great battle has been fought there within a few days.

ROSECRANS MOVING.

We learn from Murfreesboro', Tenn., that an expedition of a thousand cavalry and sixteen hundred infantry left there on the 24th previous, and encountered the enemy at Brady's. After severe fighting, the rebels—a force of Georgia Cavalry—were driven from the field with the loss of eight killed and twenty wounded, and nine officers and eighty prisoner captured. Several wounded rebels died of injuries received, and were also captured. Our loss is killed and wounded was about one half that of the rebels. The Richmond papers of the 28th announce that General Rosecrans has advanced to Middleborough, halfway between Murfreesboro and Shelbyville.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER GENERAL BANKS.

General Banks was fired at by some unknown person on the night of the 13th ult., as he was leaving the City Hotel at Baton Rouge, where he attended the Grand Ball, however, did not take effect either upon the General or any one else; neither has there been any trace of the would-be assassin.

CAPTURE OF THE "JACOB BELL."

The Express steamer *Jacob Bell*, left New York the 11th ult., in latitude 24°, longitude 68°, bound from China to the port of New York. The *Jacob Bell* had a cargo of 22,000 packages of tea, 3500 rolls of matting, 5000 boxes of floor-cloth, 400 boxes of fans, 1000 casks of cassia, and 210 boxes of camphor, the whole being valued at about a million of dollars, and was taken by the United States Government last over $177,000 or $200,000 in revenue, as that would be about the duty on the goods aboard. The rebel privateer burned the vessel, and transferred her passengers and crew to a Dutch vessel, which conveyed them to St. Thomas. The United States steamer *Alabama* and the ship *Howard Knapp* were both in sight on the 20th ult., and were then about to start on a cruise in search of the privateers *Alabama* and *Florida*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

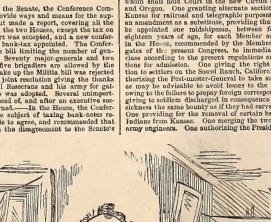
ENGLAND.

MR. MASON AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

MR. MASON, the rebel Commissioner to London, had been entertained by the Lord Mayor of the city at his annual banquet. Mr. Mason responded to the toast of "Our Visitors," after a complimentary call from the Lord Mayor and the guests. The Commissioner expressed the regret that England had not recognized the Southern Confederacy, spoke of the immense trade which the South would do with foreign nations, and prophesied that the day was near at hand when the most intimate relations were to be established between the city of London and the Southern Confederacy. London *Herald* claims, in an editorial, that neither the remarks of Mr. Mason nor the fact of his being present at the entertainment have any political significance.

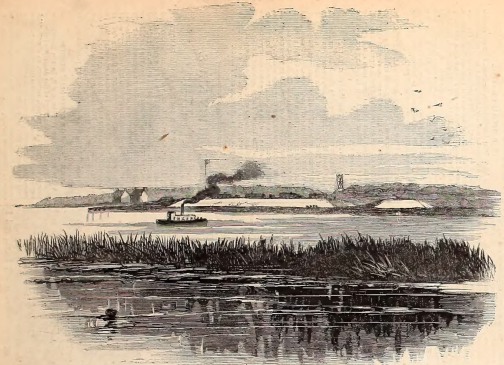
THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" DISPUTE.

A Liverpool letter of February 9, in the Manchester *Examiner*, noticing the arrival of the American foot-ship *George Griswold* at Liverpool, remarks, as showing the way in which some people reciprocate the sympathy of our Government, by which, the fact that the *George Griswold* was coming into port with succor for our distressed operatives, the steamer *Delphi* was allowed to go with a cargo of munitions of war, etc., en route, on Nassau, for a Confederate port.



A LESSON FOR THE (LONDON) "TIMES."

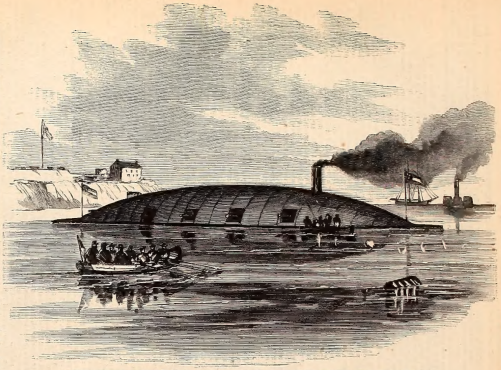
YOUNG JOHN BULL.—"What is the Capital of China, papa?"
OLD JOHN BULL.—"Richmond, my boy—which the Emperor's name is Jeff Davis, and I build his *hiroochalds!*"



BEULAH BATTERY, AT THE JUNCTION OF BURNSIDE AND VERNON RIVERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



MAP OF THE ENVIRONS OF SAVANNAH, ON THE SOUTH, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE "NASHVILLE," THE OGEECHEE RIVER, BEULAH BATTERY, AND THE PRESENT FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF THE "PASSAIC" AND OTHER IRONCLADS UNDER COMMODORE DUPONT.



THE REBEL TURTLE RAM JUST LAUNCHED AT SAVANNAH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE REBEL STEAMER "NASHVILLE" LYING AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, ON THE OGEECHEE RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH.

We are indebted to several correspondents in the Department of the South for the pictures which we publish on page 164. The situation of the *Neahville*, lying ensconced close to the railway line, is shown; she is temporarily blockaded in her refuge by the *Montauk*, but before long other means will be devised to render her helpless. Beulah Battery, a work of some pretensions, intended to impede the operations of our gun-boats, is shown on the same page.

The new rebel iron-clad *Turtle*, of which a picture is also given, was launched a few days since at Savannah. We are not at liberty to disclose the means by which our picture was obtained. As we said before, very little transpires either in Charleston or Savannah which is not soon known to our officers. The *Turtle* is said to be a very strong and formidable vessel. She is 200 feet long, 58 feet wide; her hold is 7 feet deep. She mounts eight 7-inch rifled guns, which are said to be of British manufacture and of the Armstrong pattern. Admiral Dupont will probably soon be able to give a good account of the *Turtle*.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER, U.S.A.

We publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, U.S.A., commanding the Department of the South.

General Hunter was born about the year 1802, in the District of Columbia, and was appointed from thence to West Point in 1818. He graduated in the infantry in 1822, and served eleven years with his regiment. In 1833 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons. After three years' service he resigned, and settled in Illinois, which State has ever since been his home. In 1842 he was offered, and accepted, the post of Paymaster in the army.

After the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency Captain Hunter was one of the army officers appointed by the War Department to escort him to Washington. On the reorganization of the army he was appointed Colonel of the Sixth Cavalry, and on 15th August, 1861, Major-General of Volunteers, thus ranking all the Major-Generals of Volunteers except Banks, Dix, and Butler. He had just previously taken part in the battle of Bull Run in command of his regiment, and received a severe wound in the throat, which compelled him to quit the field. On his recovery he was dispatched to the West, where he served as second in command under Frémont in the latter's brief campaign in Missouri. General Hunter was one of the first to denounce Frémont's incapacity; and, on the removal of that officer, he succeeded him in command of the army. He had no opportunity to distinguish himself, however, as he was himself very shortly afterward superseded by General Halleck. On his return to Washington he soon found a vacancy in the command of the troops at Port Royal, over "Port Royal" Sherman, who was removed. While in this command he achieved no military triumphs; but he attracted more attention than any other man in the country by issuing a short order emancipating all the slaves in the Department of the South. This order was revoked by the President, and General Hunter returned home in consequence.



MAJOR GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

After a brief holiday he was again assigned to the command of the Department of the South, and is now at Port Royal. When the attack is made upon the city of Charleston or Savannah, it is expected that General Hunter will direct the operation of the land-forces.

General Hunter, though sixty years of age, is a veteran of remarkable vigor, energy, and iron will. He tolerates no insubordination in his command, and is as much feared by his officers as by the enemy. Bred in extreme pro-slavery views, the war has converted him into a firm abolitionist. He has always been in favor of arming the negroes, and has now quite a little negro army under his command at Port Royal. "Black Dave," as the soldiers call him, will make or mar himself in the course of the next ninety days.

The *Tribune* correspondent states that General Hunter has organized an expedition of 5000 negro troops to penetrate one of the most thickly-populated districts of the Department of the South with a view to rouse the slaves. The invaders are to carry extra muskets, and are to be supported by an adequate force of regular troops. Though the scheme in itself seems feasible, the story is generally discredited at the North.

SMITH'S BRIDGE.

On this page we illustrate THE OVERFLOW OF THE TUSCUMBIA RIVER, near Corinth, Mississippi, from a sketch by Mr. Flournoy of the Second Iowa Volunteers. Mr. F. writes:

"CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI, Feb. 17, 1863.

"Please find inclosed a guard-post at Smith's Bridge, 4½ miles northwest from Corinth, Mississippi, across the Tuscumbia River, on the road leading from this place to Kossuth. To use the native expression, the 'river's riz' and flooded the 'bottom' or swamp, which at this place is some 2½ miles in width, and in order to reach the post it is necessary to 'take the water' about 'waist deep.' The shelter, or 'shebang,' as the boys term it, is located upon the only dry spot, about 10 feet square, on the east side of the stream. There is a corresponding knoll on the opposite side.

"With respect, yours truly,

"SILAS FLOURNOY,
"Company I, Second Iowa Infantry."



THE OVERFLOW OF THE TUSCUMBIA RIVER NEAR CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY MR. FLOURNOY OF THE SECOND IOWA VOLUNTEERS.]

THE BEWITCHING WIDOW.

THE rights and privileges of non-combatants—the claims such may have upon the military authorities in regard to protection, is now, as it has been during the rebellion, a troublesome question. The "tender mercies" of an army are often cruelties, as the presence of a large force in any locality will witness. An appeal for protection is sometimes made to our Generals that can not be resisted, and guards have often proved themselves to be any thing but distinct in regard to duty and its execution.

Instances frequently occur where the willful lawlessness of the soldiers does make and havoc with the property of citizens; and a fancied right will prompt the timid to solicit protection, and sure to Illustrate the difficulties that cluster along the dividing line between the military and civil authorities. To act with just discrimination in disposing of the claims of loyal and disloyal applicants for protection, is not the least of the difficulties attending the progress of our army. A little story from this source will occasionally relieve the substantial and rigid ruling, and may perchance be relished by those not subject to camp fare; and I give you this illustration:

Our division was one of the many to make up the grand army under General Grant, and held our place, as ordered, in the advance on the march from La Grange, through Holly Springs, across the Tallahatchie to the bank of the Yacona patalfa.—In every retreating only as they were driven by a strong force from their chosen positions. An enterprising meddlesomeness, by the rebels, with the supplies stored at Holly Springs for the use of the army, suggested the propriety of postponing the capture of Vicksburg, or, rather, the co-operation in that undertaking by a land-force, and we all changed front and made our way back to Memphis, as a better position to await further orders. While near the Tallahatchie River on our way down, an earnest appeal for protection and a guard was made to General Q—by a widow lady. Mrs. W——'s plantation was about two miles from the road upon which we were marching—about the right distance to be subject to pilfering by soldiers, who, regardless



of orders, will ramble in search of something for "the mess," no matter how well supplied from the Commissary Department, and where they would be comparatively safe from detection by the officers of the regiment.

The construction of the bridges across the miry "bottoms" made it necessary that we camp here several days. A number of the officers of the staff rode over to Mrs. W——'s spacious home, and found in her kindly proffered civilities a sure promise of a delightful exchange for the fare of "headquarters."

A substantial house told unmistakably of wealth and taste, and the urgent solicitations of the ladies induced them to "light." A short call revealed to our officers that this was a home of education and refinement; that the ladies were beautiful representatives of Southern hospitality. Mrs. W——, the owner of the plantation, was a "widow," perhaps thirty years old; a noble woman, and particularly pleasing in address and manner. Her niece, Miss —— (yet in her teens), a chatty little body, as wild as the wind, and the most intensely rebellious rebel they had yet seen; full of life, witty and sweet, excepting, of course, her rantings about the Federal army, subjugation, and the tantalizing comments she made in praise of "our noble army," and to the disparagement of the "Lincoln hirelings," she was quite screnable. The other "defenseless lady" was a friend of Mrs. W——'s, the widow of a rebel captain that was killed in one of the first battles of the contest—was here on a visit—she was exquisitely beautiful. Ah, her soft black eyes, brilliant complexion, and fascinating grace and dignity, made extravagant drafts upon the descriptive powers of the staff officers when they attempted to describe her loveliness. As they consciously failed to satisfy themselves that we could see her as she appeared to them, I shall not attempt a further description; doubtless she was a lovely, sweet woman.

The house was luxuriously furnished; the grounds around tastefully laid out. Strawberry in all the variety of Southern growth gave evidence of great care and selection, and the assurance that this would be a delightful spot when winter had released its grasp. The servants about the house, the well-built "quarters" and their occupants, gave proof of the abundance of help to keep all this in thrift and good order.

During the time occupied in building roads across the Tallahatchie bottoms and the bridge across the river, a few of the staff officers found time, as a relief from duty occurred, to visit Mrs. W——'s plantation, and enjoy an afternoon or evening in a social visit. The known protection has afforded the ladies was demunicy to the property on that plantation from the foraging expeditions of the soldiers. The ladies were grateful for the chivalry of the staff, and the staff no less grateful for the kind and cordial welcome always extended to them.

The bridge was finished but too soon, perhaps, to those most interested in the occupants of the "Widow W——'s house. Who can say that all marched on without reluctance, day after day, over to Oxford, and away beyond to the camp on the Yocanopatafa? What wonder that a regret would arise in the mind of more than one at this separation from the only place that seemed like home, and from voices and eyes like those of remembered ones away up North!

While on the wing for a march from the camp last named southward to Grenada orders came to retrace our steps. Van Dorn had attacked Holly Springs, taken Colonel Murphy and his force prisoners (excepting only the gallant Second Illinois Cavalry, two companies of which had fought their way out, after a desperate resistance), burnt and destroyed all the army stores; and evidently the expedition to Jackson and Vicksburg was at an end, for we countermarched rapidly along our newly repaired roads, burning the bridges behind us, and one night found us again encamped at the Tallahatchie.

Before we had fairly made snug arrangements for night Mrs. W—— sent an urgent message for "a guard," or, "if some of the officers could make it convenient to stay at her house that night she would feel safe from molestation by the soldiers." Some of "the staff" heard the message to General Q—ley, and although he was not in humor to be very considerate of matters outside of his division, yet he granted a reluctant consent to Captain R—t—n, who offered to go and protect the ladies from all harm. "Remember, Captain, the guerrillas are hovering along, and it is hardly safe to be outside the lines. Take care of yourself. Every woman is a 'defenseless widow' in this country."

With Captain M-lv-n, the Assistant Quartermaster of the division, who confessed to a solicitude for unprotected "widows," Captain B-rt-n was in high condition for guarding defenseless women; and they sprang into their saddles, gave spurs to their horses, and away they galloped beyond the picket line to Mrs. W——'s plantation.

A cordial greeting awaited them, and after tea our officers whiled away the evening with music and whist until a late hour. The charming presence in which our officers revelled was enough to turn the heads of the chivalry of any age; what fect it had upon the valorous captains remains to be seen.

At bedtime they were shown into a large room across the hall from the parlor, and they soon were snugly in bed. The object of their escorting quarters at last suggested a thought to Captain M-lv-n, somewhat in accordance with their duty, and after the quiet of a few minutes of rest he broke the silence in this way:

"B-rt-n, are you asleep?"

"Asleep? no! I was just thinking which I would rather be, *the* man to crush this unholy rebellion, or the glass that the sweet widow raised to her lips when she proposed that glorious toast for peace. Oh! paradise, what lips!"

"Pshaw! nonsense! if you had your boots on I should say you were tight; but say, B-rt-n, I don't feel quite easy here."

"I can tell you why *that* is, Captain M-lv-n: you didn't get the General's permission to come here, and I did—that's all. I'm almost entirely comfortable here, not quite. Can't she be sweet, though!"

All is quiet again, until Captain M-lv-n says: "B-rt-n, the Colonel of the regiment I first enlisted in always told me I never should be taken prisoner unless it was while running after women away from the command. I don't feel quite easy here; what if the guerrillas should attack us tonight?"

"Oh! the d—l, Cap, go to sleep. The guerrillas aren't going to attack this house: there's nothing here but women and niggers, and the rebs are only after Government stores. They won't dare come up near our army."

"I'd rather be inside the army lines than where we are. If they should make a dash this way they might pick us up. I say, B-rt-n, where did you hitch your horse?"

"Oh, I hitched him at the gate."

"At the gate! You d—d fool. Why, your horse is white, and they'll see him a mile off!"

"Well, Captain M-lv-n, A.Q.M., where did you hitch yours, if you please?" said B-rt-n, indignantly.

"I took him through the garden and tied him behind a clump of evergreens, and he is out of sight. Where are your pistols, B-rt-n?"

"Pistols? Pistols? Let's see, what, my pistols?"

"Yes, yes, your pistols, where are they?"

"In the holsters on my saddle."

"Where is your saddle?"

"On the porch, I suppose; the nigger threw it there when we first came in. Now, Sir, where is your pistol, your only one, if you will gratify my inquisitiveness?"

"Under my pillow, of course. Get up and get yours, so you can use them if necessary."

"Couldn't do it, Cap. Don't catch me prowling around the house this time of night, and ladies only in the house, and we almost strangers to them. Ain't you crazy?" Couldn't do it, Cap; sha'n't do it! *You* prowl."

And so we will leave them to sleep, with a white horse at the gate and a brace of pistols snugly in the holsters on the front steps!

At supper-table at head-quarters, Capt. R—ch—ter, the Assistant Adjutant-General, proposed being one of four to go and capture the chivalric captains, and put a stop to this kind of duty by staff officers of this division. It met with a hearty response, and the party was made complete by increasing the number to fifteen.

Colonel St-rr-ng, of the Seventy-Second Illinois, was to command the expedition, while Captain ——, of the same regiment, should be "Captain G. L. Orton, of First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade, Southwest Division," two of the division teamsters to act as guerrillas with "Captain Orton," to enter the house, take them prisoners, rob them and parole them; the rest of the force was to make no noise enough outside to represent at least a regiment of rebel cavalry.

The paroles were written out ready for signatures, and nothing was needed but the General's consent to the excursion.

Captain R—ch—ter knew that General Q—by was exceedingly annoyed by the applications for "guards," and was distrustful of the numerous "widows" who craved protection along the route, and as the General had made no objection at the tea-table to the proposed plan, now ventured to gain his consent.

"But some men would shoot you if you undertook that game," said the General.

"Can we go, General?"

"Adjutant, the order of march to-marrow morning will be the same as to-day; march at 7 o'clock precisely."

"Yes, Sir. I have sent orderlies to the several brigades with the order; but, General, *can we go?*"

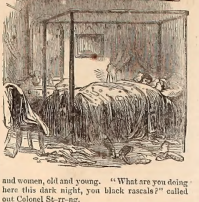
"You will see, Captain R—ch—ter, that the order in regard to straggliers is sent to the commanders of each brigade," and that was all that R—ch—ter could gain in reply, though he imagined he could see a relish for the proposed trip in the General's eye.

The guerrilla party, made up of officers who were the daily associates of those they proposed to capture, found some difficulty in passing out of the lines, but succeeded about midnight, and went cheerfully, cautiously on.

"Captain C. L. Orton" was disguised in a "butternut" coat and secesh cap, the two teamsters who were to enter the house were disguised as guerrillas, although all were fearful they might be recognized by Captain M-lv-n, the Assistant Quarter-master, who from his duties had personal knowledge of every teamster in the division.

While passing through a deep ravine they heard voices in the dark woods ahead and stopped. Here was something not provided for. A genuine guerrilla party might be now in their way; a moment's consultation and they dashed along through the mud at a gallop, determined to fight it out and capture the rebels if they could.

This proved to be a dozen of contrabands, men



and women, old and young. "What are you doing here this dark night, you black rascals?" called out Colonel St-rr-ng.

"We's only niggers," but seeing the United States uniform the negro changed tone of voice instantly, and added,

"We's contrebans!"

"But who do you belong to?"

"We 'longs to Missus W——, and we's done come clar out, cierry one eb us."

"Where are you going?"

"To de Yankee army."

"How many are there of you?"

"About twenty-five head, ole an' young, massa."

By this time matters all around were clearly understood, and the escort to this black squad proved to be, as they emerged from the thicket by the roadside, two soldiers from the Third Michigan Cavalry, who had been foraging at Mrs. W——'s on their own account, and had run off the whole slave force of the plantation.

"But aren't there some Federal officers there?" asked Colonel St-rr-ng.

"Lor', yes, massa! dey comed dar about a hour by sun, and dey 'gor des selves wid de ladies all de ebenin'; dey hab de gayest kind ob a time."

"Where are they now?"

"Golly! de ben bed more'n two hours; dey's fas' 'sleep shuah, kase I seed dem."

"In what room?"

"I knows," called out a negress. "I waits on de company in de parlor all de ebenin', and makes de bed for de gemmen, an' it's in de front ob de house, jus' 'cross de hall from de parlor, at de left han', when you go in de fron' door."

"Is there any one about the house besides your mistress?"

"Oh yes. Dere is ole Missus and young Missus, and de sweet Missus what's visitin', and de two officers; dat's all."

"Are there no servants about the house?"

"Not a one, massa, only Jes, and he's in de furdest quarters. He laid out to stay and bil' de fire in de mornin' for de ladies before dey's up; den he's cumin' too. Dey's got to get de breakfas' des selves, dey han. I fix it all ready for Missus, 'cause she's allers gued to me. But we's free now! we's goin' Nort! But I feels mos' sorry for Missus."

Here were the slaves of that plantation, all their baggage packed upon four mules, as none other than niggers do pile it up, under guidance of two thieving cavalry men, on their way to the Federal lines! It afforded a forcible evidence of the vigilance of the worthy captains who had volunteered to protect the ladies from the soldiers. It was a rich prelude for the "Guerrilla Band" were now ready for music.

They now dashed along the road to the house; the clanging of sabres and rapid clattering of hoofs made a terrible certainty that something was in the wind.

"Surround that house!" shouted Col. St-rr-ng; and the "guerrillas" plunged through the yard and up to the windows with pistols drawn.

"Captain Orton, dismount with your men! Go in and take the abolition scoundrels prisoners! Shoot them if they resist!" roared the Colonel, with fearful distinctness; the words and tone startled even the eager "guerrillas," and echoed through every room in the house.

While a part of the force stood guarding the windows, with pistols touching the glass, the rest galloped back and forward through the yard, mak-

ing all the noise possible. A pile of plank near by served this purpose; it was pushed down, and the "guerrillas" took special care to gallop their horses upon and over the loose boards. The horses were frantic with excitement. This was about the state of the weather when "Captain Orton" pounded against he bedroom door.

"Who's there?" called out Captain B-rt-n.

"Captain C. L. Orton, First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade."

"All right!" answered Captain B-rt-n.

Resistance to such a force was worse than folly, particularly if they remembered there that they had one pistol for defense. So the officers unlocked the door and yielded a reluctant assent to the demand of "Do you surrender peaceably?" So the "guerrillas" strode into the room with pistols cocked and pointed at the heads of their victims.

At the first alarm the ladies had called for their servants; but not a reply, nor could they find one about the house; concluding that they were frightened and left the house at the first sound of the attack, with lamps trimmed and burning they were down in the hall in their night-dresses.

Miss —— was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. "How did you know they were here? You've caught them nicely! That's right! You're in a holy cause, and God will bless you!" and dancing around and patting the "guerrillas" approvingly.

The "widows," both of them, plead earnestly for the Federal Captains—"not to kill them; they were perfect gentlemen—had treated them very kindly—had protected them from the ruffian soldiery: the officers behaved like gentlemen, but the soldiers so shamefully!"

"Give our arms, gentlemen," said "Captain Orton."

"Here are their swords, on the table in the hall," said one of the "widows."

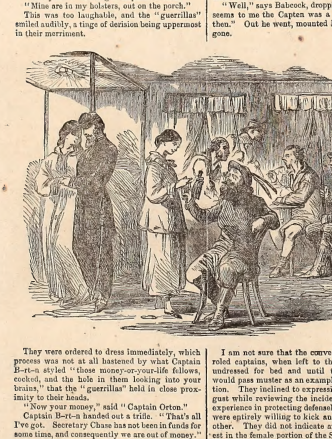
Captain M-lv-n gave up his pistol.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you—?" turning to Captain B-rt-n.

"Mine are in my holsters, out on the porch." This was too laughable, and the "guerrillas" smiled audibly, a tinge of derision being uppermost in their merriment.



They were ordered to dress immediately, which process was not at all hastened by what Captain B-rt-n styled "those money-or-your-life fellows, cocked, and the hole in them looking into your brains," that the "guerrillas" held in close proximity to their heads.

"Now your money," said "Captain Orton."

Captain B-rt-n handed out a trifle. "That's all I've got. Secretary Chase has not been in funds for some time, and consequently we are out of money."

Captain M-lv-n denied having any of his own.

"But you are Division Quarter-master, and must have Government funds."

"All I have was due deceased soldiers, and belongs to their families, and I'll see you d——d, Sir, before I'll give that up! If you are soldiers, treat us as soldiers. Our private property is sacred. I want to see your General. I understand he is a gentleman. Take us to him."

"Well, well," says "Captain Orton;" "hurry up! We're no time to lose: it is fifteen miles to camp."

This was an unexpected turn. The "guerrillas" had not reckoned on taking them to camp. Lieutenant L—ll from the door called out, "Come, boys, run out your halter-straps. We ain't to be bothered with these Yankee cusses long. It's woods all the way, and strong limbs are plenty on the road to camp."

Just here an orderly ran up with a message to "Captain Orton."

"Dismount orders you to parole the prisoners and fall in at once for camp."

The parolees were laid on the table, and our captains having assented to this arrangement were now seated, reading over what they were required to sign—reluctantly they concluded to do it, and each signed the paper.

While this was taking place the rebel Miss —— was chatting with one of the teamsters and pouring out whisky for them all, expressing her regrets that she had nothing better, *as the Yankees had drank up every thing else.*

"Captain Orton" took occasion to slip his arm around the fascinating widow, and drew her in a decidedly affectionate, if not familiar, hug toward him, asking her if she was not "glad to see him." He says she whispered, "I never was so happy in my life." The captive prisoners stoutly deny that part of it.

After an affectionate exchange of civilities with the ladies, and the taunt that so soon as they were gone they would be "claiming Yankee protection" again, "Captain Orton" required the solemn pledge and word of honor that neither of the Federal officers should leave that house before eight o'clock next morning; then taking Captain B-rt-n's horse and equipments they mounted and galloped off.

Our captains were congratulating each other at the heroic pass which they had escaped death, when one of the "guerrilla" party came stumbling into the room and gathered up the cloaks. It was the gentleman who had received so much attention from Miss ——.

"What do you propose to do with these cloaks?" asked Captain M-lv-n, as the "guerrilla" was walking out with them.

"I reckon they'll be about right to keep some of our boys warm; you men can get more of them, and we uns can't do it."

"See here," says Captain M-lv-n, "are you a Major?"

"No, Sir!" (And he drew upon his face a most insulting grimace.)

"A Captain?"

"No, Sir!" (Another grin.)

"A Lieutenant?"

"No, Sir!" (Grinning still.)

"A Sergeant?"

"No, Sir!" (More grinning.)

"Then what are you, Sir?"

"I'm a private, Company A, Captain C. L. Orton, First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade, Southwest Division!" (This was in the most impudent manner possible.)

"And your name?"

"Bab-cock, Sir!"

"Well, then, Mr. Babcock, you just put down those cloaks. Your Captain has allowed us to keep our personal property, and you can't take any from here without his orders."

"Well," says Babcock, dropping the cloaks, "it seems to me the Captain was a *leetle* too fast just then." Out he went, mounted his horse, and was gone.

I am not sure that the conversation of our paroled captains, when left to themselves, as they understood for bed and until they were asleep, would pass muster as an example of pious resignation. They inclined to expressions of profane disgust while reviewing the incidents of their recent experience in protecting defenseless women. They were spitefully willing to kick any body, even each other. They did not indicate any desirable interest in the female portion of the Southern Confederacy, and they divided their malevolictions between "Babcock" and women generally.

They were startled from sleep about daylight by the sudden raising of a window; and now wide awake they awaited another attack in silence.

A great negro pushed about half his body into the room, and in a loud whisper, said—"Massa! Massa! dem keavy dose gone and steal cheery nigger on de plantation; de home servants, ole and young, and de bess mules, and all de plunder dey could tote, and vegetonals, and I'se gwi-in to see what's de matter. I tote de fire in de kitchum fue, an now Jpo's off too." He drew himself carefully out of the window, as carefully set down the sash, and was gone.

They looked at each other, drew long breaths. "Cap," says B-rt-n; "ain't this the state of sin and misery?" So they pondered over the news in silence.

The domestic arrangements of the house in the culinary department being now under new management quite a late breakfast was the result; indeed our warriors had lost some of their former interest in the ladies who occupied a part of that house, and remained in the room until called to breakfast. I would not intimate that they were entirely unmindful of a word of honor, given during the past night, that they would not leave the house until after eight o'clock, as they made no preparation for marching until that hour had fairly passed.

At the breakfast-table, the only position assumed that was at all creditable to either of the persons there assembled was in the indignant threat made by one of the captains against the often-made charge "that our troops run off slaves from loyal owners." It was in reply to some tart remark of Miss ——. "You have," said Captain B-rt-n, "indisputable evidence that *your own troops* are engaged in stealing slaves; they certainly have made a clean sweep *here*." This was "a clincher" in the way of justification. The "widows" were astonished at this evidence, particularly Mrs. W——, who was now without a slave. This incident placed each of the parties upon about an equal footing, so no matter about giving the details of that breakfast chat.

Our staff officers saddled their one horse; one of them mounted; the other, as high private, on foot, bade the ladies "Good-morning!" (with the mental accompaniment of good-by to any and all offers of protection to defenseless women in future), and marched off for camp. They noticed a great deal of mud in the road not there the afternoon before. "It must have rained, but we did not hear it—mud was awful!—what horrid roads!" etc.

"How are we to manage this at head-quarters?" "Own up, of course, that we were captured, tell the whole story, excepting the paroles. Guerrillas have no business to parole an officer or private; they are prisoners any how: not owning in their own 'slebang' of a Confederacy as soldiers. No, Sir! deny that we were paroled until [a very warm place] freezes over, and we have to go there on skates!"

So it was agreed upon.

"There comes the General and Lieut. Wh-te! M-lv-n, now remember about the paroles. Whew! [wiping the perspiration from his forehead] I wish we were very well into the middle of next week!" I never fully appreciated that idea before."

The division had filed out from camp at seven o'clock that morning, and taken the line of march northward. The General inquired for his aids, but no one knew where they were. Eight o'clock came and passed, and yet they had not made their appearance. About nine o'clock, and with the Provost Marshal's escort for their escort, he rode rapidly down the road toward Mrs. W——'s plantation.

"Something must have happened to them."

"Gentlemen," said the General, as he rode up, "what does this mean?"

"Prisoners, by G-d!" answered both at the same breath.

"Tut, tut, tut! young gentlemen, no profanity. Captain B-rt-n, where is your horse?"

"Gobbled, General; GOBBLED! Captain C. L. Orton, First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade!"

"*Guerrillas!* General," says Captain M-lv-n.

"What do you mean by guerrillas?"

"Mean that we have been taken prisoners—robbed of every thing! They surprised us, overpowered us both, and we had to surrender."

"Where were you?"

"At Mrs. W——'s."

"Probably she sent word to the rebels that you were there."

"No, no, General! The women plead for us like good fellows. We would have been hung at once, or *shot*, if it had not been for them. No, Sir! no, Sir! Why, the lousy butternuts stole every one of her negroes, and all!"

"What! while you were there? I thought you went there to guard her premises?"

"Yes; but what could we do against a whole company?"

"How many were there?"

A whole regiment surrounded the house, and four straggling great fellows burst open the door and upon us before we had time to do any thing."

"Yes," said Captain B-rt-n; "and with these money-or-your-life fellows, the holes in them looking right through you."

"What kind of looking fellows were they?" asked Lieutenant Wh-te.

"The most devilish set of infernal cut-throats! Long-bearded, dirty scoundrels! but armed to their teeth. *All had revolvers!*"

"But how did you get away? You say they took you prisoners, did they parole you?" asked the General.

"No, Sir!" (At one breath both.) "They tried to rob me of my money, the lousy thieves!" said Captain M-lv-n. "Cap here hadn't any; and I swore they should not have to their cargo, I wouldn't submit to it; and we swore we wouldn't be paroled, they might hang us first. Something must have alarmed them. Some one rode up and called to them from outside. They must have expected an attack from our army, and they left as quick as they came."

This was too much for General Q—by, who had listened with apparent incredulity to their earnest explanations—and, lest he should rejoice in laughter at them, whirled his horse and galloped back to the marching column.

"Yes, and stole my horse, saddle, bridle, pistols, and sword—saddle cost me ninety dollars!" shouted Captain B-rt-n after him.

Lieutenant Wh-te turned back and asked how the women acted. "It was a plan by them to save you captives."

"No, indeed! Why the women were frightened half to death. They begged and plead for our lives—and for their gentlemen, who had treated them well and protected them; and *all of them stood between us and death—between us and death, Sir!*"

The Lieutenant here just then made a tremendous spring ahead—probably from having the vowels of the spurs plunged into his side—and the Lieutenant soon overtook and joined the General.

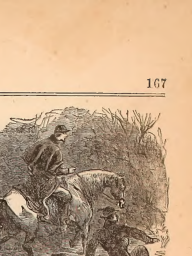
"They don't believe us, Cap," said M-lv-n.

"Well, I do," answered B-rt-n.

"Wonder if the General would feel if *he* was taken prisoner as we were?"

"Well, Captain M-lv-n, *I don't* wonder how he'd feel, for I know how *I* feel! Some of those lazy escort might have let me have a horse. They never offered us one."

When they overtook the division Captain B-rt-n jumped into the first ambulance and rode there until a horse was sent for them, when he hurried along and took his place with the rest of the staff at the head of the division.



Captain M-lv-n rode along rapidly by the files of privates, but had to stop at the hand of each regiment and tell his adventure. All laughed at it; wouldn't believe it. He had commenced with telling that four came into the room, and reached forty or fifty by the time he joined the staff. Having acquired a facility by frequent repetitions, he rapidly told his story. Every body was incredulous. Captain B-rt-n must be sent for, and his story must be heard.

When Captain B-rt-n came they only agreed on the subject of paroles—here precisely. Can you imagine the fun we had all that day? Such Munchausen-like additions as were piled on at each succeeding repetition of their adventure; so vexed and angry would they become when we doubted any or all of it—such descriptions of the guerrilla, "the out-throats," a drunken rowdy set of beggars (and we were hearing our own looks described), "Babcock" was the special object of Captain M-lv-n's ire; all he wanted to live for was to meet "*that Babcock some time!*" I can not describe that day's ride but by saying we laughed all day long.

When night came and camp ground selected, Lieutenant Eric—n would not be satisfied that the prisoners escaped without being "paroled," and, as we were all awaiting the pitching of the tents, flatly told them he didn't believe them, and called out, "Captain Rob—ter, how did the parole run?"

"About like this," said R—b—ter. "I—and A. Q.M., and I, Captain —— and A.D.C., "repeating the exact words of the parole.

Both of the victims looked amazed. "But," said Captain M-lv-n, "any one knows how to make up a parole" (even a little fool). "But don't you know that you have been sold? Here, M-lv-n," said Captain R—b—ter, reaching down and handing it to him, "is your pistol; and B—t—n, here are yours, that were in your holsters on the porch. There comes your horse that was hitched at the gate, and your swords are in that ambulance. (Bring them here, Will.) *Do you* TAKE, GENTLEMEN?"

It was watching M—n as he took the pistol: he turned deathly pale; felt of it as though about to use it; looked up at Captain R—b—ter, and his eyes looked wicked. The General said, "Take it kindly, M-lv-n, as a practical joke." A moment more, and the Captain dropped the pistol and sat down. "It's all right, gentlemen; I'm sold!"

"Yes," said the persistent Eric—n, "*and there's Babcock' pitching camp!*"

A few nights after this all were invited to a certain tent; the Guerrilla Band were there—a table laid to suit the subject was given by the choir—all joined in the chorus; and thus ended all guarding rebel property in this division.

The "Widow W——" is still in ignorance of the truth of that night's adventure, and will be until, perhaps, this record meets her eye. The "sweet widow" will please accept "Captain C. L. Orton's" compliments. Miss —— does not deserve any.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles that glad;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
Sharp, 'tis short: if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.



A NEGRO REGIMENT IN



ACTION.—[See Page 174.]

A DAY'S NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and only Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued.)*

MEANWHILE Mr. Corbet was at the Parsonage, where he was received by the new servants that he had no difficulty in having the spare bedchamber made ready for him, late as it was, and by the absence of the master, who had taken a little holiday, now that Lent and Easter were over, for the purpose of fishing. While his room was getting ready Ralph sent for his clothes, and by the same messenger he dispatched the little note to Ellinor. But then it was the letter he had promised her in it still to be written; and it was almost his night's employment to sit down and write. Somehow, as he expressed it to himself, he was half-way over the stream, and it would be folly to turn back, for he had given nearly as much pain both to himself and Ellinor by this time as he should do by making the separation final. Besides, after Mr. Wilkins's speech, and coming—but no, no candid enough to acknowledge that, bad and offensive as they had been, if they had stood alone they might have been condoned.

His letter ran as follows:

"DEAREST ELLINOR,—for dearest you are, and I think will ever be—though I have exerted myself to a very high degree in giving me great pain, greater than you will readily believe. I am convinced that it is better that we should part; for circumstances have occurred since we formed our engagement which, although I am unaware of their exact nature, I can see weigh heavily upon you, and have materially affected your father's behavior. Nay, I think, after so-night, I may almost say have entirely altered his feelings toward me. What their circumstances are, I am ignorant, nay further than that I know from your own admission that they may be of some future disgrace. Now, it may be my fault, it may be in my temperament, to be sensitive, shrinking, and over-nice; to mount, perhaps a high reputation. I can only say that it is so, and have yet to see the man who overcomes as much as you like. But any thing that might come between me and this object would, I see, be idolized by me; that the very dread of such an obstacle intervening would paralyze me. I should become nervous, and by my very efforts to ask always must be toward you. I could not promise you a happy, peaceful life. I should be continually haunted by the idea of what might happen in the way of discovery and shame. I am the very reverse of this from my character; one of your father's altered character—an alteration which I trace back to the time when circumstances that have since affected his place to which you have alluded. In short, if I do for your sake, my dearest Ellinor, even more than for myself, that I feel compelled to affix a final meaning to the words which your father addressed to me as implying that he desired me to leave his house forever. God bless you, my Ellinor, for all you have been to me. I will write to you soon as you can the unfortunate tie which has bound you for a time to me dissolved, and believe I ought to say no unworthy of you.—RALPH CORBET."

Ellinor was making breakfast when this letter was given her. According to the wont of the servants of the respectable households of the Parsonage and Ford Bank, the man asked if there was any answer. It was only custom; for he had not been desired to do so. Ellinor went to the window to read her letter; the man waiting all the time expecting her reply. She went to the writing-table, and wrote:

"It is all right—quite right. I ought to have thought of it all before. I do see that you will forget me in a very easily, but I entreat you never at any future time to blame yourself. I trust you will be happy and successful. I only pray I may never write to you again, but shall always pray for you. I am very, very sorry, and sorry for having spoken angrily to you. You can forgive me—there is great need for forgiveness in this world.—ELLINOR."

She kept quiet watch on her self after thought just to prolong the last pleasure of writing to him. She sealed the note and gave it to the man. Then she went and waited for Miss Monro, who had gone to bed on the previous night without awaiting Ellinor's return from the raising-cross.

"I am late, my dear," said Miss Monro, on coming down, "but I have had a bad headache, and I don't care for a pleasant companion." Then looking round she perceived Ralph's absence.

"Mr. Corbet not down yet!" she exclaimed. And then Ellinor had to tell her the outline of the facts so soon likely to be made public; that Mr. Corbet and she had determined to break off their engagement; and that Mr. Corbet had accordingly been with himself to the Parsonage, and that she did not expect him to return to Ford Bank. Miss Monro's astonishment was unbounded. It was some time over and over all the little circumstances she had noticed during this last visit, only on yesterday, in fact, which she could now see to be tokens of the notion that two, apparently so much attached to each other but a few hours before, were now to be forever separated and strangers. Ellinor sickened under the torture, which yet seemed like torture in a dream, from which there must come an awakening and a relief. But that felt as if she could not bear any more; yet there was more to bear. Her father, as it turned out, was very ill, and had been so all night long: he had evidently had some kind of attack on the brain, whether apoplectic or paralytic it was for the doctors to decide. In the hurry and misery of this day of misery succeeding to misery she almost forgot to wonder over the letter which were still at the Parsonage—still in Hamley it was not till the coming visit of the physician that she learned that he had written to Mr. Monro as he was taking his place in the morning mail to London. Dr. Moore alluded to his name as to a thought that would cheer and comfort the fragile girl during her night-watch by her father's bedside. But Miss Monro stole out after Dr. Moore to warn him off the subject for the future, crying bitterly over the forlorn position of her darling as she spoke—crying as Ellinor had never yet been able to cry; though she was silent, in the pride of her sex, she was endeavoring to persuade the Doctor it was all Ellinor's doing, and the wisest and best thing she could have done, as he was not good enough for her—only a poor barrister struggling for a livelihood. Like many other kindhearted people, she fell into the blunder of lowering the moral character of those whom it is their greatest wish to exalt. But Dr. Moore knew Ellinor too well to believe all that Miss Monro said; she would never act from interested motives, and it was more likely to cling to a man because he was down and unsuccessful. No! there had been a lover's quarrel; and it could not have happened at a sadder time.

CHAPTER X.

BEFORE the June roses were in full bloom Mr. Wilkins was dead. He had left his daughter to the guardianship of Mr. Ness by some will made years ago; but Mr. Ness had caught a rheumatic fever with the funeral, and Ellinor had been unable to be moved home from the little Welsh inn where he had been staying when he was taken ill. But when last attack Mr. Wilkins's mind had been much affected; he often talked strangely and wildly; but he had rare intervals of quietness and full possession of his senses. At one of these times he must have written a half-finished pencil-note, which his nurse found under his pillow after his death and brought to Ellinor. Through her tear-blinded eyes she read the weak, faltering words:

"I am very ill, I sometimes think I shall never get better, so I wish to ask your pardon for what I said the night before I was taken ill. I had had my angry words and misunderstood between you and Ellinor, but I think you will forgive a dying man. If you will come back and let all be as it was, I will humbly acknowledge my error and require. If I go she will be so very friendless; and I have looked to you to care for her ever since you flew to her assistance when illegible and apparently incoherent writing, ending with, "From my death-bed I adjure you to stand by my friend; I will beg pardon on my knees for this thing—"

And there strength had failed; the paper and pencil had been laid aside to be resumed at some time when the brain was clearer, the hand steadier. Ellinor read the letter, reverently folded it up, and laid it among her sacred treasures, by her mother's half-finished sewing, and a little scarf the latter had been knitting.

Mr. Johnson, who had been one of the trustees for Mrs. Wilkins's marriage settlement, a solicitor, also inherited from his father, and Mr. Ness, had been appointed as executors of his will and guardians to Ellinor. The will itself was a very simple document, leaving to his wife what had imagined himself the possessor of a hundred fortune, the bulk of which he bequeathed to his child. But her interest in the marriage-settlement Ford Bank was held in trust for the children of the marriage; the trustees being Sir Charles Dunster and Mr. Ness. These had allegacies to his executors; a small annuity to Miss Monro, with the expression of a hope that it might be extended for her devotion to the living with Ellinor as long as the latter remained unmarried; all his servants were remembered. Upon deposit with most trustworthy.

What remained of the handsome fortune once possessed by the testator? The executors asked each other; there was nothing. They could hardly make out what had become of it, in such utter confusion were all the accounts, both personal and official. Mr. Johnson had been entertained by his companion for the orphan from throwing on the executorship in disgust. Mr. Ness roused himself from his usual indifference from all business to labor at the examination of books, parchments, and papers. Ellinor's uncle, Sir Frank Hoister professed himself ready to assist for the Ford Bank.

Meanwhile she went on living at Ford Bank, quite unconscious of the state of her father's affairs, but sunk into a deep plaintive melancholy, which affected every one who spoke of her voice in such a manner as to distress Miss Monro exceedingly. It was not that the good lady did not quite acknowledge the propriety of her pupil had for grieving—deserted by her lover, her father dead—but that she could not bear the outward signs of it, since no one knew what had told on Ellinor. Her love for the poor girl was infinitely distressed by seeing the daily wasting away, the increasing sadness and want of spirit, and she grew impatient of the continual pain of sympathy. If Miss Monro could have done anything, she would have done it; but now she would have been less inclined to scold her for giving way to it.

The time came when Miss Monro could act, and after that there was no more irritation on her part. When all hope of Ellinor's having any thing beyond the bare maintenance at Ford Bank was gone; when it was proved that of all the legacies bequeathed by Mr. Wilkins not one farthing could ever be paid; when it came to be a question how for the beautiful pictures and other objects of art in the house were not legally the property of unsatisfied creditors, the sister of her father's affairs was communicated to Ellinor as delicately as Mr. Ness knew how.

She was drooping over her work—she always drooped now—and she left off sewing to listen to him, bending her head on the arm which rested on the table. She did not speak when he had ended his statement. She was silent for whole minutes; he went on speaking out of very agitation and awkwardness:

"It was all the rascal Dunster's doing, I've no doubt," said he, trying to account for the entire loss of Mr. Wilkins's fortune.

To his surprise Ellinor lifted up her white stone face, and said, slowly and faintly, but with almost solemn calmness:

"My dear father cannot never allow Mr. Dunster to be blamed for this!"

"My dear Ellinor, there can be no doubt about it. Your father himself always referred to the losses he had sustained by Dunster's disappearance."

Ellinor covered her face with her hands. "God forgive us all!" she said, and relapsed into the old unbearable silence. Mr. Ness had undertaken to discuss her future plans with her, and he was obliged to go on.

"I am very dear child, I have known you since you were quite a little girl, you know—we must try not to give way to feeling"—he himself was finding that very quite quiet—"I don't think what is to be done. You will have the rent of this house; and we have a very good offer for it—a tenant who has lived seven years at a hundred and twenty pounds a year—"

"I will never let him have it!" said she, standing up suddenly, as if defying him.

"Not let Ford Bank! Why? I don't understand—I don't know—Ellinor, the rent of this house is all you will have to live on!"

"I can't help it, I can't leave this house. Oh, Mr. Ness, I can't leave this house!"

"My dear child, you shall not be hurried; I know how painfully all these things are coming upon you (and I wish I had never seen Corbet; with all my heart I do!)"—this was almost to himself, but she must have heard it, for she quivered all over—"but leave this house you must. You must eat, and the rent of this house must pay for your food; you must dress, and the rent of this house is sent to clothe you. I will gladly, thankfully have you to stay at the parsonage as long as ever you like; but, in fact, the negotiations for Mr. Osbaldistone, the gentleman who offers to take the house, are nearly completed—"

"Is my house!" said Ellinor, fiercely. "I know it is settled on me."

"No, my dear. It is held in trust for you by Sir Frank Hoister and Mr. Dunster: you to receive all moneys and benefits accruing from it:" he spoke gently, for he almost thought her head was turning: "and you remember you are not of age, and Mr. Johnson and I have full power."

Ellinor sat down, helpless.

"Leave me a little, Ness, at length. "You are very kind, I know; but you don't know all—I must and must stay more talking now," she added, faintly.

Mr. Ness bent over her and kissed her forehead, and went away without another word. He went to Miss Monro.

"Well! and how did you find her?" was her first question, after the greetings had passed between them. "It is really quite sad to see how she gives way: I speak to her, and speak to her, but I fear there is neglecting all her duties, and it does no good."

"She has had to bear a still further sorrow to-day," said Mr. Ness, "in the part of Mr. Johnson and myself I have a very painful duty to perform to you as well as to her. Mr. Wilkins has died insolvent. There is no use to say there is no hope of your ever receiving any of your annuity."

Miss Monro looked very blank. Many happy little visions faded away in those few moments; then she roused up, and said, "I am but forry; I have a good deal more of work in me left yet, think God! Insolvent! Do you mean he has left no money?"

"Not a shilling. The creditors may be thankful if they are fully paid."

"And Ellinor?"

"Ellinor will have the rent of this house, which is hers by right of her mother's settlement, to live on."

"How much will that be?"

"One hundred and twenty pounds."

Miss Monro looked into the form of a mouth prepared for whistling. Mr. Ness continued:

"She is at present unwilling enough to leave this house, poor girl. It is but natural; but she has no power in the matter, even were there any other course open to her. I can only say how glad, how honored I shall feel by as long a visit as you and she can be prevailed upon to pay me at the parsonage."

"Where is Mr. Corbet?" said Miss Monro.

"I do not know. After breaking off his engagement with Ellinor, a long letter—explanatory, as he called it; exculpatory, as I termed it. I wrote back, curtly enough, saying that I regretted the breaking off of an intercourse which had always been pleasant to me; but that he must be aware that, with my intimacy with the family of Ford Bank, it would be both awkward and unpleasant to all parties if he and I remained on our previous footing. Who is that going past the window, Miss Monro?"

Miss Monro went to the window. "Yes! I am thankful to see her on horseback again. It was Mr. Corbet's groom riding after them to ride."

"Poor Dixon! he will suffer too. His legacy can no more be paid than the others; and it is not many young indies who will be as content to have so old-fashioned a groom riding after them as Ellinor seems to be."

As soon as Mr. Ness had left, Miss Monro went to her room and wrote a long letter to some friends she had at the cathedral town of East Chester, where she had spent some happy years of her early life. Her thoughts had gone back to this time even while Mr. Ness had been speaking; for it was there her father had lived, and it was after that that her cares in search of subsistence had begun. But the recollections of the peaceful years spent there were stronger than the remembrance of the weeks of sorrow and care; and, while Ellinor's marriage had seemed a probable event, she had made many a little plan of returning to East Chester, and obtaining what daily teaching she could there meet with, and the friends to whom she was now writing had promised her their aid. She thought that, as Ellinor had to leave Ford Bank, a home at a distance might be more agreeable to her, and she went on to plan that they should live together, if possible, on her earnings and the small income that would be Ellinor's. Miss Monro loved her pupil so dearly that, if her own pleasure only were to be consulted, this projected life would be more agreeable to her than if Mr. Wilkins's legacy had set her in independence, with Ellinor married, and herself left alone, and interests in which her former governess had but little part.

As soon as Mr. Ness had left her, Ellinor rang, and startled the servant who answered the bell by her sudden sharp desire to have the horses at the door as soon as possible, and to tell Dixon to be ready to go out with her.

She felt that she must speak to him, and in her nervous state she wanted to be out on the free, broad common, where no one could notice or remark their talk. It was long since she had ridden, and much wonder was excited by the sudden movement in kitchen and stable-yard. But Dixon went gravely about his work of preparation, saying nothing.

The pretty pony had till they reached Monk's Heath, six or seven miles away from Hamley. Ellinor had previously determined that here she would talk over the plan Mr. Ness had proposed to her with Dixon, and he seemed to understand her without any words passing between them. When she reined in he rode out of his place, and met the gaze of her sad eyes with sympathetic, wistful silence.

"Dixon," said she, "they say I must leave Ford Bank."

"I've afeared on it, from all I've heered say o' the town since the master's death."

"Then you've heard—then you know—that papa has left nothing any money to pay debts, dear Dixon, you won't have your legacy, and I never thought of that before!"

"Never heed, never heed!" said he, eagerly; "I couldn't have touched it if it had been there, for the taking it would ha' seemed too like—" Blood-money he was going to say, but he stopped in time. She guessed the meaning, though not the word he would have used.

"No, not that," said she; "his will was dated years before. But oh, Dixon, what must I do? They will make me leave Ford Bank, I see. I shall be thrown upon the world to get bread."

"But you'll have the rent, ma'am, I reckon?" asked he, anxiously. "I've many a time heered it was said as it was settled on the missus first, and then on you."

"Oh yes, it is not that; but, you know, under the circumstances—"

"Ay!" said he, heavily. "It's been oftentimes on my mind, seeing; and I think there's ne'er a one as I don't know on of it."

"But how can I leave it?" Ellinor cried. "They may let it a hundred times over, but I'll be the shrubbery—oh! Dixon, I feel as if it was sure to be found out! Oh! Dixon. I can not bear any more disgrace on papa; I will kill me—and such a dreadful thing, too!"

Dixon's face fell into the lines of habitual pain that it had acquired every assumed of years whenever he was thinking or remembering any thing.

"They must ne'er ha' reason to speak ill of the master for his carriers," said he, "but Wilkinses have been respected in Hamley all my lifetime, and all my father's before me, and—surely, Miss Ellinor, there's ways and means of tying tenants up from alterations both in the house and out of it, and I'd beg the trustees, or whatever it's called, to be very particular. I'll say it you, and not have a thing touched either in the house, or the gardens, or the meadows, or the stables. Ah, Miss Ellinor, it's a weel thing, I say'd maybe keep me on I' the stables, and I could look after things a bit; and the Day o' Judgment will be a hard day, when all our secrets will be made known wi'out our having the trouble and the shame o' telling 'em. I'm getting rather tired o' this world, Miss Ellinor."

"Don't talk so," said Ellinor, tenderly. "I know how sad it is, but, oh, I cannot bear it shall make a friend when you're gone to advise me as you have done to-day. You're not feeling ill, Dixon, are you?" she continued, anxiously.

"No; I'm hearty enough, and likely for t' live. Faythee was eighty-one, and mother above the ground-sheet at eighty-four. It's cold as ever is got to feel so heavy; and as for that matter, so is yours, I'll be bound. And it's a comfort to think that I've been at home to look after my care of ours, for he were such a bright, handsome lad, with such a cheery face, as never would have known shame."

They rode on without much more speaking. Ellinor was silently planning for Dixon, and he, after caring as best he could for the future, was bringing up before his fancy the time, thirty years ago, when he had first entered the office of Mr. Wilkins's father as stable-boy, and pretty Molly, the scullery-maid, was his daily delight. Pretty Molly, who had turned in Hamley church-yard, and few living except Dixon could have gone straight to her grave.

CHAPTER XI.

In a few days Miss Monro obtained a most satisfactory reply to her letter of inquiries as to whether a daily governess could find employment in East Chester. For once the application seemed to have come just at the right time. The canons were most of them married men, and their families, those at least in the residence welcomed the idea of such instruction as Miss Monro could offer for their children. They could almost answer for their successors in office. This was a great step gained. Miss Monro, the daughter of the precentor, to this very cathedral, had considered advantageous to being engaged as a teacher by any wealthy tradesman there, but to be received into the canons' families was almost any capacity was like going home. Moreover, besides the empty honor of the thing, there

were many small pieces of patronage in the gift of the chapter—such as a small house opening on to the Close, which had formerly belonged, ex officio, to the verger, but which was now vacant, and was offered to Miss Monro at a merely nominal rent. Ellinor had once more sunk into her old depressed passive state; Mr. Neal and Miss Monro, modest and undecided as they both were in general, had to fix and arrange every thing for her. Her great interest seemed to be in the old servant, Dixon, and her great pleasure to lie in seeing him, and talking over old times; so the two friends talked about their little knowing what a bitter stinging pain her "pleasure" was. In vain Ellinor tried to plan how they could live Dixon with them in East Chester. If he had only been a woman it would have been a feasible step; but they were only to keep one servant, and Dixon, capable as a valet as he was, would not do for that servant. All this was what passed through Ellinor's mind: it is still a question as to whether Dixon would have felt his love to his native place, with all its associations and remembrances, or his love for Ellinor the stronger. But he was not put to the proof; he was only told that he must leave, and, seeing Ellinor's extreme grief at the idea of her separation, he set himself to comfort her by every means in his power, reminding her, with tender choice of words, how necessary it was that he should remain on the spot, in Mr. Osbaldistone's service, in order to frustrate, by any small influence he might have, every project of alteration in the garden that contained the dreadful secret. He persisted in this view, though Ellinor repeatedly, with passionate anxiety, the more excited Mr. Johnson had taken, in drawing up the lease, to provide against any change or alteration being made in the present disposition of the house or grounds.

People in general were rather astonished at the engagement of Miss Wilkins to one of the Ford Bank furniture. Even Miss Monro was a little scandalized at this want of sentiment, although she said nothing about it; indeed justified the step, by telling every one how wisely Ellinor was acting, as the large handsome tables and chairs would be very much out of place and keeping with the small, oddly-shaped rooms of their future home in East Chester Close. Those few strong words were the result of self-preservation, it may almost be called, which impelled Ellinor to shake off, at any cost of present pain, the incubus of a fatal remembrance. She wanted to go into an unhaunted dwelling, in a free, unknown country—she felt as if this was her only chance of safety. Sometimes she thought her senses would not hold together till the time when all these arrangements were ended, as she did not regard any one save about her feelings, poor child!—to whom could she speak on the subject but to Dixon? and she did also allow them to herself. All she knew was that she was as nearly going mad as possible; and if she had heard that her father had killed her father's guilt. All this time she never cried or varied from her dull, passive demeanor. And they were blessed mercies for relief that she shed when Miss Monro, herself weeping bitterly, told her to put her head out of the pocket-handkerchief for at the next stage on the road they would catch the last glimpse of Hamley church-spire.

Late on October evening Ellinor had her first sight of East Chester Close, where she was to pass the remainder of her life. Miss Monro had been looking out forward between the Ford Bank and East Chester more than once, while Ellinor had remained as the parsonage; so she had not only the chance of proprietorship in the first view of the beautiful city, but something of the desire of hospitably welcoming Ellinor to their joint future home.

"Look! the fly must take us a long round because of our luggage; but behind these high old walls are the cathedral gardens. And high-pitched roof, with the clumps of stone-crop on the walls near it, is Canon Gibson's house, where the girls live. Ah, there is Hark, the great cathedral clock! How proud I used to be of its great boom when I was a child! I thought there was other church clocks in the town sounded so shrill and poor after that, which I considered quite superficial. There are rooks flying home to the elms in the Close. I wonder if they are the same that used to be there when I was a girl. They say the rook is a very long-lived bird, and I feel as if I could swear to the way they are cawing. Ay, you may smile, Ellinor, but I understand now those lines of Gray's you used to say so prettily:

> 'I fast the gales that from ye blow,
> A momentary youth bestow,
> And breathe a second spring.'

Now, dear, you must rest quiet. This flagged walk leads to our front-door; you see Ness and Dixon are there, and the housekeeper, and the Close, and the cathedral, and the lime-tree walk, and the rooks, and the rookery."

It was a mere slip of a house; the kitchen being wisely placed down to the front-door, and so reserving the pretty view for the little dining-room, out of which a glass-door opened into a small walled-in garden, which led out into an entrance into the Close. Up stairs, a bedroom to the front, which Miss Monro had taken for herself, because, she said, she liked old associations with the back of every house in the High Street, while Ellinor mounted to the pleasant chamber above the tiny drawing-room, built of which looked on to the vast and solemn cathedral, and the peaceful, dignified Close. East Chester Cathedral is Norman, with a low massive tower, a grand majestic nave, and a choir full of stately historic tombs. The whole city is in quiet keeping decorous as that the perpetual daily chants and hymns of praise seemed to sound far and wide over the lords of the houses. Ellinor became a regular attendant at all the morning and evening services. The sense of worship calmed and soothed her aching, weary heart, and to be punctual to the cathedral hours she roused herself exerted herself when probably nothing else would have been sufficient to this end.

By-and-by Miss Monro formed many acquaintances; she picked up, or was picked up by, old friends, and the descendants of old friends. The grave and kindly canons, whose children she taught, called upon her with their wives, and talked over the former deans and chapters, of whom she had had both a personal and traditional knowledge, as far back as the time when they talked about her silent, delicate-looking friend Miss Wilkins, and perhaps planned some little excursion out of their fruitful garden or bounteous stores which should make Miss Monro's table a little more tempting to one apparently so frail as Ellinor. The household was always spoken of as belonging to Miss Monro, the active and prominent person. Ellinor's name was referred to but by her words and meek demeanor as they passed her regular attendance at cathedral service: and when they heard of her constant visits to a certain parochial school, and of her being sometimes seen carrying a little covered basin to the cottages of the poor, they began to try and tempt her with more urgent words to accompany Miss Monro in her distribution of drinkings at their houses. The old dean, that courteous gentleman and good Christian, had greatly become impaired in health, and he would watch at the windows of his great vaulted library till he saw her emerge from the garden into the Close, and, after a certain interval, knock at her door, and then, she softly adjusting the mesures of her face to his. The time of his departure from East Chester became a great blank in her life, although she would never accept, or allow Miss Monro to accept, his repeated invitations to stay and pay her visit at the deanery-house. Indeed, having once tasted comparative peace again in East Chester Cathedral Close, it seemed as though she had a fear of ever again leaving out of those calm precincts. All Mr. Ness's invitations to visit him at his parsonage at Hamley were declined. Indeed, as it was welcomed at Miss Monro's on the occasion of his annual visit by every means in their power, she slept at one of the neighboring houses, and lived with his two friends, who made a yearly festivity to the best of their means in honor of his coming. Each of the cathedral clergy as were in residence; or, if they failed, condescending to the town clergy, Dissenting ministers and all, as the presents were so acceptable as those sent to them while Mr. Ness was with them; and from the dean, who would send a present from his splendid trout—all did their best to help them to give a welcome to the only visitor they ever had. The only visitor they ever had, for as to the stately gentry knew. There was one visitor who came as often as his master could give him a holiday long enough to admit of his coming such a distant a place; but few knew of his being a guest at Miss Monro's, though his welcome there was not less cordial than that of Mr. Ness or Dixon. Ellinor had convinced him that he could give her no greater pleasure at any time than by coming over to East Chester for a visit. East Chester. Whenever he came they were together the greater part of every day: she taking him hither and thither to see all the sights that she thought would interest or please him; but they spoke very little to each other during all this companionship. Dixon was happier and more to say to him. She questioned him right and left whenever Ellinor was out of the room. He learned that the house at Ford Bank was splendidly furnished, and no money spared on the garden; that the wife was a fine lady, and very well married; that Brown had succeeded to Jones in the haberdasher's shop. Then she hesitated a little, and asked after the new curate.

"I suppose Mr. Corbet never comes to the parsonage now?"

"No, not he. I don't think as how Mr. Ness would have him; but they write letters to each other by times. Old Job—you'll recollect old Job, ma'am, the shepherd—he and Mr. Ness sat waited in the parlor when there was company—did say as one day he heered them speaking about Mr. Corbet's going to live at the parsonage now—one of them as goes about at asize-time, and speaks in a wig."

"A barrister, you mean," said Miss Monro.

"Ay; and he's something more than that, though I can't rightly remember what."

Ellinor could not help listening. They had the *Times* lent to them on the second day after publication by one of their friends in the Close, and Ellinor, in reading it, had seen that there were otherwise engaged, always turned with trembling hands and a beating heart to the reports of the various Courts of Law. In them she found—at first rarely—the name she sought for, the name she dwelt upon as if every letter were a study. Mr. Losh and Mr. Duncombe appeared for the plaintiff, Mr. Smythe and Mr. Corbet for the defendant. By-and-by that very name appeared more frequently, and generally took precedence of the other, somewhat as Corbet v. Corbet for the defendant. Then the two names were repeated at full length, as if his words were accounted weighty; and by-and-by she saw that he had been appointed a Queen's Counsel. And this was all she ever heard or saw of him; his once-familiar name never passed her lips except in hurried whispers to Dixon when he came to stay with them. Ellinor had had no idea when she had parted from Mr. Corbet how much she separated between them was henceforward to be, so much seemed left unfinished, unexplained. It was very difficult at all times to herself of the habit of constant mental reference to him; and for many a long year she kept thinking that surely some kind fortune would bring them together again, and all this heartsickness and melancholy estrangement from each other would then seem to both only as an ugly dream that had passed away in the morning light.

The dean was an old man, but there was a canon who was older still, and whose death had been expected by many, and speculated upon by some, any time for ten years. Canon Holdsworth was too old to show active kindness to any one; the good dean's life was full of thoughtful and benevolent deeds. But he was taken and the other left. Ellinor looked out as the vacant canonry with fearful eyes: he lost thing at night, the first in the morning. But it is pretty nearly the same with church dignitaries as with kings: the dean is dead, live the dean! A clergyman from a distant county was appointed, and all the Close was astir to know what kind of neighbor was coming to settle him. Luckily he came in at the tag-end of one of the noble families in the peerage; so, at any rate, all his future associates could look with tolerable certainty that he was forty-two years of age, married, and with eight daughters and one son. The dean, formerly so quiet and sedate a dwelling of the one old man, was now to be filled with noise and merriment. Iron carriage-weights were placed before three windows, evidently to be the nursery. In the summer publicity of open windows and doors the sound of the busy occupants was perpetually heard all over the Close; and by-and-by wagon-loads of furniture and carriage-loads of people began to arrive. Evidently the canon nor Elliston by themselves of sufficient importance or station to call on the new-comers, but they were as well accustomed as the daughters of the family to if they had been in daily intercourse; they knew that the eldest Miss Beauchamp was seventeen, and very pretty, only one shoulder was higher than the other; that she was dootingly fond of dancing, and had been at a ball—a little ball, it is not much if her mamma was by, and never opened her lips at all if the dean was in the room; that she was very cheerfully civil—nay, and was supposed to know all the governess could teach her, and to have private lessons in French and accomplishments from her father; and so on down to the little boy at the preparatory school and the baby girl in arms. Moreover, Miss Monro, who, she said, could have stood an examination as to the number of servants at the deanery, their division of work, and the hours of their meals, generally a very well-behaved, haughty-looking lundy made appearance as the Close, and in the dean's pew. She was said to be the wife of the new canon's brother, or his brother, General Beauchamp, come to East Chester to reside for the necessary time before her marriage, which was to be performed in the cathedral by her uncle, the new dignitary. But as callers at the deanery did not see this beautiful bride-elect, or the Beauchamps generally, as yet fallen into habits of intimacy with any of their new acquaintances, very little was known of the circumstances of this approaching wedding beyond the particulars given above.

Ellinor and Miss Monro sat at their drawing-room window, partly screened by the muslin curtains, watching the busy preparations for the marriage, which was to take place in the noon. All morning long hampers of fruit and flowers, boxes from the railway—for by this time East Chester had left its stage-coach associations—hired assistants, kept passing backward and forward in the busy Close. Toward afternoon the bustle subsided, the scaffolding was taken away, the terials for the next day's feast carried out of sight. It was to be concluded that the bridesmaid's wreaths and dressing of the cathedral had been helped by the merry multitude of cousins, and that the servants were arranging the dinner for the day of rejoicing for the morrow. So Miss Monro had settled it, discussing every detail and every probability as though she were a chief actor, Ellinor only a distant, uninterested spectator of the coming event. Ellinor was a little tired, and now that there was nothing more interesting going on she had leaned back to her sewing, when she was startled by Miss Monro's exclamation:

"Look, look! there are two gentlemen coming along the lime-tree walk: it must be the bridegroom and his friend." Out of much sympathy and some curiosity Ellinor bent forward, and saw just emerging from the shadow of the trees on to the full afternoon sun the pavement the younger taller man, and talking eagerly. The other gentleman was doubtless the bridegroom. Ellinor sat with suspended breath, her anxious heart did not believe her words. Even before the bright beauty at the deanery looked out of the green door-way into the cathedral precincts, and blushed, and smiled, and kissed her hand; a gesture replied to by Mr. Corbet with much expressiveness, for the other man only took off his hat, almost as if he saw her there for the first time. Ellinor's greedy eyes watched him from the shade of the window, as he descended, unheeding Miss Monro's eager, incoherent sentences in turn entreating, apologizing, comforting, and upbraiding. She slowly turned her painful eyes upon Miss Monro's face, and moved her lips without a sound being heard, and fainted dead away. In all her life she had never done it before, and when she came round she was not like herself: in all probability the persistence and willfulness she, who was usually so meek and docile, showed during the next twenty-four hours was the consequence of fever. She resolved to be present at the wedding; numbers were going; she would be unseen, unnoticed in the crowd. In her perverse befell, as it usually and neither the tears nor the prayers of Miss Monro could keep her back. She gave no reason for this determination of hers; indeed, in all probability she had none to give; so there was no arguing the point with her; she was inflexible to entreaty, and no one had any authority over her except, perhaps, distant Mr. Ness. Miss Monro had all sorts of forebodings as to the possible scenes that might come to pass. But all went on as quietly as though the fullest sympathy prevailed every individual of the great numbers assembled. No one guessed that the muffled veiled figure, sitting in the shadow behind some of the great pillars, was that of one who had once hoped to stand at the altar with the same bridegroom as he now cast such tender looks at the beautiful bride, her veil white and fairy-like, Ellinor's black and shrouding as that of an eremite.

Already Mr. Corbet's name was known through the country as that of a great lawyer; people discussed his rise in the profession, so early and wide; and the well-informed in legal gossip spoke of him as sure to be offered a judgeship the next vacancy. He was, though quite young, and middle-aged, and somewhat gray, divided attention and remark with his lovely bride and her pretty train in the crowded cathedral. Many more need not have feared for Ellinor; she saw and heard all things as in a mist—a dream; as something that had no real life in it. Once she could waken up to a reality of brightness in which her youth, and the hopes of her youth, should be restored, and all these intervening years of heaviness and woe should be revealed as nothing but the nightmare of a night. She sat motionless enough, still and silent, as East Monro left her watching her as intently as a keeper watches a madman, and with the same purpose—to prevent any outburst, from fear of the consequences if such restraint be needed. When all was over—when the principal persons in the procession had filed into the vestry to sign their names; when the swarm of towns-people were going out as quickly as their individual interests, or the restraints of the sacred edifice permitted; when the great chords of the "Wedding March" changed and, from the organ, and the bells pealed overhead, Ellinor laid her hand in Miss Monro's. "Take me home," she said, very softly. And Miss Monro led her home as one leads the blind.

GREAT UNION MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

WE publish on page 173 an illustration of the Great Union Meeting at Exeter Hall, which was held at Exeter Hall, London, England, on 29th January last. It was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in London. The reporter of the *Illustrated News* is enthusiastic about the immense crowds that assembled. No less than seven such meetings were formed of people who could not get into the building. He goes on to say:

If it had been possible, after watching the reception given to the first sentences from the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Lewis, to note the tone and temper of the excluded multitude, it was clearly impossible to do so when he referred in a perfectly dispassionate manner to those who wished to see America divided into two confederacies. He was interrupted by a general voice that cried out "Immediation and Union!" and then, as if that phrase had been a kind of electric shock that went to every heart, there broke forth the most tremendous outburst of popular enthusiasm I have ever known our fellow-subjects. It could not stop, but went on and on, the whole audience having leaped to their feet as if to stamp the foundations of the building, having apparently only waited for some such signal to excite the loudest cheers. The shouts of applause were repeated, enthusiasm with which they overflowed. This incident told all that the reporter had the slightest desire to know as to the feelings and views of the meeting. When the facts were to more or less extent misrepresented. When the chairman happened to use the words "Mr. Lincoln's position," again the tumultuous response arose.

Another incident of the meeting was interesting. Mr. Lewis, in the course of his impassioned speech, which, however, was not distinctly heard, stopped to announce that the news of the defeat of the rebels at Vicksburg and Memphis holding a similar meeting; and he proposed, to the great amusement of the audience, "Three cheers for Grant," saying, "We are for emancipation and the Union; what are you?" Exactly the same thing was proposed at a later hour with regard to Sirsod, where, also, an enormous meeting was assembled. Mr. Lewis's speech, while, with those arising from the constant re-echoing of the cheers from the two other meetings below and outside, gave quite a tone to the evening.

He adds:

Concluding the crowning speech of the evening was Mr. Newman Hall's. His voice alone of all the speakers was more than ordinarily powerful, and it possesses great. And as he was perhaps the most highly-finished and certainly the most practiced speaker of the evening, we quote the generation of his speech, with its magnificent perorative passage, where he says of himself:

That "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth" (Cheers); that it is a sin to be a rebel to God and to rebel against Him (Hear, hear) then for a man to hunt his brother for his own profit (Loud cheers); that it is an abomination to expose man and woman to the auction block, to tear the husband and head them over to the highest bidder as you would cattle (Cheering); that it is an abomination to sell a woman the rights of chastity and maternity (Hear); that it is an abomination to sell a child from its mother's breast; that no rights which a white man need respect (Hear, hear); that it is an abomination to deny a human being, whether she be a Hungarian Countess or an African slave (Hear); that it is an abomination to make God's Bible a reference of men fighting in order to commit those abominations (Cheers); and, lastly, as the recognition of an empire inviolate reception of it embounder, that the tyranny of free Britain builds the very idea of such an indignity being offered to the Royal Lady we delight to venerate as our her yare, maternally, and widowed hand, which wields only the scepter of love over the free, should not be contaminated by the kiss of any representative of so foul a conspiracy against humanity and God.

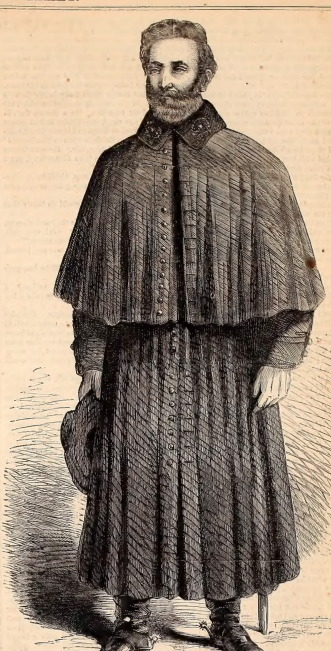
We should despair of any attempt to give our readers an adequate impression of the feeling that existed for Queen or against slavery by the Exeter Hall meeting.



GREAT UNION AND EMANCIPATION MEETING HELD AT EXETER HALL, LONDON.—[See Page 171.]



THE REBEL GENERAL R. E. LEE.—FROM A LATE DRAWING BY MR. VIZETELLY.—(SEE PAGE 174.)



THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.—FROM A LATE DRAWING BY MR. VIZETELLY.—(SEE PAGE 174.)

THE WRATH OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH GWYNNE.



IN the days when King George III. was still a blooming young prince, the family of the Gwynnes, after growing less and less numerous for several generations, came to be represented by two brothers. The elder ruled, as his ancestors ruled before him, in the ancestral manor. The younger adopted the traditionary career of the cadets of his house, and served in the army. Both married very suitable helpmates. The soldier lived long enough to speed the last sigh of his wife, and welcome the first smile of his son, and was then killed by a fall from his horse. The Squire's lady presented him with an heir, and five years afterward with a daughter, and then died. The widower was left in his home to train and teach his own children and the child of his dead brother.

The Squire was haughty and passionate, but withal a just man. He clung to his opinions with all the tenacity of an Englishman, and, above all, of an English Tory. He hated a Whig, and he hated a Frenchman. With these exceptions, it might be said that he loved his neighbor. He was condescendingly affable to my Lord Marquess of the adjoining acres, as it became a Gwynne to be to a man who dated his rank not even from the comparatively ancient period of Hastings, but merely from the more recent invasion of Tertiny. He was very friendly to the Vicar, and loved the toast of "Church and King." He was equitable in his dealings with his tenants, and "ne'er forgot the poor." He swore at his grooms, but they none of them left him. He was as fond of his nephew as of his own son and daughter, and children have rarely had a fonder father.

So matters went on quietly at Gwynne, till gray hairs began to grow on the head of the Squire (though it is almost an anachronism to talk of gray hairs in days of powder) and down to sprout on the cheeks of his boys. His own son Horace went to Christchurch, and was then sent to Paris. The young Squire was committed to the care of a great lady who had known the old Squire at St. James's. It was hoped that under the auspices of Madame la Duchesse de Hautenbus Mr. Horace Gwynne would receive that mysterious coat of French polish which could only be administered at the Court of Maria Theresa's beautiful daughter. For a time the Squire had nothing to complain of. The Duchess wrote that the young Englishman had the true cir. He had been noticed at the Trianon. He had made a success. Mr. Horace himself thought Paris a charming place. He had performed in a private play as a Milord Anglais, in which a Royal Personage had appeared as a Griselte Française. He was very well seen. Nevertheless this was not altogether pleasant to the Squire. He had the notions of a Roman on the subject of the stage, and would never have acknowledged the celebrated comedian of his name as a kinswoman, even if she had honestly raised herself to fame by her acting, and not by—by other means. He did not like the idea of his boy's capering before an audience of grinning Frenchmen, though a Queen had capered at his side. Indeed, was it well for the queen so to occupy her most Christian Majesty's leisure? All this was not quite satisfactory. But worse news followed. Mr. Horace was seen no more at the little Trianon. Madame de Hautenbus was compelled to ignore him. He had imbibed the strangest ideas, and was associating with the most unnoticeable people. He openly professed sympathy with the third estate. Less openly he became skeptical as to the advantages of monarchy, and, so far from preserving the principles of the paternal toast in a strange land, he was suspected of being acquainted with men who thought as little of Church as of King. At last a letter arrived from him in which he avowed himself an Atheist. It was a bitter trial to the Squire, but he did not flinch from his duty. He forbade the name of his son to be mentioned in his hearing. The estates of Gwynne would descend to the male heir, only in default of direct testamentary disposition on the part of the head of the house. The Squire could leave the property away from his unworthy son if he so willed. No Gwynne had made a will for many generations. Whether the Squire had broken the custom no one knew.

The Squire had lost his heir, but he was not childless. He had still his nephew to ride with him to cover, and discuss the stirring history of the times over his not immoderate cups. And Harry Gwynne was a bold and merry lad, frank and outspoken, modest and true, and in all respects such as might comfort a fatherly old uncle's heart. Harry and his uncle were great friends, but not such friends as were the Squire and his daughter.

Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne, at nineteen years of age, was said to have been particularly beautiful. I have described the features of the woman, and from them may be guessed the loveliness of the girl. She was very beautiful, and very clever; but her temper was high and passionate. The visitor, who should see her unruffled and serene, might deem it impossible for so gentle a being to transcend

the ordinary limits of the anger of her sex. But on the comparatively rare occasions when her passion mastered her, her paroxysms of rage were fearful. Few cared to encounter her, and none to offer opposition. The presence of her father was the only influence which stilled her wrath. When her father approached her love conquered her rage, and she was speedily calmed.

This untamable damsel Harry Gwynne had worshiped with an untiring constancy ever since he had been old enough to hold any opinions at all. He was a year or two older than his mistress, but from the days when they both wore frocks she had been, in imperial sense, the mistress, and he the slave. He had played with her, and ridden with her, and quarreled with her, and obeyed her. He had broken-in a mare for her; he had planted an Italian garden for her; he had acted in all things as one whose existence was ordained for her convenience. All this she had received as her due. She admitted to herself, if ever she thought about the matter, that she was very fond of her cousin; but she was not, on that account, disposed to play the meek maiden, waiting modestly for the kerchief of the sultan. She used her slave's services with magnificent indifference, and rewarded him sometimes with a smile, and sometimes with a fit of rage.

When no more letters came from Paris, and the Squire began to act as though he had no son, Mistress Bessie evidently deemed herself of increased importance. She had never pretended any love for the disinherited Horace. His airs and graces annoyed her. He could say prettier things than Harry, and he danced a minuet better than—hardly, at least, better than Harry, for that more rustic gentleman could not dance at all. But he had once craned at a hedge; and, on the whole, his sister did not regret his loss. She began to esteem herself the heiress of Gwynne. Papa would do something for Harry, of course, independently of the fortune left by Harry's mother; but she would be the great lady.

The Squire said not a word of his intentions, but the greater the gulf between him and his son, the tighter appeared the bond that united him to his nephew; and the fonder he grew of his nephew, the oftener did his daughter wax wroth with her cousin, and indeed with every one else. She was but twenty years old, but she was a notorious termagant; and the old housekeeper at the manor surmised that she would be the last of her branch of the house, for no one would woo so wild a bride—no one, that is, but Master Harry, and she seemed daily less inclined to stoop to the faithful cousin. Unless some terrible lesson should tame her, she would live a cheerless life.

The oftener this willful lady was told to be a good child the more pertinaciously she asserted her independence. Poor Harry still worshiped, but he received more frowns than smiles for his pains. One day when he was more than ordinarily definite and demonstrative in his professions of attachment, his mistress stamped her little foot and vowed she hated him—that her father gave too much love to the nephew and too little to his child, and that so far from having any intention of surrendering her heart, she regarded her suitor as the chief bar to her earthly happiness. Of course this was not true. Of course she loved every hair on the head of her yellow-pated cousin. But the statements of young ladies are as mysterious as the dispatches of diplomatists. They use language to conceal their thoughts, though happily their art is not always skillful enough to conceal itself. But whether it was or was not true, it made Harry very miserable. He was in a dilemma. If he was cold to his uncle, his uncle looked pained. If he was not cold to his uncle, he was accused of winning away a father's love from the personage whom, more than any other, he desired to encircle with all love. On the whole, the household was a stormy one; but now and then a patch of blue sky smiled through the clouds. Bessie forgot her grievances, and spent a merry day with her old play-fellow. These intervals were, however, sorrowfully rare.

And now the Squire fell ill. The career of his son had afflicted him more than had been supposed. He was struck with paralysis, and lost the use of his lower limbs. Stretched in his bed or on a couch, he was dependent on others for his necessities and for his pleasures. Harry and his cousin vied with one another in unwearied attention, but a state of things which ought to have healed all breaches seemed to widen the gulf between them. When the Squire called for Harry to read him the *Gazette*, or to write a letter to the bailiff, the fair Bessie sulked over her harpsichord. And if, perchance, the Squire said, "Bessie, will you write as I dictate?" or, "Bessie, I am going to be lifted into the coach, and to be driven to Minchester," it was, "Papa, won't Harry do it better?" or, "Papa, Harry knows all about the crops, and will be a more amusing companion."

These observations were, unlike some others of the young lady's, perfectly true; and the Squire was gradually and unconsciously beginning to act upon them. His great affliction made it hard for him to bear with the caprices of his daughter, and day after day he became less able to endure Harry out of his sight. He was growing prematurely old and prematurely peevish, and his exactions taxed all the patience of his dutiful nephew.

Miss Bessie's temper, too, grew worse instead of better. Once she had even flown into a passion before her crippled father, and had not been calmed by his appealing look. She remembered the day when she was all in all to her parent, and now she was as nothing. Nor were there wanting those evil influences of gossip and flattery which are never wanting in a court or in a large household. There were voices which whispered, "Madam, look out for the estate, the Squire's health is fast failing. Will you like to leave the manor, or live in it as Master Harry's guest? For to Master Harry the Squire will assuredly leave it."

At this Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne quite forgot that she desired nothing better than to stay at Gwynne all her life, with this treacherous Harry, as his wife, and forgot also her firm faith that his wishes entirely agreed with her own. She only remembered that she was the daughter of the elder branch; that there was a suspicion that she was to be disinherited; that—that—indeed she was not very clear what. But enough had been said to rouse all her rage, and from that day the notion of a will never failed to raise the devil at her heart.

She and her cousin dined daily in her father's own study. It was the only occasion on which the three were long together. On a certain day, in the course of the meal, the Squire looked across the table contrived to fasten to his couch, and said:

"Harry, lad, has Griffiths gone to Minchester?"

"He went at ten o'clock, Sir. He rode Brown Hanover. He wanted to have Strawberry, but I know she isn't up to his—"

"Papa, what have you sent Griffiths to Minchester for? You know I was going to ride over this afternoon."

"Something that Griffiths could do better than you, my Bessie."

There was a significant look in the invalid's eyes.

"Harry, what did he go for? Oh! very well. If you won't tell me, pray keep your secret!"

And she cooked her spleen. It was not, indeed, a very merry meal.

"Hannah, do you know why Griffiths has gone to Minchester?"

"Griffiths, ma'am? Minchester, ma'am? I think I heard him say he was going to take a letter to Mr. Deeds."

Now Deeds was the family lawyer. The plot was out. The Squire was going to make a will in Harry's favor. The despised daughter of the house sat brooding in her own room, and her face grew very dark. The groom brought round her mare, but she said she had changed her mind. She would not ride that day.

Late in the afternoon she saw Mr. Deeds and a clerk drive up the avenue in a chaise. She heard them ushered into her father's bedroom. The Squire had felt weaker than usual, and had retired to his room immediately after his mid-day meal. The noise of the footsteps on the marble, and the shutting of the doors, was as oil on fire. Elizabeth Gwynne was all but in the last stage of passion. She chafed and fumed in her own room till suspense became unbearable. She rang a hand-bell that summoned a maid, and sent a message.

"Tell some of the people to ask Mr. Harry if he will speak with me immediately."

Presently the girl returned.

"Mr. Harry was busy with the Squire and could not come." Had it come to this? Was she, the once-loved daughter, to remain silent in her room, while her natural father was signing away her patrimony to her cousin? Had not she a right to be with her father? He was doing something important or he would not have sent for Deeds. It was her plain duty to be with him.

"He shall not do it!—he shall not do it!" she muttered between her teeth, and in a violent paroxysm of passion stalked along the corridor to her father's rooms. As she crossed the hall she met Deeds and his acolyte, conducted by a lackey, on their way to their chaise. The old lawyer bowed low.

"Hypocrite!" she hissed, and passed on.

She flung open her father's door. When all motion had become irksome to him he had taken up his quarters in what was called the state bedroom on the ground-floor. Queen Anne had passed a night at Gwynne, and the room had been sumptuously furnished for her. On the lofty bed, rich with curious needle-work, and canopied by dingy plumes, lay the old chief of his clan, helpless and wan. A fire burned loweringly on the cunning smith's work that lay at the bottom of the huge fire-place, and threw a changeful light on the high-backed chairs, the black cabinets, the heavy hangings, and the painted ceiling of the great gloomy room. At the side of the bed stood a table littered with pens and writing materials. An extinguished taper still poisoned the air. At the foot of the bed stood Harry, holding in his hand a clean, new parchment document, folded, tied, and sealed.

All her fears were then realized. She was the despised and disinherited dependent. There lay the father who had abandoned her. There stood the scheming villain who had ousted her from her own. Her cousin stood still for an instant, startled by her sudden appearance, and awed by the white passion of her face. She strode to where he stood, snatched the packet from his hand, and flung it into the glowing coals. Ere her cousin had recovered from the shock she had thrust the vellum deep into the great fire. He started forward to rescue his charge before it was consumed, but she stood with outstretched arm before the grate, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with rage—"Robber! robber! robber! Would you rob me of my birthright? You have stolen my father's love! Would you steal my inheritance too? Stand back, Sir; you shall not touch it! My father never meant to do it. He does not know what you have made him do—he always loved me—he never would—" She looked up at her father as she spoke; and Harry, who had stood dumb beneath her torrent of abuse, and down whose cheeks two hot tears of gentle pity for her, and utter anguish for self, were slowly trickling—Harry looked round at the Squire too. He was sitting up in his bed; his arms were stretched out, and his hands were clasping and unclasping themselves in the air, while his lips mumbled in vain, and his eyes seemed to burn to speak. So he sat for a minute, his children rushing to his side and seizing his hands. It seemed as though his brow would crack in the agony of desire to speak. For a moment the eyes shone with a brighter lustre in the flickering flame of the burning packet, his mouth made a convulsive effort to form a word, and he fell heavily back on his pillow, dead.

There was an awful silence for a space, and then Elizabeth burst forth in a wail of sorrow and remorse. She had killed her father. She had better die to join him.

"Kill me, kill me, Harry!" she shrieked. But the utter desolation of grief that was expressed in her cousin's face silenced her own sobs. Kneeling down by the side of the bed she hid her head in her hands, and was still.

Then came doctors and domestics. "Another stroke!" "Poor Squire; and only five-and-forty." "And how did Miss Gwynne get to her father's room?" "Did he know her before he died?"

All these things were said as she was borne in a dull stupor to her room. Harry alone knew the truth. He saw her laid on her bed and in the custody of her women, and then retired to his own grief and the many duties he had to perform.

In the morning the old housekeeper came to him and brought tidings of her lady. Elizabeth had slept a little in the night, and was calm now. She wished to see her cousin. She received him with great gentleness, and as one who had had her life-lesson. She knew that no apology could atone for what she had said and done. She trusted her grief would be sufficient punishment. She could not insult her cousin in his own home with her presence after what had occurred. Immediately after the funeral she should leave Gwynne. Mrs. Griffiths had promised to go with her. She had enough to maintain her in decent respectability from what her mother had left her for pocket-money. She should not require much, for she should not live long.

"And, Harry," she added, "when you hear that I am dead, will you let me be buried with papa in our own church-yard?" She looked him tearfully in the face.

"O Bessie, Bessie!" he broke out; "you go away!—you leave Gwynne! It is I that must go! It is yours—it is all yours! The will left it all to you. O Bessie! How could you—how could you—?" But he stopped in the middle of his reproach. "Bessie, I am come to bid you good-by. You would not have me stay! It is better for us to part."

I can not chronicle the precise words in which Miss Gwynne, as soon as she was satisfied that she was mistress, and not guest, invited her cousin to stay. But he did stay. It was perhaps undignified in him; he had surely had warning. But he did stay. He staid some half a century longer; and there is no record in the family of his wife ever having flown in a rage with her lord.

When Mr. Deeds had driven over from Minchester he had brought over the draft of a will, unsigned, leaving the whole estate to Elizabeth. So he had been ordered; but he strongly deprecated the notion of the Squire's disinheriting his son for what he termed the errors of youth. He had some stormy discussion with his client, and at last left the house, leaving the will yet unsigned, and declaring that, if Mr. Gwynne was determined, some other lawyer must be employed to do the work. The Squire immediately signed the will that was afterward burned, and Harry's was the only evidence that could secure the property to his cousin.

Before, however, any difficulty could arise as to the succession, news arrived at Gwynne that Horace had been killed in a duel. He had married a French lady, who bore him no children, and who, at his death, came to reside in London, and was said to have made a great impression at Carlton House.

NEGROES AS SOLDIERS.

We devote pages 161, 168, and 169 to illustrations of the negroes as soldiers. So much ignorant prejudice is still entertained in many parts of the North to the employment of colored troops that it is due to the country that the capacity of the negro to drill and fight can not be too strongly insisted upon.

The picture on page 161 represents the negro learning the use of the Minié rifle. The drill masters in the Department of the South report that the negroes in the South Carolina regiments evince great aptitude at learning the manual of arms. They are more docile than white recruits, and when once they have mastered a movement they retain the knowledge perfectly. Similar testimony is borne by officers in the West. One of them predicts that with proper drill and training the negroes will be the steadiest rank and file in the world.

With regard to their fighting qualities we can not do better than reproduce the following extracts. The first is from a letter to the New York *Times*, describing the battle, or rather the skirmish of Island Mounds, where a detachment of the First Kansas Colored Volunteers attacked and routed a band of rebels. He says:

> The detachment under Gardner was attacked by the foe, who swept down like a whirlwind upon it. One volley was fired in concert, which emptied several saddles, and then this devoted body was separated by the force of that sweeping charge. The fight thus became a hand to hand encounter of one man to six. The rebels were mostly armed with shot-guns, revolvers, and sabres, our men with the Austrian rifle and sabre-bayonet. The latter is a fearful weapon, and did terrible execution in the hands of the muscular blacks. Six-Killer, the leader of the Cherokee negroes, fell with six wounds after shooting two men, bayoneting a third, and laying a fourth *hors du combat* with the butt of his gun. Another one, badly wounded, Sergeant Ed. Lowrey, was attacked by three men; he had discharged his rifle, and had no time to load again, when they fell upon him with revolver and sabre. He was then badly hurt with a shot-gun wound. One man demanded his surrender, to which the reply was a stunning blow from the butt of the rifle, knocking him off his horse. The negro, when approached, had his sabre-bayonet in hand, about to fix it on his gun. The prostrate man got a crashing blow from it on the skull as he fell, and then, as the other charged, the bayonet was used with effect on the nearest horse, and the butt of the gun on the next man.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Captain Crew, retaining his position at the head of the few men who keep together, retreated with his face to the enemy, firing his revolver as he did so. He fell with a terrible wound in the groin, but again rose and retreated. Surrounded by half a dozen of the foe, he was ordered to surrender. "Never!" he shouted, at the same time calling to the half dozen negroes around him to die rather than give up. He then fell dead with a bullet in his heart. His body was instantly rifled of revolver and watch, though his purse was not found. Five minutes afterward the rebel who took the watch was killed by one of the negroes, who again took the watch from him and brought it into camp.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> So ended the battle of Island Mounds, which, though commenced through the rash and impetuous daring of the officers, yet, under most unfavorable circumstances, resulted in a complete victory to the negro regiment.
>
> What I narrate I saw myself, and having witnessed several engagements since this rebellion commenced, I know what fighting amounts to. H.

The other extract is from the official report of Colonel Higginson of the First South Carolina Volunteers (colored), describing an expedition into the interior undertaken by him:

> On board Steamer "Ben Deford," *Sunday, Feb.* 1, 1863.
> *Brigadier-General Saxton, Military Governor, etc.:*
>
> General,—I have the honor to report the safe return of the expedition under my command, consisting of 462 officers and men of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, who left Beaufort on January 23, on board the steamers *John Adams*, *Planter*, and *Ben Deford*.
>
> The expedition has carried the regimental flag and the President's Proclamation far into the interior of Georgia and Florida. The men have been repeatedly under fire; have had infantry, cavalry, and even artillery arranged against them, and have, in every instance, come off not only with unblemished honor, but with undisputed triumph. At Township, Florida, a detachment of the expedition fought a cavalry company which met us unexpectedly on a midnight march through pine woods, and which completely surrounded us. They were beaten off with a loss on our part of one man killed and seven wounded, while the opposing party admits twelve men killed (including Lieutenant Jones, in command of the company), besides many wounded. So complete was our victory that the enemy scattered, hid in the woods all night, not returning to his camp, which was five miles distant, until noon next day—a fact which was unfortunately unknown until too late to follow up our advantage. Had I listened to the urgent appeals of my men, and pressed the flying enemy, we could have destroyed his camp; but in view of the darkness, his uncertain numbers, and swifter motions, with your injunctions of caution, I judged it better to rest satisfied with the victory already gained.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Nobody knows any thing about these men who has not seen them in battle. I find that I myself knew nothing. There is a fiery energy about them beyond any thing of which I have ever read, unless it be the French Zouaves. It requires the strictest discipline to hold them in hand. During our first attack on the river, before I got them all penned below, they crowded at the open ends of the steamer, loading and firing with inconceivable rapidity, and shouting to each other, "Never give it up!"

THE REBEL GENERAL LEE.

We publish on page 173 a portrait of the rebel General Robert E. Lee, commanding the rebel army on the Rappahannock. It is from a drawing recently made by Mr. Vizetelly, the correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, and, as will be seen, differs very materially from the portraits which are current at the North, which are taken from old photographs made before the war.

Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia about the year 1808. He entered West Point, where he received the usual military education at the cost of the Government of the United States. He graduated honorably in 1829, and received an appointment as Second Lieutenant of Engineers. For eighteen years he served in the army, drawing the usual pay from the Government, and rising to the rank of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. In the Mexican war he was further honored by a brevet of Colonel, and on the appointment of Albert S. Johnston to the command of the Utah expedition, Lee succeeded him in command of the Second Cavalry. After filling this honorable and agreeable post in the military service of his country for several years, he crowned his career by deserting his flag at the moment of his country's sorest need. When the Richmond politicians passed what they called an Ordinance of Secession, Robert E. Lee threw up his commission, and accepted the rank of General in the rebel army.

In Mexico Lee had been Chief of General Scott's Staff, and won high praise for his skill. It was a common remark in our army, before the war, that "Bob Lee" was the ablest strategist we had. His first performances in the rebel army did not confirm his reputation: he was eclipsed for a time by both Beauregard and Johnston. After the latter was wounded, however, at Fair Oaks, Lee took the whole command of the rebel army in Virginia, and directed its operations during the seven days' battles before Richmond. He likewise led the rebels into Maryland, and commanded them at Antietam, and subsequently at Fredericksburg. At present he stands very high in their esteem.

THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

We publish on page 173 a portrait of the famous rebel General Thomas Jefferson Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson, from a recent drawing by Mr. Vizetelly of the London *Illustrated News*.

Thomas J. Jackson was born in Virginia about the year 1825, and is consequently about thirty-nine years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and in the following year accompanied Magruder's battery to Mexico. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself so highly on the field that he was brevetted Captain for gallantry. At Chapultepec he again won laurels, and was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct. On his return from Mexico he was for some time in command at Fort Hamilton; but in 1842 he resigned his rank. At the outbreak of the rebellion Major Jackson was one of those Southerners who were greatly embarrassed to discover the true line of their duty. He had married a Northern wife, was an honorable and conscientious man, and long hesitated what course to pursue. It is stated that his father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him, and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag. They spent several hours in prayer together, and Jackson confessed that the struggle was sore. But finally the pernicious doctrine of State Rights, which Jackson, like so many other gallant Southrons, had imbibed early in life, won the day: "I must go with Virginia!" he cried, and plunged headlong into the vortex of treason.

As a rebel officer he has been energetic, lucky, and skillful. At Bull Run he won his *cognomen* of "Stonewall" by promising Beauregard that his brigade should stand like a stone-wall before the enemy; the promise was kept. He fought Shields

near Winchester, in March, with rather indifferent success. But his pursuit of Banks down the Shenandoah Valley was very successful, and infused some heart into the rebel cause. Again, in June, his attack on M'Clellan's right wing at Mechanicsville helped his fame among his people. At Cedar Mountain his design showed skill, but the steady courage of Banks's troops foiled his purpose.

When Lee invaded Maryland Jackson commanded a corps under him, and it was he who forced the little garrison of Harper's Ferry to surrender. He fought at Antietam, and again at Fredericksburg, but the glory of the latter victory was of course appropriated by his superior, General Lee.

It is beginning to be doubted whether Jackson really possesses claims to the reputation he enjoys. Some of our readers seem to think he is nothing more than a lucky soldier and a good disciplinarian.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Reliable Article for Domestic Use!

ANDREWS' YEAST POWDER has been in constant use for twelve years, and is the most useful compound for the immediate raising of BREAD, TEA BISCUIT, PANCAKES, &c., and ready for use "in one minute!"

The quality of this Yeast Powder is never changed, and when used will give the greatest satisfaction. Our sales are half a million cans per annum, and the certificate of PROF. CHILTON, of his *purity and healthfulness*, accompanies each label; also, full directions for use. Suffice to the public may it be its "most reliable friend," "convenient" preparation ever made, and is "indispensable" where lightness of bread and digestibility are required. Ask for ANDREWS' "EGGLESS" Yeast Powder, and use no other. If you want "THE BEST" Manufactured and sold only by THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,

159 and 161 Cedar St. New York.

Fine Ivory Sleeve and Bosom Studs.



Sleeve and Bosom Studs made of the finest Ivory, brought to a high polish, of all colors, and engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monograms to order. Free by mail on receipt of price. 8-9s. $1 50. Trade supplied.

CHILTON FIELDS, 629 Broadway, N. Y.

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.



Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $12.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 9 in. in length by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 9½ pounds. Price $6 00.

Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, N. Y.

MILLIGAN BROS.

Attention Agents, Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Mosaic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Vest Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or a Lady's Gold Pencil, or a Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.

S. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,

208 Broadway, N. Y.

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

ESPECIALLY ADOPTED FOR ARMY SALES. *Superior to the size and finish of any other Watch in the market, regardless of cost!* Should retail at prices from $30 to $50 each. *Gold cases of light model and others with jewels, equally desired hands and beautifully engraved dials, the latter attainable in relief.* Sold only by the case of 48 each. When the tech ompanies the order, the price of these watches is $19 per half dozen. If sent by express with bill for collection, the price is $42 per half dozen. Soldiers must send payment in advance. *There will be no deviation from these rules!* "HUBBARD'S TIME-KEEPERS are becoming very popular, and give universal satisfaction." They are particularly valuable for officers in the Army and Navy.—*Evening Gazette*, Fri. 21, '63. No. 1,000.

Address HUBBARD BROS., *Sole Importers*,

Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

The Bird Work and Napkin Holder.



Heavily Gold and Silver Plated. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers. Free by mail. Price 50 & 75 cents. ALLYN & FIELDS, Inventors & Manf., Dept 49 Broadway, N.Y.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland, Rich soil, Grapes and small fruits. Peaches, &c., in the area—still 90 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—30 acres tracts of New Jersey soil, near railroad depot, quickly sold. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHARLES K. LANDIS, Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural Agent. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old vacant local position, and suitable condition for peasants farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies."

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS, MOUSTACHIOS, OR AN EVEN BEARD? If so, you will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smooth face, free of pimples or injury to the skin. Price $1, sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 199 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colored for Ring, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Motto for Jack. 52 mounted cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the backs, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,

14 Chambers Street, New York.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION IN THE UNITED STATES.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS are now prepared to commence the regular issue of the Numbers of this important NATIONAL WORK, to the Literary and Artistic preparations for which many months of labor have been devoted. These are now so far advanced that the Publishers are warranted in promising that this work will be a thorough, careful, and impartial History of the War, based upon a laborious collection and comparison of all accessible materials.

Numbers I. and II. are now printed; Numbers III. and IV. will be ready in a short time. These four Numbers are a fair specimen of the character and execution of the whole work. Succeeding Numbers are in such a state of forwardness that the Publishers will be able to issue them regularly and rapidly.

NUMBER I.

Which is introductory to the whole work, gives a history of the Colonization of the country which became the United States; a condensed sketch of the War of the Revolution, showing that Independence was won by the *United Colonies*, not by separate ones; that from the first we were a NATION in fact, though not in form; and that we never attained prosperity until a NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, not a mere Confederacy, was formally inaugurated. This is followed by a full narration of the Slavery Question, of the Compromises which grew out of it, and of the various Presidential Elections, closing with brief but masterly sketches of the rapid rise of a Secession Party, consequent upon the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the feeble measures of Mr. Buchanan; closing with the formal Secession of South Carolina, which fairly opened the War.—This Number contains the following

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Nathaniel Greene.—Horatio Gates.—William Pitt.—Edmund Burke.—Portraits of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Governeur Morris.—Alexander Hamilton.—John Jay.—Patrick Henry.—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.—Fac-similie of the Declaration of Independence.—John C. Calhoun.—Stephen A. Douglas.—Henry Clay.—James Buchanan.—John Brown.—John C. Breckinridge.—Howell Cobb.—John B. Floyd.—Isaac Toucey.—John Bell.—Edward Everett.—Judge Magrath.—Robert Toombs.—Lewis Cass.

NUMBER II.

Details at length the circumstances connected with the Investment of Fort Sumter: the commencement of decided action by Mr. Buchanan, after his Cabinet had been purged from its traitorous members: the balance of Force and Arsenals; the rapid Secession of the Gulf States: the Formation of a Confederate Provisional Government: the Inauguration of Mr. Lincoln; his inaugural address, and the early Measures of his Administration: closing with the Bombardment and Evacuation of Fort Sumter.—This Number contains the following

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Portraits of the Federal Officers at Fort Sumter.—Fort Sumter, seen from the Rear, at low Water.—Key of the Fort Moultrie Magazine.—Major Anderson's Gunlocks.—Entry of Major Anderson's Command into Fort Sumter on Christmas Night, 1860.—Major Anderson's Quarters in Fort Sumter.—The Prayer at Sumter, Dec., 26, 1860.—Fac-simile of the Superscription and Frank of Senator Yulee's Letter.—Fac-simile of the Letter.—The United States Sloop of War "Brooklyn."—Lieutenant General Winfield Scott.—The Steam-ship "Star of the West."—Firing on the "Star of the West" from the Iron Coast Batteries on Morris's Island, January 10, 1861.—The Palmetto Flag of Texas.—Governor Pickens.—Jefferson Davis.—Alexander H. Stephens.—David E. Twiggs.—Abraham Lincoln.

MODE AND TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

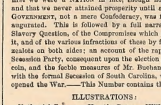
The work will be issued in Numbers, as rapidly as is consistent with thorough and careful preparation. The Publishers hope to be able to issue two Numbers each month.

Each Number will contain 64 pages, of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, profusely illustrated, and printed in the best manner, from new and legible type.

The price of each Number, containing matter equivalent to an ordinary volume, will be Twenty-five Cents.

Four Numbers (Nos. I., II., III., and IV.) will be sent by mail, *post-paid*, upon the receipt of One Dollar.

Booksellers, News Dealers, and Canvassing Agents will be supplied on the most liberal terms.



For many years I have made the cultivation of

SMALL FRUITS

a specialty, and taking into account variety, quality, and quality, my stock of VINES and PLANTS, of

GRAPES, BLACKBERRIES,
STRAWBERRIES, GOOSEBERRIES,
RASPBERRIES, CURRANTS, &c., &c.,

is unequalled anywhere, which I offer on the most favorable terms.

Parties wishing to purchase would do well to correspond with me, or send for Knox Last, which will be sent to all applicants, free of charge.

J. KNOX,
Box 155, Pittsburg, Pa.

50,000 AGENTS WANTED!
RARE OPPORTUNITY!
75,000 Watches, Chains, Lockets, BRACELETS, RINGS,
GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, &c.,
WORTH $100,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you get.

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes and sealed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail. On receipt of the Certificate, on receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is for your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, prepaying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10, and one hundred for $15.

AGENTS WANTED.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed 10 cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to $1. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps, with the Certificate will be sent a Circular giving full instructions to Agents.

Address

S. M. WARD & CO.,
Box 4576, New York.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Revolutionary Envelopes, Oriental Burners*, and 16 other new articles. 15 circulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.
100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
WORTH $5,000,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Case Watches	$100 00 each.
300 Gold Lever Watches	50 00 each.
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
300 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	20 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Hercalean Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Hercalean Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 4 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
3000 Solid Silver Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mt'ed Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens Iridium Tipped and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates, stating what each purchaser will get when each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed. They are then sold, when ordered, without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, prepaying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10, and one hundred for $15.

AGENTS WANTED.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed 10 cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to $1. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps, with the Certificate will be sent a Circular giving full instructions to Agents.

Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

EVERY MAN WILL WANT ONE.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.
EVERY PERSON MUST GET ONE.
AGENTS SEND FOR PARTICULARS.

J. W. FORTUNE, 102 Centre St., N. Y.

"EUREKA."—And will you have them? A Graefenberg invention, which will cause Whiskers and Moustachios to grow heavy *in one month*. Only 50 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Address BOX 65, East Brookfield, Mass.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS."—Will force a heavy growth, and no mistake, *or money returned*, with the *Book of Wonders*. 6000 sold. 9th Edition. Price only 25c., by mail. Address, DR. ANDRE, C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union forces, shipped at lowest rates, by the UNION EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, one Door North of Canal Street. Samples sent to Dealers by Mail, on Receipt of Stamp.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of the terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Only $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Ladies, Read this Attentively.

Give up the use of that vile compound of rouge. It can deceive no one, no matter how skillfully it is applied. Nothing is more beautiful and worthy of admiration than a skin waxie as alabaster, rosy cheeks, lips red as coral, in short, a complexion of dazzling beauty and purity. Do away with your paraphernalia of Cosmetics. Procure a dozen cakes of Comfort Bandbox. Follow my directions, and you will find to your surprise that in a few days the object in time you can become possessor of a beautiful complexion.

Send your address and one stamp to

A. LAMONT, Perfumer, Box 4673,
New York City.

READY OFFICIAL.

THE UNITED STATES CONSCRIPTION ACT,
OR, NATIONAL MILITIA BILL.
With a copious Index for Reference.
JAMES W. FORTUNE, PUBLISHER,
102 Centre Street, New York.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

It has been confidently acknowledged by thousands who have used them, that the Galvanic Electro Metallic Insoles are the only preventive and cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and all Nervous Affections. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers generally. Will be sent by mail for $1 25. Secured by English and American Patents. Send for a circular. Depot, 5 Astor House Broadway.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Send for circular. GEORGE F. HAWKES, 64 Nassau St., N.Y.

READER!—If you want employment, or the best (Yes-threaded) Sewing Machine ever manufactured, send to ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Newburyport, Mass., for a circular of terms, &c. A liberal salary, or commission, as the Agent may choose.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address, M. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

Common sense tells us that unless the stomach is kept in good working order, no man, woman or child, is capable of the elements of the blood, can not be vigorous and healthy. Nothing has been discovered or invented that so effectually and invariably cures and prevents imp-rfect digestion as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Dyspepsia, flatulency, oppression after eating, and the feeling so often described by the sufferer as "all-gone" sensation, are removed in a few days by the use of this most healthful of all stimulants. No man, woman or babe, need fear it, for it contains no fiery ingredient. It excites neither the circulation nor the brain. On the contrary, its effect is genial and soothing. It promotes sleep as well as to strengthen the digestive powers, and may be taken not only without danger, but with a certainty of the most desirable results by the feeblest lady invalid.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 498 BROADWAY.

VICTOR HUGO
AND
GRANT THORBURN.

Portraits, biographies, and phrenologies, given in March No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Also, Portrait of GUY, illustrated with Runs of Men. Effects of Climate on Character. Physiognomy, Psychology, and Human Responsibility—theological—by a distinguished clergyman. "Born again," and a rich miscellany. Only 10 cents, or $1 a year.

FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

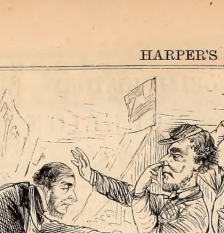
INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Sizes, $1 10 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 191 Broadway, N. Y. Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Reliable information furnished, rules of claims negotiated upon the best terms, and accounts audited. A pamphlet of Laws, Regulations, &c., sent by enclosing a one-cent stamp to pay postage.

SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.



SAD MISADVENTURE OF THE COPPERHEAD DELEGATION TO RICHMOND.

"If you repudiate the debt you have contracted, and abandon the government you have established, and recant vows, and break pledges, and call it dirt, it is well we shall be charmed; the movement will sail as perfectly; and, although we shall not exactly respect the actors in that affair, yet we shall not be unwilling to trade with you—holding our noses a little—and to show you all suitable civilities—but at a proper distance."—*Richmond Inquirer.*

A SPECULATION

Agents and Soldiers, in camp or discharged, can make easily $25 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVELS AND UNDARLEE, and many articles not Army Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), Gift Gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your *Friends in the Army.* No family should be without one. Prizes immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can go the rounds, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper,* presented *Free to all Agents.* Package in endless variety and at all prices. *New descriptive Circulars* at low prices. Send for NEW Circular, 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.



THE NE PLUS ULTRA.
No Chimney Attachment.
The best and most practical ever invented.—fits all the ordinary burners, of various sizes, now in use. It fists only a trifle more than a single glass chimney. Gives a large, clear light without the least smoke, and can be carried in the strongest draft without going out, therefore being indispensable for portable or hall lights. Agents wanted. Sample sent free for 25 cts. Send for circular. JOS. DODIN, Manuf., 413 Broadway, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvin,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols. Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

Lyon's Kathairon.

This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is again put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill, and attention, which first created its immense and unprecedented sales over our countless heads annually. It is sold at 50 cents in large bottles. Two million bottles can easily be sold in a year when it is again known that the article is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of scurf and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich luxuriant growth, and prevents it from turning gray. These are considerations worth considering. The Kathairon has been tested for over twelve years, and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, clear and delicate. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York.

Masonic Emblems and Jewelry.
To the Trade.

A large Assortment of the above-named goods for the trade, upon such terms and prices as are in the reach of every person.

The patterns are unique, and

MANY ENTIRELY NEW.

We will make it the interest for those in the trade to give us a call, as our motto is "**EXCELSIOR.**"

For full particulars of terms and prices, address

E. M. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers' Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Published Saturday, Feb. 28:

WEBSTER'S
Army and Navy Pocket Dictionary.

By WILLIAM G. WEBSTER.

One Comprehensive 32mo Volume, on Fine Paper, with Pictorial Illustrations and Colored Frontispiece.
Price, in flexible leather, marbled edges . . . $ 75
Turks, gilt edges 1 00
Gr Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

In addition to a general Pocket Dictionary of the language, this work has a carefully prepared Vocabulary of Military and Naval Terms; and the following Tables, viz.: Rank, Pay, &c., in U. S. Army; Insignia of Rank in Army (illustrations); Rank, Pay, &c., in U. S. Navy; Stations in Navy; Insignia of Rank in Navy (illustrations); Ranks, Pay, &c., of Marine Corps; Money, Weights, and Measures of the Principal Commercial Nations, with their value in American Money and Measure; Proverbs and Phrases from the Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek; Mottoes of U. S.; Flags of Principal Commercial Nations (illustrated in colors), &c.

For sale by MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, at our prices.

Published by **MASON BROTHERS,**
No. 5 and 7 Mercer Street, New York,
Publishers of Webster's Dictionaries.

GLEASON'S
ANTI-FLICKERING GAS BURNER

The only burner that conserves gas with economy, giving a brilliant, diffusive light, entirely free from *flickering.*

I have been able to write by it several hours of an evening without fatigue to the eyes. When in full action, it gives the flame a steadiness equal to that of the best organ burner, without the inconvenient noise and expense of that form of burner.

B. SILLIMAN.

Manufactured by

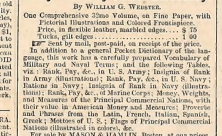
E. F. GLEASON, 125 Mercer St., N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL Engraved Gold Plated Watch, Lever Cap, *Excelsior Movement,* perfect time-keeper. Sent to any address by mail, free, for only $7. Solid silver, same as above, $9. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.



Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type for 6 cents.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to J. Ashley, 120 Nassau st., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.



The Soldier's Bullet-proof Vest
has been tested by the Army, and has saved the lives of Generals, Officers, Captains, and thousands of soldiers. It is worn by contract and is never off. Price for officer's vests $8.
" private's " $6.
Sent promptly by Express to any address upon receipt of the money only, by
SCHUYLER, HART-LEY, & GRAHAM,
No. 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
P. S. Discount to the trade.

NEWS DEALERS,

Send for our revised Price List, ready Mar. 2. PYKES & BANCKER, 74 Ann st., N. Y., Wholesale Dealers in Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Cheap Publications, Albums, Cards de Visite, and Merchandise of every description.

$22 Watches. $22

A genuine American Lever Watch, in heavy Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22, worth $35. Send for a circular. J. L. FERGUSON, 195 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Double Plate Picture. 200 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CAITLY & CO., 49 Ann St., N.Y.

Stationery Package and Book Agents.

A *new wonder,* and *unanimous* chances for you! Address Box 357, Syracuse, N. Y.

PRIZE PACKETS!
New and Superior CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of
Gen. Tom Thumb and his Bride!
Agents wanted! Great Inducements offered. Send for our NEW Circular.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

The American Watch Company give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *packaging* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, an accurate and durable time-keeper, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting patterns, at as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, Wm Ellery, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Health Preserving Corporation.
PURE MILK!

The Orange County Condensed Milk Company put up Condensed Milk in bulk; from which is extracted eighty per cent. of water, the *insperity* of which is so deleterious to children (even in pure milk) and deliver at their door in New York, daily. Families, Hotels, Steamboats, Restaurants, &c., supplied in the usual way. To the *Concentrated Milk* is added for the *Army, Ships,* and *Travelers'* use, the best refined sugar to preserve the same. Put up in one or two pound packages.

Office 9 COOPER INSTITUTE, N. Y.

Superior Farm Land

At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. GRIFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city, Wholesale and Retail, at 217 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
From the World's Crisis, Boston.

Bro. Gratz: With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of the *Crisis,* should any be afflicted with that insidious consumption, or lung or throat disease, in my form, send at once to Ed. Edward A. Wilson, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York, and he will send you the receipt for the cure of said disease free of charge. Do not despair, for there is virtue in the medicine. I speak from experience, and know whereof I affirm.

MARTHA W. SOBER.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, in previous page.

IODINE. IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial Disease, &c.
Dr. H. ANDRUS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 628 Broadway, New York.

A Heretofore Unsupplied Want.

THE
National Almanac
AND
ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863,

FURNISHING MORE FULL, ACCURATE, RECENT, AND INTERESTING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR COUNTRY THAN HAS EVER BEEN ISSUED IN ANY SINGLE VOLUME.

In the extent, fulness, and accuracy of its statistics, and the variety and completeness of its details, it is believed that the NATIONAL ALMANAC for surpasses any previous statistical work on the United States, and that it must become such a hand-book of reference for every thinking citizen, as to our NATIONAL, MILITARY, and NAVAL condition as every person will need.

Notwithstanding the great labor and expense in getting up this work (over five thousand dollars), and the price of paper, it is furnished at low prices.

12mo, 700 pages, bound in Boards . . . . $1 00; or substantially bound in Muslin, $1 25.

Sent free, by mail, on receipt of price.

Address GEORGE W. CHILDS, Publisher,
628 and 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

The Craig Microscope.

If you would like the most interesting, instructive, amusing, and useful Instrument in the world, send $5 for the Craig Microscope and 6 beautiful mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. This celebrated microscope is so simple that a child can use it, and magnifies about 10,000 times.

Address HENRY CRAIG,
150 Centre Street, New York.
Liberal discount to Dealers.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, New York. Country Merchants' Cards, Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to *copper-plate* printing at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

Male and Females.—For valuable information send 10 cents to Box 64, Athens, Me. Athens' Mass.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Price drawings of different styles of Pens and other articles everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED

S. W. II. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

Magnifying small object **5000** times. Five of different powers. Sent free. Address F. C. BROWN, Box 210, Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, or any Number from the commencement, in neat, type-tie Cover tries will send any Number by mail, *postpaid.* Each volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be mailed, *post-paid,* to any part of the United States without further charge, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-five Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 325.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE NORTH UNITED.

WE regard the mass meeting of the people which was held at Cooper Institute in this city, on 6th March, as securing the consolidation of the North on the great question of the war; and we therefore take occasion to lay before our readers the portraits of the two principal speakers, MR. JOHN VAN BUREN and MR. JAMES T. BRADY, both well-known men, lawyers of the highest rank, gentlemen of high character, and the most influential leaders of the Democracy in this city.

The meeting itself is conceded on all hands to have been a great success. The *Herald* of 7th said:

The largest and most enthusiastic war meeting ever held in this city since the memorable open-air gathering at Union Square in 1861 took place at the Cooper Institute last evening. The meeting was called for eight o'clock, but long before seven the large hall of the Institute was besieged on every side by citizens of every rank and condition in life. To say that the building was crowded to repletion is to convey a very inadequate idea of the number. Less numbers than were packed within its walls. Such unity of feeling, and warm, outspoken enthusiasm for the vigorous prosecution of the war against the rebellion have rarely been seen at any loyal and patriotic gathering.

The *Times* of the same day said:

An immense meeting of loyal citizens was held last night at Cooper Institute, embracing some four thousand of our loyal citizens, who are in favor of sustaining the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion; who are faithful to the Union and the Constitution; determined to preserve the integrity of the national laws and national territory, and to maintain the power of our flag. The hour appointed for the gathering was eight o'clock P.M., but by seven o'clock the great hall of the Institute was so thoroughly crowded that it became necessary to station policemen at the doors to prevent even further attempts on the part of thousands present to obtain admission.

The *Tribune* said:

The magnificent uprising of the people, and the noble-loyal spectacle of the most popular men of the Democratic party, last evening, at the great mass meeting in and about the Cooper Institute, will fall with cutting weight upon armed rebels of the South, as well as upon sympathizing Copperheads in the North. New York has seen no meeting of such intensity of feeling since the memorable day in Union Square. Though earnest and telling speeches were made by Dr. Hitchcock and David Dudley Field, yet the most effective blows were struck by James T. Brady, Judge Daly, and John Van Buren—men whose great popularity with the Democratic party entitles their opinions to be taken as those of a very large mass of their fellow Democrats.

We cull a few extracts from the speeches of Messrs. Van Buren and Brady. After referring to his speeches during the late canvass, MR. VAN BUREN said:

FOR THE VIGOROUS PROSECUTION OF THE WAR.

The election came and passed, and it is no part of our province or purpose to consider the particular results, except to say that the people of the State of New York, after a very active canvass, were about equally divided, for to speak of a majority of a few thousand in a canvass in poll of six hundred odd thousand is simply to say that they were about equally divided, and the same was true of the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania; the majority in these great Central States was trifling, and to-day, to-night, while we are here, the people of these great central and controlling portions of these United States were very properly be regarded as about evenly divided between the two parties that were organized at the last canvass, and the future results will depend, in my humble judgment, a great deal more upon future conduct of individuals than upon any thing that has transpired in the past. [Applause.] Now we have passed through the election. There is no election in this State till next Autumn. We are assembled on the 6th of March to determine, not what New Hampshire shall do, not what Connecticut shall do, but what the people of the City of New York and of this State shall do. And there being no election pending, I hold it to be entirely preposterous to assume that people who differed during the last canvass in this State may not unite a few minutes together and tell what we think will be the end of this war—unite cordially in such measures as may be necessary to put down rebellion that has no shadow of justification. [Applause.] Under such circumstances I have been called upon by a Committee of highly respectable gentlemen to redeem the pledge made in the last campaign, to the very place where I now stand. And if I was in truth, as I then declared I was, in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and if I did truly believe that the interest of the country far transcended in importance any political and party organization that was in existence, now to come forward and say or in common with those who belonged to a different political party. [Applause.] Such being the fact, I have no hesitation in saying that I cordially agree to the resolutions that have been adopted. [Applause.] I am for the vigorous prosecution of the war. [Applause.] I am for the prosecution of the war until this rebellion is wholly overthrown. [Applause.] I am for destroying the usurped Government that has been set up over the Southern States, and this thing that calls itself a Confederate Government; and until that is done I hold that all propositions for peace are entirely preposterous and absurd. [Applause.] Now being for the war, I am necessarily with every body that is for the war; and being opposed to peace, I am necessarily opposed to every body that is for peace.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE COPPERHEADS.

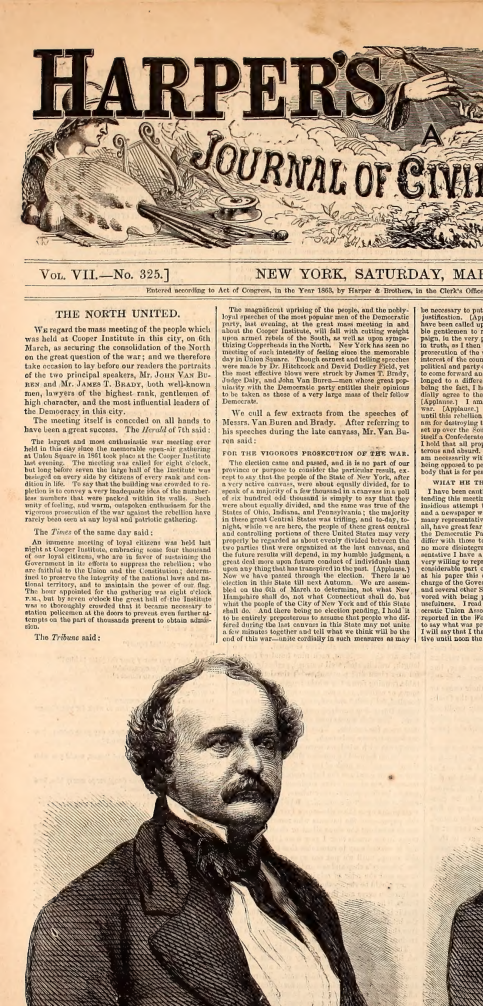
I have been continued by a great many people about attending this meeting to-night. I was told that it was an insidious attempt to disintegrate the Democratic Party, and a newspaper which joined us last Fall [Laughter], and many representatives in Congress who never joined us at all, have great fear that I will do something to disintegrate the Democratic Party. Now, if the whole party should differ with them to whom I have adverted, we should be no more disintegrated than we were before. My representative I have a very high opinion of. He seems to be very willing to represent the whole of our State and a very considerable part of New Jersey [Laughter], and looking at his paper this evening I perceive that he has taken charge of the Governments of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and several other States. It is not often that a man is favored with being provided with such extensive plans of usefulness. I read a speech that he made before the Democratic Union Association on the 5th of March, as it was reported in the *World* on the 6th. Without undertaking to say what was proper for him to say or for him to omit, I will say that I thank God that he was not my representative until noon the next day.

WHERE THE DEMOCRACY STAND.

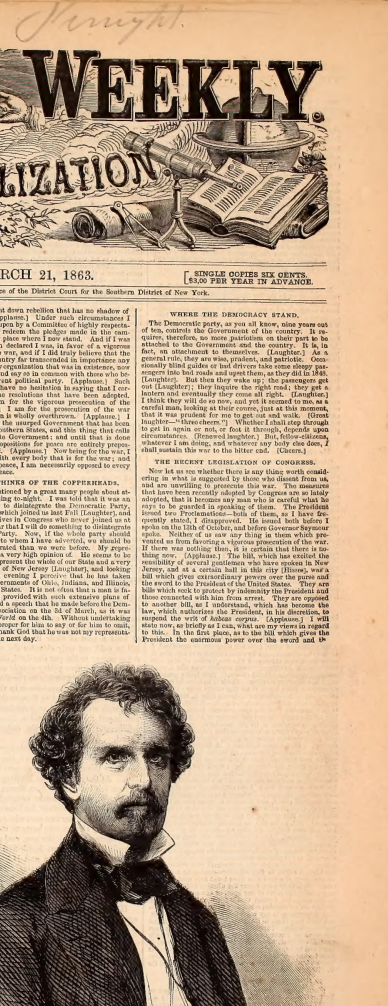
The Democratic party, as you all know, nine years out of ten, controls the Government of the country. It requires, therefore, no more patriotism on their part to be attached to the Government and the country. It is, in fact, an attachment to themselves. [Laughter.] As a general rule, they are wise, prudent, and patriotic. Occasionally blind guides or bad drivers take some sleepy passengers into bad roads and upset them, as they did in 1848. [Laughter. But then they wake up; the passengers get out [Laughter]; they inquire the right road; they get a lantern and eventually they come all right. [Laughter.] I think they will do so now, and yet it seemed to me, as a careful man, looking at their course, just at this moment, that it was prudent for me to get out and walk. [Great laughter.—three cheers.!] Whether I shall step through to get in again or not, or find it through, depends upon circumstances. [Renewed laughter.] But, fellow-citizens, whatever I am doing, and whatever any body else does, I shall sustain this war to the bitter end. [Cheers.]

THE RECENT LEGISLATION OF CONGRESS.

Now let us see whether there is any thing worth considering in what is suggested by those who dissent from us, and are unwilling to prosecute this war. The measures that have been recently adopted by Congress are as lately adopted, that it becomes any man who is careful what he says to be guarded in speaking of them. The President issued two Proclamations—both of them, as I have frequently stated, I disapproved. He issued both before I spoke on the 13th of October, and before Governor Seymour spoke. Neither of us saw any thing in them which prevented us from favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war. If there was nothing then, it is certain that there is nothing new. [Applause.] The bill, which has entitled the sensibility of several gentlemen who have spoken in New Jersey, and at a certain hall in this city [Hisses], was a bill which gives extraordinary powers over the purse and the sword to the President of the United States. They are bills which seek to protect by indemnity the President and those connected with him from arrest. They are opposed to another bill, as I understand, which has become the law, which authorizes the President, in his discretion, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. [Applause.] I will state now, as briefly as I can, what are my views in regard to this. In the first place, as to the bill which gives the President the enormous power over the sword and the



HON. JOHN VAN BUREN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



JAMES T. BRADY, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

pose. I agree that it makes him almost a dictator. I agree that it is a very great stretch of power.

Mr. Van Buren then went on to show that when the Boundary dispute arose, in 1839, Congress conferred upon the President precisely similar powers to those which have lately been placed in Mr. Lincoln's hands. He spoke of the passage of the bill (in 1839) as follows:

Now how do you suppose that bill passed? It put the whole pures and sword into the absolute power of the President of the United States. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, men perhaps inferior to the sohns of our day [Laughter]—were members then from Senaca. The bill passed the Senate, and there three statesmen—although all violently opposed personally and politically to the then President of the United States—voted for the bill, and it passed the Senate unanimously. [Applause.] It passed the House of Representatives, after a full discussion, by a vote of 201 to 6, and the leader of that 6 was Mr. Henry A. Wise, [Hiss] the bold Brigadier who distinguished himself so greatly at Nagoot Head [Laughter] while his brigade was fighting and his son dying. [Applause.]

HE SEES NOTHING WRONG IN IT.

Now, gentlemen, there is nothing to be made judgment, therefore, in the law passed putting this enormous power in the possession of the President of the United States to deter me for searching in a vigorous prosecution of the war. I say, I can very well understand how M'r sympathies with the rebellion—if I deemed that this war should fail—could prompt him and others in opposing flaws in this act. But if I believed that substantial judgment required the great ends of prosecuting the war demand that the whole power of the Government shall be lodged in the Congress of the United States in the President of the United States. I would bow in silence to the act whether I approved of it or not. [Prolonged cheers.] If the President of the United States had usurped these powers there might be a degree of propriety in complaining it; but when the representatives of the people, legally elected, in the exercise of discretion, assume the responsibility of lodging these trusts in him, in my humble judgment, and certainly in view of the precedent to which I have referred, no wise man will ever complain of the act. [Applause.]

CHARGE ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

He concludes as follows:

Gentlemen, we must depend upon ourselves, if we can fight this battle to victory; we shall—if we win it, it shall be defeated. But beyond all earthly considerations we must look to our highest considerations—whether we are united I have no doubt about the result. I do not look forward to a long war, because many people in the North in the habit of modern times to have long wars. The great Superpowers in the regions of destruction and creation to bring war rapidly to a close. The Russian campaign was not long; from its campaign was a million men. It is my judgment the war will be a short one if we are united to put forward the whole power of the loyal States of the Union. With our immense population and resources we ought to end this war in many days. Sherman is now in New Orleans, at Vicksburg, at Charleston, and in Tennessee. Nothing stops him. He marches through the country and will—Union—and my word for it, in ninety days every body will wonder that this rebellion was not upheaved as formidable in any portion of the United States. [Prolonged cheers.]

Mr. Brady was equally decided. After referring to his position as the descendant of an Irishman, and an American citizen, he went on to say:

FOR THE UNION ALWAYS.

That grave of mine, however unnamed or unnoticed, I want to be identified by some humble stone that will tell some heart that cleaves to the recollection of him who came to this land of freedom, whose country was the first cause of America. (Loud cheers.) That is my country, and I am a citizen of that country. There is no man who will attempt that there is to be flag except ours that I can ever accept. I will never be a slave from it, but I want to be aided to it without murder. I agree—[Cheers]—rights to be accumulated till the day when the United States, in fact as in law, shall be the gallant history of its past and the glorious associations of its present—no glory of the prospects equal to—[Cheers]—that this country for us, now and hereafter, one country, one constitution, and one destiny. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I am afraid I have trespassed to me from the *Express*—[A terrific burst of hooting, yelling, and hissing followed the allusion to the *Express*.] You may think, my friends, that I made this joke expressly for this occasion, but I assure you that the war is not for abolitionists, and that Brady would not be present. [Great laughter and cheering.] I am satisfied to see such men as—[Continued laughter]—for there is so much individuality, and spiritual purity, and tendency to grow more pure in meeting, charged with patriotism and devotion to country that I prefer to associate with them [Laughter]—with the plaisez.] But, so far as I am capable of knowing myself, I am here with the Democracy—[Cheers]—here with the undimmed applause. And although from the very first time I ever took the stump in public to this time when I address you, many of you know opposed to me, as I well understand, in the political associations that existed, and the general question which has determined who should hold the highest offices in the republic—nevertheless, I say that the assertion of a hand who have loved this country even better than their own lives, and not whether there be fifty may obtain the mind of any man, or any number of men in this assembly, that I am not a patriot to-day. I do not present on an occasion when any human being would attack hypocrisy or cant. I have said that I have always been, and I have ever done, to the preservation of the Union and the Constitution. [Applause and three cheers for Brady the name of Yankee applied to me. I accept it in the spirit of our fathers, who were revolutionary patriots, and if there can be found no more of disgrace to be attached to it than the name of Yankee, I am willing to accept it with contentment, whether slavery exists or falls, I thank God for it. [Great applause.] Three cheers for Brady!

HE WOULD SPIT ON A COPPERHEAD.

When this war broke out, I knew that it was urged on by the rebels. I spoke it might terminate, but I protested that they had prepared an attack. When they prefered the issue, and made other feels, I was ready to go with for the National dignity to retain these fortresses. They forces—and I am willing to be counted one of them—that I speak to the Northern men who take any political except the rebellion. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I am not a politician. Since this meeting I surrender all party considerations, all thoughts of party, to be Governor of the State. Abstract in the hope of patriotic and oppressed people every where. I invoke you to the best efforts of every man here who would destroy this refuge for the oppressed. [Cheers.]

WHAT HE CARE TO THE NEGRO.

I was beset by a gentleman for whom I have a great respect, who wondered whether I would speak to-night as a meeting where gentlemen always opposed to me and his wife would be present, and where, perhaps, a more free from stronger than ever entered our nature might be exhibited. I differ with many of you with regard to the cause and conduct, prosecution and probable result of the war in which we are engaged. But, with this difference, however others may applaud, however censure me, I would be false to the faith I have long cherished wrong, who found here a home and a refuge from the persecution and oppression of that doctrine I will not name. In a first speaker referred, if I did not use my first and last breath, and every power I had power of my heart in advance of words in praying Heaven for the preservation of the American Government and country. I shall not mention the name, but I will say that he did not belong to this State.

THE SOUTH TO BE OCCUPIED.

You ask me how this thing is to end? You propose, gentlemen of the South, that there shall be two governments on this soil, armed governments, striving with each other in the presence of the great lesson of history, in which every school-boy is acquainted. I refer you to the Federalist, to the articles of Alexander Hamilton, in regard to the possibility of maintaining separate organizations of government upon this continent. And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, I propose to answer that question to my Southern friends—what will come of this war? You say that you will never consent to be united with us. We say that we will never agree to the existence of two military governments arising out of the same people on the same territory. The issue is distinct. What is this thing to be resolved? I will tell you my prophecy, and yet I am confident we will differ in opinion with me. I remember, on an occasion when we celebrated St. Patrick's Day, whom we called Irish quack Dr. Brady and Judge of Sessions, General Shields—whose name is honored—looked to the Irish green flag, which, having located a blacksmith's shop, a tavern, or school-house, he saw was known as the Irish flag. I will tell you. There is no humorous terms of the Yankee out West who cooked a chicken to the Irish flag. Gentlemen, I propose to tell my Southern friends, continued Mr. Brady, from the position I occupy, that you will never destroy a single institution which they call slavery—which, unlike many in this assembly, I would propose to abolish by law, and declared upon his breast announced him "a drunkard." The hostess of the wife woman was touched, and she expressed her opinion of the discipline in the most violent terms. It was not consistent with good order, of course, that such censure of official acts should be recklessly made, and the guard politely told her that he had orders not to suffer such talk. Upon which the apparent lady wheeled upon him suddenly, and roared out, "You go to h—!" which is not a part of the hospital. The soldier only proved that he was a gentleman, and the wellbred woman that she was no lady.

The regular female nurses in this hospital are Sisters of Charity, who are required to be over age of the sick. They move noiselessly about in their plain garb and stiff, white-winged caps. No breath of slander disturbs them. The women's organ and lady had never heard an injurious whisper about them. There is a little room at the entrance of each ward for the office of nursing. As they glide by the vision of Evangeline follows them:

"Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy to visit the poor.
Lookel up into her face, and thought, Indeed, to behold there
Stories of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles."

The dress of every sister needs no special moral heroism of the finest quality, whether it actually exist under it or not. To devote one's self entirely to the care of the sick and the dying, without fame or great reward, and with only the consciousness of simple duty done, is a kind of heroism which any who work in the way that seems most agreeable, and for the highest attainable rewards of fame, position, or money, can not well understand.

It is not possible to describe such a vast hospital as this very intelligibly. Yet you may have some idea of it, if you fancy a letter H with very long sides and narrow cross-piece. The cross-piece is the building of offices and rooms of the director and surgical staff are situated. The two sides are the corridors, each nine hundred feet in length, well lighted, well warmed, perfectly theoretical and clean and pleasant, with the long meestable running down the whole length. The commissary is well and on a generous scale. For the hospital, fully filled and officered, would contain between thirty-five hundred and four thousand persons. The sick wards open out of the long corridors upon the outside. They have sixty or a hundred-and-twenty beds each. Each ward is a spacious house with a large open both sides, and with a ventilation secured by opening slides along the entire ridge-pole or peak of the roof. At the further end of each ward is a large bath-room and closet for ter-work,'in charge of an engineer section which secures perfect purity every where. The beds are comfortable, and the sheets airy and odorless. There were prints upon the walls—some I recognized from Punch paper—and other pictures which remained. In the wards sat about the stove silent or chatting. Not many in the wards that I saw were lying in bed; and it was not unusual to encounter that it was a huge sick camp, until we put our eyes and noses into the potentary's shop and saw and smelled the jars of drugs and the array of medicine bottles. Nothing happy would be the apothecary of any other village of thirteen acres and three or four thousand inhabitants, if he should see the practice done in this shop. But it is only in an apothecary's paradise that all the inhabitants take pills and potions daily. Is it true that the physicians have done that best to introduce that beaven on earth?

There was the guard-room into which we looked like the interior of any city guard-room or prisons upon some *monstrum ingens* of a man-of-war such as Gustave Doré would draw. There were the kitchens—the great kitchen for cooking the daily rations, with vast boilers in which Behemoth himself might be boiled down like strong soup; and the clean, comely cisterns of milk in the milk-room; and then the laundry, and the storerooms of the commissary, pulls, clothing, drugs—the village "store," in fact, without the groceries; and the magazine of choice gifts from the benevolent. Every thing was in order—every thing neat, bright, and accessible. The machine was in full play, and worked so perfectly that you heard no creak, felt no jar, and smelled no oil. There was immense activity, but little apparent effort, and no visible friction. Was it because the main shafts, the principal wheels, and the motive power of the executive office, was of such solid force and impulse?

The medical staff of the hospital has been recently opened. It was full of quiet readers and lookers and players, for the room of games came out of it, and there were grave adepts in chess-checkers, and dominoes. The observation of the literature most in request touched a tender cord. It was the illustrated paper; and I know not how many numbers of *Harper's Weekly* I saw in most active demand, and undergoing the most thorough inspection. At the end of the reading-room is a little room devoted to the library, from which the books are given out to the soldiers by ladies of the vicinity and of Philadelphia, who gladly give the necessary time and care. But the hospital is not content to take only: it gives; and there is already a number three and four of the *West Philadelphia Hospital Reporter*, which is written by the patients mainly, set up and printed by them. It is an extremely pretty paper in form and aspect. Its vignette is properly the Good Samaritan, and its contents are various, cheerful, and excellent. I mean to introduce it more fully to the great fraternity of Loungers next Saturday, perhaps, or next very soon. Let this plaintive sigh from a sick soldier show that it lacks neither truth nor solemnity; and waft us for the present gentle rest of the hospital:

"ni hak is sif and sore
ml legs are thin and woke
and when I trr to eat anything
I hecs ml ne pans kreke.

"and I want to be discharged
and get me go whale on
and ill give a green-back kwik
if I eal get out then."

FROM A DIARY.

A QUIET man of the world, who frequents clubs and our best society, who sits in a diner out and lover of the Opera, a patron who does not shrink at by sneering at the Government, and a gentleman who does not prove it by toadying rascals, should be backless, keeps a diary. He makes notes of what he sees and hears in these important days; and he permits the Lounger to extract from them what he may with propriety be printed. The Lounger hopes, therefore, to enliven his columns occasionally with passages of general interest; and he begins to-day:

Dined at ——'s. Future, a Fifth Avenue Democrat, not opposite Cato, a Democrat of another school. Fiction Cato could be no better than an Abolitionist. Cato smiled pleasantly, and quietly smoked. At last Fiction demanded that, as a consistent, Cato ought to marry his daughter to a Congo bridegroom.

"That doesn't seem to me to be the alternative," said Cato, smiling.

Oh yes! oh yes! Let's have a little gentian as well as preaching," retorted Fiction, winking at the rest of us.

"Stop a moment. You are a Democrat, I believe, Fiction?"

"Of course."

"A Jeffersonian Democrat, or a Jeffersonian-Davis Democrat?"

There was a little more smiling, and Plutus drank his wine.

"No matter," resumed Cato. "You have a cousin named ——"

"Yes."

"He is an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"He is an honest, industrious fellow?"

"Yes."

"And a voter?"

"Yes."

"And your political equal?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you marry your daughter to him?"

"They wouldn't be congenial."

"Do you have him to dinner?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I choose my company."

"Yet you wouldn't want him to work for you without wages?"

"Certainly not."

"And not him and his family to pay your debts? Nor separate them to settle your estate?"

"God forbid!"

"Nor, as he is intelligent and honest, would you wish to deprive him of his vote?"

"No, of all things."

"Yet you don't with your daughter to marry him, and you don't have him to dinner?"

"No; why should I?"

"There's no reason in the world; and why should I?"

At ——'s magnificate. The story has got into the papers. There was a Marquis of Carabbas, an Englishman, among the company. A woman tempted him, and he did wear a rollat bodge. Did he mean to insult the host and the party? Probably not. Did he know what he was doing? Of course he did, unless you suppose that he would have worn a Union badge at a party in Richmond. Then had he perhaps read Russell's Diary, and therefore supposed that the company were quite loyal? Certainly not, and heavily favorable to the rebellion? If so, he was rapidly undeceived in one instance, at least. For a young officer in many engagements, the cousin of the Englishman's confidant in a very unmistakable manner, lunkhaus, and, in fact, bowed without touching him drinkings, and bows into trinkets, did not perceive that if an American had worn a badge of any English political party, he risked at the house of an English gentleman, or at the house of one at war with a foreign or domestic enemy, and had worn at table the enemy's colors, he would not have been at all unreasonably reproof from the host of the house. An English gentleman, but at least self-respect, if he had worn the badge of the rebellion.

As for the woman who insisted upon placing on the badge, I suppose the best informed of her sex did not know and would not guess that she was no longer welcome in his house. He could not have failed to make her understand it from his whole manner. Other hosts, hostesses, and lovers were exposed to death in defending their country's cause, and the host knew that many were drinking-cups and bows into trinkets, did not perceive the force of the innocency of wearing the colors of the murderers in battle-array unrebuked.

Such disagreeable events came of assuming that because people are rich they are well-bred. One may not be too careful in choosing his company.

Last week ——'s with the — — Ellen Minister, Colonel Ernest Roumaine, and his Secretary, Dr. Bruno. The Colonel is a very pleasantly handsome man in the Spanish style, and of the most pleasing and polished manners. His wife is intelligent and accomplished, speaking English with English purity and accuracy. The qualities of brother, Secretary, and forms were fully shown at the time of Garibaldi's visit to London, and the Lounger had therefore the opportunity of encountering him with the Wigfield, and Stofield, and Tonsell, and Mason school of gentlemen. Dr. Bruno, his secretary, was educated in Paris, and is a man of great originality and information. I am sure that he finds the weather that a man of his blood and color should be a gentleman infinitely amusing. The other day Fiction asked Cato, who was sitting next to him, how he should feel if he sat next to a Hayden at dinner. "Feel!" answered Cato, "why, in the first place, I should have no feel between two of them, and if they were gentlemanly and intelligent, I felt exactly as I do with a gentleman and intelligent. I felt exactly as I do with a gentleman and the color of a man, as in his conduct, that makes him a

gentleman. I don't care to sit next to an old-clo' man; but if a Jew is well-bred and intelligent, Plutus, he is as good to sit next to as any man!"

A few of us dined Colonel Roumaine and Dr. Bruno at the Club. The dinner was delightful. Roumaine told us of the condition and prospects of Hayti, and of his friend Geffrard. Afterward we played billiards, at which the Colonel is a master. I understand some of the youth who dined Bull Run Russell at the Club were amazed to hear of our party. Probably. *Chacun à son goût.*

This morning John Bull came into the Club. "Well!" said he, "I understand that niggers have been dining here."

"Have they?" answered Alcibiades, quietly, making rings of his cigar smoke, apparently more interested in them than in Bull's remark.

"Yes, by Jove!" continued John, "and I should like to know how the *gentlemen* behaved?"

"Oh, quite decently," said Alcibiades, blowing fresh rings. "They didn't steal the spoons, nor sneer at people of a different color—no, and they didn't wear secesh badges on their coats, Bull. If they had, I, for one, would have kicked them out."

John moved on into the next room, and Alcibiades continued blowing rings.

NICKNAMES.

It is an awful thought that the citizens of the United States who are resolved to preserve their Government and country, even if slaves must be freed in the process, are to be called Abolitionists by General Beauregard at the South, and Niggerheads by the reactionists at the North. But it is one of those overwhelming blows to which we must all submit with the best grace we can. "Woollyhead" and "Black Republican" were very fearful epithets; "Fanatic," "Radical," "One-idea Men," were also terrible terms. But "Abolitionist" and "Niggerhead" are an ingenious refinement of cruelty.

Still, let us not despair. A people which, although denounced as Woollyheads, elected, by great majorities in every Free State, a President, whose election was a sign that human decency and political consistency were to have a chance in the Government, will perhaps be able to bear up under the sneers of a party which is trying to build a Republic upon the denial of human rights. Those who do not fear rebel batteries in front will not be troubled much by reactionary blackguarding in the rear. Hard names are by no means the hardest burdens to carry. Christian, Puritan, Methodist, were all contemptuous epithets; but they are not exactly contemptible facts. So there is no gentleman in Europe who does not pride himself upon being an Abolitionist. He would as soon defend cannibalism as slavery. Every wise party catches the nicknames hurled at it like the stones at St. Stephen, and proudly binds them on its forehead, where they blaze like diamonds.

It is truly dreadful to be called an Abolitionist, of course; and to be denounced as Niggerhead might well drive the coolest man to suicide. But there is one epithet which is not merely a spirt of rage and spleen like these. It is a name which burns and brands with infamy. There is many a man who, years hence, will proudly say to his children, "I was an Abolitionist in '63." But what man, who does not wish Benedict Arnold were his ancestor, will say with pride to his children, "I was a Copperhead in '63?"

A VERY THIN MASK.

When a wanton and wicked rebellion is aiming to destroy the Government, to ruin the country, to establish a political community upon the bloody denial of the rights of man, to annihilate every guarantee of civil liberty, to substitute endless and ferocious war for permanent peace, and to replace national unity, power, and prosperity by the sheerest anarchy, and a citizen of that threatened country has no word of condemnation for the effort, and expresses no fear of its consequences to the liberty of the citizen and the existence of the Government, but by all that he says, and all that he dares to do, comforts and aids that fierce assault of disorder and barbarism upon order and civilization, the indignation of every sober man and loyal citizen is kindled against him as one with all the guilt and more than the cowardice of an open rebel.

But when this man, who has not a solitary word of sympathy nor a feeling of generous forbearance toward the Government which is battling to sustain itself and save his country, declaims bitterly against any extreme but regulated measure of supreme authority necessary for that purpose as destroying all the liberties of the citizen, the feeling of indignation changes into one of utter and inexpressible contempt.

What other emotion could any faithful American citizen possibly have upon reading the Congressional speeches and the Copperhead editorials against the Conscription and *Habeas Corpus* acts?

"PRETTY GOOD HIT."

Mr. Lounger,—I read with interest the note of your correspondent Tri-Mountain last week, and I hope he will equally enjoy my anecdote.

A certain man who has long done the work of those who are now in rebellion, and has had his various rewards—a man who frankly says that if the rebellion succeeds he hopes his State will go with the rebels—meets a gentleman upon the street and says to him, jauntily:

"Well, I believe *I* will try Patriotism."

Quick as lightning the gentleman coolly replies: "In Dr. Johnson's sense?"

You will remember, as the person in question did, the definition given by Dr. Johnson, who was a high Tory, to the word Patriotism, which was then used as a party name: "*Patriotism; the last refuge of a scoundrel.*"

Stung by the prompt retort, the man turned green; thought better of it; grinned a ghastly grin, and said, "Pretty good hit."

Yours, with respect,

FAIRMOUNT.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A correspondent in the Seventy-sixth Ohio writes: Away down here in Dixie we sometimes learn some funny things about the doings of our Southern brethren when they held the country now occupied by us. For instance: When General M'Cown (rebel) was commanding at New Madrid, he was greatly alarmed one night at the reported approach of General Pope with a large force to attack the place. At once every thing was in commotion, and the General commenced making arrangements for defense. He soon found, to his horror, that he had no percussion-caps for his field-pieces. He forthwith dispatched a steamer in hot haste bearing a letter to a Colonel, an ordnance officer at Island No. 10, directing him to bring down a supply immediately. The boat reached the island in about an hour; the Colonel was found in a state of "wild but sweet ebriety." The letter was delivered to him, and he soon came aboard with a box under his arm, and the steamer returned to New Madrid. In about fifteen minutes after she landed the Colonel returned on board, and ordered the Captain of the boat to return at once with his boat to Island No. 10. The Captain said he did not think he would go, as he had other orders from Commodore Hollins. "But," says the Colonel, "you must and shall go, for by —— they sent up to me for a box of percussion-caps, and *I have brought down a box of cigars!*"

Again: A transport took on board at Eunice, Arkansas, a regiment of Secesh troops bound for Fort Pillow. The night before reaching their destination the bar-keeper found that a ten-gallon keg of whisky had been stolen from the bar by some one of the soldiers, and made complaint to the Colonel. The Colonel said he would try to discover the thief; and so, when the men were landed next day, ordered that every box, barrel, or package capable of containing the missing keg should be searched on its passage ashore. The search was made, but the keg could not be found.

About two weeks afterward the Colonel had occasion to take passage on the same boat. He was asked whether he had found out any thing about the keg of whisky. He replied: "Yes, I know all about it. I found the keg empty in camp the day after we landed. Suspecting a roguish whisky-loving scamp of having something to do with its theft, I called him up and said to him if he would tell me how he got the keg ashore I would let him off. 'Now,' says he, 'Colonel, if you'll be as good as your word, I'll tell you. I just put the keg in the bass-drum, headed the drum up, and carried the whisky ashore in that.'"

"Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates yet?" "An' sure I have, mem—every thing but the eggs; an' isn't that Biddy's work, surely?"

Old Bones is strongly opposed to exertion of any kind. In fact, he is one of the laziest men alive. Not long since he was taken ill very suddenly, and he sent in hot haste for Doctor Dobbs. The Doctor is a wiry little man, ever on the move, and rather sarcastic in his remarks. On arriving he asked Bones how he felt. "Ah, Doctor," said he, with a most wobegone visage, "it's all up with me. I feel that I can not survive long." "Bosh!" interrupted the Doctor, impatiently; "you'll never die." "Never die, Doctor! why not?" "Because you're too lazy *to give the last kick.*"

What a noise and a fuss there has been made about changing names! Of course, all the bother has been raised by gentlemen. Now we must say in favor of the beautiful sex that we do not know a single young lady (we say advisedly, a single young lady) who would have been half so particular. On the contrary, we do not know any persons who change their names with a greater willingness and a more becoming grace than ladies. In fact, we believe that the sooner they change them the better they are pleased.

If a woman does not speak her secrets with her lips, she is sure to tell them in her letters. Her pen is certain to split."

Sydney Smith says in one of his letters, "I have seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am perfectly well."

A lady, walking a few days since on the promenade at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging costs so much."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular? "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

"I am burning to be at the enemy again!" as the man whose physician had advised him to give up smoking remarked when he lit a fresh cigar.

If there are sixteen nails in one yard, how is it that there ought never to be more than five nails to a foot?

To Students in Arithmetic.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

A musician near Eccles, in Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus—G Sharp. A wag of a painter, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following significant, undeniable addition—is *A flat.*

"Your Honor was right and I was wrong—as your Honor is very apt to be," said a distinguished counselor to a presiding judge.

"One half of this generation," said an old maid, "are born to be the wives of the other half, and the mothers of all the rest."

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

The Bath *Times* speaks of men who "worship the rising *sin.*" True enough; prosperous sin always finds worshipers.

There's no use in your ever taking a lazy man to *task.* He won't perform it if you do.

The richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike has got a horse so spirituous that it always goes off in a decanter.

In a hot summer, when there is most thirst, there are fewest brooks. So of many people's charity, it is rarest when most needed.

Jones thinks that, instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies in a man in the honey-moon.



AN ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

"The Pecari, or Mexican Pig, is a very dangerous animal. There is a story related of a French traveler who climbed up a tree to escape from a drove of them; but the creatures remained around the tree until the fugitive dropped down from exhaustion, and very soon there was nothing of him left but the first letters of his name, which were L. N."—*Natural History of Mexico.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, March 4, the Thirty-seventh Congress terminated at noon. Nearly all the important measures for the support of the Government which were brought before Congress passed both Houses. None of the bills designed to assist the States in effecting the emancipation of slaves were successful in passing. The bills to admit the Territories of Nebraska, Nevada, and Colorado as States failed to get through both Houses for want of time.

Soon after the adjournment of both Houses of Congress the Senate met in extraordinary session, in accordance with the President's call; but beyond the election of Senator Foot, of Vermont, as presiding officer *pro tem.*, and the administration of the oath of office to new members, little business was transacted.

On Thursday, 5th, the Senate sat again in extra session. Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and Mr. William Sprague, of Rhode Island, were sworn in as Senators, and took their seats. The President *pro tem.*, Senator Foot, was authorized to appoint the standing committees. A resolution was adopted, returning to President Lincoln all the military nominations which expired with the late Senate. But little other business was transacted.

On Friday, 6th, in the Senate, the standing committees were announced by the President *pro tem.*, Senator Foot. A resolution was introduced for the printing of ten thousand copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office report, and four thousand copies of the acts and joint resolutions of the late session of Congress. The proposed additional rule of the Senate was called up. It requires that the oath of loyalty passed by Congress in July last shall be subscribed to by members of the Senate and House of Representatives. A long debate took place on the proposition to enforce the rule; but, without doing so, the Senate went into executive session. During the day several messages were received from the President. On the conclusion of the executive session discussion was resumed on the proposal to administer to the new Senators the "loyal oath," after which Senator Foot took the oath, and all the new Senators present followed his example. Without transacting any other business the Senate adjourned.

On Saturday, 7th, in the Senate, Senator Doolittle took the oath of loyalty prescribed by the act of July, 1862, as other newly elected Senators did on the previous day. The resolution to print ten thousand copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office report, and four thousand copies of the acts and joint resolutions of the late session, was adopted. The Senate then went into executive session on the Presidential nominations, and, on the opening of the doors, adjourned.

On Monday, 9th, and Tuesday, 10th, the Senate confirmed some nominations and adjourned.

PROCLAMATION TO DESERTERS.

The President issued on 10th an important proclamation on the matter of soldiers absent from their regiments without leave. He gives a few days' grace to all such, up to the 1st of April, at which time all those who report themselves to the nearest head-quarters, as designated by a previous order of the Secretary of War, will be restored to their respective regiments without punishment; but those who do not will be arrested as deserters and dealt with as the law directs. He warns evil-disposed persons not to give aid to the rebellion by encouraging desertion, thus weakening the strength of the armies, and exposing those troops in the field to additional danger. He calls upon all good citizens to assist in preventing disaffected parties from urging the desertion of soldiers and discouraging enlistments.

ATTACK ON FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE.

The rebels, under Captain Mosely, made an attack on Fairfax Court House on the 8th, about 2 o'clock A.M., capturing General H. Stoughton, who was in command there, together with all the men detached from his brigade, 110 horses, and the patrols of the Provost Marshal. He entered the place during a violent rain storm, and took the head-quarters of the General completely by surprise. An orderly who escaped and returned to Fairfax states that the enemy were retreating, with our cavalry in close pursuit, and that they were running so hastily for their lives that they abandoned thirty of the prisoners they had previously captured.

REBEL RUMORS.

The Richmond journals of the 6th inst. contain the extraordinary rumors that the *Indianola* has been blown up by the rebels, but that her armament fell into the hands of the Federals. Admiral Porter dispatched to Washington on 8th that both the *Indianola* and *Webb* were destroyed in the late engagement.

The rebel papers further state the rebel Van Dorn repulsed a Union force near Franklin on the 1st inst., and captured 2200 officers and men. An attack on Port Hudson by General Banks's forces was looked upon in Richmond as immediate.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "NASHVILLE."

The story of the total destruction of the rebel steamer *Nashville*, in the Ogeechee River, near Savannah, is confirmed by the Richmond papers, which state that she grounded on the bar before Fort M'Allister on the 27th ult., and was discovered by the Union fleet, one of which opened fire on her for two hours and a half, and finally got a shell on board, which set her on fire, and left her a complete wreck. During the attack the fort kept up a fire on the Union gun-boat, and hit her twice. The gun-boat returned the shots, but, as far as known, did no damage to Fort M'Allister.

A FIGHT NEAR FRANKLIN.

Our news from Nashville reports a further renewal of the fight between our troops and the rebels under Van Dorn, at Springville, near Franklin, Tennessee, on 5th. General Van Dorn is said to have eighteen thousand men under his command, and the Union force, being very inferior in numbers, were defeated. Three regiments of infantry, under Coburn, of the Thirty-third Indiana, were entirely cut to pieces or captured. The cavalry and artillery, numbering five hundred of the former, and one battery, escaped. The men fought splendidly throughout the whole day; but the heavy fire of the enemy's batteries in front, and the movements of vastly superior numbers on their flanks, were too much for them. General Gilbert was expected to come up with reinforcements from Franklin, but he did not arrive.

RECONNOISSANCE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The Army of the Potomac has been making a demonstration. An expedition, under Colonel Phelps, which left Belle Plain in steamers on Tuesday for Northumberland County, made a most successful thing of it, and returned to head-quarters on 6th. The troops visited Heathsville, which they found deserted by the rebels. Then, throwing out large foraging parties from that base into Lancaster County and in other directions, they succeeded in capturing one thousand bushels of corn, fifty horses and mules, a large number of fine beef cattle and quite an amount of medical stores. Two post-offices and several stores were visited, and two important rebel mails captured. The cavalry also seized a large number of horses and mules, and are now on their way overland to Fredericksburg. Some prisoners were also taken, among them Colonel Claybrook, a prominent rebel officer, and two clerks of the departments at Richmond, with a quantity of correspondence for citizens of Baltimore, and official papers addressed to parties in London, to the care of Baring Brothers. The country was quite deserted and almost barren of every thing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

REVULSION IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

There was a great demonstration at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool on the 19th ult., in support of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The Liverpool *Post* says that a more unanimous meeting was never witnessed on any question on which public opinion has been divided. Resolutions applauding the course of Mr. Lincoln on the slavery question, and an address to be presented to him through Mr. Adams were adopted. Some uproar and confusion occurred toward the conclusion of the meeting; but with this exception every thing passed off very happily. On the same evening a meeting was held at Carlisle, and a similar series of resolutions were carried with enthusiasm, and almost unanimously. The conduct of the Lord Mayor of London in fêting Mr. Mason, the Minister of the Confederate Government, was strongly reprobated at the Carlisle gathering.

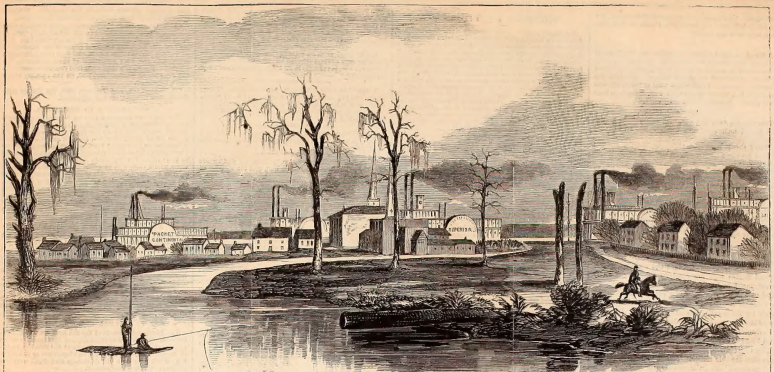
A REBEL LOAN.

The latest reports from the Continent of Europe inform us that the rebel agents had succeeded in effecting a large loan of money based on cotton at a fixed price, or cotton at option, at seven per cent. Paris letters, dated on the 20th ult. say that the contract for the Confederate loan had been received for three millions of pounds sterling in bonds at seven per cent., exchangeable for cotton at option. The London *Times*, in its city article, says: "The cotton thus hypothecated will be first available for shipment to Europe," as the government—rebel it is to be presumed—possesses all the means of transport from the interior to the ports.

MEXICO.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION.

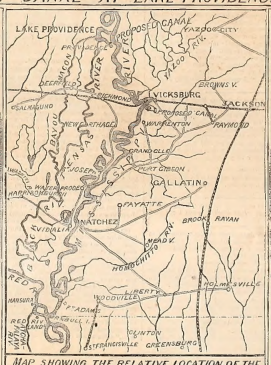
The papers publish the proclamation of General Forey to the Mexican people, signalizing his intended and immediate advance upon the City of the Montezumas. The fate of Mexico is therefore in the balance. Although the French General speaks with words of softness to the inhabitants of this invaded land, we must not doubt that he will fight his way furiously to the long-coveted capital. The accounts of his movements are so uncertain that we know not whether he intends to storm the heights of Puebla or endeavor to turn that formidable position. As the day for the French advance was fixed for the 21st or 22d of last month, it is evident, unless some serious obstacles interposed, that the *coup de grace* has already been struck. General Forey does not seem so confident of success as his partisans may be inclined to believe; but as the die is now cast, Mexico must either be lost or won.



THE CANAL AT LAKE PROVIDENCE.



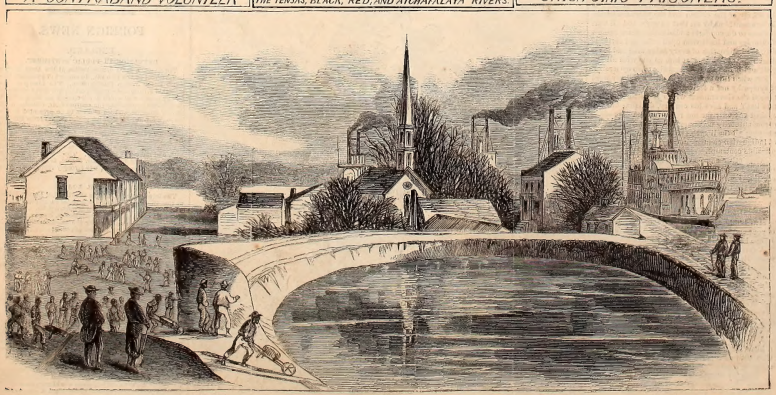
A "CONTRABAND VOLUNTEER



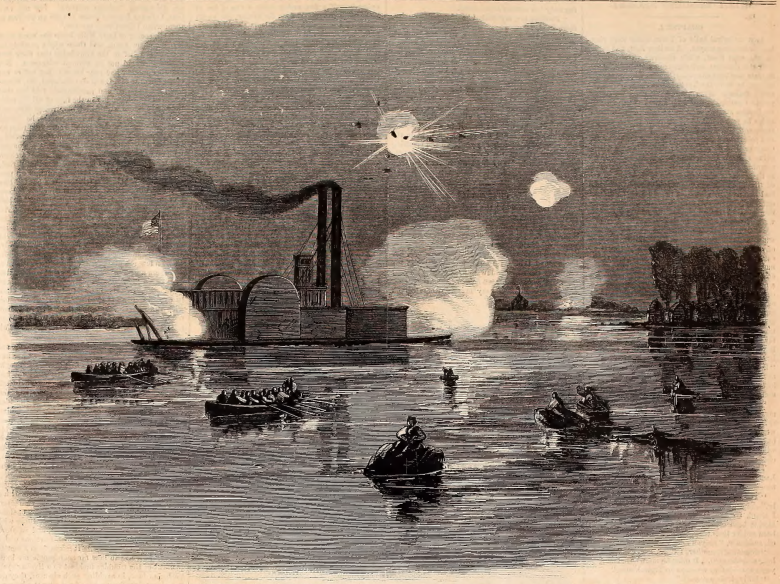
MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE LOCATION OF THE PROPOSED CANAL, LAKE PROVIDENCE BAYOU MACON THE TENSAS, BLACK, RED, AND ATCHAFALAYA RIVERS.



UNION JIM'S PRISONERS.



Cutting the Levees at Providence.—[See Page 187.]



THE LOSS OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."—SKETCHED BY MR. M'CULLAGH.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



REPAIRING THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

MILLY LESLIE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

THE cathedral bells of Trowchester were ringing for evening prayer. A mellow light had fallen on the west front, while shadows were creeping over the cloisters and throwing the old buildings in their rear into obscurity. No noiseless hand had striven to renovate Trowchester Cathedral. The north transept alone served for the purposes of public worship, and if any visitor of antiquarian tendencies attempted to stray toward the nave or aisles he was followed by an anxious verger, who represented to him the danger of his wanderings, and pointed out the positive order of the Dean and Chapter that no one should penetrate beyond the given range. Ominous noises, heard in the quiet morning and evening, but perhaps more alarming in their reality when occurring at noonday, warned the inhabitants of the neighborhood that Time had laid no gentle hand on the massive walls; yet externally there was no sign of ruin, and now, as they stood in the last glow of the wintry sunset, it was difficult to believe in their decay.

Hurrying past the cathedral and onward toward the market-cross came Milly Leslie, the wife of a clergyman officiating at the only chapel of ease in Trowchester. She turned down one of the narrow streets that led to the suburbs, and knocked at the door of a small old-fashioned house with a projecting upper story. An elderly woman who opened the door shook her head sadly as she looked at Milly and led the way up stairs, where, on her bed, a woman still young, and with the remains of a delicate and refined beauty on her features, lay dying of a painful illness which had so far yielded in the mortal struggle that a short interval of comparative peace had been granted to her last hours. "Something," said physicians, "had worn Mrs. Lane out." That something was anxiety. It was expressed in her eager eyes, and in that restlessness of body which, in some degree, seems to us to lessen the anxiety of suffering.

"Dr. Burrows does not think I shall live till morning," she said, as Milly sat down by the bedside. "Months ago I entreated him to warn me when he saw my last hours of suffering approaching, in order that I might not put off till too late what I have to say to you. Send Martha to church and come back to me."

The old servant went unwillingly, and Mrs. Lane waited for the closing of the house-door before she spoke again.

"You know I have nothing to leave you, Milly," she said, at last; "my annuity dies with me. I thank God that you are loved and cared for. Had it been otherwise my last hours would have been sadder than they now are. Milly!" she added, suddenly, "do you remember your father?"

"Sometimes, mother, I think I do; but it is so long since he died. It must be more than fourteen years ago—before we came to Trowchester."

"Milly, is he not dead?"

"Not dead! Oh, mother! where is he?"

"He has been in England for more than a year."

"Why did he leave us? Mother, what mystery have you hid from me?"

"The wretched secret of my life. Your father's name—his and Lane's—is even now a reproach in men's mouths. By fraudulent means he obtained possession of property which he held in trust for others: whole families were reduced to beggars by his crime—widows and children have starved from its consequences. I came here with you, Milly, fifteen years ago, resolved, if it were possible, to keep you from the knowledge of the evil he had wrought. Deceit grew upon me, I cannot tell how, since it sprung from the love I bore my child. I called myself a widow. I made up some story of my former life that satisfied the people we have been thrown among, and I was thankful that its truth had never been called in question when Mr. Leslie asked you to be his wife. Think what the prejudices of his family would have been if the fact of your father being a convict had been known! Think of his attachment to you which induced him to hold to his engagement in defiance of the world's opinion, the knowledge of the fact would have destroyed your future happiness. Once, indeed, I tried to tell him, but my heart failed me."

"But, oh, mother! it is so unfair, so dishonest —forgive me, it is your affection for me, I know, that blinds you to the wrong-doing."

"I know it is the best. He could never have a better or truer wife than my Milly. Why should you suffer for your father's sin? For the sake of my child's peace, for the long years and days of anxiety and care, promise me, as you hope for mercy when you lie down to die, that you will never tell Robert Leslie what I have kept back from him. I do not ask it on the strength of my own claims, but I implore you. Your duty to use a furnished before your marriage to tell me he had returned a homeless man. My first impulse was to share with him the little I had. Then I thought of the ruin of your prospects from the degradation of his relationship, and the hard sentence of the world which it should be discovered. I looked around for a friend to whom I could confide my position. Of all I knew in this place I could only ask advice in this cruel strait of Mr. Wareham."

"Mr. Wareham!"

"As a lawyer and a friend he was qualified to aid me. I wrote to your father upon his suggestion, sending him what little money I could spare, and entreating him to remain in London till after your marriage."

"And you have heard from him since, mother?"

"Never—never since. A second letter I sent to the address he gave me was returned from the post-office some time ago."

"If Mr. Wareham should betray us!"

"Mr. Wareham promised me secrecy by everything he held sacred, and I hope, I pray, that he may keep his word."

Milly's head was hid in her hands, but nothing shut out the ticking of the clock that seemed noting only her mother's breathing.

"Promise me, my Milly!" said the faint voice, more feebly.

And in the deepening gloom, with her mother's head pillowed on her arm—hoping that sleep might come to the weary eyelids if she yielded—praying that she might be forgiven if in so doing she erred —Milly promised never to tell her husband her father's history, never to say or do any thing in reference to it which would alter her position as life. Leslie's wife.

Evening prayers had been said and sung. The footsteps of the passers-by vibrated through the room. Martha had let herself in at the house-door, and Milly heard her striking a light in the room beneath. Softly she came up the creaking stairs and opened the door, shading the candle with her hand. Why heed where its rays fell? Mrs. Lane was dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE house in which the Leslies lived was in one of the principal streets of Trowchester; but it was ill-contrived—its ceilings were low, and the rooms uninviting. Dark maroon curtains hung at the parlor windows. The furniture was of mahogany, and the chairs were covered with horse-hair. A large round table with a green cloth stood in the centre of the room; a few shelves filled with controversial books had been fixed against the walls, and three obelisks of gray marble decorated the



"YOU HAVE NEGLECTED SEVERAL PEOPLE WHO HAVE EVERY CLAIM UPON YOUR ATTENTION."

mantle-piece. Milly's housekeeping keys lay in a basket on the table where she was the sole symbols of feminine occupation visible. How was it possible for the room to look otherwise than hard and bare? It was here that Milly, pale and saddened, was receiving a visit from her mother-in-law. Mrs. Lane had been dead a fortnight, and Mrs. Leslie, who had never liked her, found it difficult to express sympathy with the daughter's grief. Mrs. Lane, from the beginning of Robert Leslie's acquaintance with Milly, had been obnoxious in her eyes. She was not a member of Mr. Leslie's congregation. She was undeniably poor; and there was aggravation of injuries in the fact that there was nothing tangible in her manner, either to Mr. Leslie or the rest of the small Trowchester world, to which she could reasonably object. No one had accused her of match-making for her daughter, but yet half a dozen months had not gone by ere she had entrapped Mr. Leslie into the marriage. But all women judge each other harshly; and if the tallest and gentlest among them can not be exempted from the accusation, how much the more heavily must it fall upon the hard and exacting! Mrs. Leslie had had many struggles with adverse circumstances before she had seen her son safely placed in his present position. She was the widow of a dissenting preacher of some eminence in his day. He had died soon after the birth of her son, who was the youngest of her children. She had lost three others in their infancy, and the interest that each had individually inspired in her heart was now centred in him. By the most pinching economy in her own expenses his education had been carried on satisfactorily. Often, as she sat through the winter days in a dreary lodging, depriving herself a fire, and making a cup of tea at least twice a week do duty for dinner, she would dream of a future when his talents should be matured, and he should enter the ministry, as his father had done before him. And that future was realized, though not in the way she intended; for Robert Leslie entered the Established Church, and left behind him many prejudices which had clung to his parents. She had kept her son's house for five years when his acquaintance began with Milly Lane. She did not oppose his wishes with regard to his marriage; *that* course she felt would have been a futile one; but she withdrew from his home when it was finally arranged, and settled herself down once more in solitude. Who could deny that Milly was pretty? She had large, soft brown eyes, a sweet smile, and a flitting blush that came and went on small provocations, making her face look brighter than it was in reality.

"And for this," Mrs. Leslie thought, as she turned the matter over in her mind during many a long day and longer night, "my son has married her! She can't take a class in the school: she would not know Obadiah from Hezekiah: she could not cut out a pinafore if she tried for hours: Robert might preach new-fangled doctrine for a month, and she would never find it out. What could have induced her to fall in love with a woman whose character is so utterly dissimilar to his own?"

Mrs. Leslie was sitting with her daughter-in-law: a little starner and colder than usual, from being uncertain whether Milly was sufficiently mistress of herself to receive her observations with calmness. It had been a source of bitterness to Mrs. Leslie to find that "Milly" was not merely some pet diminutive, but a name that had been actually given in baptism; and at the commencement of their acquaintance she had suggested that she might address her daughter-in-law by a more conventional one. Somehow Mr. Leslie had fallen into the same habit, and Milly had become "Emilia" in her new home.

"Your constant attendance on your mother, Emilia—though I do not say you could have acted otherwise—has greatly interfered with your duties. You have scarcely ever been to evening chapel for the last three months; and on no less than four separate occasions I have observed that Robert's tea has not been ready on his return from the Sunday-school."

All this was true; and Milly making no reply, Mrs. Leslie continued:

"You have neglected several people, too, who have every claim upon your attention. Mrs. Bowle's Jemima has had measles: you have never once sent to inquire after her. Mrs. Crawley's cook and housemaid left her without notice: you should have offered her the services of one of the upper girls in the school. There little civilities are expected from a person in your position. Mr. Wareham tells me he has called twice when he knew you were at home, but that he has not seen you. Why is this? He is by far the most important and the most liberal member of your husband's congregation: he ought not to be slighted. He will most probably come in with your husband from the savings-bank this morning, and I beg you will not go up to your own room when they are discussing business matters. For my own part, I always found it better to take an interest in them when I lived with my son."

Well, sooner or later Milly knew she must meet Mr. Wareham again, and there might possibly be a sense of relief in the knowledge that their first interview would not be without witnesses. Not even her mother had ever known of her before her engagement to Mr. Leslie was declared, Mr. Wareham had suddenly and passionately told her that he loved her, and offered her in the face of the coldness and reserve with which she treated him, and that, let her answer be what it might, he should love her as long as they both lived. She remembered that she had turned from him with something like disgust—that his eye had glared for a moment like a madman's, and a vague dread of Mr. Wareham had taken possession of her mind from that period. To whom her mother's secret with him, of all persons in the world! She felt there was but one line of conduct to pursue. She must endeavor to keep in ignorance of the fact that her mother had confided to her the whole wretched history. All this, and much more in detail—not one among us can put on paper the thousand threads that form the woof of the human mind—all this had occurred to Milly when her mother-in-law announced Mr. Wareham's intended visit. He came in with Mr. Leslie a few minutes afterward. Never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast than that which existed between the two men. Mr. Leslie was tall and spare, with strongly-marked features, and a kindly expression in his eyes which was at variance with the severe set of his mouth. Mr. Wareham represented the opposite type. He was stout and tall: his face fair and handsome: his manners almost affectedly frank and open-hearted.

Poor Milly! Her eyes met Mr. Wareham's, and he knew in that one hurried glance that her mother had left the secrets in her keeping. He thought he had never seen her look so pretty since she had been Mr. Leslie's wife. Some strange sort of fascination drew her eyes to his, again and again, and he felt an intense degree of triumph in the idea that he might have it in his power to revenge himself for the cruel look of dislike which had seemed to sink into his very soul when he declared his love for her. A change was working in him which he made no effort to check. He had had no anger to ask her for love or her pity. It might be soon; it might be in the years to come: some day she should feel herself in his power.

If Milly's greeting was more shy and nervous than usual, her mother-in-law stored for it with a grim severity which was not always the characteristic of her manner. Mrs. Leslie had one of those natures which never feel antipathies for persons with whom they are brought in contact, and who are equally far from yielding to the attractions which are recognized by others. It might form a matter of speculation as to how far such people are independent of the troubles incident to a livelier sympathy,—or how, in avoiding such chances, they debar themselves from some of the purest pleasures of humanity. They grow up around us, and we cease to look for signs of interest from them: like trees on which we never hope to find fruit.

Mr. Wareham had some peculiarities—an occasional freedom of manner among them—that passed unheeded by Mrs. Leslie. Not so with her son. It was often a subject of regret to him that his chief supporter was a man whom somehow he felt he could not respect, although he had no definite cause of complaint against him; but Mr. Leslie was of an unsuspicious nature in spite of his reserve, and Wareham was too much in earnest from this time forth to risk the betrayal of his purpose by carelessness in Leslie's presence. And so the three sat and talked of the schools, and the charities, and the savings-bank, and debated whether the chapel walls would require white-washing in the following half year, and wondered if Mr. Larkins's bequest would be free from legacy duty. And Milly sat and listened, and felt as if a web were weaving round her, and that, struggle as she might, she would never be free again.

CHAPTER III.

WE can all remember some hours in our past life when the light has seemed brighter, the shadow darker, the joy fuller, and the pain sharper than at other periods. But we have probably passed from inexperience to maturity, and we have learned to check wholesale expenditure of the circumstances would awaken the sensations which now stand out with such terrible distinctness. In after-times, many little incidents were picked up by Milly's knees, and she thanked the Great Giver of Happiness for the full measure in which it had been forgotten: she only felt as if she should remember to her dying day all she went through at this time, to the exclusion of the rest of her life.

Wareham was more of a Sybarite than any other man in Trowchester. He lived at the back of his house in order to avoid the din of the market-place, and rose late in the day; so that Milly contrived, when necessity carried her into his nearer neighborhood, it should be at an hour in the morning when his most important client would have failed to rouse him from his bed. But she could not avoid meeting him at her mother-in-law's. Mrs. Leslie enjoyed nothing better in her cold debilitating way than entertaining her friends at lunch. Mr. Wareham, and two or three of Mr. Leslie's congregation in the evening.

It was not a sociable meeting. The visitors clung tenaciously to their tea-cups, as if they dreaded the interval that must elapse before politeness would permit them to go away; and Mrs. Leslie's thoughts were perpetually wandering back to the early days of her marriage, when the social gatherings of her sect had been of the severest possible character, strangely contrasting with the lukewarm dispositions of religious feeling among her son's

friends. Mr. Leslie invariably declined to avail himself of the opportunities his mother threw in his way on these occasions of expounding the particular views she loved to hear dwelt upon. In her heart she accused him of undue tolerance of other people's tenets, and of some small amount of moral cowardice when he failed to express himself strongly in defense of the opinions of his childhood. It was on such evenings that all Milly's care and watchfulness were required to keep Mr. Wareham from her side. Gossips had begun to say that young Mrs. Leslie had grown strangely talkative with slight acquaintances, and her husband often looked round in astonishment when she seemed to be asking questions at random. Once or twice, when he heard her laugh with half a dozen people around her, he found himself wishing he had seen tears running down her cheeks instead; something in her voice so smote upon his heart. But she was trying hard to be cheerful, to take an interest in the small affairs of their community, to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and to hold herself aloof from Mr. Wareham, without giving him cause for offense. With such weak weapons as these was she fighting off the evil day.

It came at last. One Tuesday morning—day, week, month, year, how they clung to Milly's memory afterward!—she was sitting at breakfast with Mr. Leslie, when, looking up, she met his eyes fixed on her with an earnest look she had never seen in them before. He had in his hand a letter which he had just read through, and which he folded up slowly and thoughtfully, and put in his pocket-book. Had she felt less shy she would have asked him if he had had bad news; but as it was, she sat glancing timidly at his face, and waiting for him to speak to her. He did so at last.

"I must go to London by the next train," he said, "and I shall not be back till Thursday. I must ask Mr. Broughton to take the Wednesday evening service for me. Go and fetch your bonnet while I write to him, and walk down to the station with me."

She ran up stairs in a moment. He so rarely asked her to go out, excepting on those occasions when their being separate would have excited remark, that her heart beat with pleasure at the prospect of a walk with him. His preparations were soon made. Again, as they stood in the doorway, she caught his eyes intently bent upon her, and tears rose to hers she knew not why. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. He had left home for a few days at least half a dozen times before, and yet he had never done so. Well! it was a day of wonders.

On her way home she met Mrs. Leslie coming toward the station, full of curiosity to ascertain what urgent business had called her son to London. Milly did not know: she had not asked him. How often is ignorance as irritating as superior knowledge!

"Not asked him!" said Mrs. Leslie, indignantly. "You would let him preach in a surplice without inquiring whether he had taken leave of his senses. When my son lived with me, he never went any where without my cognizance. I really wonder at the indifference with which you see him go about his ordinary avocations without attempting to interfere; but to let him leave Trowchester, and not to know what his address is in London: to suffer him to absent himself on a Wednesday evening, too, without remonstrating with him; it is incredible!"

Milly walked on silently. She had been sunning herself in her husband's kindness, and it was like waking out of a soft, warm sleep to the reality of a winter morning to listen to Mrs. Leslie's reproaches. She did not content herself with her present grievance alone. It seemed as if her son's unaccountable absence had aroused a latent ire which she determined to expend upon his wife.

"Then, again, what is the use of a cushion in the pulpit? Robert has never touched it for the last three months. I watch him closely. The last time he struck it with any energy was on the 15th of February. He is losing all his fervor and emphasis. I certainly blame you for not constantly reminding him, as I used to do formerly, that energetic action ought always to accompany a pulpit discourse."

Milly returned to her own home, but Mrs. Leslie bent her steps to Mr. Wareham's, in search of information. She found that Mr. Wareham was unaware of any cause for her son's absence; but he was greatly abstracted and preoccupied when he learned her tidings, and so evidently anxious that her visit should be a short one, that she was obliged to take her departure without obtaining any clew to what she considered a mystery.

Later in the day Mr. Wareham presented himself at Mr. Leslie's house. He saw that Milly had turned deadly pale at his entrance, and he noticed that when she rose from her seat she steadied herself by leaning on the table near her. He, too, was pale. He had caught sight of his face in a looking-glass as he was leaving his own sitting-room, and he knew that it wore an expression which was not its ordinary one. As he sat down opposite to her, he thought, as he had done many times before, if she had been in his home, what a different place that home would have been! Even now, it was not beyond the verge of possibility. Was it likely she cared so very much for Robert Leslie? Would he not shut himself up in his coldness and reserve, if he imagined there was the slightest wavering in her duty? Wareham knew that he was morbidly sensitive on many points, and had seen him quail before a gossiping tongue. He had a plan, and if that plan succeeded Trowchester would no longer hold him. No matter. There was his brother's home in Sydney, where he would be welcome; there was a London practice which he could have at little or no sacrifice. His one object attained, the world was all before him to begin again.

"I have ventured to come, Mrs. Leslie," he said, speaking slowly, "for the purpose of discussing some private business with you. I do not know whether you are aware that shortly before your marriage your mother confided to me a very important circumstance, which she wished to remain unknown to Mr. Leslie."

Milly assented by gesture; words she could not find.

"Of course, the confidence reposed in me by Mrs. Lane—or rather Mrs. Vining, for such you are perhaps aware was her real name—has been held sacred, and I should not now put myself into communication with her daughter upon the subject, did I not think it my duty to lay before you certain facts connected with the case."

He paused, in order that his listener might speak: he was sure he heard her heart beating: an old story about a rattlesnake and a bird came into his head as he saw her sitting breathlessly waiting for what was to come.

"Shortly after, Mrs. Vining, acting upon my advice, had written to her husband; he applied to me under circumstances of great distress. He had been seized with illness: he knew his wife's inability to aid him at the time, and he felt sincere regret for the evil he had already brought upon his family. I was glad, for your mother's sake, to be able to help him in his trouble, and I have since provided him with the means of support. I did not inform your mother of Mr. Vining's application to me, because I knew, in the position in which she had placed herself with regard to Mr. Leslie, it was impossible for her to act openly in the matter, and her health was then fast failing her."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Mr. Wareham," cried Milly, tears falling from her eyes unheeded. "You spared her much anxiety at the last."

"The reason of my addressing myself to you now is this," resumed Mr. Wareham: "Mr. Vining's days are numbered. He is living at Brentnor" (this was the name of a little watering-place about seven miles from Trowchester), "and I see him whenever I can find time to drive over. He has asked me to assure you of his deep repentance of his fault, and to beg your forgiveness for the past."

"Oh, my poor father!" sobbed Milly. "Forgive him! Tell him, Mr. Wareham, that I love him dearly, and if I could only see him—"

"That I had thought of," said Mr. Wareham, "and it is possible an interview might be arranged. He wishes to hear from your own lips that you do not hate him as the cause of your mother's sufferings. Of course this could only be in Mr. Leslie's absence."

"But if I could tell him, Mr. Wareham," said Milly, "if I could only tell him! He would forgive the deception, and provide for my poor father's support, if I might only kneel down at his feet and tell him what I have suffered."

"It is not to be thought of for one moment," said Mr. Wareham. "I know his character thoroughly, and do not doubt his kindness; but I say again, it must not be. What I have done I have done, and there is, I fear, but little more to do." He rose to go. "I shall be in Brentnor to-morrow, and I will let you know, on my return, in what state I have found Mr. Vining."

Once more alone, Milly reproached herself for her ingratitude to Mr. Wareham. All the while she had been distrusting him he had been doing, without a word of thanks, what she would have given every thing she possessed not to have left undone. To picture to herself her poor broken-down father, longing for a few words of kindness from her lips; to reproach herself for not having endeavored to seek him out after her mother's death; at one moment, to long to break her promise, and tell her husband the miserable story; at the next, to try how she could hide it from him more completely—such was the current of Milly's thoughts, and bitter, and wretched, and self-humiliating they were.

The night dragged slowly on, and she rose on the following day in a fever of excitement. She watched and waited, starting at the sound of every footstep, till five o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Wareham came in hurriedly. He said he had just returned from Brentnor; he had been there all night; Mr. Vining was evidently sinking, and he feared, unless she saw him within a few hours, in this world they could not meet at all.

"Let me go to him, Mr. Wareham!" she implored. "Let me go to him!"

"If there were a railroad to Brentnor there would be no difficulty," he replied; "but the drive there and back will occupy at least three hours, and your mother-in-law would doubtless hear of your absence. Could you not excuse yourself from attending service at the chapel with her this evening, and, as soon as she has gone, take a fly to Brentnor?"

"Oh yes, yes," said Milly, who had seen all the difficulty of freeing herself from Mrs. Leslie's companionship, and was thankful for the suggestion; "but it will be dark; if I do not find a fly—"

"I will take care that one is waiting for you at the market-cross at a quarter to seven," said Mr. Wareham, "and I will give instructions to the driver. The people of the house in which your father lives are prepared for your coming."

Milly acquiesced in the arrangement.

He calculated, he said, that it would be quite possible for her to get back to Trowchester before half past nine, the time when Mr. Broughton's hearers would most likely be at liberty to return to their homes, and when her own coming in would probably pass unnoticed.

She tried to thank him, but her words were lost in her tears. How should she look her husband in the face when he returned? How should she ever wipe out the debt of gratitude she owed Mr. Wareham?

Ding, dong, ding. Ding, dong, ding. The cathedral bells again.

She had listened to them as evening after evening sped by in hope, in doubt, in misery. They were associated in her memory with the few eventful hours of her life. Now they rung warnings, reproaches, revilings into her ears. Whichever way she turned there was treachery, either to her mother's memory or her husband's love.

Mrs. Leslie, calling according to her custom, saw that her daughter-in-law looked fevered and ill, and not ungraciously accepted her excuses. The door had no sooner closed upon her than Milly ran breathlessly to her room, dressed herself in haste, and took her way to the market-cross just as the twilight was deepening into shadow. A fly was drawn up in front of the old stone pile. Milly hesitated a moment as the driver approached her.

"For Brentnor?" he said. "Mr. Wareham has given me my orders."

She got in. She noticed that a man hastily jumped upon the box beside the driver. She was in a state of feverish excitement, by which every nerve was sharpened. Her throat was parched; she could hardly draw her breath, and, with her face turned toward the open window to catch the cool air, she saw she was leaving the town of Trowchester behind her, and speeding out toward the open country.

CHAPTER IV.

Robert Leslie had concluded the business which called him to London sooner than he expected, and, unwilling to be absent from his home an hour longer than was necessary, he had put himself into a train which was due at Trowchester at seven o'clock, and was thinking over the surprise it would be to his wife to see him back again a day earlier than she expected. The railroad passed under the road which led to Brentnor, close by the station, which was nearly a mile from the market-place of Trowchester, and this distance he resolved upon walking, leaving his bag to be sent up to the town. We all know how likely we are to fall into reverie when we are not in the least hurried; when we have for the moment no dominant feeling; when we are walking—as Robert Leslie was—in a quiet, country road, the twilight almost gone, the stars flashing out at wide intervals, and shadows, deep and soft, settling on the surrounding landscape. But Mr. Leslie had been communing with himself for many a long hour. He had been married for nearly two years, and, somehow, during this time his ideal happiness had slipped farther and farther away from his grasp, and a negative kind of content occupied its place. Was Milly happy? He was afraid not. How seldom her eye grew lighter, or her cheek brighter, when he came! And yet it had been what people call a love-match. Do we not see our own faults? There are moments of self-examination when their presence and identity are no less clearly recognized than our features are in the looking-glass before us; and Mr. Leslie felt that his extreme reserve—the result, perhaps, only of his early training—had chilled the heart of his wife as distinctly as if some far-seeing friend had laid his finger on the fault and pointed it out to him. There have been some few fortunate people in the world who have been able to gather up the tangled skeins of the destinies they marred, and have woven them afresh. Mr. Leslie was doing this; thinking how Milly's should be made a brighter life; thinking that, gratefully as he had always acknowledged his mother's sacrifices in his youth, they formed no claim for a certain degree of tyranny which she had since exercised in his household; thinking how much happier Milly would be away from the dull house in Trowchester; thinking joyfully, hopefully, as he felt he had reason to do of the future: when, having reached the road that led to Brentnor, he stood for a moment, waiting for a fly, which was coming up at full speed, to pass him. Was he dreaming? Had he thought of her till his mind was leaving him? A wild cry struck his ears. "Robert! Robert!" A wild cry, as if from a voice that had no power to shriek. If indeed he were sane, it must have come from the carriage that passed him. It was almost out of sight. Utterly bewildered, he was unaware of the approach of a person on horseback from the direction of the town, a middle-aged farmer, on a large-limbed gray mare, which had carried him at a lazy pace for the last ten years. He recognized Mr. Leslie, and wished him good-evening.

"Did a carriage pass you just now?" asked Mr. Leslie, hastily, without attending to his greeting.

"Surely," was the reply.

"With a woman in it?"

"Surely."

"Mr. Lindsay—you will think it an odd request—will you lend me your mare for half an hour? I'll bring her back to you safe."

"No fear of that, Mr. Leslie," replied the farmer, good-naturedly, getting off as quickly as habitual slowness would permit him. "I'll just walk down to the station, and be here by the time you are back."

Mr. Leslie's weight was about two-thirds less than his friend's, and the mare, urged by voice and touch, started at a tolerable pace. In two or three minutes the fly was again in sight: he could see that the man seated on the box looked back several times, and the rate at which the vehicle was moving was almost doubled. On went the mare, gathering strength and spirit from her unwonted exertions: the space between the pursuer and the pursued lessening at every step; the way becoming more and more obscure.

How often in moments of strong excitement it has seemed as if dumb animals, our dogs or our horses, have sympathized more kindly with us than our fellow-creatures! Leslie was breathless with eagerness as he came within hail of the fly, and the mare could with difficulty be held in. He shouted to the driver to stop, but his voice was disregarded, and in another moment he was abreast of the vehicle. He had endeavored to overtake it, because he was persuaded he had heard his wife's voice as it passed him; but yet he was almost stupefied with astonishment when her pale face met his. To seize the driver's arm and possess himself of the reins, in spite of his resistance, was the work of a moment, when a heavy blow with the but-end of a whip, aimed at his head but falling on his shoulder, caused him to look for his assailant. It was with extreme surprise that he recognized Wareham.

They were at this juncture opposite one of the little roughly-built houses faced with round stones stuck in the clay which are every where to be seen on the south coast. Here was to be sold "Beer to be drunk on the premises;" and two or three persons, who seemed by their bewilderment by no means to have disregarded the injunction, ran out to see what had happened. Mr. Leslie sprang off the mare, and having thrown the bridle to the first-comer, forced the terrified driver to dismount. Wareham, too, had got down, perhaps still hoping that the horse might be urged on, if he could possess himself of the reins.

"Take care, Robert Leslie," he said, as they met face to face; "you had better let me pass. This evening's work will be the worst in your life if you persist in stopping my way."

Leslie, not heeding him, had opened the carriage door. Milly got out with trembling steps.

"Why are you here?" he asked, impetuously.

"Mrs. Leslie is with me with her own full consent," said Wareham. "I appeal to her to say whether this is not the truth."

There was no reply. Leslie half-carried half-dragged her into the house, and pushing open the first door, which was that of a little sanded parlor, looked in her face by the light of the solitary tallow-candle which was burning there.

"I ask you," said Leslie, steadying his voice, "why are you here?"

"Robert, forgive me; don't think ill of me," she said. "I have been tied by a sacred promise to keep a secret—"

"A secret with which *he* is acquainted?" said Leslie, indignantly pointing to Wareham, who had followed them into the room. "Till this night," he said, turning to him, "I have looked upon you and treated you as a friend. In some underhand manner you have abused this trust."

"*I* have abused no trust," replied Mr. Wareham, with emphasis.

"You are mistaken," interrupted Mr. Leslie, contemptuously, "if you think I believe my wife to be any thing but the victim of some willful misrepresentation on your part. Your malice is harmless there."

"Possibly," replied Mr. Wareham, who felt that he had but his last card to play. "Hark you, Robert Leslie! You think I owe you an explanation of this night's proceedings. Mrs. Leslie is with me voluntarily; but ostensibly, I may say, on affairs relating to certain family antecedents with which it is not desirable that you should become acquainted."

"You may speak freely," said Mr. Leslie, looking at him coldly.

"I intend to do so—in Trowchester," replied Mr. Wareham, his face growing white. "You have won from me the only woman I ever loved. Guard yourself from the tongues of the fools who have hitherto looked up to you. Hide yourself from scoffing eyes, from your mother's reproaches, from your friends' sneers. It may be a poor revenge, and it has been long in coming, but it will be some satisfaction to me to see your position, when it is known to your small world that your wife is the daughter of a returned convict."

And with that last shaft, flung with the bitterest look of hatred, Mr. Wareham turned and left the room. Mr. Leslie closed the door, and stood thoughtfully before his wife.

"It is true, Robert," she said, the tears raining from her eyes. "But I did not know it when I married you. I did not know how much I had injured you till my mother's death. My poor father wished to see me before he died, and Mr. Wareham was taking me to him."

"My poor girl! My poor Milly!" he said, taking her in his arms. "He is dead. I stood beside his grave this morning. It was to see him carried to it that I went to London. Some day we will go and look at it together. Milly, you remember the night before our marriage? I left your mother's house later than usual. I found a wretched-looking man watching by the door. He evidently knew who and what I was. At first I could hardly believe his statements; but when I recalled many circumstances connected with your mother I began to think that what he said might be true. It was a sad, sad story; and he was both ill and desperate. In the morning the whole affair would be known in Trowchester. I had but a few minutes to choose between giving you up or purchasing his silence. I took him to an out-of-the-way inn, where he could rest and refresh himself till a train started for London, and I did not lose sight of him till he was safely in it. I then wrote to an old friend in London in whom I knew I could place confidence, directing him to provide your father with necessaries, and to procure him medical advice. From time to time I have learned that all efforts to restore his health have been unavailing, and on Tuesday morning you saw me open the letter which announced his death. How Mr. Wareham got possession of the secret, and how far he intended to abuse his knowledge of it, I shall never seek to know. I only have been to blame, for I have acted like a coward from first to last. Forgive me, Milly!"

What more he said, and in what words she replied, is it not written in the memories of both?

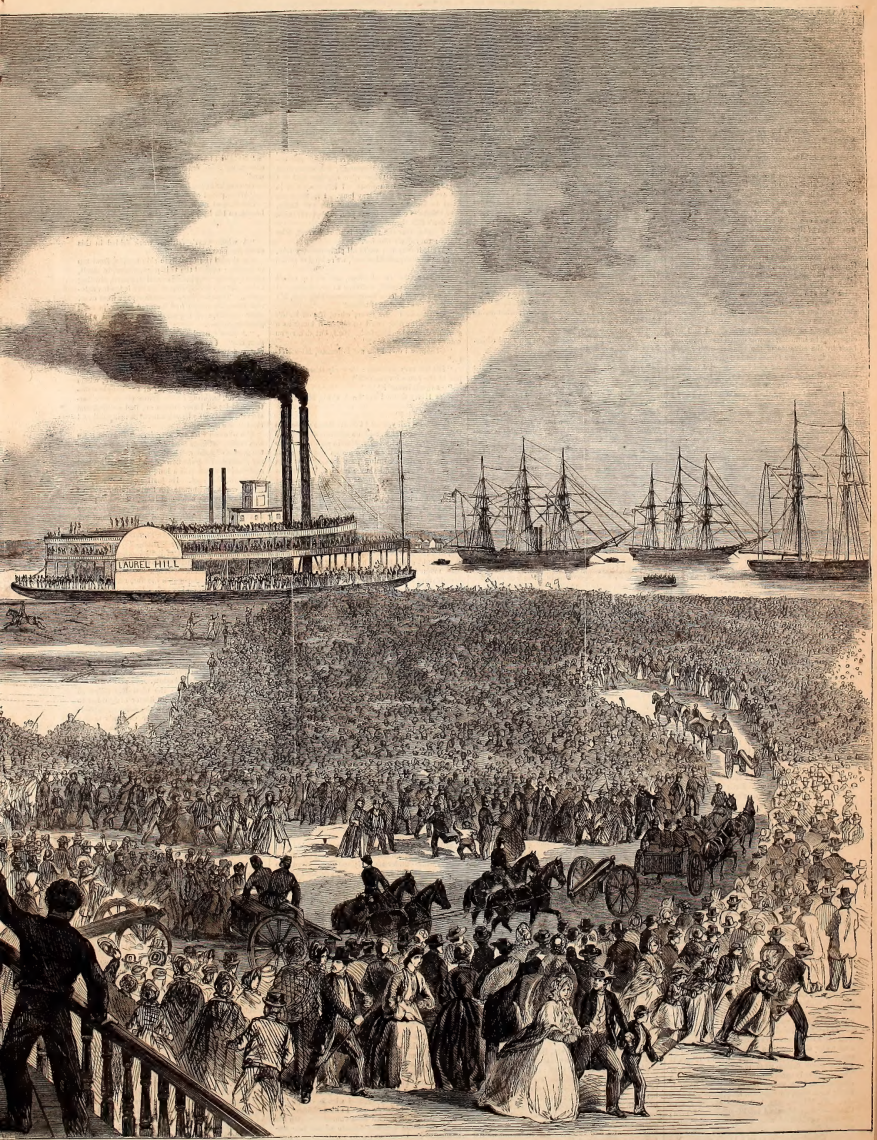
"Although the day be ever so long,
At last it will ring for evening song."

Robert Leslie and his wife left Trowchester a few weeks afterward. He had been offered a better and wider field for his ministry in London, whither his mother did not care to follow him, his successor giving her far greater satisfaction, in a doctrinal point of view, than he had ever done.

Mr. Wareham went out to Australia, having married the daughter of a farmer a few days before his departure—a kind-hearted, cherry-cheeked girl, who had long hopelessly admired him in secret, and who accepted gratefully the small amount of affection he proffered. And if the Trowchester people repeated every story but the right one concerning them all, what did it signify? We are mistaken if we think a wonder ever lasts out the nine days which the old saying allots to it.



SCENE ON THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PAR



OLED REBEL PRISONERS, FEBRUARY 20, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Hamilton.—[See Page 186.]

EXTRAORDINARY EXCITEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A VERY extraordinary exhibition of public feeling took place in New Orleans on Friday the 20th ult., which threw the whole city in the wildest excitement; but was, fortunately, attended with no serious consequences. We illustrate the scene on pages 184 and 185.

It having been publicly announced that a dago-et-truce boat would leave on Friday to convey some 382 pardoned prisoners to Baton Rouge, and there exchange them on board a rebel vessel for Port Hudson, an immense concourse of the disloyal portion of the community congregated on the levee to see them go off. The *Empire Parish*, with the prisoners on board, was lying at the foot of Canal Street, and *Laurel Hill*—second immediately ahead of her—was selected by about 1000 at least, who crowded into and upon every part of her, to see the rebel prisoners and cheer them.

The *Empire Parish* had been advertised to leave at three o'clock, and it must have been as early as now that the masses commenced to assemble. By two o'clock the whole levee, in its enormous width and extending all the way from Canal to Julia Street, was one dense sea of human heads; a large proportion of them females wearing scesh badges, and many openly waving little rebel flags—an insult not confined to their sex alone.

Seeing that matters were assuming a disgraceful if not alarming aspect, notice was sent to General Bowen, advising him of the fact, and suggesting the necessity of sending down some troops. The order was at once given, and soon a squad of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts were on the ground, and a portion of a battery came threading its way through the crowd.

The scene at this moment was grand and exciting. The immense crowds on the levee swaying back by the advance of the soldiery—the *Laurel Hill* and the *Empire Parish* both one living mass of human beings cheering vociferously—and the balconies and windows facing the river loaded in every available spot, even to the roofs—the females screaming and waving their handkerchiefs, scarfs, flags, and parasols.

The order being given, the soldiers began to make the crowd move back; a delicate task not easy to effect, as those who were all in front, unscreaming the men behind an impassable and invincible barrier of crinoline. The soldiers, however, behaved with perfect temper, patience, and decency, making no reply to the insulting taunts from hundreds of the weaker sex, but, holding their muskets horizontally, gently forced back the crowd.

The balconies were also cleared of all their demonstrative occupants, and thus at last the whole mass was granulidged into quietness, and the *Empire Parish* had to crawl off quietly in the night without that grand parade for which the rebels evidently expected, and which the scene in the levee the day clearly promised. Upon the whole, it was a disgraceful, but highly exhibiting, scene, and one which certainly ought to have been, and could have been, prevented had any ordinary means been used for avoiding its occurrence.

REPAIRING THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.

We publish on page 181 an illustration which represents the work of REPAIRING THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS. Our picture shows a forces of four or five hundred workmen, all Union men, employed by direction of the military authorities.

They are building new bulk-heads to protect this portion of the city from the danger of inundation, threatened by the steady encroachments of the Mississippi, the current sweeping into the sharp curve with great velocity, gradually wearing away and undermining the levee. The new levee, the process of construction of which is shown in the sketch, is probably but temporary, as a new one will be erected against the new bulk-head when the flood has subsided sufficiently to permit it. The large Gothic building in the back-ground is in an unfinished condition. Built for charitable purposes from a bequeathed for that object by a citizen of New Orleans named Touro, from whom it derives its name, "Touro Building," it is used at present as the head-quarters of the Native Louisiana Native Guard (colored), which regiment is in process of formation.

ONE WOMAN'S WILL.

THERE had been a grand gala in the little town of Wilton, the like of which had not been known in years. It had created more talk than campmeeting or the county fair; had flattered more fair damsels, and given more zest to gossip than any training-day inspired; for it had been a ball given by the Widow Wilton. All little towns have their great houses, but none invoked more veneration than the old Wilton manor. It was something set apart from the common grass, hidden in dense foliage, surrounded by a park which retained the familiar aspect of one yet owned by English Wiltons, and which the sacred presence few villagers ever strayed. Of course all this reserve and dignity was not maintained without some loss of feudal grandeur. Invidious criticisms were often indulged in; covetousness and envy created wider rents than Wilton hauteur; and as small matters are the natural aliment of narrow minds, great faults were made of little flaws. There were only three occupants of the great house after all, and no young ladies to make it, as it might have been, the centre of hospitality and gayety. Mr. Wilton, *pere*, had made his fortune in China—was a cold, intelligent, sensible man; his wife, an invalid, sweet-tempered and gentle; the son, Ray, a combination of both, with more beauty than is thought to be a man's share. Yet these three people were of far more account than all Wilton put together, just because they happened to be very wealthy.

Snubbed or pitied, envied or hated, none of the Wilton invitations were refused for the grand ball, and every one, after it, coincided in declaring that nothing could have been finer.

The house itself was very plain but spacious; great airy rooms and wide piazzas, somewhat bizarre from their curious quantity of Chinese furniture and ornaments; every room lighted, and the profusion of shrubs and flowers made a garden of it for the bewildered eyes of Wiltonia. Of course there had been music and dancing, and, spite of the awe which awkward country swains could not but feel in the presence of those whom their own fancy had so indulgit, ever man was put at ease by the graceful suavity of Ray Wilton. He had, as I have said, the attributes of both parents, but in manner an art of his own.

Hardly had the memory of the ball faded before there came another excitement, quite as unusual and even more exciting. Ray Wilton was engaged to be married—not to some bewitching city belle, not even to the pretty blonde Miss Davis, whom all ther was Mr. Wilton's richest tenant—but to that plain, strange, silent creature, Marian Woodward, old Mr. Woodward the clergyman's daughter.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes I do. Don't you remember her at the party, in a black silk dress, and no color in her face?"

"Aunt Sally, not that Miss Woodward!"

"What a fuss you are all making!" put in a new voice. "Marian's a very nice girl, quite genteel. She reads her father's Greek and Hebrew Bible, and she can jabber French like a 'pauly vous.'"

"But Ray, Miss Davis, and the carriages!"

"Handsome is that handsome does; what makes him better than other men?"

"But she is ugly."

"To those who like nothing but pink and white, I say she's an elegant—"

"Oh, oh!" from a chorus of voices.

"Why don't you let me go on? She is right handsome. She's got good eyes, and white teeth, and she's as straight as a rush."

"And she'll put on more airs than ever now."

"You mustn't judge Marian by yourself, Betsy Jane. Marian Woodward's no fool. You'll all go down on your knees before her if she ever is Mrs. Wilton; so you'd better change your habit of railing of people. Good-day."

I guess Hetty expects to make the wedding-dress, for she's always been Marian's friend.

"Oh no, she and Marian always were cronies. Well, well, I wonder what will happen next!"

That which did happen was the death of old Mr. Woodward, hardly to the surprise of any, though greatly to the affliction of Marian, whose life, since she was motherless, had been wonderfully dreary, had been devoted to her loving, venerable father. That had first attracted Ray Wilton toward Marian was the beauty of their mutual attachment between her and her father: it was so chivalrous, if the term may be used, so graceful, yet so warm and faithful that he had to admire it, to admire first, and afterward to love: for to know Marian Woodward was to love her. His courtship had been short and ardent; Marian, not shyly, yielded without coyness. She had a woman's natural preference for gallantry and polish, and Ray, and a very childlike trust and faith in those she loved. She was not in the least exalted at the idea of becoming a Wilton, and Ray's mother, Mr. Wilton, and Mrs. Wilton already received her with sincere expressions of regard—though village gossip avowed all its contrary.

Soon after the funeral Marian, to save herself future pain, undertook to arrange her father's effects, and among his papers found those from which she drove the blood from her cheek and set her heart palpitating with unknown fear. It contained a revelation as to her mother; that mother, at that moment, she could not collect her scattered wits. In the room where she was sitting—her father's study—was a bright fire, and Marian, kneeling, threw big hickory, hissing and crackling on top, at bottom a bed of soft, feathery ashes: one moment she had the letter in her hand—the next the paper in her hand was curling up in its smoke, but again, in a second, she had snatched it from the flame and held it again in her possession, scorched and blackened, as was also her hand.

Slowly the day passed away, and still she sat silently before the fire with this record, this secret of paper in her hand: evening came, and with it Ray Wilton, who found her in the same position, pale, stern, and fearless. She gave him the paper to read, and watched him as he too grew pale over its contents. He had forgotten to be suaved to draw her toward him; but with the embrace was gone she drew away with apparent effort, but very firmly.

"There can be no more of this, Ray. You are free again. Shall we say good-by now?"

"You are not in earnest, Marian?"

"Quite so."

"This may not be true; and even if it were, you know I love you, Marian."

"I am saving you an awkward necessity: it would have to come sooner or later."

He was pacing the floor excitedly, head down, stroking his long mustache, half thinking she was right—struggling between, as he thought, love and honor; but the two are never divided. There had never been a blot on the Wilton escutcheon. Could he be the one to blend the bar sinister on so fair a shield?

"I have thought it all out, Ray, looked at it in all lights. Let us not keep each other in suspense."

She was very cool and calm: so much so that he was nearly deceived, and felt like bursting out in bitter reproaches. But she had come to him, and put her hand softly in his. His quick pressure thrilled her with pain; for the tender white skin was more burned than in her greater pain she had been conscious of. Again he remonstrated. She was immovable, and half in anger half in sorrow he left her. That whole night she walked her bedroom floor, her burned hand stinging, her broken heart numb. In the morning she was gone, no one knew whither—not even the old servants who had charge of the rectory; and all Wilton said that Ray had jilted Marian, for he too went away to Europe.

II.

In a tiny parlor of a little cottage, on a lane leading from the Wilton highway, sat a woman sewing one cold winter evening. It was not yet evening either in the strict Northern sense; for it was not dark, and the pale light of gold that was fast being gathered up in the deep shades of purple showed that no moon was out going down behind those little western hills over which swept down a chilly breeze.

Faster than the needle went in and out of its work came the low refrain of words set to rhyme—not a song, though the voice of itself was nearly music, [and a sweet chanting of some old poem, rich in English melody—interrupted by the entrance of a brisk little personage, who came in at the moment with "How d'ye do, Marian? I just stopped in for a minute. I left the bread in the oven too, so I can't stay long. I thought you must be lonesome. So one but me, you know, ever thinks of coming to see you. People all think you don't like them."

"I should say the reverse is more correct, Miss Hetty: they don't like me."

"Well, it may be; we're all plain country folk, and you're a wonderful scholar, we're kind of afraid of you."

"Women who live all alone—and are not school madams, are generally believed to be witches. I suppose I should have been arrested long ago, if I had lived in Salem in witch time."

"Or thrown in the river, when, if you hadn't sunk and drowned, you'd surely been hung as a genuine witch. Ha, ha, ha! Well, but don't you want to hear some news?"

"Of course I do; I am not inhuman, Miss Hetty."

"It's not very pleasant: they say there's small pox at the house on the hill."

"At the Old Hall?"

Miss Hetty nodded her head, eying Marian askance.

"Who has it?"

"Well, I'll tell you all I know. Some weeks ago Ray came home sick, and no one knew what was the matter with him. Martin said it was his sorrows fever, when all at once a sign was put up at the great gate informing people that there was small-pox there, and that any Mrs. Wilton can not get a nurse for love nor money, and they've got to send to the city for one."

There was a reply, and presently Marian asked some other commonplace question, which in a reverse way reminded Miss Hetty that the bread in the oven might be burned, and sang of sorrow that she thought of his bright handsome face, now perhaps made hideous by disease. She had wound herself from other thoughts, from other sorrows. The Past had been buried without blame, without reproach; but the world had been to make her a lonely, solitary creature, without ties of kindred or society. Her religion was that described in the first chapter of the fourth verse of St. James, that which she strove to possess. In no other way was she known in the homes of other people. As the light waned she could not sew, though she became more and more restive, till at last she rose under its impulse, lighted a candle, and went to her bedroom, from which she emerged in bonnet and cloak.

The evening, though chilly, was a tranquil one; stars were shining out, as swiftly over the meadows Marian sped along, thinking of that line in "Evangeline" where the stars are spoken of as the "forget-me-nots of the angels." She reached the village shortly, and lifted a brass knocker, on which was most portentously graven the name of Dr. Martin. The Doctor was in, was just going to tea, but condescended to listen to Marian's errand. "Are you afraid too?" was his reply to her question, but without impatience. took her into his office. Quickly her arm was bared, and she was vaccinated, while she was asking to know whether it was prudent to venture near contagion at once, she hurried up the long hill which led to the Wilton manor-house.

Stiller, graver than ever, it seemed to hold itself aloof in the solemn darkness of the night with the fearful illness within it; and the servants who let her in warned her that no one ventured so far. She silently dismissed the subject, and asked to see Mrs. Wilton, who, in her invalid state, was unavoidably nervous and alarmed.

Coolly and quietly she announced her wish with as much deliberation and calmness, that, after a short consultation with her husband, Mrs. Wilton acceded to her request. It was simply that she might act as she was about to do, could for their son Ray. And so once more they met. He in high delirium, unconscious, often uttering her name; she risking her life for his, and for the sore him. Once she did, indeed, peer into the mirror, wondering what were these scars she should it be pitted and scarred with this fearful scourge; and smiled to see how thin, and white, and hollow-eyed she had become in her nightly vigils. The net was hardly one of vanity.

With the first decided symptom of recovery Marian vanished. Ray, almost unconscious of the unwearying care she had bestowed upon him; and again would she have taken flight, for more than ever did the evil village gossip—accusations of the unwearying care she had bestowed upon him; and again would she have taken flight, for more than ever did the evil village gossip—accusations that all would she avoid the thanks which would be thought her due. But suddenly one day Ray opened up conscious eyes, and with something of Wilton *hauteur* bade her come to his bedside.

For a moment or two he devoured her with his great eyes—the one fine feature of his face unharmed. He looked at her as wistfully as a hungry beggar gazes at good things beyond his reach.

"I wonder you do not run off again, Marian. Do you know what I have been doing these three years?"

"No."

"Cursing my cowardice for giving in to that one night."

"You could not help it."

"Indeed I could; to tell the truth I was shocked and hurt, and confounded family pride made a fool of me."

"Hush, hush!"

"But now I suppose you would scorn to touch me with your finger tips."

"Do stop, Ray." And already she had stopped and put her own, about him, pride and resolution flung to the winds.

"You will take back all you said, Marian?" was put, with a touch of the sweet grace of old.

"No, Ray." Again she rose erect.

"Marian?"

"Not till I have made a name for myself; won something from fame which fortune has denied me."

He caught at the half promise.

"What proud words! But I may hope then?"

She stooped again, felt the sweet fragrance of her breath on his lips, and was gone.

III.

"A whole year's faithful work folded in this short compass."

She turned the look from side to side, from top to bottom; opened the title-page, where, in small, clear type her own initials stood on guard, glinting at her, but never offering to acknowledge her adoration. Then another and another page went over, and thoughts which had haunted her brain rang their musical, undying strains out from the white gleaming paper.

"A year's hard work, two years since I have seen Ray:" and the book, vessel of shrining, I want rest and peace, and my heart aches with its loneliness."

This the proud woman whose name had been heralded as possessing the Promethean fire, whom letters sought from her fear of her haughty disdain; who, basking on the atmosphere of one's tastes, had let all lesser things go, bad studied, and striven, and accomplished, where the many fail and the few are successful.

She went on with her reverie. "The first taste was weak, but praise for women is apt to prove like the apples of Sodom. Let me see what the papers say;" and drawing the newspaper her publisher had sent her, it was a long and flattering review of her work, she read. Its justice pleased her, the praise was discriminates, its fault-finding aroused no emotion, it was calm and kind, she could profit by it. Then she turned over the paper idly, came to the advertisements, smiled at the puffs of her book in long primer, came to the marriage announcements, and read: "In Florence, at the United States Consulate, Ray Wilton—" She read no more, a blank sense of intolerable pain benumbed sight, her brain whirled, and she fell over in her chair quite senseless. When she recovered she crushed the paper in a drawer, rang for a bell, and threw herself on her bed. Her maid came in alarm, went at once for a physician, who forbade her rising in a week or more or incur the penalty —brain fever. She was in the city alone, and refusing all guests; yet every day, though as yet spring gave no sign of approach, came a bunch of blue violets wrapped lovingly round with geranium leaves. In all her wretchedness and pain these little flowers seemed to whisper tender pity—the soft, faint, delicate perfume breathed of a balm which God lets Nature bestow.

Yet health came not; fever she had fled so heavily. One day the kind doctor begged her to reveal her sorrow, for he saw the mind was suffering more than the body. Her woman's nature shrank from an avowal. Then he asked her to let him bring a friend who was the friend whose faithfulness the flowers evinced. The consent was given languidly, when to her absolute horror appeared Ray Wilton.

She was sitting in a huge chair near the window as he entered. So thin and haggard was she that he almost started at the sight. But Marian rose and greeted him as she would have done a stranger. Their cold salutations over, the physician withdrew, when Ray, who had at first been paralyzed by her coldness, rushed to Marian and clasped her in his arms. In vain she spoke; she was too feeble to resist; but he did not listen.

"My poor, darling Marian, how could you be so heartless as to keep me away so long, and you so ill, so wretched—you who sacrificed every thing for me in my illness, who would have given your life to have saved mine—"

"Ray, I can not bear this. Tell me at once, are you married?"

"My Marian! *I*—a Wilton—sworn to you all my life—a traitor to my vows!"

"But look—" She tottered to the desk in which she had confined the newspaper so fatal to her peace, and gave it to him.

In place of proud indignation came a look of repentant pity as his eyes filled in spite of himself.

"My dearest Marian, this is my father's wedding. Mamma died the month after he went away, and, as you see, his ready Ray Wilton, Senior, to Maude Vernon Harcourt—an old, faded English belle, who has taken my father on sufferance. She will not even come to this country, so Wilton is to be your abiding-place should you choose it."

Then Marian remembered how she had hinted before reading the whole, and how in her utter heart-weariness, it had only seemed a just retribution for her pride and ambition.

So Wilton Manor won a young mistress, who brought to it new laurels, fresh and green; but to her husband Marian was always and only the sweet, simple-hearted, loving woman she had been in old Mr. Woodward's rectory—not her father's house; for in the paper found in Mr. Woodward's library she had discovered herself to be destitute legally of that parental relation. No one, however, save Ray Wilton, knows that to this day; and

were the two not equivalent, nis wife's honor would be dearer to him than his own.

Miss Hetty did make the wedding-dress, after all, and it fitted very nearly as stylishly as the Parisian robes which were imported for the occasion; but Marian would have worn it had it been far less successful; and Miss Hetty yet insists that all the girls in Wilton are envious of Marian.

PERSIAN STORIES.

THE PERSIANS have been renowned as story-tellers throughout the East for many ages. It is a great art that which can bring even fiction to the aid of truth, and robing her in a transparent dress, render us enamored of her even when coldest and sternest. Let us see how the modern Persians, who have succeeded to this grand inheritance, know how to enjoy it. Most Persian stories have a merit—if it be a merit, as our railway times suppose—of being short. For my part, I should like to lie down in an arbor and listen to wise and pleasant tales from sunrise to sundown, now and again.

TWO HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

1. A married man presented himself, trembling and sorrowful, at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults and shortcomings while upon earth, that he believed in them devotedly, and had no hope of being admitted to the habitations of the blessed. One wife, he had been repeatedly informed, was a blessing far beyond the merits while in the flesh; how, then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy houries. But the prophet, when he presented himself at the gate, met him with his great surprise greeted him with a smile of ineffable compassion. "Pass on, poor martyr," said Mohammed; "you have been punished enough sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will not meet your wife here."

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently and presented himself to the prophet, upon the ground that he had been married twice. "Nay," said the prophet, angrily, "paradise is no place for fools."

2. A trifling young fellow married the wealthy widow of a great Khan. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt, and he came into the anderoon, and sat luxuriously embedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, at which she pretended to throw her food. She appeared to be annoyed by her husband's entrance, and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes with a glance of the most disdain.

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation; "they offend my sight."

If his wife had looked at him with a glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now spoke a perfection of anger and contempt such as no words can express. She did not even deign to answer him, but she took the cat to her bosom and caressed it passionately. Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lips.

"When any one offends me," continued her gallant, gayly, "I cut off his head. This is a principle of mine which I am sure will only make me dearer to you." Then, drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off its head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down, continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, upon reflection, she became the best and most submissive wife in the world.

A hen-pecked fellow, meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market-place, began to console with him. "Ah!" said the hen-pecked, "with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were. I pity you from my very heart."

"Not so," replied the ruffler, jollily; "keep your sighs to cool yourself next summer." He then related the events of his wedding-night, with their satisfactory results.

The hen-pecked man listened attentively, and pondered long. "I also have a sword," said he, "though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once." He did so, and received a sound beating. His wife, moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what he had done. Spirit, had prompted him to commit the bloody deed.

"Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of the hen-pecked's secret, "you should have done it the first night."

MORAL.—Advice is useless to fools.

THE SHIRT OF HAPPINESS.

It is said that once upon a time, in the grand old fable days, a Persian king who had been informed by a magician of great reputation who lived in his dominions. The magician, a worthy gentleman who flourished in much personal comfort upon popular opinion, received the king with great respect and the most flowery language his imagination could invent. Having listened to his majesty's ailments with profound attention, the magician at length informed the king, that if he could succeed in obtaining the shirt of a happy man he had only to put on the precious garment to be cured immediately of his malady, and so long as he wore it he would never know sorrow nor disease.

The realms of the monarch were wide. His armies were mighty upon the land, and his fleets were supreme upon the seas. His banners had never known defeat. His treasury was full to overflowing, and his subjects were loyal and obedient. But whenever he ate a bowl of cream, or a dozen skewers of kabobs, or a few water-melons, he had suffered so much of late years from indigestion that he could not consider himself happy; so it was obvious that his majesty himself had no shirt in his Wardrobe which would answer the purpose.

"But," thought the king, very naturally, "there is my prime minister, a fellow who can get any quantity of cream, sweet or sour, under the robe of honor which I gave him last Nooroos, and as for kabobs, why, yesterday, I thought he would never have done munching them. He is married to my daughter. His horses are the finest in Persia. He has no end of money" (his majesty thought of this with a peculiar look, which might mean many things), "and he has just built himself a palace fairer than the British Embassy. Whose dog is he that he should not be happy?" So the king sent for the prime minister, and asked him at once for his shirt. The statesman, afraid to oblige his master on such easy terms, and slyly resolving to obtain any number of pairs of shirts wherever occasion should offer to indemnify himself, immediately sent the king the very best shirt in his wardrobe. It was made of the finest and lightest silk, thin as a spider's web, and beautifully embroidered; but wonderful as it appeared to his majesty, he suffered from indigestion more than ever after putting it on; and, far worse, he felt a tightness about the neck as of a person apprehensive of being bowstrung, or actually undergoing the process. A sensation which he never remembered to have felt since he had been at war for the crown with his brother-in-law, and ten brothers-in-law his father's death; and as all those brothers had been long ago disposed of in various ways which the country did not care to investigate, he could not account for the return of the old sensation in his throat, and hastened to call the prime minister's shirt as soon as possible.

Feeling, however, that he had been imposed upon, and that the prime minister, after all, was sent him somebody else's shirt instead of his own, the king ordered his foresaken to seize that politician, and bring him before the throne.

"To hear is to obey," said the foresaken.

When the prime minister appeared the king received him with a terrible countenance. "Dog!" said his majesty, in an awful voice, "why have you deceived me, and sent the shirt of some other man accursed of Allah instead of your own?"

The prime minister tremblingly endeavored to exculpate himself.

"Son of an owl and a spider," pursued the king. "Meerza Snooza, the magician, assured me that if I could obtain the shirt of a happy man I should be delivered from my infirmities. Is not that true?"

"Alas! sire," replied the statesman, "how can he be happy, unless he has a good conscience, and sins never before me? The most I can now hope is to keep my head where Nature has placed it from day to day. The keenest sorrow of your majesty's subjects is happier than I. The scorching sun blazes upon the hill-top, and there the tempest roars; but the sorrow and the sufferer are alone. I am not among such as I can your majesty hops to find bliss. I have upon my estate a farmer, however, who is the happiest of mankind. If your majesty will sacrifice me to go in search of him the talisman will be found."

So the king, resolving to allow the prime minister to get still richer before he was bow-strung, commanded him to depart at once.

The farmer came. He was a sour, sturdy fellow from the neighborhood of Khoi, the garden of Persia. He was summoned into the divan of the royal command. It was a coarse, rough garment, and appeared to be thickly inhabited. The king, though he put it on, could not sit still at all again in less than half an hour, in a state of intolerable irritation; for, reasoned his majesty, it is impossible any one can be happy who wears such a shirt as that.

The farmer, who was recalled to the royal presence, confirmed the report and told a long dreary story about droughts, and locusts, and taxes; so that the king would have ordered his head to be cut off at once to get rid of him, but the farmer, seeing himself in such imminent peril, assured the king that the merchant to whom he sold his corn was a happy man without doubt, and begged to be allowed to fetch him, and so got out of danger in the same manner as the prime minister had.

The merchant came. The king, now warned by experience, determined to interrogate him before putting on his shirt. The merchant complained, as much as the farmer had, of taxes, and had, besides, another class of grievances peculiarly his own. He had partaken of unwholesome victuals from-houses, the extortions of officials, and a variety of other things, which made the king so angry that he determined to have the merchant on appointment by ordering the merchant to be executed. This ceremony over, the king felt something better; but still the talismanic shirt was not found.

For a long time the king sought the shirt of happiness through every part of his dominions, and sought it in vain. Although innumerable sprays were beheaded, bow-strung, and tortured every day, yet, surprising to relate, happiness could not be found among his subjects.

One day, however, when his majesty, being encamped in his summer quarters near Sultanieh, was out for an afternoon's ride, he saw a careless, red-nosed fellow sitting on a post, and very near him and then taking a bottle from under his sash, applying his lips with intense satisfaction to its contents. Still, there was a shirt on the red-nosed man and a merry light in his eye, which did not point him out as a habitual wine-bibber. He seemed rather to be keeping festival, or enjoying himself upon some occasion of good fortune.

"Dog of a topee," asked the king, abruptly, struck with a sudden thought, "are you happy?"

"Thy servant is happy, O king!" said the man.

The king then ordered the royal forerobes to seize him and give him five hundred lashes to cause him to relate the reasons of his happiness. The red-nosed man limped a little when subsequently brought to the king's tent in the evening, but still persisted in saying that he was happy; for, said he, "My wife has only been dead three weeks." Meerza Snooza, the magician, who, since he had been consulted, always accompanied the king in his search, and stood at the right hand, on being appealed to, decided that the red-nosed man had good reasons for his happiness, for that he might have been hen-pecked, and was, perhaps, just then under the first impression of joy at his deliverance.

Upon this the king immediately ordered the red-nosed man to be stripped, in order to obtain the garment which he required, when, wonderful to relate, it appeared that the only happy man in his dominions had no shirt.

THE GOLD PANIC.

WE illustrate on page 188 the Gold Panic which occurred last week, when gold fell in Wall Street in two days from 145, raising the Jew speculators who had been buying specie, and improving the national currency some fifteen per cent. The scene on Thursday, at noon, in William Street, outside the new public Board, beggars description. The street was thronged from the houses on one side to the iron railing on the other. Even a dozen policemen endeavored vainly to keep order, and made arrests right and left without much judgment, discretion, or effect. Every body was rising to sell his gold. Hundreds of speculators who had bought gold within a week appeared with bunched faces and trembling hands, and many offering their gold to every one they met. Among the crowd the Jew element rather preponderated. There were Israelites, panting Jews, who were evidently holders of gold, and there were exultant joyful Jews, who had foreseen the crisis and bought. There were the New Testament Jews, too, by the score, with a bilious Southern aspect, who had bought gold in the belief that the success of the Northern armies would collapse, and who now saw that they and their funds were likely to anticipate the Government in the catastrophe. Fortunes were made and lost in a day in that seething caldron of speculation.

The *Herald* reporter said:

So great was the rush that it was almost impossible for any one to obtain his way through the excited mass, who feared, had they attempted to enter last, would end with a confusion of tongues that would have shamed the gathering of Babel. Every conceivable adept at the game of speculation — brokers, shop-keepers, lottery-ticket men, Wall Street boys, capitalists, old-clothes men, and the thousand others that the deranged state of the finances of the country has called into life and operation, were present, all rushed into William Street, and completely blocked up that hurrying thoroughfare, as also one or either end of Wall Street. There were was seen such a deplorable crew of disappointed countenances on the ramparts since the days of Titus. Many bulletins scenes were enacted around the Board Room. Jostling, and cursing, and a struggling—none enduring to get in, some to get out, all pandemonium. Occasionally bent the wailing for the old aphorism, which says, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Now, a Jew, named Meyers, having more nothing of a kindred feeling among them, save in the great desire to get rid of what gold which they had been previously so anxious to hold ever for higher prices. Most of the heavy speculators were Jews, and they cut manœuvres Byrne so they rushed to and fro, foaming at the mouth, cursing with a hopeless rage, and tearing their hair. Some, who had brought this ruin on the house of their fathers. One incident is worth relating. A Jew, named Meyers, having some gold transaction with a Christian, the latter, as close, he bethought him asked Meyers his name. "Meyers," replied the other. "What's your Christian name?" "I've got no Christian name. I'm a Chew." Another ancient-looking Hebrew was so astonished at the state of affairs in Wall Street—the meeting of such of people there as if pestered by an army with banners, the amount of gold they carried, and the interest evinced in their countenances, as if feeling to be left behind in the race—that, after some time contemplation the scene with lowered head, he raised his hand and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! dere ish been noting like dish since de crossing of de Red Sea."

THE CANAL AT LAKE PROVIDENCE.

WE republish on page 180 a set of sketches, by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, illustrating THE CANAL AT LAKE PROVIDENCE, which is now being cut by our troops. By the aid of this canal it is expected that we shall be able to send boats into the Gulf by the Red, and Atchafalaya rivers, without entering the Mississippi below Lake Providence. Mr. Davis writes:

"The sketch at the top of the page is of the town of Providence from the lake, showing the canal, now rapidly nearing completion.

"The map shows a series of bayous, rivers, etc., by which we shall be enabled to reach the mouth of the Red River, and on by the Atchafalaya River to the Gulf of Mexico. Entering Lake Providence from the Mississippi River, through Macon and Tensas bayous into the Black River; Ouchita and Tensas into the Red River, our boats can avoid the strong-holds of the Mississippi. The lower sketch shows the cutting of the levee on the Mississippi river at Providence.

"To the right of the map is sketched an exploit of one of negro soldiers, who went out in company with a small force of soldiers a few days since, shot one rebel soldier, captured two more, and taking their guns from them, they marched captured again through the swamp to the party. The name of this bold African is *Jim*—'Union Jim' the soldiers call him—and there are many more like him, brave and ready, who are to be armed and schooled as soldiers. Upon the other side of the map a sketch of the constantly recurring event, the coming in of what the soldiers call recruits of color; a stalwart negro with his little one riding 'pig-a-back,' and the family trudging along after."

THE LOSS OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

WE reproduce on page 181 a drawing by Mr. M'Cullagh of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, representing THE CAPTURE OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST." Mr. M'Cullagh was on board at the time of her capture, and escaped on top of a cotton bale—more fortunate than his colleague, Anderson of the *Herald*, who was caught. Mr. M'C. writes:

"The *Queen of the West* was the most formidable vessel in the Western rum fleet. She was captured by the rebels at Gordon's Landing on Red River, eighty miles from the mouth, on the night of the 14th of February. Her commander, Colonel Ellet, had been informed that the fort was very weakly garrisoned, that but two guns were mounted, and that the conscripts who manned them would not make any resistance. Once above the fort, he was sure of capturing a number of steamboats employed in the rebel service. The Queen arrived within five hundred yards of the battery shortly after sundown on the 14th. The rebels opened fire immediately with three guns. The fourth shot struck her deck, plunged through, and cut her escape pipe. Orders were then given to back her out of range; but while doing so, a ran aground directly in front of the battery. The rebels kept up an accurate fire, and in a few moments a second shot plunged through her deck, cutting her steam, and thereby disabling her. One man only was severely scalded. Out of fifty-one officers and men only two escaped by floating down the river, on cotton bales and in skiffs, to where a small ferry-boat, which had accompanied the Queen, lay. Twenty-five were taken prisoners. A number of negroes were captured, and several drowned.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA.

WE illustrate on page 189 THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAGNIFICENT CLIPPER SHIP "JACOB BELL," BY THE BRITISH PIRATE "FLORIDA." The *Florida* is a British vessel built by Laird, of Liverpool, and fitted out last spring under the name of the *Oreto*. Laird, and the other parties concerned in her construction, swore that she was intended for the King of Sardinia. It was known, however, that she was all along intended to be a pirate, and to sail under the Confederate flag. She underwent the final equipment at Nassau on her first arrival there, but was of course soon released by the rebel sympathizers who govern that island, and made her way safely to Mobile. She is now probably burning our vessels. Our picture is from a photograph taken while she was in Liverpool.

The *Jacob Bell*, which she destroyed at sea, was one of the finest vessels that sail out of this port. She was a model of beauty and symmetry, and one of the most popular vessels among tea shippers. She belonged to Messrs. A. A. Low & Co., who kindly placed at our disposition the model of her from which our picture is taken. When she was destroyed she had on board 9000 chests of tea belonging to Englishmen and insured in England.

FORT DONELSON.

O Dover! O Dover!
What a place for a rover,
Not a bit of clover
And Scrivens' beer, who'd
O sad Donelson Fort!
Dear Lord, what a dreary port!
The very archfiend's court
For a poor old soldier!

O the field of glory!
What a blasting story
Shall ring, when the fame is heary,
For the poor old soldier!

O the silvery waves!
O the lonely graves!
That pillow war-worn brawes
That wait the fallen soldier!

O Lincoln gun-boats grim!
Peal out your stormy hymn
Till it rings to Heaven's rim
For the poor old soldier!

O sighing, shot-torn tree!
Wail for the fallen free:
O wail till white tears be,
For the poor old soldier!

O rusted, battered ball!
That celt the hero fell,
You shrieked out life's last call
For the poor old soldier!

O shivered, splintered bone!
Where have you fallen gone?
Is this the trophy 'won
By the poor old soldier?

O bloody, blackened rock!
Here broke the battle's shock,
Here star-eyed valor woke
For the poor old soldier!

O wall, and trench, and mound!
Each part is hallowed ground,
Till the last trump shall sound
For the poor buried soldier!

O the silent river!
Will sing long and forever,
Sighing and ceasing never,
For the war-broken soldier!

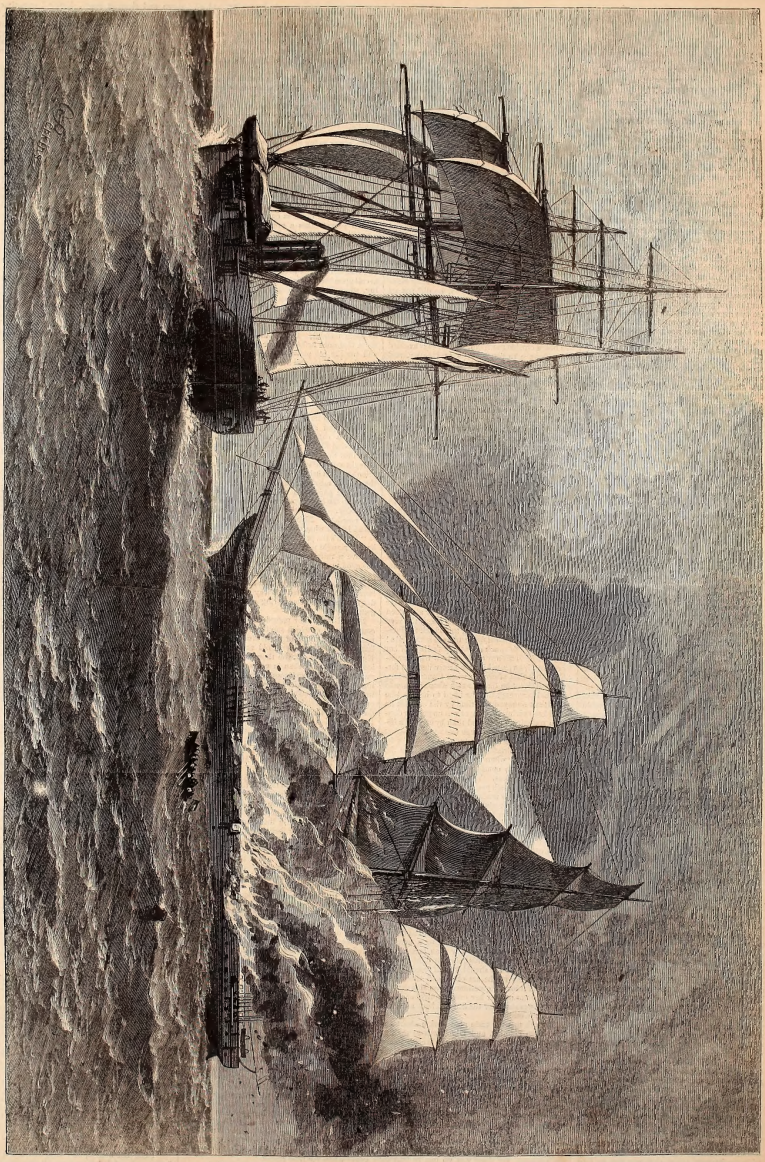
O spirits of the brave!
There is no prouder grave
Than this rampart by the wave
For the poor old soldier!

NOTE.—Dover is a mean little town on the bank of the Cumberland, within the intrenchments of Fort Donelson. It is the scene of two desperate battles, and bears the marks of shot and shell on every house and tree.

The above lines were written by one of the boys in General Geraghty's army, when lying on sheepskin at the fort, on the first anniversary of the battle of 1862, illustrated by the press and immortalized by the patriotism of the soldiers.



THE GOLD PANIC IN WALL STREET—ENTRANCE OF THE PUBLIC BOARD.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



DESTRUCTION OF THE CLIPPER SHIP "JACOB BELL" BY THE BRITISH PIRATE "FLORIDA."—[See Page 187.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are some people who imperceptibly float away from their youth into middle-age, and from thence pass into declining life with the soft and gentle motion of happy years. There are others who are hurled, in spite of themselves, down dizzy rapids of agony, away from their youth at one great bound, into old age with another sudden shock, and thence into the vast calm ocean where there are no shore-marks to tell of time.

This last, it seemed, was to be Ellinor's lot. Her youth had gone in a single night, fifteen years ago, now she appeared to have at least been an elderly woman; very still and hopeless in look and movement, but as sweet and gentle in speech and smile as ever she had been in her happiest days. All young people, when they came to know her, loved her dearly, though at first they might call her dull, and hasty to get on with and as for children and old people, her ready, watchful sympathy in their joys as well as their sorrows was an unfailing passage to their hearts. After the first great shock of Mr. Corbet's marriage was over she seemed to pass into a greater peace than she had known for years; at least the faint hope of happiness was gone: it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say, of the bright anticipations she had planned for herself in her early youth. Unconsciously she was being weaned from self-seeking in any shape, and her daily life became, if possible, more innocent, and pure, and holy. One of the canons used to laugh at her for her constant visits to the poor: all the servants, and for her devotion to good works, and call her always the reverend sister. Miss Monro was a little annoyed at this (mere clerical) joke; Ellinor smiled quietly. Miss Monro disapproved of Ellinor's grave ways and sober, severe style of dress.

"You may look as much as you like, my dear, and yet go dressed in some pretty color, instead of those perpetual blacks and grays, and then there would be no need for me to be perpetually telling people you are only four-and-thirty (and they don't believe me, though I tell them so till I am blind in the face); or if you would but wear a decent-shaped bonnet, instead of always wearing them of the poky shape in fashion when you were quite young."

The old canon died, and some one was to be appointed in his stead. These clerical preferments and appointments were the all-important interest to the inhabitants of the Close, and the discussion of probabilities came up invariably if any two met together, in street or house, or even in the very cathedral itself. At length it was settled and announced by the higher powers. An energetic, hard-working clergyman from a distant part of the diocese, Livingstone by name, was to have the vacant canonry.

Miss Monro said that the name was somehow familiar to her; and by degrees she recollected the young curate who had come to inquire after Ellinor in that dreadful illness she had had at Hamley in the year 1829. Ellinor knew nothing of that visit; no more than Miss Monro did of what had passed between the two before that anxious night. Ellinor just thought it possible it might be a same like Livingstone, and would rather it were not, because she did not feel as if she could bear the frequent though not intimate intercourse with the new canon, for months to come, with one so closely associated with that great time of terror which she was striving to bury out of sight by every effort in her power. Miss Monro, on the contrary, was busy weaving a romance for her pupil; she thought of the passionate love displayed by the fair young clergyman fifteen years ago, and believed that occasionally men could be constant, and hoped that, if Mr. Livingstone were the new canon, he might prove the rara avis which exists but once in a century. He came, and it was the same. He looked a little older, a little older, but had still the gait and aspect of a young man. His smooth fair face was full of thought, and with an air full of care; the blue eyes looked so kindly and peaceful that Miss Monro could scarcely fancy that they were the same which she had seen fire flashing with tears; the bland, calm look of the whole man needed the embodiment of his evident devotion to be raised into the ideal of a holy innocence which some of the Romanists call the "sacerdotal face." His whole soul was in his work, and he looked at little likely to step forth in the character of either a hero of romance or a faithful lover as could be imagined. Still Miss Monro was not discouraged; she remembered the warm, passionate feeling she had once seen break through the calm exterior, and she believed that what had happened once might happen again.

Of course, while all eyes were directed on the new canon, he had to learn who the possessors of those eyes were one by one; and it was probably some time before the dim cause crossed his mind that Miss Wilkins, the lady in black, with the sad pale face, so constant an attendant at service, so rare a visitor at the houses, was the same Miss Wilkins as the bright vision of his youth. It was her sweet smile at a painstaking child that betrayed her—if, indeed, betrayal it might be called—where there was no wish or effort to conceal any thing. Canon Livingstone left the school-room almost directly, and, after being for an hour or so in his house, went out to call on Mrs. Rendall, the person who knew more of her neighbor's affairs than any one in East Chester.

The next day he called on Miss Wilkins herself. She would have been very glad if he had kept on in his ignorance; it was so keenly painful to be in the company of one the sight of whom, even at a distance, had brought her such a keen remembrance of past misery; and when told of his call, as she was sitting at her sewing in the dining-room, she had to nerve herself for the interview before going up stairs into the drawing-room, where she was being entertained by Miss Monro with warm demonstrations of welcome. A little conversation, a little forced suppression of the lips, an increased pallor on Ellinor's part, was all that Miss Monro could see in her through the veil of her prior guess with foresight and intention to observe. She turned to the canon; his color had certainly deepened as he stood by while Ellinor summoned up to meet Ellinor. That was all that was to be seen; but on the slight foundation of that blush Miss Monro built many castles; and when Ellinor faded away, one after one, she recognized that they were only baseless visions. She used to be in the habit of dissipating in this latter case Ellinor's unvaried calmness of demeanor, which might be taken for coldness of disposition, and by her ready refusal to allow Miss Monro to invite Canon Livingstone to the small teas they were in the habit of occasionally giving. Yet Ellinor received; one or two more, old and infirm, confined to their houses, she planned to call upon before leaving Hamley. Every evening, when Ellinor had no work in Mr. Dixon's, Archbishop's, he came up to the parsonage, ostensibly to help her in moving or packing books, but really because they were the only two evenings there were bound to each other by a bond never to be spoken about, but which was strengthened by them that once before Ellinor left she should go and see the old place, Ford Bank. Not to go into the house, but to the Miss Dixons' garden, and begged her to name her own time for revisiting it when they and their family would be absent, but to see the place in its natural and grounded state; a solemn, miserable visit, which, because of the very misery it involved, appeared to Ellinor to be a necessary duty.

Dixon and she talked together as she sat, making a catalogue one evening in the old drawing-room of the books examined window-seat open into the garden, and the May showers had brought out the scents of the new-leafed sweetbriar bush just beyond the garden-door, beyond the grassy meadows sloped away down to the river; the parsonage was so much raised that nothing in the way of trees rose over the banks of any hedge. Men with instruments were busy in the meadow. Ellinor, pausing in her work, asked Dixon the reason of their stay.

"Them's the people for the new railway," said he. "Naught would satisfy the Hamley folk but to have a railway to themselves—coaches is not good enough nowadays."

He spoke with a tone of personal offense, and Ellinor, who had never passed all his life among horses, and considered railway engines as their despicable rivals, conquering only by a strategic scheme.

By-and-by Ellinor passed on to a subject the consideration of which she had repeatedly urged upon Dixon, and entreated him to come and form one of their household at East Chester. At every visit she had thought, older even in looks and feelings than in years, and she would make him happy and comfortable in his declining years if he would but come and pass them under her care. The addition made to her income by Mr. Ness's bequest would enable her to do not only this, but to relieve Miss Monro of her occupation of teaching, which, at the years she had arrived at, was becoming burdensome. But Dixon opposed the removal to Dixon as he shook his head.

"It's not that I don't thank you, and kindly too; but I am too old to go chopping and changing."

"But it would be no change to come back to me, Dixon," said Ellinor.

"Yes, it would. I were born i' Hamley, and it's in Hamley I reckon to die."

And all pathos in his entire manner and reasonableness. Later in the day she became more at peace with him, when she received a kind little note from Mrs. Forbes, a near friend of hers, and the mother of the family she was preparing to visit in Ireland. Mr. Livingstone had called and told her that Ellinor had to go on a very painful journey, and that Mrs. Forbes was quite unwilling to disturb her unnecessarily, as it would be a great comfort to both, and that she could perfectly be sat at liberty for a fortnight or so after the time she had originally fixed on, and that "Jeannie was growing tall, and the doctor had advised sea-air this spring; so a month's bathing would suit her quite as well as earlier or later on." Now, was this going straight to Mrs. Forbes, to whom she should herself scarcely have dared to name it for fear of pain to the dear man, or of a lover? questioned Miss Monro; but she could not answer her own inquiry, and had to be very thankful for the deed without accounting for the motives.

A conch met the train at a station about ten miles from Hamley, and Dixon was at the spot where the coach stopped, ready to receive them. The old man was almost in tears at the sight of them: "Glad to see familiar faces." He put on his Sunday clothes to do them honor; and to counteract his agitation by the act of unbended bustle about their luggage. To the indignation of the inn-porters, who were of a later generation, he would wheel it himself to the parsonage, though he broke down from fatigue once or twice on the way, and had to stand and rest, his ladies waiting by his side, and making remarks on the alterations of houses and the places of trees, in order to give him ample time to recruit himself, for there was no one to wait for them and give them a welcome to the parsonage, which was to be their temporary home. The respectful servants, in deep mourning, had all prepared, and gave Ellinor a note from Mr. Brown, saying that he purposed refrained from disturbing them that day after their long journey, but would call on the morrow, and tell them of the arrangements he had thought of making, always subject to Miss Wilkins's approval.

These were simple enough; certain legal forms to be gone through, any selections from books or furniture that Ellinor or the rest to be sold by auction as speedily as might be, as the succession to the living might wish to have repairs and alterations effected in the parsonage. Two or three days Ellinor employed herself in business in the house, never going out except to church. Miss Monro, as she had foretold, called about once where, noticing all the alterations in place and people, which were never improvements in her opinion. Ellinor had a litany of callers (tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Osbaldistone, among others), but, excepting in rare cases—most of them belonged to humble life—she declined to see every one, as she had business enough on her hands: sixteen years makes a great difference in any set of people. The old acquaintances of her father's in his better days were almost all dead or removed; there were one or two remaining, and Miss Ellinor received; one or two more, old and infirm, confined to their houses, she planned to call upon before leaving Hamley. Every evening, when Ellinor had no work in Mr. Dixon's, Archbishop's, he came up to the parsonage, ostensibly to help her in moving or packing books, but really because they were the only two evenings there were bound to each other by a bond never to be spoken about, but which was strengthened by them that once before Ellinor left she should go and see the old place, Ford Bank. Not to go into the house, but to the Miss Dixons' garden, and begged her to name her own time for revisiting it when they and their family would be absent, but to see the place in its natural and grounded state; a solemn, miserable visit, which, because of the very misery it involved, appeared to Ellinor to be a necessary duty.

Dixon and she talked together as she sat, making a catalogue one evening in the old drawing-room of the books examined window-seat open into the garden, and the May showers had brought out the scents of the new-leafed sweetbriar bush just beyond the garden-door, beyond the grassy meadows sloped away down to the river; the parsonage was so much raised that nothing in the way of trees rose over the banks of any hedge. Men with instruments were busy in the meadow. Ellinor, pausing in her work, asked Dixon the reason of their stay.

"Them's the people for the new railway," said he. "Naught would satisfy the Hamley folk but to have a railway to themselves—coaches is not good enough nowadays."

He spoke with a tone of personal offense, and Ellinor, who had never passed all his life among horses, and considered railway engines as their despicable rivals, conquering only by a strategic scheme.

By-and-by Ellinor passed on to a subject the consideration of which she had repeatedly urged upon Dixon, and entreated him to come and form one of their household at East Chester. At every visit she had thought, older even in looks and feelings than in years, and she would make him happy and comfortable in his declining years if he would but come and pass them under her care. The addition made to her income by Mr. Ness's bequest would enable her to do not only this, but to relieve Miss Monro of her occupation of teaching, which, at the years she had arrived at, was becoming burdensome. But Dixon opposed the removal to Dixon as he shook his head.

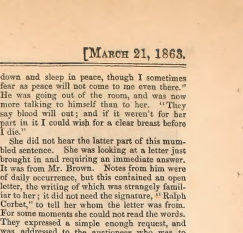
"It's not that I don't thank you, and kindly too; but I am too old to go chopping and changing."

"But it would be no change to come back to me, Dixon," said Ellinor.

"Yes, it would. I were born i' Hamley, and it's in Hamley I reckon to die."

And all pathos in his entire manner and reasonableness. Later in the day she became more at peace with him, when she received a kind little note from Mrs. Forbes, a near friend of hers, and the mother of the family she was preparing to visit in Ireland. Mr. Livingstone had called and told her that Ellinor had to go on a very painful journey, and that Mrs. Forbes was quite unwilling to disturb her unnecessarily, as it would be a great comfort to both, and that she could perfectly be sat at liberty for a fortnight or so after the time she had originally fixed on, and that "Jeannie was growing tall, and the doctor had advised sea-air this spring; so a month's bathing would suit her quite as well as earlier or later on." Now, was this going straight to Mrs. Forbes, to whom she should herself scarcely have dared to name it for fear of pain to the dear man, or of a lover? questioned Miss Monro; but she could not answer her own inquiry, and had to be very thankful for the deed without accounting for the motives.

A conch met the train at a station about ten miles from Hamley, and Dixon was at the spot where the coach stopped, ready to receive them. The old man was almost in tears at the sight of them: "Glad to see familiar faces." He put on his Sunday clothes to do them honor; and to counteract his agitation by the act of unbended bustle about their luggage. To the indignation of the inn-porters, who were of a later generation, he would wheel it himself to the parsonage, though he broke down from fatigue once or twice on the way, and had to stand and rest, his ladies waiting by his side, and making remarks on the alterations of houses and the places of trees, in order to give him ample time to recruit himself, for there was no one to wait for them and give them a welcome to the parsonage, which was to be their temporary home. The



down and sleep in peace, though I sometimes fear as peace will not come to me even there." He was going out of the room, and was now more talking to himself than to her. "They say blood will out; and if it weren't for her part in it I could wish for a clear break before I die."

She did not hear the latter part of this mumbled sentence. She was looking at a letter just brought in and requiring an immediate answer. It was from Mr. Brown. Notes from him were of daily occurrence, but this contained an open letter, the writing of which was strangely familiar to her; it did not need the signature, "Ralph Corbet," to tell her whom the letter was from. For some moments she could not read the words. They expressed a simple enough request, and was addressed to the auctioneer who was to dispose of the rather valuable library of the late Mr. Ness, and whom none had been advertised in connection with the sale, in the *Athenæum*, and other similar papers. To him Mr. Corbet wrote, saying that he should be unable to be present when the books were sold, but wishing to be allowed to buy in at any price decided upon a certain rare folio edition of Virgil, bound in parchment, and with notes in Italian. The book was fully described. Though no Latin scholar, Ellinor knew the book well—remembered its look from old times, and could instantly have laid her hand upon it. The auctioneer was sent the request on to his employer, Mr. Brown. That gentleman applied to Ellinor for her consent. She saw that the facts of the intended sale must be all told to Mr. Corbet was aware of, and that he could not know to whom the books belonged. She chose out the book, and wrapped and tied it up with trembling hands. *He* might be the person to untie the knot. It was strangely fated that, after so many years, to be brought into thus much contact with him. She wrote a short note to Mr. Brown, in which she requested him to say, as though from himself, and without any mention of her name, that he, as executor, reserved Mr. Corbet's right to the gift of the Virgil as a remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it as the letters dazzled obscurely on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of laying the money in the drawer of the desk as remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

"Hush, Dixon," said she, suddenly aware of the duty the old servant was not popular with his mistress. "I suppose I may be allowed to ask for Dixon's company for an hour or so: we have something to do together before we leave?"

The consent given, the two walked away, as by previous appointment, to Hamley Church-yard, where he was to point out to her the exact spot where he wished to be buried. Trampling over the long rank grass, but avoiding the passing directly over any of the thickly-strewn graves, he made straight for one spot—a little space of unoccupied ground, close by, where Molly, the pretty scullery-maid, lay:

Sacred to the Memory of
MARY GREAVES.
Born 17?7. Died 1818.
"We part to meet again."

"I put this stone up over her with my first savings," said he, looking at it; and then, pulling out his knife, he began to clean out the letters. "I said then as I would lie by her. And it'll be a comfort to think you'll see me laid here. I trust no one will be so crabbed as to take a fancy to this here spot of ground."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW PAMPHLET by MR. STILLE.
This Day is Published:
Northern Interests
AND
Southern Independence.
A Plea for United Action.
By CHARLES J. STILLE. Price 25 cents.
Also just ready, the Tenth Thousand of the former Pamphlet of this author, entitled
HOW A FREE PEOPLE CONDUCT A LONG WAR.
Price 25 cents.
. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.
Wm. S. & Alfred Martien,
No. 609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee,
25 Cents per Pound.
To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage at a reduction sold in this market. It is superior to Coffee usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Mocha, &c., &c., and is used by families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by us for many years, to contain a perfect mixture of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a case, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.
WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 232, 235 and 237 Washington Street, N. Y. Importers and Manufacturers.

SOLDIERS.—The following popular and really meritorious novelty can be safely forwarded by mail. The postage is 10 per cent. Upon receipt of the price and postage ($40 ⑩), a package containing six will be registered and forwarded to any address prepaid, and a safe delivery guaranteed!

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS
Especially Adapted for Army Sales!
We are obliged to pay gold for these Watches in Switzerland, and owing to the premium on specie, our price is now $48 per case of six; not sold in less quantities. *These are our regular Railway Watch Leader's Illustrated Manuscript of Feb. 21, 1863, save—*"HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPER is unsurpassed as a reliable watch for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the Army, and travelers." Retail at from $20 to $30 each, according to Prices.—Heavy silver-plated or electro gold-plated, per case of six, $48. *We have no Agents or Correspondents; we want deal with us direct, ordering from this advertisement.* Terms Cash. By mail, send Money Order, Draft or Cash on New York payable to our order. *Soldiers and others in distant states must send payment in advance!*
Address HUBBARD BROS., SOLE IMPORTERS,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

CARD MUSIC FOR BANDS.
DITSON'S SELECT MUSIC FOR BRASS BANDS, including Popular National Airs. Printed on Cards for the use of Bands of fourteen or a less number of Instruments. $1 00 per set. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. A list of pieces sent on application. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Worth its Weight in Gold.
A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply personally to HENRY HAYS, 842 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted, and engraved.

AS MANY former Pupils of the NAZARETH HALL BOARDING SCHOOL are the U. States Army and Navy, this notice may possibly be a different departments thereof, and as we have a day heard of the death of several—in hospital and on the battle-field—we hereby request all persons who are aware, that any of the Pupils have thus fallen, to give or send all information they possess, of time, place, and manner of death, to the Agents of our institution, Messrs. A. Dunlap & Co., Nos. 34 and 36 Liberty Street, New York, or the Messrs. Jordan & Brother, No. 709 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, or to the
Rev. EDWARD D. REICHEL,
Principal of Nazareth Hall,
Nazareth, Northampton County, Penna.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 631 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS
AND ARMS. *Salpha's Patent.* 516 Broadway, N. Y., Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Send for a Circular.

READY OFFICIAL.
THE UNITED STATES CONSCRIPTION
ACT,
OR, NATIONAL MILITIA BILL.
With a copious Index for Reference.
JAMES W. FORTUNE, PUBLISHER,
103 Cortz Street, New York.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.
To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!
OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$150 00 each.
200 Vest and Neck Chains	40 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5150 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	1 50 to 3 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Room Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Pinin Bangs	2 50 to 5 00 each.
2000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mt'ed Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one sells for, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of a Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In order to carry out this, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

E. AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.
NEW STYLE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.	NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS.	NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS.	NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS PROPAGATE THEMSELVES.	

A lady, travelling on the Confluent of Europe, called upon Samuel Gray, of Barcelona, Spain, a dealer in Drugs and Medicine, and inquired for BRANDRETH'S PILLS. He did not keep the medicine for sale. The lady recounted the good news to New York for a supply of them, and has left with him money for six dozen boxes. When the Pills arrived, the lady left with Mr. Cuyas four dozen, with a request he would sell them for her. He did so, and from that small beginning, and without any effort whatever from the Principal Office, the sale has become so extensive in Barcelona as to absorb nearly three hundred gross per annum, or 3,456 boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In fact, to use the effective language of Saymon Cuyas, "Brandreth's Pills propagate themselves." That is to say, those who use them become well aware of their high medicinal and health-restoring qualities, and as such recommend them to their friends.

It is admitted that Brandreth's Pills are the most effectual and certain, and without the most RELIABLE PURGATIVE KNOWN. The majority of medicines of this class keep poor imitations of this, the Original Universal Medicine.

Public favor is eventually decided by merit; we therefore hope that this original and only true medicine may be everywhere introduced, and its own merits will do the rest. It is adapted to all ages, and all climates, and being used by one sick invariably converts the disease, and perseverance cures in a majority of cases.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 274 CANAL STREET,
NEW YORK.
Sold also at No. 4 Times Building,

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

One dollar inclosed to Dr. BRANDRETH, will insure Four Boxes, sent by return of mail to any address in the United States, without further charge.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
294 CANAL STREET,
BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.



Portable Coal Oil Gas Stoves.
Dopp's Patent, burns the Kerosene or Coal Oil at a cost of One Cent per hour, for the cooking for a family.
Cheapest Fuel in the World.
Send for a circular. Depot 313 Broadway, N. Y., opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. State, County, and Rights for sale. Agents wanted to sell territory.
H. D. BLAKE, Agt.

Mrs. Murray's Dropsy Specific
Is the only certain Remedy for Dropsy ever discovered, never failing in six hours as directed.
Prepared only by Mrs. J. MURRAY, 871 Washington Street, N. Y.
Sold by Druggists generally.

AGENTS WANTED—To take orders for VICTORIA'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION. The ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD.—Endorsed by the PRESIDENT, CABINET, MEMBERS of CONGRESS, Governors, Bancroft the Historian, and by the Press generally. 2 vols. now ready. Expensively Illustrated with Steel Engravings. Sold by Subscription only, and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address
EDWARD E. HOYES, 13 Spruce St., New York.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other Secrets, all in the *Book of Wonders.* 800 sold. 9th Ed. Price only **20c.** 8 for $1. Mailed *free.* Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

Volunteers. Attention!—For the derangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Weeds, Eruptions, and sometimes which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, 25 cents per box.

MUSICIANS' OMNIBUS, 700 pieces of Music—All the Best Quadrilles and 800 Contra and Fancy Dances, with calls and figures; 100 Opera Melodies; 100 Songs; 100 Waltzes; 100 Schottisches; Marches, Mazurkas, Waltzes, Marches, Quicksteps, Songs, &c., for the Violin, Flute, Cornet, Fife, Clarionet, Flageolet, &c.
Sent by mail, on receipt of $1. Address
BOSTON DANCE FACTORY, 67 Court St., Boston.
ELIAS HOWE, Agent.

How to Get a Patent.
The Inventor's Guide sent for 3 cent stamp, by FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.
EVERY MAN WILL WANT ONE.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.
EVERY PERSON MUST GET ONE.
AGENTS SEND FOR PARTICULARS.
J. W. FORTUNE, 102 Centre St., N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for soldiers at HUBBARD'S, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union Troops. Send for list. All letters, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

WEDDING CARDS
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 29 Broadway, cor. Duane St, N.Y.
12th Edition Ready. Circular sent by Mail, send Stamps.

How to Read Character.
See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, April, No., 10 cents, or $1 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES
Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Size, $1 10 for Gents'. GRAY & CO., 134 Nassau N. Y.
Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize
Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Blanks and information furnished, sales of claims negotiated upon the best terms, and accounts audited. A pamphlet of Laws and Regulations sent free on enclosing a one-cent stamp to pay postage.
JOHN T. AGNEW & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection what-ever with any other Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

$60 A week. Agents Wanted! We want an Agent in every county, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils*, and *Pencil Cases*. Sells at sight. Profits large. Particulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

Rheumatism—Who has it?
Washington, D. C., Sept. 9th, 1862.
MESSRS. METCALFE & CO.—DEAR SIRS: You will please send to my address one pair of your METALLIC INSOLES. I have used them for more than one year, and I can say truly, that they are a cure and a preventative of Rheumatism. I consider them a boon to the public. Respectfully,
EDMUND J. PORTER, Major, U. S. A.
Price $1 00 per pair. Sent by mail, $1 25. Office 429 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.

GLEASON'S *Anti-Flickering Gas Burner* consumes gas with economy, giving a brilliant diffusive light, free from flickering.
Patented in the name of Prof. B. SILLIMAN, JR.)
"I have been able to write by it several hours of an evening without fatigue to the eyes. When in full operation gives the flame a steadiness equal to that of the best Argan burner, and is an economical burner and one of the best form of burner."
E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 125 Mercer St., N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a Dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organic will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face or bald head, without injury to the skin. Price $1, sent by mail, post-free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

The Automaton Regiment;
Or, INFANTRY SOLDIERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR, for all Regimental movements in the field. By D. DOUGLASS DARRENTON, U. S. Army. Neatly put up in boxes. Price $1; when sent by mail $1 40. SECOND EDITION, Improved. Also, by the same author,
THE AUTOMATON COMPANY;
Or, INFANTRY SKIRMISHERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR, for all Company movements in the field. Price in boxes $1 25; sent by mail $1 95.
THE AUTOMATON BATTERY;
Or, ARTILLERISTS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR for all Mounted Artillery manœuvres in the field. Price in boxes $1; by mail $1 40.
UNION FOUNDATIONS, a Study of American Nationality as a Fact of Science, by Capt. D. B. HOYT, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Price 50 cents; in cloth, 60 cents.
In press and will soon be published, a new and revised edition of
THE ARTILLERISTS' MANUAL.
By GEN. JOHN GIBBON, U.S.A. 1 vol. 8vo., half roan. Published by D. VAN NOSTRAND,
No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Illustrated Phrenological Almanac
For 1863. Pre-paid, by first post, 10 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

To all Wanting Farms.
Large and thriving settlement of Vineland, Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen.—only 1½ miles from the settlement. Delightful climate. 20 acre tracts of from $10 to $30 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and churches. Deeds given on settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Depot of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural nest free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.
"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and available condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies*

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.



Arranged for four Officers, weight 16 pounds, price $12.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.
The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 6 inches high by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 10 pounds. Price $10.
Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Tist Street, N. Y.
Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

SOMETHING NEW.
NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 emblazoned on the pack. The Eagle, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Price 50 cents mailed free on receipt of Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi Manufacturing Company's
P O U D R E T T E.
FOR SALE BY
JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York.
A powder consisting chiefly from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, and MOST POWERFUL FERTILIZER ever in market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crop from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $5 per acre.
Also, FIFTY TONS OF BONE TA-PEU, being a mixture of bone and night soil, prepared by the Lodi Co. A superior article for grain and grass.
A pamphlet containing directions for use, may be had free.
Address JAMES T. FOSTER,
Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., 66 Courtlandt St.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, to any extent, from the commencement, for Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number by mail, *post-paid*. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be mailed, *post-paid*, to any place in the United States, on receipt of Sixty Cents. Also, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-five Volumes, handsomely bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 00
One Copy for Two Years	3 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and Back Numbers can be had at any time.
Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 37 each, are now ready.
☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



RAPPAHANNOCK MUD.

PICKET. "Hallo, Comrade! you must find it pretty bad walking on the Roads here-abouts."

MAN IN THE MUD. "Walking? I ain't walking. I'm GENERAL HOOKER'S Orderly, and I've got a *right smart horse under me*, I tell you!"

Brown & Wilson,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.
LEWIS M. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON.

7.3-10 U. S. Treasury Notes, U. S. 6 per cent Debt Certificates, Gourmont Money, Gold and Silver bought and sold.

Commission Dealers in Stocks, Bonds, and Securities. Refer by permission to

Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston,
John J. Crane, Moses Taylor.

Lewis B. Brown has removed from 31 Chambers Street to 19 Wall Street.

AGENTS WANTED to sell our NEW AND PRETTY BOOK,

"Tom Thumb Packet,"

Containing STATIONERY and a fine CARD PORTRAIT of the Lilliputian couple, suitable for Albums. Great inducements offered. Splendid PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM given with every 100 Packets. Send for NEW circulars containing full particulars of our PRIZE and STATIONERY PACKETS. Also

"Army Portfolios."

12½ PAPER and ENVELOPES, at very low prices, for Cash. G. S. HARRIS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.



THE NE PLUS ULTRA.
No Chimney Attachment.
The best and most practical ever invented—Sells the ordinary burners, of various sizes, now in use. It costs only a trifle more than a single glass chimney. Gives a large, clear light without the least smoke, and can be carried to the strongest draft without going out, therefore being indispensable for portable or hall lights. Agents wanted. Sample sent free for 25 cts. Send for circular. JOS. DODDS, Manuf., 413 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Monmouth Steel and Iron Plate. 100 per cent. profit. Sent by mail. Free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. UATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Health Preserving Corporation.

PURE MILK!

The Orange County Condensed Milk Company put up Condensed Milk in bulk; from which is extracted eighty per cent. of water, the *impurity* of which is so objectionable to children (even in pure milk) and deliver at their depot in New York daily. Families, Hotels, Steamboats, Restaurants, &c., supplied in the usual way. To the *Condensed Milk* is added for the *Army, Ships*, and *Travelers*' use, the best refined sugar to preserve the same. Put up in one or two pound packages.

Office 9 CLOSE INSTITUTE, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.

Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.

Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon Manufacturing Co.'s Revolving Pistols.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

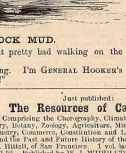
For 58 cts. (in silver),
Magnifying small objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 38 cents.
E. S. JOUNSON, Manufactory and Office 25 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Just published:
The Resources of California.
Comprising the Chorography, Climate, Geology, Scenery, Botany, Zoology, Agriculture, Mining, General Industry, Commerce, Constitution and Laws, Society, &c., and the Past and Future History of the State. By John S. Hittell, of San Francisco. Two large 12mo. Price $1 50. Published by W. J. WIDDLETON, No. 17 Mercer Street, N. Y. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Fowler & Wells,
368 Broadway, N. Y., and any Book in print by first post.



GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full Assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 23 John Street N.Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42
PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED
To Sell the Crisp Microscope.
If you would like the most interesting, instructive, amusing, and useful Instrument in the world, send $5, and the Crisp Microscope and 6 beautiful mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. This celebrated microscope is so simple that a child can use it, and magnifies about 10,000 times.
Address HENRY CRAIG,
180 Centre Street, New York.
Liberal discount to Dealers.

Lithography,
Engraving, and Printing, by GEO. C. ANDREW, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to copper-plate printing at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

Short-Hand Writers
May learn to write 200 words a minute. For list of Phonographic Books, send P. O. Stamp to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Soldiers Presented Free *with Literature upon* receipt of their *Names and Address*.
WM. H. CATELY, 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

A SPECULATION.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, Only **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Prefix 10 cents, and quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH and Jewelry *a perfect little treasure*, presented free to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted throughout the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

NEW DEALERS,
Send for our revised Price List, ready Mar. 1.
FEEKS & BANCKER, 24 Ann St., N. Y.
Wholesale Dealers in Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Cheap Publications, Albums, Carte de Visite, and Merchandise of every description.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and sent here only for *packaging and swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Aurora* and *Lepine* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.



NOTICE!
Recent and valuable improvements have been made in the construction of this chimney, and it is now offered to the public as a reliable article. It is unnecessary not to crack or break in any manner from "overheating" or *changes of temperature, as we use with ordinary care just as long as the lamp on which it is used.*

It gives an exhibition in atmosphere that we have completed such arrangements as will enable us, we trust, from the present date to supply the demand, which has now outrun, which thus far it has been impossible for us to do.
Liberal Terms to the Trade. Sent by Express, &c., at $1 50.
Address **New Lamp Chimney Manuf. Co.,**
49 Park Row, N. New York.

Elegant Colored Photographs.
Any person, though not an Artist, can paint the *Carte de Visite* and Photographs quickly and beautifully with "Newton's Fluid Colors."
Specimen Cards, painted with these colors, sent, postpaid, at 50 cents, by the inventors.
Price of a box of Paints $2 00, and with Reducing Liquid $2 25, accompanied with full directions.
Caution.—Persons are cautioned against a worthless imitation of Newton's Fluid Colors, which is in shape and style similar to the genuine.
The genuine Newton's Colors have the name of the Sole Agent for the United States,
E. TILTON & CO., Boston,
On each bottle and box.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a Pure, Certain, Speedy Cure, Cough, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Aden, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. It costs a trifle. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

National Claim Agency.
Back Pay, Bounty, Prize Money, and Pensions procured for soldiers and Sailors, their Widows and Heirs. ISAAC V. S. WRIGHT, late Attorney and Counselor, No. 293 Broadway, N. Y. References: Gov. Seymour, Gov. Parker, Gov. Sprague, Hon. Geo. Bliss, Hon. H. W. Bellows, Prest. Sanitary Commission, and M. Armstrong & Sons, 11, 17 and 19 Ferry Street, N. Y.

Ladies India Rubber Pegs, only **20** *cents* each. A new and perfect article for holding Ladies' Dresses from the shoulder. Strong and simple. Will not injure most delicate dress. Forwarded to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 20 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. India Rubber Warehouse, 36 A. HALL & SONS' Block, Main Street, and every one Milk Street, Boston. Also, Rubber Bands and every size. are supplied with all kinds of Rubber Goods, at prices that the amount of their orders cannot fail to suit.

Important to Invalids.
THE PERUVIAN SYRUP, or protected solution of *Protoxide of Iron* supplies the necessary quantity of IRON IN THE BLOOD; and infuse *Strength, Vigor*, and *New Life* into the diseased and debilitated system. TRY IT. Large bottles, $7; bottle, $1. Sent by Express.
J. P. DIXEY & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Superior Farm Land
At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Pearl, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in tote to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Isaac Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

Attention Agents, Soldiers, and Masons.
Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send an sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Pencil, or Engraving Tablet, of a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
B. T. HATWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
206 Broadway, N. Y.

$22 Watches. $22
A genuine American Lever Watch, in heavy Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22, worth $30. Send for a circular. J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



The Soldier's Bullet-proof Vest
Has been fully tested. It has saved the lives of Generals, Colonels, Captains, and thousands of soldiers. It is worn by our best and bravest men.
A man's life is invaluable to himself, to his *Friends*, and to the country.
Price for officer's vests $3.
" private's " $6.
Sent promptly by Express to any address upon receipt of the money only, by
SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, & GRAHAM,
No. 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
P. S. Discount to the trade.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and other Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye. Sending the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

Enameled Furniture.
All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the City. Wholesale and Retail, at 577 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
From the Worlds Fair Medical Gazette.
BRO. GRAEFF: With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of *The Union*, should any be afflicted with that monster, consumption, or lung or throat disease, in any form, read at once to Prof. Edward A. Wilson, Wyandanch, Kings County, New York, and he will send you the receipt for the cure of said disease free of charge. Do not despair, for there is virtue in the medicine. I speak from experience, and have proved it to be true.
MARTHA W. SOBER.

ΙΩΔΗΣ. IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial Diseases, &c.
Dr. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 49 Broadway, New York.

GLEASON'S
ANTI-FLICKERING GAS BURNER.
The only burner that consumes gas with economy, giving a brilliant, diffusive light, entirely free from *flickering*.
I have been able to write by it several hours of an evening without fatigue to the eye. When in full action, it gives the same a steadiness equal to that of the best argan burner, without the inconvenient heat and expense of that form of burner.
H. SILLIMAN.
Manufactured by
E. P. GLEASON, 135 Mercer St., N. Y.

Metallic Artificial Legs and Arms.—Medal of Corresponding Class or Merit, London Exhibition, 1851, 1862, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co. Send for circular. Sold by Geo. Bliss, 822 Broadway; Certificate, $75; Silver-plated, $100. Send for a circular. 491 Broadway, N. Y. A. W. WESTON, Agent.

Agents Wanted.—$40 a Month
And Expenses, or Commission on Sales. Send stamp for circulars.
RICE & CO., 83 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Jewelry to the Trade.
ARMY WATCHES.—A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, *English Movements*, perfect timekeeper. Sent free by mail for only $7. A Silver Watch, same as above, $8. Chas. F. Norton & Co., 38 and 40 Ann St., N.Y.

EXCELSIOR.
Jewelry to the Trade.
The largest assortment of Jewelry to the Trade in this market, which we defy competition on. To Cash Customers, this is the place.
Our patterns are unique, and many entirely new. For full particulars of terms and prices, address
E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturing Jewelry, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

HEIMSTREET'S
Inimitable Hair Restorative.
IT IS NOT A DYE.
But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, thereby giving it life and vigor. All instantaneous dyes are composed of *lunar caustic*, destroying the vitality of the hair, and the consequence is, that it all becomes of a dreadful color.
Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores to its natural color any gray hair, but gives the hair a
Luxuriant Beauty,
promotes its growth, prevents the hair coming off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable druggists, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, D. S. Burton, 32 Broadway, N. Y. Two sizes, 50 c. and $1.

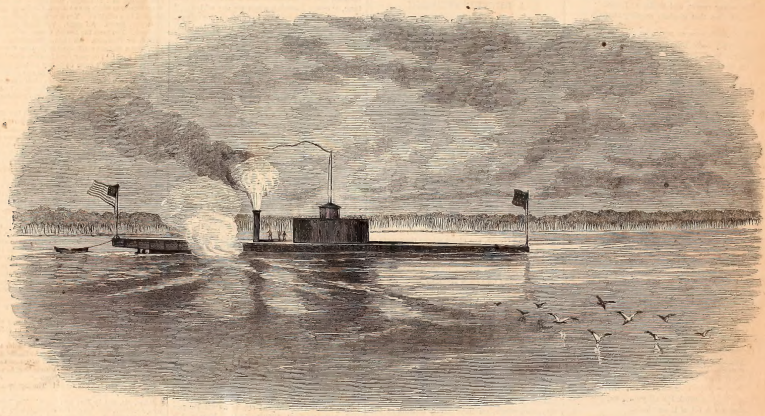
$2 to $5 A DAY.—Agents Wanted, Local or Traveling, everywhere. Business honorable, easy, and extraordinary; article quick of sale to Citizen or Soldier, and useful to man, woman, or child. Send for particulars, free, or box containing small, 31 cents. Address
W. J. BESTOR, No. 371 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

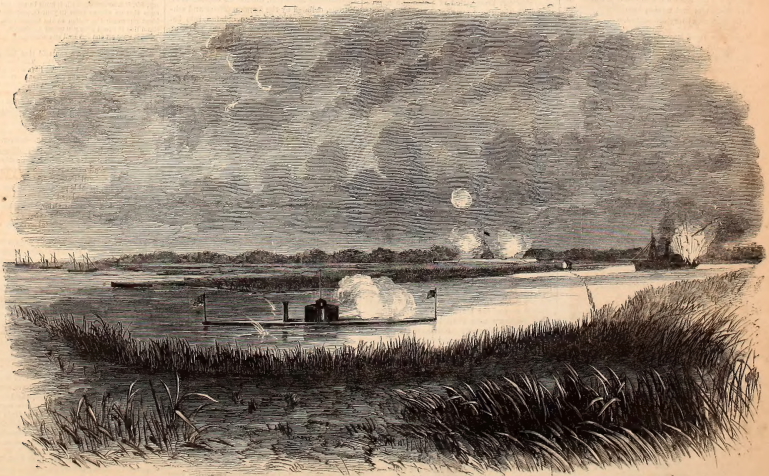
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 326.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



A TORPEDO EXPLODING UNDER THE "MONTAUK," IN THE OGEECHEE RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 206.]



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "NASHVILLE" BY THE IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MONTAUK."—DRAWN BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

ROUND their camp-fire three soldiers sat;
The night was cold, the wind was blowing,
And, sifting through the barrack's chinks,
The crystal flakes came thickly snowing.

They sat there silent, sad, and stern,
No light but fire-light on their faces,
And yet twas plain, how'er unsaid,
Theirs weren't the most congenial places.

At length Tim Hanson sighed, and muttered,
"It's no use, boys, the ship is sinking;
And as to risk another fight,
It's throwing life away, I'm thinking."

"And so do I," replied Jack Day;
"Our Government don't know what it's doing;
Our generals rather take their ease
Than spoil the mess Secesh is brewing."

"And then, too," Tim rejoined, "and then,
Just think of all the good times waiting—
The sunny rooms, and smiles at home,
And then that glorious evening skating.

"I wouldn't care so much for all,
If every body wasn't croaking;
But much of Northern news we get
Is most decidedly provoking.

"And then the faction bawling peace—
Surely the angels must be weeping,
Who look upon this demon's egg,
And have America in keeping."

"Ah me!" sighed out Dick Jones, "ah me!
There's nothing I can do but shiver,
And think of that dreadful night,
When thousands fell, across the river.

"I move we do as some have done,
Obtain our freedom by desertion:
To clip the noose, and foil the guard,
Requires, we know, but slight exertion."

"Agreed! agreed!" cried Tim and Jack:
"The thing would be amazing easy."
"A step!" hissed Dick, "'tis well the night,
In taking, old, is taken sneezy."

The door flew open, and there fell,
Just at the feet of Dick, a letter:
"Luck!" cried he; "had you come to-morrow,
You'd only found a broken fetter."

"Come, read it to us now," said Tim;
"T may give a follow strength for running,
Or turn us Copperheads, or something
Amazing much or wondrous cunning."

"Dear son:' yes, boys, I'll read you this:
The letter isn't Jane's, but mother's,
And now just think it's all your own,
And not a bit of it another's.

"'Dear Dick, we want to see you home,
But not till rebel schemes are crushed,
And discontent and treason here
In glorious victory are hushed.

"'Wrongs there may be—we know there are;
Bad men command where they should serve;
But all will meet ere long, we trust,
The recompense their acts deserve.

"'Think not that He, who notes the fall
Of even a sparrow, fails to see
The hardship, pain, and wrongs endured,
And whether patiently, by thee.

"'Think not that Heaven has me reward,
No rich reward in store, to mete
To him who takes his life, his all,
And lays them at his country's feet.

"'This is not all of life; and he
Who nobly for his country dies
Shall find inheritance where he falls,
And glory when entombed he lies.

"'Oh! then, my son, go boldly on;
Let no discouragements prevail;
Our cause is God's—His purposes
May linger, but they can not fail.'"

Dick turned away to wipe a tear;
Jack blew the flames a little higher;
Tim took his Bible from the shelf,
And drew the table to the fire.

"Twas nonsense," Jack remarked, at length,
"That we were talking, boys, together;
Or else we all like fools, no doubt
Engendered by this blowing weather."

"Twas only talk—all talk," said Tim;
"Let come what will, I'll never falter;
I'd like an order, though, to swing
Round every Copperhead a halter."

"My mother," murmured Dick; "my mother—
I soon even now to see her sitting,
Her thoughtful face and gentle eye
Bent silently above her knitting.

"Come, boys, we'll sing 'Sweet Home;' but no,
Our patriotic songs are better."
Well, passes for only God can know
The influence of that mother's letter.

In the next Number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall commence the publication of a new Serial Tale, entitled

VERY HARD CASH,

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

This Tale will be richly illustrated, and will be continued from week to week till it is completed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

A BETTER FEELING.

BE the cause what it may, the most careless observer must have noticed, within the past few days, a very decided improvement in public feeling. There is little or no despondency in men's language; people are not downcast and despairing; you do not hear, on every side, as you did a month ago, speculations with regard to the overthrow of the Government, the collapse of the currency, and the recognition of the South. On the contrary, people seem cheerful and hopeful. The old calm confidence in the justice of our cause and in its ultimate triumph is reviving; bets are offered on the capture of Charleston and Vicksburg; we laugh at foreign sympathy with the rebels, instead of getting angry. Altogether the tone of public feeling is much changed within a month, and unquestionably for the better.

The change can be ascribed to no particular event. We have won no battles, conquered no territory, occupied no new strategic point. Our armies, under Rosecrans, Hunter, Hooker, Banks, and Grant, are about where they were a month or six weeks ago. Gloom rebels, so far as we know, overhangs them as steadily, as defiantly as ever. Some almost unintelligible operations are going on in the West, by which we are expected to achieve mighty successes. But it is safe to say that the Yazoo expedition and the Lake Providence canal scheme are not in the least comprehended by the public at large, and have nothing to do with the increase of general cheerfulness.

Rather must we ascribe that increase, in the first place, to a moral reaction from the despondency which overwhelmed us after the defeats at Fredericksburg and Vicksburg. Those disasters, exaggerated by popular indignation and party spirit, filled the public mind with dismay, and when, on their heels, traitors at the North and West threatened to divide the loyal States, and to organize a party "in favor of a vigorous prosecution of peace" on a proslavery basis, the hearts of loyal men sank within them, and gloom overspread the whole republic. Fortunately the spirits of the Anglo-Saxon are too elastic to remain long depressed. A few weeks convinced us that the armies led by Hooker and Grant, though beaten, were as full of fight as ever; and a further brief period developed the equally important fact that the Copperhead traitors had no following to speak of, and that the masses of the Northern Democracy were heartily loyal to their country. These two discoveries dispelled, in great part, the oppressions which had saddened the public during the month of January, and laid the foundation for restored confidence.

Many minor causes have contributed to the same result. It is not too much to say that the emphatic indorsement, by such sterling democrats as John Van Buren and James T. Brady, of the conscript legislation in Congress, has demolished at a blow the factious opposition which was being organized for the purpose of preventing the Government from prosecuting the war. If these men approve, who shall cavil? In like manner, the recent inquiry which has arisen in Europe for American securities has raised their value in the eyes of our own people. If these foreigners, who know so little about our country, and whose newspaper and political guides so systematically traduce us, are willing to lend their money to the United States Government, what Northern man shall be base enough to question its solvency? Nor have the recent demonstrations of sympathy in England been without their effect in strengthening the backbone of the timid here. These Englishmen of the middle classes seem to have no doubt of our ultimate success. Shall they have more faith than we?

Meanwhile snuffs and estrays of news from the South tend to encourage the belief that the Jeff Davis despotism is tottering to its fall. Gold is worth 380 in Richmond, which implies an utter want of confidence in the revolutionary paper. Were gold worth 350 here, we could not carry on the war for sixty days. At Mobile, according to their own newspapers, people are starving to death. A committee of the rebel Congress has been appointed to inquire into the causes of the alarming scarcity of food, and it is understood that it ascribes the fact to the failure of the crops. But a Charleston paper more justly charges the disaster upon the reckless manner in which the conscription act has been carried out. Jeff Davis has been so determined upon military success that he has not left labor enough on the plantations to raise food. A letter feeling of discontent and insubordination seems to be cropping out in various parts of the South, and the indications justify the belief that a decided Northern victory would at once be followed by counter-revolutionary movements in favor of the Union in several of the insurrectionary States.

All these causes have had their share in strengthening confidence and cheering men's spirits at the North. But the principal cause of the improvement in public feeling has been, we doubt not, the increasing confidence in the tenacity and perseverance of our race with which every one of us is imbued. Like our fathers, the English, we are slow to fight, and most egregious blunderers at the art of war. But, like them, when we do fight, we are terribly in earnest, and fight on, through good and evil fortune, "never knowing when we are whipped," never relaxing our efforts in consequence of partial successes or partial defeats, never doubting in our own strength because of our ultimate success, and never for an instant calling off the dogs of war until the object for which we fight has been thoroughly accomplished.

THE WEALTH OF OUR COUNTRY.

WHEN this war broke out the leading organs of British and other European opinion declared that the contest would speedily come to an end if the capitalists of Europe refused to lend their means to the combatants. In Europe, and especially in England, the notion prevailed that there was no money here, and that the prosecution of enterprises, peaceful or belligerent, depended on the supply of funds from abroad.

A similar impression existed in this country also. In Wall Street, when a railway or a canal or a steamship line was projected, the first question mooted was, will the bonds or the stock sell in England? It was commonly believed that we had no capital in this country, and that the development of our resources was dependent on the supply of funds from foreign parts.

We have now been at war nearly two years, and until within a couple of months our Government has not obtained a dollar from abroad. During that period there have been absorbed, paid for, and held, 1st, about $70,000,000 of long 6 per cent. bonds; 2d, about $160,000,000 of 7-30 notes; and 3d, about $175,000,000 of one year 6 per cent. debt certificates—in all, over $400,000,000 of Government securities, exclusive of legal tender currency. In other words, the people of the United States have in the course of eighteen months taken and paid for as many Government stocks as all Europe took from us from 1815 to 1861. But is this all. While our people were absorbing these Government securities, the foolish capitalists of Europe, deluded by the *London Times* and other leading organs of foreign opinion into believing that this country was on the verge of absolute ruin, were selling all the American securities they held at any price they were absorbing them. Over $200,000,000 of American stocks—Federal, State, County, City, and Railway—came here for sale between New Year 1861 and New Year 1863, and all found a market.

Yet this vast flood of old and new securities has led to no decline in prices. All the 6 per cent. and 7-30 securities of the United States Government are above par. All railway bonds in good repute sell at a substantial premium.

The interest on the debt—this country is much richer than was ever supposed. The notion that we were dependent on Europe for capital is exploded. It is doubtful whether any European nation could have absorbed as large an amount of funded securities as our people have absorbed in the past eighteen months. The United States credit is firmly in the granite and ultimate resources has never been questioned—has developed during the present struggle a wealth in actual and immediate money means far beyond any thing that any one had ever dared to expect, and, in all probability, beyond any thing which the richest foreign nation in the world could hope to surpass.

THE LOUNGER.

FROM A DIARY.

THE LOUNGER continues his extracts from the Diary of which he spoke last week, and which, he is glad to know, is not without interest and significance to many readers. The writer of the Diary, in a private note to the Lounger, insists upon a careful avoidance of every thing that may not with propriety be published, confiding entirely, however, in the discretion of the editor.

The other evening, at a little party at ——'s, the conversation lurched gradually upon the inevitable topic. Every body talked about the war, and every body avoided the colored man as long as possible. But at length Triptolemus remarked, in his lofty and rather insolent manner, to Cato:

"Well, well; now let us finish up the war, and save the Union without any further allusion to our sable brethren."

There was a momentary pause; then Cato dryly said, "If we left let the negro alone, he would always have let us alone. We began it."

Triptolemus replied, tartly, "I don't see it."

"If you don't like pumpkins," answered Cato, "you had better not plant pumpkin-seed. If we don't want negroes at every turn, why were they brought? They, at least, are not responsible for their coming here."

"Pshaw!" retorted Triptolemus; "I am sick of the Abolitionists. Sambo I have been at the South, Cato; I have seen the blacks, and I know that they are fit only for slaves."

"Possibly," answered Cato. "But I have been at the South too, and I have seen the whites, and I know that they are fit for masters."

Triptolemus dropped the conversation.

Jones not John Bull, who dined at his Consul's in honor of the Prince's marriage.

"Was the pulpit report of the feast correct?" asked Jones.

"Certainly."

"Then you had a cold dinner, eh?"

"Cold? Damn my soul, what d'ye mean? Cold? It was jolly—Jolly!"

But I never knew any thing quite so cool as the way in which the President's health was proposed."

"Why, bless my soul, what d'ye mean?"

"Mean? Why, Bull, look here. You are all living and trading in this country, protected by its laws. Its Government, to which your Consul owes allegiance, is menaced by a rebellion. You dine in its chief city. You toast your Queen. All right. You toast your Prince. All right. You toast the Danish Consul, who is absent, fourth for Denmark. All right. Then, with a kindly pity, with a volume condescension, you pat his country upon the back: 'You poor devil! you're gone to pot, of course; but it won't quite do to stop nashing your teeth. Here, gentlemen, fill up! Society has some disagreeable duties. We are in the United States. Here's a fine country. Fifty 'ds so distracted. But I do not wish to be too hard upon it. I am not forgot giving you the President of the United States!'

"You think it distracted, do you? And how about the navy you are hauling for the distracting purpose? I wonder, Bull, if the excellent gentleman who upset cats an mountain, 'wrote that forge' proposing the most obvious and commonplace hence to the President, in a long memory about this same matter of privateering? I wonder if he remembers under what circumstances his predecessor vented the British Consulate? Perhaps you have yourself forgotten. Well, his predecessor charged, during the Crimean War, that one of the most conspicuous and honorable members of New York was filling our privateers for the Russian Government. The merchant interposes, at an open meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, or open Exchange, declared that so honorable and patriotic a charge would engage in such business. The matter did not rest. It was an insult to the navigation of commerce. It was carried up to the authorities. The exequatur was revoked, and the British Government requested to name an agent who would respect the high sense of the community to which he was accredited. Countries differ, John. Do you think it would be an agreeable thing to the whole British merchant to suggest that he was extensively engaged in privateering for the American government? And can you think it an edifying spectacle, that of a commercial agent of his in the United States unable to forget giving the health of the President?"

"Yes, yes," replied Bull; "that is the way with you Americans. You are too sensitive to take a joke well. Your nerves are too easily touched."

"Jones," said I, "if our country had sold, at a dinner in London, that although he thought Englishmen were egregious asses to pay the Prince of Wales half a million of dollars a year, that, nevertheless, they must hold and forego giving the health of the Queen—"

"By Jove, Sir, but I would!" replied the loyalty of a true Briton—"

"Yes, Sir, and by Jove you forget! The loyalty of a true American, who honors the representative of the national authority, is not a hoc nolo and generous feeling that any thing can kill and destroy. You would drink the President's health if you don't wish to. But in this country, Sir, if it be drunk at all, it must be with the same respect that we always show to your Queen; for the President represents the nation as the Queen does. Understand that the next time you marry a prince."

Jones went off and left Bull stammering.

Dined at ——'s. Some one said that Vallandigham ought to be sent to Fort Lafayette. Triptolemus smiled. "Sent to Fort Lafayette? Why, I have no doubt Vallandigham is in the pay of the Government. He is of more service to us than an Herodias. Vallandigham is a *casus mentis*. He is worth an occasional victory; for when we see him beating the enemy in the field is terrifying it at home. No, no; let us keep Fort Lafayette for those who hurt us."

HISTORY *VERSUS* PALMERSTON.

IN making his proposition to Parliament that $75,000 a million dollars should be annually paid to the Prince of Wales for his onerous services to the British nation, Lord Palmerston alluded to some of the other inestimable privileges enjoyed by Britons; and he congratulated his fellow-countrymen upon being free from an Oriental despotism upon the one hand, and upon the other from both the mob law and the governmental tyranny of a republic.

The Oriental despotisms must answer for themselves. But when my Lord says a republic he means the United States. Now the ferocity of our mob rule, and the gloomy rigors of our tyrannical Government at this moment, are known to all mankind. The English subjects now in New York are witnesses of our horrible condition. But when the noble Lord speaks of Britain as free from mobs and legal rigors, he conveniently forgets to remember the history of his country. The mob is a British institution. A hundred and fifty years ago the whole of Scotland kept a mob in pay to suppress Tory tumults. In 1779, as my Lord Palmerston will remember, if he chooses, the Gordon rioters had possession of London, and the kingdom was barely saved from civil war. In 1797 the Scotch riots upon the militia act will not have escaped his memory. The fearful Birmingham riots of 1800 in Birmingham and London; the manufacturing mobs in 1812; the peace mobs of 1816; incidents familiar to the most superficial knowledge of British history, are all mobs with which the republic, whose mob rule Lord Palmerston so deprecates, has nothing to offer in comparison.

Still more striking is his Lordship's lapse of memory in respect to the rigors of the Government in time of war, at which, as exhibited in this country, his Lordship shrugs his Lordship's shoulders. Surely he has not forgotten that in 1794, when

Great Britain was at war with France, there were clubs formed in London which preached doctrines considered dangerous by the Government. Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister, said that "in times of apprehended rebellion" it had been usual to suspend the *habeas corpus* act, and he introduced, and Parliament passed, a bill to secure and detain all who were suspected of taking action against the Government without the relief of the *habeas corpus*. Lord Palmerston will concede that that was a rather vigorous measure.

In the year 1795 Great Britain had been three years at war with France. The British people were tired and discontented. London swarmed with "declamatory lecturers," as they were called, who told their audiences that courts and ministers made wars to keep the right walk w in luxury while the people were starved and enslaved. At one meeting of this kind in London fifty thousand people were present. The excitement grew, and the King was stoned as he went to Parliament. Thereupon, as Earl Palmerston, speaking of kept women, will remember, a bill was passed making any act "treasonable" to harm of the King or his heirs high treason, and making the incitement of dislike to the Government, by word or deed, a high misdemeanor. There was also a bill passed to prevent seditious meetings—that is, meetings to discuss in a hostile spirit the policy of the Government. And a house opened for any political discussion without a license was to be fined a hundred pounds. Lord Palmerston thinks our Government intolerably despotic in time of war; but we have not quite reached the British point, we have, Honorable Landlubham and ditto Wood?

So in 1798, also during a foreign war, the *habeas* bill was revived, which obliged those who let lodgings to give accounts regularly to the Government of the foreigners in their houses, and which enabled the Government to detain foreigners, or prevent aliens at its discretion from landing in England. This bill, also, Pitt thinking suspected men was also renewed; and in 1817, in the happy days of the ever-glorious Prince Regent, all these acts were revived and the *habeas corpus* suspended, in expectation of domestic trouble, and when there was no war.

These facts have not escaped history, although Lord Palmerston omits to remember them, and when he thanks God that Englishmen are not as other men are in the matter of *habeas* and arbitrary acts of Government, and especially not like this Republican country, he does no credit to his historical knowledge. We refer to the facts merely as illustrations of the British practice of arbitrary laws. And the radical difference between all such measures here and in every other country is, that here they are the acts of the people themselves for the security of their liberties, and elsewhere, as was the case in England, they are the acts of a governing class to subdue the people.

THE HOSPITAL REGISTER.

In describing, last week, a visit to the United States Military Hospital at West Philadelphia, the Lounger mentioned the pretty little paper, the *West Philadelphia Local Reporter*, published there by and for the soldiers. It is edited as a labor of love by Dr. F. V. Hayden, whose name is familiar to every scientific student in the country as one of our most distinguished geologists, and who is now a surgeon in the United States service. The contributions are mainly written by the patients, and the type-setting and printing are all done by them in the hospital. Only some half dozen weekly numbers have been issued, and six hundred subscribers at a dollar will insure its continuance for a year and the supply of each patient with a copy. The visiting and resident surgeons take the warmest interest in the undertaking, and more than one of them is gravely suspected of surreptitiously sending communications for its columns. Thus we quoted last week a touching poem beginning:

"mi bik is stif and sore."

And in the same number there were some "Lines on an Autopsical Examination," of which the "subject" revealed the surgical artist. In like manner, in the third number, "The Anatomist's Ode to his Mistress" is a pathetic illustration of the conflict of physiology with poetry, of which the result is a drawn battle. Of course it at the end of the paragraph. "The Battle of Williamsburg" is a vivid chapter in the history of the Peninsular campaign, told by a soldier of the Second New Hampshire, in ward M; while "How Uncle Phineas arranged a Lawsuit, by Proxy, between Tom Mud," is a pleasant prescription for the invalid soldier as he is like to get from the visiting surgeon.

Nothing political or personal or professional will be admitted into the *Register*. The little paper has a kindly effort to alleviate pains earned in our service. Could we but show you with it well and hearty's worth? If you do, eat your cake and have it. Send your dollar to the *West Philadelphia U. S. Hospital Register*.

Here is the poem. Mark how learnedly they make love in hospitals!

THE ANATOMIST'S ODE TO HIS MISTRESS.

I list as thy heart and ascending aorta
Their volumes of valvular harmony pour;
And my ear is attuned that mellower music has caught a
Near life 'mid its dry anatomical lore.

O rare is the sound when thy ventricles throb
In a systole regular, measured and true,
While the auricles answer with rhythmical sob,
As they murmur a melody wondrously low!

O thy cornea, love, has the radiant light
Of the sparkle that laughs in the icicle's sheen;
And thy crystalline lens, like a diamond bright,
Through the quivering flames of thine iris is seen!

And thy retina, spreading its lustre of pearl,
Like a fair wavy nebula, distantly gleams
Even a wrait of black cellular nitrous that hurl
From their hexagon angles the silvery beams.

All the dark of those orbs is enlivening me still.
At they roll 'neath the palpebra, finely translucent,
Obeying, in silence, the magical will
Of the oculo-motor—pathetic—abscent.

O sweet is thy voice, as it slightingly wells
From thy darkishy quivering chordiæ vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells
Of the antrum, the sthmoid, and sinus frontales!

And stately the weave of thy maidenly breast,
As the swell of the billow swift rolling to land;
And as soft the vesicular sigh by thy chest
As the moan of the ripple that ebbs o'er the sand.

But, alas! 'tis with many forbidden I pen
Anatomical verse thy beauty to praise,
For I fear me my studies will never again
Bring for me any hope in my happier days.

Then hast stolen the charm from my studio dim—
From dissection I turn with embittering wrath—
Thou hast rigged rhetoric out my skeleton grim—
Ah, lady! fair lady! why crowed ye my path!

THE COPPERHEAD PLAN.

ABOUT once a week there is a meeting of the Vallandigham club in the city of New York, which is addressed by Copperhead orators; at which resistance to the laws is inculcated; the President is hooted, and those who are in favor of a peaceful suppression of the rebellion are denounced as negroheads, fanatics, or by any other name that the speakers think most likely to inflame partisan hatred in favor of Jeff Davis and the men who are murdering our soldiers and trying to overthrow the Government.

At a recent meeting of the club Mr. Voorhees, a representative in Congress from Indiana, read the point of which is in these words: "When the Government want outside of the limits of law, then force should be met by force. The people have but one meaning and intention. They mean simply: "When the authorities do any thing which you do not like, then, my friends, you must resist them. Jeff Davis is failing to fasting and praying. He has no longer any hope but in civil war at the North. The people are ready. The organization is unconstitutional and illegal. Therefore, good Copperheads, strike home."

That there should be any doubt what Mr. Voorhees means, Mr. Fernando Wood explains. He said on the same evening at Stamford, in Connecticut, that "the Conscription Act is unconstitutional, and if he were elected Governor of Connecticut not a man should be forced from the State by the act without a writ of habeas corpus."

The New York *Herald* of the next morning vigorously set forth the exact consequences and character of this proposition. It is the plan openly avowed by Fernando Wood. Let every man who is in favor of the Union, of the national supremacy, and of obedience to the laws say so.

"When such reckless, bigoted, and narrow-sighted and brawling demagogues as Vallandigham and Pendleton of Ohio, Ben Wood, Brady Bowlin, and their associates, begin to preach the doctrine of resistance to President Lincoln and his conscription act, it is time that we, at least due to the community that the tendencies of their absurd and dangerous instructions should be exposed. They counsel resistance to the draft. Let us suppose that here and there those Copperhead apostles of mob law should succeed in inducing a considerable number to resistance to the conscription. The Government undertakes to execute the law. A bloody collision ensues. Every case of resistance spreads throughout the ranks of the party infected, and civil war, with all its fearful consequences, is inaugurated at the very outset. Such are the results of things what citizen's property, home, or life would be secure? What foreign power, in the event of a war against the intrusion of a gang of hungry ruffians and a disorganized mob, would not be justified in taking the horrible condition how would it be possible to prevent the breaking up of our armies in the field, the occupation of the national capital by Jeff Davis, and the absolute destruction of the Government of the United States?"

"THE HABEAS CORPUS."

GENTLEMEN who, in denouncing the bill relating to the *habeas corpus*, declaim about Charles First losing his head for disregarding the writ, etc., should be reminded that Charles First was beginning their orations. The revolution that killed Charles and banished his son James was completed by the overthrow of William the King of England, and the law of England respecting the suspension of the *habeas corpus* was settled by a precedent in the first year of William and Mary. In 1689, when Ireland was in open rebellion, a conspiracy against the King was discovered in England, and the leaders were arrested by the civil power. They then at once applied to Parliament for advice. Parliament passed a bill. The act must be approved by them. The House then refused to empower him to arrest for a limited time all persons whom he should suspect, and *rejected* an amendment that it should never be made a precedent.

Thus the English law is that the privilege of the writ is to be suspended by the consent of the whole Government, executive and legislative. Or, in other words, it is for the Parliament only, or legislative power, that, whenever it sees proper, can authorize the Crown, by suspending the writ, to imprison any man for a limited time, to imprison suspected persons without giving any reason for so doing. . . . The nation puts with the liberty for a while in order to preserve it forever."

The English practice has been that in the absence of Parliament, or even while it was in session, when the case demanded instant action, the ministers have suspended the privilege of the writ, and then asked Parliament to indemnify them. The authority upon the subject is conceded to be supreme, and whose sanction is retrospective in its operation.

Mr. Lincoln's action has conformed exactly to the English precedent and to the tradition of constitutional liberty. In the absence of Congress, and in the extreme peril of the country, with the plain provision of the Constitution before him which allows the suspension without naming the suspending power, he did exactly what William Third, what any clear-sighted and honest supreme executive officer, would instinctively have done. At the same time he summoned Congress, and directly upon its assembling laid the case before them in a few words of simple good sense, which we reproduce here as most timely and most wise, and indicative of that candor and sagacity which are not less remarkable in the President than his unswerving fidelity not only to the laws, but, alas, what is to us an unaccustomed spectacle in the administration of the presidential office, to the spirit of the laws.

"The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted, and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution even had it been perfectly clear that, by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty that practically it relieves some of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated? To state the question more directly, are all the laws *but one* to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces lest that one be violated? Even in such a case would not the official oath be broken, if the Government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that 'the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it,' is a provision—is a limitation—on the power to suspend, when suspension may be required, and not a direct general power to suspend. Nor is it conferred upon any branch of the Government, but clearly implies that all the branches, when acting within their proper spheres, shall have their participation. The Congress, and not the Executive, is invested with this power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which, or who, is to exercise the power; and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that, in every case, the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together; the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion."

He then submitted preliminary legislation upon the subject to "the better judgment" of Congress, and Congress has responded by the act which protects the President, and which declares the subversive of all the liberties of the citizen. It does most emphatically subvert the liberty of the citizen to conspire against the unity and existence of the nation.

The whole question is most thoroughly and exhaustively discussed in Mr. Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SAILOR about being married, could not find change enough for the parson's fees. The reverend gentleman, observing the difficulty, offered the astonished tar his married. Jack, glancing its band in his pocket, drew out a guinea, saying, "Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

A colonel was boasting that he had sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a lady, "a high family. I have often seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

An old Dutchman undertook to walk his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped him. The old man complained to the landlord for rejecting of his son's manhood. He said, "Well, Jake ish a smart fellow; he can vip his own vather."

What is that which belongs to yourself yet is used by every body?—Your name.

Some unknown cholera reporter states that a lady who had just been married, went to bed, and was laid out by her friends, was found the night following standing at the cupboard eating cucumbers. Such is life!

"They left her 'a laying in' white.
Frequent for the grave's quiet slumbers;
They left the lady all right very early night,
A *laying* in pickled cucumbers."

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor one day of a young lad in front of him. "Why, in the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

Hearing something said the other day about a "monitor," a Dutchman inquired what it was. When he supposed the grappling-iron aboard the fleet were called the guard-irons.

A Frenchman once saw a gentleman walk up to an open mailbox in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff. He immediately asked the meaning of the word. "May I take the liberty?" On the next day the Frenchman went into a tobacco shop and asked for half a pound of liberty.

A son of the Emerald Isle, telling his adventures in California, said: "The first thousand hard I ever saw in America was a federation. I tried him under a haystack, and shot him through the head; the first time I shot him I missed him, and the second time I hit him where I missed before."

The nearest a certain man in this city ever approached to luck was to find a counterfeit note on a broken bank. He thinks that very lucky that he found it; it would have been a gold piece.

The young man who, guided by the memory of his wrongs, and shielded by a coat of dark, gave the reins to his evil passions, has been collared by a policeman, and will soon be hauled up before a justice.

There are protected patriots who will hold any thing except their tongues; keep any thing except their word; and less nothing patiently except their character.

"I think," said Mr. Thackeray, "I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to Dean Swift for a guinea and a dinner."

What is the difference between fame and ceremonies? —You sit upon the first and stand upon ceremonies.

If I kiss you by mistake,
What war weapon do I make?—A Manderbuss.

What nations will always be cannibals?—The Manchew Tartars.

Why is a schoolmaster like an engine-driver?—Once trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

What is the most indigestible supper?—To bolt the street door just before going to bed.

The man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

"I'll let you off easy this time," as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The man under the guillotine, about to be swung off, would like to have "the last tie" severed.

"No more at present," as the extinguisher said to the candle.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?
My first is irrational,
My second is rational,
And my whole irritable.
My whole is irritable.
Horses-man-ship (horsemanship).

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?
Because it is the centre (sentry).

Why is it dangerous to go into a cathedral?
Because there is a great cannon (cannon in the desk, a minor cannon in the aisle, and the bishop at the helm) charging the congregation.

One word of four letters:
If you transpose what hears wear,
You'll see an ancient laborer appear;
Change it again, and it will show
What oil on earth desire to be;
Transpose the letters yet again,
What bad men are—you'll then explain.
Peil—nile—lien—lion—eral.

What trade is like the sun?
A dyer.

Why should you be wide awake on the railroad?
Because the trains goes over sleepers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

THE extra session of the Senate closed on 14th. A large number of nominations were confirmed, but no other public business was done.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN THE WEST.

General McClernand's troops have been compelled to embark for Milliken's Bend, sixteen miles above Vicksburg, owing to high water. Recent operations at Lake Providence and elsewhere resulted in inundating more than one hundred miles of plantations, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property. The rebel guerrillas suffered terribly by the flood. In fact, they were completely driven out.

GENERAL HUNTER ABOUT TO MOVE.

General Hunter's army at Port Royal is about to move on some important expedition. If we can judge from the movements of troops, the Commanding General has his soldiers; in which he says that after long and weary delays, he is about to move on some one of the most sacred and central, they have at length the cheering prospect of active and very important service.

REBEL PROPOSAL FOR PEACE.

A resolution was offered on the 11th instant in the Congress of the Confederate States by Mr. Conrad, proposing terms of peace, and was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The terms it provides for are "the basis and form of Representatives of the Confederate States do therefore propose to the United States to negotiate for a final Declaration in any measures it may adopt, consistent with the honor, dignity, and independence of the Confederate States, leading to a speedy restoration of peace with all or with any of the States of the late Federal Union."

A LOYAL GOVERNOR.

Governor Cannon, of Delaware, has just issued an important proclamation on the subject of "illegal arrests." Ignoring state rights altogether, and placing the Federal above them. The proclamation is called forth by the passage of an act in the Assembly to prevent illegal arrests in that State. The Governor says: "I again urge the good people of this State that they hold true allegiance to the Government of the United States as paramount to the State of Delaware, and that they obey the constituted authorities charged with the Legislature of the State of Delaware or any other human authority whatsoever."

A PRIVATEER ON THE PACIFIC.

A fast schooner was reported to have been seized on 19th by the United States authorities, and detained as a privateer. About twenty thousands were found on board, well armed, together with six brass Dahlgren guns, with carriages complete for use in action. Correspondence found on the persons of the prisoners will lead to other arrests.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY IN PARLIAMENT.

On 9th ult., in the House of Lords, Earl Russell alluded to the recognition of the Confederate States by Mexico Confederacy, and requested Lord Strathdeen to postpone until the 24th inst. when he had been given notice of the production of copies of all dispatches from Mr. Mason to her Majesty's Government on the claim of the Southern Confederacy to be acknowledged as an independent power by Great Britain, to which Lord Strathdeen assented. Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, in reply to a question as to whether there was any correspondence between her Majesty's Government and the Emperor of the French relative to the offer of mediation, said that the several and Confederate States, and if so, whether there was any objection to lay the same before the House, stated also if the Government was aware that any replies on the subject had been received by the Emperor of the French from the Federal Government—answered that the only official communication he had was a dispatch from Lord Russell on the 13th of November to Lord Cowley, in a reply to a similar communication from the French Government. This document was already on the table of the House. With regard to the offer of mediation he might have replied by the Emperor of the French, that would be a matter between the French Government and the French Minister at Washington, and he did not see how he could answer the question.

THE FOOD SHIPS.

The arrival of the American food ships *Achilles* and *Griswold* was the source of a great demonstration in Manchester. A large meeting was held, and an address of thanks adopted to the captains and officers of the *Griswold*. The speeches expressed the fullest sympathy with the United States. On the 10th inst. Captain Jeffers also entertained the officers of the *Griswold* at a grand banquet on board his ship. At the close of the repast, the officers of the *Magnolia*, proposed the health of the President, and said that the Union flag became the freedom and the check of a great nation, but because of his undoubted principles of liberty, and in accordance with the object of establishing a constitutional government.

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The Polish insurrection is exciting great attention in the Cabinets of the leading Powers. It is announced from Warsaw that the Russians had been defeated by the Poles after an engagement which lasted five hours. The town of Radzigalow, near which the battle took place, has been reduced to ruins. The insurgents appear to be carrying on operations with great activity and energies.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT M'ALLISTER BY THE IRON-CLAD FLEET.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON BOARD THE "MONTAUK."]

JIM WILLIAMS.

JEM WILLIAMS, whose portrait we publish on this page, is of small, compact stature, twenty-six years of age, was born in the District of Columbia, from whence he was sold about six years ago to Benjamin Barber, of Carroll Parish, Louisiana. Williams, learning the arrival of General M'Arthur's division at Lake Providence, left his master about the 1st of February last, and joined the army in the capacity of cook in the Ninety-fifth Illinois Regiment. On Tuesday, the 10th of February, learning that a scouting party had just gone out to make a reconnoissance in the neighborhood of his home, Williams determined to join them; and, borrowing a mule and musket, followed and overtook the party about five miles distant, and just before they fell into a rebel ambuscade of guerrillas, numbering about two hundred and fifty, who had left their horses in the rear, and, under cover of canebreaks and bushes, were reserving their attack until our advanced-guard of about forty infantry should be fairly within range. At this a volley was discharged by the rebels which frustrated one quarter of our men; the remainder charged bayonets and drove the rebels from their shelter. Now commenced a running fight. Jim Williams dashed to the front and swept on about one hundred and fifty yards in advance. When under cover of a tree he commenced firing; this started up three guerrillas a short distance from him. The wily scout, observing them rise, leveled his musket and demanded their surrender, upon which two threw down their arms; the third, at the same instant, fired at Williams, the ball cutting off his belted knife. Williams returned the fire, sending a ball through the head of the rebel and killing him instantly. He then brought in his two prisoners with their guns; one of which he was allowed to keep as a proof that negroes can fight. The little party of forty succeeded in dispersing the rebels and taking thirty-one prisoners before the remainder of the troops arrived.

On returning to camp a guerrilla scout was observed by the quick eye of Williams a quarter of a mile off. He darted after him like a hound for his prey. The rebel waited the onset, when Williams, coming within about fifty yards, delivered an off-hand shot which sent the foe reeling on his horse's neck, crying "O God! I'm shot."

Williams is very anxious to raise a company of negroes for scouting service, and said to the writer of this, on leaving him a few days since, "I am willing to work, but would rather fight." General M'Arthur, who appreciates true bravery without regard to color, holds him in the highest estimation, and freely gives him the post of honor in scouting the swamps of Louisiana.

It is the opinion of the gentleman who furnishes the above account, derived from personal observation in that region, that a force of ten thousand able-bodied negroes could be raised within thirty days if any effort were made for that purpose.

A STRAGGLER.

WE illustrate herewith a very familiar personage to our armies. Mr. Waud, the author of the sketch, writes:

"This sketch, taken in a little country store, is a fair representation of a class which increases with great rapidity when the army is on the move. With worn-out clothes, mournful looks, and dirty persons, they beg or steal as occasion offers, carefully avoiding their regiments, where they can get all needful supplies, for fear they should be given something to do. They generally travel in little squads, some of whom have thrown away or sold their arms and knapsacks—sleeping in barns or camping out in by-places, for which the modern shelter-tent affords great facilities, being so easily transported and pitched. Sometimes they waylay for food, but more often live on the fat of the land, begging or buying bread, and stealing poultry, meat, vegetables, and so forth. Where it is safe they do a good deal of bullying; in the vicinity of guards they assume a dejected air, usually counterfeiting lameness to get the charity of the country folk.

"A more efficient provost guard would remedy this crying evil in the army, is being a noticeable fact that not till after a new country has been subjected for days to pillage at the hands of straggling scoundrels is any effort made to do away with the evil, although a private citizen is liable to arrest or detention in the most absurd places."



UNION JIM.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.

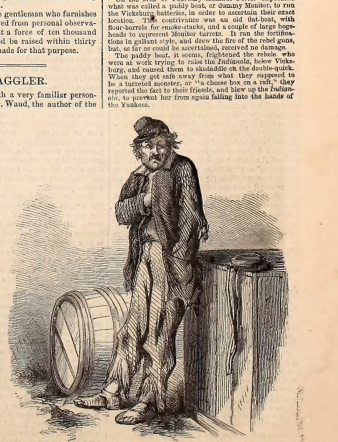
WE publish on next page a portrait of the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, now the wife of the Prince of Wales, from a bust lately executed in London. She wears an ancient Egyptian brooch, presented by the Prince by the Pasha of Egypt, and valued at some enormous sum. The lady, it will be seen, is beautiful enough to justify Lord Palmerston's encomium; it will be her own fault if she be not happy. No girl in our day has commenced life under more promising auspices.

BACHE'S QUAKER.

WE illustrate herewith the exploit of "BACHE'S QUAKER" on the Mississippi, at which the whole West is shaking its sides with laughter. After the loss of the *Indianola*, it seems, Admiral Porter and his officers were at their wit's-end for some device to repair the loss. The *Herald* correspondent says:

On the 5th of February Admiral Porter dispatched what was called a paddy boat, or dummy Monitor, to run the Vicksburg batteries, in order to ascertain their exact location. The contrivance was an old flat-boat, with flour-barrels for smoke-stacks, and a couple of large hogsheads to represent Monitor turrets. It ran the fortifications in gallant style, and drew the fire of the rebel guns, but, as far as could be ascertained, received no damage.

The paddy boat, it seems, frightened the rebels who were at work trying to raise the *Indianola*, below Vicksburg, and caused them to skedaddle on the double-quick. When they got safe away from what they supposed to be a turreted monitor, or "a cheese box on a raft," they reported the fact to their friends, and blew up the *Indianola*, to prevent her from again falling into the hands of the Yankees.



A STRAGGLER.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

In reference to this the Jackson *Mississippian* had the following:

The destruction of the *Indianola* was a most unnecessary and unfortunate affair. The turreted monster proved to be a flat-boat, with sundry fixtures to create deception. She passed Vicksburg Tuesday night, and the officers believing she was really a turreted monster, blew the *Indianola* up, but the guns fell into the hands of the enemy.

The Vicksburg *Whig* of 6th says:

We stated a day or two since that we would not enlighten our readers in regard to a matter which was puzzling them very much. We alluded to the loss of the gun-boat *Indianola*, recently captured from the enemy. We were loth to acknowledge she had been destroyed, but such is the case. The Yankee barge sent down the river last week was reported to be an iron-clad gun-boat. The authorities, thinking that this monster would retake the *Indianola*, immediately issued an order to blow her up. The order was sent down by courier to the officer in charge of the vessel. A few hours afterward another order was sent down countermanding the first, it being ascertained that the monstrous craft was only a coal-boat; but before it reached the *Indianola* she had been blown to atoms—not even a gun was saved. Who is to blame for the folly, this precipitancy? It would really seem as if we had no use for gun-boats on the Mississippi, as a coal-barge is magnified into a monster, and our authorities immediately order a boat that would have been worth a small army to us to be blown up.

The New York *Times* publishes a letter from an officer, from which we extract the following:

Finding that they (the rebels) could not be provoked to fire without an object, I thought of getting up an imitation *Monitor*. Ericsson saved the country with an iron one—why could I not save it with a wooden one? An old coal-barge, picked up in the river, was the foundation to build on. It was built of old boards in twelve hours, with pork barrels on top of each other for smoke-stacks, and two old canoes for quarter-boats; for furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke and not steam.

Without knowing that Brown was in peril, I lost hour our *Monitor*. When it was descried by the dim light of the morn, never did the batteries of Vicksburg open with such a din; the earth fairly trembled, and the shot flew thick around the devoted *Monitor*. But she run safely past all the batteries, though under fire for an hour, and drifted down to the lower mouth of the canal. She was a much better looking vessel than the *Indianola*.

When it was broad daylight they opened on her again with all the guns they could bring to bear without a shot hitting her *to do any harm*, because they did not make her settle in the water, though going in at one side and out at another. *She was already full of water.* The soldiers of our army shouted and laughed like mad, but the laugh was somewhat spoiled when when they subsequently discovered the *Queen of the West* lying at the wharf at Waterton. The question was asked, what had happened to the *Indianola*? Had the two rams sunk her or captured her in the engagement we heard the night before? The sounds of cannon had receded down the river, which led us to believe that Brown was chasing the *Webb*, and that the Queen had got up past him.

One or two soldiers got the *Monitor* out in the stream again, and let her go down on the ram *Queen*. All the forts commenced firing and signaling, and as the *Monitor* approached the Queen the turned tail and ran down river as fast as she could go, the *Monitor* after her, making all the speed that was given her by a five-knot current. The forts at Warrenton fired bravely and rapidly, but the *Monitor* did not return the fire with her wooden guns, but proceeded down after the *Queen of the West*. An hour after this the same heavy firing that we had heard the night before came booming up on the still air.



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, NOW THE WIFE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

This "booming" was the destruction of the *Indianola*.

The following is Admiral Porter's official account of the affair:

U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, YAZOO RIVER,
March 20, via MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE, 18th.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I have been pretty well assured for some time past that the *Indianola* had been blown up, in consequence of the appearance of a wooden imitation mortar, which the enemy sunk with their batteries. The mortar was a valuable aid to us. It ferried over the *Queen of the West*, and caused the blowing up of the *Indianola*.

D. D. PORTER.

The Richmond *Examiner*, in a very grim way, thus pokes its fun at the rebels:

The reported fate of the *Indianola* is even more disgraceful than farcical. Here was perhaps the finest iron-clad in the Western waters, captured after a heroic struggle, rapidly repaired, and destined to join the *Queen of the West* in a series of victories. Next we hear that she was of necessity blown up, in the true *Merrimac*-Mallory style—and why? Laugh and hold your sides, lest you die of a surfeit of derision, O Yankeedom! Blown up because, forsooth, a flat-boat, or mud-scow, with a small house taken from the back-garden of a plantation, put on top of it, is floated down the river, before the frightened eyes of the Partisan Rangers. A turreted monster!

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

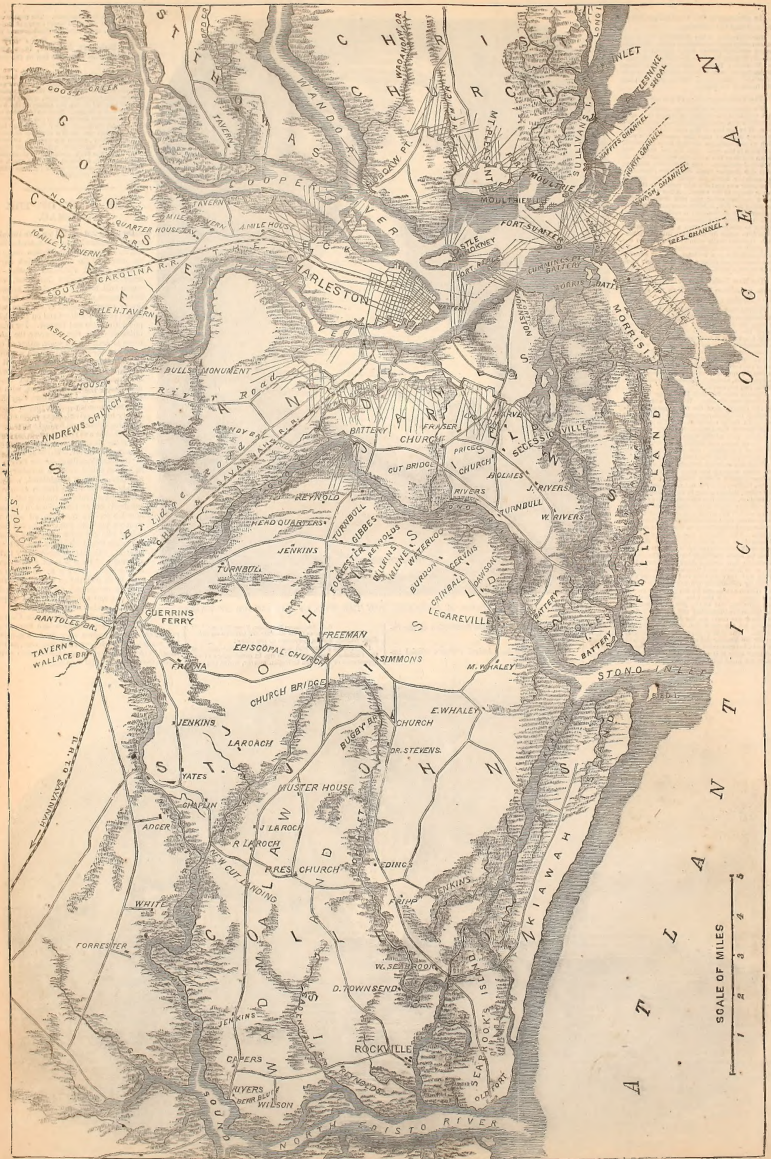
On pages 200 and 201 we give two pictures from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. One of them shows us the course of the Rappahannock River looking toward Falmouth Station—a scene of unsurpassed loveliness, and which will hereafter be classic ground. Generations unborn will wander here to descry some memorial of the men who fought in these valleys and on those hills under Burnside and Hooker. For many miles on either side the river the landscapes is dotted with tents, either of our troops or the enemy's; within a radius of ten miles round Fredericksburg it is probable that not less than 200,000 men are encamped. Many thousand brave men sleep under the sod there, with no stone to mark the spot where they died for their country. The forests whose beauty has survived the ravages of war are being thinned out for fuel: from morn till night the axe rings through the trees. The other picture represents WYNDHAM'S HORSE ON A SCOUT. Mr. Waud writes:

"Colonel Wyndham—or Sir Percy, as he is often called, being a member of a Sardinian order of knighthood, won by gallant conduct in the Italian campaign—has proved himself a dashing officer of cavalry in our service. Some of the long marches he has made, in all sorts of weather, are quite remarkable, and have gained him the same reputation among the rebels that Jeb Stuart has with our soldiers. His brigade travels very light, and many of them without shelter tents or blankets. After a forced march of from 50 to 90 miles in a day, they bivouac on the ground, till the bugles calling boot and saddle warn them to prepare for another rapid advance.

"The sketch represents the General marching down to Falmouth from Warrenton on a recent search after Stuart's cavalry. The roads are in such poor condition, that, as represented in the picture, the main body often strike across country from point to point."



"RACHEL'S QUAKER" DRIVING THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST," AND CAUSING THE REBELS TO BLOW UP THE "INDIANOLA."—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



MAP OF CHARLESTON, S. C., SHOWING THE APPROACHES BY LAND AND WATER, THE REBEL BATTERIES AND LINES OF FIRE, ROADS, INLETS, PRINCIPAL PLANTATIONS, ETC. COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

HOW AN OFFICER MADE LOVE WHILE THE ENEMY MADE WAR.

JACOB H—— was a nice young man, who, on receiving his appointment as Lieutenant, devoted both time and thought to the proper development and cultivation of his mustache. I do not know that he was quite so particular about his regimental duties; and there were some awkward whispers about the disappearance of the standard which he bore in going into an action, but which he certainly did not carry out of it. He said, however, that it had been shot away, and there was nobody who could positively contradict the assertion; so he remained in the regiment, and at the appointed time went off on his appointed duties.

While the army lay before Fredericksburg, in the early part of December, the cavalry of the Left Grand Division picketed the country from Dumfries toward the Rappahannock. The line had been marked out by a staff-officer, whose judgment in such matters was very questionable, and only the most incessant watchfulness could secure the advance posts from surprise and capture. A multitude of woodland roads diverged in every direction, so that cavalry forces could easily get into the rear of the posts. The only thing was to be ready to take advantage of the same intricacy to escape and give the alarm. Every man must be alert to mount and fight and retreat at a moment's notice. Weapons must be at hand, and girths kept tight enough for service; for, surrounded by well-wishers to the rebellion, we had to contend against our ignorance of the rebel motions, while they were kept continually acquainted with ours.

Under these circumstances Lieutenant H——, with sixteen men, was posted on the road leading from Stafford to Dumfries; his Captain, with even a smaller party, taking a position to support him. Now there happened to live on that road, close to picket head-quarters, a certain Mrs. C——, the wife of a captain in the rebel artillery. This lady was young, and attractive enough to poor fellows in the army, cut off from all the charms of feminine society during most of the time, when she was by necessity "a grass widow," and by inclination appeared ready to assume all the privileges of actual widowhood.

So, like a spider waiting for prey, she dwelt there in her house, watching the movements of our men.

Presently Jacob, who had been loitering round, thought that he had better see who lived in the house, and came gallantly up the hill. Mrs. C—— was all smiles and courtesy. She did not deny that she was Southern in heart. Her husband was in the Southern army, and she thought that he was right in being there. But it was hard for a poor lonely woman; and our soldiers were so rude. She would feel so much obliged if Lieutenant H—— would protect her. She would be very happy if he could take his meals at her house, for then the men would feel that they must not disturb her; and she was sure that a gentleman of Lieutenant H——'s appearance and manners would see that no harm was done. The poor foolish fly thought the spider a very charming creature, and could not see the web into which he was blundering. He accepted the invitation most cordially, thinking that he must certainly have produced an impression. With an air of hospitality, Mrs. C—— then ordered her horse to be saddled, telling H—— that she would go at once to a neighbor's and provide a pair of chickens for dinner, her own having been all stolen. H—— had already arrived at that point where he could see no objection to any thing which she proposed; and in the mean time he kept up an animated conversation, saying many tender things, and casting many amorous glances at his hostess. Of course he tangled himself more and more in the web, letting her find out just what she wished to know. She need not be afraid. She would not meet any of our troops. His were the only ones in that neighborhood, and his pickets were placed in such and such directions. So she rode off, and he returned to his post. While he was away his men, as will always be the case when an officer is not attentive, had removed their weapons, and some had even taken off their saddles. H——'s mind was too much engaged in thinking about the lady to take notice of things relating to his duty, and when his Captain rode up to visit the post he found every thing in this careless state. H—— forthwith received a stern reprimand, and a peremptory order to see that his men kept armed and their horses were saddled. For this time he obeyed the order; but by the time two relicfs had gone round all was again in the same condition.

What Mrs. C—— had been doing may easily be conjectured. She had only to take a short ride to her neighbor's, get the chickens, let full information of our disposition, and return home as innocently as could be. The chickens had not been picked, however, before a clever negro was making his way with a note to the advance post of General Hampton. The chickens were never tender, the lady tenderer, the Lieutenant tenderest of all. He met for some time after dinner, describing his military career, his hopes and disappointments, meeting with a delicate sympathy which he had never before received. When they parted it was only to be till tea-time, when the lady promised him some music. And now I am afraid that Jacob, even if he had had brains enough to think of his responsibilities, would have run the risk of capture in order to enjoy the society of a lady who evidently appreciated his excellent qualities far more than the vulgar souls with whom he associated in the regiment. He had met with a congenial spirit, and he looked forward with delight to his three days of picket duty, from which he was generally inclined to hang back. He went over in thought all that he had said, and all that she had replied, and constructed an imaginary conversation for the evening which would be still more delightful. He wondered what songs she would sing, and thought of the comments he could subjoin to the most sentimental. In short, without knowing it, poor Jacob was already in love. The fly had got fatally entangled in the web.

As he walked up to supper an old colored woman met him at the door.

"Oh, Massa!" she whispered, "don't go in dar. Our codgers come and catch you, sho'!"

"What is that silly creature saying?" said her mistress, who had slipped out and overheard her speech. "She is always fancying the Southern troops are coming to fight you, ever since she was scared at Dumfries some time ago. I have been waiting for you, and it is very ungrateful in you to prefer her conversation to mine!"

H—— hurried in, and was soon sipping coffee, and thinking it nectar—though it had come from his own baversack originally. The piano was then enlisted in the service, and Mrs. C—— was singing some of her sweetest songs with much expression. Suddenly she began to play a march with the full power of the instrument; and it was not until some minutes had passed by that H—— distinguished through the music the sound of the galloping of horse. Unfortunate Jacob! His sword was in the supper-room, where he had left it as he sat down. He rushed for it, and bearing it in his hand made for the door.

"I will trouble you for that!" said a manly voice; and Jacob had to render his weapon up to an officer in Confederate uniform who stood upon the threshold. Then, oh bitter mortification! he witnessed the charming Mrs. C—— rush from the parlor into this officer's arms; and he gnashed his teeth as several unmistakable kisses were given by those lips which had uttered such gentle sounds for him but a little while before! Could he believe his eyes and ears? She was actually laughing at him, joined by her husband!

"Take good care of him, Charlie!" she said. "You don't know how dangerous I found him!" And the aforesaid Charlie, bowing very low, thanked him in a tone of mock courtesy for the attention he had paid his wife; assuring him that he would repay it by carrying him on a little visit to his own camp. Poor Jacob could not find a word to reply. He was led off like a lamb; and, escorted by three hundred Southern cavalry, made his first reconnoissance of his own picket line. What was worse, on being exchanged he found that he had been summarily dismissed from service, with loss of all pay and allowances; and he has nothing now to do but to murmur at the injustice of the Government and the treachery of Southern women.

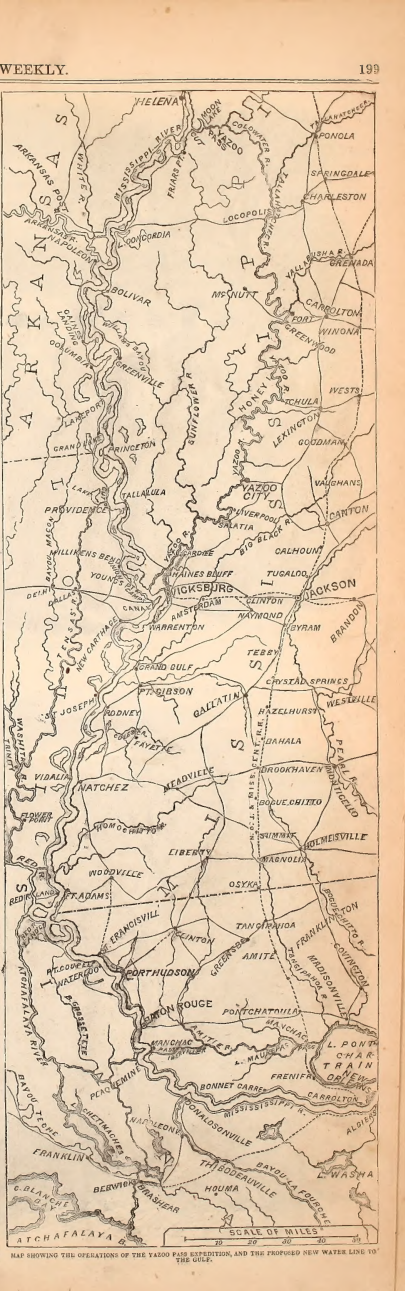
THE NEW OUTLET TO THE GULF.

On this page we present a MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM HELENA, ARKANSAS, TO NEW ORLEANS, and also the lateral navigable streams on which, by means of short cuts through the levees of the great river, our gun-boats and transports can pass through the Confederate territory from Yazoo Pass to Vicksburg, and from Providence, which is sixty miles above Vicksburg, to Atchafalaya Bay, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, and thus be independent of the strong positions of Vicksburg, Ellis Cliff, Fort Adams, and Port Hudson, until the 228 miles between the former and latter places (all now held of the 1090 miles which the Confederates once controlled) shall be opened to the uninterrupted navigation of Union vessels.

The navigation of these lateral rivers will give great military advantages to our armies, particularly that of the Yazoo, passing, as it does, through a very fertile region in the immediate neighborhood, also parallel to and not far distant from the Mississippi Central Railroad. By means of a short canal cut through the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, 8 miles below Helena and 326 miles from Cairo, and near where De Soto first stood on its bank, the waters of the river are let into Moon Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear water in the midst of forest trees. From this lake runs a rapid, crooked, and narrow stream, Yazoo Pass, uniting with the Coldwater River. This river, after a tortuous course of about 60 miles, unites with the Tallahatchee River, and this, about 50 miles farther south, unites with the Yallabusha River. These rivers together form the Yazoo—one of fine navigable qualities, being deep, clear, and tranquil, and flowing through an extensive region of highly-productive cotton plantations. The only town of importance on its bank is Yazoo City, about 50 miles direct from Vicksburg. At the beginning of the rebellion the population of this town was over 3000, and upward of 100,000 bales of cotton were annually received here and sent by steamboats to New Orleans. The Yazoo River is the hiding-place for many of the rebel boats which have been driven from the Mississippi River. Haines's Bluff fortifications command the navigation of this river a few miles above its entrance into the Mouth of Yazoo.

At Providence, on the west bank of the Mississippi River, 640 miles from Cairo and 460 from New Orleans, is a lake of the same name, the waters of which are several feet below the level of the river. From this lake the Bayou or River Tensas runs southwardly and enters the Washita or Ouachita River; this Washita about 50 miles farther south joins the Red River. The latter, a few miles below the junction, empties much of its waters into the Atchafalaya River. This river runs a devious course of about 200 miles, and empties most of its waters into a bay of the same name about 150 miles west of the mouths of the Mississippi. From Providence to the Gulf of Mexico, by this communication, it is a much shorter distance than by the course of the Mississippi River; and when the cut through the levee of the river at Providence is opened to the lake an immense volume of water will pour through, and not only deepen the channels of the Tensas and other rivers, but also flood an immense region of cotton plantations on the low flat banks of this new channel to the Gulf.

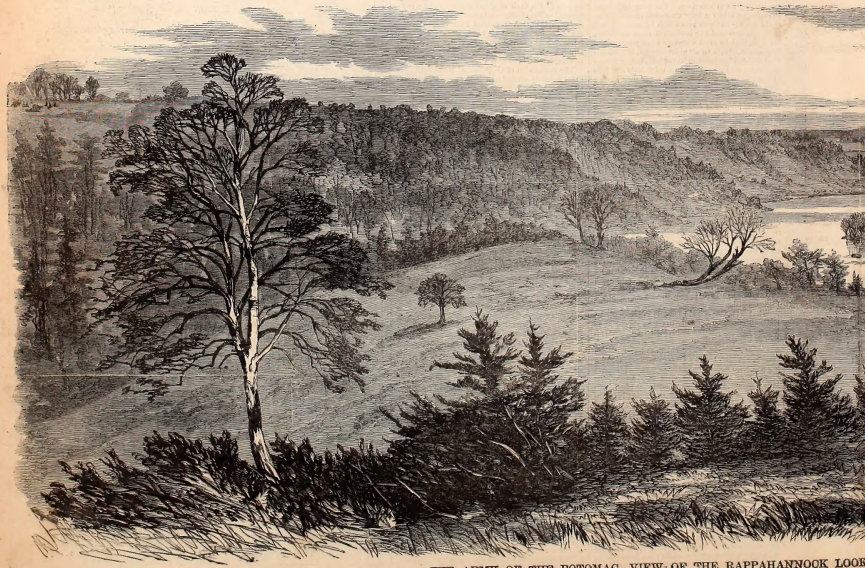
The fine dotted lines on the map show the main roads through the country represented, the heavier dotted lines the railroads.



MAP SHOWING THE OPERATIONS OF THE YAZOO PASS EXPEDITION, AND THE PROPOSED NEW WATER LINE TO THE GULF.



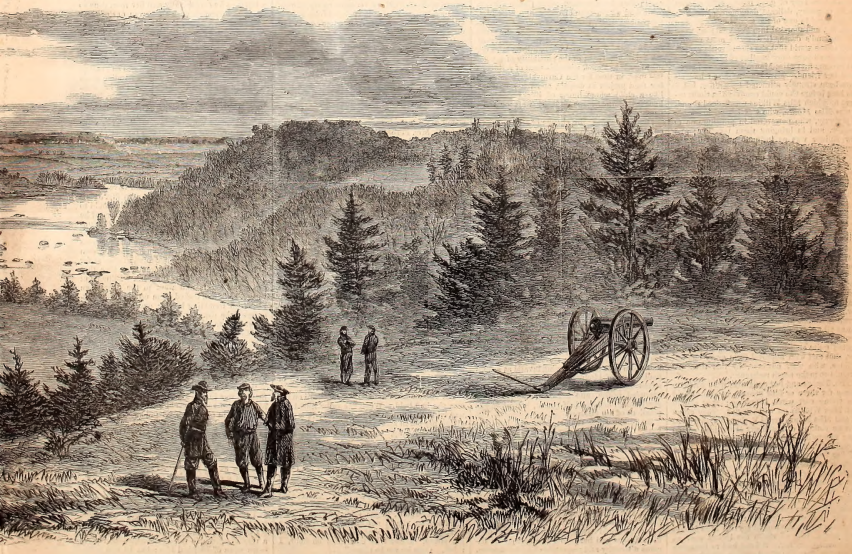
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—COLONEL WYNDHAM'S CAVALRY C



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—VIEW OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK LOOK



N A RECONNOISSANCE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 197.]



ING TOWARD FALMOUTH.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 197.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

ELLINOR grasped eagerly at the only pleasure that her money enabled her to give to the old man, and promised him that she would take care and buy the right to that particular piece of ground. This was evidently a gratification Duncan had frequently enjoyed before. "Mother," he kept saying, "I'm greatly obleeged to ye, Miss Ellinor; I may say I'm truly obleeged." And when he saw them off by the coach the next day, his last words were, "I can not justly say how greatly I'm obleeged to you for that matter o' the church-yard." It was a much more easy affair to give Miss Monro some additional comforts; she was as cheerful as ever; still working away at her lunguages at any spare time, but complaining that she was tired of the perpetual teaching in which her life had been spent during the last thirty years. Ellinor was enabled to set her at liberty from this, and she accepted the kindness from her former pupil with as much simple gratitude as that with which a mother receives a favor from a child. "If Ellinor were but married to Livingstone, I should be happier than I have ever been since my father died," she used to say to herself in the solitude of her bedchamber; for Ellinor had begun to become her own in the early years of her isolated life as a governess. "And yet," she went on, "I don't know what I should do without her; it is lucky for me that things are not in my hands; for a pretty mess I should make of them, one way or another. Don't how old Mrs. Cadogan used to hate that word 'mess,' and correct her grandchildren for using it right before my face, when I knew I had been guilty of it the moment before! Well, those days are all over now. God be thanked!"

In spite of being glad that "things were not in her hands," Miss Monro tried to take affairs into charge by doing all she could to persuade Ellinor to allow her to invite the Canon to their "little sociable teas." The most provoking part was that she was sure he would come if he had been asked; but she could never get leave to do so. "Of course no man could go on forever without some encouragement," as she confided to herself in a plaintive tone of voice; and by-and-by many people were led to suppose that Dr. Goldsticker's Canon was paying attention to Miss Forbes, the eldest daughter of the family to which the delicate Jeannie belonged. It was not that Miss Forbes had both Miss Monro and Ellinor were the most intimate of all the families in East Chester. Mrs. Forbes was a widow, with a large income, with a large family of pretty, delicate daughters. She herself believed to one of the great houses in —— shire, but married into Scotland; so, after her husband's death, it was the most natural thing in the world that she should settle in East Chester; and the character of her daughters had become first Miss Monro's pupil, and afterward her friend. Mrs. Forbes herself had always been strongly attracted by Ellinor, but it was long before she could conquer the timid reserve by which Miss Wilkins was hedged round. It was Miss Monro, who was herself inexpressibly of jealousy, who persevered in praising one to another, and bringing them together; and now Ellinor was as intimate and familiar in Mrs. Forbes's household as she ever could be with any family but her own.

Mrs. Forbes was considered to be a little fanciful as to illness; but it was no wonder, remembering the many cases she had lost by consumption. Miss Monro had often grumbled at the manner in which her pupils were made irregular for very trifling causes. But no one so alarmed as she when, in the autumn succeeding Mr. Ness's death, Mrs. Forbes remarked to her as Ellinor's increased delicacy of appearance and shortness of breathing. From that time forward she worried Ellinor (if any one so sweet and patient could ever have been worried) with respirators and precautions. Ellinor submitted to her friend's wishes and cares sooner than make her anxious, and remained a prisoner in the house through November, December, January, in anxiety took a turn. Ellinor's appetite and spirits failed her—not at all an unnatural consequence of so many weeks confinement to the house. A pain was started quite suddenly one morning in December, that met with approval from every one but Ellinor, who was unable by this time to languid to make much resistance.

Mrs. Forbes and her daughters were going to Rome for three or four months, so as to avoid the trying east winds of spring; why should not Miss Wilkins go with them? They urged it, and Miss Monro urged it, though with a little private sinking of the heart at the idea of the long separation from one who was almost like a child to her. Ellinor was, as it were, lifted off her feet and borne away by the unanimous opinion of others, and she was decided, when she called that such a step was highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. She knew that she had only a life-interest both in her father's property and in that bequeathed to her by Mr. Ness. Hitherto she had not felt much troubled by this, as she had supposed that in the natural course of events she should survive Miss Monro and Duncan, both of whom she looked upon as dependent upon her. All she had to bequeath to the two were the small savings, which would not nearly suffice for both purposes, especially considering that Miss Monro had given up her teaching, and that both she and Dixon were passing into years.

Before Ellinor left England she had made every arrangement for the contingency of her death abroad that Mr. Johnson could suggest. She had written and sent a long letter to Dixon; and a shorter one was left in charge of Canon Livingstone (she dared not hint at the possibility of her dying to Miss Monro) to be sent to the old man.

As Ellinor went out of the King's Cross Station they passed a gentleman's carriage entering. Ellinor saw a bright handsome lady, a maze, and baby inside, and a gentleman sitting by them whose face she could never forget. It was Mr. Corbet taking his wife and child to the railway. Ellinor was then building a vessel to East Chester Deanery. He had been leaning back, not noticing the passers-by, not attending to the chatter and prattle of the group, gravely absorbed in the consideration of some law case. Such were the casual glimpses Ellinor had of one with whose life she had once thought herself bound up.

CHAPTER XIV.

Who so proud as Miss Monro when a foreign letter came? Her correspondent was not particularly graphic in her descriptions, nor were there any adventures to be recounted, but even the habit of mind of Ellinor such as to make her clear and definite in her own impressions from what she saw, and her memory never kept her from fluent in communicating them even to Miss Monro. But that lady would have been pleased to read about these foreign streets, cathedrals, and canons, and would not have been surprised if they had invited her to the Chapter-house for this purpose, for her ideas of Continental habits, ignorant of Murray, but laudably desirous of information, all Ellinor's historical reminiscences and rather formal descriptions were interesting. There was no railroad in those days between Lyons and Marseilles, so their progress was slow, and the passage of the Alps and Apennines, when they had arrived in Rome, long and uncertain. But all seemed going on well. Ellinor spoke of Mrs. Forbes and her family and Canon Livingstone (between whom and Miss Monro great intimacy had sprung up since Ellinor's departure), and Miss Monro's letters could ask him to ten) confirmed this report of Miss Wilkins's health. The letter in which he had received from Mrs. Forbes. Curiously about that letter was Miss Monro's torment. What could it have had to write to Ellinor about? It was a very odd proceeding; although the Livingstones and Forbeses were distantly related, other than these relationships Ellinor (as I have been that he had offered to Euphemia, after all, and that her mother had answered; or, possibly, there were other letters which were enclosed. It was a pity for Miss Monro's peace of mind that she did not ask him straight away. She would have saved herself much fuss. Livingstone had no thought of concealing, that Mrs. Forbes had written solely to give him some fuller direction about certain church plate she had had time to think about in the hurry of starting. As it was, and when, a little later on, his head (in spite of the pressing affairs of going himself to Rome, when his term of residence was over, in time for the Carnival, she gave up her food purpose) was filled very much like a child whose house of bricks had been knocked down by the unlucky waft of some passing petticoat.

Meanwhile the entire change of scene brought on the exquisite enjoyment of the change of thought. Ellinor had not been able so completely to forget her past life for many years; it was like a resurrection to her, when she was suddenly short by the shears of fate. Ever since that night she had had to rouse herself on awakening to remembrance of the full comprehension of the great cause she had for much fear and heavy grief. Now, when she wakened in her little room, the girl going to Rome, Dixon, she saw the strange pretty things around her, and her mind went off into pleasant wonder and conjecture, half-remembering all that was before, and pleasant anticipations of the day to come. Listen in Ellinor was her father's artistic temperament; and she had the full enjoyment of a picture and a delight; the merest group in the street, a Roman facchino, with his cloak draped over his shoulder, the girl going to the well or carrying her pitcher back from the fountain, every thing, and every person that presented it, or him self, to her senses, was a fresh enjoyment. Even the ugly beggars were not without their delight. She forgot her despondency, her ill-health disappeared as if by magic; the Miss Forbes, who had taken her under their protection, and a companion out of kindness of heart, found themselves amply rewarded by the sight of her unaffected delight, and by the full enjoyment of every thing, and the half-quaint, half-naive expressions of her pleasure.

On March came round; Lent was late that year. The great nosegays of violets and camellias were for sale at the corner of the Condotti, and the revelers had begun to be preparing much rarer flowers for the belles of the Corso. The enthusiasts had their balconies; the attaches of the Russian embassy threw their lights and lovely presents at every pretty girl, or suspicion of a pretty girl, who passed slowly in her carriage, covered over with her white domino, and holding her wire mask as a protection to her face from the showers of lime confetti, which otherwise would have been enough to blind her! Mrs. Forbes had her own hired balcony as became a wealthy and respectable English woman. The girls had a great basketful of bouquets with which to pelt their friends in the crowd below; a store of morceelli lay piled on the table behind, for it was the last day of Carnival, and as soon as dusk came on the tapers were to be lighted, to be used they left her. Then she got up and stood on her feet, dizzy enough, her arms clasped at the top of her head, her eyes dilated and staring as if looking at some great horror. But after a few minutes she sat down suddenly and began to read. Letters were evidently missing. Some had been sent by an opportunity who had been delayed on the journey, and had not yet arrived in Rome. Others had been dispatched by the post, but the severe weather, the unusual snow, had, in those days, before the railway was made between Lyons and Marseilles, put a stop to many a traveler's plans, and had rendered the transmission of the mail extremely uncertain; the much older correspondence which Miss Monro evidently considered as certain to be known to Ellinor was entirely matter of conjecture, and could only be guessed at from what was told in these letters. One was from Mr. Johnson, one from Mr. Brown, one from Miss Monro; of course the Mr. Johnson mentioned was the first each spoke of the shock of the discovery of Mr. Dunster's body, discovered in the cutting of the new line of railroad from Hamley to the adjoining station; the body so hastily buried long ago, in its clothes, by which it was now recognized—a recognition confirmed by one or two more personal and incontestible things, such as his watch and seal with his initials; of the shock to every one, the Orbaldistones in particular, on the further discovery of a flesh, or horse-lancet, having the teeth with the name Dixon engraved on the handle; how Dixon had gone to Mr. Orbaldistone's business to a horse-fair in Ireland some weeks before this, and had there his leg broken by a kick from an unruly mare, so that he was barely able to move about when the offers of justice went to apprehend him in Truelove.

At this point Ellinor cried out loud and shrill, "Oh Dixon, Dixon! and I was away enjoying myself!"

They heard her cry, and came to the door, but it was locked inside.

"Please go away," said she; "please go. I will be very quiet, only please go."

And they went, but not before she had read over of Miss Monro's letter. She tore open Mr. Johnson's letter, the date was a fortnight earlier than Miss Monro's, and was expressed in a simpler style at not hearing from her in reply to his letter of January 9; but he added that he thought that her trustee had a legal right to the £1000 income from the railway company had offered for the land when their surveyor decided on the alterations of the line. Mr. Orbaldistone, etc., etc., he could not read any more: it was fate pursuing her. A letter to Miss Monro, in which she might know of some private opportunity safer than the post. Mr. Brown's was just such a letter as would occasionally suit her case at no time; a correspondence that arose out of their mutual regard for their dead friend, Mr. Ness. Mr. Brown was sent to Miss Monro to direct. Ellinor was on the point of putting it aside entirely when the name of Corbet caught her eye: "You will be interested to hear that the old pupil of our departed friend who was so anxious to obtain the folio Virgil with the Italian notes appointed a police judge in room of Mr. Justice Jenkin. At least I conclude that Mr. Ralph Corbet, Q.C., is the same as the Virgil fancier."

"Yes," said Ellinor, hitterly, "he judged well—it would never have done." They were the first words of any thing like reproach which she ever had given to her own mind during all these years. She thought for a few moments of the past days; it made a tumult in her brain to think of them. Then she took up and finished Miss Monro's letter. That excellent friend had done all she could to further Ellinor's views and purposes of Miss Monro's were based on love for her own pupil, and a desire to set her mind at ease as far as she could, rather than from any belief that Dixon himself could be innocent. Ellinor put down the letters and went to the door, then opened it and called them to her. She sat trembling—ease with trembling hands; and after that she entered the drawing-room, looking liker to a ghost than to a living woman.

"Can I speak to you for a minute alone?" Her still, unalterable voice made them obey the command. Canon Livingstone arose and followed her into the little dining-room. "Will you please to let me know—will you have heard about my—you know what."

"Miss Monro was my informant—at least at first—but I am glad to learn that she told it. Miss Monro says it could only have been done in a moment of anger if the old servant is really innocent. He was as steady and good a man as she ever knew; and she seems to have a strong feeling against the Mr. Dunster as although your father a great deal of unnecessary trouble; in fact, he hints that his disappearance at the time was supposed to be the result of a very reasonable loss of property to Mr. Wilkins."

"No!" said Ellinor, eagerly, feeling that some justice ought to be done to the dead man; and then she stopped short, fearful of saying any thing that should betray her full knowledge.

"I mean this," she went on; "Mr. Dunster was a very disagreeable man personally—and papa was none of an liked him; but he was quite honest—please remember that."

The Canon bowed, and said a few acquiescing words. He waited for her to speak again.

The letters were brought, the lights were arranged so that she could read them lying on her bed; and they left her. Then she got up and stood on her feet, dizzy enough, her arms clasped at the top of her head, her eyes dilated and staring as if looking at some great horror. But after a few minutes she sat down suddenly and began to read. Letters were evidently missing. Some had been sent by an opportunity who had been delayed on the journey, and had not yet arrived in Rome. Others had been dispatched by the post, but the severe weather, the unusual snow, had, in those days, before the railway was made between Lyons and Marseilles, put a stop to many a traveler's plans, and had rendered the transmission of the mail extremely uncertain; the much older correspondence which Miss Monro evidently considered as certain to be known to Ellinor was entirely matter of conjecture, and could only be guessed at from what was told in these letters. One was from Mr. Johnson, one from Mr. Brown, one from Miss Monro; of course the Mr. Johnson mentioned was the first each spoke of the shock of the discovery of Mr. Dunster's body, discovered in the cutting of the new line of railroad from Hamley to the adjoining station; the body so hastily buried long ago, in its clothes, by which it was now recognized—a recognition confirmed by one or two more personal and incontestible things, such as his watch and seal with his initials; of the shock to every one, the Orbaldistones in particular, on the further discovery of a flesh, or horse-lancet, having the teeth with the name Dixon engraved on the handle; how Dixon had gone to Mr. Orbaldistone's business to a horse-fair in Ireland some weeks before this, and had there his leg broken by a kick from an unruly mare, so that he was barely able to move about when the offers of justice went to apprehend him in Truelove.

At this point Ellinor cried out loud and shrill, "Oh Dixon, Dixon! and I was away enjoying myself!"

They heard her cry, and came to the door, but it was locked inside.

"Please go away," said she; "please go. I will be very quiet, only please go."

And they went, but not before she had read over of Miss Monro's letter. She tore open Mr. Johnson's letter, the date was a fortnight earlier than Miss Monro's, and was expressed in a simpler style at not hearing from her in reply to his letter of January 9; but he added that he thought that her trustee had a legal right to the £1000 income from the railway company had offered for the land when their surveyor decided on the alterations of the line. Mr. Orbaldistone, etc., etc., he could not read any more: it was fate pursuing her. A letter to Miss Monro, in which she might know of some private opportunity safer than the post. Mr. Brown's was just such a letter as would occasionally suit her case at no time; a correspondence that arose out of their mutual regard for their dead friend, Mr. Ness. Mr. Brown was sent to Miss Monro to direct. Ellinor was on the point of putting it aside entirely when the name of Corbet caught her eye: "You will be interested to hear that the old pupil of our departed friend who was so anxious to obtain the folio Virgil with the Italian notes appointed a police judge in room of Mr. Justice Jenkin. At least I conclude that Mr. Ralph Corbet, Q.C., is the same as the Virgil fancier."

"Yes," said Ellinor, bitterly, "he judged well—it would never have done." They were the first words of any thing like reproach which she ever had given to her own mind during all these years. She thought for a few moments of the past days; it made a tumult in her brain to think of them. Then she took up and finished Miss Monro's letter. That excellent friend had done all she could to further Ellinor's views and purposes of Miss Monro's were based on love for her own pupil, and a desire to set her mind at ease as far as she could, rather than from any belief that Dixon himself could be innocent. Ellinor put down the letters and went to the door, then opened it and called them to her. She sat trembling—ease with trembling hands; and after that she entered the drawing-room, looking liker to a ghost than to a living woman.

"Can I speak to you for a minute alone?" Her still, unalterable voice made them obey the command. Canon Livingstone arose and followed her into the little dining-room. "Will you please to let me know—will you have heard about my—you know what."

"Miss Monro was my informant—at least at first—but I am glad to learn that she told it. Miss Monro says it could only have been done in a moment of anger if the old servant is really innocent. He was as steady and good a man as she ever knew; and she seems to have a strong feeling against the Mr. Dunster as although your father a great deal of unnecessary trouble; in fact, he hints that his disappearance at the time was supposed to be the result of a very reasonable loss of property to Mr. Wilkins."

"No!" said Ellinor, eagerly, feeling that some justice ought to be done to the dead man; and then she stopped short, fearful of saying any thing that should betray her full knowledge.

"I mean this," she went on; "Mr. Dunster was a very disagreeable man personally—and papa was none of an liked him; but he was quite honest—please remember that."

The Canon bowed, and said a few acquiescing words. He waited for her to speak again.

"Miss Monro says she is going to see Dixon in."

"Oh, Mr. Livingstone, I can't bear it!"

He let her alone, looking at her pitifully as she twisted and wrung her hands together in the endeavor to regain the quiet manner she had striven to maintain through the interview. She looked up at him with a poor attempt at an apologetic smile.

"It is so terrible to think of that good old man in prison."

"You do not believe him guilty then!" said Canon Livingstone, in some surprise. "I am afraid, from all I heard and read, there is but little doubt that he did kill the man; I trust in some moment of irritation, with no premeditated malice."

Elinor shook her head.

"How can you I get to England?" asked she. "I must start at once."

"Mrs. Forbes sent out while you were lying down. I am afraid there is no boat to Marseilles till Thursday, the day after to-morrow."

"But I must go sooner!" said Elinor, starting up. "I must go; please help me. He may be tried before I can get there!"

"Also I fear that will be the case whatever haste you make. The trial was to come on at the Hellingford Assizes, and that town stands first on the Midland Circuit list. To-day is the 27th of February; the assizes begin on the 6th of March."

"I will start to-morrow morning early for Civita; there may be a boat there they do not know of here. At any rate, I shall be on my way. If he dies, I must die too. He did! I don't know what I am saying, I am so utterly crushed down! It would be such a kindness if you would go away and let me to me come to me. I have Mrs. Forbes is so good she will forgive me. I will say good-by to you all before I go to-morrow morning, but I must think now."

For one moment he stood looking at her as if he longed to comfort her by more words. He thought better of it, however, and silently left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR a long time Elinor sat still, now and then taking up Miss Monro's letter and re-reading the few terrible details. Then she bethought her that possibly the Canon might have brought a copy of the *Times* containing the examination of Dixon before the magistrates, and she opened the door and called to a passing servant to look in the study. She was quite right in her conjecture: Canon Livingstone had had the paper in his pocket during his interview with her, and had thought within himself that the evidence was so conclusive that the perusal of it would only be adding to her extreme distress, and increasing the conviction of Dixon's guilt, which he believed she must arrive at sooner or later.

He had been reading the report over with Mrs. Forbes and her daughters after his return from Elinor's room, and they were all participating in his opinion upon it when her request for the *Times* was conveyed. They had reluctantly agreed, saying there did not appear to be a shadow of doubt in the fact of Dixon having killed Mr. Dunster, only hoping there might prove to be some extenuating circumstances, which Elinor had probably known of herself, which she was desirous of producing on the approaching trial.

Meanwhile Elinor had bathed her eyes and forehead in cold water, and had tried to still her poor heart's beating, in order that she might be clear and collected enough to read the report.

Every line of it was condemnatory. One or two witnesses spoke of Dixon's unpopularity, and like of Dunster—a dislike which Elinor knew had been entertained by the old servant out of a species of loyalty to his master's wife, and not personal distaste. The fleam was proved beyond all doubt to be Dixon's; and a man, who had been stable-boy in Mr. Wilding's service, swore that on the day when Mr. Dunster was missed, and when the whole town was wondering what had become of him, a certain color (Mr. Wilding had needed bleeding, and that he had been sent by Dixon to the farrier's for a horse-lancet—an errand which he had remarked to the boy was odd, as he knew that Dixon had a fleam of his own.

Mr. Osbaldistone was examined. He kept interrupting himself perpetually with apologies for praise at the fact of so steady and well-conducted a man as Dixon being guilty of so heinous a crime, and was willing enough to testify to the excellent character Dixon had borne during all the many years he had been in his (Mr. Osbaldistone's) service; but he appeared to be quite convinced by the evidence previously given of the prisoner's guilt in the matter, and strengthened the case against him materially by stating the circumstance of the old man's dogged unwillingness to have the slightest interference or cultivation with that particular piece of ground.

Here Elinor shuddered. Before her, in that Roman churchyard, rose the fatal oblong she knew by heart—a little green moss or lichen, and thinly-growing blades of grass scarcely covering the cruel and undisturbed soil under the old tree. Oh that she had been in England when the surveyor of the railway brought even Ashcombe and Hamley had altered their line; she would have entreated, implored, compelled her trustees to have that soil cut piece of ground for any sum of money whatsoever. She would have bribed the surveyors, done she knew not what—but now it was too late; she would not let her mind wander off to what might have been; she would force herself again to attend to the newspaper columns. There was little more; the prisoner had been asked if he could say any thing to clear himself, and properly cautioned not to say any thing to incriminate himself; but the old man's person was described, and his evident emotion. "The prisoner was observed to clutch at the rail before him in his agitation, and his color changed so much at this part of the evidence that one of the turnkeys offered him a glass of water, which he declined. He is a man of a strongly-built frame, and with rather a morose and sullen cast of countenance."

"My poor, poor Dixon!" said Elinor, laying down the paper for an instant, and she was near crying, only she had resolved to shed no tears till she had finished all, and could judge of the chances. There were but a few lines more: "At one time the prisoner seemed to be desirous of alleging something in his defense, but he changed his mind, if such had been the case, and in reply to Mr. Justice Corbet's inquiries he only said, 'You've made a pretty strong case out again me, gentlemen; and it seems for to satisfy you. So I think I'll not disturb your rest by saying any thing more.' Accordingly Dixon now stands committed for trial for murder at the next Hellingford Assizes, which are appointed on March the sixth before Baron Rushton and Mr. Justice Corbet."

"Mr. Justice Corbet!" The words ran through Elinor as though she had been stabbed with a knife, and by an irrepressible movement she stood up rigid. His young man, her lover in her youth, the old servant who in those days was perpetually asking her, the two who had so often met in familiar if not friendly relations, now to face each other as judge and accused! She could not tell Mrs. Forbes. Corbet had conjectured from the partial revelation she had made to him of the impending shame that hung over her and her father, and in his quick sense have remembered the exact words she had used in that memorable interview; but now, strive as he would, he could not recall the two young men. After all, the Mr. Justice Corbet might not be Ralph. There was one chance in a hundred against the Judge being he.

While she was weighing probabilities in her sick, dizzy mind she heard soft steps outside her locked door, and with a sudden impulse she was the bedtime of happy people with hearts at ease. Some of the footsteps passed lightly on; but there was a gentle tap at her own door. She pressed her two hot hands hard against her temples for an instant before she went to open the door. There was nothing there but a neat some evening dress, holding a lighted lamp in her hand.

"May I come in, my dear?" she asked. Elinor's stiff dry lips refused to utter the words of assent which indeed did not come readily from her heart.

"I am so grieved at this sad news which the Canon brings, Miss Elinor, so grieved and so shock it must be to you. We have just been saying it must be as bad for you as it would be as if our old Dixon had been proved to have been a hidden murderer all these years that he has lived with us. I really could have as soon suspected Death himself, the most unapproachable old man who used to come and see you at East Chester."

Elinor felt that she must say something. "It is a terrible shock—poor old man! and no friend near him, even Mr. Osbaldistone giving evidence against him. Oh, dear, dear! why did I ever come to Rome?"

"Now, my dear, you must not let yourself take an exaggerated view of the matter. Sad and shocking as it is to have been so deceived, it is what happens to many of us, though not to so terrible a degree; and why are you coming to Rome having any thing to do with it—"

Mrs. Forbes almost smiled at the idea, as reason was not to be looked for as of self-reproach from Elinor's sensitive mind, but Elinor interrupted her abruptly:

"Mrs. Forbes! did you tell Canon Livingstone tell you that I must leave you to-morrow? I must go to-morrow as fast as possible to do what I can for Dixon."

"Yes, he told us you were thinking of it, and it was partly for that you were going to call upon you to-night. I think, my love, you are mistaken in feeling as if were called upon to do more than we are. Canon Livingstone and Monro has already done in your name—engaged the best legal advice, and spared no expense to give the suspected man every chance. What could you do more even if you were on the spot? And it is very possible that the trial may have come on before you get there, in which case, you do? He would either have been acquitted or condemned; if the former, he would find public opinion all in his favor; if the always is for the unjustly accused. And if he turns out to be guilty, my dear Elinor, it will be far better for you to be away from the terrible shock distance can give to such a dreadful termination to the life of a poor man whom you have respected so long."

But Elinor spoke again, with a kind of irritated determination very foreign to her usual soft docility.

"Please just let me judge for myself this once. I am not ungrateful. I know I am not expected to vex one who has been so kind to me as you have been, dear Mrs. Forbes; but I must go—and every word you say to dissuade me only makes me more convinced. I am going to Civita to-morrow. I shall be that much on the way. I can not rest here."

Mrs. Forbes looked at her in grave silence. Elinor could not bear the consciousness of that fixed gaze. Yet in fixity only arose from Mrs. Forbes's perplexity as to how best to assist Elinor, whether to restrain her by further advice—of which the first dose had proved so useless—or to speed her departure. Elinor broke in on her meditations.

"You have always been so kind and good to me; go on being so—please do! Leave me alone now, dear, dear Mrs. Forbes, and after talking about it, and help me to go to-morrow, and you do not know how I will pray to God to bless you!"

Such an appeal was irresistible. Mrs. Forbes kissed her very tenderly, and went to rejoin her daughters, who were clustered together in their mother's bedroom awaiting her coming.

"Well, mamma, how is she? What does she say?"

She is in a very excited state, poor thing! and has got so strong an impression that it is her duty to go back to England and do all she can for this wretched old man that I am afraid we must not oppose her. I am afraid she really must go on Thursday."

"Why, what can she do, mamma?" "Poor dear old Nelly!" "And miss the return by Perugia she was thinking so much about!"

Such were some of the exclamations of the Miss Forbeses. They had a vague thought of the old servant in prison; but it was on his position, and probable guilt or innocence, that Mrs. Forbes kept pondering. She was more and more sure that Elinor was in possession of some secret information that she believed, whether truly or falsely, would tend to the acquittal of the trial; and so, although she would have been infinitely troubled by Elinor's fuller confidence, she forbore to recur to the subject on the following morning, but treated Elinor's resolve to go home as a decided thing, and all the more as she put no questioning. By this kind o' behavior she not only soothed Elinor, but won the right of making such arrangements for her journey as would render her journey home more easy of management.

Mrs. Forbes secured the services of a travelling-maid, and went to the banker's; saw after places in the diligence to Civita; Elinor remaining in her room all the time, apparently engaged in packing up. This, at least, was her employment whenever Effie, or Margaret, or Grace Forbes came to see her to express sorrow or their regret. But as soon as they left her alone she sat down on her bed, unable to keep up the strain, overpowered by the terrible secret, the consequences of which were now culminating to a crisis.

The diligence left at three. Mrs. Forbes, the girls, the traveling-maid, and Mrs. Forbes's servant all accompanied Elinor to the office from which it was to start.

There they found Canon Livingstone, whom Elinor had not seen since the night before. She was not surprised to be being more so with her good-by; indeed few things would have surprised her just then, besides, the Canon's thorough reliance on his quiet friendliness. But she did remonstrate when she found him all prepared to accompany her to Civita. She had some previous insight into his plans, and kept silence during the discussion.

The last words Elinor had of her friends as the lumbering diligence rolled heavily from side to side was when she looked back at the corner of the piazza, and saw them all standing in a group and at the place where she had left them. She pulled down the veil over her face, that neither of her companions might see how her eyes were filling with tears.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Neapolitan steamers to Marseilles call at Civita Vecchia to land any passengers; but the Neapolitan sailors are a careful race of folk, and do not venture out in the teeth of the mistrals of foul weather. So Elinor and the Canon were detained until the evening of Thursday at the steamer's looking out on the sea. The rain prevented her going out; she sat in the great salle, where alone there was the possibility of a fire, and heard the gale increasing, decorated with gaudy arabesques, the bare dirty floor below, the numberless ill-fitting doors and windows rattling and rumbling in every blast—she cowered over the hearth, stifling her weary impatience as best she might; but feeling as though the hours never would be set off, without further loss of time, and walk to England. The mind was more inclined to grumble about than the suspense. Elinor knew the Livingstone strangely passive under the delay. Every one else in the hotel was talking continually in either English, French, or Italian, and bewailing all existing arrangements; every one but the Canon, and the pale and gentle lady who kept her place by the hearth, on which the smoking logs sputtered and smoked instead of burning.

Canon Livingstone was up to his chin, was in and out all the day, bringing all the intelligence as to the probabilities of the steamship's arrival from the mysterious knowledge of Italian, he could pick up from the out-door population, who all seemed to be as much excited by the non-appearance of the *Santa Lucia* as if it were not the commonest occurrence in the world.

The food, too, in the bare and desolate hotel appeared to be falling short; some bread, an omelet, and a bottle of sour country wine, was all that could be furnished to the Canon's order for dinner. He and Elinor spoke but little together during the meal. As the table was being cleared the latter walked to the window, and, returning after the waiter's departure, he said:

"I am afraid if the steamer does not arrive to-night we shall have but rough weather for our voyage."

"We!" said Elinor, looking at him with surprise. "You are not going; I thought you were only coming with me to Civita?"

"Oh yes!" said he, a little annoyed to have betrayed his intention so soon; "but Mrs. Forbes and I agreed just as to the last, that although Monro seemed to be very respectable man, that it would be all the better for you both to have a man with you in traveling through France; not that I am any great French scholar though." He tried to treat it lightly, but is evidently discomposed Elinor exceedingly.

"You must not think of it—I beg you will not; you have only just come to Rome. Oh, I am so sorry; I had no idea Mrs. Forbes thought I was so helpless. Pray, if you wish to make me—" happy, she was going to have said, but the word stuck in her throat—"easy, go back again to Rome as soon as I am gone."

He longed to speak out more fully what was in his mind and bent to say; but by a great effort he restrained himself, and only spoke the commonplaces of a wise friendship. He sat down at the table.

"Now, my dear Miss Wilkins," he said, "I must beg of you to be reasonable, and to consider the anxieties of your friends now than your own dislike to giving trouble. You are an inexperienced traveler; and there are many changes in your mode of traveling to be encountered before you reach England. Your maid was the best that could be procured under the circumstances, but still we do not know so much of her capabilities as of her character. It is of great consequence to you to reach England with as little delay as possible, and this for the sake of Dixon more than for yourself. All sorts of accidents and contretemps may arise, occasioning you much distress. Now, Mrs. Forbes knows, I have been several times in France—once on a reading party in Auvergne for three months; and she felt that her anxiety on your account, which is very great on account of your not very recovered health, would be materially lessened if I traveled with you."

"But you have only just arrived in Rome."

"True; I have just begun what new journey is to a bachelor, and shall be finding my way again before long. At present my full intention is to open Mrs. Forbes's mail, the moment it is in my power, and I hope you will not consider me in any other light than that of a courier engaged by her to escort you all the way to Rome. And now I shall go out again and see what chance there is of this cowardly steamer."

It would have required more energy than Elinor professed at this time to combat a resolution which both words and manner expressed as determined. She would assuredly have traveled alone with her maid; she did not feel the need of the services he offered; but she was utterly indisposed to argue the point. Her interest was centred in the thought of Dixon and his approaching trial, and the perplexity as to the mode in which she was to get to him.

They embarked late that evening in the tarty *Santa Lucia*, and Elinor immediately went to her berth. She was not sea-sick; that might possibly have lessened her mental suffering; which all long journeys would have. Higo perched in an upper berth, she did not like disturbing the other occupants of the cabin till daylight appeared, and then she dressed and dressed, and went on deck. The vessel was just passing the rocky coast of Elba, and the sky was flushed with rosy light, that made the mountains on the island of the most exquisite purple. The sea still heaved with yesterday's storm, but the motion only added to the sparkle of her purple and white foam that dimpled and curled on the blue waters. The air was delicious after the closeness of the cabin, and Elinor felt wondered that more people were not on deck to enjoy it. One or two straggliers came up, time after time, and began pacing the deck. Dr. Livingstone came up before very long; but he seemed to have made a rule of not obtruding himself on their company more than was one of some use. After a few words of commonplace morning greeting he likewise began to walk backward and forward. Elinor sat quietly watching the lovely island receding fast from her view—a beautiful vision never to be seen again by her mortal eyes.

WATCH—NIGHT.

DIE I frighten you, mother?—so white and cold,
And so silently here at your bed?
I could not sleep on the narrow night
For the battle of which we read.

THEY say he was foremost in every charge,
Till the hurlers held their breath,
Or paused in the midst with such a cheer
For the man who was quite with death!

THEY say he was quiet and just the same—
So quiet when asking for pay!
But I know—I know how he went away,
Dashed ever to the front.

DID the fiercest pain for a tender soul
Is doubt and its jealous pride?
Though we do not die when we suffer so,
Till the faithless are tried.

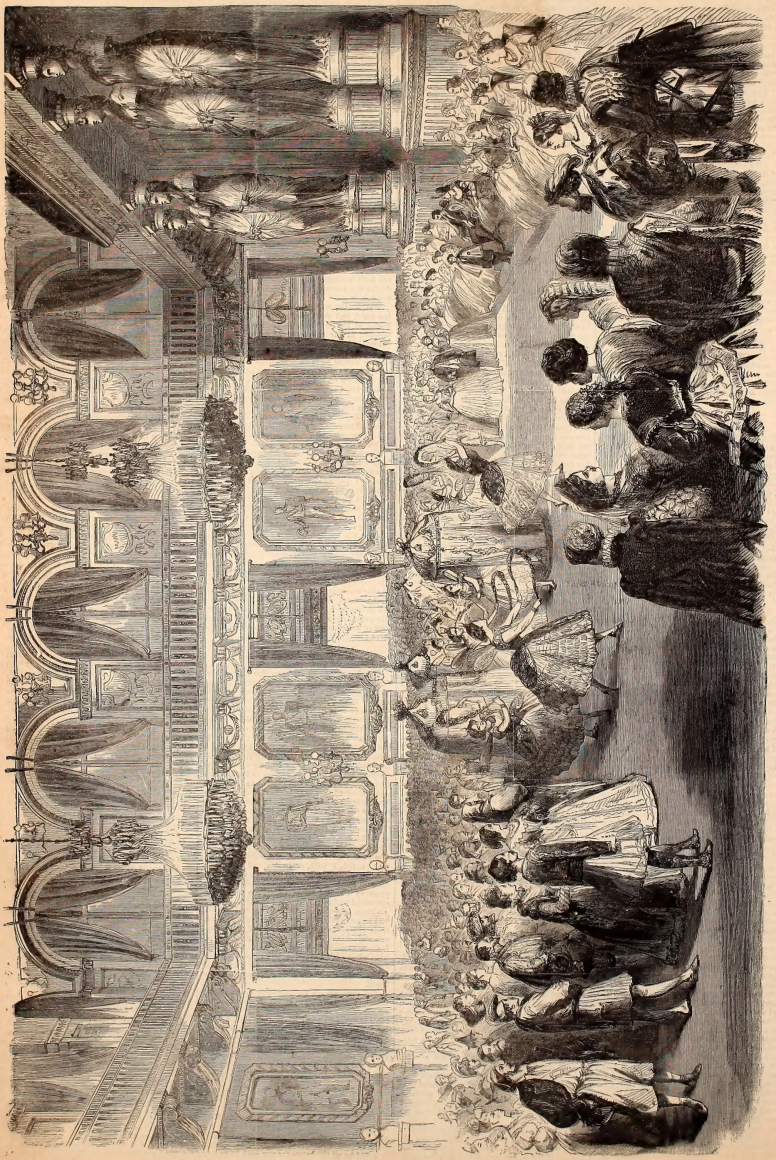
I TOLD him he was not worthless land,
Despite my sense of wife;
But I wear him yet in my heart of hearts,
And I love him with all my life.

I MUST go to bed, I shall never rest
Till I falter before his feet;
And there I shall die if he raise he not,
And come me with kisses sweet.

I SHALL die! I shall die if I may not look
Once more in my hero's eyes,
And see the fire of the olden love
In their passionate deeps arise!

I HAVE wronged his truth, I have wronged his love,
And all for a whispered lie!
I have sent him to wander in search of death—
Ah, mother!—he should die!

I WILL suffer all—I deserve it all!
But, mother, I'm mad to go
And beg him to take me back again,
For I love him—I love him so!



THE GRAND BALL AT THE TUILERIES—THE BEES QUADRILLE.—[See next Page.]

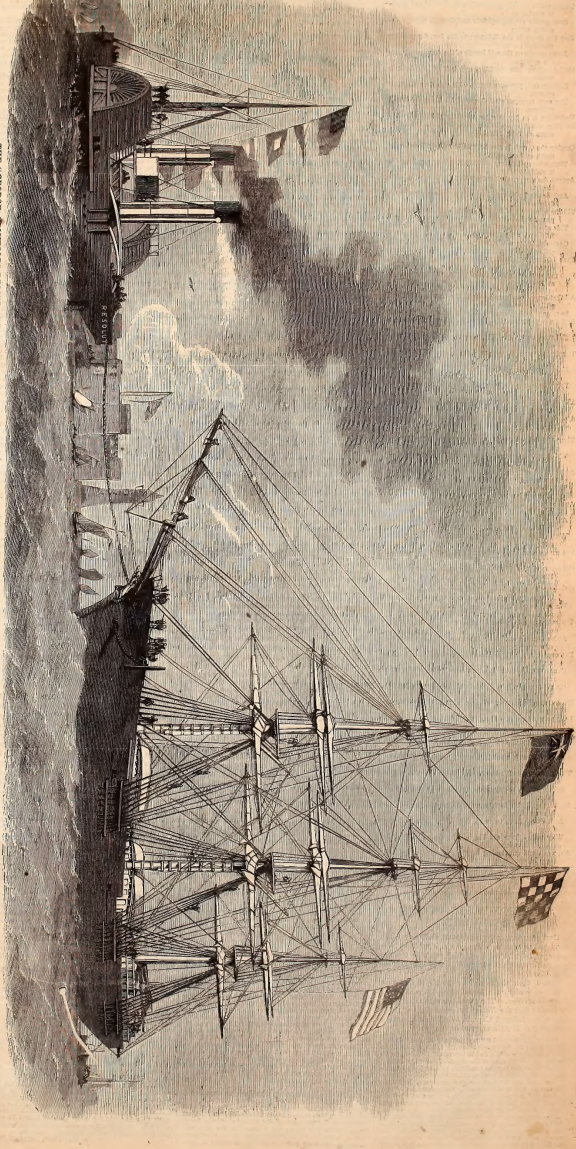
THE LATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

We publish on page 204 a fine illustration of the "BEES QUADRILLE" at the recent Grand Ball given by the Emperor Napoleon at the Tuileries. It was the sensation of the day in Paris, and has been much talked of here. The *Times* Paris correspondent wrote:

"The pleasures of the Carnival were never more brilliant than the present year. The amount of money spent in dress is frightful; and while the poor are getting rich, the rich are getting poor. One millinery establishment, that of Worth & Bobergh, of which *Monsieur* Worth is the artist-designer of the toilets of his fair customers, made bills on the single costume ball of the Empress on Monday last to the extent of $200,000! And yet there were not quite four hundred ladies at the ball, and Worth & Bobergh, although they are the fashionable house the present season, did not furnish all the costumes at the ball. At this ball, which was private, and to which invitations were made directly by the Empress, the following Americans were invited, which was a very large list in view of the limited number of persons at the ball: Mrs. Dayton, in robe of moire antique and powdered hair; Miss Dayton, as Red Riding Hood; Mrs. Ridgway, of Philadelphia, in Marchioness; Mme. Pillé, of New Orleans, powdered hair; Miss Minnie King, of Georgia, Undine? Mrs. Pennimen, of New York; Miss Pennimen, Ophelia; Mrs. Moulton (Miss Greenough, of Cambridge, Mass.), in Salamander; the Viscountess de Gabriac (Miss Phalen, of New York), Hungarian costume; Mrs. Eustis (Miss Corcoran, of Washington); Miss Eustis, of Louisiana; Mrs. Butterfield, of New York; Mrs. Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris; Miss Watling, of Philadelphia; the Countess de Moltke (Miss Hinton, of New York), in Marchioness, covered with diamonds; and the Countess de Ganay (Miss Ridgway, of Philadelphia). The American ladies, as those of your readers will see who are acquainted with them, were chosen by her Majesty, not only on account of their high position in French society, but also for their general personal beauty and well-known taste in dress. It was an occasion for the display of all the wealth in diamonds and other precious stones of which each was possessed; for, while it is bad taste to make an inordinate display of diamonds on ordinary occasions, a costume ball admits any extravagance in this line the wearer chooses to make. The Empress represented on this occasion the wife of a Doge of Venice of the sixteenth century, and wore all the crown jewels. She was literally embossed in diamonds. The *page* was black velvet, over a robe of scarlet satin, bearing cataelles of diamonds. The Imperial Prince, dressed in black velvet knee-breeches and Venetian mantle, was present, and danced twice—once with the Princess Anna Murat, and once with Mlle. de Chatenubourg. His dance with his cousin the Princess Anna created no little amusement, for while the Prince is only seven years old—and, of course, very short for a ball-room performance—his partner was princely in dimensions as well as in title. The Princess Anna wore a Neapolitan costume. The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte was in the costume of Anne of Queves, of Holbein, and wore the whole of her famous collection of emeralds. The Princess Clotilde Bonaparte, with the hair frosted, had also copied a picture from the Louvre, and her robe of brocat glistened like a rising sun. The Princess Gabrielle (Augustine Bonaparte) was in syrian costume. The Princess de Metternich in Night, illuminated with diamonds. The Countess de Perugny in burning fire. The Countess Walewska in Amazon Louis XIV., powdered hair, corn-colored robe, gold buttons. The belle Italian Countess Castiglione, dressed in a costume remarkable for its want of costume, was the hit of the evening. She was dressed as "Salammbo," copied from the new Carthaginian romance of Gustave Flaubert, author of *Madame Bovary*. Naked arms and shoulders, short dress, and feet naked in sandals, dress of black velvet, falling straight, with a long train, which latter was borne by the young Count de Choiseul: who, in turn, had his face blackened to represent an Egyptian page, and who, besides carrying the train of the famous daughter of Hamilcar, held over her head an umbrella of the genuine Robinson Crusoe dimensions. The superb Castiglionière were on her head a diadem of gold; her robe, which was without waist, was held by a rich clasp of diamonds, and was copied exactly after the floating tunics worn by the women of the upper classes in the period of Carthaginian history in which Salammbo lived. She promenaded, not on the arm of the faithful Mathe of the romance, but on that of the Count Walewska, who delivered her over to the Emperor, and who, in turn, left her to enjoy a long and close conversation with the young Chevalier Nigra, Italian Embassador at Paris. The "surprise" of the evening was the "*Quadrille des Abeilles*." At twelve o'clock several large bee-hives were carried in by villagers in the costume of Watteau's pictures, and from them issued a charming and graceful swarm of bees, among whom were the Princesses Troubetzkoi and Dolgorouki, Mlles. Beaucard, Coppens, Magnan, de Taschet, de Vatry, Kisdakoff, Errazu, Pereira, dressed in golden corsage and shining wings, and who at once proceeded to dance the quadrille, which had been arranged and taught them for the occasion by Mazante, of the Grand Opera.

THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" AT LIVERPOOL

We illustrate on this page the arrival of the relief ship "GEORGE GRISWOLD" at Liverpool, with the cargo contributed by New York merchants and other citizens of the United States for the relief of the suffering mechanics of England. She arrived on the 9th of February. Her cargo consisted of 200 boxes of bacon, 50 barrels of pork, 500 bushels of corn, 500 barrels and boxes of bread, a quantity of rice, and 13,236 barrels of flour. The contributions on board from the New York Produce Exchange were 1500 barrels of flour, 500 bushels of corn, and 50 barrels of pork. She left New York on the 13th of January, and after an average run across the Atlantic was on the 9th February telegraphed off Port Lynas, sailing for Liverpool with a fair wind. As the telegraph was published and became generally known the New Steam Tug Company dispatched their powerful boat *Rainbow* gratuitously to assist the ship into port. The *Rainbow* fell in with the ship about three o'clock, near the bar, and immediately took her in tow; but they did not reach the anchorage in the river until nearly three hours after high tide. The *George Griswold* had the American and English flags flying, and the steam-tug was also gayly decorated for the occasion. On reaching the Rock Fort she was welcomed with the customary salute by lowering a flag, which was duly acknowledged, and shortly after entering the river a salute of eighteen guns was fired from the North Battery. She reached the anchorage off Seacombe about half past five P.M. Her coming was cordially greeted by a great concourse of people.



THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" RELIEF SHIP, IN TOW OF THE "RESOLUTE," ENTERING THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND—THE ROCK FORT SALUTING (DIPPING THE ENSIGN).

THE SNOW-STORM AT BELLE PLAIN.

UNDER arches that the pines make (full of weird and ghostly shadows);
Over gently sloping uplands and through strange deserted vales;
Past the forest in the distance; to the low, far-reaching meadows;
Borne swiftly on the cold breath of the damp northeastern gales;
Half laughing into sunshine, and half sobbing back to rain—
Seeking still, yet ever flying, with a dull and restless tremor,
The next moment all defiance with a fierce sun-tinted glamour,
Undecided if in joy to come or wild resistless pain,
Eddying round us—whirling from us—came the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

Coming thus, and in the balance trembling for one instant, and one only,
Then with sudden fury bursting o'er the camp beneath, it whirled
Around the meagre shelter-tents that decked the hill-side lonely,
And the wind with rage incessant each successive snow-flake hurled,
Till the trees grew white like spectres, and old earth was pure again.
This at dusk was, and night's shadows falling dim on field and river
Gave the storm a wilder aspect. To their tents, with chill and shiver,
Each jostling each in eager haste, and filled with fright, amain
Fled the men, with hasty footsteps, from the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

All that long, slow dragging night, the snow so white and pitiless, descended
In strangely eddying circles, flying far and flying near;
And through the sombre day that followed the sullen storm extended
Till the grayish daylight faded; then down fell, more cold and drear,
The dark shades of the second night, and till that wild night's wane
More thickly round the silent camp the snow fell, ever drifting
From before the damp northeast wind, blowing coldly, never shifting,
Till camp and woods were mantled in a robe without a stain,
And every thing lay buried in the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

Thus the wild, fierce storm continued, in its fury unabated,
Till the nights as twain were counted, though the days told only one;
And through the long hours watched we, and so patiently we waited,
With bowed faces toward the east sky, waiting, watching for the sun.
And we sighed to think the sunny South was but a phantom vain,
And we prayed for the old Northland, with its regal icy splendor—
With its hearts so warm and true, so loving and so tender—
Till we conjured up our homes again (oh! wild, bewildered brain!
Crazed men of the Potomac, in the snow-storm at Belle Plain).

Our wild hasheesh-dream dispelling, came that second brilliant morning.
We had watched so for its advent—we had prayed so for its dawn,
That we *felt* the Bow of Promise the glad eastern sky adorning;
And when the cold hills flushed with light, the cruel storm was gone.
But over camp, and over woods—on field, on hill-side, and in lane—
Over uplands, over meadows—even under the pine arches—
On every road where patient mule and weary teamster marches—
On every thing, or far or near, that might the pearly gems retain,
Lay, pure and white, the flakes that fell in the snow-storm at Belle Plain.

Thus came it; thus it ended. We who cowered so 'neath its bluster
Look back with a soldier's carelessness, and idly wonder why;
Then, contented with the present, seek the sun, whose undimmed lustre
Shines bright to-day upon us from the overarching sky.
We wait until the roads mend. *You* watch the Union's throes of pain,
And, sitting there in quiet, most impatiently you wonder
Why to-day from old Virginia booms no loud artillery's thunder.
Ah, weak and questioning heart! you would never ask again,
Could you see us while embargoed by a snow-storm at Belle Plain.

OUR IRON-CLADS IN THE OGEECHEE.

OUR attentive correspondent at Port Royal has furnished us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 193 and 196, and which relate to the recent performances of our iron-clad fleet in the Ogeechee River.

One of them shows us how the pirate *Nashville* was destroyed by the iron-clad Monitor *Montauk*, Captain Worden. The *Herald* correspondent, after stating that the *Nashville* showed signs of moving, which induced Captain Worden to steam up toward Fort M'Allister, goes on to say:

At five minutes past seven o'clock we let go our anchor about twelve hundred yards below the fort, and veered out fifteen fathoms of cable, and in two minutes thereafter we let slip an 11-inch shell at the object of our aims and desires. There she lay hard and fast, at about twelve hundred yards distant, a good mark, as the sequel will show.

The instant we fired our first shot the battery fired three guns at us, and in thirty seconds thereafter another one. But we did not pay any attention to them, and left the battery in the hands of the three gallant gun-boats, who threw their shells into it in splendid style.

At eleven minutes past seven fired our 11-inch gun, the shell falling a little over the *Nashville*. In just five minutes afterward the enemy hit our pilot-house, fair and square, with an 8-inch shot, which broke in two pieces, one falling on the turret top and the other on deck, doing no damage and producing no unpleasant sensation whatever.

At twenty-two minutes past seven the 15-inch gun was fired with a 10-second shell, which landed quite close to the *Nashville*. The fort banged away at us, but they did not exhibit such careful gunnery as on previous firings. We paid no kind of notice to the scamps behind the piles of sand, as we were bent on the blowing up of the would-be pirate.

By-the-way, when we went up first we noticed quite a number of persons on her deck; but after two or three firings they were not to be seen. They had a full head of steam on her boilers, and she was blowing off furiously from her escape-pipe.

At twenty-seven and a half minutes past seven o'clock we fired our 15-inch gun again, with a 10-second shell, which landed plump into the pirate, between her foremast and paddle-box. It exploded beautifully, and there was no doubt in our minds that we should soon see her in flames. This was only our fifth shot, and if the result does not show good gunnery, pray tell me what is to be considered a standard? Acting-Master Pierre Giraud worked both the guns, and his good marksmanship was now established beyond a doubt. From the turret only the masts and smoke-stacks were visible, giving, of course, but a very small mark to fire at.

After firing our eighth round we were obliged to cease firing, so as to see what the fire was doing on board of the *Nashville*.

To our gratification we were enabled to see a very dense volume of black smoke arising from the forward part of the vessel, and in a couple of minutes thereafter the flames were distinctly visible, forcing their way up, and gradually creeping aft, until they reached nearly to the base of the smoke-stack. The fog was slowly creeping down upon us, threatening to shut out the glorious sight; but it would light up at intervals, showing us in a few minutes a vast sheet of flames, which shot upward far into the smoky canopy above them. It was not long before the smoke-stack guys were burned away, and the huge stack tottered and then fell over on to the port paddle-box, stirring up the glowing embers, which rose and mingled with the darkness above the doomed vessel.

Nothing but night, to give a darkened back-ground to the livid flames, could have added any thing to the grandeur of the scene before us. Our weary watching was now reaping its reward, and our hearts beat with joy and congratulations. Slowly but surely the fire did its work: the rigging caught fire in several places, and torches seemed set, as it were, over a vast funereal pile. We fired occasionally at her until it became evident that we could not add any thing more to her speedy dissolution. At intervals the flames would rush up in a body aft and die out forward, as if the fire king was rushing fore and aft in joy at the freaks in his realms. All this time the fort was firing at us, stopping only when the fog would entirely hide us from view.

At six minutes past eight o'clock we ceased firing, having only fired fourteen times. We waited, watching for about thirty minutes the burning of the steamer, and then up anchor and stood down the river. At this time the *Nashville* was entirely enveloped in flames, the paddle-boxes were fast crumbling away, and streaks of fire were rapidly making huge crevices in her once graceful hull.

At thirty-five minutes past nine o'clock an explosion took place amidships, throwing up a column of white smoke, which, when its inertia was lost, spread itself out like a huge umbrella. It looked like steam, and quite a number who witnessed it pronounced it to be steam, which escaped from the bursting of her boilers. It probably was the explosion of the 100-pounder rifle gun, from the fact that the outline of the hull was not seriously affected by the explosion.

In ten minutes afterward a terrific explosion took place aft. The fire had reached the magazine, and a spark had, in a flash, set loose the latent power of untold tons. Her hull was not able to withstand a shock like that, and a vast white volume quickly ascended aloft, and spread out until it met a sufficient amount of atmospheric resistance, when it mingled with the smoke from the burning hull. The mainmast was gone, the quarter torn down to the water's edge, and the hull riven into countless fragments. Some little time afterward the foremast fell, and the destruction was complete. Far away over the lowlands the smoke spread itself, as if veiling from their view those who might be watching the annihilation of a vessel once lovely in form, graceful in her motion, and noted for her speed—a vessel built for peaceful uses, but by a band of desperadoes turned into a pirate (a bloodless one). The tide of life was at an ebb, and in a short time she would be but a mass of tangled machinery and charred relics.

It was useless, of course, to remain any longer in range of the enemy's guns, and Captain Worden ordered the gun-boats to withdraw from the action and cease firing.

On the way down the river the *Montauk* narrowly escaped an accident, depicted in our second illustration on page 198. The *Herald* correspondent thus alludes to it:

While withdrawing from action we passed directly over three torpedoes, one of which exploded directly underneath our boilers, raising the vessel up bodily and slewing her around. The sensation was of course a very peculiar one, and for a time we could not realize that we had been hit by an infernal machine. It started a little leak, but nothing to speak of, as it was repaired in a few minutes.

Our picture on page 196 shows us THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT M'ALLISTER, which was more intended to test the fighting qualities of the iron-clad gun-boats than to take the fort. The same correspondent of the *Herald* who witnessed the action from the *Montauk* thus recounts the affair:

At thirty-five minutes after eight the iron-clads were up at about the following distances from the work: *Passaic*, 1200 yards; *Patapsco*, 1600; *Nahant*, 1900. Here they anchored.

In five minutes afterward the enemy opened with two guns, followed by another in rapid succession, hitting close to the *Passaic*, when she let slide an 11-inch shell, which fell short of the fort. At fifty-five minutes after eight the *Para* opened with her 13-inch mortar. The engagement, or rather target practice, now began.

At nine minutes after nine we anchored, having cleared the vessel for action, ready to run up if we were needed.

We had on board Captain Upshur and his clerk and quite a number of the officers of the *Sebago*, who came on board to witness the scene; and as we lay ahead of all the vessels excepting the iron-clads, our turret top offered excellent facilities for observing the firing.

Our boys were scattered around the decks as passive spectators of an action in which they were very desirous of participating; but as we had done some service before, it was but fair that we should now do some looking on.

The iron-clads fired slowly, gradually getting the range, while the bummers promised to throw in some shells in a short time.

The rebels were busy, and at intervals we could see that they hit the *Passaic* pretty fairly; of course we could not tell what damage was done, but from our experience we felt confident that they could not harm her much. As the moments flew the practice from the iron-clads became more accurate, the *Passaic* bearing off the palm for some time, when the *Nahant* came up to the mark, delivering her shell finely and making some elegant shots. At twenty minutes before eleven o'clock two of her shells landed in the traverses, throwing up the sand to a tremendous height and filling the air with clouds of earth. The crews of the vessels around us gave hearty expressions of their approbation by subdued cheering and loud clapping of their hands.

The rapid fire of the iron-clads caused the rebels to slacken their fire from their three guns and an 11-inch mortar, which they had been working with great spirit.

The wind had now breezed up from the northwest and gradually increased into almost a gale; but it had the good effect to drive away the smoke quickly from their vision.

The *Patapsco* pitched in her shells, doing some execution in the rear of the work, just skipping the parapet in their flight. Although we kept a minute record of each gun fired on both sides, it would be too voluminous to place within the limited space of our columns. It was bang, bang, smoke, fire, sand; and I guess but few ever saw such a beautiful sight. Secesh stood up to their guns manfully, and their gunnery was by no means meagre.

At times the enemy would not reply for several moments, and when he opened afresh the guns would belch out from a different place. Our shells were doing tremendous execution in the sand, but for some time we thought without damaging any guns. Finally a 15-inch shell from the *Nahant* exploded under one of the rebel guns, throwing it up into the air quite a distance.

The *Nahant's* people went to dinner as quietly as if not under the fire of the enemy; and after dinner they came out on deck to take a good look at their target. Secesh tried hard to hit her with their mortar, but did not succeed. The accurate firing of the *Nahant* elicited the heartiest commendations from the spectators, who were piled upon our turret and on all elevated points of the other vessels.

The outlines of the fort, which early in the morning had presented such regularity, now began to assume an entirely different aspect. Huge holes were clearly discernible, and it did not look like the work we saw in the bright glow of the morning's sun.

At thirty-two minutes past three P.M. the *Nahant* withdrew from the action, having accomplished all she desired to do in the way of exercising her guns' crews and lubricating her working gear. At fifty-five minutes past three P.M. the *Patapsco* followed, and the *Passaic* some little time afterward. They all dropped down the river, the rebels firing very rapidly at them as they quietly went away from the fort.

They hit the *Passaic* several times, landing a 10-inch shot on the top of her turret, whole and uninjured. They also hit her fair and square on her deck with an 11-inch mortar shell, which, strange to say, did not do any material damage, except, of course, fracturing the armor. It struck between the beams. I begin to think you can not injure our iron-clads in any manner possible. She was hit thirty-three times, and I have the same old story to write—"Nobody hurt, and no damage done." I could not have been made to believe that these vessels could withstand shot, shell, and torpedoes, used in every conceivable manner, until I saw with my own eyes the results. It is wonderful and strange.

We can not forbear quoting this correspondent with regard to the sensations experienced by persons in an iron-clad when she is hit. He says:

About half past eight o'clock our pilot-house was hit a tremendous blow by a shot. Your correspondent was at the instant of impact on one knee writing a paragraph in his note-book. The shock was somewhat severe, and afterward he found that the shot struck close to his head.

It unbalanced me, and I tumbled over against the side of the narrow pilot-house, when, to my surprise, I was struck by a piece of iron bolt with the nut attached (weighing about one pound), first on the shoulder and then on the knee. Some of the other bolts were knocked out. The iron was, no doubt, of an inferior quality, and had they been of the same character as those in the turret, such an event would not have taken place. In view of such an accident, and suffering from the shock, I left the pilot-house.

* * * * * * *

The sensation below decks was far different than that which I had experienced in the pilot-house on Tuesday last for four hours and a half and the two hours of to-day.

The sound of our own guns was more acute and unpleasant, and well it might be, when it is taken into consideration that the whole volume of sound from the discharge of each gun passed directly over and within a few inches of our heads, and the concussion passing into the system through the brain by the top of the head. I can not say that it was painful, but it was far from pleasant, and, in addition to this, you were scarcely ever able to hear the word of command when the guns were fired. To hear the officer say, "Are you ready?"—"Fire!" takes off much of the unpleasantness of the shock; but below you do not have that warning.

* * * * * * *

It was just six minutes past eleven o'clock. I was standing in the ward-room, and in conversation with Dr. Brayton, when a most terrific blow was struck upon our deck plating directly over my head. I was driven with much force into a chair, and my whole muscular system seemed for about two minutes perfectly paralyzed. I was faint, and could scarcely obtain my breath. I never experienced such an unpleasant sensation in the whole course of my life. It was a heavy shock to my whole system. In fact it exceeded my experience in the pilot-house, and I thought I done wrong in quitting it. And while absorbed in such thoughts slam! came another such a shot, but, fortunately for me at least, about six feet away from where the first one struck. Weak as I was this again gave me a shock, and I was forced to say, "That was the unkindest cut of all." I soon recovered from the intense pain I suffered, and resumed my notes, but was continually in apprehension of having the dose repeated. Fortunately, however, it was not.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS MANY former Pupils of the NAZARETH HALL BOARDING SCHOOL are in the U. States Army and Navy, filling various positions in the different departments thereof, and as we have already heard of the death of several—in hospital and on the battle-field—we hereby request all persons who are aware that any of our Graduates have thus fallen, to give or send all information they possess, of time, place, and manner of death, to the Agents of our Institution, the Messrs. A. Binninger & Co., Nos. 92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York, or the Messrs. Jordan & Brother, No. 209 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, or to the

Rev. EDWARD H. REICHEL,
Principal of Nazareth Hall,
Nazareth, Northampton County, Penna.

Chemicals, &c.—We have for Sale

250 tons of SODA ASH, different brands and tests, in store and to arrive, for Soap or Glass Makers. CAUSTIC SODA, the best makes, in iron 5 cwt. packages. NEWCASTLE SAL SODA, 150 tons in assorted packages—also FRIAR'S GOOSE, our own make. Newcastle BI CB. SODA—H. L. P. & Co., Jarrow, Alhusens—Also the FRIAR'S GOOSE Chemical Works, our own manufacture, unexcelled. CREAM TARTAR, crystal and powdered. Also TARTARIC ACID, crystal and *powdered in our own mills, perfectly pure.* "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER, of acknowledged excellence, the standard article. SALÆRATUS, the Best and Purest in the market, made at our Laboratory, Jersey City, the largest works in this country, all the fancy styles put up for the trade, and guaranteed. Also the following Sundries: CONCENTRATED LYE, PREPARED POTASH, POT AND PEARL ASHES, SOAP POWDER, INDIGO, &c. 150,000 lbs. of PALM OIL, duty paid, in assorted packages.

Buyers from strictly first hands should send us their orders.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 and 138 *Cedar Street, New York, for Fifteen Years,*
IMPORTERS and MANUFACTURERS.

READY (OFFICIAL).
THE UNITED STATES CONSCRIPTION ACT,
OR, NATIONAL MILITIA BILL.
With a copious Index for Reference.
JAMES W. FORTUNE, PUBLISHER,
102 Centre Street, New York.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

STATEMENT
OF THE
United States Life Insurance Co.,
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
NO. 40 WALL STREET.

Assets 1st January, 1862........		$804,858 09
RECEIPTS.		
Premiums and Policies........	$207,044 19	
Interests, Rents, Annuities, &c.	50,035 30	
		257,079 49
		$1,061,937 58
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid Claims by Death........	$94,500 00	
Policies Purchased........	18,696 37	
Dividends and Profits........	31,540 85	
Re-insurance, Taxes, &c.......	20,460 23	
Office Expenses........	20,672 28	
		$185,869 73
ASSETS.		
Cash........	$24,658 73	
Bonds and Mortgages........	474,250 00	
United States Securities ($162,000), cost........	153,327 50	
New York City Bonds........	20,000 00	
Brooklyn City Bonds........	24,000 00	
Real Estate in New York and Brooklyn........	18,268 95	
Due by Agents........	22,968 26	
Loans on Policies........	79,022 37	
Deferred Premiums........	49,419 94	
Interest Accrued or Due........	10,152 10	
Assets, 1st January, 1863........		$876,067 85

There are no losses due and unpaid; no claims in dispute.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS,	SHEPHERD KNAPP,
LUTHER BRADISH,	EDWARD S. CLARK,
JAMES SUYDAM,	ISAAC N. PHELPS,
JAMES MARSH,	CHARLES E. BILL,
JOHN J. CISCO,	JOHN J. PHELPS,
ISAAC A. STORM,	CLINTON GILBERT,
JOHN A LUQUEER,	WILLIAM B. BOLLES,
JOSIAH RICH,	HANSON K. CORNING,
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY,	JOHN C. BALDWIN,
THOMAS C. DOREMUS,	EDWARD MINTURN,
B. F. WHEELWRIGHT,	AUGUSTUS H. WARD,
WILSON G. HUNT,	JAMES GALLATIN,
DAN. H. ARNOLD,	JERE. P. ROBINSON,
W. R. VERMILYE,	CHARLMS P. LEVERICH,
WILLIAM TUCKER,	WILLIAM M. HALSTED, Jr.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS, President.
N. G. DE GROOT, Act. JOHN EADIE, Sec.
JAMES W. G. CLEMENTS, M.D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 12 to 1½ o'clock, P.M.

J. B. GATES, General Agent; JAMES STEWART, HENRY PERRY, ALBERT O. WILLCOX, A. WHITNEY, Local Agents in the City of New York and vicinity.

Agents Wanted.

$40 a Month and EXPENSES, or *Commission on Sales.* Send stamp for circulars.
RICE & CO., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.



GRAY'S
CELEBRATED
HAIR
RESTORATIVE.
IT IS NOT A DYE!
$1,000. PREMIUM. $1,000.
WILL CAUSE HAIR TO GROW ON BALD HEADS;
WILL RESTORE GREY OR DISEASED HAIR TO ITS
ORIGINAL CONDITION & COLOR,

Will prevent the Hair from Falling Off, and promote a New and Healthy Growth; completely eradicates Dandruff; will prevent and cure Nervous Headache; will give to the Hair a Clean, Glossy Appearance, and is a Certain Cure for all Diseases of the Head.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

It is a perfect and complete dressing for the Hair. Read the following testimonial:

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
New York, Nov. 6, 1861.

WM. GRAY, Esq.,
Dear Sir: Two months ago my head was almost entirely BALD, and the little hair I had was all GREY, and falling out very fast, until I feared I should lose all. I commenced using your *Hair Restorative*, and it immediately stopped the hair falling off, and soon restored the color, and after using two bottles my head is completely covered with a healthy growth of hair, and of the same color it was in early manhood. I take great pleasure in recommending your excellent *Hair Restorative*, and you may also refer any doubting person to me.

ROBERT MURRAY, U. S. Marshal,
Southern District, New York.

Other testimonials may be seen at the Restorative Depot, 801 Broadway, New York.

Manufactured and sold by the proprietor (WM. GRAY), at the Restorative Depot, 801 Broadway, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Ready:

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Major-Gen. Vols., U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 63 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Gased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
800 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.. 15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Cwl, and Ons. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Ons., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 00 to 3 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
2000 Sets of Dress Studs..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Plain Rings..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 00 to 20 00 each.
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders 4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and well mixed, and promiscuously taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have and state it in your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business. 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.

NEW STYLE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH PILLS PURGATIVE PROPERTIES.

A lady, travelling on the Continent of Europe, called upon Pamun Cyrus, of Barcelona, Spain, a dealer in Drugs and Medicines, and inquired for BRANDRETH'S PILLS. He did not sell the medicine for sale. The lady requested him to send to New York for a supply for her, and she left with him money for the same. When the ship arrived, the lady left with Mr. Cyrus four dozen, with a request he would sell them for her. He did so, and from that small beginning, and without any effort whatever from Principal Office, his sale has become so extensive in Barcelona as to absorb nearly three hundred gross per annum, or 44,000 boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In fact, so great was the efficacy of Daymon Cyrus' Brandreth's Pills propagate themselves." That is the way, those who use them become well satisfied with their high medicinal and health-restoring qualities, and as such recommend them to their friends.

It is admitted they are the most innocent, most efficacious and certain, and withal the most RELIABLE PURGATIVE KNOWN. The majority of medicines of this class are poor imitations of this, the Original Universal Medicine.

Public favor is constantly decided by merit; we therefore hope that this excellent life-saving medicine may be everywhere introduced, and its own merits will do the rest. It is adapted to all ages, all sexes, all climates, and being out by one dick invariably ameliorates the disease, and perseverance cures in a majority of cases.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

Sold also at No. 4 Union Square.

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

One dollar Instead to Dr. BRANDRETH, will insure Four Boxes, sent by return of mail to any address in the United States, without further charge.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
294 *CANAL STREET,*
BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

LANDRETH'S
(WARRANTED)
SEEDS

Have been before the American People for nearly
Three Quarters of a Century,
and daily grow in popular favor.

☞ They will speak their own praise wherever planted.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, 1863, is mailed, *GRATIS*, charge, to all applicants.
DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Fine Ivory Sleeve and Bosom Studs.



All colors, engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Complete sets, $1 00, free by mail.

TRADE SUPPLIED.
JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

SOLDIERS, we send the following watch, pre-paid, on receipt of price, and 36 cents additional for postage, to any part of the country, to guarantee safe delivery.

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A REVOLVING CASE, ON OPEN BACK, AS GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The New York Illustrated News, the leading pictorial paper of the United States, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 247, with engravings, gives a full description of this most pleasing novelty, of which the HOWARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a hunting and open-face watch combined. One of the most reliable, correct, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has a beautiful and durable case, with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering it a very correct timekeeper. The cases of this watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 10 carat gold. It has the improved lever safety lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time-piece.

Price, superbly engraved, per case of hald cases, $700 00. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $80. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents. Address

HUBBARD BROS.,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. H. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS,
12 Waverley Place, near Broadway.

Madame Benedict, of Rue de la Paix, Paris, has the honor to announce that on Monday, 16th inst., she will open her new branch Millinery Rooms, at 12 Waverley Place. This Establishment will be found complete with every European novelty, the distinguishing characteristics of which always be combined with moderate charges, punctuality, and polite attention.

Mme. B. is also prepared to execute orders outside of MOURNING Millinery and Ornamental Bijouterie will be made a prominent feature of. An early inspection is solicited.



Mackenzie's Patent Auto-Propelling Carpet Sweeping and Racing Ponies.

Run rapidly over any carpet and on the grounds, propelled by the weight of a cut of the rider. The most delightful, healthful and beautiful amusement and out-door exercise ever invented. Send stamp for illustrated circular. Address

STEPHEN W. SMITH, 408 Broadway.

How to Get a Patent.

The Inventor's Guide sent for 2 cent stamp, by FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

A Good Article always recommends itself.—The best and most wholesome Coffee ever offered to the public is the celebrated Gilles' Gold Leaf Java Coffee. Only 23 cents per pound!! Wholesale and retail, at Gilles' Java Coffee Depot, 429 Broadway, Cor. of Fulton Street, and Story & Southworth, Yeezy Store, near Greenwich Street. Agencies in Dealers. Depot for the best and cheapest Family Soap in the World. Gilles' Java Coffee for consumer's prices.

Address orders,

G. BENTLEY,
79 Barclay Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colored Engravings, Goddess of Liberty Tree Queen, and Eagle Flag. 52 enamelled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual Games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Liberal Premiums. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
Grove 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, Widows, Parents or Children, Heirs, Executors, for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Handbook of Instructions, Blanks, &c., free by mail. Address, by enclosing address, with stamp to Lieut. Col. BURLEIGH, Box 2179, Washington, D. C. Reference permitted.—SCOTT & CO., 409 Fourth Street, Washington, D. C.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., to be sure—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—20 acres tracts of from $10 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Handsome Village Lots. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for planned farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.

Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $15.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 18 inches by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 24 pounds. Price $8 00.

Sold by all Dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, N. Y.
Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

How to Read Character.

See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, April No., 10 cents, or $1 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

WINDOW SHADES, 359 BROADWAY.
GOLD SHADES,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
BUFF HOLLAND SHADES.
GREEN HOLLAND SHADES.
CHINESE AND VENETIAN BLINDS,
All kinds Made to Order.
BRAY'S PATENT FIXTURE—THE BEST IN USE.
G. L. & J. B. KELLY,
No. 359 Broadway.

359 LACE CURTAINS, BROADWAY.
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS,
VESTIBULE LACE,
And all styles of Goods Required for Curtains.
Over 2100 pairs Curtains at
OLD PRICES.
G. L. & J. B. KELLY,
No. 359 Broadway.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

"EUREKA !"

And will you have them? A Grecian preparation which will cause Whiskers and Moustaches to grow heavily in one month; only 50 cents, sent pre-paid on receipt of price.
Address Box 65, East Brookfield, Mass.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Sizes, $1 12 for Gents'. G. B. GRAY, 201 Broadway, N. Y. Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Illustrated Phrenological Almanac

For 1863. Pre-paid, by first post, 10 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Worth its Weight in Gold.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing great styles of advantages for persons unskilled in penmanship. Address or reply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted, and engraved.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. A Novel. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," "North and South," "The Moorland Cottage," "Right at Last," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including LAKE NGAMI, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, Esq., F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Line upon Line." This First Part relates to Events in the Times of the PATRIARCHS and the JUDGES. By the Author of "Line upon Line," &c. Reading without Tears," "More about Jesus," "Streaks of Light," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. A Novel. By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "The Last of the Mortimers," "The Days of My Life," "The Last of Norlaws," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tierney," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "One of Them," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," &c. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENNAN. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. RICHARDS. Fine, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For April, 1863.

CONTENTS:

ANOTHER AFRICAN HUNTER.
HARPER'S PICTORIAL—William Baldwin.—A River Scene.—Fest Asleep.—Dead Alligator dragged into the Water.—A Bath.—Bathing.—Escape of a Bear by a Lizard.—Going down Hill.—An African Serenade.—Night-Shooting.—Length of a Giraffe.—A Giraffe in a Tree.—Baldwin's Beard.—Giraffe Hunt; Buffaloes chasing.—A Lonely Night.—Waking by Night.—Rising with a Rattle Chief.—A Passby a Savage Elephant.—Rhinoceros and Elephant.—Cross of an Ostrich.—Baldwin chased by an Elephant.—Zebra Hunt.—Treed by Buffaloes.—A narrow Escape.—Jumping and Running.—A Ducking.—Feast on Flies.

A NEW DAYS IN MOSCOW.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—From Animals in the Market.—Prisoners for Debt.—Mujiks at Inn.—Russian Theatre.—Russian Gardens.—Old-Clothes' Market.—Fight, Pups, and Fair.—Russian Peasant Woman.—An Imperial Equipage.—A Stunned and Stuffed Man.—Mujiks and Cats.

THE WIDOW THORNE'S FIRST MARRIAGE.
CHAPTER XXIII. Mr. Adam Bell.
CHAPTER XXXVIII. The Black Marks become Magical.
CHAPTER XXXIX. A Supper in the Bucelai Gardens.
CHAPTER XL. An arrested Wife.
CHAPTER XLI. Coming back.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE.—To Arms.—Russian Theatre.—Gardens.—"Father, I will be guilded."

MY TRAVELLING FIFTH AVENUE.
FIFTH AVENUE.
THE LAST FOR WORSE. In Three Parts.
PART II.
A QUEEN'S DAY.
MY MYSTERIOUS FOE.
THE HOME AND THE FLAG.
MY SUMMER WITH THE MAYOR
SOME SECESSION LEADERS.
THE APOLOGY.
VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.
THE CHAIN AND IDEA.
A GOSSIP ABOUT NOVELS.
KITTIE.
THE MASTER KEY.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
A FEW CARTES DE VISITE.
FASHIONS FOR APRIL.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bridal Toilet.—Street Costume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Four Copies for One Year 10 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Responsible or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are informed.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

FEW ARE EXEMPT.—We don't refer to the Draft. Millions escape the conscription. But few, very few, are exempt from Dyspepsia. The grand army of Dyspeptics are a multitude that no man can number. Thousands of new recruits are added to it daily. Yet there is no difficulty in securing exemption. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, taken as a preventive, renders the weakest stomach DYSPEPTIC-PROOF. Nay, though you are already enrolled among the victims, the use of this inestimable tonic will insure your discharge in a healthy condition, and without being liable to be seized again. In plain terms, this famous stomachic and alterative so infallibly invigorates the digestive organs, which are the seat of complaint, that it not only expels the spirits, fevers, and ills, but strengthens the body, and is a potent antidote to the deleterious influence of damp and cold. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS can be obtained in any first class Drug Store in the country.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 629 BROADWAY.

Neat et Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Un-claimed Money—Being great copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 50 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons intitled to property to the value of many millions of pounds Sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Fee to search for same, $5. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

Soldiers' Special Notice.—Do your duty to yourselves, protect your health, use HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Sores, Bowel Complaints and Fevers, they are a perfect safeguard. Full directions how to use them with every box. Only 25 cents.

Gilles' Old Plantation Coffee, 25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to Gilles' Java, Mocha, Rio, Laguayra, Maracaibo, Mocha, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Only to be had in one pound packages, 25 rounds in a case, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal Discount to the Trade.

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 253, 255 and 257 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses pd., to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 15 other new articles. 16 circulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

CATARRH!—Dr. Godside's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very root of the trouble, cleanses, and exterminates it. Sold by druggists. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 618 Broadway.



HOW THE BOWERY BOYS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

(*Scene.—A Democratic Association.*)

GREAT COPPERHEAD ORATOR (*foaming at the Mouth*). "To Arms! to Arms! Let us resist the Laws, and crush the LINCOLN Despotism!!"

FIRST CITIZEN. "Bully for you! He's 'most as good as FORREST."

SECOND CITIZEN. "But he can't come up to BOOTH."

Brown & Wilson,

Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.

LEWIS H. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON

U. S. Treasury Notes, U. S. 6 per cent Debt Certificates, Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver bought and sold.

Commission Dealers in Stocks, Bonds, and Securities. Refer by permission to

Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Thiebon,
John J. Cisco, Nesmith Taylor.

Lewis B. Brown has removed from 31 Chambers Street to 19 Wall Street.

FOR VICKSBURG and other places of the great seat interest, see H. H. LLOYD & Co.'s MAP of the Mississippi River from Cairo to its mouth. Price **15** cts. War Maps and Charts for the Million. Agents wanted. H. H. LLOYD & Co., No. **25** Howard St., N. Y.



BALLOU'S

Patented

French Yoke

SHIRTS.

Warranted to FIT, and to be

CHEAPER

for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city. Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

F. Y. S.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

The Alabama taken!!

The famous 290.

Card Photographs from a view taken by an Artist on board the Ariel.

ACCURATE! SPIRITED! LIFE-LIKE!

5 Price 35 cents. Can be sent by mail on receipt of amount.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway.

N.B.—Don't confound this with a picture advertised at a cheaper price, copied from a lithograph.

Soldiers Presented Free with *Literature* upon receipt of their Name and Address.
WM. H. CATELY, 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Lyon's Kathairon.

This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is daily growing in favor with the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill, and attention, which first created its immense and unprecedented sales of over one million bottles annually. It is still sold in all cases in large bottles. Two million bottles can easily be sold in a year when it is again known that the Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of scurf and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich lustrous growth, and prevents it from turning gray. These are considerations worth having. The Kathairon has been tested for over twelve years and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, cheap and valuable. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to **S. Adee**, 681 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Agents and Soldiers.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles: containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your friends in the Army.* No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp are making fortunes, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free* to all Agents. Packages of smaller variety sent at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

A. G. HUBBARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

NEWS DEALERS,

Send for our revised Price List, ready Mar. 2.
PERKS & BANGKEE, 74 Ann St., N. Y.
Wholesale Dealers in Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Cheap Publications, Albums, Cards de Visite, and Merchandise of every description.

Attention Agents, Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Mosaic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

Superior Farm Land

At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.



The Soldier's Bullet-proof Vest

has been fully tested. It has saved the lives of Generals, Colonels, Captains, and thousands of soldiers. It is worn by our best and bravest men.

A man's life is worth able to himself, to his *friends*, and to the country.

Therefore Sec'r'y sent $5 " private's " $6.
Sent promptly by Express to any address upon receipt of the money only, by

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, & GRAHAM,
No. 20 Maiden Lane.

P. S. Discount to the trade.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone. *Steam-power Copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for circular and price list.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlements, rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

The Craig Microscope.

If you would like the most interesting, instructive, amusing and useful instrument in the world, send $3, and the Craig Microscope and 6 beautiful mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. The cabinet of microscopic objects is so simple that a child can use it, and magnifies about 10,000 times.

Address HENRY CRAIG,
189 Centre Street, New York.
Liberal discount to Dealers.

Fowler & Wells,

308 Broadway, N. Y., send any Book in print by first post.

Golden Rule Coffee
AND
SPICE MILLS,
I SELL
Young Java Coffee at 34 cents.
Mandaling " " 28 "
Rio " " 24 "
Favorite " " 20 "
Golden Rule " " 16 "
In 1 pound Packages. 50 lbs. in a Box.

All of which they guarantee to be *superior to any other coffees* offered in the market—at the respective *Prices.* Send your order, and give it a trial—and if not satisfactory, the money will be refunded by us or one of our agents. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.
GROOM BROTHERS & CO., PROPRIETORS & WHOLESALE GROCERS, 352 Pearl St. (Franklin Square), N. Y. City.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AS ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Anchor* and *Lepine* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, BOSTON, MASS., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of our manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail. at 377 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial Diseases, &c.
Dr. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 425 Broadway, New York.

FAIRBANK'S
SCALE WAREHOUSE,
REMOVED



FROM No. 189 BROADWAY, TO
No. 252 BROADWAY,
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL,
NEW YORK.

Descriptive circulars furnished on application.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 35 cts. (in silver), magnifying small objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 210, Boston, Mass.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a catalogue, a list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 36 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Point Street, New York.*
Wing & Wing, *Kilby Street, Boston.*

GLEASON'S *Anti-Pinlessing Gas Burner* consumes gas with economy, giving a brilliant diffusive light, free from flickering.

(Extract from a letter of Fred. B. SILSBEAN, Jr.)

"I have been able to write by it several hours of an evening without fatigue to the eyes. When in full action it gives the flame a steadiness equal to that of the best Argan burner, without the inconvenience heat and expense of that form of burner."

E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 135 Mercer St., N. Y.

Army Watches.—A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, *Exactly Movements*, perfect timekeeper. Sent free by mail for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $8. Chas. F. Norton & Co., 33 & 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Short-Hand Writers

May learn to write 200 words a minute. For list of Phonographic Books, send P. O. Stamp to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

$16 Watches. $16

Fine Gold Plate Silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches, equal to 18 karat Solid Gold in finish and general appearance, for $16, usually sold at $35.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR.

Jewelry to the Trade.

The largest assortment of Jewelry to the Trade in this market, which we defy competition on. To Cash Customers, this is the place.

Our patterns are unique, and many entirely new. For full particulars of terms and prices, address

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



1750 pp. Price $6 50.
Sold by all Booksellers.
G. & C. MERRIAM,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AGENTS WANTED to sell our NEW PRIZE PACKET, the

"Tom Thumb Packet,"

Containing STATIONERY and a fine CARD PORTRAIT of the Lilliputian couple, suitable for Albums. Great inducements offered. Splendid PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM given with every 100 Packets. Send for NEW circular containing full particulars of our PRIZE and STATIONERY PACKETS. Also

"Army Portfolios."

$7* PAPER and ENVELOPES, at very low prices, for Cash. G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Brekman St., N. Y.

Metallic Artificial Legs and Arms.—Made of Corrugated Brass or Sheet Metal. Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Universal Joints and Artificial Limb Co. Weight only Four Pounds. Soldiers' price, $50; Civilians, $75; Silver-plated, $100. Send for a circular, 491 Broadway, N. Y. J. W. WESTON, Agt.

$2 to $5 A DAY.—Agents Wanted, Local or Traveling, everywhere. Business honorable, easy, and attractive; article quick of sale to Citizen or Soldier, and useful to man, woman, or child. Send for particulars, free, or box samples by mail, 31 cents. Address
A. J. BESTOR, No. 371 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

Tomes, Son & Melvain.
6 Maiden Lane, New York.

Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Becon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Steel Engravings. 100 per cent. profit. Sworn Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Health Preserving Corporation.

PURE MILK!

The Orange County Condensed Milk Company put up Condensed Milk in bulk; from which is extracted eighty per cent. of water, the *impurity* of which is so deleterious to children's health in pure milk; and deliver at their depot in New York daily. Families, Hotels, Steamboats, Restaurants, &c., supplied in the usual way. To the *Concentrated Milk* is added for the *Army, Ships, and Tropical use*, the best refined sugar to preserve the same. Put up in one or two pound packages.
Office 7 COOPER INSTITUTE, N. Y.



GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

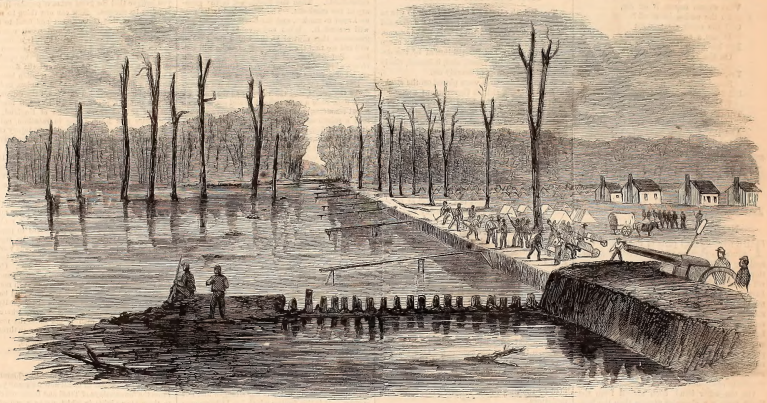
AGENTS WANTED.
E. W. H. WARD, from London, 298 Broadway.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

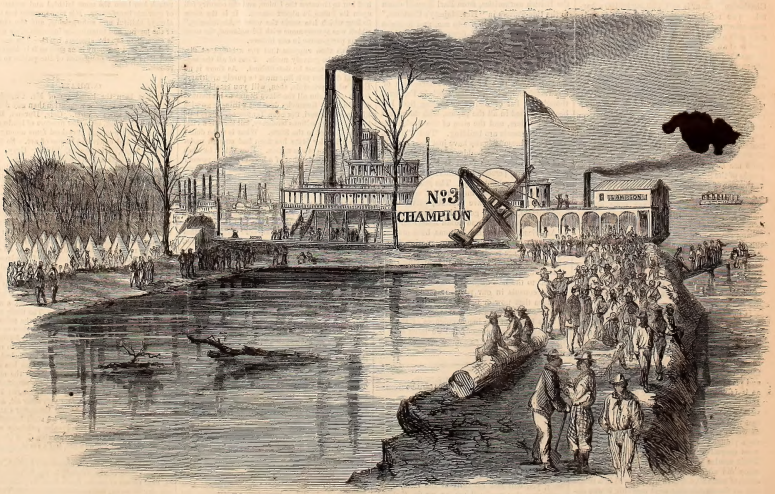
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 327.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BREAK IN THE MISSISSIPPI LEVEE NEAR THE CANAL AT VICKSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



CUTTING AWAY THE DAM AT THE HEAD OF THE VICKSBURG CANAL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 215.]

FORWARD—MARCH!

FORWARD? Yes, we are going!
What craven turns back?
See the blood that is flowing
To moisten the track!
Blood from loyal hearts torn
When our foes passed this way,
A red pathway has worn,
We must walk there to-day!

Forward? Yes, God be praised!
We are all of one mind,
When His standard is raised
We dare not lag behind.
Dark the world grows around,
And shall we hide our light?
Traitrymen demon abound,
What can we do but fight?

What are you, friend, or I,
While the Union's enslaved?
Who should mourn if we die,
So the nation be saved?
Oh! the earth closes tight
Where a coward finds rest,
But her green sods fall light
On the patriot's breast!

Yes, we're all marching on,
Sword in hand, side by side,
Bidding rebels begone
Where our flag is defied;
Till the land is united
That they've torn in twain,
And the flag they have slighted
Shall triumph again!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

NOW FOR A VICTORY!

THE news from all parts of the country confirms the view we took last week of the despairing condition of the rebels, and the restoration of confidence throughout the North. Since we wrote the loyal people of the United States have been lending their money to Government for the prosecution of the war at the rate of a million and a half per day. The Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury has been obliged by his own hero to expedite the printing of bonds, for the engravers could not furnish them as fast as the people wanted to buy them. Gold has fallen twenty per cent., and the collapse of the currency, so much dreaded at one time, is now indefinitely postponed.

On the other hand, each arrival from the South reveals a gloomier picture than the last. Starvation reigns at Mobile, Richmond, and Charleston. Flour is $60, $80, and $100 a barrel. The rebel currency, which is the only money current in Secessia, is so depreciated that gold sells at 600 per cent. All traffic of every kind is at an end. Agriculture has been ruined by the Conscription Act. The growth of manufactures, which had commenced when the blockade was established, has been checked by the currency collapse, and those which are still working are worked by the Government. A correspondent in Richmond writes that operations of prices are most fitful, for the simple reason that no one knows what which he can avoid selling, and the railways are monopolized by Government, and from want of attention to repairs are fast wearing out—thus depriving the people of the States which have been the theatre of the war of the means of obtaining provisions from other localities. As to civil rights, the poor people of the South have none at all. Bands of ruffians, armed with authority from Jeff Davis and his generals, scour the country, seizing young men and impressing them, stealing property of all who differ with them, burning cotton, and laying the face of the land as waste as an African desert. Such is the picture as we find it in the rebel papers and the narratives of Southern refugees. Of such a condition have two years of rebellion reduced the sunny South.

It is evident that this accursed insurrection only needs the *coup de grace* to finish it. That the rebels, however straitened for provisions and harassed by other tribulations, will succumb before they have been beaten, we are not prepared to believe. The rebel army will feed itself, though every one else in the Confederacy starve; and pride will keep the leaders steadfast as long as it is possible to keep their armies together. But the news from the South indicates clearly that the rebels are in that state that a single defeat will destroy them utterly. Such a repulse as we met at Fredericksburg—which for sixty days plunged the North into despondency and almost despair—would be fatal to the insurgents. Their armies would melt away as the French army did after Waterloo—when a magnificent corps of some 80,000 men disappeared in a single day so thoroughly that next morning it was impossible to collect 1000 of them together. Discouragement and despair would overwhelm garrison after garrison, regiment after regiment, and we should very quickly have counter revolutionary movements in each Southern State, and hastily organized popular demonstrations in favor of the Union. Backed by a decided victory, the *argumentum ad ventrem* may be relied upon to finish the work.

But a victory we must have. Who will be the General to win it? Hooker, they say, is moving more or less rapidly through the mud of the Rappahannock. Grant is not only engineering, but is getting ready to fight in the Southwest. Banks's cannon has been heard near Fort Hudson. Hunter's bugle has sounded the advance at Port Royal. Rosecrans is feeling his way toward Southeastern Tennessee. Which of these Generals will be the one to enthrone himself in history as the man who put down the great slavery rebellion? There will be, we honestly think, but one more great battle. Who shall be the man to win it?

THE BRITISH PIRATES.

THE British pirate *Florida* bids fair to win as prominent a place in the annals of successful piracy as the other British pirate, the *Alabama*. The destruction of the *Jacob Bell*, with a cargo worth a million, has been followed by the destruction of another vessel, also, it is said, richly laden. The work goes bravely on.

When these vessels were placed on the stocks in England, the British Government was notified that they were intended to be pirates. At every step in their construction the evidence of their destination accumulated, and was carefully laid before the British Government. Minister Adams from week to week informed Lord Russell of the character of the *Florida* and the *Alabama*, and placed at his disposal the opinion of Queen's Counsel to the effect that the construction of these vessels was a violation of neutrality. The Earl was deaf to all remonstrance. "Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs" at Liverpool and elsewhere, having pocketed with their pockets well lined with Southern money, discovered no evidence that either the *Alabama* or the *Gorgo*, alias the *Florida*, were destined for the service of the Slave Confederacy. It was not until Earl Russell felt sure that the *Alabama* had got fairly to sea that he issued orders to detain her. Like motives led the Earl to allow the Nile and Barbadoes the pirate *Florida* is a welcome visitor. Mallt is asked to Government House, and congratulated by the British colonists on the destruction of American vessels. The *Alabama* is feted in Jamaica; and the merchants of Kingston turn out on Change to give a right royal reception to the pirate Semmes, who was not only remembering that these British colonies were planted as pirates' nests, grew up on the profits of buccaneering, and were mainly peopled by the illegitimate offspring of pirates and mulattoes.

That it has been and is still the purpose of the British authorities, from Earl Russell down to the tide-waiters in "Her Majesty's Customs," to help these pirates to get to sea, and to assist them in their work of destroying American commerce, it is impossible, in view of the diplomatic correspondence before Congress, to doubt for an instant. Only a few days ago, Mr. Layard, on behalf of the British Government, stated in Parliament that he had no information of any vessels being built for the rebels in England, though the fact of their construction had been published in all the papers, with the names of the builders, and the sites of the dock-yards where the vessels are building. Two of the so-called "Liverpool privateers" have been launched by Mr. Laird, the builder of the *Alabama*.

All the indications point to a general complicity among the governing classes of England against our merchant navy. The gradual progress of our merchant marine, the superiority which our builders have attained over British constructors, and the general preference given by shippers in Asiatic and South American ports to American over English bottoms, have aroused the alarm of the "Liverpool interest," and Englishmen are ready to avail themselves of the alliance of pirates to regain the carrying trade of the world. Every British official, from Earl Russell to the half-disguised traitors who officiate as consuls in our ports, is possessed with the idea that now or never is the time to drive American ships from the face of the ocean.

This is one of the inconveniences of the war in which we are engaged, and we must bear it like men. When peace comes—then will come a reckoning.

THE LOUNGER.

LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although you have so clear a perception of the scope of our civil war, and so sincere a sympathy with the efforts of the Government, I observe that you still conceive some sort of separation to be desirable and feasible, if not inevitable, and you add that many of our truest friends abroad are of the same opinion. If, however, you will look carefully at the facts, I am very sure that you will see, as we do, that the only alternative of the Government is the total overthrow of armed rebellion and a return to the constitutional methods of settling differences, or submission to its own ruin.

In the matter of disunion there are two points to be considered: first, the consequences, and, second, the methods.

If we make the attempt to recognize the "Confederacy," and succeed in maintaining Northern unity, we surrender the navigation of our great rivers to a treaty settlement. We abandon Chesapeake Bay, which reaches almost to Philadelphia. We renounce all the Southern coasts and forts from the Capes of Delaware to and through the Gulf of Mexico. Those forts command the mouths of the rivers and the course of our Pacific and South American commerce. Your Thames is an inconsiderable river. Would Great Britain relinquish the control of its mouth to a foreign power for the sake of peace? What would its foreign possession be but the seed of future war? Besides this, we must establish an internal boundary line of 1500 miles, to defend against the most hostile of enemies. The greatest wars have been the defense of such lines. Such a line with us would be always festering; for slaves will escape, and the passions of borderers who have been wrenched asunder by civil war and consequent hate are unneutralizable. Then the Northwest is the granary of the continent. The Mississippi is its natural road to market, and the Northwest must and will control it. What conceivable treaty could guarantee that control as the Union does? You will tell me that the self-interest of trade will suffice. But why should it? Who keeps peace under a treaty which it has broken under a Union? There are other passions quite as strong as selfishness.

But when, by the secession, we have surrendered the coasts, and the rivers, and the forts, we have done so to a power that has and can have no naval necessities, and is at most therefore at once seek a maritime alliance. Disunion thus immediately establishes two foreign states upon our soil. And by the law which, by the force of peace accepted by us, we must adopt, the North is almost territorially divided between the former point of the Lakes and the highest of the Slave region. And all this renunciation of territory, navigation, coast, commerce, internal communication, national peace, safety, and importance—all this whittling down of the imperial United States to a miserable cluster of belted political appendages—when made after a war waged to maintain its pristine extension and power, is simply a conquest by the enemy, and an enemy that hates us the more because he was part of us, the ever-ready ally of any European or foreign foe against us, the willing and constant aggressor of our peace, and the humiliated foe at arms.

This is upon the supposition that we ourselves propose an armistice and settlement. If, on the other hand, the rebels sue for peace, it will be infinitely easier and safer for the Government to maintain the Union upon terms that secure peace than to intrust the fortunes of that peace to an angry and sullen, although for the moment defeated, foreign power.

But any conceivable method of disunion is not less disastrous than the consequences. It is often forgotten by our friends that union is an instinct with the great mass of our people, because union is synonymous with nation. We perfectly understand that disunion is our struggle and our success. It is this feeling which has hitherto enabled the Slave Power to carry all its measures. It had but to threaten disunion, and the country fell upon its knees in abject assent. It is the same feeling which has made the word "Abolitionist," which was originally a term of Pharisaical contempt, odious party-name in our history.

Let us then suppose that the attempt at disunion is by the people. First of all, at the separating line must be determined. As there is no natural division this line must be purely arbitrary. Upon what principle, will you establish it? I Davis will claim all the Slave States as his natural domain. But Kentucky does not willingly go with him, nor Missouri, nor Tennessee. Maryland has a strong reflectious tendency, but there is a vital Union element in the State. Is that is to be done? To be a Border State has been bad enough under the old system of one nation. How will it be when the border is to be a battle ground between powers? Who will stand in the breach? Evidently there can be no solution. The question must be referred to the people of the States concerned. Let Maryland, for instance, decide by popular vote whether she will go with the South or the North. But if she decides to go with the latter Pennsylvania a Border State. Pennsylvania will therefore say at once, "I shall not let Maryland decide whether I am to be a Border State or not." And she, too, will demand her vote upon the question.

And so we shall immediately arrive at the practical perception that the only truth that is preserving one stone we have loosened the whole arch. The old national system will be gone, and the national bond being snapped each free State becomes a solitary community. But by the supposition, while thus the free States are divided, the rebel States are a close, cohesive power. Nor only that, but they have shown their ability to maintain themselves in a long struggle against enormous odds, and they have compassed the destruction of the old system. Is it not inevitable, then, that the remaining States will establish a new system or gravitate toward the only united national power upon our late domain? And inasmuch as Union is the most vital principle, and the law for the maintenance of the old form of Union will then have failed, will not the combatant that remains victor have every motive to dictate the terms of a new Union? Party-spirit is still fierce. The North, even the most ardent citizens, are not united upon any thing but the policy of preserving the Union, and when "the war for the Union," which is the common platform of good citizens, is ended by the conceded dissolution of the Union, every citizen will revert to his party allegiance. One party will cry, "We have been fighting for the Union, not for the ningar, and having lost the game we call for a fresh deal. We like slavery, and we go for a union with the South." Another will cry, "You can't mix oil and water. Any union of slave and free States, unless slavery or freedom are put in course of rapid extinction, will inevitably land us in another war." Intestine trawls will at once bristle all over separate States which have lost the strength and unity of a common purpose; and consequent anarchy will thus invite the forcible interference of the combined power which has compelled the separation.

When we are in a position to do what you suggest—namely, to curtail the dimensions of the rebellion, to push out the rebels from our system, and to hold them in check by a Sepoy army—we shall be masters, and our national peace, prosperity, and honor will be most wisely secured, as I said, by maintaining the Union. To offer any terms of composition until we have established that position is to confess our inability to do the work we have undertaken; in other words, to concede victory to the rebellion, and confess our national ruin.

As a foreigner, your view of our war is that of human welfare at large, not especially that of the existence of our Government. Yet your sympathy is with the Government, and why? Because you believe that the great cause of popular liberty requires its success. Nor can any thing be more disastrous to that Government and fatal to that cause than its defeat by armed rebels upon its own domain? The parallel which is constantly drawn in Europe and by many here between the attitude of our Government toward the rebellion and that of Great Britain toward the American Colonies is radically false. The relation between Britain and the Colonies was purely colonial, and the geographical separation makes all the difference. If you would suppose a parallel case, it must be that of two or three counties of Yorkshire, like Yorkshire and Kent, rising in rebellion, not because they had suffered the slightest injury or injustice, but because they could not control a certain local county laws repulsive to the common conscience of mankind over the whole empire. If the Imperial Government could be justly accused of gratifying a lust of dominion in aiming to reduce the rebellion by arms, so may we, but not otherwise.

You will thus see, I hope, that we are shut up to the issue of victory or ruin. The "last experiment" is simply the appeal of the most reckless and depraved of our party politicians to popular ignorance and prejudice, counting for its power upon the natural fatigue of a tremendous war, its necessary expense, and, above all, upon the brutal prejudice against the African race. Could such a movement become in any manner general, and by means of such arguments and such men as support it, the war for the Union would be indefinitely lost here, and faith in the capacity of men for self-government would be every where extinguished. The Union is now the only honest word of our destiny, but of that of free men throughout the world.

Faithfully yours.

THE OPERA.

AFTER all there is no manager like Maretzek. He has been familiar to us all now for many years. From the historical days of Truffi and Bosworth to these very nights in which we hear one of the best companies that ever sung in New York. Maretzek has been the most faithful and unwearied of operatic benefactors. His management has been always skillful and enterprising, and the charge of the lyrical and dramatic interests of the public is enough to try the stoutest heart. The success of the present company is as sure as it is deserved, and it is another obligation of the public to Maretzek.

COTOPAXI.

It has been the happiness of Mr. Church to achieve a more popular reputation than any American painter since Allston. Cole, Durand, Kensett, and Gignoux, our other masters of landscape, have a justly won and sustained fame among the few cultivated lovers of art, but Mr. Church, Inman, Page, Huntington, Elliott, Gray, and Hicks, the historical and portrait painters. But the name of Church is on everybody's lips familiar to the general public. He alone, with the confidence of success, ventures to paint a picture and has completed. No other name, perhaps, among our artists would summon such crowds as his.

The reason of this popularity is the justice of the public preference, are questions which I do not mean to consider now. What fame is, what reputation is, what success is, are questions which lead us into a region of subtle distinctions. As a Lounger, I have only to mention that one of the pleasantest public sights in the summer is Goupil's gallery in Broadway, where, in the spacious upper hall, hangs in solitary splendor Church's last great picture. They are parts of a whole in the painter's design, which is evidently nothing less than an epic of the Tropical World. If the artist's invention in the selection of a subject so suggestive, so magnificent, so effective, and practically untouched, the public has been happy that the Dore has such an interpreter. You may listen to all the objections; you may hear of the want of imagination, of the unequal detail, of the figures in the foreground, of the false glitter, and yet, after all, as we see in the statue of the Dying Gladiator exactly what Byron saw and sung, so we shall henceforth see in our cavities of the Tropics precisely what Church sees and paints. After months of barren pictures the Tropics is no vague word, but a vivid, gorgeous image.

The *Cotopaxi* shows the apparently smooth, symmetrical cone of the volcano in the first distance. A vast plume of smoke floats from its point across the sky in heavy, corrugated clouds, through which the sun, just risen, shines, irradiating a lake which fills the middle distance. Beyond the cone are a few mountain peaks, and upon the right, in the depth of the picture, a group of restless hills. From the fore-ground to *Cotopaxi* is a stretch of

rocky plateau, fifty miles broad, clad lightly with thin grass. This plateau is divided from the right fore-ground and depth of the scene by a deep abyss into which the lake discharges its water, that foams over jagged rocks and whirls in blue mist toward the front. In the fore-ground descends a sheer precipice, against which Indians are strolling in the cool. The plateau above stretches, a level promontory of rock, toward the lake, the reflection of the sunlight gleaming along its glittering surface. In the extreme corner of the left fore-ground is a road along which comes a peasant leading a lama, and a tropical thicket is pierced by a bowery path in which the luminous shadow is one of the marvels of the work. A lake in the midst of rocky plateaus, through a rift of which it flows away—the cone of the volcano, with the heavy smoke cloud, through which the sun glares as he flies—the cliffs and plateau stained with the myriad shifting hues of lichens, and herbulous with lilac, whispering grass, a cluster of trees in a corner—is the substance of the picture.

Its power is in the impression it conveys of the resistless force of tropic nature, expending itself in apparently aim-less grandeurs and useless magnificence. The sense of solitude withering in its splendor, of a torrid fierceness which seems to aim at aridity, but is baffled by unexpected and inexplainable beauty, the supreme disdain with the equator hurls at high civilization and human mastery and progress, are subtly reproduced in this painting, having in the spectator's mind the effect of that profound sadness, which the sight or the story of the Tropics always inspires.

The handling is of the same character and excellence as in Mr. Church's other works. The extraordinary elaboration of detail, as seen in the trees at the left, in the rockiness of the rock, and in the variety of surface, is unsurpassed even by the Pre-Raphaelite doctors. Yet it is accomplished to a breadth of effect which is equally striking. Brilliant and masterly effects of light and color with the greatest facility are not uncommon. Duhad achieved them wonderfully in very small pictures. But Diaz sacrificed every thing to that single point. It was often enough upon the canvas with a pallet knife. It was the crudest pigment. But Church secures the light, the brilliancy, the telling and broad effect without hurting the delicacy of detail. You have the granulations of the bark and the broad splendor of the trees. There is no niggling. It is honest work, resulting from the most sagacious observation.

Let us hope, some happy day, to see the *Heart of the Andes*, the *Niagara*, the *Icebergs*, and the *Cordilleras and the Andes of the Ecuador* all combined in a single exhibition.

—In the ante-room of the gallery there is a proof of the engraving of the *Heart of the Andes*, the result of three years' labor of ten hours a day. It is an exquisite specimen of line engraving worthy the most careful and intelligent study.

FROM ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE Lounger commends the following correspondent to the Delmonico Committee as a citizen in extreme need of "sound political information":

RIDGEFIELD, *March* 18.

DEAR LOUNGER.—Dr. Mackay, the New York correspondent of the London *Times*, must, from the nature of his communications, reside in an atmosphere laden with the poison of sedition. His letter, dated January 28, says:

"The beginning of the end draws near. The patience of the people is nearly exhausted. Three years have been disgusted with the war and the Administration. The dregs of corruption remained itself to the world. Silence casts nowhere.

"Even the Democrats and the Abolitionists have begun to despair of their cause, their President, and themselves, and are now not only the disunionists and enemies of the Union into the North and South, but into a third republic in the West, accompanied by the utter destruction of credit, if not by a crowning act of national bankruptcy."

The first sentence is true, but not with the meaning of the correspondent of the London *Times*. The beginning of the end draws near; but it will be the end of this gigantic Southern rebellion, and not the dismemberment of the Union. "The patience of the people is well-nigh exhausted," writes this profound student of American politics, and full-grasped character of American nationality. The patience of the people can never be exhausted to a point where they would consent to national disgrace and extinction for the sake of a few years of uncertain peace. They want no base and baby for raising to a national throne. Congress is a safety-valve through which the surplus steam escapes. But the great heart of the American people throbs as strong and as loyal to-day as ever in its best hayseat glittered through Broadway. When will the "correspondent of the London *Times* learn something of the nature of the American people, and something in regard to American politics? The two things may date treason by the hour; but the country has taken their measure. Neither does Horace Greeley speak for the American people; for they do not believe in his doctrine of peaceable secession. From the nature of his position Dr. Mackay can not judge justly of our crisis. A man must be among and of the people in order to feel of their pulse.

What does Dr. Mackay mean by the word "Exterminate?" Does he intend that it shall represent those who are for exterminating the rebellion? If he means this, then he must "exterminate" half of the American citizens. Perhaps the fire of his excited imagination has conjured a people, demon-like, rushing South on a sculping expedition!

I beg the correspondent of the London *Times*, who is here fishing at least for the bone and sinew of the dirty stuff that he can find, to interpret his communications now and then with a little common sense. He need not be afraid of the article—it will not hurt him.

C. C. T.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

A most timely and admirable war-song is the following "broadside," which has been widely distributed among the Union soldiers, who are now "sitting upon stumps by the roadside and in the woods of the South," and who have a tolerably clear "understanding of politics and the duties of the citizen."

N.B. Justice to the Delmonico Committee for the diffusion of Copperhead literature requires us to state that the song is not issued under their auspices.

N.B. 2. The Honorable Isaac Toucey does not sing this song at the close of his speeches for Mr. Thomas H. Seymour. Neither was he humming it when he sent off all the national ships of war to the ends of the earth, in order that the rebellion might encounter no opposition.

The writer of the song is Charles G. Leland; the air, "*My love she's but a lassie yet.*"

O! we're not tired of fighting yet!
Or we're not tired of fighting yet!
We're not the boys to frighten yet!
While drums and fifes can merrily wail be coming.
With the ball and bayonet!
For we can hit while they can pound,
And so let's have another round,
Seems is bound to lick the ground,
And we'll be in their pantry yet!

O! we're not tired of trumping yet—
Of soldier-life or camping yet;
And rough or level, sun or devil,
We are game for stamping yet.
We've lived through weather wet and dry,
Through hail and fire, without a cry;
We wouldn't freeze and couldn't fry,
And haven't got through our ramping yet.

We haven't broke up the party yet;
We're rough, and tough, and hearty yet;
Who talks of going pays what's owing;
And there's a bill will smart ye yet.
So hang the doors, and lock 'em tight!
Secede, you've got to settle your bill!
We'll have a little dance to-night;
You can't begin to travel yet!

O! we're not tired of fighting yet,
Nor ripe for dismantling yet!
Before they do it, we'll go through it,
There'll be some savage biting yet.
Then rip hurrah for Uncle Sam,
And down with all secesh and shame!
From Davis to Yellandigham,
They all shall rue their treason yet!

UPON THE REVOLUTION.

IT is part of the design of the Cooper Institute to furnish every season a series of popular lectures upon the most timely and permanently valuable topics, and several courses have been delivered this winter. Among them those of Professor G. W. Greene upon the American Revolution are worthy of especial notice; for they are the fruit of the extensive research and scholarship of a grandson of one of the most illustrious of Revolutionary heroes, General Greene, the friend of Washington. Professor Greene is in possession of his grandfather's private papers, which he was preparing for publication when the war began. Newer interests are now likely to postpone, if not entirely to prevent, their appearance. Meanwhile a series of discourses upon the Revolution has been prepared and delivered by Professor Greene before the Lowell Institute in Boston with the greatest success. They have been repeated, or are even now repeating, at the Cooper Institute. Professor Greene's scholarly accomplishments and hereditary interest in the great theme are the sure guarantees of the interest and value of his discourses. The Lyceum Committees of the next season might wisely bear the fact in mind.

LITERARY.

IN reply to numerous inquiries the Lounger says, what he omitted to say in his article upon "The Trial of the Constitution," by Sidney George Fisher, that it is published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Sylvia's Lovers" is the new novel by Mrs. Gaskell—a story of English life, told with the circumspect favor and dramatic power for which the authoress of "Mary Barton" has long since established her fame. It has been greeted with great praise by the London critics, and shows that Mrs. Gaskell is not yet to be superseded by the fresher triumphs of Mrs. Wood or the authoress of "Aurora Floyd." Indeed Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" (now publishing in *Harper's Magazine*), are still unrivaled among the "female novelists" of England. Published by Harper & Brothers.

In this number of the *Weekly* is the brilliant opening of Charles Reade's new novel, "Very Hard Cash." Mr. Tom Hughes must look to his laurels. Mr. Reade begins by a most spirited picture of boat-racing at Oxford, and places four marked characters upon the stage. The breeze blows in his stories from the very beginning. There is a *storage* in the style, a brisk movement, a distain of weariness and prosiness, that make his pages sparkle. There are no better tales to read in numbers than Reade's, for this dramatist habit leads him to finish every part like a scene upon the stage. Begin with the beginning.

The value of General Butterfield's "Outpost Duty" may be inferred from the fact of the large Government orders for copies of the same. The accomplished Chief of Staff in the Army of the Potomac has prepared a most timely and lucid manual. It is both the illustration of his own military intelligence and a friendly service to his fellow-soldiers. Published by Harper & Brothers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"SAY, Mike, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Sure ones, to be sure; yer honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

"Page, what is that picture over the mantle-piece?" The vain father answered, "Why, that's pigs's arms, my darling." "Then why don't you have your legs put up here?" was the reply.

A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss More, a lady of diminutive stature:

"I've lost the little one I had,
My heart is sad and sore,
But I'm sure I should be very glad
To have a little more."

To which the lady returned the following answer:

"I pity much the loss you've had;
The grief you must endure—
A heart by Little made so sad,
A little More won't cure."

The butler to Lord B——— gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Good gracious!" exclaimed his master, "you've little to complain of; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

A certain old lady, whenever she hires a servant-man always asks, "Can you whistle?" On being asked the reason of this curious question she always gives the answer, makes him whistle when he goes to draw the ale unlawfully, thus securing him from tasting.

The philosopher Rien said pleasantly of the King who by handfuls pulled his hair off his head for sorrow, "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?"

The man who attempted to whittle a her of coup, has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a barrel.

A railroad contractor recently tried to take a ride on a "train of thought," and failing off, was run over by a "passing event."

He who said that the half is often better than the whole, might have added that none at all is often better than the half.

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beau comes and can't go off without them.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What Christian name reads both ways the same? Hannah.

Why is Ireland likely to become very rich?
Because its capital is always doubling (Dublin).

Why have wine and cake very bad morals?
Because one is always drunk, and the other is often tipsy.

Why is a pretty woman like a lock?
Because she is a thing to a door indeed.

What is the difference between a good and a bad oyster?
One is a native and the other is a neither.

If the eyes and nose were going to run a race which would win?
The eyes, for the nose would be blown, while the eyes would run till they dropped.

What difference was there between a lady's nose and chin?
Twixt the two lips.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE YAZOO PASS EXPEDITION.

On Intelligence from the Southern army arrived, disconnected, and somewhat contradictory. On 23d the Department at Washington received a dispatch from Admiral Porter stating that he has received information from Lieutenant Commander Watson Smith that on the 7th instant the whole expedition arrived in the Tallahatchie. The vessels all got through in fighting condition, excepting the *Petrel*, which lost her wheel.

On 27th a dispatch was received at Washington from Memphis stating that our fleet had reached the junction of the Tallahatchie and Yallobusha Rivers, and there had had a fight, on 13th, with a rebel fort, called Fort Pemberton, at or near a place called Green Wood. Later advices, without date, coming by way of Cincinnati, add that our fleet had disembarked from their transports and were besieging this Fort Pemberton.

On 30th news reached St. Louis to the effect that the steamer *Belmont*, with the Eighth Missouri, had succeeded in entering Yazoo River, above Haines' Bluff. Her course was through Cypress Bayou, which debouches into the Yazoo opposite Johnson's plantation, and thence through Steele's Bayou into the Sunflower, which empties into the Yazoo twenty miles above Haines' Bluff. The *Belmont* was accompanied by a light gun-boat. As soon as it was could possible to get through, four gun-boats followed it. It is also stated that the rebels are burning the cotton crops and destroying their approach; likewise that they are safe-ering from want of food.

THE ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.

Admiral Farragut, supported by General Banks, has attacked Port Hudson. Our accounts of the affair are thus far very meagre. The rebel story is that given in the richmond *Whig* of 11th:

"The bombardment commenced on Port Hudson at two o'clock on the 14th. At twelve o'clock in the night a desperate engagement took place, the enemy attempting to pass our batteries under cover of the darkness.

"The fleet was three months. Our gun-boat proved in a damaged condition. The United States sloop-of-war Richmond passed our batteries, the enemy's ships and our batteries. One large vessel was completely riddled, a third badly crippled. The rest got away with little loss.

"Our victory was complete. There were no casualties on our part. Thirty-five men of the Twenty-fourth of this Mississippi were brought in by our cavalry, several of them severely wounded.

"Farragut's flag-ship went down the river disabled."

On the other hand, it is stated that the fleet passed from New Orleans that on 14th Admiral Farragut came into action with his fleet of Port Hudson, and after a fierce encounter with the batteries, succeeded in passing the fort with his fleet, consisting of eight vessels, including the Mississippi behind, which ran aground, and was set on fire by order of the Admiral, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy's works. Dispatches from Southwest Pass, Louisiana, appear to confirm this statement. They are dated on the 15th, and add that heavy firing between the fleet on the 14th and the Colonel Clark, and to General Banks, was slightly wounded, and that the army was in good health and would move in a few hours.

THE LAKE PROVIDENCE CANAL.

The water was let into the canal at Lake Providence on the 14th inst. The aperture is twenty feet wide, and was opening at its mouth still wider. The greatest part of the town was threatened with an overflow on the following morning.

SKIRMISH IN TENNESSEE.

The following dispatch has been received at head-quarters of the army:

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE, *March* 26, 1863.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

General Rosecrans reports from General Hall's brigade, on a scout near Milton, on the road to Liberty, that he was attacked this morning by a force of rebel cavalry and artillery about eight or ten regiments and after a four hours' fight succeeded in driving them back. He is up seven killed and thirty-one wounded, including one captain.

The rebel loss was thirty or forty killed, including three commissioned officers, one hundred and fifty wounded and twelve prisoners, including three commissioned officers.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

DISTRESS IN DIXIE.

The Richmond papers are crushing fearfully over the want of the luxuries of life which they have now suffering. All the country around the localities where these armies are situated is completely stripped of provisions, and the only resource lies in the railroads, which are said to be giving out for want of laborers to keep them in order. The wood-work is rotting and the machinery getting out of repair. The Richmond *Examiner* says that "if they are allowed to fall through, from any cause, Government and people may prepare for a retreat of our armies, and the surrender of much invaluable country now in our possession."

DEATH OF GENERAL SUMNER.

The army of the United States and the cause of loyalty against rebellion have sustained a serious loss in the death of Major-General Edwin V. Sumner, who died at Syracuse on 21st, rather suddenly, of congestion of the lungs.



GENERAL STUART'S NEW AID.

"The rebel cavalry leader, STUART, has appointed to a position on his staff, with the rank of Major, a young lady residing at Fairfax Court House, who has been of great service to him in giving information," etc.—*Daily Paper.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PIRATES IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons Mr. Cardwell asked if the Government was informed of ships preparing for the Confederate States in England similar to the *Alabama* and *Florida*, and that the attention of the Government had been called to more than one vessel of the kind, and whether has been yet furnished to enable the Government to interfere. He said, however, that strict search had been given for all suspected vessels to be closely watched.

TWO MORE LAUNCHED.

Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, England, have launched two steamers—the *Queen-Sony* and *Thunder*—from their yard at that place. There vessels form part of the seven Chinese fleet recently spoken of as being building in England, under that pretense, for the service of the rebels of the South.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

The Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, now the wife of the Prince of Wales, had reached Windsor Castle.

POLAND.

THE REBELLION.

The French and English Governments are quite agreed, it is said, as to their policy on the Polish question. Peace to them, they regret the partition of the ancient kingdom, but accept it as a fact which can not be reconsidered; but they speak earnestly, at the same time, of the solemn promises made of granting liberal institutions to the Poles.



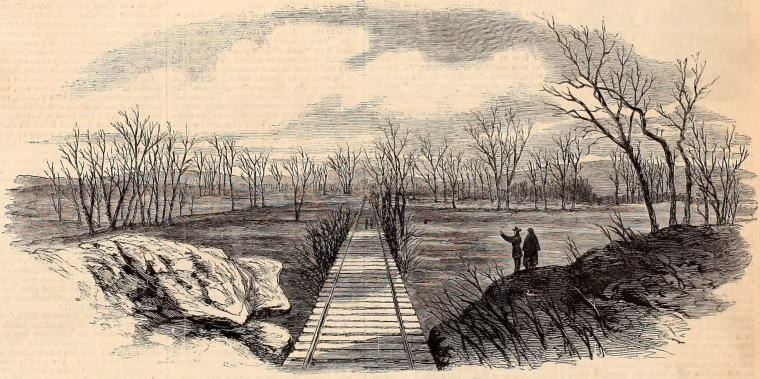
WARRENTON FROM OUR BATTERIES.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



THE SUNSET GUN IN THE YAZOO.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'COOK, COMMANDING TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, LOOKING SOUTH.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—BRIDGE OVER WEST FORK OF STONE RIVER, BUILT BY GENERAL MITCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 215.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

PROLOGUE.

IN a snowy villa, with a sloping lawn, just outside the great commercial sea-port, Barlington, lived, a few years ago, a happy family. A lady, middle-aged, but still charming; two young friends of hers; and a periodical visitor.

The lady was Mrs. Dodd; her occasional visitor was her husband; her friends were her son Edward, aged twenty, and her daughter Julia, nineteen; the fruit of a misalliance.

Mrs. Dodd was originally Miss Fountain, young lady well-born, high-bred, and a denizen of the fashionable world. Under a strange concurrence of circumstances she coolly married the captain of an East Indiaman. The dead done, and with her eyes open, for she was not, to say, in love with him, she took a judicious line; and kept it; no hankering after Mayfair, no talking about Lord "This" and Lady "That," to commercial gentlewomen; no amphibianage. She accepted her place in society, reserving the right to embellish it with the graces she had gathered in a higher sphere; in her home, and in that person, she was little less elegant than a countess; yet nothing more than a merchant-captain's wife: and he reared that commander's children, in a suburban villa, with the manners which adorn a palace. When they happen to be there.

This lady had a bugbear: viz. Ridicule. She could not endure the smart technicalities current; that ecstasies did not overpower her distaste; she called them "jargon!" "slang" but too coarse a word for her to apply to slang: she excluded even a good "racier idiom" along with the real offenders; and monosyllables in general ran some risk of having to show their passports. If this was arbitrary, it went on fairly. Life was open, free, and youthful with her young pupils; and had the art to put herself on their level, often, when they were single-eyed, and would feign infantine ignorance, in order to hunt trite truth in couples with them, and detect, by joint experiment, that rainbows can not, or do will not, be walked into, nor Jack-o'-lanthern be captured like a worship; and that, dissect we the vocal dog—its hair is like a lash—never so skillfully, no fragments of palpable bark, no sediment of tangible squeal, remains inside him to bless the inquisitive little operator, etc., etc.

When they advanced from these elementary branches to Languages, History, Tapestry, and "What Not," she managed still to keep by their side, learning with them, not just hearing them lessons down from the top of a high throne of maternity. She never checked their curiosity, but made herself share it; never gave them, as so many parents do, a white-lying answer; wooed their affections with subtle though innocent art; thawed their reserve; obtained their love, and retained their respect. Briefly, a female Chesterfield; her husband's lover after marriage, though not before; and the mild moonlight of the step-sister, the favorite companion and bosom friend, of both her children.

They were remarkably dissimilar; and perhaps I may be allowed to preface the narrative of their adventures by a delineation; as in country churches an individual pizes the key-note, and the tune comes raging after.

Edward then, had a great calm eye, that was always looking folk full in the face, making his countenance comely and manly, but no more; too square for Apollo; but suffced for John Bull. His figure it was that charmed the curious observer of male beauty: he was five feet ten; had square shoulders, a deep chest, masculine flank, small foot, high instep. To crown all this, a head, overflowed by ripples of dark-brown hair, sat with heroic grace upon his solid white throat, like some glossy falcon new lighted on a Parian column.

This young gentleman had decided qualities, positive and negative. He could walk up to a five-barred gate, and clear it, alighting on the other side like a fallen feather; could row all day, and then dance all night; could fling a cricket ball a hundred and six yards; had a lathe and a tool-box, and would make you in a trice a chair, a table, a doll, a nut-cracker, or any other movable, useful, or the very reverse. And could not learn his lessons, to save his life.

His sister Julia was not so easy to describe. Her figure was tall, lithe, and serpentine; her hair the color of a horse-chestnut fresh from its pod; her ears tiny and shell-like, her eyelashes long and silky; her mouth small when grave, large when smiling; her eyes pure hazel by day, and tinged with a little violet by night. But in jotting down these details, true as they are, I seem to myself to be painting fire, with a little snow and saffron mixed on a marble pallet. There is a beauty too spiritual to be chained in a string of items; and Julia's fair features were but the china vessel that burned over with the higher loveliness of her soul. Her essential charm was, what shall I say? Transparence.

"You would have said her body o'ergat."

Modesty, Intelligence, and, above all, Enthusiasm, shone through her, and out of her, and made her an airy, fiery, beautiful thing. Briefly, an incarnate sunbeam.

This one could learn her lessons with unreasonable rapidity, and, until Edward went to Eton, would insist upon learning his into the bargain, partly with the fond notion of coaxing him on; as the company of a swift horse forces a slow one; partly because she was determined to share his every trouble, if she could not remove it. A little choleric, and indeed downright prone to that more generous indignation which flows at the wrongs of others. When heated with emotion, or sentiment, she lowered her voice, instead of raising it like the rest of us: she called her mother "Lady Placid," and her brother "Sir Imperturbable." And so much for outlines.

Mrs. Dodd laid aside her personal ambition with her maiden name; but she looked high for her children. Perhaps she was all the more ambitious for them, that she had no rival aspirants in Mrs. Dodd. She educated Julia herself from first to last: but with true feminine distrust of her power to cope with Edward's education, she sent Edward to Eton at nine.

This was shocking bad tactics. For at Eton is no female master, to coax dry knowledge into a slow head. However, he made good progress for a two hundredth part of a boy.

After Eton came the choice of a profession. His mother recognized out four; and these her discreet ambition appointed to him in two. For military heroes are shot now and then, however pacific the century; and naval ones drowned. She would never consent to his entering this class of accidents. Glory by all means; glory by the pail; but safe glory, please; or she would none of it. Remained the bar, which need be long and, within these reasonable limits she left her dear boy free as air; and not even hurried; there was plenty of time to throw pinnets over the mill, the university to either. This last essential had been settled about a twelvemonth, and the very day for his going to Cambridge was fixed, when one morning Mr. Edward formally cleared his throat: it was an unusual act, and drew the ladies' eyes upon him. He called the opportunity up by delivering calmly and ponderously a connected discourse, which stretched them by its length and purport. "Mamma, dear, let me look the thing in the face." "This was his favorite expression, as well it might." "I have been thinking it quietly over for the last six months. Why send me to the university? , I shall be out of place there. It will cost a lot of money, and no good. Now, you take a fool's advice! Don't you waste your money and papa's sending a stall fellow like me to Oxford! I did bad enough at Eton. Make me an engineer, or something. If you were not so fond of me, and I of you, I'd say send me to a blacksmith, with a pickaxe; you know I've got no head-piece."

Mrs. Dodd had last aghast, causing Edward deprecating looks at the close of each ponderous sentence, but too polite to interrupt a soul, even on so talking occasion. She now saw plain who she could afford very well to send him to Oxford, and begged leave to remind him that he was too good and too sensible a man to play the fool, like the young men who did not really love their parents. "Then, as for learning, why we must be reasonable in our aims. As she best we can, on love. We know you have no great turn for the classics; we do not expect you to take high honors, like papa; Mr. Hardie besides, that might make your head ache: he has sad headaches his self, poor Julia. But, my dear, a university education is indispensable to you, to give the signs of it follow a gentleman through life, to lay nothing of the noble acquaintances and lasting friendships he makes there: even those few distinguished persons who have risen in the world without it, have openly regretted the want, and have sent their children: and *that* says volumes to me."

"Why, Edward, it is the hall-mark of a gentleman," said Julia, eagerly.

Mrs. Dodd caught a flash of her daughter; "and my silver shall never be without it," said she, warmly. She added presently in her usual placid tone, "I beg your pardon, my dears, I ought to have said my gold." With this she kissed Edward tenderly on the brow, and drew an embrace and a little grunt of resignation from him.

"Take the dear boy and show him our purchases, love!" said Mrs. Dodd, with a little gentle accent of half reproach, scarce perceptible to a male ear.

"Oh yes!" and Julia rose and tripped to the door. There she stood a moment, half turned, with arching neck, coloring with innocent pleasure. "Come, darling. Oh, you good-for-nothing thing."

The pair found a little room hard by, paved with china, hockery, glass, baths, kettles, etc.

"There, Sir. Look them in the face and us, if you can."

"Well, you know, I had no idea you had been and bought us a cartload of things for Oxford." His eye brightened; he whipped out a two-foot rule, and began to calculate the cubic contents. "I'll turn to and make the cases, Ju."

The ladies had their way; the cases were made and dispatched; and one morning the Bus came for Edward, and stopped at the gate of Albion Villa. At this sight mother and daughter both turned their heads quickly away by one independent impulse, and set a bad example. Apparently neither of them had calculated on this paltry little detail. They were game for theoretical departures; to inapalpable universities; and "an auf wiedersehn, Bus, Bus of the mind," it would not have dejected for a moment their lofty Spartan souls on glory bent; safe glory. But here was a flight of wood, and Edward going bodily away inside it.

The victim kissed them, threw up his portmanteau and bag, and deported across an Italian sklex. The victors watched the pitiless Bus quite out of sight; then went up to his bedroom, all disordered by packing, and, on his very face of it, vacant; and sat down on his little bed interwining and weeping.

Edward was received at Exeter College, as young gentlemen are received at college; and nowhere else, I hope, for the credit of Christendom. They showed him a hole in the roof, and called it an "Attic;" grim pleasantry! being a sanctum in the modern Athens. They inserted him; told him what hour at the top of the morning he must be in chapel; and left him to find on his circles. His class were welcomed like Christians, by the whole staircase. These undergraduates abused one another's crockery as their own: the joint-stock breakables had just dwindled very low, and Mrs. Dodd's bountiful contribution was a godsend.

The new-comer soon found that his views of a learned university had been narrow. Out of place in it? why, he could not have taken his leave in a better market; the modern Athens, like the ancient, cultivates muscle as well as mind. The captain of the university eleven saw a cricket ball thrown all across the ground; he instantly sent a professional bowler to find out who that was; through the same embassador the bowler was enabled to play on club days; and proving himself an infallible catch and long stop, a mighty thrower, a swift runner, and a steady, though not very brilliant, bat, he was, after one or two repulses, actually adopted into the university eleven. He communicated this ray of glory by letter to his mother and sister with genuine delight, coldly and clumsily expressed; they replied with frigid and fluent repute. Advancing steadily in that line of academic study, toward which his genius lay, he won a buckle once, and once a little silver buckle: and soon after brought a pewter pot, with a Latin inscription, recording the victory at "Fives" of Edward Dodd; but not too arrogantly; for in the centre of the pot was this device, "The Lord is my Illumination."

The Curate of Sandford, who pulled number six in the Exeter boat, left Sandford for Witney: on this he felt he could no longer do his college justice by water, and his parish by land, nor escape the charge of pluralism, preaching at Witney, and rowing at Oxford. He fluctuated, sighed, kept his Witney, and laid down his oar. Then Edward was solemnly weighed in his Jersey and flannel trousers by the crew, and proving only eleven stone eight, whereas he had been ungenerously suspected of twelve stone, was elected to the vacant oar by acclamation. He was a picture in a boat; and oh!! well pulled, six!!! was a hearty ejaculation constantly hurled at him from the bank by many men of other colleges, and even by the more genial of rowing the cads, as the Exeter glided at ease down the river, or shot up it in a race.

He was now as much talked of in the University as any man of his College, except one. Singularly enough that one was his townsman; but no friend of his: he was much Edward's senior in standing, though not in age; and this is a barrier which does not always exist over—without direct encouragement—at Oxford. Moreover the college was a large one, and some of "the sets" very exclusive; young Hardie was Doge of a studious clique; and careful to make it understood that he was a reading man who boated and cricketed, to avoid the fatigue of lounging; not a boatman or cricketer who strayed into Aristotle in the intervals of Perspiration.

His public running since he left Harrow was as follows; the prize poem in his fourth term; the scalp in his sixth; the Ireland scholarship in his eighth (he pulled second for it the year before); Stroke of the Exeter in his tenth; and cockneted aure of a first class, to consummate his two-fold career.

To this young Apollo, crowned with variegated laurel, Edward looked up from a distance. The brilliant creature never bestowed a word on him by hand; and by water only such observations as the following: "Exeter, Six!" "Well pulled, Six!" "Very well pulled, Six!" Except, by-the-by, in one race; when he swore at him like a trooper for not being quicker at starting. The excitement of nearly being bumped by Brazenose in the first hundred yards was an excuse; however, Hardie apologized as they were dressing in the barge after the race: but the apology was so stiff, it did not pave the way to an acquaintance.

Young Hardie, rising twenty-one, thought nothing human worthy of reverence but Intellect. Invited to dinner, on the same day, with the Emperor of Russia, and with Voltaire, and with meek St. John, he would certainly have told the coachman to put him down at Voltaire.

His quick eye detected Edward's character; but was not attracted by it: says he to one of his adherents "what a good-natured youth that Dodd is! Phœbus, what a name!" Edward, on the other hand, praised this brilliant in all his letters, and recorded his triumphs and said on his witty sayings as leaked through his own set, to reinvigorate mankind. This roused Julia's ire. It smouldered through three letters: but burst out when there was no letter, but Mrs. Dodd, meaning, Heaven knows, no harm, happened to say merely, in a propos of nothing, "You know, love, we can not all be young Hardies."

"No, and thank Heaven," said Julia, defiantly. "Yes, mamma, she continued more slowly to Mrs. Dodd's eyebrow, which had curved; "your mild glance reads my soul; I detest that boy." Mrs. Dodd smiled. "Are you sure you know what the word 'detest' means? and what has young Mr. Hardie done, that you should bestow so vicolent a sentiment on him?"

"Mamma, I am Edward's sister," was the tragic reply; then, kicking off the baskin pretty nimbly, "there! he beats our boy at every thing, and ours sits quietly down and admires him for it: oh! how can a man let any body or any thing beat him? I wouldn't; without a desperate struggle." She clenched her white teeth and imagined the struggle. To be sure, she owned she had never seen this Mr. Hardie, but after all it was only Jane Hardie's brother, as Edward was hers; "and would I sit down



THE PROFESSIONAL BOWLER WELCOMING THIS NEW-COMER.

and let Jane beat me at Things? never! never! never! I couldn't."

"Your friend to the death, dear; was not that your expression?"

"Oh, that was a slip of the tongue, dear mamma: I was off my guard. I generally am, by-the-way. But now I am on it, and propose an amendment. Now I second it. Now I carry it."

"And now let me hear it."

"She is my friend till death—or Eclipse; and that means until she eclipses me, of course." But Julia added softly, and with sudden gravity: "Ah! Jane Hardie has a fault, which will always prevent her from eclipsing your humble servant in this wicked world."

"What is that?"

"She is too good. Much."

"For example?"

"Too religious."

"Oh, that is another matter."

"For shame, mamma! I am glad to hear it: for, I scorn a life of frivolity, but then again I should not like to give up every thing, you know."

Mrs. Dodd looked a little staggered, too, at so neat a scheme or capitulation. But "every thing" was soon explained to mean balls, concerts, dinner-parties in general, tea-parties without exception of Scripture, races and operas, cards, charades, and whatever else amuses society without perceptibly sanctifying it. All these, by Julia's account, Miss Hardie held unwarrantable, and was now denouncing (with the young the latter verb treads on the very heels of the former). "And, you know, she is a district visitor."

This climax delivered, Julia stopped short, and awaited the result.

Mrs. Dodd heard it all with quiet disapproval and cool incredulity. She had seen this same young ladies headed of so many young enthusiasms, by a wedding-ring. But while she was searching diligently in her mine of ladylike English—mine with plenty of veins in it, begging her pardon—for expressions to convey inoffensively, and withoutheat, her conviction that Miss Hardie was a little, furious, simpleton, the post came, and swept the subject away in a moment.

Two letters; one from Calcutta, one from Oxford.

They came quietly in upon one solver, and were opened and read with pleasurable interest, but without surprise, or misgiving; and without the slightest foretaste of their grave and singular consequences.

Rivers deep and broad start from such little springs.

David's letter was of unusual length for him. The main news were, first, the date and success of his return home. His ship, a very old one, had been condemned in port: and he was to sail in a fine new built vessel, the *Jack Ketch*, to see the Cape; where her captain, just recovered from a severe illness, would come on board, and convey her and him to England. In future, David was to command one of the company's large steamers to Alexandria and back.

"It is rather a come-down for a sailor, to go straight ahead like a wheel-barrow, in all weathers, with a steam-pot and a crow of coal-heavers. But then I shall not be parted from my sweetheart such long dreary spells as I have been this twenty years, my dear love: so is it for me to complain?"

The second topic was peculiary: the transfer of their affections from India, whose interest was higher than at home, but the capital not so secure.

And the third was ardent and tender expressions of affection for the wife and children he adored. These effusions of the heart had no separate place, except in my somewhat arbitrary analysis of the honest sailor's letter; they were the under-current.

Mrs. Dodd read part of it out to Julia; in fact all but the money-matter: that concerned the heads of the family more immediately; and Cash was a matter her daughter did not greatly stand, nor care about. And when Mrs. Dodd had read it with beaming eyes, and kissed it tenderly, and read it all over again to herself, and then put it into her bosom as naively as a milkmaid in love,

Edward's letter was short enough, and Mrs. Dodd allowed Julia to read it to her, which she did with panting breath, and glowing cheeks, and a running fire of comments.

"Dear Mamma, I hope you and Ju are quite well—"

"Ju," murmured Mrs. Dodd, plaintively.

"And that there is good news about papa coming home. As for me, I have plenty on my hands just now: all this term I have been' (training' scratched out, and another word put in: ter—oh, I know:) 'cramming.'"

"Cramming, love?"

"Yes, that is the Oxfordish for studying."

"For smalls."

Mrs. Dodd contrived to sigh interrogatively. Julia, who understood her every accent, remarked her that "smalls" was the new word for "little go."

"'—Cramming for smalls; and now I am in two races at Henley, and that rather puts the snaffle on reading and gooseberry pie' (Goodness me," said Julia to my chance of being plowed for smalls."

"What does it all mean?" inquired mamma, "gooseberry pie?' and 'the snaffle?' and 'plowed?'"

"Well, the gooseberry pie is really too deep for me: but plowed is the new Oxfordish for 'plucked.' O mamma, have you forgotten that? Plucked was vulgar, so now they are plowed."

"—For smalls; but I hope I shall not be, to vex you and pussa."

"Heaven forbid he should be so disgraced! But what has the cat to do with it?"

"Nothing on earth. Puss? that is me. How dare he? Did not forbid all these nicknames, and all this Oxfordish, by proclamation, last Long."

"Last Long?"

"Hem! last protracted vacation.

"—Dear mamma, sometimes I can not help being down in the mouth' (why it is a string of words) 'to think you have not got a son like Hardie.'"

At this unfortunate reflection it was Julia's turn to suffer. She deposited the letter in her lap, and fired up. "Now, have not I cause to hate, and scorn, and despise, le petit Hardie?"

"Julia!"

"I mean to dislike with propriety, and gently to abominate Mr. Edward Hardie."

"—Dear mamma, do come to Henley on the tenth, you and Ju. The university eights will be there, but the best boats of the Oxford and Cambridge river will; and the Oxford head boat is Exeter, you know; and I pull six."

"Then I am very sorry to hear it; my poor child will overtask his strength; and how unfair of the other young gentlemen; it seems unnecessary unreasonable."

"And I am entered for the sculls as well, and if you and 'the Impetuosity' (Vengeance!) 'were both there I should be safe, I do think I should be lucky this time. Henley is a long way from Barkington, but it is a pretty place; all the ladies have to say, and I want to see both the universities out and a stunning race—"

"Oh, well, there is a train, quite. One would think number was going to race lightning, instead of Oxford Cambridge.

"—If you can come, please write, and I will get you nice lodgings: I will not let you go to a noisy inn. Love to Julia and no end of kisses to my pretty cat.

"'From your affectionate Son,

"'EDWARD DODD.'

They wrote off a cordial assent, and reached Henley in time to see the dullest town in Europe; and also to see the river for about half an hour or two; so impetuously came both the universities pouring into it—in all known vehicles that could go their pace—by land and water.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright hot day in June. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat half reclining, side by side, in an open carriage, by the brink of the Thames at one of its loveliest bends.

About a furlong up stream the silvery stone bridge, just mellowed by time, spanned the river with many fair arches. Through these the coming river poured, sparkling a long way above, then came meandering and shining down, loitered cool and sombre under the dark vaults, then glistening away in a broad sheet of water where sat its two fairest visitors that day; but at that very point flung off its serpentine habits, and shot straight away in a direct line for Oxford, making water a mile long, down to an island in midstream; a little fairy island with old trees and a white house in the middle. And the fairy ise the broad current parted, and both silver streams turned purple in the shade of the grove; then united and melted from the sight.

This noble and rare passage of the silvery Thames was the Henley race-course. The starting-place was down at the island, and the goal was up at a point in the river below the bridge, and above the first bend. And all this was a broad sheet, unruffled by the racing, and enjoying luxuriously the glorious stream, the mellow bridge crowded with carriages, and fair open meadows stretched a broad band of bright color above the dark figures clustering on the battlements—and the green meadows opposite with the motley crowd streaming up and down.

Nor was that sense, which seems especially keen and delicate in women, left unsatisfied by the general bounty of the time. The green meadows on the opposite bank, and the gardens at the back of our fair friends, had the sweet fresh odors at their liquid benefactor gliding by; and the sun himself seemed to burn perfumes, and the air to scatter them, over the whole merry crowd, that bright, hot, smiling, airy day in June.

Thus tuned to gentle enjoyment, the fair mother and her lovely daughter leaned back in a delicious languor and reposed on the soft cushions, with unflagging, though demure, interest, and furtive curiosity, the wealth of youth, beauty, nature, agility, grace, and high training, that two great universities had poured out upon those obscure banks; all dressed in neat but overlighting clothes, on the hottest day of the season, or else in Jerseys, white or striped, and flannel trowsers, and straw-hats, or cloth caps of bright and various colors, and gayly chatting, laughing, chaffing, larking, and whirling stunted bludgeons at Aunt Sally.

But as for the sport itself they were there to see, the centre of all these bright accessories. "The Racing," as Julia called it, was not restand it nor try, nor care a hook-and-eye about it. But this mild dignified indifference to the main event received a shock at two p. m. when the first heat for the cup came on, and Edward was in it. So then racing became all in a moment a most interesting pastime, as pastimes should be. Loving. He left them to join his crew. And, soon after, the Exeter glided down the river before their eyes, with the beloved one rowing quietly in it. His Jersey revealed not only the working power of his arms, as sunburnt below the elbow as a ploughs, and as corded above as a blacksmith's, but also the play of the great muscles across his broad and deeply-indented chest; his oar entered the water smoothly, gripped it severely, then came out clean, and feathered clear and tunably on the rising recovery, the boat jumped, and then glided, at each neat, easy, powerful stroke.

"Oh, how beautiful and strong he is," cried Julia. "I had no idea."

Presently the competitor for this heat came down, the Cambridge boat, rowed by a fine crew in broad striped Jerseys. "Oh dear!" said Julia, "they are odious and strong in this boat too. I wish I was in it—with a grubby, but *steady* win, poor boy."

While rock-saver staircase to Honor being inaccessible, the race had to be decided by two unfeminine trifles called "Speed" and "Bottom."

Few things in this vale of tears are more worthy a pen of fire than an English boat-race is, as seen by the runners; and none else have ever seen one, or can paint one. But I, unhappy, have nothing to do with this race, except as it appeared to two ladies seated on the Henley side of the Thames, nearly opposite the winning-post. These fair novices then looked all down the river, and could just discern two black streaks on the water, one on each side the little fairy isle; and a great black patch on the Berkshire bank. The threatening streaks were the two crews: the black patch was about a hundred Cambridge and Oxford men, ready to run and hallo with the boats all the way, or at least till their puff or wind should be run plus hallooed out of their young bodies. Then less fleet and enduring, but equally clamorous, were the various Athenians, type of a shorter yell and run when the boats should come up to them. Of the natives and casual visitors, those, who were not nailed down by bounteous Fate, ebbed and flowed up and down the bank on their several sides, but always in the way as much as possible, and of getting knocked into the Thames as little as might be.

There was a long dreary suspense.

At last a puff of smoke issued from a pistol down at the island; two oars seemed to splash into the water (one with a white sleeve); and the black patch was moving; so were the threatening streaks. Presently was heard a faint, continuous, distant murmur, and the streaks began to get larger, and larger, and larger; and the eight splashing oars looked four instead of two.

Every head was turned down the river. Groups hung craning over it like nodding bulrushes.

Next the runners were swelled by the stragglers they picked up; so were their voices; and as came the splashing oars and roaring lungs.

Now the excitement in Jerseys became distinct. The oarsmen's heads and bodies came swinging back at every stroke, and you seemed to flash the water savagely, like a connected row of swords, and the spray spurted at each vicious stroke. "Now, Exeter, now, now, now!" "Go it Cambridge!" "Well pulled Oxford!" "You are gaining, hurrah!" "Well pulled Trinity!" "Now, Oxford!" "Now, Cambridge!" "Now is your time, Hardie, pick her up!" "Oh, well pulled, six!" "Well pulled, stroke!" "Up! Up! Put her a bit!" "Cambridge!" "Oxford!" "Hurrah!"

At this Julia turned red and pale by turns. "Oh, mamma!" said she, clasping her hand and coloring high, "would it be very wrong if I was to pray to God that he may win?"

Mrs. Dodd had a monitory finger; it was on her left hand; she raised it; and, that moment, as if the hand was a signal, the boats, fore-shortened no longer, shot out to treble the length they had looked hitherto, and came broadside and one palpitating body, the oblique rowers stretched like greyhounds in a chase, darting forward at each stroke so boldly, they seemed flying out of the boats, and surging back at every perbly, an eightfold human wave: their nostrils all open, the lips of some pale and glutinous; their veins distended, their grimly, livid eyes, their eyes all glowing, their supple bodies swelling, the muscles writhing beneath their Jerseys, and the sinews standing out on each bare brown arm; their little shrill coxswains shouting imperiously at the young giants, and working round and with them, like fiends at a finish; the oars and bodies flung whole into each magnificent effort; water foaming and flying, row-locks rigging, crowd running, tumbling, and howling like mad; and Cambridge a boat's nose ahead.

They had not long passed over the spectators, when Oxford put on a furious spurt, and got fully even with the leading boat. There was a broader coat of white paint on Exeter's oars, than Cambridge sparred desperately in turn, and stole those few feet back; and so they went fighting every inch of water. Bang! A cannon on the bank sent its smoke over both competitors; it dispersed in a moment, and the boats were seen pulling shoulder to shoulder, Cambridge with four oars, Oxford with six, as if that gun had winged them both.

The race was over.

But who had won our party could not see, and must wait to learn.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

WE are indebted to an occasional correspondent, Mr. Barrows, of the Ninety-third Ohio, for the three pictures of the Army of the Cumberland, which we publish on page 213. Mr. Barrows writes:

"General M'Dowell M'Cook's head-quarters are situated 2½ miles south of Murfreesboro, a short distance from the Shelbyville turnpike. He occupies the mansion in which, a few months since, the owner, Mr. John Childress, resided. It is a commodious and tasteful building of the better class of Southern residences in this part of the country, as we see few and far between. It is built of the superior brick which the soil of this region affords. Mr. Childress, though a wealthy and influential man, never took a very prominent part in the rebellion, but he quietly acted and sympathized with the leaders of the Southern movement. He remained in quiet possession of his property during the reign of General Buell, and did not find it necessary to withdraw. But when the tide of war turned against the rebels again at Murfreesboro he gathered together his movable household property, including some thirty slaves, and fled in company with Bragg's retreating hosts, leaving his beautiful home to the tender mercies of the "Lincolnites."

The trunk-work, represented in sketch No. 3, and the stockade defended it, were built by General Mitchel. The former is now used as a footbridge—simply a plank for foot at present run farther south than Murfreesboro.

In the view of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, "looking south," the hill on the right is just beyond our picket-lines.

OUR ARMY IN THE SOUTHWEST.

WE devote pages 209 and 212 to illustrations of our Army in the Southwest, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. On page 209 we publish an illustrated description of

CUTTING AWAY THE HEAD OF THE CANAL.

The "mud machine" *Sampson* is seen-hind at work digging into the dam on the upper side. Its huge iron scoop is seen in the extension-arm, as it rises from the water, and descending the barrier which now keeps the Mississippi waters out of the bed of the canal. Below this machine is seen the "Father of Waters" himself has taken a hand in the game. This scene is depicted on page 209, under the title of

BREAK IN THE LEVEE.

Owing to heavy rains and the rapid rise of the Mississippi, the water upon Vicksburg and the head of the canal gave way, and the water poured in at a tremendous rate. The force of the current, however, did not last long, as the water filled much of the canal, but caused a crevasse on the western side, through which the water flowed in such profusion as to inundate the lower part of the peninsula to the depth of four or five feet. When the fracture occurred a number of soldiers were on the levee, and were thrown into the torrent; but were swam and scrambled out; but several of them would have been drowned but for the timely arrival of John C. Keller, one of the officers of the transport *Scotland*, who succeeded at great personal risk in placing them, one after more upon *terra firma*, much wetter if not wiser men.

The *Times* correspondent writes:

Night before last the men on the dam at the canal way under a pressure of ten feet of Mississippi, and in a few minutes Quitedear there was a mighty rush of boiling through in a manner that would do honor to a Brobdingnagian sluice-way. Unfortunately the water was dam that came pouring through did not come along the ditch—for most of the dam, by from a foot to two feet below, the consequence of which promises to be that, before the can can be completed, a number of feet must be taken off of which we can make no use. The dredging machine at work at the head of the canal, and there possibly it is of some use to the dredge. Two or three days will decide the matter, and then we shall know whether the time and talent of and long-worked-at canal will prove a failure or a success.

The *Tribune* correspondent, writing two days afterward, says:

Since the breaking of the dam of the canal, as I mentioned in my last letter, the water has been swollen through the rain which has been descending in torrents, until the lower part of the peninsula is inundated to the depth of from four to five feet. On this account the fields have been rendered impassable, and the Chicago has been ordered to Milliken's Bend, 10 miles above, where the planters say that the Mississippi has so yet made only a beginning of mowing.

The low familiar with the Mississippi says that the land above the canal will not be flooded, though the water rises to the height of 50 feet above low-water mark, or 40 feet under water. The dam at or near the mouth of Lake Providence is still standing, but a crevasse has been made in the embankment on the west side, which admits into the lake nearly as much water as flows through the canal. The water is supposed will run along inside of the levees constructed by the rebels, and thence into the swamps, which are lower than where our troops are, without flooding the land more deep than a few inches.

The canal itself is not likely to be injured by the departure of the water, but will require a thorough cleaning—being deepened and widened by the rush of the current. The old dam, it is thought, will be left as a protection of the soil inside of the levee, but about seven feet below the level of the river.

The break in the canal are not to be repaired, and no one can doubt ourselves to what the falling down here, as Fredericks, and the YAZOO PASS may result.

On page 212 we illustrate

WARRENTON FROM OUR BATTERIES.

Mr. Davis writes: "The town of Warrenton, ten miles below Vicksburg, is the farthest point up the river the rebel boats care to come at this time. It was after this place that the fight between the *Indianola* and the runs of the rebels occurred. In my sketch I give near the town the name *Queen of the Hills*, and below it *Rebel*. It will be seen by the sketch how easily the levee is converted into an 'earth-work' for the reception of batteries."

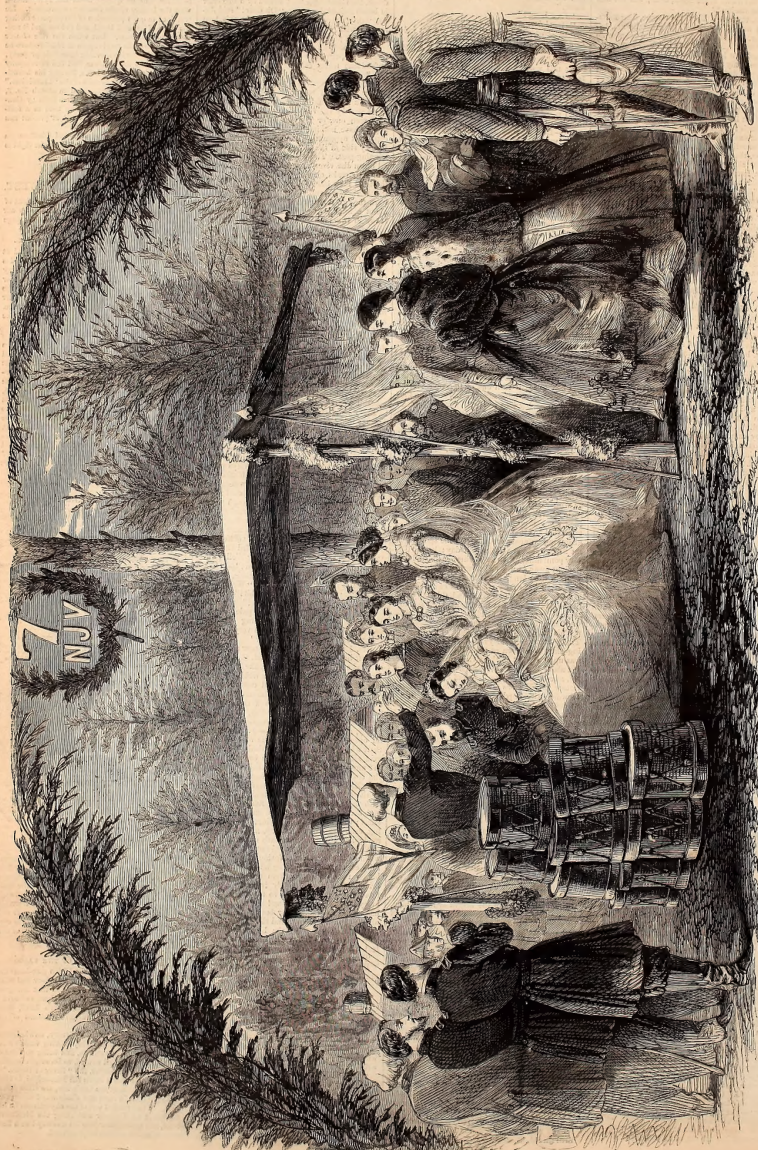
The sketch by our special artist of

SUNSET AT THE MOUTH OF THE YAZOO

gives a representation of the scene that meets under Admiral Porter, guarding the river and waiting for the signals from the fleet that has gone through the YAZOO PASS below Helena, to begin a simultaneous attack upon Haines's Bluff, some twenty miles from the disembogument of the stream.

The YAZOO is a peculiar, dreary, unwholesome stream, its pale-green, sickly-looking waters having their origin in swamps, and being so fatal to health that it is well named, as its origin implies, in the aboriginal tongue, the "River of Death."

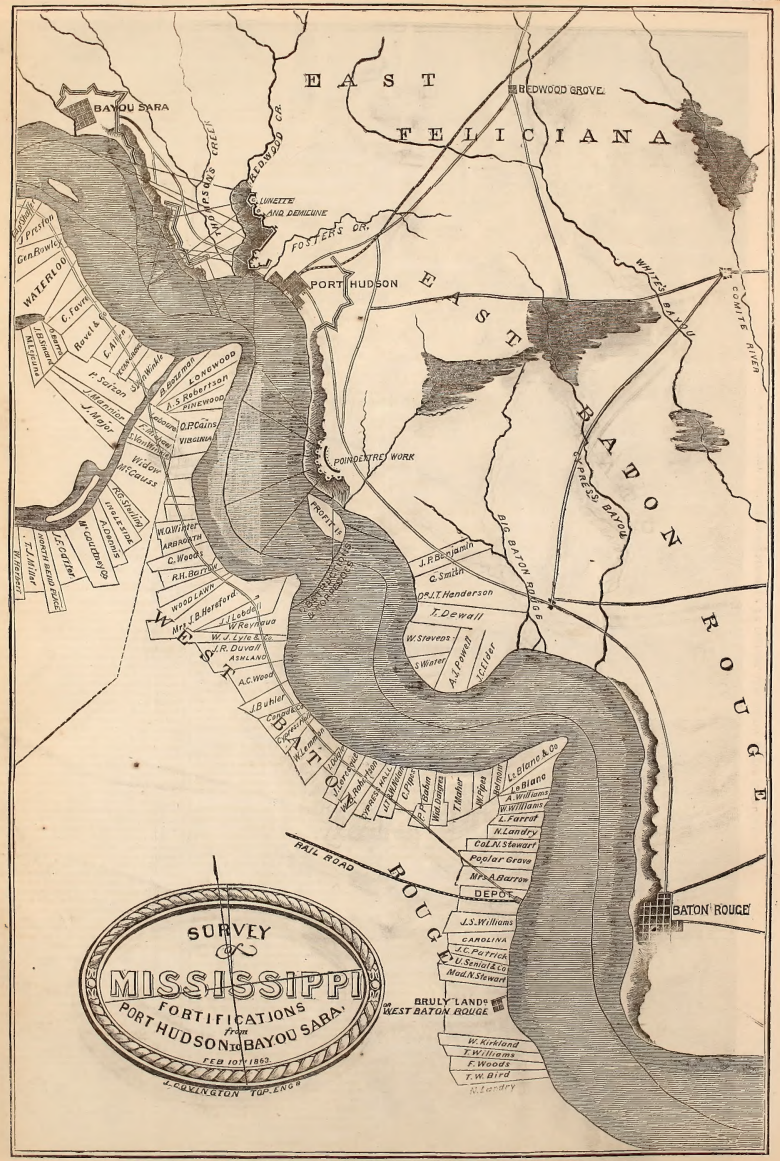
The sunset scenes down the Mississippi, in spite of the dreariness of the landscape, are often splendid—gorgeous in light and shadow and variegated tints. They remind one of the sky-glances he has witnessed in Tuscany and along the Mediterranean, and which either inspire or destroy like a flash of imagination into an inspired soul.



A WEDDING IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



A NIGHT SCOUT IN THE SOUTHWEST.—SURPRISE OF AN OUTPOST, AND SURVEY OF THE REBEL GUNS.



MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI FROM BAYOU SARA TO BATON ROUGE.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

Suddenly there was a shock and stound all over the vessel, her progress was stopped, and a rocking vibration was felt every where. The quarter-deck was filled with blasts of steam, which obscured every thing. Sick people came rushing up out of their berths in strange undress; the steerage passengers—a motley and picturesque set of people, in many varieties of gay costume—took refuge on the quarter-deck, speaking loudly in all varieties of French and Italian patois. Ellinor stood up in silent wondering dismay. Was the *Santa Lucia* going down on the great deep, and Dixon unaided in his peril? Dr. Livingstone was by her side in a moment. She could scarcely see him for the vapor, nor hear him for the roar of the escaping steam.

"Do not be unnecessarily frightened," he repeated, a little louder. "Some accident has occurred to the engines. I will go and make instant inquiry, and come back to you as soon as I can. Trust to me."

He came back to where she sat trembling.

"A part of the engine is broken, through the carelessness of these Neapolitan engineers; they say we must make for the nearest port—return to Civita, in fact."

"But Elba is not many miles away," said Ellinor; "if this steam were but away you could see it still."

"And if we were landed there we might stay on the island for many days; no steamer touches there; but if we return to Civita we shall be in time for the Sunday boat."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Ellinor. "To-day is the second—Sunday will be the fourth—the assizes begin on the seventh; how miserably unfortunate!"

"Yes," he said, "it is. And these things always appear so doubly unfortunate when they hinder our serving others. But it does not follow that because the assizes begin at Hellingford on the seventh that Dixon's trial will come on so soon. We may still get to Marseilles on Monday evening, on by diligence to Lyons; it will, it must, I fear, be Thursday, at the earliest, before we reach Paris—Thursday, the eighth—and I suppose you know of some exculpatory evidence that has to be hunted up?"

He added this unwillingly; for he saw that Ellinor was jealous of the secrecy she had hitherto maintained as to her reasons for believing Dixon innocent; but he could not help thinking that she, a gentle, timid woman, unaccustomed to action or business, would require some of the assistance which he would have been so thankful to give her; especially as this untoward accident would increase the press of time in which what was to be done would have to be done.

But no. Ellinor scarcely replied to his half-inquiry as to her reasons for hastening to England. She yielded to all his directions, agreed to his plans, but gave him none of her confidence, and he had to submit to this exclusion from sympathy in the exact causes of her anxiety.

Once more in the dreary sala, with the gaudy painted ceiling, the bare, dirty floor, the innumerable rattling doors and windows! Ellinor was submissive and patient in demeanor, because so sick and despairing at heart. Her maid was ten times as demonstrative of annoyance and disgust; she who had no particular reason for wanting to reach England, but who thought it became her dignity to make as though she had.

At length the weary time was over, and again they sailed past Elba and neared Marseilles. Now Ellinor began to feel how much assistance it was to her to have Dr. Livingstone for a "courier," as he had several times called himself.

He secured the earliest places in the diligence while Ellinor and the maid were only struggling through the douane, along with most of their fellow-passengers; he provided that a comfortable meal should be ready for them before starting; and placed them in the coupé, which he had secured for the long day-and-night journey, himself retiring to the "interieur." All through the traveling across France he occupied another compartment or another carriage to that in which Ellinor was placed; but he was always at their window if there was any stoppage, to learn their wishes and wants. The waters of the Rhone were out, and flooded the country through which the diligence had to pass, and caused a delay of two days. Ellinor seemed as one stupefied with repeated disappointments. At Paris he brought Ellinor a *Galignani* of two days old. He could not help looking over her shoulder as she searched its columns for some of the intelligence she craved. There was nothing to be learned from them; a bare announcement of Dixon's approaching trial for a murder committed sixteen years ago was all that was to be seen. Ellinor laid down the paper, and sighed.

"We shall be in England to-morrow," said he, with quick sympathy. "We can be in Hellingford the morning after to-morrow."

"Thank you; you are very good. But after I am in England I must go on alone. You must not think me ungrateful," continued she, with a faint effort at a smile on her pale face. "Some time I will tell you how glad I am you have come with me. I could not have done without your kind help, though I thought once I could. But just now I have no heart to express gratitude or any other feeling but one."

"But you say you once thought you could have done without my help on the journey, and yet you see I have really been of use to you—may it not be the same now?" asked he, anxiously.

"No," said she. "It was all plain sailing then, but now I must do all myself as well as I can; a terrible— You must trust me now to judge for myself, for I am aware of circumstances which— I can not go on talking about it, for you have been so kind to me I shall say something that I shall be sorry for afterward."

And with this he was obliged to be content.

Off again, to the coast of France, across the Channel to London, as fast as steam could carry them.

"Where now?" said the Canon, as they approached the London Bridge station.

"To the Great Western," said she; "Hellingford is on that line, I see. But, please, now we must part."

"Then I may not go with you to Hellingford? At any rate you will allow me to go with you to the railway station, and do my last office as courier in getting you your ticket and placing you in the carriage."

So they went together to the station, and learned that no train was leaving for Hellingford for two hours. There was nothing for it but to go to the hotel close by and pass away the time as best they could.

Ellinor called for her maid's accounts, and dismissed her. Some refreshment that the Canon had ordered was eaten, and the table cleared. He began walking up and down the room, his arms folded, his eyes cast down. Every now and then he looked at the clock on the mantle-piece. When that showed that it only wanted a quarter of an hour to the time appointed for the train to start, he came up to Ellinor, who sat leaning her head upon her hand, her hand resting on the table.

"Miss Wilkins," he began—and there was something peculiar in his tone which startled Ellinor—"I am sure you will not scruple to apply to me if in any possible way I can help you in this sad trouble of yours."

"No, indeed I won't!" said Ellinor, gratefully, and putting out her hand as a token. He took it and held it; she went on a little more hastily than before: "You know you were so good as to say you would go at once and see Miss Monro, and tell her all you know, and that I will write to her as soon as I can."

"May I not ask for one line?" he continued, still holding her hand.

"Certainly; so kind a friend as you shall hear all I can tell—that is, all I am at liberty to tell."

"A friend! Yes, I am a friend; and I will not urge any other claim just now. Perhaps—"

Ellinor could not affect to misunderstand him. His manner implied even more than his words.

"No!" she said, eagerly. "We are friends. That is it. I think we shall always be friends; though I will tell you now—something—this much—it is a sad secret. God help me! I am as guilty as poor Dixon, if, indeed, he is guilty; but he is innocent—indeed he is!"

"If he is no more guilty than you, I am sure he is! Let me be more than your friend, Ellinor—let me know all, and help you all that I can, with the right of an affianced husband."

"No, no!" said she, frightened both at what she had revealed, and his eager, warm, imploring manner. "That can never be. You do not know the disgrace that may be hanging over me."

"If that is all," said he, "I take my risk; if that is all, if you only fear that I may shrink from sharing any peril you may be exposed to."

"It is not peril; it is shame and obloquy," she murmured.

"Well! shame and obloquy. Perhaps, if I knew all, I could shield you from it."

"Don't, pray, speak any more about it now; if you do, I must say 'No.'"

She did not perceive the implied encouragement in these words; but he did, and they sufficed to make him patient. The time was up, and he could only render her his last services as courier, and none other but the necessary words at starting passed between them. But he went away from the station with a cheerful heart; while she, sitting alone and quiet, and at last approaching near to the place where so much was to be decided, felt sadder and sadder, heavier and heavier.

CHAPTER XVII.

All the intelligence Ellinor had gained since she had seen the *Galignani* in Paris had been from the waiter at the Great Western Hotel, who, after returning from a vain search for an unoccupied *Times*, had volunteered the information that there was an unusual demand for the paper because of Hellingford Assizes, and the trial there for murder that was going on.

There were no electric telegraphs in those days; at every station Ellinor put her head out and inquired if the murder trial at Hellingford was ended. Some porters told her one thing, some another, in their hurry: she felt that she could not rely on them.

"Drive to Mr. Johnson's, in the High Street—quick, quick. I will give you half a crown if you will go quick."

For, indeed, her endurance, her patience was strained almost to snapping; yet at Hellingford station, where doubtless they could have told her the truth, she dared not ask the question. It was past eight o'clock at night. In many houses in the little country town there were unusual lights and sounds. The inhabitants were showing their hospitality to such of the strangers brought by the Assizes who were lingering there, now that the business that had brought them was over. The judges had left the town that afternoon, to wind up the Circuit by the short list of a neighboring county town.

Mr. Johnson was entertaining a dinner-party of attorneys when he was summoned from dessert by the announcement of a "lady who wanted to speak to him immediate and particular."

He went into his study in not the best of tempers. There he found his client, Miss Wilkins, white and ghastly, standing by the fire-place, with her eyes fixed on the door.

"It is you, Miss Wilkins! I am very glad—"

"Dixon!" said she. It was all she could utter.

Mr. Johnson shook his head.

"Ah! that's a sad piece of business, and I'm afraid it has shortened your visit at Rome."

"Is he—?"

"Ay, I am afraid there's no doubt of his guilt. At any rate the jury found him guilty, and—"

"And!" repeated she, quickly, sitting down, the better to bear the words that she knew were coming.

"Is condemned to death!"

"When?"

"The Saturday but one after the judges left the town, I suppose—it's the usual time."

"Who tried him?"

"Judge Corbet; and for a new judge I must say I never knew one who got through his business so well. It was really as much as I could stand to hear him condemning the prisoner to death. Dixon was undoubtedly guilty, and he was as stubborn as could be—a sullen old fellow who would let no one help him through. I am sure I did my best for him, at Miss Monro's desire and for your sake. But he would furnish me with no particulars, help us to no evidence. I had the hardest work to keep him from confessing all before witnesses, who would have been bound to repeat it as evidence against him. Indeed I never thought he would have pleaded 'Not Guilty.' I think it was only with a desire to justify himself in the eyes of some old Hamley acquaintances. Good God, Miss Wilkins! what's the matter? You're not fainting!" He rang the bell till the rope remained in his hands. "Here, Esther! Jerry! Whoever you are, come quick! Miss Wilkins has fainted! Water! Wine! Tell Mrs. Johnson to come here directly!"

Mrs. Johnson, a kind, motherly woman, who had been excluded from the "gentleman's dinner-party," and had devoted her time to superintending the dinner her husband had ordered, came in answer to his call for assistance, and found Ellinor lying back in her chair white and senseless.

"Bessy, Miss Wilkins has fainted; she has had a long journey, and is in a fidget about Dixon, the old fellow who was sentenced to be hung for that murder, you know. I can't stop here; I must go back to those men. You bring her round, and see her to bed. The blue-room is empty since Horner left. She must stop here, and I'll see her in the morning. Take care of her, and keep her mind as easy as you can, will you, for she can do no good by fidgeting."

And knowing that he left Ellinor in good hands, and with plenty of assistance about her, he returned to his friends.

Ellinor came to herself before long.

"It was very foolish of me, but I could not help it," said she, apologetically.

"No; to be sure not, dear. Here, drink this; it is some of Mr. Johnson's best port-wine that he has sent out on purpose for you. Or would you rather have some white soup—or what? We have had every thing you could think of at dinner, and you've only to ask and have. And then you must go to bed, my dear—Mr. Johnson says you must; and there's a well-aired room, for Mr. Horner only left us this morning."

"I must see Mr. Johnson again, please."

"But indeed you must not. You must not worry your poor head with business now; and Johnson would only talk to you on business. No; go to bed and sleep soundly, and then you'll get up quite bright and strong, and fit to talk about business."

"I can not sleep—I can not rest till I have asked Mr. Johnson one or two more questions; indeed I can not," pleaded Ellinor.

Mrs. Johnson knew that her husband's orders on such occasions as the present were peremptory, and that she could come in for a good conjugal scolding if, after what he had said, she ventured to send for him again. Yet Ellinor looked so entreating and wistful that she could hardly find in her heart to refuse her. A bright thought struck her.

"Here is pen and paper, my dear. Could you not write down the questions you wanted to ask? and he'll just jot down the answers upon the same piece of paper. I'll send it in by Jerry. He has got friends to dinner with him, you see."

Ellinor yielded. She sat, resting her weary head on her hand, and wondering what were the questions which would have come so readily to her tongue could she have been face to face with him. As it was she only wrote this:

"How early can I see you to-morrow morning? Will you take all the necessary steps for my going to Dixon as soon as possible? Could I be admitted to him to-night?"

The penciled answers were:

"Eight o'clock. Yes. No."

"I suppose he knows best," said Ellinor, sighing as she read the last word. "But it seems wicked in me to be going to bed, and he so near in prison."

When she rose up and stood she felt the former dizziness return, and that reconciled her to seeking rest before she entered upon the duties which were becoming clearer before her now that she knew all, and was on the scene of action.

Mrs. Johnson brought her white-wine whey instead of the tea she had asked for; and perhaps it was owing to this that she slept so soundly. When she wakened the clear light of dawn was fully in the room. She could not remember where she was; for so many mornings she had wakened up in strange places that it took her several minutes before she could make out the geographical whereabouts of the heavy blue moreen curtains, the print of the lord-lieutenant of the county on the wall, and all the handsome ponderous mahogany furniture that stuffed up the room. As soon as full memory came into her mind she started up; nor did she go to bed again, although she saw by her watch on the dressing-table that it was not yet six o'clock. She dressed herself with the dainty completeness so habitual to her that it had become an unconscious habit, and then—the instinct was irrepressible—she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down, past the servant on her knees cleaning the door-step, out into the fresh open air; and so she found her way down the High Street to Hellingford Castle, the building in which the courts of assize were held—the prison in which Dixon lay condemned to die. She almost knew she could not see him; yet it seemed like some amends to her conscience for having slept through so many hours of the night if she made the attempt. She went up to the porter's lodge, and asked the little girl sweeping out the place if she might see Abraham Dixon. The child stared at her, and ran into the house, bringing out her father, a great burly man, who had not yet donned either coat or waistcoat, and who, consequently, felt the morning air as rather nipping. To him Ellinor repeated her question.

"Him as is to be hung come Saturday se'nnight? Why, ma'am, I've naught to do with it. You may go to the governor's house and try; but, if you'll excuse me, you'll have your walk for your pains. Them in the condemned cells is never seen by nobody without the sheriff's order. You may go up to the governor's house, and welcome; but they'll only tell you the same. Yon's the governor's house."

Ellinor fully believed the man, and yet she went on to the house indicated as if she still hoped that in her case there might be some exception to the rule, which she now remembered to have heard of before, in days when such a possible desire as to see a condemned prisoner was treated by her as a wish that some people might have, did have—people as far removed from her circle of circumstances as the inhabitants of the moon. Of course she met with the same reply, a little more abruptly given, as if every man was from his birth bound to know such an obvious regulation.

She went out past the porter, now fully clothed. He was sorry for her disappointment, but could not help saying, with a slight tone of exultation,

"Well, you see I was right, ma'am!"

A WEDDING IN CAMP.

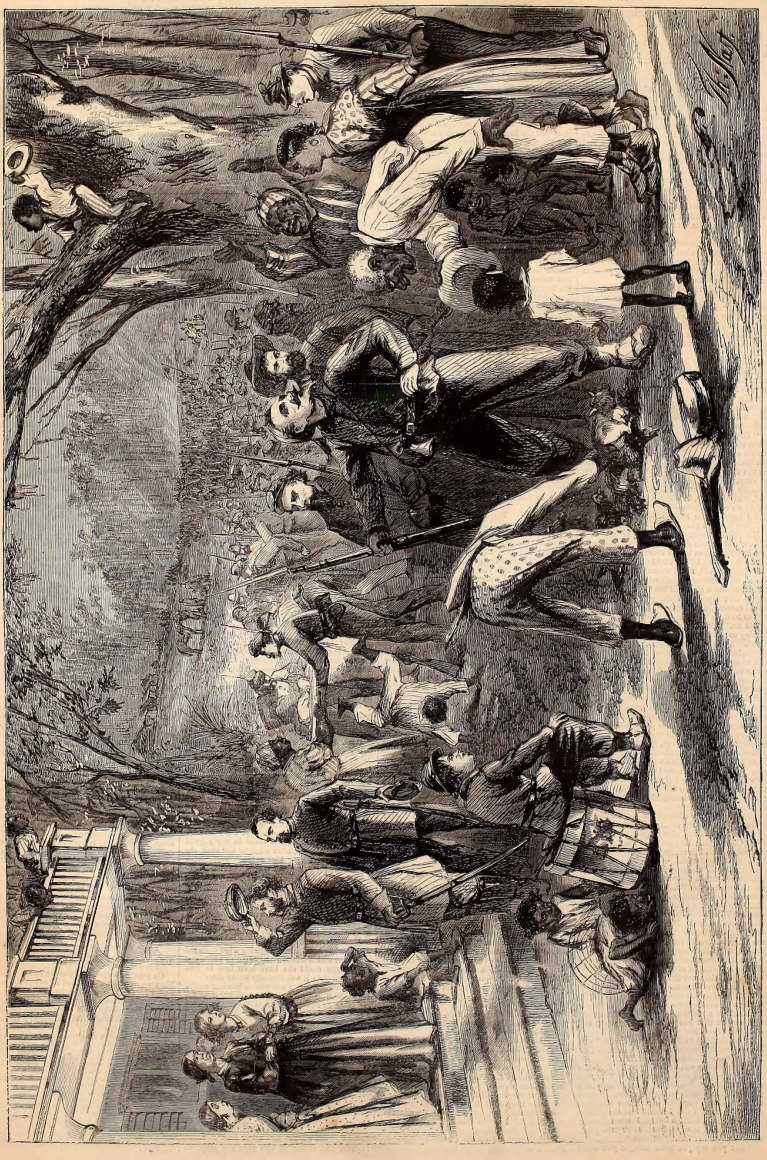
We reproduce on page 216 a picture of Mr. Waud's, representing A Marriage in the Camp of the Seventh New Jersey Volunteers in the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Waud writes:

"An event to destroy the monotony of life in one of Hooker's old regiments. The camp was very prettily decorated, and being very trimly arranged among the pines, was just the camp a visitor would like to see. A little before noon the guests began to arrive in considerable numbers. Among them were Generals Hooker, Sickles, Carr, Mott, Hobart Ward, Revere, Bartlett, Birney, Berry, Colonel Dickinson, and other aids to General Hooker; Colonels Burling, Farnham, Egan, etc. Colonel Francine and Lieutenant-Colonel Price, of the Seventh, with the rest of the officers of that regiment, proceeded to make all welcome, and then the ceremony commenced. In a hollow square formed by the troops a canopy was erected, with an altar of drums, officers grouped on each side of this. On General Hooker's arrival the band played Hail to the Chief, and on the approach of the bridal party the Wedding March. It was rather cold, windy, and threatened snow, altogether tending to produce a slight pink tinge on the noses present; but the ladies bore it with courage, and looked, to the unaccustomed eyes of the soldiers, like real angels in their light clothing. To add to the dramatic force of the scene, the rest of the brigade and other troops were drawn up in line of battle not more than a mile away to repel an expected attack from Fredericksburg. Few persons are wedded under more romantic circumstances than Nellie Lammond and Captain De Hart. He could not get leave of absence, so she came down like a brave girl, and married him in camp. After the wedding was a dinner, a ball, fire-works, etc.; and on the whole it eclipsed entirely an opera at the Academy of Music in dramatic effect and reality."

IN DIXIE.

On page 220 we publish a picture, by Mr. Thomas Nast, representing the arrival of one of our regiments on a Southern plantation, and their reception by the ladies and negroes of the plantation. The picture explains itself. We append, however, a newspaper extract from an officer's letter in Dixie:

Heavy planters live all along the road, whose broad acres extend for miles, and whose aristocratic mansions show them to be the nabobs of the soil. Long rows of negro cabins are seen at short distances from the residence, indicating that the "institution" still flourishes here. These negroes, in large numbers, men, women, and children, come and evince the most comical and unsophisticated manifestations of delight at our appearance. The older ones bow, and grin, and scrape, and throw themselves into all sorts of the most ludicrous attitudes. The younger ones dance and frisk about in high glee. "Gora-mighty bless you, gemmen—may you live allers!" exclaimed a delighted old darkey as we passed yesterday. At the same time he bowed himself almost to the ground. These poor creatures are about all the friends we have in this region. They most willingly give all the information they have.



ARRIVAL OF A FEDERAL COLUMN AT A PLANTER'S HOUSE IN DIXIE.—[See Page 219.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. MITCHELL, COMMANDING AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS, COMMANDING YAZOO EXPEDITION.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. MITCHELL.

GENERAL ROBERT B. MITCHELL, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of Richland County, Ohio. At the age of nineteen he went to the Mexican war, a private in the Company of the present General George W. Morgan. He served twenty-seven months and reached the rank of First Lieutenant. After his return he completed his law studies with "Miller and Morgan," in Mount Vernon. During his practice in the adjoining counties he subsequently married a daughter of Hon. Henry St. John, of Tiffin.

In 1856 he went to KANSAS. His home is Mansfield, Linn County. In 1857 and 1858 he represented the Free State party of that county in the Legislature. In 1859, Governor Medary appointed him Treasurer of the Territory. In 1860 he was appointed Adjutant-General by Governor Robinson. At the breaking out of the rebellion he volunteered as a private, raised a Company, was elected its Captain, and afterward was unanimously elected Colonel of the "Kansas Second" by its officers. He led his regiment in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where he received four wounds, one of which proved almost fatal. His regiment here earned the title of the "Bloody Second."

As a compliment to him and his regiment, General Cameron ordered it to be mounted at a time when he was dismounting cavalry. For services at Wilson's Creek Colonel Mitchell was made a Brigadier. He was assigned to command the expedition to New Mexico, which, after the battle of Shiloh, had to be abandoned. He then embarked with a brigade from Leavenworth to reinforce General Halleck. Much of the time that he has been with Generals Halleck, Rosecrans, and Buell he has been commanding a division. He has been in many small engagements. He took an active and distinguished part in the battle of Perryville as commander of a division. He met John Morgan with his division at Lancaster, Kentucky, and drove him out after a severe engagement.

When General Rosecrans succeeded General Buell General Mitchell was placed in command of Nashville. The post, in labor and responsibility, is almost equal to a Department. General Mitchell



SALE OF CONFISCATED BLOOD-HORSES AT NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HAMILTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

is understood to have performed the varied and delicate duties of his position with so much diplomatic and military skill as to have elicited from General Rosecrans the highest praise and a most urgent recommendation of his promotion. The Union men of Nashville are unanimous in their admiration of his prompt and rigid method of dealing with the rebels.

GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS.

WE publish on page 221 a portrait of GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS, the commander of the Yazoo River Expedition, and append the following sketch of his life from the *Herald:*

Brigadier-General Leonard F. Ross, the military commander of the Yazoo River Expedition, is a native of Illinois, in which State he was born in the year 1823. He is, therefore, about forty years of age. He was a First Lieutenant of the Fourth Illinois Volunteers during the Mexican war, and commanded Company K during part of the term of that regiment's service, which lasted from July, 1846, to May, 1847. At the commencement of the present rebellion he resided at Lewiston, Fulton County; and when the call was made for three years' volunteers, he raised the Fourth District or Seventeenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and was chosen the Colonel of the same, with a commission dating from May 20, 1861. The regiment was stationed at Peoria, Illinois, until the middle of June, 1861, when it was sent to Alton, on the Mississippi River. It garrisoned several points in Missouri successively, until about the beginning of December, when Colonel Ross was placed in command of the post at Cape Girardeau. It was about this time that General Grant prepared for his advance into Kentucky. In the following January Ross's command garrisoned Fort Holt, Kentucky, and formed part of the reconnoitring force to the rear of Columbus, Kentucky. During the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, from February 13 to 16, his regiment formed part of the Third Brigade (General Paine) of General M'Clernand's Division of General Grant's army. It also participated in the battle of Shiloh, where Colonel Ross gained some distinction, and his regiment lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, nearly 150 men. On the 25th of April, 1862, he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the siege of Corinth commanded the Third Brigade of General Judah's (formerly M'Clernand's) Division of General Grant's army. During the summer and fall of 1862 his brigade formed a portion of the force under General M'Clernand that guarded the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. When General Grant reorganized the Department of the Tennessee, on the 22d of December, 1862, General Ross was placed in command of the Eighth Division in the Sixteenth Army Corps, then under General Hurlbut. On the 8th of February he was transferred to the command of the Fifteenth Division of the same army, General J. E. Smith taking charge of the Eighth Division. His newly-appointed force was then stationed at Helena, of which post he was placed in command. From this position he was again removed to take charge of the Yazoo Pass Expedition, of which he is now the military commander.

SALE OF CONFISCATED BLOOD-HORSES AT NEW ORLEANS.

ON page 221 we present a very interesting sketch, by our New Orleans correspondent, of a scene that occurred there on the 3d March. It was on the occasion of the forced sale, by auction, of a large stock of blood-horses, once the property of Messrs. Kenner and Minor, now in rebellion against the Union. The seizure and confiscation of these horses was by an order issued by Major-General Butler, and afterward confirmed by Major-General Banks.

Messrs. Kenner and Minor were long celebrated for possessing some of the very finest blood-horses in the country. Many exhibited on this occasion were splendid animals, tracing back their pedigree through long generations, and with the blood of Lexington and other famous chargers coursing in their veins. It was painful to see horses worth two or three thousand dollars selling for only a few hundreds. The principal purchasers seemed to be agents for people in the North, and many a splendid bargain was made on this occasion.

The sale took place at the open space near French's stables, on Philippa Street. When the crowd assembled, largely sprinkled with gayly dressed officers, and the noble-looking animals were brought out one after another, to exhibit their action during the bidding, the scene was one well worthy of the pencil of a Rosa Bonheur.

IN HOSPITAL.

"YES, there's no use denying that we had rather a stormy time of it."

And Captain Ferdinand Lawrence stroked his mustache, and complacently handled the scabbard of his sword, as he spoke, with the air of a hero who has no objection to being properly appreciated.

Grace Bryan had listened to the whole of his circumstantial description with blue, dilated eyes fixed on his, curved lips, half apart, and a cheek where the color varied, as you have seen sun and shadow chase one another over slopes of blossoming grass. No wonder that the doughty Captain felt inwardly elated at the success of his eloquence. Had he at last struck the responsive key-note to this pale young beauty's nature? Was his long servitude of love at last to meet its exceeding great reward?

Oh, Captain Lawrence, Captain Lawrence! could you but have seen into the hidden mysteries of Grace Bryan's thoughts, what a crash there would be among the dazzling colonnades and airy pediments of your grand *Chateau en Espagne!* But love is blind, and so, unfortunately, is self-esteem.

"Captain Lawrence," said Grace, with her little hands nervously interlocked, and her serious eyes never moving from his face, "was there not a private in your company called John Harral?"

Captain Lawrence gave a quick, involuntary start, but recovered himself immediately, though with a heightened color on his dark cheek:

"Harral—Harral; yes, I believe there was."

"And can you tell me what has become of him?"

"Upon my word," said the Captain, with a little uneasy laugh that was decidedly at variance with the keen glance shooting from underneath his bent brows—"Private Harral is a lucky fellow to have inspired such an interest!"

"Can you tell me what has become of him?" repeated Grace, as calmly as if she had not heard the covert sneer.

"One don't keep the run of these privates," said Lawrence, carelessly; "but if Miss Grace really cares to know, why, of course, my poor services are at her disposal!"

He drew out a little memorandum book, neatly bound in black morocco, and leisurely turned over the leaves.

"Let me see—Gates—Hall—Hanna—oh, here it is! Harral, John—marked 'missing.' Just the sort of fellow to take particularly good care of his bones and sinews—deserted, I dare say. Oh, they *will* do it, Miss Grace. Hold on, though, here's another entry. Harral—killed in the action—buried on left side of creek—hum—m—m. Any thing else I can do for you, Miss Grace?"

But Grace did not answer; she did not even ask to see the treacherous "minutes" which might have revealed their own inconsistency. She sat like one stunned, with hands still folded, and eyes mechanically fastened on the winter sunshine that quivered along the opposite wall, while the blood slowly receded from her cheek, and the color from her lip.

"Gracious Heavens, she has fainted!" ejaculated the Captain, springing from his seat. Hallo here, somebody! Bring camphor, Cologne, any thing! Confound Private Harral!"

Are there any wounds so bitter that Time, whose gentle finger draws the mantle of velvet grass over new-made graves, and puts the chiaro-oscuro of many sunrises and sunsets between us and our griefs, can not heal them? Yes, there are some that bleed on silently, and mine life and heart away with their unseen gush—and such a one was hidden under Grace Bryan's sad smile and heavy eyes, always luminous with the melancholy shine of unshed tears.

"I assure you, Miss Grace, I consider it a very Quixotic piece of business," said Captain Lawrence, in accents of grave displeasure. "You'll do nobody any good, and only upset your own nerves. It's all nonsense, this idea of ladies visiting the hospitals—what can a woman who has been accustomed to shriek at the sight of a spider do in the midst of such dreadful scenes? My dear Mrs. Bryan, do persuade your daughter to abandon this absurd fancy!"

Mrs. Bryan looked helplessly from her daughter to the Captain, and then back again.

"Captain Lawrence is right," she said. "Consider, my love, what suffering you will be compelled to witness."

"Mamma," said Grace, firmly, "is it any worse for me to witness than for these brave fellows to endure? Oh, mamma, to think that we have been sitting at home in ease and luxury while the men who periled life and limb in our behalf lie perishing within a stone's-throw of our Aladdin palaces! Let me go, for it breaks my heart to remember how selfish I have been!"

Soft-natured Mrs. Bryan looked appealingly toward the Captain. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if Miss Bryan chooses to be so foolish, I have, of course, no right to interfere. Only—"

"Don't trouble yourself to finish the sentence, Captain Lawrence," said Grace, quietly. "I need not say that I have not expected the honor of your attendance, nor do I ask for it now!"

She walked out of the room with the air of a young queen. Lawrence watched her with a glance in which vexation and admiration were curiously blended.

"The superb little vixen!" he muttered between his teeth. "What evil genius has put that hospital idea in her head? However, it can't make any difference; he must be dead long ago. Only I wish I could have dissuaded her, for if— Pooh!" he broke off suddenly, "there's no use bothering myself with such an exceedingly improbable supposition. I wonder what makes me love that girl better the more she sets me at defiance? Why can't I scorn her as she scorns me? It's a curious psychological puzzle, the ins and outs of that throbbing, passionate thing that we call a heart! By all the Powers! she *shall* be mine if I peril my own soul to win her."

The noonday sunshine lay brightly on the floor of the long barrack room, with its wooden ceiling, and range of narrow pallets on either side, and Grace Bryan felt a sick giddiness reeling through her brain as she saw the pale, ghastly faces outlined against pillows scarcely whiter than themselves—the shattered arms—the mangled limbs bound down to wooden stretchers—the expressionless faces whence life and light were drifting away into the shoreless tide, side by side with muscles all racked and contorted by fierce spasms of pain! This, then, was a hospital!

"My dearest, you are fainting!"

"No, mamma, I am not," said Grace, resolutely battling with the involuntary recoil of her whole physical nature. "Let us go on. I feel quite well now."

How the sunken eyes of the sick men brightened as the fair, slight figure bent above them with gentle words of pitying encouragement—what healthful remembrances of absent mother and sister love returned to them with the touch of her long, soft curls upon their burning foreheads—the cool contact of her hand against their fevered palms! And as she passed on, strength and courage came back, and the surgeon himself wondered at her nerve and calmness.

They had reached the last of the white beds, where an attenuated figure was supported among pillows, with an open book before him. Not reading, however. The heavy eyelids drooped above the hollow cheeks, as if slumber had weighed them down, and there was a sort of weary repose shadowed over the sharpened features.

"He is asleep, do not disturb him!" murmured Grace, under her breath.

"No, he is not asleep," said the surgeon; "and this is one of the cases on which I most pride myself. Just gone, when he was brought here—dreadfully wounded at Fredericksburg, but he's in a fair way to recover now, thanks to our new system. Come a little nearer—he'll be glad to see you!"

The heavy lashes were slowly lifted at the sound of their footsteps, disclosing dark, grave eyes full of the strange mystery that only comes to those who have stood on Death's threshold and seen the flow of the dark, dark river!

"Harral! what's the matter! Speak to me!" exclaimed the surgeon, in dire perplexity. "A glass of wine, Johnson, quick! he's swooning again."

Where were your eyes, good Esculapius, to imagine that John Harral could swoon with those fluttering fingers in his own, those blue eyes pouring tides of eager light into his uplifted heart? Your Pharmacopœia knows no such remedies as these!

"I knew you would come, Grace. I knew you would not leave me all alone!" he murmured, with the passive bliss of a child who wakes from hideous dreams to find his face against his mother's bosom.

For Grace Bryan had laid her cheek on his pillow and breathed one whisper into his ear—a whisper that was like the pulsing of magnetic life through his veins.

"Tell me once more that you love me! Let me hear it over and over, dearest!" he said, with closed eyes. "Ah, I shall soon be well *now!*"

It was not until they were in the open air, safe beyond the hospital ward, that Grace Bryan fulfilled the Captain's prediction, and fainted.

"Of course; didn't I tell you it would be so?" triumphantly exclaimed Captain Lawrence, twisting the fingers of his buckskin glove round and round. "A woman can't help fainting in such a place."

"It was not from foolish terror, nor shrinking tremors," said Grace, meeting his exultant eye with the serene glance that disarmed its fire at once.

"No; what then?"

"From great happiness—the happiness of meeting one whom I have mourned for as dead."

"Mourned for as dead?" vaguely repeated the Captain.

"I have seen John Harral this day."

"Oh!" said Captain Lawrence, after a moment's blank silence, during which the ticking of his watch sounded like a thousand trip-hammers, and his face turned a dull yellow. "Indeed! Pardon me, but I've just recollected—good-morning—hope to see you again."

And so Captain Ferdinand Lawrence walked off the stage of Grace Bryan's existence.

Need we describe how Miss Grace transformed herself into nurse, physician, and consulting faculty to a hospital consisting of one patient? And how she found it an even more "interesting case" than the honest ward surgeon had done? If our readers want any more explicit details they must ask Mrs. Harral.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Below Broome Street, N. Y.,
Have just received another lot of CHICKENS, WHITE and SPECKLED, ENGRAVED GLASS, CHINA, &c.

First Display of Spring Novelties.
1863.
F. Derby & Company, Merchant Tailors,
Still continue to make up Clothing to order in their usual well-known style of excellence, from an unlimited variety of all the new materials of their own importation, at *Popular Prices.* **57** Walker Street, New York.

Fine Ivory
SLEEVE AND BOSOM STUDS.
FRENCH (Soltaire) PATTERNS.
All colors engraved with initial letter, Old English, &c. Complete setts, $1 50. *Free by mail.*
Trade Supplied.
JOHN F. PHELPS,
429 Broadway, N. Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet.

Finkle & Lyon Sewing Machine Co.,
518 Broadway, N. Y.
N. B. New and important improvements.

$75 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES, or 100 per cent. on sales. AGENTS, MERCHANTS, and PEDDLERS will find this a sure investment. 26 new, useful, and curious patented articles. 6 samples for $1, or 14 for $2, sent to any part of the country on receipt of price.
☞ Everybody should have them.
RICHARDS & CO.,
438 Broadway, N. Y.

READY—(OFFICIAL), THE UNITED STATES Conscription Act, or National Militia Bill, with a copious Index for reference. JAS. W. FORTUNE, Publisher, 102 Centre Street, N. Y. Price five cents.

Rheumatism—Who has It?
Washington, D. C., Sept. 9th, 1862.
Messrs. METTAM & Co.—Gents: You will please send to my address one pair of your METALLIC INSOLES. I have used them for more than one year, and I can say truly, that they are a cure and a preventative of Rheumatism. I commend them to the public. Respectfully,
EDMUND J. PORTER, Major, U. S. A.
Price $1 00; per mail $1 25. Office 429 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.

MOUNT KISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute, Mt. Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y., is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Po'keepsie, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

WEDDING CARDS
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.
To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!
OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

The League of States—1774.
BY BENSON J. LOSSING.
Our forefathers' appeal for the Union—the most important and interesting Pamphlet for the Times.
PRICE 15 CENTS—FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
Over 100 different Pamphlets on the War for sale. Priced Lists sent on application.
C. B. RICHARDSON, Publisher,
No. 264 Canal Street, New York.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi
Manufacturing Company's
POUDRETTE.
FOR SALE BY
JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York.
This article, prepared from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, and MOST POWERFUL FERTILIZER offered in market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crops from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre.
Also, FIFTY TUNS OF BONE TA-FEU, being a mixture of bone and night soil, ground fine, at $45 per tun. A superior article for grain and grass.
A pamphlet containing direction, &c., may be had free.
Address JAMES T. FOSTER,
Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Woman's Rights!!—Every lady can have *beautiful wavy hair* by using "Ivins' Patent Hair Crimpers." For sale everywhere. Manufactured and sold wholesale only, by the Patentee, E. IVINS, Sixth and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Ready:

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Large 12mo (Uniform with "The Student's Hume," "The Student's Gibbon," "Student's Greece," "Liddell's Rome," &c.), Cloth, $1 25.

STREAKS OF LIGHT; or, Fifty-Two Facts from the Bible for Fifty-Two Sundays of the Year. By the Author of "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," "Reading without Tears," and "More about Jesus." Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin gilt, 75 cents.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D. (KIRWAN). By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, Author of "Travels in Europe and the East," etc., etc. With Steel Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II., CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Vol. III., with Portrait and Maps. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE for the HAIR.



A STIMULATING COMPOUND FROM FLOWERS, ROOTS AND HERBS FOR THE GROWTH AND BEAUTY OF THE HAIR.

DR. CHILTON says—"*Its use would prove beneficial. Many of our sanity requires a gentle stimulant application.*"

WARDEN WARD, Esq., of Canal Street, says—"I have never had any thing in my family which so perfectly answers the purpose of a Hair Dressing."

Prof. JOHN SIBSA, 25 King Street, says —"After being laid for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with a new growth of NEW HAIR."

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Put up in glass bottles, having two bottles each.

Price $1.

Prepared only by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,

WHOLESALE DEPOT,

543 Broadway.

KENDALL & BANNISTER, 542 Broadway, N. Y.

Country Board Wanted,

By a small family, within about an hour of the City.—On the Sound preferred. There must be bathing and good drives in the Vicinity. A liberal price will be paid for the right accommodation.

Address **F. H.,** at the Office of "Harper's Weekly," stating particulars.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, JULY, 1862.

Duryeas' Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the acquisition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. Our brief will explain its merits. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without bin-glue, with few or no eggs, at a cost absolutely the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trade mark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long-Island.

Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

The Diaphragm Filter,

With additional improvements, has been awarded two Gold and three Silver Medals by the American Institute and Institutes and by the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association. The well season and the low state of the New Reservoir make the Croton Water very unclean. Price $4.

The DIAPHRAGM FILTER, manufactured by ALEX. ANDER SMITH & SON, 345 4th Street, New York, is the kind of Pressure Filter to which I alluded in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the plain cotton stone which constitutes the filtering medium to be an excellent article for the purpose. The fountain is simple, durable, and requires to be removed occasionally to insure its action. JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

$10 positively needs this $1. Something urgently needed by every person. Very light and portable. Agents wanted. Call or send for a sample and how to make $10 per day. 10 cents, that retail for $1, by

E. L. WILCOX, 707 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Nature has Provided a Remedy

For every Disease.—Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN has lately published a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations for the positive and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Uric Secretions, and General Debility. Any one will send free to all on receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 91 Park Row, N. Y.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS,

13 Waverley Place, near Broadway.

Madame SPONSALIA has de la Paix, Parisian, ballets all who desire novelty and elegance in Millinery, combined with economy, will find her rooms fashionable headquarters, 13 Waverley Place, where a large and beautiful assortment is always in view. A distinct department for every Description of MOURNING MILLINERY and Ornamental Bijouterie is made a prominent feature.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Sizes, $1 12 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 701 Broadway, N. Y. Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Worth its Weight in Gold.

A Pamphlet sent, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted, and engraved.

BOOK AGENTS, TEACHERS, and all who would clear from $5 to $20 per week, can procure the best SECRECY OF THE RUBELLION, issued by the AUBURN PUBLISHING COMPANY, and for circulars, &c., address or write to E. G. STOKES, Auburn, N. Y. *Now is the time.*

If you Play the Pianoforte

Don't fail to have a copy of the "HOME CIRCLE," a collection of choice Instrumental Music; the "SILVER CHORD," a collection of Popular Songs, Ballads, &c.; the "SHOWER OF PEARLS," a collection of Waltzes, Vocal Duets with Piano Accompaniments;—one or all. Price of each, 1 dollar in boards, $1 50 in cloth. To be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St., Boston.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, New Style.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE,
BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE,
BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE,

Are infallible for carminative, sanguine, and nervous sick headache, giddiness, sense of blunting after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

ONE OF MANY CASES.

2d Corporal Leiter at 194 Canal Street, New York:

J. J. C. Cook, publisher of the Saint Lawrence Standard, Potsdam, Vt., says: he was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most unendurable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first dose did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes, a COMPLETE CURE was effected. He says: "My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished."

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

Sold also at No. 4 Union Square, and by all respectable dealers in medicines.

Ginseng! Old Plantation Coffee,

25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage at a low price. Ginseng is the name of a tuberine to Coffee usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Rio, Mocha, &c. Hoods, Private Boarding Houses, Hotels, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our Ginseng process, to possess a delicious aroma of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a case. Sold by Grocers generally, at 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT GILLIS & BRO., 213, 215 and 217 Washington Street, N. Y. Import and Jobbing Grocers.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils*. Address, with stamp, A. J. FULLER & CO., Brockton, Mass.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY is guaranteed to cure the worst cases of Catarrh, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 41 Dey Street, New York.

Volunteers for the Army should not leave the City until supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Fever and Ague, Sore Throat, Fevers, and Bowel Complaints, these medicines are the best in the world. Every French soldier uses them. Only 25 cents per box.

Surgeons and Physicians need for a circular of the new Patent Lap-Joint Knife Rest, by mail, or a set of Needles for 75 cents. ALLEN & PHELPS, Inventor's and Manufacturers' Depot, 429 Broadway, N.Y.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A Female attends Ladies.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organ will cause a fine growth in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) with certainty or no pay. Price $1 by mail, or sent by express, C. O. D., for any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE HUBBARD BROS. have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army and Navy, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels, BY MAIL, with the utmost care and promptitude. Watches, so forwarded, are repaired; we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery.

RAILWAY TIMEKEEPERS, *especially adapted for Army officers*, are now supplied to any part of these Watches in Switzerland, and owing to the premium on specie, our price is now $40 per case of six; not sold in less quantities. *These are our lowest rates. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, in its 3d Vol., 1863, says:—"HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPER are becoming proverbial for their economy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for Officers in the Army and Travelers." Retail at from $25 to $50 each, according to Price. Heavy silver-plated or electro gold-plated, per case of six, $46. Postage, per case, $1 50.

THE MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, *the Perfection of Mechanism*. Designed for Setting and Winding Watches, on GUSTELIER'S WATCH CORRECTOR, with PATENT SECONDS-WINDING ARRANGEMENT. The Best Watch ever offered to the public, for the use of the United States, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 347, illustrated it. We have shown a most pleasing novelty, with the Hubbard Bros., of New York, the Magic Time Inspectors: It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a handsome and open-face watch combined. One of the cheapest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it, and connected with its machinery, the above winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The case of this watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold, and the inner one good coin silver. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted in accurate timepiece." Price, expertly engraved, per case of half dozen, $294 00. Simple Watches, in neat nouveau form, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail the package is 10 ounces. Bottle of $100 compounds.

THE IMPROVED DUPLEX *ice full Ruby Action*.—A first-class hunting timepiece, of silver metal, over which is fine 18-carat plated fine 18 K gold, making the imitation so faultless that it can not be detected from the real, which material has the most experienced jewelers will not reflect it. Has sweep seconds, and is not to be out-lied in general timekeeping. Engineers, engineers, and persons traveling will find them superior to any other timepiece of a similar kind not off-it their accuracy will readily retail at $100 and upwards. Price $36 00. Postage 20 c. ste.

HUNTING COMPOSITION CASED WATCHES.—Imitation chronometer movement; engraved and full jeweled, have sunk seconds, and the newest improvements. Heavy cased and best imitation of gold. Price per case of half dozen $135 00, or per single one only $30 00 per 37 cents. Retails at $75 and upwards.

HUNTING SILVER PLATED ARMY WATCHES.—Superior regulated movement and hunting cases, with engraved dials, fancy hands, &c., per case of half dozen, $48 00; a single one, $8. Postage 25 cts.

HUNTING COMPOSITION CASED WATCHES.—Imitation chronometer and fancy polished cap, handsomely engraved, in octagon or round case. Price per case of a half dozen, $72 00; single one, $16. Postage 33 cents.

We have no agents or travelers. Buyers must deal with us direct, ordering from this advertisement. Texas, Mexico, and British Provinces may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order in this city. Do not write private letters, but confine the amount of postage with your order. Write your address in full. Remember HUBBARD BROS. are on Hand.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,
North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money—Extensive copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian Papers for the last twenty years, giving to several thousand names and descriptions of persons and property entitled to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Sent to any address, by Post, on receipt of advertisement $7, in banknote funds. All letters must be post paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, or wounded while in service. Information and Blanks with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to HENRY HAYS, Attorney, 649 Broadway, N. York Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c.*, to be seen—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—70 acre tracts of from $10 to $15 per acre, according to location. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland, Cumberland County, New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Farms free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, on an ele*vated level plateau, and well watered. *Many are pleased farming that we leave the old style of the Western Prairies.*

A Good Article always recommends itself.—The best and most wholesome Coffee ever offered to the retailing trade is the Organism of Last Java Coffee. Only 20 cents per pound!! Wholesale and retail, by TUTTLE & HOLBROOK, 155 Chambers, 66 Reade, 59 Fulton Street, and Story & Scothworth, Vesey Street, Jersey City. Orders promptly attended to Dollars. Depot for the best and cheapest Family Soap in the World. Orders for Circulars, and a reader's price.

Address orders,

G. BENTLEY,
79 Barclay Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colored for Ridicule and Fancy for Gentlemen and Ladies for Jack. 50 assorted cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars and Stripes, &c., and you can play till the money gamers. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. Please address the Publisher. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
74 Chambers Street, New York.

LANDRETH'S
(WARRANTED)
SEEDS

Have been before the American People for nearly

Three Quarters of a Century,

and daily grow in popular favor.

☞ They will speak their own praise wherever planted.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, 1863, is mailed, *without charge*, to all applicants.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address, S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

Chemicals, &c.—We have for Sale

250 tons of SODA ASH, different brands and tests, in store and to arrive, for Soap or Glass Makers. CAUSTIC SODA, the best makes, in iron 5 cwt. packages. NEW-CASTLE SAL SODA, 1½ tons in assorted packages—also FRIAR'S GOOSE, our own make. Newcastle BI CB SODA ash. L. F. & Co., Jersey, Alkagens—Also the FRIARS' GOOSE CHEMICAL WORKS, our own manufacture, unexcelled. CREAM TARTAR, crystal and powdered. Also TARTARIC ACID, crystal and powdered *in our own mills, perfectly pure*. "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER, of acknowledged excellence, the standard article. SALERATUS, the best and purest in the market, made at our Laboratory, Jersey City, the largest works in this country, at the Jersey Docks, foot of the Erie, and guaranteed. Also the following Sundries: CONCENTRATED LYE, FERRATUS POTASH, POTASH, PEARL ASHES, SODA POWDER, INDIGO, &c. 150,000 lbs. of PALM OIL, duty paid, in assorted packages.

Buyers from strictly first hands should send us their orders.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 and 138 *Cedar Street, New York, and Jersey City.*
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Almost as Interesting as Robinson Crusoe

Is the following:

So vivid that we are reminded of Defoe.—*Globe.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Publish this Day:

BALDWIN'S AFRICAN HUNTING.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Later Explorations, Sport, and Discovery, from 1852 to 1863. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo. Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. A Novel. By MRS. GASKELL. Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "Ruth," "My Lady Ludlow," "North and South," "The Moorland Cottage," "Right at Last," "Life of Charlotte Bronté," &c.

☞ *The New Edition of Sylvia's Lovers is just ready.*

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out of "Line upon Line." The First Volume to be Found in the Times of the Patriarchs and the Judges. By the Author of "Line upon Line." "Reading without Tears." "More about Jesus," "Streaks of Light," &c. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, $1 00.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. A Novel. By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving" "The Light of the Harem," "Memoirs of My Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tierney," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "One of Them," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," &c. Illustrated. By JOHN MCLENAN. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By MRS. C. H. B. RICHARDS. 12mo, printed on Tinted Paper, Cloth, $1 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $1 25.

MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from Celebrated Campaigns. By Colonel MACDOUGALL, late of the Royal Engineers. By BARNES SEAMAN, Captain U. S. A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Regulations for the Field Regulations for the Army Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By the late Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. *Approved by the War Department.* 16mo, Flexible Cloth, 62 cents.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. A Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By F. Kugler and Eminent Writers. With a Map Embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. 12mo, Cloth, $2 25; Leather, $3 00; Half Calf, $3 50; Roan with Tucks, $3 50.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

Postage, 24 cents per Number, or 72 cents per Year, to all parts of the United States, EXCEPT that HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, in electrotype, *stereotype plates* can be had at any time.

Vol. I., II., III., IV., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," in 7 handsomely bound in Cloth *extra*, Price $4 37 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or Country Merchant with whom they are dealing. And of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



THE LAST SHOT.

BEAUREGARD. "What's to be done, now? Only two more Charges left."
JEFF DAVIS. "Oh, bother! Can't you ram them both down together, and burst the whole darned thing up?"

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR will cease. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

New Dime Books, now Ready.

I. **MEN OF THE TIMES.** No. 3.—Comprising original and exhaustive Biographies of *Major-Generals Hooker, Rosecrans, Grant, McClernand,* and *Mitchell.* A most delightful book for all.

II. **SONGS OF THE GLDEN TIME.** Being a very unique collection of those old-time songs which our fathers used to sing. It is a real good old-fashioned treasure of songs.

III. **NATIONAL TAX LAW.** New Edition, embodying the amendments, modifications, and additions of the late Congress. Boath's "Citizen's Edition" of the TAX LAW is, by far, the best for popular use and reference.

☞ For sale by all News Dealers, Sutlers, &c.
BEADLE & CO., Publishers,
118 William Street, New York.

UNION ADAMS,
Hosier, Glover,
AND
SHIRT-MAKER,
No. 637 Broadway,
New York City.

AGENTS WANTED to SELL a LIVE BOOK.—THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863, containing a complete Rebellion Record, Biographies of the Officers, Military Army List, Navy List, Yacht Directory furnished by each State, Tables of rank, and everything relative to the U. S. Government, and full accounts of each of the States. Send for circulars and terms. Price $1 in boards, or $1.25 in muslin. 700 pages. The cheapest book ever published. Address GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher, No. 628 and 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

IF YOU DESIRE
A FINE HEAD OF HAIR
USE
STERLING'S AMBROSIA
IT'S EFFECTS ARE WONDERFUL.
CALL AT 493 BROADWAY.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. PRICE $1 A BOOK: 2 BOTTLES

"Loyal Union League."
To the Trade.

We have just received a new Pin, emblematical of the above organization, which we offer very cheap to the Trade.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Agents and Soldiers.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can retire Aroud, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented free to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 162 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$10 PER DAY NETT PROFIT. Agents wanted for a light wholesale business. Send for a circular to
C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

The Polar Refrigerator

Maintains the pre-eminence. A full assortment at wholesale and retail.
LESLEY & ELLIOT, 494 Broadway, N. Y.

Elegant Colored Photographs.

Any person, though not an Artist, can paint the *Carte de Visite* and Photographs quickly and beautifully with Newton's Prepared Colors.

Specimen Cards, painted with three colors, sent, postpaid, on 50 cents, by the subscribers.

Price of a Box of PAINTS $1.00, and with Reducing Liquid $3.25, recostered with full directions.

Caution.—Persons are cautioned against a worthless imitation of "Newton's ALKAHEST COLORS," offered in shape and style similar to the genuine.

The genuine Newton's Colors have the name of the Sole Agent for the United States,

E. B. TILTON & CO., Boston,

On each bottle and box.



Ladies! Look, Read, and Buy.

We want the Ladies to call or send, and buy one of

George's Patent Hair Crimpers.

Any lady can wave her own hair beautifully, in less than five minutes, and give it a rich, glossy appearance.

On receipt of $1.25, the Crimper will be forwarded free by Express.

Beware of Metal Crimpers, they both burn and cut the hair. For sale, wholesale and retail, by H. G. RUFLEE, No. 551 Broadway, at the Rooms of the "Celebrated SLOAT ILLIPTIC IMPROVED SEWING MACHINE."

Soldiers Presented Free *with Literature* upon receipt of their Name and Address.
WM. H. CATELY, 60 Ann Street, N. Y.

NEWS DEALERS,

Send for our revised Price List, ready Mar. 2.
FRIEKS & BANCKER, 24 Ann st., N. Y.
Wholesale Dealers in Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Cheap Publications, Albums, Carts, de Visite, and Merchandise of every description.

ATTENTION
Agents, Soldiers, and Masons.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.

A. T. HAWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

Superior Farm Land

At low prices, in Monmouth-co. and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in tracts to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

The Alabama taken!!
The famous 290.

Card Photographs from a view taken by an Artist on board the Ariel.

ACCURATE! SPIRITED! LIFE-LIKE!

Price 25 cents. Can be sent by mail on receipt of amount.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway.

N.B.—Don't confound this with a picture advertised at a cheaper price, copied from a lithograph.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. *Transferring from Copper and Stone, and Printing has made equal to copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being reluse manufactures sent to the country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *packaging* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AS ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Mahogany. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 577 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.



BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to fit, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.

Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols. Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

Milligan's Army Mess Kettle.

Endorsed by the best Military *Talent* in the Country. In a letter from GEN. ROSECRANS he says:

"It is so convenient and compact that I wish it were carried by all whenever this Army moves. I hope they may entirely replace the Officer's Mess Chest now in use."

GEN. LEW WALLACE writes us: "It is the most complete article of the kind I have seen. Its compactness commends it for transportation."

It is sensible for Four Officers, weight 15 lbs., price $15. Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 29 Cliff, cor. Fulton St., N. Y. Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

Brown & Wilson,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.

LEWIS M. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON.

7 3-10 U. S. Treasury Notes, U. S. 6 per cent Debt Certificates, Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver bought and sold.

Commission Dealers in Stocks, Bonds, and Securities. Refer by permission to

Bank of the Commonwealth,	Spofford & Tileston,
John J. Cisco,	Mount Taylor.

Lewis B. Brown has removed from 21 Chambers Street to 19 Wall Street.

$16 Watches. $16

Fine Gold Plate Silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches, equal to 18 karat Solid Gold in finish and general appearance, for $16, usually sold at $35.

J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 50 cents.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.



The American Parlor Or Floor Stove.
Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
315 *Pearl Street, New York.*
66 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

Army Watches.—A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, *English Movements*, perfect timekeeper. Sent free by mail for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $6. Chas. F. Norton & Co., 39 & 40 Ann St., N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Monmouth Jacket and Pant Package. 200 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 60 Ann St., N.Y.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris.
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 25 cts. (in silver), magnifying small objects **500** *times*. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 210, Boston, Mass.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42
PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FROZEN TRASSEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

FAIRBANK'S
SCALE WAREHOUSE,
REMOVED



FROM No. 189 BROADWAY, TO
No. 252 BROADWAY.
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.
NEW YORK.

Descriptive circulars furnished on application.

Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, &c.

Chapman's Recipe for the permanent Removal of the above disfigurements of the face, leaving the skin soft and smooth, can be obtained (free of charge) by addressing
DR. THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Practical Chemist,
351 Broadway, N. Y.

P. S.—Also information that will enable any one to start a full set of Whiskers in less than six weeks.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 328.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



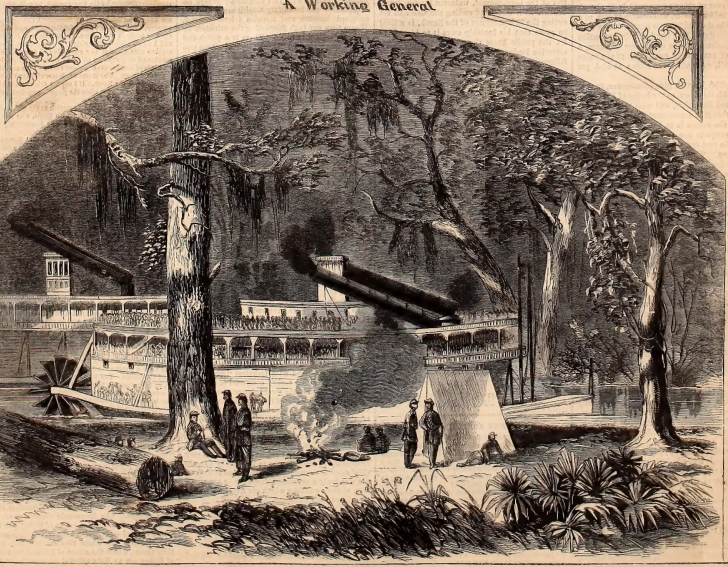
Difficulties of



A Working General



Among the Bayous.



Bayou Navigation in Dixie.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 235.]

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

Nor those who sleep beneath the sod,
To meet us here no more;
We kissed the very path they trod
Unto a holier shore.
Still smiling, as we said,
"These dear ones are not dead."
Nor even lost, but only gone before."

Here, by our side, the dead we meet!
Our dead—their presence pulls
Upon us, as their lagging feet
Tread where the sunlight falls.
Honor our call in vain,
They answer not again—
Death has closed up their ears to Freedom's calls.

When rings the clarion voice of War—
War against truth and right;
When Treason triumphs over law,
These dead rise in our sight,
And fix their ghastly eyes
Where Parricide our land
As if their very glance her stars should blight!

You can not speak of liberty
But they will cringe, and sigh,
And wonder if they'll ever see
Such days as have gone by.
They plant for future years
Myrtads of gloomy fears,
And love to count how thick the crop will be!

Away with them! Bury these dead!
They but defile our land:
Away with them! and in their stead
Bid loyal freemen stand!
Look up—look up on high!
See victory draw nigh!
Know that your country's freedom is at hand!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

THE CONFEDERATE LOAN IN EUROPE.

THE rebel agents, it seems, have succeeded in persuading some speculative bankers in Europe to undertake the negotiation of a Confederate loan of $15,000,000. The money is wanted to pay for the steamers which English men are building for the Emperor of Europe, and any sacrifice would be cheerfully undergone to procure it. It is called a "cotton loan." The bonds covenant that the Confederate States will pay to the holder, in twenty years from date, the sum of money expressed in the bond, or, if the holder prefers, will deliver to him, at a point within the Confederate States, at any time between the date of the bond and the expiration of six months after the conclusion of peace, a quantity of raw cotton equivalent to the value of the bond, estimating the cotton at 54d. per pound.

The British journals give prominence, in connection with this loan, to the house of Erlanger, of Paris and Frankfort, and wish to have it understood that it is a continental enterprise. As, however, the cotton is to be valued and shipped, and the coupons are to be paid in the same money, the real operators in the affair must be Englishmen. The London *Times*, which has uniformly decried our securities, and called upon the crown lawyers to prosecute any one who tried to negotiate a loan for the United States, comes out warmly in favor of the rebel bonds, and has already puffed them to a premium.

Well, we don't know that we have any right to complain. If we can stand the fitting out of rebel privateers in England, we can also endure the negotiation of rebel loans in the same country. It is not precisely what we expected. But life is full of similar disappointments. There are a good many English capitalists who are investing money in our stocks; and we suppose the single small publishers of Great Britain will contend that strict neutrality requires us to wait for other capitalists, with Southern proclivities, to invest their means in "cotton bonds." For the sake of that latter, it will be a pity if the Southern guerillas burn up all the cotton at the South; and it will be a still greater pity if Jeff Davis should repeat for their benefit the repudiation he so successfully practiced in the case of Mississippi. But this is not our business.

If we are to ourselves, and, in the homely language of the President, "keep our pegging on" at the work of suppressing the rebellion, the adventurous speculators who have taken these bonds will by-and-by find that their debtor has ceased to exist. The season for active operations has already commenced; and if our generals and admirals are as prompt and as lucky as they were at this time last year, the foreign loan of $15,000,000 to the rebels will prove of no more substantial use to them than the *Alabama* or the *Florida*.

LORD LYONS'S DISPATCH.

A MOST curious and important dispatch from Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, dated Washington, November 17, 1862, has been published in the British papers and is reproduced here. In this dispatch Lord Lyons states that on his arrival at New York from Europe, on 8th November ult., he was waited upon by "the Conservative leaders," who were exulting in the triumphs achieved by the Democratic party at the elections in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and New York; that "foreign mediation" was the thought uppermost in their minds; that they dreaded its coming too soon, as "a premature proposal of foreign intervention would afford the radical party a means of reviving the violent war spirit, and of thus defeating the peaceful plans of the conservatives;" that the success of such a proposal required that "it should be deferred till the control of the Executive Government should be in the hands of the Conservatives;" that the Conservative leaders so talked as to lead Lord Lyons to perceive that they "desired to put an end to the war, even at the risk of losing the United States altogether;" that their aim was "an armistice to be followed by a convention;" that "the more sagacious members of the party are aware that the probable consequence even of an armistice would be the establishment of Southern independence;" but that they deem it "wiser to agree to a measure which is inevitable and not hopeless war;" that "if their own party were in power, they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation.....and would desire that the offer should come from the Great Powers of Europe conjointly."

These astounding statements will be read with amazement and indignation. They will thrill thousands who voted the Democratic tickets in New York, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Whatever may be the views of the Democratic or Conservative leaders, who made such haste to parade their country's agony before a foreign embassador, the masses of the Northern people, Democratic or Radical, Conservative or Republican, most certainly have never entertained any desire for foreign intervention, but on the contrary, from first to last, at every and all times, have most strenuously and unequivocally protested against foreign interference, and averred their intention to resist it at all hazards.

Nor is there the slightest degree of ground for stating that the party which triumphed at the recent elections has ever expressed or entertained a desire for the termination of the war by the division of the country; on the contrary, it is notorious that throughout the States where the Democracy are dominant the people have willing hearts, and are ready hands, for the most the prosecution of the war, at any and all costs, by every lawful and available method, until the rebellion is finally crushed.

To state, as Lord Lyons has done, that the Democratic party would, on obtaining the control of the Government, welcome foreign intervention as a means of reviving the war spirit, during the independence of the South, is a libel so gross that his lordship owes it to himself to let the public know the names of the "Conservative leaders" who so basely traduced their fellow-countrymen.

That there is, in this city, a nest of malignant Copperheads, who have no other notion of patriotism than the reptile to which they owe the *sobriquet* they bear; men who would sell out America independence for the price of a pound of cotton, or the profit on a shipment of wooden buttons and bowie-knives to South Carolina—whose principles are sordid as their views are base, and corrupted as their hearts—we have long since informed us. He, too, was taken in and crammed by these pretended Democratic leaders: deceived by their smooth talk, and fascinated by their Champagne and turtle, he allowed himself to be so thoroughly humbugged by them that his letters informing the *Times* here would be worse than waste paper, and ridiculously with the accounts of the bombardment of Sumter. That the same clique should have been equally successful with Lord Lyons, and the minister who succeeded Russell is no wonder; but is it possible that so astute a diplomatist as Lord Lyons can be similarly humbugged? Are we to suppose that the real leaders of the Democracy are the men who will control the executive if the Democrats carry the election in 1864, diametrically tell these Englishmen that they were for the ruin of the United States, and in favor of a foreign commission to divide our estate?

If the reports respecting conversations, or the "Conservative leaders" will have a difficult account to render to the public.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT GENTLEMEN.

"WITH the Lounger college a friend, whenever it will come conveniently, by sending a check for $100, to procure an English novels, magazines, and better cut of sweepers than most when they use the word *gentlemen*. There are obviously several grades in their estimation. What is the highest, according to our received understanding in country 'good society' in England?

"May we not, without the least loss of self-respect, allow that there is an ideal of the gentleman in England that we do not see in America? Are there not in Europe artists, so to speak, accomplished in the minor social benevolences and graces, whom we, with the best opportunity that the country affords in such accomplishment, can not rival? And do not such social artists establish a standard type, a school of more nearness, of which there are innumerable imitators? Is not this the evident attempt to succeed in the style required of those who would assume the useless English title of gentleman in this city?

"'Gentleman,' as a mere statement of family descent, etc., is not intended in these inquiries. Yet the question arises, would any man with a very strong and unmistrollable individuality of character pass muster as a gentleman of the finest type in English society—as, for instance, an irrepressibly humorous man, an exceedingly egotistic, or an extremely vehement man, allowing that every where there are unquestionable exaggerations of all these types? Does a good, simple-hearted, well-bred, and carefully-nurtured English girl of the better sort of the quiet middle-class ever feel quite satisfied that a Frenchman or other foreigner is a perfect gentleman? And is there not an incurable confusion of ideas which leads an Englishman to suppose that one who has not the technical style can not have the essential qualities of a gentleman? He takes it for granted that every honest man wishes to be a gentleman, and that, if he does not confess to the external fashion, which is the easiest part of it, he is not and does not care to be so. Hence, when in observing he meets men who disregard this external standard, he sets them down for upstarts, adventurers, and nondescripts.

"The accounts to the writer, at least, for certain experiences of Englishmen traveling in this country, which are confidence to our American could have encountered. Does the Lounger's experience confirm this? Has the Lounger seen Englishmen who has been in Washington since the war commenced who did not evidently mean to say, 'Mr. Lincoln is not even a gentleman?' meaning simply, 'Mr. Lincoln may be an honest sort of man in a crude way, and perhaps even with some eccentric talent, but without common grace, or he would certainly have learned to conform to the standard of the gentleman.'

"As custom establishes the meaning of words, and as the definition given by modern English literature and opinion is the test of gentlemanly standard in manners and in character, may we not freely admit that, in this sense, the President is not a gentleman, and yet be proud of his position? In fact, the Lounger hesitates, his prejudice notwithstanding? If we admit that his stories sometimes drop in the mouth of a gentleman, the answer would not put them, must we be ashamed of it? It would be a very good thing to have a gentleman for our ruler, because of a person of gentlemanly habits. But may we not say that 'polish' is not of the last importance just here and now?

"A CORN-HILL HOER."

The note of our correspondent touches the subject of a very pretilies discussion which is suggested by Trollope's "North America" book, and the talk of certain persons in "society." As Mr. Russell informs us, he fell, upon his arrival in this country, into certain circles which had much to say of the vulgarity of the rail-splitter. Yet doubtless all the persons in such circles were partisans of Mr. Buchanan, who represented England in London, and who betrayed his country. That is to say, they could consider a man "gentlemanly" who in his private intercourse was unctuous, but in his discharge of supreme public trusts was false. Doubtless, also, the same persons considered the Marquis of Hartington "a gentleman," and the young officer who approved him "ungentlemanly." It is clear that in such minds there is no accurate standard whatever by the name of what is gentle or socially gentlemanly.

There is no doubt, as our correspondent suggests, that there is a gentlemanly manner in society which the English novel and current opinion mentions as a man to determine if he be a gentleman; and, in that sense, the President is not a gentleman. But the different organization of our society plays the most ludicrous pranks with this standard. Where the social position and hereditary wealth are united the standard becomes and remains tolerably fixed. We have there a class combining the qualities by such a standard is futile. There is a polish and ease of manner known as gentlemanly because persons of certain habits of life and fortune often have it. But it is precisely the quality which sharpers most easily imitate. The criticism of this social directed upon the President, of which Russell and Trollope speak, was itself a proof of the want of what is truly gentlemanly upon the part of those who uttered it. For the very essence of a gentleman, in any large and noble sense, is that he instinctively emphasizes between essentials and which is the eternal fact, and manner, which is the most transitory of appearances. Gentlemanliness, like every other quality, has a kernel and a shell. The nut may be sound and sweet in every particle, however rough the envelope, as it may be dusty fruit and rotten, however smooth and pretty the skin.

The sting of social satire is its exposure of this discrepancy. The moment we strip off the shell and wipes away the paint, and reveals the haggard, horrid features. He pulls out the false teeth; he searches of the false hair. In terse and telling phrasing, and shows the decrepit, lame, shriveling reality. He sits at the feast as Socrates sat at the banquet of Agathon, and by philosophic analysis forces upon a lovely guest. The character whom we second, but under his glance she wavered and changed; and, changed and changed; and, slipping to the floor, glided away, a loathsome serpent.

But in this country of no Socrates, and in a high place. Since "gentlemen" of fine manners have plunged us into this fearful war by the most corrupt political schemes, and during the year has swarmed with technical "gentlemen" and "ladies," and a society composed of such was the very last place to distinguish between manners and nobility. The historian of the war will do his work very imperfectly if he does not reveal the influence of that kind of social blandishment upon our troubles. For the power of manners, however subordinate, is not to be denied. And the historian of the war will equally fail if he does not count it among our signal good fortunes that when the very fundamentals of society are to be tried by fire, the chief magistrate and representative man of the people was truly a representative, even to exaggeration, of those qualities which are American as distinguished from European.

FROM A DIARY.

THIS morning Dash met Blank at Mallard's, where he was taking a cup of chocolate. Blank asked him if he had joined the United Club.

"I have not," said Dash; "may I ask you by such a question?" rejoined Dash.

"Insult!"

"Why, yes. Do you think a gentleman wishes to belong to a club which refuses to expel a traitor, even if it does not actually receive his money in dues? Is there no self-respect left?"

"Oh," said Blank, quickly, "you are speaking of the affair at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Avenue?"

"Of course," replied Dash.

"Well, my dear boy, you are behind the age. That is the Dimmion Club."

I lately dined in company with one of those inane young gentlemen who, as Theodore Winthrop says in "Cecil Dreeme," grace slavery and think they are aristocratic. The young gentleman went on for some time, when Mrs. —— said to him, pitifully,

"If you sympathize with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?"

"I, Madame! I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly, only I stand by the Administration, not by the Administration."

"So Vallendigham says."

"I mean I am no Abolitionist."

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am not one who is alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think war can restore it."

"So Toucey says."

"In fact, my dear Madame, the war is unconstitutionally carried on."

"So George Tickner Curtis says."

"I mean that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Well, but isn't the war fratricidal?"

"So Ben Wood says."

"Come, then, he's hopeless?"

"So the London *Times* says."

"Yes, my dear Madame, but what on earth do you say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the Administration in the war stands against the Government. I say that whoever says he is no Abolitionist means that he intends to embrace the war. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him to death. I say that whoever thinks that force can not restore the Union does not know that Union is the most irresistible instinct of the American people. I say that whoever thinks that the constitutionality or rebellion is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split his hair. I say that those are not the critics are inspired by the Government and not by the Southern, wrote and prays for the success of the rebellion and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say that whoever calls the war fratricidal has no more conception of national unity than those leaders are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless has not cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people and of the facts of the situation. That is what I say, Madame; that is what every truly American man and woman says and believes."

The young gentleman made no reply. But the next day, at the Club, he said to a friend, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. ——'s, and she had an awful Abolitionist to it."

——tells me that the other day he was coming to Rochester from Lockport upon the railroad, and was presently attracted by the sound of a warm debate between two persons near him. The whole car became deeply interested and attentive. The debate was upon the necessary policy and ethics of the war. It was upon the point to be replaced about the sovereign rights of States and the decentralization by the Government. The debate was this:

"The fact is, that I approve of slavery, and I hope to see the day when it will be introduced throughout the United States. That is the only way in which I can develope free trade in the matter. I have lived at the South, and I admire Southern society. It is a mere mistake to suppose that there is any restriction of free speech. A gentleman may say any thing he chooses. I have heard all kinds of sentiments expressed there. I am entirely in favor of slavery. The slaves are better off than the workingmen of the North. If I am not mistaken, the line is not very far distant when the prejudice against slavery will disappear."

—— says that he heard this curtain to the end, and before the debate was interrupted. Eagle, who had told him a tale of his Southern travel, he immediately took part in the conversation.

"You say," said he, that you like slavery; that it seems to you a proper and desirable system of society; and that you believe the prejudice against it will disappear. Of course no man of sense would stop to argue such proposition with you. Slavery is due for its fall in this country. It has plunged into a civil war, and it is already drowning in the blood it has shed. But you said also that it is a mere mistake to suppose that there is any restriction of free speech in the slave region. Now, Sir, my name is Eagle, and I live in Buffalo. I am a Democrat, and a friend of mine, Mr. Eagle, for whose perfect veracity I vouch. He was residing in Memphis in the autumn of 1859. He was sitting in a car, as you are now. He was surrounded by Southerners, as you are by Northerners. The conversation fell upon politics, and he naturally and quite calmly expressed his views. He said that slavery ought to be restricted as it was then, and that it was a pity that it ought to go every where in the country. He said that he thought slavery a wrong, just as you say that you think it right. The whole earful of passengers became immediately excited, and shouted, 'Lynch him—a Black Republican.' They said he had no business in the South. They got hotter and hotter, and at length resolved to stop the train and hang him on the spot. He was in a terrible track; and it was with great difficulty that a few more sensible men succeeded in rescuing him. He was rescued, but he said he was attacked and suspected man until he got beyond the border. You sit here in a free State of liberty, and say that you prefer slavery, and our only emotion is that of amusement and disgust. But the single emotion of the two cars shows exactly the difference between the civilization of Free and Slave States. It is better, when a man says, 'I love liberty,' there is a thrill of fear. In the former, when a man says, 'I love slavery,' there is a smile of contempt."

—— says that the face of Copperhead turned blue, but he made no reply.

A POOR "ARTICLE" OF REBEL.

THE most pitiful and mean of all rebels are those who have escaped from the rebel section to the North, and devote their time and tongues to the abuse of the Government whose protection they have sought. The inexorable despotism of the rebel away, the enormous prices of living, the certainty of rebel conscription have driven them away. They reach a city where they can say just what they please, where the aspect of life and the means of living are all that a little afraid as possible by the bloody attempt of a faction to overthrow the Government, and they openly express their delight in

every disaster that befalls that Government, and at every success of the rebellion from whose dominion they have run away.

They denounce the unconstitutional acts of the Government, while the rebellion in which they delight is a stupendous act of destruction of the whole Constitution.

They declaim against the restriction of liberty of speech while their tongues are entirely unbridled: and under the dominion of their beloved rebellion, if they dared to indulge a corresponding freedom of talk, they would be incontinently silenced.

They scold at the danger to the liberties of the citizen from the Government; but when they are reminded of the reign of terror in Texas, of the inconceivable horrors which have pursued the Union men at the South, they declare that it is not the act of the rebel authorities. When, then, they are asked what kind of government it is which does not repress such atrocities at any cost, they shift the question, and reply that where there are slaves it is not safe to let people say what they will, which gives a charming foretaste of the delights of a government based upon "the system of involuntary servitude" as its chief corner-stone.

They declare that if the Government had let them alone there would have been no trouble, which is equally true of all other public offenders who resist the laws. They seem to think that they should have been allowed to steal forts, territory, and public improvements without the least notice upon the part of the Government which owned them, while no man in the country is suffered to steal so much as a watch with impunity. And with incredible and amusing stupidity some of them seem honestly to think it strange that a great, sovereign, imperial Government would not suffer itself to be snuffed out like a tallow dip.

These gentry who have not had the courage to stay at home and maintain with arms the cause which they affect to consider so just and holy, are the most contemptible phenomena of the rebellion. They congregate with our own indigenous Copperheads, and hiss at the Government to which they owe the security of their lives and rights, and the protection of all the property which has not been consumed by the relentless despotism for the success of which they so ardently pray.

A WORD ABOUT CONNECTICUT.

The interest in the Connecticut election is not merely a State and local interest; it is national, because at this time any election which proceeds upon the ground of supporting or opposing the war is an expression of opinion upon a national question. Yet it is to be borne in mind that no orator in Connecticut, not even Mr. Thomas H. Seymour himself, nor Toucey, nor Fernando Wood, has dared to pronounce for disunion. That is a policy which Vallandigham, the chief of Copperheads, eschews now, although three years ago he openly favored a dissolution of the Union into four or more parts. And no observer should forget that the majority in Connecticut has always been very small either way. Therefore, while the result of the election is interesting, it is not of that supreme importance which has been attached to it. For it is not the State of Connecticut declaring for war or peace. It is only the decision of the voters who are left in the State whether they wish to try to embarrass and paralyze the national Government in its endeavor to maintain the national existence. The great mass of the voters of that State who are in the field are unreservedly national Unionists. Let every man remember, then, that if the sense of all the legal voters was to be expressed at this election Connecticut would show herself exactly as loyal as every other loyal State. If by the result of the election she shall seem to waver, nobody will know more certainly than the seeming victors that they win because thousands and thousands of faithful citizen soldiers are away. "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober," said the old philosopher to the king. And the heart of every true American Unionist, in case of Mr. Seymour's election, will at once appeal from Connecticut deprived of the votes of her patriot sons in arms to Connecticut with all her citizens at home and voting.

THE OPERA.

Medori's Norma is the finest rendering of that character we have ever had in this country, except that of Grisi, who created the part. And it is the more pleasant because it is entirely unheralded. M. Maretzek arrived with his company, and with much less than the usual preliminary trumpeting they appeared—and they conquered. The spirit, the unanimity, the dramatic power and co-operation, are such as we have never seen at the Academy. The opera of "Norma" is often languid and ineffective in the representation, for the tenor usually slurs Pollio, and the basso's Oroveso is unimportant, and Adelgisa is subordinate. But, with true artistic instinct, Mazzoleni made Pollio, and Biachi Oroveso, and Madame Sulzer Adelgisa, what they ought to be; and the representation was a great and deserved success.

This is the more interesting because neither the voices nor the singers are especially magnetic. Medori's voice is full, but it has a marked *tremolo*, and its tone is more clear than sweet. But she is a truly noble lyrical artist, and her mien and action are of the largest and finest school. There was not a look or a posture or a movement that was not queenly. She looks all the Druidess, and her bursts of passionate emotion were of that intensity and fury which belong to the conception of the wild British forest. It was Boadicea that we saw; and the amplitude of the singer's person merely deepens the impression. There have been finer voices, in certain qualities, and more elaborate vocalization than Medori's upon the same stage, but no Prima Donna whatever—not even Grisi, for the most part, when she was here—has so prevailed by pure dramatic power.

Mazzoleni is worthy to sing with her. His organ is not of the elegiac sweetness of Brignoli's, but it is fervent and powerful; and he throws himself so fully into his part, and acts and moves with such spirit and grace, that he compels admiration and applause. Madame Sulzer sings with the same spirit; her voice is excellent, with some fine contralto notes, and her vocalization finished and true. She often divided the honors of her scenes with Medori. And Biachi completes the quartette with a most effective bass, a striking presence, and dramatic talent.

Medori is undertaking other of the grand lyrical parts. Norma was to be followed by Semiramide. Let us hope that M. Maretzek will not forget how long it is since we have had a really satisfactory presentation of "Lucrezia."

CONNECTICUT IN LOUISIANA.

Several of the Connecticut regiments in the field have already spoken to their fellow-citizens at home. The Twelfth Regiment, now in Louisiana, has added its voice, and one of its bravest officers, speaking by the consent and with the enthusiastic approval of his fellow-officers, including the old line Democrats, writes as follows:

"If the rest of the army is like the Twelfth Connecticut—and I believe it is not far different—the President need not make a disgraceful peace."

This is the universal sentiment of all the Connecticut voters who will not vote at this election; and their number will vastly surpass any majority which may be cast against the Government of the country.

THE TIME OF DAY.

Some two years ago the Lounger described a most interesting visit he had made to the factory of the American Watch Company at Waltham. He has lately been there again with increased wonder and delight. The works have been enlarged and the machinery carried to a yet finer perfection; while his own private experience of the quality of the American watch has confirmed all that he then said. And at a time when the war for American nationality engages and engrosses the profoundest interest of all loyal citizens, there is the greatest satisfaction in knowing that the minutes and days and weeks and years of that war are told by an American watch in your pocket. The beauty, the precision, the greater cheapness, the uniform excellence of a watch constructed by machinery so exquisite that the mere spectacle of its operation is poetic, gradually give the American watches a public preference which will not be deceived. The Lounger again, and with the emphasis of practical experience, commends this masterly manufacture to the attention of all his friends who wish to keep time with the onward march of American skill, and enterprise, and success. And if they are not willing to take his word for it, let them step into the pleasant office at No. 182 Broadway, and ask Messrs. Robbins and Appleton what they think upon the subject.

"SYLVIA'S LOVERS."

The dedication of Mrs. Gaskell's last novel, "Sylvia's Lovers," just issued by the Harpers, is an illustration of the earnest sympathy with which so many of the most intelligent and influential persons in England regard our war. Mr. Norton, known in our literature by his little book of the ripest scholarship, "Travel and Study in Italy," is also known less publicly as one of the most faithful and devoted leaders and workers in every form of patriotic and national effort in Massachusetts. Mrs. Gaskell properly names him among her many American friends in her dedication, which is as follows:

"This book is dedicated to all my Northern friends with the truest sympathy of an English woman, and in an especial manner to my dear friend, Charles Eliot Norton, and to his wife, who, although personally unknown to me, is yet dear to me for his sake."

LOYALTY.

When Mr. Fernando Wood tells us that he is not a loyal man, he might have spared his breath, for no one ever supposed he was. But when he says that there is no such thing as loyalty in a republic, he is sufficiently answered by the hundreds of thousands of American citizens who stand in arms from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi, and who are inspired and united by one sentiment only, and that is unswerving loyalty to the Government which their fathers made, which they have inherited, and which, by the grace of God and their good right arms, they mean to maintain.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Economy.—How to make pantaloons last: make the coat and vest first.

What kind of men are most above-board?—Why, chessmen, of course.

While Rabelais lay on his death-bed he could not help jesting at his very last moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend, coming in to see him, said he hoped he was prepared for the next world. "Yes, yes," answered Rabelais, "I am ready for my journey now; they have just greased my boots."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "*ghosts* from the Vest Indies."

The Four Seasons.—*Schoolmaster:* "Come here, boy, and tell me the names of the four seasons." *Young Prodigy:* "Pepper, mus'ard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother seasons with."

A man who squinted, but was unaware of his infirmity, had his portrait taken by Nicholson, and, on being invited to inspect the performance, said, with rather a disappointed air, "I don't know—it seems to me—does it squint?" "Squint!" replied Nicholson, "no more than you do." "Really, well, you know best, of course; but I declare I fancied there was a queer look about it!"

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy, but *bills* are not always paid when *due*." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at school, but she couldn't afford to buy him one. The next day, seeing one in his hands, she inquired, in some surprise, "Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slate?" "I heard you say, when papa died," he replied, "that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted any thing, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish I had a frame for it."

The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse-chestnuts went into the market the other day, and inquired for a mock-turtle to make "mock-turtle soup" of.

A New Dance.—"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a not very well educated young gentleman of a pretty young lady at a ball. "What is to be the dance, Sir?" "Ditto," said the young man, referring to his programme. "Oh, you must excuse me, then," said the young lady; "I can't dance that."

Monsieur Thouvenel, the French minister, expressing his surprise at the Japanese eating raw fish, received from the first embassador for reply, "We eat raw fish as you eat raw oysters."

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Might they not as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars?

Wanted to Know.—If a man who did not know what to do ever got a job?—and if a bald-headed man can be said to be hair-brained?

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer."

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering on an old watch. "*Improving my time*," was the rejoinder.

Many schoolmasters entertain no doubt that the tree of knowledge is the birch.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it remains and the deeper it sinks.

Some men are like musical glasses; to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are there no horses in the Isle of Wight?
Because the inhabitants prefer cows (Cowes) to ride (Ryde).

Why is a blush like a little girl?
Because it becomes a woman.

A man bought two fishes, but on taking them home found he had got three. How was this?
He had two, and one smelt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT PASSES PORT HUDSON.

The daring attempt of Admiral Farragut to pass the rebel batteries at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, was completely successful. The *Hartford* (flag-ship) and the *Albatross* were the only two vessels that succeeded in running the gauntlet. The firing is described as having been most terrific and continuous. The *Richmond* made vigorous efforts to go by the batteries; but after firing for over an hour was disabled, and had to withdraw. The loss of the *Mississippi* by fire is fully confirmed.

General Banks is said to have co-operated with a land force, but doesn't seem to have achieved any thing. At last accounts he was at Baton Rouge again.

THE LAST OF THE "INDIANOLA."

A dispatch has been received by Secretary Welles from Admiral Farragut dated below Warrenton, Mississippi, March 19, in which he says that about ten miles above Grand Gulf he saw the wreck of the *Indianola* on the right bank of the river. She was partially submerged and her upper works were very much shattered by the explosion.

THE VICKSBURG BLOCKADE.

An attempt to run by the rebel batteries at Vicksburg was made by the Union rams *Lancaster* and *Switzerland* on 25th ult. without success. According to a dispatch, dated at Cairo 31st, as soon as they came within range the rebels opened a tremendous fire. The *Lancaster* was struck thirty times. Her entire bow was shot away, causing her to sink immediately. All the crew except two escaped. The *Switzerland* was disabled by a 64-pound ball penetrating the steam drum. She floated down, the batteries still firing and striking her repeatedly, until finally the *Albatross* ran alongside and towed her to the lower mouth of the canal. While coming up the river the *Hartford* and *Albatross* encountered a battery at Grand Gulf more formidable than those at Port Hudson. The *Hartford* was struck fourteen times, and had three men killed. Both vessels returned the fire vigorously, and both were more or less injured.

GENERAL SHERMAN RETURNS.

The expedition under General Sherman, to the rear of Haines's Bluff, by way of Steele's Bayou and the Sunflower, has returned to Young's Point. There is nothing definite from the Yazoo Pass expedition under General Ross and General Quimby.

THE REBEL INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

A dispatch from Cincinnati says that the rebel raid in Kentucky has proved a failure.

SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSBURG.

A dispatch from Fortress Monroe states that the rebels, with a force of infantry and cavalry, on 28th ult., attacked Williamsburg and were repulsed by the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry under Colonel Lewis. The loss is not reported.

THE MONITORS AT CHARLESTON.

On the morning of the 25th ult. all the Monitors (six in number) left Hilton Head for Charleston, together with several wooden gun-boats and half a dozen schooners. The *Ericsson* had just arrived there with a floating nondescript in tow, called "The Devil." Its purpose is understood to be to clear channels of torpedoes and other obstructions.

GENERAL BURNSIDE IN OHIO.

General Burnside has assumed command of the Department of Ohio, and has issued his order announcing the fact, which is declared most satisfactory. Indiana is made a separate military district, under General Carrington, who reports to General Burnside.

REBEL PRIVATEERS.

The rebel privateers continue their depredations. The *Alabama* burned on February 21 the splendid ship *Golden Eagle*, of New York, bound for Queenstown, Ireland, with guano, and destroyed on the same day the bark *Olive Jane*, of Boston, bound from Bordeaux to New York with a rich cargo of wines and fruits. The captain of the British bark *Crusoe*, from St. Thomas March 17, reports that the English screw steamers *Pet*, from England, and *Arius*, which had previously landed a cargo of cotton in Porto Rico from Mobile, both sailed on the 16th for a port in the South. The British frigate *Phaeton* sailed in company with them as a convoy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

EARL RUSSELL SNEERS AT THE PROCLAMATION.

Earl Russell, speaking of the Emancipation Proclamation, says: "There seems to be no declaration of a principle adverse to slavery in this Proclamation. It is a measure of war, and a measure of war of a very questionable kind. As President Lincoln has twice appealed to the judgment of mankind in his Proclamation, I venture to say I do not think it can or ought to satisfy the friends of abolition, who look for total and impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave-owner."

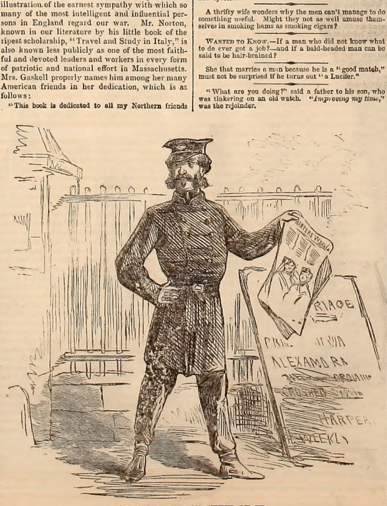
SLAUGHTER AT THE PRINCE'S WEDDING.

The Prince of Wales and his wife remain at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight. During the illuminations in London some seven persons lost their lives, and over one hundred others had limbs broken. The crowd was unruly, and the confusion very great.

POLAND.

THE REVOLUTION.

We have copious details of the progress of the Polish insurrection, and its gradual assumption of the character of a great European question. A portion of the revolutionary troops encountered the Russians at Sosnowitz, but were routed after a sanguinary engagement. Some of the retreating soldiers of Langiewitz were driven on to Prussian territory. On the other hand, the Poles had defeated a body of Russians near Myszozowa, killing over one hundred of them. Langiewitz held a good position and was prepared for a great engagement at the latest dates. Garibaldi had written him a letter of sympathy, in which he held out a promise of active personal assistance. This the Dictator of Poland declined. General Dembinski had published a letter in Paris, in which he classes every man—Kossuth, Ladislas, or else—who seeks to stir up the Hungarians against Austria at the present moment as an enemy of Poland. Meanwhile the Cabinets and people of England, France, Austria, and Prussia were very much agitated and alarmed by the situation of affairs in Poland. Lord Palmerston declined to state his opinion to a deputation in favor of the Poles; but the London journals seem to indicate a non-intervention policy for England. Paris was full of rumors, and it was even said that Napoleon and Austria had determined to restore the nationality of Poland, even at the cost of a war with Russia and Prussia.



A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF IT.

New York Policeman (*off duty*).—"Just to think of it! Seven lives lost at the Prince of Wales's wedding! That comes of living in a place *where there ain't no Broadway Squad!*"



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—[See next Page.]



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WE devote a very large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, which took place on 10th ult., and was the great event of the day in Europe. It is so short a time since the Prince was among us here that we are sure our fair readers will be glad to see him again—in "counterfeit presentment"—with his fair young bride. On page 236 we illustrate the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ALIGHTING FROM THE RAILWAY CAR, looking very pretty and girlish; on page 228 we give four portraits of THE HAPPY COUPLE; on this page a portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA, with the PRINCESS BEATRICE in her arms; and on pages 232 and 233 a fine illustration of THE MARRIAGE IN St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The following narrative we condense from the graphic account of the London *Times*:

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Simple, lofty, and cold, it is difficult to light up the nave of St. George's. But the difficulty was overcome yesterday by hung and rotten as rich and bright that from the windows half-way up the fluted pillars the effect was like that produced by a piece of gorgeous tapestry, or by a grand Oriental carpeting hung on the wall. The nave served as the channel and embankment of the stream which swept from the outer hall to the Chapel laden with all the pageantry of the great spectacle, and, returning thence, rolled back as the over noon, leaving the Prince and his bride on the swelling crest of all its pomp.

In the archway leading into the nave a heavy drapery of purple silk, patterned with gold, screened the interior of the temporary hall where the guests of the Queen were received, and Her Majesty's great officers and royal household assembled to form in order of procession. Through rifts and openings now and then in the veil could be seen clouds of drapery and waving plumes, and glimpses could be caught of the apartments where the wedding party rested for a while before the principal procession was formed. On the pavement a red and black carpet, with a broad cream-colored border, embroidered with the Prince's cipher and crest in alternate compartments on one side, and with the Princess's on the other, was laid from the entrance to the steps leading into the Chapel. The seven lofty columns which divide the aisles from the body broke the monotonous lines of seats covered with scarlet and yellow-fringed cloth, which rose the above tier from the narrowed fronts between the columns high up the walls beyond.

HERALDS, USHERS, AND CHORISTERS.

At 10½ o'clock the Dean of Christ Church is the first to enter the choir, but apparently only to look about him, for he does not then venture on a seat, all of which still remain only occupied by their glistening copies of the programme, bound in white silk and stamped with gold. A gorgeous group of heralds are the next comers, Lancaster and Windsor, Norroy and Gloucester, walking stiffly in their magnificent but most uncomfortable tabards, which, as they can only be worn when the Sovereign is present at State ceremonies, must have been laid by till now for a very long time. They have a serious aspect as they stalk about in these unpainly habits, looking for all the world as if some of the banners and coats of arms of the old knights around had been endowed with life, and were strolling about the floor. To them soon come a number of Gentlemen Ushers, stiff with bullion and edged about with gold, who assemble round Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, receive their last instructions, and study a *carte du pays* of the choir, choosing them their own places and, what is still more important, every body else's. Now and then a Guardsman in full uniform, a Silver Stick, or Gentleman-at-Arms enters for a moment to look about him, but no one stays, though it is 10½, and the knave, as can be heard from the hum of conversation, must be nearly full or filling fast. The Queen's private band begin to muster in their gallery, from which immediately issue sounds of instruments being tuned and tuned, and otherwise exasperated into a succession of the most doleful discords, varied occasionally by a tap on the drum, as if the performances were about to commence forthwith.

Madame Goldschmidt, formerly Jenny Lind, looks into the choir for a single minute, and then ascends to her place among the other ladies who are to sing the hymn of praise on this great day.

ARRIVAL OF THE NOBILITY.

At last the Marchioness of Abercorn enters, and seats herself in a stall of a Knight of the Garter, next to that over which her husband's banner floats. She is in court costume, but wearing no train, and with a magnificent circlet of diamonds round her head. As if they had been waiting for this example to start, and for some one to break the stately solitude of the shrine, many ladies follow the Marchioness quickly.

All are in full court dress, with the exception that they went no trains, and all, without exception, are dressed in velvet or satin, either of lilac, mauve, or violet color, the latter being the prevailing tone. All, too, wear feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some show tiaras of brilliants almost large enough to form head-dresses, so completely do the glittering jewels cover the head like a regal crown.

Almost the first male visitor to put in an appearance is Sir George Grey, who comes accompanied by Lady Grey. They take their places on the left, and are quickly followed by Lord and Lady Stanley, and a host of other males and official personages.

All the gentlemen are in full official uniform, and wear the chief insignia of whatever orders they have the honor to possess, collars and badges in the fullest state. No bridal favors are worn on such an occasion of state dress; but, as a kind of *amende* for this necessary omission, where the colors of the orders of knighthood are displayed they are in every case looped at the shoulders with bows of white satin ribbon, which answers the purpose equally well. Now that the choir is almost full, the predominance of mauve and violet colors is more marked than ever—in fact, few other tints are shown, except when ladies who fear the cold keep their white burnooses, which all without exception have, still wrapped about their shoulders. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are among the late arrivals. His lordship wears his robes of state, which, without being over gaudy, make a rich addition even to the mass of uniforms and gorgeous dresses around.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

It is quarter to twelve, and there is a short hush of expectation—one of those periods of unaccountable silence which always fall at intervals even upon the most crowded

and animated assemblies. The Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Augustus Clifford, enters, and then there is another pause, that is quickly broken by a loud hum of admiration in the nave, which the more stately and select gathering in the choir only notice by increased rigidity of uprightness till the cause of the murmur is made known by the appearance at the entrance of the Knights of the Garter, all robed and jeweled in their almost regal costume, and headed by the Premier himself. They make a noble and a gallant show as they sweep up the choir like a procession of monarchs, with their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white ribbon, trailing after them. Lord Palmerston proceeds at once to his stall on the left, where he is joined by Lady Palmerston; and the others, after waiting for a single second in a stately group, pass also to their seats. The Premier was, of course, the most observed of all, as he stepped up lightly into his seat, and looked round him with a brisk joviality, as if about to quell a troublesome member, or evade, by a most voluminous reply, an awkward question. The Duke of Newcastle, Earl Granville, Earl Clarendon, and Earl Russell are the most noticed of the rest, and the latter when once he sits in his wide, high, ample stall, is almost lost to view.

After all the knights are seated the Lord Chancellor, in his state robes and carrying the Great Seal, passes slow and stately up the choir—alone, but a perfect pageant in himself—to his seat at the head of all.

THE QUEEN.

Suddenly there is just a perceptible movement—a kind of consciousness that something has occurred which tells at once that the Queen is either coming or has come, and all eyes are quietly directed toward the quaint old pew in the wall. In another instant the Queen herself appears, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the late Prince, and, as we all know, so like him as to make the resemblance almost startling as he stands by the side of Her Majesty. The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds—a widow's cap, a black silk dress, with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colors which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue ribbon, narrowed to the width Her Majesty usually wears across her left shoulder. She looks well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features.

She stands at the window of the royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze, and only to be seen at all by those on the opposite side of the choir glancing quietly into the interior, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg speaks, and apparently explains to her the arrangements going on below for the great ceremony which has drawn her forth from her mourning and seclusion. After a few minutes, she seats herself a little away from the window, and the Duke retires.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Officers of the household, pursuivants, and heralds lead the way as before, halting and making a double line below the dais, while the Princess Mary, of Cambridge, her magnificent train borne by Lady Edith Somerset, moves up the choir with the most stately grace. At the dais her attendant pauses, and she turns to gather her train over her arm, and, moving to the centre, makes a profound courtesy to her Majesty, then passes at once to her place on the north of the altar, in front of and just beneath those treasures of iron-work, the gates of Quintin Matsys. As she passes in the Duchess of Cambridge follows, with like state and ceremony, and then the Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, and Princess Helena ascend in turn, followed by the Princes Arthur and Leopold, the latter in Highland dresses of the Royal tartan. All bow and courtesy deeply to the Queen, and the Princess Helena, who wears a train, gathers hers on her arm like the rest, and seats herself near the Duchess of Cambridge. The next is the Princess Alice, wearing a noble coronet of brilliants, who pays the same deep reverence to her mother as all the rest; then the Princess Royal, looking as young, as amiable, and as timid as when, with slow steps, she herself was led to the altar at the Chapel Royal, but this time leading by the hand a fine little boy, who, all unawed by the stately pomp around, dragged on his mother's arm, as he looked behind him at the pageant, and with difficulty brought his little feet to surmount the three steps of the *haut pas*. All have risen as they enter, and the Queen now rises too, and bows to her daughter with a kind and winning smile—the first that has passed across her face since she entered the chapel. Beethoven's noble march has been played as they filed in, but, as may be guessed, its strains, though beautifully rendered, are but little attended to in such a scene as this. The Queen has evidently found an object which more deeply interests her, and instead of seating herself again she remains at the closet-window, watching her royal children as they pass one after another to their seats beneath, and even when they are seated she leans over the front and remains gazing down at them steadily with an expression of fond pride which is unmistakable, and in which no trace of grief can be discovered now.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Again the cheers come louder and more sustained than ever from the outside; again there is the same pause, broken by the trumpets and rattling kettle-drums in the Nave, and this time all save the Queen herself rise and remain standing respectfully; for it is the bridegroom that approaches. Great officers precede him, but they are little heeded; all eyes are turned upon the Prince of Wales, who, in his uniform of General, but wearing over all the insignia and purple mantle of a Knight of the Garter, comes slowly up the Choir, partly accompanied, partly followed by his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, similarly robed. The Wedding March is played as they move up with stately ease, and the Queen rises and comes fully forward as the *haut pas* is reached, and the three ascend and turn in line toward her, bowing deeply. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Prince of Prussia retire to the south side of the altar, and the bridegroom, after kneeling a few seconds in prayer, rises and stands "the rose and expectancy of this fair State," in the centre of the *haut pas*, alone, with his face toward the Queen.

Such an occasion is one in which few men appear to advantage; yet the Prince gains by passing through it. With the easy grace that seems natural to all his actions he stood alone, the watched and observed of all observers, neither bashful nor confident, but with a manly royal bearing that became his illustrious birth and exalted station. He looked round upon the splendid scene for a moment quietly and easily, and his every movement, his look, his very bearing, seemed in their vivid likeness to his royal father to amaze and impress all—even those who, by their rank and station, might be supposed to be the most familiar with his features. As the sound of cheering was heard without, marking the coming of his youthful bride, he kept turning his head every moment; for from where he stood, in the centre of the altar, he could see through the screen and down the nave beyond to where the crimson curtains would hide the marshaling of the bride's procession. Often and often did he glance this way, but the curtains were motionless, and gave no sign of the coming forth of her whom all now watched for with such eager expectation that the suspense even of the slight delay seemed almost painful. Still he stood alone, and, though evidently keenly anxious for the coming of his young bride, he bore eager scrutiny of all with a quiet ease that was charming.

THE BRIDE.

At last, with a great clangor of trumpets, which at first are muffled into a rich indistinctness behind the curtains, the long-looked-for procession of the bride enters, and the Prince, giving one look to satisfy himself of the fact of the arrival, keeps his eyes fixed upon the Queen, and never turns his head again till his affianced stands beside him.

The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels that twinkled every where seemed almost to break it, and, despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all now bent far and eagerly forward, as the hum and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another minute she had entered, and stood,

> "In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
> Queen lily and rose in one,"

the fairest and almost the youngest of all her lovely train that bloomed in fair array behind her. Though not agitated, she appeared nervous, and the soft, delicate bloom of color, which ordinarily imparts a look of joyous happiness to her expressive features, had all but disappeared, as, with head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up toward the altar. The programme tells us that she was supported on the right by her royal father, Prince Christian, of Denmark, and on her left by the Duke of Cambridge; and the same dry but most authentic document leads us to believe that both were in full uniform, and wore the collars and badges of their respective orders of knighthood. But without wishing at all to derogate from the importance of these illustrious personages, we may say that any one else might have safely borne their part, so deep, so all-absorbing was the interest with which the bride, and bride alone, was watched. From the way her features are now shaded by the veil and her looks bent forward, it is difficult to see her features more fully; but as she nears the altar she drops her arm, and for the first time appears beneath the folds of her veil a large bouquet of orange flowers, carried in a princely gift from the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

On these occasions, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks, in general estimation, as only second in importance to the celebration of the ceremony itself, which is to be regretted, for a lady's dress, like a lady's beauty, can only be described by its effect. It is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection.

Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses. The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long programme of this happy day are all the daughters of Dukes, Marquises, or Earls whose titles are almost as familiar as the names of our Kings of old.

THE QUEEN OVERCOME.

Handel's march from "Joseph" had been played at entering, but all music had ceased as the party stood around the altar, till its strains broke out with the solemn words of the chorale:

> "This day, with joyful heart and voice,
> To Heav'n be raised a nation's pray'r;
> Almighty Father, deign to grant
> Thy blessing to the wedded pair.
>
> "So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
> The sunshine of their early days;
> But happiness in endless round
> Shall still encompass all their ways."

The exquisitely soft music of this chant, at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and life-long memories called up by the scene beneath her; but certain it is that as the hymn commenced Her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and, after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears, and almost sobbed; nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover her composure.

THE CEREMONY.

As the solemn chant ended the Prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate, in a rich, clear voice, which was heard throughout every part of the building, choir or nave, commenced the service with the usual formulary, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here, in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony." There is a solemn pause after that dreadful adjuration, in which they are charged to answer if there was any impediment to their marriage; and then, after a moment, the Primate passed on to, "Wilt thou, ALBERT EDWARD, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question, "Wilt thou, ALEXANDRA CAROLINE MARIA, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible, but nothing more, though, as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words, "I take thee, ALEXANDRA, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth," the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his Grace; though now again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved toward the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Primate joined their hands, and in a clear, soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words:

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

All then knelt down while the prayer commencing, "O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life; send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name," was solemnly repeated, and then they rose, while the Primate joined their hands, and said the final words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

With these words, which in law completed the marriage ceremony, the service was continued to the 67th Psalm, the solemn strains of which came like a relief to what seemed almost the overwrought feeling of all within the choir as the words went pealing softly through both nave and aisle.

The happy couple have gone to spend the honeymoon at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight.

The pleasure of the wedding was somewhat marred by the bad arrangements of the police. Seven women were crushed to death in the throng, and one hundred wounded. If such a thing occurred here, how our "mobocracy" would be abused!

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

ELLINOR walked as nearly round the castle as ever she could, looking up at the few high-barred windows she could see, and wondering in what part of the building Dixon was confined. Then she went into the adjoining church-yard, and sitting down upon a tomb-stone, she gazed idly at the view spread below her—a view which was considered as the lion of the place, to be shown to all strangers by the inhabitants of Hellingford. Ellinor did not see it, however. She only saw the blackness of that fatal night. The hurried work—the lanterns glancing to and fro. She only heard the hard breathing of those who are engaged upon unwonted labor; the few hoarse muttered words; the swaying of the branches to and fro. All at once the church-clock above her struck eight, and then pealed out for distant laborers to cease their work for a time; such was the old custom of the place. Ellinor rose up, and made her way back to Mr. Johnson's house in High Street. The room felt close and confined in which she awaited her interview with Mr. Johnson, who had sent down an apology for having overslept himself, and at last made his appearance in a hurried, half-awakened state, in consequence of his late hospitality of the night before.

"I am so sorry I gave you all so much trouble last night," said Ellinor, apologetically. "I was overtired, and so much shocked by the news I heard."

"No trouble, no trouble, I am sure. Neither Mrs. Johnson nor I felt it in the least a trouble. Many ladies, I know, feel such things very trying, though there are others that can stand a judge's putting on the black cap better than most men. I'm sure I saw some as composed as could be under Judge Corbet's speech."

"But about Dixon? He must not die, Mr. Johnson."

"Well, I don't know that he will," said Mr. Johnson, in something of the tone of voice he would have used in soothing a child. "Judge Corbet said something about the possibility of a pardon. The jury did not recommend him to mercy; you see, his looks went so much against him, and all the evidence was so strong, and no defense, so to speak, for he would not furnish any information on which we could base defense. But the judge did give some hope, to my mind, though there are others that think differently."

"I tell you, Mr. Johnson, he must not die, and he shall not. To whom must I go?"

"Whew! Have you got additional evidence?" with a sudden sharp glance of professional inquiry.

"Never mind," Ellinor answered. "I beg your pardon.........only tell me into whose hands the power of life and death have passed."

"Into the Home Secretary's — Sir Philip Homes; but you can not get access to him on such an errand. It is the judge who tried the case that must urge a reprieve—Judge Corbet."

"Judge Corbet?"

"Yes; and he was rather inclined to take a merciful view of the whole case. I saw it in his charge. He'll be the person for you to see. I suppose you don't like to give me your confidence, or else I could arrange and draw up what will have to be said?"

"No. What I have to say must be spoken to the arbiter—to no one else. I am afraid I answered you impatiently just now. You must forgive me; if you knew all, I am sure you would."

"Say no more, my dear lady. We will suppose you have some evidence not adduced at the trial. Well, you must go up and see the judge, since you don't choose to impart it to any one, and lay it before him. He will, doubtless, compare it with his notes of the trial, and see how far it agrees with them. Of course you must be prepared with some kind of proof of what you say, for Judge Corbet will have to test your evidence."

"It seems strange to think of him as the judge," said Ellinor, almost to herself.

"Why, yes. He's but a young judge. You knew him at Hamley, I suppose? I remember his reading there with Mr. Ness."

"Yes. But do not let us talk more about that time. Tell me, when can I see Dixon? I have been to the castle already, but they said I must have a sheriff's order."

"To be sure. I desired Mrs. Johnson to tell you so last night. Old Ormerod was dining here; he is clerk to the magistrates, and I told him of your wish. He said he would see Sir Henry Croper, and have the order here before ten. But all this time Mrs. Johnson is waiting breakfast for us. Let me take you into the dining-room."

It was very hard work for Ellinor to do her duty as a guest, and to allow herself to be interested and talked to on local affairs by her host and hostess. But she felt as if she had spoken shortly and abruptly to Mr. Johnson in their previous conversation, and that she must try and make amends for it; so she attended to all the details about the restoration of the church, and the difficulty of getting a good music-master for the three little Miss Johnsons, with all her usual gentle good-breeding and patience, though no one can tell how her heart and imagination were full of the coming interview with poor old Dixon.

By-and-by Mr. Johnson was called out of the room to see Mr. Ormerod, and receive the order of admission from him. Ellinor clasped her hands tight together as she listened with apparent composure to Mrs. Johnson's never-ending praise of the Tonic Sol-fa system. But when Mr. Johnson returned she could not help interrupting her eulogy, and saying,

"Then I may go now?"

"Yes; the order was there—she might go, and Mr. Johnson would accompany her, to see that she met with no difficulty or obstacle.

As they walked thither he told her that some one—a turnkey, or some one—would have to be present at the interview; that such was always the rule in the case of condemned prisoners; but that if this third person was "obliging" he would keep out of ear-shot. Mr. Johnson quietly took care to see that the turnkey who accompanied Ellinor was "obliging."

The man took her across high-walled courts, and along stone corridors, and through many locked doors before they came to the "condemned cells."

"I've had three at a time in here," said he, unlocking the final door, "after Judge Morton had been here. We always called him the 'Hanging Judge.' But it's five years since he died, and since then there's been never more than one in at a time—though once it was a woman for poisoning her husband. Mary Jones was her name."

The stone passage out of which the cells opened was light, and bare, and scrupulously clean. Over each door was a small barred window, and an outer window of the same description was placed high up in the cell which the turnkey now opened.

Old Abraham Dixon was sitting on the side of his bed, doing nothing. His head was bent, his frame sunk, and he did not seem to care to turn round and see who it was that entered.

Ellinor tried to keep down her sobs while the man went up to him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, and lightly shaking him, he said:

"Here's a friend come to see you, Dixon." Then, turning to Ellinor, he added, "There's some as takes it in this kind o' stunned way, while others are as restless as a wild beast in a cage after they're sentenced." And then he withdrew into the passage, leaving the door open, so that he could see all that passed if he chose to look, but ostentatiously keeping his eyes averted, and whistling to himself, so that he could not hear what they said to each other.

Dixon looked up at Ellinor, but then let his eyes fall on the ground again; the increased trembling of his shrunk frame was the only sign he gave that he had recognized her.

She sat down by him, and took his large horny hand in hers. She wanted to overcome her inclination to sob hysterically before she spoke. She stroked the bony, shriveled fingers on which her hot, scalding tears kept dropping.

"Dunnot do that," said he, at length, in a hollow voice. "Dunnot take on about it; it's best as it is, missy."

"No! Dixon, it is not best. It shall not be. You know it shall not—can not be."

"I'm rather tired of living. It's been a great strain and labor for me. I think I'd as lief be with God as with men. And you see I were fond on him ever sin' he were a little lad, and told me what hard times he had at school, he did, just as if I were his brother! I loved him next to Molly Greaves. Dear! and I shall see her again, I reckon, come next Saturday week! They'll think well on me up there, I'll be bound; though I can not say as I've done all as I should do here below."

"But, Dixon," said Ellinor, "you know who did this—this—"

"Guilty o' murder," said he. "That's what they called it. Murder! And that it never were, choose who did it."

"My poor, poor father did it. I am going up to London this afternoon—I am going to see the judge, and tell him all."

"Don't you demean yourself to that fellow, missy. It's him as left you in the lurch as soon as sorrow and shame came nigh you."

He looked up at her now for the first time; but she went on as if she had not noticed those wist, weary eyes.

"Yes; I shall go to him. I know who it is, and I am resolved. After all he may be better than a stranger for real help; and I shall never remember any—any thing else when I think of you, good, faithful friend."

"He looks but a wizened old fellow in his gray wig. I should hardly ha' known him. I gave him a look as much as to say, 'I could tell tales o' you, my lord judge, if I chose.' I don't know if he heeded me though. I suppose it were for a sign of old acquaintance that he said he'd recommend me to mercy. But I'd sooner have death nor mercy, by long odds. Yon man out there says mercy means Botany Bay. It would be like killing me by inches, that would. It would. I'd liefer go straight to Heaven than live on among the black folk."

He began to shake again; this idea of transportation, from its very mysteriousness, was more terrifying to him than death. He kept on saying, plaintively, "Missy, you'll never let them send me to Botany Bay — I could not stand that."

"No, no!" said she. "You shall come out of this prison, and go home with me to East Chester—I promise you, you shall. I promise you. I don't yet quite know how, but trust in my promise. Don't fret about Botany Bay. If you go there, I go too—I am so sure you will not go. And you know if you have done any thing against the law in concealing that fatal night's work, I did too; and if you are to be punished, I will be punished too. But I feel sure it will be right—I mean as right as any thing can be, with the recollection of that time present to us, as it must always be." She almost spoke these last words to herself. They sat on, hand in hand, for a few minutes more in silence.

"I thought you'd come to me. I knowed you were far away in foreign parts. But I used to pray to God. 'Dear Lord God!' I used to say, 'let me see her again.' I told the chaplain as I'd begin to pray for repentance—at after I'd done praying that I might see you once again; for it just seemed to take all my strength to say those words as I have named. And I thought as how God knew what was in my heart better than I could tell Him. How I was main and sorry for all as I'd ever done wrong; I allays were, at after it was done; but I thought as no one could know how bitter-keen I wanted to see you."

Again they sank into silence. Ellinor felt as if she would fain be away and active in procuring his release; but she also perceived how precious her presence was to him, and she did not like to leave him a moment before the time allowed for. His voice had changed to a weak piping old man's quaver, and between the times of his talking he seemed to relapse into a dreamy state; but through it all he held her hand tight, as though afraid that she would leave him.

So the hour elapsed, with no more spoken words than those above. From time to time

Ellinor's tears dropped down upon her lap; she could not restrain them, though she scarce knew why she cried just then.

At length the turnkey said that the time allowed for the interview was ended. Ellinor spoke no word, but rose and bent down and kissed the old man's forehead, saying,

"I shall come back to-morrow. God keep and comfort you."

So, almost without an articulate word from him in reply (he rose up and stood on his shaking legs as she bade him farewell, putting his hand to his head with the old habitual mark of respect), she went her way swiftly out of the prison, swiftly back with Mr. Johnson to his house, scarcely patient or strong enough in her hurry to explain to him fully all that she meant to do. She only asked him a few absolutely requisite questions, and informed him of her intention to go straight to London to see Judge Corbet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Just before the railway-carriage in which Ellinor was seated started on the journey she bent forward and put out her hand once more to Mr. Johnson. "To-morrow I will thank you for all," she said. "I can not now."

It was about the same time that she had reached Hellingford on the previous night that she arrived at the Great Western Station on this evening—past eight o'clock. On the way she had remembered and arranged many things: one important question she had omitted to ask Mr. Johnson; but that was easily remedied. She had not inquired where she could find Judge Corbet; if she had, Mr. Johnson could probably have given her his professional address. As it was she asked for a Post-office Directory at the hotel, and looked out for his private dwelling—128 Hyde Park Gardens.

She rang for a waiter.

"Can I send a messenger to Hyde Park Gardens?" she said, hurrying on to her business, tired and worn-out as she was. "It is only to ask if Judge Corbet is at home this evening. If he is, I must go and see him."

The waiter was a little surprised, and would gladly have had her name to authorize the inquiry; but she could not bear to send it; it would be bad enough, that first meeting, without the feeling that he too had had time to recall all the past days. Better to go in upon him unprepared, and plunge into the subject.

The waiter returned with the answer while she yet was pacing up and down the room restlessly, nerving herself for the interview.

"The messenger has been to Hyde Park Gardens, ma'am. The Judge and Lady Corbet are gone out to dinner."

Lady Corbet! Of course Ellinor knew that he was married. Had she not been present at the wedding in East Chester Cathedral? But somehow these recent events had so carried her back to old times that the intimate association of the names, "the Judge and Lady Corbet," seemed to awaken her out of some dream.

"Oh, very well," she said, just as if these thoughts were not passing rapidly through her mind. "Let me be called at seven to-morrow morning, and let me have a cab at the door to Hyde Park Gardens at eight."

And so she went to bed, but scarcely to sleep. All night long she had the scenes of those old times, the happy, happy days of her youth, the one terrible night that cut all happiness short, present before her. She could almost have fancied that she heard the long-silent sounds of her father's step, her father's way of breathing, the rustle of his newspaper as he hastily turned it over, coming through the lapse of years, the silence of the night. She knew that she had the little writing-case of her girlhood with her in her box. The treasures of the dead that it contained, the morsel of dainty sewing, the little sister's golden curl, the half-finished letter to Mr. Corbet, were all there. She took them out and looked at each separately; looked at them long—long and wistfully. "Will it be of any use to me?" she questioned of herself as she was about to put her father's letter back into its receptacle. She read the last words over again once more: "From my death-bed I adjure you to stand her friend; I will beg pardon on my knees for any thing."

"I will take it," thought she. "I need not bring it out; most likely there will be no need for it, after what I shall have to say. All is so altered, so changed between us, as utterly as if it never had been, that I think I shall have no shame in showing it him for my own part of it. While if he sees poor papa's, dear, dear papa's suffering humility, it may make him think more gently of one who loved him once, though they parted in wrath with each other, I'm afraid."

So she took the letter with her when she drove to Hyde Park Gardens.

Every nerve in her body was in such a high state of tension that she could have screamed out at the cabman's boisterous knock at the door. She got out hastily, before any one was ready or willing to answer such an untimely summons, paid the man double what he ought to have had, and stood there sick, trembling, and humble.

"Is Judge Corbet at home? Can I see him?" she asked of the footman, who at length answered the door.

He looked at her curiously, and a little familiarly, before he replied.

"Why, yes! He's pretty sure to be at home at this time of day; but whether he'll see you is quite another thing."

"Would you be so good as to ask him? It is on very particular business."

"Can you give me a card? your name, perhaps, will do, if you have not a card. I say, Simmons" (to a lady's-maid crossing the hall), "is the judge up yet?"

"Oh yes! he's in his dressing-room this half hour. My lady is coming down directly. It is just breakfast-time."

"Can't you put it off, and come again a little later?" said he, turning once more to Ellinor—white Ellinor! trembling Ellinor!

"No! please let me come in. I will wait. I am sure Judge Corbet will see me if you will tell him I am here. Miss Wilkins. He will know the name."

"Well, then, will you wait here till I have got breakfast in?" said the man, letting her into the hall, and pointing to the bench there. He took her, from her dress, to be a lady's-maid or governess, or at most a tradesman's daughter; and besides he was behindhand with all his preparations. She came in and sat down.

"You will tell him I am here," said she, faintly.

"Oh yes; never fear; I'll send up word, though I don't believe he'll come to you before breakfast."

He told a page, who ran up stairs, and, knocking at the judge's door, told him a Miss Jenkins wanted to speak to him.

"Who?" asked the judge from the inside.

"Miss Jenkins; she said you would know the name, Sir."

"Not I. Tell her to wait."

So Ellinor waited. Presently down the stairs, with slow deliberate dignity, came the handsome Lady Corbet, in her rustling silks and ample petticoats, carrying her fine boy, and followed by her majestic nurse. She was ill-pleased that any one should come and take up her husband's time when he was at home and supposed to be enjoying domestic leisure; and her imperious, inconsiderate nature did not prompt her to any civility toward the gentle creature sitting down weary and heart-sick in her house. On the contrary, she looked her over as she slowly descended, till Ellinor shrank abashed from the steady gaze of the large black eyes. Then she, her baby, and nurse disappeared into the large dining-room, into which all the preparations for breakfast had been carried.

The next person to come down would be the judge. Ellinor instinctively put down her veil. She heard his quick, decided step; she had known it well of old.

He gave one of his quick, shrewd glances at the person sitting in the hall and waiting to speak to him, and his practiced eye recognized the lady at once, in spite of her travel-worn dress.

"Will you just come into this room?" said he, opening the door of his study, to the front of the house—the dining-room was to the back; they communicated by folding-doors.

The astute lawyer placed himself with his back to the window; it was the natural position of the master of the apartment; but it also gave him the advantage of seeing his companion's face in full light. Ellinor lifted her veil; it had only been a dislike to a recognition in the hall which had made her put it down.

Judge Corbet's countenance changed more than hers. She had been prepared for the interview; he was not. But he usually had the full command of the expression on his face.

"Ellinor! Miss Wilkins! is it you?" And he went forward holding out his hand with cordial greeting, under which the embarrassment, if he felt any, was carefully concealed. She could not speak all at once in the way she wished.

"That stupid Henry told me Jenkins! I beg your pardon. How could they put you down to sit in the hall? You must come in and have some breakfast with us; Lady Corbet will be delighted, I'm sure." His sense of the awkwardness of the meeting with the woman who was once to have been his wife, and of the probable introduction which was to follow to the woman who was his actual wife, grew upon him, and made him speak a little hurriedly. Ellinor's next words were a wonderful relief; and her soft, gentle way of speaking was like the touch of a cooling balsam.

"Thank you, you must excuse me. I am come strictly on business, otherwise I should never have thought of calling on you at such an hour. It is about poor Dixon."

"Ah! I thought as much!" said the judge, handing her a chair, and sitting down himself. He tried to compose his mind to business, but in spite of his strength of character and his present efforts the remembrance of old times would come back at the sound of her voice. He wondered if he was as much changed in appearance as she struck him as being in that first look of recognition. After that first glance he rather avoided meeting her eyes.

"I knew how much you would feel it. Some one at Hellingford told me you were abroad—in Rome, I think. But you must not distress yourself unnecessarily; the sentence is sure to be commuted to transportation or something equivalent. I was talking to the Home Secretary about it only last night. Lapse of time and subsequent good character quite preclude any idea of capital punishment." All the time that he said this he had other thoughts at the back of his mind—some curiosity, a little regret, a touch of remorse, a wonder how the meeting (which of course would have to be sometime) between Lady Corbet and Ellinor would go off; but he spoke clearly enough on the subject in hand, and no outward mark of distraction from it appeared.

Ellinor answered: "I came to tell you, what I suppose may be told to any judge in confidence and full reliance on his secrecy, that Abraham Dixon was not the murderer." She stopped short, and choked a little.

The judge looked sharply at her.

"Then you know who was?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, with a low, steady voice, looking him full in the face with sad, solemn eyes.

LOVE'S INCONSISTENCIES.

Because my Lady's eyes are tender blue,
And her sweet face is framed in golden hair,
I straightway vow, and ready am to swear,
No woman can be lovely if not fair!
Yet if my Love were dark, I should declare
Beauty was dark—and I should mean it too;

Protesting that I only loved brown eyes,
Doted on hair black as the raven's wing;
And I should make me sonnets, and should sing
In sweetest tones, my Lady hearkening,
Praise, oft-repeated, of the self-same thing:
In truth, Love does not make us overwise.

Yes, if my Lady bent her brows to frown,
I should maintain her loveliness too rare,
Too perfect, for so slight a thing to mar;
And I should say her frown was sweeter far
Than all the smiles of other women are,
And more became her than a golden crown.

But since my Love is gentle, meek, and fair,
And smiles on me, her lover, graciously;
And when I come, receives me lovingly;
And when I go, parts from me tenderly,
Saying, "When wilt thou come again to me?"
It needs must be that I praise golden hair,

And for her sake praise blue eyes, and fair brows,
As sweetest, purest, loveliest, and best;
Most womanly, most winning; prettiest,
And dearest every way; and for the rest—
The other eyes and hair, nor blue, nor fair—
Despise them all! And so I end my vows.

"KILLED IN ACTION."

It was the day of Cedar Mountain. Crawford had such scanty numbers that the cavalry was formed as a first line of battle, supporting the advance batteries. The audacity of the movement seemed to puzzle the enemy; for, instead of pushing us hard and driving back our feeble force, the whole morning was spent in slowly feeling their way into position, only now and then pitching a few harmless shell in our direction. Besides, they had about as good ground to fight on where they were as they could find further on; and they were probably ignorant what forces we might have upon their flanks. From sunrise until half past three in the afternoon we stood there wearily, only moving by squadrons to water and detaching carbineers as skirmishers. Across the fields, which rose in graceful undulations, we could faintly discern the columns of rebel cavalry and infantry moving from wood to wood, in the direction of our left. We were so placed that we could see nothing but the rebels, the Rhode Island cavalry formed near us, and one battery in sections on the rise of the hill behind us. At three o'clock we had gathered some oats and wheat harvested in the adjoining field, and were feeding them to our horses in addition to the corn-blades among which we stood, when the rebel batteries were moved by hand over the brow of the hill in front, and opened upon us with great rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. Our skirmishers in the mean time were sharply engaged with theirs; and, notwithstanding their disadvantage in being mounted and having merely the short carbine, did considerable execution, losing only one horse. They kept their enemy nervously making little rushes forward as they fired, and falling back to load, so that the rebels began to fire wilder and wilder. At last there was an advance in force, and they opened with grape upon this scattered line. Our men came back like a whirlwind, completely obscured by dust, and fell into their places in the ranks. Now the battery which our regiment was supporting began to show its brilliant qualities. I think that it was L Battery, First New York Artillery, but am not positive. Its sections, one above the other, either concentrated their fire or distributed it as circumstances required; and from the first shot to the last almost every missile did its duty. An officer of ours, who was out with skirmishers on our right, was so placed that he could see the effects of the fire on a brigade who were lying behind a hill waiting to charge upon the battery. For a few seconds they lay under the fire. Those few seconds cost them thirty men; and as they sprang up to run away they were swept even more fearfully. The force broke, and was not, I believe, re-formed during the engagement. While the battery was doing its work we were doing ours—the unpleasantest duty that can be imposed. We had to sit in our saddles, motionless and helpless, exposed to a tremendous fire, and unable to return a shot. Out of the woods in our front the sharp-shooters of the rebel brigade had been sent to "*disperse that cavalry*." Fortunately for us our Lieutenant-Colonel was an old soldier, and had chosen our place as none but an old soldier would. The corn-field was, as I have said, full of little undulations. Just in front of us was a hollow, and beyond it a rising ground. If we had been in the hollow, though covered from the sharp-shooters, we should have been raked by the artillery; and the hill-top was of course bad. So we stood to the rear of the hollow, on the rise of the hill; so that those in front, unconscious of this wide depression, must have thought us so much nearer to them, and have regulated their aim accordingly. This I imagine to have been the case, for a perfect storm of bullets swept across that brow of the hill, and struck up the dust at our horses' feet. Simultaneously balls came whirring through the air just above our heads, causing a shock to the nerves similar to that occasioned by a covey of quail starting from beneath our feet, and causing a good many of the men to dodge and twist a little in their saddles. I was remarking this fact indignantly to the Major, when, "Nonsense!" was his reply. "Why, I dodge myself!" of which he immediately gave an illustration. I looked around, and there were General Banks and his staff also bending gracefully to and fro. I therefore concluded that the fire was regarded as hot and heavy. "Steady, in the first squadron! Steady there, I say! What are you about?" sang out the Major's clear, stern voice. As he moved to check an apparent confusion, a man made his way out of the ranks—a little pale, perhaps, but otherwise as usual. "What are you doing leaving the ranks, Sir?" The man saluted quietly, and answered, "Hit, Sir." He had a "pretty" sharp clip from a rifle-ball. "Go to the rear and get dressed," said the Major. The line was dressed again without need of commands, and there we stood as calmly as ever under fire. But now the men began to suffer, and the horses especially had been struck several times. The battery had dismounted a gun which had been run up to the sharp-shooters, to open on us with canister, but the rifle-balls and the shell were becoming more and more accurate in their aim. Bayard turned and spoke to Banks. We heard the Major-General answer, "They stand it like veterans. I shall myself show these their new position when I move them." Presently the order came, "Platoons, right about wheel!" and at a walk, without breaking a rank, we steadily moved back, crossing the exposed hill-top and descending on the other side, where we again formed. But now our whole first line was falling back upon Banks's Corps, which had been formed as it had come up behind us; and the enemy had succeeded in planting a battery upon Cedar Mountain, which completely enfiladed our position. Over the brow of the hill, and from the left flank, the shriek of the shell thrilled our ears, and all along the line they burst with a sound that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The battery—one piece dismounted and half the horses killed—limbered up and moved off. Taking down the fence in our rear and that into the road at the right, the regiment again made an about, and retired a second time in line. That was the most trying time of all that day. The enemy's range was perfect, and with every discharge each man wondered how he had escaped. The apprehension of immediate death was strong in every soul, and yet the line moved over that uneven ground better than it could have done on drill. Not an attempt was made to break ranks or to straggle, even when comrades went down on either hand. Oh! how proud we were of the men, and how cheerfully and confidently all the officers ever after gave their orders, certain that they would be obeyed!

As the Chaplain, who had occasionally been riding along the ranks endeavoring to cheer the men while his services were not yet required in the hospital, turned from helping to clear away the fence, a man from the left came by, leading two or three horses.

"Where are you going from the field?"

"It's the Lieutenant, Sir. A shell has struck him, and the boys are carrying him, while I take the horses."

"Who? Not A——?" ejaculated the Chaplain, anxiously.

"Yes, Sir. Here he comes."

And there lay the poor boy, almost a child in look, and a sort of pet among officers and men, pale and stunned, in the arms of some of his platoon, his right leg nearly severed from his body. The crushed and torn muscles showed among them the broken bone, and the blood dropped slowly to the ground, mingling with the dust. To get him into an ambulance and drive back to the hospital seemed fearfully long for all; and I think that the men felt every jolt almost as sharply as did he. Behind a wood was spread out the ghastly apparatus of military surgery, and the poor boy was removed as quickly as circumstances would permit to the neighborhood of the table. As he lay in the Chaplain's arms he seemed to recognize the voice that spoke to him, and with the faint gaspings of a dying man he whispered,

"Oh, Chaplain, if I could only pray!"

"Shall I pray for you?"

"Yes."

And the Chaplain put up those exquisite petitions in the service for the visitation of the sick:

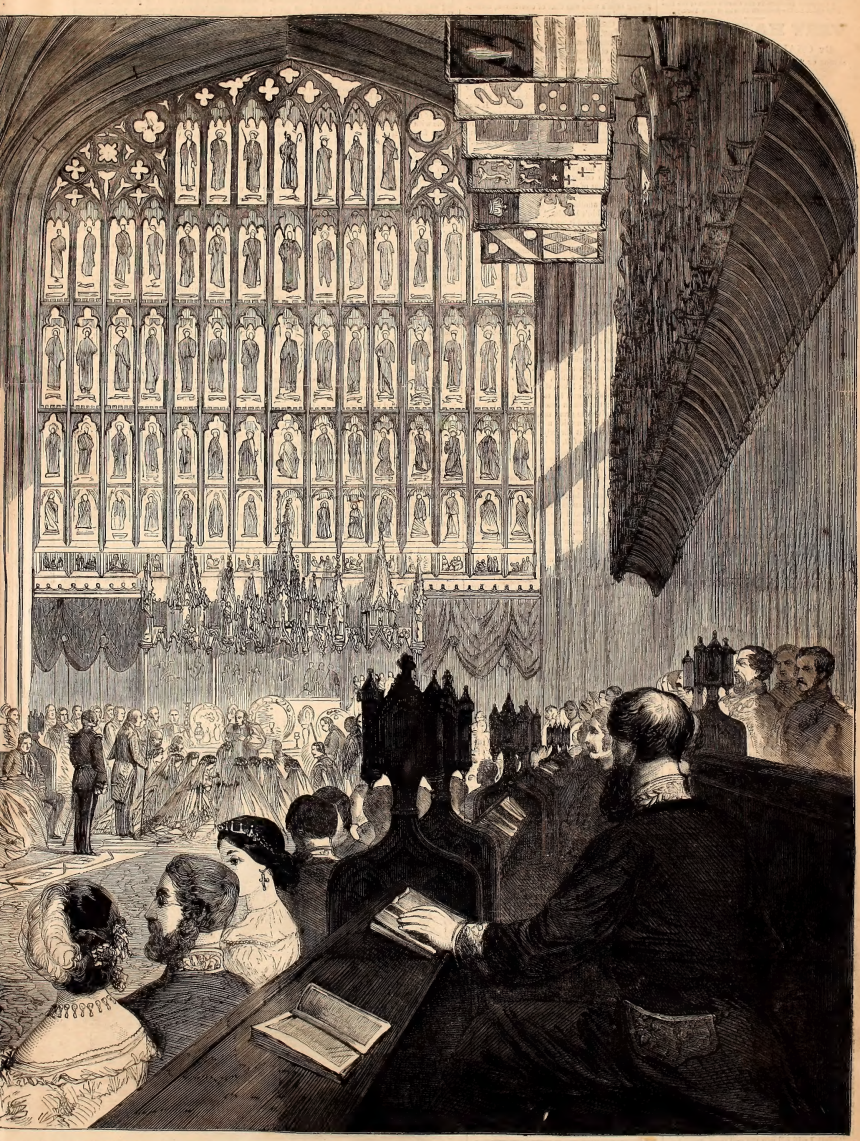
"O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, we fly unto Thee for succor in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body. Look graciously upon him, O Lord; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man. Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and steadfast faith in Thy Son Jesus; that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven before he go hence and be no more seen......

"O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour, most humbly beseeching Thee that it may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, we pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the [illegible] of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. And forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution draweth very near, so fit and prepare him now for the hour of death, that, after his departure hence in peace and in Thy favor, his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom; through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, our Lord and Saviour."

A——'s lips moved as if he were following the words of the petition to the very end. Then he was lifted on the table, the sponge of chloroform applied, and the ghastly work of amputation performed. He never recovered from the shock. His mind wandered again to the action, and he uttered words of command to his men. At last, with a feeble motion of his hand, he made an effort to ejaculate "Star-spangled banner!" These were his last words. The shells of the enemy came plunging through the wood, and struck against the fence behind which our hospital was established. A—— was placed in an ambulance, beside B——, who had been hit almost at the same moment; and the whole establishment moved back to a house in the rear. Scarcely had he been removed from the vehicle when he quietly breathed his last. He lies buried in Culpepper, in the southwest corner of our military grave-yard, while his cousin H—— sleeps at Harrisonburg, awaiting the same general Resurrection.



MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. GEORGE'S



S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, ON 10TH MARCH, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 229.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER II.

A YOUTH, adorned with a blue and yellow rosette, cried out, in the hearing of Mrs. Dodd, "I say, they are properly pumped, both crews are:" then, jumping on to a spoke of her carriage-wheel, with a slight apology, he announced that lag or three were shut up in the Exeter.

The next meaning of these two verbs passive was not clear to Mrs. Dodd: but their intensity was; she fluttered, and wanted to go to her boy and nurse him, and turned two most imploring eyes on Julia, and Julia straightway kissed her with gentle vehemence, and offered to run and see.

"What, among all these young gentlemen, love? I fear that would not be proper. See, all the ladies remain apart." So they kept quiet and mused, after the manner of females.

Meantime the Cantab's quick eye had not deceived him; in each racing boat were two young gentlemen leaning collapsed over their oars; and two more, who were in a cloud, and not at all clear whether they were in this world still, or in their seat had pulled into a better. But their malady was not a rare one in racing boats, and the remedy always at hand. It combined the rival systems. Thames was sprinkled in large faces—Homœopathy: and brandy in a tea-spoon trickled down their throats—Allopathy: youth and spirits soon did the rest; and, the moment their eyes opened, their mouths opened; and, the moment their mouths opened, they fell a chaffing.

Mrs. Dodd's anxiety and Julia's were relieved by the appearance of Mr. Edward, in a towed shooting-jacket, sauntering down to them, hands in his pocket, and a cigar in his mouth, placidly unconscious of their solicitude on his account. He was received with a little guttural cry of delight: his misery they had been in about him was duly concealed from him by both, and Julia asked him warmly who had won.

"Oh, Cambridge."

"Cambridge! Why, then, you are beaten?"

"Rather." (Puff.)

"And you can come here with that horrible calm, and cigar, owning defeat, and puffing tranquillity, with the same mouth. Mamma, we are beaten. Beaten! actually."

"Never mind," said Edward, kindly; "you have seen a capital race, the closest ever known on this river; and one of the other must lose."

"And if they did not quite win, they very nearly did," observed Mrs. Dodd, composedly; then, with heartfelt pathos, "he is not hurt, and that is the main thing."

"Well, my Lady Placid, and Mr. Imperturbable, I am glad neither of your equanimities is disturbed; but defeat is a Bitter Pill to me."

Julia said this in her earnest voice, and dreary lip her scarf suddenly round her, so as almost to make it speak, digested her Bitter Pill in silence. During which process several Exeter men came in sight of Edward, and came round him, and an animated discussion took place. They began with asking him how it had happened, and, as he never spoke in a hurry, supplied him with the answers. A stretcher had broken in the Exeter. No, but the Cambridge was a much better-built boat, and her bottom cleaner. The bow oar of the Exeter was ill, and not fit for work. Each of these solutions was advanced and combated in turn, and then all together. At last the Babel lulled, and Edward was once more appealed to.

"Well, I will tell you the real truth," said he, "how it happened." (Puff.)

There was a pause of expectation, for the young man's tone was that of conviction, knowledge, and authority.

"The Cambridge men pulled faster than we did." (Puff.)

The hearers stared and then laughed.

"Come, old fellow," said Edward, "never win a boat-race on dry land! That is such a plain thing to do: gives the other side the laugh as well as the race. I have heard a stretcher so two told, but I saw none broken. (Puff.) Their boat is the oldest I ever saw, it leaks every stroke. (Puff.) Their strength lies in the crew. It was a good race and a fair one. Cambridge got a lead and kept it. (Puff.) They beat us a yard or two at rowing; but hang it all, don't let them beat us at telling the truth, not by an inch." (Puff.)

"All right, old fellow!" was now the cry. One observed, however, that Stroke did not take the matter as coolly as Six, for he had shed a tear getting out of the boat.

"Shed a fiddle-stick!" squealed a little skeptic.

"No," said another, "he didn't quite shed it; his pride wouldn't let him."

"So he deserted it, and put it by for supper," suggested Edward, and puffed.

"None of your chaff, Six. He had a gulp or two, and swallowed the rest by main force."

"Don't you talk: you can swallow any thing, it seems." (Puff.)

"Well, I believe it," said one of Hardie's own set. "Dodd doesn't know him as we do. Taff Hardie can't bear to be beat."

"When Hardie" — gone, Mrs. Dodd observed, "Dear me! what if the young gentleman did cry a little, it was very excusable; after such great exertions it was disappointing, mortifying. I pity him for one, and wish he had his mother alive and here, to dry them."

"Mamma, it is you for reading us," cried Edward, slapping his thigh. "Well, then, since you can feel for a fellow, Hardie was a good sort and an ass. You know the waiter's way in a manner beaten, and he took the blame. He never cried: that was a crucial test of the fellows. But he did give one great sob, that was all, and hung his head on one side a moment. But then he fought and lost it directly, like a man, and there was an end of it, or ought to have been. Hang chatter-boxes!"

"And will you say to cousin Edward?" inquired Julia, warmly.

"What me? Console my senior, and my Senior? Rap out."

At this thunder-bolt of etiquette both ladies kept their countenances—this was *their* musculine best day—and Edward, finding no sympathy came on: six competitors—two Cambridge, three Oxford, one London. The three heats furnished one good race, that of the contest between a Cambridge man and Hardie, ending in favor of the latter; the Londoner walked away from his opponents. Sir Fopling a competitor more impetuous, and ran into him in the first hundred yards. Sir F. consuming calm. The umpire, appealed to on the spot, decided that this was foul, Mr. Dodd being in his own water. He talked over the name, and appointed Mr. Edward to his sister, who delivered her mind thus:

"Oh! if races are to be won by going slower than the other, we may shine yet; *only*, I call it Cheating, not Racing."

He smiled unmoved; she gave her scarf the upper hand, and they all went to dinner. The business recommenced with a race between a London boat and the winner of yesterday's heat, Cambridge. Edward, in the Exeter, said to a mark appeared. The Cambridge boat was too light for the men, and kept burying her nose; Sir Fopling's crab under water, they floated like a cork. The Londoners soon found out their advantage, and, overrating it, steered into their opponents' water prematurely, in spite of a warning voice from the bank. Cambridge saw, and crunched on for a foul; and for about a minute it was any body's race. But the Londoners pulled gallantly, and just scraped clear of Cambridge. They recovered, they kept their back straight and a clear lead to the finish; Cambridge followed a few feet in their wake, pulling wonderfully fast to the end, but a trifle out of form, and much distressed.

At this both universities looked blue, their hostile aggrandizing being, for once, lost in the external world, and then tackle each other for the prize.

Just before Edward left his friends for "the sculls," the final heat, a note was brought to him. He ran his eye over it, and threw it open into his sister's lap. The ladies read it. In writing had won a prize poem, and so now is our time to get a hint for composition:

DEAR SIR.—Oxford must win something. Suppose we go in for three sculls. You are a horse that can stay; I am a jockey fast for the load at starting. You are used to work him out of wind; then you can wait on us, and pick up the race. My boat is not well enough hedge to win, but I am good to pump the Cockney; he is quick, but a little stale. Yours truly,

ALFRED HARDIE.

Mrs. Dodd remarked that the language was sadly figurative; but she feared Mr. Edward might be successful in spite of his correspondent's style.

Julia said she did not dare hope it. "The race is not always to the swift and the battle to the strong." This was in allusion to yesterday's "foul."

The skiffs started down at the island, and, as they were longer coming up than the Exeter gig, she was in a fever for nearly ten minutes; at last, near the opposite bank, up came the two leading skiffs straggling, both men visibly exhausted; Silcock ahead, but his rudder overlapped by Hardie's bow; each in his own water.

"We are third," sighed Julia, and turned her head away from the river so resolutely, but only for a moment, for she felt Mrs. Dodd start and press her arm; and lo! Edward's skiff was shooting swiftly across from their side of the river. He was pulling just within himself, in beautiful form, and with far more elasticity than the other two had got left. As he passed his mother and sister, his eye seemed to strike fire, and he laid out all his powers, and went at the leading skiff hand over hand. There was a yell of astonishment and delight from both sides of the Thames. He passed Hardie, who upon that relaxed his speed. In thirty seconds more he was even with Silcock: then came a dead struggle: but the newcomer was "the horse that could stay:" he drew steadily ahead, and the stem of his boat was in a line with Silcock's person, when the gun fired, and a fearful roar from the bridge, the river, and the banks, announced that the favorite university had picked up the sculls in the person of Dodd of Exeter.

In due course, he brought the little silver sculls, and pinned them on his mother.

While she and Julia were telling him how proud they were and how happy they should be, but for their fears that he would hurt himself, beating gentlemen ever so much older than himself, came two Exeter men with wild looks hunting for him; "Oh, Dodd! Hardie wants you directly."

"Don't you go, Edward," whispered Julia.

"Why should you be at Mr. Hardie's beck and call? I never heard of such a thing. That youth *will* make me hate him."

"Oh I think I had better just go and see what it is about," replied Edward: "I shall be back directly." And on this understanding he went off with the men.

Half an hour passed; an hour: two hours; and he did not return. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat wondering what had become of him, and were looking all around, and getting uneasy; when at last they did hear something about him, but indirectly, and from an unexpected quarter. A tall young man in a jersey and flannel trowsers, and a little straw-hat, with a purple rosette, came away from the bustle to the more secluded part where they sat, and made eagerly for the Thames as if he was a duck, and going in. But at the brink he flung himself into a sitting posture, and dipped his white handkerchief into the stream, then tied it victoriously round his brow, doubled himself up with his head in his hands, and rocked himself like an old woman—minus the patience, of course.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia, sitting but a few paces behind him, exchanged a look of intelligence. The young gentleman was a stranger: but they had recognized a faithful old acquaintance at the bottom of his pantomime. They discovered, too, that the afflicted one was a personage: for he had not sat there long when quite a little band of men came after him. Observing his semicircularity and general condition, they hesitated a moment: and then one of them remonstrated eagerly. "For Heaven's sake come back to the boat! there is a crowd of all the colleges come round us; and they all say Oxford is being sold; we had a chance for the four-oared race, and you are throwing it away."

"What do I care what they all say?" was the answer, delivered with a kind of plaintive snarl.

"But we care."

"Care then! I pity you." And he turned his back fiercely on them; and then groaned by way of half apology. Another tried him, "Come give us a civil answer, please."

"People that intrude upon a man's privacy, racked with pain, have no right to demand civility," replied the sufferer more gently, but sullenly enough.

"Do you call this privacy?"

"It was, a minute ago. Do you think I left the boat, and came here, among the natives, for company? and noise? With my head splitting."

Here Julia gave Mrs. Dodd a soft pinch, to which Mrs. Dodd replied by a smile. And so they settled who this petulant young invalid must be.

"There, it is no use," observed one, sotto voce, "the bloke really has awful headaches, like a girl, and then he always shuts up this way. You will only rile him, and get the rough side of his tongue."

Here, then, the conference drew toward a close. But a Wadham man, who was one of the embassadors, interposed. "Stop a minute," said he, "Mr. Hardie, I have not the honor to be acquainted with you, and I am sure here to annoy you, nor to be affronted by you. But the University has a stake in this race, and the University expects me through us; through me if you like."

"Who have I the honor," inquired Hardie, assuming politeness sudden and vast.

"Badham, of Wadham."

"Badham o' Wadham? Hear that, ye tuneful nine! Well Badham o' Wadham, you are no acquaintance of mine; so you may possibly not be a fool. Let us assume by way of hypothesis that you are a man of sense, a man of reason as well as of rhyme. Then follow my logic.

"Hardie of Exeter is a good man in a boat when he has not got a headache.

"When he has got a headache, Hardie of Exeter is not worth a straw in a boat.

"Hardie of Exeter has a headache now.

"Ergo, the university would put the said Hardie into a race, headache and all, and reduce defeat to a certainty.

"And, ergo, on the same premises, I, not being an egotist, nor an ass, have taken Hardie of Exeter and his headache out of the boat, as I should have done any other cripple.

"Secondly, I have put the best man on the river into this cripple's place.

"Total, I have given the university the benefit of my brains; and the university, not having brains enough to see what is going by the sea change, turns again and rends me, like an animal frequently mentioned in Scripture; but, nota bene, never once with approbation."

And the afflicted Rhetorician attempted a diabolical grin, but failed signally; and groaned instead.

"Is this your answer to the university, Sir?"

At this query, delivered in a somewhat threatening tone, the invalid sat up all in a moment, like a poked lion.

"Oh, if Badham o' Wadham thinks to create auctoritate sua et totius universitatis, Badham o' Wadham may just tell the whole university to go and be d—d, and be hanged down to the junior cock at Skimmery Hall, with my compliments."

"Ill conditioned brute!" muttered Badham of Wadham. "Serve you right if the university were to check you into the Thames." And with this comment they left him to his ill-temper. One remained; sat quietly down a little way off, struck a sweetly aromatic lucifer, and blew a tobacco cloud; but the only one which betokens calm.

As for Hardie he held his aching head over his knees, absorbed in pain, and quite unconscious that sacred pity was poisoning the air beside him, and two pair of dove-like eyes resting on him with womanly concern.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia had heard the greatest part of this colloquy. They had terribly quick ears; and nothing better to do with their just then. Indeed their interest was excited.

Julia went as far as to put her salts into Mrs. Dodd's hand with a little earnest look. But Mrs. Dodd did not act upon the hint; she had learned who the young man was; but the very name been strange to her, she would have been more at her ease with him. Moreover his rudeness to the other m n repelled her a little; above



"THEY ARE OFF!"

* Oh where, and oh where, was her Lindley Murray gone?

all he had uttered a monosyllable; and a stinger; a thorn of speech not in her vocabulary, nor even in society's. Those might be his manners, even when not aching. Still, it seems, a feather would have turned the scale in his favor, for she whispered, "I have a great mind; if I could but catch his eye."

While feminine pity and social reserve were holding the balance so nicely, and nonsensically, about half a split straw, one of the racing four oars went down close under the Berkshire bank.

"London!" cried Hardie's adherent.

"What can you mean, old fellow?" murmured Hardie, in a faint voice. "Now, that is like a friend, a real friend, to sit by me, and not make a row. Thank you, thank you!"

Presently the Cambridge four-oar passed: it was specially followed by the Oxford; the last came down with a rush, and Hardie eyed it keenly as it passed.

"There," he cried, "was I wrong? There is a swing for you; there is a stroke. I do not know what a treasure I had got sitting behind me."

The ladies looked, and lo! the lauded Stroke of the four-oar was left behind.

"Sing out and tell him it is not like a sculls. He must fight for the head, or starting, and hold it with his eyelids when he has got it."

This adherent bawled this at Edward, and Edward—who enjoyed rough boat-work in a sleepy cheerful voice, "We mean to try all we know."

"What is the odds?" inquired the invalid, faintly.

"Even on London; two to one against Cambridge; three to one against us."

"Take all you can and lay it on," sighed the sufferer.

"Fork it out, then. Hallo! eighteen pounds? Fancy having eighteen pounds at the end of term! I'll get the odds up at the bridge directly. Here's a lady offering you her smelling-bottle."

Hardie rose and turned round, and sure enough there were two ladies seated in their carriage at some distance; one of whom was holding him out three pretty little things enough—a little smile, a little blush, and a little gaiety bottle with a gold cork. The last panegyric on Edward had turned the scale.

Hardie rose slowly up to the side of the carriage, and took off his hat to them with a half-bewildered air. Now that he was so near, his face showed very pale: it was more so than his neck was a good deal tanned; his eyelids were rather swollen, and his young eyes troubled and almost filmy with the pain. The ladies saw, and their gentle bosoms were touched: they had heard of him as a victorious combatant, triumphing on all difficulties of mind and body; and they saw him wan, and worn, with feminine suffering the contrast to him doubly interesting.

Arrived at the side of the carriage he almost started at Julia's beauty. It was sun-like, and so were her eyes; not nothing by halves.

He looked at her and her mother, and blushed, and stood irresolute, avoiding their commands. This sudden shyness in a young person with his own sex paved the way. "You have a sad headache, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd; "oblige me by trying my salts."

He thanked her in a low voice.

"And smell, too," inquired Julia, "ought he to sit in the sun?"

"Certainly not. You had better sit there, Sir, and profit by the shade and our passing."

"Yes, mamma, but you know the real place where he ought to be, is Bed."

"Oh, pray don't say that," implored the patient.

But Julia continued, with unabated severity, "And that is the place he would go this minute, if I was his mamma."

"Instead of his junior, and a stranger," said Mrs. Dodd, somewhat coldly, dwelling with a very slight monitory emphasis on the "stranger."

Julia said nothing, but drew in perceptibly, and was dead silent.

"Oh, madam!" said Hardie, eagerly, "I do not dispute her authority; nor yours. You have a right to send me where you please, after your kindness in noticing my infernal head, and doing me the honor to speak to me, and bidding me this. But if I go to bed, my head will be my master. Besides, I shall throw away what little chance I have of making your acquaintance; and the race just coming off!"

"We will not usurp authority, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly: "but we know what a severe headache is, and should be glad to see you sit still in the shade, and excite yourself as little as possible."

"Yes, madam," said the youth, humbly, and sat down like a lamb. He glanced now and then at the island, and now and then peered up at the radiant young mute beside him.

The silence was still all it was broken by a fish out of water.

An under-graduate in spectacles came mooning along, all out of his element. It was Mr. Kennet, who used to rise at four every morning to his Plato, and to sip Shoreditch Hill every afternoon, wet or dry, to cool his head for his evening work. With what view he deviated to Henley, has not yet been ascertained; he was blind as a bat, and did not care a button about any earthly boat-race, except the one in the Zeneid, even if he could have seen one. However, nearly all the men of his college went to Henley, and perhaps some branch, hitherto unexplored, of animal magnetism, drew him after. At any rate, there was his body; and his mind at Oxford and Athens, and other vendable but irrelevant cities. He brightened at sight of his dodge, and poked him warmly if he had heard the news.

"No; what? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Why, two of our men are gone; that is all," said Kennet, affecting with withering irony to undervalue his intelligence.

Confound it, Kennet, how you frightened me! I was afraid there was some screw loose with the crew."

At this very instant, the smoke of the pistol was seen to puff out from the island, and Hardie rose to his feet. "They are off!" cried he to the ladies, and, after first looking his apology together with a hypocritical look of apology, he laid one hand on a tree, and one foot on the sedgy bank, and sprang like a mountain goat on to the bow, lighting on the very gunwale. The position was not tenable for an instant, but he extended one foot very nimbly and boldly, and planted it on the other gunwale; and there he was in a moment, bareheaded and all, in an attitude as large and inspired, as the boldest gesture antiquity has committed to marble; he had even the advantage over the ancient gods of the sculptured forms of Greece. But a double opera-glass at his eye "spoiled the lot," as Mr. Punch says.

I am not to be; for this incidents of a distant race coming nearer and nearer. The main features are always the same, only this time it was more exciting to our kind friends, on account of Edward's high stake in it. And then their grateful though refractory patient, an authority in their eyes, and a hero, all but a river-god, stood poised in air, and in excited whispers interpreted each distant and unintelligible feature down to them:

"Cambridge was off quickest."

"But not much."

"Any body's race at present, madam."

"If this lasts long we may win. None of them can stay like us."

"Come, the favorite is not so very dangerous."

"Cambridge looks best."

"I wouldn't change with either, so far."

"Now, in forty seconds more, I shall be able to pick out the winner."

Julia went up his ladder of thrills to a high state of excitement; and, indeed, they were all so tossed to racing pitch, that some metal nerve or other seemed in jar inside all three, when the piercing, grating voice of Kennet broke in suddenly with,

"How do you construe γιγνωσκουσι?"

The wretch had burrowed in the intellectual ruins of Greece the moment the pistol went off, and coolly set to work, with the double opera-glass, and his great impulse was to brain the judicious Kennet, gaping up to him for an answer, with open mouth, and like supernatural eyes of dead sophists in the sun.

"How do you construe 'Hoc ego?' you incongruous dog! Hold your tongue, and mind the race!"

"There, I thought so! Where's your three to one now? The Cockneys are out of this event, my way. Go on, Universities, and order their suppers!"

"But, which is first, Sir?" asked Julia, imploringly. "Or, which is first of all?"

"Neither. Never mind; it looks well. London is pumped, and if Cambridge can't lend him a dozen stiff ones on the post, Oxford will be ours. Now, look out! By Jove, we are *ahead!*"

The leading boats came on, Oxford pulling a long, lofty, swinging stroke, as though as if it never could compete with the quick action of its competitor. Yet it was undeniably ahead, and gaining, at every swing.

Young Hardie writhed on his perch. He screeched at them across the Thames: "Now pulled Stroke! Now pulled all! Splendidly pulled, Dodd! You are walking away from them altogether! Oxford for ever! Oxford for-ever-r-r-r hurrah!" The gun went off over the heads of the Oxford crew in advance, and even Mrs. Dodd and Julia could see by their narrow vanishing that they had won.

"We have won at last!" cried Julia, all on fire, "and fairly; only think of that!"

Hardie turned round, glowing in beauty for sliding with his university. "Yes, and the fools may thank me; or rather my man, Dodd. Dodd forever! Hurrah!"

At this climax even Mrs. Dodd took a gentle share in the youthful enthusiasm that was boiling around her, and her soft eyes sparkled, and she returned the fervid pressure of her daughter's hand; and both their faces were flushed with gratified pride and delight.

"Dodd!" broke in the incongruous dog," with a voice just like a sow's. "Dodd! Ah, that's the man who is just plowed for smalls."

Ice has its thunder-bolts.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S DUMMY.

We publish on page 236 an illustration of "ADMIRAL PORTER'S SECOND DUMMY," from a photograph made from a model. Several readers and others who was best fitted to illustrate the craft. We need hardly explain that this second Dummy, like the first, was merely an imitation. *Monitor*, made of a few planks and some tar barrels, and intended to frighten the Vicksburg rebels. We are permitted by a distinguished officer of the navy to copy the following extracts from a letter recently received by him from the gallant Admiral:

"YAZOO RIVER, *March* 15, 1863.

"I have not sent you a sketch for some time, because up to it by the one inclosed.

"Much as we have come to mourn over the loss of the *Indianola*, I don't suppose that a more ridiculous thing ever occurred than the blowing up of this gun-boat after the rebels had her so securely in their possession; and it will hardly be believed when the history of this war is written that a wooden dummy could have achieved so remarkable a victory.

"I must confess, however, that the dummy was a much more formidable looking vessel than the *Indianola* in every respect—especially her wooden gun, which was a monster.

"After passing the batteries at night, and defying all the rebel rams, including the lay a wake day opposite the canal—the rebels trying in vain to get her, and one of them a moment discovering their error—when she got in the current again, she 'sailed in' on the *Queen of the West* (which vessel had just arrived at Warrenton, when it was amusing to see that rebel rammer clap on steam and vamoose the ranche. Indeed, she never stopped until she came to Yazoo City; but finding that the grim monster was after her, they applied the torch, and blew her and every thing in her to atoms. It was a great sight to see her burn, for we could imagine the damage the *Indianola* could have effected on the river in case she had been saved. But it was not to be; for this all the Confederate iron-clads she went up the spout or down below to 'Davy' to confabb with her friends. Night before last I read another terrific monster—a perfect imitation of our *Lafayette*, which latter vessel dropped down and passed the river in the afternoon, and shelled the fortifications with a few 100-pounders. At 11 o'clock at night her dummy immediately commenced operations before the batteries, belching out huge volumes of smoke through her keel-barrel chimneys, and the way the rebels prepared her was a caution to all dummies. But undrifted by unscathed, stood the fire of the Warrenton batteries, and went on her mission own the stream as calm as a May morning, until the Carthage batteries, twenty miles below, pitched into her, and she still, like old Brown's soul, kept moving on. This little military sport must have cost the rebels a thousand charges of powder and the bursting and dismounting of five or six guns.

"The next time we try this game they will find something better than 'dummies' to practice at."

IN THE BAYOUS

Our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, has sent us sketches of the work of CUTTING THROUGH THE SOUTHWESTERN BAYOUS, which we reproduce on page 236. With the sketches we receive the following correspondence, which is interesting:

"ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, NEAR YOUNG'S POINT, TUESDAY *Night, March* 17, 1863.

"The present stage of water in the Mississippi has, as you are aware, partially overflowed the Louisiana shore opposite Vicksburg; has encroached upon the encampments of our troops compelling one of the corps of the army to remove to Milliken's Bend and has even threatened the sacred precincts of the dead. One of the many plans which have been here, where the defenders of the republic who fell in battle last December, and who have since perished of disease, are now lying in peaceful rest, but with glorious suggestiveness, has been inundated by the flood, and the graves are but partially visible above the surface of the turbid overflowing waters.

"Melancholy, touchingly sad, looks the rough, heroic cemetery when the sky is clouded and the moon leaves us more and more, as if in pity, upon the buried heroes whom Fortune has not spared and the elements will not respect. It would seem, in a poetic mood, as if the pale priestess of heaven were offering up a prayer in her nightly vigils for the gallant dead, whom a grateful nation's memory should embalm, as they lie in their narrow tombs so far away from their native homes, with no requiem save the mournful Mississippi chants, and no audible lament but that the soft Southern breezes waft over this dull and dreary shore.

"ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, GENERAL STUART'S DIVISION, NEAR YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Thursday Evening, March* 19, 1863.

"Near this point, on Muddy Bayou, it is proposed to effect an entrance into Steele's Bayou, and thence into Yazoo River, some miles above Haines's Bluff, which is the right of the rebel army at Vicksburg, and one of the strongest of the enemy's positions. Our troops have been in Steele's Bayou reconnoitring for two or three days, and an engagement, supported by infantry, is soon expected at Haines's Bluff, which is strongly fortified. The country hereabout is, as you know, very flat and swampy, and the level of the Yazoo at the present stage of water is lower than the Mississippi; but the water in Muddy Bayou flows to and from the great parent stream.

"To reach Steele's Bayou it is necessary to construct *corduroy* roads and bridges, and these are being rapidly built; Stuart's division having already done so much, and begun their march into the interior. The distance to Steele's Bayou is not much over a mile, and our troops are now speedily be encamped upon the banks of the Yazoo. The road thither is naturally very difficult, as I myself experienced, as you will observe by the sketches I inclose. One is necessitated to wade, to cross logs, to build rafts, in short to convert himself into an amphibious animal.

"Two of the Union transports of small size, the *Eagle* and *Silver Wave*, have already gotten into Steele's Bayou, and into the Yazoo, but not without serious damage to their upper works from the thick boughs and trunks of the impelling gum, cottonwood, and cypress trees. The exertion one is compelled to make in bayou navigation down here at this season, the thermometer ranging at 90° and upward, causes a copiousness of perspiration equal to that supposed, in the popular apologue of the day, to proceed from an African endeavoring to assist at an American election. The season here is quite far advanced. The trees are green; the fruit trees and blackberry bushes all in bloom; the birds singing as merrily as if such a thing as secession had never been.

"Stuart's Division are working hard, and the General himself has doffed his coat and toils like a Trojan with his men; believing very justly that a commander's example is necessary to animate and encourage his soldiers. Stuart is emphatically, as I have styled him, a 'working general,' is energetic, patriotic, determined, and has already distinguished himself for his ability and gallantry on several hard-fought fields."

THE FIGHT AT NEWBERN.

We illustrate on page 237 the unsuccessful attempt of the rebels to take Newbern, North Carolina, on 14th ult., from a sketch by Mr. E. Forbes. The article given the following account of the affair:

"NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, *March* 14, 1863.

"The quiet of this department was disturbed today at 9 o'clock P.M., while at dress parade, by the arrival of a courier from Deep Gully, stating that our outposts were driven in by the rebels, who were in force in the direction of Kinston. In an instant all was in commotion, and at half past 8 the Forty-sixth, the Fifth, and Twenty-fifth Regiments of Infantry, with Belger's Battery of 6 guns, of Illinois, were en route on the march to the scene of conflict. Our route lay up the Trent road (if road it might be called), through a dense forest of timber, while at every step the men would sink to their knees in mud and water; yet with all these obstacles they pushed on until the 12 o'clock had reached the outermost picket post, where it was thought best by General Palmer to halt, as the main force, with Companies E, B, G, and F, of the 46th, under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Walkley, took the road at the right and marched directly down to the Red House station, and there formed in line of battle. At daylight on the morning of the 13th the cavalry of that station traversed the adjoining woods and finding no enemy returned. At this moment we heard heavy firing in the direction of Newbern, and shortly after a courier arrived with a dispatch ordering our immediate return, as Newbern was attacked by a large force from the other side of the River Neuse. The troops, much fatigued from the previous evening's march and loss of sleep, with three hearty cheers took 'double-quick' on the return march. When within four miles of Newbern we could see the smoke of exploding shells as they dropped in the woods occupied by the rebels; these came from our gun-boats, which were constantly plying up and down the river. Hardly had our troops formed in line of battle on the River Neuse to protect several regiments of troops which were ordered over the river to check the advance of the rebels, when another courier arrived from the outposts that we had just left, bringing information that the rebels were driving in our pickets and rapidly advancing on the city. At this juncture of affairs the brigade of General Lee, composed of the Forty-sixth, Twenty-fifth, and Fifth Massachusetts, were again ordered back to check their further march. A third time in the short space of twenty-four hours we had taken the double-quick, without rest and with but little food to eat. During this time an incessant firing was kept up by our gun-boats, which had the effect of silencing the batteries of the enemy on the river. I herewith send you a sketch of the scene, as presented during a part of the day, 13th inst. We are on an island with our troops, batteries, and all the paraphernalia of war brought into requisition in better order than on this occasion. The view is taken on the grand scene. For miles above and below the banks were lined with troops and citizens, while the rattle of troops, the fire of cannon, the roar of cannon, the bursting shells, all gave evidence of the horrors as well as the grandeur of war. The rebels had arrived to occupy Newbern on this day, it being the anniversary of the day on which they lost the city by the valor of our brave troops. The last three days have been eventful ones to our arms, as they have shown that our new regiments are firm, and can be relied on whenever called to act as experienced veterans and under trying circumstances. Lee's Brigade is now in pursuit of the rebels on the Trent, and as the mail closes directly I must close without giving the sequel of their proceedings. The city is safe and order is being restored."

THE WANDERER.

SAD Autumn's tears were falling
Mournfully;
Stern Winter's voice was calling
Scornfully;
Pining for Spring, the withered leaves decayed,
Or wildly flew to find the missing maid.

I knelt there in my sorrow
Tearfully:
I thought upon the morrow
Fearfully:
Despised, forgotten, friendless, and alone,
I knelt and wept upon that cold, cold stone.

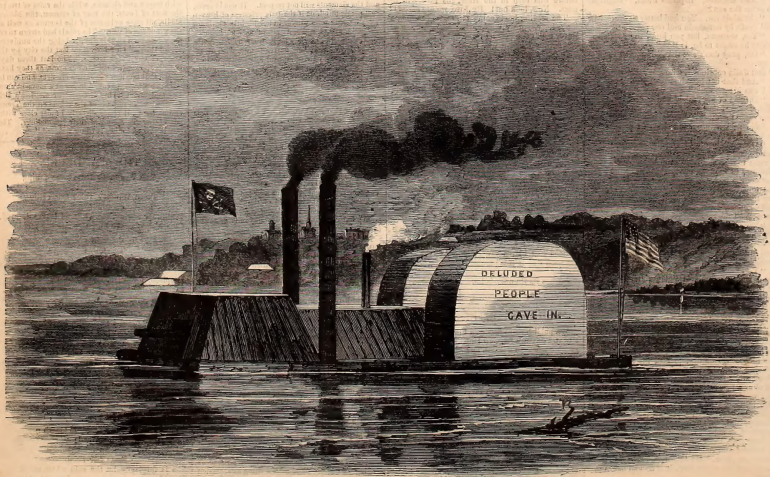
Why did she die—the last, the
Nearest one?
Oh, for her gentle love and
Dearest one!
Why will he not return to my lone heart?
Forget, forgive, and love me, ne'er to part?

Sister, my heart is breaking!
'Twas so true!
Can you not hear its aching
Call for you?
Tell him I'm dying—dying here alone—
Dying for grief—for you, *for him, my own!*

The dead leaves rustle 'neath a
Manly tread:
A whisper—in his shoulder
Rests her head.
She is forgiven—by the cold white stone.
She often kneels there now, but not alone.



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ALIGHTING FROM HER CARRIAGE.—[SEE PAGE 229.]



ADMIRAL PORTER'S SECOND DUMMY FRIGHTENING THE REBELS AT VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 235.]



THE BATTLE AT NEWBERN—REPULSE OF THE REBELS, MARCH 14, 1863.—[See Page 235.]

THE LITTLE RED SLIPPER.

The baby lay in a golden cradle, with a purple satin coverlet over it, but if it had had a dirty face and been kicking on the mud floor of a cabin, it couldn't have been more obstreperous. It hadn't the first idea of etiquette. There it lay kicking up its fat legs, its great blue eyes staring at every thing, just as wide awake and mutinous a baby as you ever saw in your life.

The doctors pronounced it a case of activity on the brain, and declared that it should be kept perfectly quiet—all but one, who hinted at a spanking, and was sent out to be executed at once, as if any thing could be kept quiet that was jerking, and jumping, and twitching in every finger and toe, and that would be full, and sniffed disdainfully at Madame Squazzalog, the court prima donna, who was quite hoarse and red in the face with singing lullabies.

The queen-mother went into hysterics, the king flew into a rage, and the courtiers, who couldn't get a wink of sleep, were quite in despair, when at this juncture was heard a rustling in the chimney, and with a great pounding of grandpapa stockings and a treasonable thumping of a mouse-skin cloak, down came baby's fairy godmother, and casting a look of immense contempt on all about her—for all the magic words, "Once upon a time," Baby hushed on the instant. Once upon a time, repeated the fairy, there was a palace called the palace of Crepuscule, where the wind, and rain, and snow came in through great holes in the roof and walls, and the courtiers caught cold in their nobles, and stood up to their knees in drifts, and pretended to know nothing about it, because it was treason or almost that to find fault in any thing about it could possibly be bettered; and in this palace six hundred cooks, four hundred grooms, seven hundred footmen, and one poet, were busy night and day, for Prince Progressita, the king's only son, was about to be married to a princess who had a hump, thin red hair, and an outrageous squint.

The courtiers, led off by the poet, declared that her hump stood highness was an beautiful as the morning; but the prince, who insisted on having ideas of his own, was not a little sulky over his approaching bargain, and the first one fine morning, as the Principal Nomskull came to draw his curtains, as a Principal Nomskull had done for the last four hundred years, kicked off his wig into the very face of the Lord High Fiddlestick standing just behind him, called them all a set of humbugs, and drove them out of the room. The Lord High Fiddlestick ran down the palace stairs, three steps at a jump, his pink velvet slippers falling off, and his green suits dreadfully ornamented with gilt lace behind him. The Duke of Fussification ran to tell it to the Lord of the Bedchamber, who was frustrated by the news to such an extent that he spilled all the powder that he was weighing out for the princess. The Principal Nomskull rushed to the queen, who dropped her crown into the pan in which she was frying dough-nuts, while the king sent post haste for the court philosopher, Dr. Dilloxs, A.K.L.S.T.C.M.Q.X.

Meanwhile Prince Progressita mounted here and rode off into the country, the place where yeomen of his time always went to seek their fortune, and the road went at first through a great forest that began to quiver, and get into as small commotion, crying out from every leaf and vine as the Prince rode on, "Go back, you fool, go back!" whispering and gibbering round him, while the thin ugly faces peering out from every crevice, and startling his horse with airy things swinging right across his way. When the sun had all done its antics things seemed trying in their way to stop him. Gnarled roots writhed across the path and tripped him; the brambles caught and tore his velvet doublet, till he looked like a piece of tatterdemalion; the sunlight, that had stolen along quietly enough under cover of the bushes, now flashed out broad and foaming across the road at every turn, forcing him to wade it again and again. The air was full of malicious chatter and hustle, swarming about him, besetting and delaying him on every side, but he would not relinquish his task when the sunlight faded away. The forest fell into twilight sadness and gloom, and stumbling on a bank, the Prince soon broke his neck, for Prince Progressita, chilled, hungry, and weary, to make his way on foot as well as he could through the brambles and shadowy undergrowth of the forest.

A nice position for a Prince whose satin curtains were drawn every morning by the Principal Nomskull! not half so bad, however, as a humpbacked bride, thought he, and pushing boldly on he came to a bat whose wing he was hurriedly going to clear hearth, and an old woman sitting by it spinning, who gave the Prince a crust of bread, and a bed in the corner of the hut, without speaking or stopping in her work. The last thing that the Prince heard as he fell asleep was the hum, hum, hum, buz of the wheel.

Early in the morning she was at him, shaking him.

"What is your name?" she asked, with a shake.

"Prince Progressita, of Crepuscule," answered the Prince, opening her method with that of the Principal Nomskull.

But the old woman turned up her nose.

"I know better than that. I have seen Prince Progressita at Court. He is no more like you than he is like me. The Prince is a well-looking fellow enough, but you are a genuine vagabond as ever I set eyes upon. There is not a bit of the Prince about you. However, I have some trees that need cutting. If you are willing to earn your victuals well —if not, you can pack."

"Sir, it was my purple velvet doublet that made the Prince," thought Progressita, a little vexed, but, putting an axe over his shoulder, he started for the wood. "I'm rags I am like any other vagabond; but, at any rate, I had rather cut down trees than set breakfast with my Lord High Fiddlestick and those other ceremonious humbugs." But if there had been whispering and giggling in the forest yesterday it was ten times worse to-day. The leaves shook with laughter; the brook that had so splashed him yesterday was chuckling, at his very elbow. Every where little voices were calling:

"Fee-setter, come as fast as you can.
For Prince Progressita is your man;"

and as he hacked and hewed away at the stout old trees, it seemed as if the spiteful elves couldn't contain themselves for fun—why he found out, as each down, when he discovered that the wood had grown as fast as he could cut it, and that there wasn't so much as a bit of dry bone for the fame, who was waiting for him in the cottage-door.

"A pretty Prince you are," she said, gruffly, "that couldn't bring home a stick of dry wood little finger;" but she gave him, notwithstanding, an excellent dinner, and a bed soft as his own at Crepuscule, and the next morning he went to work down, when he discovered that the wood had grown as fast as he could cut it, and that there wasn't so much as a bit of dry bone for the dame, who was waiting for him in the cottage-door.

"A pretty Prince you are," she said, gruffly, "that couldn't bring home a stick of dry wood little finger;" but she gave him, notwithstanding, an excellent dinner, and a bed soft as his own at Crepuscule, and the next morning he went to work.

"Since you have no luck with the axe, perhaps you can catch me some fish; there are royal trout in the brook."

But it was even worse than it had been before. The trout dashed up every time, and went into from top to toe; the water, that seemed all alive with mischief, wound his line about stumps and stones, or carried off altogether. The fish landed at his bait, and, swimming off, popped up their heads at him in derision; and the very frogs sitting on the bank croaked at him till they were hoarse with their scorn, as he went home, with a basket as empty as his stomach, to the old woman, who was waiting for him at the cottage-door.

But she was even kinder than before. She gave him a better dinner still, and softer bed, and said to him in the morning:

"You are an awkward lout, since you can neither cut wood nor catch fish; but you have patience and perseverance, and perhaps they can use your eyes better than your hands. Go out now and see what you can find in the fields."

So he went out, and this time there was neither laughing nor whispering, but all the forest was in a quiver and shake with fear and affright, and hundreds of voices were calling to him.

"This way, this way; look here."

But all the noise came from above; and Prince Progressita, being a man, was, as all men are, Baby, perverse; and, out of his natural perversity, looking carefully about every where, but where his on the ground, a tiny red slipper with a golden heel, a diamond buckle, and a pair of little violet strings, that fluttered from the top of each shoe in his bosom.

The moment that this was done the forest grew suddenly still, and looking up he saw the old woman whom he had left in the cottage, and who, as he now must have guessed long ago, Baby, was his fairy godmother.

"He does well who finds the slipper, but he does better who keeps it," she said to him. "As you love your life, beware how you let it out of your bosom; verbum sap;" which meant, Baby, that he was to go about his business with his eyes shut accordingly, and journeyed on till he came to a castle over the gates of which was written:

"This is the castle of Fussification, the home of the giant Opinion, who has in ward the loveliest princess in the world for the prince who has courage to woo her."

Our Prince, who was naturally anxious to see the most beautiful damsel in the world, had no sooner read this than he walked in at the gate straight up the steps, but before he had time to knock the doors flew open wide, and the giant himself called out,

"Come in, Prince Progressita, pray come in. You are quite welcome. You are a four-and-twenty princes to make a pie, and I have only twenty-three."

At which Prince Progressita only smiled, being tolerably well used to humbug at home, and went in.

It wasn't to be denied, however, that this giant had various little peculiarities not altogether pleasant; for to say nothing of his castle, which could never be looked on as any thing else than a well closed up of itself, and of his mouth, which looked as if it could swallow all the four-and-twenty princes at once, he had a way of chewing bones and coming at you, say with a leg sticking out at you from the door, a hand grasping from the chimney-corner, two or three fingers from the top of the middle of the floor, and eyes and tongues, of which he had a hundred each, glaring and calling from all manner of places, after a fashion that sometimes chilled Progressita's blood; the general effect being heightened by a fire of lambchops always going mournfully down to the kitchens below, from whence were heard voices, crying,

"Look sharp now, and spare Prince Valentine, and spare Prince Max, and tie up Prince Jonquil, and lay them evenly, and then roll the crust, for Prince Progressita will be here before long."

The giant, however, was vastly polite.

"Pray make yourself quite easy," he said, with a grin. "I shall be charmed to have you for a ward-in-law, and there is but one condition, an easy one. The Princess Vertia lacks but one thing in the world, which you must procure. So wise and witty a prince can guess, of course, what it is, and the Lord of Crepuscule can easily devise it. You have the rest of the day before you, and so certain am I of your success, that I won't even hint at the pin probabilities awaiting you should you fail."

And showing all his teeth in a horrible smile, the giant disappeared in the great arch below.

This was worse than fish that wouldn't be caught, and forests that would giggle. What on earth could it be that Princess Vertia lacked, that would it feel to be covered with pastry and baked? He could think of nothing but the three-and-twenty princes, bound and waiting for him to make up the row; and in this mournful condition he was pacing to and fro in the great hall of the castle, when he saw spring up just before him a tree that bloomed diamonds every moment, and sent forth leaves of emeralds at every instant.

"What can a Princess lack but such a tree as this?" said a voice. "Let the Prince lay down the slipper that is in his bosom, and the tree is his."

But Progressita remembered the words of the fairy, and reducing that all in that evil castle were his enemies, turned his back on the tree; but lo! there, on the window-sill, sang a bird the poems of all the nations under the sun, and so sweetly that Progressita forgot all about the giants and the three-and-twenty princes, till a voice cried, "What can the Princess Vertia lack but such a bird as this? and where is the prince in the Prince's bosom in comparison with his life?"

Progressita hesitated, and put his hand in his bosom; but the little wings fluttered away from his hand, as if frightened; and again remembering the fairy, he turned his back and walked off as fast as possible; at which the voice said, spitefully,

"Go and be served in a pasty, then!" and was silent till evening, when the castle began to glow with a light like moonlight, and doors flying open on a sudden, showed Progressita the giant and his ward Vertia, who was so lovely that the Prince forgot every thing in looking at her.

Her eyes were blue, like those violets that hide away in the dark of evening; her long hair was bright as gold, and fell down to her feet, braided with pearls and diamonds. On her wrist a bird sang sweetly, the perch of every nation under the sun, and a spray that bloomed diamonds and emeralds every minute was in her hand, her head. There was only one blemish on her beauty—she walked as if lame.

"This is the Princess Vertia," said the giant; "and I read in your hopeful face that you have guessed and supplied the only thing that she lacks?"

Progressita bowed, in token of her role, and displayed her little snow-white feet. On one was a tiny red slipper, with a diamond buckle, a golden heel, and a little violet string; but the other was bare; and this was plainly the cause of her lameness.

Then Progressita stood confounded, and the giant, with a malicious grin, leaned forward to seize him; but, recovering himself, the Prince put his hand in his bosom, and drew out the slipper, and fitted it on Vertia's lovely foot.

The giant uttered a howl, while from the dismal dens below arose a shout of joy; and Progressita unbound the three-and-twenty princes, and married Vertia, and lived happy.

"Why, the child's asleep, as I'm a fairy," broke off Baby's godmother, pulling up the purple coverlet over her little fat arms. "You see, now, all the needed was proper management."

"Proper management! She calls that nonsense proper management!" echoed the courtiers, in dismay, as her fairyship whisked up the slumbery, mouse-skin cloak and all.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms.—The large Bergen New England settlement of Hommarsun, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia; five citizens; less fruit will not matters in the Union; $10 to $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to J. J. BYERS, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Route in the land.—Leave Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 9 A.M. for Hammonton. [3t]

A FASHION BOOK FOR THE LADIES.—"LE BON TON." Journal de Modes, imported from Paris by E. T. TAYLOR, 597 Broadway, N.Y., is the best, cheapest, and most reliable fashion book in America. Every lady of good taste should have it. Price one year, monthly, $5; single copy, with two full size patterns, 50 cents.

OLD VIOLINS FOR SALE.—70 genuine Instruments, by Italian and other celebrated makers. Persons at a distance can have great facilities in selecting Instruments by sending cash or satisfactory reference; or by return to S. JOHNSON, No. 29 Nassau Street, N. Y.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, renderes them soft and white. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' $1 12 for Gents'. HALL & CO., 701 Broadway, N. Y. Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

"Cotton Substitute" Twines.



THE "BALL IS UP!"

REMIND
THE INHABITANTS
OF THE UNIVERSAL
BALL
That We are the Principal
TWINE DEALERS
In the United States.
1,000,000 Lbs. of Rope.
1,000,000 Yards of Twine
WILLARD HARVEY
& CO.
No. 58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

WOOL TWINE, put up in Balls and Skeins. Hemp and Jute CARPET RAG, for sale, and second quality, colored and gray. WRAPPING TWINE, Cotton and substitute for Cotton, put up in bundles and barrels. Paper Twines, best assortment in the country. Sail and Seeing Twines, Gilling Thread and Net Twines. Cotton Bag Strings, 30 cents per pound. Hop and Tobacco Twine, Steam Feeding and Sargent's Tow, Bleaching and Loom Cord.

HARVEY'S, Rope and Cordage Warehouse, No. 58 Maiden Lane, New York. Send for Circular.

PHELAN'S
Improved Billiard Tables
AND
Combination Cushions.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players, and the most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for greater exactness and durability.

Seven distinct Patents, for Improvements in Billiard Tables, have been granted to me by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a Patent from the French Government for our Improvements in Billiard Cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our Tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by means of which we are enabled to secure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in Billiard Manufactory.

Having had many years experience through almost all of the appliances of billiards, and constantly on hand a large stock of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials, we are prepared to furnish every thing required in the Billiard Line with unprecedented dispatch.

The eminent French Billiard Player, M. Berger, has published the following opinion:

"NEW YORK, 24 August, 1861.

"On the eve of leaving the United States, I am happy to declare to all amateurs of Billiards that, after a tour of eleven months through the principal cities, I have been enabled to judge in the most perfect manner of the superiority of the Billiard Tables manufactured by Phelan & Collender. The system of manufacture is so superior, that I am happy to introduce their style of cushion into France. They have united in combining the qualities of elasticity and firmness of the French Tables, of remarkable excellence and beauty. For these reasons I can recommend them to the decoration.

"BERGER, CLAUDIUS, Prof. of Billiards, Paris."

Parties ordering from us will find our prices as low as good work can possibly be made for. We will forward articles as a fair price, and will not make an inferior article to any party.

Orders by mail carefully and promptly executed. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists sent free. The "BILLIARD CIRCULAR," a journal published in the interest of Billiard Players, and containing the Latest Billiard News, a record of Billiard Matches, and every thing of interest to amateurs of Billiards, sent free on application.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63, 65, 67, & 69 Crosby St., New York.
And 734 & 736 Broadway, Sth. San Francisco.

Important to Army and Navy Officers.
FIELD GLASSES.



Portable and powerful double Telescopes, or Field Glasses, with Achromatic object and 8 miles distinctly. The best instrument for Billiard delineation of the instrument, for sale by the makers, or the parties from any other glass. Circulars sent free by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, JOHNSON,
691 Broadway, opp. Bond Street, N. Y.

An opportunity that seldom occurs is now afforded those desiring a profitable investment and ample time given at a low price. We are closing out a large importation of the

IMPROVED SWEEP-SECOND
DUPLEX,

in sterling Silver Cases, with Enamel every mark, and *Jewelled in Four Movements*, with "stop" to be used by sportsmen, artificers, &c., in marking time. Price, with apparatus, $15 00. Every Watch warranted. Also, one requiring a really accurate, elegant, and economical watch, but little above the common low kind. Price $8 00 upon receipt of price; postage 24 cents. A safe and prompt delivery guaranteed.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,
Cor. Court-st. and Nassau Street, Brooklyn.

First Display of Spring Novelties.

1863.

F. Derby & Company, Merchant Tailors,

Still continue to make up Clothing to order in their usual well-known style of excellence, from an unlimited variety of all kinds of Cloths and Cassimeres, imported at *Popular Prices*. 57 Walker Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published:

HARASZTHY'S WINE-MAKING, &c. Grape-Culture and Wine-Making, being the Official Report of the Commissioner appointed to investigate the Agriculture of Europe, with Practical Directions for Wine-Culture in California. By A. HARASZTHY. Maps and illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Travels in the Mozuli, the Kalahari Desert, &c., 1852 to 1856. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, Esq., F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. A Novel. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," "North and South," "The Moorland Cottage," "Right at Last," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Ep" The Next Number of Sylvia's Lovers is just ready.

LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Line upon Line." This First Part relates to Events in the Time of the PATRIARCHS and the JUDGES. By the Author of "Line upon Line," "Binding without Tears," "Home for Little Boys," "Stories Told to Children," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. A Novel. By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "The Last of the Mortimers," "The Days of My Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c. &c. Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $4,00.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "The Dodd ters of Our Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Daughter of Family Arrow," "Sir Jasper Carew," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NO NAME. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," &c. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 00.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Ep" Any of the above Works sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
500 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..... 15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Florentine and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Masked and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Fish and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Sets of Brown Studs..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Pleain Ear Drops..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mtd Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension
Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

Gold Coin Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed, and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10, and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great confidence should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

No. 269 Broadway, New York.

Woman's Rights!!—Every lady can have beautiful wavy hair by using "Irving Patent Hair Crimpers." For sale everywhere. Manufactured and wholesale only, by the Patentee, E. IVINS, Sixth and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia.

Attention, Company!... Volunteers who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign, must use Holloway's Pills. Do not trust to the ordinary Sutler goods; supervise with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Every English Soldier and Knapsack contains them. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

The "King Micro-scope." Double Lens.

PROF. HOSKOLD, of Harvard University, says: "I prefer your Microscope, and you have got a good thing." Magnifies 80 diameters.—55 cents in Postal Currency. The "KING MICROSCOPE" is the only "KING MICROSCOPE." 38 cents. Or one each of the three kinds for $1. All free of postage.

Address T. EDWIN KING,
Box 598 Boston, Mass.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope

Will be mailed, pre-paid, for 37 1/2 cts. or with 6 beautiful mounted objects for $1; or with 6 objects for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 189 Centre Street, 3d floor, New York. A liberal discount to agents.

The N. Y. Methodist says: "The Craig Microscope are just what they claim to be, and those into which no such an article will not be disappointed if they should obtain one of them."

READY—OFFICIAL THE UNITED STATES CONscription Act, of National Militia Bill, and Instruction Index for reference. JAS. W. FORTUNE, Publisher, 307 Canal St., N. Y. Price five cents.

MOUNT EDGCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute, Mt. Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y., is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a Circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Pekeepsie, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, forwarded at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

WEDDING CARDS

Three Colebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane Sts., N. Y. ☞Established 1840. ☜For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau street, New York.

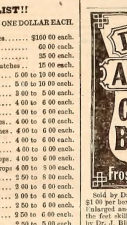
$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

Chemicals, &c.—We have for Sale

557 tons of SODA ASH, 60 per cent. and better, in store and in service, for Soap or Glass Makers. CAUSTIC SODA, in best makes, in iron 5 cwt. packages. NEWCASTLE SODA, 70 per cent. in assorted packages—the LARGEST STOCK on view in the United States. SODA ASH, Brand's, Dover, &c., own make. Newcastle BLUE SODA ASH. P. & Co., Jarrow, Alnwsen—Also the FIRM'S GOOSE Chemical Works, our own manufacture, unrefined. CREAM TARTAR, crystal and powdered. Also TARTARIC ACID, crystal and powdered—*in our own mills, perfectly pure.* "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER, of acknowledged excellence, the standard article. BALANCE, The Best and Purest in the market, made at our factories, Jersey City, the largest works in this country, all the fancy styles put up for the trade, and guaranteed. Also the following articles: CONCENTRATED LYE, PREPARED POTASH, POTASH AND PEARL ASHES, SOAP POWDER, Powders, &c. 100,000 Bs. of FARM OIL, duty paid, in assorted packages.

Buyers from strictly first hands should send us their orders.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 and 138 *Cedar Street, New York, for Fifteen Years,* IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.



sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 25c., 50c., and $1 00 per bot. Corns, Bunions, Club and Inverted Nails, and Ingrowing Nails, Diseased Joints, and all diseases of the feet skillfully and successfully treated without pain. Dr. D. BRIGGS, Surgeon Chiropodist, 212 Broadway, New York. Send for Circular.

"The Badget" of Valuable Receipts, by a Pharmacist, 25 cents, free of postage. Agents wanted for all. CASPER RENARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed, and put up in complete assortments for choosers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 116 Chambers St.

BACK NUMBERS and BOUND VOLUMES of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY kept always on hand by
A. WINCH, 516 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

The Phrenological Journal

For APRIL, contains Portraits and Characters of Mr. CHARLES W. STORMS, inventor of the Iron-clads.—Hon. REV. ALEX. CLARK, the Poet and Preacher. ETHNOLOGY of the HEBREWS, the Semites, and Europe. How TO TAN, Large size, its functions and cultivation. MEMORY. A Scotch Merchant's Method. Love, Art and Artists.—Hodge, Life, Revealed by Microscope. ANATOMY of the BRAIN.—Spiritual, Intuition and Sensation.—Born Again. PHYSIOLOGY.—the "CHOP"—its Language, Love, Immunity, &c. HUMAN TEMPERAMENT, by a Clergyman.—How Attained, in the April PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—20 cents, or $1 a year.
FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

"Fortune Favors the Brave."

THE WORLD-RENOWNED GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT!
(*Instituted by G. G. Evans* in 1850)
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ONLY PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE IN THE COUNTRY.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT, worth from **50 Cts.** to **$100 00**, sent with each book ordered.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW GIFTS FOR OUR PATRONS!

Catalogues containing Descriptions of Books and Gifts Sent for a List. Our Publication Catalogue now ready. Mailed free. Address all orders to the ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT, G. G. EVANS, Philadelphia.

Where is my Boy To-night? There is no one like a Mother. Kingdom Coming. Who will care for Mother now? Ring the Bell Softly. Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," each 200 violin tunes, 50 cents. Dime Violin Books, Nos. 11 and 18, mailed for 10 cents each.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

$ CONSTITUTION NEW. Agents wanted. For circulars and terms address the N. Y. CONSTITUTION, 162 Nassau St., N. Y., and 434 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE!—$60 a Month can be made by the sale of the NEW SQUARE SEAL. Send for a circular. Address
WILLIAM BOYD & CO., No. 75 Nassau St., New York.

LIQUID EXTRACT OF COFFEE. Manufactured by EATON & MEYER, 292 Pearl St., N. Y. Send for a circular.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS,

12 Waverley Place, near Broadway.

Madame BOWERS, late of 345 Broadway, Begs, Having OPENED her NEW BRANCH ROOMS at No. 12 Waverley Place, begs to state, that

THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS of her establishment will continue to be STRICT PROPRIETY, ELEGANT DISPLAY, PUNCTUALITY, and POLITE ATTENTION.

A distinct Department for MOURNING MILLINERY.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Blushing, Falling, and many other Hair-defying Specifics. Sent for 30 cents. Address Box 5000 GPO. Ed. Price only **20c.** 8 for $1. Mailed *free.* Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 amended cards in the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of one dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

Worth its Weight in Gold.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property, or information as to HEIRSHIPS, &c., sent by Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted, and engraved.

359. Old Prices. 359.

LACE CURTAINS,

Nottingham Curtains,
Muslin Curtains,
Brocatelle Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
Gold Window Shades,
Buff Holland Window Shades,
Green Holland Window Shades.
THE BEST UPHOLSTERERS EMPLOYED.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
359 BROADWAY. 359.
New York.

"A Good Article always recommends itself.—The best and purest wholesome Coffee ever offered is the celebrated GENUINE PREPARATION of EARL INDIA COFFEE. Only 20 cents per pound!! Wholesale and retail, 79 Barclay Street (and by Mowbray & Peckham, 56 Fulton Street, and Story & Scidmore's, Tarr's Block, near Greenwich). A liberal allowance to Dealers. Puget for the best and cheapest Family Soap in the World. Orders for Fluor executed at receiver's prices.
Address orders,
G. BENTLEY,
79 Barclay Street, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and churches. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., *New Jersey.* Depot of Reed Robinson and Vineland Rail road line. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, sickness or injury, we send out Blank Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOULE & BROWN, 2 Park Place, New York, and 425 7th Street, Washington, D. C.



AMBOLINE
MOISTENS,
BEAUTIFIES,
ODORATES,
LENGTHENS,
INVIGORATES,
NOURISHES,
EMBELLISHES
the
HAIR.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating ambrosial ingredients, Roots, and Herbs, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beneficial where the hair requires a gentle stimulation."—PHYSICIAN.

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair dressing."
WARREN WARD, Esq.,
Cor. 23d St. and 297 Canal Street, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with NEW HAIR."
Prof. JOHN SENIA, No. 25 King St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale by
KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 577 Broadway, New York.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet 10 cts. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Surgeons and Physicians send for a circular of the new Patent Leg-Rest Bandage, free by mail; or a Set of Needles for 75 cents. ALLYN & PHELPS, Surgical Instrument Manufactory, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money and Property, copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian Papers, for 1862, 1863, always existing to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to effect claims to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Price to search for each name, $1. Copy of advertisement $1, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address
ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee, 25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of Rare Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is roasted by steam machinery, such as Java, Mocha, Brazils, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., supplied. 5000 cups of Coffee made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 64 pounds in a case, with full directions for use. For sale especially by Grocers, at 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.
WRIGHT, GILLIES & BRO., 23, 25 and 257 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our Celebrated *Everlasting Pencils, Grecian Burners,* and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars *free.* Address AGENT, Box 5000 GPO.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS, TEACHERS. All who would clear from $75 to $20 per week, should canvass for the HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, issued by the AUBURN PUBLISHING COMPANY, and for the only complete series to E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y. *Now is the time.*

Richards & Co.'s,
Richards & Co.'s,
Richards & Co.'s,
Union Crystal Cement.

Union Crystal Cement.

Mends every thing but metal.
Mends every thing but metal.
$50 saved by using one bottle.
$50 saved by using one bottle.

Will stand hot water and fire. Try it on every broken article. Try it in manufacturing.
It has no equal. It has no equal.
Sold by druggists. Sold by druggists.

25 Cents PER BOTTLE. **25 Cents** PER BOTTLE.

Sold by Richards & Co., Wholesale and Retail, New Depot, 429 Broadway.

P.S.—Ask that you get Richards & Co.'s UNION CRYSTAL CEMENT, as we *warrant no other.*

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.



Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $15.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 5 inches high by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 20 pounds. Price $12.

Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, 4 Platt Street, N. Y.
Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,

Duryeas' Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a Prize Medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a doubt. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Maizes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without eggs, given with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A child's addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening brown sauces, gravies for fish and meat, and gravy, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Custard for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "MAIZENA," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island. Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

$10 positively made from $1. Something urgently needed by every person. Very light and portable. Agents wanted. Call and see, or send stamp for circular. Read 10 cents, that retails for $1 by
E. L. WOOD, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Country Board Wanted,

By a small family, within about an hour of the City.—On the Sound preferred. There must be bathing and good drives in the Vicinity. A liberal price will be paid for the right accommodations.
Address **F. H.,** at the Office of "Harper's Weekly," stating particulars.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, New Style,
BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE,
BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE,

Are infallible for costiveness, spasms, loss of appetite, sick headache, giddiness, sense of fainting after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

PREPARED BY MANY CASES.

☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York:

J. T. C. Cook, publisher of *The State Banner,* Bennington, Vt., says he was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncommonly fortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but he persisted in their use change, and by the time he had taken six boxes, a COMPLETE CURE was effected. He says: "My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation, of an early death vanished."

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET, New York.

Sold also at No. 4 Union Square, and by all reputable dealers in medicines.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MONTHLY and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Persons who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly* had better remit directly to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, as all of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.



MR. SEWARD AND THE FRENCHMAN.

M. MERCIER. "He have trow down his Glove. Sall I peek it up? hein! Ah! by Gar! no—it is too much big. I like better to fight wit de little Mexican."

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR WILL CEASE. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

UNION ADAMS,
Hosier, Glover,
AND
SHIRT-MAKER,
No. 637 Broadway,
New York City.



495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Lyon's Kathairon.
This delightful article for preserving and beautifying the human hair is now put up by the original proprietress, and is now made with the same care, skill, and attention, which first created its immediate and unprecedented sales all over our million homes and firesides. It is still sold at 25 cents per bottle. The million bottles which were easily sold in a year, is a sufficient token that this is Kathairon is not only the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but that it cleanses the scalp of scurf and dandruff, gives the hair a lively, rich luxuriant growth, and prevents it from turning gray. These are considerations worth knowing. The Kathairon has been tested for over twelve years, and is warranted as described. Any lady who values a beautiful head of hair will use the Kathairon. It is finely perfumed, cheap and valuable. It is sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,
New York.

IODINE WATER.
IODINE WATER.
IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, &c.
Dr. R. ANDERS & CO., Physician and Chemists.
Circular sent free. 425 Broadway, N. Y.

Sterling Silver Ware.
Wm. Gale & Son,
Silversmiths,
497 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street,
Invite attention to their Stock of Silver and Rich Plated Wares, comprising Articles for Family use and Bridal Presents.

"Loyal Union League."
To the Trade.
We have just received a new Pin, emblematical of the above organization, which we offer very cheap to the Trade.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Below Broome Street, N. Y.,
Have just received another lot of CRACKERS, WINES and SPECKLED, ENGRAVED GLASS, CHINA, &c.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied free.

Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, &c.
Chapman's Recipe for the permanent Removal of the above disfigurements of the face, leaving the skin soft and smooth, can be obtained free of charges by addressing
DR. THOS. F. CHAPMAN, PRACTICAL CHEMIST,
631 Broadway, N. Y.
P. S.—Also information that will enable any one to start a full set of Whiskers in less than six weeks.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

FAIRBANK'S
SCALE WAREHOUSE,
REMOVED



FROM No. 189 BROADWAY, TO
No. 252 BROADWAY,
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL,
NEW YORK.
Descriptive circulars furnished on application.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Memorial Engraving Prize Package. 100 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 80 Ann St., N.Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 387 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Golden Rule Coffee
SPICE MILLS,
Sell their Choice Coffees as follows:

GOLDEN RULE COFFEE, 50 lbs. in a box			..16 cents.
FAVORITE,	20 lbs.]		....20 "
RIO,	10 lbs.	50 lbs. in a box	....24 "
MARICAIBO,	10 lbs.	box	....28 "
YOUNG JAVA,	10 lbs.		....32 "

☞ In 1 pound Packages. 50 lbs in a Box: also loose in Bbls. Half-bbls., or in any style of package.

PACKAGES AND CARTING FREE.
ALL OF WHICH THEY GUARANTEE TO BE SUPERIOR to any other Coffees offered in the market at the RESPECTIVE PRICES. Send your order and give it a trial, and if not satisfactory the money will be refunded by us or one of our agents. A liberal discount to the trade. GROOM BROTHERS & CO., PROPRIETORS & WHOLESALE GROCERS, 393 First st. (Franklin Square), N. Y. City.

$22 Watches. $22
A GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER, jewelled, heavy sterling silver Hunting Case, worth $50, for $22.
A GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER, 4 extra jewels, 3-4 plate movement, worth $65, for $30.
A GENUINE AMERICAN CHRONOMETER, patent stop, for artillerists and sporting men, 4 extra jewels, gold balance, musk second, sunk face, sterling silver hunting case, for $70
All orders from the Army must be pre-paid.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 38 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. Five different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

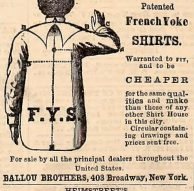
GOLD PENS
Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 50 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Pearl Street, New York.*
215 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

ARMY WATCHES.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, Hunting Case, keeping perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. CHAS. F. NORRIS & CO., 58 & 60 Ann St., N.Y.

Brown & Wilson,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.
LEWIS M. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON.
7-3-10 U. S. Treasury Notes, U. S. 6 per cent Debt Certificates, Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver bought and sold.
Commission Dealers in Stocks, Bonds, and Securities. Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston,
John J. Cisne. Moore Taylor.
Lewis B. Brown has removed from 31 Chambers Street to 19 Wall Street.



BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to FIT, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same quali-ties and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

HEIMSTREET'S
Inimitable Hair Restorative.
IT IS NOT A DYE,
But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All nutritionsome dyes are composed of lunar caustic, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and effect of themselves no feeding. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a
Luxuriant Beauty,
promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of years, being the original Hair Coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, D. S. Barnes, 25 Broadway, N.Y. Two sizes, 50 c. and $1.

To Consumptives.
The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS CO.,
NEW YORK.

Agents and Soldiers.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), Sticks of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Prize immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp* can obtain goods, and make money fast. A SPLENDID OUTFIT, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented free to all Agents. Packages in advance sent out to all parts. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA Inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

ATTENTION
50,000 Agents Wanted.
Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 190 Broadway, N. Y.

The Polar Refrigerator
Maintains the pre-eminence. A full assortment at wholesale and retail. Also the Gothic Furnace and Eureka Clothes Wringer. LESLEY & ELLIOT, 294 Broadway, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.
RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

Enameled Furniture.
All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 327 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

Superior Farm Land
At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Trust, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

Lithography,
Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone *made equal to copper-plate printing at one half the cost.* Country orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

Wheeler & Wilson's



With valuable improvements. Office 505 Broadway, New York.

THE SPRING NO. OF MME. DEMOREST'S quarterly Mirror of Fashions will be ready March 10th, with splendid Plates, Engravings, Braid Work, Fashionable Novelties, &c., &c. The Three following Patterns are an elegant Sleeve, Ladies' Vest, and a Combination Jacket and Cape, a real Novelty. Also an Article on Fashionable Courtship, and Illustrations of the Lilliputian Bride in her costly Reception Dress, &c. Single Copies, 20 cents; Yearly, $1 00, with the privilege of 50 cents worth of extra Patterns as a Premium. Published 473 Broadway, N. Y. Sent by mail on receipt of Price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 329.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BLOCKADE.

We publish on this page a drawing from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing the unsuccessful effort of the rams *Switzerland* and *Lancaster* to run the Vicksburg batteries on the night of 25-26th March. A rebel account mentioned the attempt of the rams, and stated that both were disabled and one sunk. A Union account says:

"Last Wednesday evening the rams *Lancaster* and *Switzerland* undertook to run the batteries at Vicksburg. As soon as they came within range the rebels opened a tremendous fire. The *Lancaster* was struck thirty times. Her entire bow was shot away, causing her to sink immediately, turning a complete somersault as she went down. All the crew except two escaped. The *Switzerland* was disabled by a 64-pound ball penetrating the steam-drum. She floated down, the batteries still firing and striking her repeatedly, until finally the *Atlantross* ran alongside and towed her to the lower mouth of the canal. The loss of life on her is not ascertained."

Our correspondent mentions an interesting circumstance. The *Lancaster* had just sunk under the terrible hail of shot and shell from the rebel batteries. The *Switzerland* was badly injured, the smoke and steam filling her completely. At that moment Colonel Ellet remembered or perceived that the flag was not in its right place. Instantly ascending to the deck, he caught the halyards and hoisted the bunting in the face of the cheering rebels, while the shower of lead and iron whistled round him. A very gallant exploit.

Colonel Ellet, in reply to a request from our correspondent, addressed him the following note:

"HEAD-QUARTERS M. M. BRIGADE, FLAG-SHIP 'ANTONIA,' *March* 28, 1863.

"You ask me 'how the contrabands behaved' on board the '*Ram Lancaster*' during the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, the explosion of the boilers, and the sinking of my vessel? I am happy to have the pleasure of stating to you that while the white men on board behaved with the utmost coolness and the most heroic daring, the 'contrabands' were not *less* brave and fearless.

"Not one of them *flinched*, and they obeyed every command with precision and alacrity.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN A. ELLET,

"Lieut.-Colonel Commanding Ram *Lancaster*."

SKETCHES AT GENERAL HOOKER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

We devote pages 244 and 245 to illustrations of the HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud. Mr. Waud writes:

"The term 'head-quarters' conveys but a vague idea to the uninitiated. Most people are aware that the general lives and has his tent there, but of the necessity and use of the large train of officers that accompany the general few out of the army have a correct idea. In the first place, the general must have his personal aids, whose duty it is to be always in attendance, to assist their commander in his plans, carry dispatches of importance, make themselves conversant with the position of the army and the roads, and in battle direct, under the general's orders, the movements of the various corps, etc., etc. The chief of staff, whose tent is always near the general's, has a very onerous position. He must keep himself accurately posted on the actual condition of the army in all its departments, the intention and results of its movements, reconnoissances, etc. Through him the general's orders are transmitted, and it is his duty to furnish the commander-in-chief and the head of the War Department tables of the strength and position of corps and posts, reports of operations, and all necessary information. Next to the commander, the chief of staff is the man of the whole army who can do the most good if he is capable, and the most harm if deficient in ability.

"The remainder of the officers of head-quarters are chiefs of the departments in which the army is divided and their aids. The Adjutant-General's department, through which orders are published, reports and returns received and disposed of, tables formed of the state and detail of the army, records made, and much more. The Engineers', whose duty it is to construct fortifications, field defenses, roads, bridges, etc., and remove obstructions. The Topographical Engineers', whose duty it is to survey and map the country in which the army is to operate, attend reconnoissances, examine routes of communication by land and water both for supplies and military movements, and lay out new roads. The Chief of Artillery, in a siege or battle, directs the position of the artillery, and is responsible for the condition of that arm of the service. The Chief of Cavalry has similar duties in the cavalry. The Chief of Ordnance has charge of and furnishes all ordnance and ordnance stores for the military service; also equipments for mounted troops. The Inspector-General's duties are to inspect and report upon stores and animals, and every thing required to keep the army in good condition. The Medical Director attends to the entire working of that department, and after a battle makes lists of the killed and wounded; and at other times regulates the management of the hospitals, the distribution of medical supplies, etc. The Chief Commissary, through whom the army is fed. The Chief Quarter-master, by whom it is clothed, provided with tents and transportation. The Provost-Marshal General, who receives prisoners, and attends to the police of the army, including the secret-service department. The Chief Signal-officer, and many minor departments or sub-departments, such as the telegraph-office, the post-office, the balloon party, and others—all tend, with their necessary complement of clerks for office-work, orderlies for out-door purposes, servants, and grooms, to swell the proportions of the camp at head-quarters, which is, in fact—under the orders of the War Department—the seat of government, the metropolis, or capital, of the community which is formed by the presence of the army."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER BRIDEMAIDS.

We illustrated the marriage of the Prince of Wales very fully in our last number. In this, on page 253, we give a picture of the PRINCESS AND HER BRIDEMAIDS as they appeared at the altar.



THE RAMS "SWITZERLAND" AND "LANCASTER" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT VICKSBURG.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

Our fair readers will doubtless take pleasure in studying out the dresses. The *Times* reporter thus described them:

The Princess's dress is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can best be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling right, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to singular perfection. Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of twelve and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scion of our most ancient houses.

The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long procession of this happy day are all the daughters of dukes, marquises, or earls, whose titles are almost as familiar in the mouth of our kings of old. They were Lady Victoria Alexandra Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch; Lady Theodora Cavendish, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster; Lady Diana Bridgeman, daughter of the Duke of Bedford; Lady Alma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Listowel; Lady Victoria Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandrina Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Cawdor; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Ernestine Emma Horatia Mostyn Edwardes, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe; and Lady Florence Georgina Cecilia Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley.

It is quite superfluous to say how they looked, as, robed in snowy white and wrapped in veils, they followed their royal mistress, with soft cowslips, though, as they were not going to be married, they seemed to think themselves relieved from the necessity of looking as the proper and glanced about and turned to one and another, and made believe to look at they did not know and kept what they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, every behind such a help in such a scene as this. Imaginations must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them. Tinsel dresses of white—a wonderful mixture of silk and lace that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, and a wreath of orange blossoms with veils they pieced so splendidly as a vision which can not be forgotten or described.

Another writer says:

The Princess's wedding-dress consisted of a petticoat of pearl-white satin, trimmed with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, trimmed with four rows of silver lace round the bottom, and the top ornamented in the same way, and gathered about and turned to one and another, and made believe to look at they did not know and kept what they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, every behind such a help in such a scene as this. Imaginations must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them. Tinsel dresses of white—a wonderful mixture of silk and lace that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, and a wreath of orange blossoms with veils they pieced so splendidly as a vision which can not be forgotten or described.

Another writer says:

The Princess's wedding-dress consisted of a petticoat of pearl-white satin, trimmed with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, trimmed with four rows of silver lace round the bottom, and the top ornamented in the same way, and gathered up each side with true lover's knots of silver lace. The bodice and sleeves were composed of the same costly material. The train of the bridesmaids were composed of a rich white glace silk, covered with tulle chiffe, the bottom finished with a robe of beautiful design of leaves, the whole one looped up in sprays all round with bouquets of lily-of-the-valley, and shamrocks. From the waist fell a long tulle tunique, festooned upon one side with two long wreaths of orange flowers, one, the largest of leaves trimmed to correspond with tulle and flowers. Coiffure, a wreath of heather, and shamrocks, with a long tulle veil falling from the back of the head.

The *Illustrated London News* says:

The Princess looked as beautiful as she did on Saturday—beautiful as we trust she will for many and many a long year to come, and evidently in the enjoyment of enormous agitation: her eyes were downcast, and it was easy to perceive the tremulous motion of the large bosom of orange-flowers she carried. Her dress, of satin, the best Spitalfields fabrication, was of white lace over white silk, richly decked with orange-blossoms, and a train of the same proof was supported by eight bridesmaids, all mingled with her soft brown hair, which was set off admirably by a tiara of de Clermont set in diamonds, but had sufficient abundance given to it to permit one of those long, graceful curls she sets so regularly to adorn her back. For all ornament she wore the superb parure of pearls and diamonds presented to her by the Queen. Her train, which was of great length, was of white silk, and was borne by eight young Mlle. demoiselle—daughters of earls—who officiated as bridesmaids.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

GR-R-R—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous harvest guaranty,
Save we hope oat-gulls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fine-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like some sacrificial
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L. for our initial!
(He, he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank,
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs
—Can I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I, the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp!

Oh, those melons! If he's able,
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,
Keep 'em close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as surprised he,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to Hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel,
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hands and feet Beelzebub's gripe!
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gnashes his great-gages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine . . .*
'St, there's vespers! *Pleni gratiâ*
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

CHARLESTON.

As we go to press the public mind is intensely anxious about Charleston. A dispatch from rebel sources mentions that our troops landed in force, on Folly Island, to the south of Stono inlet, on John's Island. Letters from our own people allude to the advance of at least one of our regiments to within nine miles of Charleston. The Rebel Government allows it to be known that Admiral Dupont expected to attack the water defenses of the place about 6th April. The landing, between which movements the public infer that Charleston has been or is being attacked, and loyal people await the result with intense anxiety. The capture of Charleston would strike a blow to the rebellion as severe as the capture of New Orleans; while, on the other hand, the repulse of Hunter and Dupont would considerably discourage the North.

From the elaborate map of Charleston and its vicinity, which we published in a recent number, it can readily be discovered that the place has been made very formidable indeed. For over a year the most skillful engineers in the South have been engaged in fortifying it. The lands, between which vessels must pass to enter the harbor, are studded with forts and batteries; and from the best information that could be obtained, the officers are of opinion that not less than 1000 guns are in position, commanding the channel, the inlets, and the various roads traversing James and Sullivan's Islands. Although the mouth of the harbor is stretched a row of piles or obstructions—which, so long as they remain there, close all access and egress—beyond with these are numerous torpedoes, and other explosive machines, the effect of which may be imagined from the fact that one of them exploding under the *Merrimac* lifted her out of the foot coat of water. These obstructions passed, a hostile fleet would then have to encounter Fort Sumter—which has been ironclad, and some people foolishly report, or clad with Palmetto logs, of which there are none to be had—but which has undoubtedly been strengthened very considerably, and Fort Moultrie, which is now a most formidable work, having been entirely rebuilt by General Shipley; a new and powerful work in the centre of the harbor by General Beauregard; and the rebel iron-clad fleet, including a number of transformed floating batteries, etc. Such is the prospect before Admiral Dupont and his fleet.

We know less about the land defenses than about the works on the sea-board. But it has been pretty well known that extensive and careful engineering works have been thrown up by Beauregard on every avenue leading to the city by which an army could approach, and scoured with guns of large calibre. In addition to all these works the rebels have an army the strength of which it is difficult to conjecture. As, however, every available man has been put in the army, it is probably fair to presume that at Charleston and Savannah there must be 60,000 rebels under the lead of their ablest men, all concentrated within a few hours at any point desired.

It will thus be seen that General Hunter and Admiral Dupont have no holiday task before them. We will not infringe the rules of the Department by stating what we know of the strength of our forces in that quarter, or of the ingenious devices which have been contrived for the purpose of overcoming torpedoes and obstructions, and destroying floating batteries. It may suffice to say that if the rebels are formidable, so are their antagonists. If Beauregard's troops will fight with the desperation of men contending for their homes, our gallant soldiers will, on the other hand, strain every nerve to punish the detestable city which was the cradle of the rebellion. The determination of the contending Generals it is difficult to speak. Beauregard, who was much praised at the outbreak of the rebellion, is now held very cheap by the rebel Government. General Hunter his never had an opportunity of showing what he can do, but those who know him best are confident he will give a good account of himself.

We can say no more. If the deadly struggle has begun, then GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

WAR AND TRADE.

BEFORE the rebellion broke out, it was a common saying at the South that the North could not fight the South because its prosperity was bound up with the free export of Southern staples. Trade tables were quoted to show that over two-thirds our exports were of Southern growth, while nine-tenths of our importations were landed at Northern ports: whence it was inferred that, in default of Southern cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, and turpentine, the Northern States would be unable to pay for the foreign manufactures which they consumed, and would inevitably become bankrupt. This sort of reasoning was ventilated not only in Southern journals and speeches, but in Northern papers devoted to the Southern cause, and in such British pro-slavery organs all the London *Times*.

We have now before us the returns of the trade of the first year of war. Sumter was bombarded on 12th April, 1861, and the war actually commenced on 15th of that month. The fiscal year 1861–62 commenced on 1st July, 1861, and ended on 30th June, 1862. It was from first to last a year of war. Yet our foreign commerce during that year shows an aggregate exportation of $293,790,750, against an aggregate import of $205,819,823, thus leaving a balance in favor of the country of $23,970,457. These figures show a much larger balance than the average for the past ten years. Of Southern products—cotton, tobacco, rice, and turpentine—we were in the habit, before the war, of sending to Europe over $200,000,000 worth, and the falling in the export of these staples very largely exceeded this sum. In 1851–52 we exported barely $141,000,000 of these articles, and we probably imported an equal amount. It seems, however, that our consumption of foreign goods has declined with our exports, and that, in fact, the first year of the war left us at least as well off, so far as foreign nations are concerned, as any previous year of peace.

The great drain on compensation, which politicians and merchants so constantly neglect, and which none but thoughtful statisticians understand, left the value of our exports of gold and which made up for the decrease in our exports of cotton, and simultaneously reduced our imports by so much as the South was in the habit of consuming.

Southern sympathizers—now known as Copperheads—predicted in 1860 that in the event of war our supply of gold would be drawn from us. Notwithstanding the fact that the bulk of our foreign merchants have remitted their means in gold or its equivalent—exchange—to Europe, for the sake of safety, during the year with the single exception of the abnormal year 1860–'61, the specie export of the year 1861–'62, $36,886,966, was less than the average of the twelve 1850–'54. We received from our mines, during that year, more specie than we sent abroad. The export during the current year will be heavier, but it will not approach the figures of 1855, 1856, or 1860, and it will fall considerably short of that of the year 1857.

In estimating the foreign trade of the United States care must always be taken not to forget the movement of stocks. From 1853 to 1857 Federal, State, county, city, and railway stocks constituted a great staple export. Every steamer took out large parcels, thus swelling the balance of trade in our favor, and helping to pay for the foreign goods we consumed. After the revulsion of 1857 this foreign demand for our securities fell off, and the mismanagement of our railroads, and other works, assisted by the dishonest conduct of certain Western communities, led to a pretty general return of American securities from Europe. From 1858 to 1861 every steamer brought back European capital invested with American stocks. About the close of the year 1861 the tide changed again, though almost imperceptibly. The European markets had been denuded of American securities, and a fresh inquiry for them arose. For the past year the current has flowed eastward. It has at times been so slight as to defy observation. At other times, as latterly, it has been very active indeed. At present we are exporting considerable sums to an amount which will tell very sensibly on our foreign exchanges.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE LEAGUE OF STATES."

THIS is the title of a paper in *Harper's Magazine* for January, which has been reprinted in pamphlet form by Mr. C. B. Richardson. The author is the historian Benson J. Lossing, and it presents in a clear, concise, and conclusive manner the development of the instinct of nationality from which the American Confederation, and finally the American Union, sprung. No man familiar with our history, or closely observant of our life, but feels that the Union is merely the word by which we express the fact of the nation. It was the instinct of nationality that made the Constitution and the Union. It was not the nation that was made by the Union. That only gave the inevitable political form to the fact. Nationality is a sentiment; a feeling; an instinct. It can not be repressed. It can not be dissolved. If every State in the country should separate from every other . . . the reunion of the nation would instantly . . . to work, and they would all gravitate to . . . again into one.

Hence . . . utility of all effort in the war which aims at any other result than union. In the rebel States the sentiment of nationality and patriotism is doubtless greatly perverted by years of hatred and a mania upon the Slavery question. But these at those who still hold fast to the country are those from whom the future of the South must come. Those in whom the prudence for a State or love of slavery have accepted the national instinct, are those whom the war will exterminate. If we can. It is the feeling of the mass of the people which will control and decide this quarrel. If the rebellious faction could be allowed to go without danger to the nation, there would be a large party which would cry "Good riddance." But that can not now be done than a foot or a hand can be cut off from the body without maiming it.

It is in view of this fact of nationality, and of its necessity, that the concluding words of Mr. Lossing's admirable and instructive pamphlet have such meaning:

"Let us remember that we are a Nation, not a league of States. Words have deep significance in certain relations. Let us, in thinking, speaking, and writing of our Government and its concerns, habitually use the word National instead of Federal. The former expresses a great truth, and is broad and noble; the latter expresses a falsehood, and is narrow and ignoble in its comparisons. The former is calculated to inspire our children with just, expanded, and patriotic views; the latter, by its common use, will tend to perpetuate the pernicious doctrine of *State sovereignty*, give our children false ideas, and make them subservient to sectional bigotry. Let the Secretary of the National Congress, National Capitol, National Government, National Army and Navy, National Judiciary, etc. Let the idea of *Nationality* permeate our whole political system."

FROM A DIARY.

JONES, who has just come from Washington, smiles when he is asked why Butler is not employed, and answers, "Halleck." He is questioned in regard to this, and replies, "Halleck is not to be trusted with the civil power." Still more questioned, he says, and in the blandest tones, "is our old Man of the Sea. He is by no means a large man, but he has got an immense head under his knee."

"Yes," replied ——, "that may be so, but is not the President Commander-in-Chief?"

"Certainly, but he doesn't want to have any trouble with Congress. He wants things to go smoothly. The President wanted to appoint Fremont, but General Halleck objected, and he is meritorious, and he was not appointed."

"Is not Secretary of War?"

"Oh; is there a Secretary of War? When General Halleck was sent to South Carolina, he constituted himself exile. Do you ask why he was sent there to command the six or seven thousand men in that department? I answer, because [illegible]." General Halleck's opinion that General Mitchell was a better astronomer than general. He thought that Mr. Stanton's telescope sounded well when read in print, but that they were of small account. Why was Mitchell recalled? Was he sent for from Alabama to be sent to South Carolina? I think not. I think that he was dedestined for another command, and in Virginia. If you ask why I don't get it, I can only say that I am unfortunate. Halleck? If you ask why any thing military hitches, the same, as severely as you can put it, 'Halleck.' I do not speak of Fredericksburg, nor allude to pontoons. I freely admit that we do not know much, and that we hear more than truths. I know also that we are foolishly impatient, and must always have a scape-goat. Moreover, I am the last one to defend the administration of Major Hall if Patrick applies for a position. But while I try not to forget all this, I am convinced that a military management which serves a man like Butler unemployed; because, if for no other reason, it is a military management which is unpopular. And for one, I should be perfectly willing to see General Halleck and General Butler change places."

There was not a man in the room who did not agree with Jones.

There has been a good deal of fluttering and letter-writing on the part of gentlemen of Lord Lyons's diplomatic suite, announcing that some persons in New York, whom he called "Conservative" leaders, had been in correspondence with him, or had sent him word, that the sovereign of England in our war. The *Herald* immediately maintained several prominent persons as leaders. Upon which some of them hastened to purge themselves of suspicion. How could they henceforth appeal to Patrick against John Bull if Patrick knew they had been trying to persuade John to put his finger into our affairs? With characteristic celerity Mr. Fernando Wood was the first to purge. When —— read his letter he turned to —— and said,

"Well, Fernando disclaimed any part in the plot!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but your tone argues incredulity."

"Does it? Well, some birds are too old to allow any salt to be thrown upon their tails."

"What does that mean?" asked ——, with an inquiring look.

"It means only," replied ——, "that my faith in Mr. Wood's political remarks has long ago taken the benefit of the statute of limitations."

"Well, but what do you say of the Honorable Mr. Belmont's letter?"

"I didn't observe," replied ——, puffing his cigar calmly, "that he had any letter dealing exclusively with Lord Lyons."

"You know he had just returned from the Havana, don't you?"

"Yes; and I know that he had just heard from Rhode Island."

AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THE meeting of "adopted citizens" a week or two since was unanimous in its expression of enthusiastic loyalty to the Government. But why "adopted citizens"? There was but two political classes of persons in this country, those who are and those who are not citizens. If the gentlemen

who express these loyal sentiments are foreigners, their hearty sympathy and interest are most grateful. But if they are American citizens why not say so? Why endeavor to emphasize the fact of foreign birth? Why create more classes and divisions than actually exist? Whoever is an American citizen can have no higher title. And obviously all judicious men will wish at this time to blend as closely as possible the great mass of loyal citizens—and to avoid classifying them by any name of party or country. For all loyal men there is now but one party, that of the Government; but one country, the United States of America. When the flag floats supreme once more over every square foot of territory in America or Germany, in Ireland or France; we may discover that we belong to some political party that marches, with all the other parties, beneath that flag. But now all our hands and hearts are needed to hold it aloft and establish it securely. While the war lasts we are not Republicans or Democrats—we are not foreigners and natives—we are only loyal American citizens, resolved to stand by our Government and the Union, and to support it always in every way that it requires our aid, knowing that when the Government falls, the world will fall, and that the end of the Union is the end of peace and prosperity in every State, in every county, and in every town of the country.

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

A QUIET, faithful, patient, and industrious life ended when George Long Duyckinck died. His almost shadowy figure flitting through the street had long been to the present generation those who knew him but slightly, like the writer of these lines, could not be surprised when they read that he was gone. Yet the notice of his death several other days in other lands, the bloom and bright expectancy of youth, when he too dreamed dreams and saw visions. Of literary tastes and culture could be led the retired, unobtrusive life of a scholar and author. And if he achieved no eminent literary fame, his biography of George Herbert would be long prized by the thoughtful, religious reader, while his name will be always associated with that of his brother Evert as the joint author of that truly noble monument of literary and historical research, the Cyclopedia of American Literature.

George Duyckinck's work ends early, but it is well done; and the purity of the impression which even the intercourse of a casual acquaintance received, his fidelity, his noiseless piety, the conscientiousness of purpose will well used, will "plead against oblivion for his name."

THE ARGUMENT OF SEPARATION.

ONE of our faithful friends in England is Goldwin Smith, Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He writes under the name of "Anglo-Saxon," in the London *Daily News*, with a vigor and knowledge which are remarkable. But he seems to some degree the feeling which was combated in a late "Letter to an English Friend" in these columns, and expresses the opinion that some kind of division might be both feasible and desirable.

In reference to this letter a friend writes to the Lounger: "I am surprised at the difficulty experienced by him and by others of the soundest English thinkers in recognizing the individuality of sections to a separation and division of the States. It is not easy to see what prevents them from appreciating the equally firm and unfortunately, theoretically, politically, and morally division is alike impracticable. It is only for men who hold similar opinions to those of Goldwin Smith to argue for separation. All those who believe in the righteousness of the cause which the North is sustaining, and who have confidence in the depth and honesty of conviction of the mass of the Northern people, see that to recognize the Southern Confederacy is to be untrue to the principles which underlie all our professions, and are the ground of all our hopes.

"I was writing the other day to ——, at Oxford, and citing this passage (of Goldwin Smith's). I compared with it the following sentence from his remarkable treatise on 'Irish History and Irish Character,' where, speaking of the possible relations between England and Ireland, he says: 'Independence would of course be feasible in itself, if it could only be accompanied by geographical separation; but so close a neighborhood would involve contact, and contact would bring on collision; rivalry, jealousy, hostility would spring up all the more certainly because there would be between the two countries the memory of a former union and of a recent divorce; and Ireland, menaced by the power of England, would become the ward or vassal of France or some other foreign power, which, for its own purposes, would constitute itself her protector.' This reasoning has a double force in our case; and sufficient argument as it is, is in our case accompanied by others still stronger."

WHAT IS LOYALTY?

WHEN Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. G. Tickner Curtis sneer at loyalty, as a word which has no meaning in a popular government, what do they mean? When they say or insinuate that it is an emotion known only in monarchies, they merely say what the experience of every moment contradicts. Loyalty in a purely impersonal emotion, except in the case of individuals. The general British loyalty to the monarch, for instance, is like the Romish reverence for the Pope. The Briton knows nothing and cares nothing about the woman Victoria. It is the Queen who is the object of his loyalty; just as the Holy Father may be personally a scamp or a criminal; but the Pope must be infallible.

Now an Englishman is loyal to the Queen for what reason? Simply, you answer, because she is the Queen. Just; but what is the Queen in England? She is merely the visible representative of the nation. Individually she may be worthless; but as a representative of the national power and majesty she is profoundly honored. If she were Basilicus, if she personally commanded men and swayed them by her superior genius, they would be loyal to that personal superiority. But for her subjects she is a ceremony merely; and if, in the case of Victoria, her blamelessness of life and the fact that she is a woman, create a peculiar interest, that interest has nothing to do with loyalty. Englishmen were just as loyal to that worthless pedagogue George Fourth as they are to the estimable woman who is now Queen. And in each case loyalty was the same thing. It was reverence for the King and Queen. But the King and Queen in the British system are ciphers. The reverence is for their representative quality.

Now will either of the learned political pundits who deny the possibility of loyalty as an American sentiment, deny that the American citizen (excepting always Copperhead) honors the majesty and power of his Government quite as much as a British subject?

It is the national glory and grandeur—in one word, it is the Nation—which, in any civilized modern people, is the object of the emotion called loyalty. It is blended of pride and fidelity. And as in this country there is no separate and permanent representative of the nation, independent of parties in the nation, the feeling attaches itself to the Government lawfully constituted and represented. He is a loyal man who stands by it, and votes and fights for it. He is a disloyal man who tries in every way to embarrass and paralyze it; who talks about the distinction between the Administration and the Government; as if a man were at honorable liberty to refuse to obey any law, in this extremity of peril, which he may choose to call unconstitutional; or who plots with foreign Ministers for the ruin of the nation. Such a man is disloyal, whoever is or is not loyal.

BACON.

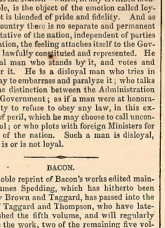
THE noble reprint of Bacon's works edited mainly by James Spedding, which has hitherto been issued by Brown and Taggard, has passed into the hands of Taggard and Thompson, who have lately published the fifth volume, and will regularly complete the work, two of the remaining five volumes being already in press. As this is the finest edition of Bacon's writings ever published, so it is properly one of the handsomest books issued in this country. That its publication is continued despite the war, is a cheering illustration of the good faith of publishers, and of the sufficient welcome of so great a work by the American people. Yet it is a matter of pride to share with the publishers but with us all. We are sprung from the same stock with the philosopher, we have not outgrown his wisdom; and we honor ourselves in arraying him for our library shelves in a manner commensurate with his worth. It is certainly to be hoped that nothing will prevent the completion of the series. And if there be one work which no American "gentleman's library should be without," it is this fine edition of Bacon.

LOYAL SOLDIERS.

IT is pleasant to remark that the prejudice against black soldiers is steadily disappearing before the record of their bravery in the field. There is no instance of their ill-conduct. In the various expeditions upon which they have been sent, although none of them have been of the greatest importance, they have shown an obedience, an alacrity, a steadiness, and bravery which are of the best augury for the future.

Nor have the direful consequences to helpless innocence which, according to many, were to follow the summons to freedom of the black race, yet been detected. The direful consequences to helpless innocence are to be found in the story of the treatment of the blacks by the whites, not of the whites by the blacks. The remorseless and prolonged murder of the middle passage—the untold and inconceivable suffering of the subject race at the hands of brutal and irresponsible drivers—this has been the key note of the treatment of helpless innocence in the region now in rebellion. There were plenty of eloquent tears ready to flow upon the 1st of January over the fate that might befall the families of rebels. Where were the same tears for the anguish and wrong which had befallen for generations the families of the slaves of rebels?

The sympathy involved in advance of sufferings that are purely imaginary, was only a part of the Copperhead conspiracy against the Government. If it could only be embarrassed and paralyzed. If it could only be compelled to yield to the rebellion and receive the terms that rebels might choose to impose, every Copperhead would rejoice. The end would be obtained, and every falsehood is a good enough Morgan if it only last until after election.



THE LETTER OF MARQUE.

POSTMAN SEWARD (*to old Mother Britannia*).—"Letter of Marque from Mr. LINCOLN—guess there's a CHECK in it!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LAST POTATO.

'Tis my last, last potato!
Yet hold it not sad!
With the calmness of Cato,
My fate I've met hand.
Not one in the basket?
Must you also go?
(With sorrow I ask it)
Shall I grow so too?

Let's make an incision
(There's no need to peel 'em),
'Twill be in the vision,
To judge if you're mealy.
How wholesome! how tempting!
It smells through the mist
Good-by, you sound potato,
Oh, who could resist?

If in Eden of Eden
Potatoes had been
Of fruits the forbidden,
We still should have sin:
For vice in his senses
Would long be in doubt
'Twixt earth with potatoes,
Or Eden without.

THE MOHOCKS.

On the 6th June, 1712, Sir Mark Cole and three other gentlemen were tried at the old Bailey for riot, assault, and beating the watch. A paper of the day asserts that there were "Mohocks" that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm with a penknife so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in abominable manner by setting them on their heads, and exercised several cruelties and clubs with short clubs, loaded with lead at both ends, expressly made for the purpose. In their defense the prisoners denied that they were Mohocks, alleging that they were "Scowrers," and had gone out, with a magistrate's sanction, to scour the streets, arrest Mohocks and other offenders, and deliver them up to justice. On the night in question they had attacked a notorious pimp-broker, and taken this latter men out of it. While engaging in this meritorious manner they learned that the Mohocks themselves, after the watch, it was further alleged that they, the watch, had on the same night actually groomed to arrest a gang of the realm, Lord Hitchinbroke, and had latterly adopted the practice of going their rounds by night accompanied by savage dogs. The jury, however, in spite of this defense, returned a verdict of "Guilty;" and the judge fined the culprits in the sum of three shillings and four-pence each. It is scarcely credible that, so late as the last century, a number of young men of rank and fashion, assuming the name of a savage tribe, emulated their barbarous actions by wantonly inflicting the most disgusting cruelties on the peaceable inhabitants, particularly women, of London. And after these Mohocks, as they styled themselves, had held the town in terror for two years, after a royal proclamation had offered £100 reward for the apprehension of any one of them, when these latter persons were at last brought up to justice, the amount of punishment inflicted was merely "his paltry fine of 3s. 4d.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is the first walking-stick mentioned?
When Eve presented Adam with a little cane (Cain.)
Why is an acting magistrate like freezing water?
Justice (just ice).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

REPORTED MOVEMENT NEAR CHARLESTON.

The Richmond *Inquirer* of 31 inst. says:

"The enemy are landing in force on Seabrook's, or John's Island. Three gun-boats and several transports are lying off the latter. The plantation has already taken place between ours and the enemy's pickets. Our pickets are driven in and the enemy advancing. General Hagood has ordered all the women, children, and non-combatants removed from that section, which is twenty miles from Seabrook's Island.

REPORTED HEAD HOT AT RICHMOND.

Colonel Streight, of the Second Alabama Regiment, one of the fourteen United States officers just released by the rebels, and who has just arrived at Baltimore, makes the following statement: On Thursday last he saw from his prison window in Richmond a large crowd of men, composed of about three thousand women, who were armed with clubs and guns and stones. They broke open the Government and private stores, and took bread, clothing, and whatever else they wanted. The militia were ordered out to check the riot, but failed to do so. Jeff Davis and other high officials made speeches to the infuriated women, and told them that they should have whatever they needed. They then became calm, and order was once more restored. All the other released Union officers confirm this statement.

The story, however, looks very fishy.

FROM VICKSBURG.

The news from Vicksburg is encouraging. The movement on Haines's Bluff proved a failure, and our fleet has returned to Young's Point. The rebel fortifications of Vicksburg was pasipoed from the 9th ult. In consequence of a sperm, it is reported that Grant has placed a heavy battery of Parrott guns beyond the levee, in a position to reach the city, and it is said has already silenced a rebel battery opposite.

THE SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION.

The Southern expedition has returned to the Mississippi River. The rebels had so obstructed the channel that no progress could be made through it. Attempts were made by the enemy to burn in the fleet by obstruction front and rear, but the latter succeeded in releasing the vessels after some skirmishing.

MORGAN WHIPPED.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of the army:

HUNTSBOROUGH, April 4, 1863.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

General Stanley has returned from his scout, bringing in forty-seven of Morgan's command and fifty-seven horses and mules. He drove Morgan's cavalry from the ponies, plain, whipping it in every encounter. General Granger is north of Smithville, and, but for their precipitate retreat and the difficulty of the crossing, would have reached a force in their rear and captured their artillery and ammunition.

The enemy left quite a number of their dead, and fled toward McMinnville, leaving many wagons, mules, and guns. W. S. ROSECRANS.

A REBEL CAMP ATTACKED.

We learn by private letters from Helena, dated on 7th, that General Mitchell, with three hundred and fifty cavalry, went out on the Memphis road, on the 20th ult., landing into a rebel camp, where there was a large number of contrabands, and a heavy force clergy, to which Mitchell charged, killed five, and captured all their arms, horses, and negroes.

JACKSONVILLE BURNED.

The town of Jacksonville, Florida, has been burned by the Union forces under Colonel Hunt, in return for the attack of the rebels in their midst and attack of the Union inhabitants.

BATTLE OF SOMERSET.

The official dispatches from General Burnside relative to the battle near Somerset, Kentucky, on the 30th ult., have been forwarded to the General-in-Chief at Washington. The action lasted five hours. The rebels were driven in double-quick time through the town and over six miles, and the second position was finally stormed and carried. Zollicoffer, Cooper, commanding the troops, and numbering over two thousand six hundred men, were driven in confusion to the Cumberland River with a few that "will not fall far short of five hundred men." Twelve guns, caissons and four rifled guns were taken, and "Scott's famous rebel regiment was cut all to pieces and completely destroyed." General Burnside offers the command as the reduction of Fort Pulaski last April.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General orders have been issued for a general muster of the troops in the Potomac Army on the 19th inst., after which the regiments of the different regiments will be sent to the Adjutant-General for the use of the Provost-Marshal in drafting men to fill up the regiments and batteries to their legal complement.

ELECTIONS IN CONNECTICUT AND RHODE ISLAND.

The election in Connecticut on the 6th resulted in the success of the Republican ticket for State officers, and three of the four Republican members for Congress, while both branches of the Legislature are strongly Republican. The Governor has one member of Congress. The Republican majority for Governor is estimated at about three thousand, being a Republican loss of six thousand since last year.

The Rhode Island election likewise showed a victory for the Republicans.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE REBEL LOAN.

Our European files by the *Canada*, dated on the 21st of March, detail the progress of the Confederate loan of a million in London, Liverpool, Paris, Frankfort, and Amsterdam. The bids amounted to fifteen millions of pounds sterling, and the premium averaged fifty four and a half all through. The options of Sir Hugh Cairns as to the legality of the loan in England is published with the advertisement of the government.

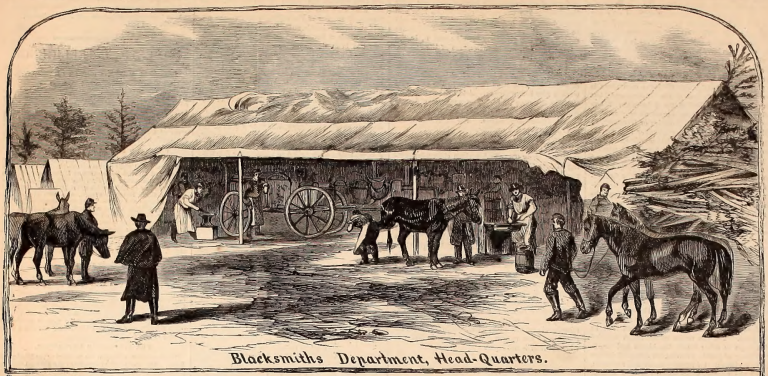
MORE SHIPS BURNED.

The ship *Washington*, lately captured and bonded by the rebels, arrived, landed at Savannah, and burned, after three hundred and fifty men, taken from the American vessels *Golden Eagle*, *Olive Jane*, and *Parthenia*, by the commander of the *Alabama* before he destroyed them. The masters of the three vessels detail the circumstances attending the outrages of Captain Semmes.

POLAND.

THE REVOLUTION.

The reports announce the end of the Polish insurrection, so far as operations in the field against Russia are concerned. Langiewicz was defeated in battle by the forces of the Czar, and driven, with many of his soldiers, into the Austrian territory. Here he was held for some time as a prisoner, his followers being placed under the surveillance of the police. The excitement was finally communicated to the Russian authorities, and conveyed to the former by the Austrian Government. In Paris the Czar Alexander had telegraphed to Napoleon promises of an amnesty, a liberal constitution, and the right of self-government to Poland.



Blacksmiths Department, Head-Quarters.



Stables and Negro Servants' Tent.



General Hooker's Tent.

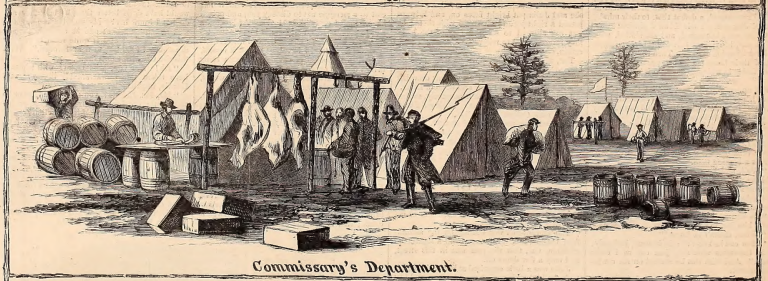
HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 241.]



Army Mail leaving Head-Quarters' Post-Office.



Provost Marshal's Office, Head-Quarters.



Commissary's Department.



Adjutant-General's Office.

HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 241.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

WINNING boat-races was all very fine; but a hundred such victories could not compensate Mr. Kennet's female hearers for one such defeat as he had awarded, a defeat that, to their minds, carried disgrace. Their Edward plucked! At first they were houmbed, and sat chilled, with red cheeks, bewildered between present triumph and mortification at hand. Then the color ebbed out of their faces, and they encouraged each other feebly in whispers, "might it not be a mistake?"

But unconscious Kennet robbed them of this timid hope. He was now in his element, knew all about it, rushed into details, and sawed away all doubt from their minds.

The scene was this. Dodd's general performance was mediocre, but passable; he was plucked, for his Logic. Hardie said he was very sorry for it. "What does it matter," answered Kennet; "he is a boating man."

"Well, and I am a boating man. Why you told me yourself, the other day, poor Dodd was anxious about it on account of his friends. And, by-the-by, that reminds me they say he has got two pretty sisters here."

Says Kennet, briskly, "I'll go and tell him; I know him just to speak to."

"What, doesn't he know?"

"How can he know?" said Kennet, jealously. "the testamun were only just out a cauns away." And with this he started on his congenial errand.

Hardie took two or three of his long strides, and fairly collared him. "You will do nothing of the kind."

"What, not tell a man when he's plowed? That is a good joke."

"No. There's time enough. Tell him after chapel, to-morrow, or in chapel if you must: but why poison his triumphal cup? And his sisters, too, why spoil their pleasure? Bring it out with a word about 'plowing' to any living soul today."

To his surprise, Kennet's face expressed no sympathy, nor even bare assent. At this Hardie lost patience, and burst out impetuously, "Take care how you refuse me; take care how you thwart me in this. He is the best-natured fellow in college. It doesn't matter to you, and it does to him; and if you do, then take my name off the list of your acquaintances, for I'll never speak a word to you again in this world; no, not on my death-bed, by Heaven."

"The threat wes extravagant; but Youth's glowing cheek, and eye, and imperious lip, and simple generosity, made it almost beautiful.

Kennet winced. "Oh, if you talk like that, there is an end to fair argument."

"End it then, and promise me: upon your honor!"

"Why not? What hosh! There I promise. Now, how do you construe *argumentary*?"

The incongruous dog ("I think then, Duff, for teaching me that word!") put this query with the severity of an inquisitor bringing back a garrulous prisoner to the point.

Hardie replied gayly, "Any way you like, now you are a good fellow again."

"Coase, that is evasive. My tutor says it can not be rendered by any one English word; no more can *argumentary*."

"Why, what on earth can he know about English?—*argumentary* is a Cormorant: *cum-argumentary* is a Skinflint; and your tutor is a Duffer. Hush! Keep dark now! here he comes."

And he went hastily to meet Edward Dodd; and by that means intercepted him on his way to the carriage. "Give me your hand, Dodd," he cried; "you have saved your University. You must be stroke of the eight-oar after me. Let me see more of you than I have, old fellow."

With all my heart," replied Edward, calmly, but taking the offered hand cordially; though he rather wanted to get away to his mother and sister.

"We will pull together, and read together into the bargain," continued Hardie.

"Not Logister? Yes and I? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see I am pretty well up in the higher books; what I have got to rub up is my Divinity and my Logic; especially my Logic. Will you grind Logic with me? Say Yes, for I know you will keep your word."

"It is too good an offer to refuse, Hardie; but now I look you, you are excited, wonderfully excited; with the race, eh? Now, just—you—wait—quietly—till next week, and then, if you are so soft as to ask me in cool blood—"

"Wait a week?" cried the impetuous youth. "No, not a minute. It is settled. There, we cram Logic together next week."

And he shook Edward's hand again with glistening eyes and an emotion that was quite unintelligible to Edward; but on the whole, quiet, sensitive, spirits, who sat but fifteen yards off.

"You really must excuse me just now," said Edward, and ran to the carriage, and put out both hands to the fair occupants. They kissed him eagerly, with little tender cries; and it cost them no slight effort not to cry publicly over "the beloved," "the victorious," "the plowed."

Young Hardie stood apart.

"What? Those ladies Dodd's sisters! Why, one of them had called the other mamma. Good Heavens, all his talk in the morning had been of Dodd: and Kennet and he between them had let out the very thing he wanted to conceal, especially from Dodd's relations. He spied at them, and turned hot to the very forehead.

Then, not knowing what to do or say, and being after all but a clever boy, not a cool "never unready" man of the world, he slipped away, blushing. Kennet followed, goggling.

Left to herself, Mrs. Dodd would have broken the ice and spoken to Edward at once, and taken the line of consoling him under their own vexation: it would not have been the first time she had played that part. But Miss Dodd, when she said it would be unkind to poison Edward's day, and it is sweet woman's nature to follow suit; so she and Miss Dodd put their heads and Edward passed a right jocund afternoon with them; he was not allowed to surprise one of the looks they interchanged to relieve their secret mortification.

But, after dinner, as the time drew near for him to go back to Oxford, Mrs. Dodd became silent, and a little distraite; and at last drew her chair away to a small table, and wrote a letter.

In directing it she observed, gayly, to that Julia could catch the address: "*Edward Dodd, Esq., Exeter College, Oxford.*"

Julia was unusually startled at first, and her eye roved almost comically to and fro the letter and its Dodd-ship, and thence to the unconscious of woman's beneficent wiles. But her heart soon divined the mystery; it was to reach Edward first thing in the morning, and prepare him the pain of writing the news to them; and, doubtless, so worded as not to leave him a day in doubt of their feelings and sympathy.

Julia took the missive unobserved by the Destination, and glided out of the room to get it quietly posted.

The servant-girl was waiting on the second-floor lodgers, and told her so, with a significant inflection, viz., that the post was in this street, and only a few doors off.

Julia was a little surprised at her coolness, but took the hint with perfect good temper, and just put on her shawl and bonnet, and went with it herself.

The post-office was not quite so near as represented; but she was soon there, for she was very tall she had passed it by, and she came back slowly and thoughtfully: here in the street, lighted only by the moon, and an occasional gaslight, there was no need for self-restraint, and soon her mortification betrayed itself in her speaking countenance. And to think that her mother, on whom she doted, should have to write to her son, there present, and post the letter! This made her eyes fill, and before she reached the door of the lodgings they were brimming over.

But she put her foot on the step a timid voice addressed her, in a low tone of supplication. "May I venture to speak one word to you, Miss Dodd?—one single word?"

She looked up surprised; and it was young Mr. Hardie.

His tongue was bending toward her submissively, and his face, as well as his utterance, betrayed considerable agitation.

And what led to so unusual a rencontre between a young gentleman and lady who had never been introduced.

"The Tender Passion," says a reader of many novels.

Why, yes; the tenderest in all our nature: Wounded vanity.

Naturally proud and sensitive, and inflated by success and flattery, Alfred Hardie had been torturing himself ever since he fled Edward's female relations. He was mortified to the core. He confounded "the fools" (his favorite synonym for his acquaintance) for going and calling Dodd's mother an elder sister, and so not giving him a chance to divine her. And then that he, who prided himself on his discrimination, should take them for ladies of rank, or, at all events, of the highest fashion; and, climax of humiliation, that so great a man as he should go and seem to court them by praising Dodd of Exeter, by enlarging upon Dodd of Exeter, by offering to grind Logic with Dodd of Exeter. Who would believe that this was a coincidence, a mere coincidence? They could not be expected to believe it; female vanity would not let them. He tingled, and was not far from hating the whole family: as bitter a thing in that which I have ventured to dub "The Tenderest Passion."

He itched to ease his irritation by explaining to Edward. Dodd was a frank, good-hearted fellow; he would listen to facts, and convince the ladies in turn. Hardie learned where Dodd's party lodged, and waited about the door to catch him alone; Dodd must be in college by twelve, and would leave Henley before ten. He waited till he was tired of waiting. But at last the door opened; he stepped forward, and out tripped Miss Dodd. "Confound it!" muttered Hardie, and drew back. However, he stood and admired her graceful figure and action, her ladylike speed without hasting. Had she come back at the same pace he would never have ventured to stop her; on such a thread do things hang; but she returned very slowly, hanging her head; her look at him and his headache recurred to him, a look brimful of goodness. She would be to us in Edward, better perhaps. He tickled to impulse, and addressed her, but with all the trepidation of a youth defying the giant Entepfeu for the first time in his life.

Julia was a little surprised and fluttered, but did not betray it; she had been taught self-command by example, if not by precept.

"Certainly, Mr. Hardie," said she, with a modest composure a young coquette might have envied under the circumstances.

Hardie had now only to explain himself: but instead of that he stood looking at her with a fatent concern; the fair face she raised to him was wet with tears; so were her eyes, and even the glorious eyelashes were fringed with that tender spray; and it glistened in the moonlight.

This sad and pretty sight drove the vain but generous youth's calamity clean out of his head. "Why, you are crying! Miss Dodd, what is the matter? It is nothing has happened."

Julia turned he, head away a little fretfully, with a "No, no!" But soon her natural candor and simplicity prevailed; a simplicity not without dignity; she turned round to him and looked him in the face, "Why should I deny it to you, Sir, who have been good enough to sympathize with us? We are mortified, sadly mortified, at dear Edward's disgrace; and it has been a struggle not to disobey you, and poison his triumphal cup with sad looks. And mamma had to write to him, and console him against to-morrow; but I hope he will not feel it so severely as she does: and I have just posted it myself, and when I thought of our dear mamma being driven to such expedients, I— Oh!" And the sure young heart, having opened itself by words, must flow a little more.

"Oh, pray don't cry," said young Hardie, tenderly; "don't take such a trifle to heart so; you crying makes me feel guilty for letting it happen. It shall never occur again. If I had only known, it should never have happened at all."

"Once is enough," sighed Julia.

"Indeed you take it too much to heart; it is only out of Oxford a plow is thought much of; especially a single one; that is so very common. You see, Miss Dodd, a university examination consists of several classes; neglect but one, and Crichton himself would be plowed; because brilliancy in your other papers is not allowed to count; that is how the most distinguished man of our day got plowed for Smalls; I had a narrow escape, I know, for one. But, Miss Dodd, if you knew how far your brother's performance on the river outweighs a mere slip in the schools, in all university men's eyes, the dons' and all, you would not make this bright day end sadly to Oxford by crying. Why, I could find you a thousand men who would be plowed to-morrow with glory and delight, to win one such race as your brother has won two."

Julia sighed again. But it sounded now half like a sigh of relief; the final sigh, with which the fair consent to be consoled.

And, indeed, this improvement in the music did not escape Hardie; he felt he was on the right track: he enumerated fluently, by name, many good men, besides Dean Swift, who had been plowed, yet had cultivated the field of letters in their time; and, in short, he was so earnest and plausible, that something like a smile hovered about his hearer's lips, and she glanced askant at him with feelings gratitude from under her silky lashes. But soon it recurred to her that this was rather a long interview to accord to "a stranger," and under the moon; so she said a little stiffly, "And was this what you were good enough to wish to say to me, Mr. Hardie?"

"No, Miss Dodd, to be frank, it was not. My motive in addressing you, without the right to take such a freedom, was egotistical. I came here to clear myself; I—I was afraid you must think me a bumbug, you know."

"I do not understand you, indeed."

"Well, I feared you and Mrs. Dodd might think I praised Dodd so, and flattered him that I did for him, knowing who you were, and wishing to curry favor with you by all that; and that is so undefinant and paltry a way of going to work, I should despise myself."

"Oh, Mr. Hardie," said the young lady, smiling, "how foolish: why, of course we knew you had no idea."

"Indeed I had not; but how could you know it?"

"Why, we saw it. Do you think we have no eyes? she said much keener goes than gentlemen have. It is mamma, and I who are to blame, if any body; we ought to have declared ourselves; it would have been more natural more manly. But we can not all be gentlemen, you know. It was so sweet to hear Edward praised by one who did not know us; it was like stolen fruit; and by one whom others praise: so if you can forgive us our slyness, there is an end of the matter."

"Forgive you? you have taken a thorn out of my soul."

"Then I am so glad you summoned courage to speak to me without ceremony. Mamma would have done better though, but after all, do not I know her? My mamma is all goodness and intelligence; and be assured, Sir, she does you justice; and is quite aware of your *disinterested* kindness to dear Edward." With this she was about to retire.

"Ah! But you, Miss Dodd? with whom I have taken this unwarrantable liberty?" said Hardie, imploringly.

"Me, Mr. Hardie? you do me the honor to require my opinion of your performances; including, of course, this self-introduction?"

Hardie hung his head; there was a touch of satire in the lady's voice, he thought.

Her soft eyes rested demurely on him a moment; she saw he was a little abashed.

"My opinion of it all is that you have been very kind to us; in being most kind to our poor Edward. I never saw or heard a more thing more generous, more manly. And then so thoughtful, so considerate, so delicate! so instead of criticising you, as you seem to expect, his sister only blesses you, and thanks you from the very bottom of her heart."

HE ADDRESSED HER WITH ALL THE TREPIDATION OF YOUTH.

She had begun with a polite composure, borrowed from mamma; but, once launched, her ardent nature got the better: her color rose and rose, and her voice sank and sank, and the last words came almost in a whisper, and such a lovely whisper; a gurgle from the heart: and, as she concluded, her delicate hand came sweeping over with a heaven-taught gesture of large and sovereign cordiality that made even the honest words and the divine tones more than spent. It was too much: it was genius, ardent as herself, and not, in reality, half so timorous, caught fire; and seeing a white, eloquent hand rather near him, caught it, and pressed his warm lips on it in mute adoration and gratitude.

At this she was scared and offended. "Oh! keep that for the Queen!" cried she, turning scarlet, and snatching her fair hand away as if like a startled stag, and she drew her hand away quickly and decidedly, though not roughly. He summoned a lovely smile; but in the very middle of it she said, softly, "Good-by, Mr. Hardie," and swept, with a gracious little courtesy, through the doorway, leaving him spell-bound.

And so the virginal instinct of self-defense carried her off swiftly and cleverly. But none too soon; for, on entering the house, that external composure her two mothers, Mesdames Dodd and Nature, had taught her, fell from her like a veil, and she fluttered up the stairs to her own room, with hot cheeks, and panted there like some wild thing that has been grasped at and escaped. She felt young Hardie's lips upon the palm of her hand plainly; they seemed to linger there still; it was like light but live velvet. She had the ardent look of one who looks into her eyes, set the young creature quivering. Nobody had looked at her so before, and no young gentleman had imprinted living roses on her hand. She was alarmed, ashamed, and uneasy. What right had he to look at her like that? What shadow of a right to kiss her hand? He could not pretend to think she had put it out to be kissed; indeed, she put the back of the hand for that, not the palm. The truth was he was an impudent fellow, and she hated him; and loved him. And then it was so simple as to let him talk to her; mamma would not have been so imprudent when she was a girl.

She would not go down, for she felt there must be something of this kind legibly branded on her face. "O! O! just look at the bold young lady! She has been letting a young gentleman kiss the palm of her hand; and the fool has not gone off yet: you may see that by the window."

But, then, poor Edward! she must go down.

So she put a wet towel to her tell-tale cheeks, and dried them by artistic skill, recovered her position, and came down stairs like a mouse, and turned the door-handle noiselessly, and glided into the sitting-room, looking so transparent, conscious, and all on fire with beauty and animation, that even Edward was startled, and, in a whisper, bade his mother observe what a pretty girl she was; "beats all the county girls in a canter."

Mrs. Dodd did look; and, consequently, as soon as ever Edward was gone to Oxford, she said to Julia, "You are fresh, I hope, and have been excited with all this. You had better go to bed."

Julia complied willingly, for she felt a strange, and, to her, novel inclination; she wanted to be alone and think. She retired to her own room, and went the whole day over every minute, and happy and sorry, exalted and uneasy, by turns; and ended by excusing Mr. Hardie's escapade, and throwing the blame on herself. She ought to have been more distant; gentlemen were not expected, nor indeed much wanted, to be so distant. A little assurance did not misbecome them. "Really I think it sets them off," said she to herself.

Grand total: "What *must* he think of me?"

Time gallops in reverie: the town clock struck twelve, and rids its iron tongue of midnight under her youthful conscience. "Was this obeying mamma? Mamma had said, Go to bed: not, "Go up stairs and meditate: avoid young gentlemen." She gave an expressive shake of her fair shoulders, like a swan flapping the water off its downy rings, and so dismissed the subject from her mind.

Then she said her prayers.

Then she rose from her knees, and cajoled the imaginary cat out from its theoretical hiding-places. "Puss! puss! pretty puss!"

Thieves and ghosts she did not believe in, yet credited rats under beds, and thought them neither "harmless" nor "necessary cats."

After tenderly evoking the detested and chimerical quadruped, she proceeded none the less to careful research, especially at window and door of one resisted, and then yielded with a crack, and blew out the candle. "There now," said she.

It was her only light, except her beauty. They allotted each Hebe but one candle in that ancient burgh.

"Well," she thought, "there is moonlight enough to undress by."

She went to draw back one of the curtains. But in the act she started back with a little scream. There was a tall figure over the way watching the house.

The moon shone: from her side of the street full on him, and in that instant her quick eye recognized Mr. Hardie.

"Well!" said she aloud, and with an indescribable inflection; and hid herself swiftly in impenetrable gloom.

But, after a while, Eve's daughter must have a peep. She stole with infinite caution to one side of the curtain, and made an aperture just big enough for one bright eye. Yes, there he was, motionless. "I'll tell mamma," said she to him, malignantly, as if the sound could reach him.

Unconscious of the direful threat, he did not budge.

She was unaffectedly puzzled at this phenomenon; and, not being the least vain, fell to wondering whether he played the nightly sentinel opposite every lady's window, who exchanged civilities with him. "Because, if he does, he is a fool," said she, promptly. But on reflection, she felt sure he did nothing of the kind, habitually. He had been struck with her beauty: she had noted that truth in him at a very early stage. She satisfied herself, by cautious examination, that he did not leave the room. He was making a temple of the whole lodging. "How ridiculous of him!" Yet he appeared to be happy over it: there was an exalted look in his moon-lit face; she seemed now first to see his soul there. She studied his countenance like a book of hieroglyphics, and deciphered each rapt expression that crossed it, and stored them in her memory.

Twice she left her ambuscade, to go to bed: and twice Curiosity, or Something, drew her back. At last, having looked, pondered, and peeped till her feet were cold, and her face the reverse, she informed herself that the foolish Thing had tired itself out.

"Good-night, Mr. Policeman," said she, pretending to bawl to him. "And, O, do rain! As hard as ever you can. Why, the benevolent aspiration, a little too violent to be sincere, she laid her cheek on her pillow doughtily.

But her sentinel, when out of sight, had more power to disturb her. She lay and wondered whether he was still there, and what it all meant, and what ever mamma would say; and what, of the two, she or he, was the head culprit in this strange performance, if both were not concerned, and ran the parallel; and, above all, what he would do next. Her pulse galloped, and her sleep was broken; and she came down in the morning a little pale. Mrs. Dodd saw it at once, with the quick maternal eye; and mormured, "It is curious, the effect of love, and romance: yet pleasure seldom agrees with youth; this little excitement has done your mother good, she is no longer young: it has been too much for you. I shall be glad to have you back to our quiet home."

Ah! Will that home be as tranquil now?

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," &c.

IF Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.—*(Continued.)*

THE truth flashed into the judge's mind. He shaded his face, and did not speak for a minute or two. Then he said, not looking up, a little hoarsely, "This, then, was the shame you told me of long ago."

"Yes," said she.

Both sat quite still, quite silent, for some time. Through the silence a sharp, clear voice was heard speaking through the bedroom doors.

"Take the kedgeree down, and tell the cook to keep it hot for the judge. It is so tiresome people coming on Sunday on his return to dress: had not his proper hours for being at Chambers."

He got up hastily, and went into the dining-room, but he had hardly some difficulty in curbing his wife's irritation.

When he came back Ellinor said:

"I am afraid I ought not to have come here now."

"Oh, it's all nonsense" said he, in tone of annoyance. "You've done quite right." He seated himself where he had been before, and again half-covered his face with his hand.

"And Dixon knew all the time? Have I must put the fact plainly to you—your father was the guilty person? He murdered Dunster?"

"Yes, if you will have it so. He was done by a blow, in the heat of passion. No one can ever tell how Dunster came to provoke papa," said Ellinor, in a stupid, heavy way; and then she sighed.

"How do you know this?" There was a kind of tender reluctance in the judge's voice as he put all these questions. Ellinor had made up her mind beforehand that everything that he must be asked, and must also be answered; but she spoke like a sleep-walker.

"What a long time papa was just after he had struck Mr. Dunster the blow. He was lying insensible, as we thought—dead, as he really was."

"What a long time!" said he, in a low voice. "I have known a good deal about it. And the horselancet that was found with his name upon it?"

"Papa went to ask Dixon, and he brought his steam—I suppose to try and bleed him. I have said enough, have I not?" I seem so confused. But I will answer any question to make it appear that Dixon is innocent."

The judge had not thought of all down. He sat still now without replying to her. Then he wrote rapidly, referring to his previous paper from time to time. In five minutes he had read the facts which Ellinor had stated, as he now arranged them, in a legal and connected form. He just asked her one or two trivial questions as he did so. Then he read it over to her and asked her to sign it. She took up the pen and held it, hesitating.

"This will never be made public?" said she.

"No; I shall take care that no one but the Home Secretary sees it."

"Thank you. I could not help it now it has come to this."

"There are not many men like Dixon," said the judge, almost to himself, as he sealed the paper in an envelope.

"No!" said Ellinor. "I never saw any one so faithful."

And just at the same moment the reflection on a less faithful person that these words might seem to imply struck both of them, and each instinctively glanced at the other.

Ellinor!" said the judge, at the moment's pause. "We are friends, I hope?"

"Yes, friends," said she, quietly and sadly.

He felt a little chagrined at her answer. Why be could hardly tell. To cover any sign of his feeling he went on talking.

"Where are you living now?"

"At East Chester."

"Then you could sometimes to town, don't you? Let us know always—whenever you come; and Lady Corbet shall call on you. Indeed, I wish you'd let me take you there some one day."

"Thank you. I am going straight back to Hellingford; at least as soon as you can get me away from Dixon. There is just one thing more," said she, coloring a little, and hesitating. "This note to you was found under papa's pillow after his death: some of it refers to past things; but I should be glad if you could think as kindly as you can of poor papa. And so—if you will read it."

He took it and read it, not without emotion. Then he laid it down on his table, and said,

"I see that you have suffered a great deal for that night's work. And you, Ellinor, you have suffered too."

Yes, she had suffered; and he who spoke had been one of the instruments of her suffering, though the most powerful of it. She knew that her head a little for reply. Then she looked up at him—they were both standing at the time—and said,

"I think I shall be happier now. I always knew it must be found out. Once more, goodby, and you will not take this letter, I suppose?" she said, casting envious, loving eyes at her father's note, lying unregarded on the table.

"Why, no, certainly," said he, and put it by: he took her hand. He held it while he looked into her face. He had thought it changed when he had left her; it was now more changed the same to him as of yore. The sweet, shy eyes, the indicated dimple in the cheek, and something of ever had brought a faint pink flush into her usually colorless cheeks. Married judge though he was, he was not sure if she had not more charm for him still, in her sorrow and her shabbiness, than the handsome, stately wife in the next room, who had been born to be a blessmatest when he had left her a few minutes before. He sighed a little regretfully as Ellinor withdrew her hand, and obtained the glimpse of had struggled for and sacrificed for; but now he could not help wishing that the slaughtered creature had on the shrine of his ambition were alive again.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Ellinor reached Mr. Johnson's house in Hellingford that afternoon she found Miss Monro was there, and that she had been with Mrs. Johnson during the visit of Mr. Johnson from following Ellinor to London.

Miss Monro fondled and purred inarticulately enough to satisfy the most reverential darling before she could speak intelligibly enough to tell her that Canon Livingstone had come straight to see her immediately on his return to East Chester, and had suggested her journey to Hellingford in order that she might be of all the assistance in her power. He did not at first let out that he had accompanied her to Hellingford; she was a little afraid of Ellinor's displeasure at finding there; Ellinor had always objected so much to any advance to intimacy with him that Miss Monro had wished to make. But Ellinor was different right now.

"How white you are, Nelly!" said Miss Monro. "You have been traveling too much and too fast, my child."

"My head aches," said Ellinor, wearily. "But I must go back to East Chester at once, for Dixon that he is reprieved—I am so tired! Will you ask Mr. Johnson to get me leave to see him? He will know what to do."

She threw herself down on the bed in the spare room—the bed with the heavy blue curtains. Miss Monro had remonstrated when Monro went to do her bidding. But it was now late afternoon, and Mr. Johnson said that it would be impossible for him to get permission from the sheriff that night.

"Besides," said he, courteously, "one scarcely knows what to do. Miss Wilkins may not give the old man false hopes—whether she has not been excited to have false hopes herself. It would be a cruel kindness to let her see him without more legal certainty as to what his sentence or reprieve is to be. To-morrow morning, if I can procure properly understood her story, which was a little confused—"

"She is so dreadfully tired, poor creature!" put in Miss Monro, who never could bear the shadow of a suspicion that Ellinor was not wisest, best, in all circumstances, the intention of life.

Mr. Johnson went on, with a deprecatory bow: "Well, then—it really is the only course open to her friends—that she should rest for the morning. By to-morrow morning I will have obtained the sheriff's leave, and he will most likely have heard from London."

"Thank you! I believe that will be best."

"It is the only course," said he.

When Miss Monro returned to the bedroom Ellinor was in a heavy, feverish slumber: so feverish and so uneasy did she appear, that, after the hesitation of a moment or two, Miss Monro had no scruple in wakening her.

But she did not appear to understand the answer to her request; she did not seem even to remember that she had made any request.

The journey to England, the misery, the surprises, had been too much for her. The morrow morning came, bringing the formal free pardon for Abraham Dixon. The sheriff's order for his admission to see the old man lay awaiting her wish to use it. But she knew nothing of all this.

For days, nay, weeks, she hovered between life and death, tended, as of old, by Miss Monro, while good..Mrs. Johnson was ever willing to assist.

One summer evening in early June she wakened into memory.

Miss Monro heard the faint piping voice, as she kept her watch by the bedside.

"Where is Dixon?" asked she.

"At the prisoner's house at Bromham." This was the name of Canon Livingstone's country parish.

"Why?"

"We thought it better to get him into country air and fresh scenes at once."

"How is he?"

"Much better. Get strong, and he shall come to see you."

"You are sure all is right?" said Ellinor.

"Sure, my dear. All is quite right."

Then Ellinor went to sleep again out of very weakness and weariness.

From that time she recovered pretty steadily. Her great desire was to return to East Chester as soon as possible. The associations of grief, anxiety, and coming illness connected with Hellingford made her wish to be once again in the solemn, quiet, sunny Close of East Chester.

Ellinor's return came only after Miss Monro in managing the journey with her invalid. But he did not intrude himself upon Ellinor, and very more than he had done in coming from home.

The morning after her return Miss Monro said,

"Do you feel strong enough to see Dixon?"

"Yes. Is he here?"

"He is at the prisoner's house. He sent for him from Bromham, in order that he might be ready for you to see him when you wished."

"I will go," said Ellinor, coming decidedly and Ellinor, flushing and trembling.

She went to the door to meet the tottering old man; she led him to the easy-chair that had been placed and arranged for herself; she knelt down before him, and put his hand on her head —he trembling and shaking all the while.

"Forgive me all the shame and misery, Dixon. Say you forgive me; and let me rest my head on you. And then let never a word of the terrible past be spoken between us."

"I forgive you for me to forgive you as never did harm to no one."

"But say you do—it will ease my heart."

"I do forgive you for me, and I asked he raised himself to his feet with effort, and standing up above her he blessed her solemnly.

After that he and love, she by him, gazing at him.

"You's a good man, misey," said he, at length, lifting his slow eyes and looking at her. "Better not t'other ever was."

"He is a good man," said Ellinor.

But no more was spoken on the subject. The next day Canon Livingstone made his formal visit. Ellinor received him in Miss Monro in the room, but that worthy lady knew better than to stop.

They went on, forcing talk on indifferent subjects. At last he could speak no longer on every thing but that which he had most at heart. "Miss Wilkins," he had said, as he was standing by the mantle-piece apparently examining the ornaments upon it—"Miss Wilkins, I trust that any chance of your giving me a favorable answer now—you know what I mean—what we spoke about at the Great-Western Hotel that day?"

Ellinor hung her head.

"You know that I am once engaged before?"

"Yes! I know—to Mr. Corbet: he that is now the judge. You can not suppose that would make any difference—I last it all. I have loved you, and you only, ever since we met eighteen years ago—Miss Wilkins—Ellinor—put me out of suspense."

"I will!" said she, putting out her thin white hand for him to take and kiss, almost in spite of gratitude, and she seemed frightened at his impetuosity, and tried to check him. "Wait—you have not heard all—and rather, I have not all of me, angler, irritated beyond his bearing, struck the blow that killed Mr. Dunster—Dixon and I know of it just after the deed was struck —we helped to hide it—we kept the secret—my poor father died of sorrow and remorse—you never know what you did for me! It seems to me as if I had been an accomplice in such a terrible thing?"

"Poor, poor Ellinor!" said he, now taking her in his arms as to a shelter. "How I wish I had known of all this years and years ago! I could have stood between you and so much!"

Those who pass through the village of Bromham, and pause by the low, ivy-covered cottage where the Rectory garden from the road, may often see on summer days an old, old man sitting in a wicker-chair out upon the lawn. He leans upon his stick, and seldom raises his bent head; but for all that his eyes are on a level with the two little flower-children who come to him in all their small joys and sorrows, and who learn to lisp his name, almost as soon as they do that of their father and mother.

Nor is Miss Monro often absent; and although she prefers to retain the old house in the Close for winter-quarters, she generally makes her way across to Canon Livingstone's residence every evening.

THE END.

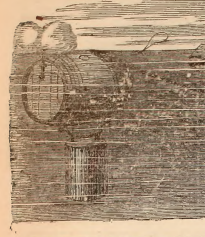


BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S F



LEET, MARCH 14–15, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Hamilton.—[See Page 254.]

SECTIONAL VIEW OF A TORPEDO FOUND IN THE MISSISSIPPI BY THE GUN-BOAT "ESSEX."



INTERIOR OF THE CLOCK-WORK.

A NEW TORPEDO.

We publish on this page a picture of a new TORPEDO lately picked up in the Mississippi by the ESSEX. The New Orleans *Era* thus describes it:

We have before noticed the fact that the ironclad *Essex* has been engaged in picking up torpedoes and other civilized inventions for blowing up our gun-boats in the Mississippi. We have information that another of these infernal machines has just been discovered and safely taken out of the water above Baton Rouge.

This torpedo is said to have been quite different from any of the others taken up. It was made to drift with the current, and was attached to a log, with a hole of cotton placed in a complaisant position, for the supposed purpose of attracting the attention of the gun-boats. It was conceived that it would, on being touched, explode by means of percussion, something similar to the works of a clock. A hammer was fixed to strike the fuses, setting fire to the powder, of which there was about 250 pounds.

This torpedo is now on board of one of our war vessels, where it is an object of curiosity, not unmixed with contempt, to our sailors, who do not recognize it as at all in the regular line of fair stand-up, give-and-take naval fighting.

STEALING A MARCH.

STRETCHED at full length before the most magnificent of all the fires, with a pleasant sense of warmth diffusing itself from the soles of the feet along the whole person, a party of us (the First New Jersey Cavalry) lay with a lazy enjoyment of the heat, and a feeling of satisfaction with our supper. Each was drawing upon his pipe, and exhaling a cloud of fragrant smoke, except the chief proprietor of the establishment, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. I do not think that there can be found a pleasanter fellow for a companion during the long evening lounge around a camp-fire than B——. Though never out of the United States, he has been, Hibernianly speaking, a great deal in them, and has anecdotes associated with almost every place which becomes prominent in connection with the present war. But what I enjoy the most is to set him talking about some of his adventures since he has been with us, and extract all those details which are not obtainable in a second-hand report. As he seems to enjoy the revival in his memory of these former scenes as much as we do to whom they are fresh, it is no difficult task to start him on a narration.

The talk began by some remark upon the character of the country around us, which our regiment had scouted in the spring preceding. There was a little difference of opinion about the bend in the river, and whether our picket line there might not be improved. Captain G—— thought that it might, and appealed to the Colonel. "I think not," was the reply. "If I had to study the line there pretty closely last spring to find a place where I could cross, and the pickets now cover, as far as possible, every practicable ferry. Unless we had more men I could not suggest any improvement."

"Why," said L——, "what were you looking for a crossing here for? W—— never meant to take Rebeldom in this direction, just as he went to Jackson's army afterward at Harrisonburg, did he?"

"No; this was a little affair of my own, when we bagged a party of rebel couriers and brought in some horses—among others that nice pair of Bailey Peyton mares that I had last summer."

"I remember hearing something about that when I rejoined near Seldom's; but we were all off on detached service just then, and I never heard the particulars of the affair, nor know where it took place. How did you manage to get to —m without their taking wing?"

"It is rather a long story for a man to tell about himself," responded B——.

"No matter," I put in; "we are all smokers, and will be very grateful if you will take our share of the talk out of your mouths. So begin at the beginning, and we will take the story, as an artist might now take you, at full length." The Colonel stretched himself into a comfortable position, and began:

"You all know how the contrabands began to flock in to us as soon as we came down from Falmouth to Port Conway. It was a sort of second Exodus, slightly differing from the first, especially as to color and smell. They managed to get to us, not only from down the neck, but also from across the river—one party bringing in valuable mares, and the others materially good information. So we welcomed them all, and sent them on toward the North Pole rejoicing. One of the fellows from the other side, Humphrey, who was with Colonel W—— for some time afterward, seemed to have come off rather against his will. I got into a talk with him, and found out that he was rather ill about ten or twelve miles back from the river. He might have been staying there to this time, perhaps, if the neighbors had not taken the alarm at losing so many of their servants. They had arranged with the rebel pickets, therefore, to assemble themselves and bring all their slaves to a certain place, where a small cavalry post had been established. The general was to send a force to guard them until they got within his lines, when they were to be taken to work on the Richmond fortifications, or else sold South. This kind of plan always gets wind in some way, and many of the negroes took the alarm. Among others Humphrey very sensibly concluded that if he had to leave home, he would prefer himself to decide the direction of his journey; and he consequently stole off by night, escaping across the river to us. Now his casual allusion to this post stuck fast in my mind, and I managed to make him describe it to me. From what he said I judged that it did not connect with any others in the neighborhood, but was there merely for purposes of observation. So it was just possible that I might steal upon them, catch most of them, and be back before there could be time for a force to come down upon us in front.

I began to hunger after the capture, and asked Humphrey whether he could guide a party through the country at night to the house where they staid. The darkey's face lit up with unexpected intelligence and animation at the question; and when he declared not only his ability but his willingness to do so, I felt that I could rely on him. I went straight up to the house and spoke to the Colonel. It was when head-quarters were at Powhatan Hill. I believe that W—— was sorry that he was not a captain instead of regimental commander. If he had been he would certainly have tried to take the affair out of my hands. As it was, he gave me plenty of counsel and warning, but consented to my taking a party of volunteers and crossing the river that night. It rained hard enough at night to quell the courage of any gang before a fight, *tattoo*, and felt our way down to the river. In a leaky boat, two at a time, we managed to cross, the noise of the skiff in the water sounding in our ears all the time as if it must be audible at least five miles; and just as two blew, dismissing the rest of the escort to bed, we started to the river, perhaps forever. We had, of course, left spurs and sabres behind on such an expedition; but all of my men had their pistols, and I myself had a few seventeen inches, and had three negroes as guides. Humphrey led the advance, following implicitly, and only keeping him in sight from his wearing a light-colored linsey coat. How it happened that some of the men did not get lost in the darkness I can not understand; for I did not hear a whisper sometimes for miles together, and only rarely the splash of a footfall in a puddle, indicating that the boys were keeping closely in my rear. I believe that, with their present recklessness, some of them would have straggled; but danger was then near to them, and they were nervously alive to every sound. As we were guided through heavy fields, over plantation-roads, and across by-paths, feeling very anxiously and to a slight degree scared —at least I did—the party whom we were going to surprise was much more agreeably occupied. They were all young men of the neighborhood, who had gone in a body from a local cavalry company into the Confederate service. So they were rather petted and made much of by the families around, especially by the young ladies. The sergeant had been particularly attracted by a daughter of Dr. Golding, the gentleman at whose place the party was posted; but whether that was the cause or the effect of his selecting the locality I am unable to tell. The afternoon of our march he had told the young lady that he was going to ride down and take a look at the fords, laughingly making the remark that he was going to see if the rebels had left any fish in the river. Humphrey assured me that the jokes were made about the Yankees, ten miles off across the river. At last, as the hands of the clock drew round toward midnight, the merry party broke up, the last words of Miss Golding being a peculiar warning to take care or the Yankees would catch them. It was answered by a defiant laugh, and the sergeant retired with his men to their quarters in an adjoining office. There was a formal watch kept; but, at such a distance from the enemy, the young men had grown very careless. A man was placed on a hill a little distance off, another outside the house itself, and their horses were picketed somewhere within their reach. On this occasion the planter's son-in-law probably made the rebels oblivious of their duty, and that at the very critical moment. Certain it is that the guard outside the door went off duty for down without anyone taking his place, and the outpost, after staying beyond his hour, came in to see why he was not relieved.

"Now, having described the situation of the enemy, I shall go back to the history of my own party. We had been moving at about eight o'clock, and hour after hour marched slowly on under the guidance of the negroes, unable of ourselves to tell in the direction in which we were traveling. We became more and more cautious and watchful as we advanced, though we had not heard a sound of life around us. Humphrey, who was then stopped, talked a crouching attitude. We all found ourselves involuntarily doing the same, though I suppose each one had a confidence that his neighbor was doing so. Presently I could hear footsteps advancing along the path. As we did not wish to meet any one, we of course halted as noiselessly as possible, and yielded the right of way. There were about half a dozen persons in the party, but I could not tell whether they were negroes or a patrol. Whoever they were we escaped their notice, and at once resumed our march. At last we emerged from a wooded hollow, and saw the vague outline of a building in a little denser black than the sky around it. 'All right,' whispered Humphrey, pointing to a particular part of the house. 'Is there any fence or hedge between here and there?' I inquired, 'or is it open?' 'Right up,' he said; 'straight up, massa,' he responded, so excited that I believe he did not comprehend the question. 'Does the house have a room or into a passage?' was my next question. 'Right in dar, massa; you jump right on 'em,' was his answer, to be kept still by the people in the place. So I posted my men, and then my orderly and I headed two parties in at each of the opposite sides of the building. Just as I had got to the top of my speed I felt a violent blow upon my chest which almost staggered me. I threw up my hand and touched a picket fence. With one leap I was over it, and at the door. My men were delayed by trying to climb the fence, and I was just as touched the door as it was opened from within, and I was face to face with a gray back. Before I could even say *Surrender!* he turned, presenting a run along the passage, and dashed through a side door. For a moment I was bewildered by finding the passage where I expected to find the reserving myself. I followed in time to see him making for a pile of arms.

'Surrender! shouted I; and without my really meaning it my pistol went off. He spun round, saying, 'You have shot me, Sir;' but I did not have time to attend to him, for all around the room my men and comrades lying down. I sprang at the nearest, had my knee on him, my breast on another, and my pistol-muzzle against a third at the same instant. Just then my men get round to the window, and seeing me apparently struggling with assailants, fire through the glass. Unfortunately both were fatal, one man being killed, and another mortally wounded. My man only had a bullet through his arm, and before the rebels immediately surrendered, and we found that the party consisted of seven. The wounded man was a nephew of Dr. Golding, and had been one of the party in the parlor. I immediately sent a message to Dr. Golding requesting him to come and attend upon his nephew and guest. At the same moment a series of most piercing shrieks rang out from the main building, and I thought a dangerous enough for six. I sent a second envoy to the Doctor, informing him that if he did not come at once I should have to bring him, together with a polite request for the cessation of that very loud and disagreeable noise. Both messages were effectual. We had the arm of the slightly wounded prisoner dressed at once; and while some of my men found and sadded the horses of the party, the rest of us assisted in ministering to young Brodus, who, as a short inspection proved, was dying. It was the first time that we were brought face to face with our work, and it made us very melancholy to contemplate the agony of that fine young fellow. Some of my men almost cried. But we did not have time to yield to any sentiments of pity or sorrow. We were ten miles from the river, with an active enemy not so very far off. So, guarding our five prisoners, and bringing off their five horses, we started on our return along the self-same road. We moved, though, much faster on the way back, the cause of which you may perhaps comprehend; and as we reached the hill commanding the river we heard the cheerful notes of our bugles sounding out reveille. There in the clear dawn we could catch sight of some of our men waiting anxiously for the boat. It soon came across to us, and swimming the horses, we made our way into camp, feeling very proud of our expedition and its fruits.—And now, who is going with me to visit the pickets?"

LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

"THERE is a storm gathering yonder over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow."

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand upon his horse's mane, turned to look with a merry smile in the fair, anxious face of his lady by his side.

"And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or fair, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night in Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So now, sweet one, farewell! and may God bless you!" and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and started away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his retreating figure with a wistful gaze until he halted at the great iron gates and passed through, was hidden from her view; then slowly turning, she remounted the stone steps that led up to the door of Chartrel Manor. The gloomy-looking old porter, who seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained-glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. And then a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old butler, advanced toward her. Old he was in service, for he had lived in the same thirty years at Chartrel Manor, at first the page and play-fellow, then the confidential servant and the friend of his master, Sir Richard—and now old in years, and a little under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with gray, and there were few wrinkles in his hard, keen face. He advanced to the lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said, in a respectful but constrained tone: "Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as this?"

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. "Yes," she said, "he has just started. He laughs at the weather; but I—"

"There is little cause to fear, my lady, the storm comes, if it river is swollen!" Marston exclaimed, abruptly. "You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night."

"Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening," Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the drawing-room.

The butler looked after her. "She would have us believe she cares for him, forsooth! He believes it. He has only been days and thought for her old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me about this Chester journey: and now that waxen doll bears all his plots, and hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I need to know—Sir Richard must be in Chester this night."

In the long, low drawing-room the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and the heap of glowing fagots shed a weird light on the carved oak and pictures on the walls, while the high-backed chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the deep window-recess, and gazed out on the stormy sky. "He rides fast; his horse is sure-footed; the distance is not great," she soliloquized. "Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?" She turned and sank into the darkened room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's hilthy voice, to see his full glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this moment and this place, and she dreamed as Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice, her face had, only eight months since, been the queen and the belle of the ball, for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope's eyes would see her, and brought her here to be the mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the young brothers and sisters, that now lay asleep in her happy remembrance days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her heart took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of those former party. But still thinks off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial tune rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver candlesticks; and as the music died away she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute later, and then her fingers were busy there again. "The storm has come, my lady." It was

Marston who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close behind her chair. "Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night," he went on.

"What will he do?" and she looked round with startled eyes.

"He may make for home, but I fear, my lady; an I had your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is black as pitch, and one false step by the cliff-path would be death." He spoke low, but there was a strange eagerness in his tone and in his face.

"Go, pray, go!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; "and yet—might you not send Stephen in your stead?" She knew not why she asked that question; she only knew that some vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's face darkened. "He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times by night and day. But be it as you will, my lady."

"Go yourself," she once more repeated; "lose not a moment. Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard!"

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round, and for an instant his eye met hers—only for an instant; but there was something in that one glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gone. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good-will, that he regarded her as an intruder in her husband's house, and that he bitterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his master had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him, and countermand his going? And then again she smiled at her own nameless terrors. For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be false to him. That cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So she listened till, in less than half an hour, she heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the gravel road. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted windows of the drawing-room: "She would have stopped me had she dared, but she can not stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me;" and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undisturbed, till nearly two hours later Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged without. "It has passed, my lady, and the sky is clear." She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's journey would be needless; Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery which had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the night. It was a large, lofty room in the west wing of the building, remote from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor which opened by side-doors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago it had been his mother's room. The high mantle-piece with its curious carvings, the ceiling decorated with strange paintings of nymphs and Cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall canopied bedstead, gave a quaint and sombre aspect to the chamber; but to-night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning on the dressing-table lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room which led into a small dressing-room.

"Have you been waiting long, Hester?" the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. "You look sadly tired."

"I have but just come in, my lady. Anne and I have been in the work-room all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so."

"Poor girl!" said her mistress, pityingly; "you have been more used to milking cows than stooping over needle-work. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?"

"All but Stephen, my lady; I heard him cross the hall just now."

"Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable."

"Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house," the girl said, quietly.

"The bridge? I heard of no bridge!" exclaimed Lady Courthope.

"'Tis by the old priory—a matter of three miles round maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well."

"And Marston had forgotten it," said her mistress, musingly.

"He said nothing of the ford," Hester answered; "he only said that he was going to ride after Sir Richard."

"He has not come back?" Lady Courthope asked, abruptly.

"Oh no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard he should stay at the Golden Horn till morning."

"I gave him no such leave;" and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said, kindly: "That will do; I can brush my own hair for this night. Now go, and sleep off your headache."

The maid lingered a while, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed, to secure the door; then returning, she drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, the husband who seemed yet closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence toward her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly respect and trust with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence which he, the man of forty-five, showed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and his now upright figure bent; and when she in turn should show her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy that he should never regret his youth; and when too—and her cheek flushed at the thought—young children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so quiet now, ring with laughter from morn to night; and as that picture rose before her she yearned to lay her head upon her husband's breast and whisper it to him.

It was so strange to be here, far from him. If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that inn at Chester. That vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying down, the room seemed darker, and a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor. She stooped hastily to reach it; but as she raised her face, all veiled by her long drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, and a white, eager face peering from behind it, intently watching her. One instant and the curtain fell to again softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago that same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a sickening heart she recognized the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or cry. Her pulses throbbed wildly,—her very blood was chilled; but she sat on, calmly, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband; but now in her own fearful danger she was brave and steadfast. Her icy hands still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Marston was there close by her. His night-journey had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and to screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and—murder her. And he might murder her. Here alone in this locked room, how could she escape him? If she fled, if she could even gain the gallery outside, it would avail her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any to her aid, he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And then there came across her a strange memory of how one summer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he had wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers had been bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this; stranger still that she should almost shudder in recalling it. What, if rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, appeal to him for pity? Ah no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then almost seemed a friend; for there above the chimney-piece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and with one wild dash stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance another thought had come into her mind—her dressing-room! The door stood open, not ten paces from her. Once locked in there—but, alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps upon the floor, behind, around her, to feel hot breath upon her cheek; and still she sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her? Once again her eyes fell on the open door of the dressing-room.

There are moments in life when every power of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which at another time might be the work of weary hours are formed in one short instant. Such a moment came to Lady Courthope now. As she looked at the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that room—decoy him as she has seen birds and dogs decoyed by some tempting bait. She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has she seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often has Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money; and now, if through that love she can beguile him *first* to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed, in a low tone, "Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough for sleep, I wish the night were over!" She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt, then muttering, "By-the-by, those emeralds," took a bunch of keys from the table, and went toward a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver which stood beside the fire-place. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that she had seen that crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears, and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements, to bear out the deception.

She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box—her jewel-box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing-table and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced toward the dressing-room door. Just as she reached it a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on—on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon a table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where *he* was hiding, and then unfastening the box she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all round her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones might sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood trifling now with one, now with another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the flickering candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer; her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one half instant she paused to gather breath; then, with a weary sigh, she laid aside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle moved toward the bedroom. On the threshold she stopped, retreated a step or two, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a spring—if she had seen this, even her courage might have failed; but she did not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low, steady tone, "No matter for to-night," she came on into her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered about the table, and the door standing open. And now the trap was set, and she might rest and watch.

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self-restraint in lying motionless in the fitful fire-light, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow—a strange repose, even though *he* was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth and the distant baying of the dogs in the court-yard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath, as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move, but she heard—she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No—Heaven help her!—he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed-clothes, then stopped close beside her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came softly through her parted lips, but within that statue-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself and comfort for her widowed husband. A pause—then another slight movement. He was bending over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment passed, and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering low, "My hand shakes; I'll wait a while," he turned away. She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went on again; and now he was moving something on the dressing-table. There was a faint rattle, a dead pause, then again that stealthy tread. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose them. She *did* unclose them, and she saw him.

The room was very dark now, but by the faint glimmer of the fire she could just discern the doorway of the dressing-room, and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken—the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again he was standing where she had stood an hour ago. There was light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was toward her. Casting away the burning match, he bent over the table and softly swept the jewels toward him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather all together and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance—the chance for which she had so longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralyzed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, she slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way toward the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp the handle—there were but two more steps to take—when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled. She recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was his ear had caught it, and he turned and saw her. For one moment they stood face to face gazing upon each other, then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death—a struggle between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure; when, gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round in the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating on the strong oak panels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear—hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror-stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then moaning out, "O husband, save me!" swooned away.

It was still early on the morning of the self-same day when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, galloped up the beech-avenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was pale as death—his eyes were fixed on the walls of his house, her house—his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all. They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door; and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant and sprang up the steps. No wife was there to welcome him. All was still and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another; then his parched tongue slowly formed the words, "Where is she?" They led him to the room where she was lying, but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her fevered brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms, and glittering knives. For a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair; then, unable to endure it longer, hurried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him. But Sir Richard shook his head; he dared not trust himself just now near that man; let them carry him away far from his sight. There was nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already told all—how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred; and how, finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night-journey, and leaving his horse some three miles off, he had returned unseen to the house. He had thought to do the deed, and then, escaping with what treasure he might find, be far upon his way to London before the morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him he would have been safe. Doggedly and calmly he spoke of all this, and now bade them bring Sir Richard there, to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him bound hand and foot to Chester, where, three months later, dogged and calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttering. At length she knew him—at length, when weeks had come and gone, she came from her sick chamber and, leaning on his arm, crept down to the drawing-room. She had last left that room a bright-haired bride, radiant with health and beauty; she entered it again gray-haired and feeble, trembling at every sound, clinging to her husband's arm for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eyes—and when the fair children she had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marveled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that [illegible] never again entered that room.

THE REVOLVING TOWER APPLIED TO HARBOR DEFENSE.

THE question of Fort and Harbor Defense is of the utmost importance at the present moment. These are the vital points at which we may be assailed by a maritime enemy. With the present means of destruction a single vessel of war once within range of the city holds it at mercy. The first gun-boat which lay off the town virtually captured New Orleans; and a single vessel of war in the Narrows at last river could impose its own terms upon New York. Recent events show that ordinary forts are almost powerless to prevent the passage of steamers. The range of casemated guns is so narrow, and their aim is so uncertain, that the chances are that a passing vessel will not be struck. Our fleet passed Forts St. Philip and Jackson almost unharmed, and our Western gunboats run with impunity the gauntlet of the miles of batteries at Vicksburg.

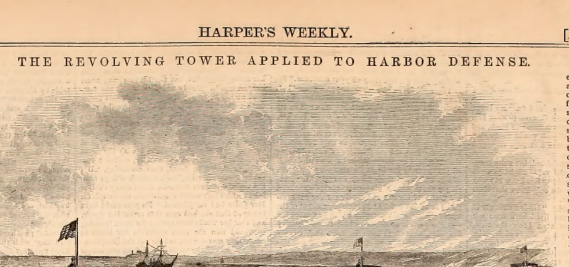
Indeed, the power of our present fortifications, both offensive and defensive, is altogether inferior to that of the iron-clad vessels, with their heavy ordnance, to which they may be opposed. We must have a system of defense adapted to the present state of offensive warfare, and iron must be the material used. Captain Dahlgren, in his able Report, says: "Whatever may be the material of the interior structure, the exterior must be of iron. Bare masonry should never be exposed to the action of rifled cannon." This conclusion is strikingly verified by what has occurred within the few months since the date of this Report. The heavy guns of the *Monitor*, which brought down the solid rock of the Palisades by the red, produced no perceptible effect on the earth-works of Fort M'Allister, whose huge balls also glanced like hailstones from the iron armor and turret of the vessel.

The offensive power of our fortifications must also be largely increased to meet the new state of things. They must be enabled to concentrate a larger fire upon any desired point. The demonstrated success of the principle of the Revolving Tower shows clearly how this is to be done. It is no derogation to the credit justly due to Mr. Ericsson to say that in application of this principle he has availed himself of only a small part of its capability as proposed to its inventor, Mr. Theodore R. Timby. This gentleman, as was shown at length in an article in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, invented the Revolving Tower more than twenty years ago, and secured a patent covering the entire principle of the "Revolving Tower for offensive and defensive warfare, whether used on land or water;" and every such turret is built under this patent, and the inventor is paid a royalty upon each. The principle, as developed by Mr. Timby, is indeed capable of still more effective application to stationary than to floating batteries. The illustration at the top of this page presents an external view of such a stationary tower, and the application of a cordon of them to the defense of the harbor of New York. The diagram at the bottom of the page exhibits the interior structure.

The tower is supposed to be of iron, 100 feet in diameter, with 60 guns in two tiers, revolving once in a minute, by means of a steam-engine placed in the foundation upon which the tower rests. It can be of any required thickness. If one foot is not sufficient, it may be two or five, so as to be absolutely impregnable to the heaviest ordnance. The arrangement for sighting and discharging the guns, which is not established in the "Monitor" turrets, is really the most important part of the whole invention. This will be clearly understood from the sectional diagram, which represents the tower cut down vertically through the centre, so as to show the interior arrangements.

In the centre, under the dome-shaped roof, is a small turret, which is the commander's station during action. This rests upon a central shaft, which revolves in either direction, independent of the tower itself, by means of a wheel and gearing, under the control of the commander, and not by means of the steam-engine. There is in the roof a narrow opening, through which, by means of a theodolite, or telescope, the commander keeps watch of the enemy. By turning the turret in either direction he keeps the telescope always pointed directly toward the object aimed at. If this moves, he follows it, just as a sharpshooter with his telescopic rifle follows the course of a moving object until he is ready to fire. Now, as the tower revolves around the turret, each gun is at every revolution for an instant brought directly in a vertical line with the telescope, and if the gun were discharged at this instant the ball would go straight to its mark. Provision is made for doing this with unerring certainty, by means of a galvanic battery, with conducting wires leading to each gun, so arranged that the connection is formed at the instant when gun and telescope are in a line. A micrometer is attached to the telescope, by means of which the commander ascertains the precise distance of the enemy, and a signal to the officer of each gun directs him to elevate or depress the piece so as to secure the proper range. It will be seen that the gunners have nothing to do but to load their pieces, run them to the port-hole, and place the fuse in the vent. The aiming and discharging of the whole battery is done by one presiding mind calmly seated in the watch-tower. And as it has been abundantly shown that a gun can be loaded in one minute, the effective power of one such tower is 60 guns a minute—one every second—delivered with unfailing accuracy upon any point in the whole circle of the horizon within the range of the pieces. A moment's consideration will show that the precision of the aim of each gun in the battery is greater than that of a sharp-shooter with a telescopic rifle, for it does not depend at all upon the firmness of the hand of the marksman, but solely upon the accuracy of his sight and the coolness of his judgment. Moreover, there is an interval—brief it may be, but still an interval—required for pulling the trigger of the rifle; but in the case of the cannon, the discharge being effected by electricity, there is no space of time which we can measure between the aim and the discharge. If a shot from a cannon traveled with the same accuracy as does a rifle-bullet, a man might be picked off with a 15-inch ball as easily as with a rifle-bullet. This perfect accuracy of flight is perhaps not attainable; but assuming the extreme range of a cannon-ball to be two miles, there is no question that a ship could be hit at that distance by every shot.

Having thus a clear idea of the offensive power of a single tower—that is, that it can deliver a shot every second upon any point within the range of its ordnance—we are prepared to consider the value of a cordon of these towers, in conjunction with various auxiliary appliances suggested by Mr. Timby, as designed for the defense of the harbor of New York, and with such modifications as their topography requires, for every other of our ports.



CORDON OF REVOLVING TOWERS AND CHAINS FOR HARBOR DEFENSE, AS ARRANGED BY MR. TIMBY.

The "Narrows" is of course the point of defense. This passage is about one-third of a mile wide. From each shore a dock is to be built, upon the extremity of which a tower will be placed, reducing the width of the channel to a quarter of a mile. Midway in the channel another tower will be erected upon an artificial foundation. A hostile vessel or fleet seeking to enter the harbor would thus be exposed at every rod of its advance, from the moment when it came within range, to the concentric fire of these three forts, amounting in all to three shots in a second, delivered with unfailing accuracy. As they came up, they would first receive the shots in their bows; when they came opposite the towers, the whole broadsides would be exposed. It is believed that nothing that ever floated could long survive such a fusillade; but if they should succeed in passing, then, as long as they were within range, their sterns would be exposed.

But the plan, as developed by Mr. Timby, and illustrated in the engraving at the head of this page, makes provision for detaining the enemy right under the towers, and with broadside exposed, at point-blank range. A series of massive chains is to be stretched from fort to fort, attached to windlasses moved by the steam-engines in the towers. These chains during peace lie quietly at the bottom of the water, making no obstruction to the passage. But when the approach of an enemy renders it desirable to close the harbor, they are to be drawn up—not "taut," for in that case a great part of their strength would be exhausted in maintaining the tension; but they are to hang swaying in the water at such a height as to prevent the passage of the enemy's vessel. Still further to reduce the strain upon the chains occasioned by their weight, it is proposed to attach to them metallic buoys, leaving their dead weight just sufficient to sink them to the bottom, and causing hardly any strain. Such a cordon of chains would effectually stop the most powerful steamer afloat, leaving her most vulnerable points exposed at short range to a fire of two guns in a second, delivered with perfect accuracy. No vessel ever yet built, capable of navigating the open seas, and thus to be brought to the attack of the harbor of New York, could, we believe, sustain such a fire for a quarter of an hour. It may be still a matter of doubt whether vessels of our "Monitor" class, with scarcely a point vulnerable to shot, could endure it. Nothing can be more certain than that the powerful ironclad ships built by France and England would go down in a few moments under the fire of these towers while detained by the cordon of chains.

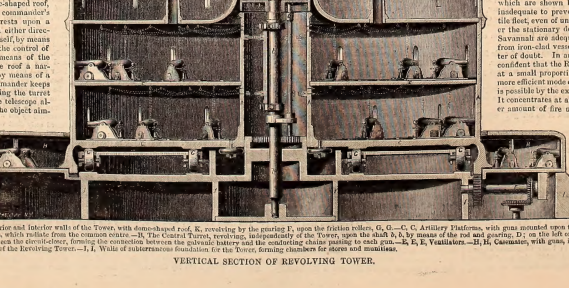
But to guard against the possible passage of vessels like our "Monitor," whose vulnerable point lies under water, and is thus safe from cannon-shot, Mr. Timby proposes to add a series of "torpedos" affixed to a chain running from tower to tower in such a manner that they may be drawn directly under a vessel as it lies detained by the chains; these can be discharged at any instant by means of Galvanic battery, thus with almost unfailing certainty blowing the enemy out of the water.

These are the main features of the "System of Revolving Towers as applied to Harbor Defense," as elaborated by the inventor of the principle of the revolving tower. To us they seem fully adequate to insuring an absolutely perfect defense of all our great harbors against any possible assault from the combined navies of the world. Of course to them might be added, if need were, any further auxiliaries, such as floating batteries and rams.

It will be observed that there is not a principle involved in this plan which has not now been thoroughly tested by actual trial. We know that ironclads have been built capable of resisting any guns now known, and that their defensive power can be increased to any required extent. We know that the revolution of these towers can be effected. We know that guns can be instantaneously discharged by the means of the Galvanic battery, and that guns of any size can be fired from the interior of a tower. Thus all the elements involved in this scheme are of well-known and established character; and they are so combined as to bring the most powerful forces known to art to bear in absolute control of a single mind, which directs the whole toward a single desired result.

It must be borne in mind that the defensive powers of these towers is even greater than their offensive powers. That they may be made proof against any guns that have been or can be constructed is clear. Still more evident is it that they would be unassailable by direct assault or escalade. If cannon-balls could not reduce them, human beings could not. They could only be reduced by famine.

The cost of guarding our harbors by such a cordon of towers would of course be considerable. But a most inspection of the general features of the plan is quite sufficient to show that it would be less than by the present mode of stationary forts. And no matter what were the cost, if the end in view were attained it would be well laid out. The one end is to render our great sea-ports absolutely safe from assault by a hostile naval power. A single armed steamer once fairly within range of New York or Boston, or Philadelphia or San Francisco, could in an hour cause more than would be required to build all the towers and appliances required for their protection. Nothing can be more clear than that a cordon of these towers will cost less in time and money than the miles of earth-works and batteries with which the Confederates have endeavored to bar the passage of the Mississippi at Fort Hudson and Vicksburg; all of which are shown by trial to be absolutely inadequate to prevent the passage by a hostile fleet, even of unarmored vessels. Whether the stationary defenses of Charleston and Savannah are adequate to defend those ports from iron-clad vessels is, as we write, a matter of doubt. In any case, however, we are confident that the Revolving Towers, built, at a small proportion of original cost, a far more efficient mode of defense than any which is possible by the existing system of defense. It concentrates at any given moment a greater amount of fire upon any point, delivered with far more accuracy, than has been hitherto attempted. It must also be borne in mind that the cost in men and money is greatly diminished. Miles of fortifications demand thousands of men. A Revolving Tower will require only men enough to work the guns and manage the engines.



A, A, Exterior and interior walls of the Tower, with dome-shaped roof, K, revolving by the gearing F, upon the friction rollers, G, G.—C, C, Artillery Platforms, with guns mounted upon their carriages, which radiate from the common center.—H, The Central Turret, revolving, independently of the Tower, upon the shaft *b, b*, by means of the rod and gearing, D; on the left of the shaft is seen the circuit-closer, forming the connection between the galvanic battery and the conducting chains passing to each gun.—E, E, E, Ventilators.—B, H, Casemates, with guns, independent of the Revolving Tower.—I, I, Walls of subterranean foundation for the Tower, forming chambers for stores and munitions.

VERTICAL SECTION OF REVOLVING TOWER.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.—[SEE PAGE 241.]

THE FIGHT AT PORT HUDSON.

On the night of 14–15th March Admiral Farragut passed the rebel batteries at Port Hudson with his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, and the *Albatross*. He attacked the forts with his entire fleet, but all but the two vessels above named were repulsed, and the *Mississippi*, having grounded, was set on fire and abandoned. We illustrate the combat on pages 248 and 249, and subjoin the following condensed account of the affair from the *Herald* correspondent:

THE REBEL BATTERIES.

The rebel batteries extend along four miles in length, with a gap here and there between. Below, just before the high bluffs begin, is a very large number of field batteries, the most formidable battery—the central one—is situated, on the highest bluff. Four heavy guns appear to be mounted there in casemates. I say appear, because the flashes from their guns revealed nothing; but the smoke from the muzzles showed that all bayoud was in obscurity —*praising* it would be the same with guns in open works. The other guns, *en barbette*, or peering through open embrasures, viewed from the land, consisting of the bay of the land behind and around, though but for a moment. Above the latter are other batteries, one tier frightening them from just below. Beyond these the high bluffs gradually sweep to the general level of the surrounding country. Right opposite the principal batteries, on the right bank of the river, is a point of land on which the *Mississippi* grounded, in consequence of which she had to be set on fire and abandoned.

After describing the first shots from the *Hartford*, which were promptly returned from the rebel batteries, the correspondent thus describes the

OPENING FIRE.

And now we heard a thundering roar, equal in volume to a whole park of artillery. The war followed by a rushing sound, something like to a hurtling rain then beggars description. Again and again was the sound repeated, till the whole air seemed filled with the raging while fire-storm. It was apparent that the mortar-boats had opened fire. Of this I was soon convinced, for one of the very first shells. Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Just above me, and at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen ascending. The pyre circled—it was a mass of unfolding flame, but unreasoning, like the fitful gleam of a firefly, and, like it, made no headway. It was the first shell of the sixth magnitude, the terrible missile—a 13-inch shell—sent from the deck of the mill ship, against which its flight now becomes most clear, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its controlling force began overcome by the earth's attraction; it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down, it comes, bursting, at last, as it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes to send forth its scathing and destruction around.

THE "RICHMOND" AT WORK.

The *Richmond* had by this time got within range of the rebel field batteries, which opened fire on her. I had all along thought that we would open fire from our mortars on the top-gallant forecastle, and that, after discharging a few broadsides from the starboard side, the vessel would be wound up by a parting compliment from our stern chasers. To my surprise, however, we opened on our port broadside guns. The effect was startling, as the sound was unexpected; but beyond this I really experienced no inconvenience from the concussion. There was nothing unpleasant to the ear, and the jar to the ship was really quite unappreciable. It may interest the unblinded to be informed how a broadside is fired from a vessel-of-war. I was told on board the *Richmond* that all the guns were sometimes fired off successively, though this is not the usual course, as it strains the ship. Last night the broadside was fired by commencing at the forward gun, and firing all the rest off in rapid succession, as fast almost as the ticking of a watch. The effect was grand and terrific, and, if the guns were rightly pointed—a difficult thing in the dark, by-the-way—they could not fail to surprise them in and destruction among the enemy.

Of course we did not have every thing our own way; for the enemy poured in his shot and shell as thick as hail. Over, round, astern, at record us, fire the fiery missiles, the hissing, screaming, whistling, shrieking, and howling of which baffle description. It would not be supposed, however, that because our broadside guns were fired that we were simply reeled off, the one after the others were idle. We soon opened with our bow 80-pounder Parrott rifle, which was followed up by one of the gun astern, giving evidence to the fact that we had command of the batteries.

THE ACTION BECOMES GENERAL.

Soon after the *Richmond*, Lieut. Caldwell, and it was soon ascertained that the *Monongahela*, with her consort, the *Kineo*, and the *Genesee*, were also engaged. The *Monongahela* carries a couple of two hundred-pounder rifled 9-inch guns, and other lighter batteries. She is credited the rear of her amiable two hundred-pounders to the *Richmond*; but I was unknown to myself, from my experiences in front of Yorktown last spring, and the opening of the siege-guns from Gen. Warren's works. All I can say is, the noise was splendid. The action now became general. The fire of mortars was incessant, and the flashes from the guns, together with the flight of the shells from the gun-boats, made a spectacle grand in sound and sight impossible to describe. To add to the horrors of the night, it commenced raining, and the inducement of a certain terrible beauty, dense clouds of smoke hanging over the river, shutting out from view the several vessels and confounding them with the batteries, it was very difficult to know how to point the vent running ashore, perhaps right under a rebel battery or into a steamer. Upward and upward rose the deafening shutting of view the beautiful stars and obscuring the whole of the upper vault. Then it was like order was issued, "Boys, don't fire too low on the flash from the enemy's guns." This was our only guide through the "palpable obscurity." Intermingled with the boom of the cannon was the roar of the wounded and the groans of their friends, suggesting that they should be taken below for treatment. So thick was the smoke on the land to concealing several times, and, to add to the horrors of the night, it was next to impossible to tell whether we were running into the *Hartford* or going ashore, and, if the latter, on which bank, or whether any of the other vessels were about to run into us or into each other. All this time the fire was kept up with little abatement. It seems, however, that we succeeded in silencing the lower batteries of field-pieces.

MUZZLE TO MUZZLE.

This phrase is familiar to most persons who have read accounts of naval fights that took place about thirty years ago, but it is difficult for the uninitiated to realize all the horrors conveyed in these three words. For the first time I had, last night, an opportunity of knowing what the phrase really means. The central battery is situated about the middle of the segment of a circle I have already compared to a horseshoe in shape, though it may be better understood by the term "crescent." This battery stands on a bluff so high that a vessel in passing immediately underneath can not elevate her guns sufficiently to reach those on the battery; neither can the guns on the battery be sufficiently depressed to bear on the passing ship. In this position the rebel batteries on the two horns of the crescent can enfilade the passing vessel, pouring in a terrible crossfire, which the vessel can return, though at a great disadvantage, from her bow and stern guns. We fully expected, on coming to for, as we got within short range, the enemy poured in a terrible fire of grape and canister, which was kept up slow in return—our guns being double-shotted, each gun with a visual of both grape and canister. Every man in his turn was exposed to the same fiery ordeal—nearing the centre battery, and then gradually did our gallant tars return the compliment. This was the hottest part of the engagement. We literally were forced to muzzle, the distance between us and the enemy's guns not more than one hundred yards, though for me it seemed to be only as many feet. In fact, the battle of Port Hudson has been governed by officers and seamen who were engaged in it, and who were present at the passage of Fort Jackson and St. Philip, and the capture of New Orleans, and participated in the fights of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Island No. 10, &c., &c., as the severest in the naval history of the present war.

THE "RICHMOND" RETURNS.

Matters had gone on in this way nearly an hour and a half—the first gun having been fired at about half past three o'clock—when the order was countermanded, heart rendeis shutting over our port side. Did the rebels here but receive the slightest intimation of the fact, or that naturally suggested itself to me. To this the reader on the west side of Prospect Island, or near to it, shore that the pop-gun was strewn with the blossom and leaves of the hurtling trees we were passing by. As I passed the machinery of the vessel, on my way forward, I was given to understand that the engineer by an eighty-pounder solid conical shell, which had passed through the hull of the ship, damaging the machinery so as to compel us to return.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAPITAL NEW BOOKS.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

I.

U. S. Tax Law—"Government Edition"—As amended by the late Congress. Embodying the Internal Revenue Laws of the United States. With Full List of Assessors; Decisions; and Information of every kind. Official copy. Price 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. By A. J. Wilgus, Washington, D. C. One elegant 12mo, cloth bound, price $1 25; mailed, $1 50. Also, a cheap 12mo, paper cover edition in the market. Copyright secured.

*** Be sure to order Carleton's "Government Edition."

II.

The Prisoner of State. By D. A. Mahony of Lower Canada. A tale for the people. One large 12mo, cloth bound, price $1 25.

III.

Wanderings of a Beauty. A Story of Three Cities. By Mrs. Ellet. Full of romantic and spicy work, that will irresistibly attract a large portion of the reading community. With steel frontispiece. Cloth bound, $1; paper covers, 75 cents.

IV.

Orpheus C. Kerr's New Book.—"Kerr Papers. Second Series." The funniest book out in an age. Price, cloth bound and gilt, $1 25; paper covers, 75 cents.

V.

Tactics; or, Cupid in Shoulder-Straps. Illustrated from the camp and field. Showing how officers, &c. One of the spriglitiest and most sparkling novels of the season. Complete and thrilling in interest. Price $1, cloth bound, and 75 cents paper covers.

*** These books are sold by all booksellers, and will be sent, free, on receipt of price, by CARLETON, Publisher, New York, No. 413 Broadway, corner of Leonard Street.

Heavy Artillery Tactics for 1863.

Prepared for the use of the Army of the United States, by a Board of Officers. With numerous illustrations. In two volumes. 12mo. Cloth bound. Price $2 50. Published, by D. VAN NOSTRAND,

192 Broadway, New York.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.

Acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to the trade. VAN ANDEN, HANNAH & CO., No. 385 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Confederate (Rebel) Money.

For Sale. Treasury Notes, exactly like the genuine. Also a Look-Letter Book of 100 Pages. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $5, by

HENRY ELLIOTT, 19 Spruce Street, N. Y.

Musicians' Omnibus.—700 Piece Music, 40 Sets Quadrilles, 100 Comic and Fancy Dances, with calls and figures. 100 Songs with Choruses. 100 Negro Airs. Polkas, Schottisches, Mazurkas, Waltzes, Songs, &c., for Violin, Flute, &c. Price $1 00.

FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

Important to Army and Navy Officers.

Portable and powerful double Telescopic Glasses, which show objects 6 and 8 miles distant. The enormous power and brilliant definition of these Glasses render it better suited for the use of officers than any other. Price from $20 to $60, according to size and power.

Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp.

HILLIARD & CLARK,
6304 Broadway, opp. Bond Street, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

At Arlington, Virginia, at Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at once, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's Catarrh Remedy guarantees to cure very bad case of catarrh, and exterminates it root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 617 Broadway.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit soil and markets in the Union; $25 to $50 per acre; 10 years' credit; no interest; no taxes. Apply to E. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Or apply to the Agent, 1307 Market Street, Philadelphia, at 11 A. M. or 5 P. M. for Hammonton.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST,
Recently FROM 49 WEST 20TH ST., TO 37 ... TON,
and the only man in this country who has ever made the Diseased Scalps
Loss of Hair, and
Blanching,
a specialty, has established himself at
No. 49 BOND STREET, NEW YORK,
where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any disease of the scalp, loss of hair, or premature blanching.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of hair:

Dandruff, Humors of the Internal Skin, Suppressed Secretion, Irritation of the scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion, Inflammation of the Sebaceous Glands, Premature Loss of Hair, Distended or Swollen Roots, and Premature Blanching.

This is the only method based upon Physiological principles, having never been submitted to the public for the restoration of the Hair.

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's theory of treating

Diseased Scalps and Restoring Hair.

It is on such with unbounded success that it is daily and reflecting mind.

There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp that cause a loss of hair, and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of those diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the scalp to its normal condition; then the pores open, so that the secretion can pass off, and in every follicle that is open new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron is one of the principal constituents of dark hair. Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretion between the skins contains an excess of lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white. By restoring the pores, the accumulation of lime passes off with the secretions, the natural components of the hair resume their secondary, and the hair resumes its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their difficulty made worse by their use, they need not be discouraged. The one preparation system for any class of diseases never has known a failure. No one dollar bill pound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it is always adapted to the condition of the scalp, and in some positively injurious.

Dr. Perry's practice is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, as to the condition of the scalp hair or person, and advises a loss of hair or premature whitening, precocious such remedies according to its nature and requirements, and will remove the disease: hence his great success in treating

Capillary Diseases.

As to Dr. Perry's ability and success in treating diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching, he has the permission to refer to Professor Draper, Professor Fleischmann, Clergymen, and others, in every city where he has practiced. They can be seen by calling at his office, No. 49 Bond St.

All Communications Free.

All inquiries or other communications, address Dr. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond St., enclosing stamp.

Entered according to the act, in the year 1861, by B. C. PERRY, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court of the State of New York.



KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating extracts of Jaborandi, Roots, and Herbs, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beneficial where the hair requires a gentle stimulant."—*Scientific American.*

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair preparation."

WARREN WARD, Esq.,
Firm of, and Chemist, Broadway, corner Canal, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has restored my entire scalp with NEW HAIR."

Prof. JOHN NENA, No. 25 King St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 582 Broadway, New York.



DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating ally extract of roots, herbs, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and baldness of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or loosening prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long, and by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles; price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 489 Broadway.

High Daddy.

This famous Plantation Song, by the author of Dixie's Land, is just published. Price 30 cents per copy; mailed postage paid.

In press, THE PEYSTE'S HOME AIR SONG OF YOUR GREEN-BACKS.—with 810 gorgeous illustrations. Price, 50 cts.

WM. A. FOND & Co., No. 547 Broadway, New York (the old stand of Fond, Pond & Co.).

WEDDING CARDS

The Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S 302 Broadway, 3d Story. Specimens by Mail, with terms, sent on receipt of Stamp.

READY—OFFICIAL, THE UNITED STATES CONSOLIDATED INTERNAL REVENUE LAWS, with Decisions and Index for reference. JAS. W. FORTUNE, Publisher, 161 Water Street, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

MOUNT ETNA MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute, Mt. Etna, Westchester Co., N. Y., is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Principal, New York.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Fulton. No connection with or ever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attendant.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unrivaled. Cristadoro's Depot, 6 Astor House, and all druggists, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

First Display of Spring Novelties.

1863.

F. Derby & Company, Merchant Tailors,

Still continue to make up Clothing to order in their usual style and form, out of cloths from an unlimited variety of all the new materials of their own importation, at their Store, No. 27 Walker Street, near Broadway.

Diarrhœa and Dysentery will decimate the Volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let no one neglect it but take in season with the timely supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British Soldiers. Only 25 cents per box.

"Woman's Rights!!—Every lady can have beautiful Hair, if she will use LYON'S KATHAIRON. All free of poison. For sale everywhere. Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail by Professor C. E. IVINS, 516th and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia.

The "King Microscope," Double Lens.

PROF. HOSSFORD, of Harvard University, says: "It is very nearly what I could wish for in a field glass of its power." Magnifies 35 diameters.—66 cents in Postal Currency. Address "KING OF MICROSCOPES," The "S. WOODWARD MICROSCOPE," 58 cents. Or one inch of the three inches for $1. All free of postage.

Address T. EDWIN KING,
Box 530, Boston, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

Are Proven on Biliousness.—In Lord Byron's "Don Juan," one of the first remedies he has Beppo to her lord, on his return from a pestilential region, is: "Some Orange Bitters, my dear." Jug, if you please.

Now a man grows so yellow! How your liver is! Symptoms of a bilious condition manifest themselves in his face, and in the eyes. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are the best and surest remedy for all bilious complaints that have ever been compounded. Used as a rule against the climatic cause of liver diseases, the BITTERS are the best. They regulate properly the stomach and regulate the secretive organs, and render the system proof against the effects of exposure, failing, and change of diet and of water. They fortify the physique against the causes of indigestion, biliousness, derangement of the bowels, and cure those diseases—the parents of innumerable maladies yet more deadly—with unfailing certainty.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 629 BROADWAY.

$ SHUTTING NOW. Agents wanted. For circulars and terms inclose stamp. H. E. GAGE & CO., 24 Nassau St., N. Y., and 434 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Copperheads Attention!

The undersigned are the original manufacturers of the genuine Copperhead, or Badge of Liberty. Price 25 cents, mailed, post-paid, for 15 cents. By Express, $10 per hundred. Be careful and get the right article. County and State all in full. BROMLEY & CO., Manufacturers, box 4,958, N. Y. City.

B. & Co. are permitted to refer to the editors of the NEW YORK WEEKLY CLIPPER, and to Messrs. Adams & Co., Express agents, Fooks and Brother, 74 Jain Street, and P. J. Cornett, 132 Baltimore Street, all in Baltimore.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi Manufacturing Company's
POUDRETTE,

FOR SALE BY

JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York. This article, procured from the night-soil of the city of New York, is its CHEAPEST, BEST, and MOST POWERFUL FERTILIZER offered in market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crops from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre.

Also, FIFTY TONS OF BONE DUST, being a mixture of bone and night soil, ground fine, for sale by the ton. A superior article for grain and grass.

A pamphlet containing directions, &c., may be had free.

Address JAMES T. FOSTER,
Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Case Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches .. 15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Bead Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Carnel, Opal, and Jet Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Carnel, Ear, and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 3 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys..... 3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 3 00 each.
3000 Sets of Boson Studs..... 2 50 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 4 00 each.
3000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'nted Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one is worth, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at our option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

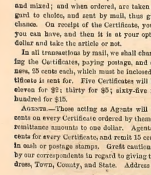
In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Greft caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
308 Broadway, New York.

GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE!—360 a Month can be made by a willing entire; no unusable required except those found in every household; $5 per cent.; demand made as flour. Full particulars sent on receipt of stamp for return postage. Address G. MUDGO BROWN & CO., 48 Beekman Street, N Y.

Milligan's Patent Wood Kettle.



Endorsed by the best Military Talent in the Country. In a letter from GEN. ROSECRANS he says:

"It is to me a novelty and suggests that I relish it were carried by all wherever this Army moves. I hope they may many unitary regiments." Also Officers' Mess Chests and Kits.

GEN. LEW WALLACE writes us: "It is the most complete article of the kind I have seen. Its compactness commends it for transportation."

It is carried for Four Officers, weighs 15 lbs., price $18. Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 29 Gold, cor. Fulton Street, N. Y. Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee,
25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to the Coffee generally sold, such as Java, Mocha, Rio, Mocha, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pound in a case, with full directions for use. For sale wholesale and retail, price 25 cents per pound. Orders directed to

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 238, 235 and 237 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3c. stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Un-claimed Money.—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 50 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Fee to search for name, $1. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better

DISPLAY,

And Claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

LIFE INSURANCE.

The Manhattan

Life Insurance Company,

No. 31 Nassau Street, New York.

Opposite the Post Office.

Cash Capital and Accumulation over

$1,400,000 00.

Losses paid during three years past were $380,209 74, Of which was paid to Widows and Orphans 250,581 74. Dividends have been made for the insured, $300,000 00.

The triennial dividend of profits of this Company has resulted in a bonus, or addition to the policy, of more than fifty per cent. on the whole premium paid.

The Dividends are paid in the option of the assured, thus aiding them to pay future premiums.

Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, when the policy is for life, and the annual premium amounts to $50 or over. From 40 to 50 per cent. may be paid by notes.

Persons insured may visit Europe in first-class vessels, without extra charge, at all seasons of the year.

HENRY STOKES, President. O. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary. J. L. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary. S. N. HERRIES, Actuary.

Prospectus and all necessary information may be obtained at the office, or any of its Agencies, in the principal cities and towns.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862.

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Maker Pudding, Blanc Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., Strengthening Gruel, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A stylish addition to cottage Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little goes a long way. All produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9th, 1862.

MESSRS. MEYERS & CO.—Gents: You will please send to my address one pair of your METALLIC INSOLES. I have used them for more than one year, and I can say truly, that they are a sure and a great relief for Rheumatism. I commend them to the public. Respectfully,

EDMUND J. FOWLER, Major U.S. A.

Price $1 00; per mail $1 25. Office 429 Broadway, New York. Send for Circular.

$10 positively made from $1. Something urgently needed by every person. Very light and portable. Agents wanted. Call and see it, or send for circular. By mail for 10 cents, that retails for $1. Address

E. L. WILCOX & CO., 10 Clinton Square, N. Y.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and pliable. Also a superior article for cold water, and for gardening and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 12 for Gents'. O. B. GRAY, 701 Broadway, N. Y. Very varied of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

A School Magazine Free!

CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.—Vol. VII.

The Publisher of this favorite Monthly, in order to reach every School, will for the current year send to one person (who will act as Agent), at any post-office in the United States, a Specimen Number free of charge.

Address, with 3 cent stamp enclosed, for particulars,
J. W. DAUGHADAY, Publisher,
1305 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Everybody SHOULD HAVE a *Stencil Plate* to MARK their CLOTHING! A plate with your name cut in it, a box of Indelible Ink, a Brush, and Directions, sent by mail, post-paid, for **50** cents. Address

C. E. WARD, 161 Canal Street, Corner of Lawrence, Mass.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, New York, and 456 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Stunning, Fitchley, and many other Testimonials to the power of the "MYSTIC BALM." Sent by Ed. Price only **20c.** 3 for $1. Mailed *Free.* Address **G. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.**

359. Old Prices. 359.

LACE CURTAINS,

Nottingham Curtains,
Muslin Curtains,
Brocatelle Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
Gold Window Shades,
Buff Holland Window Shades,
Green Holland Window Shades.
THE BEST UPHOLSTERERS EMPLOYED.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
359. 359 BROADWAY. 359.
New York.

Country Board Wanted,

By a small family, within about an hour of the City.—On the Sound preferred. There must be bathing and good drives in the Vicinity. A liberal price will be paid for the right accommodations.

Address **F. H.,** at the Office of "Harper's Weekly," stating particulars.

FOR SALE.—A double cylinder Printing Press, A. B. TAYLOR & CO., Makers.—The Press on which "Harper's Weekly" has been printed. Sold only for want of use, the increased circulation of the "Weekly" requiring Hoe's large four cylinder Press. Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS.

Barnum's American Museum.

A GREAT NATIONAL DOG SHOW

Will be held at the Museum on
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,
April 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1 and 2, 1863,
At which time upwards of

$2,200

Will be paid in premiums for the best breeds of Dogs, including valuable and rare and beautiful among the canine species.

Circulars containing full particulars and list of premiums may be had on application at the Museum.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliance the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the late International Exhibition.

For (new Edition of) Pamphlets and Drawings describing the means, address J. L. MEARS, 377 West 33d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5056.

More than 100 Years.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

Have been made and successfully sold as the great PURGATIVE MEDICINE OF THE WORLD for more than One Hundred Years.

They are to be found in every civilized country, and have been carried to the utmost limits of the Globe reached by Commerce. Purely vegetable, they never injure, but cleanse the system from the impurities that are the source of disease.

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
OBTAIN THE GENUINE STYLE.

Sold at No. 4 Canal Square, and by all Dealers. Principal Office, 294 Canal Street (Brandreth House), N. Y.

Nature has Provided a Remedy



For every Disease.—DR. O PHELPS BROWN has lately published a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, and General Debility, which he will send free to all on receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 30 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.

Just out. Four packs of Liberty for Queens, and Maps for Jack. 37 enhanced cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars and Stripes, &c., &c., make them lively all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. Five small packs mailed free for 50 cents. Agents wanted. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,

P. O. Box 5643. 208 Fulton Street, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Ireland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c.,* to be sure—and *Hay* without stint. *Cheap Lands.* Delightful climate. 20 acre tracts of from $15 to 20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and churches. Markets convenient. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Or to Messrs. Grant Robinson and Vineland Rail road first. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old most level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Rocky Mountains."

"Fortune Favors the Brave."

THE WORLD-RENOWNED GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT!

(Instituted by O. C. Evans in 1850)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE ONLY FEMALE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD FOR ENTERPRISE IN EXISTENCE.

A DISTRIBUTION GIFT worth from **50 Cts.** to **$100 00** sent with each order!

NEW BOOKS AND NEW GIFTS FOR OUR PATRONS!

Catalogues Free. Photograph Albums for the Million. Send for a list. Our Soldier's Catalogue now ready. Mailed Free. Address all orders to the ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK EMPORIUM, 423 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ELEGANTS ESTUARY OF CORFEE, Manufactured by RAYNE & MEYER, 232 Pearl St., N. Y. Send for a circular.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—Try Ongoeni will force them to grow heavily in six weeks. It is a perfect Elixir without equal, and contains no injury to the skin. Price $1 sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of order. **E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

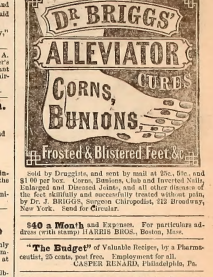
SOLDIERS.—The following popular and really free Soldiers' Directory can be safely forwarded by mail. The postage is $1 00, in all cases. Upon receipt of the price, a package containing six will be promptly forwarded and mailed to any address per-paid, and a safe delivery guaranteed!

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

Especially Adapted for Army Sales!

We are obliged to pay gold for these Watches in circulation, and owing to the premium on specie, our price is now $40 per case of six; but sold at less quantities. *These are our lowest rates. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of Feb. 21, 1863, says:—"HERRMAN'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the Army, and travelers." Retail at from $20 to $30 each, readily. Watches, every alternate color, and sizes published, Name of size, $48. *We have no Agents or circulars—Orders must deal with us direct, enclosing from this advertisement.* TERMS CASH. If by mail, send treasury notes, or drafts on New York, payable to our order. *Address others in distant states send send payment in advance!*

Address HERRMAN BROS., SOLE INVENTORS,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.



sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 25c., 50c., and $1 00 per box. Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Enlarged and Distorted Joints, and all other diseases of the feet faithfully and successfully treated without pain by Dr. J. BRIGGS, Surgeon Chiropodist, 512 Broadway, New York. Send for Circular.

$40 a Month and EXPENSES. For particulars address (with stamp) HARPER BROS., Boston, Mass.

"The Budget" of Valuable Recipes, by a Pharmaceutist, 25 cents, post free. Employment for all.
CASPER RENARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIRECTORY LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGUIN, 119 Chambers St.

BACK NUMBERS and BOUND VOLUMES of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY kept always on hand by
A. WINCH, 76 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Humor, Wit, and Pathos.

A Capital Book for Soldiers, Politicians, and Divines.

AMERICAN WIT

and

HUMOR.

Illustrated by the Great American Caricaturist,

JOHN McLENAN, Esq.,

Sq., Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of Fifty Cents.

This rich and readable book is gathered mainly from the Drawer of Harper's Magazine. It is the best living picture of the genial humor of the American people. The facts are those of the every-day life, and the characters, wherever found in every part of the United States, and in every department of social and public life. The anecdotes are of the breath, hue, and pulpit; the garter, shop, and field; the stump, the bar, and the bench. This is a book for every body, and every body will read it with zest. It will do them good, like a medicine. It has not a line to offend the purest taste, not a word for a "little sermon," and then, is relish'd by the wisest men," the grave and reverend seniors will find the book is made for them as well as for the younger and the gay.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their money to some Postmaster or Newsdealer, with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are satisfied.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



THE BRITISH MINISTER AND THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERS.

"The fact is, my dear RUSSELL, these 'Conservative Leaders,' as I call them in my Official Dispatch, no sooner found me at my Hotel, than they pulled off my boots, and fell to kissing my toe. Their appreciation of a lord is truly gratifying, as HARRINGTON will tell you; and when they come into power, as they tell me they will shortly, we shall have everything our own way, and may get Maine for the asking."

[Extract from a private unpublished Dispatch from LORD LYONS to EARL RUSSELL, explanatory of his Official Dispatch published in all the papers.]

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR will cease. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest markets rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Below Broome Street, N. Y.,

Are now offering Dining and Tea Sets at prices a little less than last month.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. [Established 14 years.] Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied free.

UNION ADAMS,
Hosier, Glover,
AND
SHIRT-MAKER,
No. 637 Broadway,
New York City.

IODINE. IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, &c.
Dr. H. ANDEUS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 423 Broadway, N. Y.

ELCOCK'S HELIX NEEDLES.
Office 359 Broadway, Mellen's Building.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

PHELAN'S
Improved Billiard Tables
AND
Combination Cushions.



These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Orders by mail carefully and promptly executed. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists sent by mail. "The BILLIARD CUE," a journal published in the interest of Billiards, and containing details of all novelties, a copious record of Billiard news, and every thing of interest to amateurs of Billiards, sent free on application.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63, 65, 67, & 69 Crosby St., New York,
And 754 & 756 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

NATIONAL
"Loyal Union League."
To the Trade.

We have just received a new Pin, emblematical of the above organization, which we offer very cheap to the Trade. Sample sent free on receipt of 25 cents.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 108 Broadway, New York.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being of refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AS ACCURATE AND REliable TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Aurora* and *Legionn* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

GOLD PENS
Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 50 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Agents and Soldiers.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $18 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of finest quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your *friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, warranted as a *perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in uniform variety and at all prices. Agents wanted in all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

ATTENTION
50,000 Agents Wanted.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
108 Broadway, N. Y.

Sterling Silver Ware.
Wm. Gale & Son,
Silversmiths,
497 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street,

Invite attention to their Stock of Silver and Rich Plated Wares, comprising Articles for Family use and Bridal Presents.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope
Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2.25, or with a beautiful mounted object for $3, or with 74 objects for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 103 Nassau Street, 3d floor, New York. Illustrated account to dealers.
The N. Y. Evening Post says: "The Craig Microscope we do just what they claim to be, and those who wish for such an article will not be disappointed if they should obtain one of these."

The Phrenological Journal
For APRIL, contains Portraits and Characters of Mr. CHARLES W. SHIELDS,—inventor of the projectile—the Rev. ALEX. CLARK, the Poet and Preacher. ETHNOLOGY of the NEGRO, the SKULL, Nose, and Dance. ADDRESS TO TALK, Language, its functions and cultivation. MESMERISM. A Secret Society—Going to Europe. ART and ARTISTS—Hidden Life, Revealed by Microscope. ANATOMY of the Brain—Spiritual, Intellectual and Social Organs—Born Again. PHYSIOGNOMY—the "CUBE"—its Language, Laws, Lessons, &c. HUMAN PERFECTION, by a Clergyman—How Attained, in the April PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—10 cents, or $1 a year.
FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to FIT, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt dealer in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

F.Y.S.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Bunhill Row, Birmingham, Eng.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 25 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects 500 times. Five different powers for $1.00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 920, Boston, Mass.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

To Consumptives.
The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free of charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings Co.,
New York.

$20 American $20
Lever Watches.

HARRISON HUNTING CASE GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER, for $20, or a case of six for $110. Watches of every description at lowest wholesale prices.
All orders from the Army must be pre-paid.
J. L. FERGUSON, 398 Broadway, N. Y.

UNION LEAGUE BADGE.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Pattern: per hundred, $10. For Bronzed (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 cents by mail.
Address
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

Brown & Wilson,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 12 Wall St.
LEWIS M. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON.

7 3-10 U. S. Treasury Notes, U. S. 6 per cent Debt Certificates, Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver bought and sold.
Commission Dealers in Stocks, Bonds, and Securities. Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston,
John J. Crane, Moses Taylor.
Lewis B. Brown has removed from 31 Chambers Street to 19 Wall Street.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Pearl Street, New York.*
68 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

ARMY WATCHES.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Cash. E. BOWEN & CO., 33 & 40 Ann St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 200 per cent. profit. Sure money. Write for circular. $10 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Enameled Furniture.
All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 277 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

Superior Farm Land
At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in sole to suit purchasers. Maps, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information sent free by addressing JOHN LI COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

Lithography,
Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made *equal to copper plate printing* at one half the cost. Orders particularly attended to. Send for samples and prices.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42
PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measure, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED to sell our NEW PRIZE PACKETS, the
"Tom Thumb Packet,"
Containing STATIONERY and a fine CARD PORTRAIT of the Lilliputian couple, suitable for Albums. Great inducements offered. Splendid PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM given with every 100 Packets. Send for NEW circulars containing full particulars of our PRIZE and STATIONERY PACKETS. Also
"Army Portfolios,"
☞ PAPER and ENVELOPES, at very low prices, for Cash. G. S. HASKINS & CO., 30 Beekman St., N. Y.

CHOCOLATE
Of the very best grades, cheaper, very nutritious, and more healthful than Tea and Coffee
FOR FAMILY USE.
Also Confectionery of every variety, warranted pure.
FALMER & CO.,
Formerly Strachan & Palmer, Steam Manufacturing Establishment, 66 and 68 Duane Street, just East of Broadway.

W. J. SHARP'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, with PATENT CUSHIONS, well known to be superior to any now in use. Patented Nov. 15, 1859. Manufactory, 149 Fulton Street, N. Y.
☞ Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c., constantly on hand.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, &c.
Chapman's Recipe for the permanent Removal of the above disfigurements of the face, leaving the skin soft and smooth, can be obtained (free of charge) by addressing
DR. THOS. F. CHAPMAN, PRACTICAL CHEMIST,
831 Broadway, N. Y.
P. S.—Also information that will enable any one to start a full set of Whiskers in less than six weeks.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 330.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



ADMIRAL SAMUEL F. DUPONT, COMMANDING THE FLEET OFF CHARLESTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, OF PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 270.]

TO GUVERNOR CANNON OF DELAWARE.

HERE is a grate gun at last!
In the mold ov Freedum cast,
Made to put dawen treason.
If so be these rebbles dare
To strut reasond in Delaware,
He will know the reason!

He don't feel a cull to grin
When the old tune hawl again
Lincoln's Administeshun;
And refuse to stir a mite
Hall Columby's foes to fite,
For to save the nashun.

He thinks 'tain't much ov a joke
When folkes North begin to crook
For the sake ov party:
He thinks Freemen shood unite
To go in for what is rite,
And support it hearty.

While the Southern rebbels brag
That they'll trample dawen our flag,
And proceed to du it,
He thinks every Northern man
Ought to strike 'em where he can,
Or be made to rue it!

He's the gun to make a noise!
Jest the kind ov metal, boys,
That we want for traitors!
When Columby is set free,
She will kount sich men as he
Ez her liberators.

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

IT is not to be disguised that our relations with Great Britain have reached a most critical pass. The speeches of the Solicitor-General of England and of Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, on 27th March, indicate a determined purpose on the part of the British Government to persevere in the work of fitting out piratical vessels in British ports to prey upon our merchant navy. It was well shown by Messrs. Bright and Gibson, and others, that the equipment of the *Florida* and *Alabama* was in violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act; and that other similar vessels—some say eighteen, others fourteen—are being constructed for the rebels at Liverpool and other British ports, without let or hindrance by the Government, and will soon be at sea, manned by British officers, armed with British guns, and as thoroughly British in every respect as the *Warrior* herself. The only answer to these cogent facts was some legal quips and quibbles in the *Nisi Prius* style by the Solicitor, and a sneer from Lord Palmerston about "the Americans always picking a quarrel with England whenever they got into trouble."

Passing over the insolence of the latter speaker, who has been well said to represent the black-leg element in the British Cabinet, and the cheap erudition of the lawyer who was hired to defend the Government, the fact remains that we are practically at war with Great Britain without the power of reprisals. Every British dock-yard is now engaged in building steamers to capture and burn our merchantmen, to run our blockade, and to bombard our defenseless sea-board cities. The evidence points irresistibly to the conclusion that all the authorities and men in stations of influence in England are in the conspiracy against us. Lord Palmerston considers our complaints of the destruction of thirty odd American vessels by the British cruiser *Alabama* mere indications of our wish to pick a quarrel with England; Lord Russell sees no ground for complaint in the *Alabama* until he has been assured she has got safely to sea, when he issues his tardy warrant; Member of Parliament Laird Iaughs—and the House of Commons re-echoes the laugh—at the objections which are made to his supplying the rebels with a navy; the Commissioners of Customs, with their ears stuffed with cotton and their pockets with the produce of Confederate bonds, are ready to swear off the most obvious Confederate steamer as a vessel of cotton and tweed for the Emperor of China; and the merchants, shipbuilders, and newspapers of England all claim the right of furnishing the rebels with a navy, and denounce us furiously for objecting to their conduct.

These events have very naturally aroused a general and intense hostility to England among all classes in this country. There has never been a time when hatred of the English was so deep or so widely-spread as it is at present. There has never been a period at which war with England could have been more generally welcomed than at present—if we were free to engage in a foreign war.

Yet we do not believe that war is imminent. We can not afford the luxury. The struggle in which we are engaged taxes all our resources, and to carry it safely through to a successful issue will require our undivided energies. For this reason we do not anticipate that our Government will declare war against England—though it has ample ground for doing so; or will even declare an embargo, or seize British property to recompense our ship-owners for the losses they are suffering through the piratical acts of British vessels.

Our cue just now is to suffer every thing from foreigners for the sake of concentrating our whole strength on the suppression of the rebellion. When this is done, we shall have time to devote to our foreign enemies.

So soon as the restoration of the Union has been achieved, we look to see energetic measures adopted by our Government for the settlement of accounts with England. We expect to see every man who has lost a dollar by the depredations of the *Alabama* paid in full, with interest, by the British Government. The amount can always be collected in the port of New York. Half a dozen British steamers and a score of British ships seized and sold at auction by the United States Marshal would go far to make a balance. And when England next goes to war, let her look out for retaliation. Though her antagonist be only some Hottentot chief, the ocean shall bristle with American cruisers bearing his flag, and England may hope it, that for every peaceful American trader that has been burned during this war by British pirates, ten British vessels shall be destroyed. The next war in which England engages will be the end of her foreign commerce. We mistake our countrymen greatly, if, at the end of twelve months, they have a single British vessel, flag afloat in any sea from the German Ocean to Behring's Straits.

But the watch-word now must be—Patience!

CHARLESTON.

THE attack on Charleston has been made, and has failed. Admiral Du Pont has withdrawn, after losing one vessel and three or four more, being perfectly satisfied that it was hopeless to renew the contest with the force he has. His dispatches and those of his subordinates show the fire of the principal works commanding the harbor has been concentrated, so that a passage through Sumter, Moultrie, and Beauregard is exposed to a fire compared to which the *fire d'enfer* which destroyed Sebastopol was a mere summer shower. Over three hundred guns, carrying missiles of the heaviest calibre, and rifle guns, which vainly endeavored to bombard Fort Sumter on 7th inst. It is clear that, until we can devise means of blowing up or tearing away the artificial barrier which protected our vessels under the combined fire of the rebel batteries on 7th, it would be useless to renew the attack.

Each person will have his own opinion and forms his own opinion of the affair, according to his hopes and views, and the temper of his mind. The most obvious fact in the matter is that it insures an indefinite prolongation of the war. Had we destroyed Fort Sumter and occupied Charleston there would have been good ground for expecting the early collapse of the rebellion. As it is, the rebels will of course be encouraged to persevere in their rebellion, while we shall merely renew our preparations for what will probably a more successful attack. It will, however, take several months to build more iron-clads, and develop new engines of warfare capable of overcoming the obstructions of the rebel torpedoes. The fine mind of Captain Ericsson and the ablest intellects in the service of the navy are already engaged on the subject, and we doubt not but they will succeed in inventing the article that is wanted. To a nation fixed and resolute in its purpose as this is, failure is impossible.

No one who watches the public mind can have helped observing the improvement which we are making in anti-secession. A few months ago a little defeat depressed us woefully, and depreciated the currency six to eight per cent. Now, the public accept defeats as they accept rain as the natural incidents of war, and are neither excessively depressed by the one nor unduly elated by the other. Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Charleston, which was certainly not palliated or glossed over in the accounts in the papers, gave rise to no despair, to no abuse of Du Pont or the Government, and barely caused a flutter in the gold market.

This nation is being educated to fit work. The root of our difficulties has been that, as so much harm at the beginning, and made us so ridiculous abroad—is about extinct. No one now undertakes to say how soon we shall crush the rebellion. But no one doubts that we shall do so sooner or later. We may meet with more repulses at Charleston and Vicksburg. General Hooker may be defeated, as General Burnside was. General Rosecrans, who has never yet lost a battle, may meet with trouble. We may lose territory as well as battles. But none of these disasters will alter our purpose of going on with the work in hand until it is accomplished. There never was a time since the war broke out when the people of the North were more unanimous than they are at present in favor of the prosecution of the war, and against the division of the Union on any terms whatsoever. Whatever disappointments and delays the contest may involve, and whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to make—even a crippling foreign war be superadded to the civil war in which we are engaged—the firm, unequivocal, steadfast purpose of the people of the United States, in the face of defeat as well as the hour of victory, and in spite of all official shortcomings and administrative blunders and incapacity, is to proceed steadily on the war until the rebellion has been crushed, the entire territory of our fathers restored to the national domain, and the blessings of peace secured to our children forever.

THE "KEOKUK".

ANOTHER of our iron-clad fleet is gone. The *Monitor* succumbed to the storm; the *Keokuk* lived eleven hours after sixteen large shot-holes between wind and water, and after sustaining a fire which would have destroyed a wooden ship in ten minutes. Three important points were developed in her short life: 1st, that she was an excellent sea-going steamer; 2d, that she had attained a speed of ten knots an hour; and, 3d, that the vertical fire was perfect without artificial aid. Her armor did not prove thick enough, but she was so small that she could not have supported thicker plates. On a larger vessel the armor might be increased.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ROTHSCHILDS AND THE UNION.

On the 28th February an article upon "Antipathy of Race and Religion" appeared in these columns, and allusion was made to the Madrid house of the bankers Rothschild. In reference to that article we have received the following note from W. W. Murphy, Esq., Consul-General of the United States at Frankfort, Germany:

"CONSULATE-GENERAL OF THE U. S. A.
FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN, *March* 16, 1863.

"In your paper, *Harper's Weekly*, of February 28, you do a great injustice to the eminent firm of Rothschild here, when you hint that they are like a certain Rabbi who held opinions that he was ever ready to change. I know not what the other firms—and there are many of this Rothschild name—in Europe think of slavery, but here the firm of M. A. Von Rothschild & Son are opposed to slavery and to the rebellion. *A converted Jew*, Erlanger, has taken the whole loan of £2,000,000, and is now in this city; and Baron Rothschild informed me that at Germany could not be induced to recognize or establish a bloodthirsty government, and that so great was their opposition to it that they had let Erlanger & Co. fish out offer it on the Frankfort bourse. I further know that the Jews rejoice in the success of their sect would be guilty of loaning money for the purposes above named; but it was left, they say, for apostate Jews to do it.

"I hope you will correct the statement you made about this firm.

Yours truly,
"W. W. MURPHY."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REPORT.

THE Report of the Committee upon the conduct of the war is the text for much interpretation. But no thoughtful man will deny its emphatic testimony to the sagacity of the President. Clear commonsense in the conduct of all affairs, civil and military, is invaluable, and that the President unquestionably has. His calmness and forbearance are no less conspicuous. And it is impossible not to smile when you read the aspersions of patriotic orators of the Democratic clans about the fearful despotism under which we are suffering, and think of the patient waiting upon public opinion of President Lincoln.

Last summer when a friend, who knew and mentioned to the Lounger many of the facts in the report, was asked by the President, having lost confidence in M'Clellan, did not remove him, he answered rather tartly, "Is it not the President's way." Emphatically it was. This is a people's war. It can prosper only as the people support it. The people support it. They will support it while it, then the nation will be conquered and the Government destroyed. From the beginning, therefore, the President has sought to conduct it in accordance with the public sentiment. He has not moved faster than the general opinion. He has seemed, indeed, to drag and linger behind it. The reasons for his course will be clearly enough stated in any proper history of the times, for they are very recent and fresh. But it may not have been the best conceivable way, but it was the only practicable way.

It is plain, therefore, that while a great political party was interested in M'Clellan as a possible instrument in the Administration—which was a matter of fact—and while many of all parties were of opinion that he should be allowed a trial of his capacity upon so large a scale and so broad a theatre that every body could see and be satisfied, it would have been extremely unwise in the President to have removed him. And the results of the campaign had caused the country to share his convictions. So after Pope's disastrous campaign the temporary appointment of M'Clellan to the command of the army at Washington was doubtless the best thing practicable under the circumstances, from which the popularity of that General with the army and other Generals was plainly manifest.

In the case of General Burnside, his own frank and generous statement that there was hardly a general officer in his command who approved of his active campaign beyond the Rappahannock, after the battle of Fredericksburg, was sufficient reason for the President to decline to consent to the movement without consultation. But in the matter of Burnside's General Order No. 8, which he considered essential to the discipline of his army, the President said that the General was right, but he wanted time to advise. Finally, he declined to confirm the order, but refused General Burnside's resignation, and relieved him of his command. It is perfectly clear that this noble and brave soldier, whom the hearts of his countrymen follow and bless, was entirely out of his command. It was clearly unwise to maintain him at the head of an army of which the general officers did not confide in his ability, or who were too deeply devoted to another to be just to him. But there is little doubt that the American people and history will differ in opinion from the general officers. No man's record in this war is more loyal, more able, more soldierly, more manly and spotless than General Burnside.

The importance of the report as a part of the history of the war is incalculable. It deserves to be printed in a legible type, an honor which it has not yet achieved.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON THE CONSCRIPTION.

A CONFEDERATE newspaper at the West having declared that Archbishop Hughes favored the new Conscription law and "all the other outrageous acts of the Administration"—adds "Well, who does? The Right Reverend Archbishop in the Church is good authority, but in politics he is of more consequence than the humblest citizen. All his professions and assertions about the war, so far, have been just as far from being fulfilled or sustained by subsequent events as those of the rarest country bumpkin."

Thereupon the Archbishop writes to say that he has never had any political course except to fulfill the duties and obligations of a good and loyal citizen as implied in the spirit and letter of his oath of allegiance to the United States Government. He adds: "The Archbishop thinks that if a law of Conscription had been adopted twenty months ago in the North as it had been in the South, the results would be of more humane consequences to both sections than they are to-day."

The Archbishop is evidently of opinion that when the authority of a Government has been wantonly defied by armed rebellion, although up to that moment some kind of conciliation may have been possible, yet from that moment it must be assumed that every citizen is willing to defend civil order at any cost to himself. He knows his wisdom by taking so perfectly common-sensible a view.

GASCONADE.

We have been two years at war. We have all been subjected to boasting and vaunting in the publicity given to military intentions and movements, and we are as childish as ever in doing the same thing. For two months the attack upon Charleston has been projected. Fleets and soldiers have been collecting. That the task was very arduous every one knew. That the result was doubtful, every body saw. That the newspapers would not, at this time, say nothing until they had something to say, we fondly believed.

But from the moment the expedition was known to have sailed it seemed to be a necessity to say that we had taken Charleston, that the rebels had very bad news, that the flag would fly again over Sumter upon the anniversary of its disgrace, that General Hunter and Admiral Dupont were in possession, that the back-bone of the rebellion had snapped, and that we had telegraphed to Washington. It was surmised in well-informed circles. It was inferred from the want of a flag of truce, that it was reasonable from our point of view. It was, etc., etc., etc.

Not ever since General Banks went up the Chowan or Rowan River, in North Carolina, with forty thousand men, and landed to co-operate with Burnside by falling upon Richmond from the rear, and ever since the Chowan or Rowan River turned out to be a prolonged mud puddle, and General Banks did not appear until he went back to Cuba, there has been a salutary distrust of startling information from our expeditions. When, therefore, we read in the newspapers that Charleston is probably taken Charleston, we are all very sure that we shall see in the first evening edition that the capture of Charleston is not confirmed. We say, then, should the papers print what can not be believed, what is the use of it? Is it to create excitement? The editors know, and we all know, that it is not true. Ought we to wonder that every other nation sneers at our childish boasts and fierce gesticulation, unaccompanied by hard knocks?

Meanwhile, of course, let us hope that long before these lines are read Charleston may be ours. But we must remember that for a year the rebels have been engaged in strengthening the position by sea and land. And if you give a dog enough time enough he can make almost any place impregnable. But we hope it was different. The Lounger has in his possession a letter written from Charleston upon the 18th of April, 1862, by "Yours sincerely, W. A. Hammond," to "Brig.-Gen'l S. R. Anderson, comdg. So. Carolina Volunteers" in Virginia. Mr. Hammond says: "We have every thing prepared so that we can destroy our property (although I doubt the policy of it) on the first appearance of the Federal fleet."

Since that day the Lounger has seen other letters speaking of the constant passage of regroes from the back-country toward Charleston to work upon the fortifications. Thus the works from which fire and death are to be belched upon our brothers, sons, and friends are built under the lash and pistols of overseers to secure the perpetuity and ascendency of slavery. The capture of the city will be no easy task. It is a point of honor with the rebels to defend it. But Charleston is doomed as surely as Babylon. If we recoil now, it is that we may return irresistibly.

FIDELIO.

IT was a severe test for Johannsen, the German Prima Donna, to appear upon the very stage on which Madori is achieving her triumphs. But her performance of *Fidelio* at the Academy was admirable and effective. There could hardly be a wider difference than that of the music of *Norma* or *Ione* and *Fidelio*. The titanic passion and grandeur of Beethoven contrasts with the elegiac tenderness of Bellini, like a thunder-cloud with the soft citrus vapors of a June evening; and it is some time before the mind and ear that have been listening to the graceful, facile melody of the Italian can adapt themselves to the rich and combined measures of the German.

Nor is it easy to comprehend at once the music of *Fidelio*. It lacks the melodies which hand-organs seize and which vibrate in the ear. The voices are treated like instruments. The effect is not produced by airs which are accompanied by the orchestra, but by the combination of each, so that you applaud as if you heard a symphony. Yet the profound feeling and power of *Fidelio* remain are such that you must hear and hear again before its full force and significance are perceived. Johannsen is no longer young, nor has she personal prestige with the public, but her thorough comprehension of the character, her mastery of the music, and her conscientiousness and skilful acting, must persuade every hearer that no injustice is done to the great work.

That Beethoven had not the talent which is called "lyrical" is as true as that Milton had not dramatic genius. The symphony is the natural form of his musical expression, and the music of *Fidelio* has all the characteristics of such a work. But it is not such as to make this thing expressly clear, as there is no scene in any opera superior as a musical drama to the prison act in *Fidelio*.

Every choice lover of music will be grateful to Mr. Anchütz and Madame Johannsen for the ample hearing they have given the public of a great work so seldom heard.

EINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

No reader will fail to ponder the "History of the Crimean War," by Kinglake, which the first published volumes have just been issued in one by the Harpers. A taste of its quality was furnished in the January number of the Magazine by the publication of part of the historian's estimate of Louis Napoleon, which has produced so great an impression in England, and which recent circumstances have invested with peculiar interest in America. The work is hailed as a magnificent contribution to historical literature. The brilliant pictorial power of the author of "Eothen" is displayed with equal effect upon the pages, but we shall return to its consideration when it shall have become familiar to our readers.

A GRECO-AMERICAN CITIZEN.

A YOUNG MAN now in Alexandria, Egypt, who signs himself "Citizen of the United States of America, and who is a subscriber to the *Weekly*, writes a letter of ardent sympathy with the national cause. He was born in Greece, he says, but "I am fellow-countryman with Themistocles, Leonidas, Miltiades, and many others; and fellow-citizen with Washington, Adams, Jefferson: but not with the ruffian Jefferson Davis, President of the Rebellion), Franklin, Fulton," etc. He adds that his father was educated in America, at the Mount Pleasant, from 1822 to 1836, and in several other universities . . . and he is now at Athens, because he was one of the commissioners of the revolution. But both he and myself are citizens of the noble freedom's land."

Addressing his letter to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Alexander C. Evangelides writes as follows:

"Every one who is a well-wisher for the prosperity of our country desires to hear that the Federal arms obtain the honor of victory, and that the lecherous rebels are easily yielding before the star-spangled immortal banner of the Union. Since it is accompanied by the most frequent successes of the arms of the Union, it is to be hoped, very soon will establish peace.

"I greatly distress me, dear Sir, to see that these persons, being our own countrymen, should be in the wrong. They too are also brave—for America there could not be otherwise. As often as I read the narrations of our battles, which so marvellously your citizens pen forthe, I see that every *soldier* is a hero, and I envy the fate of those who fall in the field of honor crowned with the laurel.

"O! that the freedom of our brothers, that is so sacred dear to the value of civil rule, and their unique and mighty spirit, serve shortly for the benefit of humanity; and may we again see the peace and strength within the whole continent of America!

"I am confident that the destiny of America is to defend the liberties of all nations by the progression of Christianity. All the world *owe*, to pray for the happiness of that glorious land!—the land beneath whose tranquil sky were born those illustrious man who rendered their own country glorious, and set forth the fact of the other world by their wisdom—whose names are high above, adorning the heavens of America.

"Such prayers we have address to God, we who are far away from our dear country, living in the midst of nations who are still under slavery and barbarism.

"In Alexandria are many friends of America, and their sympathies are all in favor of the Federals. As a proof of it, is that Mr. "William S. Thayer is incomparably more beloved and more respected than his predecessor, both for his own personal worth as well his being a strict Federalist. In fact we, the few Americans living in Alexandria, assume ourselves happy having such a representative as our noble freedom's friend."

ALEXANDRIA OF EGYPT, *March 9, 1863.*"

PORTLAND BALL FOR THE SOLDIERS.

THE managers of a Grand Bal Masque in Portland, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers, have honored the Lounger with a card of invitation. He acknowledges it with pleasure, as another indication of the interest which unites all loyal American citizens in the prosecution of the war and in care for the soldiers who are fighting it. Among them, as he has reason to know, there is but one feeling and one resolution—that the country ought to conquer, and that it shall conquer. If it was right to begin the war, of which they have no doubt, it is right to continue it and to end it for the purpose for which it was undertaken; and whatever restraints that consummation must be swept away. This is an old faith, and a very simple logic. But the faith is ineradicable, and the logic irresistible.

The Portland ball is over; but we will hope sincerely that its results will relieve, in many a sweet case, the consequences of balls of a very different kind.

LITERARY.

THE charming story of Mrs. Gaskell's which has been appearing in the *Weekly* for some time past, called "A Dark Night's Work," is just issued by the Harpers in a neat and legible and agreeable form. The lovers of "Sylvia's Lovers" will recognize the same earnest tone, the same vital interest, which mark all the stories of the friend and biographer of Charlotte Brontë.

A capital illustrated book for boys is Edgar's "Sea Kings and Naval Heroes," issued by the same house. It tells in lively and easy style entertaining way the stories of Rollo, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Admiral Blake, Prince Rupert, Benbow, Nelson, Collingwood, and many more; and at this time when every American boy is familiar by everyday hearing with the honored names of Farragut, Dupont, Foxhall Parker, Worden, and the rest, this little book has a peculiar interest. There are very few boys who will read with dry eyes Nelson's story ending with the words that have an almost unparalleled pathos: "Now kiss me, Hardy."

The Country Parson has written another of his charming, pleasant books, the "Every Day Philosopher," published by Tickner & Co., who also issue a very neat library edition of John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty." It is a masterly treatise, which every one must read who would know the views of so noble a thinker. His "Representative Government" follows as a matter of course. It is a work of special interest to us. His suggestions among the representation of minorities will not escape attention as a forward movement in the Republican system.

Carleton believes in books that will create a "sensation." Of this kind is Mrs. Edwin James's "Wanderings of a Beauty," which sent a thrill across to the name of the author, and to certain personal portraitures. He also publishes the second part of Orpheus C. Kerr's papers, which, if not as good as the first, are very ludicrous. The "Prisoner of State" is a book which it is a pity any loyal man should have published, because no loyal man could have written. It is intended to show under what a deplorable despotism we are living, and succeeds in proving that no great nation at war was ever so magnanimously tolerant of traitors, rebels, and treacherous citizens, as this. It is a book without interest, without talent, with nothing noticeable but feeble spite. "If I can't help you, I can make it great mischief, sister," is the spirit of this performance.

THE HALF-WAY ROCK.

WHEN I was a little child
(It seemeth long ago)
Our school-house stood from father's
A half-day's row.

It seemed a long, long journey
For little ones to take;
The burning sun above me,
And pebbles 'neath my feet.

But well do I remember
A large old granite rock,
Dividing that long distance,
Beside a sparkling brook.

"The half-way rock" we called it,
And seldom passed it by;
'Twas wide enough to found a house,
And taller some than I.

I loved to climb the lowest side,
To hear the waters rush,
And see the bright, playful glide
Below the alder-bush.

And after the long summer hours,
When tired of books and fun,
Oh, how I longed to reach that spot,
And think 'twas half-way home!

I'm older now than I was then—
Can scarcely stop to rest,
Yet full half-way the path of life
My weary feet have past'd.

"Threescore and ten the years of man,"
And am I half-way home?
My soul! hast found a Rock of rest
Where'er ye roam?

Ah! I have found the Living Rock
A shelter from the heat,
A covert from earth's wildest storms
That on me fiercely beat.

And I long that pleasant symbol—
That broad old granite rock,
That stands half-way from father's
Beside a sparkling brook.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of sailing, climbed to mount on deck, as she was going down, replied, that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself up."

A TENANT WANTED.—To let, with immediate possession, a tenement house, situated in the vicinity of some pyrotechnic mills. The house has been entirely rebuilt and beautifully decorated since the last explosion, when the tenant was ejected without notice.

A young lady, who affected a distinction toward matrimony, wrote on a pane of glass some verses expressive of her determination never to enter into the holy state. A gentleman, who doubted the lady's resolve, wrote under it:

"The fair whose vow these scrutiny time betokens,
Whose false resolve is but a broken token."

A merchant at Berlin, having failed to obtain the hand of an opera singer, purchased two dresses and sent them to her to speak for, saying that he would call to know her decision. Shortly, however, before the hour when he had intended to receive an answer, a note was received from his beloved a *billet-doux* to the following effect: "Of the dresses you have sent I like one quite as well as the other. I will, in fact, keep both, so that you have no need to call for them."

"You see, grandmamma, we performe an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the one to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "What's that, my dear?" said the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

The orator who carried away his audience is affectionately and humanely requested to bring it back."

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman, the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel: "how in the world did you get so black?" "Why, Massa, sah, I suppose the reason am dis—de day dis chile was born there was no white folks."

Marriage must be favorable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there was struck a small silver coin, which was called a "dandy prat," which observes Bishop Fleetwood, "was the origin of the term dandy, applied to persons of contemptible parts."

A VULGAR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.—The absurd story about the Phœnix grew out of the fact that Phœnixes always resided in solid water-fowl. Even they took wing they were said to "rise from their ashes."

"Well, if this ain't mean! Here's this feller boun' about with his hat a-smashin' his chin, and when I pulls it out o' there's no watch on the end of it. The conduct o' these 'ere fowls fairly mystifies me. I'll make the heart of a poor fellow like me, so has to depend on his trade for a livin'."

NONE.—A musician, whose nose had become disfigured by colored blotches, was told by a wag to use quibbs, and to his little son one day at table, "You must eat bread, my boy, to make your cheeks red." The little fellow replied, "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up!"

"I say, Higgins," said a fellow to that aspiring but as yet unsuppressed tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman from Boston, who has left you a hundred pounds a-piece to see you perform 'Hamlet.'" "You don't say so?" "Fact, I assure you." "Then what's more, I'm positively sure the old chap meant it." "By Jove, then, it's a bargain. Come, you shall have a box for my benefit. But, who is he?" "Ah! be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man." Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.

When an ass you look out for brushes; but on a railroad the brushes look out for asses.

A lady well advanced in matrimhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing,

"Why do I sing about my love,
And mourned because I found it not."

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom?—Because it grows down.

The following witty and satirical epitaph was proposed to be placed in Westminster Abbey:

"Here walks, adorned with monumental bust,
Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and Lord Mayor."

Why are railways like laundresses?—Because they have ironed all the country, and have occasionally done a little mangling.

A merchant who died suddenly left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His clerk, a son of Erin, sealing it instead of the latter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

A female begging impostor, importuning a gentleman to give her a "penny," got the benevolent gentleman told she should have one, if she would only leave off begging and take to stealing.

A country doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the church-yard, which he hopes may prove a great convenience to his numerous patients.

In the olden times divines argued on "How many angels can dance upon the point of a needle?" A modern inquiry of a similar nature would be, "How many lawyers can stand on a single brief?"

A dancer once said to a Spartan, "You can not stand on one leg so long as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan, "but any goose can."

An old tyger, who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor had performed explosions by electricity from guns produced from water, said, "You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this. And no-bles before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked it much, even in tea."

The man who undertook to walk against time has given up, but time is still going ahead.

What not is the most likely to catch a handsome but with woman's love?—Sham.

Those who count figures are sure not to be lifted.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What ladies with a grace may fancy,
And wives for hurt bonds recall again;
What many a man who has a wife
Is unable to for a quite life.

Any thing.

Why should people who wish to live a peaceable life never go to small theatres?—Because *pantos* are dangerous.

Because large gooseberries grow there.

If Cupid frolics upon stilts, is he a lady's door, how would she like him to come?

With a ring, but not without a ring.

Found long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use when people sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
Nor any one desire to keep.

Bed.

Why is a man who carries a watch invariably too late for his appointments?

Because he is always behind time.

Where can Old Clothes be seen in the First-a-vacuator line, and what did he take?

He took a shop at the King's Head.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE fun account of the attack on Charleston see page 266.

AFFAIRS AT VICKSBURG.

We learn from the Richmond papers that the Union forces are being withdrawn from the peninsula at Vicksburg, that four transports have gone up the river filled with our troops, and that the levee has been cut through in front of Vicksburg, the water turned back on the adjoining ground. A dispatch from Jackson, Mississippi, says that Admiral Farragut is still above Fort Hudson with three vessels. The Government stores of the rebels at Baton Rouge have been destroyed by the fire of Farragut's fleet. The same authority says that the "lower fort"—part of Banks's expedition was performing the work of destruction on Thursday, but that they were out of range. The Petersburg *Express* of the 14th instant has some terrible denunciations are being made by the rebels to destroy Farragut's ships, the Hartford and Richmond.

THE "SWITZERLAND" REPAIRED.

The ram *Switzerland* has been repaired of the injuries she received in passing the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and has been sent up the Red River.

CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

General M'Clernand took possession of the little town of Richmond, Mississippi, on the 14th inst., with a small force, driving the rebel cavalry from the place after two hours' sharp fighting.

DEFEAT OF VAN DORN.

We have an official account of the defeat of the rebel Van Dorn at Franklin, Tennessee, by General Granger's forces. The rebels numbered 19,000, and lost three hundred in killed and wounded. Our loss was only one hundred. General Stanley made a magnificent charge with his cavalry, overpowering a battery and two companies, whom, however, he was unable to hold, owing to the nature of the country.

SITUATION OF GENERAL FOSTER.

The reports from General Foster's expedition to Washington, North Carolina, are not favorable. He seems to be completely hemmed in by the enemy, and all efforts to relieve him have, so far, been futile. The rebels are numerous. The repulse of our fleet by the batteries on Pamlico River, and the destruction of the Albemarle by a torpedo while proceeding to Washington, rendered the arrival of reinforcements impossible. To this, the latest news from all the movements of the rebel forces that the destruction of the railroad bridges between Petersburg and Suffolk, while the bold movements of Generals Hill and Longstreet, on the north bank of the James river, were intended to be a settled intention on the part of the rebels to prevent reinforcements from reaching General Foster.

REBEL ADVANCE ON SUFFOLK.

Letters from the Richmond papers announce that the rebel advance upon Suffolk, the capture of several of our outposts, and the loss of the women and children, was in fact of this attack is to prevent reinforcements from reaching General Foster at Washington, North Carolina. Longstreet, N. C., and to cut off our forces at Suffolk from communication with Norfolk, which latter place, no doubt, the rebels intend to invest. Intelligence reached Fortress Monroe on the 19th that the rebels had destroyed the railroad from Suffolk, and that the gun-boats sent to Foster's assistance had encountered the rebel batteries.

ANOTHER STEAMER LOST.

The armed transport *Geneva Washington* was destroyed by fire on the night of April 7, on Neuse River, near Foster's, on this last. She remained behind for special service under Colonel Amory, of the 27th regiment, to prevent contraband Nelson Head while the forces were away. General Saxton, who is in command at Beaufort, sent the Fifty-fifth Regiment to make a reconnoissance around the island. In company with the gun-boat Hale they went up the Broad river, and was attacked by a rebel battery, which sent a shot through her magazine, and blew her up. The crew saved themselves upon while attempting to escape, and several of them killed and wounded.

DEAD RIOTS AT THE SOUTH.

Large meetings have been held in the South, in the South, all of which were instigated and participated in principally by fanatical women, who were bent upon the destruction of their children for food, while hundreds and fathers were in the rebel ranks. The first of these took place on the 16th ult. at Atlanta, Georgia, where all entreaties could not deter the women from their purpose. Resolutions until their demands were satisfied. The next occurred at Salisbury, North Carolina, on the 18th ult., where the rioters armed themselves, and by force succeeded in accomplishing their purpose. The third was in the city of Richmond, where the operations of the mob were not fully made public. The fourth occurred on a small undetermined day, when the Richmond papers to suppress the details. The fourth took place at Petersburg, North Carolina; and the fifth at Petersburg, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON'S VIEWS

LORD PALMERSTON, who has just been installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, made a speech especially on that city—one to the students and the other to an assemblage of citizens. He said that the Italian question He allowed briefly to the American war, and defended the policy of the Government in not maintaining a blockade sometimes to term a strict neutrality toward the belligerents. He said that America was a continuous aggregation of the North, citizen that of the South; that "it was not fitting for nominal that the British nation, as a people, should take part in that contest," although the contending parties "and the Union as the result who can a fair chance" to do so.

THE SEIZURE OF THE "PETERSHOPF."

The report of the seizure of the British steamship *Peterhoff*, by order of the United States Government, at Key, produced an excitement in England second in intensity only to that caused by the news of the overhauling of the *Trent*. A remonstrance had been addressed to Earl Russell on the subject. It was stated that a memorial had been referred to the law officers of the crown for immediate consideration. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and Liverpool the markets closed under considerable depression, owing to reports of extreme difficulties which had arisen from the seizure of the *Peterhoff*. In the House of Commons, on the 16th inst., Lord Russell stated that as soon as the opinion of the crown lawyers was obtained the Government would communicate with Washington as they might think fit to the Government of the United States.

POLAND.

THE REBELLION.

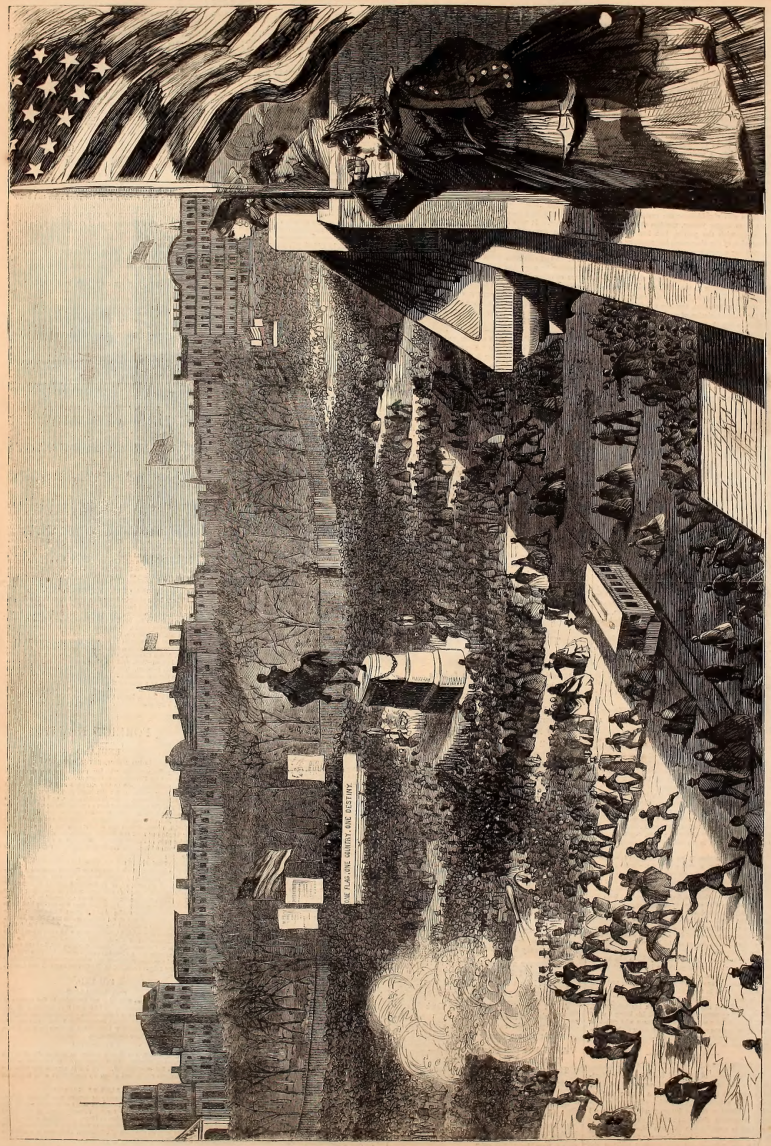
The news from Poland is not favorable to the success of the popular movement. The papers give details of the defeat and surrender of Langiewicz and his force. The English press consider the Polish insurrection virtually at an end, and the Provisional Government opposite to the Polish people to continue the struggle.

LANGUIWICZ.

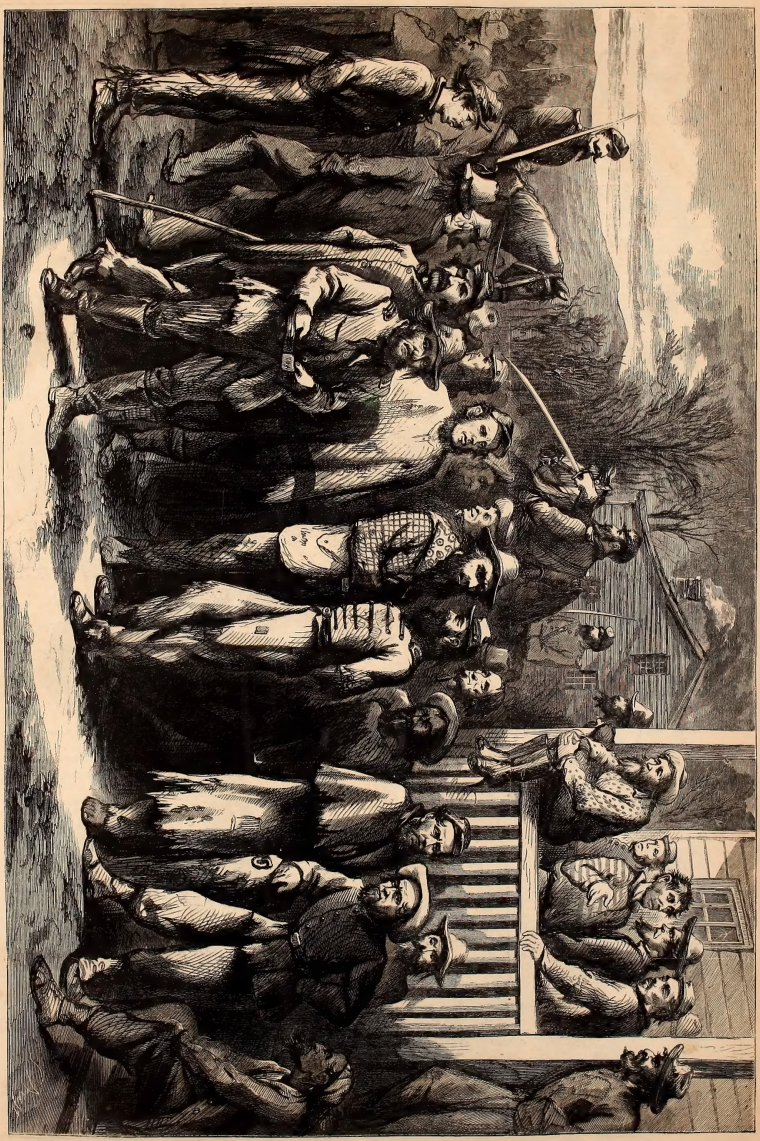
Langiewicz, the Polish leader, is still confined in the fortress of Cracow. He applied for leave to retire to England, but was refused. The latest reports say that the insurgents chief had given up the contest with Russia as hopeless.

THE KING OF GREECE.

The National Assembly of Greece has decreed Prince William George of Denmark King of Greece, under the name of George the First. Prince George is the third child of Prince Christian of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales, and nephew of the King of Denmark. He was born on the 24th of December, 1845, and is a cadet in the Danish navy.



GREAT SUMTER MEETING IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1863.—[See Page 270.]



A GROUP OF BUTTERNUT PRISONERS, TAKEN FROM LIFE.



MAP OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AND ITS APPROACHES, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF 7TH APRIL, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 270.]

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

OUR bugles ring out in the dark of the night,
"Boots and saddles!" "To horse!" and away
We hurry to fall on the foe in his tents,
As the tiger leaps fierce on his prey.

Sound bugles, sound "Forward!" the horses are fresh;
And our spirits, just called back from dreams,
Leap exultant to think of the flight of the foe,
When we ride where his camp-fire gleams.

Through forest, o'er fallow, o'er meadow we stride;
E'en our steeds feel the hot work at hand,
And the rattle of sabres and champing of bits
Nearly drown the brief words of command.

"Halt!" What is this? We are near to the goal:
"Draw sabres!" the conflict is here.
One thought to the loved ones dreaming at home,
As the steel flashes out sharp and clear.

Hark! a shot. Whence that cry? Ha! comrade, farewell.
"Charge!" Hurrah! like the blasting simoom,
With fierce cries and stern eyes, we dash down on the foe,
As he flies from his tents in the gloom.

Sharp ring out the carbines: the blaze of his camp
Shows flashing the gleam of our swords.
Hurrah! charge again: see they rally, and strive
To drive back the wild Northern hordes.

Ha! they break! they are gone like chaff on the wind;
But no bloodless vantage we gain.
Tears lurk in the cheers we raise o'er the field,
And our glory comes only with pain.

Raise gently the wounded; bear softly the dead
To their rest in their soldierly graves.
Sound bugles—sound "Rally!" our labor is o'er;
Recall to their colors our braves.

A RETURN FROM THE THRESHOLD.

"DOCTOR DAMPIER'S compliments, and he will be obliged if you will send him word whether you will give him what he has written to ask you for."

In the dull light which was reflected from the staircase on the landing at the entrance to my chambers it was not possible for me to see the speaker's face; but there was something in the sound of his voice which struck me with a kind of terror; it was as though I was listening to a voice from another world. So forcible was the shock that I drew back with a kind of fear from the speaker, and even hesitated for an instant to take the letter from his hand, although the person he named was one well known to me. Thinking that this feeling could only arise from the excited state of my mind, I took the letter from his hand, and, unlocking the door, I told him to come in. There was a fire burning in the grate, which lighted the room a little, and as a heavy rain was falling, and had been falling for some time, I said, "How long have you been waiting? Are you wet?"

"Nearly an hour," was the reply; "but I don't mind the wet."

It was the same slow, even voice which seemed to come to me from the darkness of the grave, and I felt the same creeping sensation of horror which had attacked me when he spoke to me outside my door. Snatching up a piece of paper from my table, I took the lamp from the mantle-piece and hastily lighted it, keeping my back toward the speaker that he might not perceive my agitation. With a sudden determination I turned and held the lamp at arm's-length, so that it threw its light full on the messenger's face. Apart from the expression of the countenance, which was stern, and as firmly set as though it were carved in stone, and of itself calculated to make a profound impression on all who looked at it, there was that in the eyes which no human being could fathom. They might belong to a man who had at one time committed a murder, and who was continually on the watch to see if any person who spoke to him suspected the crime of which he had been guilty. Such I have seen; but these to me shone from the deep hollows of the bloodless countenance with a far more appalling intelligence. There was in them an expression of recognition of myself; and in my own mind I recognized him, but always as one who had passed into another stage of existence. By a strong effort I said:

"You say you bring this from Dr. Dampier. Do you know me? Where have I seen you before?"

Without answering my question he pointed to the note I held in my hand. I felt that I could not read the note with any understanding of its contents; so, motioning toward the door, I told him to tell Dr. Dampier I felt too unwell to answer his note that evening, but that I would send an answer the following day. I held the door open, and listened to him as he descended the staircase with a step which sounded slow, even, and solemn as his voice. I waited two or three minutes till I thought he had reached a distance which would prevent me from overtaking him; then thrusting the letter into my pocket I turned out the lamp, shut the door, and left for a friend's house, resolved not to enter my chambers again that night.

As soon as I found myself seated beside my friend at his fireside I recovered my spirits, and taking out the letter, read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. HENSMAN,—Will you have the kindness to furnish me, at your leisure, with a full report of the case of Samuel Calcraft, in which you were engaged. I prefer making this request to you rather than to the attorney who prepared the case for his defense, because, as you prosecuted him in your official capacity, no person will be able or likely to wish to throw doubt on your statement.

"I do not require your statement for present use, but eventually I shall do so in the interests of humanity; I shall, however, have no objection to reveal the reason to you on receiving your promise that you will not divulge what I tell you till the occurrence of an event which may be still distant.

"Very truly yours,
"J. DAMPIER."

I had scarcely run my eye over this note before I understood the cause of my emotion on hearing and seeing his messenger; and to make this understood, I will relate the case of the Samuel Calcraft referred to in his letter.

In April of the year 1833 the town and neighborhood of Hystos, La., was the scene of one of the worst crimes which it is in the power of a human being to perpetrate. The person murdered was named Exton, a man well-stricken in years, of a most estimable character, the principal leader, and most frequently the pastor, of the religious congregation to which he belonged. Respected by all, whether members of the same sect or not, on account of his thorough conscientiousness, his store was the source from which the greater part of the population of the town and country for miles round derived their supply of articles of all kinds. On the 27th of May, 1832, he was guilty of a weakness which somewhat lowered the respect in which he had been hitherto held by the female members of his congregation: he married the daughter of a settler who used generally to come with her father to his store when he had occasion to renew his supplies of tea, sugar, and so forth. Nothing was known in the town to the detriment of or in favor of the girl; it was her extreme youth which was the ground of objection to her. Shortly after their marriage it began to be rumored about that Exton was not happy in his married life; and this, in consequence of the violence of his wife's character, soon became so notorious that the strongest of his admirers among the women did not hesitate to express their sympathy in his affliction by low groans and other ejaculations whenever, in the course of his praying or preaching, he made any allusion which could be twisted into a reference to the thorn in his flesh. Manifestations of this kind were perfectly understood by his wife, who thenceforth entirely absented herself from any place of worship, and expressed her hatred of her husband on several occasions. The reason of this enmity was a mystery to every body, Exton being a man of an uncomplaining disposition, who never spoke of his domestic troubles, or encouraged even his oldest friends to allude to them in his presence.

On the 5th of April, 1833, he presided at the meeting of his co-religionists, and at its conclusion received a pressing invitation to drive to a farm belonging to a man named Joynson, about three miles from the town, and remain there till the morning; there being a party there to celebrate the birth of the farmer's first son. Refusing the invitation, Exton shook hands with those about him, and walked away in the direction of his house. This was the last time he was seen alive by them. Early the following morning a rumor flew through the town with the speed of electricity that Isaiah Exton had been found murdered on the floor of his bedroom. The houses were soon emptied of their inhabitants, all of whom proceeded toward Exton's store to satisfy themselves of the truth of the rumor, and to gratify that mysterious inclination of humanity to look upon a place which has been the scene on which a human soul has been violently expelled from its earthly sanctuary. The rumor proved true enough; the unfortunate Exton had no doubt been killed, and that, too, only after a struggle of more than ordinary persistency, as was shown by the state of the body and the condition of the room.

There was no proof that the unfortunate man had been robbed, though his wife asserted that a bag containing a large sum in gold had been taken from a drawer in his bedroom. The regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens made them positive that he had no enemy among them, and the person generally suspected of having had a share in his destruction was his wife; from suspicion they very soon passed to an assumption of her guilt; but as they could not believe her capable of committing the deed with her own hand, they supposed she had an accomplice; and who this could be was a mystery they were never tired of discussing. In due course an inquest was held on the body, at which Jane Burton, one of the servants, stated that she had for some time past noticed a great intimacy between her mistress and a porter named Samuel Calcraft employed in the store; that on several occasions she had seen him coming from the room in which his mistress was, and where he had no business to be; and that on these occasions he had always been much confused on seeing her, and had induced her to promise that she would say nothing about it, promising that he would tell her some day why he went there, which he never had done.

Suspicion having been thus directed toward the porter, the desire for a victim was so great that the discovery of a knife belonging to him covered with rust, assumed to be caused by blood, was considered sufficient evidence on which to commit him to take his trial for the murder of his master. In the interval between his committal and his trial other suspicious circumstances were discovered affecting him, namely, a purse which was found in his chest, and identified as his master's, in which was a considerable sum for a man in his position; also a watch which had been seen in Exton's possession on the eve of his death by several persons, and a miniature portrait of his mother inclosed in a silver case curiously chased, which the deceased was known to value very highly. People being thus satisfied that he was the actual murderer, were unremitting in their endeavors to get him to criminate his mistress. Every inducement it was in their power to offer him they offered. Promises to exert the influence of the whole town in saving his life on the ground that by reason of his youth he had fallen a victim to her wiles were made, but all were of no avail in bringing about the result they desired; the most he could be induced to say was that she had once or twice spoken of her husband in a way which he had told her was not right, and that for some time she had not uttered a word to him on the subject, though he knew from the women-servants they lived apart. His assertions were disbelieved by all; but as there was not a tittle of evidence against Mrs. Exton she was allowed to remain at large, though she might almost as well have been in prison in solitary confinement, seeing that nobody would associate with her, or even speak to her. As for the store, that had to be shut up, not a customer having entered it to make a purchase since the murder of its proprietor.

On the day of the trial of Samuel Calcraft the town was thoroughly emptied of its inhabitants. The prisoner, when placed in the dock, became terribly agitated, and looked as though he would fall to the ground, and whispers reached me which showed that this was taken as further evidence of his guilt, though it did not appear to me at all surprising, considering his youth and the consciousness that most, if not all, of those present knew him, and believed him guilty of the murder.

It was my duty to put the case before the jury in the strongest light which the evidence appeared to me capable of sustaining. I had no personal feeling against the prisoner, of course, and it was rather from habit than design that I wove the evidence against him into my address in such a manner that even a jury altogether unprejudiced might have been induced to convict him. I looked at him as I finished my speech, and I shall never forget the expression of utter despair and horror with which he was regarding me, and which awoke in me a keener sense of the responsibility attaching to my office than I had ever felt before. His counsel had little to say in his defense. The only explanation he had to offer was that Calcraft had certainly had interviews, apparently mysterious, with his mistress, but that this was only for the purpose of conveying spirits to her, which she drank in large quantities without wishing any body to know that she did so, and that this was the reason why he had made Jane Burton promise not to speak about having seen him. The knife he admitted was his, but asserted that it had grown rusty merely from want of use. The miniature he averred had been given to the prisoner by his master in order that he might clean the case, on the day preceding the murder, and he had put it in his room for safety's sake. The purse he said had been given him by his master, and the money contained in it was his own savings. As for the watch, he denied most solemnly that he had put it where it had been found, or that he knew any thing about it; and asserted that somebody must have put it in his chest after he was locked up.

I will not venture to say that the judge had formed a preconceived opinion of the prisoner's guilt, or that he was influenced by the general desire to avenge the death of a man so deservedly esteemed as Exton, but he certainly summed up the case in a manner which I could not think impartial; I was not therefore surprised, knowing what I did of the public feeling respecting the case, when the jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*.

Sentence of death having been pronounced the prisoner was carried out of court senseless.

It was in conducting this case that I first became acquainted with Dr. Dampier. We spent the evening together after the trial at his house, and I was very deeply interested in his discourse, especially in some of his theories touching life and death. The criminal trials and civil causes were so unusually numerous that I had not left the town when the day arrived for the execution of the convicted murderer of Mr. Exton. On the morning of his execution he sent for me, and though I would have made any reasonable sacrifice to have avoided complying with his request, I could not under the circumstances refuse to go to him. I found that all he wanted of me was to beseech me to save his life. I told him I had no power whatever in the matter, that it was not to me he should appeal. He declared, in language which made those who heard it shudder, that he was innocent; and when they began urging him toward the scaffold, he turned toward me, and with a countenance stern in its expression and deadly pale, said, "You are my murderer, and if a murdered man can haunt you, I will." And so he passed away to his death, and I into the official apartments to hear a case and give a gratuitous opinion concerning it. When I left about three quarters of an hour afterward I looked up and saw the body still hanging.

The man who brought me the note from Dr. Dampier was Samuel Calcraft.

Having written for Dr. Dampier the statement for which he asked, I sent it to his house, and in return requested he would call upon me and give me the explanation he had promised. It was not long before he did so, and having received from me a promise that I would not divulge what he told me, I received from him the following statement:

"You will, perhaps, remember that in the course of the conversation we had on the evening you dined at my house I mentioned some opinions concerning the length of time during which vitality might still remain in the human body after it had ceased to give any outward sign of its existence, and the result of some experiments I made with animals which had to all appearance been suffocated. As the opportunity of making such experiments with human beings seldom occurs, I determined to spare no pains to get possession of the body of Samuel Calcraft, and by means it is not necessary to describe his body came to me, and his coffin with its substitute went the ordinary course, so that within two hours of his being strangled his inanimate body was drawn from a sack which had been placed among a wagon-load of fagots, driven by myself from the vicinity of the prison, while the owner of the vehicle was gone to get me change for a note with which to pay for the wood.

"I had a fire ready lighted beneath a large sand bath I had contrived in my laboratory, and having locked the door, I laid the to all appearance dead body in it, and carefully covered it with sand, the thermometer on being plunged in it marking 80°. There was not the slightest sign of life, the skin was cold, and the members already rigid. As soon as I had thus prepared the body, I inserted two small tubes in the nostrils connected with a large bladder of ammoniacal gas, of which I had several in readiness, and pressing gently on the bladder I gradually forced the gas it contained into the lungs, from which I as gently expelled it. I had previously buried the wires from a galvanic battery of moderate power in the sand, the points lying beneath the base of the skull and the lower part of the spine. For upwards of an hour I continued to force the gas into the lungs and expel it by pressure without discovering any returning signs of life on which I could rely: the very slight warmth I could detect in the forehead on laying my cheek against it being as likely to arise from the transmission of heat from the sand as from the returning vital force; nevertheless, I determined to persevere till there was no room left for hope. By-and-by I imagined I could detect a slight clamminess on the skin, the sand no longer slipped away from it as from a piece of marble. Hardly daring to hope that this indicated that life was not yet extinct, and yet almost trembling with excitement, I controlled myself, and continued my efforts with the same steadiness. After many minutes of that intense anxiety which few besides the experimental chemist ever experience, I had no longer any doubt—a faint, a very faint, but distinctly perceptible, movement of the heart was evident. By slow degrees it increased in force, and I thought it prudent to abandon the use of the ammoniacal gas for a time and substitute for it atmospheric air. The immediate result was a diminution in the strength of the pulsation, but by assisting the action of the lungs mechanically this was restored again, and henceforward I only resorted to the gas occasionally, and then only for a few instants at a time. I no longer regarded the time; continued my efforts; my whole mind was so absorbed in what I was doing that I felt no bodily sensation, neither fatigue, hunger, nor thirst; it must, however, have been several hours before there was the least sign that the patient had recovered consciousness. The first symptom was a twitching of the nostrils, followed by a similar movement of the corners of the mouth. The next indication I perceived was an attempt to raise the eyelids, and after many ineffectual efforts he succeeded. The instant he raised the lids I looked eagerly into his eyes to see their expression, and note his sensations on returning to life from death, as far as it was possible to read them therein. You have seen him, and have probably remarked the extraordinary depth and mystery of his look. Well, that same unfathomable look met mine then; it never changes, never varies.

"As soon as he was able to move his tongue I raised his head slightly and dropped a little brandy and water on it. After a prolonged administration of this stimulant other symptoms of a return to life were exhibited, the relation of which can only be interesting to medical men; let it suffice to say that I had no longer any doubt of the ultimate recovery of my patient.

"My first questions, when he had slept and eaten, had reference to his bodily sensations at the instant of and after his suspension. He describes them as merely a sharp pricking over his body from head to foot, which was the last thing of which he was conscious: his return to life was like a long nightmare. But beyond this, I am convinced he was conscious of something which has no earthly connection. I am not influenced in this opinion by any thing he has said, for whenever I have questioned him he is as silent as a statue: it is from that unearthly, never-changing look of his, accompanied by an absence of animation, and apparently utter insensibility to every thing we regard as painful or annoying.

"His execution took place eleven months ago, as you no doubt remember. For several weeks afterward he remained locked up in my laboratory, till I thought it safe to send him here, to New Orleans, to my brother, who is as thoroughly satisfied of his innocence of the murder as I am; for I am convinced that he would not have denied his guilt to me on his restoration to life, if he had committed the deed."

I did not see the Doctor again after this, but I presume he returned to the place whence he had come. You know how men whose time is fully occupied go on year after year without seeing an acquaintance living in the same city, unless they meet by accident. This was my case and that of Mr. Dampier, the Doctor's brother. About five or six years ago he called on me, to ask me to take proceedings to enforce payment of an insurance on his brother's life—not the Doctor's, but another brother, who was a traveling preacher or something of that kind. The mention of his brother's name caused me to ask if Samuel Calcraft was with him still, when he told me that his innocence had been established years before; "but," he added, "it was such an extraordinary business altogether that I will, if you wish it, write to my brother, and ask him to send you a full account of the affair." Here is the letter I received; you can read it. It relates one of those remarkable cases which have given rise to the saying that murder will out—one of the greatest fallacies ever uttered, as I can testify from my own experience.

"MY DEAR MR. HENSMAN,—At my brother's desire I send you an account of my discovery of the actual murderer of poor Exton; indeed I should have done so at the time, if I had not supposed that you would see an account of it in the newspapers.

"Shortly after I saw you last I had occasion to visit a friend named Penton, who, it turned out, occupied a considerable extent of land joining that belonging to old Sangster, Mary Exton's father, though I was not aware of it till afterward. One day, while strolling about, I got on this man's estate, at no great distance from his house. You are aware of my habit of studying every manifestation of life. Well, on this day, I was looking for objects near a ditch, when I chanced to see some pieces of charred bone lying about among the grass. Without the most distant idea of the discovery this was destined to lead to, I picked up one piece, then another, and another; in short, I became satisfied that the bones were fragments of a human being. I now got interested in the matter, and jumped into the ditch, which happened to be dry just then, and stirring up the dry dirt at the bottom with my heel, I found other things which had passed through the fire, viz., teeth, buttons, and—most important of all—a belt clasp of a very peculiar design, which said more for the maker's mythological knowledge than for the delicacy or purity of his taste. Putting the latter in my pocket, with as many of the teeth, and buttons, and charred bones as I thought necessary to establish the fact of their having formed part of a human being, I returned to my friend Penton. On showing him the buckle, and asking him if he had ever seen it before, he immediately said, 'To be sure I have; it belonged to Joel Singleton.' 'And who was Joel Singleton?' I asked. 'Joel Singleton,' he replied, 'was a fellow of no very good repute. He was a horse-dealer on his own account sometimes, besides working for the worthy Mr. Sangster as a woodman, an occupation which some said he engaged in for the sake of being with Mary Sangster, the young woman poor Exton married.' 'Then, I suppose, when she married Exton he went away?' 'Not at all; he was with Exton for at least a year afterward, and there were rumors about that if Mary could have had her way, she would have preferred him to Exton for her husband, in spite of his loose habits.' 'Do you know where he went to when he did leave?' 'No, he went away very suddenly, and Sangster said he had gone to—to California or Texas, I don't exactly remember which.' 'Well,' said I, 'it strikes me that he went to neither place. Look here! these bones are human bones; they have been in the fire, and so has this buckle; and as I found them all together, it is only reasonable to imagine that the bones belonged to the owner of the buckle rather than to any body else.' 'Why, you surely don't suppose that the fellow was burned?' 'Seeing that somebody has been burned, it seems to me only rational to suppose that he was the person. At all events, the matter must be inquired into,' I answered.

"The next day I went to the district judge and told him of the affair. I need not go into details with you, as you will understand all that was done in the way of search, and so forth. The upshot of the whole was that Sangster, now a very old man, was taken into custody and lodged in prison. The evidence was so purely circumstantial that I do not think he would have been convicted if he had been tried, but he never was, for nature stepped in and placed him beyond the reach of the law. When he was convinced that he could not live many hours, he sent for me, and made the following confession in my presence:

"'Joel Singleton was the murderer of Mr. Exton. I am not going to tell you any thing more about that affair, and so it is of no use to ask me any questions. I knew that he was the murderer, and he knew that I knew it, and if I had not killed him he would have killed me; and besides that, there was the temptation of a bag of gold he stole at the same time. I had only one man about the place, and I picked a quarrel with him, and kicked him out there and then. That night Joel's chance of disposing of me was lost.

* * * * * * *

"'I got rid of his body and clothes in the way you imagine, and threw the ashes into the ditch where you found them. May God forgive us all!'

"This settled the question of poor Calcraft's innocence, and I went directly to New Orleans to consult him as to what he wished should be done. He did not appear at all interested, and left it to me to do what I thought proper. As one instance does not establish a rule, I have not mentioned the restoration of Calcraft to any body besides you and my brother, and I have not had an opportunity of repeating the experiment; but as there have been several cases of horse-stealing about here lately, and Judge Lynch has been using threatening language, there is a possibility that I may be able to renew it, and I have no doubt with equal success.

Yours, etc.,
"J. DAMPIER."



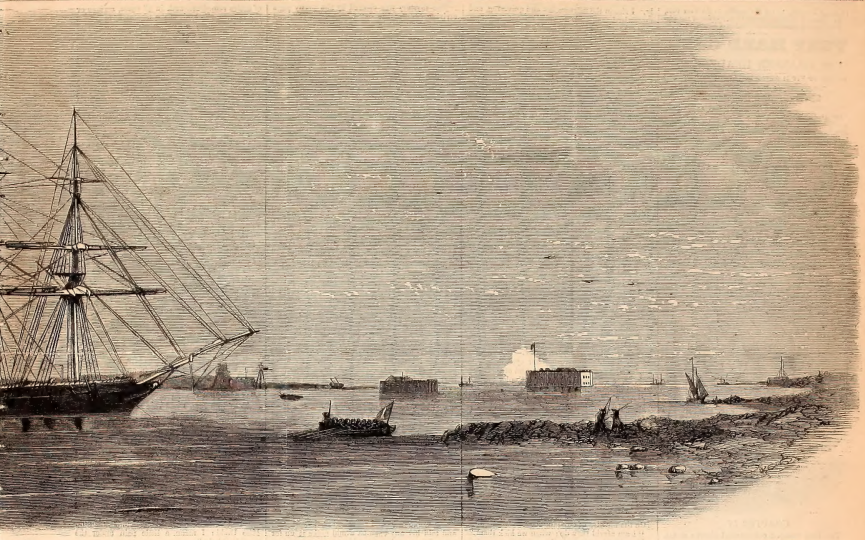
The "Milan," French Steam-Sloop. Castle Pinckney. The British Ship

CHARLESTON HARBOR,



Morris Island. New Ironsides. Iron-clad Monitors. Charleston.

CHARLESTON HARBOR, LOOKING T



, LOOKING OUT TO SEA.



TOWARD THE CITY.—[See Page 269.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

THE long vacation commenced about a month afterward, and Hardie came to his father's house, to read for honors, unimpeded by university and college lectures; and the old man plowed and penitent one packed up his Aldrich and his Whately, the then authorities in Logic, and brought them home, together with a firm resolution to master that joyous science before the next examination for Smalls in October. But lo! ere he had been an hour at home, he found his things put neatly away in his drawers on the feminine or vertical system—deep strata of variously cut strata of trowsers, strata of coats, strata of papers—and his Logic gone.

In the course of the evening he traced his sister good-humoredly, and asked "what earthly use that book was to her, not wearing cuffs."

"I intend to read it, and study it, and teach you it," replied Julia, rather languidly—considering the weight of the resolve.

"Oh, if you have honed it to read, I say no more; the crime will punish itself."

"Be serious, Edward, and think of mamma. I can not sit with my hands before me, and let you be perplexed."

"I don't want. But—eplexed!—haw, haw! but you can't help me at Logic as you used at Syntax. Why, all the world knows a girl can't learn logic."

"A girl can learn any thing she chooses to learn. What she can't learn is things other people set her down to." Before Edward could fully digest this revelation, she gave the argument a new turn, by adding, fretfully, "And don't be so unkind as thwarting and teasing me!" and all in a moment she was crying.

"Hollos!" ejaculated Edward, taken quite by surprise. "What's the matter, dear?" and his quired maternal vigilance from the other end of the room.

"I don't know, mamma," said Edward. "What on earth is it, Julia?"

"Nothing.—Don't torment me!"

Mrs. Dodd came quietly to them. "You did not speak brusquely to her, Edward?"

"No, no," said Julia, eagerly. "It is I that am turned so cross, and so peevish. I am quite a changed girl. Mamma, what *is* the matter with me?" And she laid her brow on her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Dodd caressed the lovely head soothingly with one hand, and made a sign over it to Edward to leave them alone. She waited quietly till Julia was composed; and then said, softly, "Come, tell me what it is; nothing that Edward said to you; for I heard almost every word, and I was just going to smile, or nearly, when you—And, my love, it is not the first time, you know; I would not tell Edward, but I have more than once seen your eyes with tears in them."

"Have you, mamma?" said Julia, scarcely above a whisper.

"Why, you know I have. But I said to myself it was no use forcing confidence. I thought I would be very patient, and wait till you came to me with it; so now, what is it, my darling? Why do you speak of one thing, and think of another? and not without any reason that your mother can see?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Julia, hiding her head. "I think it is because I sleep so badly. I rise in the morning hot and quivering, and more tired than I lay down."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Dodd. "How long is this?"

Julia did not answer this question; she went on, "I am sure these still hidden, "Mamma, I do feel so depressed and hysterical, or else in violent spirits; but not nice and cheerful as you are. What I used to be; and I go from one thing to another, and can settle to nothing; even in church I dread by fits and starts I forgot to water my very flowers last night: and I heard Mrs. Maxley out of my window tell Sarah I am losing my color. Am I? But what does it matter? I am losing my sense; for I catch myself for ever looking in the glass, and that is a sure sign of a fool; and I can not pass the shops: I stand and look in, and long for the very dearest silks, and for diamonds in my hair." A heavy sigh followed the confession of these multiform imperfections; but the criminal looked a little relieved by it; and half raised her head to watch the effect.

As for Mrs. Dodd, she opened her eyes wide with surprise; but at the end of the heterogeneous catalogue she smiled, and said, "I can not believe that. If ever there was a young lady free from personal vanity it is you, Julia. Why, your thoughts run by nature away from yourself; you were born for others."

Her daughter kissed her gratefully, and smiled: but, after a pause, said, sorrowfully, "Ah, that was the old Julia, as seen with your dear eyes. I have almost forgotten her. I am now one in what I tell you, dear mamma, and that" (with sudden energy) "is a dreamy, wandering, vain, egotistical, hysterical, abominable girl."

"Let me kiss this monster that I have brought into the world," said Mrs. Dodd: "and now let me think." She rested her eyes calm and penetrating upon her daughter; and as this more look, and a very thoughtful one, the color mounted and mounted in Julia's cheek strangely.

"After all," said Mrs. Dodd, thoughtfully, "your's is a critical age; you are not a girl, you are turning to a woman; my rose-bud to a rose." And she sighed. Mothers will sigh at things none other ever sighed at.

"To a weed, I fear," replied Julia. "What will you say when I own I felt no real joy at Edward's return this time? A mere mockery I cried, 'Do get away, and don't pester me!'"

"To your brother? Oh, fie!"

"Oh no, mamma, that was to poor Spot. He jumped on me in a reverie, all affection, poor thing."

"Well, for your comfort, dogs do not appreciate the niceties of our language."

"I am afraid they do, at times," he kick them."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the admission implied here, and the deep penitence it was uttered with. "I am remarkably good to-day, I do!" don't laugh at me, but help me with your advice: you are so wise and so experienced: you must have been a girl before you were a mother, and you *must* know what is the matter with me. O, do pray cure me; or else I shall think I am going mad, and that all my affections deadened, and my peace disturbed."

Mrs. Dodd the mother looked serious and thoughtful enough; and the daughter watched her furtively; "Julia," said Mrs. Dodd, very gravely, "I am afraid you have learned under my eye, and never separated from me a single day, I should say, this young lady is either afflicted with some constitutional disorder of the nerves, and spirits; or else she has—she is—what inexperienced young people call "in love." You need not look at me so fiercely; mothers in their senses suspects you of imprudence or indelicacy; and therefore I feel quite sure that you are not conscious of it, as a crisis, or your health has suffered some shock; pray Heaven it may not be a serious one. You will have the best advice, and without delay, I promise you."

During the pronunciation of this judgment Julia's countenance was entirely a sight; always transparent, it was now nearly prismatic, so swiftly did various emotions chase one another over those vivid features. Emotions that seemed strangely disproportioned to the occasion; for among them were hope, and fear, and shame.

But when Mrs. Dodd came to the ironic conclusion, a kaleidoscope seemed suddenly to shut, so abruptly did the young face lose its noisy play and life; and the mother said, sadly and almost doggedly, "My only hope was in you and your common, not in many doctors."

This expression, so flattering, at first sight, to a great profession, was but a feminine ellipse; the woman "doctors" were unscrupulous and are nasty." However, the learned reader has already seen she was not behind her sex in feats of gymnast.

That very evening, Mrs. Dodd sent a servant into the town with a note like a cocked hat, and summoning Mr. Coleman the apothecary called. Mrs. Dodd introduced the patient, and as soon as he had examined her pulse and tongue, gave her a signal to retire, and detailed her symptoms, loss of sleep, unevenness of spirits, listlessness, hysteria. Mr. Coleman listened reverentially; then gave his opinion; that there was no sign of consumption, nor indeed of any organic disorder; his considerable functional derangement, and it would be prudent to arrest. He bowed out profoundly, and in one hour a buttoned boy called and delivered a smart salve; a box of twenty-right pills; and a bottle containing six drachms of an quantity of each was determined by horizontal glass lines raised on the vial at equal distances: the pills contained aloes, colocynth, soap, and another ingredient I have unfortunately forgotten: the draught, steel, calumba root, camphor, and cardamoms. Two pills every night, a draught three times a day.

"I do not quite understand this, Julia," said Mrs. Dodd; "here are pills for a fortnight, but the bottle will last only two days."

The mystery was cleared by the pretty page arriving every other day with a fresh vial, and a military flourish of hand to cap.

After the third bottle (as topers say), Mrs. Dodd felt uneasy. All this saluting, and firing of vials, at measured intervals, smacked of routine and nonchalance too much to satisfy her mother anxiety; and some instinct whispered that an airy creature, threatened with a mysterious malady, would not lower herself to be cured by machinery."

So she sent for Mr. Osmond, a consulting surgeon, who bore a high reputation in Barking-ton. He came; and proved too plump for that complete elegance she would have desired in a medical attendant; but had a soft hand, a gentle touch, and a subdued manner. He spoke to the patient with a kindness which won the mother directly; had every hope of setting her right without any violent or disagreeable remedies but, when she had retired, altered his tone, and told Mrs. Dodd seriously she had done well to send for him in time; it was a case of "Hyperæsthesia" (Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands in horror). "or, as unprofessional persons would say, 'excessive sensibility.'"

Mrs. Dodd was somewhat relieved. Translation blunts thunder-bolts. She told him she had always feared for her child on that score. But was sensibility curable? Could a nature be changed?

He replied, that the Idiosyncrasy could not; but the morbid excess could, especially when taken in time. Advice was generally called in too late. However, here the only serious symptom was the Insomnia. "We must treat her for that," said he, writing a prescription; "but for the rest, active employment, long walks, or rides, and a change of scene and associations, will be all that will be required. In these cases," resumed Mr. Osmond, "connected as they are with Hyperæmia, medical men consider moderate venesection to be indicated."

"Venesection? Why, that is bleeding," ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, and looked aghast.

Mr. Osmond saw her repugnance, and flowed aside: "But here, where Kephalalgia and other symptoms are waning, it is not called for in the least; indeed, would be unadvisable." He then put on his gloves, saying, carelessly, "The diet, of course, must be Antiphlogistic."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him warmly for the interest he had shown, and, after ringing the bell, accompanied him herself to the head of the stairs, and then asked him would he add to his kindness by telling her where she could buy *that?*

Mr. Osmond looked surprised at the question, and told her any chemist would make it up for her. It was only a morphine pill, to be taken every night.

"I do not mean the prescription," explained Mrs. Dodd, "but the new food the dear child is to take? An—Eu—Eustic, was it? I have written it down, Sir;" and she held her pre cryx tablets ready.

Mr. Osmond stared, then smiled superior: "Antiphlogistic is not an eeculent, it is a medical term."

"There, see my ignorance!" said Mrs. Dodd, sweetly.

He replied courteously, "I am afraid it is, 'See my rudeness, calling Greek to a lady.' But it is impossible to express medical ideas by popular terms. 'Antiphlogistic' is equivalent to 'non-inflammatory. You must know that nearly all disorders arise from, or are connected with, 'phlegmon,' that is, morbid heat; inflammation. Then a curative system antagonistic to heat, in short, an Antiphlogistic treatment, restores the healthy equilibrium by the cooling effect of venesection or cupping in violent cases, followed by drastic agents, and by vesication and even salivation if necessary—not to be alarmed! Nothing in so mild a case as this indicates the exhibition of active remedies—and, in all cases, serious or the reverse, the basis of the treatment is a light abstemious diet; a diet at once lowering and cooling: in one word, Antiphlogistic. Let us say then, for breakfast, dry toast with very little butter—no coffee—cocoa (from the nibs), or weak tea: for luncheon, beef-tea or mutton-broth: for dinner, a slice of roast chicken, and apple, or semolina, pudding. I would give her one glass of sherry, but no more, and barley-water; it is better for her also to avoid brown meats, at all events for the present. With these precautions, my dear madam, I think your anxiety will soon be happily removed."

Upon the good surgeon's departure, Mrs. Dodd went in search of Julia, and told her she was charmed with him. "So kind and considerate. He enters into my solicitude, and seems to partake it; and, he speaks under his breath, and selects his expressions. You are to take a mercuric, and long walks, and an antiphlogistic diet."

Julia took her four pills that night; and became a little pale at times, and had fewer bursts of high spirits in the intervals of depression. Her mother went with her cans to a female friend. The lady said she would not trust to surgeons and apothecaries; she would have a downright physician. "Why not go to the top of the tree at once, and call in Dr. Short? You have heard of him?"

"Oh yes! I have even met him in society; a most refined person: I will certainly follow your advice and consult him. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bonnicastle! Apropos, do you consider him skilful?"

"Oh, immensely: he is a particular friend of my husband's."

This was so convincing, that off went another three-cocked note, and next day a grand green carriage and pair dashed up to Mrs. Dodd's door, and Dr. Short bent himself in an arc, got out, and slowly mounted the stairs. He was six feet two, wonderfully thin, livid, and gentlemanlike. Fine long head, keen eye, lantern jaws. At sight of him Mrs. Dodd rose and smiled, Julia started and sat trembling. He stepped across the room inaudibly, and, after the usual civilities, glanced at the patient's tongue, and touched her wrist delicately. "Pulse is rapid," said he.

Mrs. Dodd detailed the symptoms. Dr. Short listened with the patient politeness of a gentleman, to whom all this was superfluous. He asked for a sheet of note-paper, folded it up gently, he seemed to be persuading one thing to be two; he wrote a pair of prescriptions, and while than employed looked up every now and then and conversed with the ladies.

"You have a slight subclavicular affection, Mrs. Dodd: I mean, a little pain under the shoulder-blade."

"No, Sir," said Julia, quietly.

Dr. Short looked a little surprised; his female patients rarely contradicted him. Was it for them to disown things he was so good as to assert for them?

"Ah!" said he, "you are not conscious of it; all the better; it must be slight; a mere weakness: no more." He then numbered the prescriptions 1, 2, and advised Mrs. Dodd to drop No. 1 after eight days, and resume it on No. 2, to be continued until convalescence. He put on his gloves, to leave. Mrs. Dodd, then, with some hesitation, asked him humbly whether she might ask him what the disorder was. "Certainly, madam," said he, graciously; "your daughter is laboring under a slight torpidity of the liver. The first prescription is active, and is to clear the gland itself, and the biliary ducts, of the excretory accumulation; and the second is exhibited to promote a healthy normal habit in that important part of the vascular system."

"A liver complaint, Dr. Short! What, then, it is not Hyperæsthesia?"

"Hyperæsthesia? There is no such disorder in the books."

DR. SHORT PRESCRIBES.

"You surprise me," said Mrs. Dodd. "Dr. Osmond certainly thought it was Hyperæsthesia."

And she consulted her wee tablets to establish the word.

Meantime, Dr. Short's mind, to judge by his countenance, was away roaming distant space in search of Osmond. "Osmond? Osmond? I do not know that name in medicine."

"O, I!" cried Julia, "and they both live in the same street!" Mrs. Dodd held up her finger to this outspoken patient.

But a light seemed to break in on Dr. Short. "Ah! you mean Mr. Osmond: a surgeon. A very respectable man, a most respectable man. I do not know a more estimable person—in his grade of the profession—than my good friend Mr. Osmond. And he gives opinions in medical cases, does he?" Dr. Short paused, apparently to realize this phenomenon in the world of Mind. He resumed in a different tone: "You may have misunderstood him. Hyperæsthesia exists, of course; since he says so. But Hyperæsthesia is not a Complaint; it is a Symptom. Of biliary derangement. My worthy friend looks at disorders from a medical point; very natural: his interest lies that way, perhaps you are aware; but profounder experience proves that mental anxiety is nearly one of the results of bodily health: and I am happy to assure you that, the biliary canal once cleared, and the secretions restored to the healthy habit, by these prescriptions, the Hyperæsthesia, and other concomitants of hepatic derangement, will disperse, and leave our glittering comfort in the engrossing cares of her natural intelligence, her friends' affectionate admiration, and above all, of a sound conscience. Ladies, I have the honor—" and the Doctor eked out this sentence by rising.

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Short," said Mrs. Dodd, rising with him; "you inspire me with confidence and gratitude." As if under the influence of these feelings she took Dr. Short's pain, and pressed it. Of the two hands, which met for a moment then, one was soft and melting, the other a bundle of bones; but both were very white, and so equally adroit, that a double fee passed without the possibility of a by-stander suspecting it.

For the benefit of all young virgins afflicted like Julia Dodd, here are the Doctor's prescriptions:

FOR MISS DODD.

℞ Pil: Hydrarg: Chlor: Co:
singul: 2 nocte sumend:
Decoc: Aloes Co: 3j
omni mane.
viii. Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

℞ Conf: Sennæ.
Potass: Bitartrat.
Extr: Taraxc: à à 3ss.
Misft: Elect: Cujus sum: 3j omni mane.
xviii. Sept. J. S.

Id: Anglicè redit: per me Carol: Arundin: The same done into English by me C. R. Short.

FOR MISS DODD.

1. O Jupiter and us! 1 plummer's pill to be taken every night. 1 oz. compound decoction of Aloes every morning. 8th Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

2. O Jupiter and us! with Confection of Senna, Bitartrate of Potash, extract of Dandelion, of each half an ounce, let an electuary be mixed, of which let her take 1 drachm every morning. 18th Sept. J. S.

"Quite the courtier," said Mrs. Dodd, delighted. Julia assented: she even added, with a listless yawn, "I had no idea that a skeleton was such a commonplace thing; I'll never see one before."

Mrs. Dodd admitted he was very thin.

"Oh no, mamma; thin implies a little flesh. When he felt my pulse, a chill struck to my heart; I doubt if a black suit seemed to stand to me, and lay a finger on my wrist: and mark me for his own."

Mrs. Dodd forbade her to give way to such gloomy ideas; and expostulated firmly with her for judging learned men by their bodies. "However," said she, "all the good, kind, clever, valuables do not answer his expectations and mine, I shall take you to London directly. I do hope papa will come home."

Poor Mrs. Dodd was herself slipping into a morbid state. A mother collecting Doctors! It is a most fascinating kind of connoisseurship, grows on one like Drink; like Polemics; like Melodrama; like the Millennium; like any Thing.

Sure enough the very next week she and Julia sat patiently in the most morning lyrics of a pleasant and titled London surgeon. Full forty patients were before them, so they had to wait and wait. At last they were ushered into the consulting-chamber, and Mrs. Dodd entered on the beaten ground of her daughter's symptoms. The noble surgeon stopped her civilly but promptly. "Auscultation will give us the clew," said he, and drew his stethoscope. Julia shrank, and cast a reproaching look at her mother; but Mrs. Dodd persuaded her to it by taking part in the examination, and making it as delicate as possible. The young lady sat panting, with cheeks flushing shame, and eyes flashing indignation. The impassive chevalier reported on each organ in turn without moving his ear from the key-hole. "Lungs pretty sound," said he, a little plaintively: "so is the liver. Now for the—Hum? There is no cardiac insufficiency, I think, neither mitral nor tricuspid. If we find no tendency to hypertrophy we shall do very well. Ah, I have succeeded in diagnosing a slight diastolic murmur; very slight." He deposited the instrument, and said, not without a certain shade of satisfaction that his research had not been fruitless, "The Heart is the pecuaan organ."

"Or, Sir!" is it serious?" said poor Mrs. Dodd.

By no means. Try this" (he scratched a prescription which would not have misbecome the tomb of Cheops); "and come again in a month." "Ting!" He struck a bell. That "ting" said, "Go, live Guines! and another come!"

"Heart disease now!" said Mrs. Dodd, sinking back in her hired carriage, and the tears were in her patient eyes.

"My own, own mamma," said Julia, earnestly, "do you distrust yourself? I have no disease in the world, but my old, old, old one, of being naughty, wayward girl. As for you, mamma, you have resigned your own judgment to your inferiors, and that is both our misfortunes. Dear, dear mamma, do take a doctress next time, if you have not had enough."

"To a what, love?"

"A doctress, mamma."

"A female physician, child? There is no such thing. No; assurance is becoming a characteristic of our sex: but we have not yet intruded ourselves into the learned professions; thank Heaven."

"Excuse me, mamma, there are one or two: for the newspapers say so."

"Well, dear, there are none in this country happily."

"What, not in London?"

"No."

"Then what is the use of such a great overgrown place, all smoke, if here is nothing in it you can not have a doctress? Let us go back to Barkington this very d y, this minute, this instant; oh, pray, pray."

"And so you shall, to-morrow. But you must pity your poor mother's anxiety, and see Dr. Chalmers first."

"Oh, mamma, not another surgeon! He frightened me; he hurt me; I never heard of such a thing; he ought to be ashamed of himself; oh, please not another surgeon."

"It is not a surgeon, dear; it is the Court Physician."

The Court Physician detected "a somewhat morbid condition of the great nervous centres." To an inquiry whether there was heart-disease, he replied, "Pooh!" On being told Sir William had announced heart-disease, he said, "Ah! that shows how easily mistaken." He examined, however, that it must be trifling, and would go no further, the nervous system once restored to the healthy state. "Ay, Jupiter, aid us!" a pill and black draught."

Dr. Kenyon found the nervous symptoms were irritated and required soothing. "O, Jupiter, etc. Blue pill and Seidlitz powder."

Dr. Osmond returned home consulted and confused; Julia listless and apathetic. Tea was ordered, with two or three kinds of bread, thin, neat slices of meat and fish, a little fine magg, etc., their favorite repast after a journey; and, while the tea was drawing, Mrs. Dodd looked over the notes and prescriptions of the visitors that had called during their absence: "Dr. Short—Mr. Osmond—Mrs. Hetherington—Mr. Alfred Hardie—Lady Percy—Mrs. and Miss Bosanquet. What a pity Edward was not at home, dear; Mr. Alfred Hardie's visit must have been a long one."

"Oh, of course, mamma."

"A very manly, gentlemanly gentleman."

"Oh yes. No. He is so rude."

"Is he? Ah, he was ill just then, and pain irritates gentlemen: they are not accustomed to it, poor Thinge."

"That is like you, dear mamma; making excuse for every Julia added, faintly, "but he is so impetuous."

"I have a daughter who reconciles me to impetuosity. And he saw a good heart, he was so kind to my boy."

Julia looked down smiling; her prostrate temper to be raised with a spirit of contradiction; she began to pick poor Alfred to pieces: he was thin, dark, and no other; and then so bold, she might say impudent.

Mrs. Dodd replied calmly that he was very kind to her son.

"Oh, mamma, you can not approve all the words he spoke."

"It is not worth while to remember all the words young gentlemen speak, nowadays; he was very kind to my boy, I remember that."

The tea was brought, the table laid out down, and patted a chair, with a smile of invitation for Julia to come and sit beside her. But Julia said, in one minute, "Dear me!" and left the room.

When she came back, she fluttered up to her mother and kissed her vehemently, then sat down radiant. "Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, "why, you are looking yourself once more. How do you feel now? Better?"

"How do I feel? Let me see: the world seems once more to smile on me here, and Mr. the butterfly it all belongs to." She spake, and to confirm her words the air thing went waltzing, sailing, and fluttering round the room, and zipping mamma every now and then on the wing.

In this buoyancy she remained some twenty-four hours; then came clouds and chills, which, in their turn, gave way to exhilaration, duly followed by depression. Her spirits were so uncertain, that things too minute to justify narration turned the scale either way: a word from Mrs. Dodd—a new face at St. Anne's Church looking devoutly her way—a piece of town gossip distilled in her ear by Mrs. Maxley —and she was sprightly or languid, and both more than reason.

Mrs. Dodd had not the clew; and such extreme caused her anxiety; for her own constitution, and her experience of life, led her to connect health, and happiness too, with gentle, even spirits.

One drizzly afternoon they were sitting silent and saddish in the drawing-room, Mrs. Dodd correcting the mechanical errors in a drawing of Julia's, and admiring the rare dash and vigor, and Julia doggedly studying Dr. Whatsly's Logic, with now and then a sigh, when suddenly a trumpet seemed to articulate in the little hall: "Mestress Doddi at home?"

The lady rose from her seat, and said, with a smile of pleasure, "I hear a voice."

Julia looked up, and darted a hard-feat ured, gray-headed man, laughing and shouting like a school-boy broke loose. He cried out, "Aha! I've found y' out at last." Mrs. Dodd glided to meet him, and put out both her hands. He paled somewhat, with the pretticst air of lady-like cordiality; he shook them heartily. "The vagabins said y' had left the town; but y' had only flitted from the quay to the suburbs; 'twas a pashitt put me on the scint of ye. And how are y' all these years? an' how's Sawmil?"

Sawmill! What is that?"

"It's just your husband. Isn't his name Sawmil?"

"Dear, no! Have you forgotten?—David."

"Oh, ay! I knew it was some Scripcher Patriarch or another, Jacob, or Nauthan, or Samuil. He is a fine lad any way—and how is he, and where is he?"

Mrs. Dodd replied that he was on the seas, but expected—

"Then I wish him well off 'em, confound 'em oneonall! Hallos! why, this will be the little girl grown up int' a wumman while ye look round."

"Yes, my good friend; and her mother's daughter."

"And she's a bonny lass, I can tell ye. But no freend to the Dockers, I see."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, sadly, "looks are deceitful; and I am under medical advice at this very—"

"Well, that won't hurt her, unless she takes it." And he burst into a ringing laugh: but, in the middle of it, stopped dead short, and his face changed, and he looked, mad'y, and, impressively, "mind what y' are at, though! Barkton's just a trap for fanciful femals: there's a deep well there (Barkton, mad'y, and in a shrill throat called Stephenson, and a genteel, cadaverin old assassin called Short, as long as a may-pole: they 've made the rose pale of Miss Flore's cheek here. Why, they'd starve Cupid, an' vanceek Venus, an' blister Pomone, the vagabins."

Mrs. Dodd looked a little confused, and exchanged speaking glances with Julia. However, she said quietly, "I have consulted Mr. Osmond and Dr. Short, but have not relied on them alone. I have also seen Sir William Best. And to Dr. Chalmers. And to Dr. Kenyon." And she felt invulnerable behind her phalanx of learning and reputation.

"Good Hivens!" roared the visitor, "what a gauntlet o' gabies for one girt to run; and come out alive! And out of health." My faith, Miss Flore, y' ve touched than yo lock."

"My daughter's name is Julia," observed Mrs. Dodd, a little haughty; but instantly recovering herself, she said, "This is Dr. Sampson, love, an old friend of your mother's."

"And the Author an' Inventor of th' great Chronothermal Theesy o' Midicine, th' Unity Periodical Cure o' Remittens f' all Diseases," in the visitor, with such prodigious swiftness of elocution, that the words went tumbling over one another like the waves on a ringes out of a race, and the sentence was a pile of loud, indistinct syllables.

Julia's lovely eyes dilated at this clishmaclaver, and she bowed coldly. Dr. Sampson was repulsive to her: he had revealed in this short interview many of the characteristics of voice, speech, and manner she had been taught from infancy to abun: boisterous, gesticulatory, idiomatic; and she had the rich discourse out of her mamma's mouth twice; now Albion Villa was a Kail Indian hut in one respect: here nobody interrupted.

Mrs. Dodd had little personal egotism, but she had a mother's pride, and now began this opportunity of adding another Doctor to her collection: so she said, hurriedly, "Will you permit me to ask you how many your learned confreres have prescribed for?" Julia sighed aloud, and depressed the subject with earnest furtive signs; Mrs. Dodd did not see them. Now Dr. Sampson was himself afflicted with what I shall venture to call a mental ailment: to wit, a serious misinterpretation of other men's opinions; he had not even patience to hear them.

"Mat—ony!" he cried, "said he, hastily: "when you've told me their names, that's enough. Short treats her for liver, Sir William goes in for lung disease and Hypertrophy, Stevens sits it: Short and Kinyon the mukis smethrin; and I say they are fools and lyrss all four."

"Julia!" remonstrated Mrs. Dodd, "this is very extraordinary."

"No, it is not extraordinary," cried Dr. Sampson, defiantly: "nothing is extraordinary. And dy'e think I've known these shallow men thirty years, and not learned 'um?"

"Shallow, my good friend? Excuse me! they are the ablest men in your own branch of your own profession."

"Th' ablest? I' Oh, you mean the moneymakingest: now listen me! our learned Professors is a rascally one. It is like a barrel o' beer. What rises to the top?" Here he paused for a moment, then answered himself furiously, "THE SCUM!"

This blast blown, he moderated a little. "Look see!" said he, "up to three or four thousand a year, a Doctor is mostly a learned man, and sometimes knows something of midicine: not much, however, for it is not taught any where; but if he is making over five thousand, he must be a rogue, or else a fool: either he has boxed an' boxed, and cript an' crawled, int' wholesale collusion with a bushyeetcher an' th' accoucheur—the two jockeys that drive John Bull's family coach—and they are sucking the pashint togither like a leash o' leeches; or else he has turned spicialist; has tacked his name to some poplar discovery, real or imaginary; it needn't exist to be poplar. Now, those four you have named are spicialists, and that means mononanciers—why on airth didn't ye come to me among the rest?—their buddies expatriate in West-ind squares, but their souls dwell in a'alley yerm man Jock of 'em: Aberford's in Soho Square Alley, Chalmers's in Nairre Court, Short's niver sits out o' Liver Lane, Paul's in stuck fast in Kidney Close, Kenyon's in Mukis Street, Grosvenor, and Hibbard's in Lung Passage. Look see! hint times y' are out of sorts, sid o' consulting three bats an' a rovrt at a guinea the piece, send direct to me, and I'll give y' all their opinions, and all their prescriptions, gratis. And dessilicit dear ye'll find 'em at the price, if ye swallow 'm."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him coldly for the offer, but said she would be more grateful if he would show his superiority to persons of known ability, by just curing her daughter on the spot.

"Well, I will," said he, carelessly; and all his fire died out of him. "Put out your tongue!—Now your pulse!"

THE "KEOKUK."

We publish on page 269 an engraving of the double-turreted iron-clad "Keokuk," which was sunk at the attack on Charleston. The following is a history and description of this vessel:

The *Keokuk* was designed by B. C. W. Whitney, of this city, and was built at the yard of J. S. Underhill and Co., Dry Dock, New York. She was launched in the early part of last winter, and sailed from New York on the 11th March, arriving at Port Royal on the 20th.

The *Keokuk* was not only a two-turreted vessel, but was also a ram. She was smaller than the Ericsson Monitors, being 200 feet in length over all, having a beam, which was 5 feet long. She had a beam of 36 feet, with a depth of hold of 11 feet 6 inches, and drew 9 feet of water. Her sides sloped inward at an angle of thirty-seven degrees, to shed the enemy's shot.

She was built of iron, and her armor extended nearly four feet below the water-line. The horizontal deck was five feet above the water-line. Her propelling power was furnished by two propellers and two engines of five hundred horse power. The hull of the vessel was composed of half-inch rolled iron. She had three keelsons running the whole length of the vessel, and two fore and aft bulkheads, leaving on each side a space, and forming an inner skin, which would probably keep out the water in the event of the outer skin being pierced by shot. In addition to these she had two bulk-heads—one forward and one aft—which could be filled with water, so as to sink the vessel down while in action. These could be filled in fifteen minutes and pumped out in forty minutes. In using the ram, should the vessel be wrenched so as to cause leakage, the compartment alluded to was to preserve the vessel from sinking. The ram was constructed so as to be the appliance of these water-tanks.

The armament was remarkable, the gun revolving to the three ports placed in each turret. They weighed each 40 tons, and were built of a ground-work of half-inch rolled plates, like the vessel herself, and had a face four inches thick, standing edgeways, placed one and a quarter inches apart, the interstices being filled with yellow pine. Over all this were three plates, each five-eighths of an inch thick, having also strutted bolts together which are one-eighth inch bolts, with countersunk heads, one foot apart. The turrets, therefore, were built of a solid mass twelve inches thick. Each turret had three ports, with heavy shutters working in two halves—one port on each side, and one forward and aft. Each turret contained an 11-inch gun, carrying a 180-pound shot. These guns moved on revolving carriages, which were placed on a floor 10 inches below the level of the deck, their giving a greater height to the ports, which were 20 feet in diameter, and 7 feet 6 inches at the top—being cone-shaped—and 8 feet 8 inches high. The turrets were additionally supported within by a bent of five by six inch iron, on edge-rays, fifteen inches apart; and the ports were made sufficiently large to give the guns a complete vertical and slight forward lateral range.

The rudder and propeller were guarded by an overhanging structure and a wrought guard on the after-part. This little vessel carried one hundred men all told. She had capacity in her coal-bunkers for two hundred 11-inch shot, one hundred and fifty 11-inch shell, with shrapnel and canister, small ammunition and powder for service. She appeared admirably calculated for river work, her light draught and compact form, by means of her propellers, fitting her especially for intricate navigation. Her builder was confident that, though in some respects a novel one, he was confident that, though in some respects a novel one, he had succeeded in found as shot-proof and serviceable as any; and the care and completeness with which he personally superintended, and multiplied tests of the offense and defense, gave hopes of a most efficient boat. Mr. Whitney was one of the earliest to urge the employment of building a shot-proof fleet, and his studies in the question, as well as his knowledge of the qualities of iron, gave his opinions weight.

The ventilation of the vessel had been carefully attended to, and the accommodations for the officers and crew were of an excellent character.

In many points the details of the vessel were new and interesting. For instance, the air-tube for portion of the sides of the *Keokuk* could be thrown open to admit light and air, and, of course, to effect the expulsion of foul air; and there being a passage on each side of the vessel, communication, as we learn to the style, an extensive circulation of air was kept up without artificial means, although such means were provided, and which would, in the opinion of many, have rendered the vessel, in point of ventilation, second to none.

ERICSSON'S DEVIL.

On page 269 we give a drawing and plan of the famous new weapon of naval warfare known as ERICSSON'S DEVIL. It is intended to destroy torpedoes, and had it done its work at Charleston, our iron-clads would not have been repulsed on 7th. Four of these devils were made here and sent down to Charleston. All four were lost on the way. One, however, was picked up at sea, and is now in the hands of Admiral Dupont. It seems, however, not to have been used in the attack on 7th.



THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH PIRATE "ALABAMA."

THE IRON-CLADS AT CHARLESTON.

On pages 264 and 265 we publish two views of Charleston Harbor—one from the Battery, looking seaward, and showing Fort Sumter in the distance; another from our blockading fleet, showing the entrance to the harbor, with our iron-clads just over the bar.

The following narrative of the attack of 7th is from the officers of the *Keokuk:*

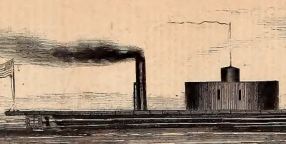
The fleet, after leaving Hilton Head, rendezvoused in the mouth of the Edisto. Several days were occupied in gathering the vessels and making final arrangements—issuing orders and otherwise arranging for the great combat. All being completed, the fleet left in detachments, and assembled off Charleston on Sunday, the 5th instant. The iron-clad fleet crossed the bar and entered Charleston Harbor on Monday. The *Keokuk*, drawing less water than any of the others, was sent in first, to find the channel and replace the buoys. Proceeding up the main ship-channel, the *Keokuk* found an easy and unobstructed entrance, with full eighteen feet of water in the shallowest places—more than has ever before been on Charleston bar. The buoys were replaced without difficulty, the rebels offering no opposition.

The *Keokuk* returned to the fleet, and on the morning of the 7th the order was given the Iron-clads to enter the harbor. The order was to proceed in single file, or in line ahead. The *Weehawken* was the leading vessel, having in front of her a scow, and then between the scow and herself Ericsson's torpedo exploder, or "devil," as it has been called.

The Ironsides, with Admiral Dupont on board, was the fifth in line, and the *Keokuk* the last. In this order the bar was passed in safety, without detention.

The order given to the commanders of the various vessels was to keep on straight up the harbor until they were within one thousand yards of the forts, and then to attack, directing their efforts principally against Fort Sumter.

In this order the fleet moved on steadily and gallantly up toward Forts Sumter and Moultrie, the rebels unbuoying their forts until they got well up into the harbor. The *Ironsides* stopped off Fort Moultrie to cast her anchor, it being dangerous to take her farther up on account of her draught of water. At this moment there seemed to be a temporary misunderstanding, and all the iron-clads, except the *Weehawken* and the *Keokuk*, gathered about the *Ironsides*, apparently supposing that she had given the signal for their assistance. They were, however, soon signaled to go into action. The *Keokuk* and *Weehawken* kept steadily on; she led the line, and had advanced to within four hundred yards of Fort Sumter, against whose granite walls she hailed her heavy shot with all the rapidity that the energy of her brave crew could furnish. The rebels, as was expected, immediately concentrated their fire on the *Keokuk*, which seemed to lead in the attack. From Sumter, Moultrie, Batteries Beauregard on Cummings Point, and from a fort erected on the middle ground, the fire of four or five hundred guns were concentrated in a terrible ball upon the devoted vessel. Such a fire had never, perhaps, in the history of the world been equaled. It was met by the officers of the *Keokuk* with heroic fortitude, while the balls were striking her at the rate of one every second. Her guns were worked with vigor and precision, and their weight and force were already making their mark upon the walls of Sumter.



A, Raft.—B, Torpedo-catcher.—C, Battery.—D, Infernal Machine.



DECK PLAN.

A, Ericsson Battery.—B, Turret.—C, Pilot-house.—D, Smoke-stack.—E, Raft or Devil.—F, Lock String.—G, Infernal Machine.

THE ERICSSON DEVIL AND "WEEHAWKEN."

It soon, however, became apparent that she had some of the impregnability of Ericsson's Monitors—that, in fact, she was a failure. The rebel balls seemed to penetrate her as easily as if a wooden vessel. The port-holes or shutters of her turrets became jammed and her guns practically unserviceable.

During the thirty minutes she remained under this concentrated fire one hundred shot struck her, ninety of which were water-line shots, or such as would cause her to leak in a seaway. In fact, she was perfectly riddled. Her flag was shot into tatters and the whole of her sides battered, bruised, and pierced. Perceiving the severe injuries she had received, the Admiral signaled her to retire out of action and anchor beyond range. This was safely accomplished.

In the mean time the Monitors *Nahant* and *Catskill* had moved up to the support of the *Keokuk*, and engaged Fort Sumter. The *Ironsides* and other vessels at longer range were dividing their attention between Moultrie and Sumter. Into and on the latter fort a heavy fire was thus poured, and, it is believed, not without effect.

The engagement was kept up from one until four o'clock, when, in obedience to the Admiral's signals, the fleet retired slowly, receiving and returning the rebel fire until they anchored out of range within the bar.

The *Weehawken* was assigned the important duty which was faithfully performed in the midst of the fight, to examine, and, if possible, to fire the obstructions which the rebels have extended across the harbor from Fort Sumter to Moultrie. Protected by the *scow* and the "devil" in front of her, she pushed straight up toward the obstructions. They were found to consist of a net-work of chains and cables stretched across the harbor, over which it was impossible for the *Weehawken* to run without fouling her propeller, and which she found it impossible to force. To the net-work the rebels are supposed to have suspended torpedoes and other submarine explosives. Having completed examination, and tested the impossibility of working up the harbor until means are devised for the removal of these obstructions, the *Weehawken* returned and reported to Admiral Dupont, who ordered a discontinuance of the conflict.

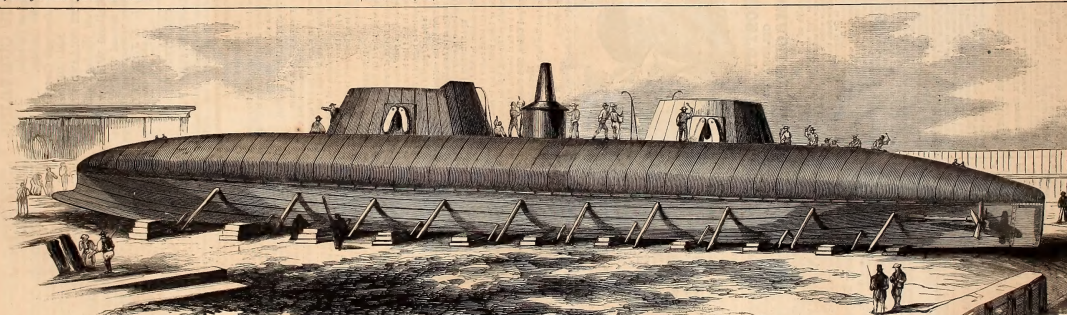
It is believed that the damage done to Fort Sumter by our fire was serious. So far as it showed externally it consisted in two embrasures being knocked into one, and numerous indentations in the wall, which, it is believed, a few hours more pounding would convert into a serious breach. What damage or loss of life was sustained in the interior of the fort is not, of course, known, but it is believed to have been considerable.

Fort Moultrie was also well hammered, and at least one gun was dismounted. Beyond the sinking of the *Keokuk*, the damage to the iron-clads was very slight, not more than would require twenty-four hours to repair. They all came out of the contest in fighting trim, and able to have continued the conflict had it been desirable.

The *Ironsides* was hit frequently, but besides having one port shutter injured was unharmed.

Our informant heard of no serious casualties on board any of the vessels except the *Keokuk*. This vessel sunk next morning, about one thousand yards from Morris Island beach. She had thirteen wounded, two of whom, including Acting-Ensign McIntosh, will probably die.

The "devil" was not lost, as stated by the rebel dispatches. When the *Weehawken* returned from the reconnoissance of the obstructions, the scow she had in tow broke loose and grounded off Morris Island. The rebels, thinking it a dangerous affair, peppered away at it, thinking it was the "devil," or something worse.



THE IRON-CLAD "KEOKUK" ON THE WAYS BEFORE LAUNCHING.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

ADMIRAL DUPONT.

We publish on page 257 a portrait of ADMIRAL DUPONT, commanding our fleet off Charleston.

Samuel F. Dupont is a native of Delaware, and is about sixty years of age. He entered the navy on 19th December, 1815, and rose steadily in his profession to the rank of Captain. At the outbreak of the war he had been twenty-two years at sea, and eight and a half years on active duty on shore. From 1839 to 1861 he was commandant of the Navy-yard at Philadelphia. When the war broke out he was appointed Commodore, and was given the command of the naval expedition against Beaufort, South Carolina.

On 5th November he made his first reconnaissance of the rebel batteries at Hilton Head, Bay Point, the operation being very similar to the affair of 7th inst. at Charleston. Having drawn the rebel fire, and ascertained the position of the batteries, the Admiral (then Commodore) made every preparation for the attack, which was commenced on 7th November, and terminated in the surrender of the two forts within a few hours. Dupont's plan of attack, the vessels sailing in a circle, and delivering an incessant fire, has been the subject of much encomium.

Ever since this affair Dupont has remained in command of the fleet of the Department of the South. He has lately been mustering his ironclads for the bombardment of Charleston, and on 7th made a preliminary attack, of which we give an account on another page. Having felt the enemy, the gallant Admiral is now in a position to make a real attack as soon as his preparations are completed.

THE SUMTER MEETING.

We illustrate on page 260 the MASS WAR MEETING which was held in Union Square in this city on 11th inst. The following account is from the *Tribune*:

The Sumter rally on Saturday at Union Square was a triumphant gathering of the loyal people of the commercial metropolis. The meeting was in the concourse immense; the speeches patriotic and eloquent. The stands were erected for the occasion, and the vast accumulation of the orators and musicians, and upon each platform were flags of stars, with the stripes and bars of the Union. The magnificent statue of WASHINGTON was decked with a festoon of red, white, and blue, with ornaments, and trimmed with evergreen. The vast acreage of people pouring in from every street and at an early hour surged about the stands, forming a sea of upturned faces beaming with patriotic devotion to their country. Many of the public buildings and large offices on Broadway and other parts of the city had the National flag flying during the day. Captain Newbery and Henry Brewster made a brave pass, from which the stars and one hundred and fifty guns was fired. The police arrangements, under Inspector Carpenter, were all that could be desired, and the utmost order was preserved throughout the day. It was a magnificent mass meeting of the loyal citizens of New York, who, forgetting their party associations, and party and factious issues, made haste to show their allegiance to the flag which had been struck from its staff by rebel cannon at Fort Sumter two years ago. When the speaking commenced, Union Square presented an imposing and animated scene. Here the wicked locks of Daniel S. Dickinson were streaming in the wind, while his pungent sentences stirred the souls of his auditors with intense emotion; there Governor Morton of Indiana reasoned of the righteousness of our cause and the judgment that will come upon traitors, while Generals Frémont and Sigel, at different stands, but almost within hearing of each other, moved their hearers with a spirit of enthusiasm which was expressed in cheer upon cheer and sentiments of high commendation. Handkerchiefs and flags were waved by the fair hands of ladies who filled the doorways, windows, and balconies that border the Square, and the booming cannon seemed to give emphasis to the sentiments so splendidly applauded. The short pauses between the speeches were filled with music almost harmoniously with the momentary eloquence of the speakers.

OUR JUBILEE.

Ah, you can calmly state of that glad day
When wars tumultuous cry shall cease,
And a proud nation's veins taken up the lay
Of universal peace.

Yes, you can give that time brave welcoming,
Right royal stand among your fellow-men,
And set the echoes flying till they sing
The triumph strain again.

Why not? Your household lights still brightly burn!
You've never watched them paling on your sight,
Till reddest sparks of their fairest gleam
And faded into night.

By decoded hearth, with head bowed low,
You have not felt the heart of wife despair,
Waiting in anguish for the coming blow,
And mourn for strength in fear.

Nor yet in feverish dreams have fobby hair,
And seen your loved, with faulty-jabbing breath,
Lying on battle-field in mortal gasping pain,
Wrestling alone with death.

Nay, more than this. No hour within your life
Has held the anguish of that fearful day,
When I had only reading dooms and strife,
And knelt, but could not pray.

"Thy will!" It is an easy thing to say
When those you love most feath you your breast,
When in your arms they breathe their life away,
And sweetly sink to rest.

But oh! 'tis hard, and pallid lips are dumb,
When dear ones die afar from kindred ties;
But God forgives, and in the days that come
The sorrow sanctifies.

I'm very weak. Your words were lily said.
I'm glad your household lights have never waned;
That you have not to mourn o'er loved ones dead
Ere Freedom's heights were gained.

'Tis meet that you should rather in the hour
That gives to you the land redeemed and free,
With mirth, and shout, and cannon's mighty roar,
And song of jubilee.

But oh! I tell you, there are some that day
Who'll pray for strength rebellious thoughts to calm.
For whom will rise above victorious lay
A sad, funereal psalm:

Who'll say in tears, with lowly, drooping head,
"We can not join in song and jubilee,
And redeemed! than has our martyred dead."
Their blood hath ransomed them!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES

upon the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discoloured spots on the skin show more strongly on them than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and any thing that will remove such patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. FERRY, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove Moth Patches and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty — DISEASES OF THE SCALP AND LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE IN EVERY CASE.

DR. B. C. FERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.
For full particulars of

Diseased Scalps,
Loss of Hair and Blanching,

See last week's "Harper's Weekly," or send for a circular.

All Constitutions Free.

All inquiries or other communications, address Dr. B. C. FERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, exclusively for a circular.

Mme. Gillespie's Dress Making and Pattern Rooms, 467 Broadway, N. Y. Those in want of superior fitting dresses, and the most reliable paper patterns, plain or trimmed, should give her a call, or send to her establishment. Styles received by every steamer.

REFRIGERATORS.



Schooley & Wright's Patent Self Ventilating ICEBERG and ICE-KING Refrigerators. PRICES $4 AND UP. WARDS. A liberal discount to the trade. Families solicited to try them.

☞ Call and examine our stock or send for illustrated pamphlets.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
No. 359 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.



FOR FARMERS AND MILLERS. May be driven by steam power, or horse power.

ANTI-FRICTION HORSE POWER, for driving Corn and other machines. The best, cheapest, and makes the shortest PREMIUMS wherever exhibited. Circulars sent by R. H. BENNET, 49 Greene St., New York.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge for the Union Party of the United States. Passes: per hundred, $10. Per thousand to Clubs, $60. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.



Sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 50c., 85c., and 1$ per box. Corns, Bunions, Ulcers and Inverted Nails, Enlarged and Diseased Joints, and all other diseases of the feet skillfully and successfully treated without pain. Dr. J. BRIGGS, Surgeon Chiropodist, 274 Broadway, New York. Send for Circular.

SMALL POX

CURED IN 12 HOURS. Mrs. J. T. LEE'S Remedy for Small Pox is the most startling discovery in the history of medicine. It cures the fearful disease in 12 hours. Leaves no scar, and is a sure preventive, when taken with Vaccination. Send a stamp for a pamphlet.
Depot 58 Cedar Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 53 assorted cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Price per pack mailed free on receipt of 75c. Dollar The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

359. Old Prices. 359.

LACE CURTAINS,

Nottingham Curtains,
Muslin Curtains,
Brocatelle Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,

WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
Gold Window Shades,
Buff Holland Window Shades,
Green Holland Window Shades.
THE BEST UPHOLSTERERS EMPLOYED.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
359. 359 BROADWAY, 359.
New York.

CONSTITUTION, vs.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

It is the state of the Constitution that determines the character of local diseases; and local diseases may be also traced as the cause of bringing on a proportional constitutional derangement. Hence the importance of

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

in either case is hardly to be estimated. The organs of the stomach and bowels almost seem supreme in aiding a restoration to health with their assistance.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE.

FROM THE REV. D. S. MERRITT.

New Brunswick, Jan. 5, 1857.

I am now 52 years of age. 20 years of my past life I spent in the ministry. For 20 years I have used Brandreth's Pills as my family medicine, and I wish no other. During that time I have had no occasion to call in any physician to my family, save in the sickness of my wife with children.

D. N. MERRITT.

Associate publisher of the Brunswick Fredonian.

DR. THOMAS R. HAZARD, of Portsmouth, R. I., says:

"That twenty-seven years experience with this medicine confirms his belief that in very few cases would the Physician's services be required if Brandreth's Pills were promptly used in the early stages of disease."

MR. D. J. TENNEY, the well-known Jeweler of New York, now residing at the Astor House, was cured of dyspepsia and costiveness of many years' standing by

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

when all other medicines had failed.

In dizziness and influenza, now to some extent prevailing, no safer or better medicine can be used. They are entirely vegetable and innocent, vide the testimony of Dr. Chilton, which is on file at the office, 294 Canal Street.

Principal Office, 294 Canal Street,
Brandreth House.

Be sure and get New Style, which insures you the genuine and new pills.

B. BRANDRETH.

☞ Sold also, No. 4 Union Square, New York.

Humphrey's

SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES have proved, from the most ample experience, an ENTIRE SUCCESS — Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest public praise from Physicians, the Press, and the People, and will always render satisfaction.

		Price of Single Bottle.
1.	Cures Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.	25
2.	" Worm Fever, Worm Colic, &c.	25
3.	" Colic, Teething, Crying of Infants.	25
4.	" Diarrhea of Children or Adults.	25
5.	" Dysentery, Bloody Flux, Colic.	25
6.	" Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.	25
7.	" Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis.	25
8.	" Toothache, Faceache, Neuralgia.	25
9.	" Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo.	25
10.	" Dyspepsia, Weak, or Bilious Stomach.	25
11.	" Suppressed, Scanty, or Painful Periods.	25
12.	" Leucorrhea or Whites, Profuse Periods.	25
13.	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.	25
14.	" Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Erysipelas.	25
15.	" Rheumatism, and Rheumatic Pains.	25
16.	" Fever and Ague, Old and Obstinate.	50
17.	Piles, Internal or Blind or Bleeding.	50
18.	" Pulmonary, Weak or Inflamed Eyes.	50
19.	" Catarrh, Acute, Chronic, Dry, or Flowing.	50
20.	" Whooping Cough.	50
21.	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing.	50
22.	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing.	50
23.	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.	50
24.	" General Debility, or Nervous Weakness.	50
25.	" Dropsy, Fluid Accumulations.	50
26.	" Sea Sickness, Prostration, Vertigo.	50
27.	" Urinary Diseases, Gravel, Renal Calculi.	50
28.	" Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges and Nervous Debility.	100
29.	Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or children	50
30.	" Urinary Incontinence, Wetting the Bed.	50
31.	" Painful Periods, Pressure or Spasms.	50
32.	" Suffering at Change of Life, Flushes.	100
33.	" Epilepsy and Spasms, Chorea, St. Vitus' Dance.	100

PRICE.

Case of Thirty-five vials in morocco case, and Book, complete. $6 00
Case of Twenty-eight large vials in morocco, and Book. 5 00
Case of Twenty large vials in morocco, and Book. 7 00
Case of Twenty large vials, plain case, and Book. 4 00
Case of Ten Boxes (Nos. 1 to 10), and Book. 3 00
Case of any Six boxes (Nos. 1 to 10), and Book. 1 00
Single boxes, with directions, 25 cents, or $1.

☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country by Mail or Express, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Address

DR. HUMPHREYS,
Office and Depot No. 562 Broadway, New York.

DR. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, as above, for all forms of disease.



AMBOLINE
MOISTENS,
BEAUTIFIES,
ODORATES,
LUNGTHENS,
INVIGORATES,
NOURISHES,
EMBELLISHES
the
HAIR.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating extracts from Flowers, Roots, and Herbs, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERFECT PRESERVATION of HAIR.

"Bundled where the hair requires a gentle stimulant." DR. CHILTON.

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair-dressing." WARREN CARD, Esq.,
No. 297 Canal Street, New York.

"After being BALD for three years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with NEW HAIR." PROF. JOHN SENIA, No. 28 Bleecker St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers. Put up in boxes, containing 1 bottle, price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 542 Broadway, New York.

BACK NUMBERS and BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY, kept always on hand by
A. WINCH, 505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Annapolis, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union Troops, will be sent, all bill rates, by the UNION EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects unequaled. Send for a circular. Liberal terms to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 335 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c. Near to seaboard, 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—20 acres tracts of from $10 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Markets are selling. Apply to ISAAC E. LANDIS, P. O. Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Farmers sent free. From Chicago, Philadelphia, or Boston.

It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost local position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have published

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. CARELL, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

PRINCIPIA LATINA, PART I. A First Latin Course, comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., Author of the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" and the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Authorities." Carefully Revised and Improved by Professor HENRY DRISLER, of Columbia College, New York. 12mo, Flexible Cloth Binding, 60 cents.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Sentinels. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Major-General, U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. *Approved by the War Department.* 16mo, Flexible Cloth, 60 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Case Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	25 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " "	2 50 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Sleeve Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
2000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 10 00 each.
2000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
2000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Lockets, with Vial Medicine	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens Tipped with Iridium and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed, and when ordered, are taken out at random, regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then if it is for your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, prepaying postage, and also for the Gift, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 10 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
292 Broadway, New York.

First Display of Spring Novelties.

1863.

F. Derby & Company, Merchant Tailors,

Still continue to make up Clothing to order in their usual well-known style of excellence, from an unlimited variety of all the materials of their own importation, and at *Popular Prices*. 57 Walker Street, New York.

MOUNT KISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Mount Kisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Established Stationery, Jewelry, Note Paper Warehouse, 302 Broadway, 1849. 13th Established 1849. 13th For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY prescribed in the practice of this terrible disease, and exterminates it root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

Good Looking!

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE."—A new system of Physiognomy. Eyes, Ears, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, with all "Signs of Character," and "How to Read Them." Also Physiology, Lithology, Phrenology, Temperaments, Hints to the Fastidious on Dress, &c., &c., all 31 a year, or 10 cents a Number. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

"How to Get a Patent."

A 3 cent stamp secures a copy of the "INVENTOR'S GUIDE." Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Army and Navy Almanac

For 1863.

With Tables of Reference on matters of special interest to the United Services. Edited by Hon. Percy Pope. Cloth, 38 cents; Turks, 60 cents. Sent free by mail on receipt of price. For sale by
D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee,

25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to Coffees usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Mocha, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a box, with full directions for use. For sale generally by grocers, prices 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT, GILLIES & BRO., 238, 235 and 237 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels as well with the utmost care and promptitude. Watches so forwarded are registered, if we take special charge, all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery.

Improved Gold Sterling Silver Im. ENGLISH LEVERS, in good running order, and warranted accurate timepieces. This is a genuine watch pattern, made expressly for American Army and Navy use. They are mounted in a very handsome manner, with *Hughes' strong mark, everything else complete*, all in 18k, they are known as the Celebrated Model, *Leads' Illustrated News* of Feb. 21st, '63, says: "HUBBARD'S Watches will become popular, and they will deserve their reliability and accuracy. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and branches." The price is Seventy-five DOLLARS ($75) per case of six, being about *one-third* the usual selling prices. Letters, when duly paid will be readily retail for a larger price. Postage, per case, $1 84.

RAILWAY TIMEKEEPERS, for Army Specialties.—"*Dederick and Nany Gazette, of Philadelphia*, in its February Number, says:—"This importation of the HUBBARD BROS., of New York, fills a long felt want being a handsome and serviceable Watch at an extremely low price. *Superior to any and equal to Jacobs, decidedly the most taking novelties out!* Should retail at from fifty to $70 each. *The price is Seventy-five and gold and silver, with fancy colored hands and beautiful dials*, with superior movements, accurately timed and only by the case of six of assorted designs. Engraved and superior finished movements, best pivots and fitted up in fine gold. Fifty EIGHT DOLLARS ($48). By mail, postage, $1 85 per case.

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS. the Perfection of Watches.—"*Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Open Face, or Lady's or Gentlemen's Watch Combining all the qualities of a perfect TIMEKEEPER.—"*The New York Illustrated News*, the leading pictorial paper of the United States, says:—"We have been shown a neat pocket watch, manufactured by HUBBARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and desirable watches we have ever seen. Superior for general and reliable use over offered. It has within it and connected with the back of the case, a small compass, rendering it perfectly entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of Silver, and are made to wear as well as 18 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted as accurate timekeeper. The dial is finely engraved, per case of half dozen, $234 00. Sample Watch-Price, $40 00. Postage, $1 85. Single Watches not sent by wholesale, $45. If sent by mail the postage is 26 cents. Retail, at $70 and upwards.

EZF We have no agents or circulars. Buyers must deal on their own judgment. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. CASH IN ADVANCE. Remittances may be made in United States Bank Notes, Post Office Orders, or Drafts, at par. If you wish goods sent by mail, enclose the amount of the postage with the order. HUBBARD BROS., Address in full. REGISTERED LETTERS ONLY ARE SAFE. ADDRESS

HUBBARD BROS.,
North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS."—See Dr. Scott's Electric Hair and Whisker *Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 2500 sold. 10th Edition. Price only 25c., 3 for $1. Mailed free. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

Soldiers, to the Rescue!—Young men, rushing into the expensive luxury of a Soldier's life, should prepare themselves for the fatal Fevers, the Dysentery, the Sores and Scurvy, which are almost certain to follow. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, used occasionally during the campaign, will insure sound health to every man. Only 25 cents per box.

More than 100 Years.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

Have been made and successfully used as the *great* and *true* MEDICINE OF THE WORLD for more than One Hundred Years.

They are to be found in every civilized country, and have long since established the character they now enjoy, by Commerce. Purely vegetable, they never injure, but cleanse the system from the impurities that are the source of disease.

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
OBTAIN THE NEW STYLE.

Sold at No. 4 Union Square, and by all Dealers. Principal Office, 294 Canal Street, corner of Church, N. Y.

$ Something New. Agents wanted. For circulars and terms inclose stamp. S. W. RICE & CO., 48 Nassau St., N. Y., and 109 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
of July 1862, Class 30.

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Jurors. Commissioners' Report, page 30. Sold by grocers and manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries. Recommended by the faculty for food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most skeptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isin-glass, with few eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Rolls. It is a substitute for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. It is the cream making and cream raising agent. Is put boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, &c., &c. Is the best for infants, puddings, under the Duryea's Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children. Sold by Druggists, Fancy Goods by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island. Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

W. DURYEA, General Agent.

FOR SALE.—A double cylinder Printing Press, 8, 9, 10 by 15, 16, Makers—the Press on which "Harper's Weekly" has heretofore been printed. Sold only for want of use, the increased circulation of the "Weekly" requiring Hoe's large four cylinder Press. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS.

Everybody should have a *Stencil Plate* to mark their CLOTHING! A plate with your name cut in it, a bottle of Indelible Ink, a Brush, and Directions, sent by mail, post-paid, for **50** cents. Address
S. L. BAKER, Lawrence, Mass.

MANTILLAS,
BRODIE'S
GRAND OPENING
FOR
Spring Mantillas
Took place this Week at
300 Canal Street.
Never before has he made a better
DISPLAY,
and claims still to be
"The Leader of Fashions."

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. CATALOGUE and Price, Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 81 Park Row, N. Y.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money—Rising 4000 copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 80 years relating to several thousand intestate and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. To search for name, $5. Copy of entire Annual $1, in bankable funds. All letters must be post-paid. Address
HODGSON GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum, Scurfy Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 12 for Gents', $1 50 for Boys', $1 37 for Misses'.

Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to pension. Widows and children of deceased officers, all kinds of Pensions, Pay, Prize, Bounty, N. Y.

Important to Army and Navy Officers.



Portable and powerful double Telescope, or Field Glass, by which they can see at and 3 miles distinctly. The instrument is neat and brilliant, defiance of the instrument. The reader is better armed for the purpose than any other glass.

Price from $50 to $60, according to size and power.

Catalogues sent free by mail, on receipt of stamp.
SEMMONS, Optician,
609 Broadway, cor. Bond Street, N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

DEAF! DEAF!

ARTIFICIAL EARS, OF SOUND MAGNIFIER, for the Deaf. Send your address and a pamphlet will be sent. Address E. HASLAM, No. 33 John St., New York.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
For the Rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP,
ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonary disease, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to adduce evidence of its virtues in any community where it has been employed. So wide is the field of its operations, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds with persons publicly known, who have been rescued from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where it is known its character for the cure of pulmonary maladies what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. And not only is formidable attacks upon the lungs that it conquers, but dangerous affections of COLDS, COUGHS, HOARSENESS, &c.; and for CHILDREN, it is the pleasantest and most reliable that can be obtained.

As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need do more than assure the people the quality is kept up to the best that it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to aid by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

KING'S NEW COLLECTION
OF
CHURCH MUSIC.

Mostly Selected from the Works of the Great Masters. With a Separate Organ Accompaniment. By WILLIAM A. KING, *Sister of the "Grand Church Collection," &c.*

The favor with which Mr. King's previous works have been received, and its great continued popularity, will insure for this a cordial welcome. Finely printed, and bound in Boards, $2 00—$18 per dozen. Turkey Morocco, $3 00. *Sisters, Beaten.* Copies mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

CHOCOLATE

Of the very best grades, cheaper, very nutritious, and more healthful than Tea and Coffee

FOR FAMILY USE.

Also Confectionery of every variety, warranted pure.
PALMER & CO.,
Formerly Sturtevan & Palmer, Steam Manufacturing Establishment, 66 and 68 Duane Street, just East of Broadway.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 112 Chambers St.

Just Published,

Read! Read! Read!

A Voice from Richmond.

Being a Southern History, entitled,

"The First Year of the War."

Written in Richmond, Va., by E. A. Pollard (Author of "Black Diamonds," &c.), Editor LOYELL'S RICHMOND DISPATCH. VERY INTERESTING. Mailed free on receipt of price. Bound in Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 25. Usual discount to the trade. Address
AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, N. Y.

LIQUID EXTRACT OF COFFEE, Manufactured by Karrer & Myers, 192 Pearl St., N. Y. Send for circular.

DO YOUR HAIR LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Unguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post-free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Buffalo, Mass.

CANVASSING AGENTS WANTED
UPON
ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDITIONS
OF THE
History of the Great Rebellion,
AND OTHER
Good Paying Subscription Books.
Address M. C. MILLER, No. 25 Park Row, New York.

LA DECALCOMANIE.—A beautiful Art by which anyone can surprising persons of either sex can claim from $5 to $10 per day. No capital is required, and the material can be had at 5 cents. A knowledge of this Art is worth $500 to persons having leisure evenings. Full instructions sent for 25 cents. G. MALLISH, Worcester, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S—Mark's Radical Cure Trees Office, corner of Nassau and John Streets. No connection with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For May, 1863.

CONTENTS

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—J. HULL'S CAMPAIGN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Portrait of William Hull.—Portrait of Lewis Cass.—Portrait of Isaac Brock.—Portrait of Tecumseh.—Bloody Run.—Colonel Baby's House.—View at Riviere aux Canards.—Fort Malden.—Fort Mackinack.—Barracks at Sandwich.—Fort Niagara, from Fort George.—Magazine Battle-Ground.—Fort Erie.—Fort Chippewa.—Portrait of Tecumtha.—Portrait of Duncan M'Arthur.

A SUMMER MORNING.

NETTIE'S SHELLS.

ILLUSTRATION.—Nettie's Shells.—NETTIE Enslaved.—Nettie Enfranchised.

THE CRUISE OF A SCIENCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Camping by Lenden.—False Key and Wedges.—Jack-in-the-Box.—Sawing Iron Bars Drill.—The Improved Safe-Drill.—The Panel-Cutter.—The Door-Frame.—Safe Door Nipper.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.—IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XLII. Romola in her Place.

CHAPTER XLIII. The Disenchanted Bride.

CHAPTER XLIV. The Visible Madonna.

CHAPTER XLV. At the Barber's Shop.

CHAPTER XLVI. By a Street Lamp.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Romola and Tito Melema.—The Visible Madonna.—A Dangerous Colleague.

THE ART OF HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER XIX. The Squire makes a Visit to the Small Town.

CHAPTER XX. Dr. Crofts.

CHAPTER XXI. John Rann Senior encounters two Adventure, and displays great Courage in both.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Rann's Reminiscences. Meditations.—"There's Mr. Harding."—"And have I not really loved you?"

HOUSELESS.

IN LOUISIANA.

A TRIP TO THE CAUCASUS.

LITERARY.—In Three Parts.—PART I.

THE DEBUT OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES.

A THEORY WORKED OUT.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO FRUIT.

A TALK WITH JEFFERSON.

BEST.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

OUTWARD BOUND.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY DRAWER.

MR. PIGG'S PICTURE GALLERY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Books, Pamphlets and Domestic Sketches.—II. South Side: Originals by American Artists. New York Exhibition.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Street Dress.—Home Toilet.

The pages of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, from the first Number to the commencement of the twenty-five Conts they will send any Number by mail, postpaid. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be mailed, post-paid, to any place in the United States, within 3000 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, will be sent by express, the purchaser paying the express, the freight at the charges of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
A Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Two subscribers, at $2 50 each, or Copies for $12 50.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 13 Copies for $25.

☞ Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS Particular to desire to advertise in *Harper's Magazine or Harp's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, as they cannot be responsible for money sent to Agents, but with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are satisfied.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



KEEPING JOHN BULL'S SCORE.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY YEAR SIX PER CENT BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO SIX PER CENT FIVE-TWENTY BONDS AT PAR will cease. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

A Speculation.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a Soldier to send to the Army. No Soldier should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make from $5 to $15 PER DAY.* WATCH, *warranted as a perfect Time-Keeper*, presented free to all Agents. Packages in colors varied and all gift prizes. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York; largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles, Frederick Stevens,
315 *Pearl Street, New York.*
63 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

ARMY WATCHES.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Jewelled Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. CHAS. P. SMITH & CO., 39 & 40 Ann St., N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.
RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols. Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

LANDS, all vacating Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, in previous page.

Hilton's Insoluble Cement

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, *and will not decompose or become corrupt. It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will unite Leather and Linoleum to Boots and Shoes* sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use. It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will admirably substances firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO., Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2 oz. to 100 lbs.

For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

National Union League.
To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by this organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a Pin in fine 18-k. gold plate, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of 5-3 cents. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 598 Broadway, New York.

Brown & Wilson,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.
LEWIS M. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON.

7 3-10 U. S. Treasury Notes, U. S. 6 per Cent Debt Certificates, Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver bought and sold.

Commission Dealers in Stocks, Bonds, and Securities. Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston,
John J. Cisco, Lewis Taylor.

Lewis B. Brown has removed from 31 Chambers Street to 19 Wall Street.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 100 per cent. profit. Sport Watch free to Agents. $10 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Selling at Retail, at 377 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds the weight, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. ROGERS, late PRATT, ROBINSON & Co., 170 William St., N. Y.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For (new Edition of) Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. L. BEARS, 377 West 52d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Ades, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Now Ready.
THE ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE.
BY
O. M. MITCHEL, LL.D.
(Formerly director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories, late Major-General U. S. V.)
1 Vol. 12mo, 324 pages. Price $1 25.
Sent by mail, pre-paid, on receipt of the price.
BLAKEMAN & MASON, Publishers,
21 Murray Street, N. Y.

Agents. Agents. Agents.
New Inducements.

A splendid WATCH, COMBINE TRADESMEN, that will sell for $15, given free to every Agent. We offer these extra inducements to get our celebrated Cement more thoroughly introduced. The *Original* Richards & Co.'s *Union Crystal Cement* is warranted to stand *hot water and fire*, and mend any article of the following substances for $5 will be paid for every bottle that fails: all kinds Furniture, Glass, China, Pearl, Leather, Porcelain, Bone, Coral, Stone, Marble, Alabaster, Jet, and Ivory. Try it on every broken article. One bottle will save every family $20. We give a rich present, valued from 50 cents to $5, with every bottle, so that no one can lose by buying and trying the article. There has been so many humbug cements in the market, that we find this necessary to get the public to try our really genuine good cement. Sample box, containing 1 doz. Cements and 12 rich prizes, sent to any address on receipt of $1 75. Address
RICHARDS & CO., 438 Broadway, N. Y.

$20 American $20 Lever Watches.

HANDSOME HUNTING CASE GENUINE AMERICAN LEVERS, for $20, or a case of six for $110. Watches of every description at lowest wholesale prices.
A $1 orders from the Army must be pre-paid.
J. L. FERGUSON, 205 Broadway, N. Y.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
The largest and choicest
Assortment
in the City.
DEVLIN & CO.,
Broadway, N. Y.

W. J. SHARP'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, with PATENT CUSHIONS, well known to be superior to any now in use. Manufactory, 145 Fulton Street, New York.
☞ Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c., constantly on hand.

UNION ADAMS,
Hosier, Glover,
AND
SHIRT-MAKER,
No. 637 Broadway,
New York City.

IOΔHΣ. IODINE WATER.
PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, &c.
Dr. H. ANDRUS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 428 Broadway, N. Y.

Barnum's American Museum.
A GREAT NATURAL DOG SHOW
Will take place at the Museum on
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and
April 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1 and 2, 1863,
At which time upwards of
$2,200
Will be paid in premiums for the best breeds of Dogs, including whatever is most rare and beautiful among the canine species.
Circulars containing full particulars and list of premiums may be had on application at the Museum.



Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.
AGENTS WANTED.
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 397 Broadway.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied free.

GOLD PENS AND CASES AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—genuine goods. Also, the best Fountain Pen in the world. Send stamp for circular.
GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer,
64 Nassau Street, New York.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." 150 for 25c. All sizes. Free by mail. For all Sewing Machines and hand sewing. 447 Broadway, N. Y.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.
The
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,

Issues all the various and approved forms of Policies upon the most favorable terms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents Wanted.

DIRECTORS.

CYRUS CURTIS,	EFFINGHAM TOWNSEND,
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD,	WILLIAM F. MOTT, JR.,
ROBERT S. MEYLERT,	ANDREW V. STOUT,
GEORGE GRISWOLD,	ARIEL A. LOVE,
ROLAND G. MITCHELL,	GUSTA SCHWAB,
FREDERICK G. FOSTER,	WELLINGTON CLAPP,
GEO. NEWBOLD,	MERRITT TRIMBLE,
JOHN CASWELL,	LEOPOLD BIERWIRTH,
ARTHUR F. WILLAMARTH,	GEORGE A. ROBBINS,
THOMAS HOPE,	ROBERT B. WILLETS,
ELLWOOD WALTER,	JAMES B. JOHNSTON,
BENJAMIN W. BONNEY,	DAVID WAGSTAFF,
FRANKLIN F. RANDOLPH,	ABRAHAM BININGER,
FREDERICK W. MACY,	JAMES THOMSON,
HENRY SWIFT,	THOMAS A. PATTESON,
DAVID A. WOOD,	ROBERT H. BERDELL,
FREDERICK TRACY,	JOHN G. VOSS,
WM. H. ASPINWALL,	JOHN H. SHERWOOD,
HENRY W. PECK,	W. A. BREWER, Jr.,
GEORGE N. LAWRENCE,	JERE. C. GARTHWAITE,
THOMAS H. FAILE,	FREDERICK WOOD.
LEWIS P. BATTELLE,	FREDERICK CROSWELL,
JAMES PUNNETT,	MATTHEW MITCHELL,
LEVI P. MORTON,	THOMAS B. FITCH.
CYRUS CURTIS, President.	
C. NEWBOLD, V. Pres't.	W. A. BREWER, Jr., Secy.

C. Taylor's
Shirt, Hosiery,
AND
Glove House.
713 Broadway,
First Corner below N. Y. Hotel.

ATTENTION
50,000 Agents Wanted.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as samples, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Lover's Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 119 Nassau Street, New York.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Below Broome Street, N. Y.,
Are now offering Dining and Tea Sets at prices *a little less* than last month.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.



BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to FIT, and to WEAR
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this City.
Circular containing Drawings and prices sent free.

F.Y.S.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 26 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 270, Boston, Mass.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS, 115 Chambers st., N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 331.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



Rolling Cotton on Board the "Tatum."

COLLECTING CONFISCATED ANGLO-REBEL COTTON IN THE SOUTHWEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

IRON-CLADS.

THE fight at Charleston is the third practical test of iron-clad vessels. The first was the *Merrimac* drama, which proved that iron-clad vessels could resist ordinary shot; that iron-clad vessels with beaks could sink wooden vessels without suffering any serious injury; and that two iron-clad vessels might fight each other at close quarters without inflicting much damage. The second was the bombardment of Fort M'Allister, which proved that iron-clads of the *Monitor* type can bombard a fort within easy range, and sustain a pretty heavy fire without fatal injury. The third experiment proves that these same vessels can stand the heaviest fire ever known in the history of artillery at a distance of from 300 to 750 yards without being disabled.

Of the seven Monitors which took part in the Charleston fight only two were injured to any extent. These two received blows on the turret which impeded its revolution. None of the hulls were perforated, nor did a ball go through any single turret. Not a man on board of any of them lost his life. Yet these vessels, carrying only fourteen guns, were exposed, at a distance of from 300 to 750 yards, for a period of over half an hour, to a fire of 300 heavy guns, mounted in casemate batteries and heavy earth-works, and served with precision and vigor. It is admitted on all sides that the fleet could have passed Fort Sumter had they been able to override the obstructions, consisting of stakes, nets, and other artificial barriers armed with torpedoes.

We have thus determined a most important fact in naval warfare, which is, that vessels can be constructed of iron, or with iron plating, which can run the gauntlet of any batteries in existence. This is progress, undoubtedly; but not enough has been done as yet.

While we have been building Monitors the rebels have not been idle. They have brought to perfection the science of defensive warfare, as applied to the defenses of a port. The combination of piles, stakes, nets, cordage, and torpedoes, which blocked the entry of Charleston harbor on 7th April was without precedent, and, judging it by its effects, it was a perfect success. We may note the fact as one to be treasured up for use hereafter, in the event of war with Europe; but meanwhile the much more important and immediate duty devolves upon us of discovering a means of demolishing such submarine antagonists. It was understood, before the attack on Charleston was made, that Captain Ericsson had invented a machine called a "devil," which was nothing more than a gigantic torpedo, borne on a submarine raft and fired by a submarine battery; and that this machine would quickly demolish any obstructions or torpedoes lying in the line of its fire. For some reason or other it does not appear that these "devils" were used at the attack on Charleston. Three of the four sent down to Port Royal are said to have been lost. The fourth was an inoffensive spectator of the conflict. It behooves the Navy Department to ascertain why the fourth "devil" was not called into play on 7th; and if the judgment which prevented its employment be shown to have been sound, it is incumbent on us to make such improvements in its structure as shall render it capable of performing the service for which it was intended. It is easier to blow up obstructions in a channel-way than to establish them.

The fate of the *Keokuk;* the injuries sustained by the *Ironsides*, though at a considerable distance from the rebel forts; and the deep indentations made by the Anglo-rebel shell and shot in the Monitor turrets, demonstrate clearly that an iron shield, to resist a fire of 8 or 10 inch rifled shot at close quarters, must be rather over than under ten inches of solid iron. This is far heavier plating than is worn by any iron-clad vessel afloat, except the Monitors. The French and English iron-clads, of the *Warrior* and *La Gloire* type, carry plates of from 4 to 5 inches in thickness. We presume that at a distance of 500 yards, every well-aimed rifled shot from our large guns would go through this plating as easily as an old 12-pounder, fired from an old smooth-bore gun, penetrated the wooden sides of an old three-decker. Under these circumstances one can not but admire the simplicity of the Navy Department in equipping the *Roanoke* for sea, at a vast expense. This vessel carries 4½ inch plating, and her sides stand 8 feet out of water. Nothing could be better conceived for a target; and a vessel like the *Montauk* or *Passaic* would probably sink her in fifteen minutes without sustaining any injury.

The lessons taught by the three practical experiments of iron-clads which we have made are these:

1st. That in future naval combats no vessel should be entered that is not iron-clad.

2d. That to be of service the plating on the exposed portion of the vessel should be not less than ten inches thick.

3d. That however iron-plating may increase the defensive power of a vessel, it does not increase its aggressive power against forts, and that—Providence being always on the side of the heaviest artillery—we can not expect to succeed if we fight 300 guns with 14; but that we must increase the number of our guns, that is to say the number of our vessels, so that when next we fight we may fire as many tons of iron as the enemy.

4th. That iron-clads are as helpless against submarine obstructions as wooden vessels, and that the explosive power of powder must be developed in some new machine, akin to Ericsson's "devils," to destroy or remove such obstructions.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE war so absorbs the public mind—our literature in every form is so full of it—it is so much in our hearts and mouths—that, as you ascend the staircase to the gallery of the National Academy's thirty-eighth annual exhibition, you will find yourself asking whether the noise of war has not reached the quiet studios of the painters also, and whether it will make itself felt in art, as in all other forms of life. The question will be answered almost before you have paid your annual respects to Mrs. Croker, who sits, as of old—and long may she sit—at the receipt of custom. For immediately upon your left, as you enter, three drawings in water-color arrest your eye. "Who goes there?" they all say to you by their vigor, breadth, and character, as the guard in No. 432 shouts to the appalled contraband, who drops his bundle and stick in overwhelming consternation. These pictures, Nos. 432, 434, and 435, are by Thomas Nast, an artist not unknown to the friends of this paper for the masterly sketches with which he has illuminated its pages, especially the picture in commemoration of the Emancipation Proclamation. Beside the guard there are *The Intelligent Contraband* and *The Reliable Gentleman*, both products of the rebel region. The broad-faced, humorous intelligence of the contraband, and the "gentleman," who is a characteristic specimen of the class of "gentlemen" which is produced only at the South, and seems crossed between the Yankee and the Spanish Mexican—Ichabod Crane and a guerrilla chieftain—are all fresh and living illustrations of the time; nor have we any where seen a finer type of the loyal soldier in this war—the soldier who has not forfeited his rights of a citizen, despite Governor Seymour—than the picket whose challenge so dismays the contraband. There is a charming grace and ease in all three sketches.

And indeed we may as well say at the door that the Exhibition is of an unusual general excellence. There are no very remarkable works, none that hopelessly surpass all the rest; but the average of excellence is higher. There are fewer positively bad pictures upon the walls than usual. And the gallery of smaller works is truly a "gallery of gems." The phrase is original, but we hope it will not be less acceptable for that reason. Meanwhile there are other pretty things to see in the vestibule, where Nast's sketches hang. Here, for instance, is No. 442, a bank of violets in spring, by W. H. Furness, Jun., of Philadelphia, whose portrait of his father two years since was an earnest of remarkable skill and power, and whose portrait of a lady, No. 17, in the first gallery, is one of the finest in the present exhibition. No. 270, in the last gallery—*A Boy Reading*—has the same thoughtful, conscientious treatment, simple and true. Mr. Furness has no apparent mannerism—no tricks to unlearn. In the vestibule, too, are a pair of butterflies, Nos. 455 and 456, painted from nature by Mr. Joseph Bridgham, who reproduces the astonishing brilliancy of the original hues with great skill and delicacy. Mr. Saintin, in No. 447, has a cabinet portrait of Kensett, the painter, whose genial aspect welcomes every comer to the rooms. Calvert Vaux, in the same room, has two plans of villas, Nos. 450 and 454, which are rich without gingerbread, and effective without niggling. Look about the vestibule. Don't suppose that there is nothing to see because it is a vestibule, or because the works are small.

The war confronts us again as we enter the large gallery and turn to the right to begin. No. 3 is a *Loyal Refugee*, by Vincent Colyer, who went as a teacher to North Carolina, and paints what he knows. The refugee is a slave boy escaping to our lines; and the picture opens the Exhibition with a thrill, for we remember as we look at it that the flag of the United States is at last what it was meant to be, the flag of freedom to all mankind. Bierstadt's *Mountain Brook*, No. 6, is charming. The mossy rocks and the smooth green water delight the study which they invite. So *Sunrise at Narraganset*, No. 10, by W. S. Haseltine, is more a technical study than a picture, but it has the reddish warmth of the Narraganset shore, and sparkles cheerily. Mr. Gifford's *Kauterskill Clove*, No. 15, attracts much attention. It is the representation of an exceptional effect of sunlight in autumn. The shaggy mountain sides are impressive, but the mind is in constant doubt about the light. So in the next section, No. 90, *Mansfield Mountain, Sunset*, a careful work of Mr. Gifford's, is another peculiar effect, full of splendor. But both of these pictures, and No. 385, *Como*, in the small gallery, are almost *sensational*. Such aspects of nature are so infrequent that you doubt whether you are not arrested by the novelty of the effect rather than by the accuracy of the work; and when they are constantly selected by a painter they become a mannerism. Thus No. 385 would be recognized any where as a Gifford, not by its real merit, but by a purely mannered treatment. On the other hand, his No. 409, in the same room, *Baltimore*, 1862, *Twilight*—one of the pictures of the war, in which the painter has taken his part—is to us the most pleasing of his works in the Exhibition. The solemn figure of the sentry against the bright evening red—the spires and domes of the distant city—the guns and piles of balls—and the long line of the parapet, are simply and exquisitely done. The picture is a poem. Mr. Gifford is a painter of so much talent that he can do nothing ill; but is he not too fond of a superficial effect, while he has all the power necessary for the simplest and truest impression?

Mr. John Lafarge's *Flowers in a Lacquer Bowl*, No. 21, are admirable. The moist, rich, crisp fullness of a mat of blossoms is broadly and beautifully done. In No. 53 we have Healy's portrait of the poet Longfellow. It is a capital likeness, and painted with great force. Healy has two other portraits of the heroic size and treatment, No. 181, *Dr. O. A. Brownson*, and No. 195, *The Archbishop of Baltimore*. If they were both priests we should say leonine and feline. Certainly the doughty Doctor looks like a very battering-ram of the Church. But his intrinsic good-humor shines and sparkles through the strength. The three are very effective portraits. No. 87, *A Lady*, is a portrait by Mr. Stone, whose skill in handling is mingled with a certain rich and luxurious taste which makes his portraits as picturesque as Sir Peter Lely's. If, standing before the picture, the Lounger throws down his glove and says that no Lely portrait of Charles's court is lovelier than this, even to the rippling love-locks, who will dare pick it up? Will it be some one who puts June roses and muslin and blue ribbons against elaborate coiffure, rich stuffs, pearls, and the dainty fan, and therefore declares for No. 112? It is called *A Morning Walk*, by Thomas Hicks, and is one of the brightest and best of his works. A girl in a garden, not

"Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,"

but a day lily rather, clad in the airiest muslin, with a thin trickle of blue ribbon around her neck; fresh, dewy, buoyant, swinging with lithe grace into the morning air. Let him who will quarrel with the hands in this portrait. They shall not unclasp for him, and he had better betake himself out of the spring sunshine into No. 111, *The Last Days of October*, by J. R. Brevoort, where the brightness is the hectic of death. It is one of the many autumn pictures in the Exhibition; Mr. Whittley's *Autumn, New Jersey*, No. 121, is another, near by. They are both characteristic scenes and pleasant pictures. Mr. Kensett, in No. 123, *Morning in the White Mountains*, shows that clear, masterly, healthy vigor and exquisite feeling which keep him still pre-eminent. A lichened mossy crag, sharp cut against the sky, rises from the foliage. The broad daylight, the ample air, the careful and delicate leaf-work, the hard, gray rock, and the pervasive firmness and fineness of handling, make Mr. Kensett characteristically represented by this single work. This is true, also, of Elliott in No. 143, and of Huntington, President of the Academy, in No. 137. Trees that every year bear good fruit do not need the fostering attention due to saplings, so we pass on. But if No. 152, *Marching Along*, by J. G. Brown, be the blossom of a sapling, what delicious fruit we shall have by-and-by! It is one of the most charming pictures in the Exhibition. A procession of children are marching over a rustic bridge, escorting perhaps a Queen of May, whom Uncle Kuhleborn will surely seize from beneath the plank. The variety of artless and bewitching expression, from the rapt sweetness of the flower-crowned maid to the little hind-captain in petticoats, with his solemn effort to share the fun, is delightful. The spirit of the scene is in Emerson's musical and beautiful lines,

"With children forward and behind,
Like Cupids studiously inclined;
And he, the chieftain, paced beside
The centre of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose.
To guard the babe from fancied foes,
The little captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went;
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan."

In this room, also, is one of the large landscapes of the Exhibition, *Gibraltar*, No. 136, by S. Colman, Jun. It is an open, placid, daylight portrait of the famous rock, a historic landscape. Huntington's *Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel*, No. 146, is fully in the delightfully humorous spirit of the story, and Gray's *Pride of the Village*, No. 128, is a charming pendant. Any lover of Irving would be very lucky in owning the two pictures, interesting not only from their subjects, drawn from his pages, but from the association of the two painters and friends, the President and Vice-President of the Academy. Near by, No. 130, is a small picture of Gray's, *America in* 1862. A kneeling manly figure of a slave looks up into the eyes of the genius of America, who breaks his chains with one hand and offers him a sword with the other. The motto of the State of Virginia might well be engraved beneath it, *Sic semper tyrannis*. Mr. Gray deserves the earnest thanks of every worthy American for the noble aspect which he has given to the slave—a fine foreshadowing of the benediction of Justice to a race called to resume its manhood. In No. 157, Mr. William Morgan, a name unknown to us hitherto, has a portrait group, figures of cabinet size, with an interior. Of one of the likenesses, at least, we can speak in high praise.

But we must turn abruptly from the third section of the large gallery, looking in as we go upon the collection in the "Small Gallery." Here No. 240, the *Bridge of Sighs*, by Charles Parsons, is a most poetic and admirable picture. The weird dim arches of the bridge, with the dimmer arches of other bridges in the murky distance, the dreary silence of the water level, and the vague confused roar of the city far above; a blankness and heavy sadness every where, as if the tragic death stirred the air into dull gloom, as the body and rocking boat ripple the river into faint waves, are full of pathos. In this little picture Mr. Parsons has modestly dared, and succeeded. It is not unworthy its subject; and the line of the poem of Hood's which he has placed in the catalogue does not extinguish the impression of his work.

"All that remains of her now is pure womanly."

The poem itself is the complement of Burns's "A man's a man for a' that." For it says, with infinite pathetic tenderness, a woman's a woman for a' that. The interest of the picture lies in the sentiment of the whole scene rather than in the figures; and it is one of the most truly imaginative works in the collection. This room deserves a separate notice, which it shall surely have. But meanwhile we must mention Mr. Hennessy's three exquisite little pictures Nos. 323, 334, and 361, and Mr. Winslow Homer's Nos. 255, and 371. The two last are incidents of the camp, treated with perfect spirit and freshness. No. 371, *Home, Sweet Home*, was marked "for sale" in the catalogue on the first day. But on the second it was labeled "sold." It is a little work of real feeling; soldiers in camp listening to the evening band, and thinking of the wives and darlings far away. There is no strained effect in it, no sentimentality, but a hearty, homely actuality, broadly, freely, and simply worked out. We beg the visitor to the Exhibition not to be confused by the multitude of small works in this room, but to take our word for it that he will be repaid by giving plenty of time to them. It is a collection as full of promise and cheer for American art as any we have ever seen.

Next week we will make another tour through the Gallery.

FROM A DIARY.

THE young gentleman known as the Marquis of Hartington shows his hand. I was reading his speech this morning, when James T—— looked over my shoulder and asked me whether I had any doubt now that he wore the rebel badge at the Fifth Avenue ball by deliberate design?

"It certainly looks bad for him," I answered.

"And how does it look for the ball?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that a man who has no other claim to attention whatever than that he is the son of an English duke insults host and guests and is allowed to remain in the house."

"Ah, yes."

"Yes; and that isn't the worst of it."

"No?"

"Not at all. I do not forget that he was rebuked by a young officer who knew, if nobody else did, that he ought to have been shown the door. Yes, and there was more than one guest who thought the same. The young men of New York did not mean to suffer the insult to pass unnoticed; but they deferred to the claim of the officer, who declared that it was his right to reprove him. But doesn't it seem to you that the host had a certain duty in the case?"

"Undoubtedly."

"If a gentleman at a party gets drunk and begins to sing an indecent song, the host is the proper person to expel him."

"Undoubtedly."

"Wasn't this a thousandfold more insolent insult?"

"It certainly was. And as you were there, and I wasn't, just tell me, did the host censure this man?"

"Not that I am aware. But he felt aggrieved with the young officer for making trouble."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And didn't he try to salve the wound to the susceptibilities of this English offender, by asking him to dine the next day or soon afterward?"

"Such is the story here at the club."

"Didn't he reproach the young American officer for his conduct?"

"So I hear."

"Well, now, the young Englishman goes home and says that we don't know when we are beaten; that the Union is dissolved; and repeats all the rest of the British slang about us, doesn't he?"

"I have just read it."

"Who ought, then, to be aggrieved, the host who was angry that the lord wasn't allowed to show his colors unrebuked, or the young officer who was resolved that he shouldn't?"

"If you put me on my honor, I say that the event justifies the young man, because it is now clear that the rebel badge was willingly worn."

"What reparation can be made him?"

"He needs none from all generous and loyal men. They have always applauded his conduct. And I think that the host owes him his warmest thanks for preventing his house being known as a place where an Englishman could insult this country unrebuked."

As we were speaking old ——, who plays whist at the Disunion Club, joined us.

"Pooh, pooh!" said he, "what business is it of ours? It was in a private house."

"That indeed," answered James T——; "but it was a public insult, and the whole country knows it. While such things happen it is no wonder that the London *Times* and all foreigners and rebels suppose that we are not in earnest. If the war is a joke, it is no matter whether every Englishman in the city wears the rebel badge or not. But if it be earnest, and the thousands who have lost friends, sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, and lovers think it is, any man who tolerates such an offense insults them all, and secures further slaughter by encouraging the rebels and their friends to believe that we shall presently come to terms. Of course this young Englishman has said to every body he meets, 'Oh, it's a mere game of brag! Why, I wore a rebel badge in the finest society in New York, among the very people who subscribed heavily for the war two years ago; and when a young fellow in a uniform talked big about it the host was vexed with him, and blamed him the next day. No, no. The war is only a jolly sham with the people at the North. It is real only with the Confederates.'"

Old ——, who plays whist at the Disunion Club, grunted and left us.

THE ACCOUNT WITH ENGLAND.

THE public interest is constantly turned to our relations with England. The unequivocal statement of the British Government by the mouth of Lord Palmerston that it will not be driven by any cry which may be raised "to come down to this House with a proposal to alter the law" is a distinct declaration that it will furnish no remedy for the wrong it commits.

What, then, is the wrong? That ships are built and armed and manned in the ports of a friendly neutral to prey upon our commerce; and that already they have almost driven trade from American bottoms. Our claim is, that a frank and fair enforcement of her own neutrality act would obviate the complaint: and that, beyond her own laws, the law of nations forbids the offense.

To this perfectly plain statement the reply of

England is quibbling, evasive, and confused. The Solicitor-General says that the offense if committed is an infraction of municipal law merely, and that it is at the option of British to enforce it or not. If we wish to complain we may do so, and if we can bring sufficient legal evidence the British Government will probably allow the proceedings.

We answer that a friendly power will not hesitate, under such grave circumstances as those of this war, to detain ships upon suspicion as we did during the Crimean war: and that when she stands out upon purely technical grounds, when the moral proof is overwhelming to all the world, she reveals a disposition which is not friendly.

Thereupon the British Government replies that so sell and fit a vessel of war is no more unfriendly than to sell guns and ammunition to either party. To which the reply is conclusive that the English laws themselves make a difference, which is recognized by international law, and by the very action of the British Government, which, at the last moment, and of course too late, sent to stop the *Alabama*. When merchants sell goods they are seen at the option of the buyer; but when a ship-builder like Mr. Laird builds ships for a purpose of which Mr. Laird does not even pretend ignorance, and which is to prey upon the commerce of a friendly power, there is a breach not only of the municipal, but of international, law. And, as the London *Daily News* remarks, it is for the Solicitor-General to answer why Mr. Laird, after his open confession of guilt, was not punished by the Government and not by the proclamation of neutrality the Queen warned her subjects against "violating or contravening *either* the law of nations of the realm in matters of neutrality, or the law of nations in relation thereto."

The case is very simple. Our commerce is ruined by ships built in England, manned in England, armed in England, coaling from English ports, entering our English ports, flying only the English flag until just at the moment of sinking, when they run up the rebel flag. It is no more treason, in a national flag, by any government in the world, than a red bandana handkerchief. We respectfully represent the facts. The Prime Minister smirks, the Solicitor-General twiddles his thumbs, and says that his Government can not help it. Are we not driven to ask how we can help it ourselves? If the difficulty lies in English laws which the Government will not execute, or in the law of nations, which it chooses to interpret to the result for us is the same. Our ships are hunted from the sea, and our commerce is transferred to British vessels. The question, then, for this nation merely to consider when, and in what way, it will be most wise for it to defend itself.

EDWARD EVERETT DIFFUSING "SOUND POLITICAL INFORMATION."

MR. EDWARD EVERETT has recently made a speech which we commend to the attention of Mr. G. Tickner Curtis, Mr. James Brooks, and other Bell-Everett orators of the Democratic organization for diffusing sound political information. One passage in it is especially addressed to people who hold with Mr. G. Tickner Curtis that this war is waged unconstitutionally:

"But it may be asked again, how can we support an Administration which openly assumes that the war is unconstitutional? I should certainly be a very unthinkful pupil of the political school in which I was trained if I did not never lose the sacred name of the Constitution justly invoked without respect, or yield to it any thing less than implicit obedience. It is, however, as great a duty to respect to it where it does not apply, as to disregard it where it does apply. I must say that the only case in which I feel history ought to teach us caution in this respect; for from the formation of the Government in 1789 to the present day there has not been an important controverted measure—no, not one—which its party opponents have not denounced as unconstitutional. It is to one of the articles of the wording echoed that the Government of the United States is not a constitutionally war power, but only a sovereign State. But how if the sovereign State strikes the first blow, fires on your vessels, bombards and batters your forts, threatens your capital, and invades the loyal members of the Union who refuse to join in the war of opposition?

"Few, I suppose, will doubt that the United States may constitutionally wage a war of self-defense against a foreign enemy, domestic or foreign. But in waging this war of self-defense we are not, in the opinion of many statesmen on whom I have usually acted and whose judgment I greatly respect, go beyond the powers specially granted by the Constitution to the General Government for the purposes of ordinary administration in time of peace. This opinion seems to me to rest on a misconception of the position under which war is waged. The Constitution authorizes Congress to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to clothe the President with the power of Commander-in-Chief. It goes no further. It prescribes nothing as to the enemy against whom, the measures by which, nor the ends for which the war may be carried on. It gives no more power to carry on war with a foreign State than with a domestic State; and it is as absurd, as the subject of British criticism, to speak of raising the cotton or of emancipating the slaves of a district in rebellion, as the rights of war in the one case or the other. Unquestionably, in some respects the higher code of international law, as applied to the Government of the United States alone, but all civilized governments are governed by that august code all unjust wars are forbidden, and all unjust modes of carrying on war, however necessary they may be to the enemy or what the pretext: while, by the same code, all just wars, and admittedly all wars of self-defense, and all its warlike measures sanction alby our Christian civilization, are lawful, not merely as far as they may be expressly prohibited by municipal law of our own country."

Mr. Everett then supposes that misunderstanding with Spain had led to war, and that Florida had tried to secede to her, and carry Key West, Fort Pickens, and the Tortugas—and he asks:

"Would any one doubt that the United States could, without violating the Constitution, invade Florida, in order to recover the public property, the islands, the forts, and the national establishments thus seized: to rout the enemy: to chastise those acts of hostility to the National Government, and to take effectual security that they should not be repeated? Would not the Government of the United States, without violating the Constitution, be authorized to occupy for the same purpose the ports of Cuba? Would not the arming and employing of the slaves in the forts and arsenals seized by the enemy, and acquainted with the country, be as legitimate on one side of the Gulf of Florida as on the other? and would not their employment under the authority of the United States, and the control and direction of its officers, instead of leading to a servile war and the massacre of the unarmed and defenseless out which humanity revolts, be the surest means of preventing such barbarities, and reducing this frightful element of danger within the limits of Christian warfare?

"COLD AND UNFRIENDLY NEUTRALITY."

In the recent debate upon the *Alabama* in the British Parliament John Bright, after exposing the fearful consequences that were building in England for the rebels, described the attitude of British Ministers as "a cold and cruel and I will say unfriendly neutrality." Lord Palmerston, in closing the debate, surpassed his customary insolence. He asserted with the utmost complacency of a peer the ordinary "political capital" of this country. He said that a nation which had set aside its own laws and violated the law of nations was unwise to do the same. And he spoke of the Government as "the Northern Union," although he knows that the United States will by no means recognize, of which he is the head, his treaties of amity and commerce in the United States, both North and South. The British Government in this country are accustomed to speak with the utmost bitterness and contempt of Mr. Seward's tone toward England as insolent. But all the insolence that can be found in all the speeches Mr. Seward ever made, or in all the letters he ever wrote, will be surpassed by the haughty and intolerable tone of this one speech of Palmerston's. It was a cool, deliberate, and public insult to the whole United Britain; and in its way it does as much mischief as the pirates whom it excuses.

But it is evident that Mr. Bright Lord Palmerston laid himself open to a thrust which Bright spared him. The gentleman, said Lord Palmerston, "who did a certain thing [Bright] was a friend, I do not know what the meaning of those terms may be; but they appear to me to be a contradiction in terms" (laughter and cheers, hear, hear.) *If nothing is more than friendly toward one party it is something very different toward the other party* (laughter and cheers), and seems to be what in common parlance is meant by neutrality between contending parties."

Precisely so, Mr. Bright might have replied that is just what I say. British neutrality is cold and unfriendly toward the Government which we have treaties, and which is a recognized power in the world; and it is something very different toward the belligerent power which refuses to be or to not recognize, whose flag is unknown to us, with which we have no treaty, and which is not acknowledged by any nation in the world. And this is British neutrality! This is the neutrality which the Prime Minister of England calls "honest and sincere"—the two most conspicuous words for the truth that the English language furnishes.

FOREIGN WAR.

THE speech of the Postmaster-General at the first Sunter meeting in New York was interesting for its unreserved statement of the opinions of the English nations held by the Cabinet. The substance of his remarks was that England is a despotic power, and has no sympathy with citizens of a about ready to take up arms for it; and that, under the present circumstances, we ought to avoid giving her a pretext for war. The Postmaster-General, he said, the plan of the New York merchants who sent food to Lancashire rather than General Butler's plan of relieving operatives.

Certainly the feeling between the two countries is very inflammable; and, as we have already said, it is not strange up the moment with England, it is for this nation to decide how it may most wisely and most efficiently protect itself from that great Britain. The complacent reiterations by British papers and politicians of their honest neutrality, to be indicative of the unfriendly way in which to regard any other attention. But we are not to forget that prudence is often the highest heroism. We must not forget, either, that war between America and England would be a misfortune for mankind. We must remember that if John Bull swaggers and talks like the bully, he does not fight like the bully, and every honorable man will be very slow to commit extreme measures until every peaceful means of self-defense is exhausted.

But the danger of war is evident from the enormous stake of the British people in the commerce she is on trial quite as much as we. The victory of this Government is a blow to every mercantile power in Europe. The British Government, whose system move overwhelming than years of peace could be, for during peace the monarchy has only to say, "Fact with the navy." But during war, to triumph is the vindication of John Bright and his friends against the haughty Tyrrism of Britain, of the plan of maintaining the commercial power by liberty and equality against privilege.

But while this is the British political and social interest in our war, the international stake is not less. Emerging victorious from this struggle our flesh compose the most powerful State in the world. The sceptre of the seas drops from the senile grasp of Britain. Whoever may be mistress of the seas in any future war, the power that is lord of formidable marine account unsettled between us.

To see us destroyed in the first flush of our youth has been the desire of the British governing class, the instinct of her nobles and her merchants. The young Hurrigton, who did not refuse to insult his friend and all his people when they were in trouble, announces upon his return home the conviction, sprung from his instinctive desire, that we shall be ruined; while Laird, the shipbuilder, speaking for another interest, boasts in Parliament of his disobedience to British laws in order to help on that ruin, while British law-makers eagerly listen and loudly applaud.

To secure the fulfillment of this wish Mr. Blair thinks that England would easily allow herself to be drawn into armed assistance of the rebellion. Such an impression is given by the Postmaster-General of the Cabinet, who is supposed to be most allied with Mr. Seward, added to our own knowledge of the spirit and acts of the British Government, should lead us to the utmost careful preparation and consideration. No American citizen can really wish a war with England; but it is the duty of every one to contemplate the chance; to act moderately and calmly; neither to fear war nor to provoke it; and to bear in mind that neither a wise man nor nation grows by uncomfortable pressure.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE publication of this important work, which has been long announced, has at last commenced. The first part is issued, and the work will be regularly continued. The great resources of a great publishing house will be lavished upon it. The accuracy, completeness, and comprehensiveness of its illustrations, including portraits of all the civil and military leaders, some of which, like that of General Scott, are the very finest specimens of wood-engraving, with the most effective sketches of places and events drawn upon the spot, and elaborate facsimiles of important documents, make it an invaluable pictorial gallery; while the ability, the care, the patient research and laborious collation devoted to the preparation of the text, are the earnest of a complete and satisfactory chronicle.

Of course, a history of the rebellion written simultaneously with the events it records is of the most difficult character; but as it is to represent the philosophy of the war. Its chief merit must be sought in the fidelity, and clearness, and picturesqueness of its narrative, and these will be entirely independent of the historian's views of the occult causes of the occurrence he describes. "Alison's History of Europe" and "Jaquettan's War," rather than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," are the model of such a work. What we demand of the author is comprehensive knowledge of events and a skillful presentation of them. Any man's judgment of the causes of a contemporary civil war will be colored by his previous political relations. The issue now brought to the decision of the sword in this country is one that has been already fiercely debated. The debate has extended through a generation. Every citizen during that generation has taken his side. The question regarded the question from his political, partisan, social, personal, and moral convictions. Of these he can in no event disembarrass himself. They control the origin of the war. But this discussion, however essential to the completeness of such a work, is necessarily that of a philosophical historian. The rock properly begins where this discussion ends.

Of the general justice of the preliminary view contained in Mr. Headley's Introduction to Harper's History, that the war sprang from the intrinsic aggressive nature of slavery, there can be no doubt whatever. The author seems to us entirely unjust in his estimate of the scope and character of "Abolitionism." It is as impossible to identify the Abolitionists with the rebels as to calling Methodists ranters. But while we differ upon this point it is all the pleasanter to commend the sincerity, the vigor, the grasping and sequence of events, the copious and exact detail, and the literary elegance, precision, and skill with which the author has set out upon in the second number. We can not well fancy a more welcome monthly visitor to the hundreds of thousands of patriots thrilling to the heart that Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED—A fifer and drummer to beat time for the "Star-Spangled Banner." A good audience to trim the "tune of other days." A ring that will fit the "finger of scorn;" a loose pulley to run on the "mark of envy;" and a now "Yankee Doodle" for the Government."

A TALE OF WOE.—I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her bouncess form; I vowed to shield her from the world, and from the world's cold cruelty. She set her bankrupt eye on me; the tears did wibby flow; and with the little that I had I parted from you, for you had not a cent.

"AH!" said a phrenologist, gazing on a fine expanse of forehead, "there's a development! I see what Nature has done for him; he's evidently laid out for a lawyer."

The following note actually passed between two celebrated constables: "Dear Sir,—send me a shilling; To which his friend replied: "Dear Sir,—I have but a half, and this the wife's old coin. She set her business eye on me; the tears did wibby flow; and with the little that I had I parted from you, for you had not a cent.

The late Earl Dudley is said to have wound up a tribute on the character of a deceased friend with these words: "He was a good man—an excellent man; he had the best mahogany sideboard I ever saw in my life."

An old angler says that no one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in catching it one.

A pert fellow was talking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his master if he might speak to him. "Why do you ask me that, my admiral?" "Why, it's the King." "Well, King, or no King, you must not speak to either," he answered. "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack; "he was never aboard of a ship in his life."

A lady put to sale a prodigate to the famous Robert, Earl of Oxford. "Why, and I have been in all the jails in the kingdom." "While do you want me, pray, that recall?" asked the Earl. "Your lordship has been in the Tower, and I have been in every other."

A periodical has started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent who signed himself "A Constant Reader."

A gentleman who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said, "It is tomorrow morning—I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."

An individual was arrested the other day while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he would used to the business, and was just trying to "get his hand in."

"Your horse seems to make up faces at having that thing put in his mouth," said a youngster who sat Foote put his face into a grimace after feeding him. "Oh no," said Foote, "he don't mind it a bit."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THERE is nothing new from General Hooker's army. Some general orders have been issued relative to the affairs of regiments whose term of enlistment is about to expire.

THE REBELS AT SUFFOLK.

Our troops at Suffolk have had a brisk time of it late. The enemy have been pressing them closely, and an attack upon our lines has been looked for, from hour to hour, for some days past. On 18th we made a demonstration which developed the rebels. General Peck's dispatch of 19th announces that "General Getty, in conjunction with the gunboats, under Lieutenant Lamson, has just returned from a heavy battery at the West Branch, and captured six guns and a full blood of the Forty-fourth Alabama regiment. They crossed in boats. The Eighty-ninth New York and the Eighth Connecticut were in the engagement."

GENERAL FOSTER AT NEWBERN.

General Foster has succeeded in passing the rebel blockade in the sound at Newbern, with the loss of the pilot-boat and several wounded. The *Ellanor* was riddled by at least forty shots. General Foster was heartily received at Newbern. His force is Washington, North Carolina, is still there.

THE SIEGE OF WASHINGTON-HAIRED.

The enemy have retreated from their position around the town of Washington, after a siege of three weeks. Their batteries on Tar River have been abandoned. General Foster left Newbern on the 18th for Washington, North Carolina, with a brigade from Hilton Head, to relieve his army, but it is not probable that he will require this reinforcement to compel the enemy to retire.

MOVEMENTS AT VICKSBURG.

A dispatch from Jackson, Mississippi, to Richmond states that a force of rebels crossed from Providence to Milliken's Bend, on the 16th, and attacked our pickets. With the single exception of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, which fought like veterans—the fleet passed gallantly through the fire of the batteries. Between 2 and 3 o'clock next morning the enemy were running down. On reaching Warrenton Admiral Porter bombarded their works, with what effect is not known.

GENERAL BANKS AT WORK.

The campaign in Louisiana has been gloriously opened by General Banks. The rebel forces under Taylor's army have been completely hemmed in by the armies of General Banks and Admiral Farragut. Farragut's army are abandoning his position near Brashear City, leaving his heavy artillery behind him. The fine ram *Queen of the West* was retaken in Grand Lake by our troops, and the rebel ram *Webb* was run ashore and burned in Red Bay. The capture of the steamer *Diana*, lately edured by the rebels, is also announced. The rebel State steamer *Cleifton* having removed the obstructions in the river and coming down the Teche.

A FIGHT IN ARKANSAS.

The rebels made a determined attack on Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the 18th, in force of three thousand men, but they were gallantly repulsed by our troops, who only numbered fifteen hundred in all, and some of them unarmed. The fight lasted four hours, and although our troops were greatly outnumbered, they drove the rebels at our pieces of artillery, the latter were driven back toward Van Buren in disorder. They were commanded by General Cabell. Our forces were in charge of Colonel Harrison.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

Jefferson Davis has issued an address to the people of the Southern Confederacy, urging them to devote their agricultural labor to the production of food. He says that although the rebels are on half rations of meat there is plenty of it in the country, but that a difficulty exists as to its transportation, which is now about to be remedied.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The papers publish a letter from General Corcoran relative to his shooting Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball. The General gives the account of the affair substantially as alleges that Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball was not on duty at the time, and was justified in shooting Corcoran to arrest the progress of his commanding officer, who was in the performance of his duty, in visiting the troops. General Corcoran, while regretting the disaster, states that the attack was made upon him without the action which he took an imperative necessity.

THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.

The anniversary of the great uprising day of 1861 was commemorated on 22th in an appropriate manner by a meeting of the Loyal Leagues, at Metropolitan Hall, over which Lieutenant-General Scott presided. It was a large and enthusiastic meeting. In the city during the memorable 22d of April two years ago

---

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REBEL LOAN.

The rebel cotton loan sustained a very heavy collapse in England on the 18th, in consequence of the suspension of J. S. Spencer, of Liverpool. It was thought that Mr. Spencer was the only agent of the rebels in England. The amount was consequently quoted at from one and a half to two and a half discount.

THE ANGLO-REBEL FLEET.

On the 6th of April one of the rebels' surveyors at Liverpool found the *Alexandra*, a small gun-boat recently launched for the rebels, at Mr. Miller's dock. She was ordered on the instructions received by Mr. Pierce Edwards, who is supposed to be the rebel agent, and the reason to believe that the *Alexandra* was being fitted for the rebel service at Nassau or Bermuda.

A letter called the *Japan or Virginia*, supposed to be fitted for the rebel service, was launched from the yard of Laird, Scotland. The Government had ordered her detention; but she hailed the vigilance of the officials.

POLAND.

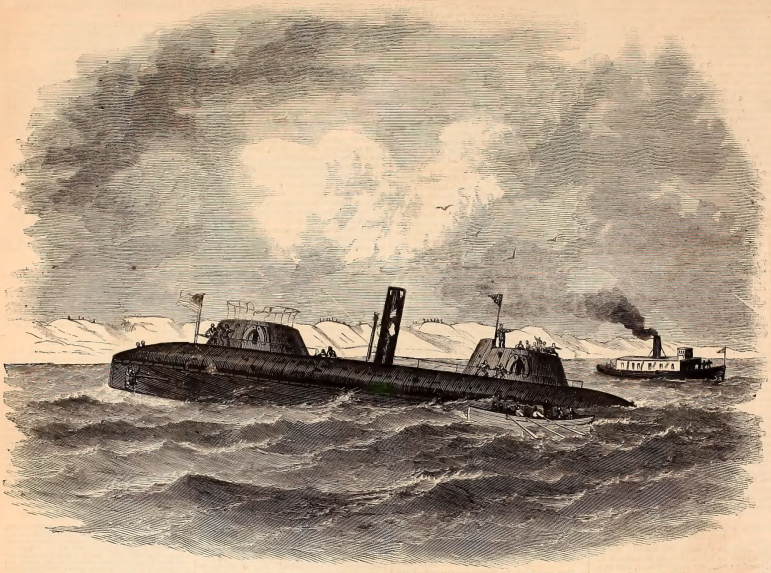
THE REBELLION.

The revolution in Poland is gaining fresh spirit, and extending. Longjewitz has been conveyed from Cracow to Morawia. In Swato and other districts the nobility, middle classes, and peasantry have risen en masse against the Czar. The insurgents have addressed a manifesto to the people, declaring that they are resolved to fight to the death. A Circassian chief landed in Courland with a well-appointed force, and has joined the insurgents. The Russians have also endangered a British steamer at Memel for having a despatch on board for the Polish Government. It is said that the Czar of Russia will grant an autonomy to Poland, but will not sanction a national Polish army.

MEXICO.

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

We have news of a defeat of the French army at Puebla, after a desperate contest with the valiant Mexican General Ortega. The attack was made on the 17th ult. The French attacked the fort by the 1st line, on the side that the French then held the outer works at Puebla, but it soon met fifteen thousand of the enemy and severely repulsed on the 18th of March, and compelled to retire.



THE IRON-CLAD "KEOKUK" SINKING ON THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 279.]



SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 286.]



THE PRESIDENT, GENERAL HOOKER, AND THEIR STAFFS AT A REVIEW IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proofs purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER V.

MRS. DODD knew her man (ladies are very apt to fathom their male acquaintance—too apt, I think), and, to pin him to the evil-minded theme which interested her, seized the opportunity while he was in actual contact with Julia's wrist, and vainly enumerated her symptoms, and who told him what Mr. Osmond had said about Hyperæsthesia.

"Goose Greece!" barked Sampson, loud, clear, and sharp as an irritated watch-dog; but this one bow-wow vented, he was silent as abruptly.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, and proceeded to Hyperæmia, and thence to the Antiphlogistic Regimen.

At that unhappy adjective, Sampson jumped up, cast away his patient's hand, forgot her existence—she was but a charming individual—and galloped into his native region, Generalities.

"Antiphlogistic! Mai—dear—mad'm, that one long fragment of ass's jaw has slain a million. Adapted to the weakness of human nature, which receives with rivirince ideas, however childish, that come draped in long-coated and exotic words, that ansinuine polysyllable has riconciled the modern mind to the chimeras of th' ancients, and outmatched the gallipot, the musket, and the sword: ay, and but for me

Had barred the door
To disturbers more,

on the great coming sceince, the sceince of healing diseases instead of defiming, and dividing 'em, and bapthening their names and their remidies, and shortening nothing but the pashint.

Th' antiphlogistic Theory is this: That disease is fiery, and that any artificial exhaustion of vital force must cool the system, and reduce the morbid fire, called, in their donkey Latin, 'flamma,' and in their compound donkey Latin, 'inflammation,' and, in their Goose Greece, 'phlogosis,' 'phlogosus,' etc. And accordingly th' antiphlogistic Practice is, to cool the sick man by bleeding him, and, when bild, either to robbed him with a change of instrument, bite and suck instid of gashes, or else to rake the bild, and then blister the bild and raked, and then push mercury till the teeth of the bild, raked, and blistered, shake in their sockets, and to starve the bild, purged, salivated, blistered wretch from first to last. This is the Antiphlogistic system. It is seldom carried out entire, because the pashint at the first or second link in their sausage-chain, expires; or else gives such plain signs of sinking, that even these ass-ass-ins take fright, and try f' undo their own work, not destroy it, by tonics an' turtle, and stimulants; which things given at the right time instid of the wrong, given when the pashint was merely weakened by his disorder, and not enfeebled by their dildy remidies, would have cut th' ailment down in a few hours."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Dodd; "and now, my good friend, with respect to my daughter—"

"N' list *me*!" clashed Sampson; "ye're goen to fathom th' antiphlogistics, since they still survive an' slay in holes and corners like Barkton an d'Ily; I've driven the vamperes out o' the cintres o' civilisation. Begin with their coolers! Exhaustio. is not a cooler, it is a feverer, and they know it: the way parrots know sentences. Why are we all more or less feverish at night? because we are weaker. Starvation is no cooler, it is an inflamer, and they know it, as parrots know truths, but can't apply them: for they know that burning fever rages in every town, street, camp, where Famine is. As for blood-letting, their prime cooler, it is inflammatory; and they know it (parrot-wise), for the thumping heart, and bounding pulse, of pashints bild by butchers in black, and bullocks bild by butchers in blue, prove it; and they have recorded this in all their books; and they have bild, and, and starved, and mercuried, and murdered, on. But mind ye, all their sham coolers are real weakened f' under their bild; inverted Sahra and his brimstin lake among their refrigirators), and this is the point whence t' appreciate their imbecility, and the saivice I have rendered mankind in bean the first t' attack their banded school, at a time it seemed impiganble."

"Ah, this promises to be very interesting," sighed Mrs. Dodd; "and before you enter on so large a field, perhaps it would be as well to dispose of a little matter which lies at my heart. Here is my poor daughter—"

"Nanneed. A woman Bean is in a constant state of flux and reflux; his component particles move, change, disappear, and are renewed; his life is a round of exhaustion and repair. Of this repair, the brain is the sovereign ajint by night and day; and the blood the great living material; and digestion the only indispensible supply. And this balance of exhaustion and repair is too nice to tamper with; dint a single sleepless night, or dispirited day, write some pallor on the face, and tell against the bodily f' to loss a single day's supply of nutrimint, a trifling diary, or a cut finger, though it takes but half an ounce of blood out of the system. And what is the cause of that rare disease that occurs only to pashints that can't afford dorking —Dith from old age? Think ye the man really overcomes mother years, or is worn down by Time? Nay, you's just Potry an Bosh. Navshins have been thinned by the lancet, but river by the scythy and years are forces, but noi-sances of evinite. No, Centenarius decays and dies, bekase his bodily expinditure goes on; and his bodily income lessens by failure of the generative and reproductive forces. And now suppose bodily exhaustion and repair were a mere matter of pecuniary, bodily, of vital, economy — what would you say to the steward, or housekeeper, who, to balance your accounts and keep you solvint, should open every known channel of expinditure with one hand, and with the other—stop the supplies? Why this is how I would describe the fatcity centuries have burned th' human candle at both ends, yet wondered the light of life expired under their hands."

"It seems irrational. Then in my daughter's case you would—"

"Lookee! A pashint falls sick. What haps directly? Why the balance is troubled, and exhaustion exceeds repair. For proof, obsairve the buddy when Disease is on the rise.

And you will always find a loss of flesh.

To put it ecconomikly, and then you must understand it, bean a housekeeper—

When cash is scarce, or expensive, the gallicdint, Blood, and Goose Greece; imagines him a fiery pervaild, though the common sense of mankind through its unprejudiced experience, pronounces him, what he is and looks, an 'invalid,' gashes him with a lancet, spills out the purest liquid mankind knows, the blood, the galicdint, and fells this weak man, wounded now, and pale, and fainting, with Dith stamped on his face, to the earth, like a fine young oak, or a neighbored ox. If the weak man, wounded thus and weakened, survives, then the chartered Thugs who have drained him by the long-hole, turn to and drain him by the spigot; they rake him, and then blister him, and then salivate him; and lest Nature should have the ghost of a chance to counter-balance these frightful outrages, they keep strong meat and drink out of his system emptied by their stabs, bites, purges, mercury, and blisters; damdijits! And that, think ye, was the system that Medicine from Hippocrates to Sampsin; Antiphlogistic is but a modern name for an ass-ass-inating routine which has niver varied a hair since scholastic medicine, the silliest and dullest of all the hundred forms of Quackery, first rose—unlike Science, Art, Religion, and all true Sins—in the West; to wound the sick; to weaken the weak; and mutilate the hurt; and—Then Mankind!"

The voluable impatter of his own profession delivered these last two words in thunder so sudden and elative as to make Mrs. Dodd work out of her hands. But here, as in Nature, a moment's pause followed the thunder-clap; so Mrs. Dodd, who had long been severely watching her opportunity, smothered a shriek, and edged in a word: "This is irresistible; you have confuted every one of their hearts' content: and now the question is, what course shall we substitute?" She meant, "in the great case, which occupies us." But Sampson attached a nobler, wider, sense to her query.

"What course? Why the great Chronobarimetal gramaw, based on the recurrent and febrile character of all disease; above all, on

The law of Periodicity, a law
Whence Medicine yet has wells of light to draw.

By Remittency, I mean th' ebb of Disease, by Periodicity, th' ebb and also the flow, the paroxysm and the remission. These remit and recur, and keep time like the tides, not in aqui and remittent fever only, as the Profission imagines to this day, but in all diseases from a Scirrhus in the Pylorus t' a toothache. And I discovered this, and the new paths to cure of all diseases it opens. Alone I did it: and what my reward? hooted, insulted, belied, and called a quack, by the banded school of profissional assassins, who, in their day hooted Harvey and Jinner, authors too of great discoveries, but discoveries narrow in their consequences compared with mine. T' appreciate Chronobarimulamyer must begin at the beginning; so just answer me—What is Man?"

At this huge inquiry whirring up all in a moment, like a cock pheasant in a wood, Mrs. Dodd sank back in her chair despondent. Seeing her here no second subject, Sampson turned to Julia and demanded, twice as loud, "WHAT IS MAN?" Julia opened two violet eyes at him, and then looked at her mother for a hint how to proceed.

"How can that child answer such a question?" sighed Mrs. Dodd. "Let us return to the point."

"I have never strayed an inch from it. It's About Young Physic."

"No, excuse me, it is about a young lady. Universal Medicine! what have I to do with that?"

"Now this is the way with them all," cried Sampson, furious; "there bowed John Bull. The men and women of this benighted nashin have an ear for any thing; provided it matters nothing: Talk Jology, Cuchology, Entomology, Theology, Meteorology, Astronomy, Dunetonomy, Bothoronomy, or Boshology, and one is listened to with rivirence, because these are all far-off things in fogs; but at a word about the great, near, useful art of Healing, y' all stop your ears; for why; your life and dailinaunty happiness depend on it. But 'no,' sis John Bull, the knowledge of our own buddies, and how to save or even Bokin, Beef I mean, day by day from disease and shattered ass-ass-ins, all that may interest the thinkers in Saturn, but what the devil is it to y' talk t' us of the hiv-y buddies, not of our own. Babble o' comets an' meteors an' Etherial nibula (never mind the nibula in our own skulls). Discourse t' us of Prediatinashin, Spitzbirgen sea-weed, the last novel, the siventh vie; of Christchinizing the Patagonians or confidion they are not to come here, and Chrischinize the Whitechapelians; of the letter to the Times from the tinker wrecked at Timbuctoo; and the dear Professor's lecture on the probability of snail-shells in the backyard of the moon! but don't ask us to know ourselves!—lijits!!"

The eloquent spenker, depressed by the perversity of Englishmen in giving their minds to every part of creation but their bodies, suffered a momentary loss of energy; then Mrs. Dodd, who had long been watching lynx-like, glided in. "Let us compound. You are for curing all the world, beginning with Nobody. My ambition is to cure my girl, and leave mankind in peace. Now if you will begin with my child, I will submit to rectify the universe in its proper turn. Any time will do to set the human race right: you own it is in no hurry: but my child's case presses; so do pray cure her for me."

"I Mai—mad'm—shall cure her! How on airth am I to do that?"

"At least tell me what her Indisposition is."

"Oh! What, didn't I tell you? Well, there's nothing the matter with her."

At receiving this cavalier reply for the reward of all her patience, Mrs. Dodd was so hurt, and so nearly angry, that she rose with dignity from her seat, with her cheek unusually pink, and her water in her eyes. Sampson saw she was ruffled, and appealed to Julia of all people. "There now, Miss Julee," said he, ruefully; "she is in a rage because I won't humbug her. Poplus would decipee. I tell you, ma'am, it is not a medical case; give me disease and I'll cure't. Stop, I'll tell ye what do; let her take and swallow the Barkton Dodd prescriptions, and Butcher Boat's, and canting Kinyon's, and after those four tinkers there'll be plenty holes to mend; then send for me!"



"BUT I THOUGHT I'D JUST ASK YE."

Here was irony. Mrs. Dodd retorted by finesse; she turned on him with a sugared smile, and said: "Never mind doctors and patients; it is so long since we met. I do hope you will waive ceremony, and dine with me en ami."

He accepted with pleasure; but must return to his inn first and get rid of his dirty boots, and pashints. And with this he whipped out his watch, and sat that, dealing with universal medicine, he had dispatched more than one sick individual; so shot out as hard as he had shot in, and left the ladies looking at one another after the phenomenon.

"Well!" said Julia, with a world of meaning.

"Well, dear," replied Mrs. Dodd, "he is a little eccentric. I think I will request them to make some addition to the dinner."

"No, mamma, if you please, not to put me off so transparently: tell me first the reason you did not ring the bell, and bid the servant conduct that man to the door, very early in the conference? If I had interrupted, and shouted, and behaved so, you would have packed me off to bed, or somewhere, directly."

"Don't say 'packed,' love. Dismissed me to bed."

"Ah!" cried Julia, "you are yourself again: that privileged person is gone, and we must all mind our P's and Q's once more. This is most than natural. You would not lay down your character for a single person, to take it up again the moment he was gone—without a reason. Here is some mystery." Then she clasped her hands, and raised them to Heaven, just like the best actress: "my own mamma has a secret, a secret from her Julia. Well, I deserve it." This acknowledgment slipped out through speaking too fast, and was no sooner uttered than this statuesque Hebe hung her head most penitentially, and looked as if she could bite her tongue off."

Mrs. Dodd, with an air of nonchalance, replied to the effect that Dr. Sampson was not her offspring; and so she was not bound to correct his eccentricities. "And I suppose," said she, coldly, "you must accept these extraordinary people as we find them; and it is time to dress for dinner."

That day her hospitable board was spread over a trap. Blessed with an oracle irrelevantly fluent, and dumb to the point, she had asked him to dinner with maternal address. He could not be on his guard eternally; sooner or later, through inadvertence, or in a moment of convivial recklessness, or in a parenthesis of some grand Generality, he would cure her child; or, perhaps, at his rate of talking, would say out all his idle themes, down to the very "well-being of mankind;" and then Julia's mysterious indisposition would come on the listing. With these secret hopes she presided at the feast, all grace and gentle amenity. Julia, too, sat down with a little design, but a very different one, viz. of being very chilly company, for she disliked this new acquaintance cordially, and hated the science of medicine.

The unconscious Object chatted away with both, and cut their replies very short, and did strange things; sent away Julia's dinner, regardless of her scorn, and prescribed mutton: called for Champagne and made her drink it, and point; and then excited Mrs. Dodd in hopes that he was attending to the case by degrees.

But, after dinner, Julia, to escape medicine, universal, and particular, turned to her mother, and dilated on the treachery of her literary guide, the Cutthroater. "He said 'Odds and Ends' was a good novel to read by the sea-side. So I thought 'then oh, how different it must be from most books, if you can sit by the glorious sea and even look at it.' So I sent for it directly, and, would you believe, it was an ignoble thing; all dinners and contracts. The sea, indeed! A pond would be fitter to read it by; and one with a good many goose on."

"Was ever such simplicity?" said Mrs. Dodd.

"Why, my dear, that phrase about the sea does not *mean* any thing. I shall have you believing that Mr. So-and-So, a novelist, can '*wither fashionable folly*,' and that '*a painful incident*' to one shopkeeper has '*thrown a gloom*' over a whole market-town, and so on. Nowadays every third phrase is of this character; a starling's note. Once, it appears, there was an age of gold, and then came one of iron, and then of brass. All these are gone, and the age of 'jargon' has succeeded."

She sighed, and Sampson took a "tremendous header" off the sea-side novel into the sea of fiction. He rechristened that joyous art Fecksbin, and lashed its living professors. "You devour their three volumes greedily," said he, "but after your meal you feel as empty as a drrum; there is no leading idea in 'um; now, there always is in Molière: and *he* comprehended the midicine of his age. But what fundamental truth d'our novelists iver convey? All they can do is pile incidents. Their customers dictate th' article: unideaed melodrams for unideaed girls. The writers and their feckshins belong to one species, and that's 'the non-vertebrated animals;' and their midicine is Bosh; why they bleed still for falls and fevers; and niver mention vital chronometry. Then they don't look straight at Nature, but see with their ears, and repeat one another twelve deep. Now, listen me! there are the cracters for an 'ideaed feckshin' in Barkington, and I'd write it, too, only I haven't time, ye know."

At this, Julia, forgetting her resolution, broke out, "Romantic characters in Barkington? Who? who?"

"Who *should* they be, but my pashints? Ay, ye may lauch, Miss Julee, but wait till ye see them." He was then seized with a fit of candor, and admitted that some, even of his pashints, were colorless; indeed, not to mince the matter, six or seven of that sacred band were nullity in person. "I can compare the beggars to nothing," said he, "but the globules of the Do-Nothings; dee——d insipid, and nothing in 'em. But the others make up. Man alive, I've got 'a rosy cheeked miser,' and an 'ill-used attorney,' and an 'honest Screw,' he is a gardener, with a hid like a cart-horse."

"Mamma! mamma! that is Mr. Maxley," cried Julia, clapping her hands, and thawing in her own despite.

"Then there's my virgin martyr, and my puppy; they are brother and sister; and there's their father, but he is an impenetrable dog—won't unbosom. Howiver, he sairves to draw chicks for the other two, and so keep 'em goen. By-the-by, you know my puppy."

"We have not that honor. Do we know Dr. Sampson's puppy, love?" inquired Mrs. Dodd, rather languidly.

"Mamma!—I—I—know no one of that name."

"Don't tell me! Why it was he sent me here: told me where you lived, and I was to make haste, for Miss Dodd was very ill: it is young Hardie, the banker's son, you know."

Mrs. Dodd said, good-humoredly, but with a very slight touch of irony, that really they were very much flattered by the interest Mr. Alfred Hardie had shown; especially as her daughter had never exchanged ten words with him. Julia colored at this statement, the accuracy of which she had good reason to doubt; and the poor girl felt as if an icicle passed swiftly along her back. And then, for the first time in her life, she thought her mother hardly gracious; and she wanted to say *she* was obliged to Mr. Alfred Hardie, but dared not, and despised herself for not daring. Her composure was further attacked by Mrs. Dodd looking full at her, and saying, interrogatively, "I wonder how that young gentleman could know about your being ill?"

At this Julia eyed her plate very attentively, and murmured, "I believe it is all over the town: and seriously too, so Mrs. Maxley says; for she tells me that, in Barkington, if more than one doctor is sent for, that bodes ill for the patient."

"Deevelich ill," cried Sampson, heartily:

"For two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Conduck him faster to the Styjjin shores."*

Julia looked him in the face, and coldly ignored this perversion of Mrs. Maxley's meaning; and Mrs. Dodd returned pertinaciously to the previous topic. "Mr. Alfred Hardie interests me: he was good to Edward. I am curious to know why you call him a puppy?"

"Only because he is one, ma'am. And that is no reason at all with 'the Six.' He is a juveneel pidant, and a puppy, and contradicts ivery new truth, bekase it isn't in Aristotle and th' Eton grammar; and he's such a chatter-box, ye can't get in a word idgeways; and he and his sister—that's my virgin martyr—are a farce. *He* keeps sneerin' at her relijjin, and that puts *her* in such a rage, she thritens 't' intercede for him at the Throne.'"

"Jargon," sighed Mrs. Dodd, and just shrugged her lovely shoulders. "We breathe it—we float in an atmosphere of it. My love?" And she floated out of the room, and Julia floated after.

"You look flushed, love," was Mrs. Dodd's first word in the drawing-room. "Lie on the sofa a minute, and compose yourself."

Sampson made grog and sipped it, meditating on the gullibility of man in matters medical. This favorite speculation detained him late, and almost his first word on entering the drawing-room was, "Good-night, little girl."

Julia colored at this broad hint, drew herself up, and lighted a bed-candle. She went to Mrs. Dodd, kissed her, and whispered in her ear, "I hate him!" and, as she retired, her whole elegant person launched lady-like defiance; under which brave exterior no little uneasiness was hidden. "O, what will become of me!" thought she, "if *he* has gone and told him about Henley."

"Let's see the prescriptions, ma'am," said Dr. Sampson.

Delighted at this concession, Mrs. Dodd took them out of her desk and spread them earnestly. He ran his eye over them, and pointed out that the mucous membrane man and the nerve man had prescribed the same medicine, on irreconcilable grounds; and a medicine, moreover, whose effect on the nerves was nil, and on the mucous membrane was not to soothe it, but plow it and harrow it; "and did not that open her eyes?" He then reminded her that all these doctors in consultation would have contrived to agree. "But you," said he, "have baffled the collusive swindle by which Dox arrived at a sham uniformity—honest uniformity can never exist till scientific principles obtain." Then, with a sudden start, he compared her to Daniel. He was very fond of comparisons. "Danle," said he, "questioned those two elderly blaggrds apart, and thin they couldn't agree in a lie, ye know, all for want of a 'consultashin.' So says you, 'Well done, Danle, my lad.'"

"My dear friend, I am not so familiar—with giants—as you do me the honor to imagine."

"Whist! Whist! and you said, 'I'll do a bit o' Danle.'"

"Oh, quelle horreur!" cried Mrs. Dodd, in unfeigned disgust.

"Listme! All four, been Danled, told y' a different lie; and disn't that open your eyes? Sceince, indeed! Put an easy question t' any real sceince; will it sing ye four songs as wide apart as the four winds of Hiven? Take a pashint and his case to four lawyers, the most abused of all Sceince's sons; will they fling him four impident guesses a thousand miles wide of each other; and ten thousand from the truth?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed dazzled by this observation, and bowed her head in reluctant assent.

"Ye begin to see through 'em? Now then, post nubila Phœbus: that is not donkey Latin, ma'am, but the real article, and means, 'After four muddlehids see one Sampsin work.' To begin, is the pashint in love?"

The doctor put this query in just the same tone in which they inquire, "any expectoration?" But Mrs. Dodd, in reply, was less dry and business-like. She started and looked aghast. This possibility had once, for a moment, occurred to her, but only to be rejected, the evidence being all against it.

"In love?" said she. "That child, and I not know it!"

He said he had never supposed that. "But I thought I'd just ask ye; because she has no bodily ailment, and the paassions are all counterfeit diseases; they are connected, like all diseases, with cerebral instability, have their heats and chills, like all diseases, and their paroxysms and remissions, like all diseases. Nlistme! You have detected the sighs of a slight cerebral instability; I have ascertained th' absence of all physical cause: then why make this healthy pashint's buddy a test-tube for poisons? Sovereign drugs (I deal with no other, I leave the nullities to the noodles) are either counterpoisons, or poisons, and here there is nothing to counterpoison at prisent. So I'm for caushin, and working on the safe side th' hidge, and that's the mintal; till we are less in the dark. Mind ye, young women at her age are kittle cattle; they have gusts o' this, and gusts o' that, th' unreasonable imps. D'ye see these two pieces pasteboard? They are tickets for a ball,

In Barkton town-hall."

"Yes, of course I see them," said Mrs. Dodd, dolefully.

"Well, I prescribe 'em. And when they have been taken,

And the pashint well shaken,

perhaps we shall see whether we are on the right system: and if so, we'll dose her with youthful soceity in a more irrashinal forrm; conversaziones, cookeyshines, et citera. And if we find ourselves on the wrong *tack*, why then we'll hark *back*.

Stick blindly to 'a course,' the dockers cry.
But it does me harm! *Then* 'twill do good *by-an-by*.
Where lairned ye that, Echoes of Echoes, 'say!
The killer plows 'a course,' the healer 'FEELS HIS WAY.'"

So mysterious are the operations of the human mind, that, when we have exploded in verse meritorious as the above, we lapse into triumph instead of penitence. Not that doggrel meets with reverence here below—the statues to it are few, and not in marble, but in the material itself—but then an impromptu! A moment ago, our Posy was not: and now is. With the speed, if not the brilliancy, of lightning, we have added a handful to the intellectual dust-heap of an oppressed nation. From this bad eminence Sampson then looked down complacently, and saw Mrs. Dodd's face as long as his arm. She was one that held current opinions; and the world does not believe Poetry can sing the Practical; verse and useful knowledge pass for incompatibles; and though Doggrel is not Poetry, yet it has a lumbering proclivity that way, and so forfeits the confidence of grave, sensible people. This versification, and this impalpable and unprecedented prescription she had waited for so long, seemed all of a piece to poor mamma; wild, unpractical, and—oh, horror!—eccentric.

Sampson read her sorrowful face after his fashion. "Oh, I see, ma'am," cried he. "Cure is not welcome unless it comes in the form consecrated by cinturies of slaughter. Well, then, give me a sheet!" He took the paper and rent it asunder, and wrote this on the larger fragment:

R. Die Mercur. circa x. hor: vespert:
eat in musca ad Prœtorium.
Saltet cum xiii canicul:
prœsertim meo. Dom: reddita,
6 hora matutin: dormiat ad prand·
Repetat stultit: pro re nata.

He handed this with a sort of spiteful twinkle to Mrs. Dodd, and her countenance lightened again. Her sex will generally compound with whoever can give as well as take. Now she had extracted a real, grave, prescription, she acquiesced in the ball, though not a county one; "to satisfy your whim, my good kind friend, to whom I owe so much."

Sampson called on his way back to town, and, in course of conversation, praised Nature for her beautiful instincts, one of which, he said, had inspired Miss Julee, at a credulous age, not to swallow "the didly drastics o' the tinkerin dox."

Mrs. Dodd smiled, and requested permission to contradict him; her daughter had taken the several prescriptions.

Sampson inquired brusquely if she took him for a fool.

She replied calmly: "No; for a very clever, but rather opinionated personage."

"Opininated? So is ivery man who has grounds for his opinin. D'ye think, because Dockers Short, an' Bist, an' Kinyon, an' Cuckoo, an' Jackdaw, an' Starling, an' Co., don't know the dire effecks of calomel an' drastics on the buddy, I don't know't? Her eye, her tongue, her skin, her voice, her elastic walk, all tell *me* she has not been robbed of her vital resources. Why, if she had taken that genteel old thief Short's rimidies alone, the girl's gums would be sore,

And herself at Dith's door."

Mrs. Dodd was amused. "Julia, this is so like the gentlemen; they are in love with Argument. They go on till they reason themselves out of their Reason. Why beat about the bush; when there she sits?"

"What, go t' a wumman for the truth, when I can go t' infallible Inference?"

"You may always go to my David's daughter for the truth," said Mrs. Dodd, with dignity. She then looked the inquiry; and Julia replied to her look as follows: first, she colored very high; then, she hid her face in both her hands; then, rose and turning her neck swiftly, darted a glance of fiery indignation and bitter reproach on Dr. Meddlesome, and left the apartment mighty stag-like.

"Maircy on us!" cried Sampson. "Did ye see that, ma'am? Yon's just a bonny basilisk. Another such thunder-bolt as she dispinsed, and ye'll be ringing for the maid to sweep up the good physician's ashes."

Julia did not return till the good physician was gone back to London. Then she came in with a rush, and, demonstrative toad, embraced Mrs. Dodd's knees, and owned she had cultivated her geraniums with all those medicines, liquid and solid; and only one geranium had died of them.

There is a fascinating age, when an intelligent virgin is said to fluctuate between childhood and womanhood. Let me add that these seeming fluctuations depend much on the company she is in; the budding virgin is princess of chameleons: and, to confine ourselves to her two most piquant contrasts, by her mother's side she is always more or less childlike: but, let a nice young fellow engage her apart, and, hey presto! she shall be every inch a woman; perhaps at no period of her life are the purely mental characteristics of her sex so supreme in her: so her type, the rose-bud, excels in essence of rosehood the rose itself.

My reader has seen Julia Dodd play both parts; but it is her child's face she has now been turning for several pages; so it may be prudent to remind him she has shone on Alfred Hardie in but one light; a young, but Juno-like, woman. Had she shown "my puppy" her childish qualities, he would have despised her; he had left that department himself so recently. But Nature guarded the budding fair from such a disaster.

We left Alfred Hardie standing in the moonlight gazing at her lodging. Sudden! But, let slow coaches deny it as loudly as they like, fast coaches exist; and Love is a passion, which like Hate, Envy, Avarice, etc., has risen to a great height in a single day. Not that Alfred's was "Love at first sight," for he had seen her beauty in the full blaze of day with no deeper feeling than admiration; but in the moonlight he came under more sovereign spells than a fair face: among these were her virtues and her voice. The narrative of their meeting has indicated the first, and, as to the latter, Julia was not one of those whose beauty goes out with a candle. Her voice was that rich, mellow, moving organ, which belongs to no rank nor station; is born, not made, and, flow it from the lips of dairymaid or countess, touches every heart, gentle or simple, that is truly male. And this divine contralto, full, yet penetrating, Dame Nature had inspired her to lower when she was moved or excited, instead of raising it; and then she was enchanting. All unconsciously she cast this crowning spell on Alfred, and he adored her. In a word, he caught a child-woman away from its mother; his fluttering captive turned, put on composure, and bewitched him.

She left him, and the moonlight night seemed to blacken. But within his young breast all was light, new light. He leaned opposite her window in an Elysian reverie, and let the hours go by. He seemed to have vegetated till then, and lo! true life had dawned. He thought he should love to die for her. And, when he was calmer, he felt he was to live for her, and welcomed his destiny with rapture. He passed the rest of the Oxford term in a soft ecstasy; called often on Edward, and took a sudden and prodigious interest in him; and counted the days glide by and the happy time draw near, when he should be four months in the same town with his enchantress. This one did not trouble the doctors; he glowed with a steady fire; no heats and chills, and sad misgivings; for one thing he was not a woman, a being tied to that stake, Suspense, and compelled to wait, and wait, for others' actions. As the inveterate Sampson would say:

He had the luck to be a male,
So, like a rat without a tail,
Could do, could do, could do.

Meantime, life's path seemed paved with roses, and himself to march it in eternal sunshine, buoyed by perfumed wings.

He came to Barkington to try for the lovely prize. Then first he had to come down from love's sky, and realize how hard it is here below to court a young lady—who is guarded by a mother—without an introduction in the usual form. The obvious course was to call on Edward. Having parted from him so lately he forced himself to wait a few days, and then set out for Albion Villa.

As he went along, he arranged the coming dialogue for all the parties; Edward was to introduce him, Mrs. Dodd to recognize his friendship for her son, he was to say he was the gainer by it; Julia, silent at first, was to hazard a timid observation, and he to answer gracefully, and draw her out, and find how he stood in her opinion. The sprightly affair should end by his inviting Edward to dinner. That should lead to their inviting him in turn, and then he should get a word with Julia, and find out what houses she visited, and get introduced to their proprietors; arrived at this point, his mind went over hedge and ditch faster than my poor pen can follow. As the crow flies, so flew he, and had reached the church-porch under a rain of nosegays with Julia—in imagination—by then he arrived at Albion Villa in the body. Yet he knocked timidly; his heart beat almost as hard as his hand.

Sarah, the black-eyed house-maid, "answered the door."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

ON page 285 we publish an illustration of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER by the iron-clads under Admiral Du Pont, on 7th April, and on page 276 an illustration of the SINKING OF THE "KEOKUK" on the following morning. We gave in our last number an account of the affair, but will make room here for an extract from the graphic letter of the *Times* correspondent. After describing how the *Ironsides* was disabled by the current, he adds:

In this plight it only remained for Admiral Du Pont to signal to the fleet to disregard the movements of the flag-ship. This he did, and the ships then assumed such positions as were available and they could gain, the whole number being at the mouth of the harbor, between Cumming's Point and Sullivan's Island, and opposite the north-east and eastern face of Fort Sumter, at distances of from six hundred to a thousand yards. While the manœuvres rapidly indicated in these paragraphs are going on, you must not suppose the enemy is inactive. The powerful work on Cumming's Point, named Battery B, opens; the long range rifle ordnance of Fort Beauregard join in; Moultrie hurls its heavy metal; the fifty guns that line the Redan swell the fire; and the tremendous armament of Sumter vomits forth its fiery hail.

There now ensues a period of not more than thirty minutes, which forms the climax and white heat of the fight; for though from the time when fire was opened on the head of the approaching line to the time when the retiring fleet passed out of the enemy's range there was an interval of two hours and a half (from half past two till five), yet the essence of the fight was shut up in those thirty tremendous minutes.

The best resources of the descriptive art, I care not in whose hand, are feeble to paint so terrific and awful a reality. Such a fire, or any thing even approaching it, was simply never seen before. The mailed ships are in the focus of a concentric fire of the five powerful works already indicated, from which they are removed only from five to eight hundred yards, and which in all could not have mounted less than three hundred guns; and, understand, these not the lighter ordnance, such as 32 or 42 pounders, which form the ordinary armament of forts, but of the very heaviest calibre—the finest and largest guns from the spoils of the Norfolk Navy-yard, the splendid and heavy 10 and 11 inch guns cast at the Tredegar Works, and the most approved English rifled guns (Whitworth and others) of the largest calibre made.

There was something almost pathetic in the spectacle of those little floating circular towers, exposed to the crushing weight of those tons of metal, hurled against them with the terrific force of modern projectiles, and with such charges of powder as were never before dreamed of in artillery firing. During the climax of the fire a hundred and sixty shots were counted in a single minute! Some of the commanders of the iron-clads afterward told me that the shot struck their vessels as fast as the ticking of a watch; and not less than 3500 rounds could have been fired by the rebels during the brief engagement.

It was less of the character of an ordinary artillery duel, and more of the proportions of a war of the Titans in the elder mythologies.

While the fleet is receiving the fire from the forts, what, in the mean time, are the iron-clads doing in return?

On the order being given to disregard the movements of the flag-ship, the brilliantly-audacious Rhind ran his vessel, the *Keokuk*, up through the others, and laid it seemingly under the very walls of Sumter, and within a little more than five hundred yards from it. Close behind him, within six hundred yards of the fort, is the *Catskill*, commanded by George Rodgers, a soul of courage all compact; and to both of them one could not help applying the exclamation of Nelson at Trafalgar, "See how Collingwood, that noble fellow, carries his ship into the fight!"

Close by is the *Montauk*, commanded by the heroic Worden; while not far removed are the *Passaic*, the *Patapsco*, the *Nahant*, the *Nantucket*, the *Weehawken*, and the *Ironsides*.

The whole fleet is devoting itself mainly to the face of Fort Sumter presented to it, with the exception of the *Ironsides*, which, from its position, can do better work on Fort Moultrie, and is pouring forth its terrific broadside from its seven 10-inch guns on that work.

Of the sinking of the *Keokuk* the *Tribune* correspondent says:

Almost my first look from the spar-deck this morning fell upon a sad sight. The *Keokuk* was sinking. She had anchored on the bar during the night. Her crew had been busy ever since last evening trying to keep her afloat by plugging the holes at her water-line. But at daybreak a stiff breeze set the sea rolling, rendering their attempts futile. Captain Rhind hoisted a signal of distress at about 7, but it remained unnoticed until nearly 8, when the tug *Dandelion* came alongside the sinking craft. Through the strenuous efforts of her captain, Acting Master Barrymore, every soul on board was saved, with a loss, however, of all they had.

The rebels came down to the beach in crowds and watched the operation. They were only five hundred yards' distance, but did not open fire on our people, and were not molested by the gun-boats.

* Garth.



REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GE



ENERAL BUFORD'S DIVISION OF REGULARS.—Drawn by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 282.]

REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ON 9th April the President reviewed the Army of the Potomac on the bank of the Rappahannock, where they have been so long encamped. We publish on pages 277, 280, and 281, two illustrations of the scene from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud. The following account, from the *Herald* correspondence, will be read with interest:

The event of the season came off yesterday. The grand review, which the army has for days been looking forward to, and in which rival regiments were to vie with each other for distinction, has passed, and with it the "gorge" of war. The unsavory circumstance" was, as in every marches and days of toil put to come; in the future vigorously contending, but anticipated with pleasure by view. Great preparation had been made for the display, and for several days the entire force was supplied with arms, picks, and shovels, leveling the fields. Ditches were filled, stumps and bushes removed, ridges cut down, and quagmires drained, until the Fitzhugh estate wore the appearance of a rose track. Tall stakes, bearing the designs of the banners of the several corps, were planted in the positions to be occupied by the respective commands, and as the troops marched out upon the field the divisions wheeled into line as if by instinct, with no confusion, no noise, save the music of the bands, the tramp of the regiments, and the bright flashing of the officers.

Hours slipped by, and the dark blue masses on the plateau still stood, the banners and numerous horsemen, the relief of drums more bewildering. The artillery came out, and the grass on the hillside under the brightest of Fredericksburg pointed their muzzles over toward the white tents in the hollows, and the little rifle teams were drawn by them briskly, as if proud of the work they did before. Richmond, at Antietam, and over the pontoons down by the river. The sun was now well in the line, the men waited and grew impatient, and the battery horses, to amuse themselves in the cold, kicked each others' mains, and fiercely swished imaginary flies, and still the cortege did not appear. Then the word was passed the corps commanding the fingers of the soldiers, playing and pranks with cap, tugging at the flags upon the tall bending staffs, as if impatient for the fray, and the long troops began to cut one by file to stir themselves into warmth, when suddenly a rocket was sent up from the right flank, followed by another, and then another, while the sullen boom of the guns came upon the left, and announced the commencement of the drama. The cavalcade was imposing: The President, mounted upon a large bay, took the lead, followed by a certain things of generals, colonels, and officers of lesser rank, while the lancers, with their fluttering pennants, and all the paraphernalia, quickly met. Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by the Attorney-General and Captain Gilmore of General Meade's staff, in a carriage drawn by four spanking bays, and escorted by a squad of hussars, viewed the field from the eminence; but Governor Curtin, with characteristic energetics, booted and spurred, rode bravely at the side of the President, followed by his dashing little aide-de-camp, Cooney Young, in a dress. When the war broke out a month-fiend last came down with the troops from Harrisburg, New Jersey, and with the colonel into the fights. General Kearney noticed him, and made him his target, and all during the struggle on the Peninsula kept him at the front of the division. General Kearney fell, but the bugler remained, and, mounted on new commander's horse, he followed after. How he trumpets for General Sickles at the head of the corps, and sports his sword-belt and bugle-sash's strapped over the back of a veteran. A favorite among the officers, his lot is far from being commonplace, while his future can but seem promising. Steps have already been taken for giving him an education, and an appointment to the military academy is hinted by the friends. Yesterday he accompanied Master Lincoln as inseparably as his shadow, and after the review had passed, into the science of sabre-exercising. Up the line and back rode, and rumble around together, like brothers. Will that future historian be a new one-not?

The artillery were quickly reviewed and passed off the field, when the President turned his attention to the infantry. The troops were drawn up in columns of division, and as the cortege came down the front the banners dipped gracefully, the bands burst out with "Hail to the Chief," and the lines saluted their Colonel-in-Chief. The corps were reviewed separately, though all upon the same field, and as each passed in saluting and being saluted in others rested upon their arms, while the rear ranks came times fell out and dressed fantastic jigs in the cold to the rattle of the bones and the thumps. Guards were stationed around the field to restrain the throng of spectators, and officers, with axes and hatchets, rode fantastically about giving instructions; while General Patrick, as general officer of the day, rode, tested, and dignified as ever, moved from point to point superintending the movements of the troops, and here and there, by an order, easing the fetters of the rank and file. From a knoll near by we held the view was magnificent. Out upon a little swell of upland were the President and his suite, the corps, and the staff, and over all the plain stretched the columns of the army. In the distance were the camps, the white church spires of Fredericksburg, and the frowning batteries beyond; behind us the Federal-united village, with its whitetopped baggage wagons and cannon on the hills. Now and then the sun came out and lighted up the field with fleeting but sensual splendor, and then was succeeded by glimpses of glorious things, visions of splendor, that vanished and seemed as a dream. Over the undulating ground the long rifles and bayonets, and lingered in the folds of the banners, will never be forgotten. Then came the shouts, and over the plain and melted away with the music very far off to fall in echoes upon the hills. Finally the tide of veterans surged onward. The front was lost in the winding valley, and then to the quiet escape, and the rear still rested impatiently on the knoll; while the columns one by one seemed to swing off from the latter, wind round before the President, and lose themselves in the distance. The afternoon was on, and the regiments, like waves at sea, swept after each other as regularly as the waves. The drums kept up their rub-rub, and the trumpets, playing hide and seek, lost themselves among the soldiers; spectators grew tired of the ceaseless tramp, the bugles and flutter of banners, and galloped home to their camps, and the President sat wearily upon his horse, waiting for the review to be over.

At length the last regiment came up, dipped its colors and banner-staff, and passed, vanished over the hill, and the cortege of generals and orderlies cantered leisurely back to head-quarters.

Notwithstanding the order directing the ladies in camp to change their base, great numbers of them remained, and in front of the reviewing ground upon the hill. Here and there an eagerly glimpses of crinoline and satin in the embankment, and occasionally some fair equestrian dashed along the plain to the admiration of young officers and the envy of their less fortunate sisters. Artists were scattered about, pencil and portfolio in hand, sketching the beauties of the scene; navy-fledged poets sought inspiration of the muses and from the classic canteen, and the knights of the quill played round the edges of the eddy, here and there darting in to make up an acquaintance or renew a former one with a friend.

The appearance of the troops was remarkably good. Indeed, that they should look so well only forty-eight hours after the most terrible storm of the season is a wonder, and excited no little comment on the part of spectators. Uniforms were clean, arms bright as new, equipments in splendid condition. Every thing was in the finest style, and our Chief Magistrate could not but have felt a thrill of pride as he looked over the sea of bayonets, the blue coats, and the determined faces.

ONE OF THREE.

"Too!"

The little word should bristle round with exclamation points, for it was the climax to all and woe-der to sound as it fell from the lips of my sisters. And yet I had said little to provoke contempt. They had been talking, as girls will, about marriage: telling what their husbands must be—young, of course; handsome, of course; above all, rich, of course—and I had only said that if *I* ever married I should not care so much about my husband's being young, or handsome, or rich. These things were good and pleasant, but I could do without them—for what *I should like* would be to have him a hero; so that I could worship him, and have the pleasure of his courage and strength would never fail me, let fate tax them ever so much.

I had forgotten myself and my customary position in the household when I said this; but the looks and scorn of my sisters recalled my wonderings, and I blushed into painful blushes and embarrassed silence. Long sentences would not have revealed more fully how utterly a sure in their eyes was the folly of my choice, and how rejecting a husband than did that scornful "You!"

I could not understand why they did not like me. I was neither the oldest nor the youngest. One would have thought that to one or other of them I should have been more favored, but neither fraternized with me. Edith, my magnificent elder sister, passed me haughtily by, and made friends instead with Alice, who was but two years her junior. I suppose it was because I was not of their kind. They looked as my mother had done when I refused to wear the largest hoops for girls, and when my father's friends declined. Could do as ready, though Mabel was only fifteen. Tall and lithe, with the slender hands and feet, the small, proudly poised head, and delicate features, they were with scorn, which had been the characteristics of the beautiful Lindsays for many a generation.

I, on the other hand, was a changeful child—all Hunter. My figure was short and a little stout. My face was full, my hair was brown, my hands and feet were not delicate, and I had—they were always telling me so—no pride, no style, no air. I had inherited, and have had to combat a share of motherhood, which would have made her care for me in sickness, or weep for me if I had died, but which could not help her to be proud that very handsome women seldom do have for daughters who in nowise inherit their own charms. My father would have been glad to see in me a feminine likeness of himself, but he too swam with the current. He adored my mother, and loved with unreasoning tenderness all that was hers, and almost like her.

I ought, knowing all this, to have been very miserable; but I certainly was not. To be sure my heart was hungry. I longed with a silent pain for love, but I was not unhappy in my world. It was hard to feel, as I often did, that if I died or went away it would make no especial difference to any one except my mother and father. So, I just tried not to think of it; and with competence and health, buoyant animal spirits and a clear conscience, there is a great deal of life in which a young creature of seventeen, who is not morbid or sullen, can not fail of finding.

But little knowledge sometimes, as I have been just now, at some new proof of the slight estimation I was held in; but on the whole I think I was not less happy in the cheerful home of my sisters.

Just as they were sneering at me, with that quiet lady-like contempt which expresses itself in look and accent rather than words, a neighbor came in—a friend as old as my oldest remembrance, Sarah Gresham. He was twenty-one, just through college, and we all thought he loved Edith. With only a few years between them they had been the close friends always. He fully realized Edith's ideal—was young, rich, handsome, all that she required, in fact. Then, too, he was the only son of the two elements of a hero deep down in his nature, guy and carelessness as it was on the surface. I remembered childish perils in which he seemed to have perished for us. I had seen his eyes flash, his face kindle, when he had spoken of some brave deed of another boy's—"It is necessary for me to go—it is not necessary for me to live." For the strong, true nature of which he was the possessor, I honored him, and looked up to him; though I never had the audacity to think of any vain rivalry with Edith. I could be content with less than the best.

My sisters both turned to greet him as he came in, and Mabel, with the freedom of speech which is the most unbearable cruelty out of places in childhood, told him what I had said—making it sound a little more ridiculous and sentimental, perhaps, than my words had done. Then I had been great friends in our romping boy and girl days; but I had not seen him since he left Edith, and he had not noticed me much of late. He turned to me now, however, with a warm, kindly smile in which sarcasm had no part. He said, generously,

"I like you for that, Maud. Keep to your creed. True courage is the noblest thing in the world. Without it—" and his eyes sought out of place in his words, and he quickly changed the subject, and asked her, anxiously,

"You have heard of the President's c—for three hundred thousand volunteers, have you not? Of course you must have guessed what I should think my duty?"

"Not to go?" and her fair cheek flushed and her voice trembled a little.

"Surely to go."

"But if you should die!" and some very becoming tears just dimmed her blue eyes, and weighed down her drooping golden lashes.

Oh, how well I knew it, that brave look that had kindled his eyes in boyhood when noble deeds were talked of! It swept over his face now, glorifying his handsome features with heroic resolve. It shone resolutely in his earnest glance. His voice rang clear and strong. He quoted the old words, even,

"It is necessary for me to die! It is not necessary for me to live. I might never die in a better cause."

But I—and there Edith stopped, blushing painfully; for, tender and constant as had been his attentions for two months back, he had never yet asked her to be his wife. He made amends now. Taking her hand he led her into the next room, where our father and mother were, and Mabel and I followed them. He went straight up to our parents, and said, in firm tones,

"I have enlisted for the war. I go to-morrow. I love Edith. She has refused me to ask her if she loves me, and to win her for my betrothed bride, if I can."

To see Edith his wife had been, I knew, the dream of both their hearts—but to have her wait for him for years, while her proud beauty should fade, and then to have him come back crippled and helpless, or not come back at all, that would indeed be different. And yet, on the other hand, the war might be short—Northern victory covered with glory, and the wife of Frank Gresham might have the right to be proud of the man who would never have justified. There was no time for hesitation. They read each other's eyes a moment, and then said, with one accord,

"Ask Edith."

He turned to her then, trust and homage in his face such as I could have given to women, and of which—Heaven help us!—not half of us are worthy; and looking at her, with his soul in his eyes, he asked,

"What does Edith say? She knows how I love her."

What she said was not much, but she looked uncommonly charming. She let her hand lie in his, and then rested her head, with a sudden, fond motion. He led her away silently out of doors. It was a brilliant summer day, and no one knew what he said to her, but out of the depths of his full, true heart—what vows were interchanged what fond words spoken. I was glad and proud with an almost painful rejoicing. The union seemed to me so suitable. I had always nearly worshiped that stately blonde beauty of Edith's. She seemed to me like one of the fair women the old Norse heroes loved, and were so ready to die for. And though she would be a fit crown and reward for the knight, I was perfectly content that his knight of to-day.

The last afternoon they were together. At night they were with the rest of us for a while, and then they went out under the summer moon, and passed their last hour alone. The next morning the final parting came. Then Edith provoked me a little. She sobbed, and implored him to give it all up and live for her. He declared it would kill her to part with him, calling him back time after time; and as the very last never giving him a single smile or look of parting cheer.

"Could you not have kept your lamentations till after he was gone?" I asked her, sharply; for I had seen tears in his eyes, and if it is a bad omen when a soldier goes away with wet eyes, and the one he loves best does not say, "God speed you!"

My criticism had a most restorative effect. She put aside her bewailing to tell me that "Much I know about it. If any one should ever love me, it would be kind enough for me to decide then how I ought to part with him." Then she went off again in a paroxysm of tears and tears, mingled with a great many adjectives about her brave, gallant, devoted, noble, loving Frank, until I was glad to escape from the room and run out of doors, and along the path which led from our house to the Greshams', with, I believe, some vague idea of going to see Frank myself before he left, and trying to comfort her. When I was half-way there I met Frank coming back.

"I was just coming on purpose to try and see you, Maud," he said, as he met me. "I want you to say good-by to Edith; and I want you to promise to write me a line, to tell me how she is. She is so delicate, and this parting seems to overcome her so much. I fear she will write to me cheerfully, and tell me that when all is really suffering and I want to know the exact truth. Will you send it to me, Maud?"

It seemed to me that he must be seeing a reflection of his own unselish courage in the shallow nature of his betrothed, and I wondered how, after the scene of the morning, he could have a single fear of her ever suppressing her own grief. Some of it must have been suffering, for his color left him. I did not tell him this thought, of course. I promised him that if his Edith should be ill, or serious, I would write to him, and not hang the strength of her physique, the brightness of her beauty—I would write to him. If any thing should be the matter with her, I would tell him—but I thought to myself that the chances of his hearing from me were very small. Still my promise seemed to comfort him, and he went away at last quite cheerfully.

No matter for the months that came after that. Suffice it that I had no occasion to write to Frank. I—as Edith liked him very much. The fact caught the eye of the fair sex, and we do not refuse to look with pleased eyes at an artificial pond in our pleasure-ground, sparkling in the sunshine, because it is not as deep as the sea. Who shall say that a rebounding, elastic, gutta-percha-like temperament is not a blessing? At any rate, Edith found her account in having such a one. She wore the ring Frank gave her, she wrote to him, she had a room ready for him at her mother's; and when any brave deed of Captain Gresham's was talked of, she smiled at his praises, as well she might, with a serene pride. But her color did not fade, or her appetite fail. She displayed her customary solicitude about her winter bonnet, and made some excellent bargains in silk dresses after hearing a shrewd financier predict the rise in exchange. Altogether, I saw no symptoms which made it my duty to write to Frank.

It was a day in November when a change came to our lives. I was at a front window leisurely sewing, but really watching the Indian summer glories of the landscape. My eyes followed the swift vivid touches the sun gold paint over the hills, tops, and then came back again to rest upon the path by which Edith's lover went away. I saw his mother leaning her forward upon her gentle, yet tottering footsteps. I knew what I saw but that something must have happened to Frank. He was her only son, and she a widow. She went out silently, and hurried down the path to meet her.

"I am so glad to see you first, Maud," she said, as I drew her weak arm through my young strong one. "My boy, my Frank, is ill, dying perhaps. It is some horrible malignant fever caught among the marshes. They sent me word, and I am to tell Edith. I fear for the effect of my news upon her. I shall start for the Washington this afternoon. I must see my poor boy before he dies."

I too trembled for the effect of the news upon my sister. But when the carriage came Edith would be stirred to its depths at last, and whence was to come her strength to cope with bitter trouble, she who had lived all her life on the roses, and into the lilies of life?" I told her the sad tidings myself gently as I could; but when I saw her mother's pale fall, and heard her weak self-compassionate exclamations, my heart hardened against her. I think Mrs. Gresham's did also, for she said, a little sternly:

"I must go home again at once. I have some preparations to make, and the train will leave in three this afternoon, just four hours from now. If you are ready to go with me you can join me at the station."

I went home with the poor, heart-broken mother. Edith did not need me. There were enough others to soothe the sorrow of her love, and I could not be the one whose anguish was deepest go back alone. I was with them at the station when I went home. I expected, yes, I honestly did expect to see Edith busy with her preparations. I was not prepared to find my mother and my sisters sitting together quietly in the library, with no change in their accustomed pursuits, except that instead of embroidery Edith had a cambric handkerchief which she threw down and then to her eyes. I was indignant, and I suppose my voice betrayed me.

"Edith, you are not getting ready, Edith?" I asked, sternly. "You will have none too much time."

My mother answered me.

"Edith is not going. We all counseled her not. If Frank were only wounded it would be different, but that horrible fever! She would be sure to take it, and it would to the merest throwing away of life. There are nurses there who can do a great deal more for him."

"Did you forbid Edith to go?"

"No, as I said, we advised her."

"Very well, if you did not forbid her, you must not forbid me. *I* am going. What she will not take for her self I will dare for my friend. Mrs. Gresham is old and feeble, and could not tend him night and day. As for me, I am young and strong, and I know my confidence enough to believe I can do more and better for him than any hired nurse."

"I do not want you to go, Maud, more than I say more than Edith," my mother said, in a tone of expostulation.

I answered, bitterly.

"I have not waited until to-day to learn that my life is not of much value to any one besides myself. I am young, mother, and if I am taken by a God-speed from any of you I can not help it."

"You will not go without a blessing, my good brave little girl!"

It was my father's voice which spoke. He had come into the room unnoticed, and heard my words. I think he understood me better than any of my wife, his own, and his heart warmed to me in that hour, as perhaps I had never done to any before. For he aided me in the few preparations I had to make, and at last he took me to the station. Edith and the two Mrs. Greshams—the mother and my younger sister had parted with me with unwonted tenderness, perhaps they thought they should never see me again. I believe that little sullen, and her good-by kiss had no warmth in it. I suppose she had an uncomfortable feeling that I was filling the place she ought to fill, and disliked me for it, without the courage to assert her right to go in my stead.

"Poor Frankham's face brightened a little when she saw me, but she only said,

"How is this, dear? It was Edith whom I expected."

"They were afraid for her to go. They thought she might take the fever; and I suppose she was a little afraid for herself."

"And you?"—Mrs. Gresham's blue eyes searched my face—"you were warranted fever-proof, I suppose?"

"I had no fear. My life is not worth so much that I should hesitate to risk it in a good cause."

I knew that she was glad to have me with her by the way her fingers closed over mine; but she did not say so. She and my father, whom I had been looking after my trunk, came up for a last good-by. He held me a moment in his arms, and kissed me.

"God keep you for me, my own child. If I have ever seemed cold or neglectful to you, forgive me in this hour. I shall think of you and pray for you night and day till I see your face again."

Then the cars started, and after a minute I could no longer see him on the platform, looking with dim eyes after me. I was going to Frank—to nurse him privately.

I can never remember much about that journey. We did not talk much, or eat, or sleep. I seemed

in a trance, and something was whirling me on, on. We got there at last. Poor Mrs. Gresham was white with weariness, but she did not know it. She must see her boy. He lived still; so a hospital surgeon told us—a kind, good man, who had charge of his case—but there was not much hope. Three-fourths of the poor fellows that had been taken as he was were dead; but he held yet, and while there was life there was certainly a chance for him.

"Will he know me?" Mrs. Gresham asked, plaintively.

"Just now I think he will. Some of the time he is out of his head, but he knew me five minutes ago."

"Will the excitement of seeing me do him any harm?"

"Surely not. I tell you frankly he is too sick for any thing to excite him. There is nothing he wouldn't take coolly now. This way."

And so he led us in.

Was that frail—that ghastly frame worn to a skeleton—that haggard face spotted with fever? I wonder if his own mother would have known him if Dr. Austin had not stopped at his bedside and called him Captain Gresham?

"Mother," said a voice—his voice still, but oh! so changed and hoarse, "I knew you would come. I expected you to-night. But—"

He did not finish his question; but I saw his wistful, searching eyes, and I knew he longed, yet feared, to ask for Edith. So I stepped out of the shadow and said softly—

"I came in her stead, Frank."

"Is she dead?" he cried, lifting his weak head from the pillow, and clutching my fingers in his skeleton hand with a strange, deathly energy. His mother answered him:

"No, Frank. She is alive, and I suppose she would like to keep so. She was afraid, and they were afraid for her, that she would take the fever."

I hope I shall never see again such a smile as curved his thin lips. It was too awful. Scorn, pity, hate, and a murderous love, which God only knows that he despised himself for feeling, were all expressed in it, and the worn-out frame quivered to the finger tips with a keen pang he was too weak to show. He looked at me.

"If you poison us we do not die?" he muttered; then said aloud, smiling bitterly, "So they did not fear for you, Maud?"

"Maud did not fear for herself; I think that was the difference," his mother answered; unwisely, it may be, but she was sorely tempted, and perhaps to know what was in her thought about the matter did not really harm him.

"No, I suppose not," with a bitter gloom shadowing yet more the ghastly face. "Maud was not a beauty like my Edith. I do not blame my fair betrothed. There is danger; and that bright skin, those shining, those bagfuls of golden hair,—they are not meet for worms to feed on. Husk! Did you say orders have come to march? I don't know! I've been here much longer, with this white poison fog creeping up about us, we should all be dead. Mother, will you? It is hard work getting up; my bones are still."

"He is out of his head now," Dr. Austin whispered. "He will come soon; just as soon as Mrs. Gresham, you can be of no more use to-night. You must go to bed, and keep your strength for to-morrow."

She hesitated at first, but he was positive, and made her go—using the argument that he wished to husband her strength for the time when they need her more, in order to have her of the utmost possible use to her son. As I passed him in going out he whispered:

"Come back, if you are not too tired, when you have seen her safely for the night. Come, if you won't out to do any good, but I may want you."

How long the time seemed till I could steal away from her, on pretense of going to my own room to sleep, and rush back to the hospital! Dr. Austin was at the door.

"Captain Gresham's sister?" he said, inquiringly.

"No; my cousin Hunter. I am the sister of the lady Captain Gresham is engaged to marry. I came with his mother to help her in the journey, and to be of what use I could to him."

I thought it best thus to make my position clear in the first place. He nodded approvingly.

"You are the greatest use. Captain Gresham needs tenderer and more constant nursing than most of our poor fellows are likely to get, now the hospitals are so full. There should be some one with him every moment. You have a good hand and steady nerves; I think you will do. His mother will be of no light duty. She will not be with him nights, and she says, it would be making you both very useful. You have only to follow the directions I shall give you, and send for me if there is any serious change. But"—and he looked at me with those searching eyes of his—"you are too tired to sit up to-night."

"Not at all. I do not need rest, and I am in no mood to take it. I should much prefer to be employed."

"Yes; I suppose you would not rest much if I sent you away."

I followed him again to Frank Gresham's bedside. I thought at the first glance he was dead. Then I saw the clothes stir slightly above his chest.

"Is he asleep?" I whispered.

"No; only worn out. He had a sort of paroxysm after you left him. Now he may lie in this lethargic state for hours. You have only to sit by him and watch me. Drop a teaspoonful of this liquid between his lips once in half an hour, and let me know if any thing happens."

He went away, and left me sitting in the dimly-lighted hospital beside Frank, my old friend. Practically we were alone, for every one else in the great room was absorbed in their own sufferings or their own duties, and we had our little nook quite to ourselves. I sat there and wondered if I should be alone with him when he died; and if, by close watching, I could see his soul go! I wondered if Edith's dreams were sweet and her slumber peaceful, in her far-away couch of ease! I would not have changed places with her—not even for the dearest of all that blends beauty, and all the love with which Frank Gresham had loved her. I wondered if there was any slight chance that he would ever live to love her again! And then the half hour was up, and I dropped the medicine between his purple lips.

Two weeks flowed that night, of such suspense as only those know who keep watch beside a bed where life and death are struggling together. Every night, all the night through, I sat by my charge. Day times Dr. Austin persistently sent me away to sleep, and to breathe purer air, but with the night I was back again.

All this time he had not once again spoken of Edith. Of course he had thought of her, but whether with tenderness or reproach I had no shadow of indication by which to guess. She had written several times during his illness—affectionate words, but which seemed to me utterly hollow and superficial. I read him each one, and the smile that crossed his lips every time I could not understand.

There came a night at last when I had no longer any hope. He was worn almost beyond to me, beyond the possibility of longer endurance; and now a fierce, secret, withering pain began to search every fibre of my heart. Edith had forfeited that hold he had once had over him, for just at midnight he reached out his hand and touched mine. He spoke, but something of the old melody thrilled in the changed tones of his voice.

"Dying or not, I know better than living ones, Maud. I know now, lying here, that I never ought to have sought your sister's love. I do not blame her, poor girl! because she has failed me in my bitter need. It is Bible wisdom that we should not ask grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. I ought to have known better, but her beauty blinded me. It was only heavenly fair that I did not look beyond to see how little her nature had in common with mine. It was not her fault that I asked what I was not, and timid—only fire and ice can not mingle. And yet I—no matter. Give her my blessing, Maud, a dying man's blessing. Ten days ago I was not dying, I hated her. I do not hate her now. You have been good to me, Maud. I will remember you. Will you—dare you kiss me good-by, with this fierce fever scorching my lips? I should like to carry your kiss with me, if you dare give it."

I bent over him—was it wrong when I thought he was dying?—and my lips clung to his with—is what a sudden, mad, unreasoning joy? Oh! What he might have been to me I had never known till then. All the longing which, through lonely, neglected years, had filled my heart seemed to find utterance in that kiss. Did he understand it? He only said,

"There is another world, Maud."

"Shall I call your mother?" I asked; for it seemed to me his face was growing gray and was not still, but darting to move, and slipping my fingers fearfully now and then over his pulse to see if it was beating. I knew that there had been two hours, and it seemed to me that I could still feel a faint stir under my fingers. I knew I ought to call his mother and Dr. Austin, but I was hard to draw my hand away from the grasp that still held it; and there was something perilously sweet in the thought of being alone with him for the last time. I thought once or twice—could I help it?—that I should have died if he had been my lover and not Edith's; and once I remembered with a secret thrill of joy that doubtless I had drunk the fever in that kiss which he had given. I wondered if he knew it and had thought of it when he said there was another world.

Also to a half-hour this morning came and Dr. Austin with it. He stood at the bedside and touched the still face upon the pillow; bent his head to the lips, and then put aside the medicine with a repulse under them. I thought I was too well prepared for the worst for any thing like alarm; but the manner startled me, and my words almost shocked me as I asked—

"Is he dead?"

"No, Maud. He sleeps, and with such tending as you and his mother give him he will get better."

I did not know that I was glad or sorry, cold and firm—but I know I must be alone. I commanded my voice to say, in my usual tones,

"Then perhaps you will call Mrs. Gresham, and I begin to know now that I am tired."

"I should think you were. I have let you half kill yourself. I am sure you don't come back till to-morrow morning."

I smiled.

"Of course I shall watch to-night as usual. I know enough of illness to be aware that such a convalescence is critical and needs close watching."

"Come if you do, so close as that. I stay with Captain Gresham to-night myself. I am resolved to be mistaken."

I found he was in earnest. In the afternoon a message came that, as Dr. Austin was going to a distant hospital on the following morning, I must come to the hospital for a few moments now if I liked.

I went and found our patient, oh so pale and changed and wretched-looking, but better, as even my inexperienced eyes could see. His mother was with him. When I came she cried, and told me that I had saved her boy's life. Dr. Austin said he was owing to my care that he had not died. How could she thank me? What could she ever do to let me know how grateful she was?

"But now I fear Maud's turn for needing care will come," said Frank Gresham's hollow voice. And then as I bent over him he whispered, so that no one else heard it—

"I believe I was mad, last night, Maud. I felt sure I was going to die, and I did not care if you did. Forgive me. I shall never forgive myself."

I forgave him easily enough. I did not think I had caught the fever. I did not feel its poison current in my veins. My blood flowed healthfully, and my heart beat with a tranquil pulse. But I did caught it, if I should die—ah, it would not be so sad. There are things in this world harder to bear than death, and I thought such might await me when I went home.

It was a month before we were able to move our patient. His illness had carried him into the very valley and shadow of death, and the steps by which he climbed up again were slow. I did not devote myself wholly to him. There were others in the hospital who learned to know me, and I think found my services useful. They were soldiers, however, from any more night duty, and seldom saw Captain Gresham except in the presence of his mother. He did make me his debtor, however, and I read him letters from Edith, full of felicitations on his recovery, and expressions of sympathy and affection. I offered to answer them for him, but he refused. He would wait, he said, until he could write himself, which he should see her. Once she wrote offering to come to Washington. He smiled when I read him the proposal.

"I suppose you write to her?" he asked.

"Certainly. Ever since I have been here I have sent a bulletin of our progress almost every day."

Then perhaps you will not object to give her a message from me. Tell her I thank her, but we had better put off our meeting till I can come home. I could not bear to expose her to the infected, hospital atmosphere. She is too lovely to run any risks."

I wondered if any satire was latent in this remark. I wrote home precisely what he said; and I suppose Edith accepted her quietus in it, for she wrote back, with cheerful acquiescence, that she would do whatever dear Frank thought best.

He never alluded to what he had passed between us on the night when we both thought he was dying. Sometimes I half fancied it had all been a dream, and that I had with me days by day, constantly recurring and asserting its right to a place in my memory.

Before we left Washington Dr. Austin asked me to marry him. He was not only a good man, but a true lover. Frank, who loved him enthusiastically, had told me many tales of his unselfishness and bravery. He was all that I had once said I wanted in a husband—possessed whom strength and courage would never fail me, let fate tax them ever so much. And yet—why was it?—I did not like Dr. Austin. I liked, and he accepted my decision like the noble man he was.

"You have never given me reason, Miss Hunter, to think you cared for me," he said, in answer to a fear of mine—"not the slightest. My only ground for hope was that I loved you so well; and I shall not cease to love you because you can not return it. You are my friend, I know. If you hear that I am gone, some day, I think you will drop a tear for the memory of a man who loved you enough to live or die for you."

I could not help the tears which blinded my eyes as his words. Indeed, as he walked away from me, that I could have loved him, and so have found rest in that devotion! Then a sudden fear crossed my tender mood which I an half ashamed to confess, it was so weak—what would my sisters say if they could know that one man had offered to marry me?

The traces of the horrible fever had all left Captain Gresham's face before we carried him home, all save a paleness which, it seemed to me, made him handsomer and more interesting than ever. His mother, who had been with her son but a day before I left the room, I saw her glance of scrutiny, and the smile of satisfaction which followed it. "I have sent out before I start to-day," he said, and heard them address a single word to each other. It was as if all love longing which had arrived had been before. Mrs. Gresham had begged me to remain with her, and assist her to get a little settled down in her new home. But the fatigue of the long, hard journey, added to all she had passed through before, had told sadly upon her strength. Of course we had sent word to her sister and my parents the first thing in the morning. Edith had returned with the messenger in high health, radiant beauty, and a most loving letter to me. How I longed to know, as I went out of the library and sat down alone in the parlor, whether her presence would have the old effect on me! I would be happy, should she had foiled him in his hour of trouble, become to him a thing of scorn and mockery, and cease to think his love had been a mistake?

I did not hear any footfall, and I sat leaning my face on my hands, when some one spoke my name, per not very gently. I looked up. Edith stood there, her whole being kindled to a white heat of passion of which I had not dreamed. Was it wounded love or injured pride? How the color glowed on her cheek—how her eyes gathered to one point! Her beauty was terrible. Her words were fierce, but low:

"You have played your game well, sister Maud. Sickness and nursing proved trump cards. I never liked you—I do not like you now. But I must have grace when I come to die—you have played your game well. Frank Gresham went away my worshiper; he has come back yours. It was a terribly underhanded way to gain his love, and it is worthily accomplished."

"It was at least one for which you were not ready to make much sacrifice," I retorted, stung to the taunt by her insolence.

"No, I was not ready to risk life and loveliness in a pestilent hospital, because but his wife or sister ought to have filled. Besides, I did not know of what weak material my lover was made, and how dangerous it would be to be out of his sight when another woman was in it. It is as well. If I had gone to Washington I might never have escaped the misery of marriage with a man who has proved himself fickle and beyond words false."

She swept out of the room, and without consideration, urged on by I know not what impulse, I went to Captain Gresham. The moment I had opened the door I knew that in his presence I remembered that she had said that he loved me, and was fiercely angry at myself for going to him. But it was too late to retreat, for his eyes were on me. He, at least, looked far from miserable. He smiled as he said, in the old clear tones I had once thought never to hear again,

"Your sister has refused to fulfill our engagement, miss Maud."

"Did you ask her?"

"Certainly I did, but not till I had told her a few plain truths, which did not seem agreeable."

"For instance?"

"For instance, that I thought, if she had ever had one spark of true love, honest, worthy love for me, it would have been she, not you, who would have come to me at Washington. I had idealized her before she was kind in discovering to me my mistake. I told her, moreover, that I loved you, and, if she chose to marry me, I never should. In that case, though romance between us was over, I promised to make her a kind and faithful husband."

"And you would have married her?"

"Certainly, if, knowing all, she had chosen me by my wife. She had my promise."

How I liked the look in his eyes which enforced his words! I had never seen a man to whom honor was above all, that man was Frank Gresham. He was silent a moment, and then he said,

"She refused my offer scornfully, bitterly. My past with her is all over. I am free now to tell you what I have longed to say every day for the last four weeks. I love you, Maud, with a very deep love of my heart. Will you share my life?"

I did not think it necessary to tell him that I loved him. I made sure that he must have known that. I said, instead, the first thing that came into my mind:

"They will condemn me, Frank, all of them. They will say I went on to Washington to supplant Edith. I shall be called unwomanly and unsisterly."

All the more reason then that my love should shelter you. And you are not free from misconception. Not for what I have done to-day, however. Feeling as I now do toward Edith, it would have been simply ungenerous to act and my own soul be smartized her without telling her. But I was very wrong in the first place. I ought not to have been alone with you. I should have walked longer, heard more cautions. I can never cease to blame myself for my rash indiscretion. But I think no one who knows you can ever doubt that you came to me out of pure friendliness—to help and comfort me and my mother when your sister would not come."

Then I told him all Edith had said, and he tried to convince me that in no one else could she see what I had done with her eyes; and so he comforted me, and made me lighter of heart at last.

"But there is one thing you have not told me," he said, holding my hand when I was going away, "and that is when you began to love me. How long has it been, Maud?"

I saw he would not let me go without his answer, so I told him the truth.

"All my life, I think, but I did not know it till that night when I thought you were dying."

"And you married Austin for me?" He was a noble fellow. I don't see how you could help loving him."

"How old you know?"

"He told me, Maud, of my love and my hopes."

He was growing demonstrative, and I got away from him. I did not seem right to let him love me. I could not divest myself of the idea that he ought to belong to Edith. I longed for counsel. Such opportunity I found it. That night I went out my father was waiting. I would not let him go back to Washington, but I had him with me. I did not blame me. He gave me his consent and his blessing, and promised to make it all smooth for me at home.

I think he had hard work at first; but after a time he managed to persuade mother and Maud to congratulate me. I had not dared to write one word to my cousin out of the family. Then he compromised with Edith by giving her unlimited spending-money, and promising that Maud should pass the rest of the season with our aunt in New York. When she had gone away I went home, and Frank, my acknowledged lover, came to me from away from me.

Last week he came to me with news that his leave of absence had expired, and as he was well enough now, he must proceed at once to report himself at headquarters. Whatever reasons prevented my heart I tried not to show it, and answered him cheerfully.

"But I want to leave my wife behind me," he resumed. "My mother would be happier to have you there, and if I am wounded there must be no question as to my right to come to you."

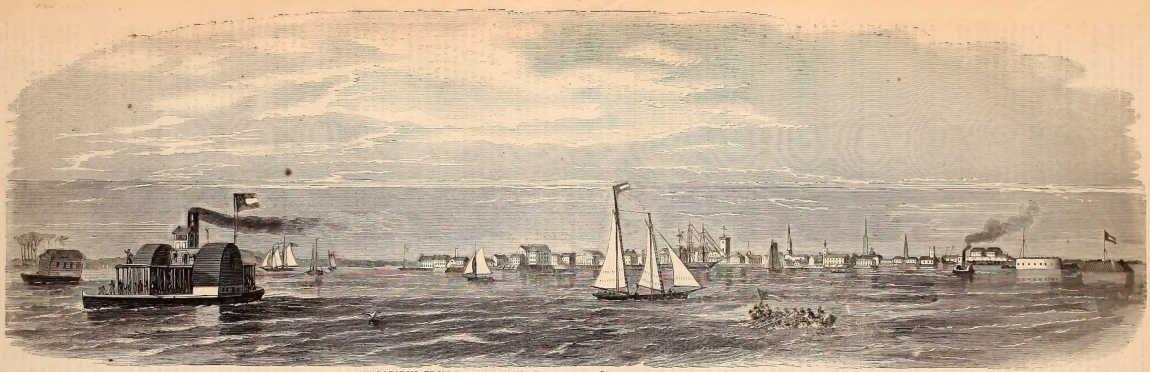
"As I came before, I think you need not fear what I should do now," I said.

"I do not choose to run any risks. Had you not rather I would think of you as mine for life and wish for it? Or had you not rather they should call you by my name?"

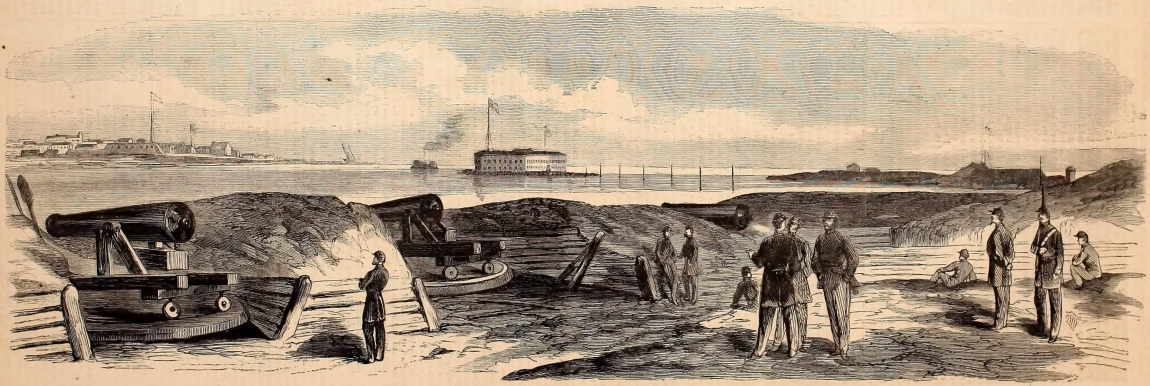
That thought decided me. Then, too, I was not sorry to be permanently away from home before Edith returned.

We were married, quietly indeed, with no pomp of feasts or bridesmaids, no radiance of satin raiment. It was not a time for mirth when we, who were made one to-day, were to part to-morrow; but even with that future near at hand I was a happy bride.

What shall I say of our parting? If I wept it was not till I had no the last of him. No tears touched his lips with my kisses—no moan broke discordantly in my benediction. He is gone. I wait for him. I shall wait, God knows best how long. But when two souls are made one it is not in the power of the universe to divide them. Hence all partings, all sorrows, must be but for a night, and through them shines the sure joy which "cometh in the morning." so although that morning break with a glory not of this world.



CHARLESTON, FROM FORT JOHNSON.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 285.]



THE DEFENSES OF CHARLESTON, LOOKING SEAWARD.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL 7, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 277.]

CONFISCATION OF ANGLO-REBEL COTTON.

THE design on page 273, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, illustrates the SEIZURE AND HANDLING OF COTTON IN THE SOUTHWEST. With the sketch Mr. Davis sends us the following letter:

"AMERICAN HOUSE, WASHINGTON CO., MISS.,
159 MILES ABOVE VICKSBURG,
Monday Night, March 30, 1863.

"General T. E. G. Ransom, one of the youngest Brigadiers in the army, and an excellent and a gallant officer, who has been severely wounded several times, having learned some weeks ago that a large amount of cotton, pledged to the British Government at seven cents per pound, by the sole distant Confederacy, was hidden near the American Bend, determined to make an effort to rescue it, and at once set about forming an expedition for the purpose.

"Rapid as were the General's movements, he did not succeed in reaching the place before more than half of the staple was burned by the guerrillas; but the remainder, something over three thousand bales, he has secured to our Government, and has been engaged for some days past in hauling it in, and putting it on board of the transports as I seen in the sketch.

"The cotton was marked "C. S. A.," and with the rebel and British flags, as is shown in the upper centre of the picture. The left corner represents a huge pile of the staple covered with tar and with boards, to protect it from the inclemency of the weather. The right corner reveals the negroes hailing the "free soil" from the steam launch and cane-brakes where it was concealed; and the main sketch exposes the shipping of the floculent fibre on board the *United States* and other steamers lying at the shore.

"The poor contrabands toiled most energetically to bring in the cotton, and were very instrumental in discovering it, hoping by their fidelity and labor to obtain their freedom, for which they manifest a most artent longing.

"Alas for their vain hopes! After all the service they had rendered they were not allowed to go aboard of the boats, General Grant having issued a special order prohibiting their removal, because no provision has been made for them at Young's Point.

"The disappointment and distress of the negroes were painfully apparent when they were made this unwelcome discovery, and as they stood in crowds—men, women, and children—along the levee, with sorrow-stamped faces, their grief was pitiful to witness—all the more so because they did not murmur or complain.

"Scenes was right: Small griefs are loud; great woes are dumb. D."

SUFFOLK.

THE view of SUFFOLK, Virginia, which we publish on page 276, possesses some interest just now in connection with the attack of the rebels under Longstreet. The place has been fortified, and is held by a considerable force of Union troops under General Peck, who, it is said, feels satisfied of his ability to maintain himself. Suffolk is a small, filthy town of great antiquity, small population, little trade, and a great deal of Virginia dirt and Virginia pride.

CHARLESTON FROM THE INSIDE.

WE publish on page 284 two illustrations of CHARLESTON, from sketches made for a London paper by Mr. Vizetelly, who is now in Secessia. Mr. Vizetelly has a high opinion of the strength of the various defensive works which protect Charleston harbor, and considers Forts Johnson and Moultrie almost impregnable. The open battery, without casemates or adequate traverses, does not, however, impress one with any great idea of power; and we doubt not, when our iron-clads renew the attack that they will find Fort Sumter and the other works pervious to iron argument.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Musical Works.

I.

RECREATIONS FOR THE CABINET ORGAN, HARMONIUM, OR MELODEON; consisting of selections of the most Popular Themes, from ARNAUD, BERTHOVEN, BELLINI, DONIZETTI, HANDEL, HAYDEN, MOZART, MEYERBEER, VERDI, &c., and others. To be published in a series of six numbers, of sixteen pages each, with cover. The first number will appear Saturday, May 2d, and succeeding numbers every other Saturday thereafter. Price 30 cents per number, or $1 50 for the series, on receipt of which they will be sent to any address, post-paid.

II.

SCHOOL FOR THE MELODEON, HARMONIUM, AND CABINET ORGAN; containing Progressive Lessons, Studies, and Exercises; Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets; Voluntaries, Interludes, and Recreative Pieces; for the Church and Choir; carefully prepared with reference to the advancement of Learners, both in tasteful ability and taste, as well as the true development of the power and beauties of these instruments. By GEORGE F. ROOT. Price $2 00, will be ready May 9th. Published by

MASON BROTHERS,
Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer Street, New York.
Boston: MASON & HAMLIN.

Fine Ivory Sleeve and Bosom Studs.



French (Seltaire) Patterns.

Sleeve and Bosom Studs made of the finest Ivory, brought to a high state of art, and engraved with initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monograms to order. Free by mail on receipt of price, Sets, $1 50. Trade supplied.
JOHN F. PIELPS, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

NOTICE.

Although the sixteenth volume has been finished for some weeks, yet owing to the much greater demand for the complete work than we anticipated, we are unable, even with the large facilities of our presses and bindery, to supply orders as received. All those who desire the work should send in their names to our authorized agents, or to us direct, where they will be supplied according to date of reception.

The Completion of the

New American Cyclopædia.

D. APPLETON & CO.,
Nos. 443 & 445 Broadway,

Publish this Day

VOLUME 16.

Being the concluding volume of the

New American Cyclopædia.

A Popular Dictionary

Of General Knowledge,

George Ripley and Charles A Dana,

Aided by a

NUMEROUS SELECT CORPS OF WRITERS, IN ALL BRANCHES OF SCIENCE, ART, AND LITERATURE.

Price of the Work.

In Extra Cloth, per vol. $3 50
In Library Leather, per vol. 4 00
In Half-Turkey Morocco, black, per vol. 4 50
In Half-Russia, extra gilt, per vol. 5 00
In Full Morocco, antique, gilt edges, per vol. 6 00
In Full Russia, per vol. 6 00

The price of the work will, for the present, remain as above; but if there shall be any great advance in paper and material the price must be increased. To prevent disappointment, orders should be at once forwarded to the publishers, or to agents of the work in different parts of the country.

We have also prepared

Cyclopædia Bookcases,

In Walnut or other woods, exactly suited to contain a set of the CYCLOPÆDIA. They are furnished at from $6 00 upward, according to the taste of the purchaser.

The Indispensable!—Greater inducements than ever to Agents. Send stamp for circular, &c., to S. W. RICE & CO., 63 Nassau Street, New York, and 424 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHOCOLATE

Of the very best grades, cheaper, very nutritious, and more healthful than Tea and Coffee.

For Family Use.

Also Confectionery

Of every variety for home and export trade. Warranted pure.

PALMER & CO.,
Formerly Brasilera & Palmer, Manufacturing Establishment, 66 and 68 Duane Street, just East of Broadway.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS,
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNA & CO., No. 839 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $3, containing exact copies of advertisements by persons entitled to praise.
Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y.
Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.

Employment at your own Homes!
Thousands can realize a Hundred Dollars Weekly!
No stencils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour; is of the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of stamp for return postage. Address C. MORSE, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

Portable Coal Oil Gas Stoves
AND
Heating and Cooking Purposes.
☞ Depp's Patent. ☜



Cooking for a family done for one cent per hour. The cooking utensils of an ordinary stove or range may be used with them. Prices $6, $11, and $16. A liberal discount made to the trade. Send for a circular. Depot 613 Broadway, New York, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
H. D. BLAKE, Agt.

Roemer on Cavalry.

CAVALRY: ITS HISTORY, MANAGEMENT, AND USE IN WAR. By J. ROEMER, LL.D., late an Officer of Cavalry in the service of the Netherlands. Elegantly illustrated with 137 fine wood engravings. In one large octave volume, beautifully printed on tinted paper. Price, $6. Copies sent by mail, on receipt of price.
This day published, by

D. VAN NOSTRAND,
No. 192 Broadway, New York.

IN PRESS, and nearly ready, a new and revised edition of GIBBON'S ARTILLERIST'S MANUAL.
1 vol., octavo.

Mason & Hamlin,

Manufacturers of Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and Melodeons, take pleasure in referring to the numerous professors generally as to the superiority of their instruments, which they claim to be entirely free from any in the world. They have had the honor of receiving the only GOLD MEDAL ever awarded to any organ in this country, and though constantly exhibiting their instruments, have declined all competition, failed to carry off the first prize. M. & H. are singularly free from objectionable features in their Cabinet Organs, which are winning golden opinions from the highest sources. Among the distinguished organists who pronounce them the best instruments of their class in the world are Mr. Morgan, of Trinity Church; of Rev. Messrs. Ward Beecher's Church; Wels, of Chris Church; Margrath, of St. Paul's; Marshall, of Calvary Church; Berg, of Zion Church; William Mason, and many others. Prices of Cabinet Organs, $70 to $600; of Melodeons, $50 to $100, with six to twelve stops, $200 to $500 each. Warerooms, Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer Street, New York. Address MASON BROTHERS.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

Only One Dollar a Year!

Each number containing sixteen pages, including FOUR PAGES OF SUPERIOR MUSIC, MUSICAL ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, REVIEWS, REPORTS OF CONCERTS, A General Summary of MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE, and CORRESPONDENCE from all parts of the United States and Europe.

☞ Specimen copies mailed *Free* on application. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States, for every patriot's breast. $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. LIVERMORE,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.



495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
The Grover & Baker Machines have taken the First Premium at the late State Fairs held in

NEW YORK,	ILLINOIS,
NEW JERSEY,	KENTUCKY,
PENNSYLVANIA,	TENNESSEE,
OHIO,	MISSOURI,
INDIANA,	ALABAMA,
	NORTH CAROLINA,
	CALIFORNIA.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

☞ The Great Acclimating Tonic.—Wherever HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—the celebrated American prevention of Climate Disease—has been introduced this wonderfully fortifying effects in sustaining the health, vigor, and animal spirits of those whose business or pleasure calls them to encounter, or shield from exposure and privation, have been wonderful. In the army, the superiority of this article over every other invigorating and alterative medicine has become a matter of fact where used, that it is relied upon as a discovery as a protection against bilious fever, fever and ague, and every form of complaint of every kind. In fact, they it is the acknowledged of every kind. In fact, they it is the acknowledged of every kind. In fact, they it is the only stimulant which produces and keeps up a healthy action of the digestive organs in all climates. For the unacclimated pioneer and emigrant it is the most reliable of all climated pioneer and emigrant it is the most reliable of all climates. Throughout the United States it is considered the most healthful and agreeable tonic known, and altogether unrivaled as a remedy for all the diseases of which impurities are all vegetable. Every household should be supplied with the wholesome stimulant known as the genuine ☞ "Hostetter's Bitters" now manufactured at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and no less than 50,000 dozen bottles are sold annually. Depot, 629 Broadway. Kept by all respectable Druggists.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 629 BROADWAY.

☞ $30 a month and all expenses paid.—We want book agents to canvass for a book that meets with rapid sale and pays large profits. Write for a circular giving full particulars. Address
S. F. FRENCH & CO., 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS and MANUFACTURERS
OF
WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels to any point within the rebel cars and pronquilotte. Watches so forwarded are returned, we take upon ourselves all risks of Transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery.

Improved Solid Sterling Silver Lever, ENGLISH LADIES SIZE, in good running order and warranted accurate timepieces. This is an entire new pattern, made expressly for American Army and Navy use. They are manufactured in a very handsome manner, with *Asphalt centres, and are certified to keep good time*, all in all, they are a most desirable Watch. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News* of Feb. 21st, '63, says: "HUBBARD BRO'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their reliability and accuracy. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers." The price is SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS ($75), and they are sold at a much lower rate east of ordinary English Levers, while they will readily retail for a larger price. Postage, per case, $1 84.

RAILWAY TIMEKEEPERS, for Army Speculation.—The *Army and Navy Gazette* of Philadelphia, in its February Number, says: "This importation of the HUBBARD BROS., of NEW YORK, fills a long-felt want being a handsome and serviceable Watch at an extremely low figure." *Superior in style and finish! Indesirable for rapid raising gazettes and Steamboat men.*

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS. the Perfection of Mechanism.—A REVIEW.—The OPERA GLASS, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMEN'S WATCH COMBINED.—The following notice from the correspondent of the *New York Illustrated News*, the leading pictorial paper of the United States, in the issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 141, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timekeeping watches that we have ever offered. It has within it and connected with the watch its own watch-guard attachment, rendering a key seriously unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of Sterling Silver, the outer case of which is gilt. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper." Price each, engraved, per case of half dozen, $104 00. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those preparing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail the postage is 36 cents. Retails at $100 and upwards.

☞ We have no agents or circulars. Buyers must deal with us direct, either from this advertisement or Illustrated Cash in Advance. Remittances may be made in United States money, or bank drafts payable in any of the cities. If you wish goods sent by mail, enclose the amount of the postage with your order. Address all letters to full.
REMITTED LETTERS AT OUR RISK. Address
HUBBARD BROS., Importers,
North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

A Book that every Player should have

The Welcome Guest.

A Choice Collection (224 large quarto pages) of Music arranged for the Piano, consisting of the most popular Rondos, Transcriptions, Nocturnes, Marches and Quicksteps, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Mazurkas, Polkas, Redowas, Operatic Airs, Quadrilles, Cotillions, Dances, &c., complete and bound.

Two Hundred Pieces of Music,

Which, in sheet form, would not cost less than $50. Price, in boards, $2; cloth, $2 50; cloth, gilt, $3. Sent free by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.
HENRY TOLMAN & CO., Publishers,
291 Washington Street, Boston, and for sale by ROOT & CADY, Chicago.

A NY YOUNG LADY CAN COLOR HER OWN CARTES de Visite by obtaining a box of HOWEL & CO.'s Colors, prepared expressly for the inexperienced. One box of colors will color 100 cartes. Price $1. Sent free by mail. HOWEL & CO., 566 Broadway, N. Y.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi Manufacturing Company's
POUDRETTE.
FOR SALE.
JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York. This article, prepared from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR FERTILIZER offered in market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crops from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre.
Also, EQUITY GUANO BONE DUST. For sale in quantities of tons and right soil, ground fine, at $46 per ton. A supplier of other goods and guanos.
A pamphlet containing directions, &c., may be had free.
Address
Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.
Have Just Published:

Kinglake's Crimean War.

The

INVASION OF THE CRIMEA:

ITS ORIGIN,

AND

Account of its Progress,

DOWN TO THE

DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

By Alexander William Kinglake.

WITH MAPS AND PLANS.

Volume I., Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF

THE GREAT REBELLION

IN THE

UNITED STATES.

FOUR NUMBERS NOW READY.

Price 25 Cents Per Number.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.... 15 00 each.
$000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
$000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " ..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Jeanie and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Jet, and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sets of Boson Studs..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Pencil Cases..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 00 to 10 00 each.
$000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can be had for, put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all instances where we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, must be inclosed with the Certificate to obtain it now for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will insert 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

MOUNT HISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute in Agriculture Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Mount Hisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

Good Looking!

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE."—A new system of PHYSIOGNOMY; or, Signs of Character, as Indicated by Temperament, Hair, Eyes, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, with Hints on Choice of Character, or "How to Read Faces." By Prof. Physiology, Etiology, Psychology, Psychology, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1863. Only 30 cts. in a Number. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

"How to Get a Patent."

A 8 cent stamp encloses a copy of the "INVENTOR'S GUIDE." Address

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee,
25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to Coffee usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Mocha, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Steamboating Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our process, to contain a perfect combination of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a case, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 232, 235 and 237 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

Rheumatism Cured.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9th, 1863.

MESSRS. METCALFE & SMITH: You will please send by my address one pair of your METALLIC INSOLES. I have used them for more than one year, and find, in truth, that they are a sure and a preventative of Rheumatism. I consider them to be the public. Respectfully,

EDMUND J. PORTER, Major, U. S. A.

Price $1 00; per mail $1 25. Office 470 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.

Nature has Provided a Remedy

for every Disease.—DR. O. PHELPS BROWN has lately published a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations for the positive and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Fits, Scrofula, and General Debility, which he will send free to all on receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 29 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and thoroughly cures, in most cases. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 613 Broadway.

359. Old Prices. 359.

LACE CURTAINS,

Nottingham Curtains,
Muslin Curtains,
Broadcastle Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
Gold Window Shades,
Buff Holland Window Shades,
Green Holland Window Shades.
THE BEST UPHOLSTERERS EMPLOYED.

G. L. & J. E. KELLY,
359. 359 BROADWAY. 359.
New York.

CONSTITUTION, vs.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Here the state of the Constitution that determines the character of local diseases—a local disease may be defined as the cause of bringing on a proportional constitutional derangement. The importance of

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

in either case is hardly to be estimated. The organs of the stomach and bowels almost seem supreme in aiding a reaction to health with their assistance.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

FROM THE PEN OF

DR. B. MERRITT.

New Brunswick, Jan. 5, 1857.

I am now 69 years of age. 15 years of my past life I spent in the ministry. For 20 years I have used Brandreth's Pills as my family medicine, and I wish no other. During these 20 years I have never had an occasion to call in a physician to my family, save in the sickness of my wife with childbed.

D. N. MERRITT,

Associate publisher of the Methodist Protestan.

DR. THOMAS R. HAZARD, of Portsmouth, R. I., says: "That twenty-seven years' experience with the medicine confirms his belief that in very few cases would the Physician's services be required if Brandreth's Pills were promptly used in the early stages of disease."

MR. D. J. TENNEY, the well-known jeweler of New York, now residing at the Astor House, was cured of dyspepsia and costiveness of many years standing by

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

when all other medicines had failed.

Brandreth's Pills are for sale by nearly or some extent prevailing, no safer or better medicine can be used. They are entirely vegetable and harmless. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, on file at the office, 294 Canal Street.

Principal Office, 294 Canal Street,

Brandreth House.

Be sure and get New Style, which alone you the genuine and now pills.

B. BRANDRETH.

☞ Sold also, No. 4 Union Square, New York.

Woman's Rights!!—Every lady can have beautiful easy hair by using "Ives' Patent Hair Crimpers." Sold everywhere. Manufactured and sold wholesale only, by the Patentee, E. IVINS, Sixth and Cedarstreets, Philadelphia.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammondsport, 18 miles south of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit soil and markets in the Union; $15 to $50 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to E. J. BYRNES, Hammondsport, New Jersey. Letters answered. Reside in Hammondsport. View Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7½ A.M. or 3½ P.M. for Hammondsport.

sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 25c., 50c., and $1 00 per box. Corns, Bunions, Club and Inverted Nails, Enlarged and Diseased Joints, and all other diseases of the feet skillfully and successfully treated, either personally or by Dr. J. BRIGGS, Surgeon Chiropodist, 212 Broadway, New York. Send for Circular.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Sixteen cards to the pack. Sold by Booksellers, Stors, and Fingers the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Price post-paid, free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address J. WORTH & CO., Nurserymen, St. Louis, Mo.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. 12mo Publishers Send. ☞ For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Gourmet will force them to grow heavy and rich in from three months (or less) without chin or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, free, to any address on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better

DISPLAY,

And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, July 11th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the composition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of the rest other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the million, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Custards, Cornflour Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, milk few or no eggs, at a cost scrimishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cakes. It is also excellent for thickening cream sauces, gravies, Soups, Ice and meats, crepe, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little more will produce a delicious Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "Maizena," "Maizena," "Maizena." A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Agents, 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers disabled by wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with blank to fill and forward. Officers, write stamp to pay return postage. SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, New York, and 5th Street, Washington, D. C.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money—Being exam copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, Australian, &c., papers for the last 50 years collecting to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Free to search for same, $3. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are equally good for cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 25 for Gents'. O. B. GRAY, 901 Broadway, N. Y.

Every variety of India Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

FOR SALE.—A double cylinder Printing Press, A. B. Taylor & Co., Makers—the Press on which "Harper's Weekly" has been regularly printed. Sold only for want of use, the increased circulation of the "Weekly" requiring More large four cylinder Press. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Everybody should have a Stencil Plate to mark their Clothes! A plate with your name cut in it, a bottle of indelible ink, a brush, and directions, sent by mail, post-paid, for $1 00. Address

N. E. BAKER, Lawrence, Mass.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,

BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP,

ASTHMA, and CONSUMPTION.

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonary disease, that it is entirely unnecessary to enter into any statement of its virtues in any community where it has been employed. So wide and thorough are the knowledge and experience of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. Nor is it in these cases only that it performs the marvelous cures by which it is distinguished. Its penetrating medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and hence there is scarcely a village in the land which neglects what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. Let but the first symptom of a tickle upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, &c., and for Children, it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained. During the long fevers that sometimes use themselves sensible, we need no more than assure the people its quality to keep it in their houses, and it will ever be found that the genuine article is sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE; SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Scurvy and Scrofulous Eruptions will soon be the horror of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, bad food, and drenching rains, will make havoc with the constitution; therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS—sure cure for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cents per pot.

Ladies and Tars.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

Liquid Extract of Coffee, Manufactured by KARNE & MEYN, 293 Pearl St., N. Y. Send for a circular.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Company,

No. 31 Nassau Street, New York.

Opposite the Post Office.

Cash Capital and Accumulation over

$1,400,000 00.

Losses paid during three years past were $380,399 74. Of which was paid to Widows and Orphans $80,561 24. Dividends have been made for the same time $80,609 66.

The triennial dividend of profits of this Company has resulted in a bonus, in addition to the policy, of more than fifty per cent. on the whole premium paid.

The Dividends are paid in the life-time of the assured, thus aiding them to pay future premiums.

Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, when by policy is for life, and the annual premium amounts to $40 or over. From 40 to 50 per cent. may be paid by notes.

Persons insured may visit Europe in first-class vessels, without extra charge, at all seasons of the year.

HENRY STOKES, President. C. V. WEMPLE, Secretary. J. C. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary. S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

Prospectus and all necessary information may be obtained at the Office, or any of its Agencies, in the principal cities and towns.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

AMBOLINE

MOISTENS,

BEAUTIFIES,

ODORATES,

LENGTHENS,

INVIGORATES,

NOURISHES,

EMBELLISHES

the

HAIR.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating extracts from Flowers, Roots, and Herbs, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PRESERVATION OF VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beautiful where the hair requires a gentle stimulant."

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a Dressing."—Anonymous.

WARREN WARD, Esq.,

No. 6 Grand Street, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has restored the entire scalp with NEW HAIR."

Prof. JOHN SENIA, No. 35 King St., New York.

"Your AMBOLINE is perfect."—Anonymous. Put up in neat, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,

No. 843 Broadway, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent to the U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Suitors charged low rates.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil, genial climate, good markets, low prices, &c., to be sent only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—30 acres to each of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. E. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. 54. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old-most level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 20 DAYS," by mail, 25 cents, and many other *Curious Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 3000 sold. 10th Edition. Price only 25c., 8 for $1. Mailed *free*. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number make a complete set of HARPER'S MONTHLY a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers are now prepared to supply back numbers from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number of HARPER'S MONTHLY Magazine, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, and sent by mail, postage paid. Sets in Cloth, Uniform, sixteen volumes 1850 miles of New York; for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per volume. Single volumes of Twenty-six Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for one Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 00 each, or Six Copies for $10 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent, from whom they can procure receipts, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

PALMERSTON
ARMOURERS to the C.S.A.
Victoria
Wheat Cotton Fruits & Vegetables
THE WEST FOR FARMING
EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!
MAY BE PROCURED
At FROM $6 to $12 PER ACRE.
Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.
1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in
ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, ON LONG CREDIT, the beautiful and fertile PRAIRIE LANDS *lying along the whole line of their Railroad, 700 MILES IN LENGTH, upon the most Favorable Terms, for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics, and Workingmen to make for themselves and their families a competence, and a HOME! They can call* THEIR OWN, *as will appear from the following statements:*

ILLINOIS

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,727,666, and a soil capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the Settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate, from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 500 miles, is well adapted to Winter

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO,

Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than the more immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois River, a distance of 129 miles on the Branch, and 136 miles on the Main Trunk), lies the great Corn and Stock raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 50 to 75 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith (a distance of 56 miles on the Branch and 147 miles on the Main Trunk), Pleasant Hill, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c. are produced in great abundance.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Winter Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 35,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels, besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Flax, Hemp, Rice, Clover, Cabbage, &c.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres, at $10 per acre, with interest at 6 per cent. annually on the following terms:

Cash payment	$48 00
Payment in one year	48 00
" in two years	48 00
" in three years	48 00
" in four years	230 00
" in five years	224 00
" in six years	212 00
" in seven years	206 00

40 acres, at $10 per acre, with interest at 6 per cent. annually on the following terms:

Cash payment	$24 00
Payment in one year	24 00
" in two years	24 00
" in three years	24 00
" in four years	118 00
" in five years	112 00
" in six years	106 00
" in seven years	100 00

Address **Land Commissioner,** *Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.*

Tobacco, Sorghum, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. DAIRY FARMING also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON,

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min. see Morton on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line), the Company own thousands of acres well adapted to the production of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and favorable curability of this plant.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to the Ohio. At its same importe, the Railroad runs through the centre of the best lands, and in other side of the road and whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

CITIES, TOWNS, MARKETS, DEPOTS.

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving access to very many cities, Cities, Towns, and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the State, and the most desirable assortment may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and a new home on it as early as the first settler in a new province.

EDUCATION

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Churches may soon live in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

Address JOHN WILSON, Land Commissioner, *Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.*

A WORD TO THE WISE (?)

YANKEE DOODLE. "What's that yer hammerin' at, now?"
PALMERSTON. "Sword for PRESIDENT DAVIS."
YANKEE DOODLE. "Wal, look out it don't fly up and hit yer in the eye!"

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, AT PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, or as hereinbefore OFF ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE REVENUE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES into the FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR WILL CEASE. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7.30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being rather manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE VERY SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, as at low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass.; which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY. N. Y.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT
Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate.
R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

3000 Ordered before Publication.
ARMY OFFICERS, READ IT.
Southern History of the War.
THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.
By E. A. POLLARD.
Editor Richmond Examiner,
AND
B. M. DEWITT,
Associate Editor of Richmond Enquirer.
1 Volume 8vo; Paper Cover, $1 50; Cloth, $2 00.
With Portraits on Steel.
This is an exact reprint of the best and fullest History of the War yet published in the South. Its value and importance as a connected statement of all the civil, military, and naval operations, as pictured in Southern readers, can not be underrated. It is well written, full of details, with many narratives and incidents of personal adventure. As a Southern picture of the war, it should be read by every one. *Agents wanted in every town and city.*
Sent by mail on receipt of price.
C. B. RICHARDSON, PUBLISHER,
594 and 598 Broadway, New York.

National Union League.
To the Trade.
The above design is the one adopted by the organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a Pin in fine 10 k. gold plate, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of 50 cents. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer at 30 cents per dozen. Jewelry very cheap to each buyer.
E. N. FOOTE & CO,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

HILTON'S
Insoluble Cement
Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become sour. *It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching,* and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Ivory, and articles of household use. It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will'nbers stp vibrations firmly and completely.
HILTON BROTHERS & CO., Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2c. to 100 lbs.
For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

Beauty still more Beautiful.
Straight hair can be made to wave beautifully by using
Ivins' Patent Hair Crimpers.
Ladies can use them constantly and have no fear of injuring their hair, as they are always used without heating at all, and consequently do not destroy the vitality of the hair. Their construction is so simple, they are so easily used, and their powers so magical, that we are convinced that say lady, after once using them, will not be without them for double the price of their cost. Beware for Ivins' Patent Hair Crimpers, and use no other, if you wish to preserve the life and beauty of your hair. For sale everywhere. Manufactured and sold wholesale only by the patentee.
E. IVINS, Sixth and Columbia Avenue,
Philadelphia.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, on receipt of only $7. A Gold Silver, same as above, $7. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 35 & 40 Ann Street, New York.

A Speculation.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL ONE DOLLAR PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likeness of Heroes, Camp Companions for the Army), rich gilt of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are the thing for a present to your *friend in the Army.* So family should be without one. Prize Enterprises, sales quick. Address a camp can see at a glance, *and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH FREE to every Agent. Circulars forwarded free. Send for Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARD & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$20 American $20
Lever Watches.
HANDSOME UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ARMORY LEVERS, for $20, or a case of six for $110. Watches of every description at wholesale and retail prices.
All orders from the Army must be pre-paid.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Superior Farm Land
At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Creek, on West Jersey Railroad, in the midst of Prosperous Villages, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing full particulars, sent free. Refer to Robinson, Hale, Wood, & Cohen, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

Brown, Wilson, & Fisher,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.
Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of all kinds bought and sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. Orders received for the new 5-20 6 per cent. Bonds as par and accrued interest. We buy and sell, and keep constantly on hand, all kinds of U. S. Government Securities, Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Money, &c., &c.
LEWIS M. BROWN, HENRY E. WILSON.
CHARLES G. FISHER, Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston,
Morse Taylor, James B. Wilcox,
Levis B. Brown, John J. Crane.

Barnum's American Museum.
A GREAT NATIONAL DOG SHOW
Will take place at the Museum on
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,
April 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1 and 2, 1863,
At which time upwards of
$2,200
Will be paid in premiums for the best breeds of Dogs, including whatever is most rare and beautiful among the canine species.
Circulars containing full particulars and list of premiums may be had on application at the Museum.

PHELAN'S
Improved Billiard Tables
AND
Combination Cushions.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.
Orders by mail or telegraph promptly executed. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists sent by mail. "THE BILLIARD GUIDE," a journal published in the interest of Billiards, and containing details of all novelties, a copious record of Billiard matches, and all matter of interest to amateurs of Billiards, sent free on application.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63, 65, 67, & 69 Crosby St., New York,
And 734 & 736 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ATTENTION
50,000 Agents Wanted.
Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my Splendid Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Chased Hunting Case Watch attached, or a neat lever style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Gold Thimble, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
E. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
209 Broadway, N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

Artificial Arms and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. Pamphlet (64 years) filled for circulars. Send stamped free.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 332.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



ON PICKET DUTY IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

A WARNING.

We will remember it—England's "neutrality"—
We who have witness'd her cowardly craft;
Friendly in seeming, a foe in reality,
Wiping her eyes while she inwardly laughed.

We will remember when round us were lying
Thousands of gallant men, wounded and dead,
Rebels on all sides our gateway defying—
"Down with our Rival!" was all England said.

We will remember her sham aristocracy,
Cheerful and jubilee over our fall;
Hoping when Treason would stifle democracy,
Turning a deaf ear to Liberty's call.

We will remember her writhing emotion,
When her starved workmen were gasping for breath,
While stars of gratitude on next year the motion
Her ship-yards laden with weapons of death!

We will remember the *Rebels* making,
Riddled with balls "across England" and sent;
We will remember her laughing and winking,
Feasting arch-traitors on board of the *Trent*.

We will remember it when we are stronger,
When once again we stand gazed and erect;
Her neutral mask shall shield England no longer,
By her foul deeds she'll know *what to expect!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION AND THE PROSPECT.

THE great question, ever since this war began, has been one of money. Every one who knew the American people was from the first aware that they would fight, and fight without counting the natives, a large army could at all times be mustered from the ranks of the needy European immigrants who come here in search of living. But the doubtful point at the commencement of the war, and for a long time afterward, was, whether means could be obtained for the prosecution of a great war. When the traitor Cobb resigned the United States Treasury Department, the public credit stood so low that Government could not borrow $10,000,000; and leading banking houses shortly afterward refused to abide by their bids for a United States loan, on the ground that the accession of South Carolina had dissolved the confederacy known as the United States. The interest on the public debt due January 1, 1861, could not be even paid but for special temporary offers of money from New York bankers, who deemed the risk they ran great enough to warrant them in exacting twelve per cent per annum for the money they lent, in an easy six per cent. money market. Foreign opinion unanimously pronounced against our financial future. As we had quite a million railway shares and leading bonds to England for sale, it was easily decided by British politicians that we could not conduct a war without British capital; and leading journals confidently announced that if England would steadfastly refuse to lend us money we should be forced to make peace in a few weeks. Thus at home and abroad the very poorest opinion was entertained of the financial strength of the nation. It is probable that no financier ever undertook the management of a more discredited and seemingly hopeless concern than was the United States Treasury when it passed into the hands of SALMON P. CHASE, on 4th March, 1861.

Over two years have elapsed since then—two years of increasing war, waged on a scale previously unknown to history, and at a cost compared to which previous wars were mere guerrilla skirmishes. For at least a year we have kept four armies in the field, each of them greater than the average force of the armies with which Marlborough, Washington, and Napoleon waged war; and three naval squadrons, each of them superior in power, and tonnage to the fleet with which Nelson ruled the seas, and the western powers of Europe, at a later day, so imposingly assembled at Sebastopol and Cronstadt. Yet two years of war have not been years of uniform success for the national cause. Our defeats have been almost as numerous as our victories, and during nearly half this period the prospect, to men of weak nerve, has seemed doubtful and gloomy.

It is a fact, however, that, notwithstanding the bad credit which the nation enjoyed when the war broke out, and the enormous expenditures which have been incurred in its prosecution, we have paid every dollar of the expense without borrowing from abroad, and our credit stands better now than it ever did since the old days of peace. This is a fact so astounding, in view of past history and the present prospect, that the mind can hardly realize it without reflection.

When the war broke out the public debt was, in round numbers, $90,000,000. It is now, at the end of April, as nearly as possible, $1,000,000,000. Of this sum, rather over one-third consists of circulating notes of Government, paper-money, which the people hold and use, and which has become so popular as to exclude, in many localities, the old bank-notes; rather less than another third is funded debt; and the balance is certificates of deposit and indebtedness, payable either on call or within twelve months—a form of indebtedness apparently liable to become troublesome, but in reality, as is well understood by persons familiar with what statisticians call the law of averages, about as permanent, in ordinary times, as any funded debt.

If the war ended now, the United States, with a population of over 30,000,000 and a gross revenue of about $300,000,000, would find themselves encumbered with a debt of $1,000,000,000. If the war lasts another year the burden will be swelled to $1,400,000,000. If it last two years, to $2,225,000,000. Assuming that it does last two years more, the following table will show the relative position of the United States and some of the leading countries of Europe:

Countries.	Debt.	Population.	Revenue.
Great Britain..	$4,000,000,000	29,000,000	$270,000,000
France.....	1,375,000,000	40,000,000	300,000,000
Austria.....	1,000,000,000	35,000,000	125,000,000
Russia.....	1,100,000,000	65,000,000	165,000,000
Spain.....	1,000,000,000	15,000,000	60,000,000
United States..	2,250,000,000	30,000,000	300,000,000

It will thus be seen, that after having waged the most tremendous war ever known in the world for two years more, the United States would still have, in 1865, a lighter burden to bear, in proportion to their population, than Great Britain or Spain, and that the revenue, upon which public credit rests, would be in excess of that of every foreign nation except France. In point of fact, in view of the resources of this country, the enormous amount of capital on hand, the undeveloped fields for enterprise and capital, and the universal prosperity in ordinary times of the American people, a debt of $2,225,000,000, in all probability, be borne more lightly by citizens of the United States than one of $5 a head by citizens of Europe.

When the history of this war comes to be written, no part of it will attract more attention or command more admiration than the chapters which relate to finance. On no one hand, indeed, the future historian will be as extravagant in applause of Mr. Chase as some of our newspapers are noisy in censure. He is not entitled to previous financial Minister—not even Necker, Pitt, Morris, or Hamilton—ever achieved so much with so little capital to start upon.

If any one had predicted, in July, 1861, that after two years' war, at an expense of $900,000,000, citizens of the United States would offer money to Government on the basis of rates of interest, he would have been set down as a fool. Yet the fact is that people are carrying their money to the Sub-treasuries, and begging Government to take it at six per cent per annum for the money for ten years, and at five per cent. for the money for one year, and the subscriptions to the Bonds known as five-twenties, the poorest bond ever offered to the people, are coming in actually in excess of the capacity of the Treasury Department to supply the Bonds. People have to wait a fortnight after paying their money to get the Bonds. The magnificent voluntary spontaneous tender of millions daily by the people of the United States, how pitiful do the famous negotiations of Hamilton, Talleyrand, and Napoleon the Third appear! If public men must be judged by success, in the cabinet as in the field, Mr. Chase will have few rivals in history.

The issue of paper-money, which commenced last year, has been the subject of much discussion at home and abroad. Every one knows that Government here and in Europe pronounced it a fatal error, and predicted that the "greenback" would be as worthless as the Continental assignats and the Continental Money. Even the friends of the issue only justified it on the ground of inexorable necessity, and did not deny that it involved enormous risks and dangers. But now, after a year's trial of the system, an impartial judge must decide that it has worked well, and that the issue of paper-money has not hitherto been no proportion whatever to the benefits which it has conferred. It has increased the cost of living, and the wages of labor, in the form of use, necessity, and luxury. But it has simultaneously increased, and to a much greater extent, the capacity of consumers to pay for these articles. The poor man can still purchase his tea and his sugar and his coffee and his clothes, his labor commands much higher wages, and all the articles he produces, by agricultural or mechanical labor, fetch a higher price. Never has there been a time when labor was so to great demand throughout the country as now, or even at a time when an industrious, frugal man could live better on his wages, and save more, notwithstanding the high price of all articles of consumption. The effect of paper-money on the rate of labor springs directly from the effect of the issues of paper-money; which, coursing through the country like another rains through parched fields, have given new life to the land, developed agriculture and industry, generated enterprise in regions which were dormant, and enormously increased production and trade. The only check needs to glance at the monthly returns of railway traffic—which show an average increase over last year of nearly 50 per cent.—to perceive how prodigious an impetus these paper-money issues have given to the industry and activity of the country at large.

Another striking evidence of the substantial benefit which these paper-money issues have conferred upon the country, and especially upon the working classes, may be discovered in the progress of immigration from Europe. The immigration this year will be largely in excess of that of any previous year. The agent of a leading line of steamers states that he is receiving more money for passages from Liverpool to New York than he ever received before; though the money being paid here costs the party who pays it $7½ per £1 sterling, instead of $5, as formerly. Our Irish citizens certainly have no fears of the future of this country, and are better able than ever to help their friends to come here.

As to the collapse of the currency, so confidently predicted by foreigners and Copperheads, we are inclined to think that the March panic in gold has modified their views on this subject. The premium on gold at 170 when it fell to 138, without any Union victories or other palpable cause, have the best of reasons for entertaining a good opinion of the currency. They are not likely to be tempted again in the same scrape. Gold may and probably will rise again, as the tide of speculation ebbs and flows. But when it reaches the neighborhood of 170 he will be a bold man who will care to hold any of the precious metal overnight. Paper-money may be a very bad thing, and the currency may, according to all law and precedent, be bound to depreciate. But after the catastrophe of March we think that not even the most daring of the children of Israel will be ready to force its rise in gold when it approaches the point from which it so lately fell like the stick of a rocket.

The philosophy of Mr. Chase's issues of paper can be readily discerned. In European countries, where commerce was sluggish, industrial enterprise dull, and there were but few undeveloped resources, issues of paper depreciated rapidly because there was no legitimate channel for their employment. This country, on the contrary, has always been marked by a feverish activity in mercantile, industrial, and agricultural circles. Every body here is a worker and a producer, and money hitherto has found its work and his production limited by a want of money. Mr. Chase's issues have supplied the deficiency, and the money which in Austria or Turkey or South America would have accumulated idly in bank, and sunk in value from the want of demand for it, has here been greedily sought after by men who had mills to erect, ships to build, steam-engines to make, land to open, factories to start, railroads to extend, canals to dig, commercial houses to establish, and all manner of lucrative enterprises to found or further. On an aggregate paper and specie currency of perhaps $350,000,000 we produced wheat, and many of our most valuable resources undeveloped; and neglecting, for want of money, opportunities which were sure of yielding a handsome reward. A currency of $1,000,000,000 will insure the rapid development of those resources and those opportunities, and the profits made reaped will in large part be invested in Government securities, and will thus strengthen the Government credit, and protect the paper-money issued by the Treasury from depreciation.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

At the National Gallery we learn through the sentry at the door that it was useless to make criticism upon No. 240, Parson's *Bridge of Sighs*. "What!" said one spectator; "Bridge of Sighs? Where's the water? Here you are over town in Venice?" he asked of his companion. "Never," replied the other. "Well," continued the first, "it's what is about as much like the Bridge of Sighs as it is like your hat." In No. 254 Mr. De Haas has a quiet, characteristic view in Rotterdam. It recalls the river-views in Dickens, and Hood's poem written from Rotterdam to the girl he left behind him, and a set of Mr. Hennessy's delicate and suggestive pictures which hold the eye and mind with a vague spell of gentle interest. No. 265, *The Balcony*, is a bright picture by Mr. Frank Hall. Mr. Hall's secret sympathy with the characteristic aspects of Spanish life give a value to every study of his which is not its intrinsic merit. In this little work the olive skin, the brilliant eyes, the fan, the mantilla, are, of themselves, Spain. No. 270, *A Love Story*, one of Mr. Hennessy's subdued and effective sketches. No. 278, a cluster of golden grapes, admirably done, firm in form and transparent in color, by Mrs. H. F. Gray. It is no technical "good-for-a-lady" work, but an honest study skillfully painted. Mr. G. C. Lambdin, in 285, paints a page from nursery life, *Cherries are Ripe, pray the Lady one*. It has the sweet sentiment that characterizes all his works.

Some thirty or forty small pictures of various subjects and excellence, but all showing care, and feeling, and fancy, intervene between the Lambdin and No. 323, *Gathering Fagots*, by W. J. Hennessy. This, and its pendant, No. 324, *Pruning Fagots*, and No. 331, *The First Day Out*, are characteristic specimens of this artist. They are all very small works, but there is a viking tenderness and breath of feeling in them. The somber tone of No. 323 is harmonious with the simple pathos of the subject: a poor old woman with her back turned, painfully stooping, and feebly picking up sticks at the edge of a wood, while the chill evening comes on. In 334 the old woman, not so poor and forlorn, sits by a dormer window in an attic, and reads her Bible by the last lingering sunlight, which strikes upon the wall behind her; while, in No. 361, the aged, wrinkled grandam holds up by a handkerchief the tottering child, who is for the first time stepping from the floor. These are little works of peculiar promise—as all talent is promise. The color is not without crudity, and the painter has studied Frere, but he has studied him from sympathy, not from a fascination which results in mere imitation. Nos. 323, *Reading the Lesson*, and 366, *Going Home to the Farm*, are two of the character sketches for which Mr. Staigg is well known. They are simple, expressive, easily and skillfully done, and full of sentiment. Mr. Gray, in No. 335, seizes the musical picture of Clarke's *Organ of the American Flag*, and translates it into spirited form and color. There is a fine shading movement in the erect figure of Freedom, which echoes the ring of the famous lines. Near by, in No. 331, Mr. Kensett exhibits a *Reminiscence of Lake George*, whose transparent tranquillity is spell of dreams to the spectator. Eternal summer calm broods upon the place where this picture hangs.

The small room is full of small works, many more of which will yet doubtless call for mention and praise. Meanwhile, let us remember how much patient labor and close study are represented in pictures which do not greatly impress us, or which seem to be positively poor; and especially ought we critics, who stand before them with the dreadful pencil in our hands—especially ought we to remember that nothing is easier than to ridicule a work which is really excellent, and give a pang to the generous, toiling heart at least, which all the pleasure of a criticism can not excuse. The office of a critic in the Gallery is not to shine at the expense of the painters and their pictures—for their criticisms are but the words of the impressions produced by a momentary glance at works that have been carefully wrought. How many of us have studied as the artist has the aspect of Nature which we censure in his work? How many of us understand the mysteries of the craft of which we speak so learnedly? Of the many passages who discourse upon the Exhibition this one confesses that in the course of any academy of engravings fiction in the pictures is lost in his admiration of the long and brilliant record of study, patience, and skill which is spread upon the walls. Many of these works are the witnesses of an inspiring self-sacrifice and devotion, if not of genius or superior talent. They are evidence of character, at least, if not of capacity. So if you do not find a work you cause for you may get something else as Valuable.

We hope to take another turn through the rooms, for we remember several pictures of which we have not spoken.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.*

KINGLAKE'S history is the most humiliating book for England. He calls it the Invasion of the Crimea, but it is his own shame. It is a story of the invasion and conquest of British honor. Exposing with elaborate detail and relentless precision the folly which Lord Raglan's letters and a few other conspirators possessed themselves of France in the night, deluding him as a charlatan and envoy, who will be presently seen a man whose conduct and career outraged the self-respect of every gentleman in Europe—he proceeds to deal with the more terrible theme of the betrayal of England tied to the conquering car of this contemptible man, and the honor of the proud English nobility not revolting at his success in cheating Windsor Castle with all the customary ceremonials of an equal monarch—good friend and brother.

With a blush of shame that glows upon every page, this English gentleman describes the wily policy by which the British Cabinet was bamboozled by the French adventurer. He tells of the bloody blow which Louis Napoleon struck in Paris, how he caught laugh in Queen Victoria; how France awoke on the 3d December, 1851, to find every famous general of her armies, every distinguished statesman of the country, imprisoned, and a half dozen men masters of her destiny; and then his reluctant but indignant pencil traces the outline of the scene in which with that same spirit had Louis Napoleon welcomes the proud British people to Boulogne Somerset, at the Tuileries, and presents him, the closest friend of Wellington and beloved British soldier, to his own accomplice in perjury and massacre, St. Arnaud, Minister of War.

At this point the fiery indignation of the historian breaks forth into a denunciation of the citizens of France who do not know the man who has masqueraded his way to the Tuileries apostrophizing the English gentlemen in whose company he is guest at the Tuileries with the consent of Britain.

Mr. Kinglake's theory of the Crimean war is that it was a necessity which should have been and would have been peacefully settled by the concert of the four great powers, but that the Czar's nation was obliged to divert the eyes of France from itself, and therefore forced England into a separate alliance, and make war unnecessary; by the unsalacy of this talent over that of the British Cabinet; that there was no reason whatever for such an alliance, and that the consequences were an unnecessary war and the obsequious subservience of Great Britain to the necessities of a French adventurer.

A more splendid work for an Englishman to read and ponder we can not imagine. And a more lucrative work for an American to read, who has for two years been hearing John Bull denouncing our war as unnecessary, foolish, wicked, and hopeless, it is impossible to imagine.

The work has excited a profound interest, and can not fail to have a very strong and permanent influence upon English opinion. It is written with great earnestness, picturesqueness, and vigor; and the episodical account of the French *coup d'état* is the most vivid and complete in our language.

FIGHTING AND TWADDLING.

BECAUSE you can't make a pooch-tree out of a quince-tree, is there any reason why you should not get it to bear the best quinces possible? If the Lord has made the African race and all colored men so essentially and utterly inferior to the pale

races, is there any harm in helping them to do all they can do? Because a man shows no symptom of rivaling Newton or surpassing Shakespeare, must he therefore be degraded, despised, and outraged, and what capacity the Lord *has* given him be hopelessly extinguished? Why, good Sir, who are so busily declaring that colored men were made to be kicked and cuffed by white men, suppose that we all got our deserts how would you and I fare? If what you call superior capacity is to relegate all inferior capacities to contempt and permanent deprivation of common human rights, you and I are in a bad way, for there are plenty of people who are in every point our superiors.

The Lord has made negroes to be slaves, declare the slaveholding doctors, and you must not try to make soldiers of them: you can not do it if you would, and if you could they would be good for nothing. That was a pretty enough argument until the facts knocked it to pieces. For in no engagement in which the colored soldiers have taken part have they shown themselves in any way inferior to the best. Here, for instance, by the recent arrival from New Orleans, we learn that one hundred and eighty of the Louisiana black Union soldiers routed a force of three hundred rebel cavalry and a company of infantry. The black Louisianians, late slaves and others, took a set of colors from the retreating white chivalry. You may read it in the correspondence of a paper which editorially assures us that no colored soldiers can be raised, and that when they are raised they will not fight! Let us know the place where they have had a chance and have not fought.

But while those who do fight fight well, there is no better proof of the common sense and common humanity of the colored men than that they are in no great haste to flock in multitudes and fight for those who studiously insult and despise them. We should think him a pretty poor Yankee who was very anxious to take up the cudgels for a man who incessantly told him that he was the scum and offscouring and lees and nasty refuse of creation, and who took care that he should be believed by spitting in the Yankee's face, and kicking him, and knocking him down, and insisting upon his working forever without wages. If, despite all this, the Yankee should take up arms and fight for his abuser, we should say either he is the best and most heroic of men, or he is the meanest-spirited dastard that ever lived.

FROM A DIARY.

It was a good meeting this afternoon in Madison Square, although the air was chilly and the sky threatening. Scott made a capital figure-head; but how utterly factitious the enthusiasm for the old gentleman is! In consideration of his unquestioned services we agree to treat him as if we thought him a great man, for somebody must play that part. No king in the world looks so well as Scott did, dressed in full black with a broad blue ribbon, and bowing his towering white head to the crowd. I was standing in the crowd listening to John Van Buren, and observed near me Jones, who was attending in the next crowd to the speaker at the next stand. Jones I have long known as a man of moderate, sensible views, as becomes one who has large interests at stake. Smith was near him, one of the Hartington breed of loyal men.

"Hallo!" said Smith, "nobody's making a speech here worth hearing but John Van Buren."

"I am very well content," replied Jones.

"Who is that?" asked Smith.

"Jobson," answered Jones.

"Pshaw! a d—d Abolitionist," sneered Smith.

"Yes," said Jones, in an audible voice, and turning his great square shoulders so as to confront the other, and looking him straight in the eyes—"Yes, and every man here who is not a d—d Abolitionist is a d—d traitor."

Smith stared blankly, but said nothing more.

Certainly no phrase ever did so much service as the one by which Smith described Jobson. I was dining at S.'s the other day, when F. turned round to J. at the table, and said, half bitterly:

"I will take a hundred shares if you will only kill off these —— Abolitionists and stop the war."

J. burst out into a loud laugh. "Don't you think it a little late in the day to talk such rubbish as that? You've used that phrase all your life, and you haven't the least idea what you're talking about. There isn't a man at this table who can tell what an Abolitionist is, except that he is a man who hates slavery, which is only another way for saying that he is a man. And as for bringing on the war, why, I remember, my dear F., when Yancey came to the Cooper Institute in the last campaign, and gave fair warning that if he and his party didn't succeed they'd raise Ned: and the next day you gave a hundred dollars to the side for which he spoke. You gave a good many other hundred dollars during the canvass, and each one was a premium upon rebellion. Yancey went straight home and said, 'They're all right at the North. F. has given a thousand dollars for our success. Whatever we do he'll wink at it.' You're a pretty man to talk about stopping the war by killing off other folks. If you and your kind had said to Yancey and his kind, 'None of that talk! We're not going to roast our pig by burning the house down,' he would have shrugged his shoulders, gone home, and said, 'We can't count upon 'em,' and there would have been no war. No, my dear F., when Jeff Davis and Toombs and the rest began to secede, it wasn't Garrison or Wendell Phillips they relied upon; it was you gentlemen in New York and elsewhere who had given them reason to suppose that they might rely upon you. And as for ending the war by killing off, you had better apply the method to the smaller number, not to the greater. It would take you a dreadfully long day to count the d—d Abolitionists."

F. smiled good-naturedly, and replied, "Why, I really believe you are one of them," in such a cheerful tone that it was perfectly clear *he* was. And I, who remember a score of years of dining out in New York, can not be enough amazed at what I constantly hear and see.

BROADWAY.

BROADWAY is clearly doomed to have a railroad; but whether it shall be for Mr. George Law's profit or for that of the city are questions in dispute. What special services Mr. Law has rendered the city or the State that he should prevail against the strongly-expressed wishes of the powerful proprietors upon Broadway and the general sentiment of the city does not appear. In what way his supremacy over Broadway is to lighten the taxes is also not evident. In fact, who is to gain by the enterprise, except some stage companies, the Legislators who have received money, *if* any have received money, and Mr. George Law, are questions that remain open for answering.

It is the universal impression, which may be a universal mistake, that neither the necessity of the street, nor the desire of the property owners upon it, but the lobbying of Mr. Law, has carried his bill through the Legislature. On the other hand, the grant to the Harlem Company under their charter secures an income to the city. Every citizen, of course, gives his sympathy and interest to the Harlem project. Doubtless, whichever prevails, the traveling public will be equally accommodated and the road equally well laid. But it is a good thing to lighten taxes at the same time, and it is a bad thing to know that the convenience of the city of New York is at the mercy of any man, however rich, however much of a public benefactor, however eminent and honorable, he may be.

IN RE THE EMPEROR OF CHINA'S NAVY.

ONE of the most faithful and influential friends of this country in Great Britain writes to the Lounger as follows:

"I am not surprised that you should be irritated at the ship-building for the Confederates in British yards; it is shameful and unworthy of British merchants, and our Government has, in my opinion, shown culpable remissness in putting the law in force. I do not, however, believe that there has been on the part of the Government any intentional violation of neutrality. I am happy to say that the feeling in this country on the subject among all who favor the North is exceedingly strong, and, I presume, has already found expression in adequate terms at a meeting which was to have taken place at Manchester on Monday, but of which I have not yet seen the report. Indeed I have no doubt that the Government are now resolved to do their duty firmly, and as an earnest of this I refer you to a dispatch of Lord Russell's in the *Daily News* which I send you, on the Peterhoff question; this, I think, should give satisfaction. I wish also to call your attention to a speech by the Duke of Argyle, made a few days ago at Leith."

It was at the meeting mentioned by our correspondent that Professor Goldwin Smith of Oxford made an admirable speech to the effect that, whenever Great Britain declines to enforce a municipal law of her own which is contravened to the injury of a friendly power, it is the indication of an unfriendly spirit upon her part. Whether the unfriendliness is positive hostility must be determined by the circumstances.

That Great Britain, however, does not wish to have it so regarded is clear enough from her awakening activity to detain the cruisers of his Majesty the Emperor of China.

ANTI-STROPHE.

THERE is always a prosaic as well as a poetic view of any subject, even of royal weddings, as this good-humored parody of Tennyson's nuptial ode shows. It is a contribution to the West Philadelphia *Hospital Register:*

THE LAUREATE'S ODE.

AFTER TENNYSON.

Welcome thee! Welcome thee! Welcome thee!
Alexandra!
Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen are we:
Dane of the feminine gender is she,
Alexandra!
Welcome her fog! Welcome her sleet!
Welcome her little boys out in the street!
London's mire and mud, stick to her feet;
Muddy her, muddy her, muddy her—Greet!*
Up umbrellas up! Break cloud that lowers;
Anoint her fair head with plentiful showers;
Welcome her, welcome her, welcome her Dow'rs!†
From the top of her head to her heel she is ours,
Alexandra.
Blow trumpet and bugle, and cornet and fife:
Crowd, men, and crush women out of their life,
And flutter and sputter and mutter and blare;
And thunder and blunder and wonder and stare!
Fat Britons, uncover—leave every poll bare,
Wave out the bandanas in the moisty March air!
Pull at the bell: pull, till all your arms tire,
Shout, scream, and run as you would to a fire,
Anglo Saxons; ne'er mind how much you perspire,
Welcome her; welcome her; family and sire!
Thunder!
Alexandra.
Sea King's Daughter, a Wale'ess must be,
A palpable truth as A, B, C, D.
John Bull's as happy as happy can be:
Happy, happier—happiest she!
Alexandra.

TWO VIEWS OF DIXIE.

THE London *Atheneum*, one of the most amusingly anti-American periodicals in England, can not bolt all the stuff that is served up to John Bull in the cause of the "Confederates." A certain Hudson, "Juris utriusque Doctor," has published in London a book upon *The Second War of Independence in America*, translated by the author from the second revised and enlarged German edition. The point of the performance is that slavery is happiness, slaveholders patriarchs, and the South heaven. It is not a new tune, but it jars upon the *Atheneum*, which thus disposes of a very silly book:

"No unprejudiced reader will refrain from laughing at this flattering picture of life in Dixie's Land, where there is actually no literature whatever superior to pro-slavery journalism, no science higher than that 'social science' which left the New Orleans jail what Mr. Russell found it, no politics apart from a fierce determination to keep black serfs in firm bondage—where refined taste expresses itself in deep drinking, 'elevated social intercourse' is tempered by dueling, and appreciation of what is noble manifests itself in incessant calumny of England and the English. When the Southerners were being injured by the misrepresentations and fictions of abolition enthusiasts, we did our best to expose the falsehood of statements which were misleading our countrymen; and now that pro-slavery cant is making itself heard with corresponding influence, and aims at depreciating the labors of the philanthropists whom Clarkson and Wilberforce led on to victory, we are equally prompt in giving it its right name. We can assure Southern writers that the tone which has of late become prevalent among them will fail to achieve its object, as far as English opinion is concerned. It is true that just now there is a fashion in England with careless and frivolous people to profess admiration for 'the patriarchal character' of American slavery, but it is the folly of 'a season.' It will soon die out, and in the mean time it will not touch the strong hatred of 'the peculiar institution' which lives in the heart of our race."

* This true Tennysonism has a beautiful and significant meaning, which the reader *may possibly* discover by turning back 125 pages.

† Tennysonian for Dowagers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum o' one hunder pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?" "Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old—she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do." "Ay, do they?" said the farmer. "Well, write again, and say that if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of two hunder pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?" "Why, it's just doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again." "Ay," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll desarve it."

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father in a ball-room to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but still, you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order."

A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "Part on 'em do, and part on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

At the battle of Trafalgar a generous British sailor, seeing a brother tar bleeding profusely from a severe wound, ran to his assistance. He had no sooner raised him from the deck than the wounded man said, "Thank you, Jack, and I'll be glad to do the same for you before the fight is over."

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography, "very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," replied Jones; "that is what I mean."

An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked at the Garrick Club that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters, as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day.

One of the Kembles made his first appearance on the stage as an opera-singer. His voice was, however, so bad, that at a rehearsal the conductor of the orchestra called out, "Mr. Kemble! Mr. Kemble! you are murdering the music!" "My dear Sir," was his quiet rejoinder; "it is far better to murder it outright at once than to keep on beating it like you do."

An angry woman, in order to be revenged on her husband, ripped the tick off the bed, and sent all the feathers afloat in the air, and then rushing to the balusters of the stairs, and breaking her arm upon them, she exclaimed, with insane energy, "Now, you scoundrel, you must pay a surgeon."

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife. "A sect of women philosophers has just sprung up." "Indeed," said Jane; "and what do they hold?" "The strongest thing in nature," said he—"their tongues!"

That was a pretty conceit of a romantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of "Bull."

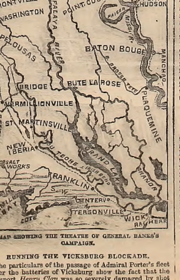
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN MOTION.

IT is announced that General Hooker commenced a movement on Monday morning, 27th ult., at daybreak, and that at sunrise heavy masses of artillery and other troops were crossing the river.

GENERAL BANKS AT WORK.

A severe battle was fought on Friday, the 17th ult., at the Vermilion Bayou, Louisiana, in which, after a hard contest with the rebel batteries and a strong force of infantry, our troops gained a complete success, driving the enemy from his position, capturing his guns, and taking fifteen hundred prisoners. In addition to this the batteries at Bute la Rose were silenced by our fleet, the valuable salt-works of Petite Anse, which supplied the whole interior with this indispensable article, were captured, and a number of the rebel boats were destroyed, during the expedition of General Banks into the Bayou Teche region. Thus the finest portion of Louisiana is at the command of the Union forces, and the rebellion in that quarter is tottering.



MAP SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BLOCKADE.

The particulars of the passage of Admiral Porter's fleet under the batteries of Vicksburg show the fact that the transport *Henry Clay* was so severely damaged by shot that she sunk, and that all hands made for a flatboat as the boat was going down. The pilot floated down the river nine miles on a plank, and was picked up opposite Warrenton. There are eleven gun-boats below Vicksburg now, including three under Farragut. The Navy Department has received an official account of the running of Admiral Farragut's fleet by the batteries at Warrenton, and his conflict with the batteries at Grand Gulf.

ANOTHER FLEET PASSED.

On 24th six more transports were successful in running the blockade—the *Tigress, Empire City, Moderator, Anglo-Saxon, Cheesman*, and *Harrison*. The *Free Stone* and *A. D. Hine* took two double-deck flatboats through the Duckport canal. These boats are capable of carrying one thousand men each. Transports now run by Warrenton without difficulty, the batteries being silenced.

CAPTURE OF TEXAN RANGERS.

The Texan Rangers of General Van Dorn's Legion were attacked on 27th at daybreak, eight miles out from Franklin, Tennessee, by General Gordon Granger's cavalry, 700 strong, under Colonel Watkins, of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry. The enemy were surrounded and defeated. Nearly two hundred prisoners were taken. Among them was Colonel Brooks, commandant of the rebel camp, and several officers. The camp and equipages of the enemy were destroyed, and about three hundred horses and mules were captured.

THE EXPEDITION TO CELINA.

A dispatch was received from General Wright, at Louisville, on the 22d, to the effect that the expedition to Celina was entirely successful; that our troops destroyed the town, one hundred thousand pounds of bacon, ten thousand bushels of wheat, ten thousand bushels of corn, one hundred barrels of whisky, one hundred barrels of flour, a considerable quantity of sugar, coffee, tea, malt, and other stores, and forty boats, which had been used in transporting goods from Brentsville and other points on the Cumberland. The rebels report a loss of ninety killed; but Colonel Graham, commander of the expedition, is of the opinion that the number is greater. We had one wounded and one missing. General Wright claims it as a perfect success.

THE LAST OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

The Richmond papers of 22d, in their dispatches from Port Hudson, confirm the news of the attack upon the *Queen of the West* at Grand Lake by our gun-boats, and the capture of her officers and crew. The *Queen*, it appears, got aground and was blown up by a shell from the *Calhoun*. The *Diana*, which was assailed about the same time in the Atchafalaya River by the Union gun-boat *Clifton*, was burned by the rebels.

THE REBEL ATTACK ON CAPE GIRARDEAU.

The attack upon Cape Girardeau, Missouri, by the rebels, under Marmaduke, has not only proved a failure but a severe defeat for the enemy. After a fight of three hours with General M'Neil they were gloriously repulsed. Reinforcements of men and gun-boats reached M'Neil during the fight. At last accounts the enemy were retreating, and M'Neil was in pursuit.

MORE REBEL RAIDS.

Reports have been current that the rebels, in considerable force, have been committing depredations in Western Virginia, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and even threatening again to invade Pennsylvania—either Wheeling or Pittsburg being the point aimed at. These reports seem to have for a basis the fact that considerable force of guerrillas, under Jenkins, appeared at Morgantown, Virginia, on the Monongahela River, and near the State line of Pennsylvania. It is not probable that they intend coming any further North. Other detachments of rebels appeared at the same time in other parts of Western Virginia, near the railroad line; but prompt measures, as we learn from the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, were taken to intercept them, and it is not believed that they have been able to effect much.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PIRATICAL BUSINESS.

AT latest dates the English Government was still engaged in efforts ostensibly directed against the fitting out of rebel war vessels in the ports of the kingdom. Although the *Alexandra* was seized by the officers of customs at Liverpool, a number of men still continued at work on her, making her ready for sea, until they were turned off the vessel by the Government officials.

THE NEW ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE.

The *Japan*, or *Virginia*, was built at Dumbarton—not at Greenock—Scotland, and ran out from the Clyde on the 3d of April. The order for her arrest arrived from London on the 4th—the day after her departure.

LOSS OF THE "ANGLO-SAXON."

The Montreal Steamship Company's steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, Captain Burgess, which left Liverpool on the 16th and Londonderry on 17th April, for Quebec and Montreal, was wrecked four miles east of Cape Race on Monday the 27th of April, during a dense fog. The *Anglo-Saxon* carried the Canadian and United States mails, and had on board three hundred and sixty passengers and eighty-four of a crew, making a total of four hundred and forty-four persons. Three of her passengers reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, at four o'clock on Monday evening, and reported the disaster, adding that the vessel had broken up after striking, when they lost sight of her, and that a great number of her passengers had perished. The news yacht, stationed off Cape Race, set out for the wreck immediately after the receipt of this intelligence. The steamers *Dauntless* and *Bloodhound* also steered for Cape Race. Seventy-three persons escaped from the vessel by means of ropes and spars, twenty-four were taken off in life-boat No. 2 belonging to the ship, and the *Dauntless* succeeded in picking up at sea ninety others who had got off in two boats. Among these were the Hon. John Young, his wife and seven children; the first and fourth officers and fourth and fifth engineers of the *Anglo-Saxon*; the purser, first and second engineers, and surgeon of the ship were also saved, as was Lieutenant Sampson, of the Royal Artillery, a passenger. The commander of the *Anglo-Saxon*, Captain Burgess, was supposed to have been lost. Seven persons embarked on a raft from the wreck, and this raft, with the ship's boats Nos. 4 and 6, were missing when the dispatches left St. Johns. The deck of the *Anglo-Saxon* broke up in an hour after she struck, and nothing but her mizzen-mast was standing. Several persons clung to the fore-rigging until the main-mast fell, but no assistance could reach them. Guns were duly fired at Cape Race, in order to attract the attention of the missing boats. On the 28th the weather on the coast was fine and clear, but they had not been heard of.

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The Polish insurrection is still in great vigor and activity. The Czar of Russia has so far yielded as to offer a general amnesty to all the Poles who return to their allegiance by the 13th of May. England, France, and Austria have addressed separate notes to Russia, conveying a friendly "warning" to the Emperor on the subject of reforms for Poland. Cronstadt has been placed in a state of defense, and the Russian army is to be increased. It is said that Russia was to direct her attention toward Sweden for some offense taken respecting the Polish question. Serious eventualities were likely to ensue. Napoleon had, it was said, inquired if Italy could take a military part under certain circumstances, and had had an assurance to the effect that the King could furnish sixty thousand men.

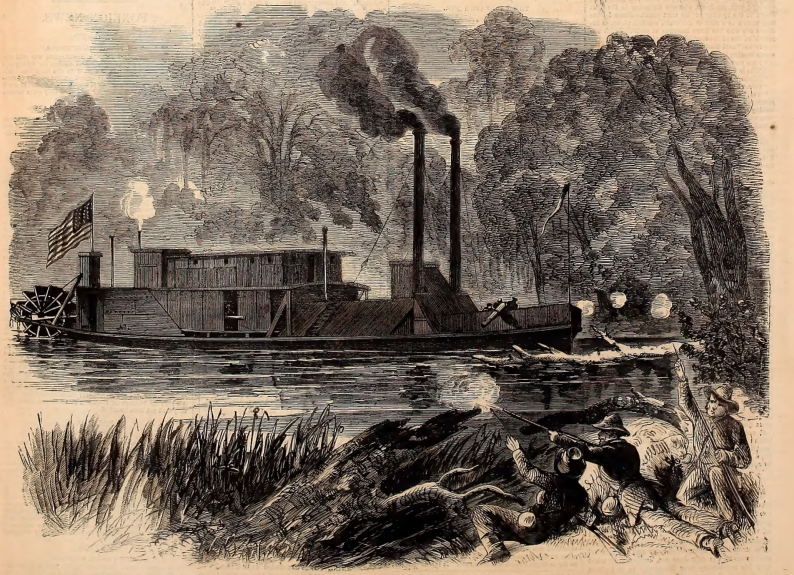
MEXICO.

NEWS FROM PUEBLA.

Our accounts from Mexico to the 31st March show that the Mexicans, so far from being defeated at Puebla, as reported through French sources, have frequently repulsed the enemy and are probably still in safe possession of that city.



BRASHEAR CITY, BERWICK'S BAY, LA., BASE OF GENERAL BANKS'S OPERATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



THE IRON-CLAD "BARRATARIA" SNAGGED IN AMITE RIVER, LA., AND ATTACKED BY REBEL GUERRILLAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



CONTRABANDS COMING INTO OUR LINES UNDER THE PROCLAMATION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"MR. EDWARD DODD?"

"Not at home, Sir. Left last week."

"For long?"

"I don't rightly know, Sir. But he won't be back this week, I don't think."

"Perhaps," murmured Alfred, "the ladies—Mrs. Dodd—might be able to tell me."

"Oh yes, Sir. But my mistress she's in London just now."

Alfred's eyes flashed. "Could I learn from Mrs. Dodd?"

"La, Sir, she is in London along with her ma; why, 'tis for her they are gone; to insult the great doctors."

He started. "She is not ill? Nothing serious?"

"Well, Sir, we do hope not; she is pining a bit, as young ladies will."

Alfred was any thing but consoled by this offhand account; he became alarmed, and looked wretched. Seeing this so perturbed, Sarah, who was blunt but good-natured, added, "But cook she says 'hard work would cure our miss of all she ails.'

"Cook is an unfeeling wretch," replied Alfred.

"Bless your heart, it belongs to her place, or how could she skin them rabbits? ha! ha! Who shall I say was asking for her? for my work is a bit behindhand."

Alfred took the hint reluctantly, and drew out his card-case, saying, "For Mr. Edward Dodd."

She gave her clean but wettish hand a hasty wipe with her apron, and took the card; he retired; she stood on the step and watched him out of sight, said "Oho!" and took his card to the kitchen for preliminary inspection and discussion.

Alfred Hardie was resolute, but sensitive. He had come on the wings of Love and Hope; he went away heavily: a housemaid's tongue had shod his elastic foot with lead in a moment; of all misfortunes sickness was what he had not anticipated, for she looked immortal. Perhaps it was that fair and treacherous disease, consumption. Well, if it was, he would love her all the more, would wed her as soon as he was of age, and carry her to some soft Southern clime, and keep each noxious air at bay, and prolong her life, perhaps save it.

And now he began to chafe at the social cobwebs that kept him from her. But, just as his impatience was about to launch him into imprudence, he was saved by a genuine descendant of Adam. James Maxley kept Mr. Hardie's little pleasaunce trim as trim could be, by yearly contract. This entailed short but frequent visits, and Alfred often talked with him: for the man was really a bit of a character; had a shrewd rustic wit and a ready tongue, was rather too fond or law, and much too fond of money; but scrupulously honest: head as long as Coldworth's, but broader; and could not read a line. One day he told Alfred that he must knock off now, and take a look in at Albion Villas; the captain was due; and on no account would he, Maxley, allow that there ragged box round the captain's quarter-deck; "that is how he do name their little mossel of a lawn: and there he walks for a wager, athirt and across, across and athirt, five steps and then about; and I'd a most let ye a half-penny he thinks hisself on the salt sea ocean, bless his silly old heart."

All this time Alfred, after the first start of joyful surprise, was secretly thanking his stars for sending him an instrument. To learn whether she had returned, he asked Maxley whether the ladies had sent for him.

"Not they," said Maxley, rather contemptuously; "what do women-folk care about a border, without 'tis a lace one to their night-caps; for none but the devil to see. Not as I have ought to say again the pair; they keep their turf tidyish—and pay ready money—and a few flowers in their pots; but the rest may shift for itself. Ye see, Master Alfred," explained Maxley, wagging his head wisely, "nobody's pride can be hurt by what you now there is to-days; their withdrawing-room it's like the Queen's palace, my missus tells me; she is wrapped up in 'em, ye know. But the captain for my money."

The sage shouldered his tools and departed. But he left a good kind heart behind him. He hovered about the back door next day till he caught Mrs. Maxley: she supplied the house with eggs and vegetables. "Could you tell him whether his friend Edward Dodd was likely to come home soon?" She thought not; he was gone away to study. "He hasn't much headpiece, you know, not like what Miss Julia have. Mrs. and Miss are to be home to-day; they wrote to cook this morning. I shall be here to-morrow, sartain, and I'll ask in the kitchen when Master Edward is a coming back."

Alfred saw he had fallen into the right hands; here was a good soul who only wanted starting to give many answers to few questions. He reflected a moment, then asked her could she bring him two fresh eggs every morning?

"Vich better?" said she. "Why, we do lay our own: only they come a little dearer than the shop eggs; but ha! a half-penny's not much to the likes of you."

"Good things are never cheap," said the sly boy; "so if you will be upon honor that they are yours, and fresh, I'll not stand sixpence for two every morning."

"Sixpence for a couple of eggs!" cried Mrs. Maxley, flushing all over with desire of gain. "I darsn't do it; Jem he'd kill me."

"Nonsense! It is not for me eggs only, but your trouble in bringing them: why, it is half a mile."

"So 'tis. La! to think of a young gentleman like you vallying a poor woman's time; and you got nothing to do with yours, but fling it away on cricketing and larning, which they don't make nobody rich, they don't."

Love and Avarice soon struck a bargain, and for once the nobler passion became a mere bird in the other, and picked up many a good crumb of intelligence. The ladies of Albion Villa were good kind folks, and their female servants loved them; Miss was more for religion than for society, went to St. Anne's church Thursday evenings, and Sunday morning and evening; and visited some poor women in the neighborhood; but not specially: for she could not sleep a wink when the wind blew hard at night; but never complained, only came down in the breakfast-room with her eyes red, and nothing to speak of, but they were in care along of being so swapt up in her, and no wonder, for if ever there was a darkey—

Acting on this intelligence, Alfred went early the next Sunday to St. Anne's church, and sat down in the aisle near the door. While the congregation flowed quietly in, the organist played the Agnus Dei of Mozart. Those pious tender notes stole on the young hearts, and whispered, "Peace! be still!" He sighed wearily, and it passed through his mind that it might be a mistake to care for him specially in his studies, if he had never seen her. Such instinctive advice to heavenly Peace and Purity aisle seemed to lighten up; she was gliding along it, beautiful as May, and modestly itself in dress and carriage. She went into a pew, remained there a minute, then seated herself and looked out the lessons for the day. Alfred gazed at her face; devoured it. But her eyes never stirred. She seemed to have put off feminine curiosity, and the world, at the church door. Indeed, he wished she was not quite so heavenly devout. She looked more delicious, but he longed to see her eyes once more; to catch a glance from them, and, by it, decipher his fate.

But, no; she was there to worship, and did not admire her earthly lover, whose longing looks were glued to her; and by-and-by rose and sank with the true worshipers, but with no more spirituality than a pigeon, or a Jewish dove.

In the last hymn before the sermon, a well-meaning worshiper in the gallery delivered a leading note, a high one, with general, but small precision, being about a semitone flat; at this outrage on her too sensitive ear Julia Dodd turned her head swiftly to discover the offender; and failed: but her two sapphire eyes met Alfred's point-blank.

She was crimson in a moment, and lowered them on her book again, as if to look that way was to sin. It was but a flash: but sometimes a flash does a mine.

The lovely blush deepened and spread before it ebbed away, and Alfred's time cooling heart warmed itself at that sweet glowing check. She never looked his way again, not once: which was a sad disappointment; but she blushed again and again before the service ended, only not so deeply: now, there was nothing in the sermon to make her blush. Alfright said, there was nothing to redden her cheek with religious excitement. There was a little candid sourness—oil and vinegar—against sects and low churchmen; but this generally predominated. Total: "Acerate of morphia," for dry souls to sip.

So Alfred took all the credit of causing those sweet irrelevant blushes; and gloated: the young wretch could not help glorying in his power to tint that fair status of devotion with earthly thoughts.

But stay! that same dear blush, was it pleasure or pain? What if the sight of him was intolerable?

He would know how he stood with her, and on the spot. He was one of the first to leave the church; he made for the church-yard gate, and walked slowly backward and forward by it, with throbbing heart till she came out.

She was prepared for him now, and bowed slightly to him with the most perfect composure, and no legible sentiment, except a certain marked politeness many of our young ladies think wasted upon young gentlemen; and are mistaken.

Alfred took off his hat in a tremor, and his eyes implored and inquired, but met with no further response, and she walked swiftly home, though without apparent effort. He looked longingly after her; but discretion forbade.

He now crawled by Albion Villa twice every day, wet or dry, and had the good fortune to see her twice at the drawing-room window. He was constant at St. Anne's church, and one Thursday crept into the aisle to be nearer to her, and he saw her steal one swift look at the gallery, and look grave; but soon she detected him, and though she looked no more toward him, she seemed distinctly unconscious. Alfred had learned to note these subtleties now, for Love is a microscope. What he did not know was, that his timid shifts were passing a master; every one that to find herself furtively followed every where, and hovered about for a look, is apt to soothe womanly pride, and stir womanly pity, and to keep the female heart in a flutter of curiosity and emotion, two porters that open the heart's great gate to Love.

Dr. Sampson dined with the Hardies, and happened to mention the "Dodds" among his old patients: for he had lived at Barkington.

"The Dodds of Albion Villa?" inquired Miss Hardie, in her brother's no little surprise.

"Albyn fiddlestick!" said the polished doctor. "No! they live by the water-side: used to; but now they have left the town, I hear. He is a sea-captain and a fine lad, and Mrs. Dodd is just the best-bred woman I ever prescribed for, except Mrs. Sampson."

"It is the Dodds of Albion Villa," said Miss Hardie. "They have two children: a son; his name is Edward; and a daughter, Julia; she is rather good-looking; a Gentlemen' Beauty."

Alfred started at his sister. Was she blind? with her "rather good-looking."

Sampson was quite pleased at the information. "N' listen me! I saved that girl's life when she was a year old."

"Then she is ill now, doctor," said Alfred, hastily. "Do go and see her! Hum! The fact is, her brother is a great favorite of mine." He then told him how to find Albion Villa. "Jenny, dear," said he, when Sampson was gone, "you never told me you knew her."

"Knew who, dear?"

"Whom? Why, Dodd's sister."

"Oh, she is a new acquaintance, and not one to interest you. We only meet in the Lord; I do not visit Albion Villa; her mother is an amiable worlding."

"Unpardonable combination!" said Alfred, with a slight sneer. "So you and Miss Dodd meet only at church?"

"At church! hardly. She goes to St. Anne's: sits under a preacher, who starves his flock with moral discourses, and holds out the sacraments of the Church as the means of grace, and keeps His atonement, and the efficacy of prayer through Him, in the back-ground."

Alfred shook his head good-humorously. "Now, Jenny, that is a challenge; and you know we both got into a fury the last time we were betrayed into that miserable waste of time and temper, Theological discussion. No, no:

Let sects delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let gown and surplice growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But let you and I ent High Church and Low Church, and be brother and sister. Do tell me in English where you meet Julia Dod I; that's a dear; for young ladies 'meeting in the Lord' conveys no positive idea to my mind."

Jane Hardie sighed at this confession. "We meet about His business; in the cottages of the poor and the sick, whom He loved and pitied when on earth; and we, His unworthy servants, try to soothe their distress, and lead them to Him, who can heal the soul as well as the body, and wipe away all the tears of all His people."

"Then it does you infinite credit, Jane," said Alfred, warmly. "Now, that is the voice of true religion—by Jupiter; and not the whine of this sect, nor the snarl of that. And so she joins you in this good work? I am not surprised."

"We meet in it now and then, dear; but she can hardly be said to have joined me: I have a district, you know; but poor Mrs. Dodd will not allow Julia to mix in His services. She visits independently, and by fits and starts; and I am afraid she thinks more of comforting their pet shoulds' bodies than of feeding their souls with crumbs from His altar; it was but the other day she confessed to me her backwardness to speak in the way of instruction to women as old as her mother. She finds it so much easier to let them run on about their earthly troubles: and of course it is much easier to one who is herself but a Babe in Grace. Ah, the world holds her still in some of its subtle meshes."

"Be patient, beloved this sadly; but presently, brightening up, said, with considerable bonhomie, and almost a sprightly air: "But she is a nice girl, and the Lord will give light her candle."

Alfred pulled a face, as of one that drinketh perpicr unawares: but let it pass: hypercriticism was not his cue just then. "Well, Jenny," said he, "I have a favor to ask you. Introduce me to your friend Miss Dodd! Will you?"

Miss Hardie colored faintly. "I would rather not, dear Alfred."

"Nonsense; why not?"

"Because the introduction could not be for her eternal good. Julia's soul is in a very trickish state; she wavers as yet between God and the world; and it won't do; it won't do; there is no middle path; every human creature must either be His child, or the devil's slave. You would very likely turn the scale, and then I should have fought against her everlasting welfare—my friend's."

"What, am I an infidel?" inquired Alfred, angrily.

Jane looked distressed. "Oh no, Alfred. But you are a worldling; and the world is at deadly enmity with Him."

Alfred, smothering a strong sense of irritation, besought her to hear reason; these big words were out of place here. "It is Dodd's sister; and he will introduce me at a word, worldling as I am."

"Then why urge me to do it, against my conscience?" asked the young lady, as sharply as if she had been a woman of the world. "You can not be in love with her, as you do not know her."

Alfred did not reply to this unlucky thrust, but made a last effort to soften her. "Can you call yourself my sister, and refuse me this trifling service, which her brother, who loves her and esteems her ten times more sincerely than you do, would not think of refusing me if he was at home?"

"Why should he? He is in the flesh, himself; let the carnal introduce one another. I really must decline; but I am very, very sorry that you feel hurt about it."

"And I am very sorry I have not 'an amiable worlding' for my sister, instead of an unamiable and devilish conceited Christian."

And, with these bitter words, Alfred snatched a candle and scorched to bed in a fury. So apt is one passion to rouse up others.



"YOU COULDN'T COME AGAIN IN HALF AN HOUR, MISS, COULD YE?"

Jane Hardie let fall a gentle tear; but consoled herself with the conviction that she had done her duty, and that Alfred's anger was quite unreasonable, and so he would see as soon as he should cool.

The next day the lower, smarter, if not the richer, part of Brohman Street, an agitated treble called after him, "Mr. Halfred! hoh, Mr. Halfred!" He looked back and saw Dick Absalom, a promising young cricketer, brandishing a document and imploring aid. "O, Master Halfred, doose please come here. I dursn't leave the shop."

There is a tie between cricketers far too strong for social distinctions to divide, and, though Alfred mentally pursued "whose cat is dead now?" he obeyed the strange summons.

The shutters were a singular one. Master Absalom, I must premise, was the youngest of two lads in the employ of Mr. Jenner, a benevolent old chemist, a disciple of Mead. Jenner taught the virtues of drugs and minerals to tender youths, at the expense of the public. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since a pretty servant girl came into the shop, and laid a paper on the counter, saying, "Please to make that up, young man." Now at fifteen we are troubled by inaccuracies of this kind from ripe female lips; so Master Absalom took the prescription with a complacent grin; his eye glanced over it; it fled to shaking in his hand; chill dismay penetrated his heart; and, to speak with Dickens's immortal, his liver turned instantly to water. However, he made a feeble clutch at Mercantile Mendacity, and stammered out, "Herb's is mixtures, tinctures, and the governor's out walking, and he's been and locked the drawer where we keeps our Prastrom."—For couldn't come open in half an hour, Miss, could ye?" She acquiesced readily, for she was not habitually called Miss, and she had a fellow feeling. Absalom, as we said before, belonged to a class which thinks it consistent to come after its followers.

Alfred saw the sad affair, and groaned at his ease. Here was a prescription full of new chemicals, sovereign, no doubt; i.e., deadly when applied Jennerically; and the very directions for use were in Latin words he had encountered in no prescription before. A year ago Dickens would have counted the prescribed ingredients on his fingers, and then taken down an equal number of little articles, solid or liquid, mixed them as directed them, and so to cricket, serene; but now, his mind, to apply the universal cant, was "in a transition state." A year's practice had filled the youthful valor, which used to scatter Epsom salts, or exalic acid; magnesia, or something white, at the slightest or two by himself and his compeers, with comments by the coroner, had shaken him to the heart's core with the awful human body of potent chemicals fearlessly administered, leaving him dark as to their distinctive qualities applied remedially. What should he do? run with the prescription to old Taylor in the next street, a chemist of forty years? Alas! at his tender age, he had not submitted to chaff that reversed rival persistently and publicly. Humble his establishment before the King Street one? Sooner perish death and come eternal cricket! And, after all, why not? Drummer-boys, and powder-monkeys, and other imps of his age that dealt destruction, were paid; Hannibal acknowledged their services in cash: but old Jenner, taught by Philosophy through its organ the newspapers, that "knowledge is riches," was above diluting with a few shillings a week the wealth a boy received behind his counter; so his apprentices got no salary. Then why not shut up the old rogue's shutters, and excite a little sympathy for him, to be followed by a powerful reaction on his return from walking; and go and offer his own services on the ticklish ground to Isabel the gentlemen by the hour, or bowl at a shilling on their balls? A shilling is the lay for me," said he; "you get money for that, and you only bruise the gents a bit and break their thumbs: you can't put their victims quite out you can at this work."

By a striking coincidence, the most influential member of the cricket club passed while Dick was in this uncertainty.

"Oh, Mr. Halfred, you was always very good to me on the ground; you couldn't have me hired by the club, could ye? for I am sick of this trade; I wants to bowl."

"You little duffer!" said Alfred, cricket is a recreation, not a business. Besides, it lasts five months. Unless you adjourn to the antipodes, it's no use to be shop like a man, and make your fortune."

"Oh, Mr. Halfred," said Dick, sorrowfully, "how can I fortune here? Master Jenner don't pay. And the crowner declares he will not have it; and the Berton Chronicle says we young gents ought to be given a holiday to see and see one of us hanged by lot; but this is what have made this camel's back at last; here's a dalied thing to come smiling and mixing up with, and put it across a counter in a poor boy's hand. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Dick," said Alfred, "if you blubber, I'll give you a hiding. You have stumbled on a passage you can't construe. Well, who has not? but we don't shed the briny about it. Here, let me have a go at it."

"Ah, I've heard you are a scholard," said Dick, "but you won't make out this; there's some new preparation of Mercury, and there's musk, and there's hoarhound, and there's a neutral salt, and dal that wrote it."

"Hold your I construe it to you. *Die Mercurii*, on Wednesday—*decind hord vespertid*, at ten o'clock at night—*eat in Musck!* what does that mean? "*Ad Prastrom*, to the Prastorium. *Eat in Musck!*" I see; this is modern Latin with a vengeance. "Let him go in a fly to the Prastorium. *Solvet*, let him pump—*cum tredicina camvolis*, with thirteen little dogs—*proventus suos*, especially with my little dog." Dicky, this prescription emanates from Bedlam direct. '*Domus vedilla*—hallo! it is a woman, then! "Let *her* go in a fly to the Town-hall, eh? "—*cum* pump, no, 'dance, with thirteen whelps, especially mine.' Ha! ha! ha! And who is the woman that is to do all this, I wonder?"

"Woman, indeed!" said a treble at the door; "no more than I am; it's for a young lady. O, pinny!"

This polite ejaculation was drawn out by the speaker's sudden recognition of Alfred, who had raised his head at her remonstrance, and now started in his turn: for it was the black-eyed servant of Allson Villa. They looked at one another in expressive silence.

"Yes, Sir, it is for my young lady. Is it ready, young man?"

"No, it isn't; and never will," squealed Dick, angrily; "it's a vile 'oax; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself bringing it into a respectable shop."

Alfred silenced him, and told Sarah he thought Miss Dodd ought to know the nature of this prescription before it went round the chemists."

He borrowed paper of Dick, and wrote:

"Mr. Alfred Hardie presents his compliments to Miss Dodd, and begs leave to inform her that he has by accident discovered the contents of the inclosed prescription. As it seems rather a mystery jest, and tends to attract attention to Miss Dodd and her residence, Mr. Hardie would, with some misgivings, to send it back with a literal translation, on reading which it will be for Miss Dodd to decide whether it is to be sent in."

"On Wednesday, at ten P.M., let her go in a fly to the town-hall, and dance with thirteen [little dogs,] especially with mine: return [whelps,] home at six A.M., and sleep till dinner, and repeat the folly on occasion serves."

"Suppose a dose?" added in Miss's hand: when she's alone?" whispered Sarah.

"You would earn my warmest gratitude."

"Warmest gratitude! Is that a warm gownd or a warm cloak, I wonder?"

"It is both, when the man is a gentleman, and a pretty, dark-eyed girl pities him and stands his friend."

Sarah smiled, and whispered, "Give it me; I'll do my best."

Alfred inclosed the prescription and his note in one cover, handed them to her, and slipped a sovereign into her hand whispering, "Be prudent."

"I'm dark, Sir," said she: and went off briskly homeward, and Alfred stood rapt in dreamy joy, and so self-elated that, had he been furnished like a romance hero, with a fashionable confidante—"a thing all eyes," and choked up Jenner's shop, and swept his counter. He had made a step toward familiarity, had written to Miss Dodd: and then, if this prescription came, as he suspected, from Dr. Sampson, she would, perhaps, be at the ball. This operation was a delightful. Meantime Mrs. Dodd had communicated Sampson's opinion to Julia, adding that there was a prescription besides, going to be made up. "However, he insists on your going to this ball."

Julia begged hard to be excused; said she was in no humor for balls; and, Mrs. Dodd objecting that the tickets had actually been purchased, she asked leave to invite Rose and Alice. "Then they will be a treat to Rose and Alice; they seldom go out: mamma, I do so fear they are poorer than people think them."

"It would be but kind," said Mrs. Dodd. "Though really why my child should always be sacrificed to older people I cannot see."

"Oh a mighty sacrifice!" said Julia. She sat down and inclosed the tickets to Rose Darton, with a little apology for not calling, and Out. Elizabeth took it. Sarah met her at the gate, but did not announce her return: she lurked in ambush till Julia [gave] to go to her own room, then followed her, and handed Alfred's missive, and received his reply. These secret expeditions as the wind in matters of the heart, took it for granted the inclosure was something very warm indeed; so she was not at all surprised, on the contrary, that Alfred was at all right now, miss?" and retreated swelling with a secret, and tormented her fellow-servants all day with mundoes dark as Erebus.

Julia read the note her heart on hearing the momentous lines. "He does not like me to be talked of," she said to herself. "How good he is! What trouble he takes about me! And *he will be there.*"

She divined rightly; on Wednesday, at ten, Alfred Hardie was in the town-hall. It was a magnificent room, well lighted, and at present not half filled, though dancing had commenced. The figure Alfred sought was not there; and he wondered he had been so childish as to hope she would come to a city ball. He played the fine gentleman: he would not dance. He leant the door with another Oxonian, and tried to avenge himself for her absence on the townspeople, who were there, by quizzing them.

But in the middle of this aimable occupation, and, indeed, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped short, and his heart throbbed, and he thrilled from head to foot; for two ladies glided in at the door, and passed up the room with the unpretending composure of well-bred people. They were equally remarkable; but Alfred saw only the radiant young creature in flowing muslin, with the narrowest sash in the room, and no ornament but a necklace of large pearls, and her own vivid beauty. She had altered her mind about coming, with apologies for her vacillating disposition so genuine and disproportionate, that her indulgent and unsuspecting mother was really quite amused. Alfred was not so happy as to know that she had changed her mind with his name. Perhaps even this knowledge would have added little to that exquisite moment when, unhoped for, Julia passed close to him, and the fragrant air from her brushed his cheek; and seemed to whisper, "follow me and be my slave!"

HOUSE-HUNTING.

"CHARLEY!"

The voice was soft and coaxing as the twitter of a bird in May-blossoms.

It's almost the 1st of May, Charley. If you only *would* look up a house somewhere! You know this is sold, and I'm sure I don't know what we're going to do, unless you'll be the dearest and darlingest of brothers, and—"

Charles Rayner contracted his brows, and rumpled his brown locks in a sort of bewildered despair.

"Mary!" said he, "I'd rather charge on set battery any time than go house-hunting! I don't know any thing about it, and what's more, I don't want to! There's no use teasing me! I won't!"

But what is man's resolve weighed in the balance with woman's tears? Mary Hooper pulled out a little laced pocket-handkerchief and began to cry, and all the gigantic barricade of Lieutenant Rayner's determination crumbled down, submerged by that tiny sparkling tide of tears! Mary got her own way, as she had known beforehand she would, and Lieutenant Rayner sulked forth in the blue brightness of the April day with a list of "eligible residences" in his breast pocket, and a confused mass of directions fermenting in his distracted brain!

"Hi-ho!" quoth Charley to himself, "No. 88 'To Let.' This is one of the fellows on the list! Now Charley Rayner, charge?"

The tidiest-looking maid-of-the door-bell was answered by an ancient-looking matron in curl-papers and a faded shawl.

"I believe this house is to let?"

"Yes it is," said the dame, curiously eying her interlocutor from head to foot. "Want to hire it? Calculate to look at it? How big a family you got?"

Rayner colored to the roots of his hair, even while he could not help laughing.

"There is some misapprehension," he said, quickly. "It is not for myself, but for—"

"Then what are you taking up folks' time lookin' at their houses for?" snarled the acidulated matron. "I guess you're after—you're a—a bait thief! Get along—quick—with your shoulder-straps and your airs and graces, or I'll call the police! Impudent young woman this way!"

And before Charles Rayner could open his mouth to remonstrate, the hall door was slammed in his face. What was he, a dashing young cavalry officer! To be mistaken for a "bait thief," and ignominiously turned out of doors by an old woman in curl-papers!

"Confound it all!" ejaculated Charley, the brief sentence writhing from his wrath as a Chamgage cork flies upward from an effervescing bottle. "I won't be made a fool of any more. I'll go straight home to him; but the next thing is houses!"

But then he remembered the babies in the nursery, and Mary's pretty bright tears, and mentally resolved to make one more trial at least!

"No. 16! *This House to Let!*" Hyacinths in the windows and "Lace curtains!" he commented to himself. "Looks nice, any way! Well, a fellow can but try, so here goes!"

And he gave the bell a spasmodic pull, bracing himself *à la* iced shower-bath, for the consequences.

"May I inquire what you look at this house?"

"Walk in, Sir—I'll spake to the mistress!"

What a bright little room it was into which the prepossessing Irish chambermaid left him! The windows glowing with chimes of hyacinth bells, white and blue—the canary warbling in the full pride of April weather—fresh broke around his cage and scattered itself in bright billows over the moscan carpet—the fire high-heaped in the cozy grate, and a young lady, with bright eyes and curls, just threaded with golden gleams, sitting at work among the flowers.

"Take a seat, Sir," said the young lady.

"Thank you," responded the Lieutenant, awkwardly extricating his sword, and watching the first steel shaft as it glanced in and out of the transparent muslin ruffling.

"That's a pretty dog," thought Charley; "what long eyelashes she has, and—"

Confusion to the Lieutenant of cavalry! how was he to know for certain the hazel eyes should accompany his own so suddenly. He turned scarlet—but not so red as the young lady.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"Excuse me," said the brown-eyed, as the rosy color died out of her cheek; "but I think you must be a cavalry officer."

"I am."

"In what regiment?"

"The —th."

She rose, nervously dropping her work, and clasping her tiny hands together.

"Is it possible? Then, perhaps, you know Allan Carver?"

"Perfectly—a tall, handsome man with dark eyes, is he not? He was a private in my company, and—"

"And was wounded at Fredericksburg?"

"You are right."

"Oh, Allan, Allan!" murmured the girl, with quivering lip. "And can you tell me where he is now?"

"In hospital, I believe. I could easily ascertain."

"Oh, if you *could*," she faltered. "We have been in such wretched uncertainty, not knowing whether he was alive or dead. We have written again and again, but in vain."

Private Carver had been rather a favorite with Lieutenant Rayner, yet at this moment he was beginning to feel decidedly vindictive toward him. What business had he inspiring such an interest in the breast of this brown-eyed beauty? Why couldn't he have died peaceably, like many a one better than he?

"If you could tell us how to obtain his address?" added the damsel, timidly.

Charley began to bate Private Carver in the depths of his soul; but he answered,

"I will try, certainly; and if—"

He paused abruptly, for the door had swung open on noiseless hinges, and a sweet-faced old lady, in flowing white-cap ribbons, stood before him.

"I believe you wished to see the house, Sir?"

"Mamma," interrupted the younger lady, "this gentleman is a lieutenant in Allan's company—he knows Allan."

"And he wishes he never had set eyes on the miscreant," commented Charley, internally. "Allan, indeed! Now I wonder if they're engaged."

The old lady's face lighted up, and she began a torrent of eager interrogatories.

"Oh, Sir, if you knew the relief it is to hear from my son," she concluded.

"Your son!" echoed Charley. "Then Private Carver is your brother?" he added, turning to the brown-eyed fairy.

"Private Carver! I mention it?"

"Private Carver's the finest fellow in the regiment!" ejaculated Charley, flinging his cap into the air. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think the house will suit."

"Will you not look at it, Sir?" said the old lady, in extreme astonishment.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," stammered the officer, with a dim remembrance of his sister's directions as he stumbled down the kitchen stairs. "I hope the range don't leak, and my sister was very particular about chandeliers being included in the bill-sale!"

"Sir?" said the old lady.

"I—I'm afraid I'm talking real nonsense," apologized Charley; "but you see I'm thinking what a brave fellow Private Carver was."

They went the rounds—the old lady ascending matter-of-fact stairs, but Charley Rayner walking on an atmosphere of cloud and *couleur de rose*.

What absurd questions he asked without so much as waiting to hear the answers! How anxious he was to know whether the skylight "taked well," and if the slate floor should want a carpet, and the parlor ceilings agreeable; whether the wine-cellars were "gilded," and if the door-knobs could be popped with painted! He had finally returned to the room where the hyacinths were, to say,

"It's all right—we'll take the house, Miss Carver. And—"

"Well, Sir?"

"As I'm going on to Washington next week, I shall make it my business to find out Private Carver. I will call to-morrow, if quite agreeable to you, to receive any message you may wish to charge me with."

The rosy cheeks were stained a deeper red—the hazel eyes became lovely luminous.

"Thank you—you are very kind!"

How Charley ever stumbled out of the door was a life-long problem to him; but the next thing he was conscious of, a surly individual in the street was requesting him, in no very courteous terms, to keep his eyes about him in the street and not run over a fellow-subject!

"Now, what's the matter, what luck?" demanded little Mrs. Hooper, as she came out of the nursery with a plump baby in her arms, and a dimpled two-year-old clinging to her skirts.

"Luck? the best in the world. I've engaged a *splendid* house!"

"Have you? Where? Three stories high or four? Is it a high steep, or an English basement?"

"I don't remember; but—"

"What is the rent?"

"By Jove!" ejaculated Lieutenant Rayner, throwing unconfutably hat, "I never thought to ask."

"Stationary tubs, of course, and a laundry?"

"Laundry! laundry—I didn't know I knew there were some stairs, and a room with flowers in it!"

Mrs. Hooper elevated her eyebrows despairingly.

"I can go back and inquire!" said Charley, with cheerful alacrity.

And he did; but when he reported himself the second time, Mrs. Hooper gained very little substantial information on the subject.

We do not venture to chronicle the number of errands Charley invented to "House to Let" during the following week, or the number he seemed to him. We only know that Private Carver, slowly recovering from tedious fevers in the hospital, was considerably astonished at the excessive attention lavished on him by Lieutenant Rayner.

It was not long before the young officer obtained another brief furlough, and came home express just as the May violets were dying under the luxurious spring of June roses!

"Don't torture me any longer, Amy! I tell you I love you better than all the world—better than my own life! Don't be cruel, dearest. Say yes or no!"

Sweet and soft the monosyllable came—so low you could only hear it by the aid of the warble of the canary-bird and the rustle of the rose-trees on the sunset piazza. But Charley Rayner would have caught the silver accents through all the crash of armies and the thunder of innumerable artillery!

"My love, my darling—my precious prize!"

Won forever! But who would have imagined that Lieutenant Rayner at the ——th Cavalry could have garnered so much happiness from the very unromantic and *real* business of House-Hunting!



Captain Candler. General Hooker. Major Lawrence.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE POTOM



MAC, AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF.—[From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

A FIGHT WITH THE NEW JERSEY CAVALRY.

We have seen hard service in this regiment, and have had few periods of repose. It has, too, been mostly a thankless labor, with less than its fair share of glory. I know nothing more unlike the picture of cavalry life given by authors and artists than is the reality, both in its incidents and its effects upon the character. To head a squadron on a scout of thirty or forty miles beyond the lines; to examine the country and discover the rebel location of each road and by-path; to hunt up every trace of the enemy, and study every nook and cranny that may reveal their whereabouts; to pick up every horse that is fit for service, and excite rebellious indignation by the assurance that the United States will pay or punish as their loyalty may be; to ensure yourself of dinner with any resident household, and flirt with the young ladies while the troopers and the chickens go by; to slowly ride all night, the weather fine or stormy, to-day, and feast upon the fat of the land to-morrow; to be as trapperate as an anchorite this week, and as confiscated whisky-barrel the next; never to stir saddle, sword, or boots for days, and to rouse from rest by the bugle-call "To arms!" and then again to lounge away life in a round of eating, sleeping, and grooming horses—all this is an amusing style of profitable license, and reckless joviality, alternating with an absolute dead monotony of thought and habit—may, my dear readers, have an effect upon character very different from the exercises of our friends at home, who read "Charles O'Malley" and "Tom Burke of Ours."

And yet all this external evil, no doubt, makes men seem worse than they are to envy; and even we are probably better men now than when we loitered on at home, with no real excuse for our careless indifference to the horrible conflict. I think the man who drinks with a relish whisky out of a canteen is not really more dissipated than when he would spend dollars as well as money in arranging a costly revel; that the frightful profanity of the lips is perhaps a lighter sin in God's eyes than the low habitual oath in the heart against His Word for the sake of our own gain or our own indulgence; that theft, under circumstances, when by fair safeguard against their power, does not so completely enthrall our nature as when we smuggle them out for the benefit of the retail. I know that many have prayed more earnestly on the battle-field than they have in church, have worked more honestly for the soldier's relief in the camp-hospitals, have been more grateful for blessings, less discontented under trials, than would ever have been the case at home. But these are not rules that have been formed, that may be carried into effect in the future of our lives, though I must confess that they seem to possess more force with them amid the whirl that have left the army.

These thoughts are natural enough at any time, but they have no very apparent connection with the talk of a body of officers who met together one evening lately in camp. In fact, there were more than the one reason for their gathering together for enjoyment on this particular night.

Our officers' mess-chest had just imported among his officers' stores a considerable supply of whisky which could be purchased for little more than government price, and the Major knew we had been paying about two dollars a pint for the vile composition weeded by our outlets, that an advance seemed to us too good to be true; and we consequently continually endeavoring to convince ourselves of its reality. A sixth additional canteen has been carried, that a general order had been issued, restricting each officer to a gallon a week. This regulation has had no effect on the first of January; so the officers determined to have a carnival before their entrance upon the new year and a course of economy and sobriety.

Head-quarters was a very comfortable place for our gathering, a well-tent and a Sibley had been combined into a small mess-room apartment, and the floor was neatly covered with boards obtained from a barn in the neighborhood of another regiment. The people to whom it belonged are camp hall nothing to complain of except the apparent migration of their small household gods to the mess-room floor. We be to the man who was caught stealing, or even straying out of camp; so it was only by long practice that we had attained the art of making themselves comfortable, and at the same time keeping up appearances. However, there the floor was, and there were the two benches of the same materials. There was also the roasted body of a pig, which had attempted to pass our pickets without the countersign, but died for his rashness with his life. Opposite smoked a noble round of commissary beef, procured by that official in return for the compliment of an invitation. Our vegetables were beans and potatoes, and the side-dishes consisted of fried pork and hard biscuit. Camp appetites soon demolished this unusually magnificent entertainment; and the reliable contrabands removed its fragments, and made room for a mess-table filled with noble punch, whose fragrance awakened a longing for closer acquaintance. The surgeon being in bed by reason of the administration of this draught, and requested to regulate its distribution in accordance with the laws of health and the principles of justice. We filled up the mess, and drew together with that sense of comfort, derived from memory, of many a weary march and many a bitter night on picket.

"Here, Doctor, just fill this up again, if you please," begged the chief of the Second Squadron. "I know that I am in advance of my allowance; but the effects of that last cup were swallowed up by painful recollections, and it must not be counted against me."

"I don't know what right you have to have more melancholy recollections than the rest of us," interposed A——; "and unless you prove your assertion you must go dry, besides suffering such other punishment as the court may inflict."

"Since Frank has been judge-advocate he is frightfully rigid and technical," answered B——; "but for all that, I maintain that ever since the night of the 8th of August I am justified in assuaging the memory of that thirst in addition to any that may exist at present."

"That was certainly a pretty tight place, Bob; but I do not know that you have a right to make this a *tighter* one," adjudicated the surgeon.

"I say, tell us about that affair, B——," begged the Adjutant, who had but lately joined the regiment. "Here are half a dozen of us who never heard the particulars, and you can improve our minds by imparting the desired information."

"Considering your youth and ignorance, Adjutant," said the Major, solemnly, "you will be excused this time; but remember that the company one of B——'s stories, especially as we are well assured that you will find them interesting, is a treat the offense after having once endured the consequences. Now, B——, fill up your can, and out with your story as short as it is possible. I'll keep it still more for daylight. My thirst had become absorbing, and I resolved at all risks to assuage it as soon as I could discover some way where. How horribly slow was the gradual whitening of the eastern sky; and how long it was before the first glow of light heralded the glorious sunrise of that bloody day! As the earth became distinguishable, I could see indistinctly far ahead of me, rising above the mist of the valley, a line of cavalry forming in the fields. It was too misty and distant for me to recognize which regiment; but I could see that each man had something white strapped behind his saddle. The Rhode Islanders had joined us during the night, I concluded, and not recognizing them; and I thought that the rebels must have advanced beyond my hiding-place. However, I must make sure of a couple of loaded rebels on the line of bushes which bordered that little brook which winds round the base of the hill upon which I stood. I crept to the couple of loaded rebels very coff, and the mist was pretty thick; so leaving my horse, I stole down to it. Deep in I plunged my head and neck, and then refreshed cool my fevered blood; and then I drank, and drank, and drank, as only a man can drink who has had no drink, as the palate welcomed the delicious draught. When I rose up I was a like a new man. All my nervousness had passed away, and I was in a comfortable mind returned to me at once, and I tell you there was need of it. I turned to go back to my horse, but what I left behind me for the bushes there was a flash of light between him and me that is not easily mistaken by a man who has once seen it. Right and left as far as I could see the sun was gleam, each time coming a little closer. There was no mistaking the shining of the muskets of the rebel skirmishers, as he came to advance. Was I bound of my heart I knew that the cavalry I had seen must be our fellows, and I felt that I must reach them at once. Considering, however, that the sun was beginning to shine very strongly, and there was no time to be lost, I followed up the stream till I came to a ford, and, pointed to the left, I took the lane of the fog, made my way toward the skirmishers. You may fancy how I felt when the fog suddenly lifted, and I saw, within musket-range, Company B——, with the sharpshooters of the First Squadron. I believe that I could have cried if I had not been ashamed. When I gave my name to Captain Smith, Major, you seemed to be giving me a new lease of life, and I was able to borrow a remount and report to Bayard. He is a minister's son, and at the same time one of the best equestrians was missing, but still he sent me back to Smith, as he was ordered to advance. While I was bound of my heart I knew that the cavalry I had seen must be our fellows, and I felt that I must reach them at once. Considering, however, that the sun was beginning to shine very strongly, and there was no time to be lost, I followed up the stream till I came to a ford, and, pointed to the left, I took the lane of the fog, made my way toward the skirmishers. You may fancy how I felt when the fog suddenly lifted, and I saw, within musket-range, Company B——, with the sharpshooters of the First Squadron. I believe that I could have cried if I had not been ashamed. When I gave my name to Captain Smith, Major, you seemed to be giving me a new lease of life, and I was able to borrow a remount and report to Bayard. He is a minister's son, and at the same time one of the best equestrians was missing, but still he sent me back to Smith, as he was ordered to advance. While I was the first men that I saw, on entering Culpepper were my own boys reating by the road-side. The rebels had evacuated the town in the night, destroying Ford and Barnett's, and had driven in our pickets three several times. But I——, with his quick eyes, had seen the enemy withdrawing through the town, if he had a brigade at his back instead of sixty men. This actually seemed to paralyze the rebel advance, and the movement was without advantage to all the afternoon. It was not till evening that their reinforcements came up, and in the darkness they could receive no orders except to try which flank of our men were still at their pickets. The next morning I found my regiment safely within the outside edge of the town, and two of the rebel stations on the other. Quietly withdrawing his pickets, he marched them to the woods between their forces, and got into Culpepper before the enemy had found out that the road was clear for their advance. I shall not tell you the tale that the cheering joined by his stentatious saved us the loss of the day; for if their night had been able to flank us round the town, as in the morning they would have been overwhelmed before Banks could have joined us."

"I have listened with interest to the two B——" interrupted I——, of Company I; "I don't spoil it by commentary. I fancy if you had been there, as that was a part of the 8th you could have made an equally thrilling history. The Jersey boys were ordered to advance on the left as well as on the left, and had our hands about as full—in fact fuller—by twenty odd prisoners."

"Gentlemen, you might as well tell that as an appendix to B——'s story, and as materials for the history of the campaign upon the Rapidan. I have only to add that exactly the took prisoners, whether it was Lieutenant-Colonel K——, or you, or B——, or the whole batch of you combined, the Major and I had a very hard time of holding the rebels in front till you should get back; and if we had not believed that Jersey cavalry could fight more than a cat we would have given you all up half an hour before we welcomed you."

"I can not, like B——, tell a story so smoothly and categorically," began Captain J——. "I must give up all attempts at pathos and harrowing descriptions, and make a very plain statement of fact. As the Lieutenant-Colonel told us afterward, Bayard had informed him late that night that the rebs had crossed a tolerably large party, and were annoying our pickets; so old K—— proposed that he should take one battalion, sweep round in their rear, and drive them right into the mouth of the General and the rest of the brigade. About three o'clock we heard 'To arms!' and we sprang to our horses faster than we had ever done before. The Colonel took my company and the first battalion, leaving the rest of the regiment in charge of the Major. As we got up to the cross road before you reach Slaughter's house, the General met K—— and whispered a few words to him. As we just were ordering me forward as advance-guard, I could hear the answer. Screwing up his face and shoulders in his peculiarly fashion, he said, 'I will try it, and run no chance. Let us know vat sort of a fight.' The General rode away on, but had no idea that the General had told K—— that there were at least ten thousand men, where we had planned for a hundred. We had not reached the course which we took a few days before, so I went on without any trouble—sent B——a shead with three carbineers. When we came to the road from Barnett's Ford to Madison Court House, I noticed, without much thinking, the tracks of a strong body of horses, and, pushing on, took across direction for Cave's Ford. When the main body came up, instead of following up into the lane, they turned off upon the main road, following the tracks I speak of. They had not gone far before K—— began to feel that something was wrong. The road was about plainly that a large regiment of cavalry had been along it within a few hours, but did not display any recently fresh indications. After the wrong detachment had been sent up a road to the right, on which he knew I could not have gone. He stopped the column, and sent B——out with one mounting party, and W—— with another, while at the same time he himself rode up a convenient hill from which to observe what was going on toward the river. All this time I was pushing my way forward, and came to the edge of a wood, and to the rebs ever left their flank so ungnarded I can not understand; but we did not come upon a picket or even a vidette. Through the wood I saw grey over two miles. At last we came suddenly on that large house with a portico, where there were so many wounded rebels, when we were about to get to Cave's Ford once before, and where those pretty two-year-old colts awakened our covetousness. At the corner of the corner, he saw a small soldier lounging on the porch, and some few more, without arms, standing around the kitchen-door. Without a moment's pause he dashed forward, and I, seeing him, came at speed in his rear. There were about fifty men at the picket, and as the nine old scouts lady was getting them a breakfast. They were nearly all too surprised to run, never dreaming of an enemy in that direction. After a rest of their advance, and within ride-shot of their camp, could be interrupted by a party of Yankee cavalry. The lieutenant was the first one he saw run, and his legs certainly carried him well; but they could not go as fast as my black. So, when he saw my sword over his head, he gave up, and quietly returned with me. We were in too great a hurry to sit down to table. Without giving the mistress of the house that we could not allow her means herself active in the relief service, had returned breakfast, this party, consisting of twenty-seven gapings from beneath the floor; and an investigation revealed to us the master of the house, Colonel Commissioner of Virginia Militia, a sedentary and undignified situation which I have just described. I assure you it took all my own men to extricate him, with his plumage ruffled, and numerous abrasions of his cuticle. Unmoved by his indignation and the tears of his daughter, after, we carried him along with us, rejoined K——, marched through woods and hollows for miles, and, finally, reached the same bluff on the river Rapidan, marched them right up to General Bayard in the face of their whole army. Now I think that this constitutes a fight for the day, and was calculating the battle on the next, are things of which we ought to be proud than we are; and I believe if we did but know what we really were doing, we would not have them turning up their noses at the cavalry in the way in which they do. But I have just been lecturing B—— for making a speech, and I will not commit the same fault myself. Doctor, I believe you are a drink."

As J—— refreshed himself after his unusual exertion, the Captain of Company I, with a half-sigh of satisfaction, looked audibly around for a toast. "I am beginning to think that we are all heroes without our knowing it. I am sure I have for not thinking myself one. I——is distinguished for leading around the enemy's lines. I think I ought to be a soldier for at least for what I did."

"Hallo, Y——!" exclaimed his bosom-friend, Lieutenant A——, of Company L, "have we been keeping your deliee sensibilities in the dark? Reveal to us the injustice, and we will rectify it, if possible. I will engage to use my private influence with the Secretary to make your claims known and appreciated."

"Bother your influence! I would wait to use it until I find it gets you a leave of absence to go and comfort a certain person at home. But I will say that I dodged about among the rebs for three days under aggravating circumstances, and brought myself and my horse and all my men out safe; and, as I am in a talking mood, I will tell you more about it than I have done yet.

"When Pope had permitted Jackson to march in his rear for twenty-four hours before the intelli-

gence reached him, he seemed to have a notion that he might as well try to stop Longstreet from following in his footsteps. So Colonel W—— marched an along to Thoroughfare Gap, to hold it with his two hundred cavalry against a rebel army corps. After taking more prisoners than we knew what to do with, and finding Longstreet pushing pretty hard at us, W—— let us to work like day-laborers blockading the Gap, and a very neat operation we made of it. Indeed, we did it so well that I had nearly work to get back myself. There was very pretty, so far; but, unfortunately, our commanders seemed to have forgotten the existence of Hooker's Gap, and that this road runs over it to Thoroughfare. Wyndham, who gallantly kept his eyes open, sent me, with a dozen men, to keep an eye upon it; and General Bayard soon after bringing up the rest of the brigade, the Harris Light deployed some skirmishers to the front of this. They kept, however, at a respectful distance behind me; for I knew what Wyndham wanted, and had to push on. When I took my post I sent back and got the Harris officer to connect with me tolerably near. Just about sunset their cavalry began to show through the woods on my right, and I sent back word to the General, and prepared for further orders: two of my men being away—one with the Harris, and one having been sent to the Colonel. I suppose the Harris officer forgot to mention to the General my advance party, and did not think of it himself; for, the rebels making a push, he was obliged to fall back a little, without giving me any notification of the fact. So that, thinking I knew I saw parties of reb lying around loose in every direction. As I saw it my heart began to beat 'Libby Prison, Libby Prison, Libby Prison;' and I give you my word it kept on at that tune all the three days. However, I thought that I could not be taken yet, and that a little freedom was so much gain. The boys had all those gray undershirts which the Government served out to them last winter, so I made them take off and throw away their jackets, informing them that they were Confederate troops. I knew that it was dangerous. So to assume the character of regular troops, so I determined to be a scouting party of partisan rangers, assuming myself the name of a well-known S. Carolina room-mate of mine—Duncan Moore. I would have pushed that night for the Alexandria turnpike, about which Buford and Gregg were fighting; but the firing had grown more distant toward evening, and I was pretty certain that our men had fallen back toward Manassas Junction. So I had all Jackson's force in my way there, Longstreet's cavalry between me and Warrenton, and I did not know how many hundreds of miles between me and the Potomac. Contrary to Shakespeare's theory, I preferred to fly to evils that I knew rather, instead of bearing those that at present surrounded me. Too may imagine how I stole through the woods and hills that night, always keeping to the mountains, with a sharp look-out for campfires and strolling parties of cavalry. I did not care much for the infantry straggling, for I knew that they would think it all right, observing us moving along like a patrol; and I think the boys rather enjoyed humbugging them with my commissary. They made me out a mighty famous fellow, and looked disgusted and astonished when the men said they had never heard of "Duncan Moore." All along, mixed with these stragglers, were parties of wounded from King's engagement, which was the only way I could get some water to drink at one of the wells was by demanding it for some wounded man. I only had one big canteen with me, though. I could hear a heavy column coming along right by where I had to pass; and in the only cover to there was a few hundred yds to get off my horse, and stole within sight so as not to be observed myself; and I was considerably relieved at finding that they were not even skirmishers, but were a party of negroes who had probably been turned out of their quarters by surgeon's orders. I went by very leisurely, and struck a light to look in the direction of the Gum-Spring road. We lay very quiet all that day, listening to the guns of Siegel's and M'Dowell's fight with Jackson. We had nothing for our horses, and only a few biscuits for ourselves; for we did not dare fire for fear of a mule coffee. Toward evening, finding that part of the country rather quiet, I ventured to carry my party on to the south road. There were only some stacks of hay in a field near by. The horses scented it too, and I did not dare to pass for fear a whinny might be a whinny-ing in the enemy's case when the sound would be inconvenient. We stole into the woods, and then, dodging along the fence, managed to reach the stacks, and got enough to keep the poor beasts alive. By this time I was out of the track of their column, and moving within the range of their scouting and foraging parties; and though I had to be perhaps even more watchful, I ventured to push on more openly than before. What swarms of irregular cavalry I did see!—part of their cavalry regiments, no doubt, but with a style of discipline and uniform as much very different from ours. Half the column seemed to be dragging out and galloping up just as it pleased them—riding off to the houses, hallooing at the wells, in fact doing just as they chose. These habits made it much more disagreeable to Jackson's hiding while they passed us; but as they felt no need for advance-guards or flankers so far from an enemy, all I had to do was to choose an uninviting place. Oh! how I longed to have one ride at them sometimes; and I heard the men speculating convolutedly on the value of some of the horses. That night we crossed the Aldie turnpike and made our way toward the river. I had to turn back from the direction of Chantilly, and get across the London Railroad at Guilford Station, I think. And then I began to feel that I was almost safe, and have that longing to get quite out of danger which I once experienced swimming for my life against the tide. It was the evening of the second day. We had made so many turns that the distance traveled was nearly twice what we had gained. None of us slept very sound, and none of us had had to eat. What was almost as bad, though we had tobacco, we had no matches, and had been without smoking for two days. Now I felt rather bold; and seeing some pretty girls at a house near the road, I determined to get a light. So I rode up as boldly as could be, and greeting them very politely made known my request. They invited me in, asking the news, and making themselves very agreeable. I told them as much as I had picked up: 'that Jackson had been fighting all around Manassas and Bull Run, but that General Lee had passed him now, and was in pursuit of the main body, in which our side, as far as I knew, was whipping.' That I had been sent to that way to see if the country was all clear, and that Lee intended to march right over that region to take Washington. I might even have said to Washington, for stepping into the house there, sitting at ease as if at home, was a full-fledged rebel cavalry-man, on whom the girl that I first privately addressed did not cast an eye of regard. I began to feel that I had stepped into the wrong box; but putting on a careless air, walked to the fire, took up some fire, and lighted my pipe, as if I was so accustomed to such meetings that I did not even notice them. But I found out that I could not very well bear for supper; that it was essential that I should get to Drainsville that night, so that I might be ready to return and report to General Stuart as soon as possible. The man did not appear to notice any thing out of the way, and I determined to make a bold push and away without trouble. It was just getting dark when I got into Drainsville. It is a wretched little hole, and I had no intention of stopping there; but it would have excited so much observation if I had been seen off the road, that I had to take the road there. And, as though it loved to see thirty or forty beautiful cavalry horses standing unsaddled, but otherwise ready for service, all among the village street. There was not a house without its party, and there, to my surprise, I noticed the fine of my friend the rebel quartermaster. I began to feel the walls of the Libby Prison closing around me, even if they might not choose to consider me a spy, at which I should be shot; and began to have a very curious sensation around it. However, I thought that I had better put on a bold face. So, riding right into the village, I pulled up and beckoned to him. 'What officer is in command of this party?' asked I. 'There's no officer along, Sir. We're now at Wright's tavern, and I'm going in to see our friends. The Colonel has parties out on scout farther toward the river, and in toward the fighting; and we got home here while they're sent are in the neighborhood.' 'There are no Yankee scouts about, then, just now?' I said, much diffident. 'Well, I am looking after some that I heard of back near Aldie.' 'None has passed here but our own men, and your party,' answered he, gravely. 'I think that they can get through. I will tell any of our scouts that I see to keep a sharp look-out for them.' 'Well,' said I, 'I'm pushing down the road until I come to water and forage. You can say that Captain Moore of the North Carolina Cavalry has passed.' So off I rode, leaving him in high admiration at my cool as fast as my jaded horses would let me. The first lane that I came to I turned up, and took my men into a wooded hollow out of view of the road, and near to a quiet little farm-house. Here I halted for five minutes, and actually getting faint from lack of nourishment. Before we left the regiment there had been little to eat, and since then we had been starving. I suppose that, and the notion that I had done as much damage as could be done, made me reckless; for, leaving my men in the hollow, I rode to the house, entered, and sat down. About the most motherly-looking woman that I ever saw was sitting there by the fire. I wished her for, I will something told me that she must still have an affection for the Union. She looked at me, and asked me, 'What I would have?' I said that I was a Federal officer. Shaking her head, she replied, 'Then I can't help you.' 'Many parties are passing up and down all the time. Listen?' —and I could hear the tramp of a company of cavalry moving after their videttes ahead. 'I know,' said I, 'that you will not betray us. We have been for more than two days cut off from our army, and are trying to get within our lines. We have had nothing to eat, and have scarcely closed our eyes.' Before I had finished speaking the old lady had a pot on the fire, and was getting us a hasty supper. I found that her husband was suspected by the secessionists, and that he lived a very unquiet life. He had no corn but a little hay, which he gave us for our horses; and we all got a supper which seemed to us the very perfection of food as we had ever eaten. That night, back in the hollow behind the house, we slumbered deeply; and at dawn rose up with renewed strength and ready to dare any thing. As we started off, after paying as well as we could for what we had taken, we plighted troth and old lady's blessing. She halted him to his great alarm. He began to think that we must be rebels after all, and besought us to remember the good supper we had had. She told him in a way that moved our hearts. He was much relieved when he found that he only wanted him to show us by-road to Falls Church. We began to be certain that there were parties out in chase of us, and we knew that our pursuers were not to be raw. "Very quietly and cautiously we moved on; so much so that we avoided our own outposts, and came already to a picket, very much to their astonishment. I could tell you how I got the party into Washington; how I saw General M'Clellan for the first time, without knowing him; how I was rather free and easy at first, and then very much scared when I found who I was talking to; how he complimented me, and how I got leave to run home for a day or two: but I have been tiresome enough as it is, and can only assure you that a great deal more happened during those three days."

"That was a little different from your first encounter with the 'Seventh Cavalry,' I——y?" said A——, looking malicious. "You don't tell that, so I shall do it for you. You see we had seized a big wagon loaded with flour, and had been obliged to leave it in Occoquan, I—— was sent down there to bring it over. The ferry-boat was gone, the water was high, and he did not know how to manage. While he was preparing to go after it, he heard a drum and fife in the village. He dismounted some of his carbineers, placed them along the ridge commanding the ferry, and arranged for a desperate defense. The drum and fife approached, and I—— 's heart beat at the awful responsibility of his first combat, and he watched anxiously for the appearance of the enemy. At the head of the column appeared around the houses, moving with military dignity, Y—— examined them with his opera-glass in the attitude of Wellington at Waterloo. As he was doing so he heard a faint chuckle among his men. He took one more look, and with the promptitude of extreme youth ordered his men into the small boats and pulled over to the wagon. His vision of blood and glory had been created by a lot of boys playing soldier."

THE "MONITOR."

For evermore,
By the Ocean River's soundless shore,
Where the sea-grass points, by bank and bar,
Up through the gloom to the Northern Star,
With its nerves of fibrous iron set
The silent throat and strain
With which its stormy fate was met

On the spectral midnight main,
Unbothered by the billows wave,
In its battle-armor dressed.
Like a knight of old in his warrior grave,
The *Monitor* lies at rest.

The white-winged ships
Glide through the foam above;
And the trembling needle veers and dips
From its ancient, barry love.
A sentinel world its palsied hand
Keeps at the helm of its mighty command.
Of the hulk that erst with its iron will
Rode the startled hearts of men grow still,
And veiled in the sea's dim eye old control
Of the mystic forces that guard the pole.

Startling, sublime,
Blotting the records of elder time,
Was the coming of that should break the sleep
Of men who dreamed that the rocking deep
Bore on its breast no mightier power
Than in their brain was born,
When, in the evening's bodeful hour
Of terror wild,
This youngest child
Of the forge and the anvil, silently
Crossed the waves to the enter sea,
And through the summer midnight's haze,
Half lit by the frigate's dying blaze,
Awaited the awful morn.

Sunrise upon the bay,
And ripples glistening in the slanting ray,
Peaceful as when the fifth day came
Upon a world yet unbeheld by eyes
That held the seeds of flame.
Specs in the azure shield
And under two dark forms of iron hide,
Fire-hearted, bloody-throated, eager-eyed,
Waiting and panting with constricted breath,
Alert, suspicious, wary, still as death.

Boom!
A sound like the terrible shock of doom;
And a tongue of flame behind the smoke,
That white from its hidden port-hole broke,
In mockery of a flag of peace!
The blow of a thunder-bolt falling in vain,
Missing off in the gulfing main;
Blow after blow without surcease,
Like the hopeless strokes by the archfiend given
To the angel-guarded walls of heaven;
Till battered, broken, drenched with blood,
Seems open wide to the eager flood,
The ocean monster, stubborn, fierce,
As the treason that gave it birth,
And the vessel's shell pierce,
Till this is a freeman's earth,
Sunk away to its fever den,
While the *Monitor* rested be,
In the gladdened eyes of God and men,
Crowned King of the Sea.

Its work was done;
The era of iron right began;
The first great battle fought and won.
Well that the champion ship should be
Enshrined in the heart of the loving sea;
To feel forever the throbs
Thrilling metallic veins below;
Safe from the weakness of growing age,
The battle's shock, and the whirlwind's rage!

The swinging tide,
Swinging through circles ocean wide,
Shall pause a moment beside the wreck,
Softly slide on the bolted deck,
Wind through the rusting port-holes grim,
Circle the turret's outer rim.
And kiss the cannon's silent lips,
That spoke the decrees of the king of ships;
And then away to the misty shores,
Where the gull is scared by the fisher's oars;
And under the skies where the northern bear
Paces around in the midnight glare;
Dip forlorn in the realms of frost and snow,
Whose feet are red in the fires below;
By the Empire Isles, eternally
Watching the lilies over the sea;
By the stormy shores of wild Biscay,
And the vine-clad capes of Spain,
To the burning sands that have heard for aye
The clank of the bondman's chain;
And across where the tropic whirlwinds rise
Round the throne of the Western Queen;
Till the waters pause where the *Monitor* lies,
Ere the shadows of night screen,
And tell of the mist, frost, fire, and sun,
Suspicion, hopes, and fears,
And the grave-worm might of the good begun
Through the never-failing years,
Till they glide at last in a sunny round,
By lands redeemed to human ken,
And smile in their happiness silently,
As they pass the *Monitor* under the sea.

THE CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA.

We publish on page 292 two illustrations of GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA, from sketches by Mr. E. H. Sothell. Mr. Sothell writes:

"The sketch of Brashear City is appropriate at this time, as it was at this point the majority of General Banks's troops crossed on pontoon bridges in pursuit of the rebels under Sibley. It is the temporary terminus of the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad, and has been held by our troops as an outpost since last summer. The gunboats shown are the *Calhoun*, on board of which Commander Buchanan was killed last winter, and which lately succeeded in destroying the *Queen of the West*, the *Diana*, *Hart*, burned by the rebels, to prevent her falling into our hands; and the *Estrella*, an English vessel, captured while trying to run the blockade.

"The gun-boat *Arrataria*, shown in the other sketch, was a popular little craft, built for a sugar-boat to navigate shallow bayous, and converted into a gun-boat since General Banks took command of the Department of the Gulf. While on a reconnoitring expedition up Amite River recently she ran on a snag, from which it was impossible to extricate her. She was burned to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebs, who kept up a hot fire from ambush all the while she was ashore, but did not succeed in injuring any body."

THE NAVAL HOSPITAL BOAT "RED ROVER."

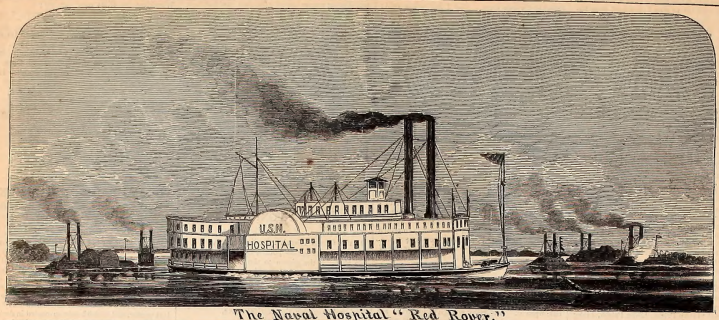
THIS institution, which we illustrate on page 300, is under the charge of Surgeon George H. Bixby and Dr. Hopkins, and is an untold comfort to our sick and wounded sailors. The sketch shows the main ward, in which are accommodations for over two hundred patients. The Sister is one of those good women who, from the rose, whose they smoke, read, and generally enjoy themselves. The boat itself, a clean, roomy craft, is under the command of a gallant old sailor.

THE FEAT OF THE "ESCORT."

On page 301 we illustrate the magnificent exploit of the steamer *Escort*, in running the rebel blockade between Washington, North Carolina, and Newbern, a little. Mr. Frenzeny, the author of the sketch from which our illustration was taken, writes us as follows:

"NEWBERN, *April* 17, 1863.

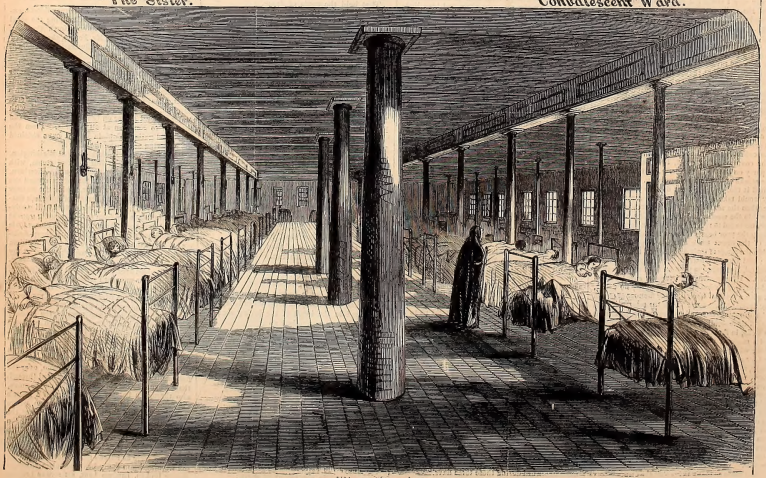
"I herewith send you a sketch of the steamer *Escort*, Captain Hall, of Philadelphia, running under a cross-fire from the rebel batteries at Rodman's Point, about four miles below Washington, North Carolina, on the morning of the 16th inst., with Major-General Foster on board, bound to Newbern, North Carolina, at 6 A.M. the rebels opened fire upon me from a field-piece, and, raking the steamer 'fore and aft.' At 6.30 abreast of Rodman's Battery, about a hundred yards distant, rifled musketing a tremendous fire from four 12-pounder guns at Rodman's Point and three from Hill's Point, a little above Rodman's Point; and also from rifled muskets all along the bank. Here my pilot, William Patrick, of North Carolina, was shot dead at my feet—at a terrible cost I am sorry to say. Lieutenant-Colonel Bowerfing his blood over the floor and upon my person. At this perilous moment the steamer struck a target on board to make something of a pilot. He sent to me, but being too frightened to be of service, I took the helm myself, and, under a terrific storm of orders to crowd on all steam possible, the steamer dashed through the obstructions, which consisted of four rows of piles, placed in such a zigzag position that there was no possibility of "dodging," and nothing to do but to dash through and trust a kind Providence with the results. One cannon-shot passed through the General's room, over the foot of his bunk; another, a shell, passed through the kitchen, just through a bolster on the stove, also through a bale of hay, taking off a negro's arm, and finally landed in the engine-room, where it exploded. Still another shell burst against the pilot-house, shattering it badly, and scattering the splinters about as promiscuously, knocking down Henry Gallop and hitting me, not seriously, in several places. The damages by the shell in the engine-room were as follows: The bell connecting the walking-beam badly bent, eccentric rod completely broken, hangers bent, set screws broken, air-barrel on steam-pump injured, slide of air-pump, broken, and many other slight damages."



The Naval Hospital "Red Rover."



"The Sister." Convalescent Ward.



The Ward.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 301.]

PRINCE SALM-SALM.

We publish herewith a portrait of PRINCE SALM-SALM, Colonel 8th New York Volunteers, from a photograph by Brady. This officer, who won distinction as a cavalry officer in Prussia, arrived here on the outbreak of our war with a letter from the King, and was received with cordiality. His first wish was to command a regiment of cavalry. This, however, was found to be impracticable in consequence of the Prince's ignorance of the English language. He was accordingly placed on General Blenker's staff. After serving in this capacity for some months he was appointed to the command of General Blenker's old regiment, the 8th New York Volunteers, which he has led throughout the war. The regiment has completed its term of service, and returned home last week. We presume that the Prince will soon find some new sphere in which he can continue serving the country.



PRINCE SALM-SALM, COLONEL 8TH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

WISER AND BETTER.

SHE was walking hastily up the hill-side in a fitful mood.

On the brow of the hill a large old maple spread its branches, targets for the golden arrows quivering from the autumn sunset.

Gertrude had flung her jaunty little hat with its curled dark-blue feather upon the ground, while seating herself under the old tree, and now, resting her soft cheek upon her hand, dreamed until the flush in the west faded to amber. When at length she raised her head a large tear was slowly rolling down her cheek. It fell upon a scarlet leaf tangled in the fringe of her shawl.

"Mocking the happy days of last autumn," she sighed, brushing the glistening tear away. "I wonder if Walter will ever again twine bright leaves among my curls." Stooping forward she caught up her flat by one of its long ribbons, and gathering her shawl closely around her, leisurely descended the hill. At its base she struck into a path leading to a quaint little brown cottage.

"Och! Miss Gerthrude, ye been gone so long honey, an' a swate jintleman in riginemials sveitin' to see yer purty face, an' yer Aunt Milly at the Squire's lint party. Don't be so anger-like, dear; it's not the like o' Misther Walther at all, at all."

Gertrude gasped frightfully, leaning against the hall table for support.

Bridget appeared distressed.

"Would I run for wather for ye, honey?

"No, no." She paused, pressed her hand to her side as if in pain, then resolutely turned the handle of the parlor door and entered.

A gentleman was slowly walking back and forth before the wood fire crackling upon the hearth. As Gertrude closed the door behind her he paused, and then advanced a step or two toward her.

"I must introduce myself," said a rich, kind voice. "Bethel Stuart—Miss Fitz Hugh, a friend of Walter Steyn."

"And he? What news of him?" burst from Gertrude's lips, raising her eager eyes to his face.

"He was wounded."

"Oh! not killed, thank God, not killed!" she cried, interrupting him, clasping her small hands, her beautiful eyes brimful of sudden tears.

Mr. Stuart looked extremely distressed.

"Poor child!" he said, soothingly, laying his hand upon her bright hair, "would that it were *not killed*. But poor Walter died of his wound upon the battle-field."

The bright flush of excitement faded from her cheek. She raised her brown eyes to his with a pleading glance.

"He is not dead. No, no, not dead; only say he is not dead!" she uttered in a hoarse whisper.

Mr. Stuart shook his head sadly.

"Oh, my God, Walter, Walter!" she cried, in low, altered tones.

Bethel Stuart caught her ere she fell. Tenderly gathering her into his strong arms he laid her white and breathless upon the sofa.

A rush of cold air from the opened window roused her. The long dark eyelashes quivered almost imperceptibly, the pale mouth parted with a gasping sound.

Mr. Stuart left her for an instant and came back with a glass of cool spring water. She drank a little, he holding the glass.

"I am quite strong now," she said, in a faint voice; "please go on."

The recital was a painful one. When Mr. Stuart had finished a look of relief spread over his fine features.

"You must let me be a friend to you now," he continued, bending toward her. "It was *his* wish."

Gertrude raised her wet face.

"You loved Walter," she said, in scarcely audible tones; "your breast pillowed his dying head—indeed, indeed your sympathy is very precious to me. Poor, poor Walter! Were those his last words," she continued, vainly striving to steady her voice.

"They were his words," Bethel Stuart answered, evasively. "Your name was the last word upon his lips."

"May I come this way sometimes and see how you are? Now that I have two little orphan nephews to care for I shall not return to the war. I had thrown up my commission before the last battle, but waited to see how Walter would fare. I am rejoiced that I did so. Good-by, Miss Fitz Hugh; I must be in the city this evening and have barely time to catch the down train."

* * * * * * * * * *

Edith Barclay stood before a mirror in her mother's softly-lighted parlors, fastening a japonica bud among her dark glossy braids.

"Mamma, how late Bethel is to-night!"

"Yes, my love."

"Edith, dear," Mrs. Barclay resumed, after a slight cough of embarrassment, "it strikes me you are too exacting—that is—"

"Pray go on, mamma," said Edith, turning with an air of superb scorn toward her mother, a frail looking lady with a sweet, low voice.

"Never mind now, my love. That is Mr. Stuart's ring. I was in hopes you would have understood me," she added.

Mrs. Barclay kissed her daughter's forehead and left the room as Bethel Stuart entered it.

"How very late!" greeted Edith, withdrawing herself from his arms that he might not kiss her.

"I have had something to do which took me from town for a few hours."

"I don't see what," said Edith, petulantly.

"How should you, my dear?" resumed Mr. Stuart, with an absent air. "A few of Walter Steyn's things were forwarded to me from Washington by my directions. This afternoon I took the cars and delivered them myself to Miss Fitz Hugh. Poor girl, my heart bleeds for her. Edith, I must take you out there. And some day we will beg your mamma's permission to bring her here for a week or fortnight. The novelty of city life may divert her mind."

"She won't want to be gay. It will be so stupid having her *here*."

An expression of painful surprise crossed Mr. Stuart's face.

"You would be very much interested in her were you to see her," he replied, gravely. "Will you let me take you there some time?"

Edith would not speak, but sat with coldly averted face.

"Edith, Edith!" cried Mr. Stuart, drawing her toward him, "where are your warm generous impulses? I scarcely recognize my darling in this strange mood." He imprisoned both her fair hands in one of his, and holding her close to his breast, gazed long and earnestly into her drooping face.

Presently her eyelids began to quiver, the pouting mouth grew tremulous. She burst into tears.

"You don't love me," she sobbed, hiding her face upon his shoulder.

There were no grieving accents in her tones. Mr. Stuart did not try to soothe her, but allowed the passionate tears to fall, still holding her tenderly to him. When at length he did speak, which was merely to pronounce her name, Edith started at the grave tone. Raising her head rather proudly, she strove to withdraw from the strong arms which held her, but in vain.

Bethel forced her to turn her face to his. He was all gentleness, but so grave, almost stern, Edith fancied.



THE STEAMER "ESCORT" RUNNING THE REBEL BATTERIES NEAR WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

"Are you distressed at the sympathy and interest I have felt for poor, dead Walter's Gertrude? Is it so, Edith? is it so?"

He awaited her reply anxiously. It came at last with a snap of fretfulness.

"You can go out there and comfort Miss Fitz Hugh as often as you choose. It won't make one bit of difference to any one in this house. Harry Lane will take me to parties and the Opera."

Bethel put her away from him, but not hastily.

"You are not a baby, Edith, to be coaxed back to smiles."

"It has been nothing but Gertrude, Gertrude, for the last two weeks," she pouted.

Mr. Stuart put a strong restraint upon himself before he again trusted his voice.

"God grant I have not been deceived in you, my precious Edith! But understand me once for all. I shall not trust of Miss Fitz Hugh for this unwarrantable whim of yours. She has no friends, and I promised my friend Walter Steyn, when he lay dying upon the battle-field, that I would befriend h r."

He paused to wipe the large drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Choose between us," cried Edith, bitterly.

"Take care, take care, Edith," said Mr. Stuart, sternly: "you are reckless—"

"I mean it," she replied, with a light, mocking laugh. "I will never retract what I have said."

Be it so, then," Mr. Stuart's tone and lips grew white. His voice sounded strangely to his own ears. "You have no pity on yourself. Farewell!"

Edith Barclay drew herself up haughtily, and bowed with the stately grace of a duchess. But when the door closed upon Bethel Stuart, she flung herself upon the sofa, and, hiding her face among the cushions, sobbed as though her heart would break.

Half an hour later, bearing her father's step in the hall, she started up hastily, brushing back the heavy braids from her wet cheeks.

"Papa," she said, going to meet him, laying her little hand upon his arm, "don't ring for coffee yet. I want to tell you something."

"Tears, Edith? tears? Why, where is Bethel? I don't see him here."

"That is the trouble, papa. I suppose I have treated him rather badly, and he has gone off."

Mr. Barclay whistled, his eyes turned up to the ceiling.

"And when is he coming back, my dear?" he asked, laying his forefinger against the side of his nose, glancing slyly at his daughter.

"Now, papa, don't—don't make fun of me," she said, throwing her arms around her father's neck, drawing him down to a chair, and seating herself upon his knee. "I know you think it is nothing but a silly quarrel; but indeed—"

Edith burst into tears.

"Well, well, my pet! I am not laughing at you: only thinking over my own young days, you know. Come, come, Edith! Why, don't cry so, my dear."

He raised her hot face and laid her cheek to his.

"Hist, papa—"

"Well, my love?"

"You think Bethel will come back to me? Don't you, papa—don't you?"

"What took him off in such a hurry?"

"Because—because I didn't want him to care so much for Miss Fitz Hugh."

"Who is she?"

"The young lady Walter Steyn would have married if he had not been killed in battle."

"What has Bethel to do with her?"

"She is an orphan, papa; and Bethel promised Mr. Steyn he would be her friend, and—"

"And what, Edith?"

"I felt badly about it."

"About what, my daughter?"

"Why, his going to see Gertrude, and talking so much about her."

"Didn't Bethel want you to go and see her too?"

"Yes; but I can't now."

"Why not?"

"I went off into a fit of heroics while Bethel was here this evening, and told him to choose between us. Afterward I wouldn't retract what I had said."

"And Bethel?"

"He went off, papa, and I let him."

"Very pretty!"—Mr. Barclay paused a moment—"Bethel Stuart is a very proud man. He respects himself."

"Yes, papa, go on."

"And he won't come back—mark my words, Edith!—he won't come back unless you send for him."

"Then he may stay away," was upon Edith's lips; but something in her father's face checked such a light reply.

"Tell your mamma I want her—stay, I will go up to her room myself, and have coffee there."

He kissed her tenderly and led her go.

June came with her fragrant buds and vines. On every wayside bough the little birds held protracted meetings.

Surely, silently, under the influence of the sweet summer sunshine, the clouds of pride overshadowing Edith Barclay's heart dispersed.

"Papa," she said, one day, following her father from the dining-room into the hall, shyly putting a little note into his hand, "would you send that to—to—to Mr. Stuart?"

Mr. Barclay rapidly ran his eye over his daughter's delicate handwriting.

"Yes, my dear," he said, sadly.

"What is the matter, papa?" Edith asked, glancing uneasily at him.

"Nothing now. I was thinking, my love, that if you were *too late*—you understand me—why that there is nothing contained in this little note to cause you any after-feeling of embarrassment."

"But I *don't* understand," said Edith, simply.

"Never mind, love. I hope I may be mistaken in some of my ideas."

Mr. Barclay sighed, and hastily tucked his umbrella under his arm.

"Better send it by Thomas this afternoon before he brings the carriage round. Good-day, my dear."

That evening several of Edith's friends came in. Mr. Barclay watched his daughter narrowly. There was a flush upon her cheek, and a light within her eye which he did not like.

Their ye ' guests dispersed, he drew her toward him, aiding her to do his heart.

"You are anxious and nervous, darling."

"No, papa, not now," she said, in a clear, calm voice. "See, I have his answer already." She drew a little crumpled note from underneath her belt, quietly replacing it.

"I partly forfeited his respect that evening, I fancy—my long silence has done the rest. Papa, do you remember how you brought me home those beautiful fuchsias, and told me to give up pouting or I would be too tardy? But I was very wilful then, was I not, papa?" She gazed up into her father's face with a sad, wistful expression, then quietly bowed her forehead upon his arm.

"Edith, I shall take you to Europe. You sha'n't stay here," said Mr. Barclay, in a husky voice.

"Does mamma know?" he asked, presently. She shook her head.

"Will you tell her, papa? I did not dare; it will bring on one of those distressing sick headaches."

The pearl which Bethel Stuart had carried so long within his heart, through its profoundest gloom, thought, from human ken—which he hid day by day cherished more and more: waiting, waiting never so patient for the light that he might discover it to the fond, shy eyes of Edith Barclay—what then? "Too late, too late:" she had come looking for that which was not; and the June showers wept Amen upon the trees.

Time sheathed his remorseless summer scythe, sweet clover blossoms were ruthlessly mown in the south wind, golden rods flashing gloriously in the sunlight—tender blades of grasses—buds, lilies, blossoms—where are they garnered?

Scarlet leaves were falling from the forest trees.

A little while, and the white, wild winter more delicate than a woman's, spread a white mantle over the ruin he had wrought.

And the years sped by. Each year flew by, and April came, coaxing with many tears the crocuses into bloom.

Gertrude Fitz Hugh bent eagerly over them in Aunt Molly's garden, and, gathering a bunch, held them up delightedly to Mr. Stuart.

His imprisoned left wrist in a gentle grasp, brushing his cheek against the pretty flowers. Gertrude's eyes fell beneath his gaze.

"Gertrude, the last time that Steyn have never passed my lips. Will you listen to me?"

Gertrude Fitz Hugh started violently. A tremulous sigh fluttered to her lips. She did not speak, but waited patiently.

There was a strange thrill in Mr. Stuart's voice as he continued:

"Walter died ignorant of the engagement then existing between Miss Barclay and myself. Gertrude, besides claiming my friendship for you, he said to me, 'Bethel, perhaps you and she will love each other one day.' Gertrude, I am speaking for Your name, Miss Fitz Hugh, came with his last gasp."

Gertrude was sobbing.

Mr. Stuart raised her wet face to the sunshine.

"Will you be my Gertrude now?" he asked, tenderly.

A hot flush shot across her brow, a deadly pallor succeeded. The flowers fell from her weak grasp. Locking her hands convulsively together, she said, in a hard, strained voice,

"I am not Walter Steyn's legacy. You love Edith Barclay, Mr. Stuart. I never heard why you parted. But you love her passionately even now. I have seen it in your wife face with its pitiful flushings one day in the city, while Aunt Milly and I were shopping. Afterward I compared your two faces and thought you were blind."

"And you do not love me, Gertrude?" he asked, stooping to pick up her flowers.

For an instant she answered too rapidly for words, then she said, distinctly and resolutely, with a touch of pride,

"I do not. I have no right to offer me your love, Mr. Stuart."

He turned abruptly and left her.

Gertrude watched him until he disappeared behind the lilac boughs at the end of the long garden, then pressing up her wilted blossoms, went to her room to think.

How many of us have sought the seclusion of our chambers to think—thinking, we may best put away the remnants of a bright dream, and patiently take up again the threads of daily human life, and weave, with unconsciousness, to the flow of our stealthy tears.

Did he love Edith Barclay, passionately even, as Miss Fitz Hugh had confidently believed?

Bethel Stuart's heart responded Yes. His mind recurred to the last time that he had received from Edith in the early part of the last summer, and how nettled he had felt because she had not written sooner, that day forth he had steeled his heart against her.

Now a woman's hand had dared to turn aside the keen pleasure of his own, and he was a child in love of his heart, and lo! there was his pearl not lost, only hidden.

Again he stood in Mrs. Barclay's softly lighted parlors and heard Edith's light step upon the stair. Not rapid as of yore, when springing to welcome him, but slowly, almost reluctantly, he fancied.

His heart throbbed painfully as she came into the room, a slight blush mantling her cheek, and spreading in crimson tides to neck and brow.

Bethel Stuart quietly placed a chair for her.

"I must beg you to bear with me patiently for a few moments." He paused, his emotion broke through all barriers.

"Edith! Edith! can you forgive?" he cried.

She raised her eyes to his face with a shy, surprised look. A soft, half-dreamy light stole into them.

"Edith! Edith!" he repeated, pleadingly holding out his hand to her.

She came to him, and with the movement of a weary child laid her head upon his breast.

"We are both of us wiser and better now, are we not?" he whispered, softly.

CAMPAIGNING IN LOUISIANA.

THE picture on page 289, illustrating PICKET DUTY IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA, shows what our brave soldiers have to encounter in their campaign through Central Banks. Alligators and rattlesnakes abound on the bayous and in the swamps, and the manner of unpleasant creeping, flying, and walking creatures swarm under the luxuriant tropical vegetation. Campaigning in such a region has its charm; but it has its drawbacks too.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth Mask, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of a fair complexion, as the discoloured spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they constitute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and any thing that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. Pierce, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove Moth Patches, Freckles, and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP AND LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE in several cases. *For full particulars*, address, enclosing stamp for a circular,

DR. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

All Consultations Free.

Parisian Fashion for the Ladies.—LE BONTON PARISIAN DE MODES," given in French and English, is the cheapest fashion-book in the country. The styles of Hats, Cloaks, and Bonnets for the month are lovely. Price one year (monthly), Five Dollars. Single copy, with two full patterns, Fifty Cents.
Address S. T. TAYLOR, 497 Broadway, N. Y.

359. Old Prices. 359.

LACE CURTAINS

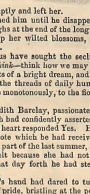
Nottingham Curtains,
Muslin Curtains,
Brocatelle Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES,
Gold Window Shades,
Buff Holland Window Shades,
Green Holland Window Shades.
THE BEST UPHOLSTERERS EMPLOYED.

359. **G. L. & J. B. KELTY,** 359.
859 BROADWAY,
New York.

Agents Wanted.
Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 87 Park Row, N.Y.

SOMETHING NEW.
NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colored for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 Cards in a pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Will be mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

$75 A MONTH guaranteed. Address ISAAC HALE Jr. & Co., Newburyport, Mass.



The Curative will soon soften the Corn by its peculiar qualities, and it becomes detached from the natural flesh and will readily remove the whole root free from any disagreeable sensation. The boot or shoe can be worn at all times after the Curative is applied to the corn. Send for circular.
Sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 50 cents, $1, and $2. OFFICE, 212 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Corns, Bunions, Calenties, Club, and Inverted Nails, Vascular Excrescence, Enlarged and Diseased Joints, Frosted and Blistered Feet, Chilblains, and all kindred affections of the Feet successfully treated by
Dr. J. R. Briggs, Surgeon Chiropodist, 212 Broadway, N.Y.

WEDDING CARDS.
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S 302 Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
Established 1840. Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

SMALL POX
CURED IN 12 HOURS. Maj. J. T. Lane's Remedy for Small Pox is the most startling discovery in the history of medicine. It cures the fearful disease in 12 hours. Leaves no pits, and prevents infection, thus doing away with Vaccination. Send a stamp for a pamphlet.
Depot 88 Cedar Street, N. Y.

MANTILLAS,
BRODIE'S
GRAND OPENING
FOR
Spring Mantillas
Took place this Week at
300 Canal Street.
Never before has he made a better
DISPLAY,
And claims still to be
"The Leader of Fashions."

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Patent pat ented, $10. For thousand ts Clubs, $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. LOVETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

Spensalia
Millinery Rooms
12 Waverley Place.

Madame Bendict, of Rue de la Paix, Paris, has just received, at her new Branch Rooms, 12 Waverley Place, several cases of freshly imported Bonnets and Head-dresses.

A DISTINCT Department for

Mourning Millinery.

Soldiers, see to your own Health, do not trust to the Army supplies: Cholera, Fever, and Bowel Complaint will follow your slightest indiscretion. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT should be in every man's knapsack. The British and French troops use no other medicines. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (without effect upon) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, with circular, &c. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 199 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

Loss of Delicate Constitution and uncertain health are strenuously advised to throw aside the nauseous and useless preparations with which they are surcharged to drug themselves, and test the hygeian, body-and-mind-strengthening virtues of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. In all the complaints and disabilities arising from acrid humors, they will find this cheering, refreshing, and invigorating preparation of extraordinary efficacy. Its regulating properties are wonderful; and as a remedy for the hangnor, nausea, tremors, convulsions, hysterics, and many others accompany the development of womanhood, it has no equal either among the prescriptions of the faculty or advertised medicines. For the many distressing feelings which usher in and often follow the period of maternity, and also for the painful and dangerous symptoms which sometimes accompany the change of life, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are earnestly recommended. No other restorative seems to suit so well the constitution and the organization of the feebler sex. In all cases of female debility, where there is a want of the vital spark, this BITTERS produces a most important change—relieving local weakness, and establishing the general health.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 629 BROADWAY.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have just Published

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE REBELLION IN THE UNITED STATES. Four Numbers now ready. Price 25 cents a Number.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, with Maps and Plans. 8 vols. 12mo, Cloth. (*Vol. I., Price $1.00, just ready.*)

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cts.

AFRICAN SKETCH-BOOK FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., &c. By WILLIAM C. HOLDEN, Wesleyan Missionary. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2.00.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Novel. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. A Novel. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," "North and South," "The Moorland Cottage," "Right at Last," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS of WATCHES

NEW YORK.

ARE RECEIVING, BY THE EUROPEAN STEAMERS, DIRECT FROM THEIR AGENCY IN CHAUX-DE-FONDS, SWITZERLAND, LARGE INVOICES OF THAT REALLY MERITORIOUS MOVEMENT, THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED

MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,
MAGIC TIME OBSERVER,

The Perfection of Mechanism,
The Perfection of Mechanism,
The Perfection of Mechanism,
The Perfection of Mechanism,
The Perfection of Mechanism,
The Perfection of Mechanism,

Being a Strong and Open Face Watch Combined,
Being a Hunting and Open Face Watch Combined,
Being a Hunting and Open Face Watch Combined,
Or, a Lady's or Gentleman's Watch in One!
Or, a Lady's or Gentleman's Watch in One!
Or, a Lady's or Gentleman's Watch in One!
With Patent Self-Winding Improvement.
With Patent Self-Winding Improvement.
With Patent Self-Winding Improvement.

The *New York Ritualistand News*, the leading pictorial paper of the United States, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, at page 141, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most beautiful novelty, of which the Hubbard Bros. of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Watch combining Open Face With enclosed. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best self-shaped timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of new metals, the color and ring like fine carat gold. It has the improved ruby cotton lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece."

Warranted an Accurate Timepiece!
Warranted an Accurate Timepiece!
Warranted an Accurate Timepiece!

Price $25. Sent by express, C. O. D., for examination, on receipt of one dollar, and the balance if satisfactory. Address, HUBBARD BROS., Importers of Watches, No. 9 John street, New York.

Five Ivory Sleeve and Bosom Studs.



French Solitaire Patterns.

Sleeve and Bosom Studs made of the finest ivory, brought to a high polish, of all colors, and engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Monogram on Set. Free by mail on receipt of price. Sets, $1 80. Address J. L. HARRISON, Troy, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of 3 cent stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 81 Park Row, N. Y.

Pictures of 2,000 Celebrities.

Likenesses of Emperors, Kings, Queens, Lords, Nobles, Presidents, Statesmen, Legislators, Governors, Generals, Commodores, Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, Editors, Actors, Poets, Prelates, &c., advertisers, with prices, in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL "EXTRA," for MAY—sent with the regular No. of the Work, publishedJan. 1.

FOWLER & WELLS.

SPALDING'S

ROSE MARY

A NEW COPYRIGHT NOVEL
PUBLISHED THIS DAY.
SOLD BY
ALL
THE QUEEN OF THE ISLE.
OR
CORINNE OF CARLETON
Author of "Silver Star," "Ida Maurice," "Frankie," "Victoria," "The Queen of Castle Cliffe," &c. &c.
TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS, BY DARLEY.
Price 50 cents, in paper cover, or seventy-five cents, bound in cloth.

This romance, one of the most interesting that has appeared for some time, is now issued complete in one large volume, uniform in size, and printed on fine paper. The illustrations are from designs by Darley, a guarantee that they are artistic and spirited; they are printed on tinted cardboard paper, separate from the text-pages, and illustrate the most interesting incidents of the story, which, by the Reviewers, has been pronounced first class.

Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, Publisher, 76 Ann Street.

CHOCOLATE

Of the very best grades, cheaper, very nutritious, and more healthful than Tea and Coffee

For Family Use.

Also Confectionery

Of every variety for home and export trade. Warranted pure.

PALMER & CO.,

Formerly Struelens & Palmer, Steam Manufacturing Establishment, 66 and 68 Duane Street, just East of Broadway.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Discharges obtained for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with List of Prizes, by enclosing stamp. Advice as to how to pay return postage. SOMES & BROWN, 9 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

A Splendid Indian Romance.

The Ransom;
OR,
The Captive of the Apaches.
By **Edward S. Ellis.**

IN NOW READY IN THE

New York Weekly.

For sale everywhere.

Specimen copies sent free.

STREET & SMITH, Proprietors,
11 Frankfort Street. N. Y.

DEAF! DEAF!

ARTIFICIAL EAR, or SOUND MAGNIFIER,
for the Deaf. Send your address and a pamphlet will be sent. Address H. HASKAM, No. 20 John St., New York.

FERTILIZERS.

No. 1.—Phosphatic Guanos, of various Importations, warranted pure, and to analyze from 70 to 85 per cent. bone phosphate of lime, which are most substantial fertilizers.

Also, No. 1 Peruvian, for sale on the most favorable terms, in quantities to suit purchasers, by JOHN B. BARZIN, No. 55 South St., or 7 Wall, N. Y.

For particulars send for circular.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

You may recover your health by the use of other remedies. You may recover without any; but do not forget that you may die, and that Brandreth's Pills could have saved you.

For, remember that the

AWFUL PRINCIPLE OF DEATH,

when you have it in excess in your system, is evident to your animal instincts. Your countenance tells your friends; your drawn and your own heart tell you.

Now, at those times there is no medicine so deserving of your confidence as

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

which is the only medicine I know that can certainly save, when all the usual indications tell that you must die.

B. BRANDRETH,
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH HOUSE,
New York.

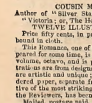
Sold, also, FRESH and NEW STYLE, No. 4 UNION SQUARE.

The Portable Pen Cleaner.

An article needed wherever the pen is used. Sent by mail on receipt of price. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N.Y.

NEW MUSIC.—I remember the Hour

When Sadly we Parted, Come and Dance with Me in Merry Measure, Will you Come for Mother now? Each 25 c. "Maiden's Sunshine," 60 (just to visit). Suis, comet, and 4c., $1. Italian violin method, 26 x. Mailed, post paid. FREDERICK BLUME, 289 Bowery, N. Y.



Will cook a broilerat (4 in. square, 1 in. thick) in 120 minutes on a sad iron, at a cost of less than 1 of one cent. Make a cup of tea in 7 m. Toast 4 slices of bread in 3 min. Boil or fry eggs in 3 m. Roast, stew, bake, &c., for the sick or child in 5 m. Will prevent the breaking of chimneys, and save the trouble and expense of making of more than ten millions of fires annually. Used on any Kerosene lamp.

Price 25 cents.

E. P. GLEASON, Sole Agent, 135 Mercer St., N. Y.

$ SOMETHING NEW. Agents wanted. For circulars and terms listens stamp. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y., and 434 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. $1

Acknowledged all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & VAN ANDEN, No. 359 Broadway, N. Y. Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet, mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents, containing copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property, or shares of property in MOTT'S VALLEY, 249 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Irvineda. Rich soil. Good *grain of all kinds, Corn, Potatoes, &c.* Now only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate.*—20 acres of land is to our choice. Also, not only in Irvineda, but every Good choice and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to GRAHAM, E. IRVINE, 79 Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa., or New Jersey. Depot of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural and free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old-settled region, that I have ever traversed. It is pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the exposition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The only preparation that received the approval of Liebig. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without eggs, kitchen, with five or no eggs, at a cost scarcelyin the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Mason & Hamlin.

Manufacturers of Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and Melodeons, take pleasure in referring to the musical profession generally as to the superiority of their instruments, which they claim to be unsurpassed by any in the world. They have had the honor of receiving the only Gold Medal ever awarded to such instruments in this country, and though constantly exhibiting their instruments, have not, even in a single instance, failed to carry off the first prize. M. & H. respectfully call the attention to their Cabinet Organs, which are winning golden opinions from the highest sources. Among the distinguished organists who pronounce those the best instruments of their class in the world are Morgan, of Grace Church; Zundel, of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church; Wels, of Christ Church; Mapson, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn; Berg, of Zion Church; William Mason, and many others. Prices, $100 to $600, with one and two sets of keys. $150 to $250 with six to twelve stops. $275 to $500 each. Warerooms, Nos. 8 and 7 Mercer Street, New York. Address MASON & HAMLIN.



OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, whole and retail, *Spy Glasses, Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, Magnifying Glasses, Mariners' Compasses, &c.*, all of the finest kind and lowest prices. At Headquarters, corner of Fulton St. first door from Broadway. Address M. L. B. HORN.

N. B. Magnetical instruments for medical use.



THE WONDER
FUL PATENT
HORSE. MACKENZIE'S ADVANCING CANTERING Horse and Rocking Pedestal. Possess the most exhilarating and healthful exercise for boys, girls, ladies, and gentlemen. Those with a lame back, weak or paralyzed legs, will find them of great

well. Call and take a ride, or send stamp for an illustrated circular. STEPHEN W. SMITH, 119 Chambers st., N. Y.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at 50 Ann street, New York. Send for circular.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All kinds of Soldiers' Goods, Shirts, Drawers, Flannels, Mittens, Hood, Nawhorn, and all places occupied by Union troops should be sent, at Low Rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, and for the toilet soft and white. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework are invaluable. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 12 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 101 Broadway, N. Y.

Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

FOR SALE.—A double cylinder Printing Press, 8-R. TAYLOR, Maker—the Press on which "Harper's Weekly" has heretofore been printed. Sold only for want of use, the increasing circulation of the "Weekly" requiring Hoe's large four cylinder Press. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Everybody SHOULD HAVE a *Stencil Plate* to MARK their CLOTHING! A plate with your name cut in it, a bottle of CARBOLIC ACID INK, and a stencil brush, by mail, post-paid, for **50** cents. Address

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y. BAKER, Lovering, Mass.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money.—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 60 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Also, a Guide to Heirship, and Digest of advertisements 57, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

HOSKEN, GUNSTON & CO., 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP,
ASTHMA, and CONSUMPTION.

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonic disease, that it is certainly unnecessary to recount the evidences of its virtues in any community which has been enjoyed. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate illness of lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine is fixed in the confidence of those who understand and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. Not only in formed communities upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of bronchial affections, it is found the best remedy. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate illness of lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine is fixed in the confidence of those who understand and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. Not only in formed communities upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of bronchial affections, it is found the best remedy. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate illness of lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine is fixed in the confidence of those who understand and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. Not only in formed communities upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of bronchial affections, it is found the best remedy.

PREPARED BY

J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.,

And Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

"How to Get a Patent."

A 8 cent stamp secures a copy of the "INVENTOR'S GUIDE." Address

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Woman's Rights!!—Every lady can have beautiful *wavy hair* by using "Irvine Patent Hair Crimpers." For sale everywhere. Wholesale depot, 166 Fulton Street, only, by the Patentee, E. IRVINE, Sixth and Chestnut Avenue, Philadelphia.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches . . . . $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches . . . . . 60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches . . . . . 25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches . . . . 15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains . . . . 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets . . . . . 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " " . . . . . 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches . . . . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches . . . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops . . . . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops . . . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2500 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins . . . . . 2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys . . . . . 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides . . . . . 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Bosom Studs . . . . . 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons . . . . . 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Pairs Rings . . . . . 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Stone Set Rings . . . . . 2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets . . . . . 2 50 to 10 00 each.
2000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry . . . . 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders 4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension
Cases and Pencils . . . . . 4 00 to 6 00 each.
All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have for one dollar, are mixed, packed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

It is all transacted by mail, as shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it in most cases. Price $2 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. DEPOT 49 Broadway.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms.—The most delightful and healthiest settlement of Hommeston, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit soil and markets in the United; $15 in $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to E. J. EVANS, 109 Walnut street, Philadelphia Survey, is answered. Route to the land.—Lewes Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, or A. M. & W. 24 Broadway, Philadelphia.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a valuable acquisition to any public or private library. Back Numbers can be supplied complete to the present time from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents (the price of a single Number), a post-paid copy will be sent, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, forming a Volume of 576 pages. Sent to any part of the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the purchaser paying at the time for delivery, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

EF" The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent, through whom they can receive it, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

EF" The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent, through whom they can receive it, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



THE FOOD QUESTION DOWN SOUTH.

JEFF DAVIS. "See! see! the beautiful Boots just come to me from the dear ladies of Baltimore!"

BEAUREGARD. "Ha! Boots? Boots? When shall we eat them? Now?"

Brown, Wilson, & Fisher,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.
Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of all kinds bought and sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. Orders received for the new 5-20 6 per cent. Bonds at par and accrued Interest. We buy and sell, and keep constantly on hand, all kinds of U. S. Government Securities, Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Money, &c., &c.
LEWIS M. BROWN. HENRY S. WILSON
CHARLES A. FISHER, Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston, Moses Taylor, James B. Wilson, Lewis B. Brown, John J. Cisco.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
The largest and choicest
Assortment
in the City.
DEVLIN & CO.,
Broadway, N. Y.

W. J. SHARP'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, with PATENT CUSHIONS, well known to be superior to any now in use. Patented Nov. 25, 1862. Manufactory, 145 Fulton Street, New York.
☞ Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c., constantly on hand.

IODINE WATER.
IQAHΣ. PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER.
A cure for Scrofula, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, &c.
Dr. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists,
Circular sent free. 425 Broadway, N. Y.


The Polar Refrigerator
Will save ice, and keep meats, milk, fruits, &c., better than by any other mode. Wholesale and retail.
LESLEY & ELLIOT, 494 Broadway, N. Y. Send for a Circular.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 23 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. Five different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 210, Boston, Mass.

Good Looking!
"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE."—A new system of Physiognomy. Eyes, Ears, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, with all "SIGNS OF CHARACTER," and "How to Read Them." Also Psychology, Ethnology, Physiology, Psychology, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at $1 a year, or 10 cents a Number. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Amalgam Bells.

Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, of 12 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. ROBINSON, late PRATT, ROBINSON & Co., 109 William St., N. Y.
A Saving of 20 per cent. by buying Housekeeping Articles at F. D. HASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.
THOUSAND REFRIGERATORS found at F. D. HASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

HILTON'S
Insoluble Cement
Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt. *It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Pitches and Linings to Boats and Shoes* sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use. It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere only substances from which oil completely.
HILTON BROTHERS & CO., Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.
Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2 oz. to 100 lbs.
For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

UNION ADAMS,
Hosier, Glover,
AND
SHIRT-MAKER,
No. 637 Broadway,
New York City.

A Speculation.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling *our* GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** *They are just the thing* for a present to *your friend in the Army.* No family should be without one. *Sells wherever shown, sales quick. Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York; largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$20 American $20
Lever Watches.
HAYNEDEN HUNTER CASE GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER, for $20, or a case of six for $110. Watches of every description, at low rates. Send for Circular.
All orders from the Army must be pre-paid.
J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Superior Farm Land
All for prices. Stockbridge and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 35 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

ATTENTION
50,000 Agents Wanted.
Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Mosaic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Chain or Pin with Chain attached, or a sent near style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
R. T. HAVILAND, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, an enterprising page.

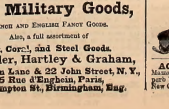
Artificial Legs and Arms, Selphe's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied free.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, Jeweled Movements, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, open face, Lever, Jeweled Watch adopted by the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.

Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.
RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Dixon Manufacturing Co.'s Revolving Pistols.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Below Broome Street, N. Y.,
Are now offering Dining and Tea Sets at prices a little less than last month.


GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
13 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.
THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York.
Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the United States.
Its prominent features are as follows:
A permanent Capital Stock of $150,000, now largely added to by accumulation.
Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on Stock.
Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.
The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter *expressly requires* that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.
It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*
Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.
Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.
Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.
All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.
Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.
CYRUS CURTISS ..... President.
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD ..... Vice-President.
W. A. BUTLER, Jr. ..... Actuary and Secretary.
WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.
Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.
Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope
Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 75; or, with six beautiful mineral objects, for $3; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 130 Centre Street, 3d floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

COLD PENS AND CASES AT WHOLESALE AND GOOD RETAIL.—genuine goods. Also, the best Fountain Pen in the world. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer. 64 Nassau Street, New York.

Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, &c.
Chapman's Recipe for the permanent Removal of the above disfigurements of the face, leaving the skin soft and smooth, can be obtained (free of charge) by addressing
DR. J. CHAPMAN, 12 FACTORIAL CRESCENT, 851 Broadway, N. Y.
P.S.—Also information that will enable any one to start a full set of Workmen in less than six weeks.

Central Mills present
WHAT COFFEE.
Sold by all Grocers.

Gleason's Kerosene Crater.
Attention is called to this new and useful improvement for heating purposes. With it Oil, Camphene, Hardcandy drink, medical compounds, &c., are quickly warmed, and the trouble of making fires avoided. With it you can boil, fry, and stew. It will also prevent the breaking of chimneys when brought in contact with the cold air. *Cost only* **25** *cents.*
E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 135 Mercer St., N. Y.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

The New Game of Authors.
Social, entertaining, and useful, for both old and young. A capital game for evening amusements. Price 50 cents. Sent free by mail.
JOHN H. TINGLEY, 161½ Fulton Street, N. Y.

Beauty still more Beautiful.
Straight hair can be made to wave beautifully by using
Irvins' Patent Hair Crimpers.
Ladies can use them constantly and have no fear of injuring their hair, as they are always neat without heating at all, and consequently do not destroy the vitality of the hair. Their construction is so simple, they are so easily used, and their powers so magical, that we are convinced that any lady, after once using them, will not be without them for double the price of their cost. Inquire for Irvins' Patent Hair Crimpers, and see no others, if you wish to preserve the life and beauty of your hair. For sale everywhere. Manufactured and sold wholesale only by the patentee,
R. IRVINS, Sixth and Columbia Avenue,
Philadelphia.

GOLD PENS
Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the most reasonable terms.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 16 Maiden Lane, New York.

AGENTS Wanted in every state in the Union to go from house to house and gather up old Umbrella Wholebone, for which we will pay the highest cash price for large or small quantities. It must be entirely free from Rents. For further particulars, apply to or address
JOHN ROBINSON, 52 Fulton Street, N. Y. City.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.


The Improved Parlor Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Pearl Street, New York.*
68 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Families Prize Package. 100 per cent. profit. Enough Goods free to Agents. $25 per day made. Send circular. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N. Y.

$40 a Month and Expenses. Non-partisans address (with Stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 333.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BUILDING PONTOONS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

LAY OF THE MODDERN "KONSERVATIVS."

I am a guy "Konservativ."
I stand by the old Konstitushun, I du;
I go for the Union as it was,
With the old Dimmycrat ticket, ritu thru.
These black Republikans don't suit me,
For I'm a Konservativ man, yu no!

I am a Dimmycrat, dyed in the wool—
I go fur free trade, and that sort ov thing;
I think it's rite to let Slavery rule—
Soonerr'n her Lincoln I'd vote fur a king,
And bee the Stouth fur an aristockracy
Ta rule the bull North (except the Dimmockracy).

Bluttin up fokes fur speekin their mind
In my opinion's a piece of knavery—
I go fur free speech ov every kind.
Except when it interfers with slavery!
(Sich kind ov free speech all Dimmykrats fight—
Ef Brooks had *killed* Sumner he'd done just right.)

I go fur sour konstitushunal rights,
With the rit ov *habeas corpus* invi'late.
I'd show 'em how a Dimmykrat fights,
If Abram Lincoln attempts to rule it.
I've a right to tuek treason, ez I understand—
Tawk's tawk; it's *money* that buys the land!

I go fur the vigorous conduct ov war
(Of course with a decent regard to figgers,
So ez not to inkrease our national debt),
And I'm down all ov free nigger trade.
Pul rubber the North bed not pulled a trigger
Than see a traitor shot daown by a nigger.

Yes, I am a rest Konservativ;
I stand by the Constitushun, I du!
Ef enny wun ass I'm frends with the Sauth,
I'll sware by hokey it isn't true!
I only a-mittid, but, be—I—*speshul fus—*
kinder believe in Vallandigham, though!
CHARITY GRIDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

"SCARCELY any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

THE SITUATION.

ONCE more the nation is called upon to sustain itself bravely under the smart of defeat. Major-General Hooker's campaign against Fredericksburg, like that of General Burnside, has failed.

Of the operations of the Army of the Potomac we have news up to Wednesday, May 6. On 28th, 29th, and 30th April General Hooker crossed the Rappahannock at various fords from 15 miles above Fredericksburg to 30, and drove in the rebel pickets, advancing his army to a small village called Chancellorsville, near the residence of a Mr. Chancellor. A day or two previously General Stoneman, with a large cavalry force, had been sent to make a grand detour by way of the Upper Rapidan and the southern part of Orange and Spotsylvania counties, with a view of cutting the railroad between Richmond and Fredericksburg in the neighborhood of Milford. General Hooker's advance took the rebels by surprise, and compelled them to come out of their intrenchments and attack the Union army. Withdrawing the bulk of his army from the heights above Fredericksburg, the rebel General made his first attack on Friday afternoon, another on Saturday, and a third on Sunday. These various fights appear to have been bloody and indecisive. Fortune varied, as usual in the great battles of this war; at times we drove the enemy, at times they drove us; one day we took some guns and prisoners, and the next we lost some. But on Monday, 4th April, Sedgwick, who had stormed the heights of Fredericksburg when the rebels withdrew the bulk of their force from that point, was obliged to give way. General Hancock, who is said to have brought up reinforcements to the rebels, attacked him fiercely, and finally drove him across the river, with a loss of some 6000 men. On the following day General Lee, flushed by success, threw his whole army upon General Hooker, and compelled him also to withdraw his force across the Rappahannock. Of the results of General Stoneman's raid, which was a part of the general plan, we have as yet no intelligence that is entirely reliable. He should try this time to have succeeded in cutting the railroad, so as to prevent the transmission of supplies and reinforcements, which are said to be going from Richmond in addition to General Lee. Comment on this event would as yet be premature, and we forbear.

Turning to the other theatres of the war, we find that all is activity in the Southwest. The railroad between Vicksburg and Jackson has been cut by our cavalry, and another attack upon that strong-hold has been commenced. General Sherman has landed a force in the Yazoo, near the point where he landed before, and General Grant has disembarked his army on the Mississippi side of the river a few miles below Vicksburg. Simultaneously, the fleets, under Porter and Farragut, are said to be preparing for a new bombardment. For the first time, therefore, Vicksburg may now be said to be fairly beleaguered, and whatever be the prospect of an assault, she difficulty experienced by the rebels in keeping up their communications must be very great indeed.

The last heard of General Banks was that he had succeeded in driving the rebels out of the richest portion of Louisiana, and had occupied the town of Alexandria, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Red River. He has thus driven the rebel Governor of Louisiana to the very confines of the State; has cut off all the supplies which the rebels at Vicksburg had been receiving by way of the Red River; and, more important still, appears to have discovered a large number of Union men, who were only too glad to welcome his approach, and return to their allegiance.

From the army of Tennessee we have no news except that our cavalry are making some serious raids into the rebel country, capturing prisoners and capturing supplies. Neither General Rosecrans nor General Bragg seem inclined to provoke the inevitable encounter; each waits for the other to move.

From Charleston a story reaches us that the iron-clads are again preparing to cross the bar. This we doubt. Still there can be no question but that the attack on this strong-hold of treason should be renewed as soon as possible, and as often as required, until it was successful. It would be well if the Navy Department were to direct Admiral Du Pont to attack Charleston once a month, until it was carried, and to go on building iron-clads to replace any which might be destroyed in the attacks.

The President has described the situation in a word. We are "getting away," and shall continue to "peg away" until our work is done.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

We publish in another column a letter from an Englishman, which purports to prove that the mass of the English people are not, as has been argued, in alliance with the slave confederacy of the South; but that those Englishmen who have made public their sympathy with our slaveholding enemies are either themselves little better than another slaveholding oligarchy, which has been conspicuous in history as the opponent of freedom, democracy, and equal rights.

We freely admit that the people of the large cities of Great Britain—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow—have in assembled meeting testified their adherence to the great principles of human liberty which have been the boast of England in every past century, and for the maintenance of which the United States are now struggling. And, insomuch as this testimony of theirs, at this particular time, confers upon us a benefit, we do not doubt that the people of the United States ought to be and are grateful for it.

That gratitude, however, it is but fair to say, would be more lively if the views of our friends in England took the shape of a practical purpose instead of mere sentimental phrases.

It profits us very little to hear that large meetings have been held in Britain to express support of the Union, when at the same time we learn that new pirates are being built in the English dock-yards, and being sent to sea to prey upon American commerce, with the merest formality of official observance. We recently published in this paper in England continues to misrepresent and belie us in the most shameless and outrageous manner; and we have had occasion several times since superior to vulgar impulses of demagogy—like Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone—gratuitously falsify our condition and our purposes, and thereby do their utmost to de over slave rebellion and blockade-running.

If these Englishmen, who are so much their friends, really feel and say by word and deed they not prevent the *Japan* getting to sea and obtaining her armament from the *Alar*? Why do they sit by quietly and see the rebels obtain coal in British ports? Why have they nothing to say to the pro-slavery articles in the leading papers, to the grossly false dispatches of Earl Russell, and the shameful perversion of fact contained in the speeches of Lord Palmerston?

It is extremely agreeable to hear that the British people are not to blame; but so long as the only depredations committed on our commerce are committed by British pirates, and the only statements in the public journals of Britain about us in the rebel interests are English statesmen, and the only newspapers which make a business of belying our country and misrepresenting us in the gross are of the world English newspapers, we must be permitted to tone down our gratitude for British sympathy.

Englishmen must understand that we have never sought aid, moral or material, from abroad. From the recognition, by the maritime powers of Europe, of a state of war existing between one in this country has understood that we were to fight out our battle alone. All that we have asked has been non-interference. If the Queen were to condemn the rebels in her speech to Parliament, and her ministers were to join in denouncing the nefarious attempt of Mr. Davis and his confederates to establish a slave confederacy, it would do us no good. We ask no foreign aid, nor desire none. Those among us who once loved England would have liked, for her sake, to have seen her take a position in this great controversy worthy of her antecedents, and worthy of her great men of the past. They have sorrowed to see her sink to the level of a purveyor of pirates, a manufacturer of manacles, and a sneaking ally of the meanest form of treason.

A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The state of the public mind in this country has arrested my attention, and induces me to ask you to allow a stranger to offer a few remarks through your widely-circulated. The struggle in which you are engaged is one in which few Englishmen are unconcerned spectators, but one in which your people too readily assume the interest to be all upon the side of the South. It need not, and indeed must not, be that large deeds have been made and honored upon that account; but it may be now respectfully submitted that the deeds are exhausted, and "*un effects*" will ere long be the indorsement. The reasons for the expression of sympathy so frequent some months ago may be epitomized as follows:

1st, Pluck. As all Englishmen admire pluck, from the bishop to the cabman, as Emerson says, so a small people numerically contending with one three or four times as many, and fighting—as it must be admitted they have fought—bravely, necessarily appealed to this powerful English principle; and men of strong impulse, animal courage, and little moral power or cultivation, especially as Sir Robert Peel (son of the Sir Robert), very readily fell into the error of forgetting the cause and regarded the fight as it was contested.

2d, The demonstrated feasibility of separation in the case of your own great Republic, born of our own Empire, naturally led to the belief that North and South fell into two peoples; such reasoners having forgotten or overlooked the not unimportant fact that a particular and dismembering sent are widely different processes; and while in the latter case the Atlantic is the great fact takes suggested a natural boundary, Nature herself has, in the latter, made perpetual presence and almost constant antagonism the essential conditions of separation.

3d, While cotton had not seared the consciences and stopped the ears of all England, it had laid its spell upon influential classes, such as cotton-spinners and manufacturers (not all of these, however), ship-owners and ship-brokers of the Liverpool and Stumsfield, who have examplar-ized political haunting—the Spithead Derby, Ireman Hall, who have reviewed its moral aspects, and the crowd of inconsiderable "nobodies," such as Mr. Hughes Hughes Brown, Hughes Hughes Brown and Goldwin Smith, John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Argyle, and Milner Gibson, have not spoken in behalf of these classes, but for the sentiments of public opinion. The *Times* tried to ignore the movement, but ten thousand people in and around Exeter Hall soon let it be ignored. The *Post* scoffs and ridicules it; but the people do not mind its scoffs; and its able and honest competitor, the *Daily News*, presents the facts and the principles thereon, as does the *Star*; and, with few exceptions, the large provincial journals, such as the Leeds *Mercury*, Birmingham *Daily Post*, Manchester *Examiner and Times*, Liverpool *Daily Post*, Cheltenham *Examiner*, and Bristol *Northern Star* vigorously counteract the *Times* teachings. Let the American people and Congress vigorously act out President Lincoln's Proclamation, and they may be assured of the good wishes of old England. In the words of the great and good Dr. Guthrie, Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, "THE ADVANCED POSITION WHICH THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS NOW TAKEN UP, AND MADE THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY HAS MADE THEIR CAUSE THAT OF HUMANITY AND RELIGION; THEREFORE I CAN NOT BUT WISH, AND PRAY, THAT THEIR SUCCESS AGAINST A POWER WHICH RESTS ON PRINCIPLES AS INSULTING TO GOD AS THEY ARE CRUEL TO MAN."

I am, Sir, respectfully,
A BRITISHER.

May 9, 1863.

THE LOUNGER.

FIRMNESS THE SECURITY OF PEACE.

BETWEEN great nations, as Washington said, in his Farewell Address, there can be no romantic friendship. Such ties can be, and often are, decree of friendliness, ranging from a thinly-masked hostility up to an expression and action of cordial sympathy. The extreme extremes of political friendliness between states are illustrated in the conduct and expression of Lord Brougham in Great Britain and Count Cavour in Italy, before the death of that greatest of modern statesmen, as reported in the correspondence of Mr. Motley, the minister of Mr. Marsh, our Minister to Italy. Self-respect, therefore, and the cause of popular civil liberty, for which this country is responsible, require that its relations with Great Britain should be regulated by a strict and cold regard to the letter of the law, and nothing further.

If Cavour were still living and directing the foreign policy of Italy, and the *Merrimac* were sailing under the Italian flag when she was arrested upon suspicion, the surrender of her mail-bag, even although it might have been made under strictly technical grounds, would not have touched so deeply the honor of this nation. It would have been a somewhat strange, but it would have been willingly, to mark our perception of the different bearing of one neutral power from another. In the actual case, however, there was no call for the least concession, even in appearance. If the *Iveshaff* were lastly detained, every spar and rope and marling-spike and piece of paper on board were equally good prize. If she were unjustly arrested, there has been not a moment's delay upon the part of the Government in amply apologizing and compensating. But until that

Transcribed by Gale Group

point was fully determined there could have been no other object in surrendering part of her but to appease the irritation of John Bull.

Under the circumstances, however, it is an unnecessary humiliation. If the Government is unable to maintain its rights let us forbid the capture of all prize whatever, that we may not seem to add cowardice to impotence. But if we insist upon seizing contraband vessels under the British flag, let us settle the question of ship and contents by the strictest letter of the law. The British dispatch concedes our right to stop a vessel in the situation of the *Peterhoff*. Is there any thing in the present conduct of the British Government toward us which should induce us to wear even the appearance of obsequiousness? There can be no stronger friends of peace with England than we. But peace is marked by intelligent firmness when we are right, and swift apology and reparation when we are wrong; but never by shrinking or timid deprecation. Diplomacy can be heroic as well as sagacious.

THE FRUIT OF BRITISH "NEUTRALITY."

JOHN BULL in his unhandsome effort to discover how not-to-do is "neutrality" between this Government and the rebels, succeeds in doing some things that are a burning and an eternal disgrace. Captain Glover, of the bark *Lyndon*, arrives in Boston, having been chased by a pirate and driven her off. He reports that off Colorado Reef, on the 15th of April, he saw a steamer in full, but "being afraid of pirates, stood away." Captain Glover can not be blamed. The "piratical" character of the John Bull delights to call himself, having sent out pirates upon the ocean, which are built and manned in his ports, which are armed by his dye, and are armed by his connivance, which enter no harbors but his own, and burn the ships of a nation upon which John has treasury of commerce and amity, is directly responsible for the desolation and death and terror which ensue. If the vessel which Captain Glover saw were an innocent British vessel—if ship, cargo, crew, and passengers were lost—if every other ship, in mere self-defense, "stood away" and left them to their agony, it is the British Government which is responsible before God for the tragedy. That Government has taken pirates under its protection. Those pirates mark their course with the flames of their captures. The British Government sends out a burning ship upon the high seas no longer a summons of eager sympathy, but a ghastly warning of danger. It is a British vessel with which sailors the world loves, and which is rapidly extinguishing all individual respect in a sentiment of hatred for its falsity and contempt for its meanness.

JOHN ELLIOTT CAIRNES.

JOHN ELLIOTT CAIRNES is one of our firmest and fastest friends in Great Britain. Professor Cairnes has done this country is not second to that of John Bright, of John Stuart Mill, of Forster, of Richard Cobden, or of Goldwin Smith. He is Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy at Queen's College, Galway, and his work, *The Slave Power*, which has already passed into a second and enlarged edition in England, is the most thorough and exhaustive treatise upon the subject, displaying, indeed, a very remarkable knowledge of our history in the chapters devoted to the political aspect of the question. The work has been republished by Carleton in this city. Not only in his book, but constantly in the columns of the *Daily News*, Professor Cairnes has fought the cause of right for us, confounding several antagonists who undertook to defend the rebellion; and bringing the *Saturday Review*, in particular, to signal grief.

But Professor Cairnes's point of view is universal civilization, and not especially the permanence of the Union. The rebellion he considers to be the great anti-civilizing movement of history. It is barbarism in modern history: barbarism turning suddenly and making a stand against the progress of the race. It must, therefore, in the interest of humanity, be subdued. At any cost it must be overthrown. If the power of the United States Government is inadequate to quell it, the rebellion must be supported by the combined force of all Christian and civilized powers. When that is achieved an entirely new question is in view at once; and then, by what means shall the consequences that must follow the war be most promptly and permanently secured? He believes to the opinion that we shall find it best to put a few rebel States out to cool before receiving them again into the Union. In other words, he thinks it will be wiser for us to undergo a little temporary disunion. But he holds this view only because the thinks that the cause of human liberty and international peace would be the gainers. The absurdity of seceding, and the folly of yielding an inch until the fangs of the serpent are removed, are as clear to him as to any body. His difference is upon the question of establishing the Government anew.

But this is a speculative difference which does not affect either the one or the quickly sympathy. The show him that it is better for the great interests of liberty and of this free country to maintain the Union after our victory, and he would be very willingly persuaded. That he does not see it and know it as we do comes from the fact that he is not an American. He does not understand the inevitable necessity of the Union, in the first place; nor, in the second, does he appear to perceive that to set off any number of States, even if it were but a single State, as a separate power, would be to surrender ourselves immediately to the mercy of every foreign nation with which the new power would create alliances. Few of our foreign friends seem fully to apprehend that the question for us is Union and liberty, or separation and anarchy, with consequent moral, social, and political ruin.

But for the treatment of its great theme no work is to be named before "The Slave Power" of Professor Cairnes.

TWO KINDS OF MEN.

THERE are no men among us so ineffably mean as the white men who stand sneering at the black men. "Fools, pooh! they are made for slaves; we hate 'em!" There are no men more noble than the black men who, notwithstanding this maddening insult, which might justly drive them to join arms with their masters against us, have yet the perception that our cause is their cause, however we may try to conceal it. We lame them and blind them, and then sneer that they can neither walk nor see. We deprive them of every inspiring motive, of every word of sympathy, of every sign of respect and confidence, and then taunt their passivity. We crush them to the earth, and because they do not run faster than we.

The time has at last come when even they are to have a chance. The Mississippi River slaves, comprising those who have been sold from Virginia and the border States they had some sparks of manhood remaining, and those whose blood has been reinforced from the foreign slaves trade—these are the men who will fight. We dare to say that they will not carve the skulls of their late masters into drinking-cups, nor their bones into trinkets that they may wear on their surplices to wild horses nor hang them to bleach in the sun; that they will strike their masters only in honest fight, and that they will never have always struck them when they were utterly helpless. We don't believe they will even kill their late masters when are in rebellion, although those gentry have not hesitated to torture them when helpless and guilty of no conceivable indignities. We don't believe that they will draw them up in a line at night, hold lanterns to their faces, and shoot them down with one volley, as the barbarity did to the negroes they captured upon the steamer *Sam Gaty* at Sibley, Missouri. No, no! in every point of humanity, of honor, of generosity, and humanity, we believe they will show themselves easily superior to their late masters as easily as Robert Smalls is superior to his late superior in simple patriotism, bravery, and manhood to Robert Toombs.

THE ORIGINAL ANNIE LAURIE.

THE Longman reminds his correspondents to "Annie," who asks if the song that was so popular with the English soldiers in the Crimea is not an old song, and is the heroine who is said to have made it an old one, and that there is a song of the same name long popular in the south of Scotland. But the Crimean favorite is a new version written by a lady still living, whose name the Longmen does not recall. The old song is the following:

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
There use me and my Annie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true;
And ne'er forgot will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

[She's the fairest of the faces
Which bloom on all the braes;
She's fling about the middle:
Her waist is like a wand;
Her waist is like a wand;
And the white o' her bosom
Exceeds the drifted snow.]

It is supposed that these lines were written by Mr. Douglas, of England, upon Anne, one of the fairer daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, who was created first baronet of Maxwellton, in 1685. The Lady Anne did not marry the poet, but became the wife of Mr. Fergusson, of Craigdarroch. Maxwellton is a mansion in the valley of the Cairn in Dumfries-shire; and the old song was printed for the first time in Edinburgh, in 1818, in a collection then called a "Ballad Book" by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. The new song with the music is in Wood's "Songs of Scotland."

GENERAL FOREY.

THE French General who is very invading Mexico is one of those whom Kinglake in his History of the Crimean War calls "the men of December." It was the men who surrounded Louis Napoleon that surrounded the building in which the representatives assembled who refused to disperse. It was Forey who arrested Count Robert Laurie, who was to prison. Upon Kinglake's pages he then disappears until he emerges at the battle of the Alma. The apparition is startling. "Who," asks Kinglake, perhaps, had hoped," says Kinglake, "that in the pressure of the enemy he might be able to scramble over the mark which his reputation contracted on the 2d of December; on the day, when, along with Magnan's memories of Lodi and Arcole, he found self to be publicly used as the assailant and the pallet of the unarmed Legislature of France; but Forey's chance of retrieving his character, prior to his account, it will not be by an appeal to the Alma that he will be able to avert his punishment."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN you see a dwarf you may take it for granted that his parents never made much of him.

On the day for renewing the license of the publicans in the West Riding of Yorkshire one of the magistrates said to the old veteran, "Sergeant Bradshaw, I think I may safely say that he did not put any pernicious ingredients into her liquor." He replied "I'm sure he was not, sir. Such pernicious put into our barrels but the excisemen's stick!"

Each, the York comedian, was asked how he came to be called "Each." He replied, "That one good turn deserved another."

A poet was walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying, "Not so loud, he hears you."

FORTUNATE IMPOSSIBILITIES.—An Italian who was very poor, and very much addicted to play, used to express his wishes thus: "Fortune! Fortune! Fortune, then cause make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay!"

WOMAN SOWS, and man reaps the advantage of it.

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now you see what I am, through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, a thousand pounds in debt!"

"I like that epulet, it relieves the natural blackness of your face," said a coustic man to a dark lady. "Indeed!" quoth the lady, "you're a pig, then, you do not squint!"

A party of gentlemen were taking supper at a country inn, when one of them, observing the poultry rather large, after exercising his ingenuity to no effect in trying to cut up a fowl, called to the waiter, and asked,

"Have you any such thing as a powder-flask?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply, "how many was you in?"

"Why, you fool, I think the shortest way would be to blow it up."

A minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate pains bestowed upon the dead, wrote the following epitaph for departing him: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

Upon a traveler telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the hay was a large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood to one of the purpose of hiring a horse, "My good Sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called *humble bees*."

A lady fell down in the street, when a man very civilly picked her up and said, gently,

"Madam, may I ask you some the worse."

"Well, indeed, I am just as little the better," she replied, and walked off.

HORSE OR HORSE VEGETATION.—No one does it so regularly, so efficiently, so perseveringly, so punctually as the horse-chestnut. The fellow seems to have quite a call for the business.

Here are two "little 'uns" which I heard "it at" to-day.

Who was the smallest man mentioned in the Bible?—Bow-legged Nimrod, of course.

Of whom was it recorded that he hid no father?—Melchisedec, to be sure.

A negro, undergoing an examination, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, Sir, he's a member of Congress."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A REPORT dated, "Army of the Potomac, Wednesday, May 6," says:

The Army of the Potomac has recrossed the Rappahannock and reoccupied Banks's Ford, and is marching back to the old camps along the Aequia Bullrod.

Sedgwick was reinforced by Reynolds, and pressed hard on both front and rear, and was hardly able to make it by his escape near Banks's Ford. Fredericksburg and the heights beyond have been reoccupied by the enemy, and the situation is substantially as it was previous to the advance.

Sedgwick has lost in killed and wounded about 5000 men. His artillery and trains were safely brought over on Monday night.

After fighting the severe battle of Sunday morning General Hooker withdrew his troops from his lines, leaving up double lines of rifle-pits, and contracting shorter along the entire line. This was done in order to concentrate to make demonstrations along the works, driving in the pickets and skirmishers, and thus ascertain where we were exposed.

The artillery was placed on the heights below United States Ford, a position to command the crossing.

At daylight a splendid morning, Sedgwick on half an hour at Banks's Ford, which was an unsuccessful attempt to cross. Reynolds's corps, which had been left behind, crossed at United States Ford.

On Tuesday the Sixth Corps of Hooker's army, recentered, engaged the enemy's rebels on the heights over United States Ford, and are marching back to Fairview.

The retreat of Hooker's army was a great panic at Aequia, and every thing movable was placed on the north bank in the utmost confusion.

The order for retreat was a surprise, as it was believed by the determination of each one and attack the enemy in the front.

The crossing was commenced at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. At three o'clock on Wednesday morning wagons and mule trains, and artillery had all passed, and the infantry was crossing on two bridges at U. S. Ford. Couchs's corps was the last to cross. The rumor was spread by the Fifth, Meade's corps.

Lee's sharpshooters crossed at the artillery horses and fired on any mounted officer seen behind the rifle-pits. Troops could be seen marching in the direction taken during the route southeast from Chancellorsville. In all advantages gained in this movement on our side, the enemy fought against Hooker's corps. As soon as counter guns were brought to bear on the rifle-pits batteries, they would disappear to their themselves to the rear.

The effect of the artillery fire was terrible, and, undoubtedly defective, even produced a damaging effect on the entire army. The enemy's artillery fire was by order of the Army of the Potomac. Constitutions were had with every commander of corps. Not a man left the field until a treat was discussed. This one branched, and the campaign was a failure.

It was decided that the enemy was too powerful to be attacked, and the movement was made to draw off from the army, in order to make an offensive movement practicable.

Sedgwick being failed to join Hooker on the Fredericksburg and Richmond road, Sedgwick's force being had pressed he crossed the Rappahannock and saved his corps from annihilation. The entire movement cost him some 6000 men. He inflicted, doubtless, a much greater injury on the enemy.

Sedgwick's repulse, added to the weak counsels of retreat of his corps commanders, has greatly disheartened, and forgetting that he was the aggressor, and then lost a big half the number, and withheld the attack at the full force of the enemy, he in one fatal moment gave the order to evacuate the heights, abandon and his fortifications, and to retreat across the Rappahannock at United States Ford.

A defeat could have been little worse. The army is not panic-stricken, but it is in a dreadful state, especially the high inglorious retreat.

There was no rain from Friday morning till Monday night that Hooker could not have attacked and defeated Lee's army, but he had not the ability to issue the order.

On Monday morning at daylight the enemy shelled, from the heights below Scott's Dam, the trains of Hooker's army that were still on the north bank. The circumstance increased the fears of the commanding general, and the panic which was wholly without means of clother. The train were left behind, and many lost their knapsacks in battle.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the morning of 30th April, General Sherman, with a fleet of transports, accompanied by gun-boats, passed up the Yazoo and made an attack on the rebel batteries. In the afternoon several of the transports followed, with troops on board. It is reported that General Sherman landed speedily in the rear place in the rear of the batteries, and met stuck. Camenading and musketry were distinctly heard at Young's Point that day, till long after nightfall. A gentleman who left Near Carthage on 30th, states that a very heavy force of General Grant's army has been landed on the Mississippi side of the river eight miles above Grand Gulf, and that our gun-boats had been shelling the latter place for several days. A dispatch from the rebel General Pemberton to the War Department at Richmond, dated the 30th ult., at Jackson, Mississippi, also states that six gun-boats, averaging ten guns each, opened a terrific fire upon the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, at seven o'clock that morning, continued without intermission for six hours and a half, when they withdrew. He says that several batteries were completely damaged and dismounted, which was then lying on the Louisiana shore below.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE SOUTH.

A reconnaissance in large force was made by the army of General Peck on the 3d instant, under General Keyes and Jordan and Colonels Howard and Butler, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the enemy on the south side of the Nansemond River. The enemy's pickets were encountered three miles from Suffolk, and were driven back in a very serious and sharp encounter with the rebels, in which our troops did valiant service. The loss on each of the officers is described as insignificant. The enemy were driven into the woods in disorder, and the following morning there were none of them to be found within twelve miles of Suffolk, except the wounded left behind. It would appear that they had commenced a retreat for the purpose of joining Lee, but before the movement assance was made. They fled along the South Ley road, and were last discovered on Monday by General Corcoran and the Irish Legion. He captured and sent back several prisoners. Our losses were small compared with the importance of the undertaking.

ANOTHER ATTACK AT CHARLESTON.

It is said in the *Tribune* that we come her at Charleston on the 31 instant, and the Monitors on the 4th. This, if true, would indicate the commencement of a second attack on the forts in Charleston harbor.

FROM ALABAMA.

According to rebel accounts, General Dodge has advanced eleven miles east of Tuscumbia. He had met the rebel General Roddy at Town Creek, and expected to be going on on the 9th ult. General Dodge was in possession of Courtland, Decatur, on the 5th instant. Mississippi dispatches represent General Grant at Union Church on the Big Black and Jackson, covering the Natchez.

GENERAL BANKS ON THE RED RIVER.

General Banks has taken possession of Alexandria, Louisiana, and issued an address to the people setting on the Red River, thus cutting off the rebel supplies by that route. He has also captured Fort De Russy, at the purpose of capturing several rebel steamers and schooners on the same. These have been entirely successful since the occupation of the Attakapas country by our troops, the people are declaring sincerity in their oaths of allegiance to the United States Government and claim the protection of its flag.

REBEL RAID INTO WEST VIRGINIA.

The Union former under General Mulligan were repulsed by a body of rebel cavalry, under Jenkins, at Summit, in Western Virginia, on 1st May. They destroyed the Gauley Bridge on the Kanawha and Ohio Railroad at Cloud River and Fairmont, and five others. General Mulligan has since moved from Summit, and General Scammon is got all his artillery of in safety.

Morgantown was occupied by the rebels in large force, and considerable depredations committed in that locality. The 56 General Mulligan was joined by General Kenley with reinforcements, at Grafton.

A PIRATE CAPTURED.

The brig *Louisiana*, from St. Domingo, March 28, has arrived at New Bedford, and reports that she was chased from St. Thomas by the rebel pirate *Alabama*. The captain states positively that the United States steamer *Alabama* came into port and captured the pirate, and when last seen had her safe in port at St. Domingo.

ARREST OF VALLANDIGHAM.

The arrest of the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, at Dayton, Ohio, by a posse of soldiers sent from Cincinnati on 5th for that purpose, has caused a considerable excitement in both cities. A stubborn resistance was made at Mr. Vallandigham's house, and a fight took place ensued. The fire bells were then rung and an attempt was made by the friends of the rebel sympathizer to rescue him. He was carried off to Cincinnati. An immense mob has assembled in front of the jail, and is burning effigies of, or fire to the office of the *Journal*, a rabbist paper. The telegraph office was closed for fear of an attack by the press. The charges against Mr. Vallandigham are not stated.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. ADAMS'S TICKET OF LEAVE.

MR. ADAMS, United States Minister in London, has given a special invitation to the Queen to visit Chicago in the port of Matamoros. The license was in the shape of a letter addressed to Mr. Adams by Earl Russell, containing the characteristic of the cargo, so that she might pass the Union cruisers. The letter was duly granted on the following morning.

Howell and Zerman—an American and Mexican—contracted to build some gun-boats, intending to run the ordnance on the cargo. Mr. Adams's letter was made public, and the Government immediately issued the official state of facts in England against the United States. A depredation of the merchants and shipowners of Liverpool followed, and the Government made the matter its address to Earl Russell, who professed to be entirely ignorant of the fact. The London *Times* believes us sound.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN FOR ALEXANDRA.

The Anglo-rebel gun-boat *Alexandra* has been "exonerated" by a jury court, and it is reported that the government contemplate legal proceedings against the builders.

POLAND.

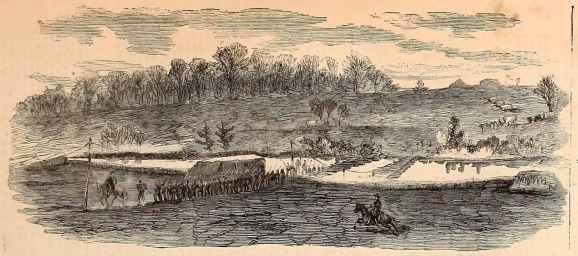
THE REBELLION.

The notes forwarded by England, France, and Austria to the Court of St. Petersburg, on the subject of the Polish revolution, have been published. The first contains about a "cessation" in the Kingdom Cabinet. The Czar had not yet replied to the notes. It is said that the Russian Government was making considerable armaments. Irregular bands of Poles existed, and engineers were actively engaged in fortifying the port of Cattaroma, the chief Polish port of Galicia. Gortschakoff, who is to be rendered capable of refitting not only the Swedish men-of-war but also the Russian vessels of three Powers whose names it might be to station a naval force in those waters." Prussia allowed to the Russian troops to pursue the Russian amnesty was published at Warsaw, and found less compensation than it had been represented, as the leaders of the insurrection are excluded from its benefits. It had not induced a single insurgent to lay down his arms. Engagements continued between the Russians and the Poles with varying fortunes.

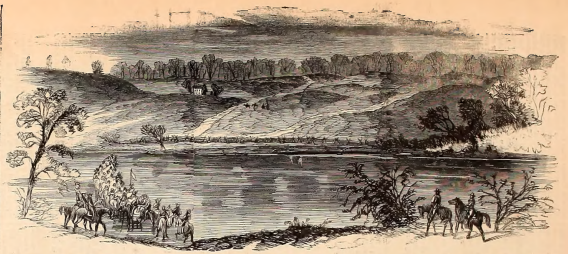
MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

The latest news from the City of Mexico shows, with all their tremendous exertions, the French army of invaders are not yet in possession of the city of Puebla. Up to the 10th of April the struggle for the possession of that city was going on warmly on both sides, and while the French, with their superior artillery and small-arms, were slowly advancing, the undisciplined Mexicans were heroically dispuling with their invaders the possession of every inch of their independent territory. The French accounts tardily acknowledge that "the Mexicans were fighting with valor and resolution." The two strongest fortresses of Puebla were still holding out at last accounts, though General Forey writes to the Emperor, with all confidence, that he expects to reduce the place and occupy the city.



BRIDGES AND RIFLE-PITS AT UNITED STATES FORD.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



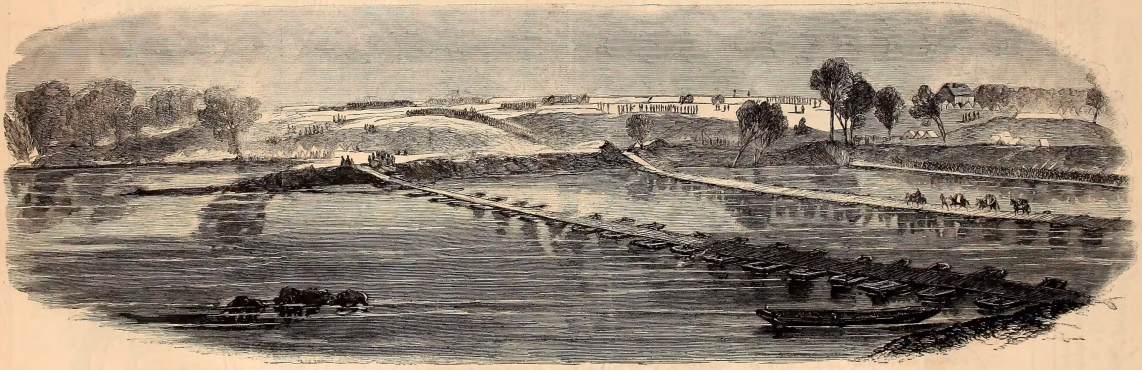
THE 8TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY CROSSING AT ELY'S FORD.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



RUSSELL'S BRIGADE (FIRST DIVISION SIXTH ARMY CORPS) CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK IN PONTOONS TO STORM THE REBEL WORKS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



PONTOON BRIDGES OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK, BUILT FOR REYNOLDS'S CORPS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud from the Rebel Rifle-Pits.—[See Page 315.]



PONTOON BRIDGES ERECTED FOR GENERAL SEDGWICK'S CORPS TO CROSS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 315.]



A Topographical Map of EASTERN VIRGINIA from Fredericksburg to Richmond, taken from tracings (now in the possession of the Government) of the original Railroad Surveys of this portion of the State, comprising the Topography for Six Miles on each side of the track. This is the only reliable Map of this portion of the State ever made.

Charles Shaw Topographical Engr

CAULIFLOWER.

I.

["WHAT *did* you bring home company for, Rhett? You know the cook had gone.] How do you do, Mr. Romley, glad to see you. Why didn't your sister come with you? should have been delighted to have had her here. There's your left, Rhett. I've been to lunch, and if you'll excuse me Sophie will pour tea. Here Sophie, Sophie, you can finish that embroidery this afternoon; go with Rhett and Mr. Romley now, I must keep my encagement with Mrs. Chetwood. Good-morning, Mr. Romley: I hope you'll make yourself perfectly at home."

And Mrs. Rhett Wyatt bowed herself off, and young Romley and Wyatt, her son, went downstairs after her to make some demand or inquiry concerning his friend Romley's entertainment. He came back with a shocker scowl, and muttering too audibly,

"Selfish."

Jem Romley, the new guest, observing all this, thought: "A fine lady for a mother, hey? By George! I'd rather have our old hum of a house now, with Aunt Sarah in it, than this uncestral ark of splendor ornamented with that lay figure. Sophie, eh; who's Sophie, her waiting-maid?"

They went out to lunch: a great display of plate, and glass, and lovely old china; with three scraggy bits of beef on one dish, a few slices of cold mutton thirdly, upon another, and a plate of dry, shrunk olives.

Behind the tea-service appeared the little dark head of a girl scarcely more than a child.

"My sister Sophie, Romley," said Rhett, initiating her with a nod, as if it were not apparent otherwise.

"My sister Sophie" returned the inclination of young Romley with a grave bow, and commenced pouring tea as they sat down.

The scowl still lingered on the host's brow; it grew bewvier as he tasted the beef.

"Sud!" he ejaculated.

"Sud," said the solemn waiter—"isn't there any thing better in the house than this?"

Before the stolid Sam could gather his wits the little lady at the tea-tray coolly remarked,

"I'll see to it, Rhett."

Whereupon she slipped down from her perch and skipped from the room, while her brother rubbed his hands and complacently exclaimed,

"*Glad* it's it!"

Romley looked his surprise, and Rhett, catching the look, laughed, then explained.

"Sophie is prime in the culinary way. Three years ago, when she was only ten, she'd get up a regret fit for Soyer himself. Every thing's always at sixes and sevens here," he kept on, "except in the servant's prossence. "The cook's always gone, and the rest of those upside down. I warned you, you know. Wonder what Sophie will produce now out of that old chaotic kitchen. It'll be something worth while, you'll see."

Tan, fifteen, twenty minutes, and Rhett fingered his watch impatiently, casting anxious glances at his guest. Jem Romley, though a Southerner and a school-boy, magnanimously repressed all outward indication, and talked volubly of Rhett's great interest—Miss Marie, Zoraide, who had won in a ten-mile race against his own Furore. He had wound Rhett up to besting fervor, when in came Sophie, her cheeks on fire, her eyes in a blaze, and sparkling like two very black diamonds. She bore in her hands a deep dish, which she carried with great care, and from which arose a delicate, appetizing steam. Following her came a servant with a platter of mutton-chops and a plate of freshly cut bread.

With an air of intense satisfaction Sophie deposited her dish before her brother and presented her seat at the tea-tray opposite. Rhett drew it nearer and inhaled the odor. A smile passed over his face.

"Oysters," he said.

Another smile, the first Romley had seen upon *her* face, shed over as she negatived this guess.

"Not oysters, not oyster pâté."

She stood by, head, and a gay little gleam shot out from her dark eyes.

Next he tasted, with slow, meditative air, and still waxing puzzled expression. Then he appealed to Romley. Romley was as much in the dark as himself; but both agreed in pronouncing it the most delectable compound they had ever tasted. Over it they made a hundred guesses, always wrong, plunging deeper than ever into their puzzle.

Behind the tea-tray beamed and sparkled the little dark head of Sophie, gay and triumphant.

They rose from the table as ignorant as they sat down, but laughing and jovial through her means. At last the three met again in the presence of a fourth—Mr. Rhett Wyatt, Sen., whom Jem Romley saw now for the first time: a man whom nature intended for a brilliant, splendid gentleman, but whom some sharp disappointments, some ill-advisings probably, had marred into a selfish, morose man.

He welcomed Romley cordially enough, but indifferently; and flung himself into his arm-chair in an angry glance at the empty one opposite. "Mamma is at the Chetwoods," explained Sophie.

An audible "Humph!" was Mr. Wyatt's only response; then removing the cover from the soup he inhaled its odor, and ejaculated "burnt!" he ejaculated from him, commanding Sam to remove it.

"The cook has left," again explained Sophie.

Mr. Wyatt's eyes flashed angrily, and he growled out something suspiciously like an oath.

Rhett took this exhibition coolly, as if he were used to it; but Sophie grew red as she darted a swift glance from her father to the guest.

The dinner proceeded in this uncomfortable silent manner until Mr. Wyatt helped himself to one of the *entrements*. His dark brow cleared, and the storm lifted, showing the ray of a smile.

"Sam, who got this up?"

"Miss Sophie, Sir," stammered Sam.

"You, Sophie?"

"Sophie has a natural genius for concocting messes," volunteered Rhett. "She's saved my temper from popping over, when it was at boiling point, many a time."

"Why didn't you ever save mine before?" asked Mr. Wyatt, with grim humor.

Sophie laughed, but did not reply; and then he asked:

"What is it?"

There was a fraction of a minute in hesitation, and then, in a demure voice, Sophie murmured:

"Cauliflower."

"Cauliflower!" exclaimed the three gentlemen in concert.

"Cauliflower." Sophie's eyes were cast down, but they were counting forth from beneath dusky lashes dancing sparkles of enjoyment as she quietly proceeded. "There were no oysters in the house, and no vegetables but cauliflowers, so I thought I would make these do."

"Do—well *how* did you do them, Sophie?"

The little dark head bridled, and a dash of disdain curved the mouth.

"It was my own fancy. I tried the experiment last summer one day, when mamma and all the rest were away at the White Mountains. I came home from school, and couldn't find any body, or any thing in the house but cauliflower."

She laughed. Her father and brother looked at each other with half smiles, tinged with pain. They forgot their own discomforts, as they contemplated this forlorn little picture of Sophie, alone, and tired, and hungry, and left to care for herself, and forced to cook her own dinner out of such scant materials, while mamma was away pleasuring, and the servants gadding and neglectful, *par excmple* of their mistress.

Rhett broke the pause.

"Tell us the other ingredients, Sophie."

"Oh nothing but a mixture of mustard, pepper, a little of cayenne, some salt, a tea-spoonful, a dash of sago, and a little oil, all pressed together and cooked in twenty minutes, over a slow fire," she replied, glibly, in the wise phraseology of a cookbook.

"Sophie, you're a trump!" ejaculated Rhett, with his mouth full.

"She's a genius," commented Romley, bowing gravely at the small person.

"She deserves public acknowledgment—a fête, or a feast," broke in Mr. Wyatt, laughing genially. "Sophie, I must pledge you not only in sherry over a bottle of Burgundy. Sam, the third row, and the third bottle."

Sophie's eyes sparkled brighter than the Burgundy as she touched her lips to this sacred wine of her father's choicest keeping. He could pay her no greater compliment. Rhett, too, applied the gay, good-natured phrase; but it remained for Romley to carry off the palm of the joke as he dipped his yellow mustache into his brimming glass, and murmured,

"Cauliflower!"

From a jest this name became a habit, and clung to the little dark girl from thenceforward long after she had dismissed the cauliflowers. Her children are called Pet, Daisy, Bun, or any other household appellation, so Sophie after this, at first in jest, at last in consecrated earnest, answered unthinkingly to the name of "Cauliflower."

Apparently the least considered of any one in the house, Jem Romley discovered that she had wonderful influences to harmonize the distracting elements of her family.

Small, childish, silent, she somehow, in a soft, uncbildish way smoothed out the roughnesses, palliated the discomforts, and restored the moral and domestic tone in a remarkable manner. She was like a ray of sunshine through stormy, drifting clouds. And yet no one praised her, and no one cared for mature women, that prompted Jem Romley to touch his lips to that tiny brown hand as he took her "good-by."

"I shall see you again next Christmas," he said. And he was mistaken. He never repeated his visit to Epping. Eight years was many years before he saw Sophie Wyatt again.

II.

A FROWN was threading a dark and narrow street in Florence, when there fell upon it the shadow of a violent collision. He looked up as he started back with a hasty exclamation; but the "pardone, Signor," in liquid Italian speech, touched him like a mellow atmosphere.

He passed on, came out by St. Peters, and went in amidst the kneeling crowds, thinking.

"How sweet these Italians' tones!" and, "what a gracious mien they have!" and there, leaning back in a balcony corner, was the speaker, whose onward impetus had just now jarred body and temper aside, to be so miraculously restored by a musical language.

It was an elderly, not an old man, and his eyes seemed darkly under a slouched hat, in hollow, haggard sockets.

A Protestant and a stranger, but how at home in that silver tongue! "Cursed be Babylon," he muttered.

"A long resident perhaps. His face seems familiar. Like those like the Florentine I met at Padua last spring. Can he be English, or American?"

Then his attention was distracted by a lovely Roman girl, and he forgot his speculations until that evening, as he sat at his window at the Hôtel de Londres, the same tall figure came sauntering by. "I have certainly seen that face before," muttered the young traveler, pulling hard at his yellow mustache, as if to help his memory.

In the morning, as he was taking his walk to the Piazza Hills, again the same meeting. This time the elder man seemed conscious and disturbed. He drew his hat closer down over his eyes, and hurried past.

The other, from a mere passing interest, now began to feel a haunting curiosity. He hunted his memories for some connection that he was convinced had only escaped him.

At last he got a clew. Sitting one morning in an artist friend's studio, he saw from the window his mysterious face acquaintance sauntering slowly along under the arches of the opposite wall. His exclamation brought the artist to his side.

"Why, he's a fellow-countryman of yours. De Launay knows him; says his name is Vick."

"Where is De Launay?"

"Gone out of town, I believe."

So the thread of the clew snapped. He has given it up as vain, when one day he was taking a stroll through the streets of Rome, by chance he could hear from home, or could meet a home face, and hear his English tongue spoken with a home accent, when, as if to answer his thought, a voice said,

"Come out and walk, child; you stay in the house too much."

It was the English tongue, and it had a home accent. Where was it? It seemed at his very ear.

There was a shaded portico just beyond; above it rose the lofter arches of the old Roman architecture.

Two steps, and a picture was revealed. A dark and handsome man reclined in the portico. He held between two fingers a long slender pipe, with amber mouth-piece; but his face was turned away toward the door that led inward. It did not need the slouched hat to identify him to our young traveler.

An overwhelming curiosity held him motionless to the spot: as he stood a girl came out from within, and, leaning over the back of his chair, kissed him, and said,

"It is going to rain, papa; I think I had better wait for my walk until the shower passes."

Her eye fell on the figure at the step to her father. She rested her hand upon his shoulder, and smiled.

"Sophie, you are getting thin. You want change. We will go to Florence and see Rhett."

The young lady's head crossed in a haughty bounds, and astonished the tranquil occupants of the portico with outstretched hands and cordial exclamations as he leaped before them.

"Mr. Wyatt, is it possible! and Miss Sophie! And Rhett in Florence. How delightful! I thought of you, Sophie, often and often; I couldn't quite make it out."

"And so you dogged my footsteps to find me at last, you young scamp," replied Mr. Wyatt, with the good-humor of a person who is obliged to make the best of a thing not altogether agreeable; but Jem Romley was too heartily glad over this meeting to criticise very deeply at present—glad to hear all about Rhett, who was pulsing at Florence, and to talk about Rome with those who had lived there so long.

"Six years, it is possible? Why it don't seem six months now since I was down at Epping. Do you remember the Cauliflower, Miss Sophie?"

Mr. Wyatt looked for a moment, and he puffed savagely at his pipe; but it cleared again as Sophie's laugh pealed, and she answered, brightly,

"Oh yes, I remember, Mr. Romley, and you christened me with the name which I wear yet. Rhett scarcely calls me any thing else to this day."

"Is it so? Well, it delights me to find that I have had the least link of association with you and Rhett all this time. You know I was coming down at Christmas; but I went to South America with my father instead. I was there for three years. Last year I came to Rome. I have written repeatedly to Rhett in the interval, but never a word from him."

"We broke up before that Christmas, Mr. Romley. Split flatly and finally after our wife's death, shook the dust of its country from our feet to come to Rome, cheap, dirty, artistic old Rome, where one barrow of gold would have made us kings, to console our republican feelings with dreams of its past ducal races. This very room held a king once, I have been told, Mr. Romley. You must take that for your entertainment, young Sir. have no Burgundy left."

There was a pleasure in this tone, in the words, though an attempt at saturnine jocularity. Romley understood all from it. The broken fortunes, the lost home, the proud spirit biding its time—the last condition in this dismantled old villa, in cheap, dirty, artistic Rome."

His ready sympathetic heart ached at the picture; but as he looked at his host's face he felt that there was no room for pity. It was proud, and dark and hollow-eyed, but he missed the selfish, dissipated air he remembered at Epping.

Spite of every thing, Mr. Wyatt looked a happier man, and a better, though he sneered and growled at fate and fortune alternately, and turning his back upon old old acquaintances with insistent pride.

The stronger Sophie had predicted fell heavily as they talked, and thus delayed the young man was persuaded to remain to lunch.

As he looked down upon the waiting her place at the tea-tray he thought of the little dark girl who had surprised him in that place six years ago. She caught his look, and smiled, and asked,

"Well, has she changed much?"

Not much. As I look I remember a little shy girl whose head and shoulders just appeared above the table. I see the same head almost, but higher up."

"Oh yes, I am quite tall. I was thirteen then. I am nineteen now."

There was a quaint simplicity, lady-like but free, about her whenever she spoke that carried a childlike atmosphere with her. Romley could have half believed that he had been taking but an afternoon nap at Epping as he listened.

Besides the tea there was a dish of wine, and as Mr. Wyatt touched his lips to his glass he made a tacful face, and ridiculed the notion that in Italy one could live on "rare old wine and purple figs."

"Yes, it is rare," he muttered, "as gold. My Burgundy at home was better than any I have tasted since."

"But I have something for Mr. Romley that he will like better than Burgundy perhaps, for association." And Sophie's eyes danced.

As she spoke he scented a faintly-remembered odor from the delicate steam arising from a dish beside his plate.

"Cauliflower!" Her laugh tinkled airily in with his own at this word, and brought back still more vividly six years ago.

And, like Sophie's six years ago, they sat around the table pledging each other over the wonderful compound of cauliflower; the dark, grim face of Mr. Wyatt losing its gloomy cast, and shining with genial cheer, all at the touch of an enchantress —Cauliflower.

Once found, Jem Romley did not easily lose the Wyatts; and after the first burst of annoyance Mr. Wyatt himself seemed to forget their shabby though lofty old rooms, and the one servitor in place of the retinue at Epping, and to grow brilliant and jovial as it lives in great Jem Romley's presence.

Then all at once Rhett came, and the party was perfect.

They used to sit under the frowning arches, or in the garden under the shade of the lieu-trees, and discuss art, or talk of home, and a thousand things in which they had mutual interest. Always a little apart, bending over some feminine occupation, Sophie, naturally silent and still, would now and again join in their talk, or offer a modest word in their discussion.

Jem Romley had got into the habit of watching her. He had thought her almost unchanged. He had said that it seemed hardly six months, three at most between them. Gradually he began to think otherwise. Of great simplicity of manner, frank, even free in her quaint, childlike way, he began to feel a vivid difference between them as men. With all her frankness, her gay simplicity, in her freest moments, he felt conscious of a fine cool distance, as if were, which seemed to be unconscious to himself, but set her in some interior way afar off from him, especially as a woman. In this discovery he came to be aware that Sophie Wyatt had thoughts and feelings to which she never admitted them.

Watching her closely as an unexpected fact by no means an unnatural thing befell honest, unsuspicious Jem Romley. He got in love. A great, strong, manly love, subject only to a child's wisdom and experience of life, he had a modest, perverse nature, which overlaid all the world's knowledge, and made him more than a boy of his own merits. To him then Sophie Wyatt, in her soft serenity, was not something so far above him that he dared not approach her with the farthest suggestion of love. To him it was like

"Stars in the bosom of the sea for the star"

and he might have gone on hiding his heart until this day had it not been for—Cauliflower.

It was a dreamy, rainy day in Rome,

"Inside the melancholy little house"

the four friends contrived to pass the hours agreeably. Rhett painted bits of rainy sky, strips of campagna,

——"with its endless fence
Of feathery grass-y waves."

Romley overlooked, making suggestions which were never acted upon. Mr. Wyatt sat by the window and smoked continuously, while he read *Galignani*; and Sophie flitted in and out, "on household thoughts intent."

Rhett's sketches became too deeply absorbed for companionship. Mr. Wyatt leaned back in the pleasure of the weather and his book, and Romley softly but restlessly paced the floor, his "occupation gone," for Sophie was absent from the room. It was then, during the lulling, that Romley began to be an impossible castle, that he heard her voice humming old New England hymns as she moved about. It was a low, sweet voice, with a clear note of content breathing through it; and listening, he piled up the stones of his castle, half sighing as he did so.

He was in the midst of a bright scene, a vision of delight, when suddenly the door opened. There was a break in the tune; a little, low, hopeless cry of pain had ended it.

Observing all these points he ran out, darted across the hall and into the next apartment.

There she stood, quite pale, intent upon a wound in her hand, from which the blood was flowing profusely. She looked up as he approached, smiled nervously, and said,

"It is a mere scratch, I suppose; but I am always very foolish about the sight of blood."

It was a long, but wounded, but deeper in the tender heart of Jem Romley as he looked at it —as he, spite of remonstrance, stripped up his own shirt-sleeve and bandaged the little thread bare, crumpled and stained with blood, impulsively into his breast.

Perhaps the little hand trembled as he bound it; perhaps the courage, so strong and enduring to most life, so false in this small crisis, suggested some power of some gentle agency in the presence which led him on to do what he did—to keep the hand in his, to kiss it reverently, to say so much in those few earnest, simple words—words that Sophie had been shyly yearning to hear, all the time, perhaps, that he had been yearning to say them.

And still holding her hand, still regarding that "little wound" with a mixture of pity and gratitude, he asked,

"How did it happen, dear?"

The gleam of a tender mirthfulness sprang into her face.

"How? I had forgotten until now. See!"

She pointed to a table. There lay a cauliflower. Piercing its green crimpness was a knife, whose sharp point of blade showed through the side.

"And you cut your hand so?"

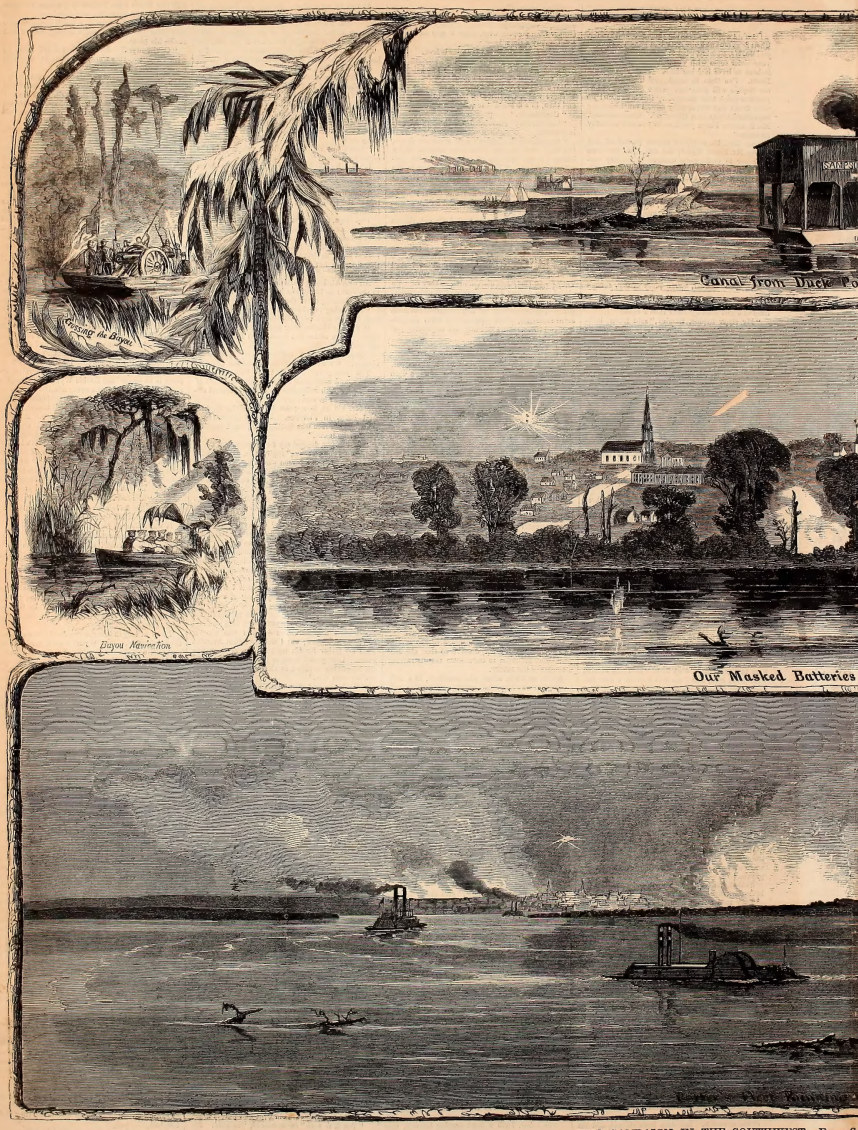
"Yes."

"Dear Cauliflower!" and he bent and kissed the hand again.

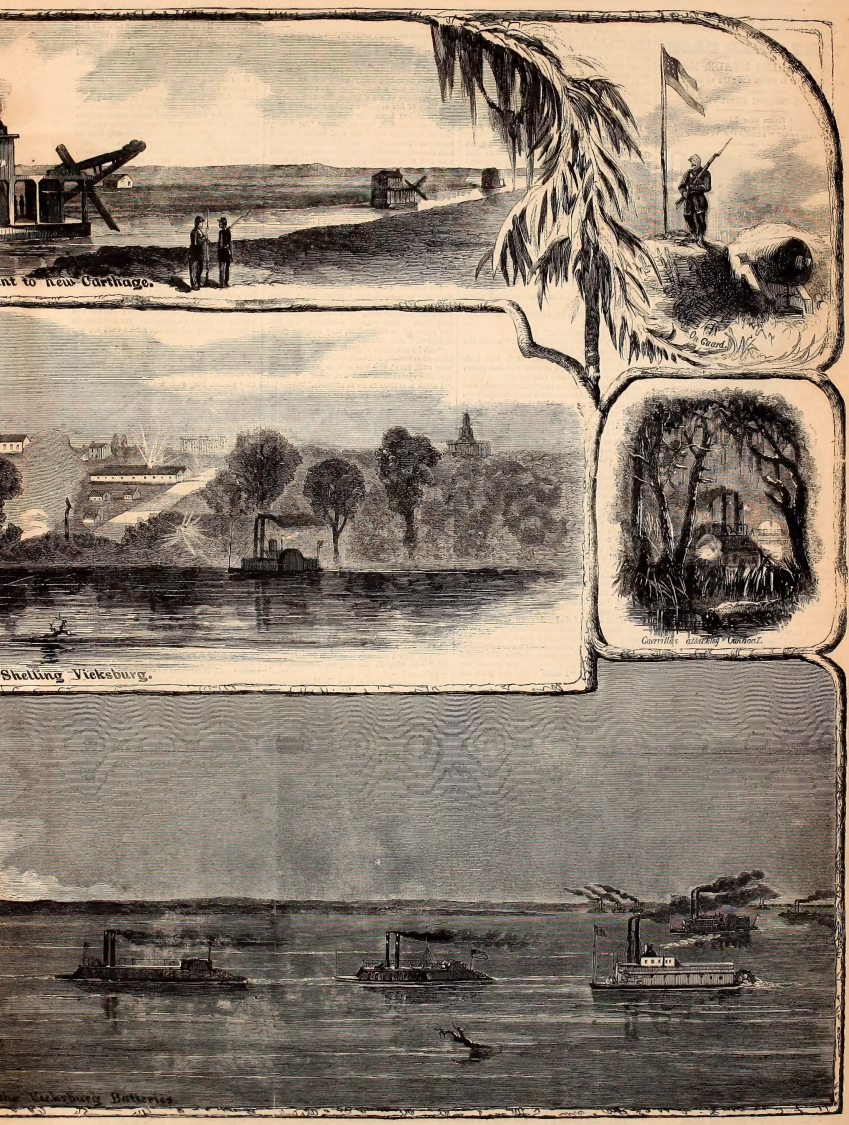
Lifting his head his eyes met hers; they both laughed.

"Sophie, when we are married I shall have a cauliflower to grace the wedding feast."

And he did.



THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.—From S



KETCHES BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER VII.

He did follow her, and, convinced that she would be engaged ten deep in five minutes, hustled up to the master of the ceremonies and begged an introduction. The great banker's son was attended to at once.

Julia saw them coming, as her sex can see, without looking. Her eyes were on fire and a delicious blush on her cheeks when the M.C. introduced Mr. Alfred Hardie with due pomp. He asked her to dance.

"I am engaged for this dance."

"The next?" said Hardie, timidly.

"With pleasure."

But when they had got so far, they were both seized with bashful silence; and, just as Alfred was going to try and break it, Cornet Bosanquet, aged 18, height 5 feet 4 inches, strutted up to them with clanking heel, and, glancing haughtily up at him, carried Julia off, like a steam-tug towing away some fair schooner.

To these little storms society treats all anxious lovers, but the incident was new to Alfred, and discomposed him; and, besides, he had nosed a rival in Bosanquet's prescription. So now he thought to himself, "that little ensign is 'his puppy.'"

To get rid of Mrs. Dodd he offered to conduct her to a seat. She thanked him; she would rather stand where she could see her daughter dance: on this he took her to the embrasure of a window opposite where Julia and her partner stood, and they seated a circle of spectators.

The band struck up, and the solemn skating began.

"Who is this lovely creature in white?" asked a middle-aged solicitor. "In white? I do not see any beauty in white," replied his daughter.

"Why, there, before your eyes," said the gentleman, loudly.

"What, that girl dancing with the little captain? I don't see much beauty in her. *And* what a rubbishing dress."

"I never cost a penny, making and all," suggested another Barkingtonian nymph.

"But what splendid pearls," said a third; "can they be real?"

"Real! what an idea!" ejaculated a fourth; "who puts on real pearls as big as peas with muslin at twenty pence the yard?"

"Weasels!" muttered Alfred, and quivered all over; and he felt to Mrs. Dodd so like a savage going to spring, that she laid her hand upon his wrist and said, gently, but with authority, "Be calm, Sir! and oblige me by not noticing these people."

Then they threw dirt on her bouquet, and then on her shoes, while she was winding in and out before their eyes a Grace, and her soft muslin drifting and flowing like an appropriate cloud round a young goddess.

"A little starch would make it set out better. It's no use as a towel on the line."

"I'll be sworn it was washed at home."

"Where it was made."

"I call it a rag, not a gown."

"Do let us move," whispered Alfred.

"I am very comfort'ble here," whispered Mrs. Dodd. "How can these things annoy my ears while I have eyes? Look at her! She is by far the best dressed lady in the room; her muslin is Indian, and of a quality unknown to these provincial shop-keepers; a rajah gave it us: her pearls have been in every court in Europe; and she herself is beautiful. would be beautiful dressed like the dowdies who are criticising her; and, I think, Sir, she dances as well as any lady can, encumbered with an Atom that does not know the figure."

At this, as if to extinguish all doubt, Julia flung them a heavenly smile; she had been furtively watching them all the time, and she saw they were talking about her.

Cornet Ormond now came up to Hardie. "Do you know the beauty? She smiled your way."

"Ah!" said Hardie, deliberately, "you mean that young lady with the court pearls, in that exquisite Indian muslin, which so gracefully, while the other muslin girls are all crimp and stiff, like little pigs clad in crackling."

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, large dose mi!"

"I could not take such a liberty with the queen of the ball."

Mrs. Dodd smiled, but felt nervous and ill at ease. She thought to herself, "Now here is a generous, impetuous pair." As for the Barkington party, staggered at first by the masculine insolence of young Hardie, it soon recovered, and, true to its sex, attacked him obliquely, through his white lady.

"Who is the beauty of the ball?" asked one, haughtily.

"I don't know; but not that mawkish thing in limp muslin."

"I should say Miss Hetherington is the belle," suggested a third.

"Oh, beyond question."

"Which is Miss Hetherington?" asked the Oxonian coolly of Alfred.

"Oh, she won't do for us. It is that little chalk-faced girl, dressed in pink with red roses; the pink of vulgarity and bad taste."

Alfred's Oxonian laughed arrogantly, and Mrs. Dodd withdrew her hand from the speaker's arm and glided away behind the throng. Julia looked at him with marked anxiety. He returned her look, and was sore puzzled what it meant, till he found Mrs. Dodd had withdrawn a softly from him; then he stood confused, regretting, too late, he had not obeyed her positive request, and tried to imitate her dignified forbearance.

The quadrille ended. He instantly stepped forward and, bowing politely to her mother, but authoritatively, "Mrs. Dodd sends me to conduct you to her. With your permission, Sir." His arm was offered and taken before the little warrior knew where he was.

He had her on his arm, so light, and fragrant as spring flowers, and breath waving his neck; oh, the thrill of that moment! but her first word was to ask him with considerable anxiety, "Why is mamma not here?"

"Miss Dodd, I am the most unhappy of men."

"No doubt: no doubt!" said she a little crossly. She added with one of her gushes of naivete, "and I shall be unhappy too if you disobey mamma."

"What could I do? A gang of snobbesses ce detracting from—somebody. To speak, Miss Dodd, I was dancing with the loveliest of her sex. Your mamma told me to keep quiet. And so I did. not a fair chance, and then I gave it them. I did. He pressed his own back, and added, "I think I was very good not to kick them."

Julia colored with pleasure, and proceeded to turn it off; "Oh! most forbearing and considerate," said she, laughing. "Fancy! I think I did hear some ladies express a misgiving as to the pecuniary value of my costume; ha! ha! Oh dear, dear, dear, how shocking, how amusing that! Why it is in little nooks that the approval of the ladies shows itself at a ball, and it is a much sincerer one than the gentlemen's bombastical noises; 'the fairest of her sex,' and so on; that none but 'the silliest of her sex' believes."

"I did not say the fairest of her sex; I said the loveliest of her sex."

"Oh, that alters the case entirely," said Julia, whose spirits were mounting with the lights and music, and Alfred's company, "we have come and to reconciled to the best and wisest of her sex; ay, and the beautifullest, if you but knew her name, during their stay in Dover; there she is; let us fly. Mamma, here is a penitent for you, real or feigned."

"Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred. "I had no right to disobey you and risk a scene. You served me right by abandoning me; I feel the rebuke and its justice. Let me hope your vengeance will go no further."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the granddlogonence of youth, and told him he had mistaken her character. "I saw I had acquired a generous, hotheaded ally, who must not be doing battle with insects; so I withdrew; but so I should at Waterloo, or any where else, where people put themselves in a passion."

The band struck up again.

"Ah!" said Julia, "and I promised you this dance; but it is a waltz; and my guardian angel objects to the value a faux tempo."

"Decidedly. Should all the mothers in England permit their daughters to romp, and wrestle, in public, and call it waltzing, I must stand firm till they return to their senses."

Julia looked at Alfred despondently; he took his cue and said with a smile, "Well, perhaps it is a terrible brutal; a donkey's galop and then twirl her like a mop."

"Since you admit that, perhaps you can waltz comme il faut?" said Mrs. Dodd.

Alfred said he ought; he had given his whole soul to it in Germany last Long.

"Then I can have the pleasure of dropping the tyrant. Away with you both while there is room to circulate."

Alfred took his partner delicately; they made just two cat-like steps forward, and melted into the waltz.

It was an exquisite moment. To most young people Love comes after a great deal of waltzing. But this pair brought the awakened tenderness, and trembling sensibilities, of two burning hearts, to this their first intoxicating whirl. To them, therefore, every thing was an event, every thing was a thrill—the first meeting and timid pressure of their hands, the first delicate enfolding of her supple waist by his strong arm but trembling hand, the delightful unison of their unerring feet, the movement, the music, the soft delicious whirl, her cool breath saluting his neck, his ardent but now liquid eyes seeking hers tenderly, and drinking them deep, hers that now and then sipped his so covertly—all these were new and separate joys, that linked themselves in one soft delirium of bliss. It was not a waltz; it was an Ecstasy.

Starting almost alone, this peerless pair danced a gauntlet. On each side admiration and detraction buzzed all the time.

"Beautiful! They are turning in the air."

"Quite gone by. That's how the old fogies dance."

Chorus of shallow males. "How well she waltzes."

Chorus of shallow females. "How well he waltzes."

But they noted neither praise nor detraction: they saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but themselves and the other music, till two viewers (a dead temp) took "a tremendous header" into them. Thus smartly reminded they had on earth all to themselves, they laughed good-humoredly, and paused.

"Ah! I am happy!" gushed from Julia. She blushed at herself, and said, severely, "You dance very well, Sir:" this was said to justify her unguarded ejaculation, and did, after a fashion. "I think it is time to go to mamma."

"So soon. And I had so much to say to you."

"Oh, very well. I am all attention."

The sudden facility offered set Alfred stammering a little. "I wanted to apologize to you for something—you are so good you seem to have forgotten it—but I dare not hope that—I mean Mr Henley—when the beauty of your character, and your goodness, so overpowered me, that a fatal impulse—"

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Julia, looking him full in the face, like an offended lion, while, with true feminine and Julian inconsistency her bosom fluttered like a dove. "I never exchanged one word with you in my life before to-day; and I never shall again, if you pretend the contrary."

Alfred stood stupefied, and looked at her in piteous amazement.

"I value your acquaintance highly, Mr. Hardie, now I have made it, as acquaintances are made; but please to observe, I never saw you before scarcely; not even in church."

"As you please," said he, recovering his wits in part. "What you say I'll swear to."

"Then I say, never remind a lady of what you should wish her to forget."

"I was a fool. And you are an angel of tact and goodness."

"Oh, now I am sure it is time to join mamma," said she, in the dryest, driest, way. "Valsons."

They waltzed down to Mrs. Dodd, exchanging hearts at every turn; and they took a good many in the space of a round table, for in truth both were equally loth to part.

At two o'clock, Mrs. Dodd resumed command place views of a daughter's health, and rose to go.

Her fly had played her false, and, being our island home, it rained buckets. Alfred ran, before they could stop him, and caught a fly. He was dripping. Mrs. Dodd expressed her regrets; he told her it did not matter; for him the ball was now over, the flowers faded, and the lights darkness visible.

"The extravagance of these children!" said Mrs. Dodd to Julia with a smile, as soon as he was out of hearing. Julia made no reply.

Next day she was at evening church: the congregation was very sparse. The first glance revealed Alfred Hardie standing in the very next pew. He wore a calm front of conscious rectitude; under which peeped sheep-faced misgivings as to the result of this advance; for, like all true lovers, he was half impudence, half timidity; and both on the grand scale.

Now Julia in a ball-room was one creature, another in church. After the first surprise, which sent the blood for a moment to her cheek, she found he had come without a prayer-book. She looked sadly and half-reproachfully at him; then put her white hand calmly over the wooden partition, and made him read with her out of her book. She shared her hymn-book with him, too, and sang her Maker's praise modestly and soberly but earnestly and quite undisturbed by her lover's presence.

It seemed as if this pure creature was drawing him to heaven holding by that good book, and by her touching voice. He felt good all over. To be like her he tried to bend his whole mind on the prayers of the church, and, for the first time, realized how beautiful they are.

After service he followed her to the door. Island home again, by the pailful; and she had a thick shawl but no umbrella. He had brought a large one on the chance; he would see her home.

"Quite unnecessary; it is so near."

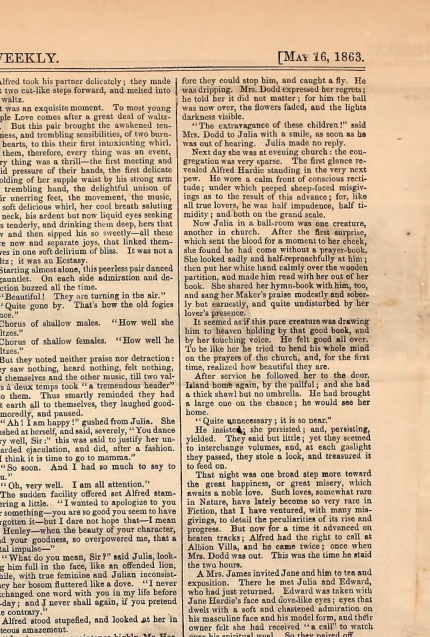
He insisted, she persisted, and, persisting, yielded. They said but little; yet they seemed to interchange volumes, and, at each gaslight they passed, they took a look, and treasured it to feed on.

That night was one broad step more toward the great happiness, or great misery, which awaits a noble love. Such loves, somewhat rare in Nature, have lately become very rare in Fiction, that I have ventured, with many misgivings, to detail the peculiarities of its rise and progress. But now for a time it descended on heaten tracks; Alfred had the right to call at Albion Villa, and he came twice; once when Mrs. Dodd was out. This was the time he said the two hours.

A Mrs. James invited Jane and him to tea and exposition. There he met Julia and Edward, who had just returned. Edward was taken with Jane Hardie's face and dove-like eyes; eyes that dwelt with a soft and chastened admiration on his masculine face and his model form, and their owner felt she had received "a call" to watch over his spiritual weal. So they paired off.

Julia's fluctuating spirits settled now into a calm, demure complacency. Her elder, finding this strange remedial victim a youthful society, gave young partics, in which Jane and Alfred in their turn, danced; but, as she could no longer keep Julia from knowing her worldly brother, and hoped a way might be opened for her to rescue Edward, she relaxed her general rule, which was, to go into no company unless some religious service formed part of the entertainment. Yet her conscience was ill at ease; and, to set them an example, she took care, when she asked the Dodds in return, to have a clergyman there of her own party, who could pray and expound with unction.

Mrs. Dodd, not to throw cold water on what seemed to gratify her children, accepted Miss Hardie's invitation; but she never intended to go, and at the last moment wrote to say she was slightly indisposed. The nature of the indisposition she revealed to Julia alone. "That young lady keeps me on thorns. I never feel secure



"SHE TURNED AWAY AND MADE AN EFFORT TO LEAVE HIM."

she will not say or do something extravagant or unusual; she seems to suspect sobriety and good taste of being in league with impiety. Here I succeed in bridling her a little; but encounter a female enthusiast in her own house! Mercy! After all, there must be something good in her, since she is your friend, and you are hers; let her pass: I have something more serious to say to you before you go there. It is about her brother. He is a fixt: in fact, a notorious one, more than one lady tells me."

Julia was silent, but began to be very uneasy; they were sitting and talking after supper, yet without eating: she profited, for once, by that amazing gap in the intelligence of "the sex."

"I hear he pays you compliments; and I have seen a disposition to single you out. Now, my love, you have the good sense to know that, whatever a young man of that age says to you, he says to many other ladies; but your experience is not equal to your sense; so profit by mine, a girl of your age must never be talked of with a person of the other sex: it is fatal; fatal! but if you permit yourself to be singled out, you will be talked of horribly, and others as those who love you. It is easy to avoid injudicious duets in society; oblige me by doing so to-night."

To show how much she was in earnest, Mrs. Dodd hinted that, were her admonitions needful, she should regret, for once, having kept clear of an enthusiast.

Julia had no alternative; she assented in a faint voice. After a pause she faltered out, "And suppose he should esteem me seriously?"

Mrs. Dodd replied quickly, "Why, then he will be much worse. But," said she, "I have no apprehensions on that score; you are a child, and he is a precocious boy, and much of a fop. But forewarned is forearmed. So now run away and dress, sweet one: my lecture is quite ended."

The sensitive girl went up to her room with a heavy heart. All the fun of the evening was irate revived. She saw plainly now that Mrs. Dodd only accepted Alfred as a pleasant acquaintance: as a suitable one for a wife was the question. "Oh, what will she say when she knows all?" thought Julia.

Next night, near the window, she saw him coming up the road. After the first movement of pleasure at the bare sight of him, she was sorry he had come. Manners, however, awoke at last, and here he was again; the third call in one fortnight! She dared not risk an interview with him, ardent and impassioned, under that penetrating eye, which she felt would now be on her always.

She rose hurriedly, said as carelessly as she could, "I am going to the school," and, tying her bonnet on in a flurry, was presently out at the back door with her shawl in her hand just as Sarah opened the front door to Alfred. Julia then shuffled on her shawl, and, without stirship, the little shrubbery into the open field, and reached a path that led to the school, and so gratified was she at the dexterity in evading Alfred's visit that she hung her head, and went murmuring, "Cruel, cruel, cruel!"

Alfred entered the drawing-room gayly, with a good-sized card and a prepared speech. This was not the visit of a friend but a subscriber to the treasurer of the cricket-ground, come to book two of his eighteen to play against the All England Eleven next month. "As a fop" (such worthy Sir (turning to Edward), I shall just put you down without ceremony. But I must ask leave to talk privately with Mrs. Dodd. I come at the universal desire of the club; they say it is sure to be a dull match without Captain Dodd. Besides, he is a capital player."

"Mamma, don't you be caught by his chaff," said Edward, coolly. "I pay to play as well as all. Any thing more unlike cricket than his way of making runs—"

"Is not to play them, old fellow; now you and I, at Lord's the other day, played in first-rate form, left shoulder well up, and achieved—with modest submission, dexterity, and dispatch —the British duck's-egg."

"Misericorde! What is that?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Why, a round O," said the other Oxonian, coming to his friend's aid.

"And what is that, pray?"

Alfred told her "the round O," which had yielded to "the duck's-egg," and was now quite obsolete, meant the cipher set by the scorer against a player's name, who is out without making a run.

"I see," sighed Mrs. Dodd: "It penetrates to your very sports and games. And why British?"

"Oh, 'British' is redundant: thrown in by the universities."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means nothing. That is the beauty of it. Redundancy is delivered in musical one idol, the Greeks; they adored redundancy."

In short, poor Alfred, though not an M. I was talking to get off time. His Julia should come in: so he soon favored Mrs. Dodd, of all people, with a flowery description of her husband's play, which I, who have not his memory for voluble, suppress. However, he wound up with the subject: "moral influence." "Young match," said he, "Barkington did not do itself justice. Several, that could have made a stand, were frightened out, rather than bowled, by the London professionals. Then Captain Dodd went in, and treated those artists with the same good-humored contempt he would a parish bowler, and, in particular, sent Mynne's ·ver-tossed balls flying over his head for six, or to square leg for four, and, on his retiring with twenty-five, scored in eight minutes, the remaining Barkingtonians were less funky, and made some fair scores."

Mrs. Dodd smiled a little ironically at this tirade, but said she thought she might venture to promise Mr. Dodd's co-operation, should he reach home in time. Then, to get rid of Alfred before Julia's return, the amiable worldling turned to Edward, "Your sister will not be back; so you may as well ring the bell for luncheon at once. Perhaps Mr. Hardie will join us."

Alfred declined, and took his leave with far less alacrity than he had entered with; Edward went down stairs with him.

Miss Dodd gone on a visit?" asked Alfred, affecting carelessness.

"Only to the school. By-the-by, I will go and fetch her."

"No, don't do that; call on my sister instead, and then you will pull me out of a scrape. I promised to bring her here: but her sainthip was so long adoring "the poor perishable body," that I came alone."

"I don't understand you," said Edward. "I am not the attraction here. It is Julia."

"How do you know that? When a young lady interests herself in an undergraduate's soul, it is a pretty sure sign that she likes his body also. But perhaps you don't want to be converted; if so, keep clear of her. 'Her life is a dragon's blighting way;' but shun that lovely snare."

"On the contrary," said Edward, calmly, "I only wish she *could* make me as good as she is, or half as good."

"Give her the chance, old fellow, and then it won't be for want of trials if you are not one of the Call at two, and Jenny will receive you very kindly, and will show you sure in the 'gait of the apostles and the look of antiquity.' Now, won't that be nice?"

"I will go," said Edward, gravely.

"That's right. Where Alfred went the reader can perhaps guess; Edward to luncheon.

"Mamma," said he, in that tranquility which sat so well on him, "don't you think Alfred Hardie is spoony upon our Julia?"

Mrs. Dodd answered, with a smile, perhaps to gain time before replying sincerely) said she had not the honor of knowing what "spoony" meant.

"Why, signs, I am told, are the first and fondest she is prettier than Miss Hardie. He must be over head and ears."

"Is Julia?" inquired her mother. "If I thought so, I should withdraw from their acquaintance. Excuse me; I must put on my bonnet at once, and call on Mrs. Hardie myself."

Edward did not relish her remark: it menaced more Spoons than one. However, he said not the man to be cast down at a word: he lighted a cigar, and strolled toward Hardie's house. Mr. Hardie, of course, had the same day paid a visit to London; Miss Hardie received him; he passed the afternoon in calm complacency, thinking reverently of Julia's perfections, and looking her softly out of countenance, and into earthly affections, with his lion eyes.

Edward saw his remark, as he had really seemingly foolish to Mrs. Dodd, was the true reason for her leaving him so abruptly. "Even this dear child," said he, sighing deeply, "is not to be trusted to Julia more seriously, and would go to the wood at once, to climb on that tree at once, and put on her bonnet and shawl before the glass, then moulded on her gloves; and came down equipped. On the stairs a large white cloak, and a hood in the open field; she naturally cast her eyes through it, in the direction she was going, and what did she see but a young gentleman approaching her slowly down the path toward the villa. Mrs. Dodd bit her lip with vexation, and looked keenly at Julia, to divine on what terms they were. And the more she looked the more uneasy she grew.

The head, the hand, the whole person of a young woman walking beside one she loves, before her has been seen, produces eyes wiped of their unseen: and most female eyes are experienced at this sort of inspection. Why did Julia move so slowly? especially after that glance? Perhaps her head averted from that encroaching boy, and herself so near him? The anxious mother could mark that Julia was not a step her distance, and look him full in the face. Her first impulse was that of leopardess, lioness, tigress, and all the cats, wild and tame, to dart from her ambush and protect her young; but she controlled it by a great effort of moral valor to descry the truth, and then act with resolution: besides the young people were now almost on the shrubbery; so the mischief, if any, was done.

They entered the shrubbery.

To Mrs. Dodd's surprise and dismay they did not come out this side so quickly. She darted her eye into the plantation; and lo! Alfred had used the fatal opportunity following on a surprise, then thinnish; he held Julia's hand, and was pleading eagerly for something she seemed disposed to grant; for she turned away and made an effort to leave him. But Mrs. Dodd, standing there concealed, saw Alfred retain her, and hot with shame, could not but doubt the sincerity of that graceful resistance. If she had been by to some extent, Julia dare enough in her to box the little wretch's ears. She ceased even to doubt, when she saw that her daughter's opposition had no heart in it, and that Julia was instead of one, and devouring them with kisses, while Julia still drew her head and neck quite away, but in their cold little frame seemed to yield and incline, and draw softly toward her besieger, by some irresistible spell.

"I can bear no more!" gasped Mrs. Dodd aloud, and turned to hasten and part them; but even as she curved her stately neck to go, she caught the lovers' parting; and a very pretty one too, if she could have looked at it as these things ought always to be looked at, Artistically.

Julia's head and lovely throat, unable to draw the rest of her away, compromised; they turned, declined, drooped, and rested one half moment on her captor's shoulder, like a settling dove: the next, she scudded from him, and made for the house alone.

Mrs. Dodd, deeply indignant, but too wise to court a painful interview with her own heart bearing high, went into the drawing-room: and there sat down, to recover some little composure. But she was hardly seated when Julia's innocent voice was heard calling "Mamma, mamma!" and soon she came bounding into the drawing-room, flushed, all grace thrown, her cheeks as red as fire, and her eyes wet with happy tears; and there confronted her mother, who had started at her footing, and now, with one hand hopping the back of the chair convulsively, stood lofty, looking strangely agitated and hostile.

The two ladies eyed one another, silent, yet expressive, and Julia, after facing a statue; but soon the color died out of Julia's face as well, and she began to cower with vague fears before that stately figure, so still and placid usually, but now so discomposed and stern.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote pages 305, 308, and 309, to illustrations of the movement of the Army of the Potomac which commenced last week, from sketches by Mr. Waud. The following are pictures explain themselves, and it might suffice to say that the various heavy corps crossed the Rappahannock at various points on 28th, 29th, and 30th April. In some places the crossing was effected at fords, in others on pontoons and the bridges left in them. A picture on page 305 shows the construction of a pontoon bridge at a point where the river was too deep to ford. Another illustrations on page 309 will depict the bridges used by General Sedgwick's corps and General Reynolds's corps for their crossing. General Sedgwick's brigade was the first to cross, went over in boats. This operation, which was performed in the mist of a cloudy morning before daylight, is illustrated on page 308, and is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

Toward daybreak twenty-three boats were afloat and ready for the start. Lieutenant Colonel Russell had the honor to pass the first river. General Russell's brigade consisted of the Fifteenth New York, Colonel Ely; the Thirty-second New York, Colonel Pinto; the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, Colonel Cross; the Fifty-ninth Pennsylvania Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Tyler; and the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Candy. Russell's men had been ordered to enter the boats at fifties. The regiments thought that Russell's brigade, Sedgwick's, and General Brooks therefore made the fifty forty-five.

Lieutenant Colonel Russell, the Regulars under command of his men. Every boat left the shore as one with the Sixth, so as to keep the line of battle intact in its movement on the still water, just in the early dawn and in the midst of the fog which covered one of war. Every one the oars fall until the great square tube got into a race with the Sixth, and then the Sixth had to pull hard to keep scarcely a hundred yards in width we could not see the other side. The Sixth reached the shore first, and soon returned and began to fill again.

The men as they landed pushed the opposite shore Russell's men clustered up the bank and to gun to form. But before the Sixth left the enemy delivered at short distance, and from a rifle-pit directly in front, one volley. Not a man was hurt, not a shot returned. One hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the right, next to their left, and the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Thirty-second New York, and Fifteenth New York. Out of the rifle-pits the enemy went in a hurry. One prisoner, Lieut. Col. Smith, Commander of the first line of rifle-pits and out of the ground, and our men had the field before them—so says Captain Dorr, from Dorr Run on our right to Bernard's house on our left.

The Sixth Corps is reported to ring in Fredericksburg with all the clamor of which they were capable.

Another picture introduces us to the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, encamping at Kelly's plantation. Of their performance the New York *Times* correspondent says:

At about 10 o'clock General Sykes's division was sent forward on the left, by the Banks' Ford Road, to make an attack in force, but encountered no eyes worthy of the name that task. He moved promptly into position, with Weedy's, near Watson's, Battery in front. The first gun was fired by the enemy about 12 o'clock. Heavy skirmishing commenced, and continued during the field with much enthusiasm. The Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry skirmished in the very front for some time, and sustained a galling fire from the enemy's infantry, but behaved with great intrepidity. Their loss was small, considering the nature of it, only to be in turn driven back. General Sykes then ordered forward a regiment of infantry, without a battery, across, on the double-quick, who supported the cavalry, and drove the enemy from the rifle-pits. The action now became quite general between the two forces, each seeming to be trying their utmost strength.

On page 310 we give a fine map of the theatre of the conflict.

THE RATTLE OF IRISH BEND.

We illustrate on page 316 THE BATTLE OF IRISH BEND, fought on 13th April by General Grover's division, under General Banks's army, in the recent campaign in the interior of Louisiana. Our picture is from a sketch by Lieut. H. Hall, of the Twenty-second Maine Regiment. The following account of the battle is from the *Herald* correspondence:

About seven o'clock A.M. the advance reached the edge of a dense line of woods, near what is known as Irish Bend, in a sharp turn of the Teche, about eleven miles distant from the rebel earth-works, where General Banks had established his base.

Here Taylor had a strong one of our forces, which had been driven from the bank of the Teche, across the front and left flank of Grover's division in that direction.

The enemy was strongly posted at this point, their line of battle extending in front, and their left resting on the round knit another wood, in such a manner as to command a perfect view of the whole ground which our army must occupy in their position in the wood first spoken of.

General Grover's division, the advance of General Grover's division, at this time in command of the advance, and supported by two sections of Rogers's battery, now skirmished with the rebels in front for about an hour, our skirmishers and their supports engaging the infantry and dismounted cavalry of the enemy. Colonel Birge then ordered the Twenty-fifth Connecticut and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York in front of the first skirt of wooded. This had no sooner been done than the enemy commenced a flank attack, endeavoring to take the section of Rogers's battery which was on the left flank.

These two regiments, assailed by a fire on their front and flanks from an enemy very perfectly concealed, replied ineffectually to the fire, became shaken, and finally commenced to fall back, when General Grover rode up to the front and rallied them, at the same time ordering General Dwight to hasten up with his brigade.

The section of Rogers's battery was compelled to limber up and go to the rear, the fire of the enemy being so lively as to pick off nine cannoneers at their guns.

At this time General Dwight moved on to the field with his brigade, and placed the Sixth New York on his right, in such a manner as to outflank the enemy's left, in a similar way that the enemy outflanked our right.

The Sixth New York was ordered to charge, and to advance against the woods, with the First Louisiana supporting, and the Sixth New York, and the Twenty-second Maine and One Hundred and Thirty-first New York in support of the Sixth New York.

The charge was made as was given, and like veterans they moved forward some sixty yards, when, from the woods, and from the rifle-pits, the enemy sleety but surely falling back before them; seeing which, on, taking him with his position, and finally compelling him to so hasty a retreat that he left over one hundred prisoners in our hands.

Lieutenant Colonel Dwight was unable to speak to take with a loss of something over three hundred men, was wounded in the engagement, with a loss of only seven killed and twenty-one wounded.

General Dwight was never ordered to attack, take a favorable position, and hold it.

This was done, the enemy continuing to manœuvre in front of General Dwight's and Colonel Birge's commands for two or three hours.

The *Diana* did but very little harm during the whole of the action.

Our troops, in the mean time, had been ordered by General Grover to rest in their present until further orders, which they did until about three P.M., when an order was given to feel the enemy on the front and left, with a view to our attacking their position in force.

Before any considerable advance was made the enemy evacuated, retreating to the woods and canes, having destroyed the bridge on the great road *Pierre aux Bœufs*, *Petite Gouvernor*, *Newsiden*, and *Fira No* 2.

The retreat was accomplished in such a manner as to prevent effectual pursuit.

The rebel prisoners represent that they had upward of five thousand men engaged in this affair, and that they were of Taylor's command. Speculation of General Grover's division across the Bayou Teche before General Banks's army could reach the point. Our loss was slight, only a loss of from three to four hundred.

Many of the rebels on the wounded and five prisoners were taken, and thirty wounded.

Among the killed is General Riley, and among the wounded Colonel Gray.

The latest official report that General Dick Taylor advanced in force on the flank, and was in command of the rebels in the action, "Lafayette" but he was not present in the fight, and never is.

About one hundred and fifty prisoners in all were captured by General Grover's command.

The reconnoissance in force to the extent of the movement, which met a carrier from the advance of General Banks's army, states that the new position is in the line that the enemy had evacuated his works at Brandand.

A MODEL CAMP ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We publish on page 317 an illustration of the CAMP OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, from a sketch by Mr. Davis. This camp was a model one in regard to beauty, order, cleanliness, and discipline, and deserves to be commemorated. The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment was the first to break camp and cross the river on the new march to Richmond.

VICKSBURG.

We reproduce on pages 312 and 313 several illustrations of the OPERATIONS IN THE VICINITY OF VICKSBURG, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. One of the illustrations represents

THE NEW CANAL NEAR VICKSBURG.

Mr. Davis writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, MILLIKEN'S BEND, *April 11*.

"Another canal is nearing completion; and from every quarter one hears the utmost confidence expressed that the most satisfactory results will attend the work. The length of canal required is less than 1500 yards, which completed, we shall, by clearing trees and obstructions from bayous, have a navigable communication from Lake Providence, by low this point to New Carthage, a place some 20 miles below Vicksburg, where our gun-boats are now at anchor.

Another picture shows us

OUR MASKED BATTERIES SHELLING VICKSBURG.

Mr. Davis writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN, CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG.

"General Sherman seems to have a determined propensity to carry on the present war in a manner likely to be most offensive to the rebels. The last instance of his beneficence is manifested shelling of the 'Virgin City of Vicksburg,' by a well-protected battery of thirteen guns, under the direct superintendence of Captain Edwin D. Phillips. The inhabitants of the 'Virgin City' do not, it is said, like the new order of things at General Sherman's, for they have vacated their homes; in which, *en passant*, we may soon find it convenient to take up our abode.

The large picture represents

RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

Mr. Davis writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, PORT, LOUISIANA,
Friday Morning., April 11.

"The *Benton* led by about a mile, and was followed by the *Lafayette*, which just preceded the 'Turtles' in line; the *Forest Queen*, *Henry Clay*, and *Silver Wave* in the order I have named them, the *Tuscumbia*, as rear-guard, following.

"In my sketch of Vicksburg you will see, near the water's edge, next to the Lake Yazoo Courthouse, a group of wooden buildings. These were evidently prepared with combustible materials, for almost after the first boat was discovered nearing the whole surface of the river was illuminated by the glare of their burning. A shanty on the point opposite was fired at the same moment, lending a bright light.

"The *Henry Clay* had nearly completed her dangerous journey when she was struck by a shell, set on fire, and burned. Our boats sent shot after the rebels. The night was without a cloud, the stars bright. The fleet has gone down to New Carthage."



THE CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA.—BATTLE OF IRISH BEND.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. HALE, 7TH MAINE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



THE CAMP OF THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, NEAR FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA.—FROM A DRAWING BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

COMRADES, find for him a grave
Where the hoofs of war-steed clatter;
Where but childish feet may patter;
Any where; it will not matter:
Only find a grave.

Comrades, lay him softly down.
Was he not our land's defender?
Though so womanly, so slender,
With a soul so true and tender?
Softly lay him down.

Comrades, roughly jar him not;
Never salt that brown tress, lying
As it lay when he was dying,
With the bullets round him flying:
Roughly jar him not.

Comrades, move him tenderly,
As the touch of fondest mother—
As a sister would a brother—
As one woman would another:
Move him tenderly.

Comrades, lower him gently down:
Ah! for him how soon Death's flat!
But his face is far more quiet
Than our own, where life-scars riot:
Lower him gently down.

Comrades, drop a tear for him;
Though our camp-fires blaze as brightly,
And the low song rise as lightly,
We shall miss your mess-mate nightly:
Drop a tear for him.

Comrades, now our work is done:
Soldiers have no time to sorrow;
Rather let us courage borrow
For the toil of the morrow:
Now our work is done.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

An orphan girl, employed in tending cattle, slept in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from another, which was occupied by an old and infirm blind man. A benevolent lady took her under her care, and she became her servant. Some years afterward, when she was still in this family, beautiful music was heard in the night-time, which was at length traced to the bedroom of this girl. She was found in a deep sleep, but singing in a tone exactly resembling the sweetest sounds of a small violin.

Another remarkable case is recorded on the authority of a highly intelligent clergyman. A girl, his servant, greatly addicted to talking in her sleep; and it was found that in this way she passed through all the transactions of the past day, and that she repeated every thing which she had said in its proper order. Her tone and manner were changed to suit the circumstances of the different occasions on which she had spoken. She often rose in her sleep, and followed her usual occupations, and at length she passed into a state of continued unconsciousness to external things. She was aroused more than once from this condition, but was subsequently removed home. She recovered in several weeks, and her peculiarities gradually disappeared.

Van Doven, as quoted by Treviranus, mentions a student who talked in his sleep, and began every night exactly at the point where he had left off on the preceding night. A continuous and connected dream was the topic of his nocturnal ramblings. This affection continued about three weeks. Combe refers to a case related by Major Ellet, Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy of the United States at West Point. A young lady of cultivated mind had an attack of somnolency, and when she came out of it all her acquired knowledge had vanished. She could not read her parliamentary studies, and was regaining her lost acquirements, when a second attack of somnolency occurred. She now at once recovered her lost knowledge, but remembered nothing of what had passed in the interval between the two attacks. A third attack again reduced her to the status of ignorance in which she had been after the first, and in this manner she passed through these alternate states for four years, retaining in one state all her original knowledge, and in the other only that which she had acquired since the first attack. These in one condition she wrote beautifully, in the other her penmanship was poor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and any thing that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in the texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove Moth Patches, Freckles, and other Blemishes, from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP AND LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE in EVERY case. *For full particulars*, address, enclosing stamp for a circular,

DR. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

All Consultations Free.

GLASS LETTERS

Gilded or stained. Generally adopted for first-class store windows. More attractive, lasting, and therefore cheaper than ordinary gilding. Country orders. Brass, wood, porcelain, and other letters. Depot 107 Fulton St., N. Y.

Iceberg and Ice-King REFRIGERATORS.



Subscriber & Winship's Patent Self-Ventilating' ICE-BERG and ICE-KING Refrigerators, for economy of ice, ventilation, coldness, dryness, beauty of finish, and cheapness of price, cannot all others. FRIGUS S4 AND UP-WARDS. A liberal discount and the usual facilities offered to the trade.

☞ Call and examine our stock or send for illustrated pamphlet.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
No. 359 Canal Street, near Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel Young, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major Anderson, Generals and Admirals for Rank. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags to add to the Trump, and you can play all the usual games. Price 25 cents mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.



DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and falling of the hair; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning unseasonably gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 60 Broadway.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 50 or 60 years, relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain and the various colonial parts of the world. Fee to search for claim, $5. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GIDY (GIDY & CO.), 11 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

Mrs. Murray's Dropsy Specific.

A Genuine and Effectual Remedy for

DROPSY.

Prepared only by Mrs. J. Murray, No. 871 Washington Street, N. Y., to whom all orders should be addressed. Sold at all of Hegeman & Co's Stores on Broadway, Mrs. Hayes, Brooklyn, and by druggists generally.
$1 per bottle.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent stenciltic appliances the only known cause for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering. Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For new Edition of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. BATES, 377 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1820. ☜ Specimens by Mail, with two stamps.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N.Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

WORTH IT'S WEIGHT IN GOLD.
A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements of persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Cents of stamps found, pointed and engraved.

Mason & Hamlin,

Manufacturers of Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and Melodeons, take pleasure in referring to the musical profession generally as to the superiority of their instruments, which they claim to be unsurpassed by any in this world. They have had the honor of receiving the only GOLD MEDAL ever awarded to such instruments in this country, and though constantly exhibiting their instruments, have not, even in a single instance, failed to carry off the first prize. M. & H. respectfully invite attention to their new Cabinet Organs, which are receiving golden opinions from the highest sources. Among the distinguished organists who pronounce these the best instruments of their class in the world are Morgan, of Grace Church; Zundel, of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church; Wels, of Christ Church; Messgrath, of Dr. Poe's Church; Mosenthal, of Calvary Church; Berg, of Trinity Church; Wilson Mason, and many others. Prices of Organs, with one and two stops, $70 to $150; with six to twelve stops, $200 to $600 each. Warerooms, Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer Street, New York. Address MASON BROTHERS.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are important to bob or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00 for Ladies' $1.13 for Gents. G. B. GRAY, 101 Broadway, N. Y.
Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1 PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. VAN ANDEN & CO., No. 335 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "Corn Starch" pronounced by the Jurors "Good" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commission. The exhibition of all previous manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries received nothing. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most skeptical. Maizena Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without lemon-peel, with few or no eggs, and without baking full as economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also unrivalled for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream and delicate Confectionery, it is. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Sold by all grocers in packages, under the trade mark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Whole office, 416 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

The Portable Pen Cleaner.

An article needed wherever the pen is used. Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts. S. W. RICE & CO., 53 Nassau St., N.Y.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. *Good prices for all kinds of produce, &c.*, to be seen only 10 miles from Philadelphia. *Delightful climate.* 10 acre Grape lots for sale, with dwellings, within a quarter of a mile of the railroad depot. Terms to suit settlers. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Vineland and Vineland Rural cent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, in N. Y. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and available condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

Important to Army and Navy Officers.

Portable and powerful Double Telescopes, or Field Glasses, which show objects 6 and 8 miles distinctly. An enormous power and brilliant definition of the instruments render it better suited for the purpose than any other glass. Price from $20 to $60, according to size and power.

Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp.
C. P. GUAYMAN, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.
619 Broadway, opp. Bond Street, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES.—My Organic force them to grow heavily by six weeks (upon the smoothest face) after shaving. Sent free to the trade. Price $1, sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

You may recover your health by the use of other remedies. You may recover health without any; but do not forget that they cannot fail, and that Brandreth's Pills could have saved you. For, remember that the

PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF DEATH,

when you have it in excess in your system, is evident to your animal instincts. Your countenance tells your friends; your dreams and your own heart tell you.

Now, at these times there is no medicine so deserving of your confidence as

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

which is the only medicine I know that can servicably save when all the usual indications tell that you must die.

B. BRANDRETH,
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH HOUSE,
New York.
Sold, also, FRESH and NEW STYLE, No. 4 UNION SQUARE.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi Manufacturing Company's POUDRETTE

FOR SALE BY

JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York.
This article, prepared from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, and MOST POWERFUL FERTILIZER offered in market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crops from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre.

Also, FIFTY TUNS OF BONE TA-FEU, being a mixture of bone and night soil, ground fine, at $45 per ton. A superior article for grain and grass.

A pamphlet containing information, &c., may be had free.
Address JAMES T. FOSTER,
Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Company,
No. 31 Nassau Street, New York.

Opposite the Post Office.

Cash Capital and Accumulation over $1,400,000 00.

Lower paid during three years past were $280,599 74.
Of which was paid to Widows and Children $151,753 34.
Dividends have been made for the same time 150,000 00.

The triennial dividend of profits of this Company has resulted in a bonus, or addition to the policy, of more than fifty per cent. on the whole premium paid.

The Dividends are paid in the life-time of the assured, thus adding them to per forma premiums.

Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, when the policy is for life, and the usual premium amounts to $40 or over. From 60 to 70 per cent. may be paid by notes.

Persons insured may visit Europe in first-class vessels, without extra charge, at all seasons of the year.

HENRY STOKES, President. C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary. J. L. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary. S. W. STERBBINS, Actuary.

Prospectus and all necessary information may be obtained at the Office, or any of its Agencies, in the principal cities and towns.

CHOCOLATE

Of the very best grades, cheaper, very nutritious, and more healthful than Tea and Coffee

For Family Use.

Alec Confectionery

Of every variety for home and export trade. Warranted pure.

PALMER & CO.,
Formerly Stratton & Palmer, Steam Manufacturing Establishment, 60 and 62 Duane Street, just East of Broadway.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, or by reason of bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prize Money, Rewards, &c., free on stamp to pay return postage. SOMES & BROWN, 3 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

FERTILIZERS.

No. 1.—Phosphatic Guanos, of various importations, warranted pure, and to analyze from 70 to 85 per cent. bone phosphate of lime, which are most economical fertilizers.

No. 2.—Peruvian, for sale on the most favorable terms, in quantities to suit purchasers, by JOHN B. BARKER, 55 South St., corner of Wall St., N. Y.

For pamphlets send for circular.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 50 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate, best soil, near market, &c., to be sold in 10 to 20 acre lots, on long easy terms. For full information apply to R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, N. J. Letters may be addressed, prior to that town, Reading Depot, Market Street, Philadelphia, at 7 A.M. or at 5 P.M.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Fourth. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.



OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, whole-sale and retail. *Spy Glasses, Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Reading Glasses, Microscopes, Thermometers, &c.* of the finest kind and lowest prices. 511 Broadway, corner of Fulton St., first store below the up stairs. Room No. 1. B. H. HORN.

N. B. Magnetical Instruments for the million.

Employment at your own Homes!

Thousands are realize 4 Hundred Dollars Weekly!

No utensils required except those found in every household; a gentle 100 per cent. demand for every article; it is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of stamp addressed envelope. Address A. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Beekman Street, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I., 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. CAMERON, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Denton," &c. 8vo, 75c.; Paper, 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cts.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for one Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NOW READY.

Second Edition, with important additions.

SIR CHARLES LYELL'S New Book.

THE GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

With remarks on the Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. With Appendix.

One volume octavo, illustrated; pp. 456. $3 50.

GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher,

Nos. 628 and 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

10,000,000 GLEASON'S SAVED KEROSENE CRATER



Will cook a Steak (4 in. by 4 in. thick,) in 13½ minutes, on a Coal Oil at a cost of less than ½ of one cent; makes a pint of Tea in 7 minutes; Toast four slices of bread in 3 minutes; boil or fry eggs in 3 minutes; warm drinks, food, &c. for the sick or breaking of rest in 2½ minutes; will prevent the and save the trouble and expense of making more than 10,000,000 of fires annually. Used on any Kerosene Lamp.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer,

185 Mercer-St. N. Y.

The Best and most Popular History of the Rebellion

Is issued by the Auburn Publishing Co. Good Agents for it make $10 per day, and one such is wanted in every township. For all "about it," write to

E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

Knapp's Extract of Roots,

For making Root Beer.

One of the pleasantest and healthiest Beverages known is made from this Extract, and its invigorating qualities are such as to recommend it alike to the invalid as well as those in the enjoyment of good health.

Put up in bottles at 25 cents, 50 cents, $1 00, and $2 50, with full directions. To Root Beer Makers, $8 00 per gallon, which makes 960 gallons of Beer.

General Depot, 362 Hudson Street, New York. Sold by Druggists generally.

Something New.—A beautiful present for a lady. A Shell Cort Basket case, per Express, on receipt of 60 cents. Address J. W. REID, Arlington, Vt.

Sponsalia

Millinery Rooms,

12 Waverley Place.

Madame Benedict, of Rue de la Paix, Paris, will have, at her new Branch Rooms, 12 Waverley Place, on Thursday, May the 14th, her second opening of Dress Bonnets, Straw Bonnets, Hats, Caps, and Head-Dresses.

A DISTINCT Department for

Mourning Millinery.

Madame Benedict begs to thank her numerous Parisian friends, as well as her newly-formed and valued American customers, for their generous support.

Window Washer.

SOMETHING NEW, NOVEL, AND USEFUL. A Rarity! A Present! A Force Pump! *All For One Dollar.* Rights for sale. Agents wanted. Send for circular.

JONAS FARNSWORTH,

478 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, Belts and Armlets.

The Galvanic Electric Metallic Insoles, Vehicle Belts, Armlets, &c., are the surest remedy (as thousands who have used them in great Britain and the United States can testify for curing Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Neuralgia, and all nervous diseases, being a safe, certain, and speedy instantaneous remedy. METTAM & CO., Proprietors, No. 420 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, $1; Armlets, $1 50; Belts, $3. Send for circular. Sent by mail for 10 cents additional.

For Sale Cheap.

One Double Cylinder Press—Bed 30×47. To be seen at Taylor & Co.'s, No. 3 Higgins St. For terms, apply to HARPER & BROTHERS.

New Music.—I Remember the Hour when sadly we parted: answer to "Wearing the rad and the Rose." Never forget: "Oh, Do Not Forget Me." Each 25 cts., "Hilarita," 200 Irish Jigs, Reels, &c., 25 cts. Polka Quadrilles, &c., 50 cts. Musicians' Omnibus, 500 tunes for Violin, Flute, Cornet, &c., $1, post-paid. F. DITSON, 186 Bowery.

The Miasma and Foul Vapors generated by the hot sun will be far more deadly to our Volunteers than the enemy's bullets. In the Indian and Mexican campaigns, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS were used in enormous quantities. They kept the troops in perfect health. Only 18 cents per box. Soldiers supply yourselves.

"How to Get a Patent."

A 3 cent stamp secures a copy of the "INVENTOR'S GUIDE." Address

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Woman's Rights!!—Every lady can have beautiful wavy hair by using "Irish Moss Hair Crimper." For sale everywhere. Manufactured and sold wholesale only, by the Inventor, L. IVINS, Sixth and Columbia Avenues, Philadelphia.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

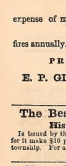
Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better DISPLAY, And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."



The Curative will soon soften the Corn by its peculiar qualities, and it can be easily removed, leaving the foot free from any disagreeable sensation. The heel or shoe can be worn at all times after the application with ease. Send for circular. Sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 50 cents, $1, and $2. OFFICE 191 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Corns, Bunions, Colluses, Club, and Inverted Nails, Vascular Excrescences, Enlarged and Diseased Joints, Frosted and Blistered Feet, Chilblains, and all kindred ailments of the Feet, skillfully and successfully treated by Dr. J. R. Briggs, Sr., late Chiropodist, 191 Broadway, N.Y.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee, 25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage in any hotel-office sold in this market. It is superior to Coffees usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Rio, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a can, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 213, 215 and 217 Washington Street, N. Y. Importers and Manufacturers.

MOUNT HISO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Mount. Hiso, Westchester County, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

67 Fever and Ague Extinguished.—Marvelous as this statement may seem, it is true. The remarkability for your sufferings rests upon yourselves. Just as surely as you make up your minds to be cured—to-morrow, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS will extinguish your disease under the chills. But if you taken this genial tonic as a preventive, you would have no need of it as a cure. Both are infallible, but different in the effect of the BITTERS! Their curative action is rapid, they are speedy to the system; they are not only harmless, but tend inevitably to strengthen the constitution, and prolong life: they never have failed, and it is confidently assumed that they never can fail in any case of fever and ague, however inveterate it may otherwise be. Be without HOSTETTER'S BITTERS in any region infested with the malaria of miasmatic fever, is simply to reject safety and court disease.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

Prepared and sold by druggists generally by

HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Depot for New York, 628 Broadway.

Postage Currency Cash Box.

Snow's Patent, Oct. 1862. Every Trader, Paymaster, and Bank Teller should have one. They are made of tin, nicely japanned, with apartments for each denomination, and self-adjusting weights to keep the little bills in place. Sent, post-paid, for 75 cents. Agents wanted. GEO. K. SNOW & HAPGOOD, Pathfinder Office, Boston, Mass.

$75 A MONTH guaranteed. Address ISAAC HALE Jr. & Co., Newburyport, Mass.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are receiving a large importation of the celebrated

RAILWAY TIMEKEEPERS.

Especially adapted for Army Sale; a really good Watch, being an *accurate and reliable time-keeper*, at a price that brings it *within the reach of all!* This novelty, has attained a popularity unsurpassed by domestic or foreign manufactures. See notices of the press in previous issue of this paper. Prices: Gold Hunting or Open, with lunar bands, per case of six, $45. Solid Stelling Silver, per case of six, $25—all nicely engraved, and in good running order. Should retail at prices from $70 to $100 each. By mail, postage $3 00 per case.

THE MAGIC TIME OBSERVER.

The Perfect Time Measuring, and as a Gentleman's Watch in one, and a Hunting and Open-Face Combined, Watch of Modern Scientific Improvement. The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, the leading pictorial paper of the United States, in the issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says, that "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the Hubbard Bros., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the Magic Time Observer, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $264. Sample Watches, in neat morocco cases, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $38. If sent by mail the postage is 36 cents. Retails at $100 and upwards.

Remittances may be made in United States money or fresh purchased gold coin of this city, if sent by express, or in a registered letter, *at our risk*. No Checkers on Auburn! *Order Goods to be sent by mail, as that is the quickest and safest method of transportation, and the only manner in which Watches can be sent to subscribers in the distant states!* We guarantee a safe delivery. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

OFFICE OF

The Bishop Gutta Percha Company,

No. 201 BROADWAY.

SAML'L C. BISHOP, General Agent.

New York, *April*, 1863.

To

Telegraph Companies.

The **Bishop Gutta Percha Company** respectfully inform TELEGRAPH COMPANIES, CONTRACTORS, &c., that they have COMPLETED and REMOVED to their new Factory,

Nos. 208, 210 and 212 East 25th St.,

And have increased their facilities for manufacturing, and now have machinery for making Telegraph Cables entire, both conductor and armor, complete; that they are prepared to manufacture any and every description of

Submarine, Subterranean, and Air Line of Gutta Percha Insulated Telegraph Cable,

That may be required, such as

Iron Armor Cable, laid up laterally or spirally, and protected from the action of salt water by a new and superior compound.

Lead Armor Cable, put on with new machinery, and made very perfect and reliable.

Hemp Armor Cable, laid on spirally or braided—any size—and protected by a superior and new compound that resists the action of salt water, and injury from worms.

Brass or Copper Armor Cable, braided or laid on spirally; a very superior and valuable covering that will not rust.

Bridges' Patent Electric Cord—For Offices use—Military Field Telegraph—Blasting and all Submarine and Subterranean uses; one of the most valuable articles for any use where a *light, durable, and flexible Insulated Wire* is needed.

Every variety of **GUTTA PERCHA INSULATED TELEGRAPH WIRE**, both plain and protected, made to order.

N. B.—The Cables as well as all the *Gutta Percha Insulated Telegraph Wires*, manufactured by this Company are now in *successful operation in all parts of the United States*, and by all the Telegraph Companies.

They are also prepared to make and lay down any Cables wanted, and WARRANT THEM.

Telegraph Companies and Contractors will please apply to, or address

SAML'L C. BISHOP,

The General Agent of the Company,

201 Broadway, N. Y.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's Catarrh Remedy penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 617 Broadway.

Directions Labels and Tags.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 " " "	2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Garnet Breast Pins	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Boson Studs	2 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 00 to 6 00 each.
4000 Plain Rings	2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Stone Set Rings	2 00 to 5 00 each.
4000 Lockets	2 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Ladies' Pencils	2 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and well mixed; when ordered, one of these envelopes is sent to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all instances where by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. If Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and forward the same to order in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

269 Broadway, New York.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,

BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP,

ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonary disease, that it is entirely unnecessary to recount the evidences of its virtues in any community where it has been employed. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every person has cognizance of some in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases by the use of its virtues. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of the kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the most dangerous and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs, and the community at large have learned that it not only furnishes attacks upon the system, but that it counteracts them, and leaves the sufferer's health unbroken. Housekeeper, &c.; and for Children, it is the safest and most reliable remedy that can be employed.

As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we deem it useless to more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best that it ever has been, and that the genuine Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Soldiers at Hospitals at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent a free mail notice, by HARPER'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Butters charged low rates.

FOR SALE.—A double cylinder Printing Press, A. B. Taylor & Co.'s, No. 3 Higgins St., on which "Harper's Weekly" has heretofore been printed. Sold only for want of use, the increased circulation of the "Weekly" requiring Hoe's large four cylinder Press. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Everybody should buy a *Stencil Plate* to mark their Clothing! A plate with your name cut in it, a bottle of indelible ink, a brush, and directions, sent by mail, post-paid, for 50 cents. Address

S. E. BALLARD, Lawrence, Mass.

Nature has Provided a Remedy

For every Disease.—Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN has lately published a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations for the positive and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Fits, Scrofula, and General Debility, which he will send free to all on receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 31 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.



MR. BULL (*Confiding Creature*). "Hi want my Cotton, bought at Fi' Pence a Pound."
MR. LINCOLN. "Don't know any thing about it, my dear Sir. Your friends, the Rebels, are burning all the Cotton they find, and I confiscate the rest. Good Morning, John!"

FISK & HATCH, Bankers

AND

Dealers in Government Securities,

Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, the PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR WILL CEASE. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

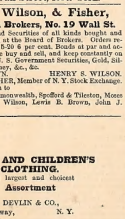
Brown, Wilson, & Fisher,

Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.

Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of all kinds bought and sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. Orders received for the new 5-20 6 per cent. Bonds at par and accrued interest. We buy and sell, and keep constantly on hand, all kinds of U. S. Government Securities, Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Money, &c., &c.

LEWIS M. BROWN, HENRY S. WILSON.
CHARLES A. FISHER, Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston, Moses Taylor, James B. Wilson, Lewis B. Brown, John J. Crane.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
The largest and choicest Assortment in the City.
DEVLIN & CO., Broadway, N. Y.



For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city, Wholesale and Retail, at 317 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

"Iceberg, Ice-King."

See page 318.

$22 American $22 Lever Watches.

Handsome Sterling Silver Hunting Case American Lever Watches, warranted for two years, for $22; retail price, $35.

Heavy Sterling Silver Hunting Case English Patent Levers,

4 patn extra jewels, compensation balance, gold hands, sunk second (retail price $60), for $30.

Sterling Silver Hunting Case Patent Lever, full jewelled,

Patent Key attached to the Cap,

something new and very convenient, for $20.

Sterling Silver Hunting Case Patent Lever, full jewelled, each watch containing the date of the month accurately, for $23. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
205 Broadway, New York.

Superior Farm Land

At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN M. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *pickpocking* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at as low a price as is asked for the heavy-nosed *Aneres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Jr., Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

A THOUSAND REFRIGERATORS found at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free o charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS CO., NEW YORK.

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Comic Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your *friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *surrounded as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, Largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Agents. Agents. Agents.

New Inducements.

A splendid WATCH, CORRECT TIMEKEEPER, that will sell for $15, given FREE to every Agent. We offer these extra inducements to get our celebrated Cement more introduced, namely: *It is the Original, Reliable, and Only Cement that should be used in Crockery, Glass, and Iron, and mend any article of value.* The following sentences or $5 will be paid for every bottle that fails: all kinds Furniture, Glass, China, Pearl, Leather, Porcelain, Bone, Coral, Stone, Marble, Alabaster, Jet, and Ivory. *Try it* on every broken article. One bottle will save every family $20. We give a rich present, valued from 25 cents to $8, with every bottle, so that no one can lose by buying and trying the article. There has been so many humbug cements in the market, that we find this necessary to get the public to try our really good article on trust. Sample box, containing 1 doz. Cement and 12 rich prizes, sent to any address on receipt of $1.75. Address

RICHARDS & CO., Nos. **37** and **39** Nassau St., N. Y.

ATTENTION

50,000 Agents Wanted.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Cluster Pin with Chain, Guard, or a neat style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, LEVER as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.

Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Below Bruens Street, N. Y.,

Are now offering Dining and Tea Sets at prices *a little* less than last month.



GUNS, PISTOLS, **Military Goods.**

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue Thaybein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

UNION ADAMS,

Hosier, Glover,

AND

SHIRT-MAKER,

No. 637 Broadway,

New York City.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the shortest notice.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Central Mills fragrant
WHEAT COFFEE.
Sold by all Grocers.

DARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." 1—150 for 25c. All sizes. Free by mail. For all Sewing Machines and hand sewing. 442 Broadway, N. Y.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,

Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the World.

Its prominent features are as follows:

A permanent Capital Stock of $150,000, now largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive

ALL THE PROFITS,

WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States where Charter *expressly requires* that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.

All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEATON SEWHOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, JR.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

HILTON'S

Insoluble Cement

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and is not decomposed or become corrosive. It is the only *Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes* which are frequently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use. It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere to any substance firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO., Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 5 oz. to 5 lbs.

For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States, with pin and bar bound, $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $90. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address

JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

National Union League.

To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by that association as emblematical of the Order. It is in the form of a Shield, gilt, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send sample to the trade upon receipt of 50 cents. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent *free everywhere.*

FLANNEL FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED.

S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlements. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selphe's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 54 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Satisfaction guaranteed free.

Agents Wanted—To sell our new Tom Thumb Pocket, containing fine Stationery, and a Card Picture of the Lilliputian Couple, besides a Gift of Jewelry. Also give a splendid Photographic Album to each Agent. Send for our new Circular.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

"Capture of the Ariel"

by the 120.

A beautiful card photograph just published by

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
No. 501 Broadway, N. Y.

Price 15 cents; can be sent by mail.

A Saving of 20 per cent, by buying Housekeeping Articles at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 334.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, U.S.A.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

TO GENERAL HOOKER.

THE BATTLE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

"Clear the way!" Columbia saith,
"For a moment hold your breath,
Freedom must be won by death!"

So they marched—the patriot train—
While the wounded and the slain
Lay in heaps like gathered grain.

Hooker formest in the fray,
Holding the stern foe at bay—
Oh! it was a fearful day!

There brave Berry sank to rest—
On the front of Freedom press'd,
Risking all at her behest:

Clarifying the precious thought,
As their hearts now say they fought—
"Thus must Liberty be bought!"

I protest, on bended knee,
By their record that we see,
They have bought a victory.

By God's love of truth and right—
By their deeds done in His sight—
We were victors in that fight!

Ay—though tens of thousands slain
Lie in heaps on hill and plain—
Justice never fights in vain!

GENERAL STONEMAN.

WE publish on the preceding page an equestrian portrait of GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, who commanded the cavalry on the recent raid round Lee's army.

George Stoneman was born in this State about the year 1826. He entered West Point in 1842, and, on graduating, was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons. He does not appear to have taken part in the Mexican war, but during the fifteen years of peace which ensued he acquired a high standing in his profession, and was deemed by his comrades an excellent cavalry officer. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed, on 9th May, 1861, Major in the 2d Cavalry. In August of the same year, when M'Clellan undertook to create the Army of the Potomac, he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and took charge of a brigade. He was subsequently transferred to the cavalry arm of the service, and when the Army of the Potomac undertook the Peninsular Campaign he was appointed to the chief command of all its cavalry. His services during that campaign were conspicuous, and raised him high in public esteem. We believe that he went nearer to Richmond than any other man in the army. In the campaign in Maryland, and that under Burnside, he commanded a corps, giving continued satisfaction to his President and the people. He has just performed a feat which casts all the famous raids of the rebel Stuart into the shade. He has ridden round Lee's army, destroying their communications with Richmond, and some of his men have actually been within two miles of the rebel capital. The importance of this achievement will be discovered hereafter. Meanwhile it has raised Stoneman so high in public estimation that he has been mentioned for the supreme command of the Army of the Potomac.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

WHY IMMIGRATION INCREASES.

EVERY vessel which the east wind brings into port from Europe arrives freighted with human beings. Ships and steamers come up the bay in dark black with human freight, and bulwarks lined with human faces, eagerly gazing at the shores of the promised land. As they pass the busy ferry-boats plying to and fro, the exultation of immigrants in all their arrival in this country bursts forth in loud cheers and huzzas. Yet these people come, for the most part, from a country whose rulers have pronounced the United States to be mob-ridden, bankrupt, and moribund, and whose leading journals declare us on a race of savages, rushing toward ruin and perdition. They come in the face of taxes nearly as heavy for the time as those of Great Britain itself, and in spite of a Conscription Act as sweeping as that of Russia. They come with the perfect knowledge that we are engaged in a fearful, deadly war—a war with our own fellow-countrymen, and that they may be compelled very soon after their arrival to take part in the struggle as private soldiers.

The fact is eminently suggestive. It is clear that the first cause of the large increase of immigration this year is the high rate of wages paid to all classes of workmen. At the present time, in this meridian, mechanics command their own terms, and common laborers receive as large pay as skilled mechanics did formerly. Labor has increased in value more than any other article; and hence, notwithstanding the advance in the price of all articles of consumption, the operative class are saving more money at present than they ever did before. This is the principal secret of the large influx of immigrants from Europe.

But another cause, which, though its operation is less obvious and less direct than the one which we have described, is none the less powerful, is the general consciousness throughout Europe, and especially throughout Great Britain, that the contest in which we are engaged is not merely a struggle between secession and Union, or between slavery and freedom, but is really the final decisive contest between free popular government on the one side, and government by an oligarchy or a monarch on the other. It is well understood by the democratic leaders in England—and they have so thoroughly explained the fact to the masses that no intelligent workman can remain ignorant—that our war is being waged to determine whether or no a democratic republican government can maintain itself against domestic insurrection. Half a century since the absolutists, and all the haters of liberty throughout the world, pointed to France as conclusive evidence that republicanism could be stable, and predicted that a foreign war would be fatal to the United States. Two foreign wars have occurred since then, and each rather strengthened than weakened our country. Baffled on this point, the partisans of oligarchy and monarchy retreated, but did not succumb. Wait, they said, till domestic anarchy shall arise and civil war break out in the United States, and then you will see how utterly incapable a republican government is to maintain itself, and how impossible it is for a great nation to preserve peace, law, and order without such stable institutions as a king or an aristocracy.

The event required has occurred. Civil dissensions have arisen, and war has actually broken out. For two years the partisans of privilege and the monarchists throughout Europe have fancied their visions were being realized. Because we did not crush the rebellion in sixty days, and because some of the people of our own race, kith, and kin, showed fight gallantly, and bore in patience sufferings unexampled in history, while we proceeded with our work steadily but slowly, they fancied that the cause of freedom, and these maligners of human capacity for self-government, have filled the world with their croakings, that the days of the republican form of government in the United States.

But they not only failed to dismay us—they have not even convinced their own people. In the humble village of Paisley, Glasgow, Rochester, Leeds, Paisley, Glasgow, Rouen, and Lyons; among the peasantry of Ireland and Germany; in every assembly of intelligent working-people in Europe, the lying taunts of the aristocracy and their organs are appreciated at their true value, and the great fact is generally understood that we—the people of the United States—are in reality fighting the battle of the working-man throughout the world—the great battle of human rights and progress against aristocracy and privilege. Hence, in no small degree, the vast flocks of men from Ireland, England, and Germany who are now in search of a home in spite of war-taxes and conscription.

It is the inscrutable policy of Heaven, it should be decreed that we be baffled in our purpose of restoring the Union, the cause of human liberty will suffer a blow of unexampled severity. A government of the people, South land and the United States are the only nations in which "a man's a man for a' that." Great Britain is ruled by a landed aristocracy; France, Austria, Russia, Turkey, China, and Brazil by despotic emperors; Spain and Italy by a combination between the aristocracy and the middle classes. Nowhere save here and in Switzerland does a man enjoy full rights of citizenship simply on the ground that he is "fashioned in the image of God." If the Government of the United States maintains itself and suppresses the present rebellion, the haters of liberty will be at once silenced, and the world's human capacity for self-government will be solved satisfactorily and conclusively, and no artifice of the emperors or kings or noblemen of Europe will avail to resist the progress of the idea of self-government like ours. Out of our success in 1776–'83 grew the French Revolution which convulsed Europe for a quarter of a century; and now, a fresh—possibly a peaceful—revolution will begin, which will not end until the last remnants and relics of the feudal institutions, and manhood universally recognized as the only real title to full citizenship.

If, on the contrary, we are defeated, and the slave power on the South succeeds in establishing a separate national existence, based upon human slavery and military power, the cause of the world's progress will be seriously and perhaps thrust back perhaps for several generations. If, with our advantages, our wealth, our resources, and our intelligence, we can not maintain a Government against domestic traitors, the oligarchs of Europe will well say that republics are impracticable, and human self-government a delusive dream. Wise men, even liberal wise men in every country, will not unreasonably accept the fact, and make their policy square to it, by avoiding our example. In every country in the world the suffrage will be restricted, the privileged class strengthened, popular rights reduced, the burdens of the poor man increased, and his opportunities diminished. We shall have brought self-government and humanity itself into merited contempt.

It is, in part, to avert this dire calamity that the working-men of Europe are coming here in such vast numbers.

THE LOUNGER.

ANOTHER INTERCEPTED LETTER.

AMONG the intercepted letters of the day, the following is not without interest. It is a confidential communication from Baron Munchausen to George Palmanazar:

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am in great luck. I find myself among a people who are not only willing, but anxious to believe the wildest stories I can invent. I have only to praise the most ludicrous and obvious fiction, and preface it in the newspapers with—"it is said," or "it is reported," or "there is a rumor," or "a special dispatch from Washington states," or "we have it upon the best authority," or "we have information from a perfectly reliable source," or "there is no doubt that," or "private advices have been received," or "it is perfectly well understood"—and this delightful people rubs its hands and goes to bed contented.

During the disastrous seven days' fighting upon the Peninsular last year I greatly comforted the public by "private," and "perfectly reliable," and "unquestionable," and "beyond all doubt," intelligence from a gentleman in Baltimore, that General Buell had arrived there with some fifty thousand men. The day after the battle of Antietam, the incredible day of total inaction which stole success from the victory of this Government, I consoled them again by "private," and "perfectly authentic," and etc., etc., accounts from Washington, that General Sigel, with thirty thousand men, was marching in the rear and three of the Potomac to cut off Lee's retreat. And just now, when Hooker was hard pressed, I launched the same old story that Pleasonton was reinforcing him with thirty thousand men, to my unspeakable amusement and to the entire comfort of the most accommodating people I ever knew.

Last summer, to try what depths of gullibility there might be in the miserable folk, I described the disastrous seven days' fighting and retreat upon the Virginia peninsula was a masterly change of front, by which, finally, was the most complete and complete story I had ever achieved, up to that time. My dear George, you will not believe me when I say that it was gravely accepted for some time, and that the Secretary of State actually wrote it in his dispatches to his foreign agents. But I was lately clever better things, and I am sure of your pride in my performances. General Hooker lately made a change of base, unfortunately. After five days hard fighting and exposure and risk of communication, he fell back and occupied the old ditches, and it was actually a happy event for the rebels, for it was the repulse of the army they most feared. What do you think I did? With sublime audacity I told you will apparently announced that the rebel army were greatly demoralized by their—signal success! And this people swallowed it whole! And they believed it lasted good! And I loved them so for it that the next day I told them the Stars and Stripes were in Fayetteville, North Carolina! And they believed it! And I am going to announce that Provost Marshal-General Patrick has been captured by a small balloon, has then reascended, having attached to his car the rebel state house containing Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, and, from a lofty height, has then dropped the whole concern into Chesapeake Bay. And, to crown the whole, I am going to say that the navy yard at Philadelphia. And this wonderful people will publish extras about it; and placard it on bulletins; and print it in enormous capitals with every variety of comment and details; and we shall have letters from vessels in the bay saying that the rocking from the waves made by the great splash was perfectly perceptible; and the evening editions will have special dispatches informing us upon what part of the city Mayor Fox or Provost Lowe has already descended upon Charleston to the same way, and has effectually blocked the harbor by dumping the rebel city into it. My dear George, if I do not continue to beat the Devil's tattoo upon the back of this patient people, it will be only because there are no newspapers left, or because my name is not MUNCHAUSEN.

A VERY SIMPLE PLAN.

For all this meandering confusion mentioned in Munchausen's letter there is a very simple, obvious, and efficacious remedy. Let the Government announce, as they precisely what official news of important movements it has received, and what are only rumors, reports, and rhetoric. During the late movements, if it had stated every morning and evening the exact substance of official reports received, it would have or, in the absence of news, if it had announced that there was none, the public mind would have been much calmer and more satisfied. So, again, on the subsequent Saturday morning, when the story of the capture of Richmond was told, if the Government had exercised the same judicious reticence, and withheld all the truly important intelligence it had received, its silence would have completely disposed of the matter, and in the absence of Governmental confirmation the papers would have refrained from publishing what they knew believed to be true.

Because correspondents and purveyors of news continue to call choke apples peaches, in hope of improving the fruit, there is any reason that the Government should hesitate to tell us the truth? To be unsuccessful is bad enough; but to be unsuccessful and hummugged too is intolerable.

A WORD TO THE SOLDIERS.

WE assure every soldier into whose hands this paper may come, that the assertion made in one of the New York daily papers during the fearful battles upon the Rappahannock, that the people here were much more interested in a prize-fight of bullies somewhere in Maryland or Pennsylvania than in the success of the Virginia army or the fate of the country, is the foulest falsehood that was ever uttered. If they read carefully the same sheet in which it appeared they will see another statement that the true way to make peace is to compromise with the rebels.

Let every soldier understand clearly the effect if not the object of such statements. In the first place, they inspire confidence in the rebels by insinuating that loyal men have lost all interest in the war, and now willing to make any terms; in the second place, they tend to persuade the army that it is abandoned by the sympathy of its fellow-citizens; and in the third place, they convey to Europe the impression that the cause of the Government is hopeless.

The truth is, that there was never a more general and profound and intelligent interest than in the late movements upon the Rappahannock. The very paper which denied it refuted its own assertion by being mainly devoted to describing the scenes in the Maryland home circle, the wealth in the Free States, except in Mozart Hall and the hearts of its supporters, there were the sincerest hopes, the most ardent prayers, for the success of the good cause and for the welfare of the good men who were defending it—followed by the most absorbing and painful anxiety, and sense of disappointment, which was not childish and crushing, at other times. But the sober and manly, of men who, if disappointed, are not dismayed, and if repulsed, are neither disgraced nor disheartened.

THE PRECISE POINT.

THE point in the debate upon the building and fitting of pirates in England which is constantly made by the Solicitor-General, Lord Palmerston, and all Englishmen unfriendly to this country here and elsewhere is this: that the law of England forbids such proceedings; that any friendly power may complain and ask to have the law enforced; and that the law must be enforced by the British authorities as every other law is, namely upon sufficient information supported by sufficient evidence.

Very well. We suppose then that this Government complains that ships are constantly built, manned, fitted, in English ports and sail from them to destroy our commerce. We suppose that the information and evidence laid before the British authorities are technically insufficient, and that they consequently decline to act. What follows?

It follows that the law of England, enforced according to what the Solicitor-General calls "the established rules of jurisprudence" in that country, is powerless to protect. By his own showing, therefore—since he and Lord Palmerston both say that no new law and no new method of enforcement are to be expected—they must submit to the sweeping of our commerce from the ocean or take the remedy into our own hands.

The British Government, by the Solicitor-General and Lord Palmerston, says, "We are doing all that we can do, and he is a poor Englishman who, like Mr. Sheridan, says we are not doing more." Our reply is, "All that you can do, then, does not meet our complaint." Great Britain shrugs her shoulders and exclaims: "That's none of our business."

No candid Englishman will deny that British built and equipped ships are preying upon the commerce of a friendly power. He will hardly deny that the British Government has been also friendly—when it found that its laws as they stand did not offer sufficient redress, it would, upon fair representation of the facts, alter the laws to secure such redress. If it declined to alter them, after such representation, would it not be with the clearest consciousness that it compelled the friendly power either to submit to intolerable injury or to protect itself in the way that constituted most surely and speedily to stop such ravages?

Is not the very object of the British neutral laws the protection of the rights of belligerents with whom she is friendly? But if, as no man with the *Alabama*, *Japan*, *Florida*, and the rest, before his eyes, will deny, these laws fail of their object, why should British ministers say so tartly that not a comma of the law shall be changed? Do they plead the enforcement of an indifferent law as a reason why we should submit to commercial ruin? If they suffer the law to remain inefficient it can be only because they are willing to see that result; and then, England has ceased to be a friendly power, and has no reason to complain if we treat her as an enemy.

CALLING NAMES.

THAT the controlling public sentiment of England is not averse to hostilities with us is tolerably clear. The ministerial organs and the country wishes under our circumstances to avoid a war, if it be honorably possible, is equally evident. It is undeniable that we used all our force for the work in hand.

At such a juncture recrimination and taunting are childish. Great Britain, indeed, is no friend of ours in any sense. It is true that in many ways we are dependent for her certain great elements of civilization. But we do it with the same haughty mutual jealousy with which differing sects in the same church regard each other. Yet if England is not our friend, neither have we been here. Under the political leadership of those who are now threatening our Government, the country has been enough within the present generation taken a position which justly drew upon us the odium of the world. The Ostend Conference, for instance, was the most infamous political phenomenon in its intention since the partition of Poland. The Democratic ministers met in the dominion of a friendly power to plot the dismemberment of a third, to which at the time one of the ministers was secretaried, and the country hastened to elect as its chief magistrate the one of the three conspirators who was first in position and least in capacity. We officially furnished Europe the right to sneer at us as a nation of buccaneers.

Of course all such men as these conspirators are now rebels or sympathizers with rebellion; and it was partly national shame at the position into

which they forced us by a long course of browbeating diplomacy which threw them out of power. It is true that they, the inveterate enemies of England in this country, are now supported by the sympathy of the commercial and aristocratic interest of England in their effort to ruin us. And why not? What more dangerous enemy can England have than a vast government which such men have controlled, and, so far as England knows, may control again? She has no sympathy with the rebels as such. She supports their cause only because their success is the ruin of a huge rival power.

It is short, therefore, in the last extreme to abandy epithets. England is, and except when her kings were pusillanimous tools of France, always has been, a cold, haughty, selfish power. But have we in our national capacity been so conspicuously disinterested, consistent, and unselfish as to challenge comparison? Let us leave taunting aside, and if war there must be, let us be sure that England is wrong in the cause of war. Until her insolence infringes our rights her insolence is permissible. It is our duty to confine ourselves exclusively to the maintenance of our rights, and to vindicate them at such times and in such ways as shall seem wisest. Whether we or England have been the greatest national swash-bucklers may be a question. But there can be no question that for England under a plea of neutrality to destroy our commerce is an invasion of our rights; and for us to prevent her supplying our enemies under the same plea if not an invasion of British rights. So long as we claim to be a living sovereign power we can not tolerate either of these things. But surely we shall use our common sense in deciding how our rights may most wisely be maintained.

BELLIGERENT NEUTRALITY.

The question of belligerent rights is one upon which neutrals and belligerents never have agreed, and never will agree. The public mind of England rages over the seizure of a ship suspected of carrying contraband, as if some outrage had been inflicted upon its rights. And yet when the seizure of the *Peterhof* is in strict consonance with the letter and spirit of the British dispatch, which declares that every reasonable suspicion of guilt may be detained. To determine what is, abstractly, "reasonable suspicion," is, of course, a hopeless task. But by the necessity of the case the belligerent naval officer is created the judge. The matter is left to his discretion. If the suspicion which he considers to be reasonable turns out to be baseless and he arrests an innocent ship, it is one of the vexatious but unavoidable chances of a neutral commerce in time of war. It is a case which requires, and should receive, the promptest acknowledgment, payment, and reparation from the belligerent government. If the suspicion of such an officer is incessant and incessantly causeless, his Government must, in good faith, will soon learn him from a station for which his want of sagacity unfits him. But if his Government persists in keeping him upon a service in which he ceaselessly harasses an innocent neutral commerce, his Government clearly intends to invite difficulty with the neutral.

On the other hand, if a neutral power takes the risk, for whose risk satisfy it, of transporting contraband with a belligerent, it will happen that every ship sailing under that particular neutral flag in certain regions is, by the general conduct of the neutral, exposed to suspicion. Nor can it justly plead the frequency of detention under a suspicion which is itself awakened. It is inconceivable that the sentiment of the trading class in England is friendly to our rights. It is equally well known that almost every runner of the blockade sails under the English flag. It is no secret that foreign supplies reach the rebels through Mexico and Texas. Under these circumstances a trader under the British flag, in that direction, is obviously more liable to suspicion than a vessel under the Swedish or Italian flags. It is by no fault of ours that she is strictly watched. It is no fault of ours if, in many cases, the suspicion of a naval officer watching her should often become "reasonable"—so often, indeed, as to be exasperating to the trading interest which desires a virtual immunity. If the neutral were indeed neutral frequent detention would be a rare occurrence. But a nation systematically dealing in contraband should not wince at the inevitable consequences. To play at the same time for the privileges of a neutral and a belligerent is a hazardous game. It certainly is not manly in him who attempts to carry water upon both shoulders to complain that he is in danger of getting wet.

It is well upon that Admiral Wilkes has stopped the *Peterhof*, or any other naval officer upon any vessel, from pure wantonness or simple desire of annoyance, and that he may be summarily dealt with. But no man in his senses will claim that such a motive has been in the least established in any detention or seizure yet made.

LIBERTY AND PRIVILEGE.

In a late discourse upon Edmund Burke, Mr. Richard Grant was alluded to the passage in that great speech on Conciliation with America, in which he says that, wherever there is slavery, "those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom." The passage occurs in that part of the oration which is devoted to the consideration of the probable obstinacy of resistance upon the part of the colonies, and it is introduced by the remark that the spirit of religious freedom in the Northern colonies will make them fight, and although this disposition may be checked in the Southern by the prevalence of the Church of England, yet slavery will restore the balance, because wherever there is slavery those who are free are particularly proud of liberty, and may be expected to fight for it desperately. The liberty of which he is speaking is political, not personal, liberty.

This was one of the splendid generalizations and impressive prophecies in which great statesmen sometimes indulge, and which are so often brought to shame by experience. If Mr. O'Gorman did not fell his hearers of the melancholy and utter failure of the expectation of his great countryman's, we prefer to believe that, as a foreigner, he was ignorant of our history, than that, as an exile for the same political liberty, he was pandering to the meanest of all enterprises, a rebellion to perpetuate slavery.

The experience to which Burke prospectively appealed to sustain his assertion laughed his sophism to scorn. He uttered it in 1775, he dismissed his statement from going to war by showing how fiercely slaveholders would fight for liberty. Four years afterward, in 1779, a Committee of the Continental Congress, appointed to take into consideration the circumstances of the Southern States, reported that the State of South Carolina "is unable to make any effectual efforts with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrection among the negroes, and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy; that the state of the country affords great natural security against subduing them, expose the inhabitants to great danger from the multitude of the enemy to excite them to revolt or desert."

As a matter of fact this slaveholding section, which, according to Burke, was the very "proud and jealous of freedom" as to be formidable to the British arms, was the nest of Toryism in the Revolutionary War. The census of 1790 gives South Carolina had a population of 1,954,354; the Northern, 1,968,455. Of Continental troops the Southern colonies furnished 6,417, the Northern, 17,926. Of militia the Southern colonies furnished 12,719; the Northern, 46,068. These last are the figures authenticated by the War Office. By the "conjectural" returns the Southern colonies furnished two militia to one from the Northern. Burke's was also a conjectural estimate.

That the Southerners fight well no one denies, but they fight well because they are not slaveholders in an assertion which is simply silly. Slavery being a system of barbarism, all who are subjected to its influences have a certain rude resemblance to all semi-civilizations, and always attended with fear. But that is not "a high and haughty spirit of liberty," nor jealousy, nor love of freedom. When Burke spoke the Turks and Asiatics were slaveholders, and at once ferocious and cowardly; but Burke would not have inferred that they were braver or had a prouder love of liberty than the British people. The people will always fight hard to defend itself. But it is a degradation of language to dignify attachment to privilege as a high love of liberty. Privilege is the opposite of liberty, and therefore the party of liberty in the long-run always conquers that of privileges.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MARRIED.

On the 19th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Calculation, Mr. Timothy Scrooge to Miss Patience Penny. No Cards; no Fee; no Entertainment.

This is surely common sense—
To get a wife without expense.
Then all you can from that time save,
To keep said wife you'll find no slave.

Please publish the above without charge, with the compliments of the groom.

An Irishman went into a public house one day, and asked for a mug of beer in a great hurry, stating that he was on a visit to his friend who was dying for a drink. The landlord told him if he would drink it at one draught, without taking an instant to breathe, he should have it and have it for nothing. "Agrah!" said Pat; "and, be the holy Saint Patrick, I'll do that same." The landlord then drew off a gallon of ale, and slyly slipping a red herring into the measure, handed it to Pat. Pat then raised it to his mouth and drank away until the measure had been completely emptied, whereupon, the publican's eyes followed its motion in astonishment, and, looking it in, he exclaimed, "Bedad, I'll be cursed if the divil's got that any thing going down with the beer when you drank it?" "Divil a bit," said Pat, "I kilt him in the first gulp."

BETTER THAN A DOZEN.—CHARLEY OR GEORGE III. was said to have been, there was evidently a method in his madness at times. A sailor, who had formerly served in his royal family, he used the expression, "I believe your Grace has more than a dozen." "Not more than a dozen, sir," replied his "only eleven." "Well," rejoined the King, "is not that better than a dozen?"

Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, he was heard muttering, in a low gentle wife said to him, "Will, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't talk round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

We like fine writing when it is properly applied: so we are delighted to find Shakespeare describing the sun's setting, upon both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear, and the winged lightning leap from the horizon when the thunder-bolt are loosed—so does a little boy describe the sun's setting.

At a Sunday-school the other afternoon, a bright-looking little fellow was asked: "What is conscience?" He answered: "Conscience is a man that lives in Jerusalem." "What is a moulter?" "Oh, one of the iron-dads!"

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a gentleman to a boy who was gazing at a fine young colt with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a large object. "I don't know whether it's a goat without a beard or the Mississippi. "Weal," replied the Yankee, "he ain't a goat, he's only call a Jumbo critter, but he's got a great deal of openness when he smiles!"

A university doctor desiring to see a bird-catcher exercise his amusement requested him to the field. As soon as he saw the birds he hallooed in Latin, "There they are!" The bird-catch looked at him with surprise, indignant at the absurdity of the professor, told him of his error in a few words. The doctor, still determined to doctor, in great astonishment, "who would have imagined that those little birds would have understood Latin?"

An old gouty gentleman, having lost a pair of capacious shoes, said that the worst wish he had was, that the shoes might fit again.

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed a clerk to his companion. "Oh no; it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it, then?" "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course."

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he is *shaving*.

A QUESTION FOR CLASSICAL SCHOLARS.—Were the sacred fowls of the ancient Romans ever used for lay purposes?

All the women of the villages on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving belles.

CONSUMPTION.—In a thin shoes make one cold, two colds an attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one malaise, and—

The discovery has been made that without a mouth a man can neither eat, drink, talk, kiss the girls, nor chew tobacco.

When is a lobster like a mortar?—When it *eats its shell*.

There are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with only one. The former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon others' backs.

When is a soldier like a baby?—When he is in arrear.

Rank and fashion may be all very fine in times of peace, but rank and file must have precedence of them in time of war.

"Come here, my dear; I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly, how do you spell her name?" "No, it's the janders she's got, the doctor says."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The operations of the Army of the Potomac on the south side of the Rappahannock are fully chronicled on page 321. General Hooker recovered his army safely on 6th and 7th inst., and, at last accounts, had crossed the old camps. Some divisions are reported to have crossed the night again; but of this we have no reliable information.

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

General "Stonewall" Jackson was badly wounded in the arm at the battle of Chancellorsville, and had his arm amputated. The operation did not succeed, and gangrene setting in, he died on Sunday, 10th inst., at Guinea, Virginia.

The losses in the battles appear to have been about ten thousand on each side.

GENERAL HOOKER'S ORDER TO HIS ARMY.

The following order has been issued by General Hooker:

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 49.
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
April 6, 1863.

The Major-General Commanding tenders to this army his congratulations, and his acknowledgments for the last seven days.

If it has not accomplished all that was expected the reasons are well known to the army.

It has fulfilled all that was in a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources.

It is without blame. It has met the bulk of the enemy back before delivering a general battle to our advantage. Its army has given to the country and to the confidence it itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents.

In fighting it was its knowledge we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause, and our country. Fredericksburg, the battle subsequently to the last seven days.

If it has not accomplished all that was expected the reasons are well known to the army.

It has fulfilled all that was in a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources.

It is without blame. It has met the bulk of the enemy back before delivering a general battle to our advantage. Its army has given to the country and to the confidence it itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents.

In fighting it was its knowledge we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause, and our country. Fredericksburg, the battle subsequently to the last seven days. The Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may require.

It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own honor.

By our celerity and secrecy of movement our advanced had passed the Rappahannock unopposed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel returned to follow.

The army has but to be itself to be proud with pride the hearts of every officer and soldier of this army.

We have destroyed the enemy's bridges at Bank's Ford. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and driven him. We have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than we have received.

We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners and fifteen stands of colors, and have captured nine pieces of artillery, and placed *hors de combat* eighteen thousand of his choicest troops. We have destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, and have made reconnoissances deep into the rear of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation.

The enemy has been beaten in his own chosen field by the best of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have not fought as well cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battle.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S ORDER.

The following address has been issued by General Burnside to his army on leaving it:

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 39.
HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
Camp Burnside, January 7, 1863.

With heart-felt gratitude the General Commanding expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men in the recent operations in which they have just been engaged.

Exposed to the inclemency of the wind and storm you attacked the enemy, strongly intrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and drove him from a line of breastworks, fifteen miles distant, and, by the valor that has triumphed in so many battles, you have added one more to wreath around the Sapphanock.

To you this glorious victory entitles you to the praises and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to express our profound thanks and give glory of victory for the signal deliverance He has wrought.

It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in assisting to the Lord of Hosts in the temples dedicated to His name.

Let us not forget in our rejoicing the brave soldiers who have fallen in defense of their country; while we mourn their loss let us receive to emulate their noble example.

The army and the country alike lament the absence for a time of one who has been so long with the army and so much indebted for success.

The following letter from the President of the Confederate States is communicated to the army as an expression of his appreciation of its services:

"I have received your dispatch, and reverently unite with you in giving praise to God for the success in which He has crowned our arms.

"To you, and the gallant people I offer my cordial thanks to yourself and the troops under your command for the signal victory you have achieved, and for the great results which your army has achieved.

"The valuable supplies derived by this happy result will be mingled with a general regret for the good and brave who are wounded among the killed and the wounded."

R. E. LEE, General.

STONEMAN'S RAID.

The success of General Stoneman's expedition is admitted by the rebels themselves. His forces were divided into three columns, and commanded by himself, and by the others by Generals Averill and Buford. All performed their work gallantly by cutting the railroad communications between Lee's army and Richmond, and destroying all the bridges within five miles of the rebel capital. One party of the cavalry went to Louisa Court House, cutting up the railroad there. Another pushed on to Islandora and Goochland, on the James River, breaking the canal and railroad, and destroying rebel stores and property to the amount of a million of dollars. Another party got within a mile and a quarter of Richmond.

The information which Kilpatrick's command received King says, in his official notice of his arrival at Gloucester Point: "They found the rebels in a state of consternation, destroyed three large trains of provisions in the rear of Lee's army, drove in the rebel pickets to within two miles of Richmond, and have lost only one lieutenant and thirty men, having captured and paroled upward of three hundred prisoners. They have marched nearly two hundred miles since the 24 of May. They were inside of the fortifications of Richmond on the 4th, burned all the stores at Aylett's Station on the Mattapony on the 5th, destroyed all the ferries over the Pamunky and Mattapony, and a large depot of commissary stores near and above the Pamunkatown, and came in here in good condition."

AFFAIRS ON THE PENINSULA.

Our army on the Peninsula is not idle. All the bridges to the vicinity of White House have been destroyed. West Point is now in possession of our troops. General Keyes, writing to the Secretary, reported that Colonels Fitzpatrick and Davis had destroyed the Chesterfield line with 700 cavalry without losing a man.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S RAID.

It is rumored that General Burbeck's light cavalry have gone as far as the Allegheny Ridge, in Virginia, and cut the Richmond and Tennessee Railroad in several places, destroying, at the same time, large quantities of rebel stores intended for the Army of the Potomac.

CAPTURE OF FORT GIBSON,

General Grant has captured Port Gibson and taken five hundred prisoners. He drove the enemy, eleven thousand strong, from the place after a hard contest. The loss was only fifteen hundred in killed and wounded. The enemy returned to-day Vicksburg, discovering the heavy guns the two forks of the Bayou Pierre. These were rebuilt, and the pontoon was constructed. The General-in-Chief telegraphs; and he also reports a brilliant feat of Colonel Grierson with his cavalry in Northern Mississippi, from whence he progressed rapidly southward, destroying bridges, railroads, locomotives, and stores of all kinds, and was at last accounts supposed to be on his way to Baton Rouge.

AND OF GRAND GULF.

"The official report of Admiral Porter, recording his great success in the capture of Grand Gulf, Mississippi, was received at the Navy Department last week, and created much excitement in Washington. The possession of this point places the formidable rebel strong-holds at Vicksburg and Port Hudson in the rear. Admiral Porter says that he now holds the door to Vicksburg. The fight lasted five hours, and the fleet was struck by shot and shell to pieces by the fire of our vessels, but all the guns captured by our troops were in working condition. The rebel Grand Gulf were the most formidable ones the rebels possessed in the vicinity of Vicksburg. Admiral Porter is now commanding the guns. Many of the rebels who fled from Grand Gulf were captured in the pursuing forces.

GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

A dispatch from Grant to Halleck says that, according to the *Memphis Bulletin*, Jackson is already invested, and that the rebel force on the way of getting out of it, but by cutting their way through the national forces. A dispatch from Memphis, dated Saturday, May 9, 1863, says that the Union troops were required the day previous to abandon Jackson, on the Big Black, after four hours' severe fighting.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL CAVALRY RAID.

General Grierson's cavalry sends an account of his bloodless raid of our cavalry raid in Georgia. He describes the consternation among the citizens, whose only able bodied manhood from point to point, resulting in the capture of Colonel Forrest's command by the Union men near Rome. General Bragg claims one thousand six hundred prisoners, which is a gross exaggeration.

A NEW REGIME IN NEW ORLEANS.

General Banks has been issuing some important general orders. Lieutenant Colonel Irwin is dealt all with out to the enemy; another orders the registered enemies of the United States to proceed to leave the State designated by the 10th of May, and another forbids sheriffs and other to execute civil writs for the rebel army, in pursuance of the action of the Louisiana Legislature.

THE CONSCRIPTION ACT.

The President has issued a proclamation preliminary to the enforcement of the Conscription Act—defining the position and duties of deputy marshals, under that law. Persons of foreign birth who have ... lared their intention to become citizens, may, by this proclamation, pronounced liable to be drafted, if after the expiration of sixty days from the date they shall not have filed such intention within the territory of the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEBATES ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

On April 23d the Marquis of Clanricarde, in the House of Lords, called the subject of the detention of British merchant steamers while in the Mississippi trade, and interrupted against the proceedings of Admiral Wilkes. In the course of his remarks he also alluded to the fact that Minister Adams had granted a passport to a steamer carrying arms and munitions to the Mexican, and character. Lord Lyons had remonstrated on the matter, but received no answer. After remarks by other members, Earl Granville, on behalf of the Government, disclaimed any disposition to question the formation, and the subject was dropped. In the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck, on the 24th, moved for the same copies, and delivered himself of a strong philippic against the Government of the United States. Lord Palmerston gave assurances that the Government was giving due consideration to the matter, and that it had been already consulted in the House of Lords as to day, when the Earl of Clarendon read the proceedings of the American Government as monstrous. The case of the *Alexandra* was also under discussion. Mr. Gregory, interrogated on behalf of her brokers, that she was not designed for the rebels. Lord Palmerston defended the policy of his Government, and other members denounced the absurd trade in contraband.

MINISTER ADAMS'S EXPLANATION.

It is stated in the London *Star* that Mr. Adams, the United States Minister, has made a "frank explanation" respecting the "ticket of leave" system in the Mexican troops, and that no diplomatic protest on the part of England is necessary in consequence.

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.

Earl Russell had called Mr. Adams's attention to the fact, that it had been reported to the Government in London that Union agents were recruiting for the Federal army in Great Britain. Mr. Adams expressed surprise and warmth on the subject. The large number of able-bodied young men who had left Ireland this season otherwise was attributed by the Earl in support of the charge. Mr. Adams denied that United States agents had been employed, and quickly suggested that the "alleged distress" existing in Ireland might account for the emigration to the Transatlantic.

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

Affairs in Poland remain unchanged. Russia has received her proposals for settling the Polish question and declined the intervention. A Russian courier has arrived in London, bearing, it is supposed, Mr. Lucas's reply to Earl Russell's dispatch on Polish affairs.

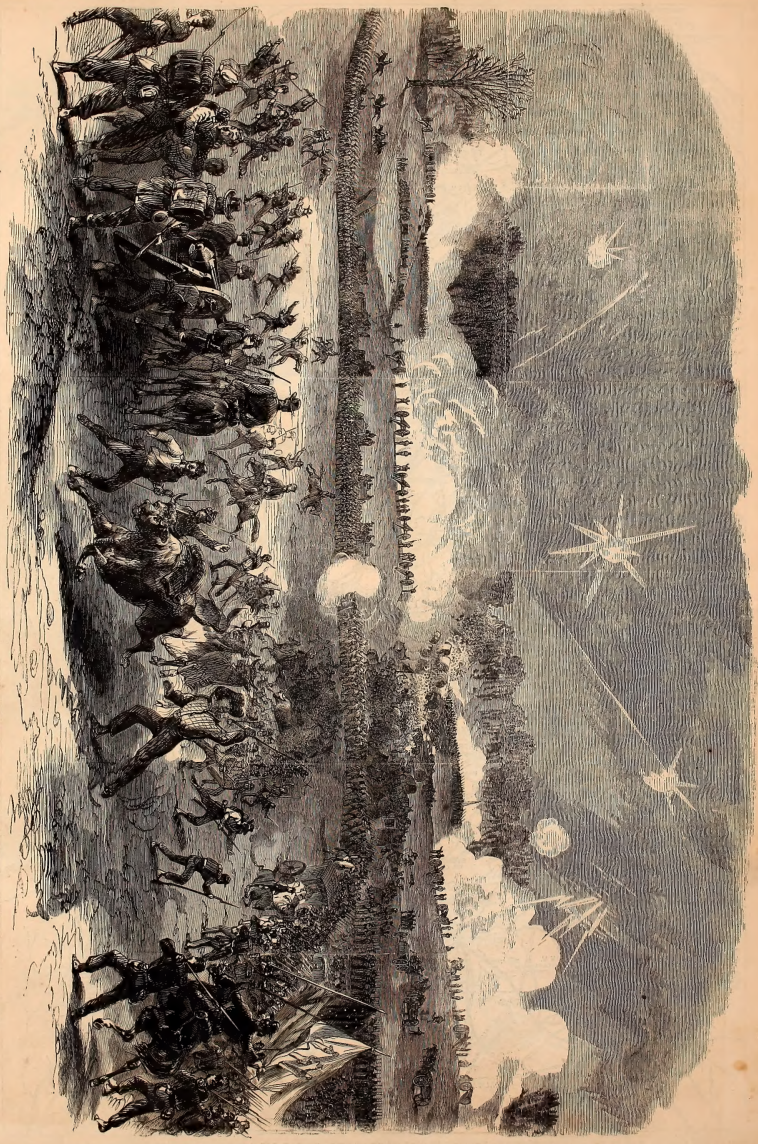
MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

The latest news from Mexico is to the 16th ult., by way of San Francisco, reporting the condition of affairs at Puebla to the 15th ult., at which time the French had gained nothing since the 6th. At that time they had built a block in the city and the Castle of San Javier. They were fortifying themselves in the streets of the city, which had failed to capture. General Comonfort still held the road between Puebla and the City of Mexico, and General Forey is confident that he can maintain Puebla against all the assaults of the French.



CAPTURE OF THE HEIGHTS OF FREDERICKSBURG BY THE SIXTH MAINE REGIMENT, OF SEDGWICK'S CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



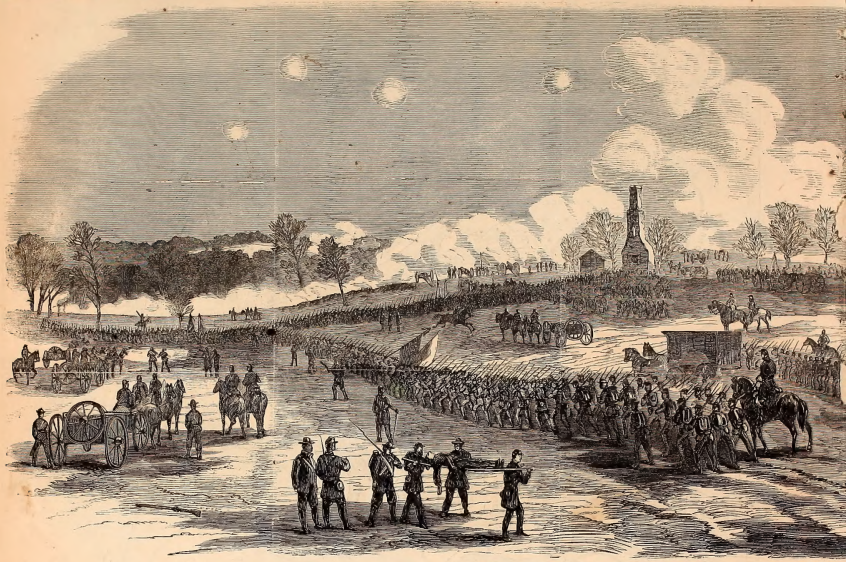
THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—CUCUES CORPS FORMING LINE OF BATTLE TO COVER THE RETREAT OF THE 11TH CORPS, 2D MAY, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 321.]



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF GENS. HOOKER, DIX, AND KEYES, AND THE SCENE OF GEN. STONEMAN'S RAID.



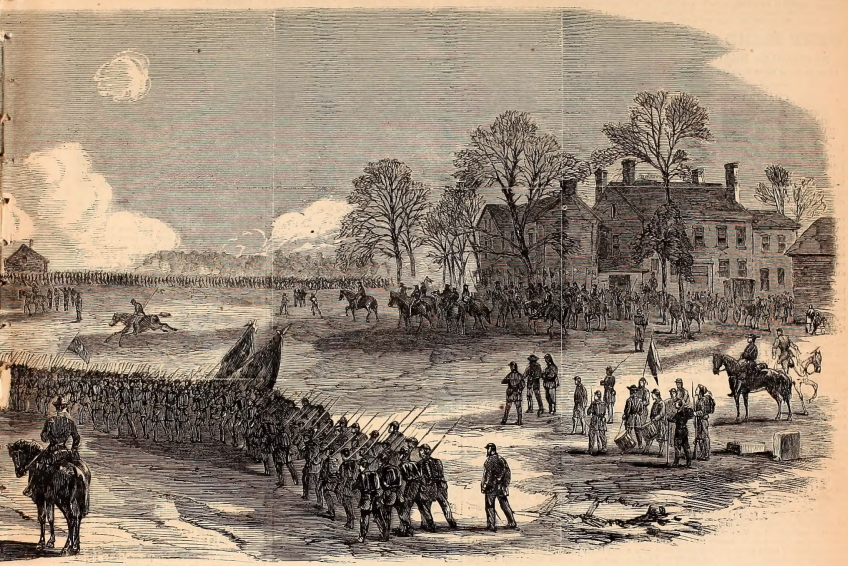
MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI, FROM HAINES'S BLUFF TO BELOW GRAND GULF, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GEN. GRANT'S AND ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S OPERATIONS, ETC.



THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—SCENE DURING THE



THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—HOWARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS, AND POSITION OF TH



DAY, MAY 1.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]



E RIGHT OF THE LINE OF BATTLE, MAY 2.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

"THOU OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Where have you been, Julia?"

"Only as far as the park," she faltered.

"Who was your companion home?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me! It was Alfred."

"Alfred! His Christian name! You try my patience too hard."

"Forgive me! I was not to blame this time, indeed! indeed! You frighten me. What will become of me? What have I done to be looked at so?"

Mrs. Dodd groaned. "Was that young coquette I watched from my window the child I have reared? No face on earth is to be trusted after this? What have you done' indeed? Only risked your own mother's esteem, and nearly broken her heart." And with these words her own courage began to give way, and she sank into a chair with a deep sigh.

At this Julia screamed, and threw herself on her knees beside her, and cried, "Kill me! oh, pray kill me! but don't drive me to despair with such cruel words and looks!" and fell to sobbing so wildly that Mrs. Dodd altered her tone with almost indecent rapidity.

"There, do not terrify me with your impetuosity, after grieving me so. Be calm, child; let me see whether I can not remedy your sad imprudence; and, that I may, pray tell me the whole truth. How did this come about?"

In reply to this question, which she somewhat mistook, Julia sobbed out, "He met me coming out of the school, and asked to s-see me home. I said 'No, thank you,' because I th-thought of your warning. 'Oh yes!' said he, and would walk with me, and keep saying he loved me. So, to stop him, I said, 'M-m-much ob-bliged, but I was b-busy and had no time to flirt.' 'Now that is the n-in-clination,' said he. 'That is not what others say of you,' said I. You know I could not, ma, mamma. So at last he said d-did ever he ask any lady to be his wife. 'I suppose not,' said I, 'or you would be p-p-private property by now instead of p-public.'"

"Now there was a foolish speech; as much as to say indirectly I resist him."

"W-wasn't it? And n-no more they could. You have no idea how he makes love; he is very unlike the rest. I keep advancing and never retreats, nor even st-ops. But I ask you to be my wit-ness, Mrs. Dodd, my witness, please. Why did I tremble? I don't know. I made myself cold and haughty, 'I should make no reply to such impudent questions; say that to mamma, if you dare!' I said."

Mrs. Dodd bit her lip, and said, "Was there ever such simplicity?"

"Simple! Why, that was my cunning. You are the only creature he is afraid of; so I thought to stop his mouth with you. But instead of that my lord said, calmly, 'That was understood; he loved me too well to treat me from that to whom he was indebted for me. Oh, he has always an answer ready. And then makes him such a pe-pe-pet."

"It was an answer that did him credit."

"Dear mamma! now did it not? Then at parting he said he would come to-morrow, and ask you for my hand; but I must intercede with you first, or you would be sure to say 'No.' So I declined that indirectly: 'w-w-what was it to me?' I said. He begged and prayed me, 'Was it likely you would give him such a treasure as Mr. Smith? Was he a friend?' (For he h-he-res Thing turns humble now and then.) And oh, mamma, I begged him implore me to trip and kept saying no man ever loved as he loved me, and with his begging and praying me so passionately, I got passionately. I felt something warm drop from his poor eyes on my hand. Oh! oh! oh! oh! What could I do? And then, you know, I wanted to get away from him. So I am afraid I did just say 'Yes,' but only in a whisper. Mamma! my own, good, kind, dear mamma, have pity on him and on me!!! We love one another so."

A shower of tender tears gushed out in support of this appeal; and in a moment she was caught up with Love's mighty arms, and her head laid on the widow's yearning bosom. No word was needed to reconcile these two.

After a long silence, Mrs. Dodd said this would be a most severe ordeal to judge her child from a distance again, or unheard. "And therefore," said she, "let me hear from your own lips how we stand on an attachment and spring up? Why it is scarcely a month since you were first introduced at this hall."

"Mamma," murmured Julia, b-ur-ying her head, "you are mistaken. We saw each other before."

Mrs. Dodd looked all astonishment.

"Now I will make a clean breast of it," said Julia, impetuously addressing some invisible spectacle. "I tell you I am sick of having secrets from my own mother." And with this out it all came.

She told the story of her heart better than I have. And, woman-like, dwelt on the depths of loyalty and delicate love she had read in Alfred's moonlit face that night at Henley. She said no eloquence could have touched her like it. "Mamma, something said to me, 'Ay, look at him well, for that is your husband; to be.'" She even tried to solve the mystery of accidental sickness. "I was disturbed by a feeling so new and so powerful," but, above all, by having a secret from you; the first; the last."

"Well, darling, then why have a secret? Why not trust me, your friend as well as your mother?"

"Ah! why, indeed? I am a puzzle to myself. I wanted you to know, and yet I could not tell you. I kept giving you hints, and hoped as you would take them, and make me speak out. But when I tried to tell you plump, something kept pull—pull—pulling me inside, and I couldn't. Mark my words! some day it will turn out that I am neither more nor less than mad!"

Mrs. Dodd slighted this ingenious solution. She said, after a moment's reflection, that the fault of this misunderstanding lay between the two. "I remember now I have had many hints. My mind must surely have gone to sleep. I was a poor simple woman when the daughter of Hardie was to be always a child. And you were very wrong to go and set a limit to your mother's love, Julia. It is unreasonable whatever." She added: "I must import a little prudence and respect for the world's opinion into this new connection; but whoever you love shall find no enemy in me."

Next day, Alfred came to know his fate. He was received with ceremonious courtesy. At first he was a good deal embarrassed, but this was no sooner observed by Julia than Mrs. Dodd with tact and gentleness. When her turn came, she said, "Your papa? Of course you have communicated with him, Mr. Dodd?"

Alfred looked a little confused, and said, "No: he left for London two days ago, as it happens."

"That is unfortunate," said Mrs. Dodd. "Your last letter to him was to be sent at once. I need hardly tell you that we shall enter no family without an invitation from its head."

Alfred answered that he was aware of that, and that he knew his father, and could answer for him.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Dodd; "but as a matter of reasonable form, I prefer he should answer for himself."

Alfred could write by this post. "It is a mere form," said he, "for my father has but one answer to his children, 'Please yourselves.' He remembers his own youth, and knows what you want? These are his two formulas."

His line delineated the character given on his father; and Mrs. Dodd, to whom the boy's character was now a grave and anxious study, saw with no common satisfaction this clear, frank, and his eyes moisten, as he dwelt on the calm, sober, unvarying affection, and reasonable indulgence, he and his sister had met with in their lives from the best of parents. Returning to the topic of topics, he proposed an engagement. "I have a ring in my pocket," said he, "and am looking down. But this Mrs. Dodd thought premature and unnecessary.

"You are a boy of age," said she, "and then you will be able to marry, if you are in the same mind." "Then," said the young woman, somewhat conceded even this. "Well," said she, "on receiving your father's consent, you can propose an engagement to Julia, and she shall use her own judgement. But until then you will not even mention such a thing to her. May I count on so much forbearance, Mr. Alfred?"

"Dear Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred, "of course you may. I should indeed be ungrateful if I could not wait a post for that. May I write to my father here?" added he, naively.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, furnished him with writing materials, and left him, with a polite excuse.

ALISON VILLA, *Sept. 19.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You are too thorough a man of the world, and too well versed in human nature, to be surprised at hearing that I, so long invulnerable, have at last formed a devouring attachment. Julia's beauty, goodness, and accomplishments I will not now enlarge upon. They are indescribable, and you will soon see them and judge for yourself. The attachment, though such in words and sentiment, is not a boy's, one in hopes, and fears, and devotion. I should have told you this before; but I was not sure that you would not treat the god of all my nights dreams. There were many obstacles. Julia's mother, a widow, and a lady of great rectitude, and nothing now is wanting to my happiness but your consent. Mrs. Dodd has received me with more than kindness, and I am sure I may say I am not in any danger of incurring her displeasure if I ask you to write to her. The mother of my love and only beloved Julia is a lady of such position, I know, I wanted to get away from him. So I am afraid I did just say 'Yes,' but only in a whisper. Mamma! my own, good, kind, dear mamma, have pity on him and on me!!! We love one another so."

A shower of tender tears gushed out in support of this appeal; and in a moment she was caught up with Love's mighty arms, and her head laid on the widow's yearning bosom. No word was needed to reconcile these two.

After a long silence, Mrs. Dodd said this would be a most severe ordeal to judge her child from a distance again, or unheard. "And therefore," said she, "let me hear from your own lips how we stand on an attachment and spring up? Why it is scarcely a month since you were first introduced at this hall."

"Mamma," murmured Julia, b-ur-ying her head, "you are mistaken. We saw each other before."

Mrs. Dodd looked all astonishment.

"Now I will make a clean breast of it," said Julia, impetuously addressing some invisible spectacle. "I tell you I am sick of having secrets from my own mother." And with this out it all came.

She told the story of her heart better than I have. And, woman-like, dwelt on the depths of loyalty and delicate love she had read in Alfred's moonlit face that night at Henley. She said no eloquence could have touched her like it. "Mamma, something said to me, 'Ay, look at him well, for that is your husband; to be.'" She even tried to solve the mystery of accidental sickness. "I was disturbed by a feeling

ing it off, after her fashion. "I can't bear it: it makes me tremble. With fury."

"This will never do, sweet one," said Alfred, gravely. "You and I are to have no separate existence, now; you are to be I, and I am to be you. Please to remember."

"No; you read me so much of it as is proper for me to hear. I shall not like it so well from your lips. But never mind."

When he came to read it, he appreciated the delicate and tender, tempered her curiosity. He did not read it all to her, but nearly.

"It is a beautiful letter," said she; "a little pompous—but dictated and I write. 'The Paternal Roof!' But all that becomes you; you are a scholar: and, dear Alfred, if I should separate you from your pups, I will never estrange you from him; oh, never, never. May I go for my work? for methinks, O most erudite, the 'maternal hand,' the compliment so sweetly hath confided to her offspring the recreation of your highness?" The gay creature dropped him a courtesy and fled to tell Mrs. Dodd the substance of "the sweet letter the dear high-flown Thing had written."

By then he had folded and addressed it; she returned and brought her work; cifarity children's gave chicks to her mother had cut them, and in the height of the fashion, to Jane Hardie's dismay—and Julia was trimming, hemming, contriving.

How demurely she bent her lovely head over her charitable work, while Alfred poured his tale into her ear! How careful she was not to speak, when there was a chance of his speaking! How often she said one thing so as to express in opposite, a sense which she might have taken out a patent! How she and Alfred compared looks, sentiments, and their feelings at each stage of their passion. Their hearts put forth tendril after tendril, and so curled, and clung round each other!

In the afternoon of the second blissful day, Julia suddenly remembered that this was duly to her mother's ear such a thought was to fly to her; and she flew so swiftly that she caught Mrs. Dodd in tears, and trying adroitly and vainly to dash them away.

"What is the matter? I am a wretch. I have left you alone."

"No dear child, no so peevish, love! you have but surprised the natural regrets of a mother at the loss of her daughter."

"Oh, mamma," said Julia, warmly, "and do you think all the marriage in the world can ever divide you from me? You make me lukewarm in my own sweet, darling, beautiful, blessed, angel, mother? Look at me, I am as much your Julia, as ever; and I will be Julia I live. In a new who is a son only till he gets him a wife: but your daughter's your daughter ALL THE DAYS OF HER LIFE."

Divine power of native eloquence; with this trite diction, you made hexameters tame; it pushed from the throbbing heart with a sweet infantine ardor, that even virtue can only pour in when young and pure, when virtuous; and, as the words I have emphasized by the poor device of capitals, two lovely, supple arms were miraculously suddenly seen to be sporting shadowy wings, and then went all round the sad mother, and gathered every bit of her up to the generous young bosom.

"I know it, I know it," cried Mrs. Dodd, kissing her; "I shall never lose my daughter, while she loves me as she does. I am losing my child. You are turning to a woman, visibly. And you were such a happy child. Hence my misgivings, and those sudden fits which you have cheered with a word; see!" And she contrived to smile. "And now, my own child, he may be impatient. Men love is so fiery."

The next day Mr. Dodd took Julia apart and told her that there was an answer from Mr. Hardie. Julia replied, from Alfred, that Jane had received a letter last night, and, to judge by her manner, Mr. Hardie must have left London before Alfred's letter got there. "He is gone to see poor Uncle Thomas."

"Why do you say 'poor?'"

"Oh, he is not very clever. Has not much mind, Alfred says, indeed, hardly any."

"You shall see, Julia!" cried Mrs. Dodd, "what' madness in the family you propose to marry into!"

"Oh no, mamma," said Julia, in a great hurry; "no madness; only a little imbecility."

"Well, imbecility, at this, Julia's answer, but just then her mind was more drawn to another topic. A serious doubt passed through her, whether if Mr. Hardie did not write soon, she ought not to limit his son's attendance on her daughter. "He follows her about like a little dog," said she, half fretfully.

Next day, by previous invitation, Dr. Sampson made his call. He was announced as coming from London he found Alfred sitting very close to Julia over a book.

"London!" said she, "Here's my puppy," and 'm' enthusiast, check by chowl." Julia turned scarlet, and Alfred ejaculated so loudly that Sampson inquired what on earth was the matter now?

"Oh, nothing; only here have I been jealous of my own shadow, and pestering her who 'owns puppy' was; and she never would tell me. All I could get was," added he, turning sharply and gently from gratitude to revenge, "was—that he was no greater a puppy than yourself, doctor."

"I could get no more," added he, turning sharply and gently from gratitude to revenge, "was—that he was no greater a puppy than yourself, doctor."

"All vain people are flat," suggested Alfred, dryly.

"Why should no better than you, young Oxford? Y' have got a hidache."

"No indeed."

"Don't tell lies now. Ye can't deceive me; mam, I've an eye like a hawk. And what's that y'ere studing with her? Ovid, for a pound."

"No, medicine; a treatise on your favorite organ, the brain; by one Dr. Wharley."

"He is chaffing you, doctor," said Edward, "it is logic. He is coaching her; and then he will coach me."

"Then I forbid the chaff-cutting, young Pindar. Logic is an ill plaster to a sore head."

"Oh, but we delight in it, physics pain."

"Jimpun, Jimpun;
Take me a wee cuckoo,"

retorted the master of Joggrel. "And that is a profounder remark than you seem to think by your grinning, all of ye."

Julia with some question by putting away the book. And she murmured to Alfred, "I wish I could steal your poor dear headaches: you might give me half of them at least; you would, too, if you really loved me."

This sound sense and nonsense escaped criticism by being nearly inaudible, and by Mrs. Dodd entering at the same moment.

After the first greetings, Sampson asked her with merry arrogance how his perscription had worked? "Is her sleep broker still, ma'am? are her spirits up and down? Shall we have to go back t' old Short and his black draught? How's her makin mention?" An her biliary ducks, ar—ahe's off like a flash."

"And no wonder," said Mrs. Dodd, reproachfully.

This subject was dropped, and Sampson liked a game of cards. He could play, yet talk chromatics, as the fine folks call the habits' shoes and imbibe the pottasters of the day.

Mrs. Dodd had asked Edward to bring a fresh pack. He went to his pastdrin and forgot to take them out of his pocket and undo them; presently Julia saw him with a pack clinched hold of them; and found a slip of paper curled round the ace of spades, with this written very clear in pencil:

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

"What is this?" cried Sampson, and read it out aloud. Jane Hardie colored, and so betrayed herself. Her "sweet is seasoned" had strayed. It was the young and comely Edward she wished to save from the diabolical literature, the painted pictures, and put the unconverting old sinner Sampson. He proceeded to justify her preference by remarking that "remember was to tremp your partner's best card, ladies," would be more to the point.

Jane Hardie, even in hardened personage, was thoroughly uncomfortable. As for Alfred, his face betrayed a degree of youthful mortification little short of agony. Mrs. Dodd was profoundly disgusted, but, fortunately for the Hardies, caught sight of his burning cheeks and compressed lips. "Dr. Sampson," said she, with cold dignity, "you will, I am sure, oblige me by making no more comments. Sincerity is not always decency; but it is always reprehensible: it is one of your own titles to esteem. I dare say," added she, with a little sweetness, "your exercises are not so narrow that we need shock any body's prejudices, and, as it happens, I was just going to ask Alfred to sing: open the piano, and try if you can persuade Miss Hardie to join you in a duet."

At this Jane and Julia had an earnest conversation at the piano, and their words uttered in a low voice were covered by a contemporaneous discussion between Sampson and Mrs. Dodd.

Jane. No, you must not ask me. I have forsworn them vanities. Ever since I opened my piano this two years.

Julia. Oh, what a pity! music is so delightful. And surely we can choose our songs, as Alfred has, which, oh, how much more delightful!

Jane. Are you fond of music? I am told music wicked: but I am not sure. At least I found it so. My self-denial was misplaced; and that stirred up vanity: and then I began to sing, with which I had even more reason to repent. Beasts' manna!

Julia. Dear me! I don't find them so. Now you mention it, there is rather a grave one, but dear me, I never think of that. Oh, when they have been sing-ing very ever so long a time. The little unmeaning words are so pretty, and they catch anything so great as Handel.

Jane. I pray daily not to be led into complacency, which I go into it of my own accord.

Julia. Not if you find it a temptation. I suppose I ought to decline?

Jane. Indeed I would.

My conscience is not a nice one. Besides ——— mamma said "sing" and a parent is not to be disobeyed upon a doubt. If Papa were to insist on my going to a ball even, or reading a novel, I think I should sleep; and by the whole code before him.

Mrs. Dodd (from a distance). Come here, my dears. Doctor Sampson is getting so impatient for your song.

Sampson. Hom! for all that, young ladies' singing is a poor substitute for the and even for conversation.

Mrs. Dodd. That depends upon the singer, I presume.

Sampson. Mel—dame, they all sing alike! just as they all talk alike. I can hardly tell one fothergill from another; and nobody can tell one from another. Besides, when they cut out all the consonants. Fa—la—la. This is what I heard sung by a lady once at Rome.

Ee ee Da'el s aa an oo.
By oo ceeeres aa
Ee ee Da'el Vaullee,
Vaullee,
Vaullee! h igh ceaa
An ellin la il ol.

Mrs. Dodd. That sounds like gibberish.

Sampson. It is gibberish; but it's Dryden's talk, notwithstanding mouths. It is

He sung Darius great and good
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen
Fallen from his high estate
And weltering in his blood.

Mrs. Dodd. I think you exaggerate. I will answer for Julia that she will speak as distinctly to music as you do in conversation.

Sampson (All unconvinced). Of the legs. Time will show. Mamma! A patient—ly term is a wide word, ma'am. Does some spork of silly linger in their mettle bosms? or do they prefer mamma's or papa's linguistic mewin?

Julia, thus pressed, sang one of those songs that come and go every season. She spoke the words clearly, and with such variety and intelligence, that Sampson recanted, and broke in upon the—"very pretty"—"how sweet"—and "who is it by?" of the others, by shouting, "Very weak trash very cleanly sung. Now give us something worth the wear and tear of your orgins. Immortal vairse widded t' immortal sounds; that is what I understand b' a song."

Alfred whispered, "No, no, dearest, sing something suitable to you and me."

"Out of the question. Then go farther away, dear; I shall have more courage."

He obeyed, and she turned over two or three music books; and finally sang from memory. She cultivated musical memory, having observed the contempt with which men of sense visit the sorry pretenders to music who are tuneless and songless among the nightingales, and any where else away from their books. How will they manage to sing in heaven? Answer me that!

The song Julia Dodd sang on this happy occasion, to meet the humble but heterogeneous views of Messrs. Sampson and Hardie, was a simple eloquent Irish song called Aileen aroon. Whose history, by-the-by, was a curious one. Early in this century it occurred to somebody to hymn a son of George the Third for his double merit in having been born, and going to a ball. People who thus apply the fine arts in modern days are seldom artists; accordingly this parasite could not invent a melody; so he coolly stole Aileen aroon, soiled it by inserting sordid and incongruous jerks into the refrain, and called the stolen and adulterated article Robin Adair. An artisan of the same kidney was soon found to write words down to the degraded ditty: and, so strong is Flunkyism, and so weak is Criticism in these islands, that the polluted tune actually superseded the clean melody, and this sort of thing, "Who was in uniform at the ball? Silly Billy!" smothered the immortal lines.

But Mrs. Dodd's severe taste in music rejected those ignoble jerks, and her enthusiastic daughter having the option to hymn immortal Constancy, or mortal Fact, decided thus:

When like the early rose
    Aileen aroon,
Beauty in childhood glows,
    Aileen aroon,
When like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
    Aileen aroon.

Is it the laughing eye?
    Aileen aroon,
Is it the timid sigh?
    Aileen aroon,
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
No; it is Truth alone,
    Aileen aroon.

I know a valley fair,
    Aileen aroon,
I know a cottage there,
    Aileen aroon.
Far in that valley's shade,
I know a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,
    Aileen aroon.

Who in the song so sweet?
    Aileen aroon.
Who in the dance so fleet?
    Aileen aroon
Dear are her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
    Aileen aroon.

Youth must with time decay,
    Aileen aroon,
Beauty must fade away,
    Aileen aroon.
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
    Aileen aroon.

The way the earnest singer sang these lines is beyond the conception of ordinary singers, public or private. Here one of nature's orators spoke poetry to music with an eloquence as fervid and delicate as ever rung in the forum. She gave each verse with the same just variety, as if she had been reciting, and when she came to the last, where the thought rises abruptly, and is truly noble, she sang it with the sudden pathos, the weight, and the swelling majesty, of a truthful soul hymning truth with all its powers.

All the hearers, even Sampson, were thrilled, astonished, spell-bound: so can one wave of immortal music and immortal verse (alas! how seldom they meet!) heave the inner man when genius interprets. Judge, then, what it was to Alfred, to whom, with these great words and thrilling tones of her rich, swelling, ringing voice, the darling of his own heart vowed constancy, while her inspired face beamed on him like an angel's.

Even Mrs. Dodd, though acquainted with the song, and with her daughter's rare powers, gazed at her now with some surprise, as well as admiration, and kept a note Sarah had brought her, open, but unread, in her hand, unable to take her eyes from the inspired songstress. However, just before the song ended, she did just glance down, and saw it was signed Richard Hardie. On this her eye devoured it; and in one moment she saw that the writer declined, politely but peremptorily, the proposed alliance between his son and her daughter.

The mother looked up from this paper at that living radiance and incarnate melody in a sort of stupor: it seemed hardly possible to her that a provincial banker could refuse an alliance with a creature so peerless as that. But so it was; and despite her habitual self-government, Mrs. Dodd's white hand clenched the note till her nails dented it; and she reddened to the brow with anger and mortification.

Julia, whom she had trained never to monopolize attention in society, now left the piano in spite of remonstrance, and soon noticed her mother's face; for from red it had become paler than usual. "Are you unwell, dear?" said she, sotto voce.

"No, love."

"Is there any thing the matter, then?"

"Hush! We have guests: our first duty is to them." With this Mrs. Dodd rose, and, endeavoring not to look at her daughter at all, went round and drew each of her guests out in turn. It was the very heroism of courtesy; for their presence was torture to her. At last, to her infinite relief, they went, and she was left alone with her children. She sent the servants to bed, saying she would undress Miss Dodd: and accompanied her to her room. There the first thing she did was to lock the door; and the next was to turn round and look at her full.

"I always thought you the most lovable child I ever saw; but I never admired you as I have to-night; my noble, my beautiful daughter, who would grace the highest family in England!" With this Mrs. Dodd began to choke, and kissed Julia eagerly with the tears in her eyes, and drew her with tender defiance to her bosom.

"My own mamma," said Julia, softly, "what has happened?"

"My darling," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling a little, "have you pride? have you spirit?"

"I think I have."

"I hope so: for you will need them both. Read that!" And she offered Mr. Hardie's letter with averted head.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE devote the bulk of our space this week to illustrations of the recent campaign of the Army of the Potomac. On page 324 we give the CAPTURE OF THE HEIGHTS OF FREDERICKSBURG by General Sedgwick—a drawing by Thomas Nast. The following, from the *Times* correspondence, describes the transaction:

It was now eleven o'clock; continuous fighting had been going on for full six hours, and the rebels still held their works. General Sedgwick now determined on having the "Light Brigade" charge the heights. Colonel Burnham, commanding, moved his forces along under the protection of abandoned earth-works, and the hill-side formed by the sloping down of the plain near the city, until he had arrived directly in front of the most formidable position, known as the "Slaughter Pen." Knapsacks and any article of clothing which might impede their rapid movement were cast aside by the men, and they were deployed out in the following order: one half of the Fifth Wisconsin, Colonel Allen, as skirmish line; Thirty-first New York, Colonel Jones, on the left; Sixth Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Harris commanding, and the remaining portion of the Fifth, in the rear of and supporting the Thirty-first at the same time. At the same time a force consisting of the Forty-third New York and Sixty-first Pennsylvania, and one or two other regiments, were sent up the road at the right of the stone-wall. Going on to the regiments of the Light Brigade, prepared for a charge, were the Thirty-sixth New York and Seventh Massachusetts, and still further on other regiments. At twenty minutes past eleven the lion-hearted men rose from their feet. Every one of the thousand spectators on the hills in the rear held their breath in terrible suspense, expecting to see them all the next moment prostrate in the dust. "Forward!" cried the General, and they dashed forward on the open plain, when instantly there was poured upon them a most terrific discharge of grape and canister. Many lay dead, but not one faltered. Full 400 yards must be passed over before gaining the stone-wall. As they press forward, delivering the battle-cheer, which is heard above the roar of artillery, the rebel guns further to the left are turned upon them. But they falter not. A moment more they have reached the stone-wall, scaled its sides, are clambering the green bank of the bluff, and precisely as the city clock struck they rush over the embrasure of the rebel guns, and the Heights are ours. The enemy, with the exception of the cannoniers, fled in wild confusion, secreting themselves in the houses, woods, and wherever a place of concealment was afforded. The guns captured proved to be the Washington Artillery, the battery so highly complimented by General Lee in his report of the last battle of Fredericksburg, and which has figured more or less since the outbreak of the rebellion. "What men are these?" was the interrogatory of one of the astonished and terrified members, as our brave boys appeared over the ramparts. "We are Yankees, —— —— you; do you think we will fight now?" was the response from one of our men. "Boys," remarked the commander of the battery, "you have captured the best battery in the Confederate service." The Sixth Maine were the first regiment to reach the scene. Lieutenant-Colonel Harris, with unparalleled bravery, rushed right up to the mouth of one as it was belching away, and through the mist and smoke his form could just be discerned as he cheered his men forward. He, together with Captain Furlong, were the first to lay hold of the rebel pieces.

On pages 328 and 329 we illustrate the FIGHT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, on May 1, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. This affair is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

About two o'clock on Friday afternoon the enemy were discovered advancing in force down both the old turnpike and the plank road, thus approaching our position nearly from the east. Although these two roads enter Chancellorsville at right angles—one from the east direct, and the other from the south—they join and make a single road near Tabernacle Church. When the discovery was made of the approach of the enemy, General Hooker immediately returned to his head-quarters at Chancellorsville and made his dispositions to meet them. It was yet uncertain whether the attack would come from the east or south, and it was therefore necessary to be in readiness at both points. With this purpose the Fifth Corps, Major-General Meade, was formed on the front facing the east, Sykes's division of regulars occupying a line north of the old turnpike road, and the other two divisions taking the line of the Banks Ford road, on the left of Sykes. The Second Corps, Major-General Couch, was held in reserve to support the right wing of this line, and the Second Division, Major-General Berry, of the Third Corps, Major-General Sickles, to support the left.

On our south front two corps—the Eleventh, Major-General Howard, and the Twelfth, Major-General Slocum—were deployed, the latter in double line of battle, with its left resting on the plank road, and the former on the right of the Twelfth. The two remaining divisions of Sickles's corps—the First, Brigadier-General Birney, and the Third, Brigadier-General Whipple—were ordered up as supports for this line.

Sykes's division was formed in the open field, directly on the slope southeast of and scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from General Hooker's head-quarters. Immediately behind them, on the extreme elevation of the plain, three batteries of field artillery were planted. General Sykes's skirmishers advanced down the field and into the woods, where they waited the approach of the enemy. Soon the brisk cracking of rifles and muskets announced the rebel proximity, and our skirmishers, in compliance with orders, gradually fell back upon the main line of battle. This manœuvre drew the enemy outside of the woods, from which they emerged close after our retreating skirmishers, yelling and shouting like a tribe of wild Indians. The sight was both exciting and amusing at first, and all movement on our part was momentarily suspended, while our brave men gratified their curiosity in scrutinizing their gray-backed adversaries. But the charge of the rebels was not a trifling matter, and as column upon column of them, and line after line came dashing out of the woods, it seemed as though that one little division stationed there to check them would be swallowed up. It was one of those skillful manœuvres for which General Lee is particularly distinguished—the hurling of an immense body upon a small force of his antagonist. The rebel force, as it charged out of the woods, was certainly three times as large as that of General Sykes; yet the latter showed no disposition to quail; but, after giving a moment's glance to satisfy their curiosity, every soldier brought his musket to his shoulder, and five thousand bullets were sent into the rebel line. Such steadiness appalled them. They were unprepared for it. Their front rank quailed before it. The sudden thinning of their numbers amazed and frightened them. They discharged their pieces recklessly and broke in confusion. But there was no flight for them. The heavy bodies behind them, to whom the front rank had been a bulwark, protecting them from the murderous volley of the Union Regulars, were steady and determined. They absorbed the front rank in the second, and still moved forward—firm, unshaken, confident. Meantime our men had reloaded their pieces, and simultaneously a volley was fired from both sides, and then from the brow above our artillery opened with canister and grape, throwing over the heads of our own men and dealing destruction and confusion to the enemy. And as the loud cannon continued its work with fearful rapidity the order was given to our men to "fire at will"—an order that was copied by the enemy—and the continuous roar of musketry that followed almost deadened the reports of the artillery. It was the first fight of the great battle, and for nearly twenty minutes both parties stood firm, as though nothing should lead them to give the prestige of a first success to the other. But, although outnumbered, we had an advantage in the support of artillery, which, while our infantry held the rebels in check, made huge gaps in their ranks. Still they yelled and shouted defiance, and attempted charges and continued their firing, rank after rank of them being broken and thrown back in confusion, while their officers shouted, and ordered and stormed, and cursed, in the vain effort to rally them to a persistent, determined charge. They fought well. They fought as none but Americans dare fight. But with musketry alone they could not contend against both artillery and musketry. It was simply murder on the part of their officers to attempt to hold them to it, and their officers began to appreciate the fact when nearly half their column had been placed *hors de combat*; and then the order was given to retire.

And then came our turn to shout. The rebels were retreating. Our force was sadly thinned and broken; but there were enough left to send up a shout after the retreating rebels that made the woods ring with the echo. Even the wounded joined in the glad cheer, many of them staggering into an upright position and throwing up their hats in their excess of gladness at the victory. The charge had been right gallantly met, and the host of the enemy finely repulsed. It was the first achievement of the great struggle—an augury of success in the end. Our men had stood like veterans, and they had a right to cheer.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE ON SATURDAY, 2D, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, is illustrated on the same pages. Of this we take the following description from the *Times* correspondence:

In the morning, as we stood on the balcony of Chancellor's house, the attention was aroused by a sharp rattle of musketry coming from a column of rebels coming up by the main Fredericksburg plank road, directly in front of us. Knapp's Battery, however, which was planted directly in front of the position, opened upon them, and after a few rounds caused them to retire.

Immediately afterward a battery opened from the height which I have mentioned as having been gained by Sykes yesterday, and then abandoned by us. The position was rather upward of a mile distant from the cleared space, and its object was to damage our ammunition train which was visible to the rebels from the tops of trees on the height. One of our batteries was, however, immediately opened in reply. The third shot blew up one of the caissons and a subsequent shot blew up another, and this settled their account.

Subsequently a reconnoissance was sent, on our part, consisting of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers (Carr's brigade, Berry's division, Sickles's corps), on the same road by which the rebels had approached in the morning, for the purpose of feeling their strength. They went out on the plank road, deployed on both sides in the form of a letter V, chased the rebel skirmishers a couple of miles, till they came to a heavy double line of battle, with artillery in position, when they retired, bringing us *that* piece of intelligence.

Another reconnoissance was next sent out on our right, consisting of Berdan's sharp-shooters. They met the enemy's pickets, drove them handsomely, and at 4 o'clock returned with fifty prisoners of the Twenty-third Georgia.

At 4 the rebels are moving down in force on the plank road, where we had a little before made the reconnoissance. Geary's division of Slocum's corps is sent in on the double-quick into the woods—their bayonets flashing in the sunlight. A sharp contest ensues, and in a few minutes they come back in disorder. A portion of Kane's brigade, composed of raw troops, had broken and thrown the column into confusion.

An aid from Slocum comes to ask General Hooker if he can have reinforcements. "No! he *must* hold his own. Howard will, of course, support him from the right. Let Geary's division, however, be thrown to the right of the road, so that the artillery may be able to sweep the enemy on the left." This treatment presently repaired the damage, and checked the hope of the rebels being able to pierce our centre.

Finally, on page 325 we illustrate the terrible PANIC WHICH OVERTOOK THE ELEVENTH CORPS on the afternoon of the same day. This also is from a sketch by Mr. Waud. The following graphic account of the affair is from the *Herald* letter:

The Eleventh corps had been ordered to advance on the right of Birney, and moved forward to take the position assigned to them on Birney's flank. One brigade succeeded in getting up the hill, and reported, by its commander (whose name I have unfortunately lost), to Generals Sickles and Birney. The rest of the corps met the enemy in force when about two-thirds of the distance up. Here they had a short engagement, in which it does not appear that they had even so large a force to contend against as that which Williams, with his single division, had fought so bravely. Headed by their commander, the gallant Howard, the German corps charged boldly up to the rebel lines. Here they were met, as the rebels always meet their foe, with shouts of defiance and derision, a determined front, and a heavy fire of musketry. The German regiments returned the fire for a short time with spirit, manifesting a disposition to fight valiantly. But at the time when all encouragement to the men was needed that could be given, then some officer of the division (one, at least, as I am informed) fell back to the rear, leaving his men to fight alone. At the same time General Devens, commanding the First division, was unhorsed and badly wounded in his foot by a musket-ball. Thus losing at a ciritical moment the inspiriting influence of the immediate presence of their commanders, the men began to falter, then to fall back, and finally broke in a complete route. General Howard boldly threw himself into the breach and attempted to rally the shattered columns; but his efforts were perfectly futile. The men were panic-stricken, and no power on earth could rally them in the face of the enemy. Information of the catastrophe was promptly communicated to General Sickles, who thus had a moment given him to prepare for the shock he instantly apprehended his column would suffer. The high land of the little farm that formed the base of his operations was parked full of artillery and cavalry, nearly all the artillery of the Third corps, together with Pleasanton's cavalry, being crowded into that little fifty-acre inclosure. But Sickles was not to be thrown off his guard by a trifle, and any thing short of a complete defeat seemed to be considered by him in the light of a trifle. With the coolness and skillfulness of a veteran of a hundred campaigns he set to work making his dispositions. He had not a single regiment within his reach to support his artillery; Whipple was falling back, and must meet the approaching stampede with his own force in retreat; Birney was far out in the advance, in imminent danger of being completely surrounded and annihilated; the rebel forces were pressing hard upon the flying Germans, who could only escape by rushing across his lines, with every prospect of communicating the panic to them. It was a critical moment indeed, and one that might well stagger even the bravest-hearted. But it did not stagger the citizen soldier. Calling to one after another of his staff, he sent them all off, one after the other, lest any should fail of getting through, to warn Birney of his danger, and order him to fall back. Then, turning to General Pleasanton, he directed him to take charge of the artillery, and train it all upon the woods encircling the field, and support it with his cavalry, to hold the rebels in check should they come on him, and himself dashed off to meet Whipple, then just emerging from the woods in the bottom land. He had scarcely turned his horse about when the flying Germans came dashing over the field in crowds, meeting the head of Whipple's column and stampeding through his lines, running as only men do run when convinced that sure destruction is awaiting them. At the same moment large masses of the rebel infantry came dashing through the woods on the north and west close up to the field, and opened a tremendous fire of musketry into the confused mass of men and animals. To add to the confusion and terror of the occasion night was rapidly approaching, and darkness was already beginning to obscure all things.

I must frankly confess that I have no ability to do justice to the scene that followed. It was my lot to be in the centre of that field when the panic burst upon us. May I never be a witness to another such scene! On one hand was a solid column of infantry retreating at double-quick from the face of the enemy, who were already crowding their rear; on the other was a dense mass of beings who had lost their reasoning faculties, and were flying from a thousand fancied dangers as well as from the real danger that crowded so close upon them, aggravating the fearfulness of their situation by the very precipitancy with which they were seeking to escape from it. On the hill were ten thousand of the enemy, pouring their murderous volleys in upon us, yelling and hooting, to increase the alarm and confusion; hundreds of cavalry horses, left riderless at the first discharge from the rebels, were dashing frantically about in all directions; a score of batteries of artillery were thrown into disorder, some properly manned, seeking to gain positions for effective duty, and others flying from the field; battery wagons, ambulances, horses, men, cannon, caissons, all jumbled and tumbled together in an apparently inextricable mass, and that murderous fire still pouring in upon them. To add to the terror of the occasion there was but one means of escape from the field, and that through a little narrow neck or ravine washed out by Scott's Creek. Toward this the confused mass plunged headlong. For a moment it seemed as if no power could avert the frightful calamity that threatened the entire army. That neck passed, and this panic-stricken, disordered body of men and animals permitted to pass down through the other corps of the army, our destruction was sure. But in the midst of that wildest alarm there was a cool head. That calamity was averted by the determined self-possession of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles.

Let me here finish with the Eleventh corps. They did not all fly across Sickles's line. They dispersed and ran in all directions, regardless of the order of their going. They all seemed possessed with an instinctive idea of the shortest and most direct line from the point whence they started to the United States ford, and the majority of them did not stop until they had reached the ford.

Other illustrations of the Army of the Potomac are given on pages 332 and 333. The descriptive matter referring to them will be found in the following brief description by the artist Mr. A. R. Waud:

SYKES'S ADVANCE ON OUR LEFT.

This sketch represents the brilliant advance of Sykes's division of Meade's corps. Watson's battery is partly seen hurling shells over the heads of our advancing lines at the rebel position on the top of the hill. In three lines, the gallant Second Brigade leading the attack, with that steadiness which the regiments of the regular army have always shown, they moved up the hill, the line of battle being formed across the road. The fire was to a great extent reserved till the crest of the hill was reached, and the enemy driven in confusion. In this affair the old Fifth Corps well maintained its old reputation; and after, when it was drawn back to take its place in the line of battle then forming, it repulsed with slaughter the attack which the enemy in their turn made upon them.

THE BATTLE IN FRONT OF CHANCELLOR'S HOUSE ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

After the attack upon Meade the enemy continued the battle by a vigorous effort to storm our position on the cross-roads at Chancellor's. This was a magnificent scene. The house occupies the right of the picture; about it the orderlies, servants, and pack-mules belonging to head-quarters were grouped—General Hooker and his staff, with Captain Starr's company of the Lancers, forming a brilliant party at the side of the house. Slocum's line of battle is seen formed in front, supporting the batteries in position about the burned chimney, which was surrounded by cherry-trees in blossom. In front are the lines of men moving up to take part in the struggle, which for a short time was very violently contested at this point.

HOWARD'S POSITION ON THE RIGHT.

Dowdall's tavern, head-quarters Eleventh Corps, is seen in the centre of this view. The rifle-pits across the field rendered this place impregnable in the hands of good soldiers. It was expected all day that the enemy would attack this wing in force, and there was plenty of time for preparation. The German troops, however, were not equal to the occasion. Some of them fought well, but the majority fled in panic without firing a shot, throwing into confusion those troops that were preparing to resist the enemy's advance. In the midst of the skedaddle a noble buck and two does left the woods and fled through the fugitives.

COUCH'S MEN FORMING ACROSS THE PLANK ROAD.

While Sickles was returning with his fine corps on the left, Couch's men on the double-quick took up position across the road to try and stem the course of the runaways and Jackson's rapid advance. The batteries, massed in front of this line, poured into the woods a savage fire over the soldiers in front, while a confused mass of pack trains, wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, cattle, and broken troops, with all the crowd of army followers, rushed down the road in panic, the enemy pounding at their rear and capturing what they could. This part of the battle was truly terrible. The sun had set, and threatening clouds threatened rain, and some lightning added to the gloomy horror of the scene; but the Second and Third Corps stood nobly to their work, and the rebels were hurled back. They captured cattle and supplies, ammunition, etc., and spent the rest of the evening in plundering our wounded.

GENERAL COUCH'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE CENTRE.

On Sunday the rebels made the most determined efforts to capture this position, held by Sickles and Meade, but they had no Eleventh Corps to deal with. Savagely they were repulsed, and Jackson's celebrated column of 40,000 men was decimated and defeated.

SKETCH OF THE CENTRE.—ANOTHER VIEW.

In this picture the men of Humphrey's division are represented pouring a deadly fire upon the advancing hosts, whose intention was to capture the rifle-pits and batteries represented in the picture. About this time Humphrey made one of his celebrated charges upon the enemy, driving them with such loss that they never dared to attack in force again.

HOOKER'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE WOODS.

After the burning of the Chancellor house, and withdrawal of our line from that point, the General bivouacked in the woods near the front, so near that the rebel shells and even the fire of the sharp-shooters came into the camp. Captain Starr's horse was shot quite close to where the General was consulting with his officers.

OLD MILL.

This was a picturesque spot near the front, used as a hospital for Slocum's corps, and as a rendezvous of skedaddlers.

THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—SECOND AND THIRD CORPS REPELLING JACKSON'S ASSAULT, MAY 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]





GENERAL HOOKER'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE FIELD.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



Splendid Advance of Sykes's Regulars.



Centre of our Line of Battle



Steam-Mill used as a Medical Depot.

THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

CATCHING THE DRAGON.

IT was market-day in a small out-of-the-way town on the borders of Wales. As usual, a few farmers from the country had been dining at the Lion, the single inn of any note in the town; and a little lower down in the street, two men were talking about the mysterious robberies which were taking place in the neighborhood. So frequent and unaccountable were these robberies, that there was a story among the credulous people proving Hagley Heath to be haunted by a dragon, which waylaid unlucky travelers and carried off their money, having first rendered them insensible by a scratch of his claw. The two men who were talking over the mystery were in plain clothes, but the one called the other Tipstaff, so we will follow his example.

"It's all nonsense about the dragon," said the one; "but there *is* something queer about the thing. Old Smith of Hagley Farm swears that when he lost that twenty pounds a thing like a bear's paw came over his shoulder."

"Bosh!" responded Tipstaff gravely—"old Smith had been looking into the pewter. I tell you, it's neither a dragon nor a bear, but I wouldn't be so certain about a lion."

"Eh?"

Tipstaff looked up the street significantly, and nodded.

"Who else would know so well how to hit upon the farmer that goes away with the heaviest pocket? Tell me that. I say it's the lion himself, and if he wasn't as cunning as an old fox, I should have caught him before now."

"You won't get any body to believe that. Why, the farmers all trust him as if he was a brother to 'em."

"The thing is to take him with the money on his person; and he is so keen! Who's in at the Lion now?"

"Nobody but Bobby Jones. Why, this beats every thing; it isn't half an hour since I heard the lion, as you call him, advising old Bobby to go to bed place in which to put his brown holland purse."

"Very likely," responded Tipstaff. "I wish some body would look about and find out how when Mr. Jones starts. The lion knows me."

"All right. I'll do it."

The two men separated; and in due time Tipstaff was informed that Bobby Jones, as he was familiarly called, had just ridden off in the cart of the Lion having been missing for a good half-hour previously. Tipstaff started off briskly in the direction of the distant heath, but his pace gradually slackened, and at last he came to a stand-still and began to think. Having made up his mind, he shook his fist at the dark heath, and left it behind him, going straight back toward the town. It was dark by the time he got to the door of the Lion, and saw that the kitchen was empty of people. Within, there was no light but the fire, which winked out an occasional gleam upon the figure of the landlord's wife, who was sitting on the settle in her bonnet and cloak nursing a baby. Tipstaff looked at her, and an old thought came into his head as he saw the bonnet and cloak. A small table hid the lower part of her dress, and the dim flicker from the fire showed little but the cloak and bonnet, and the small white form of the baby. Then he went in quietly and got close to her. "In the king's name," he said; "speak, and you die. Be still; be silent, and do as I bid you, and you may get off scot-free." The woman looked up and relinquished her first impulse of struggle; but she would not speak. Tipstaff bent down and whispered something in her ear which sounded like "What did you do with old Smith's twenty pounds?" Then, before she could utter the terrified shriek that rose on her tongue, he ran across the kitchen into a small room at the back of the house.

"Now," said he, "all you swear to be quiet and make no noise, or must I use these pretty little things?" You will? The better for you. I want the loan of your cloak, bonnet, and baby. Don't be so foolish; I wouldn't hurt the poor little morsel for the world, and I'll bring it back in half an hour. Give it here."

Tipstaff then locked at the window, which was small, and would not open. He took out his pen-knife, broke the woman and went out, locking the door after him.

In a few time after that hasty footsteps were heard outside the house, and the landlord came in, throwing a quick look round him, which started the woman's wife to the figure of his wife nursing the baby on the settle.

"Here," he said, chucking a purse into her lap; "put it away, and look sharp. Is the old fool abed? I'll be bound he is. I doubt I've given him a handful to-night."

The next moment the landlord, who was examining his muddy clothes, received a harsh tap himself, and, in his utter amazement, became aware that his wife had put down the baby and collared himself, saying in a man's voice, and one which he knew well: "In the king's name!"

The landlord cast one look at the door, but it would not do. He had nothing for it but to submit. The dragon was caught at last, and it wasn't a dragon, but a lion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Best Fashion Book for the ladies.—LE BON TON MAGAZINE, DE MODES, imported from PARIS, and given in French and English. The Dresses, Bonnets, and Cloaks for June are beautiful. Each Number gives two full-sized patterns, worth more than the price charged. Subscriptions one year, monthly, $5. Single copy, 50 cts. Address S. T. TAYLOR, Importer of Ladies' Fashions, 467 Broadway, N. Y.

Seven Hundred Volunteers Sick in Camp!—Young men, be warned in time. Supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. They are guaranteed to cure the worst cases of Sores, Ulcers, Scurvy, Fevers, and Bowel Complaints. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

Look! Ladies, Look!

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM FOR NOTHING!

AT THE PRESENT TIME, WHEN EVERYBODY IS photographic-album-mad, it will be glorious news to the public to know that we have hit upon a plan by which they may procure

A Photographic Album For Nothing!

We are by no means joking when we say this; we mean it. We propose to

Give Away a Photographic Album AS A **Premium for Subscriptions** TO THE **New York Weekly,**

Now universally admitted to be the

Model Story and Sketch Paper OF THE AGE.

The New York Weekly

Employs more literary talent and spends more money for contributions than any other paper of its class published. Anybody before whose notice it is fairly brought, will be glad to subscribe for it, even without any other inducement than its merit; but when, in addition, a

Photographic Album is Given Away.

THE RUSH FOR IT WILL BE IMMENSE.

In order to more fully explain ourselves, we hereby lay before the public the following

LIST OF PREMIUMS

TO GETTERS UP OF CLUBS.

To anybody who will send us $5, for two subscriptions to the NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will give a splendid Photographic Album, bound in beautiful leather, and gilt edges, worth $5.

To any one sending us $7 50, for three subscriptions, we will send a splendid $4 Album.

To any one sending $10, for four subscribers, we will send a splendid Album, worth $8.

To any one sending $15, for six subscriptions, we will send the most beautiful $7 50 Album ever made.

To any one sending $20, for eight subscriptions, we will send a beautiful $10 Album.

Those entitled to premiums should be careful to mention the colors of the Album—either Brown, Black, Red, or Fancy Color.

Each Album will be sent on the day ordered.

The New York Weekly

Has been long enough before the people to satisfy them that these offers are made in good faith, and that our extravagances will be faithfully met. Our friends must be careful to whom they entrust their money for subscriptions, as we, of course, can take no risk. Persons sending us money should be particular to mention Town, County, and State.

All letters must be addressed to

STREET & SMITH,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
No. 11 Frankfort Street, N. Y.
SPECIMEN COPIES SENT FREE.

Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s Bulletin of

NEW MUSIC

Ballad, "KISS ME COOD NIGHT, MOTHER," by J. E. THOMAS; price 30 cents. Duet, "GOOD BY, JOURS" and "BRIDE OF THE WIND," by Fred. B. HOLDEN; price 50 cents. Duet, "THE LOST" by same, by Robert Heller; price 40 cents. WILLIAM A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N. Y.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. PRICE: per hundred, $30 cash. Sample (1 Cents), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address JOHN W. EVERETT, P. O. Box 6134, or 111 Fulton Street, N. Y.

"Evening Hour." for **Violin and Piano.**—No one to Love. Trab, Trab gallop. Hallock's March (in Company Order), Hallenbach, Maryland, my Maryland! 4 Nos., each 25 cents. UNION COLLECTION, about 50 most popular pieces, 50 cents. Orchestra size, arranged as duets. 50 cts., post paid. F. BUNN, 203 Bowery, N. Y.

FERTILIZERS.

No. 1.—Phosphatic Guanos, of various importations, warranted pure, and to analyze from 70 to 85 per cent. bone phosphate of lime, and other substantial fertilizers.

No. No. 1 Peruvian, for sale on the most favorable terms, in quantities to suit purchasers, by JOHN B. SARPY, No. 56 South Front street, New York.

For particulars send for circular.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY pronounced to be the very soul of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 613 Broadway.

Window Washer.

SCRUTINIZE NEW, NOVEL, AND USEFUL. A SECRET A SPONGE! A FINGER PUMP! A CARRIAGE WASHER! *All in One Dollar.* Rights for sale. Agents to convict territory wanted. Send for circulars.

JONAS FARNSWORTH, 493 Broadway, N. Y.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

DISFIGURING as the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discoloration spots on the skin shows more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they can obtain great gratification by the beauty on either; and any thing that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin, a mixture or color would be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, having devoted a long while time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove Moth Patches, Freckles, and other discolorations from the face without injury to other tissues or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of which he specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE in every CASE. For full particulars address, enclosing stamp for a circular,

DR. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.
All Consultations Free.

THREE SPLENDID BOOKS.

Just Published.

I.—MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS.—An intensely powerful and interesting new book by Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines" (which created such a life-nay sensation last year). Price, cloth bound, $1 60, paper cover, 75 cents. Also a new and uniform edition of AMONG THE PINES, at the same prices.

* * *

II.—DRIFTING ABOUT; or, what "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" Saw-and-Did.—A humorous autobiography by Mortimer Thomson. Illustrated with comic wood-cuts by Mullen. "*" One of the most original, comic, exciting, and unpublishable, anecdotical, amusing, entertaining, remarkable books ever published. It will produce a genuine sensation everywhere; so look out for fun and amusement, as "Jeems Pipes" is now ready with his book. Price, cloth bound, $1 25.

* * *

III.—INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.—The personal memoirs of D. D. HOME *or Home*, the celebrated Spiritualist. With an Introduction by Judge EDMONDS. One handsome vol., cloth bound, price $1 25. *,* These extraordinary revelations by one of the most brilliant apostles of the Supernatural, possess an interest of mysterious and magical character, and will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe.

* * *

*** These books are sold by all booksellers, and are sent by mail, free, on receipt of price, by CARLETON, Publisher, New York, No. 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard Street.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.—A HUNDRED CURATIVES IN ONE.—Not the least striking merit of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS is the wide scope of its operation as a tonic, alterative and medial preparation. As a *protective medicine* they ward off all the diseases, and their name in Lepic—that explicate in unwholesome air, impure water, exhausting heat, or other local and atmospheric influences. They are also sufficient to secure for any corrective and alterative medicine a world-wide and enduring celebrity. But HOSTETTER'S GREAT SPECIFIC has a hundred other claims to the confidence and high estimation of the public. In dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, bilious remittent fevers, cholera morbus, cramps, colic, constipation, general debility, premature decay, female irregularities, sexual disability, constitutional weakness, sea sickness, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulency, vertigo, fainting fits, hysterics, and all complaints proceeding from imperfect digestion, and a disordered condition of the liver and bowels, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are the most powerful speedy, harmless, and agreeable of all remedies ever employed by the press, or administered in family practice.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 628 BROADWAY.

Pure Blood Cures.

When the bile has not the requisite healthy qualities, we unless nature. Of course no rule to a state of health, the blood must be purified. You can not purify the blood but by occasional purgatives, and they should be continued at several days' intervals, then there will be a greater or less interval of rest. Some persons have used BRANDRETH'S Pills every day in small doses until they became cured of habitual costiveness, which had troubled them for over twenty years. The use of this medicine does not debilitate or require an increase of dose from continued use. They in fact strengthen the bowels as exercise does the arms or legs.

DANIEL J. TENNEY, of Astor House, New York, cured himself of costiveness of ten years standing by their use also.

* * *

MR. COOK, Editor of Democratic Banner, Bennington, Vermont, cured of costiveness and dyspepsia by BRANDRETH'S Pills, when all other medicines had failed, and when his doctors pronounced him incurable.

* * *

MR. BLISS, of Rushwick, cured of debility and costiveness by BRANDRETH'S Pills, when he despaired of ever regaining his health.

Remember reference will be given to persons whom BRANDRETH'S Pills have cured of costiveness of over twenty years duration, and in cases where no natural action of the bowels had taken place in twenty years.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET, N. Y.
For sale also at No. 4 Union Square, and by all dealers.

GET NEW STYLE.

359. **Old Prices.** 359.

LACE CURTAINS,

Nottingham Curtains,
Muslin Curtains,
Brocatelle Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,
WHITE HOLLAND SHADES.
Gold Window Shades,
Buff Holland Window Shades,
Green Holland Window Shades.
THE BEST UPHOLSTERERS EMPLOYED.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
359. 359 BROADWAY, 359.
New York.

Sponsalia
Millinery Rooms,
12 Waverley Place.

Madame Benedict, of Rue de la Paix, Paris, will have, at her new Branch Rooms, 12 Waverley Place, on Thursday, May the 14th, her second opening of Dress Bonnets, Straw Bonnets, Hats, Caps, and Head-Dresses.

A DISTINCT Department for

Mourning Millinery.

Madame Benedict begs to thank her numerous Parisian friends, as well as her newly-formed and valued American customers, for their generous patronage.

Knapp's Extract of Roots,

For making Root Beer.

One of the pleasantest and healthiest Beverages known is made from this Extract. Its ingredients are vegetables such as act to recommend it alike to the invalid as well as those in the enjoyment of good health.

Put up in bottles at 25 cents, 50 cents, $1 00, and $2 50, with full directions. To Root Beer Makers, $8 00 per gallon, which makes 800 gallons of Beer.

Sold by Druggists, 403 Hudson Street, New York. Sold by Druggists generally.

Insoles, Belts and Armlets.

The Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles, Voltaic Belts, Armlets, &c., are the surest remedy (as thousands who have used them in great Britain and the United States can testify) for curing Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and all nervous disease, being a safe, certain, and speedy instantaneous remedy. METCALFE & CO., Proprietors, No. 429 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, $1; Armlets, $2; Belts, $3. Send for circular. Sent by mail for 25 cents additional.

For Sale Cheap.

One Double Cylinder Hoe Press—Bed Mov'f. To be seen at Taylor & Co.'s, No. 8 Hague St. For terms, apply to HARPER & BROTHERS.

The Curative will soon soften the Corn by its peculiar qualities, and it can be easily removed. Invites to be free from any disagreeable sensation. The boot or shoe can be worn at all times after the application with ease. Send for circular. Sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 50 cents, $1, and $2. OFFICE 212 BROADWAY, N. Y. Corns, Bunions, Calosities, Club, and Inverted Nails, Vascular Excrescences, and Diseased Scalp, Frosted and Blistered Feet, Chilblains, and all kindred affections of the skin. Reliability and consistency the motto of Dr. J. R. Briggs, Surgeon Chiropodist, 212 Broadway, N.Y.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee,
Roasts per Steam.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to Coffee usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Rio, Mocha, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect richness of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a box, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 219, 225 and 227 Washington Street, N. Y. Importers and Manufacturers.

MOUNT KISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WILSON, A.M., Prin., Mount Kisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

Postage Currency Cash Box.

Sherry's Patent, dated 1862. Every Trader, Farmer, and Bank Teller should have one. They are made of tin, elegantly japanned, and warranted to suit denominations and self-adjusting weights to keep the little bills in place. Sent by mail, for 75 cents. Agents wanted. GEO. K. SNOW & HARGOOD, Faithdeer Office, Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	35 00 each.
300 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches....	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Bond Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Etn. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
$100 Cent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Worth Rings.....	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sets of Stone Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 4 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Ladies' Rings.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	7 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates, stating the various articles, and on what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all an equal chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 20 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those selling as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 20 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

288 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, *Peaches, &c.*, to be sown, only 90 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—20 acre tracts of land, $10 to $20 per acre, payable with 6 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. E. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural seat free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old Need long-settled State, amidst conditions for general farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies."

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 31th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the compilation of all prominent manufactures of "Corn Starch" and "Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of kings, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Maker Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without an egg, and with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A child's dinner to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meats, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "Maizena," with directions. The most delicate article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

DEAF! DEAF!

ARTIFICIAL EARS, OR SOUND MAGNIFIER,

for the Deaf. Send your address and a pamphlet will be sent. Address H. Ingram, No. 363 John St., New York.

3200 Union Envelopes, which have been collected with much outlay both of time, labor, and money, are offered for sale. They are arranged in four volumes, uniformly bound in Half Calf, and embrace nearly all the varieties issued during the past two years.

Price $150. Address

Box 194, P. O. Troy, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 100 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Mason & Hamlin,

Manufacturers of Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and Melodeons, take pleasure in referring to the musical profession generally as to the superiority of the instruments, which they claim to be unsurpassed by any in the world. They have had the honor of receiving the only Gold Medal ever awarded to such instruments in this country, and though constantly exhibiting their instruments, have not, even in a single instance, failed to carry off the first prize. M. & H. respectfully invite attention to their new Cabinet Organs, which are winning golden opinions from the highest source. Among the distinguished organists who pronounce them the best instruments of their class in the world are Morgan, of Grace Church; Zundel, of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church; Wels, of Trinity Church; Morgan, of Dr. Poe's Church; Mosenthal, of Calvary Church; Berg, of Zion Church; William Mason, and many others. Prices of Organs, with one and two stops, $70 to $150; with six or seven stops, $265 to $350 each. Warerooms, Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer Street, New York. Address MASON BROTHERS.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are injurious to be used in cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 75 for Gents. G. B. GRAY, 304 Broadway, N. Y.

Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.

Acknowledged to be the best it is by us, in all respects, unequalled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 335 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

TIBBALS'

Manufacturing Depot for J. A. CRANDALL'S PATENT ROCKING AND RIDING HORSE, BABY TENDER, AND CHILD'S PERAMBULATOR, removed to No. 512 Broadway, between Spring and the St. Nicholas Hotel. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and price list.

KING ON STEAM.

A new, revised, and greatly enlarged Edition.

Lessons and Practical Notes on Steam, the Steam Engine, Propeller, &c., for Young Engineers, Students, and others. By the late W. H. King, U. S. N. Revised by Chief Engineer J. W. King, U. S. N.

Price $2 50. For sale by mail. Published by

D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." Sample Pkg. 25c. All sizes. Agents wanted. 147 Sewing Machines and hand sewing. 440 Broadway, N. Y.

The Richest Subscription Books Published in this Country.
Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds of America.

In various Editions and Bindings.

BIRDS, folio edition, Half Russia.....	$175
" " Half Morocco.....	200
QUADRUPEDS, folio edition, Half Russia.....	225
" " Half Morocco.....	250

Circulars containing full particulars sent on application. Published by

GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD,
Late Roe Lockwood & Son, 411 Broadway, N. Y.

607 Broadway, New York.



C. W. FRENCH,
GOFFLEMEN'S
PERSUMING GOOD.
THE GOFFLE
MAKE TO ORDER.
The Goffle Machine un-
derstands $1 50 each, or
$15 a doz. Also a large
stock of Muslin, Linen,
and Jean Drawers, of
our own make, and war-
ranted.

C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money.—Any kind of information or documents from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the past 20 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to discover property to the enormous millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Fee to search for same, $3. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Knave. Handsomely illustrated with Flags, Shields, Stars, and Fingers the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25c. Dime Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of Stamp.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $3, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or consult HENRY HALL, 129 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Established, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
Ef Established 1840. *Ef* For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. RICE & CO., 37 Park Row, N.Y.

DEPOTTER'S LARGE LETTER BILL.—All kinds stable and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 118 Chambers St.;

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better DISPLAY, and claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

GLEASON'S SAVED KEROSENE CRATER

Will cook a Steak (4 in. ⅞ thick,) in 1¾ minutes, on a Coal Oil ⅞ at a cost of less than ¼ of ₵; makes ⅞ of Tin in 7 minutes; Toast four slices of ⅞ in 3 minutes; boil or fry ⅞ in 3 minutes; warm drinks, food, &c. for the sick or ⅞ in 24 minutes; will prevent the ⅞ breaking of ⅞ and save the trouble and expense of making more than 10,000,000 of fires annually. Used on any Kerosene Lamp.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer,

135 Mercer-St. N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail free to charge to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays aredangerous. Address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS CO.,
NEW YORK.

STAMMERING,

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For new Edition of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. L. BEARS, 377 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 3076.

CHOCOLATE

Of the very best grades, cleanest, very nutritious, and more healthful than Tea and Coffee

For Family Use.

Also Confectionery

Of every variety for home and export trade. Warranted pure.

PALMER & CO.,

Formerly Strueben & Palmer, Steam Manufacturing Confectioners, 56 and 65 Duane Street, just East of Broadway.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms.—In the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit and vegetable in the Union; $10 to $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to E. J. FRYER, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Route to the land.—Leave Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A.M. or 4 P.M. for Hammonton.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Butlers charged low rates.

FOR SALE.—A double cylinder Printing Press, A. B. Taylor & Co., Maker—for three years for which "Harper's Weekly" has heretofore been printed. Sold only for want of use, the increased circulation of the "Weekly" rendering Hoe's large four cylinder Press. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS.

The Best and most Popular History of the Rebellion

Is issued by the Auburn Publishing Co. Good Agents for it make $10 per day, and one each is wanted in every township. For all "about it," write to

E. G. STORES, Auburn, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS OF WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels by mail, with the utmost care and promptitude. Watches so forwarded are *registered*; we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Each parcel, by Reception steamers, several large importations of that description have arrived.

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES, SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SERVICE! The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9th, reviewing this watch, says: "We are pleased to see that the importation of the firm of Hubbard Bros. is meeting the encomiums due their extraordinary enterprise and energy in richly merits. These watches are novelties produced by no other house, and are especially adapted for Army use, far exceeding other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance. A leading point of comparison in their favor under the house a desirable medium for traders in the Army. The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautifully white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, and is fitted with the most reliable movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of a half dozen, $24. Parcel, $1 00 additional for postage. Should retail readily at from $30 to $50 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Address

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM, BEING A LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH IN ONE, AND A HUNTING AND OPEN-FACE COMBINED, WITH PATENT SECS-SECONDS INDEPENDENT. THE *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 27, emphatically says: "We have now shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARDS, of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the greatest conveniences, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general use which we ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being like pure gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, securely wrapped, per dozen, half dozen, $204. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those purposes, by express, or wholesale, $20. If sent by mail the postage is 36 cents.

TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE IN ALL INSTANCES. Remittances may be made in United States money or drafts payable to our order. If sent by express or mail, to a registered letter at our risk. *No Circulars or Agents.*

Ef WE CAUTION THE PUBLIC AGAINST BUYING AS STATED CAN ONLY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

If you would Sing well,

STUDY AND PRACTICE the wholesome lessons and Exercises contained in "THE GOLDEN WREATH OF SONG." It treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific, yet plain and comprehensible manner, and is recommended by Teachers and Vocalists as the best work for those who wish to become numbered among the best singers. Price, for 30-grave Vols., complete, $2 50; either Vol., $1 25. Sent by mail, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Rare Chance for a Prize.

Invest your surplus.—A home for the soldiers' family. A fortune for his children. 2,000 acres rich, well watered and well timbered land, in Lincoln Land, now selling elements, in 40 acre tracts, for sale. The entire body lies on the line of the new City of Green Bay; 10 miles from Green Bay to Chicago. To be sold in lots of not less than 40 acres each, at $5 per acre. Terms $10 down, and balance of $1 25 in June, 1867. Title comes from the State. Large settlements of New England people are now in value of the property. Will worth $50 per acre, but must be sold. Persons who would desire to possess a beautiful little farm, or capitalists who seek investments, will do well to look into this. Address E. M. Hodges, 111 Fulton Street, New York.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county. $75 a month and expenses, or allow a large commission. Call or send for sample. Chemical Family Soap Co., 8 MADISON St., Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, and expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils*, Pencil Cases, and Pens. Sample sent free. Address, 15 circulars *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

AGENTS WANTED.

To take orders for Victor's History of the Rebellion, the acknowledged standard. Indorsed by Governors, Cabinet, Members of Congress, Governors, Bancroft the historian, and the whole country. Every Volume now ready, expensively illustrated with Steel Engravings. Sold by subscription only, and selling rapidly everywhere. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address

EDWARD F. HOVEY, 13 Spruce St., New York.

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.

Devoted to

PEACE AND CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

BENJAMIN WOOD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The re-issue of this paper will commence on

MONDAY, May 25, 1863.

Daily News, per annum.....Six dollars
Daily News, for six months.....Three dollars
Daily News, single copies.....Two cents.
Weekly edition, per annum.....One dollar.
Commencement of Weekly Edition

BENJ. WOOD, New York Daily News,
No. 19 City Hall Square, New York City.

Persons in this City and vicinity desiring to be served by carriers, will leave their address at this office.

"Noses" and their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, pug, long, short, thick, thin, pointed, upturned, snub, and Jewish Noses, with the "why and wherefore" of these varieties. Illustrated with numerous Engravings, including national officers, with their Physiology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Ethnology, Philosophy, Philology, &c., given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. A new vol. begins with July No. $1 00 a year, or 15 cents a Number. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents, Soldiers, and Dealers, look to your interest. Call or send stamp for circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 52 Nassau Street, N. Y., 434 Chestnut Street, Phila.

Something New.—A beautiful present for a lady. A Shell Card Basket sent per Express, on receipt of 60 cents. Address J. W. REID, Arlington, Vt.



THE MUSIC OF MOZART.

RETURNED ZOUAVE. "What makes you tear that Map in two?"

FERNANDO WOOD. "Oh! it's only a *temporary* separation. We'll stick it together again."

RETURNED ZOUAVE. "Stick it together again! No, Sir-ee! not without you stick it together with my bayonet, anyhow!"

EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!

MAY BE PROCURED

At FROM $8 to $12 PER ACRE.

Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization. 1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, ON LONG CREDIT, the beautiful and fertile PRAIRIE LANDS lying along the whole line of their Railroad, 700 MILES IN LENGTH, upon the most Favorable Terms, for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics, and Workingmen to make for themselves and their families a competency, and a HOME they can call THEIR OWN, *as will appear from the following statements:*

ILLINOIS

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,722,666, and a seat capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the Settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, Corn and Wheat.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the inducements to farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate, from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 300 miles, is well adapted to Winter

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO,

Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers a distance of 115 miles on the Branch, and 126 miles on the Main Trunk), lies the great Corn and Grass growing portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 40 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that the system of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Eastern States. A branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith (a distance of 50 miles on the Branch and 127 miles on the Main Trunk), Timothy and Spring Wheat, Corn, &c., are produced in great abundance.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS

of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1862 is estimated at 18,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels, besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Flax, Hemp, Broom Corn, Clover, Cabbage, Onions, Tobacco, Sorghum, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the first breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enjoy with the fairest prospects of like results. DAIRY FARMING also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min., see Map from the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line, the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the production of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the patch and garden culture of this plant.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to Cairo. As its name imports, the Railroad runs through the centre of the State, and on either side of the road along its whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

MARKETS, DEPOTS.

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving them an outlet on every seven miles. Cities, Towns, and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the State, where every description of commodity may be found so readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where long credit will be given to the Settler on his Farm.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large portion of the proceeds of the sales of these lands. Colleges in eight of the schools, the college, the church, and grog are under the property of the leading State in the Great West.—*Cairo Empire.*

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres, at $10 per acre, with interest at 6 per cent. annually, payable in the following terms:	
Cash payment	$48 00
Payment in one year	48 00
" in two years	48 00
" in three years	48 00
" in four years	$96 00
" in five years	$144 00
" in six years	$12 00
" in seven years	$60 00

40 acres, at $10 00 per acre:	
Cash payment	$24 00
Payment in one year	24 00
" in two years	24 00
" in three years	24 00
" in four years	$18 00
" in five years	$12 00
" in six years	$12 00
" in seven years	100 00

Address **Land Commissioner**, *Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.*

FISK & HATCH, Bankers AND Dealers in Government Securities, Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, the PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO the FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS at PAR will cease. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. Interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENTS, BONDS OF 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 36 Wall Street, New York.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
The largest and choicest Assortment
in the City.
DEVLIN & CO.,
Broadway, N. Y.

Brown, Wilson, & Fisher, Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.

Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of all kinds bought and sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. Orders received for the new 5-20 6 per cent. Bonds at par and accrued interest. We buy and sell, and keep constantly on hand, all kinds of U. S. Government securities, Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Money, &c., &c.
LEWIS M. BROWN, HENRY S. WILSON.
CHARLES A. FISHER, Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston, Moses Taylor, James B. Wilson, Lewis B. Brown, John J. Cisco.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 371 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

Superior Farm Land

At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, to actual purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Esq., and others, with full description of location, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

National Union League
To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by this organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a 3/4 in fine 10 k. gold piece, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to gull buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

$16. WATCHES. $16.

Ladies' fine Gold Plate Hunting-Case Watches for $16.

Warranted to keep good time, and to equal the solid 16-carat gold cases in finish and general appearance.

$22. Genuine American Lever $22. Watches,

In Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22, worth $35 at retail.

$35. Genuine English Levers, $35.

Full Jewelled, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $35, worth $45 at retail.

$15. Fine, Full Jewelled Patent $15. Levers,

Three-quarter-plate movement. Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $15, retail price, $25.

$22. A Splendid Silver Hunting $22. Case Lever,

That indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, INVENTOR OF WATCHES,
208 Broadway, New York.

ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
UNION ADAMS.
No. 637 Broadway.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGE,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

"Capture of the Arie!"

A beautiful card photograph just published by
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
No. 501 Broadway, N. Y.
Price 25 cents; cab be sent by mail.

A Saving of 20 per cent. by buying Housekeeping Articles at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN H. BOSTWICK, Isle Prairie, Hennepin & Co., 196 William St., N. Y.

Central Mills, Ingersol
WHEAT COFFEE.
Sold by all Grocers.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Town, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making $15 per day selling our splendid GOLD PEN and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), Gift Enterprises, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to *your friends in the Army.* No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all agents.* Partners in either variety sent at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for Circulars. Sent free on receipt of stamp. Address
C. BICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York.
largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.



Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
12 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

C. Taylor's
Shirt,
Hosiery,
AND
Glove
House.
713 Broadway,
First Corner below N. Y. Hotel.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope

Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 199 Centre Street, 54 floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

ATTENTION

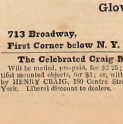
50,000 Agents Wanted.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send on receipt of the receipt of $1, any article which my whole-sale Circular, either a Gold Mosaic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a Lady's Guard or Neck Chain, or Neck Chain, or Splendid Gold Pen and Pencil Case, or Gold Thimble, or Diamond Ring, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring, or Pin.
B. F. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Capmental size, *Solid Silver Dial*, gilt-edged Hunting-case. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above. Specially adapted to the ARMY.
CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.
RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Also, Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon Manufacturing Co Revolving Pistols.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Between Broome and Grand Street,
Are now opening New Goods. Mantel Vases, Tea Sets, Dining Sets, &c.

Good Looking!

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE."—A new system of PHYSIOGNOMY. Eyes, Ears, Lips, Mouth, Hands, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, with 1,000 Engravings of Character, and "How to Read Them." The Psychology, Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at $1 a year, or 10 cents a Number. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid NEW Mammoth Family Bible. Price $20 per cent. profit. Report Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 49 Ann St., N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 335.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HOW STEAMBOATS RUN REBEL BATTERIES.

We reproduce on this page a picture of the tug "RUMSEY," Captain Joseph Biggs, as she appeared when prepared to run the gauntlet of the rebel batteries at Vicksburg on 26th April. On the Vicksburg side she was protected by a barge filled with hay solidly piled to a height which completely screened the steamboat. On the other side another barge, containing a loose deck-load of cotton-bales, protected the captain and his crew from rebel sharp-shooters. Cotton-bales were likewise piled around the pilot-house for the protection of the pilot. Thus accoutred, the gallant little craft boldly ran past the rebel batteries without suffering any damage or losing a man. Captain Biggs and his vessel are now with Farragut between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

On page 341 we reproduce some of Mr. Davis's sketches representing scenes in the campaign of General Grant and Admiral Farragut.

One of them shows us THE BOMBARDMENT AND DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL BATTERIES AT GRAND GULF by Admiral Farragut. The place was being strongly fortified, and would have become as formidable as Port Hudson or Vicksburg had the rebels been suffered to complete their works. It is now in our hands.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT GIBSON, by General Grant, followed quickly after. The *Herald* correspondent wrote:

On Saturday we reached Fort Gibson, and took formal possession of the town. Just as we entered the village we discovered the suspension bridge which crosses the Bayou Pierre on fire. This compelled us to remain a few hours, until a floating bridge could be constructed. The enemy appeared on the opposite side of the bayou, above and below the town, and shots were exchanged, but with no damage to our army.

Port Gibson is a town of two thousand inhabitants, well built and enterprising. A railroad connects the Port with Grand Gulf.

In the afternoon the bridge was repaired, and we crossed over.

Three miles beyond Port Gibson, on the Raymond road, we came across two large piles of bacon belonging to the rebel army, and containing at least 50,000 pounds. Of course this was unceremoniously appropriated. Five miles beyond we came to the upper bridge across Bayou Pierre, a substantial iron suspension bridge, which the enemy in his retreat had attempted to burn. The negroes had put out the fire before the bridge was entirely destroyed.

The other pictures show us GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS DISPATCHES TO WASHINGTON ON THE BATTLE-FIELD BY THE LIGHT OF A BIVOUAC FIRE, and GOVERNOR YATES SECURING THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE IN SEARCH OF THE WOUNDED. Mr. Davis says that the Governor's industry and zeal in this praiseworthy enterprise elicited universal encomium.

THE BERWICK'S BAY EXPEDITION.

We illustrate on page 340 two scenes in the recent naval campaign in Berwick's Bay, Louisiana, viz., THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST," and THE CAPTURE OF BUTTE LA ROSE by our flotilla. The former operation is thus described in the official report of the commanding officer of the flotilla:

EXTRACT OF OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER COOKE TO COMMODORE MORRIS.

"GUN-BOAT 'ESTRELLA,' GRAND LAKE, "*April* 15, 1863.

"During the afternoon the smoke of the enemy's steamers was seen in the distance, apparently in Lake Chicot. At dark they were not yet in sight, but we expected them, and made preparations accordingly. After two o'clock A.M. of the 14th inst. we could occasionally distinguish their lights in the distance, and at daylight saw a large black steamer and white river-boat approaching us. We were all under way immediately, and opened the engagement with our bow-guns—30-pounder Parrott—at long range, our three vessels forming a crescent—the *Estrella* on the left, the *Arizona*, Captain Upton, on the right, and the *Calhoun*, Captain Jordan, in the centre—all approaching and gradually surrounding the enemy.

"The large black steamer pointed toward the *Arizona*, as though she were going to ram her; but our firing was so rapid and accurate that she did not advance. Captain Jordan, of the *Calhoun*, pointed his vessel to run down the black stranger; but she was seen to be on fire from our shells, and was soon wrapped in flames fore and aft. At this juncture her consort turned and fled. Having superior speed and lighter draft we could not follow her, and she escaped. We now lowered all our boats to pick up the crew of the burning steamer, who were clinging to cotton-bales all around her. From them we learned she was the *Queen of the West*, commanded by Captain Fuller, of Teche notoriety. We picked up ninety of her crew, besides Captain Fuller, and understand twenty or thirty were lost. The burning wreck drifted two or three miles down the lake, where she grounded, and the flames soon reached her magazine, which blew up, scattering the fragments of this famous vessel in every direction.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

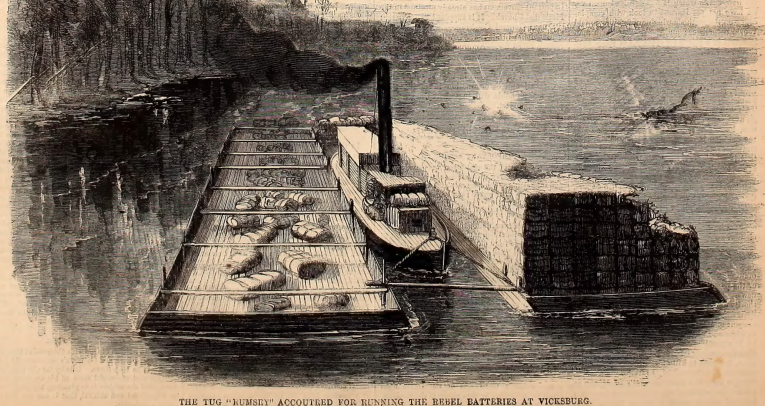
"A. P. COOKE, Lieutenant-Commander,
Commanding Naval Forces Berwick's Bay.

"Commodore HENRY W. MORRIS,
"Steam Sloop *Pensacola*, New Orleans."

Of the capture of Butte La Rose a friend of the author of the sketch which we reproduce writes as follows:

"UNITED STATES STEAMER 'ESTRELLA,'
"*April* 28, 1863.

"I herewith forward to you a sketch of Fort Butte La Rose and vicinity, as it appeared during the action of the 22d inst. After a few days of very intricate navigation of the innumerable bayous in this region, the Berwick's Bay fleet, under command of Lieutenant-Commander A. P. Cooke, approached the fort under a full head of steam at ten o'clock A.M. The fort was silenced in about twelve minutes. The rebel gun-boat *Mary T.* was crippled, and only escaped by the assistance of one of the rebel transports. The steamer *Clifton* was slightly injured in her machinery. Our loss was two killed and three wounded. We captured the fort, two heavy guns, sixty prisoners with all their small-arms, and a large quantity of ammunition."



THE TUG "RUMSEY" ACCOUTRED FOR RUNNING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

ONE DAY'S COMMAND.

THE plumed staff officer gallops
Along the swaying line,
That shake as, beaten by hailstones,
Shakes the loaded autumn vine;
And the earth beneath is reddened,
But not with the stain of wine.

The regular shock of a battery
The rattling tumult stuns;
And its steady thrill through the hill-side
Like a pulse beneath it runs;
The many are dead around it,
But the few still work the guns.

"Who commands this battery?"
And Crosby his clear, young eyes
From the sliding gun-sights lifting
As the well-aimed death-bolt flies,
"I command it to-day, Sir!"
With a steady voice replies.

Answers as heroes answer,
With modest words and few,
Whose hearts and hands to duty
Even in death are true,
Though its awful light is breaking
Full on their blenchless view.

The officer passes onward
With a less troubled eye,
The words and the look unshaken
Bid every wild doubt fly;
He knows that young commander
Is there to do or die.

To do *and* die; for the battle
And all of command are done,
While stands unmoved on the hill-side
Each shattered, blackened gun,
And Crosby in death beside them
A deathless name has won.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE ARREST OF VALLANDIGHAM.

IT is known that Clement C. Vallandigham, late member of Congress from Dayton, Ohio, was lately arrested at his house by order of General Burnside, tried by court-martial, and convicted of giving assistance to the Government in the prosecution of the war. And it is reported that he has been sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress during the war. The Traitor will enjoy the power of commuting or remitting this sentence altogether; and it is the unanimous hope of the loyal North that he will remit it.

For, whether the arrest of Vallandigham was or was not a wise step, there can be very little question but his imprisonment for months, and perhaps years, in a military fortress would make a martyr of him, and would rally to his side, for the sake of liberty and free speech, an immense number of sympathizers. It would probably make him Governor of Ohio, and would impart great strength to the rapidly-decaying Copperhead sentiment of the Northwest. Notwithstanding the mere lessons taught by the war, and the new duties which it has devolved upon us, we have not yet learned to look with complacency on the methods which are familiar to Old World despotisms; and the spectacle of a man immured in a prison for opinion's or words' sake shocks our feelings and arouses our anger.

It is all very well to say, as General Burnside says in his noble and patriotic reply to the Cincinnati Court, that war involves a sacrifice of liberty, and that this man Vallandigham was a pernicious and malignant enemy of his country. This we all know, and if Vallandigham would go out of the country to the rebels or any where else, loyal people would heartily rejoice. But the question is not whether Vallandigham be a traitor, or whether war involves a suspension of individual rights: it is—shall we better ourselves and help the country by locking this man up in a fortress, instead of letting him prate his seditious words to every one who will listen? To that question the reply must be in the negative.

The mistake which has all along been made in this war by the Government and many of its agents has been not trusting the people sufficiently. Arresting seditious talkers implies a fear that the people have less sense or strength of mind enough to resist the appeals of sedition; just as the suppression or retention for a time of intelligence of a defeated army implies whether the people have courage enough to bear news. Let us assure Mr. Lincoln, and all in authority under him, that the people of the United States have quite courage enough to bear any amount of misfortunes, and quite sense enough to withstand any amount of seditious nonsense, be it uttered ever so glibly. The only effect thus far produced by such talkers as Vallandigham has been to kill off the Copperhead sentiment in the Northwest, to reduce Fernando Wood's party to a mere corporal's guard, and to render the names of the Copperhead leaders a by-word and a reproach among honest men. Vallandigham was fast talking himself into the deepest political grave ever dug when Burnside resurrected him.

The people can be trusted to deal with traitors without any help from Washington, and those who suffer the penalty they inflict—ignominy and disgrace—never find sympathy any where. At the meeting held in New York on the 18th to protest against Vallandigham's arrest not one leading man, not a single man who commands general esteem, or who carries the least weight, ventured to be present, and the performance was, on the whole, the most wretched of all the wretched fizzles that have ever been enacted in this or in the way of political meetings. Not but that every body, including the leaders of all parties, and the editors of all leading journals, regret the arrest. But Copperheadism has become so odious, and the doom of every sympathizer with treason so obvious, that not a single man who has any future to risk will jeopard it by placing himself on the record as even indirectly sympathizing with a Copperhead. So long as the people are thus firm in their loyalty it is surely superfluous for Government to interpose for their protection against traitors.

LAY REPRESENTATION IN THE METHODIST E. CHURCH.

AN important convention of Methodist laymen met in this city on the 13th and 14th to devise means of securing a representation of the laity in the General Conference of their Church. About two hundred and thirty members were present, most of them delegates. Among the number were ex-Governor Wright of Indiana, Governor Tuttson of Delaware, Hon. M. H. Odell of Brooklyn, Hon. James Bishop of New Jersey, President Allen, late of Girard College, Judge Bond of Baltimore, and other distinguished gentlemen. The Rev. Dr. Newton Scott were well represented. Large delegations were also present from Philadelphia and New York.

The last General Conference—a body which meets once in four years—declared its willingness to admit lay delegates, if their introduction should be desired by the people, and referred the sense of the laity to be ascertained by a popular vote. The vote was taken at an unpropitious time, shortly after the breaking out of the rebellion, and was, in consequence, exceedingly small. Out of nearly a million of members less than eighty thousand voted, about thirty thousand of the votes being for lay representation, and upward of forty thousand against.

Resolutions were adopted by the Convention asking for a representation of laymen in the General Conference equal to that of the ministers, declaring their unabated attachment to their Church, and their conviction that lay representation would give greater life and vigor to all the operations of Methodism. Speeches were made upon the resolutions by Messrs. Carron of Indiana, Cooke of Illinois, Hoyt, Nicol, Cuningham, and Forrester of New York, Riddle of Delaware, Allen of Philadelphia, Bond of Baltimore, and others. Several ministers were invited to address the Convention, and among them Bishop Simpson, who made an elaborate speech in favor of the lay movement.

The presence of so many well-known laymen, and of such ministers as Doctors Durbin, Stevens, Nadal, Hagany, Rev. R. M. Hatfield, and Bishop Simpson, is indicative of the deep interest felt in important movement has already attained in the Methodist Church. It is supposed by many that the next General Conference, which meets at Philadelphia in May, 1864, will grant the concession asked for. Another Convention, to assemble concurrently with the General Conference, was appointed to meet in the same city on May 17, 1864. The laymen certainly show great zeal and determination in urging their suit, and no doubt will, in a short time, accomplish their object.

THE LOUNGER.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE design of the seal upon the envelope, in which the following article is sent, is novel and interesting. It represents a copperhead snake upside down, or reversed; a wingless warp manacled; with the motto, *Union for home; public virtue, and the statute of Limitations.*"

The State Committee on the distribution of prizes for treason, rebellion, murder, and civil war, will meet upon the third day of June at such time and place as shall be hereafter announced. The Committee deems to offer a most fraternal and cordial welcome to all traitors; all members of lynching and vigilance committees; all superintendents of hanging, burning, quartering, and tarring by wild horses of Union men; all artificers in Union homework; and especially all murderers in cold blood of negroes; and to invite them respectfully to compete for the premiums, which will be adjusted by the following scale:

For a complete case of rebellion without cause, beginning by every kind of public and private dishonor, theft, fraud, and perjury; continued by terror, famine, and wholesale slaughter, involving the people in enormous loss of life and vast expenditure; and ending in the ruin of the Union terms to be dictated by the authors of the rebellion, or separation with a view to reconstruction upon terms to be made entirely agreeable to the same gentlemen.

For any equally great, causeless, and bloody insurrection hereafter, the same premium will be presented.

For any partial effort in resisting the laws by force—a partial modification of the item at the option of the insurrectionists.

For single cases of complete disobedience and forcible abrogation of the law—a public dinner at the expense of Government.

For single cases of successful obstruction by fraud—a handsome bound copy of the statute of Limitations.

The Committee desire, in conclusion, to express the following fine sentiments:

We love anarchy. We will never willingly relinquish it. Its exercise is our essential. To enforce the laws is unnatural. To punish people who steal our property and murder our fellow-citizens is fanatical. The men in power are incompetent. What could be expected of people who turned out Buchanan? They are also fanatics. The Jew of the Countries, and Jeff Davis, and Robert Toombs are not in the least fanatical. They are also corrupt. Let us then hasten to recall Floyd, Cobb, and Pleasonine Stidell, the noblest Roman of them all; not forgetting, indeed, our worthy chairman, who has now for two years been wantonly and wickedly deprived of his rights in the Mayoralty of New York, and whose name, like that of our worthy secretary *pro tem.*, is the synonym of purity, incorruptibility, and political honor.

In view of these great truths, and aside from all loyal and honorable men, we know that the public voice demands that we shall be put in high places. We want no voice to find expression and to be heeded, for we are extremely anxious to go. We want to give a vigorous grinding of our own axes. And while we would submit to nothing that can injure our individual chances of power or patronage, we will gladly go as far as we think will pay in the abandonment of national honor, faith, and glory.

F. W., *Perpetual Chairman.*

J. R., *Secretary pro tem.*

SOLDIERS AND SAINTS.

STONEWALL JACKSON was evidently a soldier born. He may have been a saint also. But there is no relation, so far as we can suppose, between the two. A soldier as we understand, when he is in actual service, perceives and acts instinctively. There are certain movements to be made, certain points to carry, certain results to achieve, and those things the soldier, whether a good man or a bad one, knows how to do and proceeds in doing. His skill, his coolness, his daring, his rapidity, do not depend upon his faith in his cause.

But a saint is a conscientious man. Thus, for whatever cause he might be fighting, and however much or little he might believe in it, and however religious or irreligious he might be, General M'Clellan, for instance, would be cautious, slow, and apprehensive. Jackson, in the manner, would have been always dashing, impetuous, enthusiastic.

Religious faith, purity of character, love of home and country, may make a man persistent and patient, but they do not make him a skilful soldier. Marlborough was the falsest of Englishmen, but he had the British love of constant and splendid victory. William III. was one of the noblest and truest and bravest of men, but military success eluded him. Lafayette loved France with all his heart. He was a good man but a poor soldier. Nelson loved many things in France for his own glory, but he loosed the French eagles in every heaven. It would be very hard to show that Marlborough or Napoleon would have been better soldiers if they had been religious men. Cromwell was a great general, not because he was a strict Puritan and a fanatic, but because he had military genius. John Bunyan was doubtless as sincerely pious as Cromwell; but he would hardly have saved England from Spain.

Honesty is always admirable; but it is a two-edged sword. Pitt was as dauntless as honest as William of Orange; Servetus as honest as Calvin who burned him; Torquemada as honest as the Covenants he abjured. Let us respect honesty every where, but denounce and resist evil-doing. The honesty of a man who tries to destroy the foundations of society because its peaceful progress enlarges human liberty, is not so striking as his monstrous crime.

THE NEW SOLDIERS.

IF the Southwest ten colored regiments have been already formed, and General Thomas expects that ten more will be raised. General Butler had four such regiments in his command when he left Louisiana. General Hunter is organizing another army corps. General Foster, in North Carolina, who was bitterly opposed to enrolling colored men, has now a number in process of organization and companies of them, and is now most anxious to have as many regiments as he can get. General Forrester, in Kentucky, who once colored men's lives seem worth as much as the hardy, brave, patient, and obedient. In the District of Columbia a regiment is forming. In Massachusetts there is one regiment ready, another is rapidly filling its ranks, and a third is organizing. In Rhode Island, Wilde has been designated to the command of a colored brigade which will probably rendezvous at Newberne.

These are the signs of the return of common sense to the nation, for there was a time, not very long ago, when, if there were any willingness to use the services of colored men at all, it was a general opinion that they must not be actual fighters. And yet great as is the stake of all of us in this war, it is peculiarly vital to the colored race if it concerns their personal freedom and consequent social condition after the war, as their civil liberty. It was clear from the beginning of the rebellion that there could be but two classes of men in the country, the loyal and disloyal—those who were willing to fight for, and those who meant to fight against, the Government. To undertake the creation of a third class, consisting of those who were individually and collectively quite as much interested in the result as we, was one of the many foolish theories in which we indulged. What could be more absurd than to bail with joy the assistance of foreigners, many of whom could not even speak our language, and who could not be supposed to understand even their own interest in the war, and reject with scorn the strong hands of men whose right to themselves and their children was to be settled by the struggle? The war is not the battle of any particular race, or color, or nativity, for the American people, but the most solemn battle under heaven. It is the fight of all the people loyal to a Government which secures equal rights, against their fellow-citizens who would overthrow both rights and guarantee, and plant a despotism of privilege upon the ruins.

We do not claim for the colored regiments bravery superior to that of other soldiers. All we ask is that they shall have as fair a chance as any. They may not be especially heroic; but since Bull Run, in which Americans, Germans, and Irish fled in promiscuous panic, we have learned that a valor to be tested only by long and various observation. One negro at Milton Head, after he enlisted and the regiment was ordered to Florida, was home and hid himself in the chimney. He was pulled out, went with the rest, and was so cool, brave, and effective in actual battle that he was promoted to a sergeancy on the field. It would be idle to censure General Saxton because the Fifteenth Corps at Chancellorsville were called "Dutchmen," for Frederick the Great fought with German soldiers. And till some battle in which the panic which has at times overcome all our soldiers should seize the colored ranks, we bespeak for them the charity which has protected all the others.

MORE PEACE.

THE gentlemen who have signed the call for a convention to arrange the terms upon which men in armed rebellion against the laws will consent to obey them, have put themselves in a position which for a time, at least, separates them from the sympathy of loyal men. They say: "We think that the effort to sustain the Union by force of arms in the hands of those who now direct the Government has proved a failure." To this statement they append their second call for peace. Their sagacity is committed to the assertion that the war has failed. Their sense militates as forcibly as it can by the justification of that assertion. If that is false they are wrong; and they are not likely to be trusted with the power by their fellow-citizens. Now most of the names signed to the call are totally unknown, but of the few who are known not one can be supposed to wish to be put in the wrong. Our success in the field would show that the war was not a failure, and bring their words to shame. Unquestionably from this time forward they desire the defeat of our arms. Their cry for peace comes to the ears of those that they hate. They will succeed in slaughtering and driving back the Union soldiers; that the nation may be so utterly despised and disgraced that it will ask the rebels what they want, and beg them, for pity's sake, to take it!

The whole test to such a call there is not a single name attached which carries the least weight, or inspires the slightest confidence in any part of the State.

CAVALRY.

A FRIEND returned from rebel captivity speaks of the use made of cavalry from the beginning in the rebel armies. The conscript infantry are commanded by the mounted "gentlemen" of the South, who relentlessly cut down all stragglers from the ranks. The immense cavalry force thrown on our lines, have even ridden round our armies, and left a feeling of uneasiness and dread. For some inexplicable reason we have hardly developed an interest to that most valuable branch of the service.

But at last a series of magnificent and incisive cavalry raids has given the very heart of the rebellion have disclosed its hollowness, and inspired universal terror and despair. They are inestimable as only for the work of cutting communications and destroying supplies, but for the revelation of the fact that behind the rebel armies and in the rebellion there is little substance. The thinly populated section is at the mercy of these bold and broad raiders. Its armies, as a power, are not a fourth safe. The war they have so wantonly and wickedly invoked lays its red hand upon every rebel household. In vain the "gentlemen" whip in the "white trash;" the laborers "whom capital ought to own," the poor, starved, ignorant, and enslaved of the South. The "gentlemen" must bethink them of their own snug estates, of their own cherished families, of their own lines, itself, but no longer safe from the far-reaching hand of justice and of war. Those conscript masses will also learn that the people of the North are not what they have been painted. They are not savages because they are intelligent; they are not brutes because they believe in civil order; they are not cowards because they are free. But they will learn also that in war such men are terrible.

In this week's paper there are two remarkable pictures of cavalry attacks, by Thomas Nast and Charles Reinhart. The dismounted cavalryman's horse and rider sweep devastating across the land. Woe to those and eternal infamy who raised the floodgates and let in desolation and death.

GIGNOUX'S PICTURE.

THE exhibition of Church's *Cotopaxi* at Goupil's rooms has closed, and Gignoux's *Sunrise in the Alps* is now to be seen there. It is by far the most important and successful work of his we have ever seen; and the subject is so pleasing, the treatment so thoughtful and skillful, that it can not fail of great popularity.

The picture is a "composition," like the *Heart of the Andes.* That is to say, it represents Switzerland, and no particular scene in Switzerland; so that whoever has seen the cliffs, the lakes, the mighty mountains, and the cold gleam of glaciers among sunny clouds, will sit and sit before this picture, and look and look, until all the beauty and the grandeur of that land, all its sublimity and terror, all its tenderness and romance, fill his mind once more, as when, long ago, he leaned upon his Alpen-stock, and, listening to some echoing jödel among the heights, gazed down upon Luzerne or the Four Cantons.

The fore-ground of the picture is a projecting point of the cliffs which overhang a lake, by the side of which we see the meadows far below us. The placid water fills the middle distance; and beyond it, on the opposite shore, the castellated precipices rise and catch the earliest sunlight on their tops. But the whole depth and distance are filled with the mountains tossed up to the sky and mingled with the clouds—a mass of infinite shadowy depth and variety, swelling vast and dark and mysterious from the lake up to shining fields of eternal snow. Whoever has looked from the Weissenstein in the Jura across the valley of the Aar to the Bernese Alps has seen this marvelous spectacle. It was Switzerland at a glance. It is the Switzerland that lives in memory forever.

Mr. Gignoux has reproduced the Swiss landscape with a freshness, freedom, and fidelity that justify and enhance his high reputation as one of our chief masters of landscape.

POLICY AND RIGHT.

In his late speech in Parliament Mr. Cobden shows England very clearly what risk she runs in provoking a war:

"How many of the ships which float upon the salt water belong to British capitalists? The lowest estimate I have heard formed of the number of these vessels, as entered through the insurance offices in the city and other quarters, shows that we have upon an average from £100,000,000 to £120,000,000 sterling worth of the property of British capitalists on the seas. Rest assured no other country has £30,000,000 worth, and that you have as much property at stake upon the ocean as all the rest of the world put together. You have, moreover, 10,000,000 people in the year to feed upon food brought from foreign countries. You get three-fourths of the tea and four-fifths of the silk from China; more than one half of the tallow and hemp from Russia; there is more cotton, more wheat, more Indian corn brought to us than to any other country. You are so powerful here in your island home that you can set the world at defiance; but the moment you begin a war of reprisals your commerce is the most vulnerable of any. ["No, no!"] Honorable gentlemen who deny the truth of that statement do not understand the position of the commerce of England."

To these risks observers upon our side of the sea add the probable loss of Canada and troubles in Ireland.

But we must remember that wars are not waged or prevented by considerations of policy alone. The wisest statesman in England, Edmund Burke, was opposed to the American war simply upon the ground of expediency. "I am not here going into the discussion of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries." "My consideration is wholly limited to the policy of the question." These were his words. He thought the war inexpedient, but Britain went to war. So now the shrewdest statesman in England may show the impolicy of war as conclusively as Burke, and we may calculate the harm our privateers will inflict upon British commerce; but, for all that, Britain may still be willing to go to war.

If, then, whatever may be the right between us, we think a war is now inexpedient, it is our duty to refrain from provoking it. Such a course can not dishonor us. No man with both hands engaged is dishonored by declining another fight. Of course whoever tempts him to it opens an account for future settlement.

LITERARY.

"Grape Culture, Wine and Wine-making, with notes upon Agriculture and Horticulture," by A. Haraszthy, Commissioner to report on the improvement and culture of the vine in California, is the title of a very interesting and valuable book, a Cyclopedia of Wines and Wine-making, just published by the Harpers. Mr. Haraszthy is a Hungarian by birth, but a naturalized American citizen, and was sent out under admirable auspices, both individual and national, to make a tour of examination in Europe. The results of his travel and study are in this work.

"The American Publishers' Circular" in a new form, Vol. I., No. 1, to be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, is issued by G. W. Childs, Philadelphia. This is a most convenient and attractive literary gazette, and will be invaluable to all who wish to know exactly what new books there are, by whom they are published, what their character is, and what is the current gossip of literary circles.

Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" is a treatise upon the law of progress in civilization, soon to be issued by the Harpers. The scope of the work is necessarily not unlike that of Buckle's History of Civilization; but it was nearly completed when Buckle's book appeared. Such a work is like an egg. It must be excellent or it is worthless. But Dr. Draper has already established his position as a scholar and thinker, and his history will be a remarkable contribution to literature.

At last Englishmen begin to see how humiliating for them Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" is. That the brilliancy of the book should have blinded them at first to what is conspicuous in it to all the rest of the world is surprising. But the Edinburgh *Review* opens upon him fiercely. It is pained to think how he has traduced the noble Gallic cock which is so fraternally allied to the British lion. And certainly Kinglake has brought the present wearer of that gorgeous plumage to the bar of the world. But he does not traduce France. He exposes what he thinks the conspiracy which has stolen the name of France, and by murdering, imprisoning, and exiling leading soldiers and statesmen, by absolutely controlling the press, and by a perfect system of espionage succeeds in holding France subject to its will. Louis Napoleon was said to have muttered, "*C'est ignoble,*" when he had read it; and no copy of the work, and no notice of it or extract from it, is permitted in France. If it is true, it *is*, indeed, a portrait of the celebrated British lion which makes him ignoble indeed.

Mr. Edmund Kirke, a mask of which the secret has been well kept, has written another work upon Southern life, "My Southern Friends," published by Carleton. His previous book, "Among the Pines," is one of the most vivid pictures ever drawn of the melancholy condition of a society founded in the nineteenth century upon principles and systems which even the eighteenth century had long outgrown, and which Christian civilization repudiates. "My Southern Friends" is a supplementary sketch of the same interest of subject and vigor of treatment.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Walter Russell Johnston, the young organist at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, has composed a very pleasing and richly-harmonized "Ave Maria," published by Pond & Co., which we cordially commend to our readers who are looking for a new and interesting "piece."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NICE SPRING BONNET.

Cutlets and other forms of meat are sometimes dressed *à la Jardinière.* So are bonnets, according to the ensuing entry in *Le Follet:*

"An elegant Leghorn bonnet was edged with green ribbon. On this ribbon, which was quite flat, were placed here and there cherries, fastened together two by two, and falling so as to form a bunch. At the edge of the front a large bouquet of real corn."

The idea of this elegant bonnet suggests various reflections. If the cherries adorning it were real, as well as the corn, the fair wearer would be much run after; chiefly, however, by pursuers whom she might not much care about—the boys. Decorated with real fruits and vegetables, the bonnet *à la Jardinière,* might suggest the inquiry:

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your bonnet grow?"

There would be no difficulty in trimming a bonnet with mustard and cress, grown in a strip of moist flannel, or plush; and thus this new thing in bonnets might be nicely fringed all round the front with a border of salad. It would look sweetly pretty, and the trimming would be soon fit to cut; and then some days would have to elapse before another could be grown. In the mean time a new bonnet would be immediately necessary; which would be just the thing for the majority of young ladies.

Boyish Freak.—The other day a carpenter's son, aged six years, who had been left alone in his father's work-shop, was disturbed while engaged in the painful operation of screwing up his eyes. He was immediately taken to a surgeon.

Curious Metamorphosis.—Wonders will never cease! the other day we heard that "a horse was turned into a stable!" and this is the boasted Nineteenth Century.

"Was your son engaged before he went to the war?" asked Mrs. Rugg of a neighbor.
"No, but he has had several engagements since," she replied.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I. was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the King to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son then must reign by candle-light."

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark?—Because she had *sufficient ground* for remaining.

"Good-morning, Mr. Jenkins! Where have you kept yourself this long time?"
"Kept myself! I don't keep myself—I board on credit!"

"Prevention is better than cure," as the pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the butcher.

"Too big for his business," as the lady said to the sweep who stuck in the chimney.

When a fiddler poisons himself with laudanum he may be said to have had too much of the *base vial.*

Bad English.—Swearing.

An Irishman recently handed in to the Telegraph Office a dispatch intended to inform another Emeralder, employed upon the public works in a neighboring town, of the decease of a friend. It reads thus: "Barney, come home; I died last night."

A leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

Consoling.—Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been such a fool.

A gentleman at table remarked that he could not endure fish unless it was well cooked. "This," said the waiter (as he handed him a plate of the desired dish), "is, I hope, suf-fish-ciently cooked to suit, Sir?" "Well, yes," replied the gentleman, as he tasted it, "it is done a good eel better than I anticipated it would be."

"Who is that with Miss Flint?" "Oh, that is a spark which she has struck," said a wag.

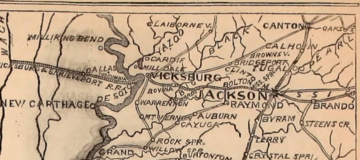
"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a gentleman to a little urchin, whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his door-step. "'Cause he sends me to take it."

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, Sir." "Yes, that is your Christian name; but what is your other name?" "Bob, Sir."

"Sally," said a swain to his intended, "give me a kiss, will you?" "No, I sha'n't," said Sally, "help yourself."

A consumptive man has a hollow cough, but a bankrupt merchant has a hollow coffer.



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF VICKSBURG AND JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CAPTURE OF JACKSON.

The capture of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, by the Union army of General Grant, is fully confirmed by the admission of the Vicksburg and Jackson papers, and by dispatches from Mobile and Chattanooga. General Hurlbut telegraphs from Cairo to General Halleck that this fact is stated by the above authorities. The rebel General Gregg abandoned Raymond on Tuesday, the 12th. On the next day he was reinforced by General Walker, of Georgia, at Mississippi Springs; but their combined forces were driven back to Jackson on Thursday. Our troops then followed and took possession of the city from the east. General Joe Johnston arrived at Jackson the day previous, but pushed on with three brigades toward Vicksburg. General Grant at last accounts had struck the railroad at Edward's Station, about eighteen miles from Vicksburg.

TELEGRAMS FROM GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant, under date of May 11, telegraphed to General Halleck as follows:

"My force will be this evening as far advanced along Fourteen Mile Creek, the left near Black River, and extending in a line nearly east and west, as they can get without bringing on a general engagement.

"I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more, except it becomes necessary to send a train with a heavy escort.

"You may not hear from me again for several days."

General Grant also telegraphed General Halleck, from Raymond, Mississippi, on the 14th instant, as follows:

"M'Pherson took this place on the 12th inst., after a brisk fight of more than two hours.

"Our loss was fifty-one killed and one hundred and eighty wounded. The enemy's loss was seventy-five killed (buried by us) and one hundred and eighty-six prisoners captured, besides the wounded.

"M'Pherson is now at Clinton. General Sherman is on the direct Jackson road, and General M'Clernand is bringing up the rear.

"I will attack the State capital to-day."

RUMORED EVACUATION OF VICKSBURG.

The following is a telegram from General Hurlbut, dated Memphis, and received at Washington on 19th:

General Grant has taken Jackson. The Capitol is burned.

From five to ten thousand mounted men are concentrated near Okolona, threatening an advance in the direction of the Memphis Railroad.

A citizen just up from Jackson reports that *the enemy abandoned Vicksburg on Sunday,* marching on the ridge northeast to Livingston, which is twenty miles northwest of Jackson.

COLONEL GRIERSON'S CAVALRY RAID.

The cavalry raid of Colonel Grierson with his gallant Illinois cavalry was a magnificent success. He cut his way through the enemy's country with two regiments of cavalry, destroying on his route four millions of rebel property, capturing over a thousand men and twelve hundred horses, demolishing a camp of instruction with all its equipments, cutting the communication on the Great Northern and New Orleans and Jackson railroads, and destroying a large number of cars, telegraph-wire, water-tanks, and army stores. After passing through many dangers and working terrible damage he arrived at Baton Rouge on the 1st inst., to the great surprise of the inhabitants. From thence he pushed on to New Orleans, where he was received with great *éclat.* The whole movement only occupied seventeen days.

ANOTHER CAVALRY DASH.

A dispatch received from the commandant of the Tennessee division of the Mississippi squadron—S. L. Phelps—states that Colonel Breckinridge, of the First West Tennessee cavalry, with fifty-five men, dashed across the country from the Tennessee River to Linden, on the 12th inst., and surprised a rebel force more than twice his number, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Frierson, a captain, one surgeon, four lieutenants, thirty rebel soldiers, ten conscripts, fifty horses, two army wagons, arms, etc. The court-house, which was the rebel depôt, was burned, with a quantity of army supplies. The troops, with their prisoners, returned on board the gun-boats.

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA.

We have accounts of the capture of Alexandria, on the Red River, by Admiral Porter.

REBEL DEMONSTRATION IN KENTUCKY.

The rebels are making a demonstration in Kentucky. Dispatches from Cincinnati, dated 18th, say that the rebel force in Wayne and Clinton counties is increasing. They are said to have seventeen thousand men and fourteen pieces of artillery. Four rebel regiments of infantry have passed through Jamestown, and twenty-four more regiments are reported at Morristown, East Tennessee. General Buckner is said to be at Clinton. There are rebel pickets on the Cumberland River at every available point. A letter from Richmond, Kentucky, says that the rebels have crossed the Cumberland, which is rapidly falling. These movements are regarded as indications of an attempt to outflank General Rosecrans at Murfreesboro.

A REBEL RAID.

The movements of the rebel General Mosby, with his cavalry, in Virginia, continue to create some solicitude. It is said that he has descended the valley of the Shenandoah with a force of 800 men, and is making forays through the country northward, probably with a view to cut the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At last accounts he was in the mountains in Loudon County, in the vicinity of Lovettsville, and his movements tending toward Leesburg.

HOW OUR PRISONERS FARE IN DIXIE.

That brute, Captain Turner, a few days ago had charge of some of our prisoners from Richmond to City Point, and caused a man of the 119th Pennsylvania to be bayoneted because he could proceed no further. The villain would not give the poor fellow even a drink of water. A soldier of an Ohio regiment, taken at Rome, Georgia, was shot on Wednesday while reaching for a cracker at Belle Isle Prison. Our prisoners were compelled to walk from their places of capture at Fredericksburg to Richmond, thence to City Point. Some gave out on the march. A member of the 20th New York regiment died on the route.

DOINGS OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

The first rebel Congress went out of existence at Richmond at ten o'clock on the night of the 1st instant. The most important measures passed during the session were a Taxation act for the support of the Government, the army, and the navy; a Currency act, to promote the funding of Confederate notes in Confederate Bonds; the Impressment act, to authorize the seizure of all produce for army use; an act to organize a general staff for the army; the formation of a new flag, and the adoption of a new seal. The bill making it a penal offense to buy, sell, or circulate United States bonds and Treasury notes, or "greenbacks," was rejected in the Senate on the ground that the Constitution did not authorize Congress to provide any punishment for the crime which the House bill created. The acts providing for the election of members of Congress by general ticket, to authorize the conscription of resident foreigners, and for the repeal of all naturalization laws, were also rejected. The joint resolutions offering terms of peace to the Northwestern loyal States were defeated in both Houses.

A BLACK ARMY CORPS.

General Banks has issued an order proposing the formation of an entire army corps of blacks, to be called the Corps d'Afrique.

THE SENTENCE OF VALLANDIGHAM.

Mr. Vallandigham has been sentenced to close imprisonment during the war in Fort Warren. This is the decision of the Court-Martial, as approved by General Burnside, but is, of course, subject to the judgment of the President.

MEETINGS TO PROTEST AGAINST IT.

A meeting to protest against the condemnation and sentence of Mr. Vallandigham was held at Albany on 16th. Some very strong speeches were made, and resolutions were adopted denouncing the arrest as an unwarrantable assumption of military power. Governor Seymour sent a letter to the meeting characterizing the arrest as "an act which has brought dishonor upon our country, which is full of danger to our persons and our homes, and which bears upon its front conscious violation of law and justice." A similar meeting was held here on 18th under the auspices of Fernando Wood. It proved a fizzle.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. ADAMS'S SPEECH TO THE TRADE UNIONS.

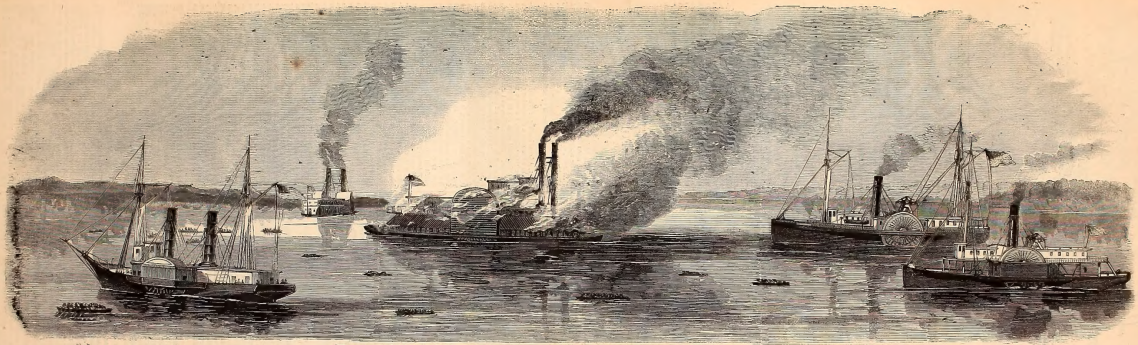
On the 2d instant a deputation of the Trades Unionists waited upon Mr. Adams, the American Minister, to present the address recently adopted at a public meeting of that body, sympathizing with the North, and applauding President Lincoln for his Emancipation policy. Mr. Bright introduced the deputation and made a few remarks. Speeches were also made by several members of the deputation.

Mr. Adams having expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so numerous a deputation of working-men before him, said: "Gentlemen, I accept with pleasure the duty you have imposed upon me in receiving your address to Mr. Lincoln. Representing, as I do, my country in England, you must be aware that I stand outside all local questions; therefore it is not my province to express dissatisfaction or satisfaction with those persons in England who express their opinions upon America. If there are any in this country who put a harsh construction on the conduct of the American Government, it is not my place to find fault or my right to criticise. It is my duty, however, to accept from the representatives of any body of Englishmen the favorable sentiments toward the Government I represent, and to reciprocate the frank, manly, and independent spirit in which they have been tendered. I understand, gentlemen, you attend here as representing large bodies of working-men, who advocate and uphold the rights of labor; and it is, therefore, but natural you should look with dislike upon any parties, in whatever countries they may exist, who infringe on those rights. You perceive that in the struggle now going on an attempt is made to establish a Government on the destruction of the rights of labor—a Government of physical power to take away the rights of labor. It is a question above all local right; it is a general principle, and therefore, though taking place in a foreign country, you have a right to express your opinion thereon. I accept the duty you impose on me with great pleasure, the more so as you have taken advantage of the occasion to speak on the question of war. I agree with your views. With two nations of the same race, of the same high spirit, both feeling proud of their superiority on the ocean, under present circumstances it would be indeed surprising if something should not spring up on that ocean which might occasion collision. I concur with you, gentlemen, as to the great forbearance which ought to be exhibited by both countries in construing the actions of each other. I trust that, in spite of all that has occurred, there is in the Government of each country a sufficient sense of responsibility, which will induce them to maintain friendly relations with each other. There must naturally be a feeling of pride, of fear lest one nation should appear to refrain from properly resenting what it might deem to be an offense, and in this lies the great danger. I feel confident, however, that if the two peoples of the two Governments would speak together in the same sense, in the same frank and unreserved terms as you have spoken to me this evening, all fear of any collision would be at an end. [Hear, hear.] I can assure you that, notwithstanding the speeches of some of my countrymen, notwithstanding the writings in some American journals, there is no nation under the sun for which America entertains a greater regard than England; and if the real sentiments of the people of each country can be clearly established to each other, I shall have no fear of their coming into collision. [Cheers.] I believe, gentlemen, you have taken the right course to produce this desirable understanding, and I shall undertake with great pleasure the duty of at once transmitting your address to President Lincoln." [Cheers.]

RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

The Russian replies to the notes of England, France, Spain, Italy, and Sweden, on the Polish question, had been received. Prince Gortchakoff defines the position of the Czar, both toward Poland and all her western friends, substantially in the state-papers addressed to England and France. In both of those countries the reply gave satisfaction; but the London press was of opinion that the one forwarded to the Cabinet of St. James was not just as explicit with respect to promises of reforms for Poland as was desired. The Paris *Moniteur* of the 5th instant says: "It is easy to be convinced, upon reading these documents, that they open a path to projects of conciliation, and that they contain the bases of negotiations likely to lead to a common understanding between the different Courts now seeking the means of upholding the legitimate interests of Poland."

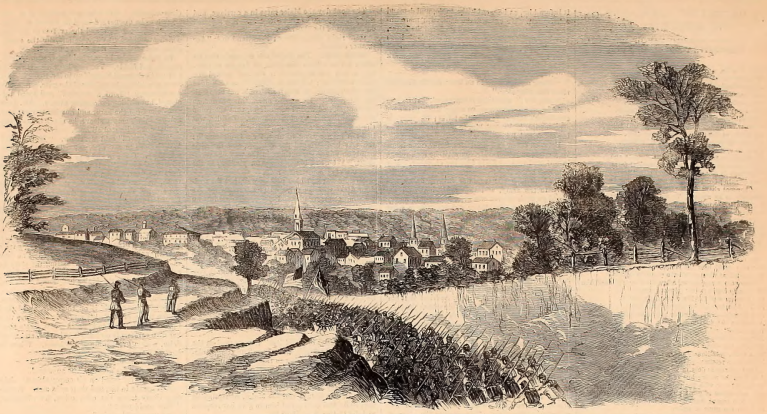


Destruction of the "Queen of the West" by Union Gun-Boats.



Engagement at Butte la Rose.

BANKS'S CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. HOLTZ.—[SEE PAGE 357.]



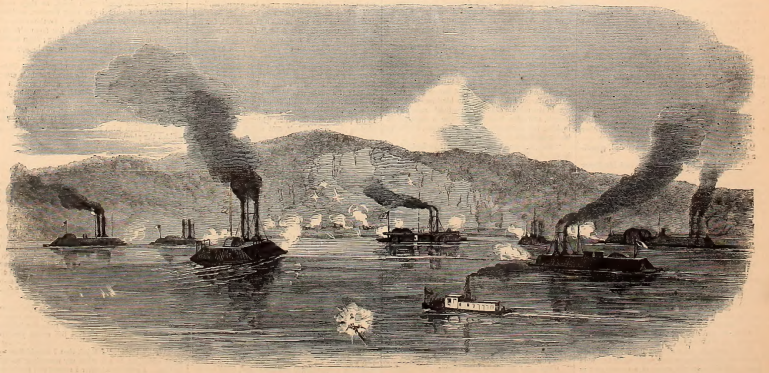
GENERAL LOGAN ENTERING FORT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI.



GOVERNOR YATES SEARCHING FOR THE WOUNDED.



GENERAL GRANT DICTATING DISPATCHES BY MOONLIGHT.



ATTACK OF THE GUN-BOATS ON GRAND GULF.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 357.]

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CONSCRIPT ACT,

BY WHICH A MARRIED MAN OF MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD IS EXEMPT.

To be,
Or not to be, a *conscript* is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler to a man to marry—
An able-bodied man of six-and-thirty—
And enter upon the direful uncertainty
Of matrimonial life with all its accidents,
Perchance a fretful wife, a numerous family,
And bills interminable of grocer, baker,
Butcher, and doctor (for such things will follow,
As surely as the night succeeds the day),
Or take up arms against a sea of taxation,
And, by opposing, end them all—*To marry*—
To stop—no more. And by that step to end
The haunted dread of single-blessed natural fears
That flesh is heir to on the field of battle—
The burning bomb-shell, and the whistling bullet—
The bayonet charge:—it's mere a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry—*to sleep*—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep what horrible dreams may come—
A Country murdered through my negligence—
What terrible *lectures* may assail me there
By her who hath a vested right to "Conduct" me.
When thus, by marrying, I have 'scaped the "DRAFT,"
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes calamity of such a life.
For who would bear the whips and scorn of time,
Be pointed at, and the jeers to come:—
"*There goes a coward who, when his Country called him*
To breathe blithe in the glorious cause
Of Freedom and the Hope of all the world,
Did, like a treasonable Copperhead, behind
A petticoat—*Who, when he might have been*
A hero in the front battery
Where Right and Union vanquished Wrong and Treason,
Did his gracious make with a—here women?"
But this the dread of something in the State,
That dark, rebellious country from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will.
Thus *marrying* does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents wave away,
And lose the name of action.

Soft you now!
My Country calls. She, whom of all I know
Most worthy to be loved, is whispering—"Go!"
I go; nor will I press the nuptial bed
Till she, who loves me, with a warrior *clasp*

SALLY'S CHOICE.

THE colored frame of the open window so set off Sally's yellow hair that it was a pity there did not pass a few more picturesque figures that September afternoon. The house was silent; it was silent out of doors; and Sally was involved in mental contemplation.

Within her view were two roads, which at present were traversed neither by pedestrian nor rider. One of these roads ran through the fields opposite the house—level, straight, and filled with the blinding rays of the setting sun. The other emerged descended past the garden gate till it made a sudden turn into the village street, a mile distant. It was obscured by tall sycamores and willows which hid the houses standing behind them, and which were already in the shade of twilight. With her mind's eye Sally saw, rolling up the cloud road, along by the trees, a soldier in a blue jacket, leather belt which had a pistol-case, and a cap which was pulled over his forehead. She turned from the vision with a start, as though it were a reality, and looked down the other road. With her mind's eye she suddenly beheld another vision. An officer with flashing buttons and shoulder-straps was strolling leisurely toward her. At the moment her father's voice outside the porch dissolved the panorama, and changed the current of her thoughts.

"What's your opinion, Sally Snow?" he asked on entering.

"She's gone to Mrs. Hall's to a quilting party."

"What am I going to do for my supper, I should like to know?"

"It's all ready but boiling the tea-kettle."

"Bile it, then."

Sally made tea; and taking off the cover which Mrs. Snow had put on the viands arranged by her own hands previous to her departure, she and her father took seats at the table.

"Only some dough-nuts, custard pie, and ris cake?" said Mr. Snow, discontentedly.

She made no reply.

"Ain't there some cold chicken?"

"Just enough for dinner to-morrow, mother said."

"Fetch out the chicken!" he demanded, pounding the table with his knife-handle.

She brought it from the pantry and Mr. Snow demolished it.

"The dog will have something now, and your mother will to-morrow the wiser. It's beyond me why she hates dogs so."

"You are afraid of mother," said Sally, hotly.

"Take care, there, take care!" replied Snow, throwing a bone on the clean floor.

"You are a sad sloven, sir."

"I declare," he exclaimed, rising, "I do perceive that the days begin to shorten! I'll have to hurry up with my chores."

"You know well, father, that mother means to make me marry Major Brewer; and you know you don't dare to pay your fist down that I shall not. Like somebody else better—you know that too."

"Reely! reely! reely!" said Snow, disquizingly, seizing his old hat and slapping it against the wall, as if he might make out of it the idea that was not in his head; but nothing came of it, and he edged himself out of the house.

Could Orderly John Cutter have known that afternoon of his being in Sally's thoughts he would have walked down the street of a canvas city in Virginia with more alacrity as he was taking a letter up to Major Brewer's quarters. As it was, he was in a rage. He must present the letter, which he knew was from her, in accordance with the rules of military etiquette, instead of thrusting it before him, as he would like to do, and demand satisfaction. He entered the tent with more abruptness than was needful, and tendered the letter. The Major, in entire ignorance of John's feelings toward Sally, kindly asked him if he had heard from Bingham lately, received in the post-mail of the letter that it was his native town.

"No, Sir."

"Bring my horse up in an hour, for the General rides this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir;" and John disappeared. If he had staid he would have seen an angry flush pass over the Major's face as he read the letter; for Sally, in a postscript, had asked him to give her respects to her old friend John Cutter.

Between seven and eight Mrs. Snow came home very cross, and could find no fault in the took refuge in bed, and huddled into her chamber. Her caresses originated from some gossip at the quilting, who told her that Major Brewer drank terribly in the army, and that Sally had said she would go to the poor-house before she would marry him. Although Mrs. Snow did not believe what she had heard, she was irritated enough by the report to write Major Brewer that very night, advising him of a plan recommending him to get leave of absence, if possible. In the stillness of that same night John Cutter penned an eloquent epistle to Sally, which contained the offer of his hand and heart she had long possessed—but it never reached her. The Major Brewer letter-bag contained, by hand, and was taken to him by John himself. To do Mrs. Snow justice, it was by accident that she happened to write on the same day when the post-office was located when John's letter came for Sally, and was handed to her by the postmaster. When she saw the letter she put it in the fire with its seal unbroken: she had her own code of right and wrong, and adhered to it faithfully. She believed it to be a love-letter from Major Brewer's sweetheart, though she knew what Sally wanted better than Sally herself. Major Brewer belonged to the highest family in Bingham. The Brewers owned the most wood-land, and lived in a square, aristocratic mansion, standing by itself for two miles out of Bingham. To overcome the proverbial inaccessibility of the family by an alliance with the good-natured Major was the secret study of efforts of the proud Mrs. Snow. The Snows were Nobody—open-mouthed, easy, indifferent to place, and ignorant. Mrs. Snow knew that to keep an humble dress-maker; but ability, courage, and a strong will had made a place for her in Bingham. Sally, also, had ambition, application, and lively eye, a terrible little plebeian, and gave no indication of the strength of character which her mother possessed. The year before the war broke out John Cutter fell in love with her at the dancing-school, and she returned his affection. He was unable to overhelp went on, which was only discovered by the sharp eyes of her mother. Although John was only a common soldier, the mother knew that Sally had a vague faith that things would come out right somehow, and that they would be happy ever after. With this idea she authorized the letter sent by her mother in reference to Major Brewer, who was an older acquaintance than John, and whose intercourse with Sally had been marked by his own relations. Major Brewer, who was more than thirty, was still without a profession, or any business whatever. The day he went over to Mr. Snow's to get his signature to some paper regarding a sale of timber, the purpose came into his head for the first time, and that purpose was to fall in love with Sally. He was adroitly aided by Mrs. Snow, who managed to be absent during the visit, who received his attentions passively. At the commencement of the war Brewer obtained through the family influence a staff appointment with the rank of Lieutenant, and John Cutter enlisted in the ranks. Without seeing much service Brewer was promoted to a Captaincy, and then to a place on a Major; while John only attained to the dignity of Orderly-sergeant when the news of the battle brought Major Brewer and John in continual contact; from the beginning they had been attached to the same post.

Soon after Major Brewer received Mrs. Snow's letter he had a slight attack of jaundice, upon which he obtained a furlough, and went home on director's certificate, and went home, and in about a month's time from the day when Sally contemplated the two roads he stopped before the garden gate to fasten his horse to the hitching-post. It was in the middle of October; a fire burned on the hearth, and Mrs. Snow was before it engaged in making fall garments. She was alone, for Sally had gone down to the village to get tea.

"Now," thought Mrs. Snow, "if he looks as if he drank, I'll give him up." But he did not look as if he did; he was stylish, his voice was weak, and he seemed inclined to be feeble. Not a word was said about Sally. They talked about the war, and about Bingham, till the visitor, rosy and animated, with several bundles. The Major grew more yellow as he rose to meet her, and his voice faltered as, the last Sally, his voice was weak, and quite a cordial welcome. He staid a short time after her arrival, and, when he went away, said that it was doubtful when he should be able to come again, he felt so miserably.

"Half the set home a long time," said Mrs. Snow, prophetically.

"What ails him?" asked Sally.

"He's consumptive, I reckon; they all get sick sooner or later."

Sally thought of John, and wondered whether he was sick. She was sure he was, and his friends in the village had heard from him in a long time. She sighed.

"What are you sighing for?" asked Mrs. Snow.

"For the soldiers."

"The whole of 'em?"

"For one," answered Sally, boldly.

"It's of no use. His thirteen dollars a month, and his being taught that he is a machine, has demoralized him before this."

Sally said no more; she was not capable of warring with her mother.

The next day the Major came in a carriage, and asked Sally to go to ride with him. She objected on account of the churning.

"Go right along, Sally; I'll attend to it," her mother ordered.

So she went. The Major was so poorly that he asked her to relieve him from the fatigue of driving, which she consented to do, and guided the horse skillfully; but not so skillfully as to prevent the conversation, in which she could not help feeling interested. He was so much, this warrior, so fatherly and kind, and withal so grateful, that she could not resist the flattery of his manner. Besides, was she not the favored one of all Bingham? There was not a girl in the town for a twelvemonth; the war had stripped the country, and the girls had been minus every thing in the way of amusement. It was pardonable in Sally for yielding to the pressure of circumstances?

Mrs. Snow played her part so well that the wedding dress was bought, and preparations for the wedding commenced, and Sally bewildered into an acquiescence which left no hope for John Cutter. No sooner, however, was the wedding-day set than Sally, owing to the contrariety of the mind, began to be occupied and lulled with dreams of what might yet happen between the now and then of the marriage-day, which would turn the Major into a man, and fill her with the impossibility. But the wedding came off, and on the twenty-eighth day of the following month the Major was on his way to his post, and Sally resumed the life she had left the day she became home, without comprehending any great change in her position. "Grove offered, and I said, "Reely!" when he looked at her; and Mrs. Snow silently wondered at her quietness and indifference.

A few bottles of "Old Rye" were opened on the occasion of the Major's return. The congratulations were, however, few, as the drinks, numerous, and John Cutter heard of them. When the Major first saw John he looked at him as if he expected gratitude. The letter was in his pocket-book; but John was silent; and the Major, remembering that Sally had asked him to give her respects if John Cutter, was silent too.

"Who cares?" said John to himself; "if she didn't, I am sorry for her. Mother Snow can put an airs to her heart's content, now that Sally is a Brewer. But who would have thought it? Let's see. Sweet Sally Snow, by-by, he burst out with, "and scare something."

Soon after this a part of the commanding general's army was ordered to the front, and Major Brewer and John were transferred with it. One of those vague Western battles then occurred, in which a great many men are killed, and which are called victories on both sides, and for which victories both the commanding Generals are rewarded; and the Major and John were concerned in it. Both were mounted that day, the Major in antici pation of the General's important order, and John with no anticipation at all; but he had two loaded pistols in his belt, which he intended to use. When the fight was hottest, and John's spirits were the highest—for he had reason to suppose that from behind General R—— he had picked off an officer—a shell exploded which blew him reel in his saddle. It was Major Brewer lying under his horse, who had been struck with a shell. John dismounted and helped him up.

"I'll have you out of this in no time, Brewer," he said.

"I am done for," answered the Major. "Don't let me be trampled on."

John made a last struggle, and raised himself so that John pulled the Major from under him. His thigh was crushed: and his back was torn by the explosion. He died. The Major was dying. John looked afield for help. Men were round him, but they were dying or dead.

"I'll run to my body's canteen, I'll bet," he muttered. "I ain't even got a handkerchief."

The Major was now past speaking; but he heard John mutter, and made out if he could, for the surgeons were down yonder," for he shook his head. John saw the motion with his hand toward his coat, which John understood; then he thrustingly grasped his watch-chain, and tried to bring it to his lips. Then he put the watch into his pocket, and pressed it to the Major's lips, and said, in a loud voice, "I will take it to her." The Major smiled; the words broke his last earthly effort, for his breath stopped with it, and he was with the "brave who sink to rest." John put the watch to his pocket, and the order, which he found crumpled in the Major's belt, and which had been the means of his death. "I suppose I ought to take a lock of his hair," said John, taking out his jackknife. But he did not get one, for a ball struck him in the arm, and he fell with the knife spinning and shattered his arm to pieces.

"By George!" he shouted, "I never thought of being shot!"

He fainted presently, and dropped beside the Major, where he was found, picked up, and taken to the hospital. Mrs. Snow received the watch, and Mrs. Snow had the gratification of riding in a carriage as one of the chief mourners in the largest funeral procession that had ever been seen in the county. Her gratification was alloyed, however, by the remembrance that Brewer disliked Sally Snow. By signified that, as the Major was dead, all connection between her and his family was at an end. The Brewers knew Mrs. Snow did not shed at the funeral, but afterward, when she revolved in her mind the failure of her plans. Sally made no complaint herself, but she was relieved by the event. She looked down the road often, but no one could tell what her thoughts were.

Nothing, meantime, had been heard of John Cutter. The hand which should have guided the pen was now no more in his possession; his arm had been amputated above the elbow, fever set in, and he lay in the hospital a month. The watch and the order he gave to the surgeon to keep till he got well, but said nothing of the owner. If he died, Sally would never get them, for the Major could not expect him to deliver them under such circumstances. But John got well—that is, well enough to be discharged—and he started for Bingham, with the watch, and the arrears of his pay, which amounted to forty dollars, in the roundabout and uncertain way of a transport.

In three weeks he reached home, gaunt, dirty, ragged, and feeble. The very hour almost that he arrived he dragged himself up to Mr. Snow's. Mrs. Snow saw him as he unlatched the gate. She gave a supernatural start, as if mercy! she could not analyzed, but waiting for coming events. Mr. Snow was calm from the barn, and hurried to meet him. Seizing John's empty sleeve, he shook it in violently by that which vibrated all over.

"I 'spose you'll say," said Mr. Snow. "How are ye? What's been to pay with ye? The Lord has preserved ye. Come in and stay a week. I'll kill ye a chicken for supper." Here Sally turned away from the door. John involuntarily clenched his teeth, and braced himself for the encounter; but she stopped suddenly before she reached him, and turned so pale that her father cried out,

"She's going into fits at the sight of ye;" but she recovered by blushing scarlet, and then she begged John, in a low voice, to walk in.

"Mother's gone," thought John, following her. Mrs. Snow, still at the window, turned and gave a not ungracious welcome to him. He lost no time in producing the watch and telling the errand he came to tell. As he handed the watch to Sally, and told her that the Major had kissed it for her, it was filled with the tears, from self-pity as much, perhaps, as from a remembrance of the sad scene. Sally took it and laid it on the table, and looked at him to go on with his story, as if it was time that he should come to himself. Mrs. Snow made a show of attention to Sally's letter, and so did John, with a great jump at his heart. When the narrative was ended Mrs. Snow said,

"So you are discharged?"

"I am good for nothing," he answered.

Sally laid her hand on his empty sleeve. John took it from her, kissed it, and their eyes met. Forgetting every thing but each other, he whispered, "How could you?"

"I never said it against ye."

"Because I wasn't here, and you were too weak to stand alone?"

"Yes, that was the reason; but why didn't you write?"

"I did."

"I never got a word from you."

"You'll get a pension?" Mr. Snow remarked, dubiously.

"I suppose so," answered John, starting up. "I must go; I have no more my folks yet."

"Wa'n't a bad 'Good-day' by no means.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Snow, "if all the army are as dirty as he is?"

"Mother, you slander," answered Snow; "it is our only chance to see rebel soil."

"Modest, Sally," she some days had passed over without any sign from John, "have you been any happier for my marriage?"

"No," her mother answered, shortly.

"Nor I."

"You might have been."

"Mother knows. Do you think that I have any right to my way now?"

"I suppose you will take it."

"I shall, Sally, if you will finally.

"How folks will talk!" said Mrs. Snow, angrily.

"About what?"

"Oh, you know that I am not to be cheated. It is all over, John Cutter. Hating him here if you choose; but I hope he will wash himself before he comes."

Sally remained silent.

"I never could do any thing with you."

"But God has done something, mother."

It was Mrs. Snow's turn to be silent.

Sally shook hands with John, as they were coming out of church the next Sunday, and all the village saw the performance. In the course of time John walked home with her from church, and was there on Sunday evening; then he slid into the habit of dropping in on week-days, and finally he married her.

Sally avowed her intention of going out dressmaking, to make up for the loss of John's arm; but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Snow would consent to it. Mrs. Snow urged John to live with them and turn farmer.

Although the war is not over, John's troubles are, and he seems to be engaged in plowing. He drives the oxen with his left hand, and Mr. Snow guides the plow.

MY FIRST DUEL.

YES, I was going to fight a duel. Not that there was any reason for me to fight a duel, for no, I had quarreled with no one. No, I was going to fight with a man whom I had only seen once before for the express purpose of fighting.

This will, I have no doubt, sound curious to English ears, but the facts of the case were as follows: I was at that time some five or six years aged studying at a German university; and was, of course, intimate with a considerable number of the students, whose customs duels by no means held witnessing. One day, as I was walking home from my lecture, Muller by name, from the fighting ground, he suddenly said to me:

"I say, Albion" (Albion was my nickname among the students), "I say, shall you ought to fight once, too; you will never get quite behind the scenes of German student life unless you do so."

"Well," I said, "I think that I should like to fight once, just to see what my sensations would be like. I wonder whether I should feel afraid or not?"

"Then you will do so?" he said.

"Yes, I think I will," I replied; "but I have no quarrel with any body."

"Never mind about that," said he. "I will ar-

range every thing for you, come to our Kneipe this evening, and afterward we shall be sure to pick up a man for you in the Market-place."

I accordingly went to Müller's lodgings a little before eight that evening, and he conducted me to the room in which his corps used to hold their "Kneipe;" it was a large, handsome apartment in one of the principal Restaurations, exclusively kept for the use of members of the corps. We there found about a dozen men already assembled, and nearly as many more dropped in by twos and threes shortly afterward. We all supped together, and as soon as our meal was finished, the serious business of the evening, that is to say, the beer-drinking, commenced. I am afraid to say how much Bavarian beer was disposed of—we all drank like fishes; the more we drank the thirstier we seemed to get: in fact, no one who has not seen German students drink beer can form any adequate idea of the quantity they consume. Bavarian beer is, of course, not nearly so strong as the English beer; but is still a very agreeable drink, and tastes much like pale ale. About eleven o'clock Müller said to me:

"Come, let us go and take a turn in the street, we shall not be many minutes finding you a man."

We went out, and in the Market-place found a number of students belonging to various corps walking about, all of whom, as my companion informed me, were looking for opportunities to challenge some one, or force some one to challenge them.

"We shall very soon be suited," said he.

"We!" I said, "are you going to quarrel, too?"

"Yes," he answered, carelessly. "I may as well do so now I am here. Ah! there is a man to whom I should like to say a few words."

We stopped opposite to the man whom Müller had pointed out, and to whom he said, after politely taking off his cap,

"I beg your pardon; but you look amazingly stupid."

The person thus addressed bowed in his turn, told Müller that he should hear from him, and was passing on when Müller said:

"Now do not be in such a hurry, for I should like to introduce my friend here to one of your men."

He stared, for he saw that I was an Englishman; but answered:

"If you will wait here for two minutes I will bring you several, and then you can take your choice."

He left us, and I said to Müller,

"Show me which man you think will do for me, for I do not know how they can fight, and then I suppose the right thing will be for me to call him a fool at once."

"No, no," he answered; "that is not necessary, the fellow will know perfectly well what you want; a simple introduction is sufficient. Ah! here they are."

He selected one of the new arrivals, to whom he introduced me as Mr. Jones, of London.

We bowed to each other, and the ceremony of quarreling was complete; so Müller and I returned to the Kneipe. As soon as we entered we were assailed with a volley of questions as to where we had been, and what we had been doing.

"Oh! nothing particular," answered Müller; "our English friend here wants to fight, and so I have been out with him to help him to select an opponent."

"What! do you intend to fight, Englishman?" said the senior of the corps, as he shook me heartily by the hand; "that is right, old fellow. I am going to fight the day after to-morrow, so are several more of us, and your little affair can come off at the same time. Well done, Albion, I looks toward you." And he poured about a pint and a quarter of beer down his capacious throat.

I likewise bowed, and then refilled my pipe, and sat down again with the rest to finish the remainder of the evening and what beer was left in the cask, for they said it would be a pity to let it stand till morning, as it might get flat. We separated about midnight. I went home feeling like an incipient hero, and very naturally dreamed of nothing but carte and tierce all that night, and if only half the number of duels in which I imagined myself engaged had really come to pass, I might well have called myself the hero of a hundred fights. When I awoke the next morning I must confess that I did not feel quite comfortable; I had, when watching the students' duels, seen cheeks laid open, heads badly cut, and noses slit, and now I was going to expose myself to the very same thing; perhaps I should return to England with a scar right across my face, and then what would the Governor say? I remained in a very uncomfortable state all that day, for although I was by no means a despicable opponent in the fencing-room, where no one can be hurt, yet I could not tell what my sensations might be when I found myself without a helmet facing an opponent armed with a sword a yard long and as sharp as a razor. However, I was in for it; there was no possible way of escape, so I concealed my fidgety state as well as I could, but still could not keep down unpleasant thoughts of gashed faces, and the consequent sewing up with needles and red silk, which constantly came into my head. At supper, too, that evening, I came in for a good deal of chaff, not exactly calculated to inspire me with additional confidence: one man, while examining the bill of fare before ordering his supper, remarked:

"Hm, bifsteck—no, not to-day; an Englishman is going to be slaughtered to-morrow, so we shall have real English bifsteck then, shall we not, Albion?"

Another drew my attention to some cutlets on his plate, and asked how many similar ones could be cut out of me, for he said he had just made a bet upon the subject; and on finding me unable to give him the requisite information, remarked, "Well, never mind, we shall see to-morrow." Frequent allusions were also made to mince-meat, sausages, etc., till the senior kindly put an end to the chaff by calling to me from the top of the table, "Never mind what they say, Albion; if you fight as well in earnest as you do in the fencing-room, none of those fellows who are chaffing you so could touch you; I know the man with whom you are going to fight; you are at least as good a swordsman as he; I will be your second myself, and if you only do as I tell you, all will be right."

After supper he left the room, to see our opponents, and make the final arrangements with them; and during his absence I really could not help casting anxious glances toward the door, which was presently thrown open, and he reappeared.

"All right," he said; "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, at the usual place; the others will bring the doctor with them."

The doctor! who to-morrow would perhaps have to try to reunite, by means of needles and thread (or rather silk), the dissevered halves of my countenance. So said my fears and some of my friends; but I determined to banish all disagreeable thoughts, expressed myself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements, and took a long draught of beer to conceal my—delight. I rose the next morning about the usual time, after having passed a rather restless night, dressed myself in the darkest clothes I had, in order that the blood—if any were spilled—might show as little as possible upon them; and after a hurried breakfast proceeded to the Kneipe, from whence we were to drive to the scene of action. Arrived there, I found almost the whole of the corps assembled, endeavoring to pass away the time with the aid of pipes and beer.

"Hallo," I said, "are you fellows all going to cut lectures to-day?"

"Yes, old boy," they said, "to be sure we are; we are all coming out to see you fight."

"But," I replied, "as it is my first appearance in public, I should like as few spectators as possible."

"Nonsense," was the answer; "you know that there are thirty or forty to look on at every fight, and there will be double that number to-day, for every one knows that you are going out, and we never saw an Englishman fight before."

This I did not like at all, but I knew that nothing I could say would make them stay at home; so, as it was now barely ten, and we were not to set off till half past, I lighted a cigar, ordered some beer, and tried to persuade myself that I felt perfectly comfortable. The conversation was of a violent and decidedly sanguinary nature, consisting almost entirely of reminiscences of duels in which one or both of the combatants had been punished with unusual severity, and the senior related to me, with great glee, how he had on one occasion cut his opponent's nose completely off! The vehicle drove up punctually at half past ten; as many of us as could find room got in, and in about twenty minutes we arrived at the ground, where we found the other party and the surgeon. The senior—a splendid swordsman—was the first to engage; and after a very spirited and scientific combat of about ten minutes' duration put his opponent *hors de combat* by cutting his left cheek quite through. The surgeon immediately sewed up the gash, and the wounded hero was taken home, to amuse himself for the next three or four days with making iced applications to his cheek, and living upon soup, being, of course, most strictly forbidden either to smoke or to touch any beer, which prohibition is about the severest punishment in the world for a German student. As soon as he had left the spot Müller came toward me and said, "Now then, old fellow, go and get bandaged; your turn comes next." I therefore followed him to the room where the duelists were bandaged, stripped to the waist, and was immediately dressed in a coarse linen shirt; a glove made of double leather, with a quantity of thin steel chain between the two thicknesses, intended to protect the hand and wrist, was put upon my right hand, and over that a sort of sleeve about an inch in thickness, formed of innumerable layers of silk, was drawn upon my arm, reaching from the wrist quite up to the shoulder. Over this again a sort of rope, made of old silk stockings twisted, ran all along the outside of my arm, which was thus completely protected. A thick pad was then tied over the axillary artery, a long bandage wound round my throat, and a pair of "Paukhosen," things something like cricket-pads, but reaching nearly up to the heart, strapped on. My toilet was now complete, the head and the upper part of the chest only being exposed. My antagonist was ready about the same time, the usual formalities were gone through, and we faced each other. With a passing thought of what the consternation of the "Governor" would be, could he but see me at this moment, I put myself into position; my adversary did the same; the seconds shouted "Los!" or "Go it!" and at it we went, hammer and tongs, with an energy worthy of a better cause. To my great surprise and gratification, any nervousness which I might have felt before had now entirely vanished; I felt as cool and collected as if I were only practicing in the fencing-room, but at the same time there was an excitement which I had never felt when using blunted weapons. When we had been fighting for about five minutes I suddenly felt a sharp slap on the left cheek, and found that I had not completely parried a vicious horizontal cut in carte, and that the flat of my enemy's blade had struck me in the face, just drawing blood from the cheek. An appeal was, of course, made by the opposite second, and his claim of first blood was allowed.

We all paused for a few moments to recover breath and refresh ourselves with a glass of wine; during which pause my second whispered to me, "If he tries that cut again, and I feel sure that he will, return high tierce as quickly as possible." (This, by-the-by, is considered quite fair.)

I watched for this cut, which he soon did try again; as I had been told, I returned high tierce as quickly as I could: a large lock of my adversary's hair fell to the ground, and in a moment his face was covered with blood. I had given him a smart cut on the top of the head—a cut perhaps four inches in length, which was, however, not severe enough to prevent his continuing the fight; and so we fought on for some time, but without touching each other again, till the referee warned us that the time, which is limited to a quarter of an hour, was expired. We then shook hands, resumed our ordinary habiliments, and, after my opponent's wound had been sewn up by the doctor, left the ground on the best of terms. Thus ended my first duel; but I found the excitement of fighting so very pleasant that I said to myself, as we left the ground, "I'll fight again as often as I can." And I did. I joined the corps that evening, and in course of time became one of the seniors.

WHAT'S IN THE PACK?

It was a lonely looking house, a good distance from any other, and standing at the end of a long avenue, and its only occupants on the day in question were two women-servants and a boy. The time, perhaps, hung rather heavily upon the hands of these three, since the appearance of a queer figure toiling up the avenue was hailed with unconcealed satisfaction.

"It's old Burke, the jagger," said one.

"It isn't old Burke; but he's got a pack any how. How slow he walks, and it's getting dusk; we sha'n't be able to see the things."

The jagger, or bagman, or peddler, whichever name you like best, came up to the door wiping his forehead, and groaning under his burden; and well he might. Surely a pack of such size had never before wearied the enduring shoulders of a bagman. He did not attempt to ease himself of it, however, or to display his wares in the customary manner, but he took off his hat to the women politely.

"Would the mistress take pity on him, and let him leave his pack in the hall or the kitchen—any where, so that it would be safe? And he would fetch it the next day."

Now, the master and mistress were, as we have seen, from home; so was the man who filled the offices of coachman, groom, and gardener, with the help of the boy above mentioned as a *sub;* and neither master, mistress, nor coachman would return that night. The three servants therefore looked at each other inquiringly, a little curious, and a great deal disappointed.

"What's in the pack?" asked one.

"Oh, it's not a regular pack, but an order," responded the bagman. "A lot of coarse cloth and some gunpowder; nothing that would do to show the ladies. But I am tired to death, and have got to go further. If I might leave it where it would be safe for to-night, I've got a few shawls and things I could bring with me to-morrow when I return for it."

Again the women looked at each other. "Shawls had he got? What else?"

"A few trifles. Maybe a gown-piece or two that would come cheap."

"Well, he might leave the pack if he liked, but he must take it away early the next day."

The peddler entered the hall and prepared to lay down his burden; then he espied the door of a little room which would have been a butler's pantry if the house had boasted a butler. Might he put it there, because of the gunpowder? And it was put there accordingly, the bagman closing the door after him carefully, and warning the friendly receivers not to take a light into the room, or meddle with the pack, because of the gunpowder.

The women went back to their kitchen, and the boy lingered in the hall meditatively, having watched the peddler down the avenue. At last he went to the door of the butler's pantry and took a long look through the keyhole. The last rays of the setting sun streamed in through that little window and fell upon the pack lying in huge state on the floor. Again the boy walked up and down the hall, and again he looked long and anxiously through the keyhole.

Did the pack move a little as he stared at it? What a fool he was, he thought; it was all fancy, of course. Suddenly his gaze became riveted on one corner of the pack, where there seemed to be a loophole, and he saw, as he believed, in the red light, the gleaming of a human eye.

He drew back his own from the keyhole; he shot a bolt into its socket noiselessly, and then he began walking up and down again. He thought about the loneliness of the place, and the helplessness of its inmates; he thought about those two in the kitchen and himself, and about the peddler, and what might happen. He walked till it was quite dark, and he could no longer distinguish the outlines of that mysterious pack; then he went into the kitchen, where the two women were still talking of the shawls and probable gown-pieces.

"Where's the old gun?" asked the boy.

"La, Joseph, what should you want with that? It's up there, over the clock."

"Is it loaded? All right," said Joseph, examining. "Now then, I'll tell you what I want with it: I'm going to shoot the pack."

"To shoot it! Good gracious, what for?"

Joseph looked at the two terrified faces, with his own rather pale, but determined. "You won't squall if I tell you what for, will you?"

"No; but Joseph—the gunpowder!"

"Gunpowder's all my eye. I'm going to shoot it because there's a mortal man in it; and a man doesn't get hisself wrapped in a pack for no good purpose; that's what I say. If you're afraid give me the light, and stop where you are."

But the women crept behind him tremulously, and kept silence while he tried again if he could see any thing through the keyhole. Then he opened the door boldly.

"If the pack's an honest pack," said Joseph, "it won't mind a shot."

Perhaps the pack really moved, or perhaps Joseph was a little nervous, for the last word was not out of his mouth when the report of a gun rang through the room.

A dead silence followed it. Joseph's eyes were fixed in a wide open stare on the pack. Presently a small red spot came oozing through the coarse wrappering; it grew larger. A little red stream trickled down on the floor, and crawled toward the boy's feet. Then he retired hastily, and locked the door again.

His face was very pale. He had killed a man, and it was a horrible thing to do and to think of.

"Now you two lock all the doors, and make them as fast as you can," he said: "that peddler chap won't stop till morning for his pack, I'm thinking. What o'clock is it—ten? Let us put lights in all the rooms, and make-believe there's a party—a regular houseful."

Once during the night, Joseph, standing near a window, fancied he heard a low whistle outside; his heart gave a great jump, and he signaled to the two women to move about, and slam the doors, and make as much noise as they could. The whistle was repeated once only, and then all was quiet. But though the morning light broke in upon the servants, they could not go to bed or rest for thinking of that ghastly thing down in the butler's pantry. Noon brought the master of the house, but no peddler came with shawls and gown-pieces.

When they undid the pack the hand of the dead man was found clutching a small whistle, and he had a belt on, stuck with pistols and a cutlass. It is needless to add that Joseph was rewarded; and some time afterward, one of a gang of robbers being caught in a burglary, confessed himself to be the identical bagman who left his pack at the lonely house, and never went to claim it.

COLONEL KILPATRICK'S RAID INTO SECESSIA.

We illustrate on page 348 one of the many sharp hand-to-hand conflicts which took place on the recent gallant raid of Colonel Kilpatrick, of the Harris Light Cavalry, through Virginia. Colonel Kilpatrick's report—a model of military style—reads as follows:

"YORKTOWN, VA., *May* 8, 1863.

"*Major-General H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army:*

"GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that, by direction of Major-General Stoneman, I left Louisa Court House the morning of the 3d inst., with one regiment (the Harris Light Cavalry of my brigade), reached Hungary on the Fredericksburg Railroad at daylight on the morning of the 4th, destroyed the dépôt, telegraph wires, and railroad for several miles; passed over to the Brook turnpike; drove in the rebel pickets down the pike, across the brook; charged a battery, and forced it to retire to within two miles of the city of Richmond; captured Lieutenant Brown, aid-de-camp to General Winder, and eleven men within the fortifications; passed down to the left to the Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy, which I burned; ran a train of cars into the river; retired to Hanovertown on the peninsula; crossed and destroyed the ferry just in time to check the advance of a pursuing cavalry force; burned a train of thirty wagons loaded with bacon; captured thirteen prisoners, and encamped for the night five miles from the river.

"I resumed my march at one A.M. of the 5th, surprised a force of three hundred cavalry at Aylett's; captured two officers and thirty-three men; burned fifty-six wagons and the dépôt, containing upward of 20,000 barrels of corn and wheat, quantities of clothing and commissary stores, and safely crossed the Mattapony, and destroyed the ferry again, just in time to escape the advance of the rebel cavalry pursuit. Late in the evening I destroyed a third wagon train and dépôt, a few miles above and west of Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock, and from that point made a forced march of twenty miles, being closely followed by a superior force of cavalry, supposed to be a portion of Stuart's, from the fact that we captured prisoners from the First, Fifth, and Tenth Virginia cavalry.

"At sundown I discovered a force of cavalry drawn up in line of battle above King and Queen Court House. The strength was unknown, but I at once advanced to the attack, only however to discover that they were friends—a portion of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, who had become separated from the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, of the same regiment.

"At 10 o'clock A.M. on the 7th I found safety and rest under our brave old flag, within our lines at Gloucester Point.

"This raid and march about the entire rebel army—a march of nearly two hundred miles—has been made in less than five days, with a loss of one officer and thirty-seven men, having captured and paroled upward of three hundred men.

"I take great pleasure in bringing to your notice the officers of my staff, Captain P. Owen Jones, Captain Armstrong, Captain M'Irvin, Dr. Hackley, and Lieutenant Estis, especially the latter, who volunteered to carry a dispatch to Major-General Hooker. He failed in the attempt, but, with his escort of ten men, he captured and paroled one major, two captains, a lieutenant, and fifteen men. He was afterward himself captured with his escort, and was afterward recaptured by our own forces. He arrived this morning. I can not praise too highly the bravery, fortitude, and untiring energy displayed throughout the march by Lieutenant-Colonel Davis and the officers and men of the Harris Light Cavalry, not one of whom but was willing to lose his liberty or his life if he could but aid in the great battle now going on, and win for himself the approbation of his chiefs.

"Respectfully submitted. J. KILPATRICK,
"Col. Comd'g First Brigade Third Division Cavalry."

A SCOUT IN DIXIE.

We publish on page 349 two portraits of one of the most gallant scouts in our army—J. W. DAVIDSON, of the Eleventh Army Corps. He is a native of New York, and on the outbreak of the rebellion raised the Star-Spangled Banner on Trinity and St. Paul's Churches in this city. He accompanied General Burnside to North Carolina, and on the capture of Newbern raised the Stars and Stripes on the steeple of Christ's Church in that city, in view of the flying rebels. Mr. Davidson is a sailor by trade, and, as might be supposed from his calling, is a man of cool head, quick eye, and solid nerve. In manners he is gentle and unassuming. As a scout, he is said to be one of the most useful in the service.

TRIFLES.

THE massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after-tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings after all.



A CAVALRY ATTACK.—



AWN BY MR. THOMAS NAST.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.



CHAPTER IX.

JULIA TOOK MR. Hardie's note and read it:

"MADAM,—I have received a very juvenile letter from my son, by which I learn he has formed a sudden attachment to your daughter. He tells me, however, at the same time, that you await my concurrence before giving your consent. I appreciate your delicacy, and it is with considerable regret I now write to inform you this match is out of the question. I have thought it due to you to communicate this to yourself and without delay, and feel sure that you will, under the circumstances, discountenance my son's further visits at your house.

"I am, Madam, with sincere respect,
"Your faithful servant,
"RICHARD HARDIE."

Julia read this letter, and re-read it in silence. It was an anxious moment to the mother.

"Shall we refer the matter to the man this tyrannyn's?" she faltered. "Tell me yourself, what ought we to do?"

"What we ought to do is, never to let the name of Hardie be mentioned again in this house."

This reply was very comforting to Mrs. Dodd.

"Shall I write to him, or do you feel strong enough?"

"I feel that, if I do, I may affront him. He had no right to pretend that his father would consent. You wrote, and then we shall not lose our dignity though we are insulted."

"I feel so weary, mamma. Life seems ended."

"I could have loved him well. And now show me how to tear him out of my heart; or what will become of me?"

While Mrs. Dodd wrote to Alfred Hardie, Julia sank down and laid her head on her mother's knees. The tone was more hers; she approved it languidly. A long and sad conversation followed; and, after kissing her mother and clinging to her, she went to bed chilly and listless, but did not shed a single tear. Her young heart was benumbed by the unexpected blow.

Next morning early, Alfred Hardie started gayly to spend the day at Albion Villa. Not a hundred yards from the gate he met Sarah, with Mrs. Dodd's letter, inclosing a copy of his father's to her. Mrs. Dodd here reminded him that his visits had been encouraged only upon a misapprehension of his father's sentiments; for which misapprehension he was in some degree to blame: not that she meant to reproach him on that score, especially at this unhappy moment: no, she rather blamed herself for listening to the sanguine voice of youth; but the fact, or must now be repaired. She and Julia would always with him well, and esteem him, provided he made no further attempt to compromise a young lady who could not be his wife. The note concluded thus:

"Individually I think I have some right to count on your manly and gentlemanly feeling to hold no communication with my daughter, and not in any way to attract her attention, under the present circumstances.

"I am, dear Mr. Alfred Hardie,
"With many regrets at the pain I fear
I am giving you,
"Your sincere friend and well-wisher,
"LEAH DODD."

Alfred on reading this letter literally staggered; but proud and sensitive, as well as loving, he manned himself to hide his wound from Sarah, whose black eyes were bent on him in merciless scrutiny. He said doggedly, though tremulously, "Very well!" then turned quickly on his heel, and went slowly home. Mrs. Dodd, with well-feigned indifference, questioned Sarah privately: the girl's account of the abrupt way in which he had received the missive, added to her anxiety. She warned the servants that no one was at home to Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Two days elapsed, and then she received a letter from him. Poor fellow, it was the eleventh. He had written and torn up ten:

"DEAR MRS. DODD,—I have gained some victories in my life; but not one without two defeats to begin with: now then can I expect to obtain such a prize as dear Julia without a check or two? You need not fear that I shall intrude myself on you or on me as a gentleman but I am not going to give in because my father has written a hasty letter from Yorkshire. He and I never quarrel, only a half-face to face before I consent to be miserable for life. Dear Mrs. Dodd, at the receipt of your cruel letter, my kindly worded, I was broken-hearted; but now I am myself again. Difficulties are made for ladies to yield to, and for men to conquer. Only for pity's sake do not you be my enemy: do not ask me to plead for my father's fault. Think, if you can, how my heart bleeds at casting this letter without one word to you, better, a hundred times better, than my life. I am, dear Mrs. Dodd,

"Your unprofitably, but not despairing,
"ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd kept this letter by herself. She could not read it quite unmoved, and therefore she felt sure it would disturb her daughter's heart the more.

Alfred had now a soft but dangerous antagonist in Mrs. Dodd. All the mother was in arms to secure her daughter's happiness quite pro cutes: and the surest course seemed to be to detach her affections from Alfred. What hope of a peaceful heart without this? and what real happiness without peace? But, too wise and calm to interfere blindly, she watched her daughter day and night to find whether love or Pride was the stronger; and this is what she observed:

Julia never mentioned Alfred. She sought occupation eagerly: came oftener than usual for money, saying it was for "Luxury." She visited the poor more constantly, taking one of the maids with her, at Mrs. Dodd's request. She studied Logic with Edward. She went to bed rather early, fatigued, it would appear, for she slept; and she gave the clew to her own conduct one day: "Mamma," said she, "nobody is downright happy, who is good."

Mrs. Dodd noticed also a certain wildness and almost violence, with which she threw herself into her occupations: and a wrathful look about the eyes that told of a hidden conflict. On the whole Mrs. Dodd was hopeful; for she had never imagined the sentiment to be specific for love. To her child on the right road was much. Only the great healer Time was wanting. Time, the repentant sinner which once she owned;" and even Time can not give her back her childhood, though the former can do much.

One day came an invitation to an evening party at a house where they always wound up with dancing. Mrs. Dodd was rather averse to attend: for since that night Julia had shunned parties. "Give me the sorrows of the poor and afflicted," was her cry. They shall not be hollow world jars me more than I can bear." But now she caught with a sort of eagerness at this invitation. "Let me go, dear child," she said, "and bring the willow."

"That's a brave girl," said Mrs. Dodd, joyfully, "I would not press it; but you are right; we owe it to ourselves to outface scandal. Still, let there be no pretense: we must not undertake beyond our strength."

"Try me to-night," said Julia; "you don't know what I can do. I dare say he is not pining for me."

She was the life and soul of the party, and indeed, so feverishly brilliant, that Mrs. Dodd said softly to her, "Gently, love; moderate your spirits, or they will deceive our friends as little as they do me."

Meantime it cost Alfred Hardie a severe struggle to keep altogether away from Julia. In fact, it was a state of daily self-denial, to which he would never have committed himself, but that he was quite sure he could gradually win his father over. At his age we are apt to count without our antagonist.

Mr. Richard Hardie was "a long-headed man." He knew the consequence of giving one's reasons: eternal discussion ending in war. He had taken care not to give his son Mrs. Dodd, and he was as guarded and reserved with Alfred. The young man begged to know the why and the wherefore, and, being denied, redoubled all his art to elicit them by surprise, or get at them by inference: but all in vain: Hardie senior was impenetrable; and inquiry, petulance, tenderness, logic, were all shattered on him as the waves break on Atlas.

"Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas," was the purport of all he could be got to say, and that was wonderfully little.

Thus began dissension, decently conducted at first, between a father indulgent hitherto, and an affectionate son.

In this unfortunate collision of two strong and cultivated natures, every advantage was present on the father's side: age, experience, authority, resolution, hidden and powerful motives, to which my reader even as well as yet; a good position immutable and concealed. Add to these a colder nature and a far colder affection; for Alfred loved his father dearly.

At last, one day, the impetuous one lost his self-command, and said he was a son, not a slave, and had little respect for Authority when afraid or ashamed to appeal to Reason. Hardie senior turned on him with a gravity and dignity a man could wear more naturally. "Alfred, have I been an unkind father to you all these years?"

"Oh no, father, no; I have said nothing that can be so construed. And that is the mystery to me; you are acting quite out of character."

"Have I been one of those interfering, pragmatical fathers, who can not let their children enjoy themselves their own way?"

"No, sir; you have never interfered, except to pay for any thing I wanted."

"Then make me your friend in your power, young man; have a little faith in such a father, and believe that he does not interfere now but for your good, and under a stern necessity; and that, when he does interfere for once, and say, 'this thing shall not be,' it shall not be—by God!"

Alfred was overpowered by th: weight and solemnity of this. Sorrow, vexa ion, and despondency all rushed into his heart together, and unmanned him for a moment; he buried his face in his hands, and something very like a sob burst from his young heart. At this Hardie senior took up the newspaper with imperturbable coldness, and wore a slight curl of the lip. All this was hardly generous, for he was not altogether unmoved; but he was a man of rare self-command, and chose to impress on Alfred that he was no more to be broken or melted than a mere rock.

It is always precarious to act a part; and this capricious was unable than wise: Alfred looked up and watched him keenly as he read the monetary article with tranquil interest; and then, for the first time in his life, it flashed into the young man's mind that his father was not a father. "I never knew him till now," thought he. "This man is σατορχος."*

Thus a gesture, so to speak, sowed the first seed of downright dissension in Richard Hardie's house—dissonum, a fast-growing plant, when men set it in the soil of the passions.

Alfred, unlike Julia, had no panacea. Had any lips, except perhaps hers, told him that "to be good is to be happy here below," he would have replied, "Negative; contradicted by daily experience." It never occurred to him therefore to go out of himself, and sympathize with the social sorrows of the poor, and their bottomless egotism in contact with the well-to-do. He brooded on his own love, and his own unhappiness, and his own father's cruelty. His nights were sleepless, and his days leaden. He tried hard to read for his first class, but for once even ambition failed: it ended in flinging books away with a curse. He wandered about dreaming and hoping for some change, and bitterly regretting his excessive delicacy, which had tied his own hands and brought him to a stand-still. He lost his color and what little flesh he had to lose: for such young spirits as this are never plump. In a word, being wore strait-jacketed into feminine inactivity, while soul of feminine patience, his ardent heart was pining and fretting itself out. He was in this condition, when one day Peterson, his Oxonian friend, burst in on him open-mouthed with delight, and, as usual with bright spirits of this caliber, did not even notice his friend's sadness. "Cupid had clapped Peterson on the shoulder," as Shakespeare hath it; and it was a deal nicer than the bum-bailiff rheumatism.

"Oh, such a divine creature! Met her twice: you know her by sight: her name is Dodd. But I don't care; it shall be Peterson; the rose by any other name, etc." Then followed a rapturous description of the lady's person, well worth omitting. "And such a 'jolly girl! brightens them all up wherever she goes; and such a dancer! did I dance[illegible] with a little Spanish bloke Rosanquet has got hold of, and made his black bolas eyes twinkle like midnight cigars; danced it with castanets, and smiles, and such, a whatdye-call-'em, my boy, you know; such a 'go.'"

"You mean such a 'abandon,'" groaned Alfred, turning sick at heart.

"That's the word. Twice the spirit of Duveray, and ten times the beauty. But just you hear her sing, that is all; Italian, French, German, English even."

"Plaintive song?"

"Oh, whatever they ask for. Make you laugh or make you cry—to order; never says no. Just smiles and turns to the music-box. Only she won't sing two running: they have to stick a duffer in between. I shall meet her again next

* Vilmon bowels of affection.

"ALFRED, HAVE I BEEN AN UNKIND FATHER TO YOU ALL THESE YEARS?"

week; will you come? Any friend of mine is welcome. Wish me joy, old fellow; I'm a gone coon."

This news put Alfred in a frenzy of indignation and fear. Julia dancing the catchouka! Julia a jolly girl! Julia singing songs pathetic or merry, whichever were asked for! The heartless one! He called to mind all he had read in the classics, and elsewhere, about the fickleness of woman. But this impression did not last long: he recalled Julia's character, and all the signs of a love tender and true she had given him; he read her by himself, and, lover-like, laid all the blame on another. "It was all her cold-blooded mother. Fool that I have been. I see it all now. She spreads to my delicacy to keep away; then she goes to Julia and says, 'See, he deserts you at a word from his father. Be proud, be gay! He never loved you: marry another.' The shallow plotter forgets that however she does marry I'll kill. How many unsuspicious girls have these double-faced mothers deluded so? They do it in half the novels, especially in those written by women; and why? because these know the perfidy and mendacity of their sex better than we do; they see them nearer, and with their souls undressed. War! Mrs. Dodd, war to the death! From this moment I am alone in the world with her. I have no friend but Alfred Hardie: and my bitterest enemies are my cold-blooded father, and her cold-blooded mother."

The above sentences, of course, were never uttered. But they represented his thoughts accurately, though in a condensed form, and are, as it were, a miniature of this young heart boiling over.

From that moment he lay in wait for her, and hovered about the house day and night, determined to appeal to her personally, and undeceive her, and baffle her mother's treachery. But at this game he was soon detected: Mrs. Dodd lived on the watch now. Julia, dressed to go out, went to the window one afternoon to look at the weather; but retreated somewhat hastily and sat down on the sofa.

"You flutter, darling," said Mrs. Dodd. "Ah, he is there."

"Yes."

"You had better take off your things."

"Oh, yes. I tremble at the thoughts of meeting him. Mamma, he is changed, sadly changed. Poor, poor Alfred!" She went to her own room and prayed for him: She told the Omniscient that, though much greater and better in other respects than she was, he had not Patience. She prayed, with tears, that he might have Christian patience granted him from on high.

"Heart of stone! she shuns me," said Alfred, outside. He had seen her in her bonnet.

Mrs. Dodd waited several days to see whether this annoyance would not die of itself; waiting has one plan in most things. Finding he was not to be tired out, she sent Sarah out to him with a note carefully sealed:

"MR. ALFRED HARDIE.—It is generous to confine my daughter to the house? Yours regretfully,

"LEAH DODD."

A glow came back instantly in pencil:

"MRS. DODD.—Is all the generosity and all the good faith to be on one side? Yours in despair,

"ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd colored faintly: the reproach pricked her, but did not move her. She sat quietly down that moment, and wrote to a friend in London, to look out for a furnished villa in a healthy part of the suburbs, with immediate possession. "Circumstances," said she, "making it desirable we should leave Barkington immediately, and for some months."

The Rosanquets gave a large party; Mrs. and Miss Dodd were there. The latter was playing a part in a charade to the admiration of all present, when in came Mr. Peterson, introducing his friend, Alfred Hardie.

Julia caught the name, and turned a look of alarm on her mother: but went on acting.

Presently she caught sight of him at some distance. He looked very pale, and his glittering eye was fixed on her with a sort of stern wonder.

Such a glance from fiery eyes, that had always dwelt tenderly on her till then, struck her like a weapon. She stopped short, and turned red and pale by turns. "Then, that is nonsense enough," said she to herself, and went and sat by Mrs. Dodd. The gentlemen thronged round her with compliments, and begged her to sing. She excused herself. Presently she heard an excited voice, toward which she dared not look; it was inquiring the whereabouts of Julia and Alfred Airon. With every desire to gratify the young millionaire, nobody knew Alicen Arcon, or had ever heard of it.

"Oh, impossible!" cried Alfred. "Why it is in praise of Constancy, a virtue ladies shine in at least their full credit for it."

"Mamma," whispered Julia, terrified, "get me away, or there will be a scene. He is reckless."

"Be calm, love," said Mrs. Dodd, "there shall be none." She rose and glided up to Alfred Hardie, looked coldly in his face; then said with external politeness and veiled contempt, "I will attend to the song, Sir, since you desire it." She waved her hand, and he followed her sullkily to the piano. She sang Alicen Arcon, not with her classic perfection, but with a purity and mellowness that charmed the room: they had never heard her singing since.

Its spirits are said to overcome the man at whose behest they rise, so this sweet air, and the epoch of evocation it awakened, quite powered him who had evoked them: Alfred put his hand unconsciously to his swelling throat, cast one look of anguish at Julia, and hurried away half choked. Nobody but Julia noticed.

A fellow in a rough great-coat and tattered white hat opened the fly door for Mrs. Dodd. As Julia followed her he kissed her hand, and gave Mrs. Dodd's list, but she did not utter it. They were near home before she spoke at all, and then she only said, with a shudder, "My love, you will not be subjected again to these trials:" a remark intended quietly to cover the last occurrence as well as Julia's open persecution.

They had promised to go out the very next day; but Mrs. Dodd went alone, and made excuses for Miss Dodd. On her return she found Julia sitting up for her, and a letter come from her friend making a pleasant proposal, now vacant, near Maida Vale. Mrs. Dodd handed the open letter to Julia; she read it without comment.

"We will go up to-morrow and take it for three months. Then the Oxford vacation will terminate."

"Yes, mamma."

I am now about to relate a circumstance by no means without parallels, but almost impossible to accurate belief, as nothing is more uncommon and contemptible than inadequate solutions, and shall offer none at all; but so it was, that Mrs. Dodd awoke in the middle of that very night in a mysterious state of mental tremor; trouble, veiled in obscurity, seemed to sit heavy on her bosom. So strong, though vague, was the terror and mysterious oppression, that she started up in bed and called aloud, "David, David—Oh, what is the matter?" The sound of her own voice dispelled the cloud in part, but not entirely. She was awhile, and then found herself quite averse to sleep, rose and went to her window, and eyed the weather anxiously. It was a fine night, the fleecy clouds chased slowly across a silver moon. The sailor's wife was reassured on her husband's behalf. Her next desire was to see if Julia sleeping as she had no particular object: it was the instinctive impulse of an anxious mother whom some fear has seized. She threw on her slippers and dressing-gown, and, lighting a candle at her night-lamp, opened the door softly, and stepped out into the corridor. But she had not taken two steps when she was arrested by a mysterious sound.

It came from Julia's room.

What was it?

Mrs. Dodd glided softly nearer and nearer, all her senses on the stretch.

The sound came again. It was a muffled sob.

The stifled sound, just audible in the dead stillness of the night, went through and through her who stood there listening agast. Her own heart yearned over her child; and she hurried to the door, but recollected herself, and knocked very gently. "Julia, be alarmed, love, it is only me. May I come in?" She did not wait for the answer, but tried the handle and entered. She found Julia sitting up in bed, looking wildly at her, with cheeks flushed and wet. She sat on the bed and clasped her to her breast in silence, but more than one warm tear ran down upon Julia's bare neck; the girl felt them drop and her own gushed in a shower.

"Oh, what have I done?" she sobbed. "Am I to make you wretched too?"

Mrs. Dodd did not immediately reply. She was there to console; and her admirable good sense told her that to do that she must be calmer than her patient; so even while she kissed and wept over Julia, she managed gradually to recover her composure. "Tell me, my child," said she, "why do you act a part with me? Why brave it out under my eye, and spend the night secretly in tears? Are you still afraid to trust me?"

"Oh, no, no; but I thought I was so strong, so proud: I undertook miracles. I soon found my pride was a mole-hill, and my love a mountain. I could not hold out by day if I did not ease my breaking heart at night. How pitiful, how base I am! I kept my head under the bed-clothes, too; but you have such ears. I thought I would settle your mind, if not your conduct and opinions; I wrote as I am: forgive me! pray forgive me!"

"On one condition," said Mrs. Dodd, struggling with the emotion these simple words caused her. "Any thing to be forgiven!" cried Julia, impetuously. "I'll go to Australia. I'll go to Botany Bay. I deserve to be hanged."

"Then, from this hour, no half confidences between us, my child. You carry in your own bosom a much harsher judge, a much less indulgent friend than I am. Come! trust me with indulgent friend than I am. Come! trust me with your heart! I'm sure you've him very much?. Does your happiness depend on him?"

At this point, blank question Julia put her head over Mrs. Dodd's shoulder, not to be seen; and, clasping her tight, murmured scarce above a whisper, "I don't know how much I love him. When he came in at that party I felt his slave; his unfaithful adoring slave; if he had ordered me to slip Alicen Arcon's shoe under my dress: poor thing! poor thing! Who ever loved as he does me? I am dying for him; I am dying."

"There! there!" said Mrs. Dodd, soothingly. "You have mistaken your feelings, my love. I am on your Alfred's side from this hour."

Julia opened her eyes, and was a good deal agitated at such a declaration. "Oh, you do not raise my hopes," she gasped. "We are parted, forever. His father refuses. Even you seemed averse; we have been deceived."

"Me, dearest? How can I be averse to any thing lawful, or which I, your friend, think will give you your happiness at stake? Of course I have stopped the actual intercourse, under existing circumstances; but honorable addresses are not unalterable: your only obstacle is Mr. Richard Hardie."

"But what an obstacle," sighed Julia. "His father! a man of iron! so very body says; for I have made inquiries—oh!" And she was shocked. Mrs. Dodd resumed that the letter, so cold, so cruel! I feel it was written by will most unlike the writer's. I do not think we can be accomplished, so distinguished, at the very university where our poor Richard—hem—is going."

"Little simpleton!" said Mrs. Dodd, and kissed her tenderly; "your iron man is the commonest clay, coolly kneaded by your stern heroic Brutus is a shop-keeper; he is open to the gentle influences, which sway the kindred souls of men you and I buy our sheep, our tea, our gloves, our fish-kettles of: and these influences I command, and will use them to the utmost."

Julia lay silent, and wondering what she could mean.

But Mrs. Dodd hesitated now: it pained and revolted her to show her enthusiastic girl the world as it is. She added, slowly and softly, "I seem to be going to aid all these people to take the bloom from my own child's innocence. Heaven forgive me!"

"Oh, never mind that," cried Julia, in her ardent way: "give me Truth before Error however pleasing."

Mrs. Dodd replied only by a sigh: grand general sentiments, like that, never penetrated her mind: they glided off it as water does off a duck's back. "We will begin with this mercantile Brutus, then," said she, with such a curl of the lip. Julia had rejected her daughter.

"Richard Hardie was born and bred in a bank: one of those banks that, like Aaron's rod, now cowslips nor the nodding violet grows; but gold and silver clink, and things are discounted, and many people are ruined by it. Very lawful use of other people's money. Breathed upon by these 'gentle influences,' he was, from his youth, a remarkable man; measured by Trade's standard. At five-and-twenty divine what he did! His savage free mason, who have read of this! He saved Prince Harry Bubble and the South Sea Bubble. Well, in the year 1825, it was not one bubble, but thousand; rather, it was a froth on a distant lands; companies by the hundred: loans to every nation or tribe, down to Guatemala and Poyais, and the shares of companies and ships were laid on the stocks in one year, for your dear papa told me: in short, a fever of speculation, and the whole country was ablaze with it; my dear, Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Bishops, Poets, Lawyers, Physicians, were seen struggling with their own fingers for a place in the Exchange: and, at last, good, steady, old Mr. Hardie, Alfred's grandfather, was also seized with the vortex. Now, to excuse him and appreciate the precocious Richard, you must try and realise that these bubbles, when they rise, are as alluring and reasonable, as they are ridiculous and incredible when one looks back on them; even soap bubbles, you know, have rainbow hues till they burst; and, indeed, the blind avarice of men does but resemble the blind vanity of women: look at our grandmothers' hoops, and our mothers' short waists and monstrous heads! Yet I think you have not had so good a laugh at our insanities? Well then, Mr. Richard Hardie, at twenty-five, was the one to foresee the end of all these bubbles; he came down from London and bought his people to their senses by sober reason, and 'sound commercial principles:' that means, I believe, 'get other peoples' money, but do not risk your own.' His superiority was so clear, that his father resigned the helm to him, and, thanks to his ability, the bank weathered the storm, while all the other ones in the town broke, or, suspended their trade. Now, you will perceive, Julia, my sister's ardent and speculative; but Richard Hardie's was colder and wiser than other peoples' old age: and that is one trait. Some years later, in the height of his prosperity,—I reveal this only for your comfort, and on your sacred promise as a person of delicacy, never to betray it,—he fell in love—Richard Hardie was a suitor for my hand."

"Mamma!"

"Do not ejaculate, sweetest! It rather discomposes me. 'Nothing is extraordinary,' as that good creature says. He must have thought it would answer, in one way or another, to have a gentlewoman at the head of his table. And I was not penniless, born entailed. Failing in this, he found a plain little Thing, with a gloomy temper, and no accomplishments nor graces; but her father could settle twenty thousand pounds. He married her directly: and that is a trait. He sold his father's and grandfather's house and place of business in spite of all their associations, and obtained a lease of his present place from my uncle Fountain; it seemed a more money-making business: a trait. He gave me no reason for rejecting my daughter. Why? because he is void of his reasons: that unaccountable Avarice has intelligence: a trait. Now put all this together, and who more transparent than my friend Richard Hardie? He has declined our alliance because he takes for granted we are poor. When I undeceive him on that head he will reconsider—unless, in a letter; No. 2 of the correspondence; copied by one of his clerks: it will be calm, plausible, flattering: in short, it will be—more like a gentleman; though he is nothing of the kind. And this brings me to what I ought to have begun with, our dear cousin Alfred. I have always written in our income for our children's sake; he is bringing home from the Indies during this very voyage, and it amounts to fourteen thousand pounds."

"Oh, what an enormous sum!"

"No, dearest, it is not a fortune in itself. But it is a considerable sum to possess, independent of their grandfather's one's income. It is loose cash, to speak a la Hardie; that means I can do what I choose with it; and of course I choose—to make you happy. How I shall work on what you call Iron and I call Clay must be guided by circumstances. I think of depositing three or four thousand pounds every month with Mr. Hardie: he is our banker you know. He will must likely open his eyes, and make some move before the whole sum is in his hands. If he does not, I shall perhaps call at his bank and draw a check for fifteen thousand pounds. The wealthiest provincial banker does not keep such a sum floating in his shop-tills. His commercial banker, on the semi-chivalrous sentiment in his soul, would be in peril. He would yield, and with grace: none the less readily that he has notes and bills which have been long heavily mortgaged to our trustees, were made virtually theirs by agreement yesterday (I sit late on Sundays within the hours of Mr. Iron's impertinent letter), and he will say to himself, 'Hardie has—poor thing—they call it—this afternoon for not cashing her check, and she can turn me and my bank into the street to-morrow.' Now, my sister, he shall see by my manner the velvet paw is offered as well as the claw. He is pretty sure to ask himself why I have not left my money in his—this old friendship and her fourteen thousand pounds, or—an insulted mother's enmity?" And Mrs. Placid's teeth made a little sharp just audible in the silent night.

"Oh, mamma! my heart is sick. Am I to be bought and sold like this?"

"You must pay the penalty for loving a parvenu's son. Come, Julia, no peevishness, no more romance, no more vacillation. You have tried Pride and failed, pitiably: now I insist on Love and Duty. Julia, it is the best use of our sex to carry nothing out. From that weakness I will preserve you. And, by-the-by, we are not quite so poor, Harry Richard Hardie, but Alfred Now Alfred, with all his faults and defects—"

"Mamma, you are not just to Alfred."

"Is a gentleman; thanks to Oxford, and Harrow, and nature. My darling, pray to Heaven night and day that your dear father's safe return; for on him, I assure you, and him alone, your happiness depends: as mine does."

"Mamma!" cried Julia, embracing her, "what do poor girls do, who have lost their mother?"

"Look abroad and see!" was the grave reply.

Mrs. Dodd then begged her to go to sleep like a good child, for her health's sake; and to be well; and with this was about to return to her own room: but a white hand and arm darted out of the bed and caught her. "What! Hope has come to me by night in the form of an angel, and shall I let her go back to earth unheeded? never! never! never! never! never!" And she patted the bed expressively, and with the prettiest impatience.

"Well let Hope take off her ear-rings first," suggested Mrs. Dodd.

"No, no, come here directly, ear-rings and all."

"No, thank you; or I shall have them hurting you next."

Mrs. Placid removed her ear-rings, and the render pair passed the rest of the night in one long embrace. By the time the young girl's tears were dried; and hope revived, and life bloomed again: only, henceforth, her longing eyes looked out to sea for her father: homeward bound.

Next day, as they were seated together in the drawing-room, Julia came from the window with a rush, and kneeled at Mrs. Dodd's knees with bright imploring face upturned.

"He is there; and—I am to make no fuss? Is that it?"

"Dear, dear, dear mamma!"

"Well, then, bring me my things!"

She was ten minutes putting them on: Julia tried to expedite her; and retarded her. She had her space; and could not go beyond it.

By this time Alfred Hardie was thoroughly miserable. He was no more his father, shunned by Julia, sickened by what he had heard, and indeed seen, of her gayety and indifference to their separation, and, stung by jealousy, and fretted by impatience, he was drinking nearly all the bitters of that sweet Passion, Love. But as you are aware he ascribed Julia's inconstancy, lightness, and cruelty, all to Mrs. Dodd. He hated her cordially, and dreaded her into the bargain: he played the sentinel about her door all the more because she had asked him not to do it.

"Always do what your enemy particularly objects to," said he, applying to his own case the wisdom of a Greek philosopher, one of his teachers.

So, when the gate suddenly opened, and instead of Julia, this very Mrs. Dodd walked toward him, his feelings were any thing but enviable. He stood rooted to the spot, hurriedly. It was too proud to retreat. He stood his ground. She came on with a slight pleasant smile broke out over her features. "Ah, Mr. Hardie," said she, "if you have nothing better to do, will you give me a minute?" He assented with an ill grace.

"May I take your arm?"

He offered it with a worse.

She laid her hand lightly on it, and it shuddered at her touch. He felt like walking with a murderess.

By some instinct she divined his sentiments, and found it a task much more difficult than she had thought; she took some steps in silence. At last, as he was no dissembler, he burst out passionately, "Why are you my persecutor?"

"I am not your enemy," said she, softly.

"Not openly, but all the more dangerous. You kept my sweet, you hid her away, and forget me; you are a cruel, hard-hearted lady."

"No, I am not, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, simply. "Oh! I know you are good, and will be kind to all the rest of the world; but you know you have a heart of iron for me."

"Your daughter's friend, but not your enemy: it is you who are too inexperienced to know how little you can do, and how much harm you are. It is only since last night I see my way clear; and, look, I come at once to you with friendly intentions. I swear it. I never was serious as you are! I should, perhaps, be calling you ungrateful."

He retorted bitterly, "Give me something to be grateful for, and you shall see whether that baseness is in my nature."

"I have a great mind to put you to the proof," said she, archly. "Let us walk down this lane; then you can be as unjust to me as you please, without attracting public attention."

In the lane she told him quietly she knew the nature of Mr. Hardie's objections to the alliance he had so much at heart, and they were objections, which her husband, on his return, would remove. She had to be changed into a little, and implored her piteously not to deceive him.

"I will not," said she, "upon my honor. If you are not convinced as by daughter is in her esteem for you—notwithstanding her threadbare gayety worn over loyal regret, and to check a torrent of idle tears' tongue—you have nothing to fear from me, and every thing to expect. Come, Alfred, can you say I have been with you? can we understand one another. We only want that to be friends."

This was not to resist; and at his age. His lip trembled, he hesitated, but at last gave her his hand. She walked two hours with him, and left him at the door in confidence, quiet, and comfort his sore heart. His hopes and happiness revived under her magic, as Julia's had. In the midst of all, he was vexed—quite quick made terms, he was not to come to the house but on her invitation, unless indeed he had news of the Agra to communicate; but he might write once a week to her, and indeed a few lines to Julia. On this occasion she he proceeded to breathe her white wrist, and call her his best, dearest, loveliest friend; his mother. "Oh, remember!" said he, with a relic of distrust, "you are the only mother I can ever hope to have."

That touched her. Mrs. Roberts, he had been to her but a little daughter loved.

Her eyes filled. "My poor, warm-hearted, motherless boy," she said, "good, for my husband's safe return! For on that your happiness depends: and hers. And mine."

By now two more bright eyes looked longingly seaward for the *Agra*; homeward bound.

SYMPATHY.

FELLOW-WORKER, telling brether,
Come into the fields with me;
See! the sheaves support each other,
So with us it ought to be.

Lean upon me in your trouble,
And support me with your joy;
Friendship can a lifetime double,
Hatred will two lives destroy.

Oh! remember, the Eternal
Lays us in one barn together,
When with his right hand supernal
Sheaves of life he stoops to gather.



COLONEL KILPATRICK'S LATE CAVALRY RAID THROUGH VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON.

We publish herewith a portrait of the late THOMAS JEFFERSON JACKSON, better known as "Stonewall Jackson," in his lifetime a Lieutenant-General in the rebel army.

He was born about the year 1826, in Lewis County, Virginia, and entered West Point in 1842. He graduated in 1846, in the same class with Generals M'Clellan, Stoneman, Couch, Foster, etc., and entered the Second Artillery. He went with his regiment to Mexico, fought gallantly throughout the campaign, and received three brevets for his services in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec. After the war he left the army with the rank of Major, and became a Professor of Mathematics at the Military Institute of Lexington, Virginia. While there he married the daughter of Rev. George Junkin, now of New York, and identified himself with the Presbyterian Church. His wife dying, he espoused a daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Davidson College, North Carolina.

At the outbreak of the war Major Jackson is said to have had some difficulty in choosing where the path of duty lay; but eventually evil counsels prevailed, and he cast his lot with the rebels. The following is an accurate and succinct account of his military career:

He was at first placed at the head of a regiment of infantry, which he drilled so quickly, and yet so perfectly, as to rely upon them at any moment. With this regiment he engaged General Patterson's forces at Falling Waters on the 2d of July, 1861; but the contest resulted in a mere skirmish. At the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, he was asked by General Beauregard whether—his troops being raw—he thought they would be likely to stand. "Yes," he answered, "like a stone-wall;" and stand they did till the end of the contest. From this answer he obtained the *sobriquet* of "Stonewall Jackson," which has stood by him to the last. He took a prominent part in the battle, it being due wholly to his coolness and skill that the day was taken after a flag of truce had been sent to him. He was soon after made a major-general over his fellows, and he was placed in command of a brigade. He displayed such skill in its organization that he was allowed a separate command to operate in the Shenandoah Valley region. On the 23d and 24th of March, 1862, he engaged the forces of General Shields at Winchester, and fought them from behind a stone-wall. On the first day General Shields repulsed him; but, being reinforced, Jackson again engaged Shields with redoubled vigor at sunrise the next morning. General Shields would have been beaten, so desperate was the onslaught, but for the timely arrival of a brigade from General Williams's division. Thus reinforced, General Shields attempted to turn his flank, but was met by a veritable stone-wall, behind which the rebels picked off numbers of our men. Subsequently, by a desperate assault, the rebel forces were finally driven from the position, but not, considering the numbers engaged, until a fearful slaughter had taken place on both sides.

For some time General Jackson was engaged only in trifling operations at the upper end of the Shenandoah Valley, the change of operations of General M'Clellan's advancing army requiring him to be on the *qui vive* for a movement to some other quarter of Virginia. On the 8th of May he made a dash upon the advanced position of Generals Milroy and Schenck, at the town of M'Dowell, east of the Alleghanies. After this he set the report afloat that he intended to attack Fredericksburg, then held by General Blowell's corps. While the Union troops in the Shenandoah Valley were congratulating themselves upon the idea that Jackson was not in their front, he suddenly dashed upon their advance, under Colonel Kenly, at Front Royal, near one of the gaps of the Blue Ridge. This was on the 23d of May, 1862, and the success of the movement is too recent in the memory of our readers to need more than a passing notice. For the next three days he was engaged in the pursuit of the weakened force under General Banks, whose masterly retreat saved his army from the fate that befell Colonel Kenly. Banks's force being reinforced, Jackson steadily retreated before them up the valley. On the 31st of May and 1st of June he was closely pursued by the forces of Generals Banks, Shields, and Fremont, operating from different directions, and it was believed that he would be captured with his whole force.



THE LATE "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

It was not properly understood what manner of man had to be dealt with in this pursuit; but it was shortly afterward demonstrated; for on the 8th of June he turned upon his pursuers and engaged Fremont's wing, embracing the forces under Generals Schenck, Milroy, and Blenker. These forces he compelled to give up the pursuit, and the next day he attacked those under General Shields, at Port Republic, likewise causing them to fall back. By the celerity of his movements he prevented the junction of the pursuing forces, and retreated to Richmond to join in the attack upon M'Clellan.

For this operation General Jackson was made a Major-General of the rebel regular army. Leaving a small portion of his forces to amuse the troops in the Shenandoah Valley, he removed his main army, which was further reinforced, to Mechanicsville, near the Upper Chickahominy River. Here he attacked the right wing of General M'Clellan's army on the 26th of May, following up the attack on the 26th against General M'Call, and on the 27th upon General Fitz John Porter, at Gaines's Mill. There is but little doubt that he took an active part in the various battles of that eventful period. He was reported slightly wounded; but the report has not since been definitely substantiated.

After M'Clellan's retreat to Harrison's Landing he moved with his usual celerity toward the Upper Rappahannock. Here for several days he operated against the forces of General Pope's Army of Virginia. Some of the operations finally culminated in the desperate battle of Cedar Mountain, where General Banks stubbornly resisted his onslaught, and inflicted on the rebel army a loss of some five thousand men. Finally, as General Pope, during the early part of August, fell back upon Washington, General Jackson's forces were more or less engaged in the battle incident to that retreat, especially in the raid around the Union army, where he destroyed General Pope's baggage and secured a large amount of spoil.

When Lee's army advanced into Maryland Jackson was appointed to operate along his old ground—the Shenandoah Valley—to clear the Union forces out of that region. He made a demonstration upon Martinsburg, then under General Julius White, causing that force to fall back upon Harper's Ferry, and then, by a combination with forces on the Maryland side of the Potomac, besieged for several days the key of the valley—Harper's Ferry. His was the master mind in this siege, and finally this position capitulated on the 15th day of September, 1862, with all its stores, armament, munitions, and men.

Again he moved his command with celerity, and on the night of the 16th he is reported by General Hooker to have had his forces added to those of General Lee, on the banks of Antietam Creek, and to have participated in that severe contest for the possession of Maryland.

After the rebel army had been driven out of Maryland, Jackson's forces, with Lee's, moved southward toward the Rappahannock, and when General Sumner made his rapid movement to the Rappahannock, General Jackson's force also moved rapidly to keep up with it, arriving in Fredericksburg shortly after Sumner occupied Falmouth. Had the pontoon bridges been ready General Sumner would have occupied the position first, and the slaughter of December 13 might have been avoided. General Jackson held command of the right wing during that fearful contest, and repulsed the left wing of Burnside's army, under General Franklin. For this victory he was promoted to a lieutenant-generalship, a rank equal to our commander of a corps. For some time after this battle he was reported sick; but it plainly appears that, sick or well, he was on the field at Chancellorsville.

At this, his last battle, he again demonstrated his power of moving with celerity. When the movement of Hooker's army first commenced, at the latter end of April, Jackson's command was at Port Royal, on the extreme right of the rebel line, and here he faced the advance of Reynolds's corps. Perceiving this was a feint, he pushed his command across the country, and on the 1st of May attacked with great determination the extreme right of the Union army. Again moving with remarkable quickness, he on the 2d of May attacked the forces under General Sedgwick at Salem Church, in the rear of Fredericksburg, between the Union line and the left of Hooker. He was wounded during this engagement, taken from the field, and his wound attended to by one of his most experienced surgeons of the South; but amputation of the arm was necessary. The operation, combined with other causes, resulted in his death, which took place on Sunday, May 9.

The *Herald* publishes the following characteristic anecdotes of the man:

He had in his service a negro who had become so used to his ways as to know when he was about to start on an expedition without receiving any notice from his master. When asked how he could know that, as his master never talked about his plans, the negro answered, "Massa Jackson allers pray every night and every morning"; but when



THE SCOUT DAVIDSON ON DUTY.—[See Page 343.]



OFF DUTY.—[See Page 343.]

he go on any expedition he may two, or three, or four times durin' de night. When I se him pray two, or two, or four times durin' de night, I pack de baggage, for I know he goin' on an expedition."

Another incident is connected with his idea of dying a painful death, and, before the rebellion, this became a species of hypochondria; for he would occasionally fancy his limbs were being paralyzed, first on one side and then on the other.

He had a curious way of holding his head up very straight, and his inevitable response to any remark was, "Very well" while his chin would appear as if it were trying to get up toward the top of his head.

The following item from a contemporary, if true, will illustrate the character of the soldier:

"During the battle of Chapultepec, where he commanded a section of Magruder's battery, attached to Pillow's division, he was ordered by that pitiful commander to withdraw his section, as, according to Pillow's cowardly idea, it was too much exposed. Giving no heed whatever to the General's order, he pulled apart through the main area between the above and west, making its exit through the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the palm of the right hand about his middle, passing through, and broke two bones. He was wounded on the Rank Road, about three miles in advance of the enemy. He fell on his horse, and was caught by Captain Worsley, to whom he remarked, "All my wounds are by my own men." He had given orders that, if he fell, his body should be cut into small pieces by the men. This strong-willed officer appeared ahead of him, and he turned to ride back. He was met by one cried out, "Cavalry, charge!" and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke forward to ride through the men, and among them Captain Boswell was killed, and another through the line by his horse, and fell among our own men. Colonel Gould, Chief of Staff, was wounded by his side. Two couriers were killed. Major Pendleton, Lieutenant Morrison and Smith, escaped unhurt. General Jackson was immediately placed on a litter and started for the rear, being attracted the attention of the enemy, and was rescued by both lines. One litter-bearer was shot down, and the General fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of the arm, and injuring his side severely.

The enemy's fire of artillery on this point was terrible. General Jackson was left for five minutes, until the fire slackened; then placed in an ambulance, and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a large amount of blood, and at one time told Dr. McGuire he thought he was dying, and would have died by bleeding, a tourniquet was immediately applied. For two hours he was near sinking from shock. As he began to recover from the field, frequent inquiries were made by the soldiers, "How are they there?" He will be told, then, "Do not tell the troops I am wounded."

After the tremendous exhaustion war held between Drs. Black, Coleman, Wells, and McGuire, and amputation was agreed upon. He was asked, "Will the amputation necessary shall it be done at once?" He replied, "Yes, certainly; I don't do for me what I would do what I think is right." The operation was performed while he was under the influence of chloroform, and borne well. He slept on Sunday morning, was cheerful, and was doing well. On Sunday he was carried to Guinea Station house, near Guiney's depot. He was cheerful; talked about the battle, gallant bearing of General Gould's men; said that his Major-General's commission ought to date from Saturday night, because of the charge of his skirmishers; of J. R. Briggs, Surgeon Chirpodist, 212 Broadway, N.Y.

Schaffer, Son, & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF ALL THE LEADING STYLES AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES OF JEWELRY, WITH AN VIEW OF INCREASING THEIR BUSINESS TO AN UNLIMITED EXTENT, OFFER THE FOLLOWING RELIABLE GUARANTEE AT THE UNEXPRESSED LOW PRICES FOLLOWING:

VEST CHAINS, of many and original styles. Patrilen, new, $1. Hexagon, intricate, $2. All-in-Go, attractive, $3. Rose Keepsake, $5. Domestic, heavy, $6. Alexandra, $8.

LADIES' SETS OF JEWELRY, consisting of Pin and Ear Drops to match. Engraved, Turquoise, Brilliantine, &c., $3. Stone, Moss, Plain, Engraved, &c., $5.

RINGS, of the most fashionable and desirable styles. Plain, Seals, Stone, Cameo, Signet and Shield, all sizes, $3. Fancy Stone Signet, $3. Diamond, Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald, &c., $5.

BOSOM AND SCARF PINS. Handsomely mounted, and of all fashionable designs, Scrull and Leaf, $1. Engraved, with stone, $3. Brazilian Diamond, $3. Cluster, Jim. Diamond, $5. Opal, Turquoise, Pearl, Diamond, and chain, $6.

SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS. In sets. An extensive variety of patterns, comprising every conceivable design. Engine-turned and Engraved, $1. Plain and Fine Engraved, $2. Plain enameled, with stones, $3.

LOCKETS, all double lockets. Engine-turned and engraved, $1. Larger, $2. An imitation of a Masonic Locket, a superb article, $3. Plain, Superior, $3.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, made by ourselves and warranted. Silver mounted, extra quality, $1. Gold mounted, Plain, Superior, $2. Business, a very superior article, $3. Parties wishing any of the above here only to remit the price in a letter plainly addressed, as below, and the article will be sent by return mail free of expense.

☞ On orders of One Hundred Dollars and upward, a discount of Twenty-five per cent. will be deducted from the above prices. ☜ Great inducements offered Sellers. Gift Enterprises, &c.

SCHAFFER, SON, & CO.,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

THE SUMMER NUMBER of Mme. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS, the most splendid No. ever published, is now ready, and for Vocity, $1, with a Valuable Premium of Patterns, &c. Also, by subscription, Demorest's Illustrated Monthly, will be given a Splendid Carte de Visite of GEN. TOM THUMB AND WIFE, COM. NUTT, MINNIE WARREN, and P. T. BARNUM in a Group, beside the usual premium. Splendid Premium List. Specimen Copies, 15 cents, by mail, or send for a Circular. Address Mme. Demorest, No. 473 Broadway.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Office of the same name. A female attendant.

Insoles, Belts and Armlets.

The Galvano Electric Metallic Insoles, Voltaic Belts, Armlets &c., are the surest remedy (as thousands who have used them in great Britain and the United States can testify) for curing Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Neuralgia, and all nervous diseases, being a certain and speedy instantaneous remedy. METHAM & CO., Proprietors, No. 49 Broadway, N.Y.

Insoles, $1; Armlets, $1 50; Belts, $3. Send for circular. Sent by mail for 50 cents additional.

ALL THAT IT CLAIMS TO BE.

So many compounds for the hair are offered for sale and unduly praised, that we confess we had no expectation of finding in *Barnett's Cocaine* the qualities which it was said to possess. In this we have been disappointed. Members of our family who have tried it, indorse it as possessing superior hair-dressing properties; while its freedom from greasiness, the lustre that it imparts to hair, and its economy, have given it a permanent place on the toilet table.

We have no hesitancy in recommending it as being *equal to all that it claims to be.—Chicago New Covenant.*

A CARD.

Owing to the increased cost of all material used in the manufacture of Cocaine and our other preparations, we have been compelled to advance the price. Our standard QUANTITY AND QUALITY will remain unimpaired.

JOB, HENERY & CO., Boston.

Sold by all druggists throughout the country.

REMOVAL.

T. J. CROWEN,
Publisher, Bookseller, and Fancy Stationer, has removed to No 543 Broadway, near 140th St., Roosevelt Building, where it will give him pleasure to serve his customers the same as at his former stand.

DR. BRIGGS'S CURATIVE

CORNS, INVERTED NAILS, BUNIONS,

And Frosted & Blistered Feet &c.



The Curative will soon soften the Corn by its peculiar influence, and it simply removes the pain. Bunions, &c., free from any disagreeable sensation. The boot or shoe can be worn at all times. Perfect satisfaction with ease. Send for circular. Sold by Druggists, and sent by mail at 50 cents, $1, and $1 50. PERFECTION IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

Corns, Bunions, Calosities, Club, and Inverted Nails, Vascular Excrescences, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Cramp, Frosted and Blistered Feet, Chilblains, and all kindred affections of the Feet, skillfully and effectually treated by Dr. J. R. Briggs, Surgeon Chiropodist, 212 Broadway, N.Y.

Barnum's American Museum.

For a Short Time only.

Commencing Monday, May 25th, 1863.

The Manager is happy to announce a short engagement, though

At an Enormous Expense,

Of the famous

GEN. TOM THUMB,

AND

HIS BEAUTIFUL LITTLE WIFE,

Late Miss Lavinia Warren, whose beauty, grace, accomplishments, and affability so lately captivated the hearts of hundreds of thousands of Museum Visitors. Also the equally renowned

COM. NUTT and MINNIE WARREN,

Three wondrously formed and strangely beautiful babies and gentlemen in Miniature.

The Greatest Wonders in the World,

A Marine Curtis, a Bauman and Belle, *all four weighing but* **100 pounds!**

They will be Seen Day and Evening, Splendid Dramatic Performances daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P.M.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own Homes.

THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Chamber Street, N.Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty; we send our Hand-Book of Information and Laws, with *Lists of Prizes*, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 9 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

607 Broadway, New York.

C. W. FRENCH,
GENTLEMEN'S
Furnishing Goods,
Fine *Shirts and Collars* MADE TO ORDER.
Fine Gauze Merino underskirts $2 to each, or $15 a doz. Also a large stock of Merino, Lisle, and Jean Drawers of the best quality and warranted to fit.

C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Ustained Money.—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 20 years, relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling; to Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Price of the entire collection, 1,000 of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 11 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

TIBBAL'S

Manufactory, Depot for J. A. CRANDALL'S PATENT PORCELAIN EYE SHOWING HORSE, BABY TENDER, GIG, and FERAMBULATOR, removed to No. 512 Broadway, directly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and price-list. Also Baby Jumpers, Children's Carriages, Velocipedes, &c.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORCELAIN EYE SHOWING HORSE.

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects a superior article. Sent by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 385 Broadway, N. Y., and 189 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enamelled cards to the pack. Eagle, Shields, Stars, and Flags on the backs, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY, Box 3,922, New York.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

REMOVAL.

WOOD BROTHERS, Carriage Manufacturers,

Have removed to Nos. 594 and 596 Broadway, a few doors above Niblo's.

HUBBARD BRO'S

CHRONOMETERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels by mail, with the utmost care and promptitude. Watches so forwarded are *registered*; we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Just received, by European steamers, several large importations of that deservingly popular novelty, the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES, ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES! *From Lardner's Illustrated Newspaper* of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPER as heretofore, stands pre-eminent for accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and navy." The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9th, having fully tested, says: "We are pleased to see that this importation of the Hubbard Bros. is meeting the encouragement which such extraordinary enterprise as theirs so richly merits. These watches are novelties produced by no other house, for combining the highest degree in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons appear to be a cause a desirable name for theirs in the Army. The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES, and is a perfect time-keeper, handsomely and handsomely finished, with superior regulated movement, warranted to keep correct time, and will be sent to any part of the country by mail, post-paid, for $25. Registered for postage. Should retail readily at from $70 to $80. Sold to quantities of less than six. Also the celebrated

MAGIC TIME OBSERVER.

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM, BEING A LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH IN ONE, AND A HUNTING AND OPEN FACE COMBINED, WITH PATENT LEVER MOVEMENT. The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 19, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD Bros., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 18 carat gold. The finest movement action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. Price, extremely cheap, for cash or half dozen, $200. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those preparing to forward wholesale, $25. If sent by mail the postage is 36 cents.

☞ Watches REGISTERED IN ADVANCE IN ALL INSTANCES. Remittances may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order; if sent by express or mail, in a registered letter at our risk. *No Circulars or Agents.*

☞ Watches FOR THE ARMY CAN NOW BE FORWARDED BY MAIL. ☜ Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
North sor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

CHLOSAMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots are then more distinguishable. Unsightly on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on others; and any thing that will remove such patches without injuring the skin in manner or complexion, must be hailed as a boon. The subscriber would call attention to the Tonic, prepared by Dr. Swayne, of Philadelphia, for removing Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His counsel is free, either personally or at his specialty.—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR are treated with unparalleled success by the NEWLY DISCOVERED FOR *full particulars*, address, enclosing stamp, to

DR. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

All Consultations Free.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms to Buy Cheap.—Situated in the county of Hammonton, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate, healthy, and convenient to the city. Lots of from $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to C. BYRNES, Hammonton, Atlantic county, where it can be viewed. Route to the land.—Leave Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7½ A.M. or 5½ P.M. for Hammonton.

Nature has Provided a Remedy



For every Disease.—DR. O. PHELPS BROWN has lately published a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility, which he will send free to all on receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Miller & Grant, 703 Broadway, N. Y.,

ARE OFFERING

RICH LACES, PARIS EMBROIDERIES, STRUCTURED in endless variety; FANCY GOODS, VARIETY ARTICLES, and CHANTILLY SHAWLS, to which they invite the attention of Purchasers.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The Fashion Book for Ladies!—"LE BON TON" Magazine de Modes, the cheapest and most reliable Magazine ever imported from Paris. The July Number, price 75 cents, contains English, colored fashion, style, and elegance; consisting of Bonnets, Ladies' and Children's Dresses, a new pattern Chemise, and beautiful Mantilla for Summer. Each Number gives two full-colored patterns, one of them, in the present Number, is a beautiful Mantilla, worth twice the price charged for the book. Subscription, one year commencing with July, 1863, $2 cents. Address S. T. TAYLOR, 497 Broadway, New York.

New Music.—"Shall we Meet again?" I Remember the Hour when only we Parted: answer to "When the Cruel War is Over." Kingdom coming. Each 25 cents. *Musical Omnibus*, 50 Tunes for Violin, Flute, Cornet, &c., $1, post paid.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles of Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places accessible by Express, forwarded at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 50 00 each.
50 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.... 15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Jet, and Opal Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Boom Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Plain Rings..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
2000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one is worth, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business. Ex cases each, which must be inclosed when the certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty-five for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

203 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be sent—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 20 new tracts of from $10 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good school and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Journal sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost land position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, July 11th, 1862.

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all purporting manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass. 40% less or as good as a cost saleratus or cream tartar meal. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread, Rolls, &c. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. Sold by Grocers, who can compare with it. A little boiled in milk with chocolate rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c., makes a delicious *second luncheon* for children much relished by grown persons. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.

Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them. Especially in six weeks on cheeks (when patent) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1.25, sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are invaluable to hot or cold water, and for housework or gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 12 for Gents. HOWARD & CRAY, 991 Broadway, N. Y.

Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Agents Wanted, Ladies and Dealers, look to your interest. Call or send stamp for circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 63 Nassau Street, N. Y., 434 Chestnut Street, Phila.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better DISPLAY,

And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my celebrated Family Sewing Machines. Address,

J. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our new Pictorial *Furnishing Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 16 other new and curious articles. 12 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

CATARRH!—Dr. Sanford's Catarrh Remedy possesses to the very acme of its terrible disease, and effects a permanent cure. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Dept 631 Broadway.

MOUNT HISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Mount Hisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other Gratis *Secrets*, in the *Book of Wonders*. 1000 odd. 10th Edition. Price only **20c.** 8 for $1. Mailed *free*. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

TO THE DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPID.—For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the first of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old Servant, in the Valley of the Susquehanna, writes thus to Dr. Hostetter: "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the parched earth starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started the second growth of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Lassitude of weak constitutions, or whose vitality has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and all who suffer from habitual costiveness or marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children, it is, in a much safer and surer method for the nerve system than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 631 BROADWAY.

CANVASSING AGENTS

Of experience WANTED upon the best

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN EDITIONS

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

And other first-class and good-paying Subscription Books.

Address

N. C. MILLER, Publisher of Subscription Books,

Cincinnati, O., or New York.

Wives, Mothers, and Sisters, whose Husbands, Sons, and Brothers are serving in the Army, can obtain Lists of Soldiers' Names from whom a valuable gift than a few boxes of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. Full directions for the use of the exposures of a soldier's life. Only 25 cents a box or pot.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe News Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 36x50. Price $2500.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x56. Price $1700.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x56. Price $2000.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Mosquito Shield or Guard.

A HAVEN'S PATENT—For the Army, Navy, Travellers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with mosquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to $3. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send for circular.

HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,

No 80 NASSAU ST., ROOM No. 23, N. Y.

IODINE.

IODINE WATER.

Dr. H. ANDEES & CO., Physicians and Chemists, 479 Broadway, N. Y. Circulars sent free.



RETURNED VOLUNTEERS

ATTENTION!

THE BOWERY CLOTHING COMPANY,

No. 106 Bowery, near Grand St.,

(Sign of the Bulletin),

Will supply your wants in the

CLOTHING

line, at lower prices than the lowest of any other establishment. Call and see for yourselves.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,

INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-

COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Through-out every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, the wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it universally known. Also, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its efficacy; and fewer yet the communities in which there have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the most dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs.

While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to human skill for the cure of the dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest to use of all medicines prepared for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumption of Consumption than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them, for you would still cure yourself of the incurable disease, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. All know that the fatality of lung disease is due to delay. Use the right antidote at the right time, and be sure to do this, for upon them it is still made the best in use. We spare no cost, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
Lowell, Mass.

And sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

Pure Blood Cures.

When the bile has not the requisite healthy qualities, we become costive. To restore the bile to a state of health, the blood must be purified. You can not purify the blood with cathartics and purgatives, and they should be resorted to for several days in succession, then there may be a greater or less interval of rest. Some persons have used BRANDRETH'S Pills every day in small doses until they became cured of costiveness, which had troubled them for over twenty years. The use of this medicine does not debilitate or require an increase of dose from continued use. They in fact strengthen the bowels as exercise does the arms or legs.

DANIEL J. TENNEY, of Astor House, New York, cured himself of costiveness of ten years standing by their use alone.

MR. COOK, Editor of Democratic Banner, Bennington, Vermont, cured of costiveness and dyspepsia by BRANDRETH'S Pills, when all other medicines had failed, and when his doctors pronounced him incurable.

MR. BLISS, of Bathwick, cured of debility and costiveness by BRANDRETH'S Pills, when he despaired of ever regaining his health.

Remember reference will be given to persons whom BRANDRETH'S Pills have cured of costiveness of over twenty years duration, and in cases where no natural action of the bowels had taken place in twenty years.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CARAL STREET, N. Y.

For sale also at No. 4 Nassau Square, and by all dealers.

GET NEW STYLE.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi
Manufacturing Company's
P O U D R E T T E.

FOR SALE BY

JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York. This article, prepared from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, and MOST POWERFUL FERTILIZER in the market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crops from two to three weeks earlier than any other manure. $15 to $45 per acre.

Also, FIFTY TUNS OF BONE TA-FEU, being a mixture of bone and night soil, ground fine, at $45 per ton. A superior article for grain and grass.

Pamphlets containing directions, &c., may be had free.

Address JAMES T. FOSTER,

Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. RICE & CO., 57 Park Row, N.Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact directions for restoration of persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. Established 1840. For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

The Burdell Mystery Unravelled.

Confessions of Charles Lewis,

the

Princeton Murderer.

Become jealous of Dr. Burdell, and murders him to be revenged. His Trial and Confession.

Now ready in Pamphlet form. Published at the Office of National Police Gazette. For sale at all News Depots.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.,

Have Just Published;

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. CARELL, Author of "Secret's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cts.

Commencement of the Twenty-Seventh Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1863.

CONTENTS:

THE INDIAN MASSACRES AND WAR OF 1862.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Court-House of the Military Commission.—Indian Prisoners.—Little Crow.—Big Eagle, a prisoner.—Red Iron, a prisoner.—Rogers's winnowing Wheat.—Williamson's House.—Little Crow.—Indian Camp at Big Stone Lake.—Breakfast on the Prairie.—Other-Day.—Colonel W. R. Marshall.—Captured Indian Camp.—Sibley Defeats Little Crow.—Wild-Goose Nest Lake.—Interior of Indian Jail.—Attack on New Ulm.

THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF NEW ALMADEN, CALIFORNIA.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—San José, California.—Santa Clara.—Half-Way House.—Road to the Mine.—Galleries and Shafts.—Hoisting in the Mine.—The Works.—Assorting Ore.—The Hacienda.—The Valley.—Quicksilver Furnace.—Section of Furnace.—Filling Flasks.—Fandango at Los Gatos.

ROSEMARY.—IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

OSGOOD'S PHRENOLOGY.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE VINE.

LAZY LETTER.

ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XLVII. Christ.

CHAPTER XLVIII. Counter-Check.

CHAPTER XLIX. The Pyramid of Vanities.

CHAPTER L. Tessa Abroad and at Home.

CHAPTER LI. Monna Brigida's Conversion.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Romola.—Monna Brigida's Conversion.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER XXII. Lord De Guest at Home.

CHAPTER XXIII. Mr. Plantagenet Palliser.

CHAPTER XXIV. A Mother-in-Law and a Father-In-Law.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Just Missed.—Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello.

THE PLAYERS AND THE FURITANS.

THE SEEKS AT PORT ROYAL.

MISSING.

LOST AT MANY.

THE SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MR. PIGGS'S PICTURE GALLERY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—III. Piggs's Original Studies after American Artists.—IV. Theodosi Masters, from the Life.—V. Piggs's Last.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Mantilla.—Fichus and Under Sleeves.

The previous portions of the present volume which have been published in Harper's Monthly Number contain a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply either complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will forward any Number of the present year. Any volume, containing about 1000 pages, bound in cloth, will be sent by express, free of charge, for $3 00. Eleven Volumes, in Cloth, will be sent, by express, at the Publishers and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, handsomely bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one year.....$3 00
Two Copies for One Year.....5 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year.....$3 00
One Copy for Two Years.....5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and back Numbers can be had at any time.

Vol. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4 37 each, are now ready.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS Parties who pretend to be connected with HARPER'S or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay the Postmaster. Postmasters constitute our General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are satisfied.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



And the Nigger never flitting, still a-sitting, still a-sitting
On that horrid bust of HORACE just above my chamber-door;
And his lips, they have the snigger, of a worthless freeborn Nigger,
And he swells his sombre figger, when I ask him, with a roar,
"Will you blacks again be Cattle, or you need to be before?"
Cries the Chattel, "Never more!"

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE,—and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast. A SPLENDID WATCH, warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,
Between Broome and Grand Street,
Are now opening New Goods. Mantel Vases, Tea Sets, Dining Sets, &c.

ATTENTION
50,000 Agents Wanted.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular, either a Gold Mexican Fire or Ring, or a Gold Cluster Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 589 Broadway, N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dreadful disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings Co.,
New York.

Central Mills fragrant
WHEAT COFFEE.
Sold by all grocers.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thirteen Settlements, with 3,000 Lots, Village and Farm Lots for sale. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan,

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR 6 PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

☞ ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR will cease. Parties wishing to secure 4 United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.
Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over
Four Thousand
different subjects (to which additions are continually being made), of Portraits of eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

79 Major Generals. 127 Divines.
199 Brigadier Generals. 116 Authors.
250 Colonels. 97 Artists.
84 Lieutenant Colonels. 112 Singers.
207 Other Officers. 62 Prominent Women.
60 Officers of the Navy. 147 Prominent Foreign Personages.
623 Statesmen.

2,000 copies of Works of Art,
including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc.

CATALOGUES SENT ON RECEIPT OF STAMP.
An order for 100 PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on receipt of $15, sent by mail, free.

Photographic Albums.

Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each.

The smaller kinds can be sent safely by mail at a postage of six cents per oz.

The more expensive can be sent by express.

We also keep a large assortment of
STEREOSCOPES AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.
Our Catalogue of these will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp. E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 Broadway, New York.

Friends or relatives of prominent military men will confer a favor by sending us their likenesses to copy. They will be kept carefully, and returned uninjured.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, Genuine Movements, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A full Silver, enamel dial, Watch, precisely similar to the above, CHAS. F. IONSON & CO., 13 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

$16. WATCHES. $16.
Ladies' fine Gold Plate Hunting-Case Watches for $16.

Warranted to keep good time, and to equal the solid 16-carat gold cases in finish and general appearance.

$22. Genuine American Lever $22. Watches,

In Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22, worth $35 at retail.

$35. Genuine English Levers, $35.

Full Jeweled, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $35, worth $45 at retail.

$15. Fine, Full Jeweled Patent $15. Levers,

Three-quarter-plate Movement, Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $15, retail price, $25.

$22. A Splendid Silver Hunting $22. Case Lever,

That indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will no take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway, New York.

ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.

"Noses" and their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, pug, long, short, thick, sharp, squiffle, "turn up," and Jewish Nose, with the "why and wherefore" of these varieties. Portraits and characters of our leading Generals, and other officers, with their Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. Also Ethnology, Anthropology, &c., given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED. A new vol. begins with July No. $1 50 a year, or 15 cents a Number. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Prices per hundred, $30. Per thousand (in Clubs), $60. Single Badges, 75 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 3614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope
Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 50; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 180 Canal Street, cor. of Broome, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
French and English Fancy Goods.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.



GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a catalogue, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 36 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A Saving of 20 per cent. by buying Housekeeping Goods at I. D. FOUR'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For $1 50, magnifies thousands of interesting small objects 500 times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address C. C. HARRIS, Box 236, Boston, Mass.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 38 Pearl St., N. Y. It is a valuable Recipe. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Brown, Wilson, & Fisher,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.

Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of all kinds bought and sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. Orders received for the new 5-20 6 per cent. Bonds at par and accrued interest. We buy and sell, and keep constantly on hand, all kinds of U. S. Government Securities, Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Money, &c., &c.
LEWIS M. BROWN, HENRY S. WILSON.
CHARLES A. FISHER, Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Refer by permission to
Bank of the Commonwealth, Sheffield & Tilestun, Moses Taylor, James D. Wilson, Leeds B. Brown, John J. Cisco.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,

Offers more advantages to insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:
A permanent Capital Stock of $135,000, now largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter *expressly requires* that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims. All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTISS.....President.
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

GOLD PENS AND CASES AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—Gunmetal pens. Also, the best Portable Pen in the world. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer, 64 Nassau Street, New York.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Sore Legs, **L.Y.D.S.**
Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S
YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,
Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body,* gives *Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles,* and *Health to every Organ of Body, Joint, and Limb.*
One Dollar per Bottle (which often cures).
Depot, 196 CHATHAM ST., 2 doors from GRAND St.
Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1846. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

National Union League.
To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by this organization as emblematic of the Order. It is a Pin 1 1/4 in Dia., gilt, with enamelled red, white, and blue. We will supply to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Shuits' Cologne.—Wanted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, post-paid, for 30 cts. Address C. F. Shuits, Troy, N. Y.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN
Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts sent free from everywhere.
Fitness Flannel Army Shirts, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED
S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

A Tooth and Hair Restorative. Send for D. BASS-FORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selphe's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied free.

BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to FIT, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and makes than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.



For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 600 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 336.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES [illegible] CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



COLONEL GRIERSON, SIXTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOBS, OF NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 354.]

On the previous page we give a portrait of the new famous COLONEL GRIERSON, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, whose magnificent raid through Mississippi has won him such fame. The following is a sketch of the Colonel's life:

Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Pittsburg in the month of July, 1837. Consequently he is nearly thirty-six years of age. As a very early age he removed to Trumbull County, Ohio, in which State he resided for nearly fifteen years, and has moved to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he was when the present war broke out. He was in the produce business, and, to use his own words, "was on a mission," being able to play on any instrument from a jews-harp to a hand-organ. Shortly after hostilities commenced he left for Cairo to join a company that had been raised in his town; but on arriving there he was sent on duty as an General Prentiss. When the Sixth Illinois cavalry was organized he was elected Major of that regiment, but remained on detached service as aid to General Prentiss, with whom he was very much a favorite. On the 1st of March, 1863, when Colonel Cavanaugh resigned, Major Grierson was unanimously elected by the officers to fill his place, and in December, 1862, he was ordered to command the first brigade of cavalry, consisting of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois and Second Iowa regiments. Colonel Grierson, as will be remembered, has been engaged in all the cavalry skirmishes and raids of West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, and in every affair has been successful. His officers and men worship him almost, and are ready to follow wherever he will lead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

"SATURDAY my paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as HARPER'S *Weekly*."—*Andrew Commonwealth.*

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

UP to the time we write over $110,000,000 have been subscribed and paid for to the United States loan known as the "Five-Twenties," and the indications are that by 1st July, when the subscription closes, the aggregate amount subscribed will not fall short of $250,000,000. The people of the United States are of their own accord going day by day to the various treasuries, and lending the Government more money while the war is costing. So liberal are these subscriptions, and so steadily does the money pour in, that the Loan has been doubled in size and the issue of legal-tender paper, leaving the amount afloat about $400,000,000. The chief cause of these large loans is Government's own revival of confidence, and a general belief that we have engaged in the war as a settled business, that we shall go on with it until we accomplish our purpose, and that when that purpose is accomplished no security in the world will compare in value with a United States bond.

The success of the financial policy is the bitterest of all the bitter pills which our enemies are swallowing. At the South it was proclaimed when the war began—and the confidence was widely repeated and indorsed among Southern sympathizers at the North—that the war would ruin the United States, and that great would grow in our streets. A Southern statesman, who had entertained these views, and who spent the last two years at the South, arrived last week in Philadelphia; and when he met and saw him the evidences, not of ruin and decay, but of increased activity, business, and prosperity, and congratulated him with the melancholy news he had just witnessed in his own country, he burst into tears over the execrable folly which caused the war.

Abroad, the opinion was unanimous, when the war began, that we were all going to "smash up" in a few weeks. The money writer of the London *Times*, who has been the most accurate and unscrupulous of our defamers, said, in May or June, 1861, in a letter to the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, that the true friends of the United States in England—among whom he counted himself—were determined to prevent the negotiation of a United States loan in London. From the conviction that without money in Europe "this insane war" would come to an end in ninety days. Similar opinions were expressed in letters of every leading London banker and merchant to his correspondent here. When the year 1861 passed without an attempt being made to negotiate a loan abroad, a great deal of astonishment and disappointment was felt by these "friends of the United States;" but the London *Times* writer consoled himself by proving once a week, to his own satisfaction, that our financial system was all wrong, and that we must collapse within a few weeks. These cheerful prophecies were repeated at intervals, and re-echoed in the minor press, and by the politicians of England, throughout the year 1862. British examples in the way of financial independence of this country found vent in vile abuse of Mr. Chase, and loud warnings of our coming ruin. As, however, make the close of that year, we had neither collapsed, nor stopped the war for want of money, nor gone to London to ask a change made upon the great European sentiment. In spite of the warnings of our "friend" of the London *Times*, some farsighted Englishmen began to invest money in United States Bonds; and early in 1863 representatives of German and French bankers formally proposed to Mr. Chase to take a new loan of $100,000,000. They were at once politely informed that the United States Government did not contemplate any negotiations abroad, and that foreigners who desired to invest their money in our securities must purchase them in this market. Such astonishing language from a finance minister, whose system, according to all sound British rule and precedent, ought to have broken down two years before, drove the London *Times* and our other "friends" to a pitch of frenzy. But the *Times* writer was equal to the emergency. He immediately announced that Mr. Chase had sent agents to London to negotiate a loan of $50,000,000, and proceeded, in grave terms, to warn the public not to be subscribed to the cotton loan against the folly of taking United States securities. Of course there was not the least shadow of foundation for the statement. No person whosoever has been authorized by our Government to sell a dollar's worth of bonds abroad. But the lie served its purpose for a time, and helped to keep up the delusion that our finances needed foreign aid.

What exasperates these English writers more than any thing else is, that while the entire upper crust of society, including all the leading journals, appears to be thoroughly devoted to the Southern cause, and heartily bent on believing and propagating every imaginable falsehood about us, our cause, and our condition, the British masses steadily refuse to be believed. The emigration from Great Britain to this country is double what it ever was before. Instead of two steamers a week, four have been put on the line between Liverpool and Queenstown, and all classes of sailing vessels are sailing with full passenger lists. The Irish papers say that the people are doing a fine business in carrying emigrants to the sea-ports. And worst of all, as the emigrants walk to the quays to embark, "the true American" cheers with bands, and the crowd gives three cheers for the United States, and three groans for the British Government."

Under these circumstances we think we can let our "friend" of the London *Times* and his confederates lie about us to their heart's content.

SYMPTOMS OF CAVING-IN.

COLONEL GRIERSON, the man who rode 800 miles through the rebel country, and brought his command out safe at Baton Rouge, said, on coming into the lines, that he seemed to be surprised him more than the utter hollowness of the rebellion. It was, as he expressed it, a mere crust—an empty shell. A similar remark was used to us by the Confederate officer who was taken prisoner at Fredericksburg and carried to Richmond. He said that the rebellion was a mere sham, with a few conspicuous leaders, but nothing but rottenness and decay within; and that the rebels themselves were waiting for a good excuse to give up a cause in which they had long since lost faith and heart.

The opinions thus formed by intelligent observers, from a survey of general facts and individual cases, did but to be confirmed by practical evidence before very long, especially if Vicksburg fails. In no less than three States of the prescribed Southern Confederacy, we are told, have not the least powerful, measures of reconstruction are now actually in progress.

In North Carolina there is no attempt to conceal the growing hostility which prevails between the controlling party in the State and the rebel Government at Richmond. Governor Vance, who was accused of Unionism before his election, and probably owed a good many votes to the accusation, permits his organ to denounce the Richmond Government for sending 80,000 North Carolina troops from his army, and to openly discuss the advantages of a withdrawal from the rebel Confederacy. The leaders are the views of the party in power in the Old North State, an argument like the fall of Vicksburg or the defeat of Lee would certainly embolden to open assault. The Unionists are known to begin to inquire whether, after all, the old Union did not answer better than its pseudo-successor. They are beginning with names, and the inquiry from such a man as John A. Gilmer, of Goldsborough.

In Louisiana the wheel is being sifted from the chaff, and in a short time there will be few men within the productive regions of that State who have not taken the oath of allegiance. Wherever the Federal authority in any of the places may be, they can not wait for Jeff Davis forever. And after a year of military rule there must be considerable reaction to the Government, and go on with the business of raising sugar and cotton. Accordingly we learn that several members of the leading planting families river and in the Opelousas country have taken place, and that the prevailing sentiment was a willingness to accept the situation, and make the best of it. Many of them, no doubt, still hanker after the slave confederacy. But as wishes of this kind are plainly futile, like sensible men, the planters abandon them, and are trying to find out what is next best to be done. They would all like to keep their slaves. But as this can not be done, they are very wisely maturing plans of negro apprenticeship under the advice of General Banks. Altogether the prospect is that, by the time the cotton crop is ready for picking, the leading planters of Louisiana—who have not registered themselves as enemies of the United States, and hence been sent out of the country—will be honestly for supporting the old flag, and that free negro labor will be in full operation on very many estates along the Mississippi, the Red River, and its tributaries.

The situation in Georgia is still more suggestive. The Georgians have never had their hearts in this business of rebelling. They were a bold and prosperous people, did not need to better their condition as South Carolina and Virginia did, and had sense enough to know when the game was up. Their leading man, Alexander H. Stephens, resisted secession to the last. Even when they were dragged into the vortex, they followed the lead of their resolutent little neighbor with marked reluctance. They resisted the conscription law, and threatened to withdraw their volunteers from Jeff Davis's army. They were very reluctant to surrender to Jeff Davis arms which he considered requisite for the defense of his State. And more recently, it having been proposed that the credit of the Confederate Bonds—now seriously impaired—should be strengthened by their indorsement by the several States of the Confederacy, Georgia peremptorily refused to lend her credit for such a purpose. It appears that the discussion on this subject was very acrimonious, and that at last the policy of the rebel government came to be so freely canvassed, that some one proposed and the Legislature agreed to *call a convention to consider and decide the relations of the State of Georgia toward the Confederate and the United States.* The election of members of this convention is now proceeding. The Georgians have especial reasons for being dissatisfied with the rebel government. As we said above, they have always been a prosperous people, and have consequently felt the privations imposed by the blockade and the war with less equanimity than their poorer neighbors. Again, the captain of the Rebel Privateer recently sealed the port of Savannah. The people of that city have thus had the mortification of seeing grass grow in their streets and their wharves, while Charleston was doing a thriving business with the help of blockade-runners. Enterprise, which was always more lively in Georgia than in any other Southern State, chafes bitterly at the paralyzing effect of the war. A dozen projected railways and canals have been abandoned; and, though the iron-clads finished by Georgia has not been run by the invaders, it is distinctly understood that a time will come, if the war lasts, when Georgia must share the fate of Virginia and Tennessee. It was, doubtless, these considerations which led to the call of a new convention. What may be the result of its deliberations it would be rash to endeavor to predict. But it is quite safe to say that the debates and conclusions will possess no ordinary interest.

THE LOUNGER.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS AND NEWS-DEALERS.

Upon the 3d of March, 1863, the President of the United States approved an important postal act, which goes into effect on and after June 30.

By this act the publishers of *Harper's Magazine* to any part of the United States is SIX CENTS per quarter, or TWENTY-FOUR cents per year.

Upon the *Weekly* FOUR cents per quarter, or TWENTY cents per year.

Upon *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion* two cents per number.

Our readers are reminded that the next quarterly payment is to be made on July 1.

Section 14 of the above act provides that newsdealers may pay the postage upon their packages as received, at the same rate per cent as yearly or semi-annual subscribers who pay quarterly in advance.

FACT AND THEORY.

To say that to treat the rebels according to the articles of the law of war is to wave flags of truce, to exchange prisoners, etc., is a tacit acknowledgment of them as an independent belligerent power, is nonsense. It is playing with names, and the shadow with the substance. The Government is subduing a rebellion; but it does it upon the scale and with all the resources of war. It is waging war against rebels according to the rules of war. Whether it calls it so or not, whether there is a change of prisoners at Richmond, it does not for a moment waive its right of trying and punishing them. It does not, however be may fall into its hands. Whether the Government will exercise the right is a question to be decided upon other considerations. So is the matter of sending Vallandigham or any other rebel sympathizer beyond the lines. How can it be done? asks somebody. Nothing more easy to reply. What are "the lines" of the United States Government upon its own territory, however, is that rightfully and theoretically they are the lines of its territory. But actually part of that territory is held by a domestic enemy which defies the Government. To send, therefore, over those lines an enemy of the Government is only to put its foe in front. When a man like Vallandigham is sent inland into the bosom of the rebellion for which he and his cronies are working, his arrival assures the rebels that the legal men whom they are fighting are unwilling to tolerate even an expression of disloyalty. It is a remarkably constituted mind which sees in such an act the recognition of the rebels as an independent power.

Whether, however, it is worth while for the Government to treat such persons in such a way is a question upon which most loyal men probably differ with the generous and ardent Burnside. The arrest of Vallandigham has given him a notoriety which neither his capacity nor his importance would ever have secured for him.

RETALIATION.

WHEN Jeff Davis says that he shall hang the officers of the colored United States regiments, and turn over the privates to the tender mercies of State laws, he threatens what he does not mean to execute. That he would like to do so, there can be no doubt. That he would like to hang, shoot, and quarter every such officer, and boil in oil every such private, there is no doubt. But his threat will not be executed, because it would destroy what little remaining hope he cherishes of sympathy or obstruction from other nations; because it would blend in one universal outcry of indignation all the voices of the loyal part of the country; and because of this and more retaliation that would fall upon the rebel prisoners in our hands.

It is not for Jeff Davis and his crew to decide what solution the Government of this country shall employ. By our articles of war, it is plainly declared to be the settled doctrine of military law that no arbitrary distinctions can be made among our forces by any enemy, domestic or foreign. If Count Bodisin, in case of war, should discriminate against our soldiers of Dutch or Irish descent, or against the natives of New York or California, she would do so at her own risk, knowing perfectly well that her prisoners in our hands, may by many, would pay the penalty of her temerity.

Jeff Davis is perfectly aware of all this; and he is also aware that the Government and people of the United States are no longer playing at war. The contest is one of extermination. It means, of course, to abide by his choice. If he does not, his talk of hanging officers of certain regiments and conniving at the assassination of privates, is merely the malice of impotence.

A STROKE OF HUMOR.

THE London *Times* keeps an epistolary agent at Richmond and another in New York, to depict the solemnity and grandeur of a rebellion which aims to secure the unrestricted power of whipping women and selling children. The New York agent lamentingly assures John Bull that "this is a good time coming" when the United States will be ruined, and when neither the aristocracy of England feel the full success of the democratic system, nor the trade of England tremble at the prospect of a rival upon the seas.

But the London weekly purveyor of news which shall comfort John Bull with the hope of our speedy downfall, is a much more amusing gentleman than the correspondent. He does not mean pitiful job in New York. In a late letter the Richmond man says that if we be protracted for three months more, it "will plunge both sections alike into that great ocean of repudiation which is consciously and without a struggle contemplated by Washington, but toward which there is at least great repugnance professed at Richmond."

There is exquisite fun in this solemn falsehood when it is remembered that the guiding genius at Richmond is Jefferson Davis, whose sole reputation in Europe before he turned traitor to his flag and country was that of a repudiator. He defended the repudiation of the State of Mississippi, and sneered at "the crocodile tears which had been shed over ruined creditors." These words, as the New York correspondent of the London *Times* might practically suggest, would make a very pretty legend for the notes of the "Confederate States," and possibly decorate for them a premium in Lombard Street from dealers who are fond of light literature.

A MASS MEETING.

THERE has been of late a loud vociferation for free speech and personal rights from those who for the last twenty years have engineered and led all the mobs in the city for the suppression of free speech and the forcible obstruction of the most sacred and inalienable rights of men. The immediate occasion of the outcry is the imminent danger of the absolute protection of free speech and personal rights every where in the land. These gentry would like to have free speech for their side, but shall not have it; and to enjoy perfect liberty to deprive other people of freedom.

The arrest of Mr. Vallandigham was a mistake, simply because it was not necessary. But Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Isaiah Rynders will hardly persuade the people that there are any other ideas of free speech or any other kind of freedom, except the freedom of white men to enslave black men, out of the party of Mr. Wood and Mr. Rynders to govern the country. And they may be consoled in their ardent love of personal liberty and free speech to know that there is an immense mass meeting at this very time upon the Rappahannock, along the Mississippi, and in Tennessee line, in perpetual session, and it will not adjourn nor dissolve until the flag of the United States shall secure the undisputed control of every conceivable right upon every inch of United States soil; until Mr. Wendell Phillips shall be protected in his freedom of saying in Charleston that slavery is a blunder and a crime, precisely as Mr. Fernando Wood is protected in New York in saying that the colored race is a servile people and ought to be enslaved; and until the personal rights of man, whatever his capacity, the color of his skin, or the race he reads, are as fully recognized in Georgia as they are in Maine.

We counsel the gentry who meet to vindicate the liberty of speech and personal rights will be charmed with this meeting and its results.

FROM ENGLAND.

A FRIEND writes privately to the Lounger from England: "I hope and pray we may not be drifting into war with the North. Whatever may have been the case about the *Alabama* (whose getting away is no doubt a thing to be immensely regretted

by all fair-minded men on all sides), I hope the action of the Government as to the *Alexandra* will convince you in the North that the Government here really means well; and the extremely tight-minded tone of all Lord Russell's speeches points in the same direction. Roebuck has turned himself into a nuisance.

"No doubt the general drift of English sympathy is with the South in many respects, but not in all. The moral antipathy to a Government professedly founded on Slavery is strong throughout the English mind as a whole. And as to national sympathy in the upper, the bulk of high-minded, right-thinking, and feeling men are disposed to be perfectly fair and reasonable, and in the good old rule of hear and forbear will prevail between the two countries, despite the folly of certain citizens of both. Of course war is possible. But I do not yet think it probable."

The comment upon so sincere and well-meant extract must, of course, be that the British Government could have stopped the *Alabama* if it had wished to: that Lord Russell's opinion of our war is that it is a Kilkenny fight for independence and dominion: and that the speeches of the Solicitor-General and Lord Palmerston were simply the chicanery of Rothschild, who, now that "Liberalism" is fashionable in British politics, rides the sagacity of the Austrian Government as his pet hobby.

"NO PEACE WITH REBELS."

In a brief and trenchant paper under this title, by Charles Eliot Norton, the whole "Peace" question is stated in a very few words: "The war is, and it is well it should be clearly understood, that this war is not to end with any treaty of peace—any arrangement with our enemies: that it is not to be closed by any special event; that there is to be no celebration of peace; but that, on the contrary, peace is to come gradually, without form, by slow process. For the national authorities have no power to treat of peace with rebels. The war is not between two nations, each of which can become a high contracting party of a treaty. The war is between a nation and rebels against the Constitution, the laws, and the government of the nation."

Nothing can be truer; nothing more simply said. We shall not know what battle ends the war; nor will there be an embassy from Richmond to Washington to make the best terms possible. Terms for what? Terms upon which citizens will obey the laws? Suppose Mr. Fernando Wood's plan to prevail, and the Government to agree to the rebels as he says: "We can't do it. We have tried to compel you to obey the laws and we cannot. Come then into a Convention and tell us on what terms you will stay in the Union." What must their reply be? Simply this:

"Our terms for remaining in the Union would be a perpetual guarantee for slavery every where, and a recognition of the right of secession. But we hate the Union, and as you confess that you can't compel us to come back, we must have an acknowledgment of our independence."

To go into a Convention with rebels before you have beaten them, and with the conclusion that you can't beat them, is to invite precisely that proposition. And those who should call such a Convention would mean exactly that result.

MILITARY STATISTICS.

A BUREAU of the greatest importance and interest has just been established in Albany, under the superintendence of Colonel Doty, the late private secretary of Governor Morgan. It will collect historical data from each of the regiments raised in New York State. It will take account of the organized efforts of the people in various portions of the State, of boards of supervisors, trustees, councils, etc. It will preserve the memorials of the war—flags, trophies, records, correspondence, scattered pamphlets of local affairs, and regimental incidents; and it will procure portraits and biographies with such material it could get cheap and accessible.

With such a programme it is plain that the bureau may be made of the utmost advantage; and whoever knows Colonel Doty knows him to be the man to make it so.

LITERARY PIRACY.

In the second number of the *American Publishers' Circular* (Mr. Childs) there is an admirable paper upon literary piracy. It reply to the London *Athenæum*, which lately seemingly said: "English novelists suppose America, with one or two avowed fortnight throughout the entire twelve months. It would be interesting to know how often, in the same time, American publishers make remittances of money to authors in this country."

The *Circular*, very justly, states that this sneer is based upon twenty-six "season tales." In the list of authors appear the names of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Collins, Charles Reade, Kingsley, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Mulock—all of whom are paid by the American publishers. Compensation, the *Circular* truly says, is the rule, and cases and mentions all the British authors whose works they are republishing, to whom the leading American houses have paid very large sums.

Then, pushing home upon his sour adversary, the *Circular* says, "It would be well more interesting to know how often during the last twelve months English publishers have made remittances of money to American authors.....It is not the rule of the trade in England to pay American authors, although it is our rule to pay for authority. .....While Spurgeon has received as much as $5000 in one year from his publishers in this country, Albert Barnes, although his 'Notes' have sold to the extent of several hundred thousand copies in Great Britain, has never been favored by the English publishers with a penny."

The *Circular* alludes to a complaint made by Mr. Anthony Trollope of the house which issues this paper, and quotes from the reply of the member of the firm whom Mr. Trollope drew into the discussion by name:

"I am confident that we alone (Harper & Brothers) have paid in the past five years more money to British authors for early sheets than British publishers have paid to American authors for early sheets since the first book was printed in this country."

It is a great pity that each party can not be satisfied. But in the absence of any international law no sensible man will attack publishers for not paying foreign authors, who can not protect the publishers from piracy, and who can not gladly pay domestic authors.

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

HERE is a little poem, of which John Bull will recognize the truth and beauty, and which, we imagine, is affectionately dedicated to that friend of humanity:

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

Abou Ben Butler (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night down by the old Balize,
And saw, amidst the rustling of the trees,
Making it warmer for the gathering gloom,
A black man shivering in the winter's cold:
Exceeding poor was he, and meek to see,
And to the presence in the dark he said,
"What wouldst thou?" The figure turned its head,
And with a look made of all sad accord,
Answered, "I wouldn't mind it much if you were the Lord."
"And am I one?" said Butler. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the black man. Butler grew more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "*As I am Ben,*
Thou'lt not have cause to tell me that again!"

The figure bowed and vanished. The next night
Its same shape, surprised strong in Beauregard,
And showed the names whom love of Freedom blessed,
And lo! Ben Butler's name led all the rest!

THE STORY OF A CHATTEL.

"The thing, to remain a chattel, must *evade* needs *that there be no appeal from his master*."—TOM RUFFIN, Rebel Governor.

MR. OLMSTED tells the following story of a colored man employed by Captain Janney, General Sherman's staff-engineer in the Army of the Mississippi:

Among the company which was working under him at Memphis, Captain Janney had there was very savage, sharp, industrious, and faithful fellow, who had left his plantation, about twenty miles off. Soon after his good humor had attracted Janney's attention his owner, a rank rebel, came, as they often do with complete assurance, to ask that he should be given up to him. Janney assured him that the country needed his services, and it could not be spared at present. Some weeks after this the same negro came one morning to Janney's tent, and said,

"There's a right good fowling-piece, Captain, and I want to gib it to you."

"Where did you get it?"

"Got 'em on my ole massa, Sah."

"How is that? What did you give him for a fowling-piece for?"

"Didn't gib him me, Sah; I took 'im."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Has your master been here again?"

"No, Sah. I hen down dah, to de ole place, myself last night, and I 'se got a fowling-piece for you. I was a rebel and he ortn't to be let hab a gun, and I ort to take his away from him, as Captain Janney wants it for. He ain't no business wid a gun, he ha' only to shoot our masters wid it."

"What sent you out there?"

"Well, I went dah, Sah, for to get my wife an chile dat was left behind to 'pen 'em nobber way, but I was cheated, and had to go myself."

"How did you get out you try?"

"I'll tell you, Sah. I went my wife and chile; dey was down dah on de ole plantation. Late Sunday mawn, as I got our pay, I seen a white man dis ide cher dah, and he tell me if I gib him de money he would go and get my wife and chile; but I 'spect he gone, Sah, and I gib it to him, but my wife didn't come. So I went myself. My wife hone-ourself, Sah, and I crep up to de house, and took into de winduh; and whilst was open, and I hear de ole man and de ole woman talkin' 'bout me as dey come, I put my head in and dah I see de gun standin by the fi'-place. I crep right in and took and cunn't get out by de same way I got into 'em. Says I, 'Massa, I want my wife.' 'You can take her,' says he, and he didn't say another word nor move in my direction. So I got my wife and chile, and dey come down wid de stile, and we just walk out ob de door; and I hen' de gun in de hand, and I hen' de mare, and he ortn't to hab a gun, Captain. You'll take it, Sah, 'cause I says so."

"Yes, I'll turn it in for you."

GENERAL GRANT AND SOME WESTERN HEROES.

MR. FREDRICK LAW OLMSTED, in a letter, draws these pleasant portraits of men in whom we are all interested:

"Grant is a modest head-quarters ass on the *Magnolia*, and he lives in the ladies' cabin. There is a sentry, or lounger for ever at his door-step, and he begs none from going on board, and there is free range in the cabin for any one to and beyond the table which the General, Rawlins, Parker, etc., occupy near the stove. He is approachable and liable to interruption than a merchant or railway company allows himself to be in his office. Citizens come in and introduce themselves; one man saying, 'I hain't got no business with you, General, but I just wanted to have a little talk with you, because folks will say I voted for you.'

"He is one of the most engaging men I ever saw. Small, quiet, gentle, modest—extremely, even unconsciously modest—that General Grant has clear intuitive kind digestion. He gives you the impression of a man of great power, and of capacity and capability under these feminine traits. As a general, I should think his quality was that of quick, common-sense perception, unobstructed by prejudices, and deep, abiding, quiet resolution. The common-sense becomes deeply attached to him. Toward Sherman there is more than attachment, something of veneration, universally expressed, most by those who know him most intimately, from which I suspect that he has more genius than Grant."

"Admiral Porter is a gentlemanly, straightforward, and modest sort of man. Brusque, his flag-captain, a smiling, cheerful, and most obliging and agreeable man, but with all this, one gets an impression of strength and grasp of character that when the time comes for boarding and cutting out, he will bear his part with the same ingenuous ease and grace."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A few days since a tow-error took in charge a lot child, and, proceeded to beat up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, marm, and I'm trying to find its parents."

"You don't look a-miss," to the young lady said to her boss, when he had got her home at.

A SHORT NOVEL.—Sweet Margaret Fane came up the lane from picking the red berries, and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to meet his father. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed—perhaps 'twas the burden they bore. Then they passed on their separate ways, and at Christmas they were married.

Which is the most dishonest of the vowels?—E, because it is always in a debt.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my life, I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

A man who has some "music in his soul," says that the most cheerful and soothing of all breeds poultry are the blended tones of a cricket, a tea-kettle, a loving wife, and the cooing of the turtle-dove.

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back again by a couch and forty horses.

BIG ENOUGH.—The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A bystander asked him the reason of it. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dirt all about the tent, and he's big enough to know better."

"What does it matter?" said Mr. Rufus, when he applied the "Balm of Arabia" to his poll; "to must all dye one time or other."

A merchant, advertising for a clerk, adds, "Those who part their hair in the middle need not apply."

Lord North is said to have been a man of cold temperament, but he was remarkable for his *sang-de-boeuf* eyes.

Every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

Why is the letter H like a good man's last breath?—Because it is the d of earth and the beginning of heaven.

"You are very welcome," as the empty purse said to the shilling.

MAXIM OF AN ANTI-BLUESTOCKIAN.—She who can compass a rope-ladder is greater than she who composes poetry.

Some people allow their affairs to become so deranged that their liabilities quite go out of their mind.

When does it behoove a man to mind his p's and q's?—When his pq-nary affairs are in a ticklish condition.

Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex?—Because they can always be *Molly-fied*.

What does mire become when it is used in making gunpowder?—An ig-niter.

Is "stale mate" in chess any better than it is in Irish barley?

Instead of fighting misfortune, we too often make it prisoner.

What article is it that is never used more than twice in a person's lifetime?—Letter of credit.

"I've just looked to see if you are doing well," as the cook said to the lobster, when she lifted up the sauce-pan lid.

What is a settlement of a conveyance?—When an omnibus smashes a cab.

"Tread light," as the grasshopper said to the elephant.

"That's a very hard case," as the Irishman said when he hit his father on the head.

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

A dead hen is better than a live one: she will lay wherever she likes.

It was said of a musical dancing-master that the whole tenor of his life had been base.

"The lar," said Judge Ashurst, in a charge, "is open to all sizes—high, low, or in the middle." "So is the London Tavern," added Horne Tooke, who was present.

Ostriches must be cheap birds to keep. Those at the Hippodrome, it is said, live on gas-fruit and rusty nails. A fresh spike is a delicious morsel, while an old hinge, with a little of the door still to it, is voted a perfect luxury as a pair of aldermen would exhibit over a bowl of green turtle.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

There's never a man so wise but some one can wise grey.
But some day, soon or late,
At least another will be wiser,
And took her for his mate."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM VICKSBURG.

VICKSBURG had not been taken at 9 P.M. on 23d, but the rebels had evacuated the north bank the town, their colors were planted on a portion of the rebel works, and the gun and mortar boats were shelling the rear of the fortifications. It is understood that General Grant intercepted a dispatch from Jeff Davis to General Pemberton informing him that 100,000 men by way of reinforcements if he would hold out for only two weeks. We have some reason to believe that the capture of Vicksburg Monnoc; but they are so contradictory, if not purposely confusing, that little can be made of them. Stories were afloat in this city on 27th, evidently echoes of rebel reports, to the effect that General Banks three times repulsed by Pemberton on 22d. Our advices are to a late hour on the evening of 23d, and they make no mention of this.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S DISPATCH.

Admiral Porter, in an official dispatch, dated from the YAZOO RIVER on the 22d inst., details the capture of Haines's Bluff by Lieutenant Walker, of the gun-boat *De Kalb*, who went down with the enemy, but secured all their guns, ammunition, camps, and equipage. The destruction of property, by fire, and took the enemy twelve months to construct. Admiral Porter destroyed the gun-carriages, blew up the magazine, and destroyed the works generally, which he describes as a not-work of defenses such as he never saw before. He says that there has never been a case during the war where the rebels have been so successfully beaten at all points, and that the patience and endurance shown by our army and navy for so many months are worthy of much being rewarded.

PORT HUDSON BOMBARDED.

Information has been received officially that Admiral Farragut's fleet has been actively bombarding Port Hudson.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

The movements of the rebels in Kentucky and Tennessee appear to indicate a certain inroad upon the former States about the 1st of June. On Friday they burned the extensive trestle-work at Hamilton, near Clarksville, Tennessee. General Bragg is reported to be on the watch for an attack by General Rosecrans. He is in a strongly fortified position at Murfreesboro. A dispatch from Murfreesboro on 23d says that General Stanley, with a portion of two brigades of cavalry, surprised the camp of the First Alabama regiment and the Eighth Confederate cavalry, under the command of Middleton, on Friday, divided and sent around to attack the rebels in the flank and rear; but the latter escaped unencumbered. Stanley then dashed alone and unsuspected into the midst of the enemy's camp, and, with his own hand, killed seven rebels. Eight rebels were killed, ninety prisoners taken, and two hundred horses captured. The camp of the enemy, including the arms thrown away by them, was destroyed. Our loss was trifling—only seven of our men being killed, and only three wounded slightly.

THE REBELLION IN MISSOURI.

A dispatch from St. Louis, dated 25th, says that a band of rebel guerrillas captured the town of Richmond, Clay County, Missouri, on 11th, together with the Union force which occupied it. Two officers of the Twenty-fifth Missouri were killed in the fight, and another lieutenant was shot after the Union troops surrendered. It was feared that the whole force would be treated in the same manner. The guerrillas made a clean sweep of the whole town. The court house was plundered to the tune of fifteen hundred dollars. Carroll, on Thursday night, and took $11,000 from the county treasurer belonging to the State.

THE "ALABAMA" BLOCKADED.

The *Alabama* is at the Madeira Islands, blockaded by the United States steamers *Oneida* and *Johnson*. Admiral Wilkes arrived at St. Thomas on the 16th, from Havana on Peace, Porto Rico, and after communicating with Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister, proceeded to Gundaloupe in the *Vandrebilt* in search of the pirate.

SURRENDER OF COLONEL STREIGHT.

A special dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, to the *Commercial* says that the members of the Third Ohio Regiment are there given details of the capture of Colonel Streight and his forces near Rome, Georgia. They say the surrender was justifiable, as the ammunition of the rebels was giving an impregnable position with overwhelming numbers.

HOW TAN DORN WAS KILLED.

TAN DORN was killed by a jealous husband, stating that the General was shot in his own room by Dr. Peters. He was shot in the back of the head while writing at his table. There had been a friendly conversation between the parties earnest before the assassin left the confidential executive. General Van Dorn had never seen the daughter of his murderer until that time, and his acquaintance with Mrs. Peters was such as to convince his staff officers, who had every opportunity of knowing, that there was no improper intimacy between them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE.

It is reported that another rebel pirate cruiser is ready to have the Clyde, under the command of Captain Bullock.

THE REBEL LOAN.

Late reports from this country caused a heavy fall in the rebel loan in London. At one moment it had gone down to four cents discount. The speculators closed at from three and a half to three discount, experiencing a fall of three per cent. in one day.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION.

The emigration of Irish to the United States is now so extensive that the number of steamers leaving Cork harbor each fortnight, there will be seven in the same space of time for next month. A late Dublin paper says:

"The Inman Company have increased their sailings by an additional vessel each week, and the Cunard Company has advertised its intention of starting an extra steamer every second week. On account of this increase in conveyance, the Montreal Ocean Company will this month resume their sailings between Europe and Quebec and Canada. Next week the Montreal Ocean Company will dispatch steamship Eidon from Liverpool on Tuesday and steamship Canada on Saturday. On Wednesday will sail the steamship *City of Baltimore* and *Kangaroo*, belonging to the same company, and the emigrant agent for following days Queenstown, and on Sunday the Cunard steamship will leave Cork for Boston. The *Cork Examiner*, of Dublin, a British Tory organ, remarks on this: "From the letters which have been transmitted it is expected that there will be any further consider denials that this increase of transport is drawn off the best element of young men in Ireland for service in the United States army." The Dublin *Nation*, speaking of the exodus, says: "The exodus of the people from Mayo and from the county Galway's increasing every week more and more. Whether for good or for evil, the stream continues to swell and, few on unobservant, and the emigrant every year be reckoned by hundreds from some localities." A Dundalk paper says: "A large drain on the Government has passed through Dundalk last week on their way to America and Australia. Every train is crowded to the utmost as if to avoid some terrible disaster." The *Western Star* remarks: "We have not seen so many people in this little district within a week as in Sunday's and Monday to the present. On Sunday last we saw two, miles with crowds and their friends, arrived in Ballinasloe, the former leaving by the evening train. On Saturday and Sunday these same stalwart arrivals—nearly all well dressed and comfortable looking young men and women, evidently belonging to the class of small farmers. The destination of these people is generally New York." The *Clare Advertiser and Reporter* of the 13th of May says: "We witnessed a novel feature in the last Monday's fair—the train-load of 'Yanks' in full fig," escorting the emigrants to the quay, playing 'Paddy's Day.' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'White Cockade,' etc., in a thrilling style, and with such a martial air as would be highly interesting to the American recruiting agents, if he happened to be present. A crowd of over three thousand persons cheered loudly for American and cheered the British Government."

RUSSIA.

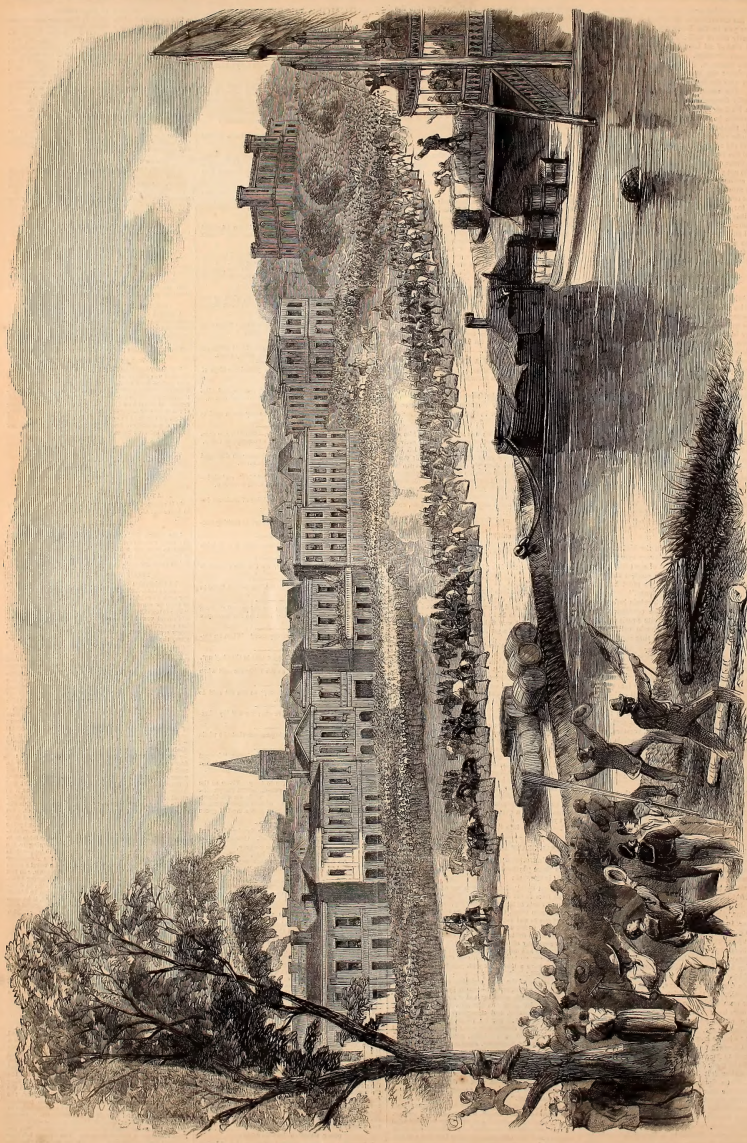
THE POLISH QUESTION.

Prince Gortchakoff, in his replies to the notes of the courts of Berlin and Vienna, and to the French mediation, calls their attention to the influence of "outside" agitation in prolonging the struggle in Poland, and illustrates the effects of the revolutionary movement by allusions unmistakable to the course of Napoleon III. It is said that Russia has conceded to Napoleon the principle that a European congress should sanction on the subject.

MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

Another great battle has taken place at Puebla, and again the Republicans have been successful. After a sanguinary contest, which lasted from Saturday, March 28, to Monday, March 30, the French were defeated with great loss, and driven back with the loss of their artillery and ammunition. The Mexicans, after the battle, pursued the retreating French, and captured one hundred and fifty prisoners. The French left four hundred dead on the field. It is also reported that the French have raised the siege and are in full retreat.



TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF COLONEL GRIERSON, COMMANDING SIXTH AND SEVENTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, THROUGH BATON ROUGE, MAY 2, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 356.]



REGISTERED ENEMIES TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AT THE OFFICE OF GEN. BOWEN, AT NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



CELEBRATION OF MAY-DAY BY THE MADISON GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS—CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



MAP SHOWING COLONEL GRIERSON'S ROUTE FROM LAGRANGE TO BATON ROUGE.

COLONEL GRIERSON'S RAID.

We give above a Map of part of Mississippi, showing the route taken by Colonel Grierson on his late famous CAVALRY RAID; and on page 356 a picture of the RECEPTION OF THE COLONEL AND HIS MEN at Baton Rouge.

We have not space for a lengthy account of the affair, and it must suffice to say that the brigade commanded by Colonel Grierson started from La Grange, Tennessee, and rode to Baton Rouge, a distance of 800 miles, through the heart of the rebel country. They were seventeen days on the march. They captured over 1000 prisoners and 1200 horses; destroyed for many miles two important railroads, and stores and other property valued at over four millions of dollars; and finally, on May 1, were received at Baton Rouge with great enthusiasm.

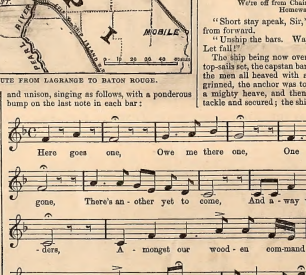
VERY HARD CASH

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

NORTH Latitude 23½, Longitude East 113; the time March of this same year; the wind southerly; the port Whampoa, in the Canton river. Ships at anchor reared their tall masts here and there; and the broad stream was enlivened and colored by junks, and boats, of all sizes and vivid hues, propelled on the screw principle by a great scull at the stern, with projecting handles for the crew to work; and at times a gorgeous mandarin boat, with two great glaring eyes set in the bows, came flying, rowed with forty paddles by an armed crew, whose shields hung on the gunwale and flashed fire in the sunbeams: the mandarin, in conical and buttoned hat, sitting on the top of his cabin and lyamoking Paradise, alias opium, while his gong boomed and his boat flew fourteen miles an hour, and all things scuttled out of his celestial way. And there, looking majestically down on all these water ants, the huge *Agra*, eyesore of so many loving eyes and loving hearts in England, lay at her moorings, homeward bound.

Her tin not being yet on board, the ship's hull floated high as a castle, and to the subtle, intellectual, doll-faced, bolus-eyed people, that rested to and fro busy as bees, though looking forked mushrooms, she sounded like a vast musical shell: for a hasty harmony of many mellow voices vibrated in her great cavities, and made the air ring cheerily around her. The vocalists were the Cyclops, to judge by the tremendous thumps that kept clean time to their sturdy tune. Yet it was but human labor, so heavy and so knowing, that it had called in music to help it. It was the third mate and his gang completing his floor to receive the coming tea-chests. Yesterday he had stowed his dunnage, many hundred bundles of light flexible canes from Sumatra and Malacca; on these he had laid tons of rough saltpetre, in 200-pound gunny-bags; and was now mashing it to music, bags and all. His gang of fifteen, naked to the waist, stood in line, with huge wooden beetles called commanders, and lifted them high and brought them down on the nitre in cadence with true nautical power and unison, singing as follows, with a ponderous bump on the last note in each bar:



And so up to fifteen, when the stave was concluded with a shrill "Spell, ho!" and the gang relieved steaming with perspiration. When the saltpetre was well mashed, they rolled ton butts of water on it, till the floor was like a billiard-table. A fleet of chop boats then began to arrive, so many per day, with the tea-chests. Mr. Grey proceeded to lay the first tier on his saltpetre floor, and then built the chests, tier upon tier, beginning at the sides, and leaving in the middle a lane somewhat narrower than a tea-chest. Then he applied a screw-jack to the chests on both sides, and so enlarged his central aperture, and forced the remaining tea-chests in; and behold the enormous cargo packed as tight as ever shop-keeper packed a box—nineteen thousand eight hundred and six chests, sixty half chests, fifty quarter chests.

While Mr. Grey was contemplating his work with singular satisfaction, a small boat from Canton came alongside, and Mr. Tickell, midshipman, ran up the side, skipped on the quarter-deck, saluted it first, and then the first mate, and gave him a line from the captain, desiring him to take the ship down to Second Bar—for her water—at the turn of the tide.

Two hours after receipt of the order the ship swung to the ebb. Instantly Mr. Sharpe unmoored, and the *Agra* began her famous voyage, which, by the skilful and active seamanship, for the wind being foul, all Sharpe could do was to set his top-sails, driver, and jib, and keep her in the tide-way, and clear of the numerous craft, by backing or filling as the case required; which he did with considerable dexterity, making the sails steer the helm for the nonce: he crossed the Bar at sunset, and brought to with the best bower anchor in five fathoms and a half. Here they began to take in their water, and on the fifth day the six-oared gig was ordered up to Canton for the captain. The next afternoon he passed the ship in her, going down the river to Lin-Tin, to hand the Chinese admiral his last chop, or permission to leave China. All night the *Agra* showed three lights at her mizen-peak for him, and kept a sharp look-out. But he did not come: he was having a very serious talk with the Chinese admiral; at daybreak, however, the gig was reported in sight: Sharpe told one of the midshipmen to call the bostswain and man the side. Soon the gig ran alongside; two of the ship's boys jumped like monkeys over the bulwarks, lighting, one on the main channels, the other on the mizen, and put the side ropes assiduously in the captain's hands; he bestowed a slight paternal smile on them, the first the imps had ever received from an officer, and went lightly up the sides. The moment his foot touched the deck, the bostswain gave a frightful shrill whistle; the men at the sides uncovered; the captain saluted the quarter-deck, and all the officers saluted him, which he returned, and stepping for a moment to the weather side of his deck gave the loud command, "All hands heave anchor." He then directed Mr. Sharpe to get what sail he could on the ship, the wind being now westerly; and dived into his cabin.

The bostswain piped three shrill pipes, and "all hands up anchor," was thrice repeated forward, followed by private admonitions, "Bear a hand and bitt!" "Show a leg!" etc., and up tumbled the crew with homeward bound written on their tanned faces.

(Pipe.) "Up all hammocks!"

In ten minutes the ninety and odd hammocks were all stowed neatly in the netting, and covered with a snowy hammock cloth; and the hands were active, unbitting the cable, shipping the capstan bars, etc.

"All ready below, Sir," cried a voice.

"Man the bars," returned Mr. Sharpe from the quarter-deck. "Play up, fifer. Heave away!"

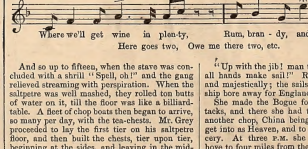
Out broke the merry fife with a rhythmical tune, and tramp, tramp, tramp went a hundred and twenty feet round and round, and, with brawny chests pressed tight against the capstan bars, sixty fine fellows walked the ship up to her anchor, drowning the fife at intervals with their sturdy song, as pat to their feet as an echo:

Heave with a will, ye jolly boys,
Heave with a will,
We're off from Chaines, jolly boys,
Homeward bound.

"Short stay apeak, Sir," roars the boatswain from forward.

"Unship the bars. Way aloft. Loose sails. Let fall!"

The ship being now over her anchor, and the top-sails set, the captain bars were shipped again, the men all heaved with a will, the messenger grinned, the anchor was torn out of China with a mighty heave, and then run up with a luff tackle and secured; the ship's head cast to port:



Round she came slow and majestically; the sails filled, and the good ship bore away for England.

She made a quick run, forty-six in three or four tacks, and there she had to come to again for another chop, China being a place as hard to get into as Heaven, and to get out of as—Chancery. At three P.M. she was at Macao, and bore to four miles from the land, to take in her passengers.

A gun was fired from the forecastle. No boats came off. Sharpe sent out to see for the wind, though light, had now got to the N.W., and they were wearing it. After a while the captain came on deck, and ordered all the carronades to be scaled. The eight heavy reports bellowed the great ship's impatience across the water, and out pulled two boats with the passengers. While they were coming Dodd sent and ordered the gunner to load the carronades with shot, and examine each apron them. The first boat brought Colonel Kenealy, Mr. Fullalove, and a prodigious negro, who all mounted by the side ropes. But the whip was rigged for the next boat, and the Honorable Mrs. Beresford and poodle hoisted on board, mother white and baby, icon her black nurse, item her little boy and male Oriental in charge thereof, the strangest compound of disparities that ever sailed: a child of black and white, being clad in snowy cotton and japanned to the nine.

Mrs. Beresford was the wife of a merchant in council in India. She had been to Macao for her boy's health, intending to return to Calcutta; but meantime her husband was made a director, and went home: so she was going to join him. A tall, handsome lady, with too curved a nose. Like most aquiline women she was born to domineer a bit; and, for the last ten years, Orientals cringing at her knee, and Europeans flattering at her ear, had nursed this quality high, and spoiled her with all their might. A similar process had been going on for her boy from his very infancy; he was now nearly six: arrogance and caprice shone so in both their sallow faces, and spoke so in every gesture, that, as they came on board, Sharpe, a reader of passengers, whispered the second mate: "Bayliss, we have shipped the devil."

"And a cargo of his imps," grunted Mr. Bayliss.

Mr. Fullalove was a Methodist parson—to the naked eye: grave, sober, lean, lank-haired. But some men are hidden fires. Fullalove was one of the extraordinary products of an extraordinary nation, the United States of America. He was an engineer for one thing, and an inventive and practical mechanician; held two patents of his own creating, which yielded him a good income both at home and in Great Britain. Such results are seldom achieved without deep study and seclusion: and accordingly Joshua Fullalove, when the inventive fit was on, would be buried deep as Archimedes for a twelvemonth, burning the midnight oil: then, his active element predominating, the pale student would dash into the front of the prairie, with a rifle and an Indian, and come out bronzed, and more or less leparthered or bebuffaloed; thence invariably to sea for a year or two: there, Anglo-Saxon to the back-bone, his romance had ever an eye to business; he was always after foreign mechanical inventions—he was now importing an excellent one from Japan—and ready to do lucrative feats of knowledge: thus he bought a Turkish ship at the bottom of the Dardanelles for twelve hundred dollars, raised her cargo (hardware), and sold it for six thousand dollars; then weighed the empty ship, pumped her, repaired her, and navigated her himself into Boston harbor, Massachusetts. On the way he rescued, with his late drowned ship, a Swedish vessel, and received salvage. He once fished eighty elephants' tusks out of a craft foundered in the Firth of Forth, to the disgust of elder Anglo-Saxons looking on from the shore. These unusual pursuits were varied by a singular recreation: he played at elevating the African character to European levels. With this view he had bought Yespasian for eighteen hundred dollars; whereof anon. America is fertile in mixtures: what do we not owe her? Sherry cobbler, gin sling, cocktail, mint julep, brandy smash, sudden death, eye openers. Well, one day she outdid herself, and mixed Fullalove: Quaker, Nimrod, Archimede, Philanthropist, decorous Red Rover, and What Not.

The passenger boats cast loose.

"All hands make sail!"

The bostswain piped, the light-heeled topsmen sped up the rattlines, and lay out on the yards, while all on deck looked up, as usual, to see them work. Out bellied sail after sail aloft; the ship came swinging round to the southward, spread her snowy pinions high and wide, and went like a bird over the wrinkled sea—homeward bound.

It was an exhilarating start, and all faces were bright; here it is. The captain had somewhat grave and thoughtful, and often scanned the horizon with his glass; he gave polite but very short answers to his friend Colonel Kenealy, having nothings in his ear; and sent for the gunner.

While that personage, a crusty old Niler, called Monk, is cleaning himself to go on the quarter-deck, peep we into Captain Dodd's troubled mind, and into the circumstances which connect him in the heart of this story, despite the twelve thousand miles of water between him and the lovers at Barkington.

It had always been his pride to lay by money for his wife and children, and, under advice of an Indian friend, he had, during the last few years, placed considerable sums, at intervals, in a great Calcutta house, which gave eight per cent. for deposits: swelled by fresh capital, and such high interest, the hoard grew fast. When his old ship, sore battered off the Cape, was condemned by the consuming agents at Canton, he sailed to Calcutta, intending to return thence to England as a passenger. But while he was in Calcutta the greatest firm there suspended payment, carrying astonishment and dismay into a hundred families. At such moments the dross and the fireside ring for a little while with the commonsense cry,* "Good interest means bad security." So for John Dodd till then had existed these great houses with nautical, or childlike, confidence, a blind terror took the place of blind trust in him. He felt guilty towards his children for risking their money (he had got to believe it was theirs, not his), and vowed, if he could only get hold of it once more, he would never trust a penny of it out of his own hands again; except, perhaps, to the Bank of England. To his dismay, but hardly to his surprise, the clerks looked at one another, and sent the check in to some inner apartment. And he was kept waiting. His heart sank within him: there was a hitch.

Meantime came a government officer, and paid in an enormous sum in notes and mercantile bills, principally the latter.

Presently Dodd was invited into the manager's room.

"Leaving the country, Captain Dodd?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You had better take some of your money in bills at sight on London."

"I would, if they were notes, Sir," faltered Dodd.

"Oh, bills by Oliveira upon Baring are just as good, even without our indorsement. However, you can have half and half. Calcutta does but little in English bank-notes, you know."

They gave him his money. The bills were all manifestly good. But he recognized one of them as having just been paid in by the civilian. He found himself somehow safe in the street clutch-

* The Duke of Wellington (the iron one) is the author of this saying.

ing the cash, with one half of his great paternal heart on fire, and the other half freezing. He had rescued his children's fortune; but he had seen destruction graze it. The natural chill at being scraped by peril soon passed, the triumph-ant glow remained. The next sentiment was precaution; he filled with it to the brim; he went and bought a great broad pocket-book with a key to it, though he was on dry land, he cov-ered it with oiled silk against the water; and sewed the whole thing to his flannel waistcoat, and felt for it with his hand a hundred times a day: the fruit of his own toil, his children's hoard, the rescued treasure he was to have the joy of bringing home safe to the dear partner of all his joys.

Unexpectedly, he was ordered out to Canton to sail the *Agra* to the Cape. Then a novel and strange feeling came over him like a cloud; that feeling was a sense of personal danger: and that the many perils of the deep were new to him: he had faced them this five-and-twenty years; but till now they were little present to his imag-ination; they used to come; he encountered; he gone: but now, though absent, they stood the way. It was the pocket-book. The material treasure, the hard cash, which had lately set him in a glow, seemed now to lead his chest and hang heavy round the neck of his heart. Sailors are more or less superstitious; and men are creatures of habit, even in their courage. Now David had never gone to sea with a lot of money on him before. As he was a stout-hearted man, these vague forebodings would, perhaps, have cleared away with the bustle, when the *Agra* set her studding-sails to the breeze, for a piece of positive intelligence he had picked up at Lin-Tin. The Chinese admiral had warned him of a pirate, a daring pirate, who had lat-ely cruising in these waters: first heard of south the line: but had, since, taken a Nonsia ship at the very mouth of the Gulfs there, mur-dered the crew in sight of land, and sold the wo-men for slaves, or worse. Dodd asked for par-ticulars: was he a Ladrone, a Malay, a Chi-nese? In what latitude was he to be looked for? The admiral on this examined his memorandum-by-book: it appeared little was known as yet about the miscreant, except that he never cruised long on one ground; the crew was a mixed one: the captain was believed to be a Portuguese, and to have a consort commanded by his brother: but this was doubtful; at all events the pair had never been seen at work together.

The gunner arrived and saluted the quarter-deck; the captain on this saluted him, and beckoned him to the weather side. On this the other officer kept religiously forward.

"Mr. Monk," said Dodd, "you will clean and prepare the small-arms directly."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" said the old Niler, with a gleam of satisfaction.

"How many of your deck guns are service-able?"

"My deck guns! serviceable! how the ca-ses they, when that son of a sea cook your third mate has been and bashed the water butts to their bowstrings, and jammed in wedges between their nozzles, till they can't breathe, poor things, for less bark. I wish *he* was lashed between the devil's third hocks with a red-hot cable as tight as he has jammed my guns!"

"Be so good as not to swear, Mr. Monk," said Dodd. "I am your age, Sir, I told you to set an example to the petty officers."

"Well, I won't swear no more, Sir: d—d if I do!" He added very loudly, and with a seem-ing access of ire, "and I ax your pardon, cap-tain, and the deck's."

When a man has a deep anxiety, some human midge or mosquito buzzes at him. It is a rule. To Dodd, heavy with responsibility, and not di-vinging he must not communicate, came deli-cately, and by degrees, and with a semiguesoffic-tion even at times, one like a man, that the mas-putting his hands together, as our children do to approach the Almighty, delivered himself thus, in modulated tones, and good Hindoostanee: "The Daughter of Light, in whose beams I, Ramgudee, do glow with an amiable desire to see the lord commander of the ship resembling a mountain; and to make a communication."

Dodd by sad experience now knew what are the communications the daughters of light pour into nautical commanders at sea, Dodd hailed Mr. Tickell, a gentleman, and said that was not to the lady's cabin. Mr. Tickell soon came back red-dish, but grinning, to say that nothing less than the captain would do.

Dodd sighed, and dismissed Monk with a promise to inspect the gun deck presently, and went down to Mrs. Beresford and found her in dignant. Why had he stopped the ship miles and miles from Macao, and given her all the fear and annoyance of a voyage in that nasty little boat? Dodd opened his great brown eyes, and "Why, madam, it is shoal water off Macao; we dare not come in."

"No excuse, Sir. What have I to do with your shoal water? it was laziness, and want of consideration for a lady who has rented half your ship."

"Nothing of the kind, madam, I assure you."

"Are you the person they call Gentleman Dodd?"

"Yes."

"Then don't contradict a lady! or I shall take the liberty to dispute your title."

Dodd took no notice of this, and with a pa-tience few nautical commanders would have shown, endeavored to make her see that he was obliged to give Macao shoals a wide berth, or cast away the ship. She would not see it. When Dodd saw she wanted, not an explana-tion, but a grievance, he ceased to thwart her.

"I am neglecting my duties to no purpose," said he, and left her without ceremony. This was a fresh offence; and, as he went on, she declared open war. And she made it too from that hour: a war of pins and needles.

Dodd went on the gun deck and found that the defense of the ship had, as usual in these peace-ful days, been sacrificed to the cargo. Out of twenty eighteen-pounders she carried on that deck he cleared three, and that with difficulty. To clear one more he must have sacrificed either merchandise or water: and he was not the man to do either on the mere chance of a danger so unusual as an encounter with a pirate. He was a merchant-captain, not a warrior.

Meantime the *Agra* had already shown him great sailing qualities. The ship was love at sun-down and gave eleven knots; so that, with a good breeze abaft, free fore and aft rigged, pi-rates could overhaul her. And this wind sur-ried her swiftly past one nest of them, at all events; the Ladrone Isles. At nine o' at all the lights were ordered out. Mrs. Beresford had brought a novel on board, and refused to com-ply: the master-at-arms insisted; she threaten-ed him with the vengeance of the Company, the premier, and the nobility and gentry of the Brit-ish realm. The master-at-arms, finding he had no chance in argument, doused the glim—pitia-ble resource of a weak disputant—then basely hid the historical consequences.

The northerly breeze died out, and light varia-ble winds baffled the ship. It was the 6th April ere she passed the Macclesfield Bank, in latitude 14. And about noon a sail was seen to the out of sight of land; Dodd's chest expanded: his main anxiety at this part of the voyage lay in the state of his crew; all the ports in the world are open to a sailor like fire. He set a watch day and night on that spoiled child.

On the 1st May they passed the great Natu-na, and got among the Anambas and Malay Is-lands: on which the captain's glass began to sweep the horizon again: and night and day at the dizzy foretop-gallant-mast-head he placed an Eye.

They crossed the line in longitude 107, with a slight breeze astern, and ran down the Doldrums. A dead calm, and nothing to do but kill time. Dodd had put down Neptune; that old black-guard could no longer be seen on the fore-top-sail yard, nor on the starboard, pretending to come from ocean's depths; and the cruel ser-vices with a rusty hoop and dab a soapy brush in their mouths. But Champagne popped, the ducks fled, and the cocks crowed, and the mon-yarns, and danced rattling hornpipes; fiddled to by the grave Fullalove. "If there is a thing I can dery, Sir," said he, "it is the love of a friend, as he systematically called Vespasian, taught the crew Yankee steps, and were be-loved. The honest sailors' favorite air, though that western pair his grog for a week. Even Mrs. Beresford emerged, and walked the deck, quenching her supercilious pride with a famish-nuin on Colonel Heresby, her escort: this gal-lant, accustomed always to command, was a gen-nine, and, finding her sweeten with his treacle, tried to reconcile her to his old friend Dodd. Straight she soured, and forbade the topic im-periously.

By this time the mates and midshipmen of the *Agra* had formed a mess together. Mr. Tickell delivered the mind of the united midshipmen when he proposed Dodd's health in their mess-room, "as a seaman, a navigator, a scholar, a sea-man, a gentleman, and a brick, with 3 times 3."

Dodd never spoke to Mrs. Beresford, or cap-tain, nor yet palavered them: but he had a very pleasant way of conveying appreciation of an officer's and a gentleman's conduct, by a quiet smile on the heels of it. As for the men, they seldom come in contact with the captain of a well ordered ship, but they soon knew him at first as a good-tempered soul, who didn't bother about nothing. But one day, as they lay be-calmed south of the Line, a silly foreigman came on the quarter-deck with a fid of soup, and saluting and scraping, as he had seen the mates to the captain, asked him if he would taste that.

"Yes, my man. Smoked!"

"Like sausage, Sir, your honor, axing your pardon, and the deck's."

"Young gentleman," said Dodd to Mr. More-dith, a midshipman, "be so good as to send the cook aft!"

The cook came, and received, not an oath not a thrash, but a reprimand, and a grain warn-ing.

In the teeth of this he burned the soup hor-ribly the very next day. The crew sent the lucky foretopman aft again. He made his scrape and presented his fid. The captain tasted the soup, and sent Mr. Grey to bid the boatswain's mate pipe the hands on deck and bring the cook off.

"Quartermaster, make a fire-bucket, and fill it from the men's kids: Mr. Tickell, see the cook swallow his own mess. Bosen's mate, take a light of the flying jib sheet, stand over him, and start him if he dallies with it!" With this the captain went below, and the crew supping at the buckets, delivered himself as follows: "Well, ye lubbers, it is first—rate. *There's* no flies in that. It goes down like mil. Now your lady-like stomachs; you ain't fit for a ship; why don't ye go ashore and man a gingerbread coach and feed off French frogs and them fancy pie stews? (Whack.) What the —— is that for? *Boatswain's mate.* "Sap more and jaw less!"

"Well I am supping as fast as I can. (Whack, whack.) Bloody end to ye, what are ye about? (Whack, whack, whack.) Oh, Joe, Lord bless you I can't eat any more of it. (Whack.) - I'll give you my grog for a week only to let me fling the —— stuff over the side. (Whack, whack, whack.) Oh, good, kind, dear Mr. Tickell, do go down to the captain for me." (Whack, whack.)

"Avast!" cried the captain, reappearing, and the uplifted rope fell harmless.

"Silence, there, and all!"

("Pipe!")

The cook has received a light punishment this time for spilling the men's mess. My crew shall eat nothing I can't eat myself. My care is heavier than theirs, but not my work, nor my danger in time of danger. Mind that, or you'll find I can be as severe as any master afloat. Clear!"

"Sir!"

"Double the men's grog! they have been cheated of their meal."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"And stop the cook's and his mate's for a week."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Boson, pipe down!"

"Shipmates, listen to me," said the foretop-man. "This old *Agra* is a d—d com-for-table ship."

The oracular sentence was hailed with a ring-ing cheer. Still it is unlucky the British seaman is so ensnarer of theological terms; for he con-stantly misapplies them.

After lying a week like a dead log on the calm but heaving water, one morning a few light puffs in the upper air and inflated the topsails only: the ship wavered undecided, the crew whistling for wind.

At last, one afternoon, it began to rain, and after the rain came a gale from the eastward. This watchful captain saw it purple the water to windward, and ordered the topsails to be reefed and the lee ports closed. This last order seemed an excess of precaution: but Dodd was one of thoroughly acquainted with his ship's qualities: and the hard cash round his neck made him cautious. The ports were closed, all but one, and that was lowered. Mr. Grey was working a problem in the cabin, and wanted a little light and a little air, so he just dropped his port; but, not to deviate from the spirit of the captain's in-structions, he fastened a tackle to it; that he might have mechanical force to close it with should the ship lie over.

Down came the gale with a whoo, and made all crack. The ship lay over pretty much, and the sea poured in at Mr. Grey's port. He up-held his gunner's, and broke it. But though he tackle gave him the force of a dozen hands, he might as well have tried to move a mountain: in the course of the tremendous sea which fol-lowed it burst the port wide open. Grey, after a vain struggle with the weight, shrieked for help: down tumbled the nearest hands, and hauled on the tackle in vain. Destruction was rushing on the ship, and no help. But Dodd was master on deck: tain, with a shrewd guess at the general nature of the danger he could not see, had roared out. "Slack the weather sheet!" The ship righted, but the port came flying to, and terror-stricken men breathed hard, up to their waists in water and floating things, and heard the unlucky port, and went aft, drenched in body and wretched in mind, to report how they had failed. But the captain looking grim as death. He told him, almost crying, what he had done, and how he had miscalculated the power of the water.

Dodd looked and saw his distress. "Let it be a lesson, Sir," said he, sternly. "How many ships have been lost by trifles in fair weather, and not a man saved to tell how the craft was fooled away?"

"Captain, bid me fling myself over the side, and I'll do it."

"Sir, I'm afraid I can't afford to lose a good officer for a fault he—will—never—re-peat."

It blew hard all night and till twelve the next day. The *Agra* showed her weak point: she rolled abominably. A dirty night came on. At eight bells Mr. Grey, touched by Dodd's clemency, and brimful of zeal, reported a light in Mrs. Beresford's cabin. It had been put out as usual by the master-at-arms: but she refrac-tory one had relighted it.

"Go and take it away," said Dodd.

Soon screams were heard from the cabin. "Oh, mercy! mercy! I will not be drowned in the dark."

Dodd, who had kept clear of her so long, went down and tried to reassure her.

"Oh, Sir, save me, save me, pompest!" she cried. "AND TO BE DROWNED IN THE DARK!"

"Tempest? It is blowing half a gale of wind; that is all."

"Half a gale! Ah, that is the way you always talk to us ladies. Oh, pray give me my light, and send me a clergyman!"

Dodd took pity, and let her have her light, with a midshipman to watch it. He even made her a hypocritical promise that, should there be one grain of danger, he would lie to; but said his most stout-hearted denial of a fair one for a few lee lurches. The *Agra* broke plenty of glass and crockery though with her fair wind and her lee bulwarks.

Wind down at noon next day, and a dead calm.

At two P.M. the weather cleared; the sun came out high in heaven's centre; and a balmy breeze from the west.

At six twenty-five, the grand orb set calm and red, and the sea was gorgeous with miles and miles of golden ripples: it was the first glowing smile of southern latitude. The night stole on so soft, so clear, so balmy, all were both to close their eyes on it: the passengers linger-ed long on deck, watching the Great Bear dip, and the Southern Cross rise, and overhead a whole heaven of glorious stars most of us have never seen, and never shall see in this world. No belching smoke obscured, no plunging pad-dles deafened; all was musical; the soft air sighing among the sails; the phosphorescent water bubbling from the ship's bows; the mur-murs from little knots of men on deck subdued by the great calm: home seemed near, all dan-ger far; Peace ruled the sea, the sky, the heart: the ship, making a track of white fire on the deep, glided gently yet swiftly homeward, urged by snowy sails piled up like alabaster towers against a violet sky, out of which looked a thou-sand eyes of holy tranquil fire. Dodd watched the sweet night away.

Now carmine streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge; and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and then yellow, and then sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the ship's white sails, the deck, and the rigging; and, with her usual pro-fogue, being so near the line, up came majestic-ally a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea flaming liquid topaz.

Instant the look-out at the foretop-gallant-mast-head hailed the deck below.

"Strange sail! Right ahead!"

The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd, then dressing in his cabin. He came soon after on deck and hailed the look-out: "Which way is she steering?"

"Can't say, Sir. Can't see her move any."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to break-fast; and taking his deck glass went lightly up to the foretop-gallant-mast-crossfees. There, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long low schooner, latine-rigged, lying close under Point Leat, a small island about some miles distant on the westward: and nearly in the *Agra's* course, then approaching the Straits of Gaspar, 4 Latitude S.

"She is hove to," said Dodd, very gravely.

At eight o'clock the stranger lay about two miles to windward: and still hove to.

By this time all eyes were turned upon her, and half a dozen glasses. Every body, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Greek lying to for water: she was a Malay com-ing north with coco canes, and sheet of bands: she was a pirate watching the Straits.

The captain leaned silent and solemn with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspect-ed Craft.

Mr. Fullalove joined the group, and leveled a powerful glass, of his own construction. His inspection was long and minute, and while the glass was at his eye, he was asked his half in a whisper, could he make out any thing?

"Wa'al," said he, "the varmint looks consid-erably saucy." Then, without moving his glass, he let drop a word at a time, as if the facts were trickling into his telescope at the lens, and out at the sight. "One—two—four—seven, false ports."

There was a momentary murmur among the officers and men. The British sailor has an un-demonstrative disposition. Steadily watching the deck with his cigar, saw the men's faces, and gave ship with maritime curiosity and making comments; but he discussed no particular emo-tion nor opinion in what he said to them. In the grave low tones they said it in. Perhaps a brother seaman would though.

The next observation that trickled out of Fulla-love's tube was this: "I judge there are too few hands on deck, and too many—white—eyeball's a-glittering at the ports below."

"Confound it!" muttered Bayliss, uneasily; "how can you see that?"

Fullalove replied only by quietly handing his glass to Dodd. The captain, thus appealed to, raised his eye to the tube.

"Well, Sir; see the false ports, and the white eyebrows!" asked Sharpe, ironically.

"I see that in the four glass I ever looked through," said Dodd, doggedly, without inter-rupting his inspection.

"I think he's a Malay pirate," said Mr. Grey.

Sharpe took him up very quickly, and, indeed, angrily: "Nonsense! And if he is, he won't venture on a vessel of this size."

"Says the whale to the sword-fish," suggested Fullalove, with a little grimness.

The captain, with the American glass at his eye, turned half round to the man at the wheel: "Starboard!"

"Starboard it is."

"Steer South South East."

"Ay, ay, Sir." And the ship's course was thus altered two points.

This order lowered Dodd fifty per cent. in Mr. Sharpe's estimation. He held his tongue as long as he could: but at last his surprise and disatis-faction burst out of him. "Won't that bring him out on us?"

"Very likely, Sir," replied Dodd.

"Begging your pardon, captain, would it not be wiser to keep our course, and show the black-guard we don't fear him?"

"What say you?" Sharpe, he has made up his mind an hour ago whether to be still, or bite. Say changing my course two points won't change his mind: but it may make him declare it; and *I* must know what he does intend, before I run the ship into the narrows ahead."

"Oh, I see," said Sharpe, half convinced.

The alteration in the *Agra's* course produced no movement in the mass of the mysterious schooner. She lay to under the land still, and with only a few hands on deck, while the *Agra* sliped away from her and entered the Straits between Long Island and Point Leat, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the N.W.

Ah! The stranger's deck swarms black with men!

His sham ports fell as if by magic, his guns grinned through the gaps like black teeth; his huge foresail rose and filled, and out he came in chase.

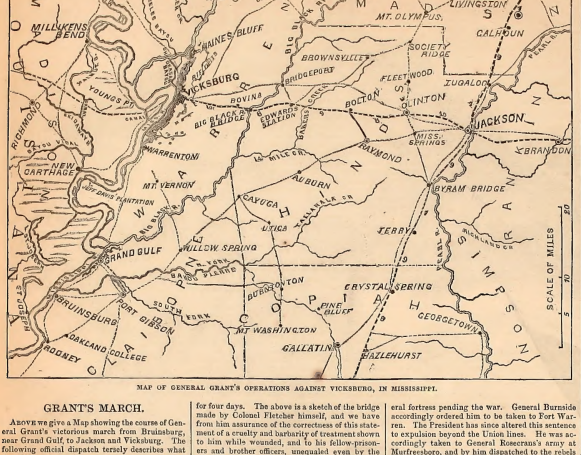
The breeze was a kiss from Heaven, the sky a vaulted sapphire, the sea a million dimples of liquid, lucid, gold.



"THE MEN OF THE NORTHWEST WILL HEW THEIR WAY TO THE GULF OF



IEXICO WITH THEIR SWORDS."—General Logan in Congress, January, 1861.—[See Page 362.]



MAP OF GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS AGAINST VICKSBURG, IN MISSISSIPPI.

GRANT'S MARCH.

ABOVE we give a Map showing the course of General Grant's victorious march from Bruinsburg, near Grand Gulf, to Jackson and Vicksburg. The following official dispatch tersely describes what they did on the way:

HEAD OF VICKSBURG, Wednesday, May 20, 1863.

The Army of the Tennessee landed at Bruinsburg on the 30th of April.

On the 1st of May we fought the battle of Port Gibson, and defeated the rebels under General Bowen, whose loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was at least 1500, and loss in artillery five pieces.

On the 12th of May, at the battle of Raymond, the rebels were defeated with a loss of 500.

On the 14th of May we defeated General Joseph E. Johnston, and captured Jackson, with a loss to the enemy of 400, besides immense stores and manufactures, and seventeen pieces of artillery.

On the 16th of May we fought the bloody and decisive battle of Baker's Creek, in which the entire force of Pemberton, under General Pemberton, was defeated, with the loss of twenty-seven pieces of artillery and 4000 men.

On the 17th of May we defeated the same force at the Big Black River Bridge, with the loss of 1000 men and fourteen pieces of artillery.

On the 18th of May we invested Vicksburg closely.

To-day General Steele carried the rifle-pits on the north of the city.

The right of the army rests on the Mississippi above Vicksburg. JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

On pages 360 and 361 we give a picture which will enable our readers to form an idea of what is meant by "carrying a line of rifle-pits," "storming heights," "taking a position with the bayonet," terms of very frequent use at present, and which convey but a vague meaning to those who have not witnessed the stern realities of war. The reader can fancy, if he pleases, as he looks at the picture that he is gazing at the gallant onslaught of Grant's army upon the rebel rifle-pits and breastworks at Vicksburg. We have appended to the picture the memorable words of warning which were uttered in Congress, while the Southern men were still there, by Representative, now General, Logan. Alluding to the Southern secession plot, they would hold the mouth of the Mississippi, he said that "the men of the Northwest would have their way to the Gulf of Mexico with their swords." Similar words were uttered at the same time by Representative M'Clernand, who, like Logan, had up to that time acted with the South in politics, and who, like him, is now a General in Grant's army.

THE PRISON AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

We illustrate on page 364 THE PRISON AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, where many good Union men have been confined since the war broke out, and which was lately destroyed by General Grant. The gentleman who sends us the sketch adds the following account:

"On the 30th December last, at the gallant charge of Blair's brigade upon the works of the rebels at Chickasaw Bluffs near Vicksburg, Colonel Thomas J. Fletcher, of the Missouri 8th, Awake Zouaves, who was wounded and captured by the rebels, was with twenty other officers put in the jail in this city, where they were kept in the most loathsome cells and fed upon the worst fare ever meted out to the vilest criminals for one month, when they were removed to Jackson, Mississippi, and thrust into the old rickety ruin of the bridge which was yet standing above water, the remaining part having fallen down. Here they were kept for another month in the coldest season of the year, without beds or bedding; no fire or lights were allowed them. Three hundred and eighty privates, also prisoners, were put into the bridge with them. Almost every day two or three were carried out dead, and sometimes the dead lay at the entrance of the bridge unburied for four days. The above is a sketch of the bridge made by Colonel Fletcher himself, and we have from him assurance of the correctness of this statement of a cruelty and barbarity of treatment shown to him while wounded, and to his fellow-prisoners and brother officers, unequaled even by the rebels in their cruelty to our soldiers heretofore while in their hands."

Colonel Fletcher appends the following certificate:

"The within statement is in all respects correct, but does not fully represent the barbarity of our treatment by the rebels. THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
Colonel 31st Missouri Volunteers

"ANNAPOLIS, MD., May 7, 1863."

THE ENGLISH PIRATE "ALEXANDRA."

WE publish on page 364 an illustration of the new Anglo-Rebel pirate "ALEXANDRA," which has just been built at Liverpool. She was built by Miller & Co. of Liverpool for a firm by the name of Fawcett, Prescott & Co. of the same town, both firms connected with the rebel piratical business. Just as she was approaching completion the remonstrances of our Government in relation to the piracies of the *Alabama* and *Florida*, together with some expressions of indignation by leading British orators, compelled the Government to show some semblance of a desire to enforce the laws, and the *Alexandra* was seized and is now held by the authorities. It is not believed, however, that the seizure will involve any thing worse than a temporary detention. The ship-owners and commercial interest of England are decidedly in favor of the destruction of our merchant navy by pirates, and after a farce of a trial the *Alexandra* will be set at large to prey upon our ships after the manner of the *Alabama* and *Florida*. She is a three-masted schooner with engines of 300 horse-power.

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

WE give on page 365 a portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of the notorious CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, ex-Member of Congress from Ohio.

The first that we can remember of this man is his appearance at Harper's Ferry on the occasion of John Brown's Raid. There, with a bullet, as they mortally wounded, and laid by the body of his dead son, was confronted by the infuriated slaveholding leaders of Virginia, and bullied, as only slave-owners can bully, the most insolent, outrageous, and brutal of all the old man's tormentors was Clement L. Vallandigham. A man of no consistency, which is Dayton, Ohio, it does not seem, however, that the disgust which his conduct created every where else injured him in the least. He was again returned to Congress, and took his seat as usual. Throughout the three sessions of the Thirty-seventh Congress he was conspicuous as an opponent of the United States and a sympathizer with the rebels. He voted against every measure which was intended to enable the Government to prosecute the war, and at every thing which ingenuity and malice could devise to hamper the Administration, weaken the country, comfort the enemy, and promote foreign intervention. At the election of November last he was dropped, and General Schenck elected from his district. Since then he has been perambulating the country, delivering seditious speeches, urging the people to resist the draft, misrepresenting the purposes and policy of the Government, and endeavoring to provoke an outbreak at the West. For one of these speeches he was arrested a fortnight since by order of General Burnside, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment in a Federal fortress pending the war. General Burnside accordingly ordered him to be taken to Fort Warren. The President has since altered this sentence to expulsion beyond the Union lines. He was accordingly taken to General Rosecrans's army at Murfreesboro, and by him dispatched to the rebels under a strong escort of cavalry. The rebel officer refused to receive him, but allowed him to remain under guard until the pleasure of Jeff Davis should be ascertained. Vallandigham insisted on being considered a prisoner of war.

GOVERNOR ANDREW G. CURTIN.

WE present our readers on page 365 with an admirable likeness of the present distinguished Governor of Pennsylvania, ANDREW GREGG CURTIN. Of all the public men now prominent in the country there is no one who has created a deeper interest in, and none deserves better for the untiring energy and faithful devotion in aiding to maintain the integrity of, our Government.

Governor Curtin is about forty-five years of age, and was born in Centre County, Pennsylvania. His education was liberal, and having graduated at the law school connected with Dickinson College, Carlisle, he commenced the practice of law at Bellefonte, the seat of justice of his native county. For some years he devoted himself exclusively to his profession, and earned an enviable reputation as a counselor and as an advocate. His prominence in the politics of the State was in the Presidential canvass of 1844. He entered upon this with zeal, and became recognized as one of the most efficient stump speakers of the day. From that time he actively participated in all the political contests in the State. Upon the election of Governor Pollock he was proffered the position of Secretary of State and Superintendent of Common Schools. Although the youngest man who had ever filled these offices, his administration of them was marked by an untiring fidelity to the public interests; and his labors in this department, while they exhibited signal ability, contributed largely to the success of Governor Pollock's administration.

In the early part of the year 1860 a State convention was held at Harrisburg for the selection of a Gubernatorial candidate. This being the year of the Presidential election, the action of the convention was looked forward to with greater anxiety than had, perhaps, ever been known in Pennsylvania. General Hone of Pittsburg, Judge Packer of Lancaster, Taggart of Northumberland, and Covode of Westmoreland, were among the candidates. Each of them had warm and devoted friends, who did not failed to exert themselves for the success of their respective candidates. It, however, soon became manifest that the advantages were on the side of Curtin, and upon the third ballot he was nominated by an overwhelming majority. He immediately went into the canvass with a spirit and activity that his warmest admirers could scarcely expect him to maintain to the end; but in this he showed that he had not himself overmeasured his strength. His Democratic competitor, the Hon. Henry D. Foster, formerly endeared to the party friends; and, doubtless, feeling the contest to be one of overwhelming importance, he manifested a determination to exert his utmost powers as the standard-bearer of his party. The rival candidates both went upon the stump; and without any disposition to detract from the merits of General Foster, it is impossible to deny that the great success of Governor Curtin on a public speaker contributed largely to the result of his election by a triumphant majority. The National Convention at Chicago for the nomination of a Presidential candidate occurred during the summer. Governor Curtin was alive to the fact that there would be some candidates presented to that body whose nomination would, to say the least, act as a dead weight in the preliminary contest in Pennsylvania at the October elections. His personal interests were involved in this; but above all, and as was shown by his course, of infinitely larger consideration to his mind would be the public calamity that might follow an injudicious nomination. With characteristic boldness and candor he prepared to do what he could toward preventing any unwise nomination by going to Chicago in person, there openly to disclose his views and convictions, rather than to pursue the secret and tortuous paths of chicanery and intrigue, by which, it is true, he might have averted much of personal enmity and bitterness that would possibly flow from chafed and disappointed aspirants for political elevation. He then and there claimed to know the people of Pennsylvania, their prevailing sentiments, and the temper in which the nomination of this or that candidate would be accepted. The stake which he held, and the right afforded by his position for him to speak with unswhat of authority, were accepted as of influential value. It is but just to say that the result showed to him to have been right, and that on this occasion, as in the many emergencies that have arisen since he came into authority as Governor, he has never failed in his estimate of public sentiment throughout the Keystone State.

With clear and decided convictions upon every question that has arisen during his eventful administration, he has yet never permitted himself to be carried away from his contemplation and study of the mind of the people. Of this great essential of practical statesmanship he has time and again shown himself the possessor, as he has also illustrated its inevitable importance. While watching the current of popular events he has never permitted himself to lose sight of the breakers and shoals that must needs be avoided, nor has he failed to note the contrary error of seeking to traverse the ocean of great events upon which the nation is embarked by a system of back-water navigation.

SCENES AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE two pictures on page 357, from sketches by our special artist Mr. Hamilton, will be found described at length in the following extract from the *Times* correspondent:

MAY-DAY.

I was present, on the first of May, at one of the most beautiful and interesting celebrations that ever occurred here—the festival of the Madison Girls' School. Pleasing as is every thing that has been considered of national public importance for mention here, it—in the present condition of the country—such gatherings have a deeper, a festal significance, and a very deep one.

The Madison School is one of the most effective gatherings of the kind I have seen. Its chief characteristics were, hitherto, held indoors. But this occasion was to be carried out in the old City Park, some distance out of New Orleans, the grandest collection of old trees spreading, some thirty acres of ground, over a space of ground.

Here the young ladies met, under the care of Miss Whitney, the accomplished Principal, crowned as the "May Queen" with all due ceremony, and spent the whole day in the enjoyment of every species of innocent and healthful sport, in which they were joined by very many "children of a larger growth" from the city. Commodore Farragut, commander of the gun-boat *Kinsee*, had kindly sent there a large number of sailors to put up the May pole and festoon with abundance of ropes for swings, and detailed two or three of his men to come and arrange matters for the young friends.

In the midst of the beauty and gayety of the scene, as these graceful young creatures flitted over the green sward, in the light of the glorious, like a revival of chivalrous days not lost sight of the fact that this was a *Union demonstration* in the midst of the City of New Orleans, and that at least two-thirds of the children present were the offspring of enemies to the Union, either open or concealed. I could in a scene appeared extraordinary to a stranger, how much more must it have done so to me, who had been a witness to who could contrast it with the state of things existing so short a time before.

The fact is that the school authorities here are making strenuous efforts to accommodate its antidote to the venomous poison of secession, too long corrupting the tender minds of the young generation, and their efforts have been attended with the greatest success. In every public school in a new republican State, the children assembled daily commence and close with patriotic hymns, and that the flag of the Union floats over the building, as well as the same tendency. Union flags have been raised over every public school in the city—the Girls' School having the honor of inaugurating the movement—and soon there will not be a single place of education in the city without its emblem of loyalty. By such efforts as these, and by printing their music-books, the exercises and songs frequently with friends, whom they have been cruelly taught to look upon as natural enemies, their minds become stamped with ideas of truth and genuine love of their country, to counteract the evil effects of their former teachers.

It was really interesting to watch some little dark-haired Southern beauty innocently romping with her blue-eyed brother, the latter a native of some chilly State, or Massachusetts—and then to be reminded that the father of the little girl was a "registered enemy." What was that exquisite girl laughing with that young officer? and what were those sweet thoughts? Keep on your May-Day festival, my dear ones, and let the cheering sounds of your laughter, that may, due to, undermine and overthrow the satanic rebellion, be heard even to that U. S. ship, whole brigade of his followers annihilated on the bottle-field.

"REGISTERED ENEMIES."

In my last I referred to two very important orders just issued by General Banks—one of them requiring "registered enemies" to leave the Department within a period of 15th May. General Bowen has since then published the following:

"OFFICE PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL OF LOUISIANA,
NEW ORLEANS, May 1, 1863.

"Notice is hereby given to the registered enemies of the United States within the Department of the Gulf, that, in accordance with the order of the Commanding General, dated April 24, 1863, they are required to remove from within the lines of the enemy, on or before the 15th day of May, 1863. Such persons now registered as desire to take the oath of allegiance and will not leave the prescribed oath of fidelity, and subscribe to it, to the United States, a copy of which oath is hereunto annexed, will make application for that purpose at the office of the Provost-Marshal General, Custom-House, New Orleans, on or before the 10th day of May.

"JAMES BOWEN, Brigadier-General, P. M. G."

"OFFICE OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL,
DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, No. 103 CUSTOM-HOUSE,
NEW ORLEANS, May —, 1863.

"I do hereby solemnly and sincerely swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign,

and that I will bear true and faithful allegiance and loyalty to the same,—any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State, Convention, or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding: and I take this oath, and assume all its responsibilities, and all moral, of my own free will, and with a full determination, pledge, and purpose to observe and keep it, and without any mental reservation or evasion whatever; and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties that may be required of me by law, or a true and loyal citizen of the United States. And may God help me to do so!

"(Signed)

"Sworn to and subscribed before me, this —— day of ——, 1863."

You can readily imagine what a flutter this has caused in the ranks of the Seceah. Any one reading the form of oath here quoted can hardly imagine how any one pretending to a particle of soul or manhood could subscribe to it without a mental reservation; and yet a number, I know of mine the other day, when asked what he was going to do—take the oath or not—Oh, just as all the rest have done; take it over the left."

It will be noticed, however, for these people to be warned in time, and not attempt to get around General Banks by buying such worthless property as their souls. There is one man who subscribes to that oath but will henceforth find himself under a sort of moral mortgage, to the extent of every loyal man in the place. He has studied human nature but little who does not know that with all their high sounding natures, the General Banks's, are those whose souls could most instinctively spurn and scout at such a foul deception. Therefore, the very leniency of the General's post administration will probably make him the more three villainous against offenders; and if he smites one, he will, in meeting, be found to out-Usher Ingram.

It is really quite amusing to spend an hour at the headquarters of General Brown. People—particularly ladies—are constantly seeking in to try if there is no possible way of avoiding the terrible alternative of starvation in Texas or bowing to the horrible Yankee flag. Some have long, despairing faces,—some have a haughty bearing, as if they scorned the very favors they had come to try and get; some, sad, vainly appeal to the conscience of the remorseless Captain Nott, "as a father," while others as vainly waste their breath in appealing upon the blackened heart of effect, Lieutenant Milner Brown, neither of whom can swerve one inch from the inexorable duty of swearing them in, or banishing them to DIXIE.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We are with you, brothers, brothers, fighting on the Rappahannock;
We are with you in the morning and at setting of the sun;
All our thoughts are flying thither where our brothers are a-bleeding;
Heart and hand we will be with you till your noble work is done.

We are with you, fathers, fathers, fighting on the Rappahannock;
Do not think that we are happy when the cannons pour forth smoke!
But we know you fight for justice, and the waving of our banner
Over every State and hamlet where it ever waved before.

We are with you, children, children, fighting on the Rappahannock;
Oh! we wish that we could chap you fondly, and a mother's heart-felt kiss
We would plant upon our offspring—but, dear children, go on bravely,
And in thousand matron-prayers shall be given for your bliss.

We are with you, kinsmen, kinsmen, fighting on the Rappahannock;
We remember all your hardships on Virginia's crimson soil;
We are not forgetting, kinsmen, that you battle for our country,
And we pray that God will bless you in the cold and in the chill.

We are with you, friends and loved ones, fighting on the Rappahannock;
Heart and soul we are among you, and our bodies shall not lack;
For if traitors take your life-blood we will step into your traces;
If you conquer, friends and loved ones, we will meet you coming back.

God is with you, patriot-soldiers, fighting on the Rappahannock;
He has heard His great mandate, "Ananumission to the slaves"
He has given you the weapons, He has given you the power,
He has given you our country, and our country you must save.

MISTE, PRINCE OF FOGGE.

THE fairy MYRTILLA was getting ready for a trip to Fairy-land. Her mouse-skin chair was warming by the fire, her chariot was before the door, and her team of blood-beetles stamping themselves; nearly out of the harness in their impatience, while she herself was putting on her mullen-leaf leggings, for it was as yet early spring, and the weather was somewhat cool.

Quoth Lilla, her god-daughter, pouting, "Every one goes to Fairy-land. Nobody knows or vagabond unbeam but has something to tell of itrosy rates and diamond palaces: only I must mope at home."

But answered her godmother, "Patience! There are people who go to Fairy-land, and there are those to whom it comes. Keep the door shut and let no one in; for the sprites of the forest are ever ready for mischief; and have an eye on those spider-spinners. But you'll be long about the errand that the Queen is getting impatient. If you are lonely, talk to the birds or practice your dancing, and we shall see what we shall see."

Now Myrtilla's eloquence, like that of mortals, was very unfortunate to herself; for, standing on her mouse-skin cloak, she whirled away over the tree-tops, so well satisfied with herself that she must needs stop the goblin of the brook and a sprite or two of the mist, that she happened to meet, to tell them how Lilla's god-daughter ruled her house, and Miste had run away with a grey young Northern Light, while Lilla was content to stay at home and spin, and never even guessed that she was fair."

But Lilla sat looking into the cedar-wood fire, and saying, "I am tired of talking to the birds, who tell me nothing but how the young Robins are coming on, and what little eaves-droppers are the Wrens, and what airs the Oriole takes; and as for my dancing, the very mention reminds me of that ridiculous old Grasshopper, with his green tights, and his little fiddle, and his everlasting whir-r, ma'm'selle, that is the very air of the Fairy Queen; and as for the Spiders, I am afraid of them. They look as if they could eat me up."

And she fire roared the words up the chimney, and the pines that stood thick about the old castle caught it up, and whispered about it till the zephyrs got hold of it, and these told it to the brooks, and presently there wasn't so much as a violet in the forest that had not heard how Lilla was discontented and moping in the old castle; and there arose such a buzzing, and humming, and whispering on the subject, that Lilla, hearing it, began to fancy that she was all aloud.

So she called to a Sparrow, passing by; and said to the Sparrow,

"There is a Fairy Prince coming hither."

But Lilla answered,

"The Prince, whatever that may be, must go further, then; for godmother bade me open the doors to none."

And, sitting down at a golden wheel, she began to spin stuff for pansy-leaves, singing the while the Song of the Giants of the Mist, and their wives, and Angela herself wondering what like was this Fairy Prince; for in her whole life she had seen no one but her godmother; and while she was singing came hosts of wild sunbeams and tittering flowersprites, tapping at the window; but Lilla hardly stopped to shake her head at them, or to know their tricks of old; and then followed a whistle and a gruff voice, as the wind went about the castle, trying every door and window, and threatening to blow the roof off; but Lilla stinted her song none the more for that, for the castle was well built, and it was a fairy that would open to none without her will.

The day went on and drew toward the close; and though there are five hundred verses in the Song of the Giants, Lilla had sung them all; and though there was still a little twilight remaining, presently she spun so fast that now, at twilight, they were done. The stir and whisper, too, in the forest had quite died away; and, as Lilla looked from the fire, she began once more to wonder what the Sparrow meant by his Fairy Prince.

Some just then a soft tap at the door.

"Who is there?" cried Lilla.

"Mista, Prince of Fogge," answered a voice, "who has traveled thither from Fairy-land for love of you."

"Alla!" returned Lilla, "you must go away. I am bidden to keep the doors fast."

"I saw your godmother in Fairy-land," pursued the sweet voice. "The Fairy Queen has talks to violet stockings of late, and none but Myrtilla can shape them. She has three days' work before her."

"I dare say," sighed Lilla.

"Then I must die. Fairy princes, and specially the children of the mist, always die for love."

"Why do you love me?"

"Because you have hair like sunbeams, and eyes like a June heaven at noon, and a sweeter voice than any Fay in Fairydom.

Now Lilla knew all the tales in the book of the Ages, and the Songs of the Mist, and the Fairy Ballads of the Birds; but none of these were half so witty and interesting as a prince (whatever that might be) who could tell her, "You are fair," and that all must love you. How then can you blame me?" And if she were only quite sure that her godmother was busy with violets stockings, and thinking nothing of her—

It was very still without: what if he were dead! He had said that he should die for love of her! If she could be certain that her godmother wouldn't find her out and hurt her up for a thousand years with the Witch of the Sea, or Jack Frost!

Just then an owl began with his great coarse voice.

"Towhit! towhoo! Here is a fine fool of a Fairy Prince dying for a girl who hasn't the spirit to open a door and take a look at him."

"I am going to open the door!" cried Lilla, angrily.

But the words were hardly uttered when a handsome young man stood before her.

"You let the door, you say between us," he said, with a cold smile that made Lilla (though she could hardly tell why) wish him well outside again. She had not long to wonder, however, for just then came a tremendous prancing of beetles, and a bouncing at the door. Myrtilla had come back.

"Miste, Prince of Fogge!" she cried, at the fire, "Hide him!" but, "No," said the fire, "it should burn him."

And she ran to the fountain and prayed it to shelter him; but, "No," gurgled the nymph, "I should drown him." "You, and the Prince," said the flowers, "have no fear!" and, wrapping his cloak about him, became invisible.

Myrtilla entered in a rage.

"Let me in!" she cried, thumping at the door. "I hear your whispering within."

Lilla went timidly and unbolted the door.

"Now I've caught you!" exclaimed her godmother, bouncing in, but stopped short in surprise at seeing Miste alone. "Some one has been here," she began. "The birds and the brooks told me so, and the very bolt has not been drawn. The door-stone was charmed, and it was echoing with a strange footstep, and yet I see no prints on the floor, which is like snow for every foot but yours and mine."

"I know nothing of your birds, and brooks, and charmed door-stone," answered Lilla. "For all company I have had the hooting of an old owl who lives in the pine yonder. Perhaps, however, he is a Prince in disguise."

"Prince? how know you that there is such a thing? I must ask the Fairy Queen."

Lilla sat down at her empty wheel and began to spin in a violent hurry.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Myrtilla. "Spinning air?"

"I want to keep in practice."

Here the Prince, who, though invisible, hovered about her, gave her hand a gentle squeeze, at which she cried, "Oh!"

"What is the matter now?" said her godmother.

"Nothing; I was only thinking of the Spiders, who have droned all day."

"But what made you blush?"

"What is that?" said Lilla. "I have never heard the word."

"Humph!" returned the fairy; "it is a word that goes with prince;" and, sitting down, she began to pull off her mullen-leaf leggings.

"Dear Lilla," whispered Prince Miste, "will you come with me?"

"Miste, be off with thee," cried Myrtilla, at the same moment.

"Yes, love," answered Lilla, aloud, quite forgetting what she was saying, not which her godmother jumped up in a passion and boxed her ears.

"Are you out of your wits? Go to your room and stay there. Yes, by me, indeed!"

Lilla obeyed, weeping; but hardly had she closed the door when Miste, who had followed her, took her again and kissed her cheek.

"Are you ready to come?" he asked.

"Alla!" sighed Lilla, "the doors are fast, and I have no wings that I can escape through the windows. I must now dim my eyes with weeping, and spin prickly thistle sheaths, or mullen leaves, that are more hateful still. Since, however, I shall see you no more, my Prince, it hardly matters. No one else will ever love me, or know that I have hair and eyes at all."

At this the owl commenced again,

"Lilla has hair and eyes indeed, and is going to bed like a great school-girl."

"Lilla is not afraid!" she sobbed, pulling at her golden hair for spite.

"Better become as I am," said the Prince.

So Lilla looked, and saw an opal blushing a jet of flame, that quivered and leaped continually, and paled only at the approach of danger. Looking at it now she saw that it had grown dim, and drew back.

"Oh! you believe in stones rather than in me," said Miste, quietly, looking out at the window.

"Hoo! hoo!" cried the owl, "leave her, Prince Miste, to spin and get her ears boxed. It is what she deserves."

"Stop!" exclaimed Lilla, "I will become as you are, whatever that may be."

The cloud returned, it wrapped her round, it seemed to penetrate her with cold and dread. The flame in the opal had gone out and was dead, like her heart that seemed turning to ice. She herself was losing shape and outline; her rounded limbs, her bright hair, her fair face, falling into blank whiteness, thinning away into mist, till, like a breath, she floated from the window into the forest, quivering all the while under her ominous laughter.

Once there the winds seized her. They hurled her across the leaves and fearful wastes; she was shuddering with cold and terror, torn by jagged rocks and boughs, longing for rest.

"Let us stop here," she cried, "and give me back my shape!"

"Nay," returned the Prince, "you became as I, and your mortal form once gone it is lost forever, for the sprites of the mist change not in essence. They are always cold at heart; they find no rest; they are the wind and the breeze; and they flee before all things. You must abide by the choice you have made."

So Lilla wanders over desolate seas and barren hills, a mist wreath forever.

THE GOD-NEEDLEMAN WITH ONE EYE.

ANOTHER half-way between two small towns whose names are unimportant, there is or was a wayside inn called the Traveler's Delight. Its name was probably a mistake, as it might have been a satire, since the Traveler's Delight presented an aspect by no means delightful; indeed, a timid traveler would have been apt to turn from it with a shudder, as intolerably desolate and gloomy, and prefer pressing on at all risks to making trial of it.

One evening, however, at dusk, a horse laboring under the weight of two persons, a man-servant and a lady on a pillion—you must remember that it is a long time since this happened—stopped before the door of the Traveler's Delight.

"We must stop here, Stephen, for now," said the servant. "I don't remember any inn on the road." Whereupon he proceeded to make some inquiries of a ferry-looking boy, who, when turned to the lady. "We have missed the turning, and are some miles from the right way. Can we have rooms?"

The lady—we will call her Mrs. Benson—looked at the scarcely inviting sign, and shivered as a blast of wind went howling by.

"Is there accommodation for us here? But I think we had better go on."

The servant, however, was not inclined to go on. There was plenty of accommodation for his mistress, he said, and the horse was dead beat. As for himself, he frankly said there was an outhouse he could sleep in; and he was sure his master would not like that. Considering (here) her health and safety in going on in the cold dark night.

The lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and entered the house, a dreary one with an unpleasant face came to meet her. When Mrs. Benson saw this woman she looked again at the dark road hesitatingly, but the horse had been taken to the stable, and the servant was not to be seen.

"Can I have a private room?" inquired the lady.

"A bedroom, of course. But there's no sitting-room, except the kitchen. You'll find it warm and comfortable, and can have the best seat."

By this time the outer door was shut and fastened, and Mrs. Benson taking courage in the thought that at least her servant was somewhere within call, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the offered best seat with seeming satisfaction.

Supper was placed before her, which the landlord and his wife shared at her request.

During the meal there was a violent knocking at the outer door, and when it was opened there entered a tall, broad-shouldered man, with one eye, and a shock head of red hair.

"Can I have a bed?" was the query.

"Well, I suppose you can, if the missis and me gives up our room. It won't be the first time we've had to camp in the kitchen."

"Sorry to put you out. Thank you, I think I will take a mouthful."

No one had invited the new-comer to take a mouthful, and as he helped himself his one eye turned on the strange lady. Mrs. Benson could not avoid returning the look with interest, the man had such a comical face; and then his hair was so reddish she had never seen the like before. It seemed to be jolly with an expression of grotesque good-nature. At some early remark of the landlord's, however, the man turned to him all right quickly; its owner gave a comical sidelong nod toward the host, and then the eye twinkled, as much as to say, "He's a queer-tempered chap; but don't be frightened—I'll protect you."

Mrs. Benson felt quite as sense of security in the presence of the good-natured man, and was sorry when his huge supper came to an end.

"Well, then, I'll turn in," he said, pushing his plate away, "if the master here will be good enough to show me the room, for I'm tired. Good-night, missis—servant, ma'am."

Then Mrs. Benson fancied that the sour face of the hostess grew sourer still; it fairly scowled at her, but she did not feel at all inclined to be civil. There was no alternative, however; she could not sit up all night, and as she was, because the master and mistress had expressed their intention of remaining there. She asked for her servant, and was told that he had retired to the outhouse for the night; there was no further pretext for lingering, so she accepted the repeated offer of the lady to show her to her room.

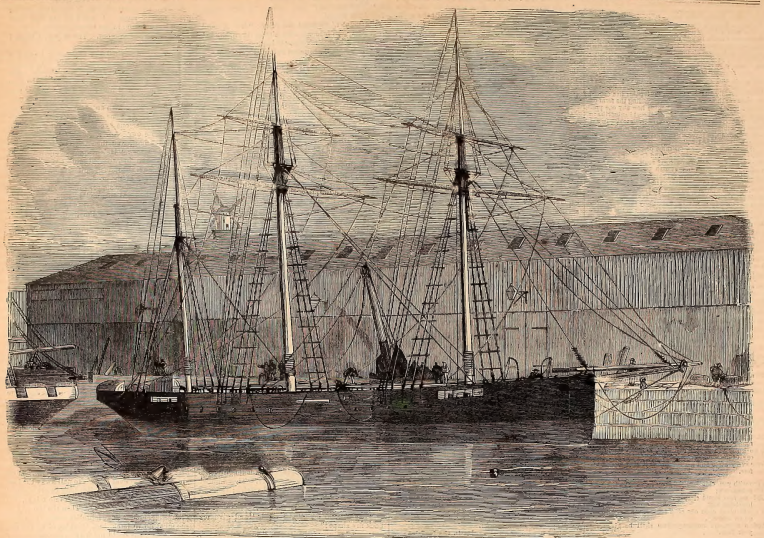
When she got inside that room, Mrs. Benson's first impulse was to lock the door, and as she did so her eye rested on a key in the lock. Not satisfied with the lock, which looked crazy, she proceeded to pile every movable article of furniture against the door; that done, she turned to the fire, which was burning cheerfully. While she stood there contemplating with the insufficiency of the fortress for a barricade, the door-key, which she was twisting about in her fingers, dropped into the ashes. Mrs. Benson stooped to pick it up, and as she stooped, with her face bent in an upside-down position, a gleam of fire sent its light underneath the bed (which was low). It flashed upon a broad leg of the reddest hair she had ever seen. Mrs. Benson raised her head again rather quickly. The bed lengthwise in front presented to her the dripstones that crept over her as to pull away the barricade, and call for help. But she knew no sound could be made audible below, her fate might, and doubtless would be decided. Then she thought of confessing that she have forgotten something which she must go to fetch, but, thinking of all the circumstances, she could not help believing the sour people about would be in league with the red man, so that certain death must follow that move, even if the robber were not to wide awake to perceive the ruse. She could not bring herself to that, and so no doubt he had, and he would understand it. Besides all this, she had not bound the key, and somehow she shrank from bending down again to search for it. Who knew what she might encounter the next time? A knife, a pistol, or that one gleaming eye; and some startled motion might cause the robber to suspect her knowledge of his presence. No, she could not look for the key.

A little while longer Mrs. Benson stood warming her hands at the fire, then she turned round to examine the position of the bed, and yawned aloud. She saw that the bed had been drawn down so as to have a space between it and the wall, and it occurred to her that this arrangement had been made by the robber, who would doubtless prefer to escape behind, where there would be least chance of the victim catching sight of him, and so unnecessary noise might be avoided.

By reason of the barricade against the door, and the wall on the other, she would have to creep in at the foot of the bed. After thinking over her position as long as was possible under the circumstances, she took a strong thick woolen scarf of unusual length, which had been wrapped over her cheat for the journey, and tied behind; and putting out the candle, she got into bed, yawning again audibly. The fire burned low in the grate, and the room grew nearly dark. If any one could have looked into it, they would have seen on the bed a muscular figure, holding in its two hands the two ends of a scarf—one of these ends being slipped through a long loose knot on the other, and by pair of large sewer eyes attending upon that space between the bed-head and the wall.

A clock struck down below. Mrs. Benson could hear the dull sound of every stroke in the silent house, and a hysterical desire to scream possessed her. But then there was a slight creaking noise under the bed, and her eyes were again fixed in that strained watchfulness. The dragging noise ceased suddenly, and the watcher half well calculated that the form of her terrible visitor must push itself up head first, shoulders flat against the wall, and in a more compassionate attitude. The hideous chance was that it might come up on one side or the other of the big mattress in front of it. More dragging, then a shock head above the pillow, a stifled, gurgling cry, and the two hands of the watcher were tugging with all their might at the two ends of the woolen scarf.

Chancing to pass by the strange lady's door in the early morning, the sour landlady was startled by the sound of a voice uttering strange sounds, a medley of talking, screaming, and chuckling. She called her husband first, then the lady's servant; and after some altercation the latter insisted on breaking open the door. A clatter of falling furniture followed; and edging themselves in with some difficulty, they found the lady still in her crouching posture, and still clutching with both hands the ends of the scarf about that ghastly, staring head. At the sight of those three horrified faces she burst into a fit of hysterical crying, which probably saved her reason.



THE ENGLISH PIRATE "ALEXANDRA," SEIZED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AT LIVERPOOL.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



THE PRISON OVER THE PEARL RIVER, AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WHERE UNION PRISONERS HAVE BEEN CONFINED.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the hero of the day, MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, Commander of the Army at Vicksburg.

General Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont Co., Ohio, on 27th April, 1822, and is consequently forty-one years of age. He entered West Point in 1839, and graduated in 1843, with Franklin, Reynolds, Steele, etc. Having entered the Fourth Infantry, he obtained his full commission at Corpus Christi in 1845, and served at all the battles under Taylor. His regiment subsequently joined General Scott, and young Grant signed conspicuously at all the battles of the old hero's campaign. For Molino del Re he got a brevet of First Lieutenant, and for Chapultepec one of Captain. He subsequently obtained his full rank as Captain, and accompanied his regiment to Oregon. In 1854 he resigned his commission, and took up his residence at Galena, Illinois.

On the outbreak of the rebellion he tendered his services to Governor Yates, and was shortly afterward appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois. On 17th May, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and filled various commands in Missouri and the vicinity. After the capture of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it on the 14th of that month. He was in command of the Union forces at Fort Donelson from February 13 to 16, 1862, and his noted correspondence with General Buckner gained him the sobriquet of Unconditional Surrender Grant, answering to his initials of U. S. Grant. For the success of that action he was created a Major-General of Volunteers, dating from February 16, 1862.

After a few days he was again ordered into the field, and the manner in which he conducted the action at Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, raised him still higher in public estimation.

He was second in command to General Halleck at the noted siege of Corinth, in May, 1862; and when General Halleck was ordered to Washington, General Grant was placed in command of the Department of Tennessee, embracing all the country west of the Tennessee River, and on both shores of the Mississippi River, from Corinth to Louisiana. He was now placed in command of the Thirteenth Army Corps, and his troops fought the famous battles of Iuka and Corinth, although General Grant did not command in person, being at Jackson, Tennessee, his head-quarters. In December, 1862, he removed his head-quarters to Holly Springs; and on the 22d of that month, his forces having been greatly increased, he divided them into four corps, viz.: the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Corps of the United States Army.

After the attack and failure of General Sherman at Vicksburg, December 27, 1862, a regular plan of operations had to be worked out, and many schemes were planned and attempted to get into the rear of the rebel strong-hold, either from above or below, among which may be particularized the Yazoo Pass expedition, the Big Sunflower expedition, the Vicksburg Canal, the Lake Providence Canal and Great Union River, and several others; but the one that has most successfully contributed to the grand result was the moving down of his troops overland by way of the Louisiana shore, running transports and gun-boats past the Vicksburg batteries, and so carrying the men across the Mississippi to Brunnsberg and landing them under cover of the gun-boats. These manœuvres have each taken up time, but, with the exception of the last, were mere feints to draw off the attention of the rebels from his main movement. With three out of his four corps of troops he has advanced into the heart of a rebel State, taken its capital, and beaten the rebels in four pitched battles. The *Herald* says:

> General Grant is a modest, unassuming man, and on first taking command was regarded as a curiosity by the soldiers on account of his plainness of dress in comparison with the young and new-fledged colonels and less advanced officers, and particularly a shocking bad stove-pipe hat, which he wore for a long time before donning a military tile. The General is a man of business, and very popular with the troops. He appears about forty-five years of age, sandy complexion, reddish beard, medium height, pleasant, twinkling eyes, and he weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. He smokes



MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GOVERNOR ANDREW G. CURTIN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

continually. He is a strict disciplinarian, and an example of General Grant's strict government of the troops in his department will be gathered from the following: On the night of the 7th of November a portion of the Twentieth regiment Illinois volunteer infantry, at Jackson, Tennessee, entered a store and some tents and took therefrom a quantity of goods and destroyed the tents, the damage amounting to $1342 66. Upon complaint of the suffering party, and a failure to ferret out the men guilty of the offense, the General issued a special field order. The two sections embodying the penalty will be read with interest. They read as follow: 1. That the said men and officers will be arrested against said regiment and the officers herein named (the names being given), excepting such enlisted men as were at the time sick in the hospital or absent with proper authority: that the same be charged against them on the proper muster and pay rolls, and the amount each is to pay noted opposite his name thereto, the officer to be assessed *pro rata* with the men on the amount of their pay property, and that the same so collected will be paid by the commanding officer of the regiment to the parties entitled to the same. 2. That Captain Orrin Fribley and Captain John Zuniser, of the Twentieth Illinois infantry volunteers, for wilful neglect of duty and violation of orders, are hereby mustered out of the service of the United States, to take effect this day.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c. — Manufactured only by WELLING, No. 337 Centre St., New York. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by druggists generally.

Agents and Dealers.

Something New. Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket, a thing of beauty and usefulness combined. Samples by mail, 50 cts. A. HICK & CO., 83 Nassau st., N. Y.

Barnum's American Museum.

GEN. TOM THUMB AND WIFE.



COM. NUTT and MINNIE WARREN,
The Four Smallest Human Beings
in the world, all together
Weighing but 100 Pounds.
Admission 25 cents. Children under 10, 15 cents.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blushes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly to the beauty or otherwise; and any thing that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin is a desideratum, and would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. DR. C. BEHANNA, having that in view, examined and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove Moth, Freckles, Tetter, Ringworm, Blackheads from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. Ladies residing in this, or in other branches of his specialty.—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR.—Will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE in EVERY CASE. *For full particulars*, address, enclosing stamp for a circular,

DR. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.
All Consultations Free.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, &c., on receipt of two 2 ct. stamps.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 835 Broadway, Moffat's Building, cor. Worth Street, Manufactures of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVENS PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, for use on ship or land; excludes musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of 21 cts. Send for circular.
HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,
No 89 NASSAU St., Room No. 23, N. Y.

GLASS LETTERS.

Gilded or stained. Generally adopted for first-class store windows. Most attractive, lasting, and therefore cheaper than ordinary gilding. Painters order. Brass, wood, pasteboard, and other letters. Depot 207 Fulton St., N. Y.

By Miss Thackeray.
The
STORY OF ELIZABETH.
Re-printed from the "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."
This admirable story is having a wide popularity in England, and is greatly admired by the English press to Miss THACKERAY, the daughter of the novelist.
In a neat 16mo vol., paper cover, being the first issue of a "STANDARD SERIES." *Price Thirty Cents.* Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.
J. G. GREGORY, Publisher,
No. 46 Walker Street, New York.

The Book of Gems.—The greatest work of the age. With 50 illustrations. Queer, curious, and exciting. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents, by F. G. WATSON, Publisher, New York. Send stamp for a Catalogue.

ALL THAT IT CLAIMS TO BE.

So many compounds for the hair are offered for sale and unduly praised, that we confess we had no expectation of finding in *Burnett's Cocoaine* the qualities which it was said to possess. In this we have been disappointed. Members of our family who have tried it, inform it as possessing superior hair-dressing properties; while its freedom from greasiness, the tone that it imparts to the hair, and its economy, have given it a permanent place on the toilet table.

We have no hesitancy in recommending it as being *equal to all that it claims to be.—Chicago Nea Consonat.*

A CARD.

Owing to the increased cost of all material used in the manufacture of Cocoaine and our other preparations, we have been compelled to advance the price. Our standard QUANTITY and QUALITY will remain unimpaired.
JOS. BURNETT & CO., Boston.
Sold by all druggists throughout the country.

Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!

Gold Mounted Jet Enamel Vest Chains.
Unique in design and beauty of appearance.

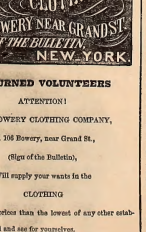
This is an article but recently introduced, of which we are the patentees and sole manufacturers: they have already become one of the most popular, fashionable, and saleable ornaments of the day. Prices: Small size, $18 per gross. Medium size, $24 per gross. Large size, $36 per gross. Assorted, four dozen of each size, $96. All have patent bar and improved swivel attached, with gold mountings of different designs. *Sold only by the gross.*
Jobbers, Jobbers, and General Dealers will find them well worthy their attention; they give a profit of 500 per cent.
Chains, in grosses only, will be sent by express with bill payable on delivery. *Buyers, the actual states, or any part thereof, must send cash in advance, as we can not collect from them.* Address
Weybosset Enamel Chain Co.,
191 Broadway, New York.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-
COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,
and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Many of these cures fill every page of civilized country on this continent without some personal acquaintance with them, and fewer yet the communities anywhere which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over this most fatal class of diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote we yet know to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* has saved more lives by the consumption it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect the cough that in human skill can master the inexorable canker that fastened on the vitals. Many of you, we are glad know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and we only know, too, the victories of this remedy, and not do justice to ourselves unless them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who trust it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
Lowell, Mass.
And sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.



RETURNED VOLUNTEERS
ATTENTION!
THE BOWERY CLOTHING COMPANY,
No. 106 Bowery, near Grand St.,
(Sign of the Bulletin),
Will supply your wants in the
CLOTHING
line, at lower prices than the lowest of any other establishment. Call and see for yourselves.

Soldiers Attention!—Pain, disease, and exposure, with a hot climate, muddy water, and bad diet will be unavoidable; but armed with HOLLOWAY'S PURIFYING or STRENGTHENING PILLS you can endure all these and still retain good health. Only 25 cents per box.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Ades, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He reads it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Schaffer, Son, & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF ALL THE LEADING RICH AND MOST NOVEL STYLES OF JEWELRY, WITH THE VIEW OF INCREASING THEIR BUSINESS TO AN UNLIMITED EXTENT, OFFER THE FOLLOWING ELEGANT ORNAMENTS AT THE UNEXPLANSED LOW PRICES FOLLOWING:

VEST CHAINS, of many new and original styles. Patterns, Long, Short, Hexagon, intricate, $3. All-the-Go, stranded, $3. Fancy Keepake, Bohemian, $3.50. Cable, $4. Curb, $4.

LADIES' SETS OF JEWELRY, consisting of Pin and Rings.....as engraved. Brooches, Finishings, and Jet set, $3. Enamelled and Chased, $3. Coral, imitated, $3. Garnet, Turquoise, brilliant, &c., $5. Stone, Mosaic, and Cameo, $5.

RINGS, of the most fashionable and desirable styles. Plain, Chased, Seal, and Chased, $1. Plain and Shield, all sizes, $2. Jewey Stone Signet, $3. Fashionable Diamond, $3. Enamelled, in cluster, $8.

BOSOM AND SCARF PINS. Handsomely mounted, and of all fashionable designs. Scroll and Leaf, $1. Chevalier Hand, with stone, $2. Brazilian Diamond, $3. Cluster, Im. Diamond, $3. Lotus, with handsome pin, ball, and chain, $6.

SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS, in sets. An extensive line of patterns, comprising every conceivable design. Engine-turned and engraved, $1. Sleeve, unique and handsome, $2. Dittos enamelled, with stones, $3.

LOCKETS, all fashionable patterns. Engraved and engraved, $1. Larger, $3. An imitation of a Lady's watch, a superb ornament, $4. Extra superior, $5.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, made by ourselves, and warranted. Silver mounted, extra quality, holder and pen, $1. Ditto, larger size, $2. Business, a very superior article, $3.

Parties wishing any of the above have only to remit the price in a letter plainly addressed, as below, and the article will be sent by return mail free of expense.

☞ On orders of One Hundred Dollars and upward, a discount of Twenty-Five Per Cent will be deducted from the above prices. ☜ Great inducements offered Sutlers, Gift Enterprises, &c. Address
SCHAFFER, SON, & CO.,
191 Broadway, New York.

HILTON'S INSOLUBLE CEMENT

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt.

It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use.

It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere oily substances firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO,
Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2 oz. to 100 lbs.
For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings.

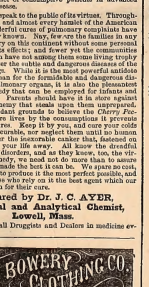
150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." All sizes. Free by mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 349 Broadway, N. Y.

ΙΩΔΗΣ.

IODINE WATER.

Dr. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists, 423 Broadway, N. Y. Circulars sent free.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRA'ED STOMACH BI..TERS.

TO THE MARTYRS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.—Among the wonderful medical properties which have rendered HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS pre-eminent among the health-restoring preparations of the age, its tonic-like virtues are not the least remarkable. No organ can do justice to its marvelous effect upon the diseased liver. Perhaps the strongest words of commendation suffice, we describe it as "going right to the spot," tell the liver to do its duty, and it does it. The debt right to the liver is openly acknowledged upon the relieved organ; it is also equally active on the stomach, bowels, and blood. Its combination of the three elements so essential to the well-being between the shoulders and in the right side, yellow suffusion of the skin, dizziness, drowsiness and languor, dimness of sight, colic, palpitation of the heart, dry cough, low fevers, and other symptoms, which indicate the worst disease of acute and chronic liver complaint, are one and all promptly relieved and finally removed, by the action of this famous preparation, which is at once the best of correctives, the gentlest and most genial of aperients, an infallible regulator, and a powerful restorative. Prepared on a different basis, this one Bitters as a preventive medicine, will never suffer the pains and penalties of liver disease or bilious remittent fever. This the proprietors guarantee.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 628 BROADWAY.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $8; per thousand, $50.
Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

"Noses" and their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, pug, long, short, thick, sharp, aquiline, "turn ups," and Jewish Noses, with the "why and wherefore" of these varieties. Portraits and characters of our leading Generals, and other officers, with their Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. Also Ethnology, Physiology, &c., given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED for June. A new vol. begins with July. $1 99 a year, or 15 cents a Number. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Leagues of the United States. Pieces: per hundred, $15. Per thousand (to Clubs), $120. Single Badges, 15 cents each. Address
GEO. W. CHILDS,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

National Union League. To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by the organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a Pin in fine 16 pt. gold, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Subject Patent, 216 Broadway, N. Y., up two pair stairs. Send for Pamphlet. Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.



Will cook a Beefsteak (4 in. thick) in 2½ minutes, on a Coal Oil Stove at a cost of less than ¼ of a cent; make a Cup of Tea in 7 minutes; Toast four slices of bread in 3 minutes; boil or fry an Egg in 3 minutes; warm drinks, food, &c., for the sick or babe in 2½ minutes.

It will also prevent the breaking of chimneys, and save the trouble of cleaning them, as it will burn the smoke, fumes of fires smokily. Used on any Kerosene lamp without obscuring the light (no smoke or odor). Price 75 cents. Sold at lamp stores. Also by E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 125 Water St., N. Y.
Orders from the trade solicited.

Cure of Gravel in Two Weeks.

Ilex, Oneida Co., N. Y., Jan. 27, 1863.

Dr. Brandreth:

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter acknowledging draft on Bank of Commerce, and thanking me for *Brandreth's Pills*, which have been largely sold in this town for the last thirty years.

Within a few weeks one of the most respectable of our citizens was sorely afflicted with gravel; no less than eight medical men were called in with a view to giving relief to the severe pain, which caused the patient to utter piercing cries, which were heard a block. The doctors exerted their skill in vain; as a last resort *Brandreth's Pills* were procured from me. I sold a full dose of six grave ese, and two boxes effected a perfect cure within two weeks. In our town, there are persons who have been cured of many severe diseases by the use of these Pills. Be sure and see my "new supply are fresh *Pills* and new style.

Your friend and Agent, of many years standing
ASA FILLMORE.

In all case, be sure and get NEW STYLE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and be put off with no other. You these secure fresh Pills, and the genuine.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street. Also No. 4 Union Square, and all dealers.

HUBBARD'S SELF-MEASURE UNION BADGES GRATUITOUS TO SOLDIERS ONLY! Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send two 3 cent stamps for postage.
HUBBARD BROS., *New York.*

WOOL TWINE, in balls and skeins.
FLAX and HEMP CARPET WARP,
2 and 3 ply, colored and grey. All kinds of twine and cordage at lowest net cash prices.
H. A. HARVEY, 84 Malden Lane.

The King Microscope—Double Lens. Prof. HOWARD'S new and improved Microscope is very powerful, and you have got it up very neatly." 65 cents. The "S. WOODWORTH," 33, and the "HOWARD MICROSCOPE," 18 cts. One of each (3) for $1. Free by mail. T. Edwin King, "Evans Hall," No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every club of Five Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
500 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
850 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
1000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Lockets.....	3 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can get, will be put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $18.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

Providence, R. I.

THE

IXL

PATENT NO CHIMNEY BURNER, for Burning Kerosene or Coal Oil in Flint Lamps.

Agents wanted in every State of the Union.

Great inducements offered. Send for Circular.

Sample sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

J. DODIN,

No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW

AND

WONDERFUL.

The most Extraordinary Book ever Published. Just Out. We guarantee satisfaction to every one. Sent free per mail on receipt of Ten Cents. Liberal discount to trade. Agents wanted.

RICHARDS & CO., 149 1/2 Nassau St., N.Y. Box 3131.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers should use no other.

To Agents, Sutlers, and others.—We offer great inducements to sell our "Prize Packages," the largest, cheapest, and best out. Every variety in all the Army, Navy, and Country trade. Prices reduced, and a "spicier, did Gift of Jewelry" given with each Package.

G. G. HASKIN & CO.

36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

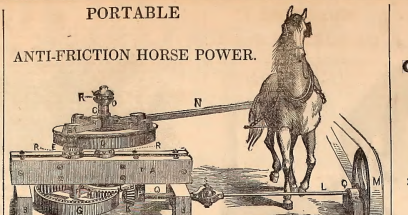
Exempts! Exempts!

Conscription Act now Ready. Official.

Sent free per mail, to any address, on receipt of Five Cents. Agents Wanted. Liberal discount. RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., Box 3131, N. Y.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 113 Chambers St.

PORTABLE ANTI-FRICTION HORSE POWER.



These powers have been exhibited at several WESTERN STATE FAIRS, and have ALWAYS taken the HIGHEST PREMIUMS. The friction is reduced by IRON BALLS, which support the entire weight of the carriage. Will do the SAME AMOUNT OF WORK as four power with two to four horses less than are generally used. EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Price of Power for 1 to 6 Horses (power to be taken from pulley, as shown above)..... $135 00.
With bevel-geared double tumbling rod..... 140 00.

☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO **E. H. BENNET**, Patentee, 44 Genesee St., New York.

HUBBARD BROS'

GREAT DEALERS of the WORLD, NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels by mail, with the utmost care and promptitude. Watches so forwarded are *registered*; we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Just received, by European steamers, several large importations of that deservingly popular novelty, the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

Exceedingly Appropriate for Army Service.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEPIECES are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The Army and Navy Gazette, of Philadelphia, in its notice of them, says: "HUBBARD'S watches are well worthy of the high character they have attained in this country."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has strong and massive STERLING SILVER cases, beautiful white enamel dial, hardened and tempered balance, with regulator, compensated, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $54. By mail, $1 05 additional for postage. Should retail readily at from $20 to $50 each. Liberal discount in quantities of less than six. Also the celebrated

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUBBARD OR OWEN FACE, OR LID'S OR GENTLEMAN'S MOVEMENT, WITH THE LATEST STEM WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most splendid specimen of which the HUBBARD BROS. of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the 'Magic Time Observer,' and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and withal the best and cheapest time-keepers for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it the combined, and by the application of its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of pure metals. The outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $84. Sample Watches, in same Gorgeous cases, for those proposing to buy as wholesale, $35. If sent by mail the postage is 56 cents.

THESE CARDS! REQUIRED IN ADVANCE IN ALL INSTANCES! Remittances may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order; if sent by express or mail in a Registered Letter at our risk.

☞ Circulars, *gratis*.

☞ WATCHES FOR THE ARMY CAN ONLY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

Farms and Wanting Farms.

Large and choicing settlement of Riverland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be sold only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. Low rates of trans of from $10 to $90 per cen, payable within 4 years. Good schools and churches. Healthy. Title clear. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., Jersey county of fifty thousand and Vineland is the capital next fro. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be worn by all persons afflicted with Rheumatism, Sciat Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 13 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 101 Broadway, N. Y.

Every variety of Rubber Goods for sale at Wholesale.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT

WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest cheek or chin without injury to the skin. Price $1—tested by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, superior to all others. Sold by all respectable stationers and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 315 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

The wonderful Automopelling Horses, Mackenzie's Patent. Cantering Horses and Racing Ponies run rapidly over any grounds, or good roads, propelled by the weight of the rider. Also for Children. Always keep their balance. Many who have not strength to walk can ride well

The most charming out-door exercise that has ever been invented. STEPHEN W. SMITH, 493 Broadway, N. Y.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

Providence, R. I.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, July 11th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the exemption of six prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch and Corn Flour" or "Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The first and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without bein-ghars, Gelatine or an egg, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island. Wholesale Depot, 646 Pearl Street, N. Y.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating ally extract of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head: entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & Co.,

Providence, R. I.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

MANTILLAS, BRODIE'S GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better DISPLAY.

And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address,

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 16 other new and curious articles. 10 circulars *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 60. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 613 Broadway.

MOUNT ETNA MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Pris., Mount Etna, Westchester County, N. Y.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS.

13 Waverly Place.

Madame Benedict, from Rue de la Paix, Paris. Bonnets, Hats, Head-Dresses, Parisian styles.

Heavy Artillery Tactics, 1863.

Instruction for Heavy Artillery; prepared by a Board of Officers, for the use of the Army of the United States. With service of a gun mounted on an iron carriage.

"WAR DEPARTMENT, }
"WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20, 1862. }

"This system of Heavy Artillery Tactics, prepared under direction of the War Department, having been approved by the President, is adopted for the instruction of troops when acting as Heavy Artillery.

"EDWIN M. STANTON,
"Secretary of War."

In one volume 12mo; with numerous illustrations. Price $2. This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, New York.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

Providence, R. I.

CANVASSING AGENTS

Of experience WANTED upon the best
ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDITIONS
OF THE
HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION,
And other first-class and fast-selling Subscription Books. Address
N. C. MILLER, Publisher of Subscription Books,
No. 3 Park Row, New York.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe News Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 36x60. Price $1000.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 32x51. Price $750.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x56. Price $1000.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

607 Broadway, New York.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Fine *Shirts* and *Collars* made to order.

Fine Gauze Merino underwear $2 50 each; or $15 a doz. Also a large stock of Scarfs, Ties, and Jean Drawers of our own make, and warranted to fit.

C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money.—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the Kingdom, Scotland, Europe, America, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 20 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, lying in Government and Private Securities parts of the world. Fee to search for name, $3. Copy of advertisement $1 in handsome folio. All letters must be pre-paid. Address

ROBERT GUN GUIN & CO., 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, opposite Astor House, never with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. STEDDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, up stairs.
☞ Established 1848. ☜ For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Consisting of Four Games of Cards for Sports, and Major for Jack. 52 enamelled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copy of advertisements for months past of a monthly publication or apply to HENRY HAYS, 640 Broadway, N. Y. Cards of name found, printed and engraved.



EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!
MAY BE PROCURED

At FROM $8 to $12 PER ACRE.

Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.

1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, ON LONG CREDIT, the beautiful and fertile PRAIRIE LANDS *lying along the whole line of their Railroad, 700 MILES IN LENGTH, upon the most Favorable Terms, for the benefit of Actual Settlers, Farmers, Manufacturers, and Mechanics, and to make a home for themselves and their families a competency, and a* HOME *they can call* THEIR OWN, *as will appear from the following statements:*

ILLINOIS

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,717,000, and a soil capable of supporting 50,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the Settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate, from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 190 miles, is well adapted to Winter wheat,

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO,

Fruits, Roots, Vegetables, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which the Chicago, Alton, and Illinois Rivers and their tributaries find their way to the Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans. Between the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers a distance of 138 miles on the Branch, and 156 miles on the Main Trunk), lies the great Corn and Stock raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 50 to 70 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois. A branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith a distance of 96 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk), Timothy Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c. are produced in great abundance.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 75,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels, besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorghum, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. DAIRY FARMING also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Cotton was successfully grown in 1862, see Mattson on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line, the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the production of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can by their gainful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and perfection of this staple.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to the Ohio. At the same imports, the Railroad runs through the centre of the State, and on either side of the road along the whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

CITIES, TOWNS, MARKETS, DEPOTS.

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving access to over sixty miles. Cities, Towns, and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large portion of the proceeds of the sales of the school lands in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres, at $10 per acre, with interest at 6 per cent. annually on the following terms:	
Cash payment	$ 80 00
Payment in one year	48 00
" in two years	48 00
" in three years	48 00
" in four years	336 00
" in five years	224 00
" in six years	112 00
" in seven years	112 00

40 acres, at $10 00 per acre:	
Cash payment	$ 24 00
Payment in one year	24 00
" in two years	24 00
" in three years	24 00
" in four years	110 00
" in five years	112 00
" in six years	106 00
" in seven years	106 00

Address **Land Commissioner,** *Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.*

For Spring and Summer.

For Dyspepsia and Bilious Complaints, Headaches, Constipation, Colds, &c.; as a gentle and efficient Purgative; as a refreshing and invigorating Draught; suitable for all ages and sexes, and for all climates.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

has the approbation and preference of the Most Fastidious, over Sulphate of Soda, Rochelle Powders, Pills, and harsh Purgatives.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by TARRANT & CO., No. 275 Greenwich St., N. Y.

BENJ. FRANKLIN,

173 Broadway, New York,

Manufacturer of Jewelry, and Manufacturer's Agent for the sale of Military Trimmings, Millinery Ornaments,

ALBUMS AND

BIBLE CLASPS,

AND

Yankee Notions of every description.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway,

Between Broome and Grand Street,

Are now opening, Mr. MIRAMON, DUNNO and TEA SETS, Fairon Ware, Vases, &c., &c.

The Craig Microscope.

If you would like the most interesting, instructive, amusing, and useful Instrument in the world, send $3, and the Craig Microscope and 6 beautiful mounted objects will be sent, postage paid; Instrument and 24 objects sent for $5. The celebrated microscope is so simple that a child can use it, and magnifies about 10,000 times. Address HENRY CRAIG, 180 Centre Street, New York. Liberal discount to Dealers.

To Holders of United States Bonds!

Premium paid for Coupons due May 1, on Five-Twenties. Coupons due July 1, and Coupons due Aug. 19, 1863. Also, Gold and Silver bought, by ALFRED S. ROBINSON, Broker, Marble Block, Hartford, Conn.

ATTENTION

50,000 Agents Wanted.

Any one wishing to purchase JEWELRY, I will send as sample, on the receipt of a Dollar, my $40 inch Wholesale Circular, either a Gold Mosaic Pin or Ring, or a Gent's Scarf Pin with Chain attached, or a neat new style Vest Chain, or Neck Chain, or a splendid Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful Engraved Bracelet, or Spring Locket, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
209 Broadway, N. Y.

By Order of
The Prince Napoleon,

Four spirited Stockers were executed by DARLEY for his private collection:

Emigrants attacked by Indians on the Prairie.
The Village Blacksmith.
The Unwilling Lobever.
The Repose.

By permission, we publish these fine specimens of American Art in Cards, for full particulars

Price 25 cents each. Can be sent by mail.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway, N. Y.

How to Paint Photographs.

A NEW WORK

Just published. Price 10 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists, Picture Frame dealers, and sent, post-paid, by the Publishers,

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

GOLD PENS

Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving full list of prices and directions. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 36 cents.

E. S. ROBINSON, Manufactory and Office 25 Maiden Lane, New York City.

GOLD PENS AND CASES AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—genuine goods. Also, the best Fountain Pen in the world. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer, 64 Nassau Street, New York.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye, affording the clearest and truest vision, by the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

THE FOILED CRACKSMAN.

NAPOLEON. "Sacre-r-r-r-gre! I have use up all my tools, and can not open ze Satané Safe! I will be necessary zat I shall get myself away before ze neighborhood avales!"

INSURE YOUR LIFE

WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 99 BROADWAY, New York,

Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:

A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, nor largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter *specially requires* that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims. All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTISS ..... President.
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD ..... Vice-President.
W. A. BELWEB, Jr. ..... Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers

AND

Dealers in Government Securities,

Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

IF ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR WILL CEASE. Parties wishing to secure 7 3-10ths Notes Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7.30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HAMLIN BROS., Boston, Mass.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope

Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2.25; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 180 Centre Street, 3d floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT

Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate. E. BOWDOIN, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

A THOUSAND REFRIGERATORS found at I. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $5 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALLED, and unlike all the old stries: containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), 500 gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friends in the army. No family should be without one. Prize inventions, rules quick. *Soldiers in camp can start an Agency, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULARS for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45. .

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not collect C. O. D. packages.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of WATCHES,
No. 335 Canal Street, New York.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Dyspepsia, L.Y.D.S.

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP.

Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body,* gives *Tone to the Nerves, Appetite to the Muscles, and Health to every Chamber, Joint, and Limb.*

One Dollar per Bottle; which often cures.

Depot, 126 CHATHAM St., N. Y. Sold 502 GRAND St. Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements,* perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. GILES, P. NORTON & CO., 153 & 155 Canal Street, N. Y.

AT
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free of charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS Co., NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 337.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

We devote considerable space this week to illustrations of the Army of the Tennessee, whose splendid exploits are the theme of every conversation. On pages 376 and 377 we give an equestrian portrait of its gallant Commander, MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, showing him where always he shines most—under fire; in our last number we gave a brief sketch of his life and career.

On this page we give a portrait, from a photograph by Anthony, of MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, one of the most gallant of Grant's division commanders. General Logan first attracted public attention as a member of Congress from Illinois. A lawyer by trade, he was a strong Democrat in politics; in Congress he generally acted with Senator Douglas and his friends. When the secession of the South became imminent, he was one of the most decided of the Western members in opposing the movement and in warning the Southern members, with whom he had previously acted, that their folly would unite men of all parties at the North against them. His memorable threat—that "the men of the Northwest would cleave their way down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico with their swords"—we illustrated last week. At the actual outbreak of war, Mr. Logan resigned his seat in Congress, and though representing a district in which Copperheadism was rampant, raised a regiment, and entered the service as its Colonel. Like M'Clernand and Wallace, he soon proved himself as able in the field as he had been in the courts and political assemblages. He served with credit under Grant at Fort Donelson, and again at Shiloh, and was speedily promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship. On the reorganization of the Army of the Tennessee last fall, General Logan took command of a division, and was applauded and confirmed a Major-General. In the recent campaign against Vicksburg he distinguished himself conspicuously.

The pictures on this page, and on page 372, are from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, our special artist who accompanied General Grant. He writes:



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

CROSSING BAYOU PIERRE.

"HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS, NEAR BLACK RIVER, MISS., *May 4, 1863.*

"On the night of the first ult. the routed and disheartened rebels, under General Bowen, crossed and burned the bridge over the Bayou Pierre at Port Gibson.

"At early dawn on the second our men were on the march in eager pursuit of the flying foe. A raft bridge was speedily constructed by the negro engineer corps, under the command of the engineer officer of General Logan's division, Captain Tirrillian.

"Passing, I may say of Captain T. that he is considered one of the very best officers that we have. He has organized a corps of willing workers—negroes, who have fled from the swamps and fastnesses in which they were 'corraled' in droves like cattle. The brave soldiers of the gallant Logan's division, more than impatient at the necessary delay, were speedily crossing the just completed bridge. The yet burning structure and the often-clouded night moon lent aid and comfort to M'Pherson's corps, and they pressed on in hot haste to reach, if possible, the fleet-footed chivalry."

SHELLING THE REBEL REAR.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, NEAR BLACK RIVER, MISS., *May 4, 1863.*

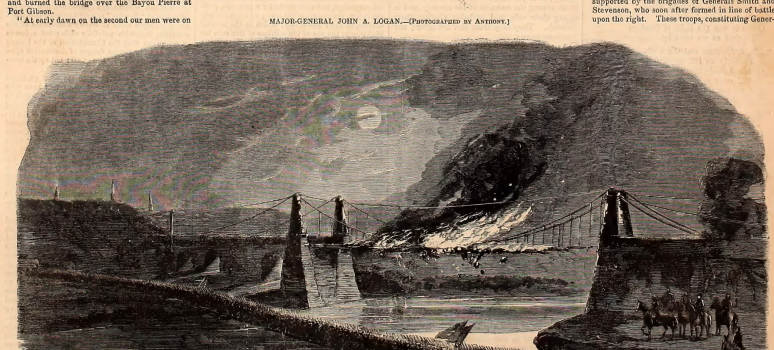
"During the day the rebel force under General Bowen were closely followed in their hasty flight by a portion of General M'Pherson's command, the divisions of Generals Logan and Crocker. The rich hues of sunset were tinging the western skies as our advance reached the river. The rebel rear was exposed, and a piece of Captain De Golyer's battery being brought into position at top speed of its horses, its shot soon reached the tender part. The haste of the flying rebels may be imagined by the fact that General Bowen left his 'presented pistol' upon the hastily constructed bridge."

THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *May 15, 1863.*

"At 10 o'clock on the 12th the 'Body Guard,' under Captain Foster, discovered the enemy in small force upon the road three miles from Raymond. A portion of General Dennis's brigade—the Twentieth Ohio and Thirtieth Illinois Regiments—were deployed to the right and left of the road. Being advanced, the enemy were discovered in line of battle, occupying a commanding position, a mile and a half from Raymond.

"A section of De Golyer's battery was placed in position in the road, and at a distance of one thousand yards opened the fight, when the whole battery was placed in position, with the brigade of General Dennis for its support, it being in turn supported by the brigades of Generals Smith and Stevenson, who soon after formed in line of battle upon the right. These troops, constituting Gener-



GENERAL LOGAN CROSSING THE BAYOU PIERRE IN PURSUIT OF THE REBELS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

al Logan's division, were soon charged by the enemy. The charge was upon the right flank, but the previous disposition of troops frustrated it, and a sharp engagement of an hour ensued. The enemy were repulsed.

"General Crocker's division coming up, was disposed to the right, left, and reserve by General M'Pherson, and the line immediately advanced. The rebels, being driven from their position, retreated through the town toward Jackson, and our troops occupied Raymond. Our loss was 23 killed and 198 wounded. Among the killed was Colonel Richards. Colonel M'Cook was wounded."

THE CAVALRYMAN'S STORY.

"Tell again," the grandsire faltered,
Sitting by the farm-house door,
"Tell again the tale unaltered,
How you rode of yore;
It will quicken the slow beating
Of my pulse once more."

And the bronzed and bearded yeoman,
Of the wondrous, daring ride,
Through the country of the foeman
In his bright springtide,
Told with homely grace the story
By the old man's side.

"Good twelve thousand were we there, gran'ther;
Every man of us was tough
As the wiry, brown-haired panther,
And our hands were rough
As the clothes you wore when granny
Spun and wove the stuff.

"We had winered by the river
In the muddy, hutted camps,
Where we had to fight forever
With the twisting cramps
That came prowling round at night-time
Through the fogs and damps.

"But the sunny spring had brought us
Round as right as men could be;
Had you been there you had thought us
Each a gnarled oak-tree;
It could eat of hearty bacon
Then enough for three.

"Dashed we through the Rappahannock,
By brave Stoneman gayly led,
Each man eager for a square knock
On an S. C. head:
How our horses stirred the mud up
In the river's bed!

"Oh! the wild, exciting gallop
Round the trainers' hair;
Where a foe was left to wallop
Surely we were there,
Terror through the basements sending
Of his rising hair.

"Hissed the delicate-handed ladies,
Shrill between their rage and fear;
But the dark-eyed, half-bleached babies
Grinned from rear to ear,
And their sable, gladdened mothers
Never showed a sneer.

"And the brawny bondmen weary,
Stood at once erect and high,
As upon their midnight dreary
Broke a morning sky:
Guess it was the light of freedom
Flashed as we went by.

"The defenseless and the lowly
Tenderly we left unharmed;
God had made our weakness holy
And their safety charmed;
But we pounced, like sudden falcons,
On the traitors armed.

"If we thundered down the highways
To the farmered villages;
How we scouted all the by-ways
Underneath the trees;
How we stung the rebel minions
Like a swarm of bees!

"Over swamps and dusty ridges
Rushed we to the sacred streams,
And the ponderous wooden bridges,
Tracked for iron teams,
Quick as thought went bursting skyward,
With their clamps and beams.

"Flamed the wellfilled army storehouse—
Bacon smoked as ne'er before;
Burst the doors of every warehouse,
Ruined were their store;
Many a rebel missed his rations
For a month and more.

"Rumor buzzed along before us,
Threatening death to every man,
And at times, the shadow o'er us
Darkened like a ban;
But we rode so swift that Rumor
Hardly kept the van.

"Then at dark we camped so wary
Out upon the lonely heights,
With the solemn heavens starry
Holding all our lights;
And the picket's tread was muffled
Through the silent nights.

"Ten long, reckless days of danger
Swept we through the foeman's land,
Every keen-eyed, daring ranger
Bearing in his hand
All of life's uncounted value
Lightly as his brand.

"Though the perils gathered thickly
Hour by hour on every hand—
Fiery signals leaping quickly
Onward through the land—
Through a hundred leagues of foemen
Scathless came our band.

"Oh! the memories of battle
Stir me, gran'ther, by your side;
I can hear the fiery rattle
Echo far and wide;
And forever in my dreaming
That wild raid I ride."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read, by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed in a week, like most city papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purposes as *Harper's Weekly*.

Advertisements on the last page of *Harper's Weekly* are TEN DOLLARS per line; inside SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS per line. The space allotted to advertisements is limited, and an early application is advisable to secure a place.

WOULD-BE MARTYRS.

NOW that Mr. Vallandigham is comfortable among people of his own way of thinking in Canada, we presume that the noble army of would-be martyrs will undergo a diminution. It is still asserted, we perceive, by Vallandigham's friends, that the atrocious tyranny of which he bears the victim will have the effect of making him Governor of Ohio; and quite a number of aspiring politicians, anxious to be Governors or at least Congressmen, themselves are trying busily to get themselves locked up or exiled with a view to the honors and profits of martyrdom. We, however, believe we are as some of our friends seem to be that the people of Ohio will send to the Court of Jeff Davis for a successor to Governor Tod. Ohio has nearly 100,000 men in the field who are shedding their blood in a deadly struggle with rebels who welcome, appreciate, and extol Vallandigham; these citizen-soldiers and their friends will wait at all events until the war is over before they send to the enemy's camp for a Governor and Commander-in-Chief. For our part, we think that Mr. Vallandigham is effectually extinguished. By whatever specious ingenuity he may have heretofore exculpated himself from charges of disloyalty, it is patent now that he is a welcome guest among the enemies of his country, and is casting their salt, and probably sharing their counsels. They may trust him hereafter; the North never can.

As to the smart talkers and writers who are coming at the Capitol or the White House by way of Fort Lafayette, we fear their ambition will be disappointed. The price of provisions is advancing daily, and the Government is already at expense enough for their board of troops, without undertaking to fatten traitors likewise. It would be no small gain to many of these New York and Brooklyn patriots, who do claim against the destruction of our liberties, to get their board gratis this summer. But Mr. Lincoln can not afford such luxuries. The peace orators had far better give up the idea of getting free board and lodging, with eventual contingencies in the shape of a martyr's reputation, and betake themselves to some honest trade.

When the war is over, the public will probably be apt to scan rather closely the record which public men made for themselves while it was raging. At that time, protests against being classed as a contemptible Copperhead will be vain. The men who are now noisiest against the atrocious despotism of Lincoln will then call Heaven to witness that they were loyal supporters of the Government. Yet it will then be as odious to have been false to the country in her hour of greatest peril as it was eighty years ago to have joined the Tories in the Revolution. Already there are indications that public sentiment is being formed in this direction. Even among persons not over-friendly to the Government, "ticket-of-leave" men from Fort Lafayette are beginning to be shunned. Pretty soon the public will make no great distinction between a rascal who was sent to State's Prison for burglary and a traitor who was sent to Fort Warren for treason. And the stigma will stick. Our children will be brought up in holy horror of traitors, and the time will come when innocent creatures, now unborn or mere infants, will be pursued through life with the bitter and unbearable taunt that, in the dark and dreary days of the Great Rebellion, their father was a Copperhead!

THE LOUNGER.

DESPOTISM.

When the rebels, in a kind of mad spite, talk of the despotism which prevails at the North—speak of the President as his "Majesty Abraham First," or "King Lincoln"—and compliment themselves upon being relieved from the contamination of Northern society, the dull banner can hardly excite a smile among those who have the earnest work of the war upon their hands and hearts.

But when papers and orators among ourselves repeat and reiterate a thing that can positively paralyze the spirit and perplex the activity of loyal men, appealing to the basest prejudices and the meanest passions, they rely upon a party warfare while the nation is in deadly peril from armed rebellion—insisting that the danger to the country from the despotism of the Government of the United States is greater than that from the desperate rebellion of Davis and his associates—and in the same breath declaring that the proof of that despotism is its interference with free speech; there can be but one emotion in every loyal mind, and that a feeling of unutterable contempt.

There is always a public common sense which understands the interest of speeches and articles which are skillfully prepared to seem to favor what they really attack. That common sense is perfectly aware that a man who, in this critical period of our history, steadily depreciates every act and measure every word and sign of Administration, under pretense of supporting the "Government," is a man who delights in our defeats and rejoices in rebel successes. It understands that Mr. Fernando Wood is more interested in the maintenance of personal rights than General Burnside, or that the party known as the Loyal League is more unswervingly devoted to the maintenance of the supreme constitutional authority of the Government than the President of the United States, is too gross for any one, except a man who believes that Mr. Rynders really respects the right of free speech.

The people of this country have invested the authorities with unusual powers for carrying on the war and suppressing the rebellion. Nobody supposes that summary proceedings may not be often necessary, and every body knows that in case of any extreme abuse of such powers or of any tyranny, every officer will be held to the strictest account. But the spirit and method of public criticism which unfortunately exists to-day is made from real sympathy with the cause of the country or from secret hostility to it. Every candid, patriotic, intelligent, loyal man believe that the liberties of American citizens are in more danger from the action of the authorities than from the rebellion? Does such a man truly believe that a Copperhead convention, is more jealous of the national honor, or more earnestly desirous of a speedy and permanent peace than those who prefer even to see some rights temporarily abridged rather than all rights finally destroyed?

THE WESTERN BOYS.

WHILE we write, the fate of Vicksburg is undecided. But whatever that fate may be, the sturdy and undaunted spirit of the Western soldiers who have fought for a month in the very heart of the rebellion will be one of the most glorious traditions of the war.

They stand beside the river which is their giver. They fight not only for the great and general cause of the Government and of civil order which inspires all our troops, but they strike for a palpable, present object, the control of the river, which is the lifecurrent of their country, which is the natural highway to the sea of ten millions of free men between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, the vast, central basin of the continent, the valley of imperishable empire.

They fight, too, with a heroism proportioned to the grandeur of the stake, with the inspiration of men who know that justice, law, necessity, national life itself, are on their side. To the wiles of demagogues and desperate traitors they oppose a glistening front of silent steel. They know that no treaty with a foreign power can secure to them the navigation of that river so certainly as its unobstructed control by a powerful unitized nation from the head to the gulf. They know that to seek that control by separation from the Eastern and union with the Southern part of that nation would be to renounce the guarantee of a great sovereign power for the uncertain alliance of a faction which does not respect its own honorable engagements, and repudiates the unity of parts as an essential condition of collective force.

Throughout the whole land, and through our history, the praise of these men rings and shall ring forever. Men of the West, whether this time Vicksburg falls before your conquering hands, or whether its fall be yet delayed, remember that every drop of heart blood that has ever flowed or will in the land together, and binds yet more closely the bonds that hold our common country! In the East and in the West the river is the sea, all hearts follow you with hopes, and prayers, and pride, and the children of our children shall bless you!

FROM A DIARY.

THE Lounger is glad to hear once more from his friend the Diarist, who continues to jot down his little daily experiences.

I was sitting in Edward's office the other morning when John came in and announced that the world was a-dod and that I was found in the same shoe (forever) but something ever radically changed; and that when Edward was older he would know that a man was an ass who supposed there was any social progress or amelioration. It is needless for me to record that John is a full-blown Copperhead. He continued that he prided himself on his consistency. He vowed that he had never changed; that he started in life with certain fixed principles, but that while other people had budged he had been steady.

"Yes," said Edward, drily, "and the principles of such people before. The Bourbons never changed. They had a fixed principle. It was to bolt their heads against a stone wall. And they butted until they were jelly. Do you present this quality of yours as a subject of admiration? For you really seem to be plumbing yourself upon it."

"I mean," said John, "that I don't change my views of right and wrong."

"Well, who does?" replied Edward, smiling.

"Why, I should rather think you did," continued John, "for I heard Ebony the other day—think of it!—Ebony, the Abolitionist—the Abolitionist, by Jupiter!—actually praising you, my dear Edward. And I was truly sorry for you."

"How does that show any change of my view of right and wrong?"

"Why, didn't he use to search you because you believed in slavery?"

"I never believed in slavery."

"The devil you didn't."

"No—I thought that to right to be let alone, and that it would cure itself. But since the slave-drivers began to plead the country to save slavery, I am for crushing slavery to save the country, and for upsetting it so thoroughly that there shall be nothing left of it. My view of the right or wrong of slavery is precisely the same. But my view of the true policy in regard to its treatment has changed. Does that penetrate your brain my dear John? But, John—I"

"Well."

"You say that you heard Ebony, the Abolitionist, praise me?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ebony and I both go in for Union, and liberty as its security. But the other day I heard Scale, the meanest of Copperheads, praising you without stint. I have heard you flattered in many things by many, and laughed. But, by George, I blushed this time to hear you praised for doing all you could to help the rebels, under a plea of concern for the Union and Government!"

"Edward," said John, "you are a fanatic for slavery, and honor, and Union, and human rights, does not trouble me very much. But to be praised by a fanatic for slavery, indecency, dishonor, and disunion, that, I think, Master John, would be a little tough. What do you think of it?"

"I do not believe in slavery."

"What?"

"I have always been consistent. I have always said that whosoever may body would say how Slavery could be sustained in a way not more beneficial to masters and slave, I would consider the proposition."

"Governor mine!" said John, I am not abductyl in favor of theft. I say only that whenes or somebody will point out to me how thieving can be done away with, with a due regard to the right of property and of theft, I will consider it maturely. But meanwhile I must be permitted to promote theft by every means in my power. Meanwhile, for it expressly speaks of thieves breaking through and stealing, Society, thieving in some form has always prevailed, and must therefore be considered Providential, and society experts thieving and is adjusted to that expectation; and some men are clearly raised to thieves or they wouldn't be thieves; and what on earth do you propose to do with the thieves if you abolish theft? Your position and your reasoning, John, do equal honor to your brains and your heart. You are a fine Slavish social cuss and a Copperhead by natural selection."

John smiled vaguely and turned over the papers.

"I am really very much concerned about Vicksburg," he said.

"Yes, of course you are, for there is a chance of Jeff's losing it," answered Edward.

John smiled still more feebly.

"Oh, you are such a horrid Abolitionist," said he, as he walked out.

REBELS AND COPPERHEADS.

THE Copperheads and the rebels have an equally sensitive regard and veneration for the Constitution of the United States. It was a favorite and universal theory of the rebels at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election that the Constitution did not permit the Government to save itself. Mr. Russell, in his Diary, mentions by name the rebels in certain notorious Copperheads of to-day who were of the same opinion. And the Copperhead journals, which struggle to show that there is no terrorism at the South, which magnify our disasters, and nobly sneer at "Sambo," appear day after day without one single word of hearty abhorrence of the rebellion, but with painfully-elaborated columns of complaint that the Constitution of the United States is in imminent danger of destruction by—Davis and his crew? Not at all; but by the Government.

It is, indeed, marvelous to see what profound respect for the Constitution the rebels have who are slaughtering our loyal citizens by the thousands to overthrow it, and the Copperheads who are doing all that men can do to secure the success of the rebellion. Indeed, if we may judge by Copperhead or rebel authority, the Government of the United States, which acts sometimes summarily, and the great mass of the loyal people who support the Government, are wickedly regardless of the august instrument at whose foundation Washington, the only hope of maintaining the authority of the Constitution and restoring unity lies in Jeff Davis and the rebels at the South, and in Jeff Davis at the North, like Messrs. Vallandigham and Rynders.

It is not surprising, therefore, since Copperhead is only the Northern view of a rebel, to find an absolute likeness in the phrases by which the rebel and Copperhead papers and orators describe the process of subverting the Constitution in which the Government is engaged. In the rebel states, as showing the identity of spirit which animates them. By way of illustration. Can any reader tell at which of these three criticisms of the Administration at Cincinnati" are taken from rebel or Copperhead sources? The "new campaign for consolidating all power . . . and ferociously stamping down the last murmurs and struggles of those liege subjects who used to be citizens." "By gradations of great mass of the loyal people who support the Government, are wickedly regardless of the augustinstrument, at whose foundation Washington, the only hope of maintaining the authority of the Constitution and restoring unity lies in Jeff Davis and the rebels at the South, and in Jeff Davis at the North, like Messrs. Vallandigham and Rynders.

It is not surprisingly, therefore, since Copperhead is only the Northern view of a rebel, to find an absolute likeness in the phrases by which the rebel and Copperhead papers and orators describe the process of subverting the Constitution in which the Government is engaged. In the rebel states, as showing the identity of spirit which animates them. By way of illustration. Can any reader tell at which of these three criticisms of the Administration at Cincinnati" are taken from rebel or Copperhead sources? The "new campaign for consolidating all power . . . and ferociously stamping down the last murmurs and struggles of those liege subjects who used to be citizens." "By gradations

A LITTLE DISH OF "PEACE."

MR. WALL, of New Jersey, who was confined in Fort Lafayette a year or two ago, and afterward sent to the United States Senate to complete a vacant term, lately made a speech in Philadelphia, Pa; feeling in regard to the orator, who is known

to favor submission to the rebels, was so strong in that city that he was protected in speaking by two hundred "minions of Abe Lincoln," who were also the municipal "tyrants and despots" of Philadelphia.

In the course of his speech the orator said that if the North, which is the stronger of the belligerents, did not offer overtures of reconciliation the war would become one of subjugation and annihilation. Of course it will. When some citizens arm to overthrow the Government of the people, and the people accept the war, there can be but one of three results: either the rebels must be subjugated by the superior power of the Government, or they must conquer the Government; or the war must continue until the weaker party is exhausted or annihilated. In the proposition that the Government shall offer terms of reconciliation is merely the second of these alternatives. For what is a Government which, after two years' hard fighting with citizens who refuse to obey laws constitutionally made, asks them what they want, and agrees to do what they desire? It is merely a power which says, "You are stronger than I." It is a Government dishonored and destroyed, after a conspicuous failure to enforce its authority.

That is exactly the feast of "Peace" to which Messrs. Vallandigham, Wall, Wood, Kynders, Brooks, & Co. invite the country.

THE FLAG.

DEDICATED TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW AND THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

At last, at last, each glowing star
In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred;
Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned;
Oh, perfect type, too long deferred,
At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned, but many an hour
Of storm and cloud, of doubt and tears,
Across the nation's sky must lower
Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow:
For us the cloud, the toil, the pain;
But welcome toil, for now we know
Our children shall their glory see.

At last, at last, oh, Stars and Stripes!
Touched by your birth by Freedom's flame!
Your purifying lightning wipes
Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
Sad Europe, listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa!
That gracious flag floats over all.

Pure as its white the future see;
Bright as its red to save the sky;
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be
That nerves our hands to do or die.

SLANDER.

MR. BENJAMIN N. MARTIN has performed a public service by writing to the New York *Times* that General Benham "uses no spirituous liquors when in active service." The *Times* upon the previous day had denounced as damaged reputations, and imputed to General Benham a "proneness to strong drink."

Now strong drinking is a great evil, but a public charge of drunkenness is not a small one. And it has become a charge which is alarmingly universal. Many of the most conspicuous civil and military leaders of the war have been its victims. For a long time it was chiefly asserted that they were only "habits were shocking." Then he smoked opium in his cigar. And the Lounger has been assured, by lovers that are extremely "liquorish," that the most important dispatches which have emanated from the State Department were prepared under the influence of strong drink. Innumerable Generals have also been painted in the same colors. Miss Dickinson is forgetful herself as to insinuate that General M'Clellan was intoxicated during the battle. General M'Dowell, who never drinks any thing stronger than lemonade, was on one day currently represented as overcome with liquor upon the field. So strong was the national tendency to charge drunkenness upon every public man that the President, whom we all knew to be a teetotaller, was described by our gentlemanly slaveholding brethren, who can not associate with vice in any form, as "a drunken baboon." The habit of imputing intemperance to the foe is so far that we have often heard the question asked of a person, whose act was singular or inexplicable, "Does he drink?"

It is beyond question that many public men seek the relief of stimulating drink, and to excess. The history of the country, of every state and city, is full of the melancholy warning. But unwise writers for the press should be more careful how they insinuate of any one what should be unsaid until its truth is beyond cavil. There is a sacred responsibility upon all newspaper writers of which we are all to forgetful. It is easy to say hasty notations—to suggest plausible suspicions—and pregnant and suggestive questions. It is as easy as to say that our soldiers are lost, and that the President is Genghis Khan, because Vallandigham is sent across the lines. And in such a case as Benham's it appears to be just as true.

LONDON LITERATURE.

How absurd literature has become a profession in London is curiously illustrated by an advertisement in a late literary paper. "To authors. Tales wanted. Good original stories, MS., containing 5000 to 50,000 words, will be liberally paid for; and rejected *MSS.* returned at the author's risk. Of short stories most are required; and when religious opinions are involved, they should be in favor of the national church. Translations quite unsuitable."

And another in the same paper: "To authors. A Publishing House, who (*sic*) intend to publish a popular history of England from 1688 to the present time, will be glad to receive proposals from competent writers for the preparation of the work."

It would be interesting to know the final result of such advertisements. Their appearance is not surprising, for the circulation of small weekly papers in London devoted to stories is enormous. The *London Journal*, for instance, the most popular of the class, circulates three hundred thousand copies weekly. There is a vague impression that the poorer Londoners do not read much. Yet Lloyd's penny paper circulates half a million of copies, issuing three editions, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, respectively. It is edited by Blanchard Jerrold, son of Douglas Jerrold, and has been steadily and strongly in favor of the Union cause in this country. It is a paper of the masses, and is very influential with the laboring poor. The Daily *Times*, on the other hand, the first daily which circulates about forty thousand. A single copy sells for threepence. The *Daily Telegraph* sells for one penny, and circulates 130,000 daily. The principal owner of the *Times* is a Mr. Walter, although, as Kinglake tells us, it is largely owned by a company. The *Telegraph* belongs to a Mr. Levy, a Hebrew of Fleet Street, and George Augustus Sala is its editor. Percy B. Singer is also an editor.

Of Sala the letter to the Washington *Chronicle*, in which we find these statements, gives a very unattractive portrait, which may be the result of some personal difficulty. "Sala writes one leading article daily for the *Telegraph*, for which he receives three guineas per diem. He is also the editor of *Temple Bar* (a magazine) and he will write for one month, for which he was the boon companion of Train—drank his Champagne, puffed his tramway, borrowed his money, and when Train lost his property, he lost his. I do not like to mention here, but he is simply a wordy, mercenary pretender, courses in his manner and in his talents, his tatters."

Of his "Captain Dangerous," which this writer calls "a flimsy sketch of rubbish," the *Athenæum* says: "As a book Captain Dangerous is of an obsolete form of literature, setting forth with much vigor and freshness of humor a living writer's ideal of the views and ways of life of a class of men and manners now for some generations since, the book will delight those who are familiar with the sources from which its stores of information have been drawn."

Doctors disagree.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

"NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 1, 1863.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—We are a quiet and quiet-natured Lounger, incline your ear to the grievances of the fair sex! Will you deign to use the services of a little sympathy and a little advice while we lay our cause of complaint before you? Our dresses are getting beyond endurance—in fact, it has ceased to be a virtue.

"We will not stop to know whether it is well here or gallant for a crowd of elaborately-dressed men—not ex-tiemen—to post themselves in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel every time when people are en route to and from church, for the sole purpose of criticising the ladies. Is it a joke for them to make satisfactory comments on dress or looks, and our style generally? It is very good-looking, if we don't say so ourselves, and we are particular. We were plain, we certainly can dispense with a proclamation of the fact, but whether that little bustle contrivance is re-enacted, until the Fifth Avenue Hotel is positively dreaded by the ladies. Nor can we avoid the infliction, unless we be so rash as to go unaccompanied by our principal churches. Now, dear Lounger, won't you have those blackguards have a gentle hint as to the fate of your lady readers? Do, and we'll be your firm friends and allies ever after.

"ONE OF THE SUFFERERS."

It is an old complaint, dear ladies. In Thackeray's "Pendennis," you will remember a charming poem at "the Church Perch," which is not indeed the hotel perch, but the lounging around both places is the very same. And when Miss Fotheringay was a man at the Lounger's elbow this moment who says that the world never moves; that nothing ever changes; and that what has been will continue to be forever. What do you think of that? There will indeed, we fear, for a long time be plenty of room for the criticism of the gentlemen, and criticism audibly or inaudibly the aspect of the ladies who pass before them. But as to dress, the avoidance is very simple, but it is quite effective. Cross to the other side of the street, ladies; and in effect that is the public opinion. A great city there must be a great many inconveniences and nuisances which you can not wholly escape.

A PICTURE AT BARNUM'S.

In the gallery with the Aquaria at Barnum's Museum there is a large picture, painted by Louis Lebrun, of John Brown on his way to execution. He is just leaving the jail under military escort and meets his young woman wife and child. Well were of the despised race for whose sake he had suffered so much, and was now about to lay down his life. He passed a negro woman with a black baby and the child tenderly." It is one of the incidents that history will always fondly record and art delineate. The fierce and bitter fighting of the abolitionists in the old man is already tempered. Despised and forsaken in his own day, the heart of another generation may well hail him as the hero of the anti-cast child. In the picture his head is conspicuous against the yellow ground of the flag which surrounds it like a halo. The eager officer by his side pushes the mother away, and the bedizened soldier in the fore-ground looks as if he had just left the confectioner, there is a solemnity and pathos in it which is wanting in many a finer painting.

When the Lounger was a boy and went to museums, the chief and terrible attraction was the murder of old Mr. White in Salem, done in wax. But here for the boys of to-day is a terrible scene of another kind, to which the artist has brought an earnest and loving hand. Mr. Barnum will be in the constant throng at the Museum—more than many books or orations, will repeat the significant story to the popular heart. That heart will remember long that those who were fiercest in their condemnation of John Brown are faintest in their censure of the rebels.

LITERARY.

MR. WALTER LOW, the bookseller at No. 823 Broadway, has the good and most useful habit of advertising in every Saturday's *Evening Post* the new books of the week. Readers and buyers will find his bulletin a great convenience.

Mr. Low has also for sale the admirable photograph by Rockwood of Darley's characteristic drawing, "The Story of a Battle."

Bayard Taylor has a novel in press, called "The Strong-Minded Woman: a Romance of American Life."

Donald G. Mitchell, "Ik Marvel," has a new book nearly ready—"My Farm: a Book on Rural Affairs." When Rubens was sent as minister to a foreign court he said that he was a painter playing ambassador. Mr. Mitchell would probably call himself a farmer playing author.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN Mademoiselle Arnault, the actress, went to visit Voltaire, he said to her, "Ah! Mademoiselle, I am eighty-four years old, and I am considered as many footsteps." "Quite a trifle," replied the actress; "I am only forty, and have committed a thousand."

Some poet says the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the reason they "kiss for a blow," about which we have heard so much.

The young man who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's heart, the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not heatless.

"Ah," said a teacher—"ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have done if you had been born of your mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a orphan."

On hearing a clergyman remark, "the world is full of change," Mr. Punch remarked that he could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

Often at fashionable balls we have seen a good many gents, and a pair of kids to every gent.

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquaintance with a young lady, addressed a few verses to an organ-grinder in his parent seat, but was astonished at receiving the following reply: "Get out, you fool!"

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a passage, "stopped by an ass-ger." "And I am like the ass-ger," said the girl, "stopped by an ass."

"Any thing to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

"We're only met to divide," as the guillotine said to the criminal.

Tomkins confides that a bricklass barrister ought never to be blamed, "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man with such a case."

If a man uses a cork-screw too often at a sitting, his movements are as likely to get as crooked as the instrument is.

"Honesty," says Archbishop Whately, "is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man."

"I am surprised, sir, at your ignorance. Have you never seen any books at all?"—"Oh, yes, in a number of cases."

It is said, that, with a Yankee, every day is a day of "reckoning."

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

The worst and most unendurable of all our ills are the lingering ones.

"I think I must look over it," as the horse said to the gate of the clover field.

Persons dead to shame may not unfrequently prove alive to the browning.

What is the use of an eclipse?—Why, to give the sun time for reflection.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is a carriage in England that's seen,
But in Europe is much more the element.
In my second we'll find that few have not been,
If we search all the country around.
My whole's in position as low as can be,
It's the proper thing for a man you plainly will see.
Car-pet (Carpet).

Why does a gouty man make his will?
To have his legatees (leg at ease).

My God is made from a graceful part;
My aunt the Cockade white with distress art;
My whole's a bird whose well-known name
Will live forever in the rolls of fame.
Shake-speare.

Why is a man giving alms to a beggar like a cart-horse?
Because he stops at such (oats).

When do letters become stationery?
When they are turned into pens.

If an old woman in a cloak were to overtake a fierce bear on a narrow path, what transformation would take place?
The bare would turn to butter (butt her), the old woman into a scarlet-runner.

What man had no father?
Joshua, the son of Nun (none).

Why is a clever detective like a precocious genius?
Because he possesses great quickness of apprehension.

I take the lead in gentility, you have no part in it;
I never interfere in your undertaking, yet am never in action;
and though never wanting in guidance, am always out of staff?
The letter G.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

VICKSBURG.

Up to this, three assaults had been made by our forces on the rebel strong-hold, and in each case with success repulsed. The last assault was made by General Sherman, with the utmost determination, in which we lost six hundred killed and a large number wounded. Our color line is within one hundred yards of the rebel works. Our sharp-shooters prevent the rebels from working their guns. The rebel works lie in the rear of the city are far more formidable than those in front. General Joe Johnston is in the neighborhood of Jackson with about fifteen thousand men, and is reported to be short of provisions and ammunition. General Grant has taken 6000 prisoners and 54 pieces of artillery.

LOSS OF THE "CINCINNATI."

News from Memphis to the 1st inst. recounts the destruction of the United States gun-boat Cincinnati by the fire of the rebel batteries on the 26th ult., and the loss of fifteen by forty killed and wounded.

FOSTER ON THE YAZOO.

The following dispatch was received last week at the Navy Department:

"HEADQUARTERS, "BLUE HAWK," MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
"STEAM YAZOO RIVER, *May* 31, via STEAMER ——.

"*To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:*

"SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that the expedition under the command of Lieutenant Commander Walker, after visiting Satartia, Yazoo City, and Benton Bluff, was perfectly successful.

"Three powerful steamers and a ram were destroyed at Yazoo City. The ram was a monster, 310 feet long, 70 feet beam, and covered with four inch iron plates. Also a fine navy-yard, with machine shops of all kinds, sawmills, foundries, &c., &c., were burned up.

The property destroyed and captured amounted to over two millions of dollars.

Had the monster ram been finished she would have given us some trouble.

One battery was destroyed at Drury's Bluff.

Our loss on the expedition was six killed and seven wounded. DAVID D. FOSTER,

Acting Rear-Admiral, Lower Mississippi.

GENERAL BANKS'S OPERATIONS.

Address from the Legislature of the Gold to the 24th ult. states that Port Hudson, like Vicksburg, is in a state of siege. A preliminary reconnoissance was made from Baton Rouge on the 12th, Colonel Grierson with his famous cavalry covering the rear. It was further continued on the 13th, and the rebel pickets at Port Hudson were driven in. Colonel Grierson proceeded to Clinton and Woodville completing committing the piece, and succeeded in destroying a railroad bridge. On the 14th reconnoissance was pushed to within a mile and a half of the rebel works without bringing on an engagement. On the 21st, however, a heavy force having been brought up from Baton Rouge, the 13th army corps, under the command of General Augur, and the 19th army corps, under General Banks, the whole commanded by General Banks, the whole commanded by General Banks in person, the rebels were driven into their works, leaving a large number of killed and wounded on the field. The 19th army corps was then reinforced by our forces, if it has not already fallen into our hands.

A FIGHT AT FLORENCE.

A dispatch from Cincinnati, dated June 5, says that Colonel Conyn defeated General Roddy at Florence, Alabama, on the 27th ult., capturing one hundred men, eight officers, four hundred mules, and three hundred horses. Also about fifty thousand dollars worth of clothing, boots, families, mills, and every thing else useful to the enemy that he could lay his hands on.

THE REBEL ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It is stated that the enemy is in motion, their trains being all packed and moving toward Culpepper, guarded by a heavy column of troops. General Lee, it is said, has issued an address to his troops congratulating them upon their past achievements and foreshadowing a raid into Pennsylvania. It is known that they are in motion, and rapid marches through a country without railroads, and with open every man to be prepared for the severest hardships.

BURNSIDE AT WORK.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, by authority of General Burnside, contradicts the statement that he has asked to be relieved of the command of the Department of the Ohio. He says, on the contrary, that the command it was with the understanding that he should take the field with his Ninth Army Corps, and that orders were to be forwarded to him, and pierce through Kentucky and Tennessee. He did not intend to remain in Cincinnati more than ten days, but has been detained until now. He proposes to leave for the front in a few days, and will take immediate command of the troops. His health is fully restored with those of Tennessee, and also with those of Grant, as soon as Vicksburg is taken.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS.

A dispatch was sent under a flag of truce last week by General Burnside to General Bragg, stating that if any retaliation for the hanging of two rebel spies was made according to the usages of war, should be resorted to by the rebels he will hang all the rebel officers in his hands.

UNION PRISONERS HELD BY THE REBELS.

It appears that measures are being taken to parole the officers of Colonel Streight's command, recently captured near Rome, Georgia; but still retain them as prisoners of war at Richmond.

EXPLOITS OF THE ENGLISH PIRATES.

The following are the names of the rebel officers who were elected in Western Virginia on the 28th ult.:

Governor—F. H. PIERPONT.
Lieutenant-Governor—L. C. P. CORPER.
Attorney-General—J. S. BOSWELL.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SEIZURE OF BRITISH VESSELS.

EARL RUSSELL, in the House of Lords, defended the American prize courts and the course of policy of Secretary Seward in general, in the case of captured British vessels of the blockading coast against a severe attack of the Earl of Derby and others. He stated that when the law officers of the Crown had considered almost every case of seizure, only four reported were found to be on rational ground of objection" to the action of the American prize courts.

MEXICO.

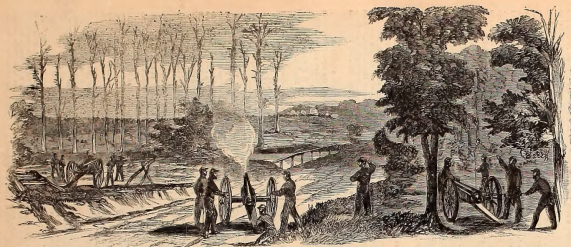
REPORTED FALL OF PUEBLA.

It is reported that the French have ultimately succeeded in the capture of Puebla, with its commander-in-chief General Ortega, and a large number of inferior officers, and thousands of soldiers. The garrison artillery, by the cessation of supplies, is said to have been reduced to 60 rounds. It is said that immediately on the arrival of his heavy guns the French General Forey opened a tremendous bombardment on the city, and on the 17th ult. ordered a general assault. The garrison, however, is said to have made but little resistance, and the whole force, commander, officers, soldiers, and artillery, unconditionally surrendered. The whole story needs confirmation.

BRAZIL.

HOW AN HONEST GOVERNMENT ACTS.

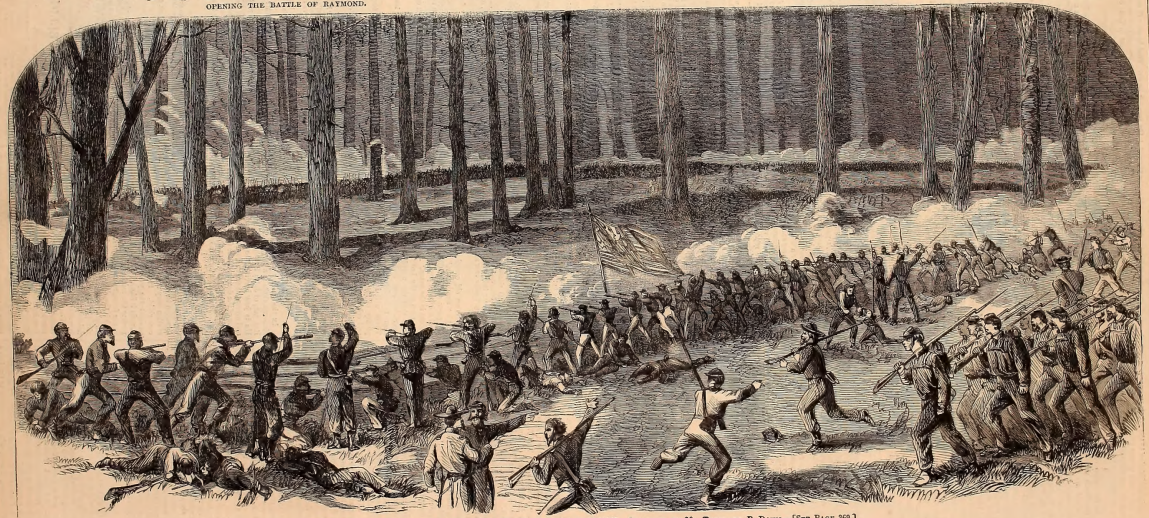
The recent raids of the privateer *Alabama* on the coast of Brazil have provoked the indignation of that country to remove the commander at Fernando de Noronha for permitting the rebel vessel depredations in Brazilian waters, and her presence in that region was forbidden by his consul.



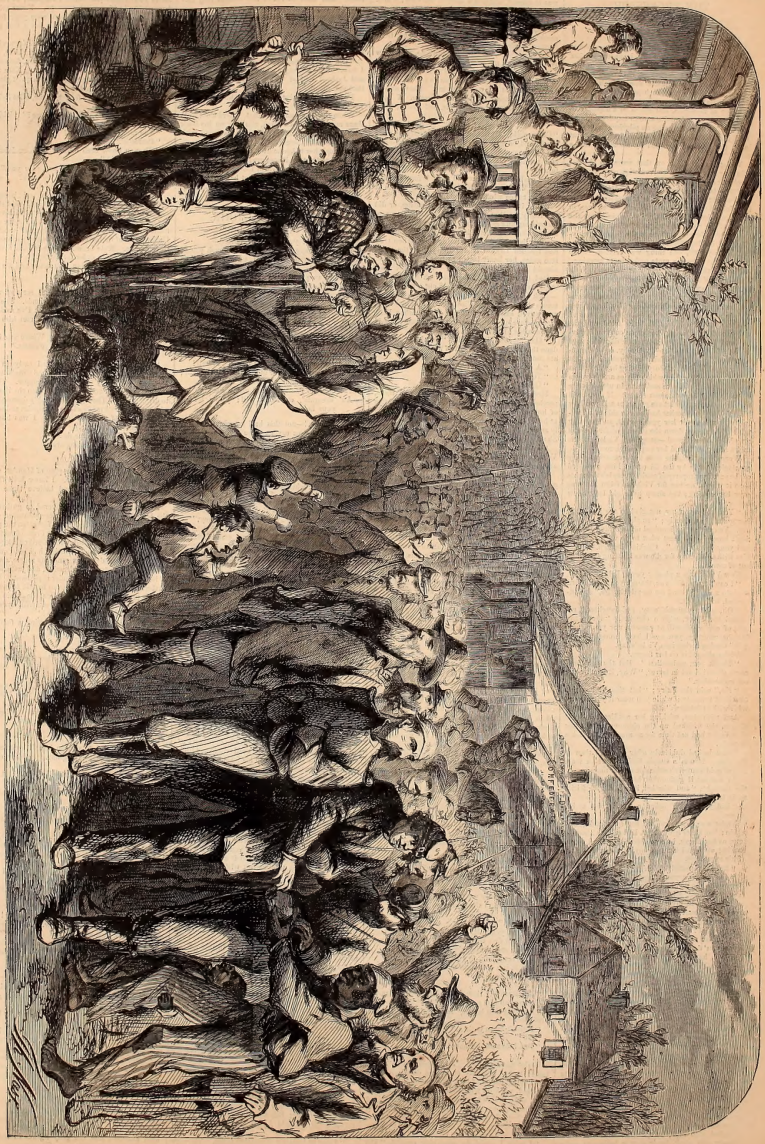
OPENING THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.



SHELLING THE REBEL REAR.



THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND—REBEL CHARGE ON LOGAN'S DIVISION.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 369.]



A GROUP OF UNION PRISONERS ESCORTED THROUGH A REBEL TOWN.—[SEE PAGE 372.]

THE PROFESSOR.

"An you please."

"Good-evening."

"Good-by!"

That was the thing called a lover's quarrel as nearly as can be described (for, in that condition, mortals dwell in no curious an atmosphere of intuitions, gestures, and glances, that mere earthly dictionaries have no scales fine enough for the proper weighing out of such precious and subtle commodities); a thing, unfortunately, out of the province of medicine, and apt to be a hopeless affair enough, as it is quite sure to require a giving up of self-will, and a going on pilgrimage into the Valley of Humiliation, for which, in this case at least, the parties concerned by no means felt a call.

Violet was positive on that score, as she sat thinking over the pithy conversation quoted above, mechanically pulling violets and camelias to pieces —remnants of a bouquet that he had given her—and looking at a package of letters addressed Captain John Luynes, and a little satin-lined case, in which was her betrothal ring. Although from the street of the room, one might have imagined that she waxed after the fashion of the Southern chivalry, and, having killed her love, had killed also; but, at any rate, one thing was certain—there could not have been a more unfortunate morning.

Not but that the morning was well enough in itself—one of those brisk, stirring mornings, when the flowers seem to be in a hurry to get out, and there is a general stir among the birds, and communication in the barn-yards, and big blundering bees rush in and out as if distracted with the pride of business, and the leaves, and the wind, and the water, and the sunshine keep up a continual waving and shimmering, sparkling and quivering. Violet's fairy godmother—by-the-by, have I mentioned that she had a fairy godmother? or that this is an old-fashioned story, dating back as far as "once upon a time," in which fairies are to trip in and out at their pleasure and mine, in utter despite of probability or common sense? if not, let it be understood now, and let me go on to tell you how Violet's fairy godmother had chosen this of all unlucky mornings for her yearly visit, and, coming without ceremony down the chimney—for she was an old-fashioned soul—surprised Violet in the midst of her sulks and her expressive room.

Worse than that, she wore her spectacles—fairy spectacles, of course, the Giants of Kir, possessed of the peculiar property of reading people's thoughts —so it was of no use for Violet to feign raptures over her coming of the sharp little old fairy godmother.

"You know you are not glad to see me," said her godmother, shortly; "so please don't say you are. You wish me a hundred miles away; for you don't know of what use that to do with your lovers and your love-tokens." Clicking her golden heeltips with emphasis; for she was knitting stockings out of cornsilk.

Now Violet was a plucky young lady.

"I can't contradict you, though you should turn me into a cat and send me on pilgrimage," she answered, with spirit.

"Oh, make yourself easy, god-daughter," returns the Fairy, with a chuckle. "I owe the race of cats no ill-will at present, nor you either. On the contrary, you see I have brought you a gift," tossing a ring into Violet's lap.

Violet slipped it on her finger.

"Thank you, godmother." But the next moment she cried out in terror, "Why, it won't come off, godmother."

"No," said the Fairy; "but then it has this excellent property: while you wear it your every wish will be fulfilled."

And with that, sticking her needles into their sheath, she whisked up the chimney so smartly that Violet had not time for so much as a syllable in reply.

Violet looked dubiously after her, and then at the ring. It was a simple little circlet—a mere line of gold scarcely noticeable on her finger.

I wonder if godmother has any conscience," she thought, "and whether it is right for fairies to fib it. I wish—"

"Did you ring?" asked a small voice at her elbow.

Violet stared and rubbed her eyes, and stared again; but there was! a little figure not twice as long as her finger, in a professor's cap and gown, looking at her with an important air over the top of his spectacles.

"Ring!" repeated Violet.

"The ring on your finger," he explained, "is simply the handle of a bell-pull in the Fairy Godmother. My bell, Miss, which, acted upon by your wish, sounds in my study, and calls me at once from Fairy-land. I am the Queen's professor of human nature."

"Of what?"

"Human nature. We study your race precisely as you do crustacea and mammalia. In all ages you have been the subjects of our profound and scientific inquiry, specially the class to which you yourself belong, at once the most difficult and entertaining from the infinite variety you afford, and the impossibility of considering you as under the dominion of any laws except that of contraries. But we waste time," pulling out a watch the size of a dew-drop. "What is your wish?"

"I don't quite like to send this package to Captain Luynes, and I do not choose to tell any one in the house about it, but—"

"Oh, make yourself easy," returned the professor of human nature, with infinite condescension. "In the cause of science you mortals are quite content to dig and butcher. For a new development in my favorite study I am quite willing to perform a menial service."

Now all this Violet might have thought a dream; but as he spoke both ring and letters disappeared. There was not a trace that they were gone, and had vanished with him; so doubtless Jack had already, and would begin now to believe that she was in earnest, and had a mind of her own; which thought so cheered her that she began to cry.

In the midst of this feminine amusement came an airy tap at the door, followed by a vision—an earthly one this time, but a very pretty one, Belle Layton, Violet's best friend.

"I didn't wait, my dear," cried Belle. "I knew you would see me, and I am in such a hurry! There! don't speak! there isn't time. My marriage is waiting, and I want you to get ready now and come and stay a week with me. I have driven here on purpose, and you must come. I have asked ever so many nice people, and among them Jack Luynes of course.

"Won't I torment him?" thought Violet. "Come, child, call Bessie, and let her pack up your trunk, and be sure you bring your hat, and—I did! I tell you about our beat, and—do hurry—there is a precious child, so that we can get back for lunch."

"I wish that Jack would start before we do," thought Violet. "I should so like to meet him at the door, and then he will be sorry."

Could it be her overheated imagination, or did she really, at that moment, see Lilliputian professor's cap and gown skurrying past her window? She so wondered about it while packing that she scarcely heard Belle's chattering; and when they had reached Layton House and passed the great iron gates, her heart began to beat thick and fast. Should she find him waiting? Would her wish indeed be fulfilled? Some one came down the steps, helped Belle out, and held out a hand to her —Jack Luynes, who had grown quite a few moments before them! Violet barely glanced up, and waved away his proffered hand with a little airy gesture of contempt; but he placed himself between her and the steps.

"One moment, I pray," said he. "Is what you have done this morning the result of pique, or a deliberate conclusion?"

"A conclusion—in every sense."

"You are determined then."

"Quite."

Here Violet heard a low whistle, and there, perched on the tip of her parasol, was the Professor of human nature, note-book in hand, and looking for her in contented wonderment. Jack turned quietly away. Violet ran up stairs in prodigious spirits. She had him now sure enough.

"I wish now," she thought, "that Ottoman Velours may come and make himself ridiculous as soon as may be, for I am in earnest about a few."

The Professor vanished from the tip of or parasol. Violet went on with her dressing. She rolled her hair her prettiest, and put on her pink cherry bow jauntily therein because Jack liked it. He fancied, too, a certain blue dress and velvet waistband proving very becoming to her eyes. She knew just what pleased him, so she had him at a disadvantage, and could be at once as irresistible and provoking as she chose. She was sure of Captain Ottoman Velours below; for by this time she had full faith in the power of her ring, and had prepared a little greeting for him beforehand that took that weak youth by storm, and made Jack more very jealous and miserable than ever.

Ottoman was not troubled with sharply-defined ideas; but he thought Violet a very pretty girl, and that Captain Velours would not scout ill-appetite. He entertained a notion also that in some way young men made themselves indispensable to pretty girls whom they liked, and whom many sounded well with theirs. Violet and he owned few points in common, to be sure, but then she was friends! He had seen them walking, riding, white, puffed arrangements of hers, and he had just now the loveliest set! Violet listened graciously, as she would have done had he simply gibbered. The Professor of human nature, perched on his knee, and hard at work with his note-book, did indeed look up occasionally in utter benevolence and stupefaction; but she was all animation, for Jack was lingering unusually near them. Presently he turned away and joined Belle Leighton. Violet flagged at once.

"I wish I knew what they are talking about," she thought.

The Professor came up with a jerk from his notebook, and handed her an ear-trumpet about the size of a pea—a small one which she hid away in her little pocket.

"What is the matter?" she heard Belle ask. "You and Violet have scarcely spoken, and see how she is flirting with Ottoman Velours!"

"I see."

"Have you quarreled?"

"She has."

"An impossibility. You know the old proverb."

"I was certainly wrong also; but I wished for reconciliation, and she is inexorable."

"What will you do?"

"Nothing."

"Oh yes, you will."

"No, I am not on that point. Change the subject. You are looking singularly well."

"That is nothing to you."

"Yes, I set operations in the hottest of breathless days, when the young men drove through the Ormsted avenue of elms, and fastened the horses under the shade, when the road they had been slowly following lay behind them, a white, dazzling line. It was high noon, and as for Jack, he was fast asleep, as sailors, and Nature held her breath for fear of waking him. Oglethorpe followed his friend to the trysting-place. There was female figure in it, pink or odd attire, sprang for flight like startled kittens. But Ormsted made a successful foray and captured one.

"It's of no use, Kate; you may rs well give us a full view of that costume."

"Why didn't you let us know you were coming, you disagreeable!" cried Kate, laughing and shrinking. She was sure her lover would think her pretty in any thing; but that fastidious Mr. Oglethorpe! How could Agnes Sebastian take it so coolly?

"I sent at least six dispatches in all, but they

cried, "and then be rid of this hateful ring forever."

That very moment she was going down stairs, and making straight for the reading-room, though she knew that Jack was there and alone. He looked at her sternly enough, but she came up to him, holding out both hands, and saying,

"Oh, Jack! please forgive me. I am sorry that I have been disagreeable, and I do love you; and Jack—I will—I will wear my hair any way that you please."

That was the point in dispute; hence all this woe and nonsense.

When the Professor heard that, "Lord what fools these mortals be!" he cried, shutting up his book with a bang, and disappearing in company with the ring from sight.

Jack took her to his heart at once. Little pleading and pretty tearful faces are hard things to withstand; yet trust me, even too entirely, fair enslavers. It is not every one that has a fairy godmother to teach her wholesome lessons in time.

JONATHAN TU JOHN.

"Ha, ha, ha! good-by, John."

Good-by, John! you and I have parted—

Ya've too lectle calmin', and too much pride;
When thare's trubble ahead ya air too faint-hearted
To stan' by.

Too apt ta pass by on the uther side.
Fur mensy a year we hev stood together,
Back ta back on the banner ov "Right" unfurled;
Now, in a lectle threatning weather,
Ya've pulled yourn down before awl the world.

Good-by, John! I've given you warnin'
And fetch'd ya back many a time too much pat;
If ya didn't take care, thet you'd wake some morning
And findy'd forgotten tu save yureself!
I hev told you thet honor alone was wuth keepin',
And how awl treashures ov silver and gold;
But 'twar in vain, fur ya would git tu sleepin'
An' dreamin', ez fokes will; you've let go your hold.

Good-by, John, ez this bull crushes,
Cool fool me ez say ez some fool you—
Whoever will cry up the British nashun,
And jine in the mensy, ya thinkt'll do.
So deown on yure knees in the dust you'll waller,
And riggle yureself awl reound like an eel,
But 'twon't be much ov a path ya can follow
Hawk quick when *yare* skin is tutched ya feel.

Good-by, John! Ya've showed yure hypockracy
A lectle too soon this time, I guess!
Ya've set too much store by "aristockracy,"
And got yureself in an awful bad mess.
Yure British Lion, ya've bragged and blustered
Ez ef he could whip awl the world, ef he hookt 'n;
Sort ov kurls down his tail, and looks dreffful flustered
When he sees the flag ov Freedom go by.

Good-by, John! Once fur awl, we're strangers—
I sha'n't bow low tu ya in the street.
My present way leads thru sum small dangers,
But I'm used tu the trade, tu the wust fee to meet.
Tu the Stars and Stripes I've sworn devotion,
I'm pushing forrard by Freedom's side—
It won't be a grate while, I've a notion,
When the time'll come tu pull deown yure pride.

CHARITY GRIMES.

AGNES SEBASTIAN.

ORDSTEN banged together the ledger covers, and looked solemnly out of the broad piazza at his left into a small bricked yard three stories below him. His eyes wandered over the tin roof of the next old brick block; then above to the crowd of chimneys; finally to a square yard of white, blinding sky. Then he turned to his friend, who sat in the American attitude, reading the newspaper.

"Did you say you were going to stay in town all through August, Thorp?"

"What else can I do? I've no heart for pleasuring; as little for fighting, which latter I ought in all propriety to do, for the other. Ormsted, I wish I could see my way as clearly as you do."

"So much for my sound political training. You are an idealist, Thorp. I believe, in the Democratic. But the trouble now is, you are trying too hard to be convinced. Just put it all out of your head till next fall. Dancroft will see me. You'll come out right."

"Well, I hope so."

"You see, there's father to talk big Senator, and mother and Kate sewing soldiers' shirts—"

"Unanswerable argument!"

"And you can lie on your back all day under a tree, and get quiet, which seems to be the first point."

"I agree. I dread staying here in this pile of brick and fighting devils."

Angels I'd operated in the hottest of breathless days, when the young men drove through the Ormsted avenue of elms, and fastened the horses under the shade, when the road they had been slowly following lay behind them, a white, dazzling line. It was high noon, and as for Jack, he was fast asleep, as sailors, and Nature held her breath for fear of waking him. Oglethorpe followed his friend to the trysting-place. There was female figure in it, pink or odd attire, sprang for flight like startled kittens. But Ormsted made a successful foray and captured one.

"It's of no use, Kate; you may rs well give us a full view of that costume."

"Why didn't you let us know you were coming, you disagreeable!" cried Kate, laughing and shrinking. She was sure her lover would think her pretty in any thing; but that fastidious Mr. Oglethorpe! How could Agnes Sebastian take it so coolly?

"I sent at least six dispatches in all, but they

all in your useful post-office, I suppose; or father has got 'em in his pocket, perhaps. Never mind, I'm glad. I should never have seen your longcome-about. Upon my word, it's not a bad getup."

The girls, fancying themselves safe from witnesses, had donned light sacks, with short skirts, and had combed their hair behind their ears, fastening it as the Medicean Venus wears hers. Kate was protesque, but Agnes superb. After a quiet glance Oglethorpe held out his hand.

"Don't say you have forgotten me, Miss Sebastian."

"How do you do, Mr. Oglethorpe?" yielding hers.

"You remember me, then?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, you know each other!" Kate exclaimed. "That's splendid."

"Not by any means since I have seen you," resumed Oglethorpe. "How is the arm? I still wear a scar in memory of that night."

Agnes pushed up her wide sleeve and showed a white mark. "It will always last me," said she.

"What in the world—" began Kate, with wonder-stricken eyes, but was interrupted for the moment by the entrance of the father and mother, under cover of their welcoming the two girls made Kate. Agnes then began to take out her dresses and lay them out in order for choice.

"Now, Agnes Sebastian, you never told me you knew Oglethorpe."

"I don't think I do."

"Don't! You were telling you all sorts of nonsense about him, and you such friends. It's too bad! Don't you ever tell him what I've said."

"Is it worth while, even if I do, to warn him but once in my life?"

"You must have got on fast. Where was it?"

"At one of Mrs. Livingstone's concerts."

"But about the scar?"

"Mercy! I was introduced early in the evening, and after the music (we had Coro's band, Kate—suck music!) we went in to supper. There was a great lunt, and he took me to get me a berry to drink coffee. The room was highly decorated—old arrangements made with glass shades and waxlights. One of them fell on me. I was burned and cut, and went home."

"What did Oglethorpe do?"

"He tied me up, and bleeding arm."

"And what else?"

"That's all."

"Yes, I suppose so. The play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. I know Will Oglethorpe, and you, Agnes, and believe there was something more."

After tea Oglethorpe endeavored to gather up the lost threads, but found some reserve even with Miss Sebastian. He had never forgotten the prettiest figure in the room, with the dress of rose-colored tarlatan, the hair dressed with a silken swish as she walked. The whole evening had been one of those unaccountable, delicious pauses, making flower scents, picturesque dressing, and just enough of love approximation to render it piquant. It all flashed back upon him as he spoke to her first.

"A pretty woman unsteadies the brain like wine," thought he. "What wonderful eyes she has, and what a very dark brown!"

In a little while she rose, drawing a feathery shawl over her arm.

"I must say good-night."

"Don't go. It's very early. I want to ask you about Miss Hussing and other friends."

"There is plenty of time. I made a promise to go to bed at nine every night."

"And when does your moonlight? I never saw any thing to surpass this. The river is like a burnished shield."

"I see it from my window, and the belated schooners coming up as noiseless as genii."

"You can't sleep if you try."

"I can dream then."

"Then I shall. If you go I shall become that intolerable third person singular. See how obliging they are to-day."

"They behave very prettily. Good-night."

"Which is the nearest door?"

On the southwest corner, overlooking the garden."

"I have a mind to serenade you."

"That will be good employment for you; only it is apt to spoil the voice."

"Miss Sebastian, I have become of Bouverie," the young man said to himself, as he strolled toward the river and left the lovers alone to their further end of the piazza. Ormsted started him off.

"Agnes's engagement still continues, I suppose?"

"Dear me, yes. And will for the next ten years I'm afraid."

"What are they waiting for?"

"Oh, for Bouverie to make his fortune! He has been in Italy three years now. Any thing but a genius for a husband, by Jo!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Oglethorpe with Yankee abruptness, following Miss Sebastian after a moment's talk. "May I have a cigar?"

"I am going to see the mowing-machine. You may come."

They crossed freshly-mown lots. The air was full of the indefinite deliciousness of cut grass, odorous sunlight.

"I thought the haying season was over before this?" remarked her companion.

"I mean to have had one, by mercy to say. It has been one of my chief amusements. I've been in the fields almost as much as the hay-makers."

"I must say the old implements were the most picturesque. The mower and his scythe will soon belong to the past. Maud Muller would have no use for her rake."

"She must ride the machine."

"Wouldn't this scene make a pretty picture? The sky is full of opalescent grays, and just at the edge of those hills is that vivid carmine, with shadowy meads, this undulating pasture crossed with shadows, and the busy figures in the fore-

ground. The great cart loaded with hay, oxen of burnt sienna, and John, conspicuous in his bright blue overalls. With the perfect coloring threw over all the luxury of August and the melancholy of sunset."

"The prettiest pictures are unpainted," said Agnes.

"The sweetest songs unsung."

"The noblest poems unwritten."

"All the best things are undone," added Oglethorpe, with a half sigh. "My opinion is," speaking with sudden sincerity, "that it is not the amount of evil we do, but the good we leave undone, that will be our condemnation. I'm afraid it will go hard with me. I never was inclined to neutral territory in my life. Now when indecision is a crime, I hesitate. Every dear association, every habit of life and education, all questions of apparent expediency pulling me one way, and a sort of innate loyalty impelling the other."

"Are you thinking of the war?" Agnes timidly questioned.

"Yes," he answered shortly, meeting her soft gaze. "Can Maine advise Georgia?"

"I can't advise; I can see but one side, and can not talk reasonably on that. Why don't you talk with Mr. Ormstead?"

"The senior? So I do. Every night after you leave me I have long arguments with him."

"He is said to be clear and convincing."

"Yes, he talks of war and policy in the abstract, and I wish it was no longer. He convicts me, Miss Sebastian, but—" He stopped.

"How fast it grows dim!" said Agnes, willing to turn the conversation. Such a mind as his must work alone, she knew.

"Agnes," said Kate, during one of their curtain consultations, "I'm going to tell the gorgeous Georgian about Gus Bouverie."

"He is about him long enough," Agnes replied.

"But you may make assurance doubly sure."

"If he wasn't such a secessionist I declare I should be very alarmed about you. Such devotion I never saw equaled. Don't you waver?"

"Don't talk so, Kate. I wish a man and a woman could once honestly like each other without the outsiders giving the alarm and crying love or flirtation."

"If I can read men's faces he is head over heels."

"What an expression! Mr. Ormstead should teach you purposes of language, Kate."

The merry blonde laughed.

"It's true, nevertheless. He looks anxious and has grown quite haughty and sarcastic. What a further taking down there will be may I live to see."

And she ran down stairs.

After tea, when, as usual, all turned to the broad piazza, Agnes seated herself on the lowest step and called the dog. Presently Oglethorpe came along the walk. He coolly ordered Figaro to change sides, and threw himself on the green embankment beside her.

"The pears are turning," remarked Ormsted. "I have got to whittle a bits at one."

"And I, too," echoed Oglethorpe, with a glance at the composed face near him.

"I am going to see if there is a yellow one to be found," said Kate. "The trees in the south orchard ought to furnish something." And off she ran, and Ormsted after her.

Miss Sebastian stroked Figaro's ears as he leaned his brown head on her lap. Oglethorpe watched the white fingers. What would he not give to be caressed by them! Senseless old dog! Figaro appreciated the gentle attention, however, and looked up at Agnes, solemnly winking his soft, yellow eyes. Oglethorpe took up the book she had left on the step. She had carried it about with her all summer trying to read; but books did not seem to interest her now. It was a volume of a broad ribbon, of the red, white, and blue, marked the page.

"The ninety-seventh page still. You don't let your interest hurry you." Then winding the ribbon round his finger: "I have adopted these colors, and vow to fight under them, Miss Sebastian."

Her face was not pale or composed now.

"Have you really?"

"Yes, really."

She took the ribbon to pin it on his coat. He saw tears in her eyes while she smiled. The pin would not go in. He put up his hand to help her, and touched her knuckles. He held the little treasuring hand still, close to his breast.

"Agnes!—in those delicious tones—"I am your soldier!"

"Not mine. Your country's," gently trying to withdraw her hand.

"You will not let me be yours?"

"I can not. Oh, Mr. Oglethorpe, let me go!"

"Not till you understand me. I must tell you how—"

"Don't tell me any thing."

She would so violently she could scarcely command her voice. Oglethorpe saw the shame and grief in her face.

"I can hide. You are not bound by any past; you do not love any one?"

"I have been engaged these five years. I thought you knew that."

"To Augustus Bouverie?"

"Yes."

He let her hand drop. She covered her face and began to cry silently. He did not speak for a moment. Then said, very gently,

"I thought that was broken."

"It was broken; but only for a week. I was hard set then, and yielded to the stronger power."

"We shall neither of us feel more sorely if we are frank. As I have spoken, let me say a little more. A week ago I wrote to your aunt, asking if there was any reason why I should not try to win you. Here is her answer. You see she tells me nothing, only gives me her warmest wishes for my success."

Agnes's tears were now dried. She scarcely glanced at the letter, but rose.

"She knew I was to marry Mr. Bouverie. You will never be able to forgive this."

Oglethorpe caught hold of her muslin flounce.

"Don't leave me. The only thing, and the least is, to do nothing. Sit down here again, Miss Sebastian. I am going to-morrow."

As if that made the matter better!

She obeyed him, however.

"You don't think I blame you? The shade of reserve in your manner, meant to distance, only attracted me. The mischief was done before I came to your aunt. The only thing I wished to prevent was annoyance to you; and now you are feeling more than it is all worth."

She could not answer, and not another word was spoken until Ormsted appeared, his pockets stuffed out with fruit, and the lower half of his face obscured by a great yellow disk.

"My pear is ripe," quoth he. When he saw the national badge he took in the significance of its position at once.

"Oh, Jemima!" (his favorite saint) "he's been and gone and done it!" And, giving his pear a toss over the fence, he jumped about three feet into the air, and swooped down on Oglethorpe.

"Now let me congratulate you, my dear son. "I draw my sword against her."

There followed a vigorous hand-shaking.

"You and Gus have had the best fellow in the world, and now you're perfect," declared Ormsted.

"Good Grand Panjandrum!" Oglethorpe, the little round button at top," suggested his friend.

Ormsted made such an uproar that his mother came out of the drawing-room, where she was matching the milk-pans, and the senior laid down his pipe and came and stood in the doorway.

Kate told them all, and then didn't chase when we drew lots. Now, Thorpe, we shall be the double O's no more!"

In the confusion of good-bys Oglethorpe, as he held Agnes's hand, asked,

"May I come and see you in town?"

"If you please."

"Good-by, then, till October."

"Good-by."

Ormsted came with his friend the first night they heard of Agnes's return. He brought him in the uniform of a private, and looking at it during the whole of their call. "Begging your pardon, Miss Agnes, he is as well fitted to hold a commission as Bouverie, or any captain in Lancy's horse."

"Wouldn't you go yourself as a private?" asked Agnes.

"Of course I would; but I'm not worth as much as he. All he had to do was let people know he was going to fight, and honors would have been thrust on him."

Oglethorpe laughed.

"I hope to be promoted from the ranks," said he. As they left the young lady's presence a side-door opened, and Mrs. Crass, with a distant bow to Ormsted, beckoned to Oglethorpe.

"Wait a minute," said he to his companion, and joined her. She closed the door. "You have not succeeded, I suppose," her unexpressive face a mark, made in that half-contemptuous tone in which Mrs. Crass always spoke of the deeds of her fellow-mortals.

"Did you suppose I would?"

"I did. I'm glad you've got sense. If Bouverie had not appeared so suddenly, I might have done something."

"Mrs. Crass, your niece will break no promise for me. I showed her your letter, and she forgave me for speaking. Good-evening." And he bowed himself out.

"Where has Bouverie been all this while?" he asked of Ormsted on their homeward walk. "Has he, too, just waked up?"

"They say he's been in a fume ever since he heard of Bull Run. He's one of your tearing Abolitionists. Wants to have the whole shoved South Carolina into the sea. He was making Roman sussers when the news reached him. He might do to settle his affairs, I believe, to sell his pictures, to get money to come, and made tracks for America. Now he's in a devil of a stew, Thorpe. I feel inclined to put a little ambition into you with my fists."

Oglethorpe went again his regiment was in daily expectation of marching-orders. Agnes was sitting at her embroidery. As the servant announced him she rose, and the bright work in her lap tumbling on the floor. The gentleman in the arm-chair picked them up, and Agnes introduced Miss Bouverie.

"One of our captains," said Oglethorpe, as the soldiers shook hands.

"Ah, you are in the —st," and he sank again into the purple depths of the arm-chair. He was a slight man, with a great head of flaxen tresses and whisker; light but vivid eyes, a scornful turn to his lip; but altogether a face not displeasing. He plays well with the browns and scarlets he held, listening as Agnes talked.

"I think I have heard our Colonel speak of you, Mr. Oglethorpe," he interposed. "Are you not a Southerner?"

"Georgian born. Colonel —— and I were schoolmates."

"He was always at the foot of his class, they say. We are well shuffled now, and the most unlooked-for card turns up a trump. How is it you are unconscionized?"

"I know nothing of war."

"Pshaw! Go into camp and study Hardee. The Colonel spoke of your uncommon talent for modesty. Bad trait that, Agnie," rising; "I shall not come to dinner. It takes your set too long to get through the courses. I'll see you to-morrow."

Agnes nodded as she pulled a thread through the eye of her needle; and with a careless *oddio* he flung himself out. That very morrow their orders came. Oglethorpe elbowing his way through the crowd about Bouverie, who stopped.

"Will you do me a great favor?"

"Willingly, if I can."

"I have a packet for Miss Sebastian. I have just left her, and forgot it. You see how it is. I haven't the courage to go through another parting. Will you take it to her?"

The question he had been weighing was now decided. He took the envelope, and in the confusion more Oglethorpe stood in Agnes's presence. He thought her ruder than usual. She was standing near the window, listening to the regimental bustle, and turned toward him with eyes in which there were no tears, but the fire of excitement.

"You too?" said she.

He laid Bouverie's charge on the table with the necessary words.

"I should have come if he had not sent me. Won't you give me something of yours to carry away with me?"

A little prayer-book, bearing on its red cover her monogram in white and gold, lay on the table. She held it toward him. As he put it into the inner pocket of his coat he turned to her view a strip of Union ribbon she remembered. Neither looked at the other. He held her hand a moment, dropped it, and silently went out.

If there would only be a battle, at least a forward movement, something to break the horrible monotony of camp life! The still service of this campaign so preyed on the fortitude of which Oglethorpe had believed himself possessed, that he welcomed his call to duty almost a heart-sickness. It had been a long dark day, and about four o'clock began to snow. A great sudden storm it was. The crystals powdered his hair, and lay in silvery folds on his over-coat, as he slowly paced up and down. Very lonely and soldier thought it in the first half hour, when the flakes lighted tender as rose-petals. But the fairness gained a gloom. An appalling stillness fell on the forest. Then the night grew too cold to know the wistful rose, and assailing the whiteness on the boughs blew it off with giant breath in stinging remembrance. Oglethorpe, sub-Reuben, shivered. He felt the intensity of the bitter change to the very marrow of his bones. His strength seemed slowly to drain away. He walked on, treading for himself a path beneath the pine-trees, whose shadow lay distinct on the now smooth snow. He stopped, and leaning on his musket, looked up at the sky. The very air seemed full of icy glittering particles. Strange, sweet thoughts came into his mind. He seemed to see the Ormsted orchard, where he had seen the sheep cropping the short grass. He thought of the great pine mimes of Georgia, that used to be crowded into the marble vases in the wide halls of his home. How long it was since he had been one! Then he could think of nothing but pain, leaning against a stout young pine and clasping his musket. He believed he knew what he was going to him, but there was nothing to be done, and he was soon too deliciously weary to care much for pain. Presently a little book, he tried to think of a prayer, but his mind wandered.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ.... suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried—" An angel may have said Amen.

There was the whiteness in the east foretelling sunrise when the relief came up. Two horsemen rode through the lines. Bouverie and Captain Bouverie.

"Halloa," said the guard, as his challenge rang unanswered, "here's the picket asleep."

"Give him a rap with the gun," suggested Bouverie.

The man stopped. "He is frozen, Sir," in a great-fallen tone. They turned him over. The first light that the sun sent was red and white. It seemed a thing of stone. Capt. Bouverie shivered.

"Take hold," said he. "Lay him on my horse. Ride on, Gus, and tell the men." And he laid his burden toward camp.

Many months after this Captain Bouverie was sitting by Agnes Sebastian. He had been giving her the details of Oglethorpe's unnoted doom, and summed it up with "Picket frozen." She had not cried as he feared she would, but had been charmingly quiet, her head on her hand.

"You are not angry that I told you. I couldn't leave him for any body to knock about, so I buried him myself. I sent his things to Ormsted, and little—by your leave?—I was in his pocket when we found him."

He laid the prayer-book on her knees. She took it up mechanically and tumbled over the leaves, but was speechless. Captain Bouverie waited.

"Agnes," he said at length, "I can not leave you without a word or two on my own behalf. This is not the time to speak; but—I am selfish. God knows how much I love you, and perhaps a long separation has gone against me. I can not blame you, even had I the wish. There is not a man living I would give you to but I. Tell me you love me."

"Oh, Augustus," she answered, "that was said long ago."

"Have I outlived it? You believe me to be your warmest, tenderest friend?"

"Oh yes."

"And you will marry me, Agnes?"

She hesitated only a second, then gave him her hand.

And Captain Bouverie was satisfied.

"KING COTTON" CAPTURED.

THE quiet little town of BRASHEAR, on Berwick's BAY—or "Brasher City," as it has been christened by courtesy—which we illustrate on page 380, has suddenly become the scene of vast commercial doings. It was people very much astaken the fall scope of Major-General Banks's recent brilliant operations in the Attakapas region of Western Louisiana who look upon them merely as among the most successful military events of the war. It is in their *material* results that they are about to gratify the country and startle the world.

General Banks, aided by the gallant Farragut, has not only disorganized and put to flight the whole rebel army west of the Mississippi River, from New Orleans to Alexandria, on Red River, but opened up untold mines of wealth to the treasury of the United States. Almost hourly vessels are to be seen coming down the bay freighted with mountain loads of the precious materials of the regions just regained by our arms—cotton, hogsheads of sugar, and countless herds of mules and cattle.

The treasures already exchanged upon the landing of Brashear City up to this date (June 11) would amount to many hundred thousands of dollars; while this is but an installment of what remains behind, and which can only be counted by *millions* of dollars.

One significant fact has also been laid bare to the outer world by the prising process of our bayonets; and that is, that the planters in the newly-captured regions had not the amount of "patriotism" which the rebel leaders either supposed or pretended they had—and which too many people in the North and abroad believe—and did not quite see the necessity of consigning to flames all the wealth they possessed in the world, merely for the sake of proving their devotion to the cause of Jeff Davis & Co.

Wherever armies have penetrated they have found cotton and sugar carefully concealed in all sorts of remote corners; and as they seize these costly products, they make a receipt in the owners, upon a fair valuation, in case they should hereafter be able to prove themselves of loyal antecedents, in the empty-handed long-eared days of the war.

If any thing more were wanted to utterly overthrow the vain hopes of the Confederate credit, and to prove to the gulled people of Europe that they have been making a bad bargain with traitors in this country, it will be found in Uncle Sam's so unceremoniously holding the very materials upon which the lenders have been staking their money. What Confederate credit will remain after this new and irreparable inroad upon it may be gleaned from the fact that our soldiers, in parley with rebel pickets, could at any time have the full value of Confederate trash *for one dollar* of Uncle Sam's good, honest greenbacks!

SINKING TORPEDOES AT CHARLESTON.

WE are indebted to the artist correspondent of a London illustrated paper for the picture on page 380, representing THE SINKING OF TORPEDOES BY CONFEDERATES IN THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON. It seems that before the recent attack by Admiral Du Pont the rebel General Ripley spent several nights in filling the channels of the bay of harbor with all manner of torpedoes and infernal machines, and on one of his expeditions the sympathizing Englishman was allowed to accompany him. Hence the picture.

UNION PRISONERS AT THE SOUTH.

We publish on page 373 an illustration of a group of captives lately released and conveyed through a rebel town. The mingled curiosity and hatred with which they are regarded by some of the spectators, and the kindly sympathy and sympathy shown them by others, especially the negroes, are well portrayed in the picture. We append here, not as much by explanation of the picture as for the general interest felt in the subject, a few extracts from the diary of Mr. COLLINS, a *World* correspondent, who was taken at Vicksburg and released from Richmond. After leaving Jackson, he says:

"We here made the acquaintance of some of the rebel ineligibles, and we traveled with about ninety others, officers, privates, and the indefinite unknown who are or gentlemen have, we hear, been offered, but not in our case, the privilege of exchange if we renounced our flag; those who had knowledge of our story or our relation to it. Some few renounced their oath of allegiance to the ultimate success of the North.

"As we approached Mobile Bird's Landing and Demopolis on the Tombigbee, the people began to be at once more insolent and threatening. Here was the greatest body of great-heart disinfluent freed and bread indiscriminately among us—meat and their rebel scorn.

"On reaching Atlanta, however, all this was changed. The officers and men of Streight and the *Indianola* had been fed and well treated by the people, and the kind attention place into messes. The individuality of our party of four was merged into No. 4, and we fared well all the purposes of ration, discipline, or duty, we being only No. 4. Each one cooked and prepared his food, which, in our case, was a veritable "mess" in a "mess." We can not but admire the ingenuity of these rebel cooks and provision in an indignity. Such a thing may do well enough for an army in a well-appointed country, or even in the tented field, but which such implements as are afforded at the Libby it is an outright torture. We had no beds—this Australia was one we were feared to by camp life; but little bedding. We had to clean our own rooms and vessels, and were not permitted so much as to stick a knife into the window on penalty of being fired.

The ration is large enough, larger than we could eat, but to the Confederate of that region it is. He can not but think it a punishment that persons are obliged to cook their own rations, implements their own food. Imagine a soldier of Lee's army cooking his beans in the dainty staff-officer detailed to clean pots and kettles, or the delicate 37-thou correspondent, brown in hand, set to scrubbing floors!



MAJOR-GENERAL JULYSSES S. GRANT BEFORE VICKSBURG.—[See Page 369.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

[☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER XII.

AMONG the curiosities of human reasoning is this: one forms a judgment on certain statements; they turn out incorrect, yet the judgment stands.

This occurs oftenest, when, to divine what any knows, we will do a one whom we know beforboldly by his character, his habits, or his interest: for these are great forces, toward which men gravitate through various and even contrary circumstances.

Now women, sitting at home out of actuality way, are sometimes forced, as well as naturally inclined, to rely on their insight into character; and, by the book, often pass through false or discolored data to a sound conclusion.

Thus it was Mrs. Dodd applied her native sagacity to Clive: by Richard Hardie and Julia for his son's wife, and how to make him withdraw that dissent: and the fair diviner was much mistaken in detail, but right in the conclusion; for Richard Hardie *was* at that moment the unlikeliest man in Barkington to decline Julia Dodd—with hard cash in five figures —for his daughter-in-law.

I am now about to make a revelation to the reader, that will incidentally lead him to Mrs. Dodd's conclusion, but by a different path.

The outline she gave her daughter and my reader of Richard Hardie's cold and prudent youth was substantially correct; but something had occurred since, unknown to me, and unknown to all Barkington. The centuries had blown a respectable bubble. About two hundred and fifty years ago, a private genius, well known as the inventor of the lathe, laid the first wooden tramroad, to enable a horse to draw forty-two cwt. of coals commodiously. The coal owners soon used it largely. In 1738, iron rails were invented to lay this road upon, stronger than metal, kept them down, and the wooden ones in vogue, for some thirty years. Then iron prevailed.

Meantime, a much greater invention had been creeping on to join the metal way: I mean the locomotive power of steam; whose history we needed here. Enough that in 1804 took place as promising a wedding as civilization ever saw: for then an iron tram, built by Trevethick, a great genius fettered for want of pluck, drew carriages, laden with ten tons of iron, from Penydarran to a Welsh railway. Then stout Stephenson came on the scene, and insisted on benefiting mankind in spite of themselves, and of shallow legislators, à priori reasoners, and a heavy Review, whose political motto was "Stemus super antiquas vias:" which the may be rendered, "Better stand still on turnpikes than move on rails."

His torments and triumph are history.

Two of his opponents seem neat: 1. To Lord Noodle, or Lord Doodle, who was it? objecting haughtily, "and suppose a cow should get in the way?" Stephenson, Sir? Why, then it would be bad—for the cow."

The objector found he had underrated the obstructive power of his honored parent.

2. To the à priori reasoners, who sat in their studies and demonstrated with complete mastery that uncogged wheels would revolve on a smooth rail, but leave the carriage in statu quo, he replied by putting an engine with Trevethick's wonderful nose aid, hooking on eight carriages, and setting off up an incline. "A Solitur ambulando," quoth Stephenson the unlearned to Messrs. A. Priori.

Next a word about the Stockton and Darlington rail. Next the Liverpool and Manchester line was projected. Oh then what bitter opposition to the national benefactors, and the good of man.

Awake from the trash recries of dead Cant!

"The revolving wheels might move the engine on a rail; but what would that avail if they could not move the train in the closet, and on a mathematical paper. Railways would be but canals, bad for morals, bad for highwaymen, bad for road-side inns. The smoke would kill the cattle bridges ('Aha! thou has touched us nearly,' said the country gentlemen), the travelers would go slowly to their destination, and lose with to destruction."

And the Heavy Review, whose motto was "Stemus super turnpikes," offered "to the old Father Thames against the Wcolwich railway for ayr sum."

But the Great Black Will, who dreed the next heaviest ephemeral in the island, told a school-boy, who now writes these pages, "there's nothing can ever be safe at twenty miles an hour, without 'tis a bird in the air!" and confirmed it with an oath. Briefly, buzz! buzz! buzz!

Gray was crushed, Trevethick driven out of the country, stout Stevvie thwarted, badgered, taunted, and even insulted, and bespattered with dirt, I might say with dung; since his opponents discharged their own brains at him by speech and writing. At last, when after the manner of men they had manured their benefactor well, they consented to reap him. Railways prevailed, and increased, till to and behold a prime minister with a spade delving one in the valley of the Trent. The tide turned; great working railways from city to city became an approved investment of genuine capital; notwithstanding the frightful frauds and extortion to which the projectors were exposed in a parliament, which, under a new temptation, showed itself as corrupt and greedy as any nation or age can parallel.

When this sober state of things had endured some time, there came a year that money was loose, and a speculative fever due in the whirlidig of time. Then railways boomed.

New ones were advertised, fifty a month, and sprung to a premium. High and low scrambled for the shares, even when the projected line was to run from the town of Nought to the village of Nothing strong ground, and grooved, and sickered by turns, beneath that steady modulator exterior. And so for months and months he secretly battled with industrious resolution: a theatened in the distance, sometimes at hand, but never caught him unawares: he provided for each coming danger, he encountered each immediate attack.

But not unscathed in morals. Just as matters looked brightest, a concentration of liabilities he could not meet without emptying his tills, and so incurring the most frightful danger of all. He had provided for its coming, but a decline, greater than he had reckoned on, in the value of his good securities, made that provision inadequate. Then it was he committed a faux pas. He was one of his own children's trustees, and the other two signed after him like mutton. He said to himself: "My honor is my children's; my position is worth thousands to *them*. I have sacrificed a fortune to preserve it: it would be madness to reveal now."

He borrowed three thousand pounds of the trust money, and, soon after, two thousand more: it kept him above water; but the peril, and the escape on each terms, left him gasping inwardly.

At last, when even his granite nature was almost worn away with care, anxiety, and struggling all alone without a word of comfort—for the price of one grain of sympathy would have been "Devon"—he was gratified of his own burden, and breathed again.

One day he said, quietly: "that must be regulated." He added, graciously, as if conferring a great favor, "I'll look into the books myself, Skinner."

He did more; he sat up all night over the books; and then he knew all within him. Bankruptcy seemed coming toward him, slow perhaps, but sure. And meantime to live with the world hanging over his head!

Soon matters approached a crisis; several large drafts were drawn, which would have exhausted the whole of the yearly rents of a wealthy nobleman had for some days past been flowing in.

This nobleman had gone to explore Syria and Assyria. He was a great traveler, who contrived to leave his money at home, but could never been able to spend a quarter of it abroad, for want of enemies and masters—better known to the friends and foes of his bank. Sir Hugh Dale was safe for some months, unless there should be an extraordinary run on him, and that was not likely then. The panic had subsided, and, nota bene, his credit had never stood higher.

The reason was, he had been double-faced: had always patronized Railways: and his wise words were public, whereas his fatal acts had been done in the dark.

And now came a change, a bitter revulsion, over this tossed mind; hope and patience failed at last, and left behind only a thing of habit and traditions, rather than of the soul, wore out; nay, more, this man who had sacrificed so nobly to conscientious duty, filled with hate of his idol and contempt of himself. "Idiot!" said he, "to throw away a fortune fighting for honor with a greater fortune at his feet which has ruined me—instead of breaking like a man, with a golden name, and starting fair again, as sensible traders do."

No honest man in the country that year resented of his own honesty as Richard Hardie loathed his virtue. And he did not confine his penitence to sentiment; he began to spend his days at the bank poring over the books, and to lay out his arithmetical genius in a subtle process, that should enable him by degrees to withdraw a few thousands from human eyes for his future use, despite the feeble safeguards of the existing law. But, as he proceeded in this trade, like thousands before him, was fabricating and maturing a false balance-sheet.

One man in the town plays many animals. Hardie, at this period, turned mole. He burrowed darkling into as alienum. There is often one of these sable workers in a Bank; it is a section of human zoology the journals have lately enlarged on, and drawn the painstaking creature forth from his mining away to brief opulence; and briefer penal servitude than one could wish. But the very reader having read these really able sketches of my contemporaries; and spare him minute details, that possess scarcely a new feature, except one: in that Bank was not only a mole, but a mole-catcher: and, contrary to custom, the mole was the master, the mole-catcher the servant. The latter had no hostile views; far from it: he was rather attached to his master: but his attention was roused by the youngest clerk, a boy of sixteen, being so often sent for into the Bank parlor, to jump into the books and arithmetical gyves without its process. Attention soon became suspicion; and suspicion found many little things to feed on, till it grew to certainty. But the outer world was none the wiser: the mole-catcher was no chatter-box; he was a solitary man: no wife nor mistress about him; and he revered the mole, and liked him better than any thing in the world—except money.

Thus the great Banker stood, a colossus of wealth and stability to the eye, though ready to crumble at a touch; and indeed self-doomed; for bankruptcy was now his game.

This was a miserable man; far more miserable than his son was when he was hugging a bankruptcy. But his face was furrowed and his hair thinned by secret struggle: and of all the things that gnawed him, that, like the fox, burrowed his bosom nobe, none was more bitter than to have borrowed five thousand pounds of his children, and sunk it.

His wife's father, a keen man of business, who saw more than little affection on his side, had settled his daughter's money on her for life, and, in case of her death, on the children when coming of age. The marriage of Alfred or Jane would be sure to expose him; settlements would be proposed; lawyers engaged to peer into the trust, etc. No; they must remain single for the present, or else marry wealth.

So, when Julia manifested such an attachment to a young lady living in a suburban villa, it was a terrible blow, though he took it with outward calm, as usual. But he lavished a morning about beauty, virtue, and breeding, Alfred had told him had cash in five figures could be settled by the time the family on the young couple, he would have welcomed the wedding with great external indifference, but a secret gush of joy; for then he could throw himself on Alfred's generosity, and be released from that one remaining debt: it was always about to go on drawing the interest of the remainder.

Thus, in reality, all the interests, with which this story chiefly converged in one point, the fourteen thousand pounds. Richard Hardie's opposition was a mere misunderstanding; and, if he had been told of the Cash, and to what purpose Mrs. Dodd destined It, and then put on board the *Agra* in the Straits of Gaspar, he would have cheerfully taken off his coat, and helped defend the bearer of It against all assailants as stoutly, and, in outward appearance, imperturbably, as he had fought that other letter battle at home. For there was something heroic in this strong man. though his rectitude depended on circumstances.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE way the pirate dropped the mask, showed his face, and his mode in which to chase, was terrible: so dilates and bounds the sudden tiger in his unwary prey. There were stout hearts among the officers of the peaceful ship; but danger in a new form shakes the brave; and this was their first pirate: their ship had been out in ejaculations not loud but deep. "Hush!" said Dodd, doggedly: "the lady!"

Mrs. Beresford had just come on deck to enjoy the balmy morning.

"Sharpe," said Dodd, in a tone that conveyed a new sensation to the new comer, "set the royals, and flying jib—Port!"

"Port it is," cried the man at the helm.

"Steer due South!" And, with these words in his mouth, Dodd dived to the gun deck.

By this time Mrs. Beresford had recovered the first shock; and the order to crowd sail on the ship galled his pride and his manhood; he muttered, indignantly, "Is the ship mine or his?" This eased his mind, and he obeyed orders briskly as ever. While he and his hands were setting every rag that could carry a rag, the other officers, having unluckily no orders to execute, stood gloomy and helpless, with their eyes glued, by a sort of sombre fascination, on that coming fate: and they literally jumped and started when Mrs. Beresford, who had observed by the lovely day, broke in on their nerves with her light treble.

"Why, it's worst morning, gentlemen. After all a voyage is a delightful thing: oh, what a splendid sea! and the very breeze is warm. Why, you look as if a little ship sailing along here, Freddy, Freddy darling, leave off beating the sailors' legs, and come here and see this pretty sight. What, Freddy, why it is so fat. Ah! ah! what is that dreadful noise?"

For her boy had uttered talk, that grated on those anxious souls like the mockery of some infantine fiend, was cut short by pondrous blows and tremendous exertion. The ship was the captain staving in water-casks: the water poured out at the scuppers.

"Mamma, what be guns," said a middy, off his guard.

Harold Kenealy pricked up his ears, drew his cigar from his mouth, and smelt powder. "What, for action?" said he, briskly. "Where's the enemy?"

Fullalove made him a signal and they went below.

Mrs. Beresford had not heard, or not appreciated the remark: she prattled on till she made the mates and midshipmen shudder.

Meantime, the operation, and the strange incongruity between the senses and the mind in these poor fellows' [illegible] and ripped up the beauty beneath a purple heaven shone, sparkled, and laughed, a blue sea, in whose waves the tropical sun seemed to have shed a thousand flame bores on them with a crew of human tigers; and a lady babble babble babble babble babble babble babbled in their quivering ears.

But now the captain came bustling on deck, eyed the fullest pirate sails, saw them drawing well, appointed four midshipmen a staff to con-

* For the humors of the times see the parliamentary returns of Railway Subscribers, published in 1849. Francis's British Railway and Joint Stock Companies Crisis: and the pamphlets and journals of the day.

very his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, and directed Mr. Tickell to break the bad news gently to Mrs. Beresford, and to take her below to the orlop deck; ordered the purser to serve out beef, biscuit, and grog to all hands, saying, "Men can't work on an empty stomach: and fighting is hard work;" then beckoned the officers to come round him. "Gentlemen," said he, confidentially, "it's crowding sail on this ship I look to more of escaping that follow on this tack, but I was, and am, most anxious to gain the open sea where I can muster my yards and run for it, if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes up within range: and then, to keep the Company's servants from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight with a patch of her sworn. Better be killed in hot blood than walk the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly; the captain's dogged resolution stirred up theirs.

The pirate had gained another quarter of a mile and more. The ship's crew were hard at their beef and grog, and agreed among themselves it was a comfortable ship; they guessed what was coming, and woe to the ship in that hour if the captain had not won their regard. Strange to say, there were two gentlemen in the *Agra* to whom the pirate's approach was not altogether unwelcome. Colonel Kenealy and Mr. Fullalove were rival sportsmen; and rival theorists. Kenealy stood out for a smooth bore, and a four-ounce ball: Fullalove for a rifle of his own construction. Many a doughty argument they had, and many a bragging match; neither could convince the other. At last Fullalove hinted that by going ashore at the Cape, and getting each behind a tree at one hundred yards, and popping at one another, one or other would be convinced.

"Well, but," said Kenealy, "if he is dead, he will be no wiser; besides to a fellow like me, who has had the luxury of popping at his enemies, spared for a friend is poor sport, you know."

"That is true," said the other, regretfully. "But I reckon we shall never settle it by argument."

Theorists are amazing creatures: and it was plain, by the alacrity with which these good creatures laid hold of the rival instruments, that to them the pirate came not so much as a pirate as a solution. Indeed, Kenealy, in the act of charging his piece, was heard to mutter, "Now, this is lucky." However, these theorists were no sooner loaded than something occurred to make them more serious. They were sent for in haste to Dodd's cabin; they found him giving Sharpe a new order.

"Shorten sail to the tauntsles and jib, get the colors ready on the halliards, and then send the men aft."

Sharpe ran out full of zeal, and trumpeted over Ramsgate, who was stooping emphatically near the keyhole. Dodd hastily bolted the cabin door, and looked with trembling lip and piteous earnestness at Kenealy's fowling-piece and Fullalove's. They were mute with surprise at a gaze so eloquent yet mysterious.

He manned himself, and opened his mind to them with deep emotion, yet not without a certain simple dignity.

"Colonel," said he, "you are an old friend; you, Sir, are a new one; but I esteem you highly, and was a proud young gentleman of you about, you calling all men brothers, and making that poor negro love you, instead of fear you, that should never have been a great trade. My dear friends, I have been unlucky enough to bring my children's fortune on board this ship: here it is, upon my shirt. Fourteen thousand pounds! This weighs me down. Oh, if they should lose it after all! Do pray give me a hand across, and pledge your honors words to take it home safe to my wife at Backington, if you, or either of you, should see this bright sun set to-day, and I should not."

"Why Dodd, old fellow," said Kenealy, cheerfully, "that is the way to go down, not to fight."

"Colonel," replied Dodd, "to save this ship and cargo, I must be wherever the bullets are; and I will, too."

Fullalove more sagacious than the worthy colonel, said earnestly: "Captain Dodd, may I never see Bishop again, and never see Hiram on at the end of my time, if I fail you! There's my hand."

"And mine," said Kenealy, warmly.

They all three joined hands, and Dodd seemed to cling to them.

"God bless you both! God bless you! Oh, what a weight your true hands have pulled off my heart. Good-by for a few minutes. The time is short. I'll just offer a prayer to the Almighty Watcher, and then I'll come up and say a word to the men, and fight the ship according to my lights."

Sail was no sooner shortened, and the crew ranged, than the captain came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his foreboding.

"Ship!" "Silence fore and aft."

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. By her character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, dishonors the women, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard, and teach him to molest a British ship. I promise, in the Company's name, twenty pounds prize-money to every man before the mast if we beat him off or outmaneuvre him; thirty if we sink him; and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather deck, five on the lee; for, if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter; if he doesn't, that is no fault of yours or mine. The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors—"

"Hurrah!"

"We have got women to defend—"

"Hurrah!"

"A good ship under our feet, the God of justice overhead, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colors flying—are we'en up! or are our heads?"

"Hurrah!" (The ship's colors flew up to the fore, and the Union Jack to the mizen peak.)

"Now, lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her (stamping on the deck) swims beneath my foot, and—WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

The reply was a fierce shout from a hundred throats, so loud, so deep, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the escaping air long after it could not rival, battling, he saw mischief in those shortened sails, and that when fired chains shot a her masts, as ordered, and began to play the mischief with her shrouds and rigging. Meantime Fullalove and Kenealy, aided by Ramsgate, who loaded, were busily butchering the pirate crew two a minute, and popped to settle the question they were fighting for; meanwhile the *Agra* but unluckily replied fired once without killing; so "there was nothing proven."

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first; he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight heeling to starboard, and commanded a tremendous and stove in the ship's quarter-boat, by way of a parting present.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him; they thought they had beaten him off. Dodd did not think so. He was but relieving a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever: he would soon wear, and cross the *Agra*'s defenceless bow, rake her fore and aft, and by sol-shot distance; or grapple and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a-weather, to give the deck guns one more chance, if sinking or disabling the Portuguese the Destroyer. As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Penang Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid? Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at the dreadful sight, a hope, blank, yet again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and solemn voice whispered in his ear, "Is assassins?" it said. It was the first mate.

Dodd seized his hand convulsively, and pointed to the pirate's mainsail, and then to them: and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, "Cutlasses! and die hard!"

At that moment the pirate gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain-shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and arm in the act of firing, flew so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently fell overboard with a crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail; the latter overboard like a deck and burying itself black flag and all in the sea; and there, in one moment, lay the Destroyer buffeting and wriggling—like a wounded fish, the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

"Silence!" roared Dodd, with his trumpet. "All hands make sail!"

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood east to windward on the port tack, with as much a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now playing in a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's stern, within eighty yards; and sore was the temptation to the gunners at his mizzenmast being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the provocation. The pirates, in the meantime, in great confusion, and expecting a broadside, trained a gun dead aft.

Dodd saw it, hailed the mizen top: "Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?"

"I rather think we can," said Fullalove, "eh, colonel? I reckon we can do long rifle.

The ship's bows no sooner crossed the schooner's stern than the gun was fired with a shriek. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. The Portuguese, with a movement of rage, snatched it up, and darted to the gun: the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's gun, and crashed into the *Agra*'s side, and passed nearly through her.

"I missed him! Ye missed him!" cried the rival theorist, joyfully. He was mistaken: the smoke cleared away, and the Portuguese was leaning wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew upon the poop deck cheered stoutly and vengeance. They jumped, and raged, and brandished their knives, and made horrid gesticulations of revenge; and the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly; and the wounded captain raised his left arm and had a signal knife ready in his consort, and she bore up in chase, and jamming her fore tauns sail as a board, lay for nearer the stern of the *Agra* could, and sent three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the Merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off; if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her, and to make the falling ammunition, and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing; and the sea to rise a little.

"Gentlemen," he said he, "let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore strait."

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter-deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute; his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor any thing external; it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

"Sharpe," said he, at last, "there must be a way out of them with such a breeze as this is now; if we could but see it."

"Ay, Ay, Sir," said Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

"About ship!" said he, softly, like an afterthought.

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Steer due north!" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to insure co-operation in the first part of a delicate and dangerous manœuvre he had resolved to try.

The wind was N.W.: it was standing north: one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping back between wind and water, and backing the deck clear of his broken masts and yards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up from the S.E., to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the new disposition of tactics, changed his own, put his helm up a little, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, as the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying, as was expected, took advantage of the smoke and put his ship before the wind. By this unexpected stroke the vessels engaged ran swiftly at right angles toward one end of the ocean: and the pirate menaced with two serious perils; a collision, which might send him to the bottom of the sea in a minute, and a broadside delivered at pistol-shot distance, and with no possibility of his making a return. He must either put his helm up or down. He chose the bolder course, put his helm hard a lee, and stood ready to give broadside for broadside. But ere he could bring his lee guns to bear, he must offer his bow for one moment to the ship's broadside: and in that moment, which would had proved fatal, Dodd and his mates raked him fore and aft at short distance with all the five guns that were clear on that side; the carronades fortunately were shot off like a carrot and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhed on his deck, and his lee quarter ran blood into the sea.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all shroud. But not for long; the pirate fired his broadside after all, at the now flying *Agra*, spilt one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar, and made a hole in the foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow chasers, like a fiend in chase. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take those strokes like a coward, but signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the men out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down from the barn's way, no wiser on the smooth bore question than they went up.

The pirate patient ship ran environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, fifteen miles off on her lee quarter, and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the *Agra*, had come near each other, and some manœuvres had found out, at one and the same moment, that the enemy's captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured, was a patient but tremendous man. He was not only to be shot at—their schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring, master-stroke to hurt his consort by doing so at the same time. Without a foresail she could never get out of his way. Her crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and overboard the shrouded jib-boom, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was gained, the intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of shouts and curses, as each consort went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trusted the gun. They were well commanded by a heroic able villain. Astern the consort thundered; but the *Agra*'s response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship on a line of hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as



SINKING TORPEDOES IN CHARLESTON HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT.—FROM A DRAWING BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

they would have conned and steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd, quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know:* she reared her lofty figure-head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout; it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the *Agra's* heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

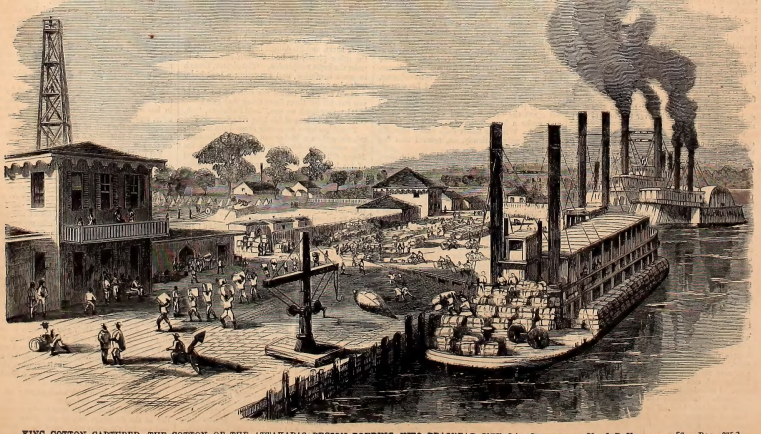
"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped: oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Soolous, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasp's stings.

CRASH! the *Tedmouth's* cut-water in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside: down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the *Agra* and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of ingulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Pallalieu, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.



KING COTTON CAPTURED—THE COTTON OF THE ATTAKAPAS REGION POURING INTO BRASHEAR CITY, LA.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 375.]



HOME FROM THE WAR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Look! Ladies, Look!

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM

FOR NOTHING!

At the present time, when everybody wants a photographic album, it will be glorious news to the public to know, that we have hit upon a plan by which everybody may procure

A Photographic Album

FOR NOTHING!

We propose to

Give Away a Photographic Album

AS A

PREMIUM FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS

TO THE

New York Weekly,

Now universally admitted to be the

Model Story and Sketch Paper

OF THE AGE.

The New York Weekly

Employs more literary talent and spends more money for contributions than any other paper of its class published. Anybody before whom notice it is fairly brought, will be glad to subscribe for it, even without any other inducement than its merit; but when, in addition, a

Photographic Album is Given Away,

THE SALE OF IT WILL BE IMMENSE.

In order to more fully explain ourselves, we hereby lay before the public the following

LIST OF PREMIUMS

TO GETTERS UP OF CLUBS,

To anybody who will send us $5, for two subscriptions to the NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will give a splendid Photographic Album, bound in beautiful leather, and gilt-edged, worth $3, which will hold 30 Cartes de Visites. To any one sending us $8, for three subscriptions, we will send a splendid $4 Album, which will hold 40 Cartes de Visites. To any one sending $10, for four subscribers, we will send a splendid Album, worth $8, which will hold 50 Cartes de Visites. To any one sending $25, for the subscription, we will send them a beautiful $7 50 Album, which will hold 60 Cartes de Visites. To any one sending $20, for eight subscriptions, we will send a beautiful $10 Album, which will hold 100 Cartes de Visites. These entitled to premiums should be careful to mention the ocean of the Album—either Brown, Black, Red, or Fancy Color.

Each Album will be sent on the day ordered.

The New York Weekly

has been long sought before the people to satisfy them that these offers are made in good faith, and that our engagements will be faithfully met. Our friends must be careful to whom they entrust their money for subscriptions, as we, of course, can take no risk. Persons sending no money should be particular to mention Town, County and State.

All letters must be addressed to

STREET & SMITH,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

11 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

SPECIMEN COPIES SENT FREE.

FARNSWORTH'S PATENT.

Window and Carriage Washer.

By the use of this simple but ingenious article, a window can be washed in one minute by thoroughly cleaned and polished in three minutes, and may be used by a boy or girl ten years of age. The Washer is manufactured expressly for this purpose, and throws a stream a distance of forty feet. Samples sent on receipt of One Dollar. Agents wanted to control States, Counties, and Towns. Call on or address 498 Broadway, N. Y. FARNSWORTH, Inventor and Manufacturer.

What an amount of Suffering and Disease

among the Volunteers would be prevented by the free use of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT! For Wounds, Sores, and Scurvy, the Ointment is a certain cure; and for bowel complaints, Fevers, Small Pox, &c., the Pills are the best medicine in the world. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

Insoles, Belts and Garments.

The Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles, Voltaic Belts, Armlets, &c., are the surest remedy (or thousands who have used them in Great Britain and the United States can testify) for curing Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Neuralgia, tendency of blood to the head, and all nervous diseases, being a safe, certain, and mostly instantaneous remedy. NATTAN & CO., Proprietors, 420 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1; Armlets, $1 50; Belts, $5. Send for circular. Sent by mail for 25 cents additional.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Schaffer, Son, & Co.

Manufacturers and Importers of all the leading RICH AND MOST POPULAR STYLES OF JEWELRY, WITH THE VIEW OF INCREASING THEIR BUSINESS TO AN UNLIMITED EXTENT, OFFER THE FOLLOWING RICHLY ORNAMENTS AT THE UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES FOLLOWING!

VEST CHAINS, of many new and original styles. Fortune, new, $1. Hungarian, imitada, $3. All-the-Go, stranded, $3. Ponce Keepsake, $5. Damascus, heavy, $6. Alexandra, $8.

LADIES' SETS OF JEWELRY, consisting of Pin and Ear Drops to correspond. Florentine, Paintings, and Jet, per set, $3. Enamelled and Chased, $5. Coral, Imitated, $5. Garnet, Turquoise, brilliant, &c., $5. Stone, Moss-agate, or Diamond, $6.

RINGS, of the most fashionable and desirable styles. Plain, Scale, Seal, and Chased, $1. Signet and Shield, all sizes, $2. Fancy Stone Signet, $3. Millerula Diamond, $5. Enamelled, in Cluster, $8.

BOSOM AND SCARF PINS. Handsomely mounted, and of all fashionable designs, Scroll and Leaf, $1. Clustered Hand, with stone, $2. Brazilian Diamond, $3. Cluster, Ina Diamond, $5. Ditto, with handsome pin, tail, and shaft, $6.

SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS, in sets. An extensive variety to choose, comprising every conceivable design. Engine-turned and engraved, $1. Solitaire, unique and handsome, $2. Ditto, enamelled, with stones, $3.

LOCKETS, all double glasses. Engine-turned and engraved, $1. Larger, $2. An imitation of a lady's watch, a superb ornament, $4. Ditto, superior, $5.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, made by ourselves, and warranted. Strong mounted, extra quality, and very flexible, large size, $3. Ditto, Solitaire, a very superior article, $5.

Parties living in any of the states may safely remit the price in a letter plainly addressed, as below, and the article will be delivered by return mail, free of postage.

☞ One ounce of One Hundred Dollars and Upwards, a Silver or Tortoise Shell Watch will be DEDUCTED FROM THE ABOVE PRICES. ☜ Great Inducements offered Sellers. Gift Enterprises. Address

SCHAFFER, SON, & CO.,

199 Broadway, New York.

The Human Eye,

Its color, language, and functions, considered in the light of physiology, Psychology, and Anatomy, with numerous engraved illustrations, including portraits of Cleaning, Brown, Red, Neil Gow and Hazlitt, on the Bishop Beckit. Portrait and character of Dr. Musgrave, and the Art of Seeing. By the Author of "Physiognomy," Nemesis, Tschudi, &c.

"How to Talk or a Call" in the way he should go, by a distinguished Clergyman. Music, its cultivation; the Law of Association; Memory, Habit, Imagination, its functions, and other interesting matter, in the JUNE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Price 30 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN BE ALLEE A WEEK.—Particulars sent free. Every family can supply themselves with the best article ever offered. Address for circulars, &c., CHARLES T. WEBB, Publisher, 448 Broadway, N. Y.

New Music.—"Shall we meet again?" Who will be there? Nellie, now? By Emma Louis. Never Despond; reply to "No one to love," each 25 cents. Arcana Gems Album, 100 tunes for Violin, Flute, Cornet, &c. $1, post-paid.

FREDERICK BLUMP, 205 Bowery, N. Y.

Knapp's Extract of Roots,

For Making Root Beer.

The attention of Druggists, Hotel Keepers, Private Families, Root Beer Makers, &c., is called to the above preparation. One of the principal ingredients used in the ginger known is made from this extract; with but little trouble, and at a trifling cost. It will make 4 gals. root beer, $1; 32 bottles, or 38 per gallon, which make 16, 25, 50, and 100 gallons of Root Beer. Sold by druggists, and factory each Bottle. General Depot, No. 302 Hudson St., New York. Send for circulars. Also sold at the manufacturer's price.

RETURNED SOLDIERS

Can make from $6 to $10 daily by canvassing for THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION. Issued by the Auburn Publishing Co. For all about it, address E. G. STODDER, Auburn, N. Y.

Cure of Gravel in Two Weeks.

DR. J. BRANDRETH, Jun., Oneida Co., N. Y., Jan. 27, 1863.

Dr. S. Brandreth:

My Dear Sir: I received your letter acknowledging the receipt of one hundred Boxes for thirty days of *Brandreth's Pills*, which have been largely sold in this town for the last thirty years.

I have made one of the most respectable of our citizens was sorely afflicted with gravel; no less than eight medical men were called in with a view to giving relief to the severe pain, which could be relieved with water piercing cries, which were heard a block. The doctors exerted their skill in vain; as a last resort *Brandreth's Pills* were recommended from me. The first dose *did* give ease, and two boxes effected a perfect cure within two weeks. In our town, there are persons who have been cured of almost every disease by the use of them. Be sure and use my name supply are fresh *Pills* and new style.

Your Friend and Agent, of many years standing.

ASA FILLINGIM.

In all cases, be sure and get NEW STYLE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and be put off with no other. You thus secure fresh Pills, and the genuine.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street. Also No. 4 Union Square, and all dealers.

Grand Mass Meeting

of the friends of

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!

Assembles daily at the Sales Rooms of

To ratify the schedule of *exceedingly low prices*, which has been adopted for the present Spring and ensuing Summer seasons, for

MEN'S, YOUTHS, AND CHILDRENS' CLOTHING.

Don't fail to attend this meeting, and bring your friends with you, for the following very good reasons!—

Whether you purchase or not you will receive polite attention.

All Goods are warranted in every particular. The privilege allowed of exchanging (within three days) any garment which, upon examination at home, does not meet the entire approval of the purchaser, or the money refunded promptly.

Attention!!

Agents, Sutlers, and others. We offer great inducements to sell our Prize Packages, the largest, cheapest, and best out. Every variety to suit the Army, Navy, and Country trade. Prizes filled, sold, and a splendid Gift of Jewelry given with each packet.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

In Decatur, Illinois.—A beautiful Art, by which enterprising persons of either sex can clear from $5 to $10 per day. No capital is required, and the Materials are sent free. A New Edition of this Art is worth $500 to persons having leisure evenings. Full instructions sent for 25 cents.

GEO. MELLISH, Worcester, Mass.

FREE.—Gift Novelty Union Badges distributed to Soldiers' Aid Societies. Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send one 3 cent stamp for sample. HUBBARD BROS., N. Y.

WOOL TWINE, in balls and skeins.

Flax and Hemp CARPET WARP,

2 and 3 ply, colored and grey. All kinds of twine and cordage at lowest net cash prices.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane.

The King Microscope—Double Lens. Prof. Hereford, of Have visit University, says: "It works very well, and you have got it up very neatly." 66 cents. The "S. Wonder" 25, and the "Howes" Microscope $1 50. One of each (3) for $1. Free by mail. T. Edwin King, "Evans Hall," No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

STRENGTH FOR THE EXHAUSTED.—Thousands die, as it were, inch by inch, of bodily weakness; for debility will kill as surely, though not so quickly, as a raging fever. It is asked how the weak shall be made strong; the debilitated healed and restored: the exhausted re-filled with vital energy? We aver that of all preventing agencies given by science to man, from the institution of the art of healing to the present hour, not one has wrought such wonders in the way of restoration as HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. This is indeed the sublime secret of a real, lasting, strength-supporting, life-prolonging agent, the like of it is not to be found in the catalogue of medicines. Among the various articles used to arouse the dormant powers of nature, the Bitters possess the great awakener of the paralyzed physician. It not only awakens the physical power from a state of inaction and inertia, but it imparts permanent vigor to the muscular and nervous systems—circulating, by its aid, both the stronghold and the outworks of vitality. The aged, the decrepid, the nervous, the broken-down of both sexes, are recommended to try it. They will assuredly find it a present help in time of need.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 425 BROADWAY.

Ladies' Ready-Made Undergarments

OF

Linen, Cambric and Muslin.

Store 1143 Broadway, near 26th St.

Sizes, Patterns, Qualities, and Assortment intended to fully meet the need of any Lady unexpectedly in want of ready, or preparing the avoidance of home labor. Orders from abroad faithfully executed by experience. Goods Liss of Prices mailed if requested.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVENS PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from $7 cents to $3. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send for circular.

HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,

No. 20 Nassau St., Room No. 23, N. Y.

150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." All sizes. Free by mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 443 Broadway, N. Y.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

Dr. B. C. PERRY,

The Celebrated Dermatologist,

FROM No. 29 WINTER STREET, BOSTON,

And the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of

Diseased Scalps

AND

Loss of Hair, and Blanching

a specialty, has established himself at

No. 49 Bond Street New York,

where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any disease of the scalp, loss of hair, or premature blanching.

Dr. Perry has had a very extensive practice in this city, that having decided the greater portion of his life career nearly years—to the investigation, theoretically and practically, of his specialty, the treatment of all diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching, and having practiced for the past eight years in the principal cities of New England (for the last two years in Boston) with the most flattering success, he confidently offers his services to all who are afflicted with any disease of the Scalp that indicate loss of hair or blanching; also motheatches, tetters, and other discolorations of the head and face—his success in other cities where he has practiced, as the annexed voluntary testimonials prove, certifying not only to the general efficacy of his system of treatment, but to the special curves he has effected where hitherto the best known medical skill had failed. The following list of references (Boston, Providence, Portland, and elsewhere are those of the best citizens of said places. They include all classes and professions—physicians, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, clergymen, and professors. The visitors must be aware that the satisfactory result attending the most skeptical that no man could obtain their names as unless permission to do so had been granted.

Any person wishing to consult the Doctor at his office, No. 49 Bond Street, can do so free of charge. People living at a distance, and wishing for particulars, should address Dr. B. C. PERRY (inclosing stamp), No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

BOSTON, April, 1862.

DR. B. C. PERRY.—Dear Sir: In reply to the many inquiries addressed to me in the course of years of treating Diseases of the Scalp and Loss of Hair, we present you with the written assurance of the satisfactory result attending your treatment of capillary difficulties. Acknowledging your entire confidence in our own cases, we cheerfully recommend you to the confidence of the public.

HENRY W. CRAFTS, Manufacturer Goods, corner of Milk and Congress Streets.

A. A. RICKER, Merchant, 43 State Street.

A. A. KEEN, Professor of Tufts College.

JOSEPH E. BOWDOIN, Merchant, corner of Washington and Bedford Streets.

DUDLEY WILLIAMS, firm of Williams & Everett, 234 Washington Street.

WILLIAM H. DUNBAR, 105 Pearl Street.

J. ROUNDY, Merchant, 80 State Street.

G. M. CUSHING, Teacher, 5 Mount Street.

J. M. COMEY, Merchant, 90 Union Wharf.

J. T. GALLAGHER, Merchant, 3 Commercial.

A. A. ALDEN, Boston Post-Office.

WM. HANLEY, Editor of *Ladies' Magazine*, Boston.

J. R. FELTON, 160 State Street.

C. J. ANDERSON, Piano Manufacturer, 239 Commercial Street, corner Charter.

L. W. FREEMAN, Proprietor of Trimountain House, 340 Hanover Street.

JOSIAH A. BRODHEAD, residence, Pavilion, Tremont Street.

J. L. TURNER, Merchant, 46 Central Wharf.

B. H. HUBBARD, Carriage Manufacturer, South Boston.

A. G. WOODWARD, Lowell, Mass.

A. W. SANFORD, 120 Bartlett Street, Charlestown, Mass.

J. P. CURRIER, Charlestown, Mass.

A. F. CHANDLER, Merchant, 36 Chester Park.

Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, 79 *Dover* Street.

J. H. BOTTOMLEY, Dover Street.

J. W. DICKINSON, 71 Devonshire Street.

Rev. A. D. MAYO, Revere, Mass.

WM. S. WHITNEY, Merchant, 13 Commercial Wharf

The following unsolicited Testimonial, from some of the most Prominent and oldest citizens, will speak for itself:

We, the undersigned, citizens of Providence and vicinity, certify to the efficacy of Dr. Perry's Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, as practiced by Dr. Perry upon us and in our families, and believe it to be a most gratifying results, and it affords us much pleasure to be able from personal experience to recommend it to the public. We have no hesitation in saying it is one of the most scientific and successful practitioners in his specialty in the Diseases of the Hair and Scalp.

CHAS. W. FARYAN, M.D.
CHAS. G. HAZARD, M.D.
J. A. WADSWORTH, M.D.
Y. HALSTEAD, Esq.
RUSSELL CAULKINS, M.D.
CHARLES HAZARD, Esq.
G. WOODS.
Rev. E. W. MAYEY, Jr., Warren, R. I.
H. H. BURRINGTON, Druggist,
DAVID P. KIMBALL, M.D.
A. G. STILWELL,
Cash. Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank.
D. K. HOXSIE,
Cashier Society and Producers' Bank.
Cons. CHARLES T. ROBBINS,
Cashier Roger Williams Bank.

PORTLAND REFERENCES.

CHARLES OXNARD,
JOHN H. SHAW,
ELISHA KELLER.

NEW DEPOND REFERENCES

ANDREW MACKIE, M.D.,
M. B. SCHOLFIELD,
JOHN H. JENNINGS, M.D.,
DANIEL WILDES,
JOHN H. MACKIE, M.D.,
CHARLES H. MACKIE, M.D.,
CHARLES M. TUTTLE, M.D.,
EDWARD P. ABBE, M.D.,
FREDERICK HOOPER, M.D.,
CHARLES D. STICKNEY, M.D.,
Rev. S. M. RICE, at present in *Jersey City*.
Rev. J. J. TWISS, at present in Lowell.
Rev. J. S. WHITE,
JOHN F. EMERSON, Esq.,
HENRY H. CRAPO, Esq., Flint, Mich.

The Doctor has certificates from many of the above parties too lengthy to publish. They can be seen by any person calling at No. 49 Bond St. No charge for consultation.

For particulars, address DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	40 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
8000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
8000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
8000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Full and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
8000 Sets of Room Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
8000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'el Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 26 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect the cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

209 Broadway, New York.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout the length and breadth of every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it universally known. Say, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its efficacy, and fewer yet the communities anywhere which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for children and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* counts its cures by its consumers in the thousands from whom it comes, by the year, and save your cable while they are curable, our high reputation for skill and knowledge in the incurable cases that tender the trials, cuts your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know, too, the relative of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and those afflicted ones who rely on it in the last agon which our skill can furnish for their cure.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
Lowell, Mass.

And sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 275 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street. Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

Agents and Dealers.

Something New. Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket, a thing of beauty and usefulness combined. Samples by mail, 50 cts. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better

DISPLAY,

And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! - We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Illustrating Panels, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new and curious articles. 13 circulars *free*. SHAW & CLARKE, Biddeford, Me.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway; cor. Duane St., N. Y. 25th Established in 1837. 12 Fac Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 numbered cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of 50c. Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet which will be sent gratis, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for person entitled to property. Address or apply to BLAIR & HAY, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily exercise of Flowers, Barks and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor.
Depot No. 403 Broadway.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or their heirs, easily collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 7 York Place, New York, and 476 Tth Street, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe New Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 36x50. Price $1,200.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x61. Price $1700.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x61. Price $1800.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good Society. Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., &c. Ten hours from New York. Prices low. Terms easy. Pamphlets, with Maps, 10 cents. Address C. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Journal sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and within sensible distance of a market, for farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT
WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 100 Nassau Street, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Circulars sent free.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at TAYLOR & MAUGER'S, 110 Chambers St.

Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!

Gold Mounted Jet Enamel Vest Chains.

Unique in design and unsurpassed in appearance!

This is an article but recently introduced, of which we are the patentees and sole manufacturers; they have already become one of the most popular, fashionable, and saleable ornaments of the day. PRICE: Small size, $18 per gross. Medium size, $24 per gross. Large size, $36 per gross. Assorted, four dozen of each size, $36. All have patent bar and improved swivel attached, with gold mountings of different designs. *Sold only by the gross.*

Sutlers, Jobbers, and General dealers will find them well worthy their attention; they give a profit of 500 per cent.

Chains, in grosses only, will be sent by express with bill payable on delivery. Buyers in distant states, or any part thereof, must enclose cash in advance, as we can not collect from them. Address

Weyhouse & Samuel Chain Co.,
171 *Broadway, New York.*

FIRTH, SON & CO.,

Have much pleasure in announcing that they are now permanently located in the

SPACIOUS STORE,
NO. 563 BROADWAY,
Next door to Mosers. Ball, Black & Co.

They would, at the same time, call the attention of their numerous friends and the

MUSICAL PUBLIC

To their valuable and well assorted stock of

PIANOS,

MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Strings in all *Varieties*,

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, &c., &c.

Which they have now for sale

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

At the lowest prices and of the best quality.

Sole Agents for MORISON'S HYGEIAN Medicines.

CATARRH!!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY pronounced to be the only cure for the terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 54 Sudbury st., Boston.

MOUNT KISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Mount Kisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS.

Madame Bendelari, from Rue de la Paix, Paris. Bonnets, Hats, Head-Dresses, Parisian styles.

607 Broadway, New York.

G. W. FRENCH, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Fine *Shirts* and *Collars* MADE TO ORDER. Fine Gauze Merino undershirts $1 00 each, or $10 a doz. Also a large stock of Muslin, Linen, and Jean Drawers of every description and variated to fit.

C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

THE
IXL.

PATENT NO CHIMNEY BURNER, for Burning Kerosene or Coal Oil in Flat Lamps.

Agents are wanted in every State of the Union.

Great inducements offered. Send for Circular.

Sample lamp sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

J. DODIN,
No. 3 Platt Street, N. Y.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, July 11th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, for the benefit of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Corn Flour" throughout the entire countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the day, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without lemon, spice, or eggs, and with eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to Duryea's Maizena Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

$10 per day net profit.—Agents wanted for a light wholesale business. Send stamp for a circular to C. F. SHULTS, *Troy New York.*

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS OF WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous friends and patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels by MAIL, with the utmost safety and promptitude. Watches so forwarded are *registered*; we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Just received, by European steamers, several large importations of that despairingly popular article, the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for fidelity accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, reviewing this watch, says: "We are pleased to see that this importation of the Hubbard Bros. is meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary merit can alone so justly merit. These watches are novelties produced by no other House, far exceeding other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons render the House a valuable medium for traders in the Army."

THE RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER cases, beautiful chased dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep accurate time for one year* in case of half dozen, $54. By mail, $1 65 additional for postage. Small retail profit will range from $50 to $60. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also the celebrated

Magic Time Observers.

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!
BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH RECENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on the Magic Observatory says: "We have before shown a most pleasing novelty, which the Hubbard Bros., of New York, are the sole agents for, and which is the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the finished, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece ever produced, and reliable to one of the finest in and connected with its machinery, for winding the backwards, forwards, or key could be dispensed with. In cases of this watch we have examined the movement, which is a full size 16 carat one. It has the improved ruby action lever escapement, and is warranted a perfect timepiece." Prices superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $108. Sample Watches, in neat morocco cases, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail the postage is 26 cents.

THESE LOTS ARE REQUIRED IN ADVANCE IN ALL INSTANCES! Remittances may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order; if sent by express or mail, in a Registered Letter at our risk.

No Circulars or Agents.

☞ WATCHES FOR THE ARMY CAN ONLY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

250 Rare Receipts.

One hundred of these receipts cost over A THOUSAND DOLLARS.
The whole can be sent by mail for 25 cents.
HUTCHISON & CO., Publishers, 449 Broadway, N. Y.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO is having an immense sale, and steadily taking the place of all other instruction books. Price $3, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail, postpaid. Sold by all Music dealers, and by the Publishers,

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE. 8vo, 15 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. CAMERON, author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The papers of permanent value which have been published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE form a most valuable set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers have a few complete sets, of SIX NUMBER from the commencement. For Twenty-five Volumes, neatly bound in cloth, $1 50 per volume, paid. Any volume sold separately. Cloth cases for binding, 50 cents, postpaid, to any place in the United States. Vols. 1 to 25, 1850 miles of Web, Fine Cut, Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, elegantly bound in cloth in set of express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, for 11 Copies for $33.
Postage to be allowed for every Club of TWO SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, of 11 Copies for $25.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, for one year, $6 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, of 11 Copies for $25.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, for one year, $6 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



THE IRISH EXODUS.

JOHN BULL. "Don't go among them Hamerican Cannibals, PATRICK—they'll eat you body and bones."

PATRICK. *"Ate me, is it?* Och! thin, the divil a fear of it! It's not mate enough you're left on me bones, you could Suicide!"

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, as PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

5-20's LOAN AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY YEAR BONDS AT PAR WILL CEASE. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Attention General Grant's Rosecrans' Hooker's and Birney's Divisions.

Brig.-Gen. D. B. BIRNEY says: "This Cross is in honor of our Division, and the wearer of it will always command her love, friendship of a true and brave soldier, and will never disgrace it." I will send the above Cross Pin, in Gold Plate, to any soldier on the receipt of $1. Also for $1, I will send as sample either a fine Gold Pen or Pencil, or a New Style Vest Chain, or a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or an Engraved Bracelet or Spring Locket.

Also Head-Quarters for Union League Pins. Samples of this once will be sent on the receipt of 50 cents. I have a kind which I will sell for $3 per hundred, $25 per 1000.

B. F. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

Brown, Wilson, & Fisher,
Bankers and Brokers, No. 19 Wall St.

Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of all kinds bought and sold on Commission. Interest of Dividends collected. Orders for more than $10 00 per cent. Bonds as payment received thereon. We buy and sell, and keep constantly on hand, all kinds of U. S. Government Securities, Gold, Silver, Uncurrent Money, &c., &c.

LEWIS M. BROWN, HENRY S. WILSON
CHARLES A. FISHER, Member of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Refer by permission to

Bank of the Commonwealth, Spofford & Tileston, Woodruff, Taylor, James B. Wilson, Lewis B. Brown, John J. Crane.



For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

Superior Farm Land.

At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Track, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Esq., Surry, and others, with full information, sent free for addressing JOHN H. GRIFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

"Noses"
And their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, pug, long, short, thick, sharp, aquiline, "turn ups," and Jewish Noses, with the "why and wherefore" of their varieties. Portraits and characters of our leading Generals, and other officers, with their Phrenology, Physiognomy, Physiognomy, and Psychology. Also Ethnology, Anthropology, &c., &c., as in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED. A new vol. begins with July No. $1 20 a year, or 15 cents a Number. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Prices per hundred, $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address

JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 5614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

National Union League.
To the Trade.

The above design is the one adopted and issued by this organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a Pin of the 10-K gold plate, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Stiller's Patent, 816 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, Lisping, &c. Call or send for circular to the inst London Institution.

Full course Edition of Pitman's and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. BATES, 217 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

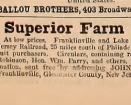
For Spring and Summer.

For Dyspeptic and Bilious Complaints, Headaches, Constipation, Piles, &c., as a gentle and efficient Purgative, as a refreshing and invigorating Draught; suitable for all ages and seasons, and may be taken at all times.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

has the approbation and preference of the Brey Physicians, over Mineral Waters, Seidlitz Powders, Pills, and hand Purgatives.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by TARRANT & CO., No. 278 Greenwich St., N. Y.



GOLD PENS

Detailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens re-pointed on the receipt of 26 cents.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Shults' Onguent.—Warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, post-paid, for 50 ct. Address C. F. Shults, Troy, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe and Directions for making a Vegetable Compound, all ingredients combinable, by sending to Dr. Adee, 631 Pearl St., N. Y. It cured me in five. Write for it—it has cured thousands.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
No. 208 Broadway, New York.

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of first quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army.* No family should be without one. Prefix numbers, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper,* presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. Largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately made large additions to their Watch, especially designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and sold here only for *peddling and scrambling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the BEST PRACTICAL MANUFACTURE, AS ACCURATE AND DURABLE THEIR ARTISTIC CONSTRUCTION WILL PERMIT, and guarantee, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the flimsy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 371 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.



GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
Manufactory, Birmingham, Eng.
47 Hampton St. Birmingham, Eng.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defects of the Eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. Broadway and Ann Street, N. Y.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42
FROZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS, $24, $27, $30 and $33 per dozen.

AGENTS WANTED

S. W. H. WARD, from London, No. 387 Broadway.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 20 cts. cents pinfarrels, magnifying small objects 500 times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,

Offers more advantages to insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:

A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, now largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive

ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter expressly requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, *without their separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims. All reasonable facilities will be offered to enable them to RENEW THEIR POLICIES 15 PAYS in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. PIERSON, late PRATT, HENDERSON & CO., 190 William St., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF L.Y.D.S.
Rheumatism,

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP.

Which *Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Body,* gives *Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles,* and *Health to every Fibre of the System.*

Depot, 120 CHATHAM ST., N. Y. Sold 992 GRAND St. Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements,* perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail in neat leather case for only $7. A Gold Lever, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

AT
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
BENJ. FRANKLIN,
173 Broadway, New York,

Manufacturer of Jewelry, and Manufacturer's Agent for the sale of Military Trimmings, Millinery Ornaments,

ALBUMS AND
BIBLE CLASPS,
AND

Yankee Notions of every description.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Railroad, on previous page.

How to Paint Photographs.
A NEW WORK.

Just published. Price 10 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists' supply-men, and Stock Dealers, and sent, post-paid, by the Publishers,

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope

Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $5; or, with 24 objects, for $5; by HENRY CRAIG, 198 Centre Street, 2d floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT

Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any climate. E. RUNDLES, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 338.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE IRON-CLAD CINCINNATI.

On this page we publish a picture of the iron-clad gun-boat *Cincinnati*, as she appeared before she went into the recent fight at Vicksburg, where she was sunk. Our picture is from a photograph by Lieut. Julius H. Krohl, who writes, under date of 27th May:

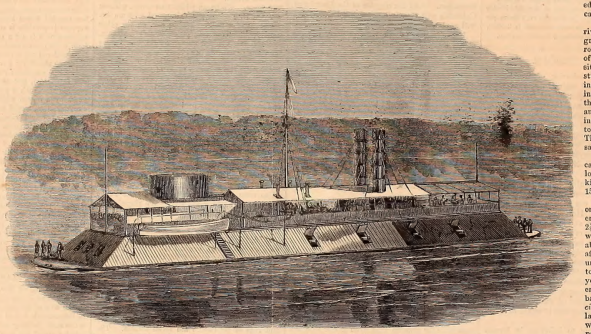
"This morning the so-called iron-clad *Cincinnati*, Lieut. Bache commanding, went down the river to silence a battery on the top of a bluff just above Vicksburg, which could not be silenced by Sherman's artillery.

"She went gallantly into action, rounded the point, and blazed away at the rebel batteries, but the latter were not idle, and all the guns that could be brought to bear—rifled and smooth-bore—opened on her. Her filler-ropes were shot away, and she got some heavy shot into her sides. The pilot was killed at the wheel, and her commander took his place. All the men at the wheel were wounded, but Lieut. Bache escaped unharmed.

"She started up the river, as she made a great deal of water, rounded again the point of the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, and was struck by a plunging 10-inch smooth-bore or 7-inch rifled shot; she then commenced to sink, and her captain ran her inshore, where she sank to her hammock netting. The officers and crew saved nothing.

"According to the captain the *Cincinnati* lost about thirty men in killed and wounded, and 15 to 20 drowned.

"The *Cincinnati* was one of the Western river-built boats. She had 2½-inch iron plating forward, extending aft to about amidships; the after-part was entirely unprotected. The photograph I send I took yesterday before her after-part was covered with bales of hay. The *Cincinnati* only returned last Sunday from Cairo, where she had been repaired and had a tower for riflemen."



THE IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT "CINCINNATI," SUNK AT VICKSBURG.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THE MONSTER TENT ERECTED AT CHICAGO FOR THE CANAL CONVENTION.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house where intimate take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and bound in cases bought, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

Advertisements on the last page of *Harper's Weekly* are CHARGED AT THE RATE OF TWENTY CENTS PER LINE. The space allotted to advertisements is limited, and an early application is advisable to secure a place.

NEGRO TROOPS.

THE magnificent behavior of the Second Louisiana colored regiment at Port Hudson recalls the fact that it is just two years since a meeting, uttered in the columns of this journal, that if this war lasted we should arm the negroes, and use them to fight the rebels, was received with shrieks of indignation, not only in the South, but in such semi-neutral States as Maryland and Kentucky, but throughout the loyal North and even in the heart of New England. At that time the bulk of the people of the United States entertained a notion that it was unworthy of a civilized or a Christian people to use in war allies whose skin was not white. How so singular a notion could have originated, and how men should have clung to it in the face of the example of foreign nations and in view experience in the wars of 1776 and 1812, can only be explained by referring to the extraordinary manner in which for forty years slavery had been warping the heart and mind of the American people. A generation of men had grown up in awe of slavery, and in unbounded contempt of the blacks. And that generation declared that it would not have negro soldiers.

It is very cheering to believers in human progress, and to men who honestly think that the world moves, to perceive that the short period of two years has sufficed to cure an evil of so long standing, and has extended even the hunkerest Democrat of 1861 into a willingness to arm the blacks. In the abstract, of course, it is a matter of small consequence that we should at last be doing a thing in itself so obviously sensible and proper that we were clearly fools not to have done it at first. But those who remember how deep the antipathy was, even among anti-slavery men, to any thing which seemed to involve the remotest risk of negro insurrection; how even the most liberal minds among us shrank from any course of policy which seemed capable of entangling us, under any circumstances, in an admission of negro equality, will feel no common sense of joy at our emancipation from so narrow and mean a prejudice.

We have from time to time recorded the slow progress of negro enlistments, and the constant obstacles which have been encountered by the fur-seeing men who have desired to raise an army of blacks. When General Banks raised among fugitive slaves the First South Carolina black regiment at Hilton Head, the officers of his corps could not understand why he should have refused to associate with the few brave men who took command of the negroes; and Secretary Stanton—still busily summarizing over the A B C of the work—declined to pay them wages because their skins were too dark. Under the iron rule of Butler at New Orleans a black brigade was organized, and so long as that grim soldier held sway dissent at the measure was prudently silent. But when Banks succeeded in mustering the white troops who served the General that his Northern men were not yet sufficiently educated to the times to march side by side with negroes. He virtually solved the problem by sending the blacks into garrison, and keeping the whites in the field. One regiment, it seems, he marched against the enemy, and they, we may be sure, will not, after Port Hudson, be again exposed to sneers or insult. At the Southwest negro troops began to pour into our lines when Columbus fell, and the rush has never ceased. Yet, until within a few weeks, no use has been made of them. They came in droves, begging as a favor to be employed as soldiers—as any thing. But our generals, slow to learn that they were excellent fighting material, and that the lesson of the hour was to arm them, treated them as a nuisance; sometimes fed them in idleness, sometimes set them back to their masters, in a few cases used them as laborers, but never, until recently, put muskets into their hands. It was not till the month of March last, when Adjutant-General Thomas (who two years ago was no "sound"—as the phrase was—on the slavery question that he was even suspected of rebel sympathies) went West at the pressing invitation of General Blair and others, that the necessity was discerned of making soldiers of these fugitives. Since then ten full regiments of negroes have been formed, and are being drilled and equipped. It is now stated that ten more regiments will shortly be organized. Indeed there is no limit to the supply of troops which may be drawn from this source. The valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries could furnish, in the course of time, an army of 100,000 men—enough to hold the country after we have taken it.

At the North, the work of negro enlistments progresses slowly, partly in consequence of the sparse negro population, and, partly owing to obstacles created by politicians. In this State no regiment has been formed; it is said to be hard work enough to obtain the sanction of the State authorities to the formation of new white regiments. But Massachusetts has already sent off one full regiment, commanded by Colonel Shaw, and another is in process of formation. And the troops of the District of Columbia will shortly constitute a brigade, and will apply for active service.

Uneasiness is felt in some quarters lest the rebels should execute their wanton threats of hanging the officers of black regiments and selling the privates into slavery. But no apprehension need be entertained on this score. The act of the Rebel Congress on this subject is so ingeniously framed that while appearing to menace our blacks and their officers with dire penalties, it really remits the whole subject of their treatment to Jeff Davis; who, of course, will realize that indignities offered to them would at once be followed by retaliation upon rebel prisoners in our hands. The 5400 prisoners taken by General Grant at Vicksburg are a pretty fair security for our negro troops.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO THE NORTH.

THE prediction of the Richmond papers that the summer campaign would be fought on Northern soil was no idle threat. For some time past General Stuart has been massing the advance-guards of the rebel army—Hampton, and on 9th a bloody fight took place between that body and a picked detachment of the Army of the Potomac. Of the result of that encounter we know nothing as yet. But unless Stuart has been utterly overwhelmed and scattered, we may take for granted that even if our side has been successful the object of the Richmond papers has only been deferred for a time. The rebels are determined to make us feel "the horrors of war" in our own land. Their cavalry will depredate; the recent cavalry raids into Virginia and Mississippi show how much may be effected by a band of resolute men; there is every reason to expect, and no reason to doubt, that the soil of Pennsylvania and Maryland will be invaded within the month.

It may be asked, as it was asked when Lee invaded Maryland, last fall, *cui bono?* What can the rebels gain by invading the North? They can gain much. They can feed their army, our people feel the horrors of war, and give a practical point to the Copperhead cry for peace. They will inflict terrible suffering, vengeance and supply the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania with pretty substantial grounds for desiring the war to be ended. These ends, in the opinion of the Richmond press, amply justify the enterprise.

What are the prospects of success. The answer to this depends upon the Government at Washington. Because a brigade of swift cavalry was able to ride through the thinly-peopled States of Mississippi and Alabama at their rebel force, while another brigade contrived, by hard riding and dextrous management, to dash across from Culpepper to Gloucester Court House, that is no reason why *Stuart's corps d'armee* should succeed in making good a foothold in the thickly-peopled States of Pennsylvania—unless we are to suppose that the Government neglects the most obvious precautions for the protection of the North.

But it is the mere indifference of a rebel purpose to cross the Potomac, the entire militia of Pennsylvania and 50,000 men from the adjacent States are called out; if proper measures are adopted to prevent any of the invaders from points of danger, or to protect adequately all depôts of supplies; if the splendid but somehow amazingly inactive force at Harper's Ferry can be manœuvred so as to fall upon the rear of the invaders, and cut off effectually their retreat to their base; in this case the invasion of the North would probably prove the end of the South as a pretended nation. If, however, matters are allowed to drift along, the rebel commander decides itself into a belief that the rebels are not energetic enough or desperate enough to try to carry the war into Pennsylvania; or that, being in that State, they will not prove most formidable intruders, then it will be well for loyal people to prepare themselves for another season of heart-breaking disaster and disappointment.

It is a very simple matter, and one which should admit of no debate. If we can not keep the rebels out of Pennsylvania, there must be no more talk of foreign wars, for neither could we prevent the English from landing on our coast.

THE LOUNGER.

WHETHER WE ARE WHIPPED.

IT seems that there are some people who think that we are whipped. If we are so, we are all like General Taylor, who never knew when he was beaten. It must be a peculiarity of the American mind, and heart, and black that when they are discomfited they can not see it, and push on until they succeed. In one of Thackeray's stories Major O'Gahagan explains that somebody was killed most shockingly out of rule. By all the established precedents it was the adversary who ought to have died, but in the manner our gallant O'Gahagan informs us that we are the party which ought to perceive that it is dead; and that our perversity in insisting that it survives to be still alive is unpardonable. It is precisely the strain in which John Bull has addressed us from the beginning. "Kicking's no use," sneers honest John; "you are dead as a door-nail, if you only knew it."

But we don't know it, and we can not insist into our dull brains. Here we have been fighting for two years. We began without an army, without a navy, with scarcely a dollar, and with no expectation of a fight. The enemy, on the other hand, had been carefully preparing for many years. We suddenly found that we must fight, whether we are ready or not, and we plunge in pell-mell. We are rebuffed, defeated, and victorious; we win and lose battles during two years of fluctuating fortune; but meanwhile we steadily push on. We drive the lines of our enemy further and further into our territory. We lose no advantage we once secure; and we prevent their own successes in the field from being fruitful. The battle won by us is an enormous benefit to our cause; a battle won by them is of no practical advantage. Take the late Rappahannock campaign as a specimen. Hooker was defeated; and what have the rebels gained by it? Take the attack on Vicksburg. Suppose Grant retires. We have occupied and destroyed the position at Haines's Bluff, and at Yazoo City we have inflicted a blow upon that very interesting rat to rams and boats, while we hold the Yazoo River itself, flanking the city. We played for a ten-strike indeed, but seven eight counts secure the game. Observe, then, with all our reverses, how steadily we have proceeded in the work of opening the Mississippi River. The work has been an unvarying, but it has been a persistent and accumulating success for the people against the oligarchy of the rebel army.

There is but one thing necessary to the complete success of the people, and that is, that their faith shall be steadily maintained. They have taken a great work in hand—a work which by its very nature requires time for its complete accomplishment. The gain of its success is incalculable. The shame and ruin of its failure are inconceivable. The work can only be done by the victory of the people or of the oligarchy. To make terms with the rebels is to concede that we are wholly driven by intelligent men to a work which we know that we can steadily advanced upon the rebellion from the first. To consent to their separation from us is to condemn ourselves to final ruin—to fall from a first-rate sovereign power to the wretched condition of a loose group of small states, each one of which will be more despised because it was once part of a great nation.

TO THE FOREIGN OBSERVER.

THAT foreigners, who neither understand the character of our government nor of the war for its maintenance, should think it all a farce as a folly and the last as a crime—who can see nothing in the sharp fight but cunckles, meaningless, infamous fratricidal carnage—should be disposed to regard Mr. Fernando Wood's meeting as a sign of returning reason is not impossible. But they ought to endeavor to be more intelligent than much importance to that event, and before they salute the Lord Mayor as the avenger of the millennial dawn, exactly the character and scope of the meeting.

Its central figure was Fernando Wood. He is a person who has long filled the country, and especially in this State and city, as having escaped legal punishment for swindling through the fortunate operation of the statute of limitations. He is further known as the Mayor of the city who refused to obey the laws of the State in regard to the police; who, when the State was collecting and planting its guns against the lawless and loyal citizens, supposed to be about to attack the city, had the impudence to open fire upon the State arsenal from its steps in New York of cannon intended for them; and who, before those cannon had begun their labors, proposed to the city of New York to secede from the State. He is still further known as the man who, after the attack upon Sumter, insisted that the Union must be forcibly preserved, and that the executive power should be provided with every means to maintain the popular will. He is the person who at the same time declared that he threw himself entirely into the contest against rebels with all his power and all his might.

Mr. Wood is not a person whose moral or political character gives weight to his words or importance to his actions. Singularly calm and guarded, if he chooses, in his expressions, his antecedents infallibly destroy confidence in the purity of his motives. Of a restless ambition, and, by universal reputation, an unscrupulous political manager, he is yet regarded by the party with which he acts, and fails in every effort to control it. His argument, however apparently calm and cool, is always an appeal to the basest and most malignant passions, and his sole dependence is upon the most ignorant and degraded class of the community, which he flatters and befools. He represents no other body of citizens than the brutal mob of a great city. His name, whether with more or less justice, is synonymous with political corruption. Its general estimation by saints every cause he espouses; and if the zealous seeker should try to find in all the free States the most obsequious and servile tool of the radical, prolonged, and perilous effort of the slaveholding faction to ruin this Government, to break every bond of social order, to debauch the national conscience, to extirpate the very instinct of nationality, and destroy the natural love of liberty in the human heart, he would cry *Eureka!* when he found Fernando Wood.

His meeting has only the importance which he gives it. No other person of the least cognizance of any influence or consideration whatever was concerned in it. Mr. Wood's speech was calm in tone and formal in defiant in phrase—a characteristic of the plantation school of politics in which he was bred. He is reported to use with relish in Virginia or Mississippi, but he is perfectly ready and willing for war in New York, and he invited the Government to try how when General Hunnicutts arrive in his Department. His speech was a plainer and compacter statement of the address and resolutions, and when he had spoken every thing was said.

That Mr. Fernando Wood, being the man that we have described in terms which few, whether of his own party or not, would characterize as unfair, representing the present or future success or policy of the American people is a proposition which few but Mr. Wood himself would maintain. To suppose it possible is to suppose that the nation agrees that it is not a nation; that the Union is a form more unsubstantial than a cloud; that there is no national government possible; and that civil order can rightfully have no guarantee.

Foreign observers may think the war foolish and fratricidal, but they can hardly suppose it possible that such a war could be waged for two years by a nation which, under any conceivable circumstances, would accept such propositions as these for political principles. That nation may be conquered, and the government overthrown. But that it should be so absolutely conquered as to concede that it never had a right to be a nation, is incredible to any body who does not suppose that human nature itself has deteriorated upon this continent. The day in which this nation accepts Fernando Wood as its leader, and declares as its faith, is the day which seals the destruction of free popular institutions, and inaugurates as the "splendid despotism" for which he frankly pronounces, but a despotism which rivals that of Dahomey in its grandeur, and that of the pirates of Madagascar in dignity and enlightenment. Such an ignominious fall would be without historical parallel.

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION.

THE Journal of MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia at the wife of the proprietor is in press, and will be immediately issued by Harper & Brothers. It is the most thrilling and remarkable picture of the interior social life of the slaveholding section in this country that has ever been published. Our readers acquainted with the life have been drawn from outside observers, either sagacious and philosophic travelers and students like Olmsted, or from the English and other foreign visitors. They were made to see only what the slaveholders chose; or, again, from the rosy stories told by slaveholders themselves, or "Southside" Agriculturists.

But this Journal of MRS. KEMBLE was jotted down from day to day as she lived upon the plantation of which she was mistress. There is no excuse, no palliation of facts, but the whole system is laid bare and spread before the eye. A faithful and fatal witness we have not had. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is only founded upon fact. The Journal of MRS. KEMBLE is the fact itself. And thus day by day, from the most unexpected quarters and the most impartial witnesses, the terrible truth is told of this rebellion. To secure and perpetuate slavery, is an insurrection against human nature itself.

The book will be published at the earliest possible moment, and will be as savagely denounced and denied by the rebels and their friends as it will be heartily welcomed by every intelligent, humane, and loyal man in the land and the world.

MR. KINGLAKE.

THE unqualified applause which greeted Mr. Kinglake's history, and which—however justified by the picturesque movement and interest of the work—was somewhat surprising to the friends of a people who were represented in the book as hoodwinked by their own Government and controlled by that of France, is at last interrupted. Not only have the ponderous Quarterlies opened upon him, but the pamphleteers have thrown themselves out as skirmishers, and are picking off his weak points. There threatens to be a Kinglake literature.

Colonel Chesney, in a little work upon the Crimean campaign, introduces the historian in the most ludicrous light. Kinglake, it seems, in telling Lord Raglan was on the morning of the battle of the Alma, when seeing a gentleman in extreme difficulties upon the back of a pony, he said, "I never heard a pony make such a row!" and asked, "Does any one know who the gentleman is?" The Colonel answered, "It is Mr. Kinglake, the author of 'Eothen.'" "Oh!" said his Lordship, in a most obliging manner." Thereupon, Kinglake very fairs, as the Colonel relates, the most charming man was incontinently run away with, and tossed over the pony's head. To ridicule the absurdity, the historian, through a friend, actually explains that he got a tumble because the saddle was too large for the pony, who shot saddle and rider over his neck!

If he is once put into the pillory of ridicule it will go hard with the historian. An author so severely satirical can not complain of satire; and a man so fierce-witted ought to know that the only way safely to treat such a story was to laugh at it. Sir Francis Head, about as vulnerable an author as

could be named, has also attacked Mr. Kinglake, declaring that "the honor" of soldiers and of all who confide in the historian is unsafe in his keeping! This is a tolerably emphatic statement. But it is not at all supported by the extracts we have seen from Mr. Francis's pamphlet, the moral of which seems to be, that Mr. Kinglake is a foolish writer of no importance, who ought, therefore, to be prohibited from writing lest England should be involved in war! There may be a great deal of foolish writing in Mr. Kinglake's history, but such a consummate ass *equator* as that is impossible outside the brains and the books of *Sir Francis Head*.

Meanwhile the corrections which the author has been constrained to make in his work are few and unimportant; which, under the circumstances of a contemporary history, must be admitted as the most convincing testimony to its general veracity.

CARLYLE.

The Rev. M. D. Conway, in a letter to the Boston *Commonwealth*, draws the following portrait of Carlyle:

"While he engaged Mr. P. in conversation, I had a good opportunity for studying the characteristics of this remarkable man. Tall and almost slender, solitary by my expectations, with a lengthy head, bent forward from somewhat stooping shoulders, with a magnificent brow overhanging a blue eye that suggests a tenderness which nowhere else appears in his manner or conversation, but which one can imagine were in the unconscious hour in the Life of Sterling was written; with a short beard and massive gray as impressive of gruffness on the lower face with a light and ruddy color which overspread the face with deep flushes during conversation; with a voice which began and gently rose in a moment to a tornado; with a habit of bursting out into loud and almost convulsive laughter, which often ended in a fit of coughing; with nervous movements of fingers and shoulders, hinting strength of overcoat; with a terrible vehemence of phrase—most of all to the laughter—of pain and grief, Carlyle seemed to me one of the most beautiful embodiments of all the men I have ever seen; and while in his presence I remembered the weird impressions of his mighty beauty and awe which I had when journeying through the Mammoth Cave."

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

The Western Department of the United States Sanitary Commission have commenced the publication of a small neat double quarto sheet devoted to the sanitary interests of the army. It is full of interest and encouragement.

The war has developed nothing finer than the spirit which originated and which has maintained this Commission. Naturally viewed with jealousy by some military traditions, its triumph has been irresistible in proportion as its usefulness became universal. Plunged into a tremendous war without soldiers, we had to improvise an army. The whole practical wisdom of the country was called to conspire for mutual assistance; and the one thing which outside enterprise, sagacity, and benevolence could do, was to undertake, in hearty, generous alliance with the military authority, the care of the health of the army. The Commission was organized at once. Its management was intrusted to the most skillful hands; and it appealed directly to the sympathy suggested by voluntary contributions.

Such was the generous and magnificent response that it has expended more than three hundred thousand dollars in cash, and has distributed hospital stores of the value of millions. At the present time more than three-fourths of all the contributions made by the people for the benefit of the sick and wounded in the army pass through its hands, amounting to more than a thousand dollars in each and two thousand bales of clothing and stores suspended and issued each day. Of this aggregate about a third of the money and more than half of the stores are distributed in the Western Department; the other two-thirds being expended in the East, in the central office and among the armies of the East.

The agents of the Commission are *First*, General Inspectors, who are medical men, charged with the army, watching camps and hospitals, and looking out for the sick and wounded, and superviising the whole system. *Second*, Special Agents, who are medical men making temporary rounds of observation. *Third*, Store-keepers, in charge of Sanitary stores at various points. *Fourth*, Special relief agents, distributing stores, procuring discharges and pay, transportation and furloughs, with a general look-out for suffering and want. *Fifth*, Canvassing agents, exploring the home field and procuring and forwarding supplies. *Sixth*, Clerks, keeping accounts, records, etc. *Seventh*, Messengers, accompanying shipment of stores to prevent loss or waste. In this class there are also corps of earnest, indefatigable, and effective volunteers.

Such is the scope of this great, practical charity. Every where in the land busy feet and fingers, telling brains and hearts' beating pulses, are at work for it. The mother, the wife, the sister, the daughter, the sweet-heart, can all do their part in the grand labor that exalts while it saves a people. It is the boast of the Commission not only that it has relieved such countless cases of suffering, but that it has shown how the outgoing heart and energy of every home in the country can bring themselves to bear upon the welfare of the soldiers who are fighting for them.

A FRIENDLY VOICE.

Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper is the journal of much the largest circulation in Great Britain. Its issue is 500,000 weekly, and, being sold at a penny, it is the oracle of the working class in England. It is perfectly faithful to the cause of the Government in this country, because it knows that the Government here is the people, and that the success of the rebellion either in compelling us to recognize the Independence of the Slave empire, or concede to slavery new privileges as the condition of restoring the Union, would be a fatal blow to the working classes, who are the great mass of the people in every country in the world. It understood perfectly the cry for independence at the South and for peace at the North. It knows that they mean exactly the same thing. And therefore, while so many of the leading London papers seem to suppose that Hooker's defeat secures the overthrow of the Government and the dissolution of this nation, Lloyd's paper says quietly:

"It is true, he has to face the entire Confederate army; that, he is driven into intrenchments; that his communications are threatened: but he is not annihilated, nor is his fortunes desperate. We will not for one moment question the exaggeration of the position; but we mention the regard the independence of the South as a *fait accompli*, even after these recent Confederate successes. The struggle has been awful; the land has been softened with human blood, the sky has been with mans hosts of armed men, all of one race, shedding each other's blood like water; but the South is not with the Federals: it was not they who provoked the wicked conflict."

THE LAST BRITISH MUDDLE.

That exceedingly silly gentleman, Mr. Roebuck, has been telling the people in Sheffield, England, precisely what Mr. Fernando Wood told the people in New York—that the Government of the United States was well whipped, and that the gallant, slaveholding rebels, the direct descendants of gallant, slave-loving Britons, had established their independence.

The speech of the excellent Roebuck, whose face has the complete stamp of the idiot, the imbecile and common sense, has as many absurd falsehoods and blunders as it has statements. One only we shall notice, and that is the statement repeated by a certain kind of John Bull in this country. He says that "by the Declaration of Paris, that in our Revolution we established the great principle that a people may break up a government whenever it does not suit them, and set up another, if the good Roebuck would but take the trouble to know what he is talking about, is not the right to refuse to obey the laws, but to overthrow the statesman, philosopher, or man of common capacity ever assert such a doctrine.

The right to abolish, as defined and exercised by the American people, is the right of any people "to alter locally oppressive laws of government which, after patient effort, there is no legal redress, to right themselves by force. And this right is to be exercised under the most solemn forms from which no man and no people are ever free.

In the case of the present conspiracy to extend slavery the North has exhausted every effort and a shadow of pretense that any such right of revolution is exercised. The whole movement proceeds upon the assumption that it is not a revolutionary act, but an act of secession constitutionally competent for every State to exercise.

Then as to the plea which the perceptive Roebuck makes for the rebels, that somehow or other the laws are to be changed, and slavery only succeed, slavery will be abolished, he is sufficiently answered—since he is beyond the reach of common sense—by Jefferson Davis's own words:—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government."

The muddle of Roebuck and his class will conclude upon our affairs into which John Bull has yet tumbled.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.]

The reported discovery by Captains Speke and Grant of the sources of the Nile is the result of one of the most famous geographical problems. The question required only this final step of solution, for previous investigation had ascertained the river near to its source: and to Professor Beke's work upon the Nile and in exploration, published last year, a compact manual of the most interesting information, the probable course of the river is laid down as the recent discoveries have proved it to be.

Thus within a very few years two more of the secrets of the globe have been revealed by human patience and heroism. Nothing seems easier than to find the source of a river. The simple direction would appear to be, go to it. But the physical dangers with which the old geographers covered this terra incognita, and the natural hostility hypothetical of the many and various dangers which threatened explorers. Thus of this last expedition, of another year's toil, of the journey across the Arabian Gulf, to strike inland to the probable course of the river and descend its current to Khartoum, seventeen only are recorded as the results of the final party. The climate, the savage tribes, the deserts, the marshes, the beasts, starvation, fever, exposure, fatigue—these were some of the enemies with which the explorer has to contend.

One of the most interesting accounts of a journey to discover the source of the Nile is that of Frederick Werne, a German, who went with an expedition sent by Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. But the Pacha's object was less scientific than political and commercial. The expedition reached the true Sobat and there returned. More recently Dr. Knoblecher, Romish Vicar-General at Khartoum, projected a voyage which was told but not successful. Richard Thornton, a traveller of fame, who has some remarkable qualities as an explorer, and who has written a compendious book upon the Bogos country and their life, undertook the Nile exploration in company, we think, with Speke, but their full story has not been published but with meeting at his companion's discoveries. But none of all the explorers, except the late and Burton's expedition, took the African shore of the Arabian Gulf as their base of operations. Yet by Dr. Beke's map of four years ago this was clearly the true point of departure.

In the letter announcing the discovery upon the authority of Captain Speke himself, Sir Roderick J. Murchison says: "The discovery of Speke and Grant, by which the southernmost limit of the basin of the Nile is determined to be three degrees south of the equator, is the most remarkable geographical feat of our age; and is, indeed, an achievement of which all our countrymen may well be proud."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Scotch minister was once busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a stout girl whose father kept a public house. "What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Now if your fun, Mr. Minister, ye ken my name well enough. D'ye no ken, when ye come to our house on a night, 'Kate, bring me some ale!'" The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it; and the man who couldn't stand it any longer, has taken a seat, and is now quite comfortable.

Lord Cockburn, when at the bar, was pleading in a triumphant cadence, when his case turned on the fact of one of the vessels carrying so lights, which was the cause of the accident. "Lights!" exclaimed he, rising, and in the argument with this remark, "In fact, gentlemen, had there been more lights there would have been more lives."

"Porter," asked an old lady at an Irish railway station, "when does the next ticket train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, ma'am," was Mike's reply.

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was a counterfeit, and was of no use to anybody but a rogue. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have missed your vocation in life?" "Why, what have I done?" "You have passed a counterfeit note, and ought to be such," said Smithers, with quite a smile, and fled.

Why is the letter "c" the most charitable letter?—Because it is forever giving aid to those in any other letter.

A romantic young lady fell into a river, and was likely to be drowned; but a preserver accidentally appeared, and at once commenced the work of resuscitating to her life. When she came to herself she declared she would marry the saver of her life. "Why, Miss," said he, "I am a married man." "Oh, that's no matter," she replied, "I'll be content to be your wife in one neighborhood!" "No; it is a Newfoundland dog."

A horse-dealer in a provincial town was once elected alderman. He was a thrifty man—close-fisted and shrewd, and doctored and sold all the horses for twenty miles round. He was hereby made liable for a year or two to look to hard drinking and become poor. Finally, he determined to be a drunkard in hard work or else to hit drinking habits. One day a man brought a horse to him to be doctored. "Can you cure him, my friend," said the man, "but you see he won't drink." "If that's all you want," said the alderman, "you have only to make him constable—he'll drink fast enough then. I've tried it, and you see, and know."

A few days ago a little urchin in Westminster saw a shilling lying on the footway. He had no sooner picked it up than it was claimed by a bystander. "I've shilling hadn't got a hole in it." "Yes, it had," said the rogue as he pocketed it, "but I've got it, sir, safe," coolly replied the boy, and walked off triumphantly.

"Pat, do you love your country?" "Yes, yer honor." "What's the best thing you remember about Ireland, Pat?" "A whisky, yer honor." "Ah, I see, Pat, with all her faults you love her still."

LEARNING AND LEISURE.—A chap being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for so lazy a man as Ishain to attain so much learning, replied—"I didn't get it—I just leant it—here and—there—and—was too lazy to forget it."

Suwarrow, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was boy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually took off one spur."

There is a grocer up town who is said to be so mean that he was seen on a cold day to eat his candy, hold him up by the hind legs, and lock in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been short-weighted by the candy-man.

Dr. Whewell, walking in Mr. Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees. "Yes," replied Mr. Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

What is the best thing to prevent a maid from despairing?—Twilight.

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the three-button-hole coat.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this: no dog exchanges bone with another."

A politician was boasting, in a public speech, that he could bring an argument to a grist as quick as any other man. "Yes," said a voice, "and to a pint a good deal quicker," replied an acquaintance.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why can we sleep best on the island where Robinson Crusoe landed was unmolested?

Because he found a great swell on the beach, and a little one rocking in the cradle.

Why is the letter D like a spelling child?

Because it makes one mad.

What letter makes most noise in a dairy?

The letter P, for it makes the butter churn.

Why is a lady's complexion like a younger son?

Because it is spoiled by the sun and air (son and heir).

Reverse the words of the following:

You'll find my first esteemed by all;
My second is a pronoun small;
That's useful found in every nation;
And my whole is a conjunction.
An author whom we much admire.

Gold-smith.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Dates from Vicksburg to 9d describe the siege as being steadily prosecuted by General Grant. No further assaults have been made, but a heavy artillery fire has been opened on the place. One story says that as many as 5,000 shells were thrown into the city in an hour. While the gun-boats under Porter are said to have silenced the water batteries, the land forces have been busy with the erection of one. Nothing has been heard of the expedition under Sherman. Dates of 3d from Memphis say that General Grierson is marching for Johnston's railroad, and will probably, with his entire division, be met on the line by Sherman. Grierson's command, ready to intercept Sherman, will attempt to cut off the rebel force which pressed himself with a strong force near the bridge on the line of the road, but fell back again to avoid a battle and escaping the fire of our troops.

Jackson on evening reports the return of General Bish's expedition through fifty-six miles of country, with the capture of the Yazoo, and eleven miles below Yazoo City. Bales and barges and a number of grist-mills and cotton-gins, used to grind corn, were destroyed; also a large quantity of cotton belonging to the rebels. The country around the line of march was teeming with provisions of riches. Cattle, sheep, and hogs abound in all directions. Flourishing crops of corn and cotton were seen on every side. Hundreds of negroes fled from their masters at the approach of our troops, and followed them into our lines.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

General Banks, on 20th ult., had completely invested Port Hudson, and our gun-boats were keeping the rebel fortifications from the river, while the troops at the same time were using their artillery on the land side.

On 27th an assault was made which was unsuccessful. The Second Louisiana (colored) regiment fought with extraordinary gallantry, losing in killed and wounded one-fifth of its number.

The latest accounts state that Banks, like Grant, was proceeding slowly, reducing the place by regular approaches; the soldiers were confident of success.

GENERAL BANKS'S LOSSES.

General Banks' official report to the War Department to the 30th ult. to be nearly 1900, including some of his best officers. He speaks very highly of the conduct of the negro troops.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN MOTION.

General Hooker's bridge and pontoon train made a daring reconnaissance across the Rappahannock just below Fredericksburg. Heavy artillery on the Heights above was selected for the duty, and executed in the most thorough and effective manner. The first crossing was made in pontoon boats, in the face of a murderous fire from the rebel pickets. The first party under New Jersey troops did this important service in the most gallant style. They were followed closely by several Vermont regiments, and a charge on the rifle-pits resulted in the capture of some 70 or 80 rebel sharpshooters. Then came the work of the engineers, and the remainder of the division was crossed over. This was effectually done by seven in the morning, where it remained for the night, and on Saturday morning the entire command was combined. Our skirmishers had driven some thirty other prisoners, during Friday night, making the number captured about one hundred. Our forces are still on the other side of the river.

VIRGINIA.

The plans of the enemy for the summer campaign, of which we have recently received considerable news from the Richmond papers, have been pretty fully unmasked by General Hooker. The movement against Washington, as is now pretty well understood, is an invasion of the North, and is to be made by the rebel army under Lee, by a counter-movement. The leading cavalry commander of the rebels, J. E. B. Stuart, since the battle of Chancellorsville has been massing, drilling, and supplying a large force of rebel cavalry at or near Brandy Station, five miles south of Culpepper—probably the largest cavalry force ever raised by the rebels, numbering from 15 to 20,000 thousand. This force was understood to be about ready to move, with the combination of guerrillas in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and perhaps other Northern States, carrying devastation and terror before them. This movement, conducted so effectually interferes with the arrangements, and has broken up the rebels before they could move. Our view we base to the vicinity a force of cavalry and artillery equal to meet the rebels with every prospect of wicked infantry, and it is supposed that this force reached Brandy Station on Friday night. We have a report that a severe fight took place that day, but no particulars are given.

ANOTHER UNION RAID.

A late raid of our troops, with the substance of three gun-boats, up the Mattapony River into King William county, Virginia, under the command of Commodore Rowan, has resulted in a decided success. After destroying a small force of rebel cavalry, the main body of troops destroyed a rebel foundry at Aylette, together with several mills, manufactories, and a large amount of the government warehouses laden with grain. The expedition was accompanied by Lieutenant-Governor Pierpont, who returned to Yorktown on the 5th inst., after accomplishing a very successful mission of the expedition.

A JOURNAL OF FORT SUPERSEDED.

Admiral Foote has been ordered to supercede Admiral Du Pont in command of the South Atlantic blockading fleet. The change may indicate another move on that city, as it is said that the Navy Department was dissatisfied that Du Pont did not renew the attack after the last unsuccessful attempt.

THE CASE OF THE CHICAGO "TIMES."

The military order of General Burnside, suppressing the issue of the Chicago "Times," and the arrest by the army officer in consequence of the revoking of the same by the President. The publication of the paper in the office of the *Times* have been withdrawn by General Burnside, and the circulation of the paper resumed. It is also issued elsewhere in handsome pamphlet.

THE EXCHANGE WITH THE SOUTH.

An order has been issued permitting ladies and children to go to the South on flags of truce. Both sides are very desirous. Those going South can not return until the close of the war. Those coming North can only subscribe to the oath of allegiance to the National Government.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER GROWL FROM ROEBUCK.

Mr. Roebuck, M.P., addressed a large assemblage at Sheffield, England, in support of Russia's course of intervention in America. The meeting was convened with the object of giving the prosperity of which was to the Cabinet in London. There were about ten thousand persons present, and the Mayor of the town presided. Mr. Roebuck delivered a lengthy oration, not however, withstanding the length of the speech, which was the evidently quiet-cast his statements. Rev. Mr. Hogge moved a resolution to the effect of interference, and it was carried by a majority of votes over an amendment recommending a continuance of neutrality.

HONORS TO STONEWALL JACKSON.

A public meeting was to be held in Liverpool on the 8d of June to offer a tribute to the memory of Stonewall Jackson.

POLAND.

THE REBELLION.

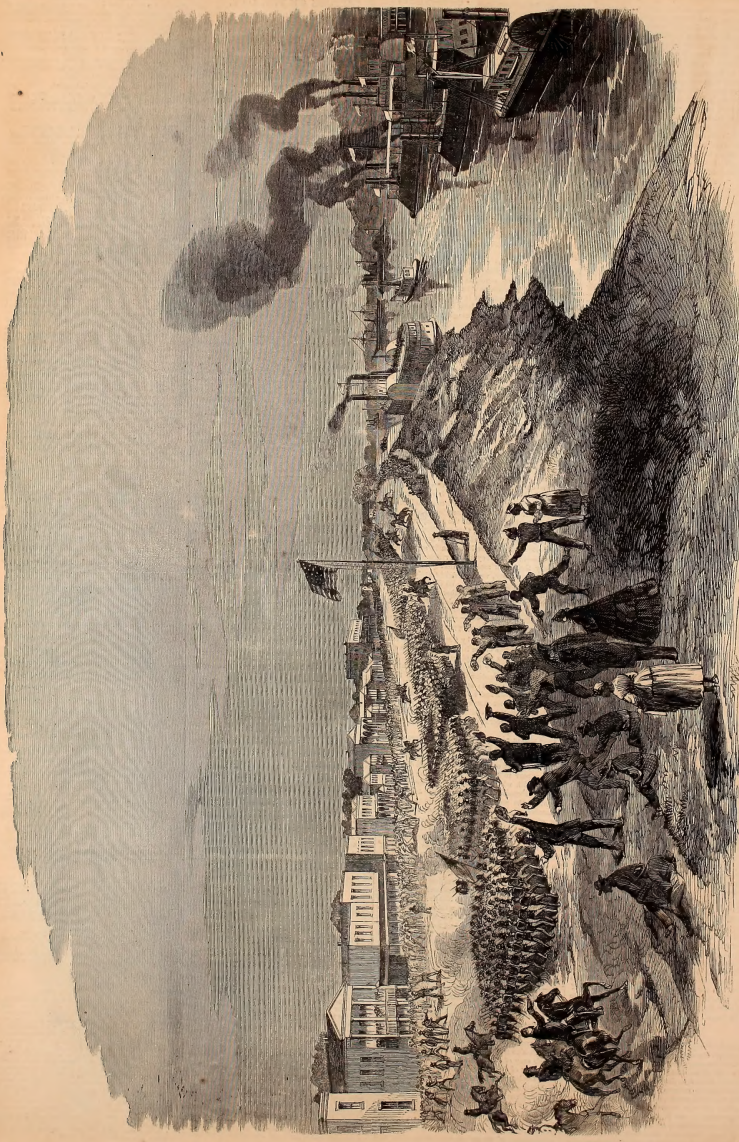
The fighting still continues in Poland, with victory one day on the side of the insurgents and the next in favor of the Russians. It is said that Earl Russell had taken a very bold diplomatic step in relation to the Northern Affairs of England, on the Polish question, having proposed to the Cabinet to become combining intervention for Poland. The proposal is thus stated:

1. The immediate offer of an armistice for one year.
2. The Polish fortresses to continue to be garrisoned by the Russian troops.
3. The immediate institution of a Polish administration.
4. The whole to be stipulated in the rebellion to be armistice or brought to trial.

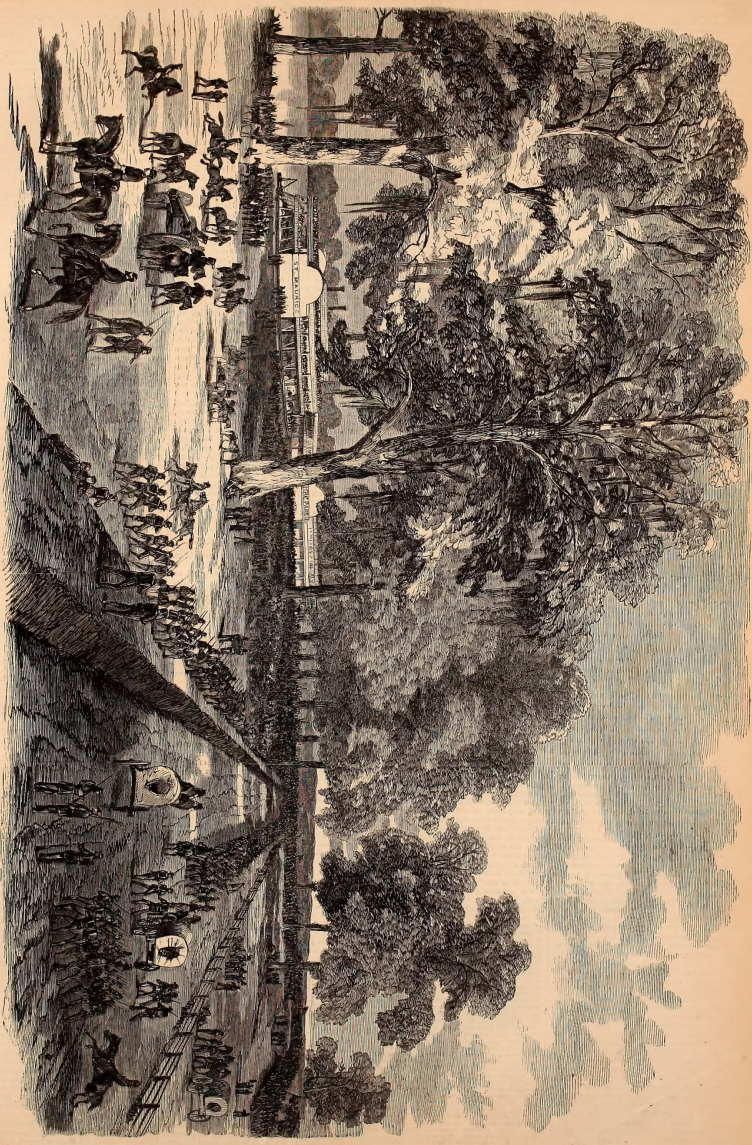
MEXICO.

THE FALL OF PUEBLA.

The report of the capture of Puebla by the French and the surrender of General Ortegas army is confirmed by the facts which establish the result also bear testimony to the undaunted bravery, indomitable courage and energy of the Mexicans. They only surrendered when starvation confronted them, and even then many of the officers and privates refuse their honor prisoners to the invaders. On the 17th inst. General Forey received a letter from the General Ortegas, offering to allow the Mexican officers and soldiers to march out, the officers with their side-arms, providing they would give a parole not to serve against the French again. This offer was refused by Gen. Ortega, who meanwhile ripked his cannon, burned his gun-carriages, destroyed the arms of his infantry and then surrendered his forces as prisoners of war. The advance of the French army on the 19th was five miles beyond Puebla, on the way to the capital. The Mexicans are making preparations for a desperate resistance to the entry of the Monicomans to the utmost of their ability, and it is probable that the fighting will have to be bloody route to Forey before they reach the Grand Plaza.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ARMY OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS INTO ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, MAY 4, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL BANKS'S TROOPS FROM SIMMESPORT, LOUISIANA, FOR PORT HUDSON, MAY 21, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 393.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

[Printed from the Manuscript and Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the narrative of home events I skipped a little business, not quite colorless, but irrelevant to the love-passages then on hand. It has, however, a connection with the curious events now converging to a point: so, with the reader's permission, I will place it in logical sequence, disregarding the order of time. The day Dr. Sampson splashed among the ducks, and one of them hid till dinner, the rest were seated in luncheon, when two patients were announced as waiting—Mr. and Mrs. Maxley. Sampson refused to see them, on this ground: "I will not feed and heal." But Mrs. Dodd interceded, and he yielded. "Well, then, show them in here; they are better orators than pushers." On this, a stout fresh-colored woman, the picture of health, was ushered in, and courtesied all round.

"Well, what is the matter now?" inquired Sampson, rather roughly.

"Be seated, Mrs. Maxley," said Mrs. Dodd, benignly.

"I thank ye kindly, ma'am;" and she sat down. "I'm not sick, but I'm in pain."

"Well, don't say 'that pain.' Describe it. Now listen, all of ye; you're goen to get a clinical lecture."

"If you please, ma'am," said the patient, "it takes me here under my left breast, and runs right to my elbow, it do: and bitter bad, 'tis while it do last; chokes me, mostly; and I feel as I used die: and if I was to move hand or fut, I think I should die, that I do."

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, she has not said yet," cried Sampson, cheerfully. "She'll tell addle eggs over all our tombstones; that is to say, if she minds what I bid her. Now you've had your say, mum."

"No longer agone than yesterem, ma'am; and so I said to my master, 'The doctor he is dee-tenerous Sally up at Albion tells me;' and—"

"Whisht! whisht! who cares what you said to Jack, and Jill said to you? What was his cause?"

"The cause! What, of my pain? He says, 'what was the cause?'"

"Ay, the cause. Just observe, jintlemen," said Sampson, addressing imaginary auditors, "how startled they all are at a docker deviates from professional habits into science, and takes the right end of the stick for once b' asking for the cause."

"The cause was the will of God, I do suppose," said Mrs. Maxley.

"Stuff!" shouted Sampson, angrily. "Then why come to mortal me to cure you?"

Alfred put in his oar. "Here not mean the 'final cause;' he means the 'proximate cause.'"

"My poor dear creature, I baint no Latiner," objected the patient.

Sampson's keen eyes sternly on the slippery dame. "What I want to know is, had you been running up stairs? or eating fust? or drinking fust? or grilling over temperance or quarreling with your husband? Come now, which was it?"

"Me quarrel with my man! We haven't never been disagreeable, not once, since we went to church a pair and came back a couple. I don't say but what we mayn't have had a word or two at odd times, as married folk will."

"And she says she has had a word or two—y' infarnal quibbler—was it just before your last spasm, eh?"

"Well, it might; I am not gainsaying that: but you said quarrel, says you; 'quarrel' it were your word; and I defy all Barkton, gentle and simple, to say as how me and my master—"

"Whisht! whisht! Now, jintlemen, ye see what the great coming science—the science of Healing—has to contend with. The docs are the fools; but one: and the pash ats are lyres, ivry man Jack. 'Hi! hum me; y' have got a pain that you can't eradicate; but you may muzzle it for years, and die of something quite different when your time's up.'

"Like enough, Sir. If you please, ma'am, Dr. Stephenson do blame my indigestion for it."

"Dr. Stephenson's an ass."

"Dear heart, how cantankerous you be. To be sure Dr. Osmond he says no: it's muscular, says he."

"Dr. Osmond's an ijit! List me! You munn't quarrel—not money! you munn't gobble, nor drink your beer too fast.

"You are wrong, doctor; I never drink no beer: it costs money."

"Your catlap, then. And, above all, no grizzling! Go to church whenever you can without losing a business. It's medicinal: soothes the brain, and takes it off worldly cares. And have no words with your husband: ye be'll destroy you; it's his only chance of getting the last word. Cure killed a cat, a mammal with eight lives more than a chatter-box. If you worry or excite your brain, little Maxley, you will cook your own goose—by a quick fire."

"Dear heart, these be naked sayings. Won't ye give me nothing to make me better, Sir?"

"No; I never dinker; I go to the root: you may buy a vile ol' chlorofm, and take a puff if ye feel premonitory symps; but a quite brain is your only real chance. Now slope! and send the male screw."

"Anna?"

"Your husband."

"That I will, Sir. Your servant, doctor; your servant, ma'am; servant all the company."

Mrs. Dodd hoped the poor woman had nothing very serious the matter.

"Oh, it is a mortal disease," cried Sampson, as cool as a cucumber. "She has got angina pectoris, or brisk-pang, a disorder that admirably exemplifies the pretensions of midicine t' a science." And with this he dashed into monologue, as per margin.*

Maxley's tall gaunt form came slouching in, and traversed the floor, pounding it with heavy hand blows. He looked very gravely at Mrs. Dodd's invitation, took a handkerchief out of his hat, wiped his face, and surveyed the company, grand and calm. In James Maxley's large nervous; his head was huge; his mouth, when it fairly opened, revealed a mouth so large that it used a voice naturally stentorian by its volume and native vigor. But when the owner of this incarnate bellows had a mind to say something augacious, he sank at once from his habitual roar to a sound scarce above a whisper; a contrast very perplexing to those who knew not the man.

"Well, what is it, Maxley? Rheumatism again?"

"No, that it ain't," bellowed Maxley, defiantly.

"What then? Come, look sharp."

"Well, then, doctor, I'll tell you. I'm sore troubled—with—indigestion."

This malady, announced in the tone of a proclamation, and coming after a long mental preparation, amused the party considerably, although parturient mountains had ere then produced muscipula of less pretension.

"A mouse!" inquired Sampson, disdainfully.

"Where? up your sleeve? Don't come to me: go t' a seedsman and have your corn cut off. I've seen 'em mutilate a psalmist for as little."

Maxley said it was not up his sleeve, worse luck. On his, doctor's, head hand it was gone. Might it not have gone down his throat?

"Took his potato-trap for the pantry-door. Ha! ha! ha!" laughing at his own wit, and causing the others, a laughing at your own sport," said Maxley, winking his eye: but 'twixt you and me, doctor, you're not quite most: you sits yander fit to bust: but" (with a roar like a lion) "ye never offers me none on't, neither nay nor nowt."

At this sudden turn of Mr. Maxley's wit, light and playful as a tap of the old English quarter-staff, they were a little disconcerted. But Edward, who laughed and supplied him zealously with sandwiches.

"You're a gentleman, you are," said Maxley, looking full at Sampson and Alfred to point the contradistinction.

Having thus disposed of his satirists, he contemplated the sandwiches with an inquiring and indulgent eye. "Well, you're right, Sir," said the thoughtful inspection, "you gentlefolks won't die of hard work; your savants must cut the very enamel to fit your mouths. I'll be bound the brain behind the gentry in a great and useful department of intelligence, he made precisely one mouthful of each sandwich.

Mrs. Dodd was secretly amazed, and taking care not to be noticed by Maxley, said, confidentially, "Physician can't interrupt: he cannot a passe par là."

The plate cleared, and washed down with a tumbler of port, Maxley resumed, and informed the doctor that the mouse was at this moment in the garden drawing his breath. He'd be content here to put an end to her, if I've any luck at all."

Sampson told him he needn't trouble. "Nature has put an end to her as long as her body."

Mr. Maxley was puzzled for a moment; then spread his mouth from ear to ear at the notion that made the glasses ring. His humor was perverse: he was wit-proof and fun-proof; but at the feeble jest which accompanied it he was tickled with laughing gas. Laughed he ever so loud, he felt he was not laughing at himself, and without gradation; his laugh was a clean spasmodic fug out of Merriment. He resumed his gravity and his thread at command. "Where's the panic she won't look at, for I've tried her; but they tell me there's another sweetmeat come up: which they will it quicker, Sir?"

"Hets! let the poor beasty alone. Life's as sweet tit as tus."

"If you was a *gardener*, you'd feel for the bulbs, not for the varmin," remonstrated Maxley, rather arrogantly.

* *Sampson* (*edit.*). Is the Sternalgia at Baumea, the Diaphragmodynia of Dorvin, the Stenocardia Pectoris of Schmidt, the Syncope Anginosa of Parry, the Cardialgia non-senile stasitica of Heberden, the Angina Pectoris of Cullen, the Stenodynia Syncopalis of Sluis, and the Pungitobia of some other unpiqued philosophers, as Bull, Wilson Philip, Hivin, I forget.

"Mind, Sir, not one of these Arcadian Greeks ever cured a case of Brist-pang. But that is secondary. Scholastic midicine is the remotest thing in nature, and altogether a science; and of not curing 'em, a glorious one.

"Listen a minute, boy: and be as calm you can. In, when a disease defeats the Art, the Art is to blame, and not it, and they in five parishes near their cooperage, and many busy cities, are to blame for their fatalities! Glimmers there one ray of Causation amid all that shallow and partial observation of mere symptoms. In every department of thought there are ninety-nine litle thinkers to one big one: and the few big ones, differing from each other in many things, all agree in one; they are Causationists. They call effects effects, and look deeper for the cause, and are uncomp till they find it. Now, there's the nine hundred and ninety-nine thinkers swallow effect for cause; and, as in Disease effects are numerous, and causes very few, so, in Midicine, believe it, Midicine has found twenty names for Brist-pang, and not a single friend.

"But bein' a man of science, I feel for th' higher organization: Mice are a part of Nature; as much as market-gardeners."

"So he stands; and alders; and doctors."

Sampson appealed: "Jintlemen, here's a pretty pashian: reflects on our hairned profession, and is never content him a guinea for the dog never pays."

"Dow's bet my chaff choke ye, doctor! That wasn't meant for you altogether. So if ye have got a little bit of the cat about you—"

"I'm not a cat-aleptic, my man: I don't go with dith in my pocket, like the surgeons that carry a lancet. And if I had Murder in both pockets, you shouldn't get any. Here's a greedy dog! got a thousand pounds in the bank; and grudges his Healer a guinea, and his mossa a stand-up fight."

"Now, who have been a telling you lies?" inquired Maxley, severely. "My missus, for a farthing. I'm not a thousand pound man: I'm a nine hundred pound man: and it's all safe at Hardie's." Here he went from his roar to his whisper, "I don't hold with Lunnon banks; they be like my missus's eggs: all one outside, and the rotten ones only known by breaking. Well (loud) I *be* pretty cries, I don't deny it; but (confidentially) my missus beats me. I look her in the eye, and she looks twice at both sides of a halfpenny before she will let him go: and it's her being so close have raised all this here fuss about me. I told her; says I, 'Mistress.—If you would but lean an end of a dip, or a paring of cheese, about your cupboard, she will be thinking that you hungers her so, you drives her afield right on atop o' my roots.' Ah, Sir, you munn't be hard on a poor woman: fat as you be, where should we be, some Christmas-day? Every tub on its own bottom,' says she; 'and you and I ought to keep themselves to themselves, she to the house, and I to the garden;' so be it, says I, 'and by the same token, I'll be off to watch them.' 'Ye' in my garden again, or I'll spoil their chucking and scratching,' says I, 'for I'll twist their dalled necks: ye're not to be trusted.' 'Then,' says she, 'and likewise a turnpike, you and your poultry: be bide in the house, I will, and don't come a scratching o' me!' and with that we had a deposit; and she took one of her pangs; and then I discovered by accident; and that is and the only way if ye quarrel with women folk: they are sworn to get the better of ye by hook or by crook, and sometimes, on a bit of that ere, to quiet this here, as eats me up by the roots and sets my missus and me by the ears."

"Jintlemen, a common pnigotic virum," whispered Alfred to Edward.

Sampson told him angrily to go to a certain great personage.

"Not afore my betters," whispered Mr. Maxley, amit with a sudden respect for etiquette. "Which be now?"

"I'll see ye hanged first, ye miserly old assassin."

"Then I have nothing to thank you for," roared Maxley, and made his adieux, ignoring Edith murderer with the false physician who declined to doctor the foe of his domestic peace and crosses.

"Quite a passage of arms," said Edward.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dodd, "and of bludgeons and things, rather than the polished rapier. What experience I shall from two high practitioned gentlemen! Slops—Potato trap—Sawdust—Dog's meat—Hairsia pas."

She then let them know that she meditated a "dictionary of jargon;" in hopes that its bulk, judged either from the honest citizens, and excite an antijargon league to save the English language, now on the verge of dissolution.

Sampson was pleased with this threat. "Now, that is odd," said he. "What I'm compil'n a vocabulary myself. I call't th' ass-ass-in's bible—dictionary showing by the use of words mouthed and d'exotic phrases, knaves can lead fools b' th' ear t' a silent dith. F'r instance; if I was to th' ear Bull, 'Now Bull, you've had great gash in your arm and let your blood run all in a great pewter dish: you're going with speed my, 'Call another time!' So the professional ass-ass-in words it thus; 'I'll bleed you from a large orifice till symptoms of syncope.' All right, sis John: he's bled from a lar'orifice and dies three days after of th' assassin's knife hid in the sheath d'pewter dish. But I'll blow the gaff with my dickithnary."

"Meantime *there* is another contribution to make," said Mrs. Dodd.

And they agreed in the gayety of their hearts to compare their rival Lexicons.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY got to the wounded captain, and raised him: he revived a little: and, the moment he recognized Mrs. Dodd, he clutched him, and cried, "Stunsels!"

"Oh, captain," said Sharpe, "let the ship go: it is you we are anxious for now."

At this Dodd lifted up his hands and beat the air impatiently, and cried again in the thin, querulous, voice of a wounded man, but eagerly, "STUNSELS! STUNSELS!"

On this, Sharpe gave the command. "Set top-gallant stunsels! All hands set stunsels 'low and aloft!"

While the unwounded hands swarmed into the rigging, the surgeon came aft in all haste: but Dodd declined him till all his men should have been looked to: meantime he had himself carried to the poop and laid on a mattress, his bleeding head bound tight with a wet camric handkerchief, and his pale face turned toward the hostile schooner astern. She had hove to, and was picking up the survivors of her blotted-out consort. The group on the *Agra*'s quarter-deck watched her to see what she would do next: flushed with immediate success the younger officers crowed their fears she would not be game to attack them again; Dodd's fears ran the other way: he said, in the weak voice to which he was now reduced, "they are taking a wet blanket aboard; that crew of blackguards we swamped won't want any more of us: it all depends on the pirate captain: if he is not drowned, then blow wind, fine sea: or there's trouble ahead for us."

As soon as the schooner had picked up the last swimmer, she hoisted foresail, mainsail, and jib, with admirable rapidity, and bore down in chase.

The *Agra* had, meantime, got a start of more than a mile, and was now running before a stiff breeze with studding sails alow and aloft.

In an hour the vessels ran nearly twelve miles, and the pirate gained hand over hand.

At the end of the next hour they were out of sight of land; wind and sea rising; and the pirate only a quarter of a mile astern.

The schooner was now rising and falling on the waves; the ship only nodding, and fim as a rock.

"Blow wind, rise sea!" faltered Dodd.

Another hour passed without perceptibly altering the position of the vessels. Then, suddenly the wounded captain laid aside his glass, gave a long sweet exhalation, and rose unaided, to his feet in great excitement, and found his manly voice for a moment; he shook his fist at the now gaining schooner, and roared, "Dead ay! ye Portuguese lubber: outfought—outmanoeuvred—AND OUTSAILED!"

Such a burst of exultation was rare for him; he paid for it by sinking faint and helpless into his friend's arms, and the surgeon, returning soon after, insisted on his being taken to his berth, and kept quite quiet.

As they were carrying him below the pirate captain made the same discovery; that the ship was gaining on him: he bore up directly, and abandoned the chase.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the more receding pirate was nearly hull down, the men began to eat. Alfred looked at him, and said, "Hallo! old fellow, what are you about? Why don't you turn to?"

"Because you're hungry, Sir," answered Edward, for a moment, that oth was mistaken and would keep himself—contented himself—with—however, the widdy proved to be wrong, and the sun right to a minute: Time flies fast, fighting.

Rolleaux came on deck with a pot and a poodle: Fred, a destructive child, clapped his hands with glee at the holes in the canvas: Snap bobbed about among the wheels of the dinn, and nagging his tail by halves: perplexed. "Well, gentlemen," said Mrs. Beresford, "I hope you have got enough to eat, enough over and to spare, and what a time you did take to beat that little bit of a thing: Freddy, be quiet; you were to; when is your bearer? will any body oblige me by finding Hamgalom?"

"Here, Sir," said Mr. Tickell, hastily, and ran off for the purpose; but he returned after some time with a long face. No Hamgalom to be found.

Fullalove referred her—with humor-twinkling eye—to Vespasian. "I have a friend here who says he can explain you something about him."

"Can you, my good man?" inquired the lady, turning haughtily toward the negro.

"Lor, Missis," said Vespasian, showing his white teeth in a broad grin, "dis child knows dat Hamgalom is de nigger, widout him been and shqustalised since."

"Then go and fetch him directly."

Vespasian went off with a consultant start.

This annoyed Fullalove; interfered with his system: "Madam," said he, gravely, "would you oblige me by attending to my friend on a portion of that courtesy with which you favor me, and which becomes you so gracefully?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Beresford. "Mr. Fullalove, I am out of patience with you: the idea of a sensible intelligent gentleman, like you, allowing that ridiculous spiritualist and an American; where they do nothing but whip them into mountain high, and make a fortune by making friends with a black? Now what is the meaning of this? I detest practical jokes." For the unabated temper had remained, lighted a tall bread bag in his arms: he now set it up before her, remarking, "Da yar bag white outside, but plain nation black inside." And, with this note, he drew off the bag, and revealed Hamgalom, his black skin powdered with meal. "A good-looking man, that," said Mr. Tickell, aside.

Hamgalom had taken the day off his head, and with it his dignity, while the African one dusted him; but, being dusted, he put on his obsequiousness, stepped forward, and bowed his acknowledgments to Mrs. Beresford—like medieval knights and modern children at their devotions—and addressed her thus:

"Daughter of light, he who basks se your beam, shall not be devoured," (The pirates are not as those children of blood, whom Sheitan their master, blast for ever! They will ravish the beam of Sheitan and his angels, and throw the ashibs and sailors into the sea; but, bread being the staff of existence, these foxes of the water will not have it; but keep it for their native appetites; therefore Hamgalom, Son of Chittroo, Son of Seemaraun, will put the finger of silence on the lip of discretion, and be bread in the day of adversity: the sons of Sheitan will perdeventure return to day land, and close the eye of watchfulness; then will I emerge like the sun from a cloud; and depart in peace.'"

"Oh, very well!" said Mrs. Beresford, "then you are an abominable egotist, that is all: and a coward: and thank Heaven Freddy and I were defended by English: and Americans, and—

hem!—their friends; and not by Hindoos." She added, charmingly, "This shows me my first words on coming here ought to have been to offer my warmest thanks to the brave men who have defended me and my child!" and swept them so queenly a courtesy, that the men's hats and caps flew off in an instant. "Mr. Black," said she, turning with a voice of honey to Vespasian, but aiming obliquely at Fullalove's heart, "*would* you oblige me by kicking that dog a little? he is always smelling what does not belong to him; why it is blood; oh!" and she turned pale in a moment.

Sharpe thought some excuse necessary. "You see, ma'am, we haven't had time to clean the decks since."

"It is the blood of men; of the poor fellows who have defended us so nobly!" faltered the lady, trembling visibly.

"Well, ma'am," said Sharpe, still half apologetically, "you know a ship can't fight all day long without an accident or two." He added with nautical simplicity, and love of cleanliness, "However, the deck will be cleaned, and holystoned, to-morrow, long before you turn out."

Mrs. Bernsford was too much overcome to explain how much rather her emotion was than a dislike to stained floors. She turned faint, and on getting the better of that, went down to her cabin crying. Theresa issued a spirited order that the wounded were to have wine and every luxury they could fancy, without limit or stint; at her expense.

The next day a deep gloom reigned in the ship: the crew were ranged in their divisions, clothes, and bare-headed; a grating was rigged; Sharpe read the burial-service; and the dead, each man sewed up in his hammock with a round shot, glided off the grating into the sea with a sullen plunge; while their shipmates cried or, that is, mean-looked on the deck.

With these regrets for the slain, too violent to last, were mingled a gloomy fear that Death had a better prey in store. The surgeon in the port of Captain Dold was most alarming; he had become delirious about midnight; and so continued.

Sharpe commanded the ship; and the rough sailors respect the man over that part of the deck, beneath which their unconscious captain lay. If two men met on the quarter-deck, a look of anxiety, but not hopeful, inquiry, was sure to pass between them.

Among the constant inquirers was Rongalan. The grave Italian from waylaid the surgeon on the captain's door, to get the first intelligence. This marked sympathy with a hero in extremity was highly gratifying from a negro, who at the first note of war's trumpet had vanished in a mud-fog. Rongalan, a rival in love to Sharpe! He exploded in one of those droll rages darkeys seem liable to: "Massa caunel," said he, "what for dat yer nigger always jaw'ing about de cap'n's door? What for he ask, so many stupid questions? Dat ole fox arter no good; him heart no bigger as um skin: dam old pig-nigger!"

Fullalove suggested slyly that a person with a dark skin might have a grateful feeling for the colonel, who dealt little in innuendo, said, "Come, don't you be so hard on jet; you shouy!"

"Bery well, gemmun," replied Vespasian, ceremoniously, and with seeming acquiescence. Then, with sudden fury, "Because Gineral wants to make you white, you think you bery wise without any more trouble. Dat an nigger as an abomunable egotist."

"Pray what does that mean?" inquired Kenealy, mildly.

"What him mean? what him mean? Yah! yah!"

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"What him mean? Yah! What, dinna you hear Missy Bedford miscall him an abommable egotist?"

"Yes," said Fullalove, winking to Kenealy; "but we don't know what it means. Do you, Sir?"

"Iss, Sat. Dat ar expression he signify a darned old cuss dat says to die child," My lord Vespasian, who benevolence on your insidious slave, and invest me in a bread bag, instead of fighting for de white like a freemunbodied citizen. Now you two go fast asleep, dis child he shut one eye and open de oder bery wide open on dat ar signal." And with the mysterious threat he stalked away.

His contempt for a black skin, his abolitions of unexpressed hate, his turgid pomposity, and love of long terms, may make the reader smile; but they could hardly amuse the fellow-sufferers in every thing that touched upon Dodd was too serious now. The surgeon sat up with him nearly all night, and by day time these men could not eat for hours in his cabin, watching sadly, and silently moistening his burning brow and his parched lips.

At length, one afternoon, there came a crisis, which took an unfavorable turn. Then the surgeon, speaking confidentially to these two staunch friends, inquired if they had asked themselves what should be done with the body?

"Why I ask," said he, "we are in a very hot latitude; and, if you wish to convey it to Harlington, the measures ought to be taken at once; in fact, within an hour or two after death."

The poor friends were shocked and sickened by this horrible piece of foresight. But Colonel Kenealy said, with tears in his eyes, that his old friend should never be buried like a kitten.

"Then you had better ask Sharpe to give me an order for a barrel of spirits," said the surgeon.

"Yes, yes, for two if you like. Oh don't die, Dodd, my poor old fellow. How shall I ever face his wife—I remember her, the loveliest girl you ever saw—with such a tale as this? She will think it a cruel thing I should come out of it without a scratch, and a ten times better man to be dead: and so it is; it is cruel, it is unjust, it is monstrous; him to be lying there, all we muffs to be sitting croaking over him and watching for his last breath like three old women at a wake." And the stout colonel groaned aloud.

When the surgeon left them they felt natural rigb upon another topic: the pledge they had given Dodd about the £14,000. They ascertained it was upon him: next his skin: but it seemed an awful matter to come between him and remove it from his living person. They agreed, however, that instantly on his decease they would take possession of it, seal the packet, and put it up, and carry it to Mrs. Dodd, with such comfort as they could offer her. Then, after relating the gallant act in which his precious life was lost.

At nine P.M. the surgeon took his place by Dodd's bedside; and the pair, whom one thing after another had drawn so close together, retired to Kenealy's cabin.

Many a merry chat they had had there: and many a guacamole; being rival hunters: but now they were together for spiritual companionship in sorrow, rather than for conversation. They smoked their cigars in moody silence; and at midnight the latter handed a pipe and patted. That sigh meant to say that in the morning all would be over.

They turned in, but, ere either of them was asleep, suddenly the captain's cabin seemed to be filled with wild words, and wilder cries, that made the whole ship ring in the silent night. The savage cries were answered on deck by shouts of dismay and many a hollow groan, and instantly the companion ladder: but the nearest persons to the cabin, and the first to reach it, were Kenealy and Fullalove, who burst in, the former with a drawn sword, the latter with a revolver, both in their night gowns; and there saw a sight that took their breath away.

The surgeon was not there: and two black men, one with a knife, one with a pair of saws, were fighting, and struggling, and trampling all over the cabin at once, and the dying man sitting up in his cot, pale, and glaring at them.

HAXA BELL.

SOMETIMES I take from the post-office a scanty news-sheet sent from New England to Illinois. It keeps me the many and many years of life in the rough little town where lives its sender, my cousin. This cousin (he is much my senior) once was a country boy, and remembers me as a little boy by impressive declamation concerning "schoolhouses, and books, and writing-paper in grit, patterns to set by." Which meant by writing-paper, paper to write on.

And this is how I come to know my cousin, and why he sends me the paper, and I read it, particularly the deaths and marriage record, and so write what is coming; for last night I read this:

"In Hookburn, on the 6th inst. Haxa Bell, aged 98."

It is a fact long since I learned that my Haxa was the oldest girl in school. She had such a bleak time of it in life, and doubtless left behind her cold scarcely a warm friend, that I thought it would be a kind thing to heap a little mound for her, warm from this pitying retrospect which I have had power to form. And I begin with the starry hopes I would plant there for June's sweet and tearful grass.

We go to see fretted, harassed creatures in the stenched circle of the menagerie—the worn tiger, the demented lioness—and go flinging away to forget the forlorn craving of eye, the begging droop of body. In the street every day we pass caged, ripped souls, with stonily stare from cross parched eyes, and we rarely take note. But at least one such soul I have noted and remembered. The human world you have known, with its many thoughtless, proud as I. If some dumb animal, caged for your pleasure, should be condemned for food, and you had none to give, a pity deep as the creature's need would etch the action on your memory. Haxa Bell was the human creature I noted—asked me, in the masked beseeching I came at last to recognize, to then her life. There I see in the smoking fire, all gay company gone to bed, the words of old vintage smack, forsooth, too thick with meaning for jovial youth. Begone! No jeers at this hearth! Here the tartan cannot be told at.

Of the thirty indigenous woolen bundles found by me, in a rough and ready count of chilled lives over a green wood fire, on that raw December morning when I first entered my twelve-by-twelve educational kingdom, I was the only possessor by any softening of heart on the part of the master. All were well-jointed specimens, well fed, warmly clad, tough as the rocks, and the hillsides of their thievous fun as those same rocks bubbled merry streams.

The seethe and simmer of school-room study was well ageing when the door opened for tardy comers whose entrance was announced by the long walk and snow-drift struggles. They were two, Haxa Bell and her little brother Wip. She placed the boy on a bench by the door, to dry and bestuff chose a seat without stopping for the stove's warmth. She folded a thin red shawl somewhat closer about her at the wind's keen thrust from a sheathing crack in the wall, put her reader and speller on the desk before her, and sat waiting and looking at me. I assigned her lessons with finger pointing to the page over which she drooped, but with eye seaming close a face older in its lines than her stunted form warranted. Seemingly to prevent my mistaken estimate of her knowledge, she said, in reply to my question concerning her classes, "I'm nothin' quick, Suh, at my book; mebbe you'll put me with Betsy Jones, but she's higher'n me. I reads with Wip."

I further studied my late comers in leisure moments that day. "Umph! poverty sprouts, usual town-beggars necessary to keep home-charity alive," I thought, and glanced from the shrunken look of the girl to the less nipped boy by the fire. "So far he has fared better than she; some of childhood's yoke left in him yet, thanks to her, no doubt." Then I looked at the girl again. Hair coarse and crisp crept low on a forehead nearly distended with thought. Even in the morning west-eyes mongrel gray, retreating in parrying glances, till the more observant eyes stopped them, caught and left them concealed in their bleared burrows; bloodless cheeks, and lips gnarled and withered by pain, and by the cold and hunger-nipped looks of tree-roots, violet-forsaken by dried water-courses. I detected nothing uncommon, one of the ordinary weeds of humanity fated to soil unusually sterile. She did not even excite my interest by any noteworthy diligence; indeed, was rather listless, watching Wip braid his tipped fringe, eying the dusty whirls of snow at the window, or staring vacantly at the newcomers in the class. The cold torpor of her manner was disturbed that day but by a single action. A sudden broadside of the mountain wind shook the windows of the little house, and loosened the stove-pipe from its wire supports. The soot sifted out, and no large boys being present to aid me, I was obliged to use my hands up to refit the joint. She started up with the words, "Master, yer hands are white!" and before I understood her movement, had caught my left wrist, and had forced the blackened parts together. In some confusion of mind I felt that from her eye alone of the whole class was I not escaped, and resume her seat.

I believe as the winter passed on I tried to be kinder to Haxa, and that she did take pity at last slow progress. I never inquired concerning her home affairs, but in my hearing remarks were dropped about her father's drunken habits; her younger brother and sister, cold, rags, and hunger. So for all these ills I would fain have given the weak scintilla of help, a new hope or emotion. I did not believe the child was wholly numb to her situation. I saw only hopeless and passive. And as hope lifts many a wretch from Hades, that arc did habituate I would be to aid her. Had she given evidence of improvement, any signs of mental germination, I should never have dropped such frequent kind words. But a stolidity so permanent was too painful to see in any human being.

One mid-winter's night of clear moon and spicular air, the wind was still, and the trees transparent stinging every nerve into acute but pleasurable sensations, my cousin's family and myself were at a concert and lecture lecture in the village. We had passed the school-house, the strip of level at the foot of the hill, and were, said our loud began to creak up the long hill while the sleigh-bells settled themselves to a slower jangle and I once more thought of Haxa, when I wanted the sleigh with a leap and the words, "The hill is long, I'll walk up." The cause of this movement was the appearance of a little figure dragging a load of scraggy fagots through a field that bordered the road—I recognized Haxa Bell. She was not far from the hill, and halted under the lee of a scathed pine pollard. I knew she lived just ahead, at the top of the hill, and hilarity would as soon have let me pass unaided the daintiest lady alive. I went to her. She looked up startled by my voice: "Haxa, child, why never makes this hard for you?" and I took a strong hold of the rope which she now hastily began to pull.

"Yis, Suh," she said, and missed the old track. Yet right kind, master, but ye needn't 'a come. Nobody ever helped me afore."

We were in the hill now. She looked up the hill and said, "They've gained on ye; ye'd been leave me and run on."

She looked pleased at my answer. "No, I'll help you up the hill. They will wait for me at the top."

At school Haxa never spoke to me but when occasion required. Now she seemed anxious to show me her sense of kindness by talk of some sort. She began immediately.

"Father's bad to-night, and couldn't go for wood, and we was all out, and cr I'd a wouldn't 'a mornin'. The children has colds, too, and mebbe'll need a fire to-night."

She looked up at me, straining her thin arm in its hold upon the load, and something of my deep compassion must have saturated my voice, for she said, "It's a hard life you lead, Haxa; I wish things might take a better turn."

Her answer was a sigh. "But I'm used to't. Mebbe father'll do better bimeby, and Wip is growin' big—he'll help a lot. The neighbors say he'll have a good farm. I'll come to more'n ye in the world." The sister's hopes and meagre dreams were all for the boy Wip.

"Are you coming to-night at school, Haxa," I said. She looked up with a broken, fleeting expression, a shattered smile which I did not expect to produce: "No, I can't. I'm tired." The baby's bed was but I'll try an' come soon."

We had reached the summit of the hill and was waiting for me. I hurried on to the shanty whose comforters she manifested a pressing desire to get to, and which proceeded. I took her chill hand, "Good-night, Haxa!"

"Good-night, master!"

What did I do? Was this poor, forlorn soul so unaccustomed to kind words that her affections sprung up like hepatica in the snow if it did but reflect no rays. The more shame to him who plays with hearts brazen-doowered with sweet bud-bait by their very nature open to fragrant blossoms at the first fancied call.

The last day of my school approached. On the night before I covered the coals in the cracked, rheumatic stove, locked the door, put the key on the entry shelf, and stood for a moment on the door-step to stealthily forecash the spirit of freedom that blew at me from out the south. My winter's work had been marrow-destroying drudgery. I determined to wash my hands of such forever. A thaw of several days had seamed the river's ice, now a roughened pavement that stretched through the valley, under the bridge, and past the schoolhouse. The snow was sunken and discolored. The winter looked wan. Sky and wind were very indeterminate, moody, out of sorts. Finally, it decided to be cold. Fringes of mist netted my face like cobwebs as I picked my way through the slush to my cousin's. A slip-shod, debilitated drizzle set in with the night, and I, and its peevish murmur one of the night through.

It still rained in the morning. "There's a smart chance of your finding the river broken up and the meadows full this side of the bridge," said my cousin as I started for school. So I thought; and as the river now lay between me and the school-house it was possible my winter's work was even now finished. In passing Haxa's house I saw no stir but the sickly wriggle of a slender smoke-wreath from the chimney. Presently I came to a bight of the meadows, the river, the bridge, and, beyond, a little pile of blackened, huddled ruins, the chimney rose, rocking with no safe steam, of my old school-house! Good Yankee grit the decrepit shell evinced, if burn it must, to burn in spite of sodden weather and rain falling. There was no stir about. The nearest houses were behind the hills, half a mile away. Evidently nobody but witnessed the death-agony of the lonely, used-up idea-mill, the faithful, rough old friend of tow-heads innumerable. With much difficulty and some labor I slid, climbed, and jumped my way over the jostling ice cakes which crowded in the swollen flood the road, and leaned hard against the bridge. With wet cheek and a brain or two I reached the other side and the schoolground. I had been mistaken; the place was not wholly deserted. A bedraggled, sooty spectre crouched among the steaming brands—the visible species of Haxa. I pursued an eclectic course through the hissing, gasping ashes, and approached the embodiment of desolation.

"Haxa Bell!" I said, "what does this mean? Did you set it on fire?"

The spectre did not move, but answered with the familiar shimmer of a smile:

"Most like ye'd think so, but I loved it too well, master! I only rubbed a stool of some pain."

"Yes, indeed; and so rainy too. How came you here?"

Then, still sifting there in the ashes, she told me. She could not sleep for fear the ice would break, and the river would flood the road, and stop her from school. She had risen at the past midnight she got up and came down to see. The light of the burning house flared up through the fog, and she watched the last sparks and the smoky flames were crawling over it all. She determined to get to it in the ice, and she had. She ventured inside the flames once, but cleared only one desk of its contents. Then she dried herself by the lessening fire, and afterward found a warm place to sit in the ashes.

"What do you keep so cheerfully wrapped under your shawl?" I inquired.

She slowly unfolded the thin garment, safely shielding what was under from the rain. My pot-folio, my books, and maps, Haxa! my! this was my desk she had visited!

"Nothin' else is saved, master."

I did not take up the things at once; I was too touched by her deed for me. I must have spoken tenderly—"Haxa, you kind girl, I have no words to thank you."

"No need, Suh. Ye know now that I've sensed yer kindness, an' leastwise ain't forgettin'."

We talked a little while. I gave her a book, and buttoned the rest of my saved property under my over-coat. Then I said,

"You'd better go home now, Haxa. If you wait perhaps you can not come to the ice. I will go over the hill the other way to Mr. Bland's."

She slowly stood up, and put her hand heavily in the one I offered.

"Mebbe ye'll never come this way again, master?"

"Very likely not. I shall remember you, Haxa."

"Folks is more like yerself down there, ain't they?" she asked, nodding southward.

"Perhaps. Would you like to see them?"

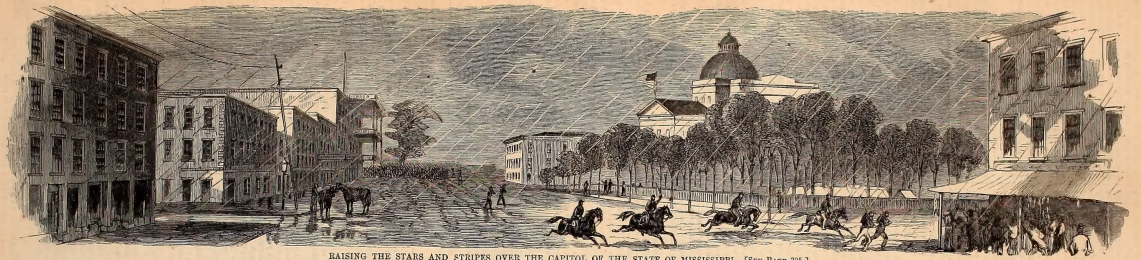
Her eyelids were heavy; I could not see under them. All the weight was set now in a white, lifeless fixity. She muttered "It's no use," and said good-by without looking at me again. I watched her all the way across the ice, and out of sight. She never looked back.

Thank God that somewhere and sometime all hunger shall be satisfied, all craving met by perfect supply! And as the last starvation shrunk and faint life yields, and God's kiss be the balmy benediction upon mated love.

THE GREAT CANAL CONVENTION.

On page 385 we reproduce a sketch—kindly sent us from Chicago—representing the MONSTER TENT erected for the accommodation of the GREAT CANAL CONVENTION, which assembled in that city last week to consider the needs of the Northwest in the shape of big canals. The reporter of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing before the Convention met, thus described the tent:

The tent is now in thorough readiness for the purpose of the Convention, and it is believed will comfortably accommodate all who attend. It is octagonal in form, 90 x 90 feet in extent, and will seat about 4000 people. The speakers' platform, 32x40 in size, occupies the centre of the east side, the floor for the press sittings a raised platform immediately in front of the speaker's, and accommodating twenty reporters. There are five rows of seats running north and south, so arranged as to bring all within good hearing distance of the stand.



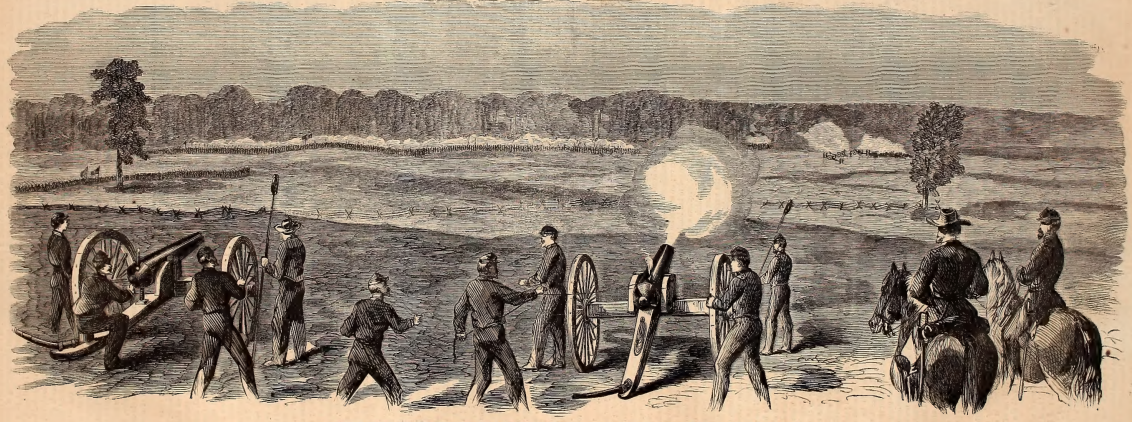
RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 396.]



THE BATTLE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 14, 1863—CHARGE BY GENERAL CROCKER'S DIVISION.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



DESTRUCTION OF REBEL PROPERTY AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 15.



THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL, MAY 16, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

LAWRENCE'S ENLISTMENT.

I.

THERE was a war-meeting in Mooreville. Bill Ran had been fought and lost, and the old Anglican spirit had been roused into that enthusiasm which seems more easily excited by a defeat than by a victory. With a sense of the wrong done to their own manliness, the men of the North sprang to arms to set things right; and each man felt an individual interest in the rescue of the nation from the disgrace brought upon her arms. So in this little town man after man came forward this evening, and registered his name upon the roll of the recruiting officer, among the cheers of his companions, and the approving smiles which struggled through the eyes of women. It were unfair to scrutinize the under-current of motives which combined to produce that great swell of patriotic emotion; but with imperfect creatures like men we can give due credit for the set, and yet acknowledge other elements in the impure residue the one single sentiment which all professed, and probably at the time honestly felt. So, when Lawrence Moore dashed down his name as a recruit, it may, without putting him outside the pale of honorable young men, be confessed that he was cherishing several secret fancies. There was a little personal vanity seeking to appropriate some of the applause lavished upon others. There was the notion that a man of his manly instincts rose to that military distinction which to young men appears the highest peak of earthly honor. There was a little weariness of the humdrum routine of ordinary business, and the desire to try a new life, which from a distance seemed full of excitement and pleasurable adventure. And there was especially the consciousness that many bright eyes were looking on, to which this act would appear purely noble and self-sacrificing. All these feelings mingled themselves with the impulse to do something for the nation which was stirring in his heart, frivolous and volatile as may appear the surrounding elements. Finally, there was also a genuine patriotic sympathy which is experienced in all large assemblies, to the influence of which he was constitutionally very open, and which in facts may be traced in many of the incidents hereafter to be narrated.

He went home to his seat with a proud look upon his face, which brightened still more as it saw the kindling flash upon the cheek of a young girl, whose light eyes met his for a moment as she made room for him beside her. Thus he sat down with a particular direction given to his emotions, a feeling of personal sympathy with Ellen Kate. As the meeting dissolved, and they by degrees got disentangled from the multitude, he was glad to find that the way to her home was almost solitary, a few persons already far in advance being all that stirred the air. Thinking of her timid look and of momentary tenderness, Lawrence's arm drew the little hand that rested on it closer to his side; and in response to the pressure it came upon a slight answering pressure. He looked down, but could only see the soft rounding of her cheek emerging faintly from a mass of delicate ringlets which her head was covered. What need is there of further detail on such an oft-told story? Lawrence had ever before felt more than that natural fancy for one another which springs up between most nice commonplace young people; but here was present both very impressionable, both thinking and feeling together under the influence of the evening's incidents and that quiet starlit atmosphere. So they felt that they were in love, and told each other so, producing something of the reality of affection by the very declaration. Thus they drew closer and closer together in youth's dream, of what futurity seems even such solemn scenes, the pledged union of two hearts for this life and that to come! How many men and women have stolen their happiness in just such careless youthful hours!

Lawrence went home full of happy, boyish visions. Thoughts of glorious achievements mixed with pictures of a charming home with a most little inmate enlivening the passing hours, where he would sit with an admiring company around listening to the modest recital of the manner in which he was to have borne so great a part. In this glow of imagination, with sparkling eye and lofty tread, he entered into the quiet room where sat his parents and a distant relative who had grown up as his cousin. He did not feel that it was such a task as he had fancied it would be to tell them of the step that he had taken; and his enthusiasm sank several degrees as he noticed the grave expression on his father's face, the sudden paleness of his mother's cheek, the quick start of his gentle cousin. It was going to feel like that to a rejected suitor, "why they had not been informed of the design?" was but just and proper; and it diminished the dignity of the action to have to confess that it was done on the impulse of the moment. The task still lower in its scale of merit when his father began to display to him the inconvenience which would result from his sudden withdrawal from the business upon which he had entered; and though there was comfort in the words with which the woman rejoined, acknowledging the obligation to serve the country as before all others, yet even his father's acquiescence in their truth could not prevent him from seeing that there was something selfishly inconsiderate in his hasty conduct. So not a word was breathed as to his love engagement, even to his cousin, who had often been his confidante. Indeed, now that the excitement was over, he began to feel a vague doubt as to the wisdom of that engagement, and his thought of his cousin even made him question the depth of his love for Kate. He was getting into that depressed condition of mind when every thing appears in its darkest hues; so he went quickly to bed, only to toss about sleeplessly, disturbed by the constant mental iteration of all the annoying motions that had taken advantage of the reaction of his spirits to seize upon his thoughts.

By the next morning, however, the buoyancy of his spirits had returned, and he felt ready to let things take their course. Still it was not with all the alacrity of a lover that he started to pay a visit to Kate. She, too, may have had her misgivings the night before; for though at their meeting both lost all other considerations in the sweet novelty of their new relation, it appeared that she had kept the secret of their mutual vows as closely as he had himself. So it in some way became tacitly understood that there was to be no announcement of the fact at all for the present; and that the future should be allowed to take care of itself. Perhaps Kate was not sorry for this reticence when Lawrence came in uniform to bid her farewell; for though while talking to him he was out of any dignity to the attire, yet when he entered, and as he departed, the coarse cavalry jacket and light blue trowsers seemed to invest him with a halo both in the eyes of this amiable but shallow girl. So Lawrence Moore went to Washington, and became one among a thousand private in the same regiment, on the same level with them all in the eyes of every one but himself.

II.

VERY different was soldiering in practice from what it had seemed to his imagination. He did not find that riding a horse and wearing a sword were his principal duties. He was more than all Prussian disciplinarian who commanded them the responsibility of keeping arms and horse in proper condition was a burdensome toil to these young men, and even the officers led any thing but an easy life. The first two or three months of Lawrence's enlistment were passed in a perfect thunder-storm of curses; and though, after the initiation was over, there was more room for enjoyment in doing well what had grown into a habit, still there was no romance in being a sort of military scullery-boy. Then came the monotony of drill did him and all of them far more good than harm. They became manly, hardy, ready with their hands and arms. Their spirits began to rise on them with a different air, and to show to advantage their well-developed, active frames. The consequence was that the mood affected Lawrence most disagreeably. His companions were so very different from that to which he was used, their manners, talk, were so strangely coarse and repulsive. Brought to within the influences of home refinement and intelligence, the oaths, the obscene and profane ribaldry which amused the others jarred upon his nerves. If he had been a different man, a hero in no telling how severe a school, he would improved those with whom he was immediately connected; but, being of a disposition rather to catch the tone of others than to impress his own, he slowly began to imbibe their characteristics and to assume them. Then there was but a commonplace character, a little more quick than others to catch the prevailing influences around him; and the same thing will be true of every person who as a soldier caused his thoughts to degenerate as a man.

So things went on until one day when his company was out scouring the country on the left of the fortifications around Washington. It was a dreary region of bad roads, uncultivated fields, and thick, tangled woods. What houses there had been were deserted, and many of them had been burnt down by the reckless soldiery of both parties, who divided the country between them. Here and there were certain passes notorious for bloody skirmishes and sudden surprises, and the inexperienced troopers were very nervous and apprehensive about secret ambushes. All at once, at one of the most unpleasant defiles, there came an alarm. Horsemen were seen riding toward them, and the advance party appeared upon the flank. There was a pause among the men. One caught the contagion from another, and, with a fainting heart, Lawrence felt the most of the troop turned and galloped to the rear. There was not even opportunity to resist. Experience had painted to himself in the imagination of his military career; but the reality affected him very differently from what he had fancied. It was any intention of doing well, without any special sense of fear, he found himself drifting along with the rest, bearing the panic with the rest, and with them to support the assault. A feeling of shame seized him and some of the others simultaneously. They formed back and began to rally their steps, but much more slowly than they had retreated. They were all ashamed of it when they heard hearty laughter, and they only rejoined the expedition to see BEN, reddened with mortification, escorted by a party bearing the prisoners and all their own regiment. The story was too good to keep quiet. The two lieutenants who had joined the flight were obliged to tell it, and the men, although Lawrence's return served to save him some of his self-respect, it did not obviate the necessity of his sustaining his word as a man of honor. A mild but stood firm, not unable him to escape the rails opens of some of the more malicious. Yet the first shock did him good. His eyes began to open to the great defect of his character, and Private Moore became more of a man and more of a soldier than he had been as citizen or sergeant.

All this time the engagement kept its secret life, now and then brightened by a letter. And now Kate Clare came to Washington to enjoy a little of the gayety brought there by the army, while her father was seeking a share in the contracts given by the same cause. The city was full of officers and soldiers, and a number of shoulder-straps throwing private soldiers far into the back-ground. Kate heard on every side talk of Generals, Colonels, Captains, while the men in ranks were spoken of generally as rather social nuisances than otherwise. Thus the idea of Lawrence Moore began to lose its lustre, and soon faded from her thoughts, except when accidentally presented to her. Still more was this the case after the introduction to Captain Graham, the commander of the Mooreville troop. He was a dashing young fellow, brave, without very great strength of head or depth of heart, but with sufficient of both to set off to advantage a neat uniform. By degrees he and she drifted into a flirtation. They found pleasure in each other's society, and filled up in fancy all the deficiencies that might exist in either when viewed by disenchanted eyes. One day as they were sitting together, neither desiring interruption, the door opened and Lawrence Moore walked in. There was a blush upon Kate's face, and an awkwardness in her manner which seemed to be overlooked; and Lawrence was equally embarrassed and ill at ease in the presence of his commander. He could scarcely summon up resolution to sit down, and did not venture to engage in the conversation beyond the first commonplace inquiries. The Captain did not help him. He was in any special humor, and he rather resented the intrusion of one of his men into the society which he frequented, and quickly perceived in the man the talk that Lawrence was so much disregarded as if he were not in the room. So as soon as he could recover presence of mind, Moore did the only thing possible; rising to take leave. His adieux were received with an effort at politeness on the part of Kate, which was more chilling than rudeness itself; while the Captain did nothing beyond giving a military recognition to the military salute. So Lawrence Moore went away, his vanity and self-respect both wounded, and certain that he had lost her to whom he had offered love, and that he was surprising how little he felt the last. At first he carried the pain of the blow deeply into that account, as being the most dignified; but as the days went by he began to feel rather relieved than otherwise. He sent back her letters and those of which she was the end of the engagement. After he had taken them from his pocket, inclosed and mailed them, he joined some of his comrades in a "spree," treating the fellows as soldiers do, and rejoiced at getting back to camp in time for roll-call, and without any difficulty with the officer on guard.

Then he began to think, a habit which he had first formed when he had been reduced to the ranks, and which now he rapidly doing him good. He decided that he had been thoughtless and foolish in the proceedings of his enlistment night, and that the folly which he committed then he had since gradually developed, until he found himself with little credit in his present position. He had been deceitful pretended love, which had been, without benefiting itself, standing between him and the rightful claims here upon him. He began now to think of his parents and his home, as in his careless self-engrossment he had not done hitherto, with that tenderness which the memory of early memories great purifiers and strengtheners of a man's nature when thrown into a foreign sphere under very different influences. As he began to do so drew out a letter from his cousin Lizzie, which he had before but glanced over carelessly while on his way to Kate. Now as he read it over, he found not but feel its unconscious revelation of a character such as he had not before seen in those of whose whom she loved—a love which quickened her perception in helping or comforting its objects; a cheerful spirit which exerted itself with the utmost of to-day, together with a high religious trust that realized that God's to-morrow would be good enough for her—blessed, at any rate, should her sleep it. Then, as he did not see, there was perhaps in the letter very little to interest any one but the person for him; an instinctive confidence tempered with unconscious modidity reserve; an ascription to him of the qualities which he knew to be his ideal of excellence; an assumption that his actions were guided by the same high principle which controlled her own. But there was in the tone which awakened in him a sentiment for the writer which had long been dormant. As he thought with shame how much he had lost in character although gained to him, his heart dwelt tenderly upon her who so esteemed him; and there rose up in his soul a determination to become more like this ideal character, and to try and deserve a good opinion, which to such innocent eyes had a higher value in his own. It was a good sign that he did not think that he was in love with Lizzie. The feeling associated with Kate Clare was very different from this. It here was the beginning of a true love, which might elevate his character in a greater degree than it had been lowered by the first frivolous affection.

III.

THE quiet of the camp had been broken. Below the picket line, on the Rappahannock, a small trading-shop had been set up by the sutler's men, and this was drifting where where it might be plundered. The troopers came swarming out with the picket-guard, and, without fear or defense, the officers of the post were hastily consulting together.

Suddenly a small skiff with two or three men on board of them was seen to shoot from the bank a hail of rifle-shot from the Mississippi regiment who held the opposite shore, it kept on its way. Presently the men were seen on board the sloop. Snatching the tiller from the grasp of the wounded man who crouched beside it, the leader of the party altered the course, giving his orders promptly and sharply to those who manned the sheets; and in ten minutes the little craft rounded to in a little cove, protected from the enemy's fire. The leader quietly handed over the vessel to the colonel, and, saluting a sailor's salute, he and his men then promoted on the spot to a high place on the non-commissioned staff. It was Lawrence Moore, who had followed the example of his comrades in running away, who now set them this good example of high daring and individual bravery. The change had not been so very rapid. It was six months since the other affair had taken place, and with many a falling back had his advance been checkered. To one so impressible as he it had at first seemed easy to become steady, brave, and religious. He had attempted a great deal more than he could perform, and had even spoken out his resolutions. Then, time and again, when he had been weak and relapsed, he had had to endure the laughter of his comrades, most discouraging of all things to a sympathetic temperament. But after such trouble, as if by the ordering of Providence, there had come a letter reviving the spirit that was on the point of dying out; and he was slowly not only forming himself but making his mark upon his comrades. Those who gathered around him began to catch his tone and spirit, and when he sprang forward to take the lead in any thing they took, one impulse followed. He found that by being conscious what he was doing, he became an important element in the military character of the regiment. He observed old soldiers at last that was not slow to mark this; and the promotion, which amounts to every thing in the ranks of a militia, was really the result of many weeks of observation.

And now military events began to come thick and fast upon each other's heels. Long, swift marches day after day, with little food and less repose. Sharp fighting and quick pursuit, as Ashby now drew up to hold the ground, and now ceded it again to Jackson's rear. Constant watchfulness and incessant excitement began to tell fearfully upon the troopers and their horses. Day by day numbers dropped behind, until there could be mustered but half the strength of the regiment. Then there came one final, desperate charge right into Ashby's faces. The regiment broke like a wave upon a rock, and in its recoil swept back the officers and all into a mass of confusion. Then Sergeant-Major Moore rallied out. From his place in flank he escaped the first rush. Again and again did he become the centre around which he rallied a few to check the enemy; and at last, catching Captain Graham as he fell, and throwing him across his horse, he carried off the rear, firing his last shot at the last pursuer. Thus he rose from the ranks, while his name was rewarded proudly in the little town which was his home. To one of his nature the reputation was very sweet, yet it was not now the first thing. Personal in his feelings across the quarrel of duty, and then was the thought: "I am glad that it will please them at home." Lizzie was still but a part of home, though home had been strengthened to his heart until he really looked at it as an attached friend beyond her. So also he thought of the happiness of his parents, it was as they heard her speaking of what had been done that he pictured them to himself, tried to frame the tone in which she would refer to him. Thus his mind regarding his conduct in an almost impersonal manner, he also entertained a modest hope in which conciliated those who might have been jealous of his advancement had he himself presumed; and with the difference, as among the rest, he began to have a weight and exert an unconscious influence.

Here came the fourth campaign of Pope, which seemed so long to those engaged in it, and in its varying fortunes and disastrous result. Its end appeared as far off as its side to Lee. Then Stonewall Jackson River he was sent to a hospital, worn down with fever and with a bullet in his leg. There he passed some time lying, and took him home to rest and recover.

Very pleasant the quiet country looked to the September sunlight to one who for a year had seen nothing but the wasted fields of Virginia; and the relining scenery of home was doubly delightful after the rude fellowship of camp, and the unrestrained manners of the inhabitants of the sacred soil. And there, with the graceful figure framed in the light of eyes, with her sweet voice uttering gentle words of kindness and cheer, with her habitual deeds of love and consideration for every one but herself, striking him as they had never done before; now that absence had dissipated the blindness of habit, and he had learned grown into a perception of these things, Lawrence Moore began to feel that his cousin Lizzie had long had possession of his heart. Then the consciousness of his own unfitness of so noble a gift as her affection, he had an earnest wish to gain it, and a confidence that perhaps he might be to her. When he thought of himself he was discouraged; when he thought of her his hopes revived. Self was thrown out of view as the natural goodness endowed him in her thoughts with better qualities than he possessed. Now, when he told her what he was, and what he hoped sometime to be, yet assured her that he was studying to rise to the level of her ideal and his own, might she not trust herself to him? Lizzie was not a girl to be coquette and fears went on the period of his convalescence. Long after she had engaged to speak, and yet he could not do so. At length, one day, his mother casually mentioned that Kate Clare was to be married shortly to Captain Graham. Lawrence felt as had almost forgotten that he ever cared for that young lady, lifted his eyes as he was answering indifferently, and caught a strange, half-frightened, half-anxious glance which Lizzie threw toward him. As her eyes met his, they fell, and the crimson of a faint blush gathered on her cheek. Disagreeable remembrances came back then to him, and he also colored and looked distracted. Then the matter was called away, and they two were alone. Then he told her the history of that enlistment night and membership of the sequel.

"I knew it," answered she, with a little tremor in her voice, it might be of sympathy with his imagined disappointment. "I thought so sometimes, and then, one day, she told me of the engagement as a secret. I was afraid she was not worthy of your love."

"I fear that it was not even of worth enough for her," replied Lawrence. "If she could have been so he read her letter, told her what he was growing to be before, told her that he had tried to be deserving of her. The disciplines of those months had taught him to see himself truly as he was, and by that

ability made him better than he saw himself. One who truly loved him, who had for years felt her affections drawn to that higher part of his nature, with which hers had instinctively sympathized, could not but find her heart moved by this manly humility and honest love. It was very sweet to think that she had been the instrument of good to him. And then, when he ceased to speak, and turned his eyes from the far distance into which they had been gazing as he told the past, he saw in Isabella a look of exquisite tenderness and even yet more by a slowly gathering tear. He took her hand and drew her to his heart; and from that moment each knew that that was to be no future separation, but that each would find in the other's love the strength and comfort for their life's future trials.

And now, as Lawrence Moore has ceased to be an enlisted man, and as the disposition displayed in that unfortunate affair has been regard by a higher one, evolved through the very circumstances which seemed to give the first the government of his life, the history of his enlistment may be considered as at an end.

OUR COLOR-SERGEANT.

I.

Out on the slope of yon Virginian hill,
Just where those pines their cone-like shadows wave
Across the meadow, a harsh, mingled din
The pains is throbbing now; the strong heart still;
Glazed the dim eyeball: yet the sun will
That hurled back scorn for scorn, and bent not save
To God's, he knows, and fervent. Chill
And stark in death's solemnity he lies
Silent for ever, beneath the starry skies,
Wherefrom the deep-drops fall
On cone and gall
Like tears from pitying angels' eyes.

II.

Drape his cold form with the old starry flag,
Storm-frayed and battle-fretted, is to me
More fitting winding-sheet, a dead soldier's bier,
For his who waved it from embattled crag,
Through rain and hail and fire;
Torn on South Mountain's side was forced to bow,
And in Antietam's gorge could not sag,
Flying in fierce haste, as if to seek
Safety beyond the crimsoned creek;
While brood and fair,
Triumphant all
The old flag wave above the battle's wreck.

III.

Sore wounded in the thick of the fent fight
At Fredericksburg he fell, but died not,
And bore, as one who has an unreal part,
Wounded and gone upon the awful height,
Where Death has marked many their fearful sight,
Strolling with storm of hissing shell and shot
As from the thickened air gleam sudden-bright;
His leg 'mid carnage and dark ocean of death
That night of terror! Here are no under-levels.
At through the storm
Flies the form
And gained the Rappahannock's bank beneath.

IV.

Then came long weeks of suffering and pain!
Thy manly countenance; swift reliped
The almost certain jaws of death; the dim perhaps
That he might live to love and fight again!
For fight he would, and would lay sword and chain
Where'er a blow was struck to end the lovegogs
Than one more kiss.
So fell did rage
And he turned back to camp. She went her way.

V.

Then came the word to march. With heart more high
Than morning-dew on flower beneath his feet,
He trod the path, as he thought to prove
But friends upon the way. In the dim night
We crossed the river. Dawn lay the forming bright
And trench that we must gain in battle's heat,
And all the enemy's point. But God said Night
Were on our side, he said, and fell no fear.
Forward! was the word with shout and cheer.
They sent back grape.
A Death's awful shape
Uprose before us silent, stern, and clean.

VI.

We faltered not. Some fell, but others sprung
To fill the gaps where death had claimed his own.
About us thickened a hell-burst as still it rung
Went up when cannon spoke with awful tongue.
And then their yelling hordes were hurled at us.
And on the bright steel linked troops alone
How heavens high seem with shouts of victory rung!
But hee—our Color-Sergeant!—heart of oak!—
When other colors fell, the whirlwind broke
He, fighting, fell.
A dead will sonnic hill
Of sulphurous flame and smoke.

VII.

They bury him there upon the sudden slope
Of that Virginian hill. It was there he fell:
His name and station let no one make boast tell.
He was a soldier, and he died!
A nobler grave than his? Who can hope
As quickly to pass out of life through the veil
Of battle-smoke sought the sacred
Of fame unshackled—a freeman
Who should bear the news that he is dead
To her? She waits
Beside Hope's gates.
Nor knows her sentinel's soul is dead.

MILDRED'S SACRIFICE.

THE vases of heliotrope in Miss Dedford's dainty little parlor were distilling their sweetest fragrance in the delicious evening breeze that tossed the muslin curtains to and fro through the wide-opened windows, and the cherry boughs overshadowing the piazza eaves were hung with sparkling jewel-sprays of crimson fruit. July was purpling all the berries with smothyt light; July brooded over the hills with tender warmth; and Clara Dedford, in her dark rich beauty, seemed like a typic blossom of the brightest month in all the year.

But Captain Verner noticed the changing color in her olive cheek; the blaze that glowed beneath her jetty eyelashes, in strange, seductive brilliance? Did his absence how critically she had pored herself on the tiny foot-stool close beside Mildred Moore's shadowy white draperies and pure, colorless features? Clara Dedford understood contrast and harmony—Captain Verner did not; he only knew that the two girls were like rose and lily, kevid sunshine, and pale, white starlight!

"If I could only do something for those poor suffering soldiers," he said, breaking the momentary silence, as if in continuation of the previous conversation. "Would it not be possible for me to devote a portion of my small means to their comfort?"

Captain Verner smiled; for he knew, spite of his love of truth and honor, even to him, like a unnecessary bit of ostentation.

"Certainly," he said; "and I can assure you the object would be a most worthy one purpose."

"Will you object to acting as my treasurer?" smiled Clara, with pretty, appealing softness in her eyes.

"Not at all; there are, in my own regiment, many cases of hardship, even destitution, which it would give me great pleasure to relieve. Thank you"—as she opened the tiniest of silken purses and placed a bank-note in his hand with blushing confusion—"I know from experience how much good twenty dollars can do!"

All this Mildred Moore had sat silent in the shadow of the cherry boughs; now she rose and quietly withdrew. Captain Verner's eyes followed her every movement, with a half-perplexed expression.

"You mustn't misinterpret poor dear Mildred's silence," liquel Clara, as the door closed; "of course she is interested in your hospital reminiscences; but I don't think she cares very much about the poor soldiers—Milly's nature is not sympathetic, and—"

"And," added the straightforward soldier, "her means are very limited. She gives music-lessons' or something, don't she?"

He had risen as he stood there, tall and handsome, in the golden July moonlight, Clara's beau ideal of a man.

"Good-night, Miss Clara. I must stop at Harwood Grange for five minutes to tell them about their two boys who are fighting Beauregard, and I've two or three little errands to attend to in the town. We soldiers, you know, are scarcely at our own disposal."

He held the little jeweled hand in his a moment, perhaps unconscious how closely he pressed it, and then walked down the moonlit, gravel-walled branches of the cherry-trees. As he walked along, whistling softly to himself, he thought of Clara to all her strange, transcendent beauty—of her dancing, liquid eyes, and her mouth, like Cupid's bow, carved in scarlet coral.

"It was generous in her to give that money," he thought. "But I can't understand—hang it! it's no business of mine, I know—why she could've missed Mildred have expressed her sympathy in words, at least. It annoys me a little —and yet I don't, for the life of me, see why it should."

"You sent that set of onyx to my mother?" he asked, an hour or so later, as he stood by the stylish little jewelry store in the main street of the town.

"Yes? I think it's all right, and I may as well settle the bill."

He tossed a fifty-dollar Treasury Note on the counter as he spoke.

"I hardly like to part with that money," he laughed. "The fact is, I've kept it about me so long that it has become quite a talisman with me. However, there it goes—hand over your receipt."

He dashed the bit of paper into his pocket-book with the quick impatience characterized all his motions, and walked out again whistling the low refrain that made a sort of company for his solitude.

It was nearly midnight, the air was cool and sultry, and the stars blazing in the violet concave of heaven, yet Captain Verner sat writing, in his lackey, idly looking out upon the summer night, with the faint fragrance of his cigar wreathing about him. Was he thinking of Clara Dedford?

"Half past eleven—high time I was asleep," soliloquized the Captain, at length, giving his cigar a toss into the street, and stretching, and rising the room where a shaded lamp cast a circle of subdued light on sheets of closely-written paper.

"Hallo—what's this?" he said, half aloud, taking up a tiny note that lay lightly on the top. "This is a sudden arrival in my chaos of documents, or I'm mistaken."

The direction, "Captain Verner," was in a strange handwriting—a delicate, feminine, pretty hand, too. Nothing appeared further than a fifty-dollar note wrapped in a bit of paper on which was penciled these words: "For the soldiers."

"Clara Delford again!" was Verner's first exclamation. "What a splendid creature that is!"

The next glance, however, revealed another ground of conjecture and perplexity—he held the note in the full glare of the lamp, turning it eagerly from side to side.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," he muttered; "it's the same note I paid at Atkinson's to-night—here are my initials "I. E. V." in the corner. Now, how on earth—"

He paused, apparently in deep thought.

"Very provoking that I can't find out to night," he murmured; "but I'll go to Atkinson's the first thing in the morning!"

The early dew was yet weighing down the hollyhocks strewn in the sunny town garden, when Captain Verner entered the jewelry store where he had purchased the set of onyx for his mother.

"A great deal, Mr. Atkinson: you can tell me to whom you paid out this Treasury Note last night!"

He laid the mysterious "greenback" on the glass counter; Atkinson took it up and scrutinized it closely, then referred to his books.

"Certainly I can," he said; "I purchased a very beautiful pearl ring from a lady yesterday evening, and paid for it with that very identical bill."

A pearl ring!—the simple words seemed to throw him off his mental equip. The jeweler unlocked his show-case, and took out a small violet-velvet case, lined with white silk, in which glimmered a pearl ring—a delicate affair, set in a plain gold circlet.

"There it is," he said. "Ten years ago I went to New York for that very ring, ordered by Dr. Moore, and paid for it for his little daughter, then just twelve years old."

"Dr. Moore!" repeated Verner.

"Yes. I saw the ring—changed now, yet I did not suppose that Miss Mildred would ever have been induced to part with that favorite jewel—the only relic, I may venture to say, she has ever retained of wealthier days."

Captain Verner turned down at the ring through a strange unwonted mist. How different was this silent sacrifice of sweet memories and old associations to Clara Delford's ostentatious gift from her overflowing coffers! "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." The words came to him like a revelation of Mildred Moore's nature.

Only nine o'clock, but much too early for Mildred Moore to be watering her sweet-pea and gigantic sunflowers in the cottage garden. Nay, so busy was she with pen and pencil, sketching and book from its fastening, that she never heard approaching footsteps until Captain Verner's shadow fell across the flower-beds. Then she started up, with a large diluted eyes, like those of a frightened fawn, and carmine burning in her usually colorless cheeks.

"Captain Verner!"

"Do not be startled, Miss Mildred," he said, with gentle, reassuring accents. "I have only called to thank you for your kind donation to the soldiers' fund."

She clasped her hands over her flushed face, like a child detected in some fault.

"Has your garden; I did not think—I never intended—"

"Nay," he interrupted, earnestly, "I have learned the history of the ring. Your sacrifice is not unappreciated, and—"

He stopped, for she had burst into overwhelming sobs and tears, and was entirely a new phase of her being. Captain Verner stood completely confounded. He had known her all these months and yet remained ignorant of the passionate depth and emotion of her character? She was there before him no longer the cold, passionless statue, but a lovely woman, made herself all by tears! A recitadel of his heart—undermined long ago, unconsciously to himself—blundered at this last attack. And who could blame him?

"Don't, Mildred?" he said, caressingly. "My dearest girl, if you knew how it grieved me to see you weep—"

"Pardon me," she faltered; "I am ashamed of being so foolish. But—but all I had to give?"

"Mildred," he whispered, opening the violet-velvet casket, "I have brought back the ring: will you accept it again?"

She looked at him with startled eyes and glowing cheeks, as if some deep meaning lay hidden in his words.

"Let me place it on your finger, love. Wear it as an engagement ring. Be went on: "Did I, Mildred, I never knew till now how dear you were to me! Will you trust your future to me?—will you be my companion for life?"

What Mildred's answer was is not at all to the purpose; only Mrs. Grandy thinks it very strange "that Miss Moore should wear a pearl engagement ring when *diamonds* are all the fashion!"

THE MARCH ON VICKSBURG.

MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS, our artist in the Southwest, accompanied General Grant in his splendid movement from Grand Gulf to Jackson and Vicksburg, and has sent us the pictures which we give on pages 392, 393, and 396. Mr. Davis writes:

"CAPTURE OF JACKSON.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, "JACKSON, MISS., May 16, 1863.

"On the morning of the 14th the troops of General M'Pherson, crossing the Pearl River at Clinton, upon the direct Jackson road, and in a pelting rain storm marched rapidly toward that place, the division under General Crocker having the advance. At 10 o'clock, when within three miles of Jackson, the pickets of the enemy were driven in, and the troops formed at once advanced in line of battle. The enemy's 'line of battle' was soon discovered posted in an excellent position to the right, and across the road. The character of the country, though mostly open, offered facilities for cover, and under cover of undulations to within a short distance of the enemy's line, with but little exposure of our troops to their fire; and, in a dreadful storm of rain and thunder, the skirmishers of the opposing columns were within less than one hundred yards of each other. The shower had just ceased. Mr. Battey, First Missouri Artillery, under Lieutenant M'Murray, opened fire. At the same time the order was conveyed to General Crocker to 'charge the enemy's line with his division, Holmes's brigade in the centre, Sandham's on the right and rear, Boomer's on the brigade, to the left and rear.' The division came steadily up the slope of the hill, over and down at a double-quick. They met a severe and effective fire; but, never wavering, continued the charge with cheers up the second slope. Just at this moment the rebels broke. Flying in disorder, their exposed backs were a target for a fire until this moment reserved. At the crest of the last hill was posted the rebel reserve, who, as our men reached the line of fences and were breaking them down, opened a fire that sent to their long account too many of our gallant men. The 17th Iowa and 10th Missouri suffered principally at this point. Here the enemy could not stand, but joined the precipitate retreat of their advance. The guns of Bullen's battery had followed our charging troops in their advance, and were here speedily unlimbered, and one after the other, as they were brought in battery, opened with canister. Just at this moment General Crocker rode along the line of the advancing men, and was greeted with cheer upon cheer.

"The division of General Logan was advanced and disposed to the left and reserve. Just at this time General Sherman, who, with his corps, was advancing, three miles distant and to our right, opened fire with his artillery.

"General M'Pherson now steadily advanced his force, and occupied the enemy's works. Almost at the same moment General Sherman's troops entered the town through the works, on the entrance to the right, the division of General Tuttle forming in advance. The rebel cavalry was just leaving as the generals, with their escorts, passed through the storm to the Capitol, over which was being raised the colors of the 10th Indiana, by Captain Cadle, of General Crocker's staff, and Captain Martin."

"DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD AND REBEL STORES AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, "JACKSON, MISS., May 16, 1863.

"The Army marched this morning toward Vicksburg through the bridges of General Mower to destroy the property and bridge of General Mower to destroy the property of the Rebel Government —railroad, penitentiary, etc. While sketching the scene I could not but think of the sketches that I have sent to you of the devastation of the rebels on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the raid of General Stuart through Pennsylvania. The manner we seem to have beaten the rebels at this their favorite performance."

"9TH BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, COMMANDING 17TH CORPS ARMY TENNESSEE, "IN THE BLACK RIVER, May 17, 1863, 10 A.M.

"The division of General Hovey being in advance, marched this morning in force, posted in excellent position upon the crest of a hill covered with forest and undergrowth. General Hovey deployed his line of battle, and the rebels were forming upon his right. The line advanced, preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers, and was soon heavily engaged.

"The batteries of Captains Rogers and De Selm were opened with good effect. Captain Rogers's battery posted in a good but exposed position, was soon charged upon; the enemy being severely repulsed by their regiments of Gen. John E. Smith's brigade and the guns of De Selm's battery.

"An attempt to check our advance and flank our right was observed by General M'Pherson, who sent the brigade of General Stevenson and two batteries to meet it. After a short and sharp engagement, in the fight at the left, the enemy were soon driven from the ground, and Stevenson charged with his brigade, driving the enemy and capturing their battery. The mass of the enemy were now pressed now to have been thrown against our left, and General Hovey being forced to retire, was at once supported by General Crocker, who sent from his division two regiments of Colonel Sandbrone's brigade, and the brigade of Colonels Boomer and Holmes. These troops held the rebels in check, and shortly advanced, driving the enemy, capturing 1000 prisoners and a battery.

"A general advance, now ordered by General Grant, who had been upon the field during the entire day, many times in exposed positions, found the enemy in full retreat toward Edwards's Depôt. General M'Pherson sending in pursuit General Stevenson's brigade, with Dr. Selyet's battery, followed by General Carr's division. In this retreat the rebels lost General Tighlman, killed by a shell.

"The enemy lost nearly two thousand prisoners and thirteen guns.

"THE FIGHT AT THE BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, COMMANDING 17TH CORPS ARMY TENNESSEE, "CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG, *May 18, 1863.*

"We had fought the battle of Champion's Hill, and at night lain down as tired as rested as ever; yet the next day, finding the enemy, we, before dinner, captured seventeen guns, and over two thousand prisoners.

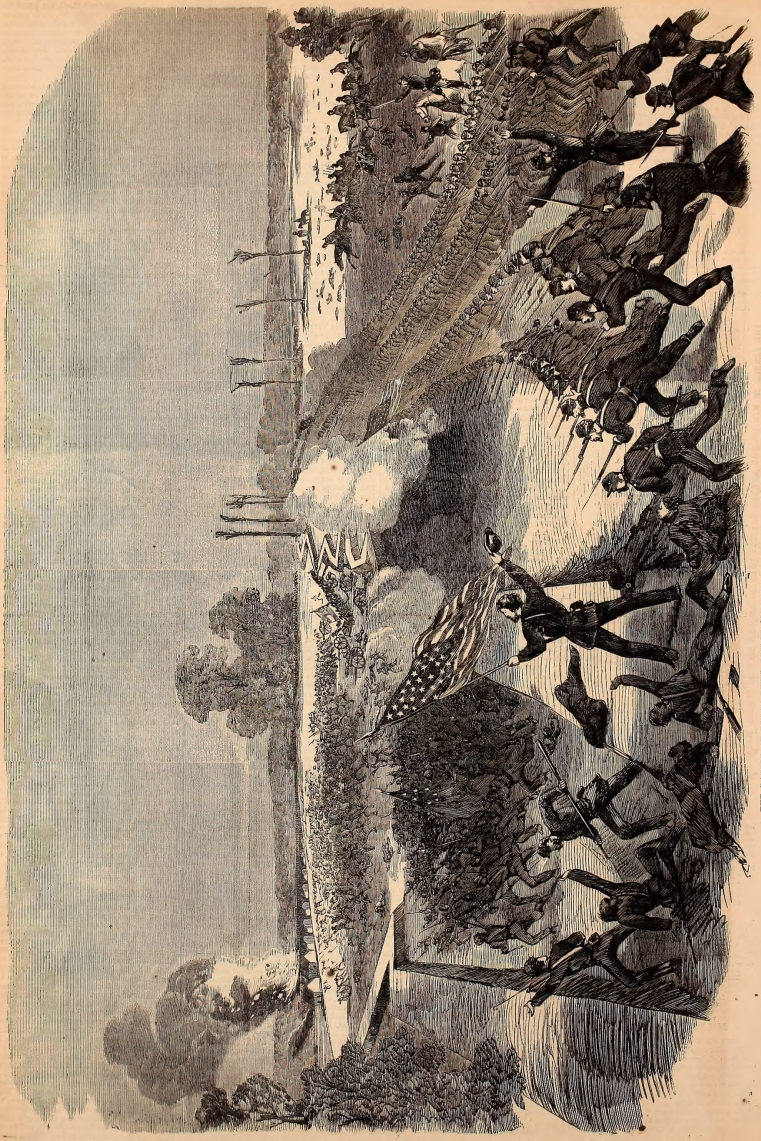
"The brigade of Colonel Lawler was ordered to advance upon a hill, and by a movement to the general A. J. Smith upon the left, which they did, as illustrated by my sketch."

GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

WE publish on pages 388 and 389 two illustrations of General Banks's operations in Louisiana, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Hamilton.

One of them shows the TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ARMY OF GENERAL BANKS INTO THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, on 4th May, 1863. Alexandria was a very important point for the rebels to hold, being one of their dépôts of supplies from Texas and the Red River region, besides being the key to an important cotton and sugar raising section of country. Its fall, the immediate credit of which is due to the navy, was really occasioned by the successful operations of General Banks in the Opelousas country, and his entry into the city may therefore fairly be deemed triumphal.

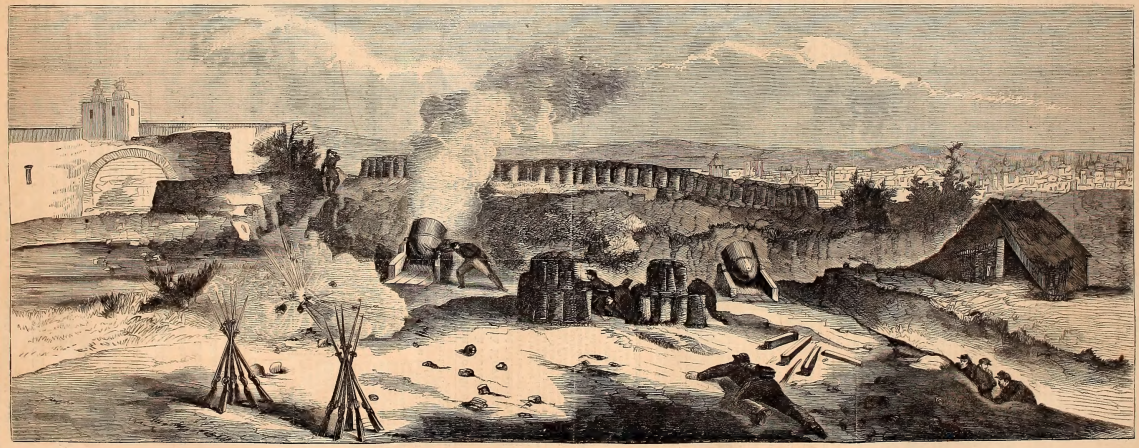
No time was lost by General Banks, however, in idle glorification. Alexandria having fallen, the troops were marshaled for the assault of a much more formidable point—Port Hudson. Our illustration on page 389 shows the embarkation of part of his army at Simmesport on the Atchafalaya River, Louisiana, for Port Hudson, on 21st May, 1863. The transports *St. Maurice* and *Empire Parish* are receiving the soldiers and preparing to steam off under the guidance of their negro pilots. They have since disembarked the men, and we now know that the great tussle at Port Hudson has begun, fiercely and bloodily.



THE BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MAY 17, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



GENERAL VIEW OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THE FRENCH IN MEXICO—THE MORTAR BATTERY OPENING ON THE CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

PUEBLA.

WE publish on page 397 two pictures, from drawings by French artists: one showing the CITY OF PUEBLA, or more correctly LA PUEBLA, now besieged by the French; the other, one of the MONTAN BATTERIES erected by the French to shell the place.

Puebla is a city of Mexico, distant about 84 miles from the City of Mexico, on the road from Vera Cruz to the capital. It is in a mountainous region, and surrounded by heights. The French under General Forey, with about 20,000 men, and assisted by the traitor Marquez, with 3000 or 4000 more, attacked Puebla on 21st March ult., and after several severe conflicts, succeeded in making themselves masters of some of the forts, while the Mexicans held the bulk of the city. The resistance was tenacious, and the slaughter great on both sides. Since the first attack both sides have received reinforcements, and the contest has been continued with varied success. Our latest advices are conflicting. A French account says that the city has fallen, and that Ortega surrendered with his entire army. On the other hand, Mexican reports of the same date represent the place as still holding out.

General Scott took Puebla with very little trouble.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

Important to Tourists. Mr. Semmons begs to inform the Travelling Public that he has consented to open a branch of his store at

No. 1323 Broadway, opp. Post Office,
SARATOGA SPRINGS,

where may be found a splendid assortment of his celebrated goods, *Sea-Glasses, Simple and Double Telescopes of immense power; Field and Marine Glasses, Opera Glasses, &c., &c.*; also, his celebrated *Pocket Double Glass*, of the greatest transparent power, suitable for tourists and sportsmen.

The business in New York will still be open. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
609½ Broadway, opp. Read St., N. Y.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

FOR INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by

S. S. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York.
Price 60 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

When this Cruel War is over. I remember the Hour when I was first invited to call on Gideon's Band. We do think of home. Each 30 cents. MESSENGER PIGEONS, 37 Cane for Walking Stick, Pistol, &c. $1. post-paid. P. BLUME, 209 Bowery, N. Y.

POPULAR, PATRIOTIC, AND HOME SONGS.

NEARLY 200 FOR 12 CENTS.

THE SHILLING SONG BOOK.

Part 1.—Containing all the best songs of the day, a large number of which are not in any other collection.
Part 2.—Containing Popular Songs that have appeared since the publication of the *First Part*, together with numerous other favorites. Price of each part, 12 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

Attention, Soldiers!



Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 209 Broadway, New York.



The wonderful Clustering Horse and Ponies, Mackenzie's Patent, going the road you can mounting go, 1 or six miles an hour as you please. Up rise and sit as you ride. Your horse by his bridle you easily guide. These propelling horses are exciting the most lively interest with all girls and boys that like fun and out-door exercise, and equally those who are afraid. For sale by STEPHEN W. SMITH, 498 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents and Dealers.

Something New. Patent Match Safe, for vest pockets, a thing of beauty, and usefulness combined. Sample by mail, 50 cts. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, disability, &c., by wounds, by sending for Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing STAMP. Obtain your money by return postage. BURROWS, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED,

To take orders for Victor's History of the Rebellion, the acknowledged standard, indorsed by the President, Cabinet, Members of Congress, Governors, Bancroft the historian, and by the press generally. Two volumes now ready, expensively illustrated with Steel Engravings. Sold by subscription only, and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address

EDWARD F. HOYES, 13 Spruce St., New York.

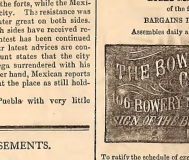
Note Papers and Wedding Cards.
Tiffany & Co.,
Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

Would respectfully inform their Patrons and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended the STATIONERY DEPARTMENT of their FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for furnishing the latest styles of

Correspondence and Wedding Stationery,

Cards of all sizes and shapes, engraved upon the premises with punctuality and despatch. Initials stamped, colored or plain, in ordinary text or originally designed monograms. A choice assortment Du la Rue's and Ackers's Writing Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Note and Letter Papers, as well as the last French styles, constantly for sale.

Grand Mass Meeting
of the friends of
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
Assembles daily at the Sales Rooms of



To ratify the schedule of *exceedingly low prices*, which has been adopted for the present Spring and ensuing Summer seasons, for
MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Don't fail to attend this meeting, and bring your friends with you, for the Bargains will astonish you.

Whether you purchase or not you will receive polite attention.

All Goods are warranted in every particular. The privilege allowed of exchanging within three days any garment which upon examination at home does not meet the entire approval of the purchaser, or the money refunded promptly.

IQUE.

IODINE WATER.

The unparalleled success in private practice, and the indorsement of the profession, have induced us to recommend this preparation.

IODINE WATER FOR IODINE IN PERS WATER.

As a specific for Scrofula in all its manifold forms, Consumption, Cancer, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Bilious Fevers, Nervous and Ague, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Female Weaknesses, Piles, Dyspepsia, Impurities of the Blood, and Mercurial Disease in all its forms, and alterative and tonic, and the GREAT REMEDY for the SUCCESSFUL ERADICATION of MERCURIAL DISEASES from the system, all those distressing and afflicting diseases which arise from an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, defective nutrition, an impure atmosphere, &c.

Price $1 per bottle; $5 per half dozen.
Sold by Druggists.
Dr. H. ANDRUS & CO., Physicians and Chemists, 478 Broadway, N. Y.



FROM A LADY.—West Milton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., July 6th, 1863.—Dr. Hostetter: Sir: I have long delayed writing to you my sincere thanks for the good you have done my daughter. I can truly say that nothing but the kind head of Providence and your BITTERS have saved her from an early grave. For three years I have been doctoring her with syrups and all kinds of bitters that were recommended to me, but never got her bodies having two first-rate physicians; but all seemed to do her no good, while I was watching in the sick-room and all the newspapers that I could get hold of, in hopes of finding something that would help her case. Accidentally there came part of a newspaper around some goods that I bought of a peddler, and I saw your name. I sent for a dozen of your BITTERS when I met the peddler. I sent the next day to Ballston Spa and got a dozen of your BITTERS. She commenced taking them, and saw a change in one week with her appetite, and the distressing pain in the stomach, and that burning in the bowels. I have, in my life, as there was in her. She has taken three bottles, and is now able to work all the time. I think there is little derangement of the liver. Please send me three bottles, and I will please send you the money. We and others thought she had a disease of the heart, but that healing and strengthening that would make up for them breathing at times, is all gone.

Yours, with regret, Mrs. AMANDA McPHERSON.
Sold by all druggists and family grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 629 BROADWAY.

THE LUNGS: HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG. See Dr. Dio Lewis's Article in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June, 1863. Sent, post-paid, for 20 cents. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe News Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 36x50. Price $1200.
One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 28x51. Price $1750.
One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 37x51. Price $2000.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. B. C. PERRY'S MEDICAL OFFICE
Is devoted exclusively and successfully all
DISEASES OF THE SCALP, LOSS OF HAIR,
AND
PREMATURE BLANCHING.*

Moth Patches, Freckles, Grubs, Worms, and all Pupilated Eruptions removed from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. For further particulars and references, see last week's "Harper's Weekly."

CONSULTATION FREE FOR CONSULTATION.
For particulars by mail enclose stamp for circular.
No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

"Noses"

And their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, pug, long, short, thick, sharp, squallish, "turn up," and Jewish Noses, with the "why and wherefore" of these varieties. Portraits and characters of our leading Generals, and other officers, with their Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. Also Ethnology, Anthropology, &c., &c., see in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED. A new volume begins with July No. $1 50 a year, or 15 cents a Number. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our unrivalled Tea, Coffee, Spices, and valuable extra large size PAIR STEAMSHIP, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTIONS Samples, free. The Working Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Sailors, Mechanics, Ladies' Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Inducements of Military Bounty, Union Designs, Game Packet Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, Gift-sale and Sale Packages of Jewelry, Jewelry, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advices, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only $200 and $500. Wholesale rates to Agents only $100 and $200. Every one receives a present. Our New Tea Warranted Pure, strong, and above all competition, and have long been celebrated as the leading and best value and standard Goods sold of this kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Hawkers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the Army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person that acts as our agent. Send for our new CIRCULAR, containing *Rates Premium Inducements, Terms, &c.* Address HALL & CO., 162 Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents that retails for $2, by
T. WILLIAMS & CO., Providence, R. I.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other Gold Watches, Fine Jewelry, Silver Ware, &c., given away. Price only 20c. 5 for $1. Mailed free. Address
C. D. MUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 30 miles from the city of Philadelphia: fine climate; best fruit soil and markets in the Union; $15 to $20 per acre. TITLES GOOD. For full information apply to R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Plans for sale.—Lots View Map, Warth, Philadelphia, at 7½ A. M. or 3½ P. M. for Hammonton.

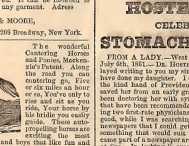
RETURNED SOLDIERS
Can make from $6 to $10 per day canvassing for
THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE WAR,
Issued by the Author's Publishing Co. For all about it, address E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." By all mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVENS PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes. Sent by mail, Price from 37 cents to $3. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send for Circular.
HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,
No 80 Nassau St., Room No. 38, N. Y.



Health for the Soldier!—For one who dies from the effects of the bullet, TWENTY die from damp and exposure to night air. Small doses of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, taken occasionally, will prevent all disorders of the Liver or Stomach, purify the blood, and insure sound health to every part of the human body.

Ladies' Ready-Made Undergarments
or
Linen Cambric and Muslin.
Store 1145 Broadway, near 26th St.
Sizes, Patterns, Qualities, and Prices in assortment intended to fully meet the wants of any Lady unexpectedly in want of such, or preferring the avoidance of home labor. Orders from others faithfully executed by express. C.O.D. List of Prices mailed if requested.

The King Microscope—Double Lens. Profiled, of Hair and Insects, complete; "it works well, and you have got it up very neatly." 65 cents. The "S. Wood" Pocket Microscope 38 cts. Microscope 38 cts. One of each (3) for $1. Free by mail. T. Edwin King, "Evans Hall," No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Corsets and Skirts.

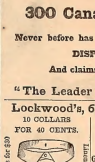
The largest and most elegant assortment of
Corsets and Skirts
ever offered at retail in the United States, bought for Cash, and before the advance, and selling at old prices, at
KANN'S,
765 Broadway, between 9th and 9th Sts.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S
GRAND OPENING
FOR
Spring Mantillas
Took place this Week at
300 Canal Street.
Never before has he made a better
DISPLAY,
And claims still to be
"The Leader of Fashions."

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.



THE GENUINE
CLOTH LINED
PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.

6 for.....$12
6 for.....15
6 for.....18
6 for.....21
Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.

Gents Furnishing Goods.
I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious.

SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER,
The pride of my establishment. In this department, I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to suit that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.
Large block.

Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!

Gold Mounted Jet Enamel Vest Chains.
Unique in design and unsurpassed in appearance.

This is an article but recently introduced, of which we are the publishers and sole manufacturers, and have already become one of the most popular, fashionable, and saleable ornaments of the day. Small size, $18 per gross. Medium size, $24 per gross. Large size, $36 per gross. Assorted, four dozen in a gross, $30. All have patent bar and improved swivel attached, with gold mountings of different styles. Sent by express.

Sutlers, Jobbers, and General dealers will find them well worthy their attention; they give a profit of 600 per cent.

Chains, in grosses only, will be sent by express with bill payable on delivery. Buyers in delayed states, or any part thereof, must send cash in advance, as we can not collect from them. Address

Weybosset Enmel Chain Co.,
111 Broadway, New York.

FREE.—GUY METALLIC UNION BADGE CLOTHTOPS for SOLDIERS ONLY! Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send one 3 cent stamp for postage. HUBBARD BROS., N. Y.



THE
I.X.L.
PATENT NO CHIMNEY BURNER,
for burning Kerosene Oil in Flat Lamps.
Agents wanted in every State of the Union.
Great inducements offered. Send for Circular.
Samples sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address
J. PODIN,
No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

$10 per day nett profit.—Agents wanted for a light wholesale business. Full stamp for a circular by
C. P. SHULTS, Troy New York.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month and expenses paid. Apply at once for new and useful Family Sewing Machine. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, and expenses paid, to sell our *Entertaining Pamphlet, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new and curious articles. 13 circulars *Free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

COLORED TROOPS.

U. S. Infantry Tactics for the Instruction, Exercise, and Manœuvres of the Soldier, a Company, Line of Skirmishers, and Battalion, adapted for the use of COLORED TROOPS of the United States Infantry. Prepared under the direction of the War Department.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 9, 1863.

This system of Infantry Tactics, for Colored Troops, prepared under the direction of the War Department, for the use of the colored troops of the United States Infantry, having been approved by the President, is adopted for the instruction of such troops. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

1 volume, plates, $1 50. Send free by mail on receipt of price.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD PENS RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES. $1 —Genuine goods. Also, the best Fountain Pen in the world. Sent by mail, with Rubber Holder. Send for circular. GEO. P. HAWKES, Manuf., 68 Nassau St., N.Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches..... 15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 " Pins..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
6100 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 8 00 each.
3100 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fish and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Boom Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Pencil Cases..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 6 00 to 10 00 each.
12000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders 4 00 to 6 00 each.
12000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are put into envelopes, sealed, well mixed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of a Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

10,010,200 **GLEASON'S SQUARE KEROSENE CRATER**

Will cook a ... Steak (4 in. ... thick,) in 13½ minutes, on a Coal Oil ... of less than ½ of ... makes a ... of Tin ... 7 minutes; Toast four slices of ... in 8 minutes; boil or fry ... in 24 minutes;

It will also prevent the breaking of chimneys, and save the trouble and expense of making sawn tins and millions of free annually. Used on any Kerosene lamp without changing the light (no smoke or odor). Price 75 cents. Sold at lamp stores. Also by E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 116 Nassau-st., N. Y.

Orders from the trade solicited.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS, with ... elegant FASHION PLATES, five full-sized DRESS PATTERNS, and other splendid Summer novelties. Now ready. Single copy, 25 cents; per year, $1; with valuable premium. Splendid inducements for Lady Agents for every town and city.

ATTENTION!

THE CREATEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address
L. S. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM to any person sending six ... yearly subscribers to MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS, at $1 each, before 1st of Sept. next, will be sent a $5 ROUNDO-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE, an extra copy of the MIRROR OF FASHIONS, and to each subscriber for 50 cents worth of EXTRA PATTERNS and a Card de Visite of the Premium Machine, sent free, on a group. Specimens, 25c. Now ready.

DEMOREST'S LADDER AND TABS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. BRAGUET'S, 119 Chambers St.

Cairnes on the SLAVE POWER.

Its Character, Career, and Probable Designs.

1 vol. octavo. Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1.

The N. Y. Daily Times says: "It deserves to be read by every true American."

The N. Y. Independent remarks: "It is a book that deserves the attention of thinkers and patriots."

The Atlantic Monthly designates it as "A thoughtful and interesting book." "A very timely one for calm and deliberate perusal of all American readers."

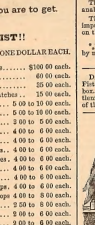
The Boston Transcript says: "It is a masterpiece of analysis, argument, and statement."

The N. Y. Evening Post ranks it as "One of the most important and valuable works that has appeared in Europe on the cause of the American war."

***The book is sold by all Booksellers, and will be sent by mail free on receipt of price.

FOLLETT, FOSTER & Co., 49 Walker St., N. Y.

DR. WHITFIELD'S VEGETABLE PILLS are infallible for Febrile, Bilious, and Bleeding Piles. Price **50** cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. Reference to ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the country can be had at office of the Proprietor, J. YOUNG, No. **481** Broadway, N. Y.



AMBOLINE
MOISTENS,
BEAUTIFIES,
ODORATES,
LENGTHENS,
INVIGORATES,
NOURISHES,
EMBELLISHES
the
HAIR.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating ingredients from Flowers, Herbs, and Roots, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beneficial where the hair requires a gentle stimulant."—*Tribune.*

"Have never had any thing which to perfectly answers the purpose."—*Evening Post.*

WARNER, WARD, Ireg.,
377 Canal-street, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, KENDALL'S AMBOLINE has covered the head with a fine HAIR."—PROF. JOHN SEWALL, Boston.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale WHOLESALE by

KENDALL & SAWYER,
No. 500 Broadway, New York.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
For the Rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-
COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,
and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every section, almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it known to all. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities in anywhere which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous disease of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should keep it in the house against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds for believing that the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumptives it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them until no human skill can master the tenacious disease that fastens on the vitals, cats your life away. All know the dreadful inability of lung disorders, and as they know, too, the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
Lowell, Mass.

And sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

BLOODS HELPS WONDERS

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 335 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street, Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.



Phelan & Collender, Sole Manufacturers.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HAMMOND'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHIOS?—My Organic will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail, or sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau-street, New York.

HILTON'S
INSOLUBLE CEMENT

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt.

It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use.

It is a liquid, and is ready for use or oil. It will adhere oily substances firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 3 oz. to 100 lbs.

For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

Gen. Tom Thumb and Wife.

Elegant Photographic Cartes de Visite, by Brady, representing Tom Thumb and Wife on one Card, 15 cents; Com. Nutt and Little Minnie Warren on one Card, 15 cents; and the whole four on one Card, in the Wedding Dress worn by Gen. Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren when married, 38 cents. These are the only genuine pictures published of the above-named mature human beings living. Sent by mail at the same price. Three little wonders remain at the Museum for a short time longer.

P. T. BARNUM, Museum, New York.

WEDDING CARDS.

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. BYRNES'S Old Establishment, 32 Broadway, cor. Trinity Pl., N. Y. 1st Established 1815. Specimens Furnished by Mail, with Prices.

SOMETHING NEW

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for Ring, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 numbered cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, postpaid, for $1, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of suits found, painted and engraved.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Not to be confounded with cheap lies. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 405 Broadway.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Thailand. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from railway station. Delightful climate—20 acres tracts of from $15 to $18 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good school and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson, Farming Journal sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost tree position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we have seen in any of the Western Prairies.*

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 15th, 1862.

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commission. Also, a medal to each of the following manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries: Brown & Polson, for food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince you. Recommended by Physicians, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, milk, eggs or sugar, as delicately and healthfully used as oatmeal. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for cold meat, meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream it cannot be excelled with it. A little for Ice Cream it cannot be excelled with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Sold by all grocers, in 1 pound packages, under the trademark, "DURYEA'S MAIZENA." A most delicious article for food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists throughout the world.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

MOUNT KISCO MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL ACADEMY.—Institute for the thorough training of young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., PRIN., Mount Kisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are receiving large importations of that deservingly popular novelty, the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "Their watch is composed of many excellent, improvements, but their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly adapted for railroad men and travelers, &c."

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, says: "Messrs. Hubbard Bro's are entitled to the best thanks of the Industrial Army for their Enos, for meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary enterprise as theirs so richly merits. These watches are novelties produced by no other House, far exceeding other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons render the House a leading medium for traders in the army."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep accurate time!* Price per case of half dozen, $84. By mail, $1 65 additional for postage. Sent by mail retail readily at from $20 to $50 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT DEEP-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 141, says: "Messrs. Hubbard Bro's have shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BRO'S OF NEW YORK are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece that has been introduced for many years. The case is ornamented with the usual amount of engraving, and, although rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The case of this Watch may be wound at pleasure, one day or one long five 16 carat gold. It has the buttoned ruby jewel, the movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $84. Sold by retailers, in most instances, at less than those proposing to buy at wholesale, $18. If sent by mail 25 cents each additional.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE!

BY MONEY MUST BE SENT BY MAIL.

The following are the names of the city retail dealers carrying Watches, &c., to the Army; they are also published in the army and navy papers. *Soldiers, remember, by money in all instances must be sent by mail!* There is no risk in sending remittances in this way, and everything you make secret of the transaction, sending strong letters of introduction, and ordering the goods to be sent C. O. D. *Remember, Hubbard Bro's are the sole importers of the Railway Timekeeper*, and can be purchased of no other house. Should any of the following dealers be out of stock, all Watches ordered from Hubbard Bro's Importers are registered by mail; we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
North River Arcade, and Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, Author of a Treatise on Human Physiology, &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

MISS CLOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "Lily Hazlehurst," "Queechy," "Olive," "Dora Ogilvie," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ST. OLAVES. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Vol. IV. Paper, 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. CAREY, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The papers of permanent value which have been published in these every-day number complete a set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number by mail, postpaid. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be mailed, postpaid, to any place in the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, substantially bound, will be sent by express, the Freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MONTHLY together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
An Extra Copy would be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth cases, Price $4 25 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Weekly*, should send a letter remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or Country Merchant. Unless this precaution is observed, no responsibility for any loss is assumed.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



THE PEACE-PREACHER AND HIS CLERK.

REV. FERNANDO WOOD. "Peace on Earth, and Good-Will to Rebels."
MUSCULAR DISCIPLES. "That's soo-o!" *(Chorus of Oaths.)*

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,

Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

IF ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR WAS CLOSED. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Attention General Grant's Rosecrans', Hooker's and Birney's Divisions.

Brig.-Gen. D. B. Birney says: "This Cross is in honor of our old Leader, and the wearer of it will always remember his high standard of a true and brave soldier, and will never disgrace it." I will send the above Cross Pin, in Gold Plate, to any soldier on the receipt of $1. Also for $1, I will send as sample either a fine Gold Pen or Pencil, or a New Style Vest Chain, or a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or an Engraved Bracelet or Sporting Locket.

Also Head-Quarters for Union League Pins. Samples of fine ones will be sent on the receipt of 50 cents. I have a kind which I will sell for $3 per hundred, $25 per 1000.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.

Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate. R. Bridgewater, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Shuits' Ongruent.—Warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, post-paid, for 50 cts. Address C. F. Shuits, Troy, N. Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, in pigtown.

How to Paint Photographs.
A NEW WORK.

Just published. Price 30 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists' supply-rooms, and Book Dealers, or sent, post-paid, by the Publishers.
J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope
Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 75; or, with six lenses, lifted mounted objects, for $5; or, with 24 objects, for $9, by HENRY CRAIG, 130 Centre Street, 2d floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 55 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

A SPECULATION.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALLED, and unlike all the old styles; containing *all New Articles*, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your *Friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp are our Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents.* Package in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULAR for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. Largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF **L.Y.D.S.**
Erysipelas,
Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S
YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,
Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body*, gives *Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles*, and *Health to every Channel, Joint, and Limb.*
One Dollar per Bottle (which often cures).
Depot, 152 CHATHAM St., N. Y. Sold 500 GRAND St.
Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1846. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AT
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.
ROMAN SCARFS.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS & TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

Union League Badge.
An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Pieces per hundred, $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 5014, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

Preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-glasses adapted to the various changes and defections of the Eye, affording the clearest and easiest vision, at the Optical Institute, cor. *Broadway* and Ann Street, N. Y.



EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!
MAY BE PROCURED
At FROM $8 to $12 PER ACRE.
Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.
1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, ON LONG CREDIT, the beautiful and fertile PRAIRIE LANDS *lying along the whole line of their Railroad, 700 MILES IN LENGTH, upon the most Favorable Terms, for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics, and Workingmen to make for themselves and their families a competency, and a HOME they can call* THEIR OWN, *as will appear from the following statements:*

ILLINOIS

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,722,666, and a soil capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers as great inducement to the Settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, Corn and Wheat.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate, from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 200 miles, is well adapted to Winter

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO,

Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than their immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers (a distance of 115 miles on the Branch, and 156 miles on the Main Trunk), lies the great Corn and Stock-raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 50 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profit. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith (a distance of 96 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk), Timothy, Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c. are produced in great abundance.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Winter crop of 1863 was estimated at 25,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 115,000,000 bushels, besides the crops of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Flax, Hemp, Hops, Clover, Cabbages, &c.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres, at $10 per acre, with interest at 6 per cent. annually, payable on the following terms:	80 acres, at $10 00 per acre:
Cash payment ..... $ 48 00	Cash payment $24 00
Payment in one year 48 00	Payment in one year 24 00
" in two years 48 00	" in three years 24 00
" in three years 48 00	" in four years 118 00
" in four years 236 00	" in five years 112 00
" in five years 224 00	" in six years 106 00
" in six years 212 00	" in seven years 100 00
" in seven years 200 00	

Address **Land Commissioner**, *Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.*

INSURE YOUR LIFE
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 99 BROADWAY, New York,
Offers more than double the security more than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:
A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, now largely added to by accumulations.
Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.
Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
without any personal liability.
The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter expressly requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.
It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*
Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.
Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.
Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.
Its resources are also pledged to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.
Let no Member therefore allow HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first writing with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEAVELAND MYGATT.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without delay, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the United States.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 25 cts. coin preferred, magnifying small objects **500** times. Five different powers for $1 60. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 226, Boston, Mass.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Aden, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

$22. WATCHES. $22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, Inventor of WATCHES,
208 Broadway, New York.

Tomes, Son & Melvain,
6 Maiden Lane, New York



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.
RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-Loading Rifles and Pistols.
Dixon Manufacturing Co. Revolving Pistols.

National Union League.
To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by this organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a fine engraving, beautifully enamelled and gilt, and is now ready to be sent out to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. POOTS & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 20 per cent. profit. Sports Watch free to Agents. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELL & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 339.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE VICKSBURG—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL STRONG TAKES A SHOT.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 405.]

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

Advertisements on the last page of *Harper's Weekly* ONE DOLLAR per line; inside SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS per line. The space allotted to advertisements is limited, and an early application is advisable to secure a place.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

GENERAL LEE has verified the predictions we published in our last number with startling exactness. A part of his army has invaded Pennsylvania, now occupies one or two of the southern towns in that State, and menaces Harrisburg. A wild panic pervades the State, and the military organization which should have preceded the invasion by several weeks is now being hurriedly completed, in the midst of universal terror and confusion. Even as far west as Pittsburg the operatives in the machine-shops have knocked off work, called for speeches, and fallen to building earth-works. Meanwhile the alarm has spread to the adjacent States. New Jersey, Ohio, New York, West Virginia, and even Massachusetts are hurrying forward their militia to the scene of action, and there is some reason to hope that by the time these lines are read a new army of volunteer militia, as numerous if not as efficient as Lee's forces, will interpose between the rebel advance and the capital of the Keystone State.

It is stated that the Government was fully aware of Lee's designs, and suffered the rebels to cross the Potomac for ulterior purposes of its own. This may be so, though the prize which it was proposed to purchase by the sacrifice of one half of Milroy's army and the flourishing town of Chambersburg must—one would think—have been tolerably substantial.

The rebel journals, and some organs of opinion here, intimate that it is Lee's design to push forward into the heart of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and to stay at Pittsburg or Harrisburg, or some other convenient point—in other words, to invade the North on the plan which we have pursued at the South, taking all he can seize, and holding what he takes. The event will probably prove the fallacy of this expectation. No army of the size of Lee's can operate as a movable or flying column without a base; and no body of troops small enough to operate as a movable column would be safe in any part of the State of Pennsylvania. A brigade or a division of cavalry, moving swiftly from place to place, and avoiding the large towns, may make successful raids even into Pennsylvania, and may destroy bridges and stores, and carry off large quantities of plunder, without running more than the average risks of war. But if Lee, or any of his generals, attempts to move a *corps d'armee* of twelve to fifteen thousand men of the three arms, into any Northern State, it is demonstrable that the chances would be heavily against their return. And if he moves with any larger force than this, he must keep his communications open with his base or perish. This has been the cardinal principle which has impeded our operations so seriously in Virginia. Whenever the army of the Potomac has moved any considerable distance from its base, its communications have been cut, and the very existence of the army endangered. It will be so with Lee. If he operates from Winchester, which is the most probable base for a campaign against Southern Pennsylvania, he will not dare to move much beyond Hagerstown or Chambersburg; for if he does, his communications will infallibly be cut, and his army will have to retreat or perish.

Many motives have been assigned for Lee's sudden march from Fredericksburg to Winchester. It is hardly worth while to discuss any of them, as the most plausible is after all mere conjecture. But it is not difficult to understand that the preservation of the morale of the rebel army and the rebel people, in view of the proximate fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the loss of the Mississippi Valley, imperatively required that some dashing enterprise—involving possibilities of brilliant successes—should be undertaken, and this theory alone might suffice to account for Lee's recent strategy; which, in any other point of view, would seem to be unworthy of his reputation.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

WE wish we could find space in our crowded columns for the President's very admirable reply to a Democratic meeting at Albany, which, through the hands of Mr. Erastus Corning, transmitted to him certain resolutions censuring the arrest and exile of Clement L. Vallandigham. Whether we view the paper as a calm exposition of the law of the case, and of the duty and responsibility of the Executive, or whether we prefer to look at it in a more personal light, as a semi-private letter, written in justification of Mr. Lincoln's course—for it will bear this construction—it will challenge universal respect, and give its author a fresh claim to the gratitude of the people.

First, as to the facts of the case. The letter says:

> Mr. Vallandigham avows his hostility to the war on the part of the Union; and his arrest was made because he was laboring, with some effect, to prevent the raising of troops, to encourage desertions from the army, and to leave the rebellion without an adequate military force to suppress it. He was not arrested because he was damaging the political prospects of the Administration, or the personal interests of the Commanding-General, but because he was damaging the army, upon the existence and vigor of which the life of the nation depends. He was warring upon the military, and this gave the military constitutional jurisdiction to lay hands upon him.

As to the power of the Government to arrest such a traitor as this, and to deny him the right of *habeas corpus* and the privileges of a trial in the courts, the President very properly refers to that clause in the Constitution which states that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, UNLESS WHEN, IN CASES OF REBELLION or invasion, THE PUBLIC SAFETY SHALL REQUIRE IT."

This, says the President, is precisely our present case—a case of gigantic rebellion wherein the public safety requires the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the other legal formalities by which, in time of peace, the personal liberty of the citizen is secured. In proof hereof, he refers to the military necessity which requires the shooting of deserters, and inquires, with crushing force, whether he "must shoot a simple soldier-boy who deserts, while 'he' may not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

Having proved his constitutional right to deny to Vallandigham a trial in the courts, the President devotes a few sentences to the absurd notion, which has lately been used at certain pseudo-democratic meetings in this city, that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in time of civil war will impair the working of our free institutions when peace is restored. "I can no more believe this," says the President, "than I can believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness, as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life." In point of fact, the precedent established by General Jackson at New Orleans, when he suspended the writ of his own mere motion, and arrested the lawyer who asked for it, the judge who granted it, and the editor who said it should have been issued, settles this point. When peace was restored with England, the *habeas corpus* and the other free institutions of the country resumed their play just as though they had never been suspended, and no one ever thought of resisting them on the ground of Jackson's proceedings. When the rebellion is over, no public official will attempt to use the arbitrary power which a due concern for the public safety now forces into the hands of the President and his commanding Generals—until another "rebellion or invasion" take place, when again the "supreme law" will override all others, as it does at present.

We judge that Mr. Lincoln's real object in publishing this letter to the Albany Democrats, was not only to make them and their co-workers ashamed of the mean position which they occupy in trying to weaken the hands of the Government at a time when the very life of the nation hangs trembling in the balance, but also to warn the secret traitors who swarm in our midst that he is perfectly determined to do his duty to the country, and that the case of Vallandigham may possibly prove a precedent for future action. It is clear as noonday that if the soldier-boy who deserts is to be shot—and all officers declare that without shooting deserters armies can not be kept together—the infamous scoundrel who stays at home, and by lying words tempts him to desert, by weakening his confidence in his officers, misrepresenting and reviling the cause in which he is fighting, predicting the hopelessness of the conflict, damping his ardor, and fomenting his discontent, ought not, in common justice, to escape unscathed. We have in this city men who, within a month, have said and written words which, if distributed through the army of the Potomac, and believed by the troops, could not fail to have yielded a large crop of desertions. There are newspapers published here whose sole aim appears to be to dishearten our troops; to represent that they are engaged in an unjust, a needless, a brutal war; to persuade them that they are the tools of reckless abolition agitators, whose object is to raise the black man at the expense of the white; in a word, to provide every lazy and discontented soldier with an ample supply of reasons for deserting on the first opportunity. At the late peace meeting held here under the auspices of the ex-Mayor of New York, and at several meetings held during the recent canvass in Connecticut, such a picture was drawn of the war, of the Administration, and of the generals, that a shrewd soldier, seeing and believing it, must have deemed it almost a duty to desert. With what feelings, under these circumstances, can any lover of justice, or any man who has a relative in the army, read the ominous dispatch which now appears three or four times a week in the newspapers: "Two more deserters were shot this morning?" Instead of wanting Vallandigham back, ought we not rather to demand of the President, in justice and mercy, that a few more examples be made of Northern traitors?

THE LOUNGER.

COLORED TROOPS.

THE military discussion of chief interest at this moment is that of the value of colored troops. Thus far in the war, upon every occasion when they have been in action, they have shown the heroism, subordination, coolness, and unfaltering resolution which are essential to the successful soldier. But a most interesting chapter of testimony upon the subject has been intrusted to us by a friend, who receives it from Major Edelmiro Müyer, a soldier of the Argentine Republic, who has entered the service of this country, having come most amply accredited to the President and distinguished civil and military personages from the most eminent persons of his own country. We shall make only such changes in his expressions as are absolutely essential. The Major writes in English:

"I am very much surprised that the ability, and I may say the supreme excellence, of the negro as a soldier should be questioned. But I remember that when the New World was discovered the Europeans questioned whether the Indians were men or not, until Pope Alexander the Sixth issued a bull declaring them to be gifted with intelligence, and to be descendants from Adam.....

"What foundation is there for the belief that the negro is not a good soldier? In my opinion he does not lack any of the qualities of a soldier; and this opinion of mine is founded upon severe tests of their worth, seen and known by me in a long experience with them in the wars of the Argentine Republic.

"The principal branch of the army is the infantry. Let us then consider the negro as a foot-soldier.

"To be a good infantry soldier it is necessary that the man should be robust, and sober, and able to bear privation and fatigue. He must be gifted with the passive courage of the artillerist and the marine, and he must also possess such intrepidity that, when the occasion offers, he will dash forward on the charge with the impetuosity of a horseman. Fighting by day and night, in summer and winter, on land and on water, in all climates, and on all kinds of ground; enduring fatigue, cold, and hunger, he needs an intelligence in proportion to the kind of war he wages—a continued perseverance, dexterity, energy, and moral force to engage in all combats.

"Now the infantry will not be good unless it is composed of individuals who will receive canister shot at 'Support arms' without dodging or changing position; who will receive or attack the enemy with bayonet or ball; who will make long marches without shoes, and camp without water in summer, without clothes in winter, and eating little, fight without rest.

"Find a race of men with such qualities, and you have the best infantry in the world. In general the negroes are robust; but the slaves are much more likely to be so, because they are habituated to incessant work, and they are able to bear the privations and fatigue of campaigns with admirable resignation, and it may be said with a stoical impassibility.

"That the negro is courageous is shown by the history of my country, in which are written the names of many black heroes.

"In the South American War of Independence the army of the Argentine Republic aided in giving liberty to five other republics (Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Paraguay, and Uruguay), and in that army were many battalions of negroes. The Spanish armies, which had just come from combating the legions of Napoleon the Great, know very well of what metal those negroes are made, for the Spaniards were defeated by them in many battles.

"In the war which the Argentine Republic had with Brazil, in 1825, the Brazilians had 8000 foreign soldiers in their infantry, who, in the decisive battles of 'Ituzaings' (in which the Argentine arms were victorious), were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners by an inferior number of negroes, commanded by a negro named Colonel Barcala, who had been promoted in the regular army to this high position on account of his heroism, military talent, and gentlemanly manners.

"In the long and cruel civil war of the Argentine Republic, in which two opposite elements wrestled—civilization and barbarity—the negroes were always on the side of the civilized party, and they have always been sublimely faithful to it. Never were the leaders of the barbarian party able to persuade these negroes to serve them; they have in every instance preferred the tortures of the tyrant J. M. Rosas and sure death to treason.

"*Never* have they deserted the flag of liberty.

"When the army of liberty was decimated by Rosas, and the Argentine Republic had been made a vast cemetery for all those who loved liberty—when our army had been deprived of its most necessary leaders, and the men had perished by hunger, thirst, and the fatigue of those campaigns, the negroes made themselves illustrious for the perseverance, dexterity, and moral force with which they wrestled with all trials and overcame all difficulties.

"The negroes are never insubordinate, and subordination is the soul of a good army; they are also very faithful to their commanders and officers.

"I will relate to you a fact which occurred in 1854. The retrograde party having taken possession of the Government of Uruguay Republic, the liberals determined to humble them, and so they joined some regiments of the National Guard of Montevideo, the capital of the republic. The revolution was crushed, and its abettors were banished forever from the country. At this time there were three battalions of negroes who besought their chiefs to be allowed to accompany them in their banishment. Their commanders consented. They came to Buenos Ayres, and they have always been true to their principles, and helped their chiefs to humble the despotic Government of their country, which they attempted in 1857, and in which unhappy expedition the greater part of the army of liberty perished by the cutting edge of the enemy's sword.

"I have had some of those negro soldiers, and I have led them to the fight. Would to God I could ever obtain again the command of such soldiers as those; for I know that, even if not victorious, at least they would never leave the field without doing honor to our arms and flag!"

BARCALA.

IN a subsequent letter Major Mäyer gives the following account of a celebrated negro chieftain whose fame survives in the Argentine Republic like that of Toussaint L'Ouverture in St. Domingo.

Besides the brave Colonel Barcala other negroes have distinguished themselves in the wars of South America. Borros, the Portuguese historian of Brazil, says that in his opinion the negro soldiers are preferable to the Swiss, who in his day were considered the best infantry in the world. In fact one of the most distinguished characters in Brazilian history was Henry Diaz, a negro, who from a slave became, like Barcala, the colonel of a regiment of soldiers of his own color. In 1637, at the head of his soldiers, he took from the Dutch the fort and town of Arecise. In 1645, in one of his battles, a ball shattered his left hand. To spare the delay of dressing the wound he caused it to be amputated on the spot, saying that each finger of his right was worth the whole of his left hand in battle. The historian Menezes praises his consummate skill, and the devotion and intrepidity of his followers:

"You desire to know more of Colonel Barcala, whose name you have seen in the letter which I wrote to ——. I know perfectly well that your interest in him is not a mere idle curiosity, but is born of your profound love to the good cause, and of your wish to put in action whatever may contribute in any way to elevate the oppressed negro race.

"You think that it may be useful and interesting to know something of this fellow-countryman of mine—a man eminent by his talents, virtues, and heroic deeds. Well, then, I will make you a sketch of that negro, as noble and brave as the Bayard of France. I am only afraid that it will be very imperfect, because I am far from those who could give me dates, and I must depend only on my memory. But the few details that I can relate to you of this martyr for liberty will enable you to judge of him.

"Colonel Barcala was born in the city of Mendoza, where his parents were slaves. The owner of them loved the little negro, seeing him so intelligent, and gave him a good education. The war of independence revolutionized the society of the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, and when the first congress met, in 1815, it declared free every one born after that day in the Argentine Republic, and also forbad the introduction of slaves. The love of liberty inspired the hearts of most of the citizens, who gave immediately freedom to their negroes, begging them only to help to maintain the liberty and independence of the new republic.

"Many of the negroes marched to the encampments and offered themselves as privates, and among them was Barcala. They were organized into battalions with white officers. General San Martin passed with them the Andes, the most splendid feat of the military history of South America, and fought the memorable battle of Chacabuco, so disastrous for the Spaniards. In this battle Barcala was made a corporal for his distinguished gallantry.

"A short time after the liberating army was surprised in the night, and, unfortunately, nearly all dispersed. Corporal Barcala was made Sergeant for the activity and intelligence which he displayed on this occasion. Seven days afterward the Spanish army was attacked, greatly to their astonishment, in the field of Maypu, by the army which they thought they had destroyed in the recent action, and which was now reduced to one third the number of the enemy.

"The battle of Maypu was one of the most bloody and desperate ever fought by the Spaniards on the South American continent, and in losing it they lost the possession of Chili. In that battle the negro battalions performed exploits very similar to those that distinguished the Rhode Island regiments under General Burnside at Antietam.

"For his behavior in the battle Barcala was made Lieutenant. He was the first negro officer in our army, and had at that time three decorations on his breast.

"Constantly battling, without rest, the liberating army followed the Spaniards to Bolivia and Peru. It returned to Buenos Ayres in the year 1823. Barcala had made eight years of continued campaigns, and when he returned to his father-land, from which he went out as private, he came as Colonel of a Regiment, covered with glory, with fifteen decorations, and with the love and esteem of all the army.

"It is necessary to understand that the chiefs and officers of the army were from the most notable and select portions of society, in order justly to appreciate the merit of Barcala, an emancipated negro slave, who raised himself to so high a rank by his talents, heroism, knowledge, and virtues.

"In the war with Brazil, in 1825, you know the figure that he made, because you have read the letter which I have written to ——.

"In 1828 broke out our civil war, and Barcala, like all the negroes, was with the party of liberty. The Liberal army, being in the State of Cordova, fought there the battle of the Tablada, under General Paz (the only South American General who has not lost a battle, notwithstanding he fought many and very notable ones, among which is this, the bloodiest in South American history), and General Facundo Quiroga, the Argentine Attila.

"After two days of fighting, in which was displayed by one side the greatest strategy and valor, and by the other the greatest impetuosity in the furious charges of cavalry, and the greatest obstinacy, General Paz remained master of the field; and in the general order which he gave the next day he magnified the knowledge and talent of his chief-of-staff, and declared that he owed to him mainly the victory. This chief-of-staff of General Paz, the most strategical and learned of all the South American Generals, and the most severely sparing of eulogies, was the Colonel Barcala.

"I will relate to you two or three facts which will throw some light upon his character.

"The Liberal army being in the city of Cordova, the high society of the city gave a great banquet to the chiefs and officers. In the negro battalions were some colored officers, who had been promoted for their merits. Well, then, not one of those officers would go to the banquet, but gave sincere thanks for the invitation. I knew, two years ago, one of those officers; and when I asked him for the reasons why they had refused the invitation, he told me: 'In the army we had known well what we were as officers, but we also knew our position in society, for so has taught us our Colonel Barcala.' For, having been slaves, they, of course, were without high culture.

"A few days after this there was given a ball to the generals and chiefs. It was the custom to open these balls with a minuet danced by the commanding general and his chief-of-staff. Colonel Barcala, who, by order of his general, was present, and was in the side-rooms, refused to go into the parlor to dance, saying that he did not know how to do it. Then one of those ladies appointed to dance that minuet, whom I know, and who, now in advanced years, preserves the aristocratic air that was characteristic of her manners, approached him and said, 'I will direct you; now you will not longer refuse to dance.' Barcala danced with all the grace and freedom of a man of the court. The minuet finished, he walked out of the parlor and went away. Afterward he said to this lady, 'Though you sought to honor me, you really mortified me.'

"Shortly after he fell into the hands of Quiroga (a noted bandit), who ordered that he should be shot. But half an hour before the time named, Quiroga ordered him into his presence and asked,

"'What would you have done with me if you had taken me a prisoner?'

"'I should have ordered you hung on the first tree, because you are not worthy to be shot.'

"'Colonel Barcala, I will give you liberty if you will take service with me.'

"He replied, 'Colonel Barcala will not degrade himself by serving the leaders of barbarism.'

"And Quiroga, the ferocious Quiroga, subdued by the opulence of this man, set him at liberty; and this was the first and last instance in which he ever gave life or liberty to an enemy.

"But the fate of Marshal Ney was reserved for Bazaine. On a journey from Mendoza to Chili he was taken by the Friar General Aldao. He ordered him to be shot; and Bazaine only begged permission to give the word of command to those who should shoot him. When he was taken from the prison he came out clothed in his gala uniform, and with his seventeen decorations; and with clear and strong voice he said to those about him, the following words, words audible and difficult to forget, 'I shall die with the only sorrow of seeing my fatherland oppressed by tyranny; but I die with the satisfaction that my name will remain in the Argentine history; and as Christianity treasured the memory of her martyrs, so liberty shall remember those who for her sake have been sacrificed by her foes.' After the grave 'a' Hurrah for the Argentine Republic from the tyrant!" and with great confidence commanded the riflemen to fire.

"Colonel Dorrego is one of the most beautiful characters in the Argentine history, the most heroic history of South America. His last words are noticed. In every country, foreign tyrant professes the soil of the land he loved so well, and every free Argentine treasures the memory of Dorrego."

ANOTHER MASK OFF.

THAT there are plenty of men who have been politically known as "Democrats," and who are unreservedly in favor of suppressing this rebellion at every cost, is known to every man. Jefferson Davis was also a better Democrat than Benjamin F. Butler; nor is Vallandigham's "Democracy" more unimpeachable than Daniel S. Dickinson's. General Dix was also a Democrat before he left Tammany Hood; and General Logan would hardly yield his claim as a Democrat to that of Judah Benjamin of the Rebel Senate.

Judge Amasa J. Parker, of this State, has lately taken elaborate pains to give the exact measure of his "Democracy." As a late leader in that party, and one of its former favorite candidates for Governor, he may have some importance. That its every loyal Democrat therefore carefully consider both what he says and what he means. In his recent speech he has the following language:

"*If it is true*, as it doubtless is, that the South are engaged in an unjust rebellion against the Constitution, it is true that the men in power are equally rebelling against that Constitution; and we stand to-day in the position of compelled, powerfully and forcibly protest against their violation of it."

Judge Parker puts the guilt of the rebellion conditionally, that of the Government unconditionally. He protests against the guilt (as he assumes) of the Government, and passes over that of the rebellion in significant silence. He declares that Ohio will be unworthy of the government given us by our fathers if she does not obtain at her Governor a man who is straining every nerve to help those who are trying to destroy that government; and he continued for an hour and more to denounce the worse than Asiatic tyranny which, according to him, will not suffer itself to be denounced.

This gentleman, Judge Amasa J. Parker, takes his position with every other man in the land who, either with a man in his hand or even upon his tongue, aims to embarrass, paralyze, and destroy the Government and the Union. His "Democracy" is that of Jeff Davis and Toombs, of Wood and Vallandigham—not that of Grant and Rosecrans, of Dix, Wright, and Odell. Which is the Democracy of the future no sane man has any doubt.

OFFICIAL DIGNITY.

WE congratulate the city of Brooklyn upon its chief magistrate. Dignity and intelligence are unusually associated with a position of such importance; and doubtless the good people of Brooklyn intend that their official civilian shall fail to display these qualities. How fully their expectations are satisfied they will find upon consulting the report of the public meeting at which Hon Horace Mayor of Brooklyn presided.

During his opening speech some allusion to liberty, Union, and national law called forth three cheers for "Valligordon." He meant the man "authorized" by the Lincoln despotism, but he was understood to mean the four million men marshaled by the rebels. Thereupon the audience, being composed of at least ten thousand Democrats," or friends of human rights, began and hiss and demand the instant public expulsion of any citizen who proposed any expression of sympathy for the most unfortunate class of people in the world.



His Honor the Mayor of Brooklyn, interrupted by such an unseemly suggestion, rose to the height of the occasion. He said at once: "If the gentleman has any thing to say, let him say it in a seemly way." And he instantly set the example of a masterly way by adding: "If the gentleman had rather embrace a nigger baby than a white one, let him say so." The remark was greeted with "tremendous applause" by what Judge Parker called "this vast assemblage, worthy in intelligence and numbers of the great question it has come here to consider, attesting the dignity of the occasion."

Now, if this remark of the chief magistrate of Brooklyn is not dignified, decent, humane, and "masterly"—what is? If it does not indicate a lofty mind, a noble and heroic perception of propriety and duty at a time so solemn and perilous as this—what does? If the people of Brooklyn can not confide in the upright intention, even for party prejudice, and enlightened by the truest humanity of his Honor the Mayor—in whom can they confide? Has not every loyal man in the land reason to be proud of this chief magistrate of one of its largest cities?

"AMERICAN BASTILES."

MR. FRANCIS KEY HOWARD, one of the Maryland aiders and abetters of the rebellion, and for that reason arrested and confined in an "American bastile," is not likely to enter upon any further complaints of his treatment so long as he knows of Mr. Richard Dorsheimer, the late head of his faculties. See in a brief and trenchant pamphlet (A. B. Ferdinand, publisher) Mr. Cromwell replies to Mr. Howard's complaints in a simply unanswerable strain. The brisk, caustic humor of the pamphlet gives it a charming pungency. The writer says:

"For the question now put to the arbitrament of war, and which only can be settled by the sword, is the question, for the formation and preservation of which your Maryland grandfather, Francis Key, thanked the Almighty in the sublime song he wrote, and gave with such unbounded pride, shall be preserved again and forever by passing triumphantly through this the last and supreme trial, or whether it shall be shivered into feeble and jarring fragments. If you can doubt which of these alternatives the people of this country have chosen—if you can suppose for a moment that they will allow the genuine liberty and temporary comfort of you or me, or a hundred or a thousand others, to stand in the way of the preservation of the whole—you are a fit tenant of that sort of Bastile in which despotic men in their vulgar senses arbitrarily imprison high-toned lunatics."

This little pamphlet, called "Political Opinions in 1776 and 1863," is well worth reading and pondering.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FEAT OF STRENGTH.—A well known ticket-of-leave man, with a bludgeon in his hand, being pursued by the police, at a convenient spot, turned on the pursuers and a desperate struggle ensued, in which the bludgeon was wrested from him by the workmen. In spite of his fearful oaths he was ultimately captured.

MAIL CONTRACT FOR THE UNITED STATES.—There is only one "Mail Contract" (says a young lady) that she would care about receiving, or embarking in, and that is a Promise of Marriage.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Recollect the child's mind is no thing better than a sheet of white paper on which the dance in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

TOO HORRIBLE.—The usually quiet village of **Exe**, on the banks of the Wye, was disturbed by the following appalling occurrence: Some boys and women instigated by hunger, and knowing that the butcher's was not far off, missed one daughter from a goodish number, and dispatched her. The ferocious act has cast a gloom over the surrounding neighborhood.

A fellow having imbibed rather freely took it into his head that he could fly, and, to get a good position, ascended to a gin-spot and started. He was questioned next day as to how he liked flying. "Oh," said he, "it's nothing to fly, the lighting is the hartest part of the operation."

A very worthy and pious old dame had severed books lent her which she could not read, so she got a little girl to read to her. The curate of the church lent her "Pilgrim's Progress," and a serious copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Having read them alternately, the dame got the text a little mixed up; and when the curate called upon her, and asked how she liked "Pilgrim's Progress," he was somewhat surprised when she replied, "It's a marvelous book, really—why, what big troubles him and his man Friday undergoed."

THE GREAT LIAR.

Old Stiggins was a noted sinner,
He'd tie the bundle off a lamp,
And slily snicker down
He never had but two black eyes,
Both bear a druggist vending lays
And a ship a laying-do.

He moulded law with cunning pate,
He knew that man could castigate,
He'd sell a horse or fly chair;
The cause no mortal should forget,
His party touch were a false set,
And his voice a *falset-to*.

His day a-week he'd *sarpe*
Old Stiggins when he thought would buy
A nasty bit of cheese;
He was persuasive—these was tried.
"Give me a morsel," the old rogue cried,
Till his gums made him wheeze.

"Look, what a tail!" the drover cried;
"Twould make a million kingly pride
When courtly fancies fail."
"What! that a tail?" the rogue replies,
"Don't think to blind these precious eyes;
For I am not a calf."

The drover paused upon him quick,
And beat him with a stem at stick,
Until his arms did tire;
Old Stiggins laughed, and yelled in fear;
The sutee did charm the truthful ear,
When the drover left the liar.

At last old Stiggins lost his breath,
"Twas stolen by the hand of Death,
His mouth quoth he, "I'm done."
And as his friends did take their leave,
They heard the rogue declare
When they found him *lying still*.

An Irishman being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog that he had broken his cur on at 6 o'clock he treated, replied, "Cruelty trait him, yer honor!—not if I never seen't a sorry sight in my life, sir, than his; and yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, as I thought it would be aisy for him."

"Are you going in any business?" asked Jim Brown, as he met Tim Smith strolling up Whitechapel, the other morning. "Why, no, I don't think so," but I am going to open a shop very soon." "Open a shop?" "Yes, I am!" "What kind of a shop?" "Why, I'll open a bowsher shop!" "You must be joking. You know you haven't a farthing." "Well, I'll open it, then." "When?" "Why! *as soon as I can get a crust-bow*," replied Tim, and coolly walked off, leaving the public, to see if he could not swindle some one out of a drink.

A widow lady, with her intended husband, a quaker, standing before the altar, the clergyman to be united to the holy bonds of reddock. "You have buried Mr. Johnson, then?" "Yes, friend, I have." "Oh yes, dear, dead, and-gone Mr. Johnson, I bet him, and it broke my heart!" "Yes, it has, my friend, my heart," replied the quaker, "and now you have come to me to have it *re-paired*."

A countryman came to London to sell his fruit, but for some cause or other, he was not allowed by the law to be the index of negligence, helped themselves to the contents of the panier. "Sir," said the disgusted fruit-seller exclaimed to the old lady, rolling her eye like a ship in a storm. "Not so much as that, sir, for I am not a ship." "No, you are the sea then, or was taking a nap, and the boys were only taking an *airpole*."

"What, miss, you here from boarding-school, and without asking my permission?" said an anxious father: "what's the meaning of this?" "Why, papa, I—I—I'm a—a—a less-senior, pa." "The locumotive? That's good." "Why, papa, I just said it was bad." "Did I? Well, there, I forgive you."

A lock that can not be picked by burglars.—Wellocks.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a child with a cold in its head like a winter's night?
Because it blows it snows (it blows its nose).

Why is a tedious sermon like the Thames Tunnel?
Because he is a great bore.

Why is a man who keeps the toll at a bridge like a Jew?
Because he keeps the pass-over.

Why are two girls giggling like the wings of a chicken?
Because they have a chick-a-dee-dee-dee between them.

Why is a parasite like a pair of spectacles?
Because he magnifies small things;

My first is no degree to tell;
Without the second you can not spell;
The third will help you to a wife,
To bless or curse you all your life.
Lose-letter.

Always invisible, yet never out of sight?
Letter X on type.

What two animals had the least hunger in the ark?
The fox and the cock, for they had a brush and comb between them.

How many young ladies will reach from London to Brighton, in being fifty miles?
Fifty, for a mile is as good as a mile.

Which is the fastest, hoot or cold?
Heat, because you can catch a cold.

What must you do if you have to make six?
Si, for is sixth S is six.

Why are the teeth like verbs?
Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

As we intimated in our last number, the rebels are fulfilling their threat of invading the North. It appears that the army under Lee commenced to move in a northwesterly direction on 9th June, and that General Hooker, discerning that Washington was the object of the movement, broke camp on 13th, a large body of rebel troops, how many or of what description we know not, crossed the Potomac in the vicinity of Shuter's Ford, and moved on Hagerstown, which was evacuated by our troops on 15th. In falling back, our people are said to have taken with them their stores, supplies, and guns. At 8 P.M. on 15th, the rebel advance-guard is said to have entered Chambersburg, which place we are likewise reported to have evacuated. Other rebel columns are described as moving on Mercersburg, on the one hand, and Waynesboro on the other. On 16th the rebel advance, consisting mainly of cavalry, was at Chambersburg and Scotland. The forces assembled for the protection of the State were at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, Harrisburg was threatened, but it was believed that it could save it.

Of General Hooker's movements no precise account has yet transpired, though it is known that his entire army has moved in the direction of Manassas Gap. The President has called for 120,000 men, viz., 100,000 six months' men, namely, 50,000 from Pennsylvania, 30,000 from Ohio, 10,000 from Maryland, and 10,000 from West Virginia; and 50,000 New York State militia, to serve for a short period. Proclamations calling out troops have been issued by the Governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and troops are moving with alacrity toward the scene of conflict.

STRENGTH OF LEE'S ARMY.

It has been ascertained that the reinforcements reaching General Lee from the Carolinas and elsewhere have swelled his army to double the number of men in the battle of Chancellorsville. His force is divided into three corps, of 30,000 men each.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

We have advices from Vicksburg and vicinity to the 13th inst., at which time the situation was nearly unchanged, though our lines were being daily contracted. The last steamer from Memphis had passed the army; Joe Johnson was still receiving reinforcements from the East, and was preparing for an attack. About 400 of Kirby Smith's force were reported to have come up the Washita River, and to be making demonstrations on the Louisiana side of the river, in consequence of which our troops at Millikin's Bend had been withdrawn. The siege is perfectly confident that Vicksburg will be taken.

THE FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

At the fight at Milliken's Bend on 7th the rebels, under McCullough, Green, and Gregg, advanced upon our force, composed of three negro regiments and the Twenty-third Iowa Volunteers. The rebel attack made a desperate charge at daylight. The negroes broke in confusion; but, finding that their captured companions were being slaughtered by the rebels, rallied with great desperation, and drove the rebels back, with heavy loss on both sides.

GENERAL KIMBALL'S EXPEDITION.

General Kimball's expedition up the Yazoo was a success. He went up the river in boats with a force of fourteen thirty miles below Yazoo City, and arrived there on the 4th inst. He learned that a rebel force, under General Wirt Adams, 2000 strong, was not far off, and he immediately moved out to attack it. At 10 A.M. on Thursday the 4th inst., he came up with the pickets of the enemy, when a brisk fight ensued, lasting thirty minutes. The enemy gave way, and a total rout ensued. Our loss was but seven killed and seventeen wounded. The rebels killed and wounded was considerable. We captured a hundred prisoners.

THE DEFENSES OF PORT HUDSON.

A most interesting description of Port Hudson and the state of things there has been given to the *Herald* by a gentleman who visited it. It appears that the defenses of the place consist not only of fortifications and heavy artillery bearing both upon the river and upon the land, of entrenched chasts, stretching out for nearly ten miles in a semicircle, bristling with batteries of heavy calibre. The water defenses consist of ten batteries, numbering between thirty and forty guns, the largest of which is a 13-inch and other 13-inch bore. One of these batteries is stationed on a bluff 200 feet high. The strength of the garrison is between four and five thousand, but their provisions and ammunition are said to be in abundance. The post is commanded by General Franklin Gardner, a graduate of West Point, and formerly an officer in the United States army.

THE RECENT CAVALRY FIGHT.

The rebel reports of the great cavalry fight on the Rappahannock, on Saturday, Fitzhugh Lee was wounded, and that a number of prominent rebel officers were killed. The correspondent of the *Herald* says that about 30 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and that we gained so much ground as to drive the General Stuart's forces entirely into brandy, and also near Brandy Station.

General Stuart, with his cavalry, has replied to a flag of truce sent by General Pleasonton that all our wounded in the cavalry raid at Brandy Station had been decently interred, and that all our wounded prisoner were being well treated. He also sent word to permit the friends of the dead to cross his lines for the purpose of moving their remains.

HORSE REBEL PRIVATEERS.

Two new privateers have been made their appearance, and it would appear from all the reports that they are scouring the Atlantic Ocean as far down as Brazil, and from that point round into the Pacific, to intercept our vessels from China and India. The Secretary of the Navy has proceedings on the part of the rebel navy appear to have worked up our Navy Department, for four United States vessels were sent from this port on 18th; three were ordered to the Mediterranean, and one to the coast of Africa are under orders to follow immediately to hunt up the *Clarence* or *Tuscaloosa*. Two sailing vessels, captured by the pirates, have been converted into privateers. The *Clarence* is described as a vessel of 1000 tons, mounts 6 of the square, four United States vessels—the *Dorcas Prince*, *Ben Lewis*, *Crenshaw*, and *Tacony*—have valuable cargoes.

WHAT OUR BLOCKADERS ARE DOING.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Fox, reports somewhat that the action of the blockading fleet is unknown. He states that up to the 1st of June they captured 300 rebel vessels, which shows that the Department has not been asleep all the time.

THE OPPOSITION AGITATION CROPPING OUT.

In Indiana recently some resistance has been shown to the enrolling officers doing their duty under the Conscription Act. Deputy Provost-Marshal, a detective, and an enrolling officer were fired upon on Wednesday near Manville, in Rush County, and the first two killed. Two companies of soldiers have been sent to the locality of the murder. A soldier was also shot at Shelbyville, Indiana, on Wednesday, by a deserter whom he was attempting to arrest.

VALLANDIGHAM.

It is understood that Mr. Vallandigham has proceeded to some Southern port, from which he intends to take his passage for Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The French elections, conducted under a universal suffrage law, were concluded on the 3d inst. The Government candidates were defeated in every district of Paris save one. They were carried in several districts, by very few exceptions. Of two hundred and sixty-eight elections the Emperor's friends gained two hundred and seventeen. It was thought the Opposition in the new Legislative Body would number from fifty to sixty members of independent and name. This result was regarded as very unfavorable for Napoleon. Thus did not cause a single rise or breach of the peace in the whole extent of France during the two election days.

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The Poles have again defeated the Russians in battle. France, England, and Austria forwarded a joint note to the Czar, asking a representative government and an amnesty for Poland. The French Emperor having invited the United States Minister to the Tuileries, and also their representations to Russia, Secretary Seward declined to receive the message, and sent word that non-interference in European affairs must be adhered to. Mr. Seward's note has been published in St. Petersburgh.

JAPAN.

WAR WITH ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The English Admiral has demanded of the Japanese Government a large indemnity for the murder of Mr. Richardson, and the murderers of Mr. Richardson, being subjects of the Tycoon, would not be tried by the Japanese. The Admiral dates thirteen British vessels of war and two French were in the Japanese waters. The Japanese had hostile intentions, and all the merchants had been ordered to take on board foreign residents in case war commenced.



THE APPROACHES TO VICKSBURG—THE CENTRE UNDER MCPHERSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 405.]

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

We continue in this number our series of illustrations of General Grant's operations before Vicksburg, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. The pictures will be found on pages 401, 404, and this page. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE APPROACHES AT VICKSBURG.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *May* 5th, 1863.

"The sketch is of an incident coming under my observation while, a few days since, I was making my way, with due regard for personal safety, through the trenches and rifle-pits to a point from which a near view of the rebel works could be obtained.

"An officer of General M'Pherson's staff, a fine shot, had taken his rifle, and was, with the sharp-shooters, rendering it an impossibility to use a gun that had been used to annoy our men at work in the trenches. A sharp-shooter from the rebel works was crawling, as he thought, unseen, to a point nearer our line. A hat placed invitingly was, in a few moments, shot through by the ball from his rifle.

"The moment was the rebel's last; he had exposed his head in shooting. And the sharp-shooting officer now wears an airy hat. I am told by a deserter that seventeen men have been shot from a spot called by them '*The Dead Hole.*' Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, the sharp-shooter, is the officer whose gallant escape from the rebels, some time since, near Washington, was the subject of an illustration in this journal."

"THE CENTER, UNDER COMMAND OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON.

"HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS, *May* 28, 1863.

"The view at this point conveys perhaps a more comprehensive idea of the difficulties presented by the exceedingly broken formation of the country than that at either the right or left. Sketches of each position will follow this. Some of our troops have gained by approach a point distant from the main work of the enemy but fifty yards.

"The battery of the late gallant Captain De Selyer was intrenched by him within one hundred yards of the enemy's fortification. Many and heavy guns are within three hundred yards of the same work.



COTTON BRIDGE OVER THE BLACK RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

"From our batteries and sharp-shooters an effective fire is kept up to cover the construction of works that will, without doubt, effect the ultimate fall of the strong-hold.

"A most gallant but unsuccessful attempt was made upon the 21st inst. to carry these works by assault. Since that time the sharp-shooters upon either side have been busy enough. The ping of a shot is sure to follow the exposure of any portion of one's person. My pony and sketch-book bear indubitable evidence that sketching in plain view of sharp-eyed rebels must be rapid enough.

"One can hardly realize the fact that our gallant men are, with the flag that the breeze ruffles, within a stone's-throw of a work of immense strength. To dislodge our men the rebels send, ever and anon, a shell, thrown by hand. Some of these grenades are seized by our men as they come rolling and fizzing into the trench, and hurled back to explode within the works of the senders.

"Confidence of the fall of Vicksburg is the one feeling of our army."

"THE COTTON BRIDGE OVER THE BLACK RIVER.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, *May* 30, 1863.

"We had fought the battle of Champion's Hill and captured the extensive line of works at the railroad bridge over the Black River; but the bridge was destroyed, and a deep and narrow stream was between us and Vicksburg. Our engineers were soon, with their working parties, tearing down the 'gin-houses' upon the adjacent plantations. With the timbers so procured rafts-bridges were soon in process of construction.

"One of the bridges built by General M'Pherson's corps was so entirely novel that I send, with my sketch, a detailed account of it. Two heavy beams thirty-five feet in length were joined together by smaller beams ten feet in length, spiked two feet apart. This frame now turned over, cotton bales were rolled into it in two rows, and secured by stanchions at the side of each bale, and a beam crossing the top. These rafts so fitted were now launched into the river, and, floated into place, were secured by guy-ropes from the shore; stringers then placed, 'breaking joints,' the entire length of the bridge, which was then 'decked over' with plank from the demolished 'gin-houses.' Over this bridge the troops, artillery, and baggage trains were safely passed.

"The ingenious constructor of this bridge, Major Hickenlooper, Chief Engineer of General M'Pherson's corps, has, during this brief but brilliant campaign, earned for himself a most enviable reputation.

"This bridge is certainly the most easily constructed, as it is the most secure, of any impromptu bridge known. The buoyancy of a 500-pound bale of cotton is quite 400 pounds, and serviceable for eight days."

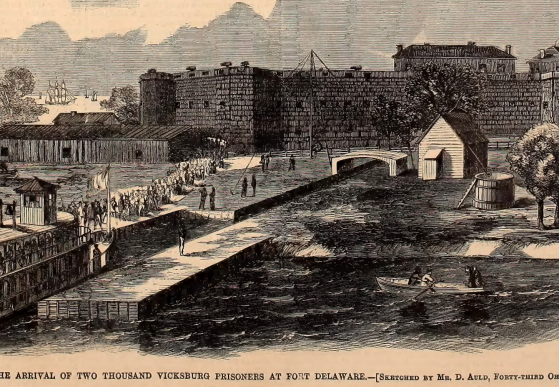
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We illustrate on pages 408 and 409 a preliminary incident of the third passage of the Rappahannock by our troops—namely, SHELLING THE REBELS OUT OF THEIR RIFLE-PITS. Mr. Waud, the author of the sketches from which our pictures were taken, writes:

"The rifle-pits erected by the enemy entirely commanded the crossing; therefore it was necessary to either drive them out, or make it so dangerous to rise above the parapet that but few would attempt it. The artillery massed on the river-bank did this effectually. Lieutenant Wollaston's battery of Napoleons (Battery D, Second Regulars) did magnificent practice; hardly a shot missed the earth-work; its defenders, the Second Florida, were kept enveloped in smoke and dust; and yet so great a protection is a little bank of earth, that not a man was killed, though some were severely wounded. With a loss of some forty killed and wounded engineers—including Captain Cross, a very fine officer, and a graduate of West Point—the boats were carried down to the water and launched; the Twenty-sixth New Jersey were ferried over, and carried the work at the point of the bayonet, capturing some eighty prisoners.

"Some of these endeavored to get away by running down the river, but a well-directed fire from Lieutenant Wollaston's battery brought them to a stand-still, and they threw down their arms.

"The First Massachusetts battery was there, and also did good execution. We now hold the southern bank of the river—Ayre's, Macartney's, and Wollaston's batteries in front, supported by the Vermont brigade, one of the very finest bodies of soldiers in the United States. I heard a pretty little anecdote of these men in connection with Wollaston's artillery. While that officer was lying on the ground upon a paulin, among his guns, a



THE ARRIVAL OF TWO THOUSAND VICKSBURG PRISONERS AT FORT DELAWARE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. D. AULD, FORTY-THIRD OHIO.]

tall soldier came and placed himself alongside, and asked his name. The Lieutenant told him. "They do say you are from Vermount," said the Green Mountain boy. He was informed that such was the case; and upon further inquiry learned that the battery was formerly commanded by Captain (now Colonel) Platt, also of Vermont. "Then, said the man, rising, and stepping off like a rooster, "a whole crop can not take this battery while the Old Vermont brigade supports it!"

"SENSATION."

NATIONALLY speaking we write very much as we eat, with cruel disregard of our digestion, be it mental or physical. Judge a nation by its habits, and said some one, it would be an inconsistency in me to remember who); but we neither make nor sing ballads. Those are for people who take siestas and dance to orange-groves or about May-poles—people who keep sheep, and have traditions, and are just as much a product of the country as the heather or the twilights.

We scribble—every body—on every subject. There is found plenty of it. Great events are upon us, trip us up; great discoveries half blind us with the truths they are letting in on our accustomed treadmill of trains of thought; and in this feverish age, when the whole world goes on at a mail gallop that makes the calm days when pamphleteers angels coming in at their doors incredible, the mighty Union artery fairly bounds with the hot flow of the mingled blood of every nation under heaven.

All this whirl and fire and fever must find vent, and has it, in the sensation writing—good for its appropriate expression, partly from necessity; for this strange thing, for which we have coined a name for want of other expression of our form of thought and action, is a veritable Briareus, clutching at all our being and doing, down to its least detail—our walking, talking, building, dressing, governing, our very religion; even so grim a thing as our war—which—all scent of it rushed in the presence in any one of these conditions necessitates it in all.

So it occurs that in the intellectual arena the sensation writer is in the stock-market; two-thirds desire money, the other third are after fame, and all combine, something like this: the duchesses who compromised on the sugar-tongs—that is, each in turn held the other's tongue with them—think the world will find out the story, and held wriggled mightily is not apropos, but I append it for the benefit of femininity).

There is no doubt of this element, for the Sensational creed reads something on this wise: The longest advertising column and the hugest placard within the reach of you are going to be the words about your probabilities, and accurate with your facts, you will be detected and thrown out of office; if you mean to stop for scruples of conscience or grammar, you are too nice for your profession; but if you have any thing to say, you must say it in the next generation, to-day can't wait for you; a great truth, a noble thought, is only the product of a lifetime, a glorious harvest, with the sickle for, if you can afford it! says the Age with a sneer.

If Right were the thing we battled for we could afford it; but "Sensation" is not only our living but our object also; and for those who won't bow down to the great golden idol there is very apt to be a fiery furnace of poverty and persecution in waiting. In the days of Nebuchadnezzar there was wood found bulbul, and in that respect I think we are something better than the Babylonians; but I am talking to my fellow-scribers—those who, with me, bow down to the dust and ashes of the times. I mean to berate our idol. I can do so safely, it being the fashion; for it is hard to tell whether the magazine and the sensational number of the weeklies with more contempt than the fullfledged book the frothy articles of the magazine, or the daily review the last new book or pamphlet edition. So all the way through I shall be in line with some one, and therefore I can put my own samples for us all; for there is the necessity—the money and fame considerations hinted at—and there is the complimentary nature of a theme for the next generation, viewed in the light of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, as patitive and the sentiment. Sensational articles are simply writing made easy. They require little time, and comparatively no brain wear; only tact, and a general knowledge of the technicalities of the different schools—for sensational writing has its schools. Mrs. Browning's "commonplace, worn with proper sense of difference as to quality;" dissimilar in style, but identical in object, and all equally ways of achievement. Take the following recipes in witness.

The Valenciennes:

Must have, not all its story; shadow emotions, rather than paint them; deal with life in a rosecolored, almost, distant way—at the finger-tips, as it were. If you prefer pourally with a pair of Chinese vases or a scrap of stormy twilight, and ends with a marriage. You come out of it very much as a mouse might out of a rag-bag, a nice rag-bag. You have nothing very positive. Change the characters all around, and go over the story again, it would make no very special difference. You have reminiscences of a knot of gay ribbon, dainty slippers, white fingers, perfumes, generally a rocking-chair, a long dressing-glass, silver-topped bottles, a ring (it must be a signet, and be particular about the crest and armorial bearings, for that tells), glances, rising color, and a keen look (masculine, that last).

Analyze it, and you will find a bunch of violets or a coral comb to be at the root of the matter; all the rest are but accretions. Indeed for a Valenciennes article best look in at Fountain's or Ball & Black's for half an hour previous to composition. Commence with the trinket that pleased you, and stir in circumstances and pretty girls to taste. There is no better recipe.

The Poker and Tongs:

Deals in paragraphs and cast sentences. The men bully the women, swear, and are not too delicate; the women violate all the proprieties and some of the commandments, and make faces. All the characters smart, and you imagine them closing their sentences with a snap like a cross cut. Indeed the principal incentive for reading is the natural desire to hear the success that these repulsive people will offer for falling in love with each other, as they do persistently.

The Lucifer Style:

Natural product of utter weariness of the four people who have transmission every Sunday of epigsy who steals that inevitable child; the fairhaired heroine who lounges on river banks in white crape wrappers and dies of grief; the dark young lady who serves a battery, takes the helm of a man-of-war, snuffs out a candle with a pistol-ball, crushes and sets every thing straight in the story with equal nonchalance and success. We must have our crimes, but with the spice of vraisemblance given. The author makes of us all amateur policemen: we have the excitement of the thing, and we hunt our villains through the highways of life (I take these walks on faith: I have never seen them, or found them on either Jury or directory). We unearth him in courts of law, and hear counsel on both sides; we deal largely in secret drawers and old-fashioned desks, and are very particular about the appointments in what looked directly on the lawn, facing the wing in which was located Sir James's study. And what shall I say of the Lucifer? I shall be false to tell of the stalwart sailor, across whose bronzed and handsome features flitted a shade of scorn or anxiety as he thundered, "Haul down your foresails! belay the clew-lines! fort the anchor! reef your rattlin's in the shrouds! and let the main-top-gallant sail! and crowd on the bowsprit, my hearties, as ever you wish to see your homes and your sweethearts again!"

Or of that excellent policeman—that diamond in the rough—who knew that something was up, the moment Lucifer looked to down in the mouth; and at last, says he,

"Craven,' says he, 'are you the man for five hundred dollars?'

"And says I,

"I reckon I am, if I know where they are to be got, and that they can be come by honorably.'

"And says he, 'You calculate to finish a job when you undertake it.'

"And says I,

"I generally go in lemons and come out on the squeeze.'"

And then he makes a clean breast of it. On—th Avenue, between —th and —th streets, there was a little shop that I look after sometimes, and on it, it being in my best, etc., etc., till his game is bagged.

Or of our Military Friend, who commences:

"It was after our little brush at— (pay close attention to the italicizing and the Seven Pines are as popular as any). We had fought like demons, but the enemy outnumbered us as usual. We had been compelled to retire a mile to the rear, and come to a farm-house, which we surrounded with our whole force, and, finding empty, entered with the utmost care. We were hungry, faint, and thirsty—rather thrizzle," etc., etc., *ad infinitum, ad nauseam.*

We analyze our swill milk and alum bread, and protest. I present specimens of the intellectual swill and alum bread, and protest as well as I can; it is impossible, annihilation being the only process of which they are susceptible), and ask should such be the staple?

It is true that every century has its sham, stalking triumphant on its stage, and for the time being believing what there may be of truth in it to be a sham out of sight. And it is true that our sham is to be builded and founded on our education, our prejudices, and our whole life; a wall of fire against for its destruction. But it is equally true that in all ages the lucky heirs of a truth, be it ever so unintensional, have had to ask and seek with sham, and that it is in the nature of sham to be beaten. And it is true that, every century and third century only half as much is earnest with their toy-hammers as I with mine, the result would be matter for chronicle. And, as to my work, it sometimes sometimes spring from deep beginnings, there can be much satisfaction and no special harm in firing off my pop-gun among the birds.

FRENCH DEAD (AND ONE KNOWN) SHOTS.

THERE are three instruments which the code of dueling recognizes: the small-sword, the sabre, and the pistol. In France, the first is looked upon as the national and characteristic weapon; the others are more or less barbaric and exceptional. Most Frenchmen are fencers, and learn that useful science as an accomplishment. The sabre is rarely met not, indeed, from his dying bed press upon his child the duty of being "always ready with the pistol," which was the affectionate instantaneous farewell of an Irish gentleman of some repute in his native country, but will take it as the last thing his son well grounded in the management of the rapier. Up to a recent period a Frenchman, when challenged, invariably named the sword.

The constitutions, however, distinctly recognize the pistol, and the peculiar variations which that special shape of weapon of battle is subject to take. First, the rude Anglo-Irish and semi-barbaric system may be adopted in all its rugged simplicity: a measured distance, the two combatants facing each other, and a signal. So might Rousseau's Indians, out of their State of Nature, and furnished by a pardonable anachronism with the explosive weapons of civilization, decide their quarrel about the charms of a squaw. The simplicity was Utopian. See how it can be refined into an elegant and more exciting pastime. First, for a duel a *outrance*, according to the technical name. Two lines, distant from thirty-five to forty paces, are marked off; within which are drawn two other lines, from fifteen to twenty paces apart, which is the nearest approach tolerated. According to the canon of the duel *a outrance*, the combatants advance cautiously, starting from the outside line, and holding their pistols downward. They can halt when they please, and can take aim when they halt, but not fire, which is only allowed when the line is reached. Thus, if one should fire before the first shot, he must walk on quickly till he reach the line, and then fire; but he has the disadvantages of a hasty aim and a long range. The moment he has fired he must remain steadily in his place, a prey to the most uncomfortable feelings, until his adversary shall have approached to his side, and covered him. On this account, in Ireland, there has always been a reasonable prejudice in favor of receiving the adversary's fire; the apparent risk being more than counterbalanced by the enormous advantage of a quiet aim without the disturbing influence of a hostile barrel, which must naturally confuse and agitate.

The duel *a marche interrompue* appears at first sight to differ little from the one last described; but there are grave and important points of distinction. Out of these various shapes of encounter the skilful amateur will find his advantage according to his experience, and the peculiar manner in which he is disposed during that experiment. There are the same lines, and the same distances between them, but the combatants advance in a single direction—halting and advancing like Indian skirmishers—with power to fire the moment either halts. This duel is a combination—modern one of form, it will be observed, but of principle, and much to be recommended to novices, who might court notoriety in the pursuit of their ideal. They will thus secure an early shot with a freedom from disturbing influences. There is, of course, always the chance that they will accept the adversary's fire without sign or protest. It should be mentioned, that in the case of a duel, the other is not allowed to advance further, but must discharge his pistol from the point at which he is standing.

Next follow a duel *a volonte*, which is a near approach to the old Hiberno-Britannic fashion, and was doubtless meant to conciliate national prejudice. The duelists are to be given by three men of the hand, with an interval of three seconds between each. At the first, the parties were to move slowly one pace forward; at the second, to level, still walking; at the third, to halt and fire. The French are fond of the duel *a feu roulant*, after the fire signal, by so much as half a second, he shall be considered a dishonorable man; and if by this disgraceful manœuvre he shall have killed his adversary, he shall be looked on as an assassin. To minds less nice there would appear but little distinction between the two. But if the adversary who has been fired at thus dishonorably have been lucky enough to escape, he is allowed a terrible retributionary fire at leisure, deliberate aim, and a shot à loisir. Where one disgracefully reserves his fire after the signal, the disagreeable duty is found to be accorded to nothing in at all risk and peril—even in front of the weapon, if no other course will satisfy the demands of honor.

Then follows the *Barriere*, which is, strictly speaking, a generic term, and applicable to any species of combat where the space between the parties is enforced. Sometimes the term is applied to an arrangement by which the parties are set back to back, and at a given signal must march away ten, or any special number of paces, then turn round smartly and fire. This is, perhaps, the most difficult of all duels, and the many chances that the parties will miss each other. The veteran the gentleman who has gratified one of the legs and moors will have a fatal advantage in this hurried style of shooting. Allowance, however, should be made for a profitable experience of our neighbors among the robins and sparrows—a good range of practice among those tiny warblers will be of very great use in contributing to steady the eye and hand very considerably.

There is also the duel *a marche non interrompue et a feux graduels*, another cumbersome title for a very simple mode of arrangement. The inevitable parallel lines are traced at twenty paces from the centre (though it is a little mysterious how those marks can be "traced" along the green sward of the Bois de Boulogne), and the parties are started from points exactly opposite each other. They can walk either fast or slow, and can fire when they please, but are allowed to stop and reserve their fire a second after reaching the end of the march. This system, however, is not open to the objection that would be favorable to the person who receives the first fire and reserves his own, as he is allowed to be on route while taking his aim, and is limited by time and the short distance he has to walk.

Next in the annals of French dueling comes the fashion of turning the two adversaries into a dark room, armed each with a pair of pistols (*Duel au Pistolet*). Instead of as an encounter on horseback, armed with weapons of every kind. The first is worthy of gladiatorial days and the most savage of the Germanic, and there is something horrible in the notion of the two caged men springing round by the wall, with finger on the trigger, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of giving their enemy a hint of their position. There is a room, they say, somewhere of artful device to make the enemy deliver his fire first, the light from which would illuminate his figure, and render him a fair mark for the shot. These shapes of action the French code looks on as exceptional and highly irregular, refusing to take any notice of them, or apply its ordinances to their case. It throws out only one contemptuous hint in reference to them —namely, that all stipulations and arrangements must be put in writing.

The terrible duel *a l'outrance*, where so desperate was the character of the offence it was agreed that one of the parties should die on the ground, was contrived, by loading one pistol only. The other was primed merely, and the second holding them behind his back, the parties chose, by saying "The right," or "To the left." Then the end of a pocket-handkerchief was placed in each of their hands, and the fatal signal given. If the holder of the pistol pulled the trigger before the signal, he was justly dealt with as an assassin, in the case of his having the loaded weapon. In case of its proving the empty one, the opponent had the privilege of putting the muzzle to his head and shooting him on the spot. But these extravagances—outpourings of an indolent and sentimentally amiasmity—received but little toleration, and the general code, as we have mentioned, takes no cognizance of its incidents. Of the dramatic elements involved in a "situation" of this sort, that skillful dramatist, M. Alexandre Dumas, has made use to avail himself: he has worked this strata up according to true "Saint Martinsgate" traditions, in his melodrama of Pauline.

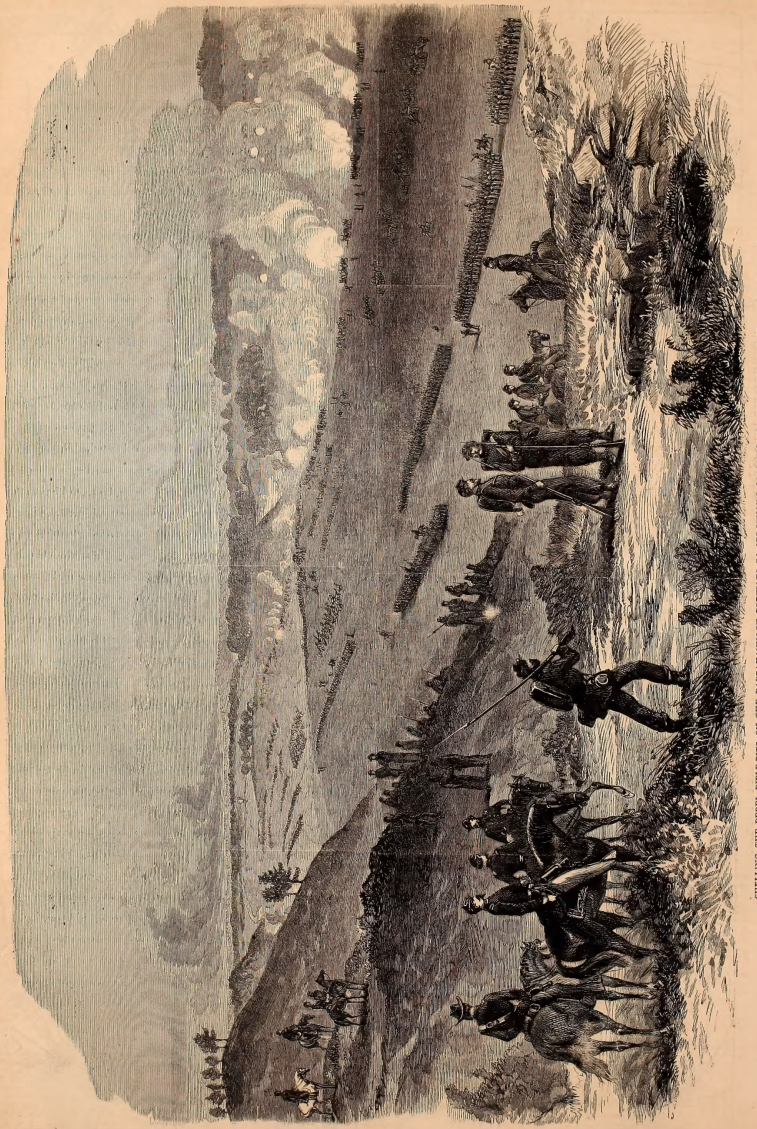
The chronicles of the Bois de Boulogne—taking that name in its widest sense as symbolical of such battle-grounds all over France) show many encounters between Frenchmen and foreigners. But the Bois de Boulogne has been also invaded by the beautifiers of the Empire, and its pleasant privacy for such meetings disturbed. It used to enjoy the distinction of being the traditional lists in lieu of all tournaments, just as Chalk Farm was the trysting-place for London, and the Fifties for "the busy mans or lees"—the attorney writing his challenge observed with professional accuracy on the back.

Going down to Marseilles about the month of March, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, we discover Lord Edward Bligh, the eldest son of the Right Earl of Glencarne, sitting in the theatre of that wonderful Mediterranean city. He happened to be there at the time with the permission of the fickist in that way, talked with an earnest loudness. A French officer in the next box, with the most attentive ear for performance, which he have not yet reached to, and that intemperate manner of reproving interruption, in which we are very happy for Englishmen, asked us to be silent—not roughly: "Paix! paix!" This admonition was unintelligible to the deaf lord, who maintained his conversation at the same level of pitch. The injunction was repeated several times with the same result. Then the gentleman politely frowned on, and, stooping over, said, with great violence, "Taisez-vous!" To him the viscount, at last restored to hearing, gave some short answer, and talked a good deal louder to show his disregard. It chanced then that the officer changed his box, and later on in the evening, he was wandering round the house, happened to come into the very box, of all others in the house, in which the noisy nonconformists stood at the door, his eyes roaming over the features of the officer. The latter, then boiling with rage, and in excellent determinate mood, struck him, started up and flew at the Englishman, asking him what he meant by staring at him. The other, no doubt, thinking that the affair had blown over, growled, said he had a right to look at any one even of royal rank. Up which the officer flew at him, dragged him out of the box, struck him violently on the shoulder with his naked sword. Upon which the dead Lord drew his sword gallantly; but, before he could make more than a pass or two at his man through the body, the officer's sword coming out at the other side of him. Those familiar with this part and Eastern port can fancy that scene in the open Place hard by to the Canebière, with the lighted lamps that were then the days of the gorgeous and fantastic Cafe Turc—and the colored awnings from the windows fluttering in the air, and the great crowd of people hurrying up to the scene by twos away. Strikes for the watch, a crowd, pouring down from the theatre, gathering round, and the Marquis de Pecoygiro, at the head of his guard, hurrying up to the spot where the poor Englishman lay dead. Then the gasping for breath, choking for want of air, while the crowd, with the stupidity of all crowds, pressed in still closer on him. But the hurrying guard made a clear round him, and saved his life for once. He was still, however, gasping and struggling there, when a message was sent at the place, and he, with all open the collar of his shirt, had him lifted up, and the doctor came to him. He was not dead, and could not speak; but, wonderful to relate, in three days was perfectly well. Some little interference of authority was apprehended at first, but the English embassador at Paris soon set all straight.

Two years before the great French Revolution, a French officer was arrested and thrown into gaol for the aphorism that "the English army had more pluck than spirit"—a sentiment which really had its germ of truth, but was awkwardly worded, verbed. He should have said that pluck was one shape of the spirit of the English army. The same little insolent Frenchman was artfully veiled under that of the Chevalier B——, and that of the French officer, who promptly challenged him, was thinly disguised under that of Captain S——, of the Eleventh Regiment. The offense would appear to have been a blow, but the particulars were placed at the alarmingly short distance of only five paces! Captain S—— fired first, and his ball "took" him, to use the words of the authorized report of the transaction, on the chevalier's breast, but by a marvel of good luck, was stopped by a metal button. The chevalier, touched by so happy a deliverance, magnanimously fires in the air, and secures himself from the English dash with spirit and phlegm. In illustration of this fortunate escape, it may be mentioned that, some forty years ago, a gentleman connected with the family of the writer of these notes, was riding out one morning in Ireland, accompanied by sympathizing friends, to arrange a little "difficulty" of the same description. When at the gate his eye fell upon a horse-shoe. With obstreperous cries of rejoicing he was called on to dismount and pick it up. All felicitated him on his lucky an omen. He put it into his pocket, and his adversary's ball actually struck it over the region of the heart and glanced off at an angle.



MAP OF MARYLAND AND PARTS OF PENNSYLVANIA AND VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE PRESENT THEATRE OF THE WAR.



SHELLING THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK PREVIOUS TO SEDGWICK'S CROSSING.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 405.]



EFFECTS OF SHELLS UPON THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS, AS SEEN AFTER THE CROSSING.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 405.]

BOYS RUN WILD.

THE nearest approach to a wild boy, says Mr. Burnet Tylor—in the amusing new journal, the *Anthropological Review*, which is the source of all this information—was to be found in Germany, after the desolating spirit of Napoleon had breathed over the land. The countries ravaged by his armies fell into utter misery. Children without parents and friends, destitute and homeless, were quite common in Germany. Several of them were brought to the shelter of Count von Rantzau's asylum at Overdyke, and two of these had fallen more nearly into the condition of wild animals, were more wolves than children, than any others of whom there is unquestionable record. One of these children was brought in ragged and starving. Unable to tell his name, he was called Clemens, since he was received upon St. Clement's day. With a power of speech almost as limited as Caspar Hauser's when first found, nearly all that he could make intelligible was, that he came "from the other side of the water." He had also a large vocabulary of frightful curses. He had been set to keep a peasant's swine, had lived with them, and been shut with them at night. Scantily fed, he used to suck the milk sow, and eat with the little pigs. When first received at Overdyke he had to be kept out of the salad-beds as if he were himself a pig, for in the garden he would go down on all fours, and grub among the growing vegetables with his projecting teeth. He retained also a brotherly regard for the whole race of pigs, and wished to them so well that they would let him ride upon their backs. His pleasantest memories were incidents of his life among them as a pig. This Clemens, who had a narrow head and a low forehead, was of imperfect intellect, though not an idiot. Good-natured, laughter, and open fondness, he was liable also to uncontrollable fits of passion. Once, when he had tried to murder his benefactor with a six-cutter's axe that he held in his hand, he was carried away laughing to confinement.

The other wild boy at the Overdyke asylum had learned to live as the beasts of the forest, only prowling about villages of nights to steal food. He climbed trees like a bird, lived on fruit and nuts, and had extraordinary knowledge of birds and their habits. To such that he knew he gave a name of its own, and it said that the birds seemed to recognize the names he whistled after them.

Sir William Sleeman, in his narrative of a journey through the kingdom of Oude, gives a very curious account of a boy, said to have been taken when running on all fours with a she-wolf and her three cubs. The wolves all seem content with the river to drink when the boy was caught. The wolves, the boy themselves, are very shy even among the ravines which run down to the banks of the Goomtee River. They are wolf preserves, for the Hindoos have a game law. They are also spilled within the bounds of the asylum of the wolves, are said to divide spoil with them after the hunting. Very young children are given with costly ornaments upon them. Wolves carry off and eat their children, but reject the ornaments among their refuse, and for the chance of finding these, the vagrants patronize the wolves, and are to waiting near them thus.

Getting more spocryphal as it proceeds, the native account of the habits of wolves goes on to say that a he-wolf always eats the children of the gang, and so does a she-wolf, except when she is suckling; in that case she rears with her own young the stolen baby. Now as to the principal boy, to whom Sir William Sleeman found at Sultanpoor, and who was said to have been carried away by fostering down on all fours with the wolf foster-mother, and his three cubs of foster-brothers, to the river to drink. He was first caught, he had to be tied lest he might not run off into holes and dens. He ran away from adults, but ran at children, snarling like a dog to bite them. He ate his meat with the dog fashion, using his hands as forepaws; would let a dog share with him, but snarled if a man came near. The boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, commanding the First Oude Local Infantry, with whom he became a favorite; but he grew much teased, ran to his fool on all fours, and ate whatever was thrown to him, preferring raw meat and bones to good food. He could eat half a lamb at a time, drink a pitcher of buttermilk without drawing breath, and would pick up and eat earth and small stones. He delighted in food, but not in decent clothing. In cold weather they gave him a quilt, but he tore it up and ate it bit by bit with his bread. This boy was of repulsive aspect, he shunned human society, preferring that of dogs, but who showed no concern whatever at his death. This "beast child," who was supposed to have been taken from the wolf at nine or ten years old, lived three years among men, making slight progress in a few signs—when hungry he pointed to his mouth —and was never known to speak all a year and a half before his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, asked for some water, drank it, and then said he knew few words more before death might have been the return of an old childish impression.

Another of Sir William's stories is of a boy said to have been carried off by a wolf when three years old, and to have lived in forests nearly seven years, at Chupra. Six years afterward he was caught when going down to the river with three wolf cubs, and recognized by a birth-mark, as well as by the scar of a scald and the marks of the wolf's teeth in his loins; for she had been seen to take him and carry him off by his loins. This boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit. He could not articulate words, his knees and elbows were hardened with going on all fours. He followed his mother about for what he could get, but at night he would make off to the jungle. He also liked his meat uncooked. The village boys threw crops to him and he ate them. When a bullock died and his skin was taken off he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The unproved fact in the case of both these blind boys, who had been outcasts in the woods, is the wolf-nursing. The notion of wolf-rearing is commonly attached in India to the outcast little children, who are sometimes found living, like the beasts, upon what garbage they can find.

In Poland the name bard has come to such unhappy children credit or discredit for having been reared among the bears. Of one such boy, caught two centuries ago in a beat-hunt, it is said that he appeared to be eight or nine years old, went on all fours, and ate greedily such things as bears love—raw flesh, apples, and honey. He was taken by the king at Warsaw and baptized Joseph. With difficulty he was taught to walk upright. He never could learn Polish, but expressed his views of life with an ursine growl. The king gave him to a vice-chamberlain, who employed him to carry wood for his kitchen. He never lost his wildness, and sometimes escaped into the woods, where the bears never molested him.

Such stories are not more credible, though more honestly set forth, than that of the Irish boy established at Amsterdam as having been reared by a sheep, so that he ran upon all fours, cropped grass, and bleated.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, Esq.
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and by Special Arrangement with the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XV.

THE two supple dusky forms went whirling so fast, there was no grasping them to part them. But presently the negro seized the Hindoo by the throat; the Hindoo caught him in the arm with his knife, and the next moment his own head was driven violently against the side of a cabin with a stunning crack; and there he was, pinned, and wriggling, and bluish with fright, whereas the negro's face alone showed none. It was dark-gray with rage, and its two fireballs of eyes rolled fearfully, as none but African eyes can roll.

Fullalove pacified him by voice and touch: he withdrew his iron grasp with sullen and lingering reluctance, and left the Hindoo gasping like a mortified fish. The cabin was now full, and Sharpe was now putting both the Hindoo's wounds in the splinter of bone was he. But Fullalove suggested there might be a moral distinction between things that happen in a fight and after it.

"Well, then, speak quick, both of you," said Sharpe, "or I'll lay ye both by the heels. Ye black scoundrelsh, what business have ye in the captain's cabin, kicking up the devil's delight?"

Thus threatened, Vespasian panted out his tale: he had discovered the *Agra* at sea, he assisted in calling the Hindoo, eternally provoking him about captain's daughter, and asking stupid questions: he had watched him, and seen the surgeon coming out with the good news that the captain's danger was reduced to a simple but very abominable egotism.' And he raised a ponderous fist to point the polysyllables: with this and the utterance would disappear the whole meaning: but Fullalove hung on the sable orator's arm, and told him dryly to try and speak without gesticulating. "I like your story," said Vespasian, with a pathetic sigh at not being let into him. He resumed: and told how he had followed the Hindoo, stealthily, and found him with a knife uplifted over the captain—a tremor that brought a cold shudder into them. And then a loud murmur filled the room: a very ugly one, the sort of snarl with which dogs fly at dogs' throats with their teeth, and men fly at men's throats with a cord.

"Be quiet," said Sharpe imperiously. "I'll have no bullying in my cabin, I tell you! Now then, you, Sir, how do you know he was robbing the captain?"

"How do I know? Yah! yah! Cap'n, if you please you tell dis unskeptical geenman whether you don't miss a lilly book out of your bosom!"

During this extraordinary scene, Dodd had been looking from one speaker to another, in great surprise and some confusion: but, at the negro's direct appeal, his hand went to his breast and clutched at it, and he gave a sudden loud cry.

"Oh, him not gone far. Yah! yah!" and Vespasian stooped, and took up an oil-skin packet off the floor; and laid it on the bed: "dis child gone him in dat at nigger's hand: and heard him go whack on de floor."

Dodd hurried the packet into his bosom, then turned all pointedly on Fullalove and said, "Now God bless you! God bless you! Give me your honest hand! You don't know what you have done for me and mine."

And, sick as he was, he wrung Vespasian's hand with convulsive strength, and would not part with it. Vespasian patted him soothingly all over, and whimpered out: "Nebber you mind, cap'n! You bery good man: dis child bery fond of you a long time ago. You bery good man, outrageous good man, dam good man! I propose your health: invalence directly!"

While Dodd was speaking, the others were silent out of respect: but now Sharpe broke in, and, with the national desire to hear both sides, called on Ramgolam for his version. The Hindoo was now standing with his arms crossed on his breast, looking all the martyr, meek and dignified. He inquired of Sharpe, in very broken English, whether he spoke Hindostanee?

"Not I: nor don't act it neither," said Sharpe.

At this confession Ramgolam looked down on him with pity and mild contempt.

Mr. Tickell was put forward as interpreter.

Ramgolam.—Sahib [reverentially]. He, whose Destiny, too strong for mortals, now oppresses with iron hand, and feeds with the bread of affliction—

Mr. Tickell (translating). He, who by bad luck has got into trouble—

Ramgolam. He has long observed the virtues that embellish the commander of this ship resembling a mountain, and desired to imitate them—

Tickell. Says what a good man the captain is, and wanted to be like him—

Vespasian. The damned old cuss.

Ramgolam. Seeing him often convey his hand to his bosom, I ascribed his unparalleled excellence to the possession of some sovereign talisman. Tickell managed to translate this sentence all but the word talisman, which he rendered "a fetich." Ramgolam's cautious—"artificle." Finding him about to depart to the regions of the blessed, where such auxiliaries are not needed, and anxious to engage to endless perfections here below, I came softly to the place where he lay—

Tickell. When I saw him going to slip his cable, I wanted to be as good a fellow as he is, so I crept aboard—

Ramgolam. And gently, and without force, made myself proprietor of the amulet, and inheritor of a few of its qualities—

Tickell. And quietly boned the article, and the captain's virtues. I don't know what the beggar means.

Ramgolam. Then a traitor with a dark skin, but darker soul—

Tickell. Then another black-hearted nigger—

Ramgolam. Came furiously and misappropriated the charm thus piously obtained—

Tickell. Ran in and stole it from me.

Ramgolam. And, to profit me of the excellences I was inheriting: and—

Here Sharpe interrupted the dialogue by putting the interpreter aside, and other men's virtues in irons: and the surgeon insisted on the cabin being cleared. Dodd would not part with the three friends yet: he begged them to watch him, and see nobody else came to take his children's lives.

"I'll sink or swim with it; but, oh, I doubt we shall have no luck while it is aboard me. I never had a single sixpence before, in all those years. What is this?—here's something in it now; something hard—something heavy: and—why it is a book!"

On this announcement, an eager inspection took place: and, sure enough, a bullet had passed through Dodd's coat, and waistcoat, etc., and through the oil-skin, and the leather pocket-book, and just dented the "Hard Cash;" no more.

There was a shower of comments and congratulations.

The effect of this discovery on the sick man's spirits was remarkable. "I was a villain to bolt it," said he, "and I beg my wife's pardon for it, and it has saved my life for them."

He kissed it, and placed it in his bosom, and soon after sank into a peaceful slumber. The excitement had not the ill-effect the surgeon feared: it seemed to refreshened him; and he slept long: but, on awakening, was pronounced out of danger. To tell the truth, the tide had turned in the night overnight; and it is to convey the good news on deck the surgeon had left him.

While Dodd was recovering, the *Agra* was beating westward, with light but contrary winds: and a good month elapsed without any incident affecting the fate of Cash, whose singular adventures I have to record. In this dearth please read up with a few lines of blacking. Fullalove did thank one colored lad a servant whose mission it was to black his shoes. This simply showed Vespasian's shoes, though better blacked than his master's, were any thing but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

The black desperado emerged on tip-toe from Kenealy's cabin, just as Macbeth does from the assassination-chamber, and not only with a pair of boots in his hand instead of a pair of daggers; got into the moonlight, and finding Vespasian uninterrupted, assumed the whistle of innocence, and polished them to the nine, chuckling audibly.

Fullalove watched him with an eye like a rattlesnake: but kept quiet. He saw interference would only demoralize him worse: for it is more than probable he knocks clandestinely, like Revelry: men ditto.

He relieved his heart with idioms. "Darn the letter. It's fixed my flint eternally. Now I cave. I swan to man I may just hang up my fiddle: for this darkey's too hard a row to hoe."

It was but a momentary dejection. The Mixture was (inter alia) a Theorist and an Anglo-Saxon; two indomitables. He concluded to temporize with the Brush: and breed it out.

"I'm bound to cross the obscurious case with the catawamptiousest gal in Guinea: and one that never saw a blacking-bottle, not even in a dream." Majora canamus.

Media inter pruilis semper
Sidcribus eadique pugis Superbus incidis.

Oh the great African heart!" said Fullalove, after the battle. "By my side he fears no danger. Of all men negroes are the most capable of friendship; their affection is a mine: and we can only work it with the sword." And that is a ridiculous mining tool I rather think."

When Vespasian came out so strong versus Ramgolam, Fullalove was even more astonished; for after all it is not so much the heart, as the intelligence, of the negro, we albiculi affect to doubt.

"Oh the great African intellect!" said Fullalove, publicly, taking the bull by the horns.

"I say," said Mrs. Bercsford, maliciously; "down in the maps as the great African Desert."

"To blame the many accumulated ignorance" had an infirmity. This was, an ungovernable itch for brushing whites. If he was talking with one of that awful company, and now believed, race, and saw a speck of dirt on him, he would brush him unobtrusively, but effectually, in full dialogue: he would steal behind one, a knot of wires and brush whoever needed it, however little. Fullalove remonstrated, but in vain; on this point Vespasian would not yield to his reason. He could not keep his hands off a dusty white. He would brush the very miller of Dee. But the worst was he did not stop at clothes; he loathed ill-blacked shoes: woe to all foot-leather that did not glow like the skin furnished a serious standard of comparison. He was eternally blacking boots en amateur. Fullalove got on a rage with him and insisted on having his fellow-creature's leather alone. Vespasian pleaded hard, especially for leave to black Colonel Kenealy. "Colonel," said he, "is a gentleman, and is such a narration fine gentlemen spoilt for want of a little bit of blacking." Fullalove replied that the colonel had got a servant whose mission it was to black his shoes. This simply aroused Vespasian's shoes, though better blacked than his master's, were any thing but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

"A servant!" said he. "Yah! yah! What is the use of white servants? They are not biddable. Massa Fullalove, I am bound to be reared at, I am bound, to kick up a dust, white servants unspecially, and the darkeys to brush em; and like em: and blow em up: and—and boots shine, a lily bit." He concluded with a dark hint that the colonel's servant was a very much thought better blacked than his master's, were any thing but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

"Mesta inter prulis semper
Sidcribus eadique pugis Superbus incidis."

Oh the great African heart!" said Fullalove, after the battle. "By my side he fears no danger. Of all men negroes are the most capable of friendship; their affection is a mine: and we can only work it with the sword." And that is a ridiculous mining tool I rather think."

When Vespasian came out so strong versus Ramgolam, Fullalove was even more astonished; for after all it is not so much the heart, as the intelligence, of the negro, we albiculi affect to doubt.

"Oh the great African intellect!" said Fullalove, publicly, taking the bull by the horns.

"I say," said Mrs. Bercsford, maliciously; "down in the maps as the great African Desert."

"To blame the many accumulated ignorance" had an infirmity. This was, an ungovernable itch for brushing whites. If he was talking with one of that awful company, and now believed, race, and saw a speck of dirt on him, he would brush him unobtrusively, but effectually, in full dialogue: he would steal behind one, a knot of wires and brush whoever needed it, however little. Fullalove remonstrated, but in vain; on this point Vespasian would not yield to his reason. He could not keep his hands off a dusty white. He would brush the very miller of Dee. But the worst was he did not stop at clothes; he loathed ill-blacked shoes: woe to all foot-leather that did not glow like the skin furnished a serious standard of comparison. He was eternally blacking boots en amateur. Fullalove got on a rage with him and insisted on having his fellow-creature's leather alone. Vespasian pleaded hard, especially for leave to black Colonel Kenealy. "Colonel," said he, "is a gentleman, and is such a narration fine gentleman spoilt for want of a little bit of blacking." Fullalove replied that the colonel had got a servant whose mission it was to black his shoes. This simply aroused Vespasian's shoes, though better blacked than his master's, were any thing but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

"A servant!" said he. "Yah! yah! What is the use of white servants? They are not biddable. Massa Fullalove, I am bound to be reared at, I am bound, to kick up a dust, white servants unspecially, and the darkeys to brush em; and like em: and blow em up: and—and boots shine, a lily bit." He concluded with a dark hint that the colonel's servant was a very much thought better blacked than his master's, were any thing but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

"Mesta inter prulis semper
Sidcribus eadique pugis Superbus incidis."

Being now about a hundred miles South of the Mauritius, in fine weather with a light breeze, Dodd's marine barometer began to fall steadily; and by the afternoon the declension had become so remarkable that he felt uneasy, and, somewhat to the surprise of the crew—for there was now scarce a breath of air—furled his slight sails, treble reefed his top-sails, had his top-gallant, and royal, yards, and gaff top-sail sent on deck, got his flying jib-boom in, etc., and made the ship snug.

Keenely asked him what was the matter?

"Barometer going down; moon at the full; and Jonah aboard," was the reply, uttered doggedly.

Keenely assured him it was a beautiful evening, precursor of a fine day. "See how red the sunset is:

Evening red and morning grey
Are the sure signs of a fine day."

Dodd looked, and shook his head. The sun was red: but the wrong red: it was angry red: and, as he dipped into the wave, discharged a lurid coppery hue that rushed in a moment like an embodied menace over the entire heavens. The wind ceased altogether: and in the middle of an unnatural and suspicious calm the glass went down, down, down.

The moon rose: and instantly all eyes were bent on her with suspicion; for in the tropics the hurricanes generally come at the full moon. She was tolerably clear, however; but a light cloud sailing across her disk showed that a wind in the upper regions.

The night fell lower than Dodd had ever seen it. He trusted to science; barred the lee-ports, and had the dead-lights put into the stern cabin and scuttle: then turned in for an hour's sleep.

Science proved a prophet. Just at seven bells, in one moment, like a thunder-bolt from the sky, a heavy gust struck the ship, and laid her almost on her beam ends. Under a less careful captain her lee-ports would have been open, and she would have gone to the bottom like a lump.

"Ease the main sheet!" cried Sharpe, hastily, to a hand he had placed there on purpose: "ease the main, in his fury, took too many turns off the cleat, the strain overpowered him, he let go, and there was the main-sheet flying like thunder, and the sheet lashing every thing in the most dangerous way. Dodd was on deck in a moment. "Up, mainsail!" cried he of the clear parts, bunt-lines, and leech-lines; run them up!—Now then, over to wind'ard! Let go the main-bowline!—Keep to the main tack!—Belay!"

And so the sail was saved.

"Folkatle, there!"

"Sir!"

"Hands up: furl sails!"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

(Pipe.) "All hands furl sail, ahoy!"

Up tumbled the crew, went cheerily to work, and by the time the bells in the middle watch had furled the few remaining sails, and treble reefed the main top-sail: under this last the ship lay to, with her head as near the wind as they could bring it, and so the voyage was suspended.

A heavy sea got up under a scourging wind that rose and rose, till the glory and mighty pressure of that single sail treble reefed, heeled over so as to dip her lee channels. This went on till the waves rolled so high, and the squalls were so bitter, that sheets of water were actually torn off their crests and launched recurvously over them, not only drenching Dodd and his officers, which they did not mind, but threatening to flood the ship.

Dodd battened down the hatches, and stopped that game.

Then came a danger no skill could avert: the ship lurched so rapidly that the seams of her works opened and shut: she also heeled over so violently now, as not merely to dip, but bury, her lower deck port-pendants: and so a good deal of water found ingress through the windage. Then Dodd set a gang to the pumps: for he said: "We can hardly hope to weather this out without shipping a sea; and I won't have water coming in upon water."

And now the wind, raging and roaring like discharges of artillery, and not like wind as known in our seas, seemed to have put out all the lights of the world. The sky was inky black, and quite close to their heads: and the wind still increasing, the vessel came down to her extreme bearings, and it was plain she could not be on her beam ends. Sharpe and Dodd met, and holding on by the life-lines, applied their speaking-trumpet tight to each other's ears: and even then they had to bawl.

"She can't carry a rag much longer."

"No, Sir; not half an hour."

"Can we furl that main taupsle?"

Sharpe shook his head. "Till the first moment we start a sheet, the sail will whip the mast out of her."

"You are right. Well then, I'll cut it away."

"Volunteers, Sir?"

"Ay, twelve: no more. Send them to my cabin."

Sharpe's difficulty was to keep the men back, so eager were the fine fellows to risk their lives. However, he brought twelve to the cabin, headed by Mr. Grey, who had a right, as captain of the watch, to go with them; on which right he insisted in spite of Dodd's earnest request that he would forego it. When Dodd saw his resolution, he thanked the friend, and resumed the captain: and spoke to them through a trumpet; the first time he had ever used one in a cabin, or seen one used.

"Mr. Grey, and men, going aloft to save the mainmast, by cutting the sail away."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Service of danger, great danger!"

"Hurrah!"

"But great dangers can be made smaller by working the right way. Attend! Lay out all on the yard, and take your time from one; man at the lee yard arm: don't know who that will be, but one of the smartest men in the ship. Next to *him* is; hold his knife hand well up; rest to see; and then in knives altogether: mind and cut from you, and below the reef band; and then I hope to see all come down alive."

Mr. Grey and his twelve men left the cabin; and hey! for the maintop. The men let the officer lead them as far as Jacob's ladder, and then hurrah for the lee yard arm! That was where all wanted to be, and but one could be: Grey was as anxious as the rest: but officers of his rank seldom go aloft, and soon fall out of their cat-like habit. He had done about six athletic, wiry, minutes instead of twenty-one, he spread his arms to seize a shroud on each side of him; by this he weakened his leverage, and the wind and ship came fiercely against him, and flattened him against the rigging as tight as if fixture had caught in a mountain for a hammer and nailed him with a cedar; he was spreadeagled. The men accepted him at once as a new patent rattlin with a fine resisting power: they went up him, and bounded three ordinary rattlines at a go off all his promontories, especially his shoulders, and his head, receiving his compliments in the shape of hearty curses: they gained the top and lay out on the yard with their hair flying like mainsail reefs, and got the place of honor, but Thompson, the jolly foretopman, who couldn't stand smoked pen nor cigar. So strong and so tough.

Thompson raised his knife high; there was a pause; down in went all the men, and away went the sail into the night of the storm, and soon seemed a sheet of writing paper, and soon lately it was not. Then the men, who had men came down, picked their officer off the rigging, had a dram in the captain's cabin, and saw him aroused from a nap on the locker, by a good service, and in the purser's for extra grog on Sundays from there to Gravesend.

The ship was relieved: she looked well, till the chronometer, their only guide now, announced a moment when the tempest would have to say appear, increased, and one frightful squall dipped the muzzles of the lee carronades in the water.

Then was heard the first cry of distress: an appalling sound; the wail of brave men. And they had learned to be brave here, and they still now. But now they knew something must go, or else the ship; the suspense was awful, but very short. Crack! came the fore top mast: a main top mast both gone; short off by the caps; and the ship recovered slowly, hesitatingly, trembling.

Believing her from one danger this subject her to another and a greater, Dodd ran to the companion that had fallen, unable to break loose from the rigging, pounded the ship so savagely as to threaten to carry away the stern.

But neither this stout captain nor his crew shirked any danger men had ever grappled with: most men were. Leaving mounting, they cut away the wreck to leeward; it was done: then to windward; this, the more ticklish operation, was also done very gallantly: the mainmast was the ship's quarter, and she drifted clear of it. Very breathless again.

At eight bells in the first watch it began to thunder and lighten furiously; but the thunder, though close, was not heard over the loud tremendous uproar of the wind and sea. It blew a hurricane: there were no more squalls now: but one continuous tornado, that blew the ship through that great gaunt skeleton, the ship's rigging and bare poles, howled and yelled and roared so terrifically as to make every man on watch a shuddering fool alongside. The overwhelming sea in which they were enveloped was streaked with devilish fire. The inky blackness added supernatural horror; the wrath of the almighty seemed concentrated in the gale that drop the black sky down on them for their funeral pall. Suckly Noah from his ark saw no such murky horror.

What is that? close on the lee bow: close: the flash of a gun: another; another; another. A ship in distress! Dodd's heart bled for her: ears; yet no sound: human thunder silenced, as God's thunder was momentarily, by one of his greater creatures in their mad rage. The *Agra* fired two minute-guns to let the other vessel ship know she was approaching her in helplessness, and her distress, and probably a companion in her fate. Even this companioning would be full of peril: for the two ships, if they were mere playthings of the elements; they might be tossed together; and then what would be their fate? Dodd ordered his mainsail to be great boiling cadron, and all the life split out.

Yet did not this new danger for a moment damp and sympathy into the thick black supernatural horror.

And came now calamity upon calamity. A tremendous sea broke the tiller at the rudder-head, and not only was the ship in danger of falling off and shipping a sea, but the sea broke hammered her awfully, and bade fair to stave in her counter, which is another word for Destruction. Dodd ordered the after-hatch to be taken open at once.

These words always carry a spare tiller: they tried to ship it: but the difficulty was prodigious. No light but the miserable deck lantern—one glow-worm in this dark night—and the motion of the *Agra* never on an even keel, and heeling over like a sea-saw more than a ship; and then every time they did place the tiller, and get the strain on with their luff tackles, the awful sea gave it a blow and knocked it away like a hair.

At last they hit it off, or thought they had, for the ponderous thumps of the rudder ceased entirely. However, the ship did not obey the new tiller like the old one: her head fell off in an unlucky moment when seven waves were rolling in one, and, on coming to the wind'ward again, she shipped a sea. It came in over her bow transversely: broke as high as the mainstay, and hid and buried the whole ship before the mast; carried away the waist bulwarks on both sides, filled the launch, and drowned the live-stock which were in it: swept four waterbutts and three men away into the sea, like corns and straws; and sent tons of water down the forescuttle and main hatchway, which was partly opened not to stifle the crew; and flooded the gun deck middle-deep.

Dodd, who was in his cabin, sent the whole crew to the pumps except the man at the wheel, and prepared for the worst.

In men so brave as he was, when Hope dies, Fear dies also. Hitherto now was to separate the fate of those he loved from his own. He took a bottle, inserted the fatal money in it, with a few words of love to his wife, and direction to any stranger that should fall in with it; secured the cork with melted sealing-wax, tied oil-skin over it, and melted wax on that; applied a preparation to the glass to close the pores: and to protect it against accidental blows and attract attention, fastened a black painted bladder to it by a stout tarred twine, and painted on it, *Agra*, *lost*, and his name on the bladder. He had logged each main incident of the storm with that curt, business-like accuracy, which reads so cold and dreary a record of these great and terrible tragedies. He now made a final entry a little more in character with the situation: "Gale increasing. Rolls in the morning watch clipped a heavy sea forward. The rudder became unshipped: and the ship barely manageable, brought the log and case on deck, expecting to founder shortly. Sun and moon hidden for two days, and the navigation perplexed: but by calculation of wind and current, we should be about fifty miles to the southward of the Mauritius. God save us all!"

He got on deck with the bottle in his pocket, and the bladder peeping out: put the log, and its case, under his arm, and by means of the life-lines crawled along on his knees, and with one arm aft, to the stern. Finding the men could hardly hold on, and dreading another sea, Dodd, with his own hands, lashed him to the helm.

While thus employed he felt the ship give a slight roll, a very slight roll, to windward. He instantly looked round with hope: for he cast his eager glance to leeward. There it is a sailor looks for the first spark of hope. Ay, there was a thick, dim, streak of light. He patted the helmsman on the shoulder and pointed to it; for now neither could one man speak for the wind, nor another hear. The man nodded joyfully.

Presently the continuous tornado broke into squalls.

Hope grew brighter.

Dodd, unfortunately, in one furious squall the ship broke round off so as to present her quarter to the sea as an unlucky moment: for it came seven times running mountain-high, and swirled itself over her stern and quarter. The mighty mass struck her stern frame with the force of a hundred thousand tons of water, and drove her forward as a boy launches his toy-boat on a pond. The ship did not make so little resistance, stove in the dead-lights and the port frames, burst through the cabin bulk-heads, and swept the cabin furniture, and Captain Keeneley in his night-gown with a table in his arms, bome on water three feet deep; and carried him under the poop ventilator, by way to the lee quarter-deck scuppers; and flooded the lower deck. Above, it swept the quarter-deck clean of everything: the capstan, the spare bulwarks: washed Dodd away like a cork, and would have carried him overboard had he not brought up against the mainmast and grasped it like grim death: half drowned, half stunned, sorely bruised, and scraping like a wounded human shell.

He held on by the mast in water and foam, panting. He rolled his despairing eyes around on the bulwarks that were all in fragments, with wide chasms, as between the battlements of some decayed castle; and through the gaps he saw the sea mountains rolling for him. He dare not move: no man was safe a moment, unless lashed to a mast or bulwark. He was expecting death. But presently it struck him he could see much farther than before. He looked up: he was clearing: the sky was a dirty white and dog visibly. And now the wind did not decline as after a gale; extraordinary to the last, grew itself out.

Sharpe came on deck, and crawled on all fours to his captain, and helped him to a bulkhead. Then they lay, and gave the crew orders.

The wind was blown out; but the sea was as dangerous as ever: the ship began to roll wind'ward. If that was not stopped, her fate was sealed. Dodd had the main trysail set, and then the mizen, before he would yield to go below, though drenched, and sore, and hungry, and worn out. Those sails steadied the ship; the danger was to go down by degrees: the celestial part of nature was more generous: away flew every cloud, and the sky became sky bluer and lovelier than ever they had seen it: the sun flamed in its centre. Nature, after those days' eclipse, was as lovely: it seemed a new heavens and a new earth. If there was an infidel on board who did not believe in God, now his mind did Him, in spite of the great hand: as for Dodd, who was naturally pious, he raised his eyes toward that lovely sky in heartfelt, though silent, gratitude to its Maker for saving the ship and cargo and her peoples' lives, not forgetting the private treasure he was carrying home to his dear wife and children at home.

With this thought, he naturally looked down, but missed the bladder that had lately protruded from his pocket; he clapped his hand to his pocket all in a flutter. The bottle was gone. In a fever of alarm and anxiety, but with good hopes of finding it, he searched the deck: he looked in every cranny, behind every coil of rope the sea had not carried away.

In vain.

The sea, acting on the buoyant bladder attached, had clearly torn the bottle out of his pocket, when it watched him against the mast. His treasure then must have been driven much farther; and how far? Who could tell?

It flashed on the poor man with fearful distinctness that it must either have been picked up by somebody in the ship ere now, or else carried out to sea.

Strict inquiry was made among the men.

No one had seen it.

The fruit of his toil and prudence, the treasure Love, not Avarice, had twined with his every thought, and which his fidelity as he had defeated two pirates, each his superior in force; and now conquered the elements at their maddest. And in the very moment of that great victory—it was gone.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

On page 412 we reproduce a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Hamilton, illustrating the Communication and Attack on the Enemy's Breastworks, Louisiana, by the capture by General Grover's division of the first rebel rifle-pit. The correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the affair:

General Grover started from Newport, six miles from Port Hudson, at 8 A.M. on Sunday the 24th, taking the road toward Port Hudson. His second brigade, under Colonel Kimball of the Twelfth Maine, and the Twenty-fourth Connecticut, were on an advance, leading the whole road through dense woods. They met no opposition until they reached the outer rifle-pits, about half past eleven o'clock. The reserve of the Twenty-fourth Connecticut was sent to the right which had the rifle-pits, and after a brisk and hard engagement of only half an hour drove the rebels from the rifle-pits possession of the pits.

General Grover then took a position right on the edge of the woods, about 200 rods from the nearest of the enemy's works, but, owing to the position of the land, could only bring his forces into play, and an artillery fight commenced, lasting from one to six o'clock, and leaving our men in the rifle-pits. During the time the artillery engagement General Grover went to the front, and a Parrott shell carried off the foot-leg of his horse, but the General himself escaped unhurt.

We have received another picture, also from a sketch by Mr. Hamilton, illustrating General Augur's recent Assault upon the Fortifications of Port Hudson—one of the most dashing acts of bravery in this war, so replete with heroic incidents. Mr. Hamilton writes:

General Augur's command had a grand and simultaneous attack from every part of our lines encircling Port Hudson at 10 o'clock on Wednesday, the 27th, General Augur, as early as 8 A.M. of that day, commenced a heavy cannonading upon the enemy's forces constantly pouring until 2 o'clock P.M., by which time Brigadier-General Sherman was directed to commence his assault as the same time on the left, had his troops in readiness.

General Augur's storming force consisted chiefly of Colonel E. P. Chapin's brigade, viz., the 48th Massachusetts, the Fourteenth Connecticut (Veteran), the 49th Massachusetts, by Colonel F. W. Bartlett; the 156th New York, led by Colonel Kenly, and the 75th New York, Colonel Adams also two regiments of Colonel Dudley's brigade, called the Louisiana Native Guards, the 2d Louisiana, under Colonel Paine; and parts of the 50th Massachusetts, under Colonel Messer.

Before commencing the assault Captain Holcomb's Vermont battery opened upon the view to draw their fire, which he did very effectively; and then the order for the assault was given. A number of brave fellows from each regiment had volunteered to go in advance with the forlorn hope, for the purpose of making a way through the most; those were immediately followed by others who had volunteered to form the storming party, and after them the various regiments with their colonels, all under the immediate direction of Major-General Augur in person.

The scene that presented itself to the view of our devoted men as they emerged from the woods was really appalling. Between them and the fortifications to be assailed lay a broad, open space, at least one-fifth of a mile, from right to left, and at least half a mile in depth from the edge of the woods. This space, originally a dense forest, but the rebels had ingeniously felled the trees, leaving the huge branches to interlace each other and forming with the thick brushwood underneath, a barrier all but impassable to even the human shade.

It was enough to daunt the stoutest heart; but our men pressed on, the staff to be served by any difficulties. The order had been given that Port Hudson must be taken, and by God, it should be.

In so horrible a place, where men could scarcely keep their footing, and were sinking at every step in their arm-pits, and tumbling along as best they could with their muskets and knapsacks, the rebels poured a murderous fire—the enemy all the while blazing away at them with grape, shell, and canister—the result may be easily imagined. It was wholesale slaughter.

But it was to test the heroism and endurance of our men. Onward they went—the old flag streaming proudly above them, while the fearless leaders led on in every direction—until they actually, many of them, fought their way through the last rifle-pit, and the rebels, unable to endure any longer the terrible and unequal contest, to the narrow open space between the two fires, gave way, and fled in every direction, many of them shot as they got back to the wood.

Such these two mortal hours many a brave soul went to rest. The dead lay in every direction, and the wounded, too, lay on the log, still went on, until he received a musket ball, which killed him, after he had done his part in a very few yards of the breast-works. Lieutenant-Colonel Cahill, of the Fourteenth, bravely charged in the thickest of the fray. Our loss in that brief space of time was severe—about 150 killed and 318 wounded—about 31 officers killed and wounded.

One of the most extraordinary instances of courage exhibited on this eventful day was that of Colonel E W. Kimball. This gallant officer had been severely hurt and already lost a leg in the Peninsula—finding it impossible to keep up the impetuous dash of his regiment, had the audacity to go on horseback—forming, of course, a conspicuous mark for the whole rebel batteries and sharpshooters.

Here the rebels were awed into respect by such an instance of heroism. "Who, in God's name, was that man who rode through the rebel rifle-pits?" was the question, of General Augur's staff, when he went under a flag of truce to ask for the dead. On being told the name, the rebel officer exclaimed, "He is a brave man, and we actually gave orders not to shoot him." The good intention was, however, not fulfilled, as Colonel Bartlett was twice wounded, through and through the same arm, and captured.

Another daring act recorded in our correspondence is that of Captain Holcomb, who, at the request of General Augur, Halsted, the Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Augur, brought up one time his battery, the Vermont battery, and dashed about the road, from place to place, directing and firing at the enemy, and thus saving many lives. In this daring feat Captain Holcomb was accompanied only by Major Halsted and his orderly man.



CAPTURE OF REBEL RIFLE-PITS, THREE-FOURTHS OF A MILE FROM FORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA, BY GENERAL GROVER'S DIVISION, MAY 24, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 421.]



GRAND ASSAULT OF GENERAL AUGUR'S DIVISION ON THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PORT HUDSON, 27TH MAY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 412.]

A LETTER.

WHERE were you when I suffered? My heart was very faint;
It wanted a heart to lean on. Where was yours at the time?
I hope you were happy somewhere; I hope no passing taint
Of the chill air I was breathing troubled your softer clime.

I am thinking of you always, and I am afraid at night;
For before I dream, I fancy, and my dreams are fancy-marred;
And I see you lying wounded, with your face upturned to the light,
And I can not stoop to kiss it; and I think the parting hard.

I was reading alone—there was only the light of the fire—
When I thought you stood behind me, and I dared not turn my head.
Why was my heart so poor as to shrink from its best desire?—
I think you were there for a moment, but when I turned you were fled.

Where were you at that moment? Were you thinking of me?
Were you watching the turbans wind up the dry brown slope,
And, when they reached the top, and you knew they looked at the sea,
Were you dreaming of England? had you an hour of hope?

Oh, that hope is so weary; I have it always here.
Whenever it plays me false, they tell me I *must* not doubt;
But though they call it Hope, it is only a mask for Fear;
And it never lets me rest, and I think it is wearing me out.

You will hardly know me again, I am grown so pale and thin—
I looked in the glass to-day, and my face was old and strange;
And I felt a pang of dread when they told me the mail was come in,
For I thought, if you came home, that you would not like the change.

I suppose you are brown and fierce, and your eyes are ready to flash;
You walk erect and swift—you have always something to do.
Ah! you men are happy; you live with a burst and a dash:
Weeping wastes us away, but work ennobles you.

I am a pain in my home; they watch me with looks of distress;
Always they soften their tones when they ask me, "Dear, will you go?"
And because I want them to smile, I often smile and say "Yes;"
But when the dance grows gay, I wish I had dared to say "No."

For I should not like, when we sit together and talk and trace,
Our joy coming step by step through the gloom while you were away—
I should not like to see one doubt flit over your face:
"Perhaps she hardly missed me; her life was so light and gay."

Ah, a letter again! It brings no tidings to me.
I have not the heart to read, and I feel too languid to speak.
What! You are coming home! You are crossing the dear kind sea!
You are rushing home to me now! I shall see your face in a week!

He is coming;—where are you all?—he is coming. Do you not know?
See, I am kissing the words which I was afraid to read!
What are you saying, mother? Why do you look at me so?
"*Ten years younger*," mother? Yes, I should think so indeed!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

Important to Tourists. Mr. Semmons begs to inform the Travelling Public that he has consented to open a branch of his store at

No. 123 Broadway, opp. Post Office, SARATOGA SPRINGS

where may be found a splendid assortment of his celebrated *Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Single and Double Telescopes of immense power; Field and Marine Glasses, Opera Glasses, &c., &c.;* also, his newly invented *Vest-Pocket Double Glass*, of the greatest transparent power, suitable for tourists and sportsmen.

The business in New York will still be open. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
669½ Broadway, opp. Bond St., N. Y.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by
S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

---

150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." All sizes. Free by mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y.



THE

I.X.L.

PATENT NO CHIMNEY BURNER, for Burning Kerosene or Coal Oil in Fluid Lamps.

Agents wanted in every State of the Union.

Great inducements offered. Send for Circular.

Samples sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address
J. DODIN,
No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

TURNIP AND RUTA BAGA SEEDS.

The Subscribers have this day issued their

Annual Turnip Seed Circular,

Designed to convey information exclusively to those who deal in Seeds, whether regular Seedsmen, country Druggists, Booksellers, or Merchants. It will be mailed without charge to all such who may apply.

☞ Here it may be only necessary to state that the varieties of Turnips offered by the advertisers are the most approved, and that

EVERY SEED IS THE PRODUCE OF

BLOOMSDALE,

Raised with critical care, and will prove to be entitled to the highest confidence.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
No. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies Get the Best.

A superior Gutta Percha Syringe, with full information for use. Sent, securely sealed, post-paid, for $5. Address
DR. SAMUEL MOULTON, New York.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. **$1**

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 104 John Street, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

MUSQUITO ALL NETS.

MUSQUITO	NEW	NETS.
MUSQUITO	KINDS	NETS.
MUSQUITO	of	NETS.
MUSQUITO	PATENT	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO	CANOPIES	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO		SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelty's Curtains.

LACE	No. 359 Broadway.	CURTAINS.
LACE		CURTAINS.

Holland & Gold Window Shades

HOLLAND and GOLD	WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD	WINDOW SHADES.

Army Corps Badges.



We are now prepared to furnish Army Corps Badges of every style, color, and quality. Regimental Badges got up to order with Army inscription required. Also National Union League Pins, ten different styles. Also a large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to Cash buyers. Address

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

For "National Union League Pin," see our Card on last page.



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

THE SOLDIER'S SAFEGUARD.—This is the title bestowed upon HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS by an officer of the United States Army, writing from the Valley of Virginia. He says in a letter to the proprietors, Messrs. HOSTETTER & SMITH: "In every instance where your Bitters have been taken regularly and systematically, as a protective against the bilious epidemics so common and so destructive here, they have answered the desired end, and you may therefore claim for your celebrated Tonic and Preventive the designation of the SOLDIER'S SAFEGUARD." —Wherever it has been tried in the army, the result has been the same. The soldiers themselves are clamorous to have it substituted for the pernicious liquors now used as stimulants in the military hospitals. Its well-known basis, Spirits of Rye, the purest stimulant, in the opinion of chemists, that can be produced from any substance by any process, and this matchless invigorant is medicated with a combination of the finest tonic, anti-bilious and corrective herbs, barks, gums, roots, &c., known to modern pharmacy. Hence HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—the best and only preventive in malarious diseases, and the most powerful of all recuperants in cases of debility and utter physical prostration—should be in every army hospital and convalescent camp, and should form a portion of the medicine stores of every regiment in the field. Given promptly to the wounded, it would save the lives of thousands who must otherwise die of exhaustion on the battle-field. Sold by Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 428 BROADWAY.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

The King Microscope—Double Lens. Prof. Horsford, of Harvard University, says: "It works very well, and you have got it up very neatly." 65 cents. The "S. Woodward" 38, and the "Bowen" Microscopes 28 cts. One of each (3) for $1. Free by mail. T. Edwin King, "Evans Hall," No. 8 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other *Great Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 9500 sold. 10th Edition. Price only **20c.** 8 for $1. Mailed *free*. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unexcelled*, and *valuable* extra large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package ONLY **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** TO **200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. **10** samples sent free by mail for **20** cents that retails for $2, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

NATIONAL UNION LEAGUE PINS.
NATIONAL UNION LEAGUE PINS.
NATIONAL UNION LEAGUE PINS.
NATIONAL UNION LEAGUE PINS.
NATIONAL UNION LEAGUE PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

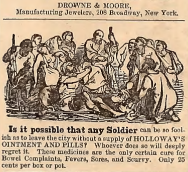
Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Attention, Soldiers!



Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Adress

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.



Is it possible that any Soldier can be so foolish as to leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS? Whoever does so will deeply regret it. These medicines are the only certain cure for Bowel Complaints, Fevers, Sores, and Scurvy. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

FREE.—GILT METALLIC UNION BADGES GRATUITOUS TO SOLDIERS ONLY! Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send one 3 cent stamp for postage. HUBBARD BROS., *N. Y.*

Neuualgia and Rheumatism.

Persons afflicted with either of these complaints would do well to procure a bottle of

Sturgis' Electric Compound.

It was discovered by a well-known business man, and is a most remarkable remedy for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and kindred complaints. B. W. Williams, Proprietor, Boston. For sale by D. S. BARNES & CO., 202 Broadway, N. Y., General Agents.



WINDOW & CARRIAGE WASHER.

By the use of this simple and ingenious article, a window of the usual size may be thoroughly cleaned and polished in three minutes, and may be used by a boy or girl ten years of age. The *Washer* retains sufficient water for this purpose, and throws a stream a distance of forty feet. Samples sent on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Agents wanted to control States, Counties, and Towns. Call on or address JONAS FARNSWORTH, Inventor and Manufacturer, 498 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

Insoles, Belts and Armlets.

The Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles, Voltaic Belts, Armlets, &c., are the surest remedy (as thousands who have used them in Great Britain and the United States can testify) for curing Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Neuralgia, tendency of blood to the head, and all nervous diseases, being a safe, certain, and mostly instantaneous remedy. METTAM & Co., Proprietors, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, $1; Armlets, $1 50; Belts, $3. Send for circular. Sent by mail for 25 cents additional.

WEAK LUNGS; AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG. See Dr. Dio Lewis's Article in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June, 1863. Sent, *post-paid*, for 25 cents. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

Note Papers and Wedding Cards.

Tiffany & Co.,
Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

Would respectfully inform their Patrons and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended the STATIONERY DEPARTMENT of their FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for furnishing the latest styles of

Correspondence and Wedding Stationery,

Cards of all sizes and shapes, engraved upon the premises with punctuality and dispatch. Initials stamped, colored or plain, in ordinary text or originally designed monogram. A choice assortment De la Rue's and Asprey's Writing Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Note and Letter Papers, as well as the last French styles, constantly for sale.

New Army Register.

The Alphabetical Army Register, giving the names, date of present and original commissions, rank, place of nativity, and from whence appointed, of all the officers of the U. S. Army, as shown by the Official Army Register to May, 1863. 8vo, Price 50 cents.

Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

This day published by
D. VAN NOSTRAND,
192 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Agents and Dealers.

Something New. Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket, a thing of beauty, and usefulness combined. Samples by mail, 50 cts. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prices, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit soil and markets in the Union; $15 to $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Route to the land.—Leave Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7½ A. M. or 3½ P. M. for Hammonton.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVENS PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 87 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send for circular.
HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,
No 80 Nassau St., Room No. 23, N. Y.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.
Sent by mail.

No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Male and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Preserving Health. 360 pages, 21 Engravings. Price 50c.

2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, &c., with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cts. ☞ Say which book you will have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe News Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 36x60. Price $1500.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $1750.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Books, Cards, &c. Send for our Circular, enclosing red stamp. Address
HENRY & CLAYTON, Box 1634, P. O., New York.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. PRICES: per hundred, $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

HOOKER'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Science for the School and Family. Part I. Natural Philosophy. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, Author of "The Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," "First Book in Chemistry," &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC: Designed for Children. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, and Author of a Course of Mathematics, &c. 16mo, Half Sheep, 30 cents.

WILLSON'S PRIMARY SPELLER. A simple and progressive Course of Lessons in Spelling, with Reading and Dictation Exercises, and the Elements of Oral and Written Compositions. By MARCIUS WILLSON, Author of the "School and Family Readers." 16mo, Half Bound, 12 cents.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. just ready. Price, $1 50.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. A Novel. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," "North and South," "The Moorland Cottage," "Right at Last," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each. without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 35 00 each.
50 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.. 15 00 each.
2500 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " " ..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 8 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Wrought Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken at random regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and for all the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty-two for $5; and one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amounte to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

FIRTH, SON & CO.,

Have much pleasure in announcing that they are now permanently located in the

SPACIOUS STORE,
NO. 563 BROADWAY.

Next door to Mason. Ball, Black & Co.

They would, at the same time, call the attention of their numerous friends and the

MUSICAL PUBLIC

To their valuable and well assorted stock of

PIANOS,

MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Strings in all *Varieties*,

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

&c.,&c.

Which they have now for sale

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

At the lowest prices and of the best quality.

Sole Agents for MORISON'S HYGEIAN Medicines.

Attention!—Agents, Sutlers, Discharged Soldiers, and others. We offer great inducements to sell our Stationery and Prize Packets. The largest, best, and cheapest out. Also Paper and Envelopes at very low prices.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., 26 Beekman Street, N. Y.

ATTENTION!
THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address
L. S. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All Printed white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR & MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

HILTON'S
INSOLUBLE CEMENT

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt.

It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Glass, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use.

It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere ally substances firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO.,
Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2 oz. to 100 lbs.
For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Steam Printing Establishment, 79 Nassau Street, N. Y. EF Established 1840. EF Five Specimens by Mail, two stamps.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colored for Ring, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Motto for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Explain Shields, Stars, and Stripes on the reverse side. Can be used for many games. Three packs mailed, free of postage, for $1. Liberal terms to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact prices of advertisements for persons entitled to prepaid. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 640 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, mailed at specified rates.



DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating silky extract of Roots, Herbs, and Barks. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 405 Broadway.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Patches, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Climate unsurpassed. Are now trusts of from $15 to $50 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., *New Jersey*. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Journal sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost best *position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
July 11th, 1862.

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the composition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. Our trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without lumps, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich cream for coffee, chocolate, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trademark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 611 Broadway.

MOUNT EDGE MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. R. WIGGIN, A.M., Principal, Mount Edge, Newburgh, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent at half rates, by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Concentrated force there is grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of money. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 339 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
(IMPORTERS OF WATCHES)
NEW YORK.

Are receiving large importations of that deservingly popular jewelry, the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY USE.

Frank Leslie's Pictorial Newspaper of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The Army and Navy Gazette, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, reviewing this watch, says: "We are glad to see that the last importation of the HUBBARD BROS. are meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary enterprise as theirs so richly merits. These watches are novelties produced by no other House, far exceeding other manufacturers in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons render the House a desirable medium for traders in the Army."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER HAS HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *guaranteed to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $54. By mail, $1 65 additional for postage. Should not remit readily at from $20 to $30 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FATHOM DIAL.

The N. Y. Independent, Feb. 19, in issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 141, voluntarily says: "We have been seen a large number of watches, of which the HUBBARD Bros., of New York, are the importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a thinking and Fore Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The case of this watch, composed of two nobals, has never before been offered at $24 gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $108. Magic Watches, in most serviceable cases, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail the postage is 16 cents.

TERMS. CASH IN ADVANCE!
EF MONEY MUST BE SENT BY MAIL. EF
The different Express Companies of the city are forbidden carrying Watches, &c., to the Army; they are also prohibited delivering money from soldiers for the purchase of Watches, consequently money in all instances *must be sent by mail!* There is no risk in making remittances in this manner, providing you make secret of the transaction, sending treasury-notes of large denomination, and being sure to register your letter. *Register the letter if possible*, and if near some city where a draft may be purchased, send the amount payable to our order. All letters addressed from our establishment are registered by mail; we have a large amount of this class of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.



AMBOLINE MOISTENS, BEAUTIFIES, ODORATES, LENGTHENS, INVIGORATES, NOURISHES, EMBELLISHES the HAIR.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating extracts from Flowers, Herbs, and Barks, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Bonedial where the hair requires a gentle stimulant."—DR. CHILTON.

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair dressing."—

WARREN WARD, Esq.,
Of Canal Street, New York.

"After being BALD for several years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with NEW HAIR."—

Prof. JOHN SEMS, No. 92 King St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 500 Broadway, New York.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 255 Broadway, Moffat's Building, cor. Worth Street. Manufacturers of every description of Needles for all Machines. Send for Circular.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Stenographic Pencils, Oriental Inverters*, and 15 other new and curious articles. Send 25 cents for circular. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

GOLD PENS RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Gentlemen going South, the best Fountain Pen in the world. One filling will write 5 to 10 hours. Send for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manuf., 64 Nassau St., N. Y.

DR. WINSLOW'S VEGETABLE PILLS are infallible for Fever and Ague and Liver Complaint. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. Agents wanted in Indiana and Illinois, and in all parts of the country can be had at office of the Proprietor, J. YOUNG, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y.

Ladies' Ready-Made Undergarments
OF
Linen. Cambric. and Muslin.
Suite 1145 Broadway, near 38th St.
SIZES, PATTERNS, QUALITIES, and Prices in assortment intended to fully meet the best of any Lady unexpectedly in want of such, or preferring the avoidance of home labor. Order from abroad faithfully executed by express, C.O.D. List of Prices mailed if requested.

$10 per day nett profit.—Agents wanted for a light wholesale business. Address, stamp for a circular,
C. F. SHULTS, Troy New York.

MANTILLAS.
BRODIE'S
GRAND OPENING
FOR
Spring Mantillas
Took place this Week at
300 Canal Street.
Never before has he made a better DISPLAY,
And claims still to be
"The Leader of Fashions."
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.
Have Just Published:

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPEMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York: Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "OLIVE," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For July, 1863.
CONTENTS.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—H. HARRISON'S CAMPAIGNS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Tippecanoe Battle-Ground.—The Prophet.—Joseph Barton.—Fort Harrison.—John P. Boyd. View at Tippecanoe Battle-Ground.—Kinzie Mansion and Fort.—Block-House at Chicago.—Fort Wayne.—William H. Eldridge.—Battle-Field of Fort Defiance.—Winchester's Head-Quarters.—Battle-Ground of River Raisin.—The La Plaise Battle-Ground, Perkins.
AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY.—FIRST PAPER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Long Bill.—Chimney-Sweep.—The Young Duke.—Gendarmes.—Engaged.—Love's Pretty.—Father, Son, and Mother.—The Promenade.—Welcome Home.—Mother's Birthday.—Schoolmaster's Pay-Day.
MARGARET FREYER'S HEART.
EASTER FLOWERS.
ROSEMARY. (*Concluded.*)
FORWARD AND BACK.
MR. BLAKE'S EXPERIENCE.
ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."
CHAPTER LII. A Prophetess.
CHAPTER LIII. On San Miniato.
CHAPTER LIV. The Gosling and the Morning.
CHAPTER LV. Waiting.
CHAPTER LVI. The other Wife.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Child of the other Wife.—But you will help me.—Tears at Home.
THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.
CHAPTER XXV. Adopting the Constable as Evening at his Club.
CHAPTER XXVI. Lord de Courcy in the Room of his Family.
CHAPTER XXVII. "On my Honor, I do not Understand it."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Up quite true.—Devotedly attached to the Young Man.
ENGLAND IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.
THE ROSETTA STONE.
GAS AND PETROLEUM.
WHY AUNT DELLY NEVER MARRIED.
SIGN-LANGUAGE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
THE AGE OF IRON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Big Iron.—A Ball.—Dog Iron.—Iron-Clad Coat.—Rams.—A Turret.—Iron-Clad Pugilists.—Iron Men.—Bullets.—Ball-Proof.—Burglar-Proof.—Offensive Weapons.
FASHIONS FOR JULY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Street Toilet.—Promenade Dress.

TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $4 00
Two Copies for One Year 7 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $7 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $7 00.

Harper's Weekly has better remit direct to the Publishers, as we prefer to remain at home. Postmasters or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are aware.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



ONE KIND OF PATRIOTISM.

"RESOLVED, That, as DEMOCRATS, we 'are determined to adopt no Affirmative Policy,' but merely to embarrass the Government by every means in our power, and especially by sympathizing with Traitors, and tying in every way to tie the hands of the President!"

"RESOLVED, That we base our claim to Popular Favor on the slowness and inefficiency of the Administration in putting down the Rebellion!"

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's Last and Best.

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS, No. 86, to issue June 30th, will comprise a superb story of Frontenac's time, viz.:

Ahmo's Plot;

Or, The Governor's Indian Child.

By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

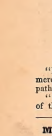
One of the most novel, exciting, and effective of all of Mrs. Stephens's productions. It has in it enough of drama, character, and passion for three ordinary novels. It must be ready-by all who love a brilliant and thoroughly composed historical romance.

Sold by all Newsmen and Sutlers.

BEADLE & CO., Publishers, 118 William St., N. Y.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.



6 best quality Linen Bosom Shirts for $20

THE GENUINE CLOTH LINED **PAPER COLLAR,** At Wholesale and Retail. **Gents Furnishing Goods.**

I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

The perfect fit guaranteed.

Having in this department 1 have nothing but experienced hands employed, and by employing cash, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!!

Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,

675 Broadway, N. Y.

Lafarge block.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for circular. Sole manufacturer, Jerre B. Rossman, late Ft. Pitt Foundry & Co., 190 William St., N. Y.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent stiendific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering. Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For new Edition of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. L. BEALE, 377 West 53d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

A Rainy Day in the Country.

Delightful Amusement.—Painting the *Cartes de Visite* with "Newton's Albumen Colors." $2.50 will buy a book of instructions and a complete set of colors, &c. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. New York, Walker Law, 853 Broadway. S. M. Knoedler, 171 Broadway; D. Appleton & Co., 440 Broadway; Scribner Manufacturing Co., 4 Beekman Street.

Gen. Tom Thumb and Wife, Com. Nutt and Minnie Warren,

Are determined to spend another

4th of July

In America, prior to their trip to Europe, and will

Remain on Exhibition at Barnum's Museum

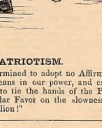
Until after that Glorious Old Gala Day. A great variety of other attractions are also to be seen, and

On the Glorious 4th

They will be on exhibition at all hours, and

Splendid Dramatic Performances

Will take place EVERY HOUR, Day and Evening. Admission 25 cents. Children under 10, 15 cents.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane & 23 John Street, N. Y.,

15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,

47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Gold Pens and Cases,

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$2 00
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Cards & 25	
Extra Fine "	2 00	Mammoth Cards	3 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (20) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Four repointed on the receipt of $1 note. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact name and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Bearer of the Imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.

E. S. JOHNSON,

Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

"The Drummer Boy"

IS NEARLY READY,

Waiting only for the Artist (Darley) to complete his eleventh illustration for it.

This book is pronounced superior to "Father Bright-hopes" by the same author, and one of the most interesting books for boys and girls ever penned. It is a true history of the Burnside Expedition in North Carolina.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, Publishers.

$40 a Month and EXPENSES. For particulars address (with stamp) HAMLIN BROS., Boston, Mass.

"The American Enamelled Steel Collar Company" are now manufacturing their superior Steel Collars for gentlemen's wear. They are much superior to the foreign article, now so much patronized in Europe.

They have all the dressy elegance of the finest linen, and are bound to stand up—can't be made to wilt under any amount of heat, pressure, or perspiration, and can be adjusted as readily as the linen. Army Officers and Travellers especially should provide themselves with one. A wipe of the sponge, and out it comes, cleaned, starched, ironed, and standing to be worn. Enclose One Dollar to "American Enamelled Steel Collar Co.," Box 5173, Post Office, New York City; also the measurement of neck, and the Collar will be forwarded in a snug package by mail; or, send paper pattern of Collar wanted, and a counterpart will be forwarded. Dealers furnished with trade prices.

"AMERICAN ENAMELLED STEEL COLLAR COMPANY," 94 Pine St., N. Y.

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of first quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts or Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1 in Every Package. They are not the thing for a year, but for all time to the army. So handy should be outfits be. Profits immense. Sells at sight. *Every one sends for Agents, and make money fast.* A SPECIMEN DID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper,* presented free to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULAR for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Old and New Books and Magazines

Of every description bought. A large stock of second-hand books for sale cheap. GEO. W. THOMAS, Book store, 69 Nassau Street, near Maiden Lane, New York.

"Noses" Their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, Aquiline, Turn-up, and Pug Noses, with character of each. EYES, blue, black, or gray. LIPS, pale or red, prim or pouting. CHEEKS, dimpled, hollow, or full. CHIN, double, light, dark, round or flat, strong or weak. FOREHEAD, thin, plump, pale or colored. TEETH, regular or irregular. EARS, large or small. NECK, long or short. SKIN, rough or smooth. Illustrated with Engravings. The walk, talk, laugh, and voice, all indicate character. We may know an honest face from a dishonest one: we will show you how. We shall treat of ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man; of PHYSIOLOGY, the Laws of Life and Health; of PHRENOLOGY, the Philosophy of Mind—with Choice of Pursuits, and "How to Improve" of PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the soul. MAN, with reference to all his relations, social, intellectual, and spiritual, will be the object of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. New Vol. commences July 1. Handsome quarto monthly, at $1 60 a year; single numbers 15 cents. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope

Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $3 50; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 130 Centre Street, 34 floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, Detroit Movement, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $9. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

"EUREKA CLOTHES SQUEEZERS."

Simple, durable, best in market, self adjusting. No. 1, price $5 50; No. 2, $6 50; No. 3, $7 00; No. 4, $9 00. Sent to any part of the country, free, on receipt of retail price. Circulars sent free.

M. J. CLUFF, Agt., 8 India Street, Boston, and 206 Pearl Street, New York.

Attention General Grant's Rosecrans', Hooker's Banks. and Birney's Divisions.

Kearney Cross.

I will send the Kearney Cross Pin in Gold Plate to any Soldier on the receipt of $1. Also for $1 I will send an exquisite either a beautiful Gold Pen with Pencil, or New Style Vest Chain, or California Diamond Ring or Pin, or Seal Ring, or a Gold Medallion Pin or Ring, or a Gold Locket or Bracelet; and for 50 cents I will send a sample of the New Style Gold Pen.

C. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,

Box 4781, New York. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

National Union League, To the Trade.



The above design is the one adopted by this organization as emblematical of the Union. It is a Pin in fine 14 k. gold plate, enamelled in red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of jewelry very cheap to the buyers. For "Army Corps Badges," see our Card on page 414.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,

Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.

Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate. R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

A THOUSAND REFRIGERATORS SOLD AT E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bargain, Cooper Institute, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Monthly LIQUOR PRIZE PACKAGE. 100 per cent. profit. Sample Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circular. S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 49 Ann St., N.Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will find a sure Remedy for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by return mail, P. O. Box, 381 Post, N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

WITHOUT DELAY

For the Benefit of your Family.

THE

WASHINGTON

Life Insurance Company,

No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,

Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the World.

Its prominent features are as follows:

A permanent Capital Stock of $126,000, now largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive

ALL THE PROFITS,

WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose charter expressly requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.

All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.

CLEAYTON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.

W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement, Life or Build situation. See advertisement of Vindicus, on previous page.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF L.Y.D.S.

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,

Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body,* gives Tone to the Nerves, *Strength to the Muscles,* and *Health to every Channel, Joint, and Limb.*

One Dollar per Bottle (Six for Five).

Depot, 139 CHATHAM St., N. Y. Sold 502 GRAND St. Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1846. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AT UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway. ROMAN SCARFS. ROMAN SCARFS. ROMAN SCARFS. ROMAN SCARFS.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS, 115 Chambers St., N. Y.

FISK & HATCH, Bankers

AND

Dealers in Government Securities.

Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, PAYABLE AND DELIVERABLE, as here ordered.

IF ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR WILL CEASE. Parties wishing to convert in United States Bonds paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7.30 TREASURY NOTES.

U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.

U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22 Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on delivery.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of WATCHES,

208 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Sulphi's Patent, 618 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever produced. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 340.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE EXECUTION OF WILLIAMS AND PETERS.

We are indebted to Mr. James K. Magie, of the 78th Illinois Regiment, for the sketch of the execution of the two rebel spies, WILLIAMS and PETERS, who were hanged by General Rosecrans on 9th inst. The following account of the affair is from a letter written by the surgeon of the 85th Indiana:

HEAD-QUARTERS 78TH, FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE, June 9, 1863.

Last evening about sundown two strangers rode into camp and called at Colonel Baird's head-quarters, who presented unusual appearances. They had on citizens' overcoats, Federal regulation pants and caps. The caps were covered with white flannel havelocks. They wore side-arms, and showed high intelligence. One claimed to be a colonel in the United States Army, and called himself Colonel Austin; the other called himself Major Dunlap, and both representing themselves as Inspector-Generals of the United States Army. They represented that they were now out on an expedition in this department, inspecting the outposts and defenses, and that day before yesterday they had been overhauled by the enemy and lost their mules and purses. They exhibited official papers from General Rosecrans, and also from the War Department at Washington, confirming their rank and business. These were all right to Colonel Bayard, and at first satisfied him of their honesty. They asked the Colonel to lend them $50, as they had no coats and no money to buy them. Colonel Baird loaned them the money, and took Coulbel Austin's note for it. Just at dark they started, saying they were going to Nashville, and took that way. Just as soon as their horses' heads were turned the thought of their being rebel spies struck Colonel Baird, he says, like a thunderbolt, and he ordered Colonel Watkins, of the 6th Kentucky cavalry, who was standing by, to arrest them immediately. But they were going at a gallop, and Colonel Watkins had not time to get a regiment together with which to start out on the chase. He ordered the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when he (the Colonel) hailed them they showed any suspicious motions, to fire on them without waiting for an order. They were overtaken about one-third of a mile from here. Colonel Watkins told them that Colonel Baird wanted to make some further inquiries of them, and asked them to return. This they politely consented to do, after once expressing an element of the lateness of the hour and the distance they had to travel, and Colonel Watkins led them to his tent, where he placed a strong guard over them. It was not until one of them attempted to get the guard at the door that they were suspected they were prisoners. Colonel Watkins immediately brought them to Colonel Baird under strong guard. They at once manifested great uneasiness, and pretended great indignation at being thus treated. Colonel Baird frankly told them that he had his suspicions of their true character, and that they should, if spies, object to no necessary caution. They were very hard to satisfy, and were in a great hurry to get off. Colonel Baird told them that they were under arrest, and he should hold them prisoners until he was fully satisfied that they were what they purported to be. He immediately telegraphed to General Rosecrans, and received the answer that he knew *nothing of any such men*, that there were no such men in his camp, or had his pass.

Long before this dispatch was received, however, every one who had an opportunity of hearing their conversation was well satisfied that they were spies. Smart as they were, they gave frequent and distinct evidence of duplicity. After this dispatch came to hand, which at dist about 12 o'clock midnight, a search of their person was ordered. To this the Major consented without opposition, but the Colonel protested against it, and even put his hand to his arms. But resistance was useless, and both submitted. When the Major's sword was drawn from the scabbard there were found etched upon it these words, "Lt. W. G. Peter, C.S.A." At this discovery Colonel Baird remarked, "Gentlemen, you have played the d—d well," to "Yes," said Lieutenant Peter, "and *I came very near a perfect success.*" They then confessed the whole matter, and upon further search various papers showing their guilt were discovered upon their persons. Lieutenant Peter then handed over to the Colonel a watch which he said formerly belonged to Colonel Wetzel.

Colonel Baird immediately telegraphed the facts to General Rosecrans and asked what he should do, and in a short time received an order "to try them by a drum-head court-martial, and if found guilty hang them immediately." The court was convened, and before daylight the case was decided, and the prisoners informed that they must prepare for immediate death by hanging.

At daylight men were detailed to make a scaffold. The prisoners were visited by the Chaplain of the 78th Illinois, who, upon their request, administered the sacrament to them. They also wrote some letters to their friends, and deposited their jewelry, silver cups, and other valuables for transmission to their friends.

The gallows was constructed by a will cherry-tree not far from the depôt, and in a very public place. Two ropes hung dangling from the beam, reaching within eight feet of the ground. A little after nine o'clock a. m. the whole garrison was marshaled around the place of execution in solemn ordinance. Two poker coffins were lying a few feet away. Twenty minutes past nine the guards conducted the prisoners to the scaffold—they walked firm and steady, as if unmindful of the fearful precipice which they were approaching. The guards did them the honor to march with arms reversed.

Arrived at the place of execution they stepped upon the platform of the cart and took their respective places. The Provost Marshal, Captain Alexander, then tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each and adjusted the ropes. They then asked the privilege of bidding a last farewell, which being granted, they tenderly embraced each other. This over, the cart moved from under them, and they hung in the air. What a fearful penalty! They swung off at 9.35—in two minutes the Lieutenant ceased to struggle. The Colonel caught hold of the rope with both hands and pulled himself up at 3 minutes, and ceased to struggle at 5 minutes. At 4 minutes Dr. Forster, Surgeon 6th Kentucky Cavalry, and Dr. Moss, 78th Illinois Infantry, and myself, who had been detailed to examine the bodies, approached them, and found the pulse of both full and strong. At 7 minutes the Colonel dragged his shoulders. The pulse of each continued to beat 17 minutes, and at 18 minutes all signs of life had ceased. The bodies were cut down at 19 minutes and placed in the coffins. Each was then was buried with a gold locket and chain on his neck. The Colonel's contained a lock of hair and a bead of hair. The latter, we presume, was taken from his wife's pocket—these were buried with him. Both men were buried in the same grave—companions in life, misfortune, and crime, companions in infamy, and now companions in the grave.

I should have stated in another place that the prisoners did not want their punishment delayed; but, well knowing the consequences of their acts, even before their *trial*, asked to have the sentence, be it by hanging or shooting, quickly decided and executed. But they deprecated the idea of death by hanging, and asked for a commutation of the sentence to shooting.

The elder and leader of these unfortunate men was Lawrence Williams, of Georgetown, D. C. He was as fine-looking a man as I have ever seen, about six feet high, and perhaps 30 years old. He was a son of Captain Williams, who was killed at the battle of Monterey. He was one of the most intellectual and accomplished men I have ever known. I have never known any one who excelled him as a talker. He was a member of the regular army, with the rank of captain of cavalry, when the rebellion broke out, and at that time was aid-de-camp and private secretary to General Winfield Scott. From this confidence and respect shown him by so distinguished a man may be judged his education and accomplishments. He was a first cousin of General Lee, commanding the Confederate army on the Rappahannock. Soon after the war began he was frank enough to inform General Scott that he was sympathize were with the South, as his friends and relatives were there, and that he could not fight against them. As he was privy to all of General Scott's plans for the campaign, it was not thought proper to turn him loose, hence he was sent to Governor's Island, where he remained three months. After the first Bull Run battle he was allowed to go South, where he joined the Confederate army, and his subsequent history I have not been able to learn much about. He was a while on General Bragg's staff as Chief of Artillery, but at the time of his death was idle Inspector-General. When he joined the Confederate army he altered his name, and now signs it thus: "Lawrence W. Orton, Col. Cav. P. A. C. S. A."—(Provisional Army Confederate States of America). Sometimes he writes his name "Orton," and sometimes "Anton," according to the object which he had in view. This we learn from the papers found on his person. The other, according to the procedure of Colonel Orton, I have gathered from the letters found from Colonel Watkins, who knew him well, they having belonged to the same regiment of the regular army—2d U. S. Cavalry. Colonel Watkins, however, did not recognize Colonel Orton until after he had made himself known, and now mourns his apostasy and tragic fate.

The other victim of the delusive and reckless daring



EXECUTION, BY HANGING, OF TWO REBEL SPIES, WILLIAMS AND PETERS, IN THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, JUNE 9, 1863.—[SKETCHED BY MR. JAMES K. MAGIE.]

was Walter G. Peter, a lieutenant in the rebel army, and Colonel Ritter's adjutant. He was a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-five years, that gave many signs of education and refinement.

Of his history I have been able to gather nothing. He had just a second part. Colonel Orton was the leader, and did all the talking and managing. Such as a succinct account of one of the most daring enterprises that men ever engaged in. Such were the characters and the men who played the awful tragedy.

History will hardly furnish its parallel in the character and standing of the parties, the boldness and daring of the enterprise, and the swiftness with which discovery and punishment were visited upon them. They came into our camp and went all through it, minutely inspecting our position, works, and forces, with a picture of their existence fastened upon them; and the boldness of their conduct made their flimsy subterfuges almost successful.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which extends over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is issued in a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business before the notice of the public will find especially of the housekeeping class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Advertisements should be in hand by TWENTY-FIVE DAYS previous to the issue of the paper in which they are to appear. The space allotted to advertisements is limited, and an early application is advisable to secure a place.

WANTED—A RESERVE FORCE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has issued his Proclamation in pursuance of the requirements of the Legislature calling for the enrollment and organization—on a war footing—of the militia or actual guard of the State of New York. He contemplates a force of sixteen divisions. Which at the maximum would count 160,000 bayonets, but at the minimum would not exceed 80,000. Whether the acts of the Legislature and the proclamation of the Governor look to any other source than volunteering for the organization of this force

As the State of New York has sent over 150,000 men to the war, out of a population of 4,000,000, it may perhaps be questioned whether even so small a force as 40,960 men can still be raised, and kept in a state of efficient drill, on the voluntary principle. In this city and some of the interior towns the old patriotic excitement will continue to keep up their regimental existence, and will always have enough young men on the cross rolls to enable the officers to enjoy the privileges of the Militia Act. But it is quite doubtful whether such organizations can muster in the aggregate 40,000 men. It must be remembered that the bulk of the fighting population have gone to the wars, and are now in the ranks of the Union, in Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, or Louisiana.

In the other States, the deficiency of militia is still more apparent. In Pennsylvania even the invasion of the State did not bring out, in the shape of full regiment of militia, and it was New York troops who marched to Chambersburg to meet the invaders. This arises not from any lack of the spirit among the Pennsylvanians, but from the want of an organized militia or home guard. In the Western States there is no such thing as a militia except on paper. The war found the Northwestern States entirely unprovided with military organizations; and since the outbreak of the they have been so busy furnishing troops for the war that they have had no time to organize, and no means to arm militia.

It is clear, therefore, that we absolutely need a reserve force, armed, drilled, and equipped, and capable of moving rapidly to any point at which our territory may be invaded. For at men required to complete a victory by our armies. The mere organization of such a force would compel the rebels to abandon their aggressive projects of "carrying the war into Africa;" and contingencies might arise which would place it in the power of such a force to put an end to the to a close by rapid action at a critical juncture.

Two points are clear in this connection. In the first place, our reserve force should rather exceed than fall short of half a million of men; and, secondly, it should not depend on volunteering. It may safely be taken for granted that our fighting population proper is already in the ranks, and that there are no young men now at home who would prefer to be under arms. To ask the stay-at-homes to become volunteers of volunteer regiments is to prefer a request which will be generally disregarded. Every man will expect his neighbor to volunteer, and not volunteer himself. This is one of the cases in which compulsion is a necessity.

We can see no reason why the several Governments of the loyal States should not at once proceed to organize their militia on the plan of the National Guard of France and the Landwehr of Prussia—compelling every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five to enroll himself and perform military duty. The guard should be divided into two or more classes, after the

[illegible] of the Conscription act, so that men of [illegible] age with families should only be called upon after the class of young, unmarried men had been exhausted. But every man in sound health, between eighteen and fifty-five, should be compelled to enroll himself, to provide himself with a uniform, to learn the manual of arms, and to perfect himself in company, battalion, and brigade drill. An hour three times a week could be spared by every one, and would not be too much to give for the end proposed. The effect of such an organization would be that in the course of a few months the loyal States would command a reserve force, armed, drilled, and equipped, of some 2,000,000 men, of whom at least 750,000 would be ready to take the field, on any emergency, at twenty-four hours' notice, to reinforce our armies, or complete any victory which they may win. Had we had such a force at our disposal, it would have been to rebel raids in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Had we had such a force last fall Lee's army would never have made good its escape after the battle of Antietam. Had we had such a force a year ago M'Clellan would have entered Richmond in July last, and the rebellion would have been over by the fall.

Such a system, once started, would be accepted cheerfully by all parties. In one in France or Prussia deems it a hardship to be compelled to perform his occasional day's service in the National Guard or *Landwehr*: nor would any one in this country deem it a hardship for a similar purpose here, though when we are asked to volunteer we have all other business on hand.

A National Militia, organized all made citizens, would naturally contain within it various minor organizations. Of these the most important would be the Cavalry regiments. A company of cool-headed, clear-eyed sharp-shooters is generally worth, in actual warfare, a brigade of ordinary troops. It takes, in real war, about 5000 cavalry to lead to victory 50,000 men. The English have realized this truth, and there are now in Great Britain over 250,000 men enrolled in volunteer rifle corps, each of whom can hit a mark at a reasonable distance. Were our State authorities to resolve upon the organization of such a system of militia, and, as we suggest, they would naturally provide for tests of marksmanship, and would, by offering prizes for good shots, gradually form bodies of sharpshooters who would be most valuable for actual service. Major Rowland, late of Berdan's Sharp-shooters, is already engaged in endeavoring to organize such bodies, and deserves to meet with success.

The mistake we have made throughout this war is mistaking our enemy—fighting him with one hand, and taking no advantage of our numerical superiority. It is time, if we wish to enjoy peace once more, that we should make our numbers tell. And the best way of doing this is by making every able-bodied man a soldier.

THE LONDON.

THE NATION AN ARMY.

IF there is one thing clearer than that Lee has for some time thought that the true movement is that the hurried marching of State militia to a threatened point for thirty days, or for six months, for "the present emergency," will not be of permanent service. The "present emergency" is the rebellion. It is to be met always and every where, and in the same way, with the same principle of action.

We have a line of more than a thousand miles to defend, in order to hold the Free States secure from the ravages of war. To prevent sudden and fatal calamity there must be constant and careful drill, and by their readiness to move as soon as necessity arises, to prevent the necessity, and in any direction. In every State the arm-bearing population should be an army as soon as possible. Let the militia-men be drilled, and arrange them as may be necessary, either into the main armies in the field, or to special points for temporary service.

Call it "conscription" or what you please, it is good. Certainly it is. And how can a republican nation conscript such a force as this except upon militia lines? It is not a measure which is liable to the sneer. The soldiers do not come upon hoppers to be torn from their homes and driven into the battle-field and return to tilling the corn-field. The rebellion is to be overcome, as a principle, by attacking it and keeping it attacked, day by day to the last spark. You do not make terms with it. You do not negotiate. You fight it wherever it appears, and as long as it lasts.

But the war, being in its nature a radical war—a conflict of systems—the old feud between the people and privilege, it is necessarily a long war. Every civil war is so. And it is made up of fluctuating fortunes. Now it is victorious, and it is going, it must be watched, not from day to day, but from month to month, as you watch the tide, not from hour to minute, but from day to hour. Like a falling tide there is often a mounting wave, which makes the flow apparently rising; but an hour hence the mounting wave falls below the point reached by the least wave now. Last September, sights some feeble soul, Lee was in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and now he is there again. Very well: where were we last September along the whole line? Are we in the comparative state of the rebellion then and now? Good, feeble soul, if you break your heart over any temporary defeat or aggression, it will certainly not last you to the end of a war which can be waged only by stout, cheerful hearts, that no liver can shatter and no mischance appall.

If, therefore, we are not dismayed and do not mean to be, but are really persuaded that we must fight to avoid wars worse than this war, let the authorities make the citizens soldiers as soon as possible: national soldiers, to march wherever the national welfare demands, under regulations that, while they do not weigh too heavily upon any man, yet amply secure an overpowering army.

A LOST LEADER.

THOSE who have been so loud in declaring, since the invasion of Pennsylvania, that the only hope for the country lay in the recall of General M'Clellan to the command of the Army of the Potomac should carefully read it will be very hard for the people to believe that the national salvation depends this week upon an officer whose name was cheered last week with the shout of *Jeff Davis*, by a meeting which insisted that we were "whipped," and that we must have peace at any price.

Nor will the personal confidence in that commander be stimulated by the fact that the Commander-in-Chief has publicly stated the reasons for the unconditional patriotism not for unswerving honesty, ask for his reappointment by a resolution stated that he was prepared by a Mr. Kerrigan, who before the rebellion was declared was engaged in raising troops apparently not avowedly for the Union cause, and who raised a company in our army, was court-martialed and cashiered.

Further, as we have heretofore said, can General M'Clellan's friends expect that the appointment of a man who has been so grossly abused by the party to-day will be received with enthusiasm by the party to-morrow? Is it not certain that a man who has been hailed with the loudest applause, and that all the Copperhead papers and orators, who are doing their utmost to paralyze the administration and secure the success of the rebellion, constantly commend him and his services.

Certainly it is enough to destroy all faith in the loyalty of Vallandigham that his name was mentioned in the rebel camps with admiration. But does any loyal man feel that there is any less pollution in the applause of Fernando Wood's faction than in that of Jefferson Davis? Wherever consents without protest to be commended by rebels, or by masked sympathizers with rebellion, voluntarily shares the odium of the company he allows to praise him.

General M'Clellan must see that every loyal man necessarily says to himself, "Why do the open enemies of the war praise M'Clellan? They do not praise Grant, nor Rosecrans, nor Dupont, nor Foote, nor Butler, nor Banks, nor Burnside, nor Schofield, nor Butler, nor Sigel, nor Porter, nor Hooker, nor Meade, nor Couch, nor Blunt, nor Farragut. And why not? These men are not called upon to protest—and why not? Their fame is moulded by Stanton and Cox, Wilkinson, Forney, Ryders, or Brooks. And why? Are Ryders and Company the man who are to be satisfied by the appointment of the commander of the national forces in a perilous crisis? Is it not the clear duty of the Government to ascertain who would to most degrade its forces, and place in their hands to avoid him with energy?"

Such questions ask themselves. If they do General M'Clellan injustice, who is to blame? If he has lost forever the confidence of all loyal men of all parties, is it their fault?

LOYAL CITIZENS.

IN the first days of the excitement in Pennsylvania every man in position an urgent official appeal was made "to the colored men of Harrisburg" to turn out to work upon the fortifications for "the protection of their property and the rights of the old Keystone State." Nothing could be more sensible. All loyal hands and hearts should work together in the emergency. And what is the concollary? That all loyal hands and hearts should share in the emergency alike. Still there is not that every loyal white Pennsylvanian check will be a little colored with shame by the reflection that he is "all right" because his defenders are the men whom she thus summons to her defense. And, above all, let us hope that nobody will lose his temper at the suggestion. For you may swear, and rail, and damn every nigger that was ever born to your heart's content, and be as hopelessly confused in your reasoning, and as ambiguous in action, and the intention of nature as you choose, but you will be quite unable to show yourself or any body else why an intelligent, industrious, loyal man is not a good citizen, whatever his color may be.

In the beginning of the war there were some who said that if we white men couldn't save the country, the niggers should have. They did not think so last week at Harrisburg. And they would not have done so last week if they had not. The sneer had neither principle, philosophy, common sense, nor common honor to recommend it. It was hototem of thoughtlessness and prejudice. Our Government is not one of race or color. It is not founded upon the points in which men differ, but upon the manhood in which they are all agreed. It does not aim at social equality, which is a mere phrase. It aims at the protection of the personal and political rights of all citizens. The war for its maintenance, therefore, is not that of Americans, or Germans, or Englishmen, or Irish, black, red, or brown races, but of every true man who lives under its protection.

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION.

THIS remarkable book, which will be issued next week by the Harpers, is just out in London. In speaking of works which are enlightening the English mind about us and our war, Mr. Conway says:

"The latest work of this kind, and one destined to produce a sensation upon both sides of the Atlantic, is that of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, who has just published the Diary of her sojourn upon a Georgia plantation. It is very wonderful, and many think it more telling than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

The London *Athenæum*, in a long and elaborate review of Mrs. Kemble's Diary, acknowledges the graphic power and profound influence of the work, and confesses the revolting and necessarily brutalizing condition of a society founded upon slavery as the chief corner-stone. It concludes with the *Athenæum*'s review of it, like that of the *Spectator*, will help open the eyes of people in England who, under cover of a sham neutrality, as they say they call "a gallant people striking for their liberty," are effectively aiding the establishment of the most barbarous despotism. Yet the reader will remember that the *Athenæum* itself is too British to be a friend of ours. It is too human not to sicken over the state of society exposed in this book. Still the *Athenæum* reflect that this rebellion is nothing but the incarnation of that society against civilization, human liberty, and civil order!

It says of the book:

"It tells the story of a lady who, born an Englishwoman and reared in the atmosphere of British freedom, was in an evil day induced to marry an American planter, being at the time of her wedding ignorant that the man whom she swore to love and honor had a vested interest in human wretchedness and degradation. That day, after she had become the mother of beautiful children, she together with her husband accompanied the husband to Georgia just five-and-twenty years since, and made acquaintance with the 'institution' recognized as a fact of social existence—not as a system observed from a distance through the glasses of opponents and speculators, but at home. She tells how she saw the linen piercing the soul of an oppressed race and might not raise a hand to pluck it out—how her own child by reason of her sex was born a slave, and through them stripes from the taskmaster and a stormer bondage. Finally, it tells how, disgusted with all she saw, she sought to do good, and forbidden to weep with those whom tears she had daily to witness—how she was compelled to be her care—she fled from scenes where compassion was a crime. A more startling and fearful narrative on a well-worn subject was never laid before readers, and the story does not lose in effect from the fact that its teller is well known in the country-houses and drawing-rooms of all the British grains.

"Amidst such scenes did Mrs. Fanny Kemble collect her facts on slavery—facts which she has put forth in a manner that will deprive the system of any defense that it can has lost through idealistic treatment by romance writers. She uses plain terms, calling a spade a spade, and we think all the better for it. The newly-created apologists, whose function it is to 'make things pleasant' with regard to slavery, will find that they could not more reflect a hearing in answer to the exaggerations of the novelists, than they will find their cause helped by all that Mrs. Kemble has come for best to be given to the other side. For many a day we have not heard, nay, and many a day we shall not hear enough, about the chivalry of Southern gentlemen, the moral and physical graces of Southern women, the patriarchal character of the peculiar institution, the devotion of slaves to their masters, the tenderness of overseers who wish nothing better than to be considerate masters, yet as brothers with their children, to let them goad, and make them the unpitied victims of anxiety. It is time to look at the picture from a fresh point of view, and hair its features explained by those who have had the best means of study. In the author's revelations, it is well for us to know that though she entered Georgia 'prejudiced against slavery,' as every Englishwoman is, she went there never prepared to find many mitigations in the practice to the gonial inquisition of the worst type of system, and Southern as the part of masters, much content on that of slaves.' It appears, however, that the Georgian system of slavery has disappointed. Slaves were more debased, masters more cruel, and life in every respect more barbarous than she had anticipated.

* * *

"But Mrs. Fanny Kemble's most valuable testimony relates to the working of slavery. Prepared to take a liberal view of the peculiar institution, she found it as bad as circus in details than in principle. As the negroes on her husband's plantation were treated with kindness, the brutal unmercy laborers on many estates in the same region, slavery was displayed in its worst features. Her experiences but what she saw differed widely from what the apologists of the system had led her to look for."

* * *

A RAID FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

WHITE Pennsylvania is invaded, Pennsylvania invades. We take the bulls of the rebels by the horns, it is with base-balls that the sons of the Keystone State advance upon the rebels. Still there is a difference. It is a play that the latter cannot play: it is in deadly earnest that the rebels rule.

In fact, early Monday morning, June 15, a party of Pennsylvanians with base-balls and clubs advanced rapidly upon the city of New York; crossed the East River at Long Island, and encamped a party in Brooklyn; recrossed to Hoboken on the following day, and the next morning returned to Long Island, and to the city of Brooklyn. Pushing on toward the interior, the enterprising Pennsylvanians took up a strong position in Hempstead County, at Hempstead, and by a rapid movement appeared at Newark, in New Jersey, on the following day; and on the 17th the expedition of State was generally known, had withdrawn in perfect safety to the banks of the Delaware, after a week's operations, in which they had increased their own glory and propitiated the favor and kindly remembrance of the communities through which they had made their raid.

Let us hope that no reader is so dull that he does not know why we represent the Philadelphia Base-Ball Club of Philadelphia, of which Colonel Fitzgerald of that city is President. Before their departure they were finely commended its intention in the following shi nd manner:

"This bold step! not undertaken by the Athletics in a spirit of bravado, but rather with the respect due to the new points of the game—to awaken interest in Invincible, and to encourage practice, will have no small meet delightful—the good-fellowship, the manliness, and the hearty hospitality of the players in and around New York having long since passed into a proverb."

The Base-Ball Club has this great value at the present moment, that it is the "school of the soldier" in vigor, endurance, and agility.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

REV. M. D. CONWAY writes to the Boston *Commonwealth* a series of interesting letters from England, chatting about men and things in the most lively, pleasant way. In an opportunity review of the people in whom we are all interested he says:

dently many and favorable, and he is so sincerely alive to the scope and progress of the war that he can not fail to be serviceable to the good cause in the very home of its enemies. We have already quoted his graphic picture of Thomas Carlyle. From some later letters we take this account of Charles Kingsley, which will grieve many a true heart in this country. Kingsley, however, did not succeed in persuading Macmillan not to publish Professor Cairnes's book; for the work, originally issued by Parker & Son, was published in the second and enlarged edition by Macmillan. We hope when Mr. Conway goes to Oxford he will not fail to draw a full-length portrait of Goldwin Smith, who is Professor of History at Oxford, as Kingsley is at Cambridge, but who, unlike Kingsley, is constantly doing good things for us and for mankind, and who has just now published a pamphlet upon the kind of sanction given by the Bible to American slavery. Mr. Conway says:

"I had learned before going, that the general opinion at both Oxford and Cambridge was adverse to the North. Much of this at the latter University is owing to the unwearied efforts of Rev. Charles Kingsley, who has lectured and written and talked on the side of the Southern oppressors until many of his once earnest friends, such as Hughes and Dicey, speak of him as a 'lost leader.' Kingsley's only regret now is, that he once wrote such a book as 'Alton Locke.' He has given up his former brave testimonies for Justice and Humanity, for a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales and a reception among the aristocracy. But, poor man, none love him now, and not even his new companies will trust him far. Still he has managed to stifle the sympathy with the cause of freedom whenever it began to rise near him. That he knows it is the cause of Liberty in America that he opposes, is shown by many facts; among others by this, that he persuaded Macmillan not to publish Cairnes's book, which is written entirely in the interest of Human Rights and not in that of any party."

There is a sting in the following sarcasm which our Copperhead patriots may wisely ponder. Mr. Conway is speaking of the adulation offered by the bold Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves to the Prince of Wales and his wife:

"I have seen a vast crowd gathered at the palace gate here, which I was assured had been there from early morning to dusk, to see the Prince and Princess, who, rumor said, were to pass that way. 'You do not have so good a chance to see him,' said I to a man among them, 'as we had in America: in Cincinnati I danced in the same set, and afterward had a chat for several minutes with him.' 'Ah,' replied he, 'you are all sovereigns over there—unless Jeff Davis makes you subjects again.'"

A QUESTION SETTLED.

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* publishes a poem with the following remarks:

"The following touching and beautiful verses have already appeared in these columns. They were attributed to a private in the National service. A local contemporary corrected this statement by stating that the verses first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, and were the production of the lamented Fitz James O'Brien, who was wounded at Ball's Bluff and died after his arm had been amputated. We received at the time a communication claiming that the lines were written by a lady, whose name we have forgotten. The verses have gone all over the world. They have appeared in the London *Times*, where they were attributed to a private in the Confederate service. They are again claimed by a lady who writes for one of the New York weeklies. As it is uncontradicted that the verses first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, it would be a matter of interest to have the question settled on the authority of the conductors of that journal. The following are the lines:

"'All quiet along the Potomac,' they say,
'Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket,'" etc.

The poem was originally contributed to *Harper's Weekly* by a lady, and is copyrighted. Mr. O'Brien, who was also the author of many stirring and touching lyrics in this paper, was not, however, wounded at Ball's Bluff. It was in a skirmish of General Lander's forces near Hancock that he received the wound from the effects of which he died.

"LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER."

A literary friend, R. S. M., in Philadelphia, who is familiar with the details of English literature, writes that the circulation of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which we put at five hundred thousand, has never exceeded two hundred thousand a week, and that its price is not a penny, but exactly double that—four cents. Our statement was made upon the authority of what seemed a very accurate letter from London by one who knew. But he must know a great deal more of such matters than we do who would venture to correct R. S. M. He is doubtless right. But it certainly says at the head of the paper, "Price one penny. Stamped, two pence." (R. S. M. will understand that this is only the parting shot of a vanquished party.)

A NEW COLLAR.

There is no end to curious invention; and at last, after linen and cotton and paper and muslin, there is "a new thing in collars." Mr. S. W. H. Ward, 387 Broadway, offers *patent steel collars!* They are no stiffer than the starched linen should theoretically be; they defy the most moistening shower; and they are readily cleaned by rubbing them with a wet towel! They are made of various forms, upright or turn-over, and the ladies are not forgotten. The thin steel is covered with white enamel, and every man may wear a "dog-collar" which shall not be merely a name.

LITERARY.

The "American Publishers' Circular" (G. W. Childs), in its new form, is a truly valuable manual of current literature. The information in the French and English letters is copious and interesting; and its record of domestic literary intelligence is complete. Every fortnight it shows what books are, and are to be, published in all the great book-markets of the world.

The "Fairy Book" (Harpers) is a book to make the heart of every child in the land rejoice, and the purse of every parent open. It is a collection by Miss Mulock, the author of "John Halifax," etc., of all the most famous and delightful standard fairy stories printed in a handsome and attractive form. The stories are told in the old-fashioned simple way in which we all used to read them, and without any comment or dilution or impertinent moralizing.

Mr. Charles T. Evans, the energetic general agent of the Rebellion Record, publishes under the editorship of Mr. Frank Moore, "Papers of the Day," a series of short timely essays upon the most engrossing topics of the time. The first is an account of "The Freedmen of South Carolina" by Charles Nordhoff, and is full of the results of a tour of observation among them by a remarkably shrewd, calm, and intelligent observer, who had peculiar facilities for correct appreciation of their condition, and who writes in the most trenchant, animated, and interesting manner. Such papers are contributions of essential value to our history, and being ephemeral in form should be secured upon their appearance.

"Americans in Rome" is a work by Henry P. Leland from the same publisher. It is a lively, picturesque description of life in Rome, and its amusing fidelity is sure to be recognized by every reader who has lived for some time in that city. It is a charming and cheerful picture of the little incidents and details which the graver tourist is so apt to bury under his ponderous account of ruins and buildings and history, yet which abide so permanently in memory.

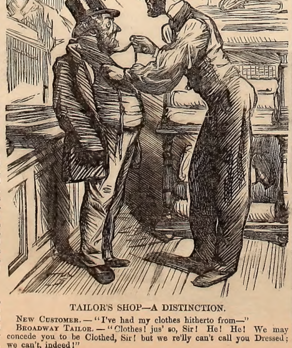
"Science for the School and Family," by Professor Hooker, of Yale (Harpers), is a delightful introduction to the mysteries of Natural Philosophy, by an experienced and competent master. It is an admirable manual for the household, and answers simply the thousand questions about common phenomena which every intelligent child continually asks and few parents can clearly answer.

"A Point of Honor" (Harpers) is a simple, tender love story, briefly and pleasantly told—good for reading in these summer days under the trees, if any reader finds time to lie there.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Can I show you any thing more to-day, Sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter of his worthy customer. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

In the window of a shop in the city a violin is exhibited at a high price, being "the property of a gentleman in fine condition."



TAILOR'S SHOP—A DISTINCTION.

New Customer.—"I've had my clothes hitherto from—"
Broadway Tailor.—"Clothes! jus' so, Sir! He! He! We may concede you to be Clothed, Sir! but we re'lly can't call you Dressed; we can't, indeed!"

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will *go a great deal farther.*" Brown did not ask for any more.

From Camden to Bletchley, a distance of forty miles, I traveled along with Mrs. Greaves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First: I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Second: I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me and tell Greaves. Third: I do not think Mrs. G. would let me.

An old skipper says it is a curious fact that *reckless* captains are the most liable to *wrecks.*

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh, yah," replied Hans: "I know de reason for dat—mine moder vas a voomans."

"John, my son," said a doting father, who was about taking him into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the youth, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin and Father?" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

Fontenelle describes a lover as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

Some editorial philosopher says—"If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year."

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in?"

Why does being under a bridge make the most stupid fellow a bit of a wag?—Because then he has an arch way about him.

If an empty purse could speak, what loving sentiment would it express?—"You will find no change in me."

"I shall not die unheard," as the pig said when the butcher stuck him.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailer.

"Paws for a reply," as the cat said when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

When is a window like a star?—When it's a sky-light.

Which is the largest jewel in the world?—The Emerald Isle.

The following is exhibited, in large letters, on a shop-shutter in London: "Mr. S. having disposed of this business to Mr. P., will be opened by him on Friday morning."

We were told that, the other day, a literary gentleman, being rather badly off for pens, sat down to write with a headache. It is, we believe, a painful operation, but a great saving of quills.

When an old farmer in Essex buried his wife, a friend asked the disconsolate why he expended so much money on her funeral. "Oh, Sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are lawyers like sawyers?
Because whichever way they work, down must come the dust.

My first is a domestic animal,
My second a part of speech,
My third is an article of the toilet,
And my whole is a tomb.
Cat-a-comb.

Why is a bustle like a historical novel?
Because it is fiction founded on fact.

Why should not a teetotaler have a wife?
Because he can not support her (sup porter).

What color is the grass when snow is upon it?
Invisible green.

Name me and you break me.
Silence.

My first is a preposition,
My second is a composition,
And my whole is an acquisition.
For-tune.

In describing a fire, what three authors would you name?
Dickens, Howitt (how it), Burns!

Why was the whale who swallowed Jonah like a successful hydropathic doctor?
Because he managed to get a good profit (prophet) out of the waters.

My first is colorless and dark,
My second's always in the park;
If you're my whole you then may know,
I think your conduct but so-so.
Blackguard.

Why is Rowland Hill giving sovereigns to his children like the rising sun?
Because he tips the little hills with gold.

My second is found in every hedge, as well as every tree;
And when poor school-boys act amiss, it often is their fee;
My first is always wicked, yet ne'er committed sin,
My whole for my first is fitted, composed of brass and tin.
Candlestick.

Why is a looking-glass like a dissatisfied and ungrateful acquaintance?
Because though you may load its back with silver it will always reflect upon you.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom?
Because it grows down.

My first informs me time has wingèd feet;
My second keeps our gardens neat;
My whole's a safe retreat to those
Who guard our homes from midnight foes.
Watch-box.

Why is a person putting his father into a sack like a person on his way to an Eastern city?
Because he is going to Bagdad (bag dad).

Why is a glass-blower the most likely to set the alphabet in full gallop?
Because he makes a D canter (decanter).

Why is my hat like a giblet-pie?
Because it has a goose's head inside.

Why is a boy ill like a small church?
Because he is a chapel (chap ill).

My first is often heard in a play-house;
My second gives name to a faction;
My whole contains the annals of all nations.
His-tory.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBEL INVASION OF THE NORTH.

Since we last wrote the rebels appear to have been dashing hither and thither in Maryland and Pennsylvania, robbing farms and store-houses, but staying in no one locality for any length of time. They have been heard of successively at Chambersburg, M'Connellsburg, Scotland, in Pennsylvania, and Hagerstown, Frederick, Cumberland, Hancock, etc., in Maryland. Nothing is positively known of their force, but it is conjectured that the whole invading army consists of perhaps a couple of thousand cavalry. It is said, however, that a *corps d'armée* or division, probably Ewell's, are at Williamsport on the Upper Potomac. At 11 A.M. on 23d a body of rebels reoccupied Chambersburg in great force, and our troops, under General Knipe, fell back to Shippensburg and Carlisle. General Knipe arrived at the latter place the same evening, and his arrival led to another panic, the inhabitants flying in every direction, with the usual agony about a rebel attack on Harrisburg.

Large bodies of volunteer militia have gone forward from this State to repel the invaders, and the Pennsylvanians appear likewise to be enlisting—though not with alacrity. Some Jersey regiments have likewise gone to the scene of action. In Maryland the President's call for troops has elicited no response.

Rebel cavalry are said to have made their appearance on the Ohio and Indiana border; and there are rumors of small bodies having crossed the line on predatory excursions. A rumor to the effect that some rebels had made their appearance at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, scared the people of Pittsburg to death on 23d. Work was immediately suspended, and all hands set to build fortifications.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Army of the Potomac is said to be on or near the old Bull Run battle-field. General Lee's whereabouts are unknown, but he is supposed to be in the Shenandoah Valley. A decisive battle is momentarily expected, and General Hooker has placed an embargo upon correspondence until it comes off.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT MIDDLEBURG.

Head-quarters, Cavalry Corps,
Camp near Upperville, *June* 21—5.30 p.m.

Brigadier-General S. Williams:

General,—I moved with my command this morning to Middleburg, and attacked the cavalry force of the rebels under Stuart, and steadily drove him all day, inflicting heavy loss at every step.

We took two pieces of artillery, one being a Blakely gun, together with three caissons, besides blowing one up. We also captured upward of sixty prisoners, and more are coming in, including a lieutenant-colonel, major, and five other officers, and a large number of wounded rebels left in the town of Upperville.

They left their dead and wounded upon the field. Of the former I saw upward of twenty. We also took a large number of carbines, pistols, and sabres. In fact, it was a most disastrous day to the rebel cavalry.

Our loss has been very small, both in men and horses. I never saw the troops behave better or under more difficult circumstances. Very heavy charges were made, and the sabre was used freely, but always with great advantage to us. A. Pleasanton, Brigadier-General.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Full accounts are published of the late desperate two days' battle at Winchester between General Milroy and General Ewell, which terminated in a disastrous retreat of the Union forces to Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, with only two thousand men out of seven thousand, and having lost all the artillery, stores, baggage, and every thing except what the men carried on their persons. Three entire batteries of field artillery and one battery of siege guns, about two hundred and eighty wagons, over twelve hundred horses and mules, all the commissary and quarter-master's stores and ammunition of all kinds, over six thousand muskets and small-arms without stint, the private baggage of the officers and men, all fell into the hands of the enemy.

GENERAL LEE'S REPORT.

Richmond, *June* 16, 1863.

A dispatch from General Lee, dated the 15th, says:

God has again crowned the valor of our troops with success. Ewell's division stormed the intrenchments at Winchester, capturing their artillery, etc. Lee.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

The siege of Vicksburg progresses slowly, but, we are told, favorably. Persons in official circles looked for the assault and capture of the city before this. General Grant's approaches were within a few yards of the rebel works at the latest dates. Our advices from Grant's army are to 19th at noon. At that time heavy firing was going on from both sides. General M'Clernand has been removed from the command of the 13th Army Corps by General Grant, and General Ord appointed in his place.

From Port Hudson we have no advices except that the siege is progressing.

A RAID INTO EAST TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Murfreesboro on 22d states that General Carter has made another raid into East Tennessee with 2000 mounted infantry, spreading terror before him. He destroyed the station and took up the track at Lenor, and advanced as far as Loudon, where he drew up in line of battle to meet the enemy. He stated his intention to march on Knoxville and destroy that city.

CAPTURE OF THE "ATLANTA-FINGAL."

Our blockading squadron has diminished the rebel fleet of privateers by one very valuable and dangerous steamer, the *Atlanta*, formerly known as the Clyde-built vessel *Fingal*. She came down on the morning of the 17th inst. into Warsaw Sound, by way of Wilmington River, accompanied by two wooden steamers loaded with spectators. The *Weehawken*, commanded by Captain Rodgers, at once engaged her, and fired in all but five shots, three of which took effect, penetrating her armor and killing or wounding the crews of two guns. Two of her three pilots were also wounded, the top of her pilot-house being shot away. She then grounded, after having fired six shots, and immediately afterward surrendered. Her armament consists of two 7-inch and two 6-inch Brooks guns, rifled, and her officers and crew numbered 165. She had on board instruments and stores for a regular cruise. The prisoners reached Fortress Monroe on 22d.

REBEL RAIDERS PUNISHED.

General Burnside telegraphs to General Halleck from Cincinnati that Colonel de Courcy, with parts of the Tenth and Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry and Eighth and Ninth Michigan Cavalry, cut off at Triplett's bridge the body of rebel cavalry that made the raid upon Maysville. He killed and wounded many of the rebels, and took over one hundred prisoners, including one captain and two lieutenants, and recaptured all the property stolen at Maysville. General Burnside says that the rebels are broken to pieces, and may be destroyed altogether, as our people are hunting them up.

LOSS OF THE "NORWEGIAN."

The steamship *Norwegian*, Captain M'Master, which left Liverpool on the 4th and Londonderry on the 5th of June, for Montreal, was wrecked on the 14th instant, on St. Paul's Island, Cape Breton. She struck about seven o'clock in the morning, during a dense fog, about a mile and a quarter east of the Northeast Light. She had 329 passengers on board. They were all saved, with the greater portion of their baggage. The Governor of St. Paul's Island lent all the assistance in his power. The *Norwegian* belonged to the Montreal Steamship Company, and her wreck makes the seventh vessel which they have lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

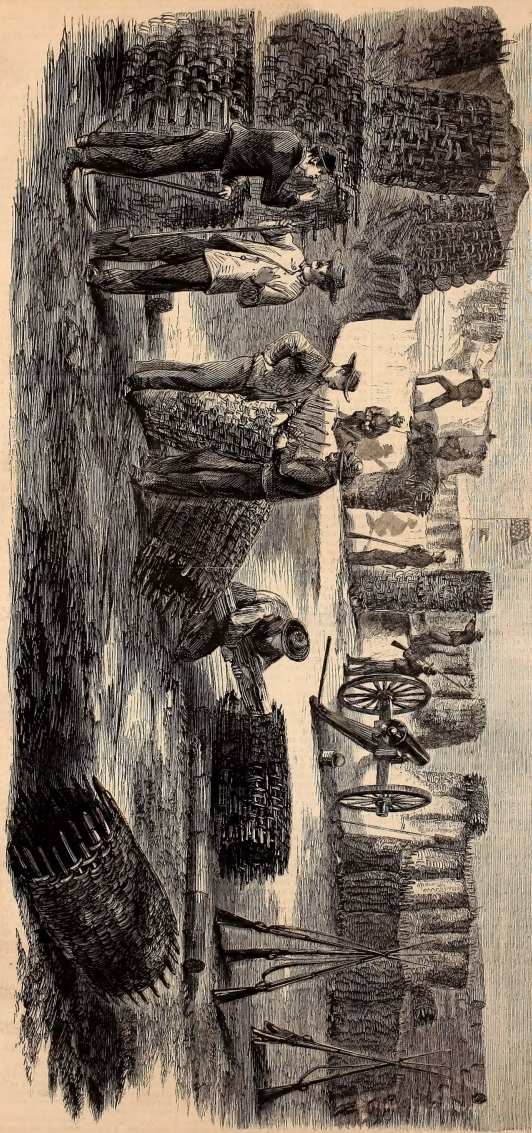
President Lincoln, through Minister Adams, had returned his warm thanks to the Liverpool Emancipation Society for their friendly address.



OUR WORKS BEFORE VICKSBURG—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



OUR WORKS BEFORE VICKSBURG—BATTERY POWELL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



GUN WORKS BEFORE VICKSBURG—BATTERY HUCKENLOOPER.—DRAWN BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.

The subsiding sea was now a liquid Paradise: its great pellucid braes and hillocks shone with the sparkle, and the hues, of all the jewels in an emperor's crown. Imagine—after three days of inky sea, and pitchy sky, and Death's deep jaws snapping and barely missing with a click—ten thousand great slopes of emerald, aquamarine, amethyst, and topaz, liquid, alive, and dancing jocundly beneath a gorgeous sun: and you will have a faint idea of what met the eyes and hearts of the rescued looking out of that battered, jagged, ship, upon ocean smiling back to smiling Heaven.

Yet one man felt no buoyancy, nor gush of joy. He leaned against a fragment of the broken bulwark, confused between the sweetness of life preserved, and the bitterness of treasure lost, his wife's and children's treasured treasure; benumbed at heart, and almost weary of the existence he had battled for so stoutly. He looked so moody, and answered so grimly and unlike himself, that they all held aloof from him; heavy heart among so many joyful ones, he was in true solitude; the body in a crowd, the soul alone. And he was sore as well as heavy: for, of all the lubberly acts he had ever known, the way he had lost his dear ones' fortune seemed to him the worst.

A voice sounded in his ear: "Poor thing; she has foundered!"

It was Fullalove scanning the horizon with his famous glass.

"Foundered? Who?" said Dodd; though he did not care much who sank, who swam. Then he remembered the vessel, whose flashing guns had shed a human ray on the unearthly horror of the black hurricane. He looked all round.

Blank!

Ay, she had perished with all hands. The sea had swallowed her, and spared him; ungrateful.

This turned his mind sharply. Suppose the *Agra* had gone down, the money would be lost as now, and his life into the bargain, a life dearer to all at home than millions of gold: he prayed inwardly to Heaven for gratitude, and goodness to feel its mercy. This softened him a little; and his heart swelled so, he wished he was a woman to cry over his children's loss for an hour, and then shake all off and go through his duty somehow; for now he was paralyzed, and all seemed ended. Next, nautical superstition fastened on him. That pocket-book of his was Jonah; It had to go or else the ship; the moment It did go, the storm had broken as by magic.

Now Superstition is generally stronger than rational Religion, whether they lie apart, or together in one mind: and this superstitious notion did something toward steeling the poor man. "Come," said he to himself, "my loss has saved all these poor souls on board this ship. So be it! Heaven's will be done! I must bustle, or else go mad."

He turned to and worked like a horse: and with his own hands helped the men to rig parallel ropes—a substitute for bulwarks—till the perspiration ran down him.

Bayliss now reported the well nearly dry, and Dodd was about to bear up and make sail again, when one of the ship-boys, a little fellow with a bright eye and a chin like a monkey's, came up to him and said,

"Please, Captain!" Then glared with awe at what he had done, and broke down.

"Well, my little man?" said Dodd, gently.

Thus encouraged, the boy gave a great gulp, and burst in a brogue: "Och your arnr, sure there's no rudder on her at all barrin the tiller."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Don't murrder me, your arnr, and I'll tell ye. It's meself looked over the starrn just now; an' I seen there was no rudder at all at all: Mille diaoul sis I; ye old bitch I'll tell his arnr what y'are after, slipping your rudder like my granny's list shoe, I will."

Dodd ran to the helm and looked down; the brat was right: the blows which had so endangered the ship, had broken the rudder, and the sea had washed it away in pieces. The sight and the reflection made him faintish for a moment. Death passing so very close to a man sickens him *afterward;* unless he has the luck to be brainless.

"What is your name, urchin?"

"Ned Murphy, Sir."

"Very well, Murphy, then you are a fine little fellow, and have wiped all our eyes in the ship: run and send the carpenter aft."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

The carpenter came. Like most artisans he was clever in a groove: take him out of that, and lo! a mule, a pig, an owl. He was not only unable to invent, but so stiffly disinclined; a makeshift rudder was clean out of his way; and, as his whole struggle was to get away from every suggestion Dodd made back to groove aforesaid, the thing looked hopeless. Then Fullalove, who had stood by grinning, offered to make a bunkum rudder, provided the carpenter and mates were put under his orders. But, said he, I must bargain they shall be disrated if they attempt to reason. "That is no more than fair," said Dodd.

The Yankee inventor demanded a spare main-cap, and cut away one end of the square piece, so as to make it fit the stern-post: through the circle of the cap he introduced a spare mizzen-topmast: to this he seized a length of junk, another to that, another to that, and so on: to the outside junk he seized a spare maintop-gallant mast, and this conglomerate being now nearly as broad as a rudder, he planked over all. The sea by this time was calm; he got the machine over the stern, and had the square end of the cap bolted to the stern-post. He had already fixed four spans of nine-inch hawser to the sides of the makeshift, two fastened to tackles, which led into the gun-room ports, and were boused taut—these kept the lower part of the makeshift close to the stern-post—and two, to which guys were now fixed and led through the aftermost ports on to the quarter-deck, where luff-tackles were attached to them, by means of which the makeshift was to be worked as a rudder.

Some sail was now got on the ship, and she was found to steer very well. Dodd tried her on every tack; and at last ordered Sharpe to make all sail and head for the Cape.

This electrified the first mate. The breeze was very faint but southerly, and the Mauritius under their lee. They could make it in a night, and there refit, and ship a new rudder. He suggested the danger of sailing sixteen hundred miles steered by a Gimcrack; and implored Dodd to put into port. Dodd answered with a roughness and a certain wildness never seen in him before: "Danger, Sir! There will be no more foul weather this voyage; Jonah is overboard." Sharpe stared an inquiry. "I tell you we sha'n't lower our top-gallants once from this to the Cape: Jonah is overboard:" and he slapped his forehead in despair; then, stamping impatiently with his foot, told Sharpe his duty was to obey orders, not discuss them. "Certainly, Sir," said Sharpe sullenly, and went out of the cabin with serious thoughts of communicating to the other mates an alarming suspicion about Dodd, that now for the first time crossed his mind. But long habit of discipline prevailed, and he made all sail on the ship, and bore away for the Cape, with a heavy heart: the sea was like a mill-pond, but in that he saw only its well-known treachery, to lead them on to this unparalleled act of madness: each sail he hoisted seemed one more agent of Destruction rising at his own suicidal command.

Toward evening it became nearly dead calm. The sea heaved a little, but was waveless, glassy, and the color of a rose, incredibly brave and delicate.

The look-out reported pieces of wreck to windward. As the ship was making so little way, Dodd beat up toward them; he feared it was a British ship that had foundered in the storm, and thought it his duty to ascertain and carry the sad news home. In two tacks they got near enough to see with their glasses that the fragments belonged, not to a stranger, but to the *Agra* herself; there was one of her water-butts, and a broken mast with some rigging: and, as more wreck was descried coming in at a little distance, Dodd kept the ship close to the wind to inspect it: on drifting near it proved to be several pieces of the bulwark and a mahogany table out of the cuddy. This sort of flotsom was not worth delaying the ship to pick it up; so Dodd made sail again, steering now S.E.

He had sailed about half a mile when the look-out hailed the deck again.

"A man in the water!"

"Where abouts?"

"A short league on the weather quarter."

"Oh, we can't beat to windward for *him*," said Sharpe. "He is dead long ago."

"Holds his head very high for a corpse," said the look-out.

"I'll soon know," cried Dodd. "Lower the gig; I'll go myself."

The gig was lowered, and six swift rowers pulled him to windward; while the ship kept on her course.

It is most unusual for a captain to leave the ship at sea on such petty errands: but Dodd half hoped the man might be alive; and he was so unhappy; and, like his daughter, who probably derived the trait from him, grasped instinctively at a chance of doing kindness to some poor fellow alive or dead. That would soothe his own sore, good, heart.

When they had pulled about two miles, the sun was sinking into the horizon: "Give way, men," said Dodd, "or we shall not be able to see him." The men bent to their oars, and made the boat fly.

Presently the coxswain caught sight of an object bobbing on the water abeam.

"Why, that must be it," said he: "the lubber! to take it for a man's head. Why it is nothing but a thundering old bladder, speckled white."

"What?" cried Dodd: and fell a trembling. "Steer for it! Give way!"

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

They soon came alongside the bladder, and the coxswain grabbed it: "Hallo! here's something lashed to it: a bottle!"

"Give it me!" gasped Dodd, in a voice choked with agitation. "Give it me! Back to the ship! Fly! Fly! Cut her off, or she'll give us the slip, *now*."

He never spoke a word more, but sat in a stupor of joyful wonder.

They soon caught the ship: he got into his cabin, he scarce knew how: broke the bottle to atoms, and found the indomitable cash uninjured. With trembling hands he restored it to its old place in his bosom, and sewed it tighter than ever. Until he felt it there once more, he could hardly realize a stroke of good fortune that seemed miraculous—though, in reality, it was less strange than the way he had lost it—but, now laid bodily on his heart, it set his bosom on fire: oh, the bright eye, the bounding pulse, the buoyant foot, the reckless joy! He slapped Sharpe on the back a little vulgarly, for him:

"Jonah is on board again, old fellow: look out for squalls."

He uttered this foreboding in a tone of triumph, and with a gay, elastic recklessness, which harmonized so well with his makeshift rudder, that Sharpe groaned aloud, and wished himself under any captain in the world but this, and in any other ship. He looked round to make sure he was not watched, and then tapped his forehead significantly: this somewhat relieved him, and he did his duty smartly for a man going to the bottom with his eyes open.

But ill luck is not to be bespoken any more than good: the *Agra's* seemed to have blown itself out; the wind varied to the southwest, and breathed steadily in that quarter for ten days. The top-gallant sails were never lowered nor shifted day nor night all that time: and not a single danger occurred between this and the Cape, except to a monkey, which I fear I must relate on account of its remoter consequences. One fine afternoon every body was on deck amusing themselves as they could; Mrs. Beresford, to wit, was being flattered under the poop awning by Kenealy. The feud between her and Dodd continued; but under a false impression. The lady had one advantage over the gentler specimens of her sex: she was never deterred from a kind action by want of pluck, as they are. Pluck? Aquilina was brimful of it. When she found Dodd was wounded, she cast her wrongs to the wind, and offered to go and nurse him. Her message came at an unlucky moment, and by an unlucky messenger: the surgeon said, hastily, "I can't have him bothered." The stupid servant reported, "He can't be worried:" and Mrs. Beresford, thinking Dodd had a hand in this answer, was bitterly mortified; and with some reason. She would have forgiven him though, if he had died: but, as he lived, she thought she had a right to detest him; and did: and showed her sentiments like a lady, by never speaking to him, nor looking at him, but ignoring him with frigid magnificence on his own quarter-deck.

Now, among the crew of this ship was a favorite goat, good-tempered, affectionate, playful: but a single vice counterbalanced all his virtues: he took a drop. A year or two ago some light-hearted tempter taught him to sip grog; he took to it kindly, and was now arrived at such a pitch, that at grog time he used to butt his way in among the sailors, and get close to the canteen; and, by arrangement, an allowance was always served him; on imbibing it he passed, with quadrupedal rapidity, through three stages, the absurd, the choleric, the sleepy; and was never his own goat again until he awoke from the latter. Now Master Fred Beresford encountered him in the second stage of inebriety, and, being a rough play-fellow, tapped his nose with a battle-dore. Instantly Billy butted at him; mischievous Fred screamed and jumped on the bulwarks. Pot-angry Billy went at him there; whereupon the young gentleman, with an eldrich screech, and a comparative estimate of perils that smacked of inexperience, fled into the sea at the very moment when his anxious mother was rushing to save him; she uttered a scream of agony, and would actually have followed him; but was held back uttering shriek after shriek, that pierced every heart within hearing.

But Dodd saw the boy go overboard, and vaulted over the bulwark near the helm, roared in the very air, "Heave the ship to!" and went splash into the water about ten yards from the place; he was soon followed by Vespasian, and a boat was lowered as quickly as possible. Dodd caught sight of a broad straw-hat on the top of a wave, swam lustily to it, and found Freddy inside: it was tied under his chin, and would have floated Goliah. Dodd turned to the ship, saw the poor mother with white face and arms outstretched as if she would fly at them, and held the urchin up high to her with a joyful "hurrah." The ship seemed alive and to hurrah in return with giant voice: the boat soon picked them up, and Dodd came up the side with Freddy in his arms, and placed him in his mother's with honest pride, and deep parental sympathy.

Guess how she scolded and caressed her child all in a breath, and sobbed over him! For this no human pen has ever told, nor ever will. All I can just manage to convey is that, after she had all but eaten the little torment, she suddenly dropped him, and made a great maternal rush at Dodd. She flung her arms round him and kissed him eagerly, almost fiercely: then, carried away wild by mighty Nature, she patted him all over in the strangest way, and kissed his waistcoat, his arms, his hands, and rained tears of joy and gratitude on them.

Dodd was quite overpowered: "No! no!" said he. "Don't now! pray don't! There, I know, my dear, I know; I'm a father." And he was very near whimpering himself; but recovered the man and the commander, and said, soothingly, "There! there!" and handed her tenderly down to her cabin.

All this time he had actually forgotten the packet. But now a horrible fear come on him. He hurried to his own cabin and examined it. A little salt-water had oozed through the bullet-hole and discolored the leather; but that was all. He breathed again.

"Thank Heaven I forgot all about it!" said he: "It would have made a cur of me."

La Beresford's petty irritation against Dodd melted at once before so great a thing: she longed to make friends with him; but for once felt timid: it struck her now all of a sudden that she had been misbehaving. However, she caught Dodd alone on the deck, and said to him softly, "I want so to end our quarrel."

"Our quarrel, madam!" said he; "why I know of none: oh, about the light, eh? Well you see the master of a ship is obliged to be a tyrant in some things."

"I make no complaint," said the lady hastily, and hung her head. "All I ask you is to forgive one who has behaved like a fool, without even the excuse of being one; and—will you give me your hand, Sir?"

"Ay, and with all my heart," said Dodd, warmly, inclosing the soft little hand in his honest grasp.

And with no more ado these two high-fliers ended one of those little misunderstandings petty spirits nurse into a feud.

The ship being in port at the Cape, and two hundred hammers tapping at her, Dodd went ashore in search of Captain Robarts, and made the *Agra* over to him in the friendliest way, adding warmly that he had found every reason to be satisfied with the officers and the crew. To his surprise Captain Robarts received all this ungraciously. "You ought to have remained on board, Sir, and made me over the command on the quarter-deck." Dodd replied, politely, that it would have been more formal. "Suppose I return immediately, and man the side for you: and then you board her, say in half an hour."

"I shall come when I like," replied Robarts, crustily. "And when will you like to come?" inquired Dodd, with imperturbable good-humor.

"Now: this moment: and I'll trouble you to come along with me."

"Certainly, Sir."

They got a boat, and went out to the ship: on coming alongside, Dodd thought to meet his wishes by going first and receiving him; but the jealous, cross-grained fellow shoved roughly before him and led the way up the ship's side. Sharpe and the rest saluted him: he did not return the salute, but said, hoarsely, "Turn the hands up to muster."

When they were all aft he noticed one or two with their caps on. "Hats off, and be —— to you!" cried he. "Do you know where you are? Do you know who you are looking at? If not, I'll show you. I'm here to restore discipline to this ship: so mind how you run athwart my hawse: don't you play with the bull, my men; or you'll find his horns —— sharp. Pipe down! Now, you Sir, bring me the log-book!"

He ran his eye over it, and closed it contemptuously. 'Pirates, and hurricanes! *I* never fell in with pirates nor hurricanes: I have heard of a breeze, and a gale, but I never knew a seaman worth his salt say 'hurricane.' Get another log-book, Mr. Sharpe; put down that it begins this day at noon; and enter, that Captain Robarts came on deck, found the ship in a miserable condition, took the command, mustered the officers and men, and stopped the ship's company's grog for a week, for receiving him with hats on!"

Even Sharpe, that walking Obedience, was taken aback. "Stop—the ship's company's—grog—for a week, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, for a week: and if you fling my orders back in my face instead of clapping on sail to execute them, I'll have you towed ashore on a grating: your name is Sharp; well my name is Damnedsharp; and so you'll find."

In short, the new captain came down on the ship like a blight.

He was especially hard on Dodd: nothing that commander had done was right, nor, had he done the contrary, would that have been right: he was disgracefully behind time; and he ought to have put in to the Isle of France, which would have retarded him: his rope bulwarks were lubberly; his rudder a disgrace to navigation: he, Robarts, was not so green as to believe that any master had really sailed sixteen hundred miles with it, and, if he had, more shame for him. Briefly a marine criticaster.

All this was spoken *at* Dodd—a thing no male does unless he is an awful snob—and grieved him, it was so unjust. He withdrew wounded to the little cabin he was entitled to as a passenger, and hugged his treasure for comfort. He patted the pocket-book, and said to it, "Never *you* mind. The greater tarter he is, the less likely to sink you, or run you on a lee shore."

With all his love of discipline, Robarts was not so fond of the ship as Dodd.

While his repairs were going on, he was generally ashore; and by this means missed a visit. Commodore Collier, one of the smartest sailors afloat, espied the Yankee makeshift from the quarter-deck of his vessel, the *Salamanca*, fifty guns. In ten minutes he was under the *Agra's* stern inspecting it; then came on board, and was received in form by Sharpe and the other officers. "Are you the master of this ship, Sir?" he asked.

"No, commodore. I am the first mate: the captain is ashore."

"I am sorry for it. I want to talk about his rudder."

"Oh, *he* had nothing to do with that," replied Sharpe, eagerly: "that was our dear old captain: he is on board. Young gentleman! ask Captain Dodd to oblige me by coming on deck! Hy! and Mr. Fullalove too." "Young gentleman?" inquired Collier. "What the devil officer is that?"

"That is a name we give the middies; I don't know why."

"Nor I neither! ha! ha!"

Dodd and Fullalove came on deck, and Commodore Collier bestowed the highest compliments on the "makeshift." Dodd begged him to transfer them to the real inventor; and introduced Fullalove.

"Ay," said Collier, "I know you Yankees are very handy. I lost my rudder at sea once, and had to ship a makeshift: but it was a curs't com-

plicated thing; not a patch upon yours, Mr. Fullalove. Yours is ingenious, and *simple*. Ship has been in action I see: pray how was that, if I may be so bold?"

"Pirates, commodore," said Sharpe. "We fell in with a brace of Portuguese devils, latteen-rigged, and carried ten guns apiece, in the Straits of Gaspar: fought em from noon till sundown, riddled one, and ran down the other, and sunk her in a moment. That was all your doing, captain; so don't try to shift it on other people; for we won't let you."

"If he denies it, I won't believe him," said Collier: "for he has got it in his eye. Gentlemen, will you do me the honor to dine with me to-day on board the flag-ship?"

Dodd and Malabre accepted. Sharpe declined, with regret, on the score of duty. And as the cocked hat went down the side, after saluting his nobility, he could not help saying to himself what a difference between a real captain, who had something to be proud of, and his own snivicked cub of a skipper, with the manners of a plot-boat. He told Roberts the next day. Roberts said nothing: but his face seemed to turn greenish; and it embittered his hatred of Dodd the indefensive.

It is droll, and sad, but true, that Christendom is full of men in a hurry to hate. And a fruitful cause is jealousy. The schoolmen, or rather cronies of the schoolmen—for there was much shallower than to speak of all those disputants as one school—defined wrongly, "a fanciless biped vehemently addicted to jealousy." Whether she is more featherless than the male can be decided at a trifling expense of time, money, and reason: you have only to go to court. But as for envy and jealousy, I think it is pure, innocent, antique Cain-and-Abel hate fixed them on the female character distinctively. As a mole-hill to a mountain, is women's jealousy to men's. Agatha and Mrs. Dodd, in fortunes and graces, and yet her female acquaintance will not hate her, provided she pays the modest tuition to abstain from being downright pretty. She may sing like an angel, paint like an angel, talk—write—work like sick—All the world will not rouse the devil in her fair sisters: so long as she does not dress like an angel. But, the minds of men being much larger than women's, and very little greater, they hang jealousy on a thousand pegs. When there was no peg, I have seen them do with a pin.

Captain Roberts took a pin; ran it into his own heart, and hung that social peg on it.

He would get rid of all the Doddites before he sailed. He insulted Mr. Tickell, so that he left the service, and entered a merchant-vessel ashore: he made several of the best men desert: and the ship went to sea short of hands. This threw heavier work on the crew, and led to many punishments, and a steady current of abuse. Sharpe became a mere machine, always obeying, never speaking: every man on board feared for remonstrating against ungentlemanly language: and Bayliss, being at bottom of the same breed as Roberts, fell into the manner, and helped heator the petty officers and men. The crew, depressed and irritated, were continually quiteo pully-hauly-wise. There was no song under the forecastle in the first watch, and often no grog on the mess-table at one bell. The men would come on the quarter-deck without being reminded he was only a passenger, and the ship was ever under naval discipline.

I was reared in the royal navy, Sir," would Roberts say to a second lieutenant aboard the *Atalanta*: that is the school, Sir, that is the only school that breeds seamen. Dodd bore scores of similar taunts as a merchant-officer put up with a terrier in office: he seldom replied, and, when he did, in a few quiet dignified words that gave no handle.

Roberts, who bore the name of a lucky captain, had fair weather all the way to St. Helena.

The people at this island are under the Admiralty. She had left the Cape a week before the *Agra*. Captain Roberts, with his characteristic sense of courtesy, sent to anchor in the name of His Majesty's ship. The wind failed at a critical moment, and it became hazy enough. Collier was on his quarter-deck, and saw what would happen long before Roberts did: he gave the needful orders, and it was hardly done when there in half a minute the frigate's guns were run in her ports lowered, her yards toppled on end, and a spring cable cut and hauling taut.

The *Agra* stuck abreast her own foreshains on the *Semiramis*'s quarter.

(Pipe.) "Boarders away. Tomahawks! everything thing that holds!" was heard from the frigate's quarter-deck.

Rash came a boarding party on to the merchant ship and backed away without mercy all her lower rigging that had not been in the frigate, signal halliards and all; others boomed her off with capstan bars, etc., and in two minutes the ships were clear. A lieutenant and a crew of seamen for Roberts, and ordered him on board the *Salamander*, and, to make sure of his coming, took him back with them. His foolish, unwordore Collier standing stiff as a ramrod on his quarter-deck.

"Are you the master of the *Agra*?" (His quick eye recognized her in a moment.)

"I am, Sir."

"Then she was commanded by a seaman; and a commanded by a lubber. Don't apply for your papers this week; for you won't get them. Good-morning. Take him away!"

They returned Roberts to his ship; and a suppressed grin on a score of faces showed him the clear commanding tones of the commodore had reached his own deck. He soothed himself by stopping the men's grog and mastheading three midshipmen that same afternoon.

The night before he weighed anchor, this disciplinarian was drinking very late in a low public house. There was not much moon, and the officer in charge of the ship did not see the gig coming until it was nearly alongside; then all was done in a flurry.

"Hy! man the side lanterns there! Jump, you boys! or you'll catch pepper."

The boys did jump, and little Murphy, not knowing the surgeon had ordered the ports to be dropped, bounded over the bulwarks like an antelope, lighted on the middle port, which stood at this angle \, and glanced off into the ocean, lantern foremost: he struck the water like a stone in the water within a yard of Captain Roberts. That Dignity, though splashed, took no notice of so small an incident: he was gone directly; and, if Murphy had been wise and staid with Neb, all had been well. But the poor urchin instead, with come up again, and shout the lantern. One of the gig's crew grabbed him by the hair, and prolonged his existence, but without any other assistance.

"Where is the other lantern?" was Robson's first word on reaching the deck: as if he didn't know.

"Gone overboard, Sir, with the boy Murphy."

"Stand forward you fool!" growled Roberts. Murphy stood forward, dripping and shivering with cold and fear.

"What d'ye mean by going overboard with the ship's lantern?"

"Och your anr sure some unasy divil dropped the port, and the lantern and me we had no foothold at all at all, and the lantern went into the water, and I went after it."

"Belay all that!" said Roberts; "do you think you can ride a gun, you young monkey? Here, Boson's mate, take a ropeend and start him!—Again!—Warm him well!—That's right."

As soon as the poor child's shrieks subsided into sobs, the disciplinarian gave him Explanation, for Lieutenant.

"I CAN'T HAVE THE COMPANY'S STORES EXPERIENCE THIS WAY.

"The force of discipline could no farther go" than to flog zeal for falling overboard: so, to maintain discipline, he sent Neb, a good man and anchor at daybreak; and there was a south-westerly breeze waiting for this favorite of fortune. All carried back the Admiral's Off Ushant it was westerly; and veered to the northwest just before they sighted the land's end: there was such a distance between them and the Cape. The sailor who had the luck to sight Old England first, nailed his sarboard shoe to the mainmast for contribution: and then had best joyfully: none more than David Dodd's. His life seemed the happiest in the ship: and the first treasure his own ill luck had jeopardized, but Roberts had sailed it safe into British waters; would forgave the man his ill manners for his good luck.

Roberts steered in for the Lizard; but, when abeast the point, kept well to the westward, and opened the channel, and looked out for a pilot.

He was soon seen working out toward him, and the skipper kept well to the southward, from his logger into his little boat, rowed alongside, and, seeing no one to receive him, scrambled in flushing; and in build and manner might have passed for Roberts's twin brother.

"Are you a pilot, what will you take this ship up to the Downs for?"

"Thirty pounds."

Roberts told him roughly he would not get thirty pounds out of *him*.

"Byye and no higher my Be," answered the pilot, straightening his knees spicing the main brace, and would have answered an admiral.

Roberts looked at him, and then cast a quick a volley in return with admirable promptitude. Roberts retorted, the other rough costumer replied, and the all Billingsgate collected on the *Agra*'s quarter-deck. Finding, to his infinite disgust, his visitor as great a blackguard as himself, and to be answered, Roberts ordered him to quit the ship on pain of being man-handled over the side.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" growled the other: "here's fill and be off then." He prudently bottled that up for the time till he got into his boat: then shook his fist at the *Agra*, and cursed her captain sky high. "You see the fair wind, but you see no more. And feel a coming, ye greedy gander. Downs! You'll never see them: you have saved your——money, and lost your——ship, you——lubber."

Roberts hurled back a sugar-plum or two, and then ordered Bayliss to clap on all sail, and keep a sailing course through the night.

At four bells in the middle watch Sharpe, in charge of the ship, reported at Roberts's door "Blowing hard, Sir, and the weather getting thickish."

"Wind fair still?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then call me if it blows any harder," grunted Roberts.

In two hours more, tap, tap, came Bayliss, in charge. "If we don't take sail in, they'll take them themselves."

Furl-to-gallan'sels, and call me if it gets any worse."

In another hour Bayliss was at him again. "Blowing a gale, Sir, and a channel fog on."

"Reef topsels, and call me if it gets any worse."

At daybreak Dodd was on deck, and found the ship flying through a fog so thick, that her forecastle was invisible from the poop, and even her foremast loomed indistinct and looked distant. "You'll be fool of something or other, Sharpe," said he.

"What is that to you?" inquired a loud rough voice behind him. "I don't allow passengers to handle my ship."

"Then do you handle her yourself, captain! is this weather to go tearing happy-go-lucky up the British Channel?"

"I mean to sail her without your advice, Sir; and, being a seaman, I shall get all I can out of a fair wind."

"That is right, Captain Roberts; if you had but the Channel all to yourself."

"Perhaps you will leave me my deck all to myself."

"I should be delighted: but my anxiety will not let me." And Dodd retired a few steps, and kept a keen look-out.

At noon, a lusty voice cried "LAND ON THE WEATHER BEAM!"

All eyes were turned that way, and saw nothing.

Land in sight was reported to Captain Roberts.

Now that worthy was in reality getting secretly anxious: so he ran on deck crying, "Who saw it?"

"Captain Dodd, Sir."

"Ugh! Nobody else?"

Dodd came forward, and, with a respectful air, told him that, being on the look-out, he had seen the coast of the Isle of Wight in a momentary lift of the haze.

"Isle of Fiddlestick!" was the polite reply. "Isle of Wight is eighty miles astern by now."

Dodd answered firmly that he was well acquainted with every outline in the channel, and that he had seen the tower at St. Catharine's point.

Roberts deigned no reply, but had the log hove, and it showed the vessel to be running twelve knots an hour. He then went to his cabin and consulted his chart; and, having satisfied himself, came hastily on deck, and went from rashness to wonderful caution. "Turn the hands out, and leave the ship to!"

This was manned in a trice: expeditiously and ably, and scarce a bucketful of water shipped. "Furl topsels and set the main try-sail! There, Mr. Sharpe, that is much for you and your Isle of Wight. The land you saw was Dungeness, and you would have run on into the North Sea, I'll be bound."

When a man, habitually calm, turns anxious, he becomes irritable: and the mixture of timidity and rashness he saw in Roberts made Dodd very anxious.

He ventured to say: "At all events I should not make a foul wind out of a fair one by heaving to; and if I did, I would heave to on the other tack."

At this sudden facer—one, too, from a patient man—Roberts staggered a moment. Dodd repeated it with an oath, ordered Dodd to go below, or he would have him chucked into the hold.

"Come, don't be an ass, Roberts," said Dodd, contemptuously. Then, lowering his voice to a whisper: "I hope you know the way you want such an order as that to chuck you into the sea?"

Roberts trembled. "Oh, if you mean to head a mutiny——"

"Heaven forbid, Sir! But I won't leave the deck in dirty weather like this, till the captain has been relieved by me."

Toward sunset it got clearer, and they drifted past a Dutchman, who was lying to with her head to the Northward. She hoisted no end of signals, but they understood none of them; and her captain gesticulated wildly on her deck.

"What is that Fantoccini dancing at?" inquired Roberts, brutally.

"It is not a useless ship drift to leeward in a narrow sea, with a fair wind," said Dodd, bitterly.

At night it blew hard, and the sea ran high and irregular. The ship began to be uneasy; and Roberts, more properly ordered the topgallant and royal yards to be sent down on deck. Dodd would have had them down twelve hours before. The mate gave the order: no one moved. The mate went forward angry. He came back pale. The men refused to go aloft: they would not risk their lives to please Roberts' folly.

The officers all assembled and went forward: they promised and threatened; but all in vain. The crew would action together, as the lock on one another, and put forward a spokesman to say that "there was not one of them but thought Roberts a fool, and skipper for them."

Dodd would have had instantly have sided with him against mutiny.

But at this juncture the ex-captain of the *Agra* was down in the cabin with his fellow-passengers preparing a general remonstrance: he had a chart before him, and a pair of compasses in his hand.

"St. Catharine's point lay about eight miles to windward at noon; and we have been driving South and South-west ever since, through lying to on the starboard tack: and besides the ship has been created as slovenly as she is unsafe. I've seen her allowed to break off a dozen times, and gather more leeway: ah, here is Captain Roberts: Captain, please saw the rate we passed the revenue cutter. That vessel was nearly stationary; so what we passed her at was our own rate of drifting, and that rate: putting all this together we can't be many miles from the French coast, and, unless we look sharp and beat to windward, I pronounce the ship in danger."

A horse-laugh greeted this conclusion.

"We are nearer Yarmouth sands than France, I promise you: and nothing under our lee nearer than Rotterdam."

A loud cry from the deck above, "A LIGHT ON THE LEE BOW!"

"There!" cried Roberts, with an air of "foul

of *her* next! through me listening to your nonsense. He ran upon deck, and shouted through his trumpet, "All hands wear ship!"

The crew, who had heard the previous cry, obeyed orders in the presence of an immediate danger: and perhaps their growl had really relieved their ill humor. Roberts with delight saw them come tumbling up, and gave his orders hastily—

"Brail up the trysel! Up with the helm! in with the weather main brace! square the after yards!"

The ship's bow turned from the wind, and, as soon as she got way on her, Roberts ran below again; and entered the remainder.

"That is all right; and now, Captain Dodd, a word with you: you will either retire at once to your cabin, or will come on board disaffection in my crew, and groundless alarm in my passengers, by inciting your own childish, ignorant fears. The ship has been underlogged a hundred miles, and but for my caution in lying to for clear weather we should be groping among the Fern Isl—"

CRASH!

An unheard of shock threw the speaker and all the rest in a mass on the floor, smashed every lamp, and left every light: and with a fierce grating noise, the ship was fixed and fast on the French coast, with her stern to the sea.

One wild cry, and then silence, then amidst shrieks of agony, the sea struck her like a rolling rock, solid to crush, liquid to drown: and the ship was overwhelmed with the first breaker and rushed in among them as they floundered on the floor; and wetted and chilled them to the marrow; a wave in the dark cried, "Oh God! we are dead men!"

AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

THE harvest-moon o'er the battle-plain
Shines dim in the filmy eyes of the dead,
And the ghastly wealth of the later grain,
Ground by the millstones of death and pain
And wet with the life-blood of the slain,
Is bonded in the harsh bread.

The dying by twos and threes, as night
Kisses their brows with cooling breath,
Gather, with failing outward sight,
To tell of the inward thoughts bright
That rise like a tender morning light
Over the hills of death.

Two who have stood up hand in hand,
Brothers to-day in the strife,
When, on the slopes of the Northern land,
Was braided closely each separate strand
Of their lives in a perfect, golden band,
Close to each other lie.

"Tom," says the elder, wiping slow
From his comrade's lips the crimson stain,
"Does the fight go against us?" "Oh no!"
Says the other, with broken voice and low,
"My wounds stopped bleeding an hour ago,
And feel I am free from pain.

"Don't think of my trouble, Ben, for you
Are wounded far worse I know than I;
I am only a little stiff and blue
With lying out in the evening dew;
But Ben, you are shattered through and through:
Do you think you are going to die?"

"No, Tom, the bleeding is almost done;
I shall live this many a day:
And I felt all round to find my gun
As I heard the firing just as the sun
Went down, the rebels I think have run,
The noise was so far away.

"I shall live to fight as never before—
In the battle-front I shall bear my part;
And when I'm over, you know the score,
I shall play with my boy; and by the door
My wife shall sit, with the fear no more
Of war in her gentle heart.

"Oh, Ben! the days of battle appear
A great way off; I'll forget them soon.
I have been thinking while lying here
It was just a year ago to-day
That I went a-hunting with Nellie dear,
Down by the afforestings.

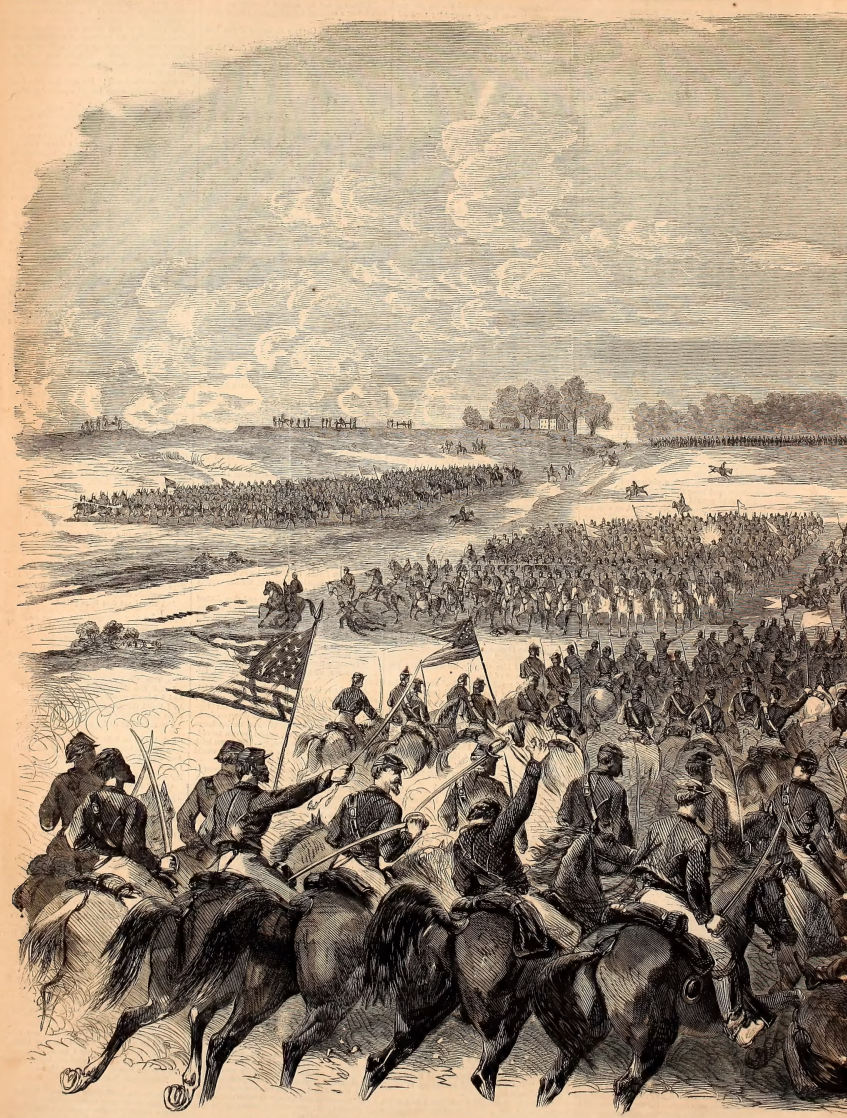
"The hills were as bright as hills could be,
And Nellie, she wore a dress like down,
And under the green old chestnut-tree,
Petted by creeping mist, she sate
Looking up with half-scared eyes at me
As I shook out the chestnuts brown.

"I came down safe, and she kissed me then
With a look that is glad as the hope of heaven;
And she gave me a handful of brown nuts, Ben;
They lay so soft in her hand that when
I took them they slid and got back again
Somehow, so I kept but one.

"I have that nut in my knapsack still:
I shall go for more with Nellie soon:
They are ripe by this time up on the hill.
To-morrow, perhaps, I shall go—I am ill
And its cloudy to-night—but to-morrow will
Be fair in the afternoon.

"I am going a-nutting with Nellie, and you
Will sit with your wife and boy at home;
The day is bright as ever I knew,
And the chestnuts have ripened the warmer through,
Still as the love in your eyes of blue—
Nellie—dear Nellie, come!"

Night on the battle-plain stained with gore,
Night in the eyes now closed for aye;
But a morning bathes a nightless shore
Where a maiden waits and waits for more,
Nor a wife sits mute by a cottage-door,
With a child that forgets to play.



CHARGE OF GENERAL BUFORD'S CAVALRY UPON THE ENEMY NEAR BEVER



LEY FORD, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 427.]

THE GUN.

From my bed, quick! roll me out,
  I am choked with this hot sand;
And my throat swells with a shout,
  Gathering, that shall shake the land.

Clear me with your twisted probes,
  Smooth me round with biting steel,
Fit me with your iron globes,
  Set me up on oaken wheel.

Ho! I am the conquering gun,
  Iron son of fire and noise;
Through my frame already run
  Thrills obscure of coming joys.

Come ye men from forge and farm—
  Men of might in arm and knee;
He whose blood takes quick alarm
  Better not companion me.

Wheel me Southward: are those graves
  On the slope of yonder hill?
Yes; but o'er them proudly waves
  The old starry banner still.

Rest me now upon the height:
  What is that before the rim
Of the forest? Look! my sight
  Is a little blurred and dim.

Ah! I see—quick with a shell
  In my throat—boom—there it goes,
With a long-tailed, fiery yell,
  Right among the thickest foes.

Hip! hurrah! they scatter, men;
  Now another—to the right—
Hip! they got it square again;
  This, I think, will be a fight.

Ugh!—no matter—'twas a shot
  Glanced along my iron hide;
And the scratch is rather hot,
  But my bones are sound inside.

Swabber, cool me with your sponge—
  Why lie there and clutch it tight?
Down my throat his blanket plunge—
  He will not need it to-night.

There they come upon the flank,
  Now my bore with grape-shot fill.
Quick—another—while their rank
  Thinly forms below the hill.

Ah! they like the distance best;
  Let me give a parting kick.
See! a dozen stop to rest
  Ere they reach the forest thick.

They have had enough of strife;
  They think this had better cease;
Every unloosed rebel life
  Is a stubborn vote for peace.

Now fling out the victor sound;
  What! you can not shout amain?
Are too many voices drowned
  In the silence of the slain?

What if I am loud and hoarse
  As you count them one by one;
Iron sense is rather coarse—
  I am but a callous gun.

Comrades' tears are holy, sweet—
  Drop them on the faces pale;
While above the angels greet
  Patriot souls with sweet All Hail!

But for me is only joy—
  Iron joy at victory won;
I was fashioned to destroy—
  Ho! I am the conquering gun.

BLIND.

"My dear mother, even the Prayer-Book says a woman may not marry her grandfather."

"Yes, my dear; also that a man may not marry his grandmother. But what has that to do with Mr. Lee?"

"Simply that he is old enough to be my grandfather nearly."

"There is a great difference, certainly; but not quite sufficient for that, Katherine. Mr. Lee is four-and-thirty, and you nearly eighteen."

"My dear mother, I always thought him fifty when I rode his pony years ago."

"Very likely; children's ideas of age are not very correct. They generally think their mother in her dotage at forty. Five years ago he was nine-and-twenty."

"Then such a name, my dear mother. Fancy Michael! It might almost as well be Zedekiah or Nebuchadnezzar at once. I remember your reading a novel with a Nathaniel for a hero; I do not think I could stand Michael for mine; and besides, he is half a widower."

"My dear Katherine, far be it from me to persuade you to marry Mr. Lee, or any one else, only do try and be serious; think quietly about it, and then give me your answer."

Whether it were possible for Katherine to think quietly on any subject whatever just then I don't know; however, her answer was given, and Mrs. Parker told Mr. Lee her daughter could not make up her mind to say any thing but "No." Shortly after Mr. Lee left Oldcourt and went abroad. The only one of the Parker family who bade him farewell was Katherine's little brother Harry, and he announced in the evening:

"I shall be up early to-morrow: I am going up to say good-by to dear Mr. Lee. Will you come, Katie?"

"No, thank you, Harry," Katherine answered, with a look at her mother; "I am not fond of getting up early."

"What a shame! not for once even, and he was so kind to you always. I am so sorry he's going! I hope he won't be long away. I suppose you think yourself too big for his pony now, Katie, as you never ride it. I wonder if I shall be able to have it when he is away."

So early the next morning, a bright one in the middle of February, Harry was off along the lanes and across the fields to Oldcourt. There was a short cut through a wood, which skirted the Pool, to the house. The ground was crisp—just a tinge of white frost—every blade of grass sparkling in the bright sun. There is nothing so beautiful as a white frost, except the spring, when every bud is bursting, and every wood is getting full of wild-flowers, and every bird is singing. They sing altogether, each its own song, yet none is out of tune, even when the rooks join in. How is it, I wonder?

A tall, dark man, with a calm, grave face was looking out on the park and woods at Oldcourt—the park and woods that had been his and his fathers' for generations. He *did* look old for four-and-thirty. Many men look as young at forty. The Lees all turn gray soon—it seems to run in some families—and there were some white hairs already showing among the black. The face looked almost stern, till two little hands seized hold of one of his, then it looked down with a kindly smile on the early visitor.

"Ah, Harry, my boy, I thought I should not see you again!"

"My dear old Michael, did you think I would let you go without saying a regular good-by? What a brute you must think me!"

"No, I do not, but it is early for you. You shall have some breakfast with me, for I had nearly forgotten it."

So they sat down, and Michael Lee told Harry he was to fish with his keeper, George Mitford, whenever he liked, and Frisky he was to consider his own while he was away; and at that up jumped Harry and threw his arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I can't think why you are going away," said the boy. "I know you're sorry. I saw your face as I came in. Why are you going?"

"Why? Every body goes abroad sometimes, Harry. I shall be home again before Christmas, I dare say. What shall I bring you?—the falling Tower of Pisa, or Mont Blanc?"

"No, no; but I should like some red-hot lava from Mount Vesuvius, and a Mount St. Bernard dog: only a puppy, Michael. Are there any puppies, I wonder? you only read of big dogs, but I dare say there are some puppies sometimes; don't you think there must be?"

Michael Lee thought there certainly could not be always big dogs unless there were puppies occasionally.

"Can you bring some red-hot lava in your portmanteau, Michael? I want it the color of that picture in your bedroom of Mount Vesuvius with the blue sky; will you take an empty jam-pot from Mrs. Wilkins and fill it full for me? It will burn your clothes if you have it loose, won't it?"

Michael Lee thought it very probably would; and then he had to explain it would puzzle Michael Scott himself to bring him red-hot lava the color of Mount Vesuvius in the picture with the blue sky. Of course Harry asked who Michael Scott was? and his namesake had to explain how one word of his had cleft, not Mount Vesuvius, but the Eildon Hills in three, and how when his horse stamped his foot the bells in Nôtre Dame rang; and how he had told the *Old Gentleman* to mind his own business and carry him across the sea; and just then the dog-cart came round to the door, and Michael Lee said:

"Here comes, not Diabolus, Harry, but Black Rover, and I must mount and fly, or I shall miss the train. Tell Mrs. Parker I was sorry not to see her to say good-by, and I hope she will come and take any flowers she likes; see, here is a note I had written, and was going to send; you take it for me; don't lose it."

"Oh no, I won't lose it; and, Michael, may Katie ride Frisky?"

"I do not think your sister cares for him now, Harry."

There was a change in the tone of voice; a thing children are very quick in noticing.

"Are you vexed with Katie?" said the boy. "She *was* very fond of Frisky. I can remember, a long, long time ago—I could only have been a little fellow quite, about five or something of that sort, for I had pinafores—when she used to ride Frisky, and she liked it so much! and she used to fish then, and row the boat across the pool. I can't think why she never does any thing jolly now! Can you, Michael?"

Michael swallowed his hot tea without answering; then the boy clung to him to say good-by.

"I'll take you through the park and drop you at the gate, Harry;" and the thought of that brought a smile instead of the salt tears that had begun to come.

"I won't cry, Michael; I shall be nine my next birthday."

(It wanted 345 days to his next birthday!) But when he was dropped at the gate, and he and old Sarah at the lodge had watched the dog-cart disappear, and he saw her shake her head and wipe her eyes, and heard her say, "There goes a good gentleman if ever there was one in this world or the next!" he could not stand it; and, after a good cry, he told Sarah that he was to ride Frisky, and go fishing with George Mitford; but all the fish he caught he should keep for Mr. Lee; he would not let Susan cook one, for he would much rather Mr. Lee had them all! which determination so comforted him that he looked at Sarah's Polish hens, admired their top-knots, and then went on his way home.

Mr. Parker had been Michael Lee's tutor. At his death his wife was left with one daughter of ten and a baby a few months old. Two boys and a girl had gone before him. I may as well say how they died. The fever was bad in the village. John Brown's wife died of it and her two children. William Hodge, the drunken blacksmith, got it next, and *he* died. Then three or four cottages down that narrow lane with the pig-sties, and that pond which was always green and the water always black, *they* got it. Then Mr. Harvey, who came from Manchester, and bought a good deal of land in Leamington, and built a large house, and stables, and green-houses, and hot-houses, and ice-houses, and all that (those cottages down the narrow lane belonged to him), "his" little daughter took it. He never let her go out of his own grounds, and thought there was what he called "no chance" of her getting it; but she did; and there is a little tomb with a white cross on it in the church at Leamington: and the cottages are comfortable now, and the pig-sties at the end of the garden (not up against the one bedroom on the ground-floor), and the pond has been drained, and Mr. Harvey is not what he was when the fever began, and he thanks God for it often, on his knees, though he is lonely, very lonely, never hearing her little feet pattering about now, except in his dreams. Many others had it, and Mrs. Parker was frightened. Four children under eight years old she had of her own, and she wished there were some Sisters of Mercy at Leamington, as there were at some places, who could take the good soup and wine to the poor sick ones, without the terrible fear pulling and gnawing at their hearts all the time that *she* had. That terrible fear! She had it—she could not help it, though her husband said,

"My dear, I change my coat, I wash my hands and face, and then I *trust*."

She tried to *trust* too; but somehow the fear clung to her; and on Sunday night Arthur said:

"Mother, my throat is so sore." He was only three and a half, and she tried to hope he did not know where his throat was, and that he would put his hand to his back, or leg, or any where else, only not to his throat, and she said,

"Where, my darling? where is it sore?" And the child put up his hand and said,

"I mean where my dinner goes down, mother." And then she knew her boy had got the fever; and the next day Mary said,

"Mother, just look what a lump there is under my ear, by my cheek, and it hurts me so when I swallow; I hope I am not going to be ill, like papa said poor little Mary Brown was." And she knew Mary had the fever too.

Next Sunday, after the afternoon service, Arthur was buried. They had an old-fashioned way of ringing the bells at Leamington; they do not every where; but it was an old-fashioned place, and old fashions about Church things are best. They rang the curfew at Leamington always from Advent to Lent, and they tolled the bell, when there was to be a funeral, all day, until the mourners and the coffin could be seen coming near the church; and then they rang a joyful peal for a minute or so—not like a wedding or any other peal; and it always sounded like a welcome—like the angels welcoming one more: one more who had passed through the waves of this troublesome world, and had reached the haven where we all would be. So, sitting by little Mary's bed, wetting her hot lips, the mother heard the joyful peal ring out for Arthur, and she knelt down by Mary, and kissed her hot cheek; and Mary heard the bells too, and she opened her eyes and said,

"Arthur will be with the daisies soon, mother; he was so fond of daisies, and those double red ones."

Mary died that evening—Sunday evening; and when all was over, and the little fair thing lay with the little hands crossed on her breast, the mother turned away to change her dress, and wash her face and hands, and to *trust*—trust to Him who had only taken what He had given. She might go and look at her youngest now; she was no longer needed in the sick-room—it was empty. The little merry laugh as she went along the passage! Baby should be asleep; but babies in summer, in the long days so light, do not always do what they ought to do about going to sleep, and baby was laughing as she reached the door! So strange it sounded to hear a laugh then, even from a baby. Sitting up in his little crib was the two-year-old baby, hugging the kitten which had been beside little Mary, and fondled to the last. By the next Sunday two more were with the daisies beside Arthur, and the eldest, Katherine, the only child left them.

Harry was born a year after, and Mr. Parker died, and then the widow, with her two children, returned to the neighborhood of her old home, where her husband had been curate, and afterward tutor to Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee was one of the first to welcome Mrs. Parker: a sad welcome to the place where her early, happy days had been spent. Michael Lee was then a young man of six-and-twenty. He had had a sincere regard for his tutor, and every little attention in his power he bestowed on Mrs. Parker. There was the quiet old pony for Katherine to ride, his park was open to her and her mother; some of the choicest flowers were always on her table. It was no self-denial; he had plenty of every thing; but he had a way of being kind—he always thought of others—and his way of being kind and thoughtful was never disagreeable; with some people it is. He and Katherine were soon great friends. As she grew older, and the old pony more stupid, a younger one took its place—the "Frisky" of which we have heard—and fishing and boating at Oldcourt were among her greatest pleasures. Then came the news of Mr. Lee's approaching marriage. It was quite true: he told Mrs. Parker of it himself, all joy and happiness; and, two months after, the bells at Oldcourt were tolling for her who was to have been mistress there so soon—tolling for the bride elect.

Katherine was sixteen then, and Mrs. Parker moved to London for a twelvemonth, to give her the advantage of some better masters than Oldcourt afforded. At the end of that time she returned to her favorite cottage, and the pony, fishing, and boating were transferred to Harry, who was delighted with every thing after the confinement of London. A grave, quiet man was Michael Lee now: it was strange a child like Harry should be so devoted to him, yet so it was. Harry was his constant companion through his woods, marking the trees, carrying his fishing basket, perfectly satisfied in his own mind he was of great use and assistance to Mr. Lee, whom he very soon learned to call Michael; and the grave, quiet man grew very fond of the boy, partly on his own account, for all loved Harry, and partly, ere many months were over, for the sake of his sister: and so at last he spoke to Mrs. Parker. Katherine refused him, and he went abroad. Harry begged to write to him, and Michael Lee answered his letters, which contained a great deal of news of various kinds: such as the ewe with the black mark on her leg had three lambs again this year, and one was fed with a tea-pot. There was a blackbird's nest in one of the red rhododendrons. Frisky was in great beauty, but it was very difficult to catch him now, as he would not come for corn when there was so much grass: he found the best way was to blow a cow's-horn trumpet behind a bush, for Frisky came to see what the noise was, thinking the hounds were out, Harry believed, and then he was easily taken. A corn-crake had her legs mown off, sitting on her nest, by Thomas Smith, when they were mowing the mill meadow, and Harry had taken some of the eggs to see if Katie's bantum would hatch them, etc., etc. Then came an account of a bad cold he had caught somehow, he could not tell how; boys never can; but he had not been allowed to go out fishing for some time, nor in the boat with George Mitfort. George had had a bad finger, but it was better, and he had a new baby, and Venus had puppies. It (the baby) was christened last Sunday; it was a boy, which was much better than a girl, as it might be a keeper too some day. They were all beauties, especially one with a black nose; and had he been to Mount St. Bernard yet?

Harry's next letter was finished by Mrs. Parker, and she told Mr. Lee the cold had become a cough, and that Dr. Watson thought it would be more prudent for him to winter at the sea-side. They were going to Beaumaris the end of September; and when Michael Lee received this letter he felt sure Harry was worse than his mother thought. During that winter at Beaumaris Harry had several letters from Mr. Lee. He thought his handwriting was changed, or that he was writing larger for him because he was a child; but he could always read Michael's writing, he said, and was rather affronted. Then he did not hear for a long time, and at last he received a few lines, telling him he had been ill, and that Harry must not think he had forgotten him if he did not hear, for the doctor forbade his writing; it hurt his eyes.

And then came several months, and Harry never heard, and he wanted to know so much how Michael was. His cough had never left him, and they were still at Beaumaris. He used to sit on the beach for hours, or go in a boat when it was fine; sometimes row up past the Menai Bridge to the little fishing island, and land there to see all the sea wonders that are to be found on it; the sea anemones in countless numbers, of every color, hanging on the rough walls under the long masses of sea-weed; the scarlet star-fish; the great purple one, and fish, especially the little white-bait, looking like a sheet of silver, as they glided along at low-water in the weir. Sometimes they went in the other direction toward Puffin Island, but only on warm, dry days. Mrs. Parker's sweet face looked very anxious now, and Katherine was more gentle and loving to her little brother far than formerly.

One day, in the middle of September, Harry came sooner from the beach than usual, through the little garden, into the house, and hiding his face on his mother's knee, he sobbed out, "I've seen Michael, and he's quite blind."

By degrees he told his tale.

"I was on the beach, mother; I was at that shell-stall; I wanted a Venus's ear, when all of a sudden I saw Michael come out of the hotel. I was sure it was he, and Simpson—you remember Mr. Simpson the butler—with him; and Simpson helped him down the steps, and I could not believe it was Michael hardly, but I left the shells and went to meet him, and when I got nearer I saw it *was* Michael; so I ran up to him, and his eyes were open; but when I had got hold of his hand he did not look at me, only said, 'Oh, Harry, my boy, how are you—are you better?' And I said, 'My cough is not very bobbish; but oh, Michael, what is Simpson doing walking with you?' And then he smiled very quietly, and held my hands, and said, 'Simpson shall go now, and you will take care of a poor blind man.' And I said, 'Oh, Michael, you're not blind; your eyes are quite open, and you must wear spectacles; but I hope you won't look like old Matthew at home.' It was very foolish of me, but I did not like to believe it; and he shook his head, and drew my hand through his arm, and said, 'Now we can take a walk near the sea, and talk about it;' and so we walked a little, and he said he could not write, and he wanted to hear about me, and the doctor said the sea-side would do him good, and so he came here last night. He is at the hotel, the Bulkeley Arms, and he thought I was sure to come on the beach and would see him, and I saw him as he was coming down the steps, so I was not long about that. But he is blind, quite blind, mother, and I am to lead him about: he says he likes to have me better than Simpson, mother. I wanted him to come here now with me, but he did not like to come until I had told you, he said."

Katherine was sitting by the window. She was looking at the hills on the opposite shore, with all the lights and shadows flitting over them. How beautiful they are! She did not see them; and the sands stretching out so far, looking as if you might walk across into Carnarvonshire; and the green sparkling water so smooth and still. She saw nothing of all this now. She did not say a word while Harry was speaking, but she did something else,

very quietly, and thought no one saw her—she was mistaken.

Mr. Lee came with Harry in the afternoon; he was quieter and graver than before, and Harry was always with him whenever it was warm enough for him to be out of doors; and Michael Lee would come and sit with him when the weather prevented the boy leaving the house. Simpson brought him to the garden gate, and then he was able to walk up the little garden by himself. Sometimes Mrs. Parker would sit with him, and at times Katherine had helped him, but her hand always trembled as it rested on his arm, and he was angry and grew worse by himself rather than ask her; and then Harry called her stupid for not offering.

It was the 30th of October, a very wild day. Harry was not so well, lying on the couch, looking out of the window, watching the thick muddy waves washing up and down the shore. The ferry-boat was not crossing; it was so very rough. Something was coming, the sailors knew that well. Something was coming, and looked out to sea. It was worse by the evening. How the wind howled! And the tide was in, every now and then dashing over the sea-wall into the road. Harry lay watching the angry waves. He had never seen the Straits so rough before. Michael was out to see it, but he heard the roaring of the waters, and he hummed the line—

And the sailors were rolling up, ragged and brown.

"It will be a terrible night, Harry, I fear," he said.

"It will indeed, Michael. I was thinking you would scarcely get back to the hotel."

Ay, a terrible night it was; one to be much remembered in Dover. As they spoke the big iron ship was rolling about in the thick fog, hoping for a lighter wind to get her through the night; and before Michael Lee reached the Bulkeley Arms the big iron ship was thumping against the cliff, and in a few minutes after the last discount was the harder. The great masts tottered and fell, shivered so that Katherine's little fingers broke off pieces from them afterwards. "The ship's all was over—when the big iron ship was broken to pieces—when "the strong mast ceased, and the sailors were still," some bottles of Champagne and pickles were found unbroken amidst the rocks, which were covered with big trees. "She trenched out of the big iron ship that night of agony!" Scarcely credible if read in a novel—and yet it is true. "Verily" truth is strange sometimes, stranger than fiction!"

So these two sat watching and listening to the storm that night, and at last Harry said—

"Michael, I have been thinking of such a good plan."

And Michael said, "Have you, my boy? What about?"

And Harry said, "About you, Michael. I know you don't like having Simpson with you always; and you see, I'm not strong enough to read a great deal, or you know that it's not fun. Shall I try? I made of sugar, or salt, or something, and that I shall melt; and I've been thinking if you had a wife it would be much better. I wish Katherine would do so nicely, and then, when you go back to Oldcourt, she or I would always be with you."

If mother would but let you could fall back on me. And she reads ever so long without getting tired, and writes as fast too. Do you think it a good plan, Michael?"

"My dear Harry," the quiet voice said, and then stopped.

"Oh, what a monster! It's bigger than my yet. There, it's broke over the pier, I declare; such a wave. Master, you never saw the like, will what do you think about Katie?"

"I think, Harry, for once you have forgotten I am blind," Michael Lee answered.

"No, I have not, Michael; that's the very thing much—that you ought to have a wife to see for you weren't there's no reason for it. You could fish, and shoot, and ride, and read, and write, and do every single yourself, and she might be in the way and want you for something just when you had got your gun, perhaps. I think you'd find her so useful you'd wish you had put it into my head."

"Harry, I thought of it a long time ago, when I was not blind, and the wish could not be more even then. I am glad of it now, Harry, for her sake." But the deep low voice had no gladness in it.

Up started the boy from the couch.

"Oh, Michael, you don't really mean you ever asked Katie to be your wife before!"

"Yes, Harry, I do mean even that."

"And Katie said she would not like to be Michael?"

"Yes, Harry."

"What a shame! Oh, Michael, it makes me almost wish I'd been a girl myself. I'm sure I should have liked it very much." He threw himself back on the couch and continued, Michael could not see how his color went and came. So neither of them spoke. And when he had done coughing for a little; then he said: "I might have been strong enough for a girl, perhaps; there's not much to do, you see, though Katie's more active than I am. She's a great deal older, that's one thing. I wonder if I shall ever be as old as Katie; she's very old for her years, you know. Do you know, Michael, sometimes I think I never shall. You can't see me now, or you would know how thin I have become—a regular monster. I'm a great deal taller, but my hands are so thin, my fingers look so long, and they're so white since I parted to myself long? I see on the beach. Some of the boys from the grammar-school I often watch playing cricket by the castle, and such nice brown hands they've got, I'm quite ashamed of mine. It's not manly to have such white hands. Do you think I ever shall be a man, Michael?"

Michael felt for the boy's hand, and stroked it in his own. He knew it was very thin and soft, though he could not see how white it was. He stroked it a few moments, and then he said:

"Harry, my boy, if you were ill, I remember there is a better Land than this, where you will be strong, and I shall see again. We must both think of that, Harry, and be patient. It is hard work often, is it not?"

"Very; and sometimes I'm so cross when I can't sleep, Michael. I know what you mean. You think I shall never get any better; you mean my cough will go on getting worse, and I shall get thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, and then I shall die. I hope I shall go to heaven, Michael. I don't think I have done any thing very wicked; you know I've not been at school much among other boys, so it's not been so difficult. I remember, Michael, I hit a little brown mouse pence. I could not help watching Thomas do it, and then I remember I did one more thing, when I shot a little bird up its poor little head. I can't think what made me, and afterward I remember how old Sir James and mamma and Katie quite scolded them, and I felt so sorry then. Well, Michael, I'll try and be patient, and not be cross any more, and if I die what you've given me. And as to Katie, when you come, Michael; and if I were to live to be a man, you might not, you know, Michael; I should have changed so, and a eighteen months now since you saw me, Michael. But I want to ask you about Katie again. Did she mean she did not like you?"

"Not like me well enough, Harry, she meant."

"Not so well, Michael, then I think she changed her mind, and I'll tell you why. When I came back the first day I met you and told her and mother you were blind, she was quite surprised, but she cried; I saw her, and often I see her eyes full of tears after you've been here."

"Yes; she is very sorry for me, Harry, that is all."

"I don't think it is all, Michael. Mother's very sorry for you, but she cries more when you're not there; mothers going to anchor round the Point: there's a regular fleet of them."

The door opened, and Simpson bowled! It was Katherine, bringing Harry's medicine. She put it down on the little table by him, and smoothed his hair and kissed his forehead. "Is that all, Harry, coming on!" Harry pulled her down close to him, and whispered something. Michael could not hear, but his eye saw that she blushed many times. Then Katherine stood upright, and said:

"Harry, will you take your nasty medicine?" And Michael heard her voice tremble.

"No, I won't take it, Katie, till you answer my question; and you ought to answer it, you know, so I ought to have it at once. Michael says, you said you'd rather not be his wife, and I want to know if you'd rather not now, or if you've changed your mind about it."

"Harry, no more of this, or I shall go back to Oldcourt," said the quiet, sad voice, not quiet or calm now.

"He is too young to know all he is saying; forgive him," he added.

"Oh, Michael, don't be angry with me; but indeed she's going to Oldcourt, and I'll tell you why, and if you would only just ask her yourself, you would see. Dear Michael, you know I shall never be to be a man, and I shall be more and more thinner, and weaker and weaker, you'll have no one to take any care of you, and I feel so sure Katie would like it, only she didn't dare."

"Harry, I told your sister was very sorry for me, nothing more."

"Sorry! I am very sorry when the cat died. I don't mean that. I can see her face, and you can't read her face, and you can't hear her, and you know he doesn't like asking you now he's blind; and, if I were you, I would just put my arms round her neck, and tell her you're sorry for so much, without his asking me."

"No, Harry, you could not, if you were me," said Katherine, whose voice was more than trembling now, it was sobbing.

She put down her head; Harry had tight hold of her hand; and when he talked of growing weaker and weaker, and thinner and thinner, she had knelt beside him, hearing nothing of what Michael said, for the blind man knew by her voice she was kneeling down, and he stretched out his hand, and it rested on her small head and fair curls. Harry saw the arm rise and not pretty; but she was tall and slight, with a small head set on her throat like a lily, and a small head set on her throat like a lily, and that quantities of bright glossy hair twisted round and round. He, Michael, put his hand on it, and said: "Let Katherine," and Harry said: and she did not answer at first, only he felt her turn from Harry's couch more toward him, and then she said, softly:

"Can't you see me the least bit, Michael?"

And he said, "No, Katherine; I would give all I have in the world to look at your face now, darling."

And then Harry said: "I'll tell you, Michael, what the looks like, and don't give Oldcourt and Frisky and all away for nothing but that. She's as pale as she was, but there's a pink spot on each she's hid her face, and I can't tell you what she's like."

She had hidden her face, but it was hidden on Michael Lee's other hand, and he felt her hot tears on it, and he said:

"Katherine if you stay one moment longer I shall believe what Harry told me."

She did not move. He stroked the bright, glossy hair, and then he gently raised her and drew her closer to him, and said something in such a whisper that only could not hear: and Harry watched his hands and said:

"Hurrah! I suppose I'd better take my medicine now, Katie, and you'll be quite happy all day."

So she rose and gave it him with one hand, for Michael had the other; and Harry drank it, made a face, and said:

"I shan't be satisfied till you have put your arms round his neck and told him you are very sorry for ever having said you would not like it; it was such a shame!"

So she knelt down again, and did put her arms round his neck (not Harry's), and said something, too, which Harry could not hear; and Michael kissed her, and said one more to Harry, and with the other gathered her up quite close to him, and said:

"I pray God you may never repent, my Katherine. And Harry, my boy, you can see her face and I can not, as you said just now; and if ever you see her cry, or look unhappy, I trust to you to tell me and help me to find it out. Darling, if ever woman was loved, you are, my Katherine; for now, with that black shoot before me, while makes even your dear face as dark as night, I would not give you up, even to see the blessed light of heaven and the green earth again. I would rather be blind with you than see without you, Katherine."

But no answer, but she lifted up her face to his and kissed it; and Harry brought his white, calm face and rested it on Michael's shoulder, and said:

"Michael, I wish I could make my eyes over to you. There's no use to Oldcourt—only shooting, and you'll never be able to fish without them. I would if I could, Michael, for all my things have been given me. And as to Katie, I hope you'll like her much better than Simpson; and if she isn't happy it's her own fault, that's certain. Fancy her being happy at Oldcourt! And I dare say you'll give her a bigger pony; she can't have a better than Frisky, she's too tall for him, and you'll always let him run in the park, won't you, Michael, when he gets old? Mother would be very cut. He would break his heart, I know it would, Michael. He'd pull it; he'd pull any thing; but I'm certain it would break his heart, Michael."

And Michael Lee promised Frisky should always be cared for as if he were the best hunter in the land; and the little white face looked up lovingly into the poor blind eyes, and then went on to say:

"I think I have given you of Katie everything she would not like it. Don't you, Michael?"

And they both laughed and kissed him, and then the boy said he must go and lie instead, for it was all his doing, every bit. And that evening, after tea, they all sat by Harry's couch, all that time the big iron ship was break, break, breaking, on those cold gray stones, just across the island.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT NEAR CULPEPPER.

OUR special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, sends us a sketch which we reproduce on pages 424 and 425, representing the cavalry fight near Culpepper, Major Stuart's rebel forces near Culpepper. Mr. Waud writes:

"CHANGE OF A PORTION OF BUFORD'S COMMAND.

"This charge had to be made across a meadow intersected by four ditches, in jumping which some horses fell, their riders being compelled to fight on foot. At the other side of this field the ground rose to the woods, which also extended along the line from the left of the road, upon the ridge, was a house used as Stuart's head-quarters, afterward occupied by Buford. A battery which shelled our men till they closed upon the rebs, the case and canister killing more of their men than ours.

"On the right of the road three battalions were drawn up in column of companies, supported by a battery of six guns, and on the left a fourth battalion was posted. Against them General Buford sent two regiments. These had to come out of the woods and form under fire from the batteries. The Sixth Pennsylvania, formerly Lancers, led the charge, which was directed against the centre battalion. The Sixth fell upon these with great gallantry, and, regardless of the chances of flank attack from the other battalions, rode right through, halted to hand, through the brigade in reserve, and then wheeling about, passed round the battalion on the right, and made preparation for another charge. The regiment on the left advanced as oars charged to take us in flank, but had not the courage to come to hand with cold steel.

Another picture, which we give on page 428, is from a sketch by Mr. Waud, and shows the ARMY BEEF SWIMMING THE OCCOQUAN RIVER OF Creek, on their way to MANASSAS, on the recent rapid march to Centreville, under Pleasanton's encampment. The pretty little village of Occoquan is prominent in the picture.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

On page 420 we reproduce a picture drawn by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, and representing

THE REBEL WORKS ASSAULTED BY THE BRIGADES OF GENERAL BANNON AND COLONEL SMITH.

Mr. DAVIS writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, June 5, 1863.

"The sketch shows the position of the rebels, so gallantly assaulted by the brigades of General Bannon and Colonel Smith.

"The charge of the battalion of the 13th Regulars, who were in the command of Colonel Smith, is said to have been very spirited indeed. Corporate gallantry; Captain Washington, the commanding officer, was killed, and but two or three officers escaped unwounded, five color-bearers were shot, one after the other, two of them being officers, Captains Ewing and Yates. The colors were being placed at the foot of the parapet by Captain Ewing as he was shot.

"I never have seen colors so torn as were these after this desperate charge; in one of the flags eighty shot-holes were to be counted.

"The colors of General Ransom's Brigade were placed by that gallant officer's own hoist at the foot of the opposite angle of the work; in his single brigade the loss was over four hundred killed and wounded. To this brigade is also accorded every credit for desperate valor.

"To the extreme left of the picture is seen Fort Hill, one of the strongest of the rebel works. The name of the fort I am sure of, but of which I have not been able to ascertain. The approach of General Sherman is within a short distance (seventy-five yards). Another fort is beyond.

"To the right of the sketch are the batteries Whitehouse, Hart, and others, under the command of Major Taylor, Chief of Artillery of General Sherman's Corps.

"The brigade of General Ransom is composed of Eleventh Illinois, Colonel Nevin, killed; Seventy-second Illinois, Colonel Starling, wounded; Ninety-fifth Illinois, Colonel Humphrey, severely wounded; Seventeenth Wisconsin, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Mahon; Fourteenth Wisconsin, Colonel Wood, wounded. Each of these regiments was at the foot of the parapet, those of the Fourteenth Wisconsin being placed there by General Ransom."

On page 421 we give a picture of one of our siege batteries, which are thus described by Mr. Davis:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, June 5, 1863.

"BATTERY LOGAN.

"From this work the rebel Fort Hill and our work for its capture are in good view.

"The narrow of the work for the line of rebel sharp-shooters has rendered the protection of the gunners in every way necessary. While engaged in working on this work, which is interesting, one is prone to be a little more eager to see than to beware of the sharp-eyed 'reb.' At such times the tip-lip of a shell has its effect.

"Some of the rifle-shot that are found after passing through the embrasures are of the most curious burst. As yet, these diminutive shells have done no damage. Still in advance of this work Captain Powell and General Sherman are building a work of which these works are exceedingly creditable to their builders.

"BATTERY HICKENLOOPER.

"This work, constructed by Major Andrew Hickenlooper, of General M'Pherson's staff, is the work thrown up by the rebels in the most effective and defensive, of any such attempt as yet planned around Vicksburg. Its nearness to the rebel works will be realized by examination of the cut. From this position the opposing forces are within fifty yards of each other's works.

It is not unusual to hear some of our men request an Alabama or Carolina friend to raise his head "just a little bit over the top of the works, in order to have a fair shot. Frequently a hat is raised by a ramrod above our works, to draw the fire of the enemy, when a sharp-shooter from a ample's ace notihg and drawing a fine sight on the rebel marksmen."

THE FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

Mr. DAVIS also sends us a sketch of the sharp fight at Milliken's Bend, where a small body of negro troops, with a few white officers, repulsed by a larger force of rebels. A letter from Vicksburg says:

Twenty-second Day of Siege of Vicksburg, June 5, 1863.

Two gentlemen from the Yazoo have given me the following officer report of the fight at Milliken's Bend, which negro troops played so conspicuous a part.

It appears that on the 6th inst. a force of about 1800 and 500 men of the Twenty-third Iowa, belonging to the Second Brigade, Fourth Division, Sixteenth Corps, had been up the river with prisoners, and was on its way back to the Yazoo, when it was surprised by a force of about 2000 men. The first intimation that the commanding officer received was the sight of the rebels who went into the colonel's tent, and said: "Means, the jig is up." The colonel replied: "Not exactly," and the men load their guns at once. He instantly replied: "We have about the right number." Before the colonel was ready the men were in line, ready for action. As before stated, the rebels were in front of the camp boats, taking colored men prisoners and murdering them. They emerged from the woods in front of the enemy more heroically and desperately than has been recorded during the war. Our men met them with charge, a hand-to-hand fight, that has never occurred to any extent in the western campaign. The fight both sides were not killed with the butts of muskets. White and black men were lying side by side in the ditches. There were many instances recorded to the earth. In one instance, two negroes—one white and the other black—were found side by side, each having the other's bayonet through his body. The fight lasted about an hour. Upon reinforcements, the engagement of Sunday morning will be recorded as the most desperate of the war. Dismounted rebel cavalrymen, the mingling of bodies, all prove that it was a contest between evenly matched men; no rebel was allowed to a race, and on the other, desire for self-preservation, regardless of life, prompted the negro to murder all of their comrades. One brave man took his former master prisoner, and, handing him over to the colonel, asked if a rebel prisoner made a particular request that his own negroes should not be sent after him to the Yazoo. Fortune is capricious! His request was not granted.

The rebels lost, as stated, 200 men killed, 500 to 700 wounded, and about 200 prisoners. Our loss is reported to be 100 killed and 800 wounded; but few of this number were white men.

A RAID AMONG THE RICE PLANTATIONS.

On page 429 we illustrate the recent raid of Colonel Montgomery's Second South Carolina Volunteers (colored) among the Rice Plantations of South Carolina. The object of the expedition was to reproduce, Surgeon Robinson, writes as follows:

"HD. SQRS. SIDNEY'S ISLAND, GEORGIA, June 8, 1863.

"I inclose you a sketch of the recent operations of Colonel James Montgomery (formerly of Kansas), of the Second South Carolina Volunteers (colored), in the interior of South Carolina, among the rice plantations up the Combahee.

"We destroyed a vast amount of rice, corn, and cotton, stored in the barns and rice-mills, with many valuable steam-engines. We broke the sluice-gates and flooded the fields so that the growing crop, which was growing beautifully, will be a total loss. We carried out the President's proclamation to the letter, and brought away, with contrabands, 150 of whom are now serving their country in the regiment which liberated them. The rest were old men, women, and children. The rebel loss from our visit must amount to several millions of dollars. We are now about commencing operations on the Georgia coast.

"We skirmished all day with the rebels, but escaped without the loss of a man. Their cavalry killed and wounded some of the slaves as they swarmed to the protection of the old flag."



ARMY BEEF SWIMMING THE OCCOQUAN RIVER, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



THE BATTLE AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



RAID OF SECOND SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS (COL. MONTGOMERY) AMONG THE RICE PLANTATIONS ON THE COMBAHEE, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

A TYPICAL NEGRO.

We publish herewith three portraits, from photographs by M'Pherson and Oliver, of the negro GORDON, who escaped from his master in Mississippi, and came into our lines at Baton Rouge in March last. One of these portraits represents the man as he entered our lines, with clothes torn and covered with mud and dirt from his long race through the swamps and bayous, chased as he had been for days and nights by his master with several neighbors and a pack of blood-hounds; another shows him as he underwent the surgical examination previous to being mustered into the service—his back furrowed and scarred with the traces of a whipping administered on Christmas-day last; and the third represents him in United States uniform, bearing the musket and prepared for duty.

This negro displayed unusual intelligence and energy. In order to foil the scent of the blood-hounds who were chasing him he took from his plantation onions, which he carried in his pockets. After crossing each creek or swamp he rubbed his body freely with these onions, and thus, no doubt, frequently threw the dogs off the scent.

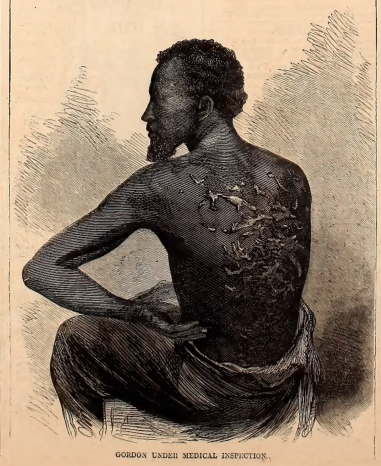
At one time in Louisiana he served our troops as guide, and on one expedition was unfortunately taken prisoner by the rebels, who, infuriated beyond measure, tied him up and beat him, leaving him for dead. He came to life, however, and once more made his escape to our lines.

By way of illustrating the degree of brutality which slavery has developed among the whites in the section of country from which this negro came, we append the following extract from a letter in the New York *Times*, recounting what was told by the refugees from MRS. GILLESPIE'S estate on the Black River:

> The treatment of the slaves, they say, has been growing worse and worse for the last six or seven years.
>
> Flogging with a leather strap on the naked body is common; also, paddling the body with a hand-saw until the skin is a mass of blisters, and then breaking the blisters with the teeth of the saw. They have "very often" seen slaves stretched out upon the ground with hands and feet held down by fellow-slaves, or lashed to stakes driven into the ground for "burning." Handfuls of dry corn-husks are then lighted, and the burning embers are whipped off with a stick so as to fall in showers of live sparks upon the naked back. This is continued until the victim is covered with blisters. If in his writhings of torture the slave gets his hands free to brush off the fire, the burning brand is applied to them.
>
> Another method of punishment, which is inflicted for the higher order of crimes, such as running away, or other refractory conduct, is to dig a hole in the ground large enough for the slave to squat or lie down in. The victim is then stripped naked and placed in the hole, and a covering or grating of green sticks is laid over the opening. Upon this a quick fire is built, and the live embers sifted through upon the naked flesh of the slave, until his body is blistered and swollen almost to bursting. With just enough of life to enable him to crawl, the slave is then allowed to recover from his wounds if he can, or to end his sufferings by death.
>
> "Charley Shoe" and "Overton," two hands, were both murdered by these cruel tortures. "Shoe" was whipped to death, dying under the infliction, or soon after punishment. "Overton" was laid naked upon his face and burned as above described, to test the code of his legs and the



GORDON AS HE ENTERED OUR LINES.



GORDON UNDER MEDICAL INSPECTION.



GORDON IN HIS UNIFORM AS A U. S. SOLDIER.

muscles of the back refused longer to perform their office. He was, nevertheless, forced into the field to labor, but being crippled, was unable to move quick enough to suit "Tom," the driver. For this offence the negro struck him on the head with the heavy stick and killed him.

"Tom" had the consumption, but was forced to work in the cotton-field. One night he was missing from his master in. Two days afterward his body was found in the field, where he had fallen and died on his way home.

"The poor old slave had gone to rest."

Edmond, belonging on the Widow Gillespie's plantation, has been a witness of or knowing to several cases of punishment by the burning process. Two of these were of girls belonging to the Widow G., in New Orleans, and the others occurring on her "island plantation," before referred to. A mulatto, wife of Essex, one of the slaves in the party, related to me the particulars of one case, as follows: Emma was a middle-aged woman in the family named Margaret, who had a nursing child. Mrs. Gillespie ordered Margaret to wean the child. The babe was weakly, and Margaret did not wish to do so. Mrs. G. told her that she would remember her breast the next Monday, and, if she found any milk in it, she would punish her severely. Monday came around, and on that day Margaret went was to spin eighteen "broches"—spools—but she did not finish it; at night the promised examination took place, and the breast of Margaret gave but too convincing proof that, in obedience to the promise of a mistress's heart, she had spurned the threat of the inhuman mistress. Mrs. G. then ordered the hands to the usual stop, and a wash-boat of large size was procured, which had been used for the purpose of drying the sand, but which was now filled with water. Into this Margaret was placed, her breast and back bare, and her feet were forcibly bound.

During this terrible infliction "Jems" came out of his room and remonstrated with his mother for "using the niggers so." He "did not with them [mulatto] in any way." Her answer was, "They won't mind me, and I will do with them as I please." Margaret was a long time in recovering from her wounds. Rose Ann, who was child's nurse, was next upon the occasion to bid and bring home a little boy named Tommy, whom his father had taken down to town with him after breakfast. The child was delivered at Mrs. Turnett's, a "grocer-keeper," living in Camp Street, below Julia. He was found after a second call and brought home. Mrs. G. accused Rose of not trying to find the boy at first. She ordered her husband to come and attend over her hand; she was placed upon her back on the floor, her hands tied to the bed-cords and her feet to the extension table. In this position her person was exposed to view, and the poker heated in the fire. This punishment she more humiliating as well as most acute, the hot instrument was applied to the sacred region *par for her body.* She then gave her fifty lashes and let her loose.

This punishment was not caused by the child's misconduct of torture with the witness. Amerie, who was and related these facts to me, was in the presence of several of her fellow-slaves, suffered a similar punishment on the plantation, and was then sold to a trader. The punishment she had to undergo was for "impudence." Mrs. G.'s daughter's dress the wrong way. For this offence she was made to lie on a board upon a table, her hands and feet bound to the leather strap and buckle tightly fastened around her stomach and pressed her body. Having procured a pair of tongs in the fire, she ordered them brought and began pinching and burning her about the thighs, abdomen, and other parts until they were baked and stiff. This species of refined torture seems to be a favorite one with her. On another occasion "America" says she was whipped with a new "cow-hide" until her flesh was cut to the bones. Mrs. G. then brought a bottle of "No. 6," and with a small sponge she lacerated parts of the body with the liquid, causing the most intense torture she ever experienced. Likewise, and the next occasion, she was in a very common thing to see a slave carried by force to the residence of Mrs. Gillespie, and there be whipped. She would order him to undress, and with her own hands apply the lash until the human exhausted.

A DUEL OR TWO.

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo an unlucky pamphlet found its way into Frescati, the conversation-rooms at the watering-place of Boisgenes. This pamphlet took pretty much the same odd view of the battle of Toulouse as M. Thiers has recently done of Waterloo. An Englishman chanced to take it up, and wrote on the margin that "every thing in it was false; that Lord Wellington had gained a complete victory, and the French men were indebted to his generosity for not having been put to the sword." A hot young Frenchman of the place, named Prince, at once called out the indiscreet Englishman. Every thing was done to accommodate matters; and we are told that even the authorities calculated and considerately acted "precisely so far as *moral* suasion might be effectual. But all these good offices proved ineffectual, and the representatives of the two nations met on the ground. Poor Prince gave one more illustration of the insufficiency of this mode of adjusting a quarrel. He fell at the first fire he received the Englishman's ball in the stomach, and died shortly after.

The reason after the first abdication of Napoleon, and more particularly after the battle of Waterloo, was, it is well known, very fruitful in quarrels between French and English officers. Every mess-room, gossip, Captain Grouse, has furnished many incidents illustrative of this spirit. In the "Life" of the French spent days and nights practicing fencing; and even resorted to the device of dressing up fencing-masters in officers' clothes, and making them to pick quarrels with the English. It became impossible for these latter to avoid a conflict with men burning with rage and mortification, and determined to insult their conquerors. At Bordeaux, the Frenchmen used to come into the Gironde for the express purpose of picking a quarrel; and as the challenge usually came from the English, the French had the choice of weapons, which generally selected their favorite small-sword. Strange to say, the result was usually fatal to their own countrymen, who, being utterly helpless at cut-and-thrust, and all the niceties of the exercise, unconsciously reproduced the scene in Alexandre Bourgeois, rushed on, in defiance of guards and passes, and cut down their enemy at once. In vain the Frenchmen protested that this was "brutal" and "unchivalrous," that it was a crying outrage against "les règles d'escrime." Stalwart Englishmen stood by their friend, and, producing loaded pistols, threatened to shoot any who attempted to interfere. This system gradually produced a more wholesome state of feeling.

One night a party of English and Irish officers were at the little Théâtre de la Gaîté, where none French officers tried the usual devices to engage them in a quarrel. The Frenchmen had their swords, which they drew at once, with the alacrity of their country; unfortunately, the Anglo-Hibernian party had none. They, however, rapidly broke up all the chairs and tables at hand, and converting the fragments into useful weapons of offense, shivered every sword opposed to them, utterly routing their opponents. In the delicate situation in which the occupying army was placed, there was an inclination to make every allowance for wounded sensibilities; but it was found impossible to break the offensive behavior of the natives, and their studious insults. And the English authorities bore the temper of the nation so well, that none of the surviving offenders were visited with severe punishment.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lake Superior Line!

CONSISTING OF STEAMERS

1863 1863

PLANET METEOR,

CITY OF CLEVELAND

TRAVELER, ILLINOIS,

Iron City, and Northern Light.

One of the above Steamers will leave DETROIT, MICHIGAN, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week, during the season, for all Points on Lake Superior.

LEAVE CLEVELAND, Every Monday evening at 8 o'clock P. M.

The Fare by these Steamers, including board and rooms, is only eleven dollars, *per mile, cheaper than any other* Pleasure Route in the world.

For further information apply on board.

Seat free by mail for 60 cts.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by

S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York.

Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

Note Papers and Wedding Cards.

Tiffany & Co.

Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway.

Would respectfully inform their Patrons and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended their Manufacturing Department for PAPER GOODS ENGRAVEMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for furnishing the finest work.

Correspondence and Wedding Stationery,

Cards of all sizes and shapes, engraved upon the premises with punctiliously prompt attention, either in relief, colored or plain, in ordinary text or originally designed monograms. A choice assortment of the Latest Agency's Writing Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Note and Letter Papers, as well as the best French styles, constantly on hand.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a RADGE WITH HIS NAME, REGIMENT AND COMPANY. The subscriber will forward to any soldier in the Army a Solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment, Engraved thereon, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to the buttonhole. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 209 Broadway, New York.

A CARD.

Important to Tourists. Mr. Semmons begs to inform the Traveling Public that he has consented to open a branch of his store at

No. 123 Broadway, opp. Post Office,

SARATOGA SPRINGS,

where may be found a splendid assortment of his celebrated *Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Single and Double Telescopes of immense power; Field and Marine Glasses, Opera Glasses, &c., &c.*, also, his famous *Pocket Drawing Glass*, of the greatest transparent power, invaluable for tourists and painters.

The business in New York will still be open. Catalogues sent free by mail.

SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
609 Broadway, opp. Bond St., N. Y.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large and fertile Counties of Hunterdon, Hunterdon, 90 miles southwest of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit and grain country in the State; \$10 to \$20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to or address JOHN P. STEVENS, Lambertville, N. J. Take the Camden & Amboy Route to the latter. Leave Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7, A. M. or 2½ P. M.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVENS PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Well, Ladies or Children. Will protect from musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to \$3. Sample sent free on receipt of \$1.25. Agents wanted.

HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 69 Nassau St., Room No. 28, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe News Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 32x60. Price \$1500.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 28x51. Price \$1100.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 28x51. Price \$1200.

Apply to R. HOE & CO., 29 GOLD STREET, 139 Pearl St., N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN BE-ALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 14 Hanover Street, N. Y.

150 Needles 25 Cents.

PARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Are Easier" All sizes. Free by mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 441 Broadway, N. Y.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S

GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better

DISPLAY,

And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

NOTICE.—HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.—SEA-SICKNESS CURED.—Let us whisper in the ear of all who go down to the sea in ships, that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS positively, immediately and infallibly cure nausea at sea. Brandy has been tried within, plasters have been tried without.—Thousand anodynes have been recommended for this most depressing and overwhelming malady on the pleasures of a sea voyage. They have all failed—entirely failed. But the proprietor of Hostetter's Bitters will stake their reputation on the efficacy of the preparation as a means of calming and strengthening the nauseated stomach during the stormiest voyage. It is certain to act in one of two ways; it may either stay the first distressing attack at once, and prevent the ejection of food, or it may ensure a discharge of the contents of the stomach, to be followed almost instantly by an entire relief from sea-sickness, and a renewed relish for the good things of life. Then it will effect a permanent cure. Either of these ways is as certain as that morn will follow midnight.

No landsman, above all, no lady, should go to sea without a supply of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS—the purest tonic and the most powerful preventive extant.

Sold by all druggists and family grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 69 BROADWAY.

AMBOLINE FOR THE HAIR

AMBOLINE NOURISHES, BEAUTIFIES, ODORATES, LENGTHENS, INVIGORATES, NOURISHES, EMBELLISHES the HAIR.

RENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating extracts from Flowers, Herbs, and Roots, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beneficial where the hair requires a gentle stimulant."—*Medical Journal.*

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair dressing."—*Ladies' Journal.*

WARREN WARD, Esq.,
No. 197 Canal Street, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has restored the entire scalp with NEW HAIR."

Prof. JOHN SENIA, No. 25 King St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price \$1. Manufactured for sale wholesale by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 206 Broadway, New York.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 8-5 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street, Manufactory and Depot for Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, to introduce our new, cheap, and useful *Illuminating Oriental Burners*, and 12 other new and curious articles. 12 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

GOLD PENS RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES.—Genuine goods. Also, the best Pocketin Use in the world. One Million will suits 8 to 12 hours. Send for circular. Geo. F. HAWKES, Manuf. 64 Nassau St., N. Y.

DR. WUPPER'S VEGETABLE PILLS are infallible for Fluids, Piles and Bleeding Piles. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. Beware of base imitations. Genuine from all parts of the country can be had at office of the Proprietor, J. WUPPER, No. 421 Broadway, N. Y.

TURNIP

AND

RUTA BAGA SEEDS.

The Subscribers have this day issued their

Annual Turnip Seed Circular,

Designed to convey information exclusively to those who deal in Seeds, whether regular herdsmen, country Druggists, Booksellers, or Merchants. It will be mailed without charge to all such who may apply.

☞ Here it may be only necessary to state that the varieties of Turnip offered by the subscribers are the most approved, and that

EVERY SEED IS THE PRODUCE OF

BLOOMSDALE,

Related with critical care, and will prove to be entitled to the highest confidence.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
No. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

$15 per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to sell at one Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our irresistible, universal, and unrivaled Novelties, large size FREE STANDING, RECITED, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing 15 articles, viz.: Yankee Paper, Pins, Pantels, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Gold Pattern Pictures, Recipes for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Pocket Companions, Wonderful Medicine, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich Without Money, Secret Dealings, Private Matters, Fortune Telling, Dreams, Yankee Notions of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Jewelry, Watches, &c.*, &c. Our Package Novelties are the best selling articles ever offered to the public, and are sold at retail. Wholesale rates to agents very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Terms to Agents are more liberal than those of all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and most reliable and responsible Article in the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 100 or 1000. Sample Package, containing 25 &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the world. Send for Illustrated Circular. A Package Sent Free to Any Address. ENGLISH NOVELTIES, and *correct blueprints* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICHARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. **10** samples sent free by mail for **20** cents that retails for **$2**. Address R. L. WOLCOTT, 179 Chatham Square, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW

We want Agents in every Town and County to sell our Great, New, Patent Novelties. Most Complete Chromatic Prize Package. Variety and Yankee Notion Package; containing every thing needed by Ladies, Gents, Children, Young Men, Young Women, Households, Patriots of Generals, Fifty sure Ways to get Rich, Secrets worth Millions, &c., &c. Sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the world, for only 25 cents. We give a fine Watch, Gold Pen, Pencil, Pocket Compass, or some other valuable, to every Agent. Our Goods are now making $15 00 per day easy. We also give one Hundred Gift of Fine Jewelry from our own Factory with every package. Send for New Circular, or call on

RICHARDS & Co., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N.Y. Box 3121.
Most Extensive Agency House in the U. S.

WONDERFUL

The greatest Book ever published. Satisfaction guaranteed to every one. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

RICHARDS & Co., PUBLISHERS, Box 3121,
37 and 39 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

$15 00 PER DAY.

Agents wanted all through the country to sell our NEW STYLE of Embossed Initial Stationery (self-sealing envelopes). 20 other new and useful patented Articles. Great Chance. Box 3121.

RICHARDS & Co., 37 and 39 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

XXXX

Agents wanted everywhere to sell our Celebrated Crystal Vowels, attached to their Gold Pens, with Gold Pencil and every Article. Fine Watch, correct timekeeper, that will sell for $5, given free to every Agent. Send for circular. Price of Rich Jewelry, New Style, given with every bottle.

RICHARDS & Co., 37 and 39 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

P. S.—Our Jewelry Bottles Cement and 12 rich prizes sent on receipt of $1 75.

Ladies' Ready-Made Undergarments

OF

Linen Cambric and Muslin.

Store 1143 Broadway, near 26th St.

Sizes, Patterns, Qualities, and Prices in assortment intended to fully meet the trend of any Lady unexpectedly called upon to purchase Ready-Made Underwear by order. Orders from abroad faithfully executed by express, C. O. D. Line of Patterns free if requested.

$10 per day nett profit.—Agents wanted for a light wholesale business. Send stamp for a circular to

C. F. SHULTIS, New Haven, Conn.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR
$1 PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. VAN ANDEN & CO., No. 194 John Street, N. Y. Send for a circular.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

PELANS PATENT

BILLIARD TABLES

MANUFACTORY & WARE-ROOMS

63,65,67,69 CROSBY St. New York.

Phelan & Collender, Sole Manufacturers.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 40 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
500 Lady's and Gents' Silver Watches..... 15 00 each.
5000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Garnet and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Jet, and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
8100 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Sets of Boson Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Pencil Cases..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
4000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets..... 2 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders 4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are placed in sealed envelopes, well sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business. In some cases, which must be indicated when the Certificate is sent for, Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents can sell either 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

269 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 53 emanded cards to the pack. Eagle, Shield, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Other packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Fortune mailed, post-paid, for $5, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 449 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.



THE STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a nourishing oily extract of Roots, Barks and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and falling of the hair; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 478 Broadway.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent at half rates, by HAINDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

FIRTH, SON & CO.

Have much pleasure in announcing that they are now permanently located in the

SPACIOUS STORE,

NO. 563 BROADWAY,

Next door to Mears. Ball, Black & Co.

They would, at the same time, call the attention of their numerous friends and the

MUSICAL PUBLIC

To their valuable and well assorted stock of

PIANOS,

MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Strings in all *Varieties*.

MUSICAL

MERCHANDISE,

&c., &c.

Which they have now for sale

WHOLESALE and

RETAIL,

At the lowest prices and of the best quality.

Sole Agents for MORISON'S HYGEIAN Medicines.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and ruled, in quantities to suit purchasers, by VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4117 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address

E. S. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

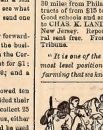
WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S 254 Broadway, 23 Broadway, or 79 Nassau St., N. Y.
$2 Established 1840. $2 For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, *Peaches*, &c., to be sown over 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—39 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P. M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural see Free. From Report of Solon Robinson, *Ag. & Tribune*.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, on an ultimate level position, and suitable considera- for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.



Measles are prostrating the Volunteers by hundreds; the hospitals are crowded with them. Solution, be warned in time. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are positively infallible in the cure of this disease; occasional doses of them will preserve the health even under the greatest exposure. Only 75 cents per box.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHE?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. GILLAM, No. 10 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A First-Rate Book for the Moldcon.

New Method for the MELODEON and other INSTRUMENTS OF THE REED CLASS, selected mainly from *"Zundel's Celebrated Melodeon Instructor,"* and containing Easy Lessons and Attractive Music, including the POPULAR TUNES OF THE DAY, and a variety of Sacred and Home Tunes. A book that can not fail to give satisfaction. Price $1.00. On receipt of which it will be sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston.

TO MEN OF INTEGRITY.

Those who have a little money to invest in a business entirely new and novel, as necessary as new, as lucrative as necessary, as respectable as lucrative, would do well to address

L. S. W.,
97 Park Row, N. Y.
Room 6.

A Story of the War.
For Sale at all Book Stores.
Price 25 cents.
ELLA ADAMS;
OR,
THE DEMON OF FIRE
A Tale of the Charleston Conflagration.
By NED BUNTLINE.
Illustrated by Darley.
Price Twenty-Five Cents.
Mailed to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.
FREDERIC A. BRADY, Publisher,
2 Spruce St., and 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

"Royal Courtship."

How Conducted—The Women of Turkey—Manners and Customs—Dresses—Veiled Ladies—Love—Courtship—Money—How they Manage in England—Female Life in London—Saving Women—Their Condition—Clean Teeth —Pure Breath—Etc. In JULY PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 15 c. $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

FREE.—OUR METALLIC UNION BADGES GRATUITOUS to SOLDIERS ONLY. Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send one 3 cent stamp for postage. HUBBARD BROS., N. Y.

HILTON'S
INSOLUBLE CEMENT

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt.

It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mends broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use.

It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere only substances firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO.,
Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2 oz. to 100 lbs.

For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

Army Corps Badges.



We are now prepared to furnish Army Corps Badges of every style, color, and quality. Regimental Badges got up to order with any inscription required. Also National Union League Pins, ten different styles.

Also a large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to Cash buyers. Address

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Standard Military Works.

Gibbon's Artillerist's Manual, 8vo. New Edition.. $6 00
Roemer's History and Uses of Cavalry, 8vo..... 6 00
Military Life and Habits of Officers, 12mo..... 1 25
Scott's Military Dictionary, 8vo..... 5 00
Brown's Military Law and Courts-Martial, 8vo..... 2 00
Together with a full assortment of French, English, and American Military, Naval and Scientific Works.
Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

"Somnambulism."

Second Sight—Seeing from the Stomach—Psychic Phenomena—Somnilequence—The Senses—The Soul not dependent on the Body—A Curious Night-Walk—Its Theory Pole—Writing Sermons in Sleep—Clairvoyance—in the JULY PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 15 c., $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Brandreth's Pills.

While Brandreth's Pills are so potent for good to diseased bodies, they are harmless as bread. The babe at the breast, or the man of ripest years and delicate females, can safely receive a curious of health from the use of these Pills, blessed of Heaven.

It has been said by an able physician, that "this medicine operates on the liver and kidneys." Wherein is its superlative quality. The Brandreth Pills have do power or action but upon impure humors in the blood. They carry off the bad matter in the blood around the parts affected by disease; all the parts involved in diseased actions are operated upon, and cleansed from all foulness, and relieved with "Life" and health. Wonderful curative powers contained and inherent of the most justly famed BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Millions of people whose lives appeared to be at the last ebb, were cut by fever's consuming fires, by consumption's insidious advances, by racking torments of inflammatory rheumatism, have been cured by the use of these pills. The persons are living witnesses, and thousands are residents in every city of America. Principal Office, No. 294 Canal Street, and No. 4 Union Square.

SOMETHING NEW—To cures the Whiskers and Mustaches to grow., Young men who want a heavy beard in four weeks, please send me 50 cents, and I will send them a bottle, with full directions. Address, free of postage, Dr. D. WITHERS B. Chelsea, Washington Co., Indiana.

SOMETHING NEW.

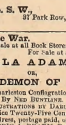
AGENTS WANTED—To sell Patent LAMP LIGHTER, and Burner. Sample sent by mail, post-paid, 25c. and 35c. S. W RICE & CO., 83 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

Persons afflicted with either of these complaints would do well to procure a bottle of

Sturgis' Electric Compound.

It was discovered by a well-known business man, and is a most remarkable remedy for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and kindred complaints. R. W. WARD, Proprietor, Boston. For sale by D. S. BARNES & CO., 202 Broadway, N. Y., General Agents.



By the use of this simple and ingenious article, a window of the usual size may be thoroughly cleaned and polished in three minutes, and may be used by a boy or girl ten years of age. It is the most perfect and sufficient saver for this purpose, and throws a stream a distance of forty feet. Sample sent on receipt of One Dollar. Agents wanted to control States, Counties, and Towns. Call on or address FOXALL FARNSWORTH, Inventor and Manufacturer, 699 Broadway, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-book of Information and Circular, with Rules of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. BOWES, BROWN & CO., 3 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
MANUFACTURERS OF WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are the sole consignees in the United States for that unique novelty the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 14, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The Army and Navy Gazette, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, reviewing this watch, says: "We are pleased to see that the Superintendent of the Express Baco. are meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary enterprise as theirs so richly merits. These watches are novelties produced by no other House, far exceeding other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons render the House a notable example to the trade in the country."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER cases, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, and is sold at the low price of $20 each, or $40 per pair. Sent by express, C. O. D., or by mail, $1 65 additional for postage. Should retail readily at from $30 to $50 each. Not to be counted out less than six.

Magic Time Observers.

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, ON LEVER'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-

REGULATING IMPROVEMENT.

The N. Y. Illustrated News, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, page 54, editorially says: "We have here shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS. are the sole agents, and the importers, it is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open face Watch combined. One of the most important, convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece ever invented and reliable as ever offered. Being within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding mechanism, thereby keeping it constantly wound up. In cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outside being of silver and inside gold. It has the regulator rate setting lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. The retail price, we understand, is of half that of gold. Simple Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those preferring to buy at wholesale, $20. If sent by mail, $1 65 additional for postage.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE!

☞ Correspondents in the army advise us of the detention of remittances by reporting our address. The collective proceeding arises from the envy of rustlers, whose avocation and disposition tempts them to open private letters to open our letters and obtain orders. By this ignominious proceeding they obtain information which may injure but the better swindle their customers! The very low prices we are enabled to offer our goods is thereby prevented, solely upon the defrauding projects of the sutlers, until that new method of doing business with the army exists. That this wholesale robbery will soon be brought to a close we have the utmost confidence, as the most successful of the measures of the army to be on their guard against the machinations of these sutlers, and we hope that it be no longer the case that our soldiers, who employ some friend in the city to call upon us and make purchases for them, are not to be subjected to the annoyance of opening an acquaintance living beyond the lines. *We send watches to the army on receipt of cash only in all cases.* We are at all times ready to wait upon customers, showing them the most polite attention. We invite inspection to our goods. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Cortlandt Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published,

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

HOOKER'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Science for the School and Family: Part I. Natural Philosophy. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, Author of "The Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," "First Book in Physiology," &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC: Designed for Children. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Vale College, and Author of a Course of Mathematics, &c. 16mo, Half Sheep, 38 cents.

WILLSON'S PRIMARY SPELLER. A simple and progressive Exercise Book in Lessons in Spelling, with Reading and Dictation Exercises, and the Elements of Oral and Written Compositions. By MARCIUS WILLSON, Author of the "School and Family Readers." 16mo, Half Sheep, 38 cents.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Cruda," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part I. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, making the Price for Club of Ten, HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $25 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens: And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute.—*Genesis, Ch.* 49, *Verses* 14, 15.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers
AND
Dealers in Government Securities,
Agents for U. S. Five Twenty Loan

are prepared to furnish the U. S. FIVE TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS, direct from the Government, at PAR and ACCRUED INTEREST, as heretofore.

EF ON AND AFTER JULY 1, THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERTING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES INTO THE FIVE TWENTY-YEAR BONDS AT PAR will cease. Parties wishing to secure a United States Bond paying six per cent. interest IN GOLD, AT PAR, should send in their orders before that time.

We also keep on hand a constant supply of all classes of Government Securities for sale at the lowest market rates.

U. S. 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.
U. S. 6 PER CENT. BONDS of 1881.
U. S. ONE-YEAR CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c., &c.

FISK & HATCH,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

$22. WATCHES. $22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selph's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 23 John Street, N. Y.,
and 28 d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

POPULAR HITS!
Card Photographs for Albums of
The Blue Beard of New Orleans.
The Emperor of China.
The Reliable Gentleman.
The Intelligent Contraband.
The New York Fast Boy.
The Ogress, Emperor of China's Stepbrother.
The Angel of Peace.
The Happy Governor of Massachusetts.
The British Lion, on and off the rampage.
Fighting Joe.
General of Black Horse Cavalry.
Price 10 cents. Can be sent by mail.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

GEN. KEARNY LEADING A CHARGE,
A most exquisite and spirited picture.
CARD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ALBUMS—Price 25c.
Just Published by
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

HEADLEY'S
History of the Rebellion.
Agents Wanted in all parts of the loyal states and Canada.
Exclusive territory given.
Liberal inducements offered.
150,000 volumes already sold. Address or apply to HURLBUT, WILLIAMS & CO., Hartford, Conn.

A SPECULATION.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Package in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. Issues and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Old and New Books and Magazines
Of every description bought. A large stock of secondhand books for sale cheap. GEO. W. DUNNE, Bookseller, 49 Nassau Street, near Maiden Lane, New York.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope
Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 189 Centre Street, 3d floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper, first free by mail, is sent out for only $7. Same Watch, same as above, $8, Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 36 & 40 Ann St., N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 28 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects 500 times. Four different powers for $1. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

A Rainy Day in the Country.
Delightful Amusement.—Painting the Cories or Violin with "NORTON'S Aluminum Colors" $3 for 50 full sets of instructions and a complete set of colors, &c., to Paint, Dry & Go, Boston, New York, Paper Load, 820 Broadway; M. Kroeder, 72 Broadway; D. Appleton & Co., 346 Broadway; Spencer Manufacturing Co., 4 Beekman Street.

$200 A MONTH! $200
Where I not a Soldier I could make the above amount. I will send full particulars to Citizens on receipt of $1. Address HOWLAND & CO., Box 5, Co. G, 146th Regiment, Pa. Volunteers, Washington, D. C.

Gold Pens and Cases,
Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' "	$ 75	Union "	$2 00
Med. "	1 75	Diamond "	2 50
Large "	2 00	Diamond "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 25
Large Eureka	1 50	Diamond Eureka	2 50

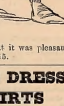
The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last 10 Years, and as the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen out in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Pens mounted on the receipt of the order. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases Pens made to order to fall any hand at the shortest notice. Beware of the many worthless imitations now in the market. Address as above, or at the factory,

E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

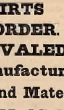
Shults' Onguent.—Warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, post-paid, for 50 cts. Address G. E. Shults, Troy, N. Y.

Superior Farm Land
At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Tract, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Solon Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN M. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.
UNRIVALED
In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material.
At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

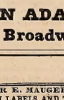


VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.



The Craig Microscope.
If you would like the most interesting, instructive, amusing, and useful Instrument in the world, send $3, and the Craig Microscope and 6 beautiful mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. Instrument and 24 objects sent for $5. The celebrated microscope is so simple that a child can use it, and magnifies about 10,000 times. Address HENRY CRAIG,
189 Centre Street, New York.
Liberal discount to Dealers.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.
10 COLLARS
FOR 40 CENTS.



THE GENUINE
CLOTH-LINED
PAPER COLLAR.
At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents Furnishing Goods.
I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER.
The perfection of my establishment. In this department, I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory in the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call.
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.

Laforge block.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Prices: per hundred, $10; per thousand, 75 Cents; $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail.
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

A Saving of 20 per cent. by buying Housekeeping Articles at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

To Consumptives.
The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free of charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS Co.,
NEW YORK.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.
THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,
Offers more advantages to insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:
A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, now largely added to by accumulations.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter expressly requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the advantages and security of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their apparent disadvantages.

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.

All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

GYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEATON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, forbidden without charge, and rest free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. 10th rot. Mild climate. Sea advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Scrofula, L.Y.D.S.
Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S
YELLOW DOCK SYRUP.
Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body*, gives Tone to the *Nerves, Strength* to the *Muscles*, and *Health* to every *Channel, Joint, and Limb.*
One Dollar per bottle; worth Five times the Price.
Depot, 162 FULTON STREET, N. Y. Sold by 593 GRAND St.
Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.



"EUREKA CLOTHES SQUEEZERS."
Simple, durable, best in market, self adjusting. No. 1, price $2 00; No. 2, $2 50; No. 3, $3 00; No. 4, $3 50.
Sent to any part of the country, free, on receipt of retail price.
W. J. CLUFF, Agt., 8 India Street, Boston, and
206 Pearl Street, New York.

Attention General Grant's Rescrans', Hooker's Banks and Birney's Divisions.
Kearney Cross.
I will send the above-named Cross Pin in Gold Plate to any Soldier on the receipt of $1. Also for $1 I will send as sample either a beautiful Gold Pen and Pencil, or New Style Vest Chain, or California Diamond Ring, or Gent's Pin or Seal Ring, or a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or an Engraved Locket or Bracelet; and for 50 cents I will send a sample of the New Union League Pin.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

National Union League.



League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver, price from $2 50 to $15 per doz. Sample One, on receipt of pre-paid, upon receipt of $5 00. Our Agent will call on you, or send upon receipt of $1 00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of our designs have been adopted by different organizations throughout the country. Also a complete assortment of *Army Corps Badges*.
E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT
Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate. In Packages, Ready Mixed. 1 Mixed Lots, X Pounds.

Enameled Furniture.
All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 1 and 3 Canal Street. WARD & HAND.

140 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

Davis Collamore & Co.,
429 Broadway,
Between Broome and Grand Street,
Are now opening NEW MEDALLION, DINING AND TEA SETS, PARLOR VASES, VASES, &c., &c.

A THOUSAND RESIGNATIONS found at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Line of Wall Paper. 200 per cent. profit. Rogers Wall Paper Co., Augusta, Me. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. D. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe that has cured Asthma, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 341.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac, was born of American parents at Barcelona, Spain, in 1813, and is consequently forty-eight years of age. He entered West Point from Pennsylvania in 1831, and entered the Third Artillery in 1835. On 26th October, 1836, he resigned his commission and engaged in private pursuits. In 1842 he was appointed to the United States Topographical Engineers, and with that corps served in Mexico, winning several brevets for bravery and good conduct. At the close of the war he was a Captain.

When the rebellion broke out, and President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand volunteers, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was raised, and placed under the charge of Major-Gen. McCall, as division commander, and Generals Reynolds, Meade, and Ord, as brigade commanders. General Meade was then placed in charge of the Second Brigade of that division, and proceeded to cooperate in at Tconnallytown.

When the Army of the Potomac began to move upon Manassas during March, 1862, the division in which General Meade served was attached to the First Corps, now under General M'Dowell. With him they remained north of the Rappahannock until after the battle of Hanover Court-House, when they were added to the Army of the Potomac, occupying part of the right wing, with division headquarters in the vicinity of Mechanicsville.

On the 20th of June, 1862, he took part in the famous battle of Mechanicsville, where General Sumner's division made such a terrific dash upon General M'Clellan's right wing, and General M'Call, Reynolds, and Meade were taken prisoners. His noble conduct and bravery on this occasion were particularly noticed.

The next day he was engaged under General Fitz John Porter in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and was so distinguished that he was nominated for a brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel for distinguished services during that battle. He also took part in some of the subsequent engagements of the seven days' fight.

At the battle of New Market Cross Roads he was severely wounded, but, under skilful treatment, he recovered, and almost immediately returned to the army, where he took command of the division until the return of Generals M'Call and Reynolds from captivity in Richmond.

When the rebels invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania, after the defeat of General Pope's army, General Reynolds, who had commanded the division, was then ordered to organize the Pennsylvania militia, and General Meade was placed in command of the division of Pennsylvania reserves. He led these troops during the eventful battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and when, at the latter battle, General Hooker was wounded and had to leave the field, General Meade for a short time had charge of the Ninth Army Corps, formerly under General Reno.

After General Burnside had been placed in charge of the Army of the Potomac, General Reynolds, who formerly commanded the Pennsylvania reserves, after the retirement of General M'Call, was ordered to command the whole of the First Army Corps, and General Meade was therefore placed in command of the division of Pennsylvania reserves. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, he greatly distinguished himself, and his division lost very heavily, the brigade commanders and several field officers being placed *hors du combat* during the attack on the rebel right. The severest loss of the division was 1624, being the greatest division loss during the whole of that disastrous fight.

On the 15th of December, 1862, two days after this eventful battle, he was ordered to command the Fifth Army Corps, formerly under General Fitz John Porter, and more recently under General Butterfield. To enable him properly to hold that position he was appointed by the President a Major-General of volunteers, and was regularly nominated to the United States Senate for confirmation January 1863.

During the advance upon Chancellorsville General Meade's corps formed part of the right wing of Hooker's army. The corps started on its march on the 26th day of April, 1863, and arrived at Kelly's Ford on the 28th. The next day it crossed the Rappahannock by that ford and the Rapidan by Ely's Ford. It then pushed on to Chancellorsville, where it arrived on the 30th and engaged the skirmishers of the rebels, taking their rifle-pits and temporary works.

During the fearful contests of the 2d, 3d, and 4th of May General Meade's corps participated in part in the same noble manner that had characterized the troops under his special command since the commencement of the war. It bore the brunt of battle, and in the end covered the retreat of the whole of Hooker's army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

A CHAPTER OF WALL STREET HISTORY.

IN the next generation old men in Wall Street will illustrate their precepts to their juniors by reference to the case of Harlem Railway stock in 1863. Many observant readers must have noticed the fluctuations of this lively stock during the past three months. Few of them, however, living out of the city, possess the knowledge that is requisite to understand the principle of these fluctuations. For their benefit, and likewise in order to afford some modern philosopher with an opportunity of "pointing a moral," it may be worth while to place on record the history of the Harlem imbroglio.

When, last winter, it became evident to all discerning observers that a combination of adventurers had bought up a majority of both branches of the Legislature, and that any Broadway Railroad Charter which those schemers might think fit to demand would be duly passed, and would probably be signed in due course by his complaisant Excellency Governor Seymour, a number of tax-payers, opposed to a railroad in Broadway, set their wits to work to ascertain if there were no method of defeating, or at least before the Legislature, but the Legislature itself.

One of them, some forcting lawyer, discovered an Act of the Legislature, passed in 1832, which, after reciting that the city had empowered the Harlem Railroad Company to run city cars "from the Park to Harlem Park," and that the Company had bound itself to use the privilege, conceded to the Company the exclusive right of running cars on all roads, lanes or streets, or avenues in which the City Council might deem it advisable to have such vehicles.

To understand this Act, it must be borne in mind that, when it was passed, city rail-cars were an experiment, and no one could tell whether the Harlem would not lose money by its large outlay for rails in the Fourth Avenue and Bowery. The additional privilege was given to the Harlem stockholders as a sort of *bonus* to induce them to make the experiment and to risk the outlay.

Twenty years had elapsed since the passage of this Act. The experiment had been hugely and lucrativeness of city rail-cars had been demonstrated. It was clear that if the Common Council could be got to declare that a city railroad was required in Broadway, the Harlem Company would be entitled, under the Act of 1832, to build it, and would enjoy the right to the exclusion of all rival claimants. Upon this foundation the opponents of the Albany scheme for a Broadway Railroad went to work.

The Common Council was consulted, and it was found, as expected, that members were willing to do any thing if "matters were made pleasant." Allusion was made to the passages in the Gospel which states that the laborer is worthy of his hire. If members were to labor they must have their hire.

In some respects all difficulties on this score were adjusted. A sum was mutually settled upon—shall we say $100,000, besides an interest of 6 per cent in Harlem stock? We don't pretend to know exactly.

Suddenly, at 4 P.M. on an unexpected day, both Boards of the Common Council were called together. The uninitiated had no idea why they met. People who were in the secret whispered that before they rose the Harlem Railroad Company would be entitled to lay rails in Broadway. But the event put them to shame. Both Boards adjourned without even alluding to a railroad in Broadway. Next day, however, it was whispered that the Harlem people had not "put up" the money, and the Aldermen and Councilmen were too wary to do business on credit.

Next day, at 1 P.M., the Council met again, and this time the Harlem Railroad Company had of an ordinance. But again an adjournment was carried; and this time, a little bird said that the friends of the Council required the money to be deposited with them as stakeholders. Another house keeper—whom the Harlem people would not trust—while the friends of the Harlem were ready to deposit with a friend of the City Hall publican, whom the Aldermen would not trust.

There was another brief session that day at 5 P.M., when the Council met for the sole purpose of making progress. Before nightfall, however, the Harlem operators became aware that delay was dangerous; that the Albany schemers were alarmed, and that injunctions had been applied for. Like wise men, they waived their scruples, and the little bird whispered that the money was "put up" by the friends of the gambling-house keeper. At 9 P.M. the Council met. The Sheriff and Deputy-Sheriff were on hand with injunctions against the Harlem people. Albany rogues, who saw their prey escaping them. They served some members, but not a quorum. They served the Clerk of the Aldermen, but that body, knowing that the money had been deposited with their chosen stake-holder, removed the official, and appointed a Clerk *pro tem.* The Deputy-Sheriff tried to force their way into the Council Board, but were unceremoniously ejected by the door-keeper, assisted by a chosen party of shoulder-hitters. And so, at forty minutes to nine at night, when the tax-payers and parties interested were in sweet unconsciousness, the ordinance was passed granting the Harlem Company the right to lay rails in Broadway, Fulton, and other streets.

It is presumed that the laborers, whether worthy or not, received their hire. Besides the cash in hand, which was fairly paid over by their stake-holder, they did well on their purchases of Harlem stock. On the evening on which the ordinance was passed the stock sold at 58; the next day it commanded 70; and it rose steadily from that point to 118.

So large profits overset the reason of the friends of the Common Council. In comparison with the thousands that made in a day or two, street-cleaning schemes, by which a few hundreds were filched, or the sale of votes at $100 a piece, seemed petty and contemptible. The City Fathers had touched the wands of Pactolus, and longed for another draught.

They were not long in doubt. If they could create, could they not also destroy? Could not he who had given likewise take away? As the *Herald* beautifully remarked, in justifying the transaction afterward from the point of view of an opponent of a Broadway Railroad, what would become of us if a legislative body could not repeal a measure passed in error, or under misapprehension? What, indeed!

Some friends of the Common Council waited upon Commodore Vanderbilt, and gravely informed him that the Council had a mistake had been made in granting the franchise to the Company of which he is President. They feared the grant would have to be repealed.

What the Commodore's reply was this chronicler is not prepared to state. He believes, however, that in the course of an unusually long and unusually warlike career, the Commodore has never once allowed himself or any concern under his control to be black-mailed. Under these circumstances, the Common Council delegates may possibly not have been met with a spirit of compromise or even Christian forbearance.

One thing they may have been told, and that was that, if they undertook any——roguseries, it might cost them all the money they had previously made by their connection with this affair.

But the City Hall jants, like many other men, are sanguine of temperament, but clear-sighted out of it. They reasoned that if the passage of the ordinance had put Harlem up from 58 to 118, they could put it down to ordinance to 58 down from par to 50. So, in a sweetly innocent way, they "sold Harlem short" all the way from 85—to which point the Commodore had let it drop—to 50.

Now there are 80,000 shares of Harlem. Of these 80,000 the Commodore is supposed to have held 10,000 at the contest commenced, and by his confidential friends, knowing the man, may have taken 15,000 more. In charming ignorance of these facts, the smart Aldermen sellers of the City Hall sold, for future delivery, at prices ranging from 85 to 72, some 50,000 shares more. A little arithmetician can figure the inevitable result. From 80,000 deduct 65,000, and the balance is 15,000. This was all the stock available for the Common Council deliveries of July next. In other words, those clever schemers, these shameless black-mailers, these wretched thieves, who had done so well by passing the ordinance, wanted to do still better by threatening to repeal it, had, in their blind avarice, contracted to deliver 35,000 shares of stock which they did not possibly get except from the very parties whom they were conspiring to rob.

But of this they knew nothing. On 25th, at 3 P.M., extraordinary meetings of the Common Council were held, and both boards went through the farce of repealing the grant to the Harlem Company.

Next morning the Commodore went to work. At an early hour his brokers had orders to take in the Harlem stock offered. It rose 75 this stock rose steadily, in the face of the ordinance of the Common Council, to 97. Next day it went to 105. At noon they had sold 100 shares on 25th at 72, found himself a loser on 37th of $17,500. Never did fierce March sun melt snow quicker than did the rise in Harlem dissipate the illusions of the City Hall jants. They lost thousands in an hour; each minute cost them hundreds.

With more white skin to those of a thief when he feels the handcuffs click on his wrists they went to the Commodore to beg for mercy. The Commodore was inexorably. He was not aware that he had any transactions with them. Having an unusually large balance at his banker's he had invested it in Harlem stock. He knew not who had sold the stock he had bought. If the gentlemen present were the sellers, he feared they had parted with valuable property at a low price. For his part he didn't see that he had had, or was likely to have, any dealings with them; and wished them a very good-morning.

Foiled, exasperated, and sickened, the rogues slunk back to White Hall to find that Harlem had gone up 2 per cent. more while they had been suing for mercy. Nor was loss of money their only sorrow. The public had come to the sentimental conclusion, and fairly reveled in delight at seeing knaves so beautifully caught. No member of the City Hall party could show himself in public without exciting a roar of laughter.

There is no saying how far things might have gone, and how much money the Ring might have lost, and it not occurred to some calm and shrewd observers that it was dangerous to provoke the Common Councilmen too far: that if they were "cleaned out" the result would inevitably be that they would replenish their purses, somehow or other, at the expense of the tax-payers. This suggestion was laid before the Commodore by a disinterested third party.

The victor was disposed to be clement.

"Let matters be placed *in statu quo*," said he; "and then I will see what I can do with the outstanding contracts."

Accordingly at 1 P.M., on 29th, the Aldermen met. The following is the official report of their action as printed in the *Herald*:

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

This Board met at one o'clock P.M. yesterday, President Walsh in the chair.

At a former meeting of the Board a resolution was passed rescinding the grant made to the Harlem Railroad Company which permitted them to extend their line through Broadway.

Alderman Farley now moved to reconsider that action, and to refer the matter to the Committee on Railroads.

City Inspector Smith moved to amend that the Board was in favor of Alderman Farley's motion, and could give many reasons why the matter should be referred. They should act legally. The Board had passed a resolution stating the Company was in error. It is true they have not put down any rails, and that they were not liable for any damages; but the Harlem Company had commenced to lay the rails necessary; and the Common Council, having granted the right, should be very cautious before they insisted their agreement.

Alderman Hardy did not think that the Common Council could rescind their grant to the Company; they were bound by every feeling of good faith to maintain their grant, and for that reason he voted at the last meeting against the resolution to rescind it.

Alderman Smith asked if the grant was to be perpetual.

Alderman Hardy answered that it was perpetual, and the Board, if they had had any objection, should have considered the matter before they granted permission for the extension of the railroad. He believed that they could not violate their first action in the case.

The previous question was then accordingly recommitted, and the whole matter referred to the Committee on Railroads (*i. e.* has been left where it was).

So the Aldermen ate the leek. Reporters say they grinned in a ghastly manner over it. Their future conduct may possibly be more in keeping of a direct square back down, as, without the concurrence of the Aldermen, their action goes for nothing.

But every one understands that both branches of the Common Council deliberately attempted to black-mail the Harlem Railroad Company; that they were foiled, and sorely punished in purse and prestige; and that finally, to save themselves from utter ruin, they acknowledged themselves to be sneakers, and ate dirt in the face of the people.

After this let no man complain of the *pede claudo* of Justice.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW REBEL POLICY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has evidently been persuaded to try a policy which he has often denounced. He has been constantly and bitterly assailed by a party among the rebels for persisting in a policy of defense instead of offense. At the time of his inauguration under an umbrella in Richmond he declared that the rebellion had been trying to defend too extensive a border, and that the truly wise course was a retirement from such outstretched lines.

That this policy was the best for the success of an insurrection like his is undoubtedly true. "Let us alone," is the cry of every people that rebels can utter, for it provokes the reply from foreign powers, "Why not?" and conciliates sympathy in advance. Besides, the purely-settled country such a policy concentrates strength, binds the population together, and inspires them with the consciousness that they are fighting upon their own soil for their own homes. To take the offensive and advance, is to risk their communications, to expose their rear, to unite their enemy, and to arouse an overwhelming population to fly to arms and to defend their soil by all the means at command. It is to take from themselves and give to the enemy the heroic inspiration that springs from actual invasion.

The party which favors this policy has at length prevailed. Nor is their success in procuring its adoption surprising. The astonishing failure, the partial success of the rebel armies in the field, the rebel cause itself has not prospered. The strength and the blockade; the passivity of Europe; the adaptation of trade to the loss of cotton; the acquiescence of the loyal States in the long war; their prosperity while it raged; the steady ripening of public sentiment in the matter of conscription and emancipation; the gradual development of military skill and invention; and the gradual but sure reduction of the area of the rebellion, have all been made to appear to the rebel chiefs that their only hope of prolonging the struggle lies in adopting a policy of offense. And they have adopted it. The offensive campaign all along the line from Portland to Pittsburg.

The movement is not to be deprecated by us. It is the surest test they could have applied to the loyalty of the land. It reveals the situation to us and to the world. It is the best way to find it for our veracity. It proves our patriotism. It strips off masks and exhibits realities. It says to us, "If you mean fight, fight." And who does not wish to know exactly where we stand? Who is not glad that now we shall see whether we mean what we say, and what doubtless we sincerely think we mean? If in effect the whole country with paralysis instead of indignant inspiration, we shall know that we are conquered. If it brings the whole loyal land to its feet, demanding that the Government of the United States shall summon every United States citizen to arms, and to see that he is drilled every week, it will do what we believe it will, and secure a unity such as we have not had, and a peace such as good men pray for.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

THE invasion of Pennsylvania is mortifying. A march of the rebels upon Philadelphia would be disastrous. But it will not be without its advantages, if it teaches us that we can make war only in a warlike way. Every lesson that we have

learned in this war we have learned by being taken by the throat; but we have learned them one after the other.

It will be so in this case. Looking at the matter plainly, as it stands to-day, there is obviously no reason why any column of trained rebel troops, twenty thousand strong, should not move directly upon Harrisburg and Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Certainly no man doubts that a cavalry troop of five hundred Texans, could ride into New York from the Pennsylvania line in the neighborhood of Elmira, make a sweep around as far as the Canada line, and escape by a different route. What would the chance companies of raw men hurried together to do to effect against a trained troop of desperadoes? What could the regiments of Pennsylvania militia, totally unused to military action, effect against one of Lee's veteran columns?

Thus, if the rebels burn Harrisburg before them words are printed, the alarm will be, not that the city is burned, but that it could be burned. In other words, that Pennsylvania has felt so little the need of a warlike basis of society during a civil war, that she has lain at the mercy of any daring guerrilla. From the stinging nettle let us pluck the flower. Let us understand that we can not cope with a military nation upon our own soil but by becoming ourselves a military nation. Every man should be a soldier; habituated to arms, regularly drilled; subject to sudden calls, and arranging his life with that chance always there. Then the approach of the rebel horde would make the border of every loyal State bristle with skilful soldiers.

But, if we are unwilling to do this, we are unwilling to carry on the war; and we shall learn that, to carry on the war by halves, is to be engaged in worse wars. For the present alternative is not war or peace. It is Civil War, in which, after a little effort, we are spared the ravage of our own homes, or a war in every State, county, and town—an open, bloody war of neighbors and kindred.

APATHY.

A few weeks ago we all said, "When Generals Wadsworth and Banks Port Hudson, the rebellion is mainly conquered." We do not say so to-day. In fact, when it appeared that the opening out of Virginia westward and Banks assaulted Port Hudson with a bloody repulse, and Vicksburg still defied, many saw them who were not with a" impatient despair, "Well, we can't do it!"

Can't do what? If you are fighting for your life what do you mean when you say that you can't do it? Simply that you can't help being murdered. So if we can not subdue the rebels it is because they can murder us, and do we think it worth while what that means? Dissension, separation, humiliation, privation, terrible rule, are each of them. It means war in every town of the land except in the victorious slave States. It means the overthrow of every principle of popular government, anarchy in every State; finally mastered by a military despotism and the establishment of the most intolerable system of social and political caste the annals of mankind.

If, in so solemn and perilous a crisis, men are apathetic, it is because they do not in the least conceive the consequences of apathy. It is because they think that the war ought to open upon any terms, forgetting that it can stop upon no other terms than such as make peace unproductive of all results for which it is desired.

RETALIATION.

It is amusing to remark the righteous indignation of Copperhead patriots at the excursions of Montgomery at the South, and their profound silence over the ravages of the rebel privateers upon our shipping. It is a fruit of the same devoted regard for the Union and the country which compels this kind of patriot to denounce and belie the conduct of the war against rebellion, and to omit all but the most summary reproof of rebellion itself. If the Government of the United States, by means of arms, seeks to weaken its enemy by depriving him of the services of his slaves, Copperhead patriotism explodes at the unconstitutionality, radicalism, fanaticism, and wickedness of the act. But if the rebels devote all their efforts to build fleets which our men may be conveniently slaughtered, or if they keep slaves working in the field to feed the men who are destroying the Government, or if they arm them to shoot us, Copperhead patriotism is dumb. It finds nothing unconstitutional, radical, or wicked in such a course. The rebels have been "irritated"—they feared that justice would not be done to them by black soldiers who "withdrawn;" therefore their fears should be allayed by receiving a solemn promise that they shall always govern the country as they please their wills, and without question or opposition.

Now the war which the rebels have compelled the people of this country to wage against them is like all wars, terrible. But they know and know that retaliation can not be carried beyond a certain end of war. They know, and the whole world knows, that when a company of rebels hang prisoners of any complexion, the friends of those prisoners are perfectly justified in hanging rebel prisoners in turn. When the rebels hang black soldiers the other day in the Southwest, the black soldiers instantly and properly retaliated by hanging rebel prisoners in the hands of the rebel lines. Copperhead Generals think fit to execute his threat and murder the captives in charge of our black regiments, no man in his senses doubts that, man for man, the captured rebel officers in our possession will be destroyed. And this will be in obedience to the first and most essential rule of warfare—that if the enemy wantonly destroy life or property, he must be restrained from continuing to do so in the only practicable way, by retaliation.

The rebels have now for two years devastated the defenseless private property of loyal citizens at sea, and they now complain, through the Copperhead journals of their friends, that their own protected private property is destroyed. The men who own and authorize and defend the depredations of pirates at sea protest with pious horror against what they call piracy on land. But if Jeff Davis authorizes Captain Semmes to burn Mr. Low's ship at sea, why should not the President of the United States authorize General Montgomery to burn Mr. Howell Cobb's house on land? Do we propose to make war without reprisals? Do we mean to allow an immunity of ravage? If there is it said that we ought to stop the pirates by our navy? That is doubtless a good thing to do, and we all hope it will be done. But we are to deal not only with pirates, but with piracy. Our cruizers, let us hope, will take care of the individual pirates, but the Government must take care of the spirit which fits out those ships; and that is most effectually done by retaliation. Retaliation is not always exactly the kind of blow that he strikes us. Nor is the moral guilt the same; for he strikes wantonly, and we to prevent his striking.

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

It is the misfortune of the Administration that it must be judged by acquiescence rather than by intelligence. We are all so anxious to subdue the rebels that we insist upon it as an overpowering force on every point at which they appear; that every pirate shall be at once swept from the sea; that a successful threatened blow is at once overwhelmingly reinforced; that every movement of the enemy shall be baffled, and every battle lost by him; that, in fine, no battle shall be won upon our side, no defeated encounter, and that at every moment the subjugation of the enemy shall seem to be imminent and decisive.

This is natural. We know our power, and we see it in all its forms. We know its resources promptly. We chafe at every moment's delay, and we hasten to ascribe to imbecility what may be more justly attributed to difficulty, view of expediency. And if may therefore comfort some impetuous soul to know that the rebels, who are so constantly praised for ability, for their sagacity, criticize their own authorities just as harshly as we criticize ours, and quite precisely the same qualities that we commend them. Thus in Pollard's rebel history of the first year of the war, in which the loss of the rebel iron-clad ram, the *Monitor*, and the battle of Shiloh, are claimed as "Confederate" victories, we find this kind of remark upon the rebel management:

"The authorities at Richmond appeared to hope for results without the legitimate means for acquiring them. In the hot-bed of their own vague and undefined sources; and to wait with dull expectation while the next fiscal year, or the next agency than the natural spirit and hardihood of men was necessary in the conduct of a war, in the nineteenth century, against the resources that given such unquestionable proofs as the North had of quick and abundant resource, mental activity, and pliability to events.

"Of the political measures adopted by the South in furtherance of the objects of the war, none deserve more just censure than the policy of a defensive war, adopted the best means for securing specific results.

"It was this precisely the manner in which we are accustomed to criticize the action of the Government, and to applaud the energy of the rebellion? It is impossible that a rebel victory should not seem blundering and imperfect to those who demand success, and that the unsuccessful rebel conduct of the war may be fairly censured in many ways. But it is at its utterly imbecile as our imputations often believed?

ADMIRAL FOOTE.

A coon man, a true soldier, a faithful citizen, an honored officer, is dead. The sad news reaches us as he is about going to a new sphere of duty, followed by the confidence and love of the people, by honor and by the most affectionate and grateful trust his virtues and his services, and sawall the nation's great and historical Foote was early distinguished in the war by his reduction of Fort Henry and the gallant management of the Western flotilla. To the vigor, the ingenuity, the success of his warlike operations gave him a hold upon the popular heart which was only confirmed and strengthened by the purity, gentleness, and love of his religious character. Neither a bigot, a fanatic, nor a zealot, he was—what many a religious bigot is not—a Christian gentleman. He retired disabled, and a sworn officer under the American flag, no officer and gentleman had, and who could wear more specious pretenses, confessed his conscience or betrayed his honor. His friends to-day, and history hereafter, will find no reproach upon the memory of him. They will not be obliged to contrast his heroism with his treachery, nor his religion with his infidelity. He was a brave, true, and honest and bravery and ability will be forever unalloyed.

Admiral Foote died at a moment of chagrin in the war. He died at a time when we can ill spare a tried and true leader. His name is added to the shining list of heroes who have died in the noblest service; cheerfully obedient, full of faith, believing in the cause, in the country, in his countrymen, steadily holding the flag of hope and humanity.

> And if come bear soon dark with doom,
> That sacred banner lifted higher,
> Shall flash away the gathering gloom,
> With inextinguishable fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A coroner paper, in recommending early rising and walking, says: "Morning interviews with Nature are delightful." So Bonaparte said a young lady, to whom pa kissed the fire to convince morning upon the window, or if Nature wants an interview she may come in and have it."

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.—On a day of grand popular rejoicing, when the fountains, and the Bengal lights, rockets, and Roman candles, had been all brought into active requisition, a clever little boy, upon being asked which of the two elements he preferred most, he, "Oh, water, to be answered "water;" and this was the subtle reason he gave for it. "Because you can see the fire-works, but the water always plays." That boy, we are afraid, will never be Presidents.

Mulligrubs was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king and queen were known as Queen of such a place, and not mere barrys before eighteen? "It is," answered Mulligrubs, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

A young lady, in a class studying Physiology, made answer to the question, that in six years a man's body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was at it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Mrs L——," said the young tutor, "in six years my wife must be to Miss Lucy." "Why, yes, Sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at her book.

Madame R——, who is still a coquette in her quite advanced maturity, went recently to a private evening party. After observing for some time the pale face of a young man sold the mistress of the house to her, rapturously. "I am quite astonished at the beautiful paleness I see, you must be in very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to dry her face." "Pardon me, madame," said one of his friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home while she is drying it."

"There is a pleasurable sensation," said that great philanthropist, Dr. Snuffitupp, "in hearing the person who has done you a service say, 'Don't mention it, sir!' especially, who overheard the charitable observation, 'Indeed, my dear, you should mention it to the proper party.' It seems to insure the obligation we owe the recal curmudgeon."

A Cockney sportsman being out one day amusing himself with shooting at sparrows, brought a boy down on the other side of which was a man, standing or bending; the sportsman, fearing the latter had been injured, but not missed the bird. "Did you fire at me, Sir?" he bawled out. "No, Sir," said the shrewd sportsman; "I never hit what I fire at."

In the days of the volunteers Mr. Kor commanded a company, which he mustered and paraded on the [illegible] remarks were a particularly awkward squad.—Lively, Sir!" shouted Mr. Kor as he was passing the line, the command "Quick!" he cried one day, holding up his hands in horror as he looked down the line, "why, you're all slow, slow! Just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves."

"Pay me that six-and-eightpence you owe me, Mr. Mulligrubby," said a friend, the other day, to whom he owed it. "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my days!"

Why are photographers the most unfeeling of all tradespeople?—Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait they always say with a negative.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-gallery, one rural person wished to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "I'll only go in it will not hold more."

If there is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," with drinking out of the answer is more freedom from such "slips of discourse."

"The impulses of the nonmark," as the sodn-water said to the rum when they were mixed in the cup.

"I can't reconcile differences," said Septimus Hardup. "For instance, there is nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less certain than dinner."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

In our last number we mentioned that rebel cavalry had made their appearance in Maryland and Pennsylvania. They have since been followed by infantry and artillery, and a large portion of the whole of Lee's army must be on Northern soil. General Ewell, leading the advance, occupied Chambersburg on the 23d, Shippensburg on 24th, and thence moved Northward—his picketz reaching Carlisle barracks, opposite Harrisburg, on 28th. General Knipe fell back from Carlisle on 25th to Kingston, and thence to the Susquehanna at Wrightsville. Meanwhile another rebel force of all arms occupied Gettysburg on 26th. On 27th General Longstreet's army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport; and on the following day General Hill's corps crossed at Shepherdstown and Harpersville. On 28th a rebel force took possession of York and Hanbaugh's Gap, and encamped on the Susquehanna. On the same day Colonel Frick—in command at Wrightsville, opposite Columbia, on the Susquehanna—burned the railroads with the rebel advance, but was driven across the river with his force. On 29th and 30th it retook and burned the bridge, which cost over $1,000,000. In occupying York the rebel General demanded the contribution of a quarter of million dollars on the town in money and provisions under penalty of the destruction. On the morning of 30th the rebels appeared to occupy the whole west bank of the Susquehanna, from Wrightsville to the vicinity of Peach Bottom Ferry—from a short distance north of Harrisburg to the Maryland line. The rebel object was evidently heading to the Susquehanna from Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland, and destroying the bridges over the Potomac and the Northern Central Railroad. Our militia from Northern Pennsylvania, and New York troops, were mustering on the Susquehanna River and at Baltimore. The Army of the Potomac was moving Northward, and by the new contraband line of march. Two new commanders were appointed—Hooker removed, and Meade—and been largely reinforced from the garrisons of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Under Meade, and the militia in Pennsylvania are in the rear and on the flank of the rebel line, and in the rear of the enemy. On the afternoon of 30th the rebel advance fell back, and General Lee appeared to be concentrating his forces. York was evacuated, and so was the country around it. Harrisburg, encouraged by the Gettysburg victory, moved forward. Gettysburgh was occupied by our cavalry, and the rebels were on that day reported as being forced in the neighborhood of Shippensburg, unless they had already effected a junction with the rebels.

GENERAL HOOKER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

GENERAL ORDER—NO. 66.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FREDERICK, MD., June 28, 1863.

In conformity with the order of the War Department, dated June 27, 1863, I relinquish the command of the Army of the Potomac. It is transferred to Major-General George G. Meade, a brave and accomplished officer, who has nobly earned the confidence of the country and the army on many well-fought fields. Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as the commander of this army has been greatly impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotion. The circumstances which led to the formation of the battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease but fully, that it will yield to my successor, as it has to me, a willing and hearty support. With the earnest prayer that the triumph of its arms may bring success worthy of it and the nation, I bid it farewell.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General.

S. P. BARNUM, Acting Adjutant-General.

GENERAL MEADE ASSUMES COMMAND.

This order was followed by the subjoined address from General Meade:

GENERAL ORDER—NO. 68.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FREDERICK, June 28, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac.

I shall offer, in obeying the order, an order totally unexpected and unlooked for, but coming to me at a time when the country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and misery inseparable from invasion. Whatever partialities or preferences we may be called upon to entertained towards the late commander, the magnitude of the interests involved must each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-merciful Providence the results.

To the Army of the Potomac I have confidence that I relieve in the command of this army an experienced commander and troops who have nearly exhausted confidence in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to unite me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

S. P. BARNUM, Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL ROSECRANS IN MOTION.

The news from Tennessee indicates the opening of a campaign by General Rosecrans. On the 24th and 25th, General Reynolds' division, his whole force moved on 26th. On the 27th, Wednesday, the 24th and 25th corps, with Stanley's cavalry, General M'Cook's column had Brick shire, with a rebel force of 15,000 men, in front of Manchester, which was driven from Wartrace. A eighteen miles south of Murfreesboro no enemy had been encountered, and it was believed he was at Tullahoma, where Rosecrans was moving to attack him.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

Advices from Port Hudson to the 30th had been received by the Department to the effect that on the 14th ult. having established their batteries within fourteen hundred yards of the rebel works at Port Hudson, after a vigorous cannonading, Generals Grover and Weitzel made assaults on his rebels on assault was made, and our forces gained the ditch, but were driven by a hundred feet from the works, which they held. General Paine was severely wounded. General Dwight was also injured and taken prisoner. Our loss in the assault was severe, and our repulse undoubted.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

The latest news from Vicksburg, by way of Cairo, is to the 26th. The rebels were shelling the city from the rear, from the army and the gun-boats. At the close of the 25th General Grant was within a mile and a half of occupied the ground. Otherwise the siege was progressing favorably. The rebels surrounded in Vicksburg continuous wreps in mystery. He had gone beyond the Big Black, and was moving on the rear of Vicksburg. All the rifles and streams were rising.

THE RIOT IN PHILADELPHIA.

The greatest alarm and activity prevails in Philadelphia. The Mayor and General Dana have issued stirring proclamations, appealing to the citizens to preserve the public peace.

The coal-dealers held a meeting, and resolved to close their yards on the 30th, in order to prevent the riots of the miners to volunteer. The merchants have resolved to close their stores at 3 P.M. All the militia are to be released the men employed in them forwarded for the defence of Harrisburg. Ten days' pay is to be given to their employment are to be paid their usual salary during the time of service.

The Board of Brokers raised $25,000, to be divided among the men who went to the front. A meeting of the Republican was also adopted to adjourn at 5 o'clock every afternoon. The Democratic committee have left it to the clergymen offered their services to the Mayor to labor on the faithful discharge.

A line of fortifications around the city was commenced on 30th ult.

A UNION RAID TO THE SOUTH ANNA.

From the White House, on the Pamunky River, we learn that a force of Colonel Kilpatrick's cavalry, with the South Anna, the capture of the rebel General Fitz Hugh Lee, a rebel colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and about two hundred other prisoners. Lee was captured at the house of a friend, to which he was carried severely injured, wound received at Kelly's Ford. A skirmish occurred at Hanover Court House, a troop of rebel cavalry and some sworn. A rebel beggage train on the way to Richmond, and of prisoners. Lee was captured at Ashland, 16 miles over a thousand soldiers. The railroad bridge at White House was burned, and their railroad destroyed for a considerable extent.

UNION RAID IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The expedition recently sent into East Tennessee reports officially to General Burnside, through Colonel Sanders, commanding the cavalry. The expedition left Knoxville, destroyed the road up to Knoxville, and made a descent through Jacksboro and Big Creek Gap, and on the north from above Jacksboro the railroad works, and destroyed the railroad bridge over the Clinch River bridge, three hundred and twenty feet long; also the Big Creek gap bridge, three hundred and twenty-five feet long. They also captured three pieces of artillery, some small arms, a number of artillery equipments, and destroyed prisoners and one thousand stand of arms, and destroyed a large amount of rebel stores, including ammunition, and one saltpetre work and other stores. He found no rebel force in East Tennessee larger than he had supposed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

EARL RUSSELL ON THE BLOCK. &c.

EARL RUSSELL, Foreign Secretary of Lord ——, that the blockade maintained by the American fleet was sufficiently effective to justify the seizure of British ships. He said that there was every desire on the part of the American Government to avoid any cause of difference with Great Britain.

APPEAL OF PRO-SLAVERY PARSONS.

A large number of clergymen in the rebel States had joined to an appeal to England, invoking her aid to put down the war. They declare that the separation of the Union is impossible. The *London Herald*, organ of the Rebel Government, is purchased by the rebels, attributes great importance to the paper.

FRANCE.

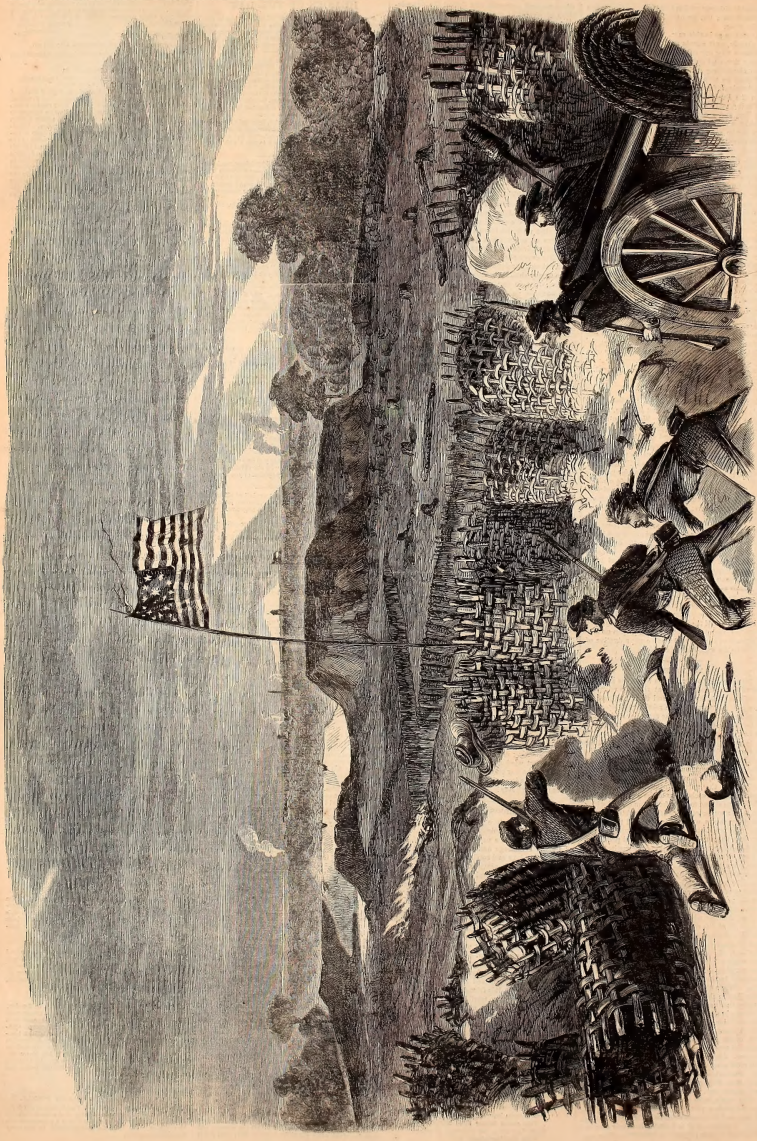
MANNY AND EMPEROR.

An American Abolitionist named Conway, in London, attempted to present an address to the Emperor of Mr. Mason, the rebel commissioner, on the ground of a promise of audience given to Mason by the Emperor. It is way said that if this pledge were given the Abolition leaders in the United States would be "the immediate cause of the war," and cause it to cease by the "immediate liberation of every kind of supplies." Mr. Mason did not commit himself or his cause in any way. He inquired for Conway's credentials from the Abolitionist party, and he failed to produce them.

FRANCE.

REJOICING OVER THE FALL OF PUEBLA.

The official report of the fall of Puebla was received by Napoleon. He forwarded a letter of thanks to General Forey, and ordered the Minister of War to communicate it by conquest. The order for reinforcements for the army was countermanded.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—APPROACH OF M'PHERSON'S SAPS TO THE REBEL WORKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 445.]



VIEW OF SPRINGFIELD LANDING, BELOW PORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA—A DEPÔT OF SUPPLIES FOR BANKS'S ARMY.—From a Drawing by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 446.]



THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—GENERAL PAINE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CHAMBERS'S SUGAR-HOUSE.—[See Page 446.]



THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL BANKS AT RILEY'S PLANTATION.—[See Page 446.]

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

LYDIA, standin at the small mirror in her small room, decorat herself in a speculative way with sprays of a scarlet wild-flower, heard her mother calling;

"Lydy! Lydy!"

All the dreams vanished at this sound, and the soft, fair look in her eyes, which accompanied the dreams, vanished with them.

"Lydy! Lydy!" and the second call was slightly more impatient. Even the scarlet sprays from hair and breast. One vivid flower, clinging tenaciously to its lovely neighborhood, was pulled with nervous fingers from an obstinate mare of curls, bringing with it as it fell two or three yellow hairs for company.

And still

"Lydy! Lydy!"

"Lydy! I wish my name was any thing but Lydia. How I hate Lydy!" and, flinging out the last flower, Lydia sprang down the stairs in answer to her summons.

"Where have you been, Lydy? I've called you three times"—in a reproachful tone; added, frig.

"Here, I want you to sprinkle the clothes, and then go down to Miss Larkin's, and get my new net. Now *don't*, Lydy; you know Hannah always makes a fuss when you throw so much water on. I don't see you want to do it, and I wouldn't have asked you if I hadn't been all least out."

And Mrs. Nelson looked still more injured and unreasonable, as she dandled, while she ran a little crooking rocking-chair by the window, and fanning herself with a branch of palm that Captain Nelson had brought from over sea.

Lydia felt her mother's eye upon her, ready for comment and admonition. This last, as moments made her fold the long linen sheets more deftly, or administer from her slender brown fingers the nicest measurement of water. She was hard to smooth out her brow, too, to part with all her dreams, and seem as willing to do her mother's best as she really wanted to feel, indeed, any virtuist observation. There was such a pile of clothes too, and the kitchen was so sunny and warm, and it was almost six o'clock, and at six o'clock—

And here at this point of speculation she blushed, ran a long line of color down her cheek as waiting for a rose, and as she shook him away went humming over her head of the cool sweet meadows, and the fields, and the flowers, where the bunny was a-hoeing, and one lane in particular, where a wild honeysuckle went running over the wall, and a wild red rose had climbed over. Lydia sighed at this tale of the bee a little low "Ah me!" and, in her preoccupation, dipped a sweep of water dashed from her hand upon one of her brother's shirts, and then she was brought to a sense of her misdoing by her mother's voice again.

"Oh, Lydy! Lydy! why can't you be more careful?"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Lydia; and, in a moment more,

"Why don't you get one of those patent sprinklers, mother? Mrs. Fish has one; and they are so nice."

Mrs. Nelson looked disgusted.

"Patent sprinkler a good deal!" she retorted. "I don't need my patent sprinklers for my work. Them'll do for lazy folks;" and she jerked her cap a little farther on, and fanned herself energetically with the great leaf of palm. Lydia's suggestion was not a happy one, and silence again fell upon the two, which was presently broken by a voice, hearty and heavy, just outside the window, while the owner of the voice leaned his arms upon the window-sill.

"Wa'al, Lydy, you seem to be hard at it. Good-afternoon, Miss Nelson. Lydy's goin' to be as smart as you 'fore long, I see."

"Lydy's a little work very well," answered Mrs. Nelson, resignedly. "Wants me to get her a patent sprinkler for sprinkling clothes, Cap'n."

"Patent sprinkler, hey!" with a low laugh; "one, Miss Nelson; says it beats all."

Mrs. Nelson knitted and set the corners of Lydia's brown eyes a merry gleam sparkled and danced.

The jolly old sailor caught it, and went on landing the clothes-sprinkler in a manner that would have made his good name stare in amazement; but Mrs. Nelson was not going to stand by and be beaten on her own ground; so she suddenly sent the captain on a more interesting track by asking if the *Barcelona* had been spoken.

No wonder that this proved a matter of profounder interest to every other; for the good ship *Barcelona* contained the very pride of his heart, the darling of his old age, young Tom Hale his only son. Tom Hale followed instinctively the two elders now, of and concerning the sea, in which lay so much of the interest of their lives, and while they talked Lydia went on with her dreams.

And by-and-by the last garment was folded away in the basket, and Lydia took her way, with a pail hat, another of her father's foreign treasures, and one which, like the Spanish earrings she wore, came under the mother's disapproval as much too fanciful and fine. It was a pretty hat though, and it shaded a face which was beautiful indeed not its chief loveliness. A face that stopped much more in the earnest, thoughtful eyes and the clear broad brow than the arch lips had ever expressed, or the young heart had ever known.

She was along through the woods, crossed the meadow, and came out by honeysuckle lane; and here she walked demurely and soberly enough, as if she had no interest whatever in that vicinity; but her eyes, those bright brown eyes, as eager as a bird's, kept up incessant but covert watch. At length one swift glance, and they took straight ahead; her watch is over.

He has vaulted a wall and is hurrying to overtake her.

At last:

"Lydia, Lydia, come and look at these roses."

At this she turns, a little quick start.

"Why, Ben, how you frightened me! Where *did* you come from?"

Ben is a handsome fellow, tall, and straight, and brisk-shouldered, with an imperious way about him that is so taking with young girls, when the possessor is tall and handsome.

As you look at him, as you hear him talk, taking it for granted that Lydia wants red roses in her hat, because he wants them there, that she had rather go round by the old mill, because he declares it the pleasantest, and a hundred other small and large matters that Lydia has no heels, you can readily see what an instinct it was for Lydia to use all her artifices.

"I say, Lydia!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he was sticking the red roses in her hat, "did you know that the *Barcelona* is in, and Tommy Hale here for the summer?"

"No! oh how glad Cap'n Hale will be! Mother was just asking them about it; and he didn't know that she was in yet. Let us go back and carry him the news."

"Nonsense, he'll be gone by the time we get back; why, it's half a mile or more."

"But if we miss now we may never miss him."

"And that will make a mile and three quarters for your walk. Come, the Cap'n will find it out soon enough without our going on such a runaway."

Lydia hesitated a moment, then her color came over a shade with her eyes. She turned slowly, saying:

"I shall go back."

The young man stood a moment hesitating too. She had gone on a dozen steps when he joined her with an "I'm coming."

"You needn't have come back with me," said Lydia, with a flash of spirit.

"Oh, I know; but I couldn't well stay away, you know, Lydia."

The glance that accompanied these words meant a very thing. The girl's blush roses deepened to a color that matched the wild red cave on her hat, and she was more silent. She had much to say, nothing more? When he spoke again, however, it was not at all in this strain, and there was a shade in his tolerance.

"What a good-natured little goose you are, Lydia!

That's all; and he was idly stripping the bark from a willow branch, as he spoke, and immediately followed the low humming of a tune first essayed a few minutes before. Then he let it was a foreign air, and the words were in a foreign tongue.

Lydia, lifted a moment, looked him as he stood there at her side, full of conscious strength and power.

How handsome he was, and how manly! How much he knew of the world; and, after all, she rather liked his cool autocratical way.

A few papers and book thoughts were broken in upon by:

"Wa'al, Lydy, you've been spry; I guess your ma ain't a-scolding you to-day, is she?"

Then Lydia, fluttering and brimming over with her secret, and, laughing and blushing, aglow with the pleasure she was to confer, exclaimed,

"Oh, Cap'n Hale! I know something that you don't; guess what it is, now."

"Wa'al I guess you know a good deal that I don't, my lass," returned the Captain, regarding her admiringly.

"Oh, but this is something I have only just heard—something I came back to tell you."

"Wa'al, what is it?"

"Yes it is, the *Barcelona's* got in, and Tom is here. Ben told me."

"Well, I'm no like she'd fetch up till to-morrer. Did you see her, Ben?"

"Yes, I saw her with my glass an hour ago, and just now I saw her putting in for shore."

They were all three walking on in one direction, as this news delivered, and Lydia's face was a rich colour when she landed. And presently the Captain broke out with, "I declare I'm much obleeged to ye, Lydy, for bringing the news, though I'm a-felt dreffil cut up to 'a missed the landing o' the Barcelona."

And the old man cast a look of gratitude on Lydia. And Lydia thought, "If I had known it an hour ago Mrs. Nelson's clothes should have to tell you." She next thought, she was making excuses for handsome Ben Thatcher. Ben never was a little cool, and sometimes a little rude, but so full of other interests.

At last the gratitude is fast at her moorings, and those on board of her come hurrying off. And there is Tom Hale; Captain Tom, who is so glad and proud of his son, Captain Tom, who looks down gayly, and Lydia sees that his father's eyes are blinded with tears. How glad she is for him; but why is that fleeting Captain Tom? A dark, slender stranger, unlike any one she has ever seen. Not handsome like Ben Thatcher, but slight and brown, a full lip that shows white, a pale cheek.

No, not handsome like Ben Thatcher, thought Lydia; but as he came on shore, not hastily like the others, but with a slow serenity of movement and expression, Lydia thought him like one of those soft-eyed Spanish cavaliers who wander, stately and silent, through the stately arches of the old scenery, and she felt herself drawn to him, a little interested, just as she might be about any of the new strange things that had come to her through ever from the strange countries it had touched.

Then she shook hands with Captain Tom, and said, as she say, "How kind you are, Lydia, whom I want you to know. Mr. Mayne, Miss Nelson."

Lydia was the least in the world disappointed that the name was a common English one. She had been expecting to hear some soft southern intonations to match the soft southern air. But home again through the woods and the meadows, dusky with twilight, by the side of handsome Ben Thatcher, whom twilight had changed from a lordly and somewhat voluble youth into a gracious and fascinating companion, she forgot all about the stranger, and thought, as she held down upon her pillow that night, that Ben Thatcher was a splendid hero.

But when she fell asleep she dreamed of the Alhambra, and went wandering beneath its lofty arches with a dark-eyed cavalier, who spoke to her in slow, soft Spanish speech. Then she was standing upon the shore at home waiting for a ship to come in. And she saw it sailing toward her, a Spanish galleon with the royal colors streaming from the mast, and on the deck the soft dark eyes, waving his plumed hat to her, while

"—— bands of noble gentlemen"

bore him company.

And from this dream she was awakened by her mother's voice, calling, "Lydy! Lydy!" She sprang up with Lydia's name for eyes, and said,

"And his name is only 'Mr. Mayne.'

At breakfast her mother informed her that Cap'n Hale's 'a had been asked to invite them all to a party at the Hale's, to meet Tom.

Lydia in her soft, fine muslin, with some of her mother's choicest geranium blooms in her hair and on her breast—deep scarlet flowers—was one of the earliest visitors to leave that day; for it was an early summer party, where they strolled in the wood at the back of the house and fed sumptuously on fruit. Among the fruits and dishes. And there her acquaintance began with Mr. Mayne. She stood with Tom Hale and Ben Thatcher picking strawberries and eating with her fingers from the dish she held. Grace Burnham, and Jenny Norris, and a Carrie Lester, were the rest of the group, with their musical names admitting of no such twisting as poor Lydia's. And while she was thinking just that somebody called "Lydy! Lydy!"

She laughed, yet shook her shoulders in vexation.

"Why did they give me that hateful name of all names!" she exclaimed. "I detest it!"

"Lydia, Lydia, do you think that an ugly name?"

She looked up. It was Mr. Mayne who spoke. The rest did not hear; they went on talking their gay, noisy talk, unheeding this voice.

"Lydia, Lydia," he went on, repeating it over for the sound. "I like it."

Lydia, listening to it, was repeating, liked it too. What made him say it so differently from every body else? But she found that he did all things differently from others. She had never seen any one resembling him. He was so quiet, so unassuming, with a thoughtful air about him, even when he stood with the gay nonsense of Grace Burnham. Even when he, in that low, deep-toned voice of his, talked to Tom Hale. And there was a far look in his eyes, too, as if he was half thinking of something else—something beyond that scene, something far away, that responded to some of his interior thoughts. Lydia wondered, as she regarded him, if those distant glances comprehended the people around him. If they saw Grace Burnham or Jenny Norris, as his soft eyes dwelt vaguely upon them. But while she wondered she was not sure. Once. He saw her at least; and was he reading her soul with that intent look?

Before the week was over Ben Thatcher knew that he had a rival. He did not despise him, though all Tom Hale could say about him was that he "stood him at arm's length as an agent, he believed, for a wealthy sugar-planter; but any way the best fellow in the world—a perfect gentleman; and being fond of books, he had a splendid passage in his yawl."

Ben Thatcher was young, was self-occupied; but he knew enough of the world to know the value of a gentleman Mr. Mayne was. Therefore he did not despise his rival. As proof of which all the rest of the season he found himself more devoted—the winning of Lydia Nelson. No difficult task, it would seem, from the preference she had shown; but Lydia was a coquette even in the beginning as she appeared. Another suitor, too, upon the scene—for no one knew quicker than Lydia that Ben Thatcher was her suitor—brought her eyes from a timid wider diversion.

But Ben Thatcher urged his suit more vigorously as the conquest looked more doubtful. He had one powerfully.

Mrs. Nelson, keenly observant of the state of things, gave "Lydy" a piece of her mind occasionally.

"How Lydy could think of looking at that little black jingon of a man, when Ben Thatcher was any where round, was more than she could understand. There was Ben Thatcher, a match for any girl. Why he was twice as handsome as that foreign Mayne was, when you knew how to find him. These foreigners were always uncertain; never knew whether you had a roof to cover you or not; and as for all Thatcher's'll, he'd choose from if the big house on the hill gave out."

And so Mrs. Nelson; her wish for Lydia's marriage with Ben Thatcher, the big house on the hill, which at Squire Thatcher's death would descend to Ben; so she kept her eyes on the main chance, and confidently held the dazzling picture before her daughter.

Ben was much the holder wooer of the two. Perhaps, like Mrs. Nelson, he did not depend altogether upon his personal advantages, for the "worth of the man" was in some way perpetually in the fore-ground. I will not say that Lydia was dazzled by this. She would have declared herself profoundly indifferent to mere money; but the power that it gave handsome Ben, the position it put him in, was a thing that could not escape a young king! Then it was flattering to be chosen by Squire Thatcher's son, independent of this; for the Thatcher family was immemorial and held the first place in Lowbridge.

Why did not Louis Mayne come forward and urge his claims more zealously, at least more persistently? Why, perhaps he thought that nature needed no helping. Perhaps he trusted all to her —and lost.

It was one night in the last of September that the die was cast. They were down to the beach, four of them—Tom Hale and his friend, Ben and Lydia. There was a vessel lying close inshore for repairs—the *Barcelona*—and some one of them suggested that they should take one of the ship's boats and go out for a sail. The suggestion was acted upon, the boat unlashed, the sails spread; but for some reason it was not easy to bring her round to shore, so the only way was to descend from the ship's side. Lydia gayly declared herself fully equal to the emergency; and so she was, being reared by the sea, and a sailor's daughter. But the night was coming on, and the waves not so readily, and the little swinging ladder missed her foot. She swayed for a moment; and in that moment Ben was across the vessel and held her clinging hand, and she was falling, when, swift and light as a panther, some one caught her—a firm but gentle hold—a lighter grasping; and she was placed in the boat. With eager demonstration Ben Thatcher followed.

"Lydia, Lydia, you have hurt yourself!"

For the reaction of a minute she turned her eyes to him with a look that held not his answer. Louis Mayne. But was the night too dark, or did he fail to interpret that seeking glance? In that instant of time

(to be continued next week.)

And young Thatcher, easy, gay, confident, was bending over Lydia, and expressing all tender concern and care; and Lydia—she had turned to him in a quick, sudden movement, and for a second her head sank to his shoulder . . . Louis Mayne went down to the other end of the boat, and left them together. But in that moment, at that time, for a sure indication, a preference clearly expressed, she loved Ben Thatcher better than she loved him, for she trusted him instinctively. She would Lydia that she had made a profound mistake, and one went forward, and, as Lydia believed, because it was his nature to approach every thing easily and confidently, without particular reverence, and that the other lingered behind with a modesty, his tender deference of women, specially of one whom he held above others, made him slow to intrude upon the privacy of interest, at least enough to be, to approach her nearly; if you had told Lydia this then, she would have denied and changed in any thing that she had said. The question she would have chosen the other side? But as one told Lydia this, and even her mother hinted it in the vaguest manner. And when she turned, half sick from pain, and some faint shadow of disappointment, to the one who was not, but cold, to one who waited with eager demonstration, she was half unaware. There was a little excitement about her which Lydia never wanted. And so for Louis Mayne.

(to be continued next week.)

And that night, after the sail, after the walk with Lydia to her home, Ben Thatcher went triumphantly on his way a successful lover. And the night after that a great happiness came to Lydia —her father came safely in from sea.

Louis Mayne, for when he saw the father, wondered no longer why the daughter was so fine of nature, nor where she got her gentle mien. In spite of all that she had believed in the daughter, but now he believed in Lydia with a thrill of rejoicing for her future.

Captain Nelson might have been placed in the narrowest precincts of poverty, or thrown into dens of infamy, and it still kept that instinct of the gentleman. One looking at him, this captain of a merchant vessel, might have wondered at his place there; and still more as they saw his helpmate. There came sometimes faint old rumors of family ties and birthplace, and worldly defect in the days gone by. And, fainter still, a vague story of a dreary disappointment to a young man in the heyday of life.

It was a week, perhaps, after his return, that he was walking with Lydia down by the beaches. And they walked as he talked with her under her engagement. Though he had given his consent to handsome Ben Thatcher's proposal, he was not so blind with the prospect as Mrs. Nelson of the first match in the country round for Lydia.

"You're going to be married soon, Lydia?" he asked, half smiling, but looking into Lydia's face with serious eyes.

Lydia's head and her bright smile seemed to satisfy him more than her assuring words.

Lydia said she believed she had always been in love with Ben since she was a little girl; but didn't her father feel satisfied with him?

He further answered her:

"I am glad to have my Lydia happy, but young Mr. Thatcher is not the kind of man whom I can appreciate with my head."

A cloud came over Lydia's face. Her father's quick glance saw it, and he added, in a reassuring way:

"But he is young yet, Lydia, and life will teach him a great deal." Then, after a little silence, he spoke again in a musing tone: "Lydia, I wonder you were not pleased with this Mr. Mayne. He's a fine fellow. I like him."

"Mother didn't. She said she was always suspicious of foreigners," answered Lydia.

"Foreigners!" exclaimed Captain Nelson in surprise. "What put that into your heads, child? Louis Mayne a foreigner!"

Then Lydia remembered that this was only a supposition grown into a certainty by want of contradiction.

"Yes, I know he came on with Hale from Jamaica, but that proves nothing——an agent for a sugar plantation did you say? Well, I should be right."

There crept into Lydia's mind from this a spark of jealousy for her betrothed. She was half angry with Louis Mayne for presuming any contrast unfavorable to Ben Thatcher.

And so she fanned this spark into quite a flame, and in constant view of her handsome lover, and the object of all his flattering attentions, which to her inexperienced mind were still more fascinating, perhaps from the rather lordly way he took possession of her as he paid them, she got to taking something the same ground her mother had, and with a secret irritation that she would think of comparing her splendid generous Ben with that

dark and silent stranger, whom nobody knew any thing about, and who never expressed any interest in any body or any thing. She had forgotten that she had ever been, however, slightly attracted to this dark and silent stranger.

By November there were brisk preparations going on at Mrs. Nelson's for the marriage which was to take place the coming spring. And Mrs. Nelson's expectations were more than realized by the splendid new house that was rapidly being built on Thatcher Hill. But for this the house at home would have been ready to Lydia's taste, and she had gone away again, and her brother Loring was at school. And who else went with her father? Who but Louis Hale, who, when he said "good-by," bent over her hand and kissed it, saying:

"I hope you may be happy, Lydia."

And Lydia, in spite of herself, thought of the Spanish cavalier.

And Lydia *was* happy. Now and then a little shock of pain would thrill her as her young lover evinced some thoughtless trait of selfishness; but she pushed it out of her mind by some capricious reasoning, and remembered that her mother always said that men, specially young men, were more or less selfish. So she solaced herself. But the end of all this drew near. It was getting to be the last of winter. March was approaching, and in April they were to be married.

"Another April and you shall be in Rome, and I will show you my old quarters there, where Mrs. Prompton and I were abroad, Lydia. Not in there now, and you must know each other; you'll like Ned, and Ned will like you. You will see a tumble, this yellow hair, Lydia, and want to paint you. And you shall go to Paris, Lydia. The Carey are there with the child of a family misfortune they wanted me to marry; and you shall outshine her, little girl. I should have thought you would have had this figure and complexion, and then they'll see if Ben Thatcher's country wife isn't more than a match for them" — and he said this the young man best and kissed the lovely face.

But Lydia was very silent. This kind of valuation and appreciation jarred upon her. As her lover kissed her cheek, with his confident air of possession, she vaguely remembered that a man was left upon her hand a few months before; the touch, tender, reverent, and unasking.

This was at the close of a fine March day, so fine that they set out soon after to walk to the post-office a mile away.

"Only one letter!" exclaimed Lydia, holding out her hand for the letter the postman took from the box.

"Only one," and the postman turned briskly to another applicant.

But this one Lydia little imagined what influence it was to have upon her life. What change and trial it was to bring her. She had just glanced at the post-mark — Cuba. It was from Cuba, and then. The handwriting escaped her attention.

At home taking it out the strange chirography startled her. As the expression of Lydia's face by Thatcher, standing near, came round and looked over her shoulder. His face changed too, but from different causes than hers.

"Fayal, and not from your father; I wonder—"

But Lydia had broken the seal, and was glancing down the page for the signature. A flush of color suffused her cheek into deep crimson, and she returned quickly to the commencement. With absorbed attention she read on to the end, then, in an abstracted way, thrust it back into the envelope without a word, and, without a word, handed it to Thatcher to hand her it. He had been accustomed to reading Captain Nelson's letters; any letters of Lydia's. What was this? Her face evinced that was not to read this. His color rose, and there was more than anger in his eye as she said to him:

"Not this, Ben: it is a business matter between father and me. He could not have expressed himself, so he got a friend to write for him."

Her hesitation was unfortunate. The color rose higher on her lover's cheek, and his eye grew better at his heart. There was suspicion too in his mind.

"If he was this friend?" he asks, haughtily.

Now Lydia had plenty of softness; she had also plenty of pride on occasion generally, but she lacked itself now. Some proud sense of her own right, as an individual and a lady, made her resent this demand. That only apply then, was utter scorn. The most exasperating of all to an angry man. He beat forward.

"Lydia," he said, in a low tone of suppressed passion, "it has been the custom between us to read or show to each other our letters. You are my betrothed wife, and I think I may say that I have the right to know what this sudden secrecy means."

Lydia backed up.

"Ben, I have told you that it means a matter of business between my father and myself. I have no right to divulge what belongs to another."

"Yes, and you will not divulge the writer's names: that, too, is a secret, I suppose. Do you think I can not guess? Do you think I do not know that it is that soft-spoken hypocrite, Louis Mayne?"

Lydia was fell, and a deeper color possessed her face. This brought conviction and confirmation of suspicion. Ben Thatcher was furious. Obeying a mad impulse he came toward her and laid a violent grasp upon the letter she was still holding.

A little cry broke from her of amazement and indignation; then her supple fingers slipped from his, and the light missive lay upon the burning coals of the hearth.

"So that is the way, is it?" he said, in a hoarse tone, and his look was full of hard, angry determination. "That is your way; that is what I am to expect from my wife. I wish you joy, Lydia Nelson, of your correspondent."

He bowed to her with sardonic passion, and the next moment she was alone.

For a little while her indignation sustained her; then stole into her loving tender heart a gentler tide of emotion. She had been to blame as well as Ben. If she had been more open in her explanation—if she had said at once, "this letter is written by Louis Mayne for my father, because he is unable to write himself, to give me some business messages and directions which he did not wish given to any body else," she was sure it would all have been right. But she had been embarrassed, had hesitated, and finally got angry herself.

No wonder that all looked strange to Ben. Well, he would come round by the next day and then she would explain to him. Yet all the next day she found excuse for not leaving her she was trying to hide the painful fact that he had been ungenerous and ungentlemanly. He did not come round the next day. He was carrying it very far, she thought. Yes, he was carrying it farther than she imagined. By night-fall of the next day they had new fun.

She was sitting by the parlor fire, waiting and wondering, when a step sounded outside. She recognized with a weight of relief his step, and then a wide the door. But the weight settled down again heavier than ever as she looked. It was the father instead of the son. And he was misfortune sent old Squire Thatcher out in that inclement weather, for the skies overhead was shutting down over the hills, with driving sleet and snow? He saw her glance of disappointment, and said:

"No, Ben, Lydia, is ill." Then he had taken her hand, had drawn her into the parlor, and shut the door carefully between themselves and all others.

"Lydia, there's been a quarrel between you and Ben; and—and he's acted mean, but he's a noble child. He's gone off with Jack Bingley in his yacht to the West Indies."

All this after Ben's cheeks.

"But—but—he will come back—he will—" and Lydia stopped her ideas in a vague sense of confusion.

"No, my child, he will not come back. He means revenge by this. The Thatcher devil is riding him now, and he will be relentless, though. He will not come back till long after the appointed wedding-day, Lydia."

She had grown pale, but the look of helpless pain, of wounded womanhood that she lifted to her father pierced him to the heart. Lydia could not have been counted a very soft man; there had always been said to be more of iron than any more plant mixed with his composition; but now, as he stood there, his face was expressive with feeling.

"I wish my father was only with me," faltered Lydia at length, as her tears began to flow.

The old Squire bent down and took her to his breast.

"My little girl," he said, gently, "I can never be to you, even as a friend, what Loring Nelson can be, but I will be as much as he was here, and but I will be to you what I can. Can you tell me about it, Lydia—this quarrel?"

She told him about it, sobbing, taking more blame than she need. But her listener was a clear-sighted man. He saw the truth.

"So, so; it is as I thought," he mused aloud.

Then to her:

"Lydia, as I told you, the Thatcher devil was riding him. You do not know what that means, child; but it is a devil, a cursed devil of selfish pride that has been handed down in the race, like the curse of our family; but I did hope it had spent its force in my own generation. Lydia, my girl, your father knew well what he was about, and he feared us. He was not over-pleased with your choice, child."

She wondered vaguely, in the half-stunned state in which she was, how he knew that. He seemed to read her thought, and, with his head bent, and with melancholy remembrance, while he went on lower of tone:

"Lydia, years ago your father was to have married my sister. In some mad passion of jealousy—for less cause than this between you and Ben—she broke with him. Afterward she never uttered his name with obloquy; and—we were living then in New Orleans—in her relentless frenzy, she involved me in a duel with him. I killed him. It was the Thatcher blood; at some time or other, Lydia, it has risen and will, not unfrequently, to the surface in Ben, and dared for you, but noble soul, he would not meddle with two lives but injustice to himself. He has gone out two hands for good, ing—two hands that cling to his, and she can not and left me to my fate. Lydia, my child, I would have come to you alone, reading your heart and the fatal letter, which was so brief and clear that no word was lost, neither the form of address, nor the close, and have said to you, 'Wait for me, I will remember that I send always my best wishes.'

"And waiting for her father to come, April came, and she was ready for the day of her wedding-day. It rose out of a dark and stormy night, a dark and stormy day, and it was April.

"A hard storm this for vessels on our coast," said old Captain Hale, as he dropped in at Mrs. Newton's on his way past.

Lydia gave a sigh of thankfulness. It was not yet time to expect her father.

"A ugly night for a ship." And the old sailor shook his head at the wild bowling nor'-easter.

"Why, I guess I'll go down to the Hudson Fire and take a look through Meacham's glass."

"Stop a minute, please, Cap'n Hale, and I'll go with you."

"Lydy Nelson, you'll ketch your death," admonished her mother.

"Oh, let the lass go, Miss Nelson. I guess she's been out in as bad weather's this."

Lydia was grateful for this word in her favor, grateful too for the sympathy she knew it proceeded from. The weather-beaten old mariner, as he used to say afterward, knew she was pining on that day. Yes, it was a dreary day to Lydia. She was glad to get away from the lonesome house, full of associations of pain.

"She always would have her own way," remarked Mrs. Nelson, nodding to the Captain as they set out.

"It can't make her out, Meacham, she pitches and rolls as if she was but a tight craft, and it's a good skipper she has to hold on so."

"Yes, my eyes are better'n yours, Cap'n; I'll take a look. Yes, she's gained a little—steady, my hearties: there—there—so, there comes that cursed breaker, I guess!"

Captain Hale came nearer. Meacham bent down and whispered in a low, awe-struck whisper. The old sailor's face glared with something like defiance as he heard,

"I tell you it can't be—she ain't expected for week's end."

But he nevertheless seized the glass from Meacham's hand, and, after steadying a little apart waiting for a chance to look again, wondered why Captain Hale was so long—wondered why he said nothing. And all the time the storm was growing fiercer, and she was thanking Heaven in her heart that it was not time for the *Macedonian*—her father's vessel. The moments went by, and still the Captain held his place, silent, motionless.

"Can't you let me look, please," asked the soft voice of Lydia.

"It's no use, my girl—it's no use," muttered the Captain, hoarsely.

"But my eyes are better than either yours or Mr. Meacham's, Cap'n."

At this order he broke through the sullen roar of the wind, boom! boom! went a great gun.

"Not a boat could live on this sea," said Meacham.

"Can't our boats they're arter; they know that well enough. Why, you remember, Cap'n, when one o' them little sailing crafts from the banks that'll weather any thing. If they can only hold out till she gets a little nearer, they'll shy with it another breaker don't swallow 'em."

An anxious silence fell upon the three there. Before that Captain Hale's Lydia could see nothing to the beach at that signal of distress. And again, boom! boom! went a great gun.

"Lord ha' mercy!" groaned Captain Hale, turning with a white face from his position. Lydia was just behind him, but he did not see her till she stooped forward. He sprung to her side.

"Don't, don't—take—take—'tain't no use;" and he put his broad palm over the other end of the glass.

"What is it, Captain Hale, what is it you don't want me to see?"

And Lydia's face was perplexed and scared.

"'Tain't no use, 'tain't no use," the old sailor kept muttering. "I'll go and get to know somehow, Cap'n," said Meacham, in an undertone.

Lydia heard all this, and in a strange, bewildered way began to look through the glass.

As Meachum had spoken the Captain's hand had slipped for a second, and she saw—a ship breaking to pieces far out upon the rocks there, and upon the shattered bows were the letters, MACEDONIA.

For a moment a silence like death, then such a cry from Meacham, that white lips as those who listened never cared to remember. A cry that seemed to sweep all the raving of the tempest in its sharp despair as,

——a great ship fell in light
Beat her heart out on the rocks.

She sat by the window sewing; a fragile-looking creature, with a flush on the thin cheeks, and the sad lips but faintly tinged. She who a year ago was full of the warm hues of health and youth. A year ago. It seemed so long, so very long since that time. Then she knew grief and loss only by name, now it sat beside her—a constant companion. Yes, a constant companion since that day of storm when the *Macedonia* and all on board of her went down. Lydia, watching there she glances up at the shadow that is falling on the path. It is the shadow of some one approaching the house. There is a knock—another step—she rises, and instinctively it stands face to face with—Louis Mayne. Louis Mayne, her father's friend. Her eyes brighten at this thought, they rise out two hands for greeting,—two hands that cling to his, and she can not speak for tears. He does not misunderstand.

"I have come, Lydia. I wrote as soon as I heard; and Lydia, my poor child, I should have come on, but—but I thought you had a better comforter. I did not know of—until—"

She shivered.

"No, no no better than you, Louis; my father loved you. Tom Hale has told me what you were to him."

He sat down beside her, and for the first time since her bitter loss she knew what it was to have perfect calm and sympathy, as she talked and listened.

He told her of her father's restless presentiment of ill, which prompted him to send written directions these messages and directions for her use. How the presentiment grew until it ended in that fatal voyage.

"I must go home; something calls me," he had said.

"And he went home—to God," said Lydia, softly.

A few days sped on, and with her father's friend Lydia found a companionship so kind and untiring, so fine and congenial that rest and peace seemed to shine for her once more.

Her father's friend. She did not know how much more until one day he spoke of going away —going back to Jamaica.

"Going away," she repeated, absently, "I never thought of that;" and the look she cast upon him gave his heart a wild thrill. What if?—

"Lydia," what he said may never be written. It was the story of his love from the first.

And Lydia? Lydia loved him. You shall see how well.

Touching at Cuba Jack Bingley staid for a few days, then, obeying the restless will of his companion, sailed out into the Gulf, and, cruising in the Atlantic, finally landed at Havre, from thence to Paris, where were the Careys with their doll of a daughter whom they wished him to marry.

It was here, while trying to kill time and ease his hungry heart by amusing himself with Juliet Carey, that he heard of that fearful tragedy of the *Macedonia*. It was long after—an old story when it reached him, but it changed all the hard current of his thought, vainly had he tried to forget Lydia. He could not. Love is not to be killed by scorn and suffering. He seized the opportunity which this seemed to afford him for reconciliation, and without a word of farewell to the Careys started for home.

Arrived there, he heard news that beat back for a moment his own love-trial. To lose Lydia after all? No, she had loved him, she would love him yet. This was the first claim. This was the way he argued in his mind.

Lydia knew nothing of what awaited her, knew nothing of his return, until one night at sunset she was coming home from Captain Hale's, quite alone, and a tall figure suddenly appeared before her. She did not exclaim, but stood regarding him with a half-terrified expression, which he misunderstood. All the trouble of her life seemed to date from him. And there he was—the man she had loved, who suckles clambered in the lane that had once been their favorite tryst, he plead his cause. Passionate pleading, and tender vehemence and eager will.

"Give him up, Lydia. You loved me first. I have the first claim upon your heart. I know I behaved like a fool, Lydia; but I was mad with jealousy. It was because I loved you, Lydia. Oh, Lydia, you can not make me better. I shall be a ruined man without you."

So he went on, now melting into tearful tenderness of love, now resentful with remorse, now intense with eager passion.

Through it all she said no word; but her eyes were full of tears, and a pitying love for the man woo upon her face.

It was her young lover, him whom she had known since early boyhood—whom she had admired, long before she had loved him, as the ideal of her youth. It was Lydia's heart that was pled with by these words, and with the first breathless earnestness for what she only could give, that her heart was troubled. Then came the thought of the shame of him—of his remorse and suffering, and hardly knew how faintly she denied him, as she begged him to leave her then.

But for him, there was confident hope upon his brave as he spoke and kissed the cold, pale cheek. And as he obeyed the letter of her words by leaving her there, he left in triumph to claim her again. She should see that he would not be unpersevere in the smallest requirement now. There were his thoughts. As he turned the bend of the road she leaned wearily against the wall. It was then a voice called, in a low tone,

"Lydia."

That low, clear call she remembered when she first heard its intonations. It had a sound like her father's voice in it—strange she had never heard it before!

"Lydia," the voice went on, "I have been an involuntary listener to all that has passed. I was waiting for you under the oak behind the wall here when I heard him talking. My poor child, how your life is ruined. But this is not what I want to say. It is this, Lydia: If the old love is so strange—if you find it has come back to you in coming—do not let any thing you have said to me fetter your free choice. Be happy, Lydia!—that is better than to die."

He waited for her to speak, but she only stood there with downcast eyes, breathing a little unequally. He thought she looked more pale and give him pain, so again he called her name in even a lower tone than before, as if he would reassure her.

"Lydia!"

Had she ever thought that name an unlovely one? It sounded sweeter than any now.

"Lydia!"

As she raised her eyes she realized that, through much sorrow and pain, she had found reconciliation at last. It was the voice she had waited for all her life—the voice of her dreams. He was the truest gentleman, the best friend of her youth, and that one went down to death in the *Macedonia*.

"Lydia!"

What was it he saw in her face that changed the pain which quivered over his own to a flash of joy? What was it that she expressed by that silent gesture of her slender hand that made him cease all question—that made him exclaim, in his softest, deepest tones, "Lydia, my love!"

As he went home with her through the "purples and the saffrons" of the sweet October weather, he thought continually of that line:

"As I love, loved am I."

So Lydia made her choice.

"And you're not a foreigner, after all we thought."

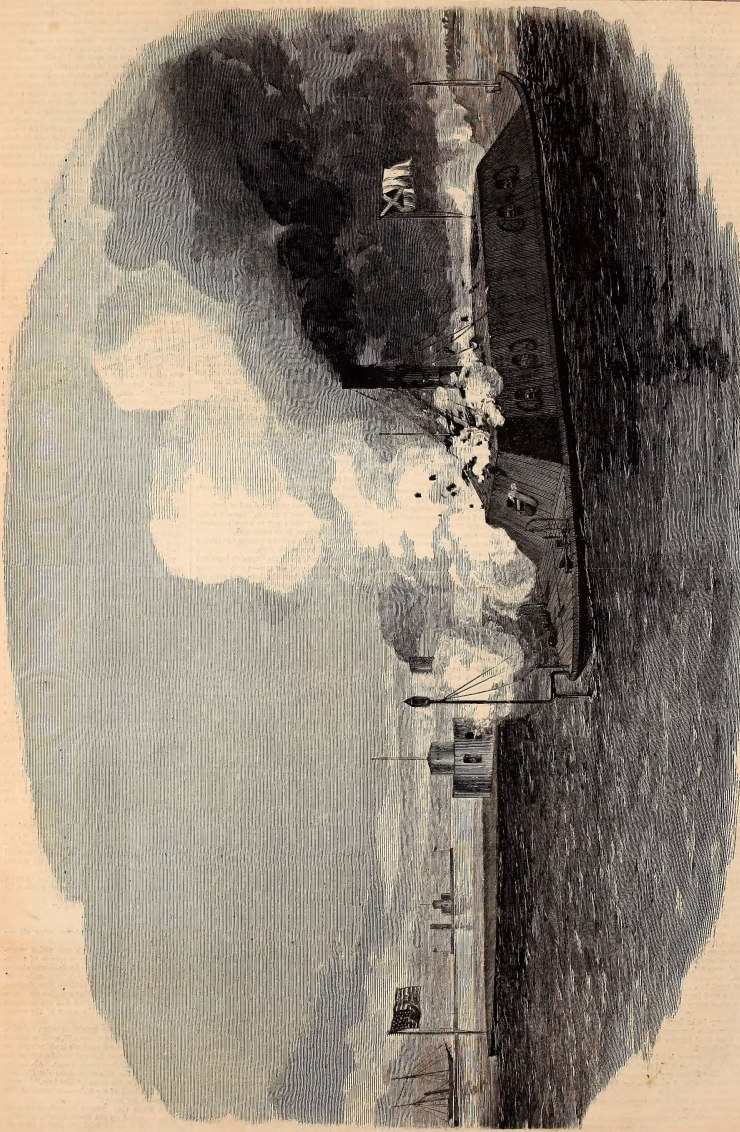
"You thought I was both that and a sugar-planter's agent, Mrs. Nelson—a species of undisciplined slave-driver" — and Louis Mayne's laugh was mellow as the old Canary in the glass he held.

"I am not a foreigner, if birth on New England soil and a New England father can give me American nativity; but my mother was the daughter of a Spanish lady, and the sister of the sugar-planter, Mrs. Nelson."

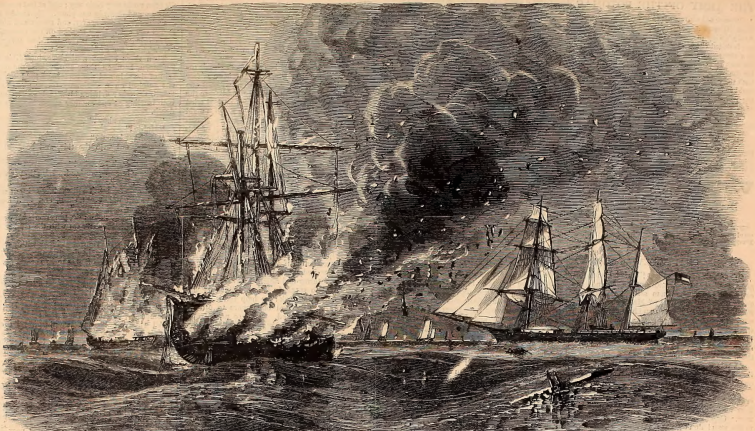
Lydia thought of the Spanish cavalier, and Mrs. Nelson looked at him suspiciously still, until he added:

"The only claim my mother's land has upon me is the charm of association and an old estate on the Guadalquivir. This is much, I own. Ah, Lydia, you shall see the Alhambra some day!" And Lydia thrilled at the name. "But here," he went on, "in the land of my father—in beautiful, free America—is my home!"

And while they roamed beneath those wide arches, or sailed up the Guadalquivir, a selfish, reckless man in an imperial city rushed down the stream of pleasure.



CAPTURE OF THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ATLANTA" BY THE MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN," CAPTAIN ROGERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. J. S.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



THE PIRATE "TACONY" BURNING MERCHANT VESSELS AND FISHING CRAFT.

THE PIRATES OFF NEW ENGLAND.

WE publish herewith a picture of the rebel privateer *Tacony* burning a merchant vessel, and preparing to make a foray among fishing craft; and likewise an illustration of the explosion of the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing* near Portland. The story of these pirates may thus be briefly told:

Lieutenant Reed, who commanded the *Tacony*, left Mobile in the *Florida* on 16th January last. From that time up to May 6th the *Florida* burned eleven vessels and bonded three. On 6th May she captured the brig *Clarence*, which was converted into a pirate, and Lieutenant Reed was put on board of her. She burned three vessels; then captured the *Tacony*, to which craft Reed transferred his men and guns, and burned the *Clarence*. The *Tacony* fairly ravaged our coast, burning ships, barks, and fishing craft alike. On 24th June, fearing that the *Tacony* would be recognized and captured, Lieutenant Reed transferred his crew to the schooner *Archer*, which he had captured. In this vessel he boldly ran into the harbor of Portland in the night, and, with two boats' crews, boarded and cut out the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing*. When daylight broke, and the people of Portland discovered the absence of the cutter, they quickly manned two steamers and gave chase. Coming up with her about twelve miles from Portland, fire was opened; but the steamers evincing an intention to board her at once, Reed took to the boats, fired the cutter, and blew her up. The boats were picked up by the steamers, and the pirates safely lodged in Port Preble, where they will have time for repentance.



THE REVENUE CUTTER "CALEB CUSHING" BLOWN UP BY REED AND THE OTHER PIRATES WHO HAD SEIZED HER.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On page 445 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the BATTLE NEAR UPPERVILLE, Ashby's Gap in the distance. The square inclosure is called the vineyard; on the right on the rise is a stone-wall; against this a charge was made, the men returning to form again a little to the left. On the extreme left five rebel regiments came out with their large flags to charge our men before they could form; the Sixth and Sixty-first were sweeping round the hill, charged upon them while the band played Hail Columbia.

Captain Tidball and two of his guns are in the fore-ground.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Or deck for your lives!" cried Dodd, forgetting in the awful moment to say not the captain; and drove them all up, Robarts included, and caught hold of Mrs. Beresford and Freddy at the cabin door and hurried them with him. Just as they got on deck the third wave, a high one, struck the ship and heeled her boldly up, caught her round, and dashed her down again some yards to leeward, throwing them down on the hard and smooth deck.

At this tremendous shock the ship seemed a live thing shrieking and wailing, as well as quivering under the blow.

But one voice dissented loudly from the general dismay. "All right, men," cried Dodd, firm and undaunted. "She is bound to come on. Captain Robarts, look alive, Sir! Speak to the men! don't go to sleep!"

Robarts was in a lethargy of fear. At this appeal he started into a fury of ephemeral courage: "Stick to the ship," he yelled: "there is no danger if you stick to the ship," and with this snatched a life-buoy, and hurled himself into the sea.

Dodd caught up the trumpet that fell from his hand, and roared, "I command this ship. Officers come to me! Men to your quarters! Come, bear a hand here, and fire a gun! That will show us where we are, and let the Frenchmen know."

The carronade was fired, and its momentary flash revealed to the ship we were now in a little bay; the sand bream was low and some eighty yards off; but there was something black and ragged near the ship's stern.

Their situation was awful. To windward lurked the reef on which the tremendous waves came rolling, fringed with devouring fire; and each wave, as it charged them, curled up in an incredible height and dashed down on the dismal ship—solid to crush, liquid to drown—with a ponderous stroke that made the poor souls stagger; and not a sheet of water so clean over her that part fell to leeward, and only part came down on deck, foretaste of a watery death; and each of these awful blows drove the groaning, trembling vessel farther on the sand, bumping her along as if she had been but a cockle-shell.

Now it was men showed their inner selves.

Seeing Death so near on one hand, and a chance of escape on the other, some persons proved unable to resist the two great passions of Fear and Hope on a scale so gigantic, and side by side: these were a midshipman, and five sailors, stole the only available boat and lowered her.

She was swamped in a moment.

Many of the crew got to the rum, and stupefied themselves to their destruction.

Others rallied round their old captain, and recovered their native courage at the brave and hopeful bearing he wore over a heart full of anguish. He stood like a horse, encouraging, commanding, doing; he loaded a carronade with 1 lb. of powder, and a coil of rope, with an iron bar stuck in a cable, and fired it to the rope and bar ashore.

A gun now fired from the guard-house, whose light Robarts had taken for a ship. But, no light being shown any nearer on the coast, and the ship sounded every minute as she go in pieces, Dodd asked if any one would try to swim ashore with a line, made fast to a hawser on board.

A sailor offered to go if any other man would risk his life to save him. Instantly Fallalove stripped, and Vespasian neck.

"Two is enough on such a desperate errand," said Dodd, with a groan.

But now emulation was up, and neither Brisson, Yankee, nor negro, would give way: a line was made fast to the sailor's waist and he was lowered to leeward; his venturesome rivals followed. Fallalove was swallowed whose three like crumbs: and small was the hope of life for them.

The three heroes, being first-rate swimmers and divers, and going with the tide, soon neared the shore on the ship's lee quarter; but a sight of it was enough: to attempt to land on that rock, with such a sea on, was to get their skulls smashed like egg-shells in a moment. They had to coast it, looking out for a soft place.

They found one; and tried to land; but so irresistible was the suction of the retiring wave, that, whenever they got foot on the sand and tried to run, they were wrenched out to sea again, and pounded black and blue; and were less by the curling breaker they met coming in.

After a score of vain efforts, the negro, throwing himself on his back, went in with a high wave, and, on touching the sand, turned, dug all his ten claws into it, clenched his teeth, and scrambled like a cat at a wall: having more power in his toes than the Europeans, and luckily getting one hand on a firm stone, his prodigious strength just enabled him to stick fast while the wave went back; and then, seizing the moment, he tore himself ashore, but bleeding and bruised all over, and with his hands nearly broken by clenching in the convulsive struggle.

He found some natives dancing about in violent agitation with a rope, but afraid to go in and help him; and no wonder, not being sequlls. By the light of their lanterns he saw Fallalove washing in as like a log. He seized one end of the rope, dashed in and grappled his friend, and dragged him ashore all together, both breathless, and Fallalove speechless.

The negro looked round for the sailor, but could not see him. Soon, however, there was a cry from some more natives about fifty yards off, and lanterns held up; away he dashed with the rope, just in time to see Jack make a last gallant attempt to land. It ended in his being flung up like a straw into the air on the very crest of a wave fifteen feet high, and out to sea with his arms uplifted, and a shriek of agony which was echoed by every woman within hearing.

In dashed Vespasian with the rope, and gripped the drowning sailor's hair, and with his teeth: then jerked the rope, and they were both pulled ashore with infinite difficulty. The good-natured Frenchmen and women all threw their shivats and brandy and pats on the back: and carried the three heroes to a flag-staff on the rocks nearer the stern of the ship.

The ship began to show the first signs of breaking up: hammered to death by the sea, she discharged the oakum from her opening seams, and her decks began to show rents and fore and aft. Corpses of drunken sailors drowned between decks now floated up amidships, and washed and rolled about there, with the movement. These, seeing no hope, went about making up all quietness and decency for the rites of a Christian end. One or two came to Dodd with their hands out.

"Avast, my hibbers!" said he, angrily; "do you think I have time for nonsense? Folkses shop! axes, and cut away the weather shrouds!"

It was done: the foremast fell to the beach directly, and fell to leeward: a few blows of the axe from Dodd's own hand sent the mainmast after it.

The *Agra* rose a streak; and the next wave carried her a little further ashore.

And now the man in charge of the hawser reported with joy that there was a strain on it.

This gave new spirit to the crew. Dodd hustled and had the hawser carefully payed out by two men, while he himself secured the other end in the manner known to all British seamen standing on purpose.

There was a fearful bray; but great heavy black clouds flying about with amazing swiftness extinguished the moon at intervals: at others she glimmered faintly through a rent in the scud travelled, and gave the poor souls on the *Agra* a dim peep of the frail and narrow bridge they must pass to live. At such times the sea itself went down from the mizzen top, bellying toward the yawning sea, and soon lost to sight: it was now rising again and rushing toward the rock ashore: but what became of it in the middle? The ship's length, perhaps, or the bed of the sea to swallow it. Yes, to get from a ship going to pieces under them, the sailors precipitated themselves headlong into the sea, instead bellying to the sea and flickering in the wind. They went down it, one after another, and anxious eyes straining after them saw them rise again; but this was seen, that scarce one in three emerged into the lights ashore.

Then Dodd and Robarts stood in the top, and threatened to brain the first man who attempted to go ashore.

"We must make it taut first," said he; "bear a hand here with a tackle."

Even while this was being done, the other rope, whose end he had fired ashore, was seen moving to windward. The natives, it seems, had found it, and hurried it over.

Dodd mistaken the end from the bulwarks and carried it into the top, and made it fast; and soon there were two lines of communication shoreward and waving in the air side by side.

The sailors scrambled for a place, and some of them were lost by their own rashness. Keenly waited coolly: and went by himself.

Finally, Dodd was left in the top with Mr. Sharpe and the women, and little Murphy, and Ramsglom, whom Robarts had liberated to show his contempt for him.

Here Dodd was most troubled.

Mrs. Beresford sank down, and prayed, holding Vespasian by the knee.

Fortunately, as the mast vessel wrecked long ryne on Meiita, "the hind-part of the ship stuck fast and remained immovable."

But for how long?

Each wave now struck the ship's weather quarter with a sound like a cannon fired in a church, and sent the water clean into the mizzen top. It hit them like strokes of a whip. They were drenched to the skin, chilled to the bone, and frozen to the heart with fear. They made acquaintance with an hour with Death. Death itself has no bitterness that forlorn cluster did not feel: only the insensibility that ends that bitterness was wanting.

Now the sea, you must know, was literally strewed with things out of the *Agra*; masts, rigging, furniture, tea-chests, bundles of canes, chairs, tables: but, of all this jetsom, Dodd's eye had room for only one fixed object: a live sailor drifting ashore on a large wooden case: it struck him after a while that the man made very little way; and at last seemed to go up and down in one place. By-and-by he saw him nearer and nearer, and recognized him. It was one of the three washed off the bowsprit.

He cried joyfully: "The tide has turned: here's Thompson coming out to sea."

Then there ensued a dialogue, inaudible at times between these two sailors, the captain of the ship and the captain of the foretop; one perched on a stationary fragment of that vessel, the other drifting on a piano-forte; and both bawling at one another across the jaws of death.

"Thompson ahoy!"

"Hal-lo!"

"Whither bound?"

"Going out with the tide, and be d—d to me."

"What, can't ye swim?"

"Like a brass figure-head. It's all over with poor Jack, Sir."

"All over? Don't tell me! Look out now as you drift under our stern, and we'll lower you the four-inch hawser."

"Lord bless you, Sir; do, pray!" cried Thompson, losing his recklessness with the chance of life.

By this time the shore was black with people, and a boat was brought down to the beach, but to attempt to launch it was to be sucked out to sea.

At present all eyes were fixed on Thompson drifting to destruction.

Dodd cut the four-inch hawser, and, Vespasian aiding him, lowered it with a line, so that Thompson presently drifted right athwart it:

"All right, Sir!" said he, grasping it: and amidst thickening acclamations he contrived to land full of salt-water and all but insensible. The piano landed at Dunkirk, three weeks later.

In the bustle of this good and smart action, the tide perhaps escaped us.

By-and-by the sea struck lower and with less weight.

At nine P.M. Dodd took his little party down on deck again, being now the safest place; for the mast might go.

It was a sad scene: the deck was now dry, and the dead bodies lay quiet round them, with many eyes, grotesquely horrible, the long hair of two or three was stiff and crystallized with the saltpetre in the ship.

Mrs. Beresford clung to Vespasian: she held his bare black shoulder with one white and jewelled hand, and his wrist with the other, tight. "Oh, my dear," said she, "how the tears you are! It is incredible. Why you came back! I was fond a brave man was dead, but now I shall die. Your skin is nice and soft too. I shall never outlive this dreadful day."

And, now that the water was now low to wash them off the hawser, several of the ship's company came back to the ship to help the women down.

By noon the *Agra's* deck was thirty feet from the sand. The rescued ones wanted to break their legs and jump: but Dodd would not permit even that. He superintended the whole manœuvre, and observed, for the first time in the living, not omitting the poor goat, who was motionless and limp with fright.

When they were all safe on the sand, Dodd stood alone upon the poop a minute, cheered by all the sailors, French and English, ashore; then slid down the rope and joined the companions.

To their infinite surprise, the undaunted one was found to be swiveling.

"Oh dear, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Beresford, hysterically.

"Poor dear *Agra*, ma'am! She was such a beautiful sea-boat; and just look at her now! Why, she's going to pieces, and I can't do a little crank in beating, I can't deny it: but how she did fly with the wind abeam! She sank a cable in the sands, and weathered a hurricane off the Mauritius; and after all for a lubber to go and let her bones ashore in a fair wind: poor dear beauty."

He meandered thus, and kept turning back to look at the ship, till he was roused to by his hand on his breast. He stopped in the middle of his ridiculous lament, wore a look of self-reproach, and cast his eyes up with a look of gratitude.

The companions saw many adventures disappear.

A hospitable mayores entertained Mrs. Beresford and party: and she took to her bed: but she fell seriously ill as soon as ever she could do it with impunity.

Colonel Beresford went off to Paris: "I'll gain that any way by being wrecked," said he.

If there be a lover of quintropeds here, let him read Bill Billy's wonderful speech and strength. Being brandied by a good-natured Frenchman, who winked his eye, and then added greatly he staggered up; and butted his benefactor, like a man.

Fallalove's dry clothes and a blazing fire ready for Dodd at a little rude auberge: he sat over it and dried a few bank-notes he had upon him, and examined his pet chronometer, his children's. The pocket-book was much stained, but no harm whatever done to the contents.

In the midst of this employment the shadow of an enormous head was projected right upon his treasure.

Turning with a start he saw a face at the window: one of those vile mugs which are found to perfection among the canaille of the French nation: bloated, bleared, greasy, and wild-beast-like. The ugly thing, on being confronted, passed slowly out of the sun, and Dodd thought no more of it.

The owner of this sinister visage was Andry

Thibout, of whom it might be said, like face like life, for he was one of those disconsolate creatures, who feed upon the misfortunes of their kind, and stand on shore in foul weather hoping the worst, instead of praying for the best: briefly, a wrecker. He and his comrade, Jacques Moinard, had heard the *Agra's* gun fired, and come down to hasten on the wreck: but lo! at the turn of the tide, there were guns of armed soldiers lining the beach, and the Bayonet interposed between Theft and Misfortune. So now the desperate pair were prowling about like hungry, baffled wolves, curses on their lips, and rage at their hearts.

Dodd was extremely anxious to get to Barkington before the news of the wreck; for otherwise he knew his wife and children would be off for a year's agony in a single day. The only chance he saw was to get to Boulogne in time to catch the Dover packet sailing from that very day. But then Boulogne was eight leagues distant, and there was no public conveyance going. Failure, therefore, would ruin his feelings, was gone to look for horses to hire, aided by the British Consul. The latter, who was up stairs clearing out with a pin two holes that had fallen into decay for want of use. Those holes were in his ears.

And now, worn out by anxiety and hard work, Dodd began to nod in his chair by the fire.

He had by now only subsided into the hideous face of Thibout reappeared at the window, and watched him: presently a low whistle was uttered outside, and soon the two villains entered the room, and, feeling the landlady there as well as Dodd, called for a little glass apiece by absinthe: while drinking it they cast furtive glances toward Dodd, and waited till she should go about her business, and leave them alone with him.

But the good woman surprised their looks, and knowing the quality of the men, proceeded to a cup of coffee from a great metal reservoir by the fire, and asked Dodd without ceremony, "Will you vote only, Monsieur?" making believe he had ordered it.

"Merci, madame!" replied he, for his wife had taught him a little French.

"One may sleep mal à propos," muttered the woman in her own tongue. "My man is not to fair, and there are people here, who are not worth any great things."

Dodd rubbed his eyes and saw those two foul faces at the end of the kitchen: for such it was, though called a parlor. "Stranger," said he; and instinctively buttoned his coat.

At that Thibout touched Moinard's knee under the table.

Fullalove came in soon after, to say he had got two horses, and they would be here in a quarter of an hour.

"Well, but Vespasian, how is he to go?" inquired Dodd.

"Oh," we'll send him on ahead, and then ride and tie."

"No, no," said Dodd, "I'll go ahead. That will shake me up. I think I should tumble off a horse; I'm so dead sleepy."

Accordingly he started to walk on the road to Boulogne.

He had not been gone three minutes when Moinard sauntered out.

Moinard had not been gone two minutes when Thibout strolled out.

Moinard kept Dodd in sight, and Thibout kept Moinard.

The horses were brought soon after; but unfortunately the two did not start immediately though, had they known it, every moment was precious. They wasted time in argument. Vespasian had come down with a grimmed ing in one ear, and a ruby in the other. Fullalove saw this refreshing sight, and cried, "Here you washed but half your face, or—is this a re turn to savagery?"

Vespasian wore an air of offended dignity.

"No, Sar, these yar decorations come off a lady ob i cibilization: Missy Beresford donated em me. Says she, 'Captain Black'—he's Jim Pratt, always nicknamates his child Mass Black—'while I was collecting Gossamer's and your pickaninny, I seen you out of one corner of my eye admiratining my rings: den just you take em,' says she at confidencey: 'I'm sure I had no admirtanize em none, I've been shipwrecked. So I took em wid incredible condescension; and dat or beautiful says to me, 'Oh, go and wash wid your nonsense about colored skins! I have inperceinated your conduct, Massah Black, and likewise your purchases on de beach, and you says she, 'in time of shipwreck: and darn me, says she, 'if you are a man, you'll wash 'em.' 'Yes, Missy,' says I, superciliously, 'dis child am not a man, if you please, but a colored gemman.'"

Fullalove: "And, of course, the next thing, you'll ring your small bell for a cup of Patagonian; there, come along, ye dawn'd Anomaly."

He was going to say "Cuss," but remembering his pupil's late heroic conduct, softened it down to Anomaly.

But Vespasian always measured the force of words by their length or obscurity. "Anomaly" ent him to the heart: he rode off in moody silence and dejection, asking himself sorrowfully what he had done that such a mountain of vituperation should fall on him. "Anomaly!"

They cantered along in silence; for Fullalove was digesting this new trait in his pupil; and asking himself could he train it out; or must he cross it out. Just outside the town they met Captain Roberts walking in; he had landed three miles off down the coast. "Hallo!" said Fullalove.

"I suppose you thought I was drowned?" said Roberts, spitefully: "but you see I'm alive still."

Fullalove replied: "Well, Captain, that is only one mistake more, I reckon."

About two English miles from the town they came to a long straight slope up and down, where they could see a league before them; and there they caught sight of David Dodd's tall figure mounting the opposite rise.

Behind him at some little distance were two men going the same way, but on the grass by the road. Fullalove, David was on the middle of the road.

"He walks well but Jack Tar!" said Fullalove.

"Is Sar," said Vespasian, sulkily; "but dis lazyboy" (for he not yet got so far as those two behind him, cos they catch him up."

Now Vespasian had hardly uttered these words when a huge mustard-and-cress, and charming, that the speaker's eyes protruded, and he was dumfounded a moment; the next a loud cry burst from both him and Fullalove, and off they set, and they lashed their horses to the gallop and went tearing down the hill in a fury of rage and apprehension.

Mr. Fullalove was right; I think: a sailor is seldom a smart walker; but Dodd was a cricketer, you know, as well: he swung along at a long pace, and was not to be caught. He heard the galloping, but a few clothes, and a quadrant, and a chronometer: it was a cheap wreck to him, and a joyful one: for peril past is pleasant to delight. He had saved his life; and what he valued more, his children's lives and his wife's. The dread companion of his perils so precious to him as now. One might almost fancy that, by some strange sympathy, he felt the intense devotion of his daughter depended on it. Many in my day believe that human minds cast thin communicate, and that people at a distance are often moving in can't say. However, no such solution is really needed here. All the members of a united and loving family feel together, and work together—without specific concert—though hemispheres lie between: it is one of the best features of true family affection: now the Dodds, father, mother, sister, brother, were more one in heart and love than any other family I ever knew, or ever shall be: they had not.

David, then, walked toward Boulogne that afternoon a happy man. Already he tasted by anticipation the warm caresses of his wife and children, and mingled with them the caresses with those beloved ones clustering close round him. How would he tell them its adventures—its marvellous escapes? Why, in the first recovery—its wreck—its coming ashore dry as a bone: and concluding by taking it out of his bosom, and showing it to the children with cheerful boys cheer!

Dodged on in this delightful reverie, his eye detected a pit pat at some distance behind him: he looked round with eye slightly curious, and then with some coming on. But his fleeting glance he recognized the foul face of Andrè Thibout: a face not to be forgotten in a day. I don't know why it was, but the sight of the figment that face was after him to rob him: and he naturally enough concluded it was their ob ject.

And he was without a weapon; and they were doubtless armed. Indeed Thibout was swinging a heavy cudgel.

Poor Dodd's mind went into a whirl, and his body into a cold shiver! Those moments were live a year. To gain a little time he walked swiftly on, pretending not to have noticed them: but the road here is a torrent below, and the sides scantily clothed with fir-trees and bushes: he was in the midst of them, and the road turned round called "le mauvais côte," on account of a murder committed there two hundred years ago.

Presently he heard the men close behind him. At the same moment he saw at the side of the road a fallen fir-tree about as thick as his leg. He made but three swift strides, snatched it up, broke from the stem, whipped off his hat and held it before his head: "but Dodd was what is called "bat" fashion: "and bandaging and fling the stone in Thibout's face with perfect precision, and that bitter impetus a good thrower lends at the moment of delivery. Thibout received at that moment shot out his right hand and caught Moinard by the throat. The lawyer and fierce pallision was never seen than of these three.

Thibout's face crushed; his blood squirted all round the stone: and eight yards off lay that assailant on his back.

Moinard was more fortunate: he got two inches of the fir-tree into Dodd's shoulder, at the very moment Dodd caught him in his right hand vice. And now one vengeful hand or iron grasped him felly by the throat; another seized his knife arm and twisted it back like a child's: he kicked and struggled furiously: but in half a minute the mighty English arm, and iron fingers, held the long body of Jacques Moinard, with its knees knocking, temples bursting, frontal eyeballs eye protruding, and livid tongue lolling down to his chin: a few seconds more, and with the same stalwart arm that kept his relaxed and sinking body without falling, Dodd gave him a fierce whirl round to the edge of the road, then put a foot to his middle, and spurned his carcass with amazing force and fury down the precipice. Crunch, crunch! it plunged from tree to tree, bush to bush, and at last rolled into a dark brambly and there stuck in the fork of two trees. But Dodd had no sooner sens him headlong by that mighty effort, than his own sight darkened, his head swam, and, after staggering a little way, he sank down in a state bordering on insensibility.

Meantime Fullalove and Vespasian were galloping down the opposite hill to his rescue.

Unfortunately David Thibout was not dead: nor even mortally wounded. He was struck on the nose and mouth, and was blind for the first of his life, and half his front teeth were battered out of their sockets: but he fell, not from the blow, but because he had the body driven to earth by the mere physical force of so momentous a blow: knocked down like a nine-pin. He was not killed, but he found himself in a pool of blood, his own. He had little sensation of pain; but he had to feel for his face and found scarce a trace of his features; and his hand came away gory. He groaned.

Rising to his feet, he saw Dodd sitting at some distance: his first impulse was to fly from so terrible an antagonist: but, as he made for the road, he saw that Dodd was in a helpless condition: wounded perhaps by Moinard. And where was Moinard?

Nothing visible of him but his knife: that lay glittering in the road.

Thibout, with anxious eye turned toward Dodd, kneeled to pick it up: and in the act a drop of his own blood fell on the dust beside it. He smelled the blood like a tiger; spun out half a dozen teeth: and crept on tip-toe to his safe revenge.

Awake from your lethargy, or you are a dead man!

No. Thibout got to him unperceived, and the knife glittered over his head.

At this moment the air seemed to fill with chattering teeth, fierce eyes, and a pistol-and rang. Dodd heard and started, and saw his pistol. He put up his left hand to parry the blow: but fatally, for the point of Thibout's knife was now turned another way, and glaring with stupid terror out of his mutilated visage: a gibrattic, a horrible mask. The fierce face and white gleaming, rolling eyes, was coming at him like the wind, irresistible. Then Dodd, throwing himself at the precipice with a shriek of dismay, and went rolling after his comrade: but, ere he had gone half way, he caught across a young larch tree, and hung balanced. Up came the foaming horse: Fullalove dismounted hastily and fired three chambers of his pair of Adamant from his revolver. He rolled off, and never stopped again till he plashed into the torrent, and lay there, staining it with blood from his battered face and perforated shoulder.

Vespasian rolled off, and with glistening eyes administered some good brandy to Dodd. He, unconscious of his wound, a slight one, relieved their anxiety how it was, by assuring them he was not hurt, but that, ever since that "tap on the head" he got in the Straits of Gaspar, any angry excitement, and with him, made his head swim, and his temples seem to swell from the inside.

"I should have come off second best but for you, my dear friends. Shake hands over it, do! Lord bless you! Lord bless you both! As for you, Vespasian, I do think you are my guardian angel. Why, this is the second time you've saved it. Thank you for it's the third."

"Now you git along, Massa Capn," said Vespasian. "I'se berry good man, ridiculous good at cook: and dis child can't be parted from me all: he ar a darned Anatomy" (with such a look of offended dignity as Napoleon I.).

After examining the field of battle, and comparing notes, they mounted Dodd on Vespasian's horse, and Fullalove led Dodd's head gear better; and then they cantered on three abreast, Vespasian in the middle with one sinewy hand on each fellow-creature's; and such was his manly valour power that he often relieved his feet by lifting himself clean into the air: and the rest of the time his toe but touched the ground: and he sailed like an ostrich: and grinned and chattered like a monkey.

Sad to relate neither Thibout nor Moinard was ended. The guillotine stood on its rights. Meaning, when any of them came over again to the town staff and sore; and supped together —Moinard on liquids only—and vowed revenge on an wrecked people.

The three reached Boulogne in time for the Dover, and got safely aboard: the pair decided to go to the Yankee Paradise—Paris.

They parted with regret and tenderly like old friend, Fullalove and Vespasian: but Dodd, with the tears in his eyes, that, though he was in point of fact only a darned Anatomy, he felt like a friend and Gemman at parting from his dear old Captain.

The master of the *Nancy* knew Dodd well, and gave him a nice cot to sleep in. He tumbled in with a bad headache, and quite worn out, and never stirred till next morning.

And when he did wake he was safe at Barkington.

He ate and landed on the quay. He made for home.

On the way he passed Hardie's Bank; a firm synonymous in his mind with the Bank of England.

A thrill of joy went through him. Now It was safe. When he first sewed It on in China, It seemed secure nowhere except on his own person. But, since then, the manifold perils by sea and land It had encountered through being on him, had caused a strong reaction in his mind on that point. He longed to see It safe out of his own hands and in good hands.

He made for Hardie's door with a joyful rush, waved his cap over his head in triumph, and entered the bank with

Ah!

THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ATLANTA."

We illustrate on page 440 the capture of the famous rebel iron-clad *Atlanta*, alias *Fingal*, by the monitor *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers. Our picture is from a sketch by an intelligent amateur now at Admiral Du Pont's head-quarters. A letter to the Washington *National Intelligencer* thus graphically describes the affair:

FROM BEAUFORT, June 19, 1863.

The capture in Warsaw Sound of the rebel iron-clad *Atlanta*, alias *Fingal*, by Captain Rodgers, of the *Weehawken*, is a splendid affair, and reflects important naval credit of the war. She is the finest and most powerful vessel the rebels have ever built, and the only one formidable than was the *Merrimac*; and the result of the action has proved her advantages and terrible efficacy of the 15-inch gune, and fully sustains the Department in its introduction of these guns, notwithstanding the great opposition to them.

The *Atlanta* came down with the most confident expectation of promptly capturing our iron-clads—the *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers, and the *Nahant*, Captain Downe. She was first discovered approaching in the gray of the morning, and the alarm was instantly given. The *Nahant* stood down the Sound, but soon turned toward her gigantic opponent, coming up with her about seven miles from the mouth of the river. The first shot was fired by the *Atlanta* about 7 A. M., and was followed by a rapid fire of shot and shell from both vessels; that first shot virtually decided the fate of the day. The terrible missile struck the Pilot House, shifting, instead, the twenty-four inches of solid timber, as if it was a mere pine board, about four feet from the rear, some two inches. Just in front part by the same concussion, without being personally struck, Captain Rodgers was thrown to the floor and down by it, and, though untouched, he could not get up for ten minutes. The next shot struck the side of the gunstoppers, knocking it into fragments, and wounding seven men. The next struck the pilot-house on the side, throwing two of the pilots, and stunned the two men at the wheel, and penetrating the whole iron floor of the pilot-house. The fourth shot struck her on the backside; this cut away the iron covering of the stern, caught the iron plating of the side; and the fifth shot went through the pilot-house, and struck the *Nahant* in the vicinity of her being admirable. The first gun was pointed by Captain Rodgers himself, and the first gun was fired down her flag, and run up a white one. The whole firing, from the first to the last gun, was only fifteen minutes, and never were men so utterly confounded and surprised as a crew of rebels by the result. Indeed, they were they of success that two steamers came down to tow the prizes into the Savannah, but they were met with bullets to witness the fight and certain victory.

The *Atlanta* cost the rebels the enormous sum of a million of dollars—of our money, not Confederate paper—and she is filled with valuable stores. Their shot struck the armor-plating the *Weehawken* and *Nahant*, to join the iron-clads in Charleston harbor, but were the heaviest of the rebel 15-inch guns; for they consider her as a sea-going cruiser. What ridiculous nonsense the rebels have to invent, to say nothing of its great moral effect by demonstrating the immense efficiency of the 15-inch guns, and the folly of rebels in their future movements with their iron-roofed floating forts.

The prize crew to the *Atlanta* was selected from the ship's crew almost alongside the *Atlanta*, so as to give her no chance to run away. The prize crew was ordered to destroy her if she attempted to escape, and they were within a distance where the gunners knew that if they fired shot would not penetrate the iron-plating of the *Atlanta*, but the ship was so promptly settled that he had not the opportunity to fire a single shot from the *Weehawken* only five.

The machinery of the *Atlanta* is untouched, and she will be at once added to this squadron; for her other injuries are so inconsiderable as to be nothing.

This vessel has been a perfect thorn in the flesh; for she has required constant watching, and night at sea has often taken advantage of the absence of the iron-clads on their service to run down the blockade in our very eyes, sail out sixty-mile ships and transports, but also our vessels, in search of which she would return. She is also to be credited for they handled their vessel with consummate skill, and the result is a cause of great and general congratulation throughout the squadron.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the following elaborate account of the *Atlanta*:

The *Atlanta* is armed with six guns, one 7-inch pivot gun fore and aft, and two 6-inch guns on each broadside. These guns are all in Brooke mountings, which, in our opinion, made such good execution against our iron-clads in the late attack on Charleston. They are rifled, and throw that long steel-pointed missile of English manufacture. The *Atlanta* is also provided with a ram of the most effective kind, and, from the sloping line of the deck, it is admirably adapted for the use of that weapon. The other magazine is supposed to contain the same amount, and, indeed, the whole interior of the ship is of the most elaborate kind. When you are older that one hundred pounds is a ship's allowance of powder, and you will conclude that the *Atlanta's* crew intended some damage. The ship is built of heavy timber, with double bulkheads, cellulose, boarding piles, guns, revolvers, etc. Her armament is as follows:

She has, inside, three decks; first, the gun-deck, 202 feet long by 75 feet wide, and protected by a deck of 250 feet long, which is subdivided into the captain's cabin and, wardroom, the petty officers' quarters, and forward the men's quarters. Below this deck in the third, the orlop deck, is the ship's store room and the engineer's department, etc. Immediately fore and aft of this deck are the magazine and shell rooms, and this is protected by a deck of 2 inches of iron, except the centre of the deck, which is 4 inches thick, and the sides of which are run the bulwarks to the height of eight feet. They are made of 2 inches of iron, backed by solid oak timber, and are very strong.

First and last there are outside very wrought-iron bars, six inches wide by two inches thick, running perpendicularly from the deck to the gunwale, and they hold solid oak timber, by rivets and bolts. Across these bars, horizontally, and on the inside, are bars of the same material and pattern, fastened to the outside layer by the strongest rivets. Within this bar-work, and between it and the inner planking of five-oak iron-clads, also running perpendicularly and horizontally, are solid oak timbers, and the whole forms similar thickness of Georgia pine plank, forming the last portion of her armor. This is 10 feet wide, and the sides of the roof are twelve inches thick, and pierced for the guns. The roof is also made of four layers of wrought-iron, four inches of iron-oak, and four of Georgia pine.

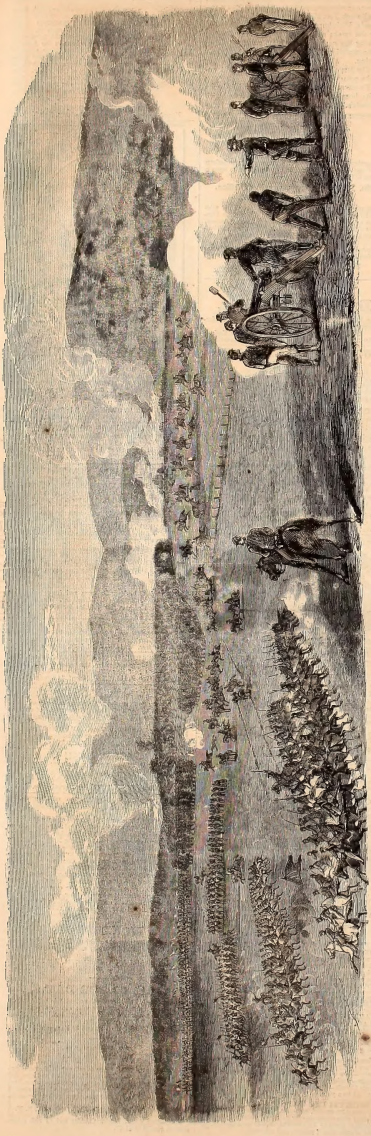
The pilot-house is very heavy and extremely strong. Extra layers of iron and pine, etc., so that the embrasure apparatus, from the deck to the roof, is 20 inches thick.

Her length from bow to stern-post is a small fraction over 200 feet. Her extreme breadth of beam is 48 feet, her best long and 40 feet in width, and at the top 36 feet. She draws 14 feet forward and 15 feet aft. Her height from her keel to the roof does not exceed 12 feet.

The height of the gun-deck to the roof the perpendicular height is 8 feet, and the sides of the roof sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees, the standing height is 6 feet. The lower edge of the roof is 10 inches above the gun-mark, so that she stands above the water about 8 feet. From her aft roof edge it is 20 feet to the stern-post, and from her fore roof edge it is also 20 feet to her bow. The distance from her gun-deck to her keel is 16 feet and a fraction over. Her steering apparatus is perfect, and her rudder entirely submerged in the water, thereby being in the safest place imaginable. Her iron casting extends 2 feet below the water-line.



REVEILLE IN CAMP—5 A.M.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—SKIRMISH NEAR UPPERVILLE.—ASHBY'S GAP IN THE DISTANCE.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL FOOTE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE ADMIRAL FOOTE.

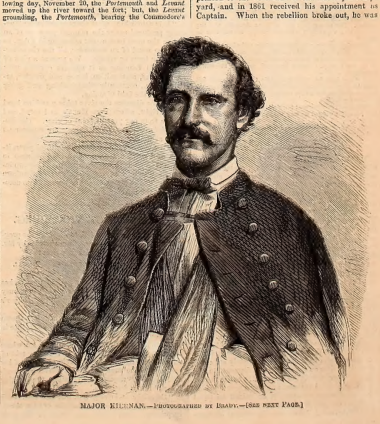
WE publish herewith a portrait of the late Rear-Admiral ANDREW HULL FOOTE, who died in this city on 26th June.

The Admiral was born in New Haven, Connecticut, on September 12, 1806, and was consequently nearly fifty-seven when he died. He entered the navy in 1822, obtained a warrant of Midshipman in 1824, passed Midshipman in 1827, and Lieutenant in 1810. His services on board the *John Adams*, *Cumberland*, and other famous vessels of our navy are well remembered. In 1849 he obtained the command of the brig *Perry*, and was sent to the coast of Africa, where he took an active part in suppressing the slave-trade. In 1850 he took the command of the *Portsmouth*, and sailed for the East Indies. It was on that cruise that the affair of the Barrier Forts took place, which we find thus detailed in the *Herald*:

While retiring in his gig, on approaching the Canton barrier forts, mounting one hundred and seventy-six guns, the Chinese opened fire upon his boat, which Commodore Foote returned only with his revolver. A brisk fire was kept up upon his boat; but after passing the first fort he returned to his ship, rather than have his boat destroyed, as it otherwise would have been, and reported the outrage to the Commodore, urging him to vindicate the honor of our insulted flag by an attack upon the forts. On the following day, November 20, the *Portsmouth* and *Levant* moved up the river toward the first; but, the *Levant* grounding, the *Portsmouth*, bearing the Commodore's flag, anchored under a brisk fire four hundred and ninety yards from the nearest fort, and for two hours and twenty minutes withstood, and finally silenced, the fire of the fort commonly known as the "Barrier Fort." The Commodore, who had been suffering from illness, was carried upon the next day and returned to Whampoa, and ordered upon the following day to the assistance of the United Commissioner of Canton. The *Levant*, getting afloat, ran up to the *Portsmouth* on the following day, and the two ships were kept in position ready to act as circumstances might require.

Early in the morning of the 21st the two ships opened fire upon the remaining forts, which was returned with a dint of spirit for the space of an hour, when Commander Foote, with Commanders Bell and Smith, headed a force of two hundred and eighty men, taken from the ships of the respective captains, and stormed the nearest and strongest fort. The following day the third and fourth forts were stormed and captured. The Chinese defended their forts with five thousand men, and in the first attack had killed and wounded about four hundred, while the Americans only numbered a few of forty-four killed and wounded. These fortifications were built of granite, nine feet in thickness; but the famous 8-inch gun of sixty-three hundred weight, with the 8-inch shells, made a breach in the first fort through which the storming party could easily enter and take possession. The English and French were loud in their praises of the squadron for the result of this pluck fight; and as the *Portsmouth* dropped down the river, the *British Admiral*, Sir Michael Seymour's ship, as well as his Commodore's vessel, manned the rigging, and gave three rousing cheers for the *Portsmouth*, while their bands struck up "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

On his return to the United States he was appointed to the command of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and in 1861 received his appointment as Captain. When the rebellion broke out, he was



MAJOR KILPATRICK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.]

charged with the duty of fitting out the Mississippi Flotilla. How well he did that the history of the war is there to tell. The *Herald* says:

The fleet under Foote attacked and took Fort Henry on February 6, 1862, entirely unaided by the land-forces; captured the rebel batteries at Donelson on the 14th; hotly engaged for two hours, took possession of and occupied Clarksville, without the presence of a land-force, and, by the subsequent appearance before Columbus for several days, forced the rebels to evacuate their boasted Gibraltar, reaching as far as Moodies victory, Island No. 10 was engulphed to Governor Harris from Donelson, on the afternoon of February 14, '62, when the gun-boats appeared at its helpful, "The Federal gun-boats are destroying it. For God's sake send us all the help you can immediately! I don't care for the land-force of the enemy: they don't hurt us; but if you can keep down the iron-clads, do so."

On the Sabbath after the capture of Fort Henry quite a large congregation had assembled at the little Presbyterian church in Cairo. They waited a long time for the regular preacher to come and open the services, but waited in vain; and it soon became apparent that he was not to go home somewhere. Just then the old Puritan God-fearing spirit of Foote arose within him. He arose and opened the service with prayer.

The audience to entertain their surprise when he appeared on the platform, coming as he did from the scene of battle, and in his stead, coming to hear those merits were upon every tongue, but the fact of wounded men, the engagement fresh in their minds, and the more marked because of the strangeness of the coincidence. Having for several hours before the old veteran was hotly engaged in dealing death and destruction to the enemy of his country, and he stood before the people in the character of a preacher of the Gospel of peace. But the prayer was offered, and after the hymn had risk his text from Acts xiv., 9, and proceeded with a sermon so full and heart-felt before for many. Clear, calm, logical, he proved, in truly eloquent diction, that the happiness of man was dependent upon the welfare of the heart, and not upon worldly prosperity or adversity. After the sermon the congregation visited the fifth ship and endeavors to reach him to congratulate him upon his success in the late battle; but the old veteran was not to receive a peculiar look, as much as to say, "This is the Sabbath-day, and this God's house, and is the enemy of his people over the downfall of an enemy."

Throughout the whole time Admiral Foote commanded the Mississippi squadron its organization was perfect and its achievements brilliant. At the attack on Fort Henry, in February, 1862, he received a severe wound in the foot, from which he never fully recovered. He was obliged to keep up, for a long time, despite the advice of his physicians, against the dictates of his own indomitable command, until it became apparent to himself that he must relinquish the charge of the squadron, and retire to the officers, who so devotedly loved him. He was relieved by Captain C. H. Davis (now Admiral), and sailed for home to permit his inspired health.

He received a host of thanks from Congress, and his commission as Rear-Admiral bore date 4th July 16, 1862.

Notwithstanding his feeble health he was constantly desired active employment, and was appointed chief of the Bureau of Equipment at Washington, which post he was held by discomfort, and his appointment to supersede Commodore Dupont in command of the South Atlantic Squadron. He was on his way thither when he was taken sick, at the house and died. The writer, from whom we have already quoted, thus describes his death-scene:

He lay on a sofa, and as calm and easy a complainant as a man in the bloom of life, and but for the peculiar sound of his breathing one could have scarcely believed he was in the passing away. It did not seem like the chamber of death. His life had been so exemplary, his trust in God so sure and steadfast, that one could but feel that this was but the journey to a better and a brighter land.

He left his room long after the daylight had darkened the passage, and when the earlier worship was over was listening to their various stations, full of the pleasant thoughts which a review of his life had brought to him. He was a man who never entered a battle but he, previous to undergoing the work, counted upon the cost of his offences and men; a man who held himself responsible to God for every life there swept away; a man solicitous of peace: pure in heart, living always a godly life, and one of the strong lights of our naval service. He was not long going to meet that Judge who would say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Later Saturday morning he rapidly failed; but others he was conscious to the last, and was minister to by prayer up to the middle of the day. His eldest son arrived during the day, and he was by his bedside at the last father during the whole of the day. During the earlier part of the evening the Admiral seemed to have gained considerable strength, and at times talked considerably, but his mind still wandered. Chaplain Brownell was upon his knees during the last, and watched him with tenderness and care. His feet were turned toward the door, but his head was on the pillow. It was thus he passed from the rough ship to land.

From Saturday last up to the time of death the Admiral changed but little, save that he had difficulty in speaking at times brightening up, and in a few hours afterward sinking. His voice was one of quiet strength, and his disease had a powerful will and strong constitution to master.

Yesterday, however, he failed rapidly, and after sundown it was known to the household that he was not to live through the night. The writer was present at his death-bed; which was surrounded by his family, Captain Scudder, and a few confidential servants.

At ten o'clock he took to rapidly that all present felt that his time was numbered by minutes. In appearance he was much worn away, except upon the brow, which was calm and peaceful.

At eighteen minutes past ten o'clock he ceased to breathe, and his spirit winged its way to the God who gave it.

MAJOR KIERNAN.

MAJOR JAMES L. KIERNAN, whose likeness we give on page 445, is a New Yorker, a graduate in medicine of the University of New York, and before the war editor of the *New York Medical Press*, and Professor of Natural History and Physiology in the Public Schools.

He entered the army as surgeon of the 69th New York, and subsequently was in the 5th Kentucky, on General Frémont's staff; in the 3d Missouri cavalry militia; a volunteer attached to the 1st Missouri cavalry; and had the advantage of Curtis's pursuit of Price into Arkansas; and was, for services rendered, appointed on the 1st March, 1863, to the position which he now fills since March the 6th Missouri cavalry.

When Major Kiernan entered this regiment, he was informed by Colonel C. Wright that though he was commissioned as Surgeon, yet he must fight as Major also; that he would have more than enough to do in his regiment, as the military necessities of frontier warfare required it."

Major Kiernan so well obeyed that Wright afterward declared that the only difficulty he had was in keeping him back from recklessly exposing himself. Now on the wild scout, foremost in the dashing charge, or in the midst of the battle, again the kind, skillful surgeon, as many a gallant young Western soldier can testify, he gained an equal name as surgeon and soldier.

Although, last November, the scene of his operations shifted from the barren hills of the Ozark range to the alluvial swamps of Southern Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and with his regiment he was constantly on the scout on both sides of the River Mississippi, from Helena, Arkansas, to the country around Vicksburg.

Subjoined is an incident which is taken from the St. Louis *Democrat* of 9th ult. It is an extract from their Vicksburg correspondent, and speaks for itself:

It would be difficult to chronicle more bravery than has been shown, unofficially and collectively, by both officers and men. In the different battles from the time of the operations against the rear commenced, but there is one exploit worth, for its great *endurance and sacrifices*, I will here record.

On the 6th of May five ambulances having been captured by the enemy, convoy to the rear of prisoners of war, Fort Gibson and Rodney, Mississippi, six companies of the 6th Missouri cavalry, Colonel Benton commanding, were ordered from Rocky Springs to recapture them or die. In one of Grierson's raids the same regiment was in the neighborhood where they were taken as hostages for the hands of his return.

This cavalry scout, proceeding through Port Gibson, Willow Springs, Oakland, Rocky Springs, and Rodney a distance of forty miles from where they started, the crossing of the same day; they were in the advance guard, and followed him up for some time, when they learned from a citizen authority that the rebel cavalry, ever fearful their strength, were attempting to surround them. Having overtaken the guard of prisoners and ambulances, the command of Adjutant Gillespie (whom four miles from Jesse Creek, which it was ascertained the rebels were crossing. They fell back toward Port Gibson. Colonel skirmishing by wing to the wings, and Major Kiernan, Surgeon, in front, scout cavalry, was thrown from his horse, severely wounding in the shoulder. Having rallied, he charged with three out heavy pickets, and held it from the time they arrived, two o'clock, till the 10th, when the 10th, with the Major Kiernan was, during this time, lying almost insensible at his head, and a clock interval between the charges by Colonel Wright that a superior force were stealing around on the left flank, in a hollow square formed by bivouac, when he left with its force to reconnoitre on a hill to the left, after which the 10th charged. The 6th accurately reached them when the rebel cavalry dashed into the 10th, and, after a short but desperate struggle, routed them, as well as their foe. Scout skirmishing took place, and after a short pursuit the 6th returned to the battle-field, to convey the wounded. This rebel cavalry visited the 6th on the 6th, and declined; a rebel surgeon was attending him at the time.

It is the third time Major Kiernan has been wounded, and overheard a conversation between a rebel officer and a citizen, the latter remarking, "Why, that fellow is a doctor." The rebel officer replied, "Yes, he is a doctor, but a damned fine fighter." Major Kiernan, though severely wounded, still continues to perform the duties of his office, and is now on the scout.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

On page 437 we reproduce three sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, showing the progress of events at Port Hudson. Mr. Hamilton writes:

"The progress of the war is perpetually bringing into notice new and important points, which, however by name, beyond the few residents in their immediate vicinity. Springfield Landing is one of these. This spot is situated some seventeen miles above Baton Rouge, on the left bank of the river, and at present serves as a depôt and landing for our troops, and a rendezvous for the varying fluctuations upon Port Hudson.

"If in unfortunate changes are instantaneously produced under the magical presence of an army; the most barren spot assuming in a day, as by the wand of enchantment, all the characteristics of a town or village. We present a view of Springfield Landing as it appears covered with tents, and the various evidences of camp life, military, etc., constantly disembarking and going onward to the front of the siege.

"In the distance the river takes a sudden bend to the right, where Port Hudson is located, and wreaths from our present position. The *Monongahela, Richmond,* and *Genesee* are represented firing at the forts.

"On the other sketches are faithful portraits of two places selected as head-quarters in General Banks's present campaign. They are interesting only as representations of the Southern scenery, and of places suddenly brought into notoriety by the war."

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

We continue, on page 436, to illustrate the progress of the siege of Vicksburg, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE SAPE AND PARALLELS OF GENERAL MCPHERSON'S CORPS.

"Each hour's labor of our gallant men makes such a change in the scene that it must be a busy pencil that keeps before the reader all the changes. Weekly the workings of this regular siege.

"The skill of General McPherson has shown him as an engineer officer given a general confidence in the result.

"Men digging, day after day, under a sun whose scorches says seem to give color to the story told of the maternal Africa, 'who, having left one of her progeny on the sunny side of a convenient sandhill, found it necessary to gather the melting Pleiads' into a wash-tub.

"Certainly it is very hot, but our men work steadily, and with a comprehension of plan that is surprising. But to the description of the scene sketched. In the centre of the sketch, and directly over our advanced battery, is Brickenridge's, the 'rebel work Fort Hill; still over this, and in the distance, Vicksburg is seen; too, in the distance, rises the smoke of our transports and gun-boats, marking the course of the great river for whose uninterrupted navigation this mighty labor is progressing.

"The trench or sap is at the moment just under the corner of the rebel work.

"To-morrow will see another sap. Maybe its result is borne by telegraph, will be published with this sketch."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

Important to Tourists. Mr. Solomons begs to inform the Traveling Public that he has consented to open a branch of his store at

No. 123 Broadway, opp. Post Office, SARATOGA SPRINGS,

where may be found a splendid assortment of his celebrated *Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Steels and Double Prisms, Telescopes, Opera Glasses, Field and Marine Glasses, Opera Glasses, &c. &c.*; also, his newly invented *Focal Eye-Glasses*, which are the greatest transparent pebbles suitable for tourists and spectators.

Persons leaving their address will still be open. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp.

SIMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
No. 123 Broadway, opp. Post Office, and 54, N. Y.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by
S. T. WELLING, No. 307 Canal St., New York.
Price 50 cents per Box. Sold by Druggists generally.

MUSQUITO	ALL NETS
MUSQUITO	NEW NETS.
MUSQUITO	BLENDS NETS.
MUSQUITO	NETS.
MUSQUITO	PATENT SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO	CANOPIES SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO	SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelly's Curtains.

LACE No. 859 Broadway. CURTAINS.
LACE LACE CURTAINS.

Holland & Gold Window Shades

HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

Violin Strings to Stand Hot Weather.

Best French Silk, 4-lengths, 25 cents. Italian, 4-lengths, 25 cents. Best Silk, 3-lengths. Name of the violin, 12 cts. per Violin, Flute, Accordeon, Fingerboard, 50 cents. Music, Instruction Books, Violins, Violin Bows, Cornet, &c. at 81 Maiden. FREDERICK BLUME, 108 Bowery, N. Y.

$75 Guaranteed Investments. Testimonials of 75% enormous and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

Attention, Soldiers! Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a handsome Badge with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. Address as directed to any garment. Address

DROWNE & SONS,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

In sold 18 c. and 3.50.

STERLING'S BEROSIA.

DRAWN & ENGRAVED FROM LIFE

DR. STERLING'S AMEROSIA is a stimulating oily liquid of fresh Herbs and Roots. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and the itching of the hand; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, and turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Price 50 cts. and a bottle. Principal Depot No. 482 Broadway.

DR. S. R. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 482 Broadway.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Beaufort, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Send for circular.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Knave. Grand Game for Parties. Also, Fancy Cards, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

BLOODS HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 315 Broadway, Mollatt's Building, cor. Worth Street. Manufactory Nassau & Duane Sts., Brooklyn. Factory Machines. Send for Circular.

$777 A SCOTT. We remit Agents $16 a month, **$16** expense. add, to suit our *Everlasting Pencils*, Steel Pens, and 10 other fast selling staple articles. 15 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

GOLD PENS RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES, for Consumers only. Also, 50 Per Cent. Discount Pen for the world. One filling will write 8 to 12 hours. Send for circular. Geo. F. HAWKES, 249 Broadway, cor. Murray, N. Y.

DR. WIPPLER'S VEGETABLE PILLS are infallible for Piles, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Price 50 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. Reference to ladies and gentlemen in all parts of the country. Depot 74 Nassau st. Office of the Proprietor, 4, YOUNG, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y.

DIRECTION LABELS and TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and for sale cheap. Orders by mail or express, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address
L. S. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

SOMETHING NEW.

We want Agents in every Town and County to sell our Great, New, Indispensable, Novel, and Complete Chemical Prize Indelible Pencil and Combination Notion Package; containing finest quality Writing Material, Yankee Notion, Rubber Pencil, Monogram Alphabets, Portraits of Generals, Fifty ways to get Rich Needles, Secret, Puzzle, Game, &c. Sample Package worth over $3 00, all for 50 cents. We give a fine Watch, warranted correct timekeeper, to every Agent. Our Agents are now making $15 00 per day easy. We also give our Elegant Gift Enterprise to every Agent. Money with every package. Send for New Circular, or call on
WARREN & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y. Box 5181.
Most Extensive Agency House in the U. S.

WONDERFUL.

The greatest Book ever published. Satisfaction guaranteed to every one. Send to our address on receipt of 25 cents.
RICHARDS & CO., PUBLISHERS, Box 3131,
37 and 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$15 00 PER DAY.

Agents wanted all through the country to sell our New Style CARD THERMOMETER (eight different patterns); also, to other new articles. Sample sent free of charge. Box 3131.
RICHARDS & Co., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

XXXX.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell our Celebrated Crystal Cement. Warranted to stand Hot Water and Fire, and mend every Article. Fine Watch, correct timekeeper, that will sell for $15, given free to every Agent. One quarter price of their Articles. New Styles always on every bottle. Box 3131.
RICHARDS & Co., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

P. S.—One dozen Bottles Cement and 12 rich prizes sent on receipt of $1 75.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold " Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
100 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..... 15 00 each.
$200 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
$200 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
$100 " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
$300 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
$100 Gold Breast Pins..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$100 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$500 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$500 Sets of Studs..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$300 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$300 Plain Rings..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$600 Stone Set Rings..... 2 00 to 4 00 each.
$200 Lockets..... 2 00 to 10 00 each.
$100 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mnld Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 8 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

$1 00 WATCHES AND JEWELRY $1 00

Over $200,000 worth of Goods will be sold for One Dollar each, regardless of value.

Send three cent stamp for Circular, and learn what you will get before sending your money.

H. BLISS & CO.
32 and 34 Nassau St. New York.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'
LECTURES AND LECTURES,
One vol. Crown octavo, **500** pp. *tinted paper, with a fine Steel Portrait, and bound in rich morocco extra, will be published JULY 8.*

PRICE $2 50.

For which it will be sent, postage paid, by mail, to any part of the U. S. Sold by *agents* only. Agents wanted in every County of the Loyal States. Terms liberal. Address **J. C. ADAMS, Adams Refinish, Worcester, Mass.**

12th vol. is edited by the author, and will contain his greatest harvest.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST OF THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and supplied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.
Sent by mail.

No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW LIFE OF MAN the Cause, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Male and Female Complaints, &c. On the Marital Relation and Rules for Preserving Health. 300 pages, 21 Engravings. Price 50c.

2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Diseases, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, &c., with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for those Diseases. 160 pages, 6 engravings. Price 25 cts. For any which book you will have, giving Name, State, County, and Post Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil, good crops of Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c., to be sold, cheap, 80 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—20 acre tracts of land for $250 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, Esq., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural 25th Free. Item Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and available condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

FREE.—GILT METALLIC UNDER BADGES CHRISTOPHER SQUARE (Limited). Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send one 3 cent stamp for postage. HUBBARD BROS., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

FIRTH, SON & CO.,
Have much pleasure in announcing that they are now permanently located in the
SPACIOUS STORE,
NO. 563 BROADWAY,
Next door to Messrs. Ball, Black & Co.
They would, at the same time, call the attention of their numerous friends and the
MUSICAL PUBLIC
To their valuable and well assorted stock of
PIANOS,
MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Strings in all *Varieties*.
MUSICAL
MERCHANDISE,
&c., &c.
Which they have now for sale
WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL,
At the lowest prices and of the best quality.
Sole Agents for MORISON'S HYGEIAN Medicines.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.—HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.—Some complaints of life predispose to costiveness, especially those which alter the mental faculties. Costiveness is the most unfortunate habit of body, under such circumstances, might possibly be relieved by changing their accustomed employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means practicable. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more injurious than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels—rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicine have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy; and a preparation in the happiest proportion, of these ingredients, is found in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This famous vegetable invigorant, in the whole intestinal canal, while quickening from its convolutions all impurities as it forces them through them. No more sanative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Dose of constipation seldom done as hopeless by distinguished medical men have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. Those who have been tired all the medicines of the discovery in vain, we say that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only one that can reasonably or contingently claim the cure of the needs of sedentary habits. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, by imparting vigor which would otherwise be derived from exercise, will in all cases enable the system to perform its accustomed functions without inability. Few physicians even make proper allowances for the exhilaration in some cases, and depression in others, caused by despair, in others, which are frequently the accompaniments of the disease of females. The trials to which ladies afflicted with these vibrations often make heroic efforts to conquer them, and fail for the want of just such a stimulant and corrective as the "Bitters" afford. If the true nature of woman's constitution were better appreciated, it would be seen that no blame attaches to her for these aberrations, but that, on the contrary, the afflicted reader the object of a tender sympathy and a finder care.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 629 BROADWAY.

Army Corps Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish Army Corps Badges of any style, color, and quality. Officers ordering Badges, in order with any inscription required. Also the Sickle and League Pins, ten different styles.

Also a large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to Cash buyers. Address

HORSTMANN BROTHERS & CO.,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Stationery and Printing Warehouse, 23 Beekman St., New York. ESTABLISHED 1840. Specimens by Mail, and Terms sent.

"Somnambulism."

Second Sight—Seeing from the Stomach—Psychic Phenomena—Somnilloquence—The Sense—The Soul not dependent on the Body.—A Perfect Night Work.—On a Lunger Pole.—Writing Sermons in Bed.—Mind Reading as in the JULY PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 18 c., or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Lake Superior Line!

CONSISTING OF STEAMERS

1863 PLANET, 1863
METEOR,
CITY OF CLEVELAND,
TRAVELER, ILLINOIS,
Iron City, and Northern Light.

One of the above Steamers will leave DETROIT, MICHIGAN, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week, during season of Navigation, for all Points on Lake Superior.

Leaves CLEVELAND on the previous evening at 8 o'clock P.M.

The Fare by these Steamers, including board and rooms, is only about $5 cents per mile, *cheaper than any other* Steamers Route in the world.

For further Information see Season Cards.

Note Papers and Wedding Cards.

Tiffany & Co.,

Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of New York and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended the STATIONERY DEPARTMENT of their FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for supplying the latest styles of

Correspondence and Wedding Stationery,

Cards of all sizes and shapes, engraved upon the presses with punctuality and accuracy. Initials stamped, colored or plain, in ordinary text or originally designed monograms. A choice assortment Dr. Note and Letter Papers, Writing Cases, Digests Boxes, Note and Letter Papers, as well as the best French styles, constantly for sale.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as local agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our remarkable and useful articles. Call outside orders, large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and VALUABLE NOVELTIES, including Writing Materials, Envelopes, Note Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Fashions, Books, Games, Pictures, Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Compositions, Camp Conveniences, Pocket Knives, Jewelry, Gold Pens, Pocket Books, Gold Pencil Cases, Money Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gems, Pocket Calendars for 1863, Specimens of all kinds, *Rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry, Rare Books, Curious Articles, &c., &c.* Over 300 kinds of goods worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Prize each Package over **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to agents very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Package system is entirely new, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and desirable Agents' Package kind now manufactured. Package of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Jobbers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the army. Send for Specimen Package, Terms, &c. Address, in full, ENGLISH NOVELTIES, and *correct timepieces* preceded FREE to every person who sets up our agent. Send for our New Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, to J. C. RICHARDS & CO., **100** Nassau St., New York, N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating and nutritive properties, and will insure a RAPID GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beneficial where the hair requires a gentle stimulant."—*Lancet.*

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair dressing."

WARREN WARD, Esq.,
No. 237 Canal Street, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with NEW HAIR."

Prof. JOHN SENIA. No. 35 King St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale by

KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 502 Broadway, New York.

WINDOW CARRIAGE WASHER.

The use of this simple and ingenious article, a window of the most size may be thoroughly cleaned and polished in three minutes, without the wetting of the hands, or the possibility of injury to the sash. It is a perfect success, and is now being introduced into all sections of the country. Agents wanted to canvass

States, Counties, and Towns. Call on or address JONAS ARMSTRONG, Inventor and Manufacturer, 630 Broadway, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

SOMETHING NEW

AGENTS WANTED—To sell Patent Lamp Lighter and New Card Distributer. Sent by mail. 10c. and 20c. A. W RICE & CO., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
CHRONOMETERS & WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are the sole consignees in the United States for this unique novelty the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 14, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, reviewing this watch, says: "We are pleased to find the importation of the HUBBARD BROS. are meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary enterprise as theirs so richly merits. These watches are no novelties produced by no other House, for exceeding other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons render it unnecessary to dwell upon the merits of the house."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has many solid silver cases, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, mounted on heavy silver plated nickel, and is sold for one half of gold prices, $30. By express, $1 00 additional postage. Should retail readily at from $50 to $60 each. Not sold by counties of less than six.

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING ATTACHMENT.

"*The N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 19th, 1863, on page 347, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS. of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the problems most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering it free from the annoyance of key. In case of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outside being like 18 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. The manufacturers are now turning out 5,000 of these Watches, in most sections of the world, and those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail add postage 1 dollar.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE!

☞ Correspondents in the ARMY advise us of the detention of remittances heretofore sent us. The extra safeguarding processing arises from the envy of sutlers, whose avocation is threatened by home trade. Express officers do open our letters and detain orders. By this ignominious process we have no remedy except to request you to buy the better swindle their customers! The very low prices we quote will be a sufficient guarantee to every discriminating upset the defrauding projects of the sutlers, and this we intend to do, and will do, if our correspondents will be careful. Without a letter of advice from you, a check there can be no doubt; meanwhile we must respectfully refer to our terms, which are cash in all cases, regardless of the machinations of these adroit rogues. Now that it is no longer safe to send money by express, every wise friend in this city to call upon us and make the purchase in person, or if he does it impossible, send the money through an acquaintance living beyond the lines. *We send nothing by mail, and will not depart from this rule of business!* We are at all times ready to wait upon customers, showing them the watches free attention. We invite inspection to our goods. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Brandreth, cor. Courtland Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Malta, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, and Ireland. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With a Map Embracing Central Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Large 12mo, Leather Binding, $3 50.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Passion and Principle," "De World's Verdict," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ST. CLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part I. Price 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

VOLS. I., III., III., IV., V., and VI., for the years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth cloth, Price $2 27 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine or Weekly* should buy but locker remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent. In no other way can they be sure that their money will reach us.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



PENNSYLVANIAN GRATITUDE.

ABLE-BODIED PENNSYLVANIAN. "Six cents a glass rayther deer, you think? Pshaw! what's the good of having you fellows here from New York, if we can't make something out of you to cover what we lose by the rebel raiders?"

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our BRIGHT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AN.NSTATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE.ALED, not unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Horses, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friends in the Army. No family should be without one. Prizes immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety sent at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York; largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enable it to resist disease.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended as a defense against raining a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE A CO.
202 Broadway, New York.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 10 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturers, JOHN B. HOOTON, late PRATT, HOOTON & CO., 187 William St., N. Y.

STAMMERING,

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known remedy for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. Call and see how they work at the late London Exhibition.

For (new Edition of) Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. U. L. MEARS, 377 West 25d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris.
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

A Bad Breath

The Greatest Curse the Human Family is Heir to.

How many lovers it has separated! how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate that none dare mention it. To effect a radical cure, use the

Balm of Thousand Flowers

As a denticrine night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all Tan, Pimples, Freckles, rendering the skin beautifully soft and white. For sale by all Druggists.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,
Broadway, N. Y., Agents.

To Bookkeepers.—How to add three columns at once. *Great mathematical gifts are not necessary.* Systematic, plain instructions; Fifty Cents. Address J. W. PAYNE, Montvetso, Bradford Co., Penna.

Meerschaum Manufacturers.

FOLLAK & SON, 357 *Bowery Street, near Bouvery.*

Pipes cut to order, and sent by Express all over the country. All kinds of repairing done. The largest collection of New and Old Pipes on exhibition free of charge.

6 for	$12
6 for	15
6 for	18
6 for	24

Self-Measurement sent to every body on application. Large stock.

A Double Number,

Full of Engravings.

The Best yet Published.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for July contains Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of Lord Brougham, E. H. Dixon, Somerset Jackson, Ann E. Dickinson.—An Illustrated Article on HUMAN NOSES.—The Temperaments —how Fixed Again, with Illustrations. Etymology —The Feejii Men.—Origin and Future Destiny.—Somnambulism.—Second Sight.—The Soul.—Night-Walkers.—Clairvoyance.—The Royal Courtship, how Conducted.—Women of Turkey.—Female Life in Leisure.—Soul and Body.—Man's Religious Nature.—Accountability.—Fatality, &c. Only 15 cents or $1 50 a year. New Volume. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

National Union League.



League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver, price from $2 50 to $15 per doz. Sample dos. sent by express-paid, upon receipt of $9 00, or a single pin in fine gold plate upon receipt of $1 00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of our designs have been adopted by different associations throughout the country. Also for sale, a large assortment of Army Badges.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 103 Broadway, New York.

Attention General Grant's Rosecrans'. Meade's. Banks's. and Birney's Divisions.



Kearney Cross.

I will send the above-named Cross Pin to Gold Plate to any Soldier on the receipt of $1. Also for $1 I will send as sample either a beautiful Gold Pen and Pencil, or Nice Style Vest Chain, or California Diamond Ring or Pin, or Solid Ring, or a Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or an Engraved Locket or Bracelet; and for 50 cents I will send a sample of the New Union Lapel Pin, together with my wholesale circular, which comprises the greatest variety, and is unquestionably one of the cheapest wholesale Cash Jewelry Houses in the U. S.

R. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 675. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

A THOUSAND REFRIGERATORS found at E. B. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
208 Broadway, New York.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Gold Pens and Cases, Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$1 00
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 00	Masonic "	2 50
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Cards	2 25
Large Pens *	1 50	Mammoth Cards	2 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect—not to split nor tear. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community as the best Gold Pen yours, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pen, sold by pretending at the manufactory across the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.

E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.

THE GENUINE
CLOTH LINED
PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I have the largest and best assorted stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars in cuffs and cuffs.

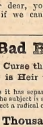
SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER.

The perfection of my satisfaction. I have in this department, have nothing but experienced hands employed, and in employing such, I can always command a fit, or they will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT? NO SALE!

Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.

Chest (exactly) Linen Measure (in inches)



Collar (exactly) Linen Measure (in inches)

Laforge block.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Illustrated Family Bible. 750 per cent. profit. Bargain Watch free to Agents. $13 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. GATELY & CO., 60 Ann St., N.Y.

BRIDGEWATER PAPER

Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate. R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Rosewood, always kept constant in the city, Retail, and Retail, at 377 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adopted to the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 16 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

A Rainy Day in the Country.

Delightful Amusement.—Painting the *Cartes de Visite* with "Newton's Albumen Colors." $3 55 will buy a book of instructions and a complete set of colors. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. New York, Walter Law, 823 Broadway; E. Knoedler, 772 Broadway; D. Appleton & Co., 346 Broadway; Scovill's Manufacturing Co., 4 Dickman Street.

VICTOR E. MAUGER'S
DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS,
115 Chambers st., N. Y.

Superior Farm Land

At low prices. Franklinville and Lake Trust, on West Jersey Railroad, 25 miles south of Philadelphia, in lots to suit purchasers. Circulars, containing reports of Salem Robinson, Hon. Wm. Parry, and others, with full information, sent free by addressing JOHN H. COFFIN, Franklinville, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York.

Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:

A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, now largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter *expressly requires* that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims. All commission and premium paid to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE for want advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEAYTON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the United States.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement—Iron soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.



Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, blank of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.



ENAMELLED WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute. To military and civil travelers they are invaluable.

Price 87 cents; sent by post on receipt of $1 12.

Wholesale and retail.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 837 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to dealers.



Simple, durable, fast to market, self-adjusting. No. 1, price $5 50; No. 2, $6 00; No. 3, $7 00; No. 4, $9 00. Sent to any part of the country, free, on receipt of retail price. (Agents wanted.)

M. J. CLUFF, Agt., 8 Tells Street, Boston, and 306 Pearl Street, New York.

BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS,



Warranted to fit, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

Old and New Books and Magazines

Of every description bought. A large stock of second-hand books for sale cheap. GEO. W. THORNE, Bookstore, 99 Nassau Street, near Maiden Lane, New York.

The Celebrated Craig Microscope

Will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or, with 24 objects, for $5, by HENRY CRAIG, 189 Centre Street, 3d floor, New York. Liberal discount to dealers.

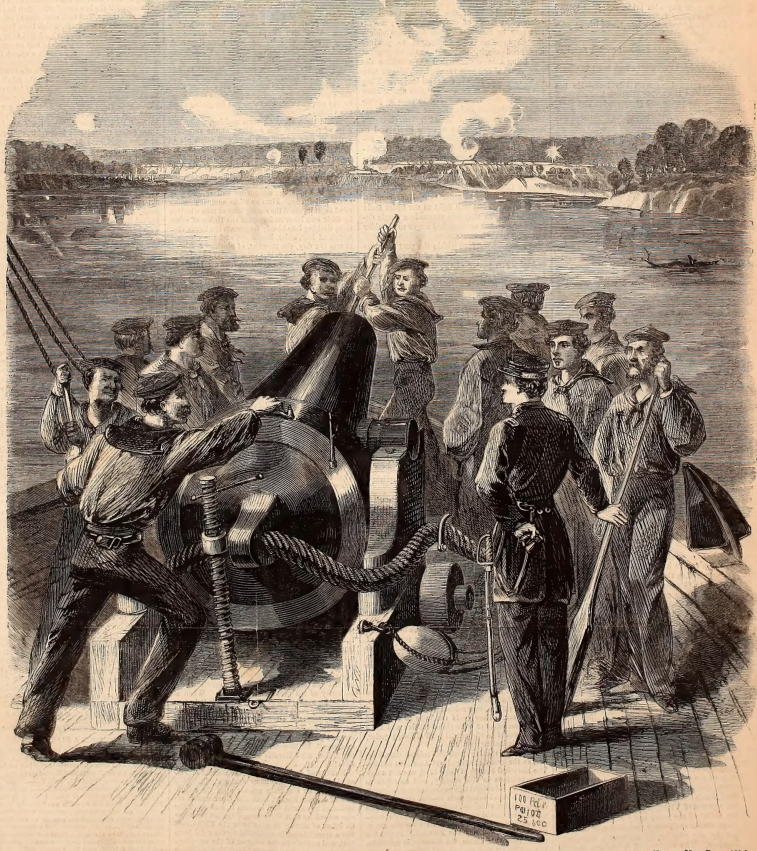
TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Aden, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 342.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON—THE 100-POUND PARROTT GUN OF THE "RICHMOND" AT WORK.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

GETTYSBURG.

SHROUDED the story wrought, on the murderous
field of battle;
It has wiped the stain of defeat from every soldier's brow:
Mid the clash of steel on steel, and shouts, and the harsh death-rattle,
The Army of the Potomac has won a victory now!

Honor to ye brave men, from the battle wounded and gory!
Honor to ye brave men, whom the angel of death passed by!
Ages on ages hence shall others rehearse your story,
And pray that when duty calls like you they may live or die.

Though your worldly lives be obscured in the night with dimness and dreary,
Angel voices shall call to your resurrection morning:—
God Himself in your Captain, and He will leave no man out!

He, who for weary months have suffered loss and disaster,
Going from love and home to scenes of hatred and pain,
Gaze on your flag with pride, and press toward the mustering Heaven!
Rock every brow with laurel, and lift up your hands again!

Then kneel reverently and call on the name of Jesus.
Be every head uncovered—each heart in silence adore.
He can crowned us with His love—He has blessed His erring creatures!
Him be the power and glory forever and ever, more!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.

THE GOOD NEWS.

AFTER a long period of gloom and disquiet, a cheerful, we can again congratulate our readers upon good news. On Sd July, at 9 P.M., the broken masses of Lee's rebel army, retiring from the shock of Meade's veterans, were flying to the mountains, throwing away their guns and cartridge-boxes, and strewing the plains of Southern Pennsylvania with the material of victory while on the one side the Army of the Potomac, flushed with victory and believing in its commander, was hotly pressing the fugitives in their retreat *Northward*; and on the other the masses of New York and Pennsylvania, under Couch, fresh from peaceful pursuits, but as steady as veterans, were pressing down on their flank, and converting their attempted retreat into a rout. Not only did the rebels leave dead and wounded in our hands. The skulkers and stragglers from Lee's army—who fill every farm-house and thicket in Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland—are alone said to number one-fourth of the effective force with which he entered Maryland. Of the guns lost by the rebels, and taken by us, the reports are thus far so conflicting that we do not care to repeat them. It is enough, however, that Lee must have lost in his hasty and disorderly retreat a great portion of his artillery; and if, as is reported, Meade came up with him at or near Williamsport on 7th, and engaged him while he was preparing to cross into Virginia, the loss of guns will probably be incalculable. Men may ford the river even in its present swollen condition, but guns can not; and without an adequate artillery force Lee's forces will never get back to Richmond as an army.

Within twelve hours after the defeat of the rebels under the apparition of Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant. We have as yet no details of the event—nothing, we may say, but a very brief dispatch from Grant himself to Secretary Welles. On this account the authenticity of the news has been questioned by some rebel sympathizers. We can see no good reason, however, for assuming its incorrectness. On the contrary, the last letters from Vicksburg, dated up to 28th ult., all foreshadow the early surrender of the place, partly from the effect of our bombardment and mining operations, and partly from the want of provisions. Before these lines are read all doubts will be removed by the receipt of fuller intelligence, and we take for granted that that intelligence will confirm the pressed belief that we have taken Vicksburg with all its garrison and artillery.

It is assumed by some of our papers and many of our people that the defeat of Lee's army and the fall of Vicksburg involve the collapse of the rebellion. This may be so in one sense, inasmuch as the reopening of the Mississippi which follows as a matter of course from the capture of Vicksburg, and the overwhelming defeat of the rebel army in Northern Virginia, render the further prosecution of the contest by the pro-slavery insurgents absolutely hopeless. The capture of Vicksburg secures the capture of Port Hudson, bisects the rebel country, and leaves General Grant's army free to operate in conjunction with Banks against Mobile, or, in conjunction with Rosecrans, against Chattanooga—the geographical and strategical centre of the Confederacy; while on the other hand, the defeat of Lee uncovers Richmond, and the railroad system of Virginia, and, if properly turned to account by our people, will compel the so-called Government of the Confederacy to seek refuge in the Gulf States, where, according to last accounts, they are not very likely to be welcome. In this point of view, the victory which we have, it appears, may be said to involve, sooner or later, the collapse of the pro-slavery insurrection, and the cessation of the authority of the United States Government over the whole of the territory of the United States.

But it will probably prove a mistake to expect the active surrender of the rebels, so long as Bragg, Beauregard, and Johnston have armies under their control. By falling back into the spirals of the Carolinas and Georgia, by concentrating their forces and their supplies; by increasing their cavalry force and devoting their energies to cavalry raids into the North, and the destruction of the long lines of communication which we shall have to maintain with our armies in the heart of the South; by distributing guerrillas and bushwhackers along the banks of the Mississippi and the other great rivers of the Confederacy; a contest may be carried on for years with a though hopeless and ineffectual to produce any good result, may yet avail to prevent our being able to claim that a rebellion has been crushed or peace restored. This, we take it, will be the policy of the rebel leaders. They are not the men to give up the ghost. They know that they have nothing to gain by patience. Disgrace and exile are the mildest reward they can expect. A halter from their own outraged people will be the reward of all to their career. The authors of the greatest rebellion in history—a rebellion equally remarkable as having a rebellious birth and a rebellious government of their country, but against the plainest principles of truth and justice and Almighty God himself—they will not, they can not sue for terms as other vanquished combatants might. They will fight to the bitter end: fight so long as they can persuade a single deluded white man or wretched negro to shoulder a musket in their cause.

If the news received within the past two days be confirmed, the crisis of the rebellion is ended. The power of the Government of the United States to maintain its authority is demonstrated. The power of the rebels to establish an independent government is disproved.

It now remains to accomplish the work by suppressing the bands of rebels who, for some time to come, may be expected to infest the country in which the war has been waged, by hunting down guerrillas on the Mississippi and bands of organized insurgents in Virginia; by destroying the fortresses built to resist the authority of the Government, and the railroads by rebel country with other forts garrisoned by loyal black men, whose business it shall be to keep down the few traitors who were their masters, shattering every semblance of an army which the remaining insurgents may muster; and, finally, by administering to the rising generation at the South such a thorough lesson of the cost and inconvenience of war.

This is the work now before us. Though less brilliant than that which has been accomplished, it will still task our energies severely.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1863.

Our great national day broke this year in clouds and storm. The public mind had never been seduced more than at other times to believe that decisive battle of the campaign, if not of the rebellion, was always near. Every morning we reached the city was conflicting and doubtful. That our brave brothers in the field were fighting as heroes fight was clear, but how the battle would avail to victory was yet to be known. The field of battle just a year before was upon the peninsula of Virginia. It was near Richmond. Again Meade's army was the flag of civil order, constitutional liberty, and national unity between the Mississippi and the Lakes there was a hardy people enrolled as militia, but neither trained nor massed as an army. They could not hope to withstand the furious onset of triumphant rebels; and Lee's success would be the mortal peril of free, popular, democratic institutions.

So dawned the day, with this solemn consciousness in the breast of every loyal American citizen. The historical Fourth of July, 1776, was not a day more precious to this country, and therefore to mankind. It brought this year—under the circumstances it could bring with it—but one supreme, overpowering, religious, and patriotic duty. The whole land should ring with the chorus of sympathy, encouragement, and resolution for the army. On this day that army was America. It was the Government, the Union, the constitution, the flag. It stood for all that we love and believe as Americans; our glory in the past, our hope in the future. That glorious army was on this day the van of human civilization.

And on this day a body of people who call themselves "the Democracy" held a mass meeting in the Academy of Music, in New York, under the auspices of a political society known as the Democratic Young Men's Association, which is the Copperhead club before which Vallandigham, James Brooks, G. Tucker Curtis, and their associates, have furiously denounced the war, or craftily undermined public confidence in it without cause. The building was filled. The crowd was enthusiastic, after the manner of crowds upon the Fourth. The speakers were chiefly Governor Seymour of New York and Mr. Seymour who is not Governor of Connecticut. They made long and emphatic harangues. Governor Mr. Seymour, who says that he will let the Union go rather than slavery, complained that we give a full assent to the doctrine of human equality set forth in the Declaration, and therefore we ought to let men who rebel in arms to perpetuate slavery have their own way. He informed us that our national authorities are despots and tyrants; that the fundamental principles of our Government, all our securities, all our rights, are in mortal danger from—the Government of the United States. The arrest of Vallandigham was the mere sign of the loss of all things precious to an American citizen, and every man must resist himself to oppose the Government, for anarchy and military despotism were at hand. Mr. Seymour of Connecticut said, as usual, that we are asses; and Governor Seymour said we could not hope to beat a gallant race of gentlemen who whip the mothers of their infants and sell their own children. We must show our power by asking them what they wanted, and doing precisely what they said. Mr. O'Gorman followed by declaring the Government of the United States a despotism like that of the Bourbons in France and the Stuarts in England. Fort Lafayette was a Bastile. The war was wicked. He had opposed it always, but since the enemy was in a neighboring State they must be put out, and then his voice was for giving them the victory.

While these speeches were making, while this party of Democrats was holding at the summary arrest of men whose sole hope and effort are to help the enemy, while they were vociferously applauded by the rebel sympathizers and sympathizers, far away at Gettysburg, and Vicksburg, and Port Hudson the air was thick with rebel smoke, the ground was soaked with heroic blood; charge upon charge was making; advancing and receding in wrest and agony. The rebel masses against heroic rebel assaults stood the strong lines of men who live by their own labor and respect the rights of other men, dashing on them with all the arguments the world has struck at law, order, humanity, and the country. It was the day, the moment, of glorious death, of sharp agony for the loss of thousands of our brothers—of inestimable woe to the hearts and homes of the bereaved—and in all this crisis of life and dying, pervish, partisan haranguing, in all this contempt heaped upon the Government of the United States and the men of the country, by the Seymours, Seymour and Company, there was not a solitary word of sympathy, of cheer, of faith, of hope, or of gratitude for the brave men who were fighting. Not one word spoken at the Academy would have brought solace to any wounded soldier lying in his trenches before Port Hudson or Vicksburg; and no one would have soothed with friendly recognition the fallen hero of Gettysburg.

By their works and their words ye shall know them. These are the moaning party hacks who affect to be alone anxious for the security of the rights of citizens, invaded, as they insist, by the Government, but who see no danger to those rights, so far as appears, in their speeches, in the hideous and perjured hands of Davis and his confederates. These orators forget the soldiers who are dying for the right to speak freely, in their eager haste to howl over the wrongs of a man summarily arrested for giving aid and comfort to the enemies. Thank Heaven that the Fourth of July, 1863, disgraced by the speeches of men who call themselves Democrats, has been neutralized by the heroism of those who *prove* themselves Democrats, or the true friends of human equality and a just government, by defending with all the force in which the talkers sit to surrender. Between the deadly earnest of a soldier and the noisy subordination of party law to the public safety and the national salvation, and the false mask of Democracy which, in its thirst for power, is willing that the Union should perish rather than slavery should be touched, the people of this country will decide, and decide forever.

"HALL, KING THAT" WOULD "BE!"

THE record of the present Governor of New York is plain. It is not useless nor untimely to recall it, for whenever he speaks what he says must be interpreted by the light of what he has uniformly professed. When the rebellion menaced the country, Mr. Seymour declared that the rebels had been provoked, that the constitution began its war against the Government and the constitutional authority of the President in full silent. When the leagth he spoke, it was to say that "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms." The difference is between slavery and the Union, says Horatio Seymour, let the Union slide!

Nominated for Governor by the consent of Fernando Wood, Mr. Seymour spoke again. His speech was an elaborate assault upon the principles of human liberty, upon the Government established to extend and confirm it, and upon the war waged by that Government against the traitor effort of slavery to overthrow the Union. It was a speech heartily applauded by the rebel journals, and entirely in the interest of the rebellion. But admonished by shrewder friends that, although the non-voting of the soldiers and the public discontent with the slow progress of the war, were facts most favorable to his election, yet that the State of New York was still as sound as ever upon the great question of Union and Liberty, Mr. Seymour spoke once more in Brooklyn. This time he said that the war must continue, but constitutionally. His halting, languid, protesting expression of interest in the mortal peril of the country, while every man knew his sympathies, could not be forgotten by the historian of these times.

Mr. Seymour was elected Governor, and sent a message to the Legislature. We do not speak of one loyal citizen, was the hand of one faithful soldier lowered or unnerved by it. It was full of the same bitter denunciation of the Government, the same sneering at the freemen of the North for not representing in all things their rights as citizens and their dignity as men, and of the same monstrous misstatement of history as all his other speeches. His first official act was to summon for trial the Police Commissioners whom Fernando Wood hated. His second was to pass complacently at a Legislature which Fernando Wood's men were trying to dissolve in anarchy, and politely decline to keep the peace.

The shrewd men stepped in again and warned this aspiring gentleman that the road to the White House did not lie in that direction. Thereupon the proceedings against the Commissioners disappeared from sight. Order grew in the Legislature; and Mr. Seymour, for the present, lost his musings. The Governor was thenceforward not conspicuous until the last days of May. Then he promptly sent off troops, and took measures to organize a force at home in the State, which is an imperative necessity. And finally, last week, he was absent every other meeting at which he was announced to speak, since his election, he made a speech in New York upon the 4th inst. of July.

This speech is in two parts. In the first he says that, if we had compromised with the rebels before they took up arms, there would have been no war. In the second he says that military necessity is a plea which every people urge as well as a government, and therefore his "Republican friends" had better take care how they set the example. To these points he adds a remark that no such compromise could have prevented the war, and that none was possible or honorable; and that the second proposition is plainly stated because every function and power of a lawful government may be simulated and assumed by a mob.

These are the sentiments and speeches, and this, during the mortal struggle of the country for its existence, is the career of a gentleman who proposes, if possible, to be the next President of the United States. In the novel of "Ten Thousand a Year" there is a smooth humbug whose name is, upon the whole, the best thing in the book. But when that name is mentioned it carries no impression of weighty reasons, steady, consistent statesmanship, honest conviction, ability, or generosity. It suggests merely a bland plausibility, a low cunning, a smiling selfishness, a something to be steadily avoided, or to be trusted at your peril. In the same, in its gentle reader will remember, is Sidney Smith.

MESSRS. CONWAY AND MASON.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Conway made a great mistake in representing himself as an agent to Mr. Fugitive Slave Bill Mason, who is notorious as the rebel emissary to England—and although his deception was almost peculiar to himself, for certainly it is not the view of any considerable number of persons in this country—and although, in short, he has done the cause harm, as indirect friendship always does, yet he has done it no more than the English people a signal service by showing that the rebel agent will not agree to emancipation as the condition of separation and peace.

Mr. Conway, as every man in England will see, asked Mr. Mason a plain question, and Mr. Mason evaded a clear answer. His evasion was diplomatic and skilful, but it was none the less an evasion, and an evasion is an indirect answer. He declined to answer the question first, upon the ground that he did not know Mr. Conway's credentials; and second, because he had no choice to, and because the Northern States will never be in a condition to ask the question. Possibly that may be so. And his conversation was not a condition to ask the question, and asked it. He needed no credentials to authorize him to ask; nor did Mr. Mason need to see them in order to answer. Before entering upon any kind of treaty it would have been right to require that credentials. But the question implied and answered by the correspondence to the British mind is—knowing very well that Messrs. Conway and Mason were negotiators—whether, to secure independence and peace, the rebels will consent to emancipation. Mr. Mason's evasive reply is, distinctly, No.

Ingenuous John Bull may smile at the ardent and sincere young man measuring a force by the older, craftier hand. But the craft that shows to battle can not conceal the wound. The ardent adventurer has made himself the dealt a mortal blow. He has revealed the truth, that slavery is dearer to the rebels, whom England befriends, than their independence or peace, and he has thereby unmasked the character and purpose of the rebellion.

FROM A DIARY.

WE sat at the Club the other evening, discussing people, as clubmen sometimes do. Bores drew by.

"There goes a man who prefers to crawl to the tally to waiting on his wife," exclaimed X——, earnestly.

"That's a strong statement," said Y——.

"It is a true statement," said X——, emphatically; "and I will tell you why it is true. In the early days, before Sumter, when the rebellion was hatching, there was a private meeting of certain gentlemen in this city, some of whom were afterward conspicuous as the Democratic Copperhead Committee, and others of whom are now and always have been the most faithful and energetic supporters of the country and the Government. The meeting was held at a house upon the Avenue; and when it was clear that all were present that K——, whom you just now

pass, rose and spoke of the condition of the country, and of the evident determination of the Southern leaders to go to extremity. This, he said, must be avoided. But it could be prevented in one way only, and that was by accepting at once the Montgomery Constitution, and according to every demand those leaders had made or might still make. He proposed a total, unqualified, abject surrender in advance of all national and individual honor that the Government should be overthrown without an effort to save it, and the country ruined by the deliberate craven cowardice, treachery, and meanness of leading citizens. So entirely unconscious and shameless was this speech was never made to decent men as this Dr. greasy pet fool, and after hearing him sat down. After a little time ——— spoke, and absolutely supported B——'s proposition. Then ——— got on his feet. He said that in a manner he protested against the suggestion, which was so unqualifiedly ignoble and commonly that it was incredible it should be seriously meant. As long as the Union man can do what every other people in history, however wretched, has done, and at least vote with his ballot for our own losing, our own Government, and the rights and privileges of which it is the protection, so long we can resolve that the system of popular government shall not be proved by our conduct to villainous and imbecile as its enemies declare it to be impracticable. We can make one stand, however short, against single anarchy. We can, in the Southern field, try a fall with them. To conquer at such abject treachery is definitely to relinquish and surrender. He spoke very earnestly, and very eloquently. ——— rose after him, and said that peace was the object. We must have peace at all hazards and costs. Fine sentiment was very well, but hard-headed men understood that country. Every boy knew that the Southern leaders would whip us and do just what they pleased, and we had better make a merit of necessity. ——— spoke from his pocket, as he had a large roll of paper filled with the South. Then ——— stood up. "I have a million friends in the North," he said, "and I will fight them as long as peace is honorable. I am for finding a method of fair understanding, if it can be found, and if we have been taken up arms; if they send this Government and insist that the Union is forever dissolved, and that we, and every other dollar I own in the world, to maintain the Government of the United States." The utter hatefulness of treason was the thing to be met, and not being dissolved; and having discovered that many of the most important and influential men present were in full progress to lie in the need to receive terms from a deadly foe when they had even tried to resist, the formation of the Committee, which was afterward spurned at Delmonico's, was proposed. Mr. Bryant ——— said [illegible] beg the history of the war, and he will take good care that he, and all such men, shall see their names as pitifully printed for our contempt as our fathers saw that of the name of Benedict Arnold was printed for us. The men who fixed the meaning of this will have, whether they whatever maske, the enemies of the Union, of the country, and of society and free government, as they will have known privately saw as history will make them publicly known hereafter."

I died yesterday at ———'s, and Treadwell was one of the company. Now if Treadwell makes a man happy, and grants him not only nothing of the spirit, but forbids him also the appearance of a grievance, he does seem an excess of unkindness not to make him in the best sense of the word "Treadwell." The unfortunate vulgar-looking man is his misfortune. That he dresses like a bar-keeper at a flash dog-fight is another of his misfortune also. That he is certainly what Miss I——h calls "a wo'ful crying-looking man" is the one point about him which he knows to every body. He is not another well-known fact. He is rich. He is not clever: he is not well-bred: he is not well-educated: he is not handsome: but he is also rich. Now certainly it is pleasanter to be rich than poor. What other consideration could have persuaded Mrs. Treadwell to marry him? She, too, was an heiress. Her fond was something "wo'ful" —upon the outside at least.

She began to talk to me about the "gentlemen" from the South who are supposed to miss from society. I told her that I had seen a great many people from that part of the country, but that I had yet to meet with a gentleman. I have met plenty of persons who dressed well, and spoke in a low voice, and knew Byron; I have encountered women very prettily, and talked horses, and dogs, and boats with other men, but I had not seen the gentlemen.

"Why, how funny!" said she, "we used to meet so many every summer at Newport."

"I know them," answered I.

"And yet you say you never met any gentlemen from the South."

"I do."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that those men knew that women were inhumanly whipped in order that they might dance and flirt in Newport and elsewhere; and they did not protest, but insisted that it was necessary and right. Now, Mrs. Treadwell, I do not think women-whipers, either personally or by proxy, can possibly be gentlemen."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Treadwell, "what an awful Abolitionist you are!"

"I suppose I am, dear Madame, and I suppose it's confoundful thing to be, artificially, I should be an Abolitionist than a gentleman who whips women."

At this point Treadwell spoke from the other side of the table.

"Are you talking of gentlemen? Well, let me tell you a story. Some of the London Punch fellows were bragging that you had to wear a dress-coat, etc., but dressed as I am when I go in the opera box. They were invited to the door and sent me back, saying that, to get in there, a man must be dressed like a gentleman. So I went home and changed my clothes. But when I returned the imperious fellow at the door was just going to turn me away again; but I shook my coat-skirts at him, and he was in the midst of saying again that to get in a man must be dressed like a gentleman when he let me pass. Now that is remarkable that people, whose business it is to be on the look out, like the gentleman whose name I forget, —"

"Perhaps they do," ejaculated X——.

There was a moment's pause, and then simultaneously every body turned and began to chatter with his neighbor.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE COG.

THE men who made the Constitution of the United States were fresh from the experience of war and its consequences. The President of the Convention was also the commander-in-chief of the army. He and his companions knew the dangers, the difficulties, the risks of all action based upon what is called "public necessity" and "public safety." They knew that the most summary action was often essential. Washington had himself recommended its exercise upon various occasions during the war.

In making a Constitution of Government for the new nation these men had to deal with the question of supreme, irresponsible power. What did they do? They surrounded the exercise of that fearful power with the most solemn security;

and with the same common-sense and clear perception which led them to do that, with equal solemnity, they authorized, in case of supreme necessity, the most summary deprivation of personal liberty. The protection which they gave to the personal liberty of every citizen, as a rule and in time of tranquillity, they just as distinctly and explicitly removed from him in time of public danger. The words they used were these: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it."

There stands the provision. It is simple, clear, indisputable. It vests in the Government of the country authority to deprive citizens of personal liberty, and refuse them the benefit of the writ. It makes the Government the judge of the public necessity; and it declares the public safety to be the ground and limit of that necessity. Now, if this power as done this would have deprived arch which, in times of war, are essential to the public welfare of all conditioned men. If the Framers would have seen assumptions of arbitrary power, to be justified only by the evident necessity of the case. But doing this, the framers of the Constitution still guarded a necessity with which their experiences of war and knowledge of human nature had already acquainted them. They coupled with the exercise of the fundamental law itself whatever temporary power its cessation might require. They provided that it might be necessary to preserve the law itself from destruction.

And yet, to adopt a plain provision of the Constitution, established by Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Rufus King, Sherman, Benjamin Franklin, the Morrises, Pinckneys, and Rutledges, to throw the disapproval of Mr. Horatio Seymour, who informs us in his speech on the 4th of July that the exercise of public necessity is "the most treasonable, and revolutionary."

But a clear choice we must make a choice. On one side we have the Constitution and its framers. On the other Mr. Horatio Seymour. When this Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. Everett, Mr. Peter Cooper Stuyvesant Committee, which had no faith in railroads: "Mr. Stephenson, it is all very well to talk about your rails and your locomotives; but we set ten and fifteen miles an hour, but suppose your engine meets a cow on the rails, how then, Mr. Stephenson?" "Why, then, gentlemen, the Grand Yorkshire dialect, responded, simply: "Wall, gentlemen, it will be varra bad for the cow."

MRS. KEMBLE'S "JOURNAL IN GEORGIA."

THE simplicity, directness, and pathos of the remarkable book of Mrs. Kemble, now published by Mr. Bentley, will make it one of the most touching and valuable aids of the good cause. There is nothing strained or extravagant in it. It is the plain story of the most hideous form of society that has existed any where in a nominal Christian land. The tragedy of a fellow-being in the most human rights of a majority of the population were utterly despised saddened the mind and sobered the heart of one of the most brilliant women of her national effects. No man and no woman who wishes to understand the character and necessity of the war can read this book of Mrs. Kemble's without. Those who, under an infamous cry of peace, are trying to excuse the Government from the hands of men who repudiate and loathe the fundamental doctrine of our Government, will deeply shame of their treachery when they look at the workings of a society which such men control. Those, too, who hideously call themselves "Democrats," and who are ready to make the Christmas cry appeals to excite the most ignorant of our population against the most unfortunate, and whose unfortunate condition is rendered so by the selfish oligarchy and aristocracy in the land, will try to answer the plain statements of Mrs. Kemble's witness by shouting that niggers were made for slaves. But every loyal, honorable American citizen, as he lays down Mrs. Kemble's book, must close reasoning with pain his share of tacit assent to this iniquity hitherto, will see, as he sees that God is just, that there is no power in the universe that can offer except the peace of death which comes by the universal domination of this system, or the peace of life which comes by the total extinction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN is a lady's neck not a neck?—When it's a little bare.

"Will you have it rare or well done?" said an Englishman to a Yankee who was dining with him at a coffee-house. "I love it well done ever since I ran in the country," replied Jon, "for I was run enough we used to eat it [rinsed]."

An officer in the French army, lying, left a widow, who had made a vow never to remarry unless to a person acknowledged. Her lawyer, annoyed by her pertinacity in applying for the hand of every one she met, said to her, "Why not not apply to the King? He will grant your petition; he is the father of his people." "Monsieur," replied she, "the King and shower her claims. While he was constantly receiving her petitions, he would say to her, 'Why do you make that noise?' he inquired. 'Sire,' said the widow, 'they call that noise my tongue.' 'Then I was right to call it to turn the air.' The King, pleased with her wit, granted her request.

The second Duke of Buckingham, talking to Sir Robert Viner, in a melancholy mood, about his own personal extravagance, "I know," said Sir Robert, "that you are in a jaggar at last—the most terrible thing in the world." "Why, Sir Robert," said the Duke, "you are in the right; there is another thing more terrible, which you have reason to dread, and that is that you will live a beggar, as the rate you go on."

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

HOW HE KEPT HIS WORD.

"TOO much drinking has caused me pain;
I'll never look at a glass again."
He kept his word and never died,
And yet he never lived to drink.
"How could he do it?" Only think:
Why, he shut his eyes when he took a drink.

A declamatory council, who despised all technicalities, and tried to storm the court of the East India Company by the force of eloquence, was once uttering these words. "In the book of nature, my lords, it is written"—when he was stopped by the question from the Chief Justice (Lord Ellenborough), "Will you have the goodness to mention the page, Sir, if you please?"

A traveler, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cave a mile long. The company, with one exception, said it was evident how he was prepared to swallow it, even should it have been a rogue tale. "Pray, sir," said the exception, "how do you get them out?" "Why, a hurricane," replied the traveler.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S father was full of anecdote of that veritable politician, Andrew Fox, and loved to tell how some one, praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by a gentleman, said, "I have been told that you had had even a longer moment with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Andrew Fox, who replied, with a significant nod, "Ay, ay, sir, that's the very truth; they call me the 'Yes' man."

"Why is the ruddier of a steamboat like a public pleasman?—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

An old gentleman, who was always boasting how folks used to work in his young days, one day challenged his two sons to prove that it was not so. "Why, father," said he, "the challenge was accepted, the boys were driven to the field, and the old man was left alone. He sat down and had his own way cruelly, calling out. "More rail, more rail," and struggling to keep up with the work. Suddenly he heard a prolonged hoop, it began first to roll, then to slide, and finally to fall. "Why, father, you said the rail was to roll, and what are you doing down here?" cried the boys. "I came down after rail," answered the old man, stoutly.

AT a dinner near Grantham, where London porter was on sale, the landlord was a big specie of Britannia in a reclining posture as if greatly fatigued. Underneath in the bill was the following inscription: "Here I am, waiting for you."

"I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Newton's principia." "Wouldn't it be better that they had a little brown flint?" inquired Sheridan.

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter, suspecting his business instead, and asked if he understood such kind of work. "Why, yes, Sir," said the other, "I guess I've had a hand in 'em often."

MR. Partington, when she heard the minister say there was to be a fair in the new church, observed that "she knew well who the party was."

If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

A new member rose to make his first speech, and, in his embarrassment, began with his head. "Well, then, sir," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, at all events."

How many horses are required to "draw a conparison?"

When "*pride has a fall*," is it from the "height of *stupidity*?"

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—Don't lend money.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is St. Augustine like a hive?
Because they are appendages to the great (y)ester.

If the sun could talk, what would it say to a building rose?
Go down, dear blossom.

Why did Lord Byron never wear a wig?
Because he was content to be his coarse hair (Corair).

How many legs has a horse?
Ten, two fores (fours) and two behind.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

The following dispatch has been received:

UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH, }
WASHINGTON, July 4, 1863. }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States forces on this 4th of July.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. D. PORTER,
Acting Rear-Admiral.

ITS UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A Signals, Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry, Navy, July 7, 1863.

The glorious deed has just arrived here from Vicksburg. The letter is dated the morning after the fall.

The correspondence announces that General Pemberton sent a flag of truce, and desired to know on what terms he could effect to surrender if his men were allowed to march out.

General Grant replied that he would have replied that he should leave except as prisoners of war.

General Grant then had an interview in consultation with his commanders, unconditionally surrendered.

The news is perfectly authentic.

THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

The following is General Meade's official report:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
NEAR GETTYSBURG, July 5—12 P.M. }

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The enemy opened at one o'clock P.M. from about one hundred and fifty guns, and immediately commenced a general engagement, continuing without intermission for about three hours, at the expiration of which time the enemy made an assault upon our lines, being upon both occasions handsomely repulsed with severe loss. The assault was made in our main centre by three strong columns of infantry.

The first was led by Brigadier-General Armistead and many colonels and officers of lesser rank.

The second was led by Major-General Pickett and a large number of wounded in our hands.

The loss upon our side has been considerable. Major-General Hancock and Brigadier-General Gibbon were wounded.

After the repelling of the assault, indications leading to the belief that the enemy might be withdrawing, an armed reconnaissance was pushed forward from the left, and the enemy found in full force.

At the present hour all is quiet.

My cavalry fought a successful all day on both flanks of the enemy, harassing and vigorously attacking him with great success, and considerably delaying the contraband upon their numbers, both of cavalry and infantry.

The army is in fine spirits.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

THANKS TO THE ARMY.

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 68

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
IN CAMP GETTYSBURG, July 6, 1863. }

The Commanding General, in behalf of the country, thanks the army for the glorious victories won by it in the recent operations. Our enemy, superior in numbers, and flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, attempted to overcome or destroy this army. Baffled and defeated, he has now withdrawn from the contest. The privations and fatigues the army has endured, and the heroic courage and gallantry it has displayed, will be matters of history to be ever remembered.

Our task is not yet accomplished, and the Commanding General looks to the army for greater efforts to drive from our soil every vestige of the presence of the invader.

It is right and proper that we should, on suitable occasions, return our grateful thanks to the Almighty Disposer of events, that, in the present struggle for our liberty, he has thought fit to give victory to the cause of the just. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE COUNTRY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Saturday, July 11, 1863.

The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac, up to a late hour of the 3d is sufficient to cover that army with the highest honor, to promise a glorious success, if not already a victory, and to call for the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen; and that for this he expresses his heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God, and not ours, should ever be done, to every where remembered and reverenced with the profoundest humility.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SINCE THE BATTLE.

There was no fighting on the 4th or 5th. Lee appears to have employed those days in trying toward the Potomac the way of Hagerstown. Meade was collecting his troops for pursuit. The number of prisoners taken by our forces is estimated at over 15,000, and the number of the enemy's army swarm in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Our cavalry upon the flanks of the enemy, and the rebels on the front on the same day General Couch, with his militia, is reported to have come down from Harrisburg to the junction with Meade. Meanwhile General French and other commanders are reported to be destroying the railroads between the Potomac and thieving obstacles in the way of the Rebel hosts. Another later dispatch from Meade is force attacked Lee at Williamsport on 10th, and that a great battle was then in progress.

GENERAL DIX AT WORK.

The reported approach of General Lee upon Richmond has caused the most intense fright in the rebel capital. The Secretary of War, Randolph, has resigned, and the Mayor of Richmond has all issued proclamations calling upon the citizens to arm and defend their homes. They are reminded of the fate of New Orleans, and cautioned not to allow their city to fall into the hands of "woman Butler." The appearance of General Dix's forces on the Peninsula has been thoroughly severed the communications, and a universal turn-out of the citizens was the consequence.

THE SIEGE OF FORT HUDSON.

A New Orleans letter of the 30th ult. says that "matters at Port Hudson remain unchanged, except in strength and energy. The grand point of the rebel stronghold, the 'Citadel,' is being fortified with immense earth-works. They are reminded of the fate of New Orleans, and cautioned not to allow their city to fall into the hands of 'woman Butler.' The appearance of General Dix's forces on the Peninsula has thoroughly severed the communications, and a universal turn-out of the citizens was the consequence.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

A New Orleans letter of the 30th ult. says that "matters at Port Hudson remain unchanged, except in strength and energy. The grand point of the rebel stronghold, the 'Citadel,' is being fortified with immense earth-works. They are reminded of the fate of New Orleans, and cautioned not to allow their city to fall into the hands of 'woman Butler.' The appearance of General Dix's forces on the Peninsula has thoroughly severed the communications, and a universal turn-out of the citizens was the consequence.

REPORTED ATTEMPT TO SMOOTHAIR.

The Herald has the following: News of an important character reaches us from sources beyond all question as to the truth of the statement. On the 4th of July, one of the rebel government, Alexander H. Stephens, and Mr. Campbell were sent by Jefferson Davis to Washington to used the rebel gun-boat *Drayon* on Saturday, under a flag of truce, and requested permission from the authorities to proceed to Washington, in order to present in person an important communication to President Abraham Lincoln. Admiral Lee at once dispatched to Washington for instructions, but the message was unnecessary half an 6th, and it was decided that permission should not be granted to them to proceed to the city of Washington, whatever it was, to Washington. Admiral Lee was instructed to inform them of the decision, and that any further communication would suffice for the transmission of any message they might have in mind to Mr. Lincoln. Meantime the rebel gun-boat had steamed up the James River, while awaiting the reply from Washington.

RUMORED DISAFFECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The probability of the return of North Carolina to the Union is foreshadowed in the following dispatch of the 8th, which says: "Reliable information has been received here that a movement has been made in the Union to an event which, may be daily expected. A disaffection toward the Confederate Government has been widespread, exists in the State, and overtures have been made to General Foster which will shortly lead to important results."

ENGLAND.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

The report that a proposition was submitted by France to unite with her for joint intervention was officially denied by Earl Russell, in the House of Commons, on Friday, and a motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. A report says that Lord Palmerston will succeed the Duke of Newcastle as arbitrator in the American war.

ALABAMA.

The case of the pirate Alabama was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, London, involving against the owners a charge of breach of the foreign enlistment act. A great many witnesses were examined for the prosecution. An engagement of the Alabama with the Kearsarge is known about Captain Bullock and the persons who were concerned in equipping the vessel were represented by Captain Semmes. Sir Hugh Cairns, for the defense, said that the law of foreign enlistment was passed in 1819, at the instance of a foreign Minister or the originators of a foreign State. The Attorney-General replied that the Government was informed by the United States. The Court adjourned till the 3d day and questions still as quiz-petitioners with rebel privacy.

FRANCE.

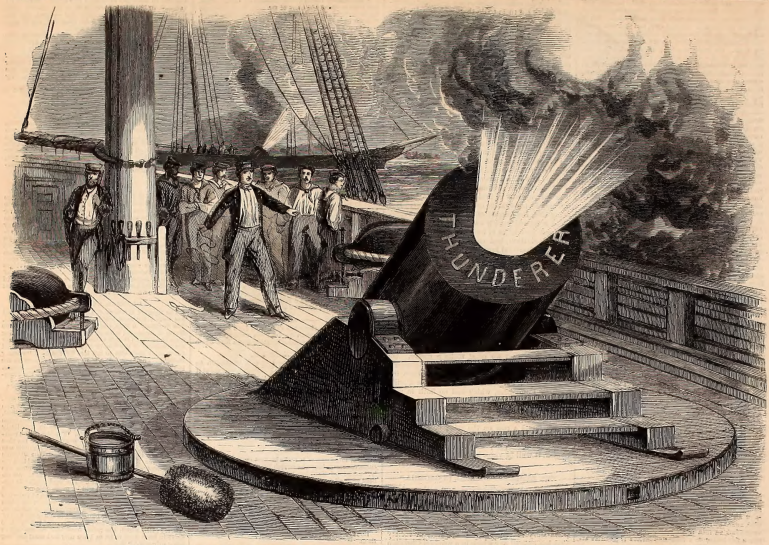
THE POLISH QUESTION.

An interview has lately been accorded by Napoleon to Mr. Bidell, the United Commissioner to Paris, and he induced the belief in some quarters that the Emperor was about to take some decisive action in the Polish question, with a view to mediation between the American belligerents. This is contradicted by the Paris correspondent of the fact that Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay, of the English Parliament, had also had an audience of his Majesty in France, they being active sympathizers with that cause.

RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

The notes of the Three Powers were presented to Prince Gortschakoff on the 25th of June, and the Russian reply was ultimately accepted. The French government is decreasing its artillery by about 100 guns. In Austria, both houses of the Reichsrath have by a large majority in favor of Poland. The Poles have gained an important victory, capturing six guns.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON—A MORTAR SCHOONER AT WORK.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



SCENE OF GENERAL PAINE'S ASSAULT ON PORT HUDSON, ON JUNE 14, 1863.—CARRYING OFF OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

SONG.

I'm lost to joy; I'm lost to love;
I'm lost to all would make me faiñ:
I lost my way in the light of day—
God send that I find it soon again!

I'm lost to peace; I'm lost to ease;
I'm lost to all would make me blest:
I lost my way in the light of day,
And I'm weary now, and long to rest.

I'm lost to gladness and to mirth;
I'm lost to all that's good to find:
I lost my way in the light of day,
And left the good things all behind.

I wander West, I wander East,
And know not which is East or West:
I lost my way in the light of day,
And I seek it still, and never rest.

The sun went down an hour ago:
I wonder if I face toward home?
If I lost my way in the light of day,
How shall I find it now night has come?

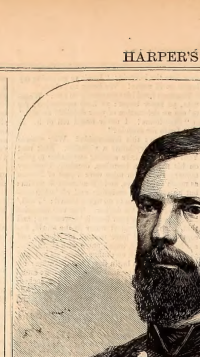
THE LATE GEN. REYNOLDS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the late GENERAL REYNOLDS, who was killed at Gettysburg on 2d inst., from a photograph by M'Clees, of Philadelphia.

General John Fulton Reynolds was born in Pennsylvania in 1821, entered West Point in 1837, graduated in 1841, and entered the Third Artillery. In 1846 he became First Lieutenant, and served in the Mexican war in that capacity. For gallant conduct at Monterey he was brevetted Captain, and for Buena Vista he was brevetted Major. After the war he became one of General Wool's aids.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry. He was afterward, on 20th August, 1861, appointed Brigadier General of the First Brigade of Philadelphia Reserves. This and the other brigades of Pennsylvania Reserves constituting M'Call's Division, were, on the movement of the Army of the Potomac, in March, 1862, placed under General M'Dowell; but after the battle of Fair Oaks were detached and sent to General M'Clellan. They took part in the Seven Days' Battles; and when M'Call was wounded and taken to Richmond, Reynolds assumed the command of the division until he also was taken prisoner. On his release, which occurred simultaneously with the first invasion of Maryland by Lee, he was again appointed to the command of the Pennsylvania Militia; and after the battle of Antietam received a letter of thanks from the Governor for his zealous conduct. He was then appointed to the command of the First Army Corps, which he led at the battle of Fredericksburg. His corps bore the brunt of that terrible battle, and lost 3000 men. In January, 1863, he was appointed Major-General, and was confirmed in March. At the Chancellorsville fight he was not directly engaged, but made several false attacks with skill and success. On 31th June he was ordered to take the left wing of the army to the Potomac, which he accomplished with remarkable celerity: the march, considering the heat of the weather, is one of the most rapid on record.

The last of Hooker's army crossed the Potomac on the 26th of June, and pushed on to overtake the enemy. After a number of cavalry skirmishes the First Corps was advancing upon the enemy, and, without really expecting a battle, were marching steadily through the town of Gettysburg when they were attacked. At this time it was only possible to bring the infantry into action.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'CLEES, OF PHILADELPHIA.]

Finding that he could not place his artillery in any good position so as to be made available, General Reynolds, with his staff and escort, went to the front in search of a knoll or eminence where he could favorably plant his pieces. While he was thus engaged he and his party were saluted with a shower of bullets, which made his horse restive and unmanageable. This exposed him to the unerring aim of the sharp-shooters, and a rifle-bullet struck him in the neck, severing the vertebræ, and causing his instant death. When he fell General Doubleday took charge of the forces until General Howard came up with the Eleventh corps, when the former resigned the chief command to the latter.

Thus died General Reynolds on the soil of his native State, which at the time of his death he was defending.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Hard Cash sailed from Canton months before the boat-race at Henley recorded in Chapter I.; but it landed in Barkington a fortnight after the last home event I recorded in its true series. *Chapter IX.*

Now this fortnight, as it happens, was fruitful of incidents; and must be dealt with at once. After that, "Love" and "Cash," the converging branches of this story, will flow together in one stream.

Alfred Hardie kept faith with Mrs. Dodd, and, by an effort she appreciated, forbore to express his love for Julia except by the pen. He took in Lloyd's shipping news, and got it down by rail in hopes there would be something about the *Argent*: then he could call at Albion Villa; Mrs. Dodd had given him that loop-hole: meantime he kept hoping for an invitation: which never came.

Julia was now comparatively happy: and so indeed was Alfred: but then the male of our species likes to be superlatively happy, not comparatively; and that Mrs. Dodd forgot, or perhaps had not observed.

One day Sampson was at Albion Villa, and Alfred knew it. Now, though it was a point of honor with poor Alfred not to hang about after Julia until her father's return, he had a perfect right to lay in wait for Sampson, and hear something about her; and he was so deep in love that even a word at second hand from her lips was a drop of dew to his heart.

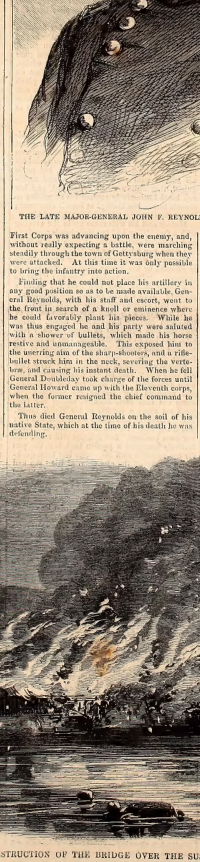
So he strolled up toward the Villa. He had nearly reached it, when a woman ran past him making the most extraordinary sounds; I can only describe it as screaming under her breath. Though he only saw her back he recognized Mrs. Maxley. One back differeth from another, whatever you may have been told to the contrary in novels and plays. He called to her: she took no notice and darted wildly into the gate of Albion Villa. Alfred's curiosity was excited, and he ventured to put his head over the gate. But Mrs. Maxley had disappeared.

Alfred had half a mind to go in and inquire if any thing was the matter; it would be a good excuse.

While he hesitated, the dining-room window was thrown violently up, and Sampson looked out: "Hy! Hardie! my good fellow! for Heaven's sake a fly! and a fast one!"

It was plain something very serious had occurred: so Alfred flew toward the nearest fly-stand. On the way, he fell in with a chance fly drawn up at a public house; he jumped on the box and drove rapidly toward Albion Villa. Sampson was hobbling to meet him—he had sprained his ankle, or would not have asked for a conveyance—to save time he got up beside Alfred, and told him to drive hard to Little Friar Street. On the way he explained hurriedly: Mrs. Maxley had burst in on him at Albion Villa to say her husband was dying in torment: and indeed the symptoms she gave were alarming, and, if correct, looked very like lock-jaw: but her description had been cut short by a severe attack, which choked her and turned her speechless and motionless, and white to the very lips:

"Oho," sis I, 'Brist-pang!' And at such a time, ye know. But these women are as unreasonable as th' are unreasonable. Now Angina pictoris, or brist-pang, is not curable through the lungs, nor the stomic, nor the liver, nor the stays, not the sauce-pan, as the bunglitinkeringdox of the schools pretind; but only through that mighty mainspring the Brain: and instid of going meandering to the Brain round by the stomick, and so giving the wumman lots o' time to die first, which is the scholastic practice, I went at the Brain direct, took a puff o' chloroffin, put m' arm round her neck, laid her back in a chair—she didn't struggle, for, when this disorder gits ye, ye can't exercise hand nor foot—and had my lady into the land of Nod in half a



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA, AT COLUMBIA, PA.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 459.]

minute; thin off t' her husband; so here's th' Healer between two stools—spare the whip-cord, spoil the knacker—it would be a good joke if I was to lose both pashtins for want of a little sheepcuity, wouldn't it?—Lash the lazy ragabin! —Not that I care: what interest have I in their lives? they never pay: but ye see custom's second nature; an d'Eve formed a vile habit; I've got to be a Healer among the killers: an d'a Triton among—the millers: here we are at last, Hiven be praised." And he hopped into the house fearful that most people can't do a good errand. Alfred flung the reins to a cad, and followed him.

The room was nearly full of terrified neighbors: Sampson shouldered them all roughly out of his way: "Now, on a bed, lay Dodo's gaunt figure in agony.

His body was drawn up by the middle into an arch, and nothing touched the bed but the head and the heels: the toes were turned back in the most extraordinary contortion, and the teeth set by the rigor of the convulsion; and in the man's white face and fixed eyes were the horror and anxiety, that so often show themselves when the body feels itself in the grips of Death.

Mr. Osmond the surgeon was there: he had applied a succession of hot cloths to the pit of the stomach, and was trying to get laudanum down the throat; but the clenched teeth were impassable.

He now looked up and said politely: "Ah! Dr. Sampson, I am glad to see you. As the seizure is of a cataleptic nature, I apprehend. The treatment hitherto has been not epithems to the abdomen, but—"

Here Sampson, who had examined the patient keenly and paid no more attention to Osmond than to a fly buzzing, interrupted him as succeeding to the abdomen, but—"

"Poisoned," said he, philosophically.

"Poisoned!" screamed the people.

"Poisoned!" cried Mr. Osmond, in whose little list of recognized maladies poison had no place. "Is there any one you have reason to suspect?"

"I don't suspect, nor conjiect, Sir: I know. The man is poisoned; the substance strychnine; now stand out of the way you raping gabies, and let me work by myself, Oxford"; you are a man; get behind and hold both his arms, for your life." That's you."

He winded off his coat laid hold of Osmond's epithems, chucked them across the room, saying, "You might just as well squirt rosewater at a house on fire;" drenched his handkerchief with chloroform, sprang upon the patient like a mountain cat, and chloroformed him with all his might.

Attacked so skillfully and resolutely, Maxley resisted little for so strong a man: in a few moment poison within fought virulently: as a proof, the chloroform had to be renewed three times before physician could have any fingers in the patient yielded to the fumes, and became insensible.

Then the arched body subsided, and the rigid muscles relaxed and turned supple. Sampson kneaded the man like dough, by way of sustenment.

"It is really very extraordinary," said Osmond.

"Mai—dearr—Sirr—nothing's extraordinary t' a man that knows the reason of every thing."

He then inquired if any one in the room had noticed at what intervals of time the pains came on.

"I am sorry to say it is continuous," said Osmond.

"Mai—dearr—Sirr—nothing on airth is continuous: every thing has paroxysms and remissions—from a toothache t' a cancer."

He repeated his query in various forms, till at last a little girl piped out: "I 'ave, Sampson."

Sir, the throes do come about every ten minutes, for I was a looking at the clock; I carries for her his dinner at twelve."

"If you please, ma'am, there's half a guinea for you for not bein such a n' iljit as the rest of the world, especially the Dockers." And he jerked her half a sovereign.

A suspect fell on the assembly. They awoke from it to examine the coin, and see if it was real; or only yellow air.

Maxley came to, and gave a sigh of relief. When he had been sensible, yet out of pain, nearly eight hours by the clock, he had been chloroformed him again. "I'll puzzle ye, my friend strych," said he. "How will ye get your perriched jaws open when the pain comes back ye like? The Dox say y' act direct on the spinal marrow. Well, there's the spinal marrow where you found it last now. Act on it again, and I'll give ye leave—if ye can. Ye can't; bekase ye must pass through the Brain to get there: and I occupy the Brain with a sentry-box and a sentry, and mean to keep y' out of it till your power or to kill ourselves, been a lyin'-down."

With this his spirits mounted, and he indulged in a harmless and favorite fiction: he feigned the company were all students and he their students, Osmond included, and he the lecturer: "Now, gentlemen, I am told," "observe the great Theory of the Perriodecity and Remittency—for all diseases; in conjunckshin with its practice. All diseases have paroxysms, and remissions which occur at intervals; sometimes it's a year, sometimes a day, an hour, ten minutes: but whatever the interval, they are true to it—they keep time. Only when the Disease is retirin, the remissions become longer, the paroxysms return at a greater interval; and just the reverse when the pashent is to die. This, jintlemen, is man's life from the womb to the grave: the throes that precede his birth are remittent like every thing else, but come at diminished intervals when he has really made up his mind to be born (his first mistake, jints, but not his last); and the paroxysms of his mortal disease come at shorter intervals when he is really goin off the hooks: but still chronometrically; just as watches keep time whether they go fast or slow. Now jintlemen, isn't this a beautiful Theory?"

"Oh mercy! Oh good people help me! Oh Jesus Christ have pity on me!" And the sufferer's body was bent like a bow, and his eyes filled with horror, and his toes pointed at his chin.

The Doctor hurried himself on the toe: "Come, come, Sir, that's not the way." That's right! He is better already, jintlemen, or he couldn't howl, ye know. Deevil a howl in um before I gave um puff chloreha. Ah! would ye? would ye?"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! ugh!—ah!"

The Doctor laid off the insensible body, and resumed his lecture calmly, like one who has disposed of a troublesome assistant. "Now you see the n' application of the Theory: if the poison can reduce the tin minutes' interval to five minutes, this pashent will die: and if I can get the tin minutes up t' half an hour, this pashent will live. Any way, jintlemen, we won't detain y' unnecessarily: in case shall be at an end by one o'clock."

On hearing this consolatory stipulation, up went three women's aprons to their eyes.

"Alack! poor James Maxley! his is at his last hour: it is but guns twelve, and a diez to one."

Sampson turned on the weepers: "Who says that, y' jilly? I tell the cure will end at one: a case ends when the pashint gets well, or dies."

"Oh, that is good news for poor Susan Maxley; her man is to be well by one o'clock, Doctor says."

Sampson groaned, and gave in. He was strong, but not strong enough to make the populace suspend an opinion.

Yet it might be done by chloroforming them.

The spasms came at longer intervals and less violent: Maxley got to feel them as a matter of Insensibility, that he asked to have some in his own hand to apply at the first warning of the horrible pains.

Sampson said, "Any fool can complete the cure:" and, by way of practical comment, let them Mr. Osmond have it, and left him understanding that the treatment should not be changed, but no lancets should be given: but, in due course, a stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water; or two. "If he gets drunk, all the better: a little alcoholism weakens the nervous system, if the pain is has endured, and so expedites the cure. Now off we go to th' other."

"Is that a manager?" said Mr. Osmond to himself: "What on earth does the Quack mean?"

The driver, de jure, of the fly, was not quite drunk enough to lose his horse and vehicle without minding them. He was in the kick-out for the robber, and, as Alfred came round the corner full pelt, darted at the reins with a husky remonstrance, and added this to his wife's look-out for an angry explanation—a guinea—and behold the driver sitting behind complacent, and nodding.

Arriving at Albion Villa, Alfred asked Sampson submissively if he might come in and see the patient, lovingly.

"Why of course," said Sampson, not knowing the delicate politics.

"Then ask me in before Mrs. Dodd," murmured Alfred, coaxingly.

"Oy, ay," said the Doctor, knowingly: "it's sec."

Mrs. Maxley was in the dining room: she had got wind of what had been in the wind, and the ladies would not let her go home yet; they feared the worst, and that some one would blurt out to her.

To this anxious trio entered Sampson radiant: "There, ladies, it's all over. Maxley's life needn't cry, he has got lots more mischief to do in the world yet: but, oh, wumman, it is lucky for you that you had not to do with any thing but dox. No more cat and dog for you and him, but for the Chronchimarus Theory: and you may tell my puppy I've got him safe, and sent him a fly like a man, and drove hither skilter: now, if I had got to your house two minutes after the time, I should have found the great secret ere this." He threw up the window. "How you like the air, my dear? receive the applause due from beauty t' ajeelity."

Alfred came in timidly, and was received with a pantyle look, and a contemptuous toss. "Mrs. Dodd; but Julia's face was dyed with blushes, and her eyes sparkled the eloquent praise she was ashamed to speak with her tongue. But such a face as hers scarce needed the help of a voice at such a time. And, indeed, both the lovers' looks were pretty eloquent to a study. How they stole loving glances! but tried to keep them under, and how conscious they were from per minute! and how unconscious they endeavored to look, the intervening seconds! and what wonderful were the commonplace words they thought they were making shutters of! Innocent love has at least this advantage over more practised, that it is unconscious of such awkwardness out of so small a thing. These sweet-hearts were not alone, could not open their hearts, must not, could see too long: so they sat in the same room even on such terms was a taste of heaven.

"Dodo, my Darling," said Mrs. Maxley, "are you sure he is better?"

"He is out of danger, I tell ye."

"But, dear heart, ye don't tell me what he ailed. Ma'am, if you had seen him you would have said he was taken for death."

"Pray what is the complaint?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, didn't I tell ye? poisoned."

This intelligence was conveyed with true scientific calmness, and received with feminine ejaculations of horror. Mrs. Maxley was indignant into the bargain: "Don't ye go giving my house an ill name! We keeps no poison."

Sampson fixed his eyes sternly on her: "Wumman, ye know better: ye keep strychnine: for th' use an delectation of your domistic animal."

"Strychnine! I never heard tell of it. Is that Latin for arsenic?"

"Now isn't this lamentable? Why arsenic is a mittal: strychnine a vigitable. Niist me! Your man was here seeking strychnine to poison a mouse: I told him mice, domistic, mussyous mouse: I told him mice were a part of Nature as much as Maxleys, and life as sweet tit as tim: but he was in a hurry to murder and christen precepts; so I told him to go to the Deevil: 'I will,' sis he, and went t'a dockter. The two assassins were determined to wreak their vengeance on: and then, been the greatest miser in the world, he has got a mouse for his victim, and ate her on the sly, impregnated with strychnine. 'I'll steal a march on t'other miser,' sis he; and that's you: t' his brain flew the strychnine: his brain sint it to his spinal marrow: and we found my lord been like a bow, and his jaw locked, and nowt could do the great secret than any man in England will be this year to live: and saivrs th' assassinating old vagabin right."

"Hoow forgive you, Doctor," said Mrs. Maxley, half mechanically.

"For curin a murderer? Not likely."

Mrs. Maxley, who had shown signs of singular uneasiness during Sampson's explanation, changed color, and in a very peculiar tone she must go home directly.

Mr. Dodd seemed to untie into her feelings, and made her sit down by him, take care to pay the fare and the driver out of her own purse. As the woman got into the fly Sampson gave her a few directions and practical advice.

"Nixt time he has a mind to breakfast on strychnine, you tell me: and I'll put a pinch of arsenic in the sugar-basin, and open him safe as the Bank. But this time he'd have been dead before the Bank, such a slow sjint as arsenic could get a hold on um."

They sat down to luncheon: but neither Alfred nor Julia fed much, except upon sweet stolen looks; and soon the active Sampson dismissed the lovers, and hurried to go round his patients. Alfred could not decline, but made his adieux with regret so tender, and undisguised, that Julia's eyes were filled, and her soft hand instinctively pressed his at parting to console him. She blushed at herself afterward: but at the time she was thinking only of him.

Maxley and his wife came up in the evening with a few things, and put their heads together: and proffered one guinea. "Man and wife be one flesh, you know, Doctor."

"Indeed," said Sampson: a choler was constantly checked by his humor, declined this profuse proposal. "Here's vanity!" said he: "now do you really think you two lives are worth a guinea? Why it's 252 pence! 906 farthings!" The pair attempted to remonstrate, vilely.

At all events he must accept this basket of gudgeons Maxley had brought along. Being poisoned was no part of Maxley's daily routine, and had so unsettled him, that he had got up, and gone fishing to the amazement of the parish.

Sampson inspected the basket: "Why they are only flat." said he, "I was in hopes they were pikes." He accepted the gudgeons, and inquired how Maxley got poisoned. It came out that Mr. Maxley, seeing the bait and set apart a portion of his Welsh rabbit, had "grizzled," and asked what that was for: and being told it was "for the mouse," and to "mind her own business," had grizzled still more, and furtively conveyed a portion back into the pan for her amusement to use. She had been quaking dismally all the afternoon at what she had done; little dreaming that Sampson Maxley would not attack her for an involuntary fault, she now brazened it out and said, "Men didn't ought to have patent medicines unbeknown to their wives. Jem had got no more than he worked for, etc. But, like a woman, she vowed vengeance on the mouse. Sampson Maxley had considered her with the martial correction of reckswinging, if she laid a finger on it.

"My poor Julia! only to what a poor creature do feel as dies poisoned. Let her a be: there's room in my place for her and me."

Next day he met Alfred, and thanked him with warmth, almost with emotion: "There isn't many in Bolton would have done me a good turn, Master Alfred; you be one on em: you comes after the captain in my book now."

Alfred assured him his claims were humble compared with Sampson's.

"No, no," said Maxley, going down to his whipper-in, and making sometimes wise: "Doctor didn't go out of *his* business—for me: you did."

The same evening, at the same time to a minute a natural death before circumstances occurred to test it. On the morning of that eventful day, which occurred to Alfred no danger, he received a letter from Canada. His wife was out with eggs; so he caught little Rose Sutton, that had been in and out with the epistle for her, and she read it out in a loud and reckless white:

"A—a—noon—ony—mous—ly—ad—dressed—Hardie's a—g—e—d—agueut—d—i—ds, h—o—Honored—dis—Honored—a—bill; and sayed. There—every—thing—was—ex—pen—sives."

"Mercy on us! But it can't be asses, wench: drive your spe-ad into't again."

"A—s—s—e—s. Asses."

"Ah! Go an! go an!"

"Now—Kaither—if—you—leave—a—b—l—l—n—g, shilling—at—Hardie's—after—this—b—l—a—c—ble—ann—your—self—not—me—for—ch—ar—ges—and—I—will—sta—nd—by—you—all—bre—ak—they—go—at—a—d—l—a—t—e—c—distance—first—and—then—at—h—o—m—e—wnconne.—Dear—father"—lawk o' daisy what ails you, Daddy Maxley? You be as white as a Sunday smock. Be you poisoned, again, if you please?"

"Worse than that—worse!" groaned Maxley, trembling all over. "Hush!—hold your tongue! Give me that letter! Have you never tell nobody nothing of what you have been a reading to me, and I'll—I'll—it's only Jem's fun: he is allus running his rigs—that's a good wench now, and I'll give ye a half-penny."

"La, Daddy," said the child, opening her eyes, "I never heeds what I reads." It was up in the spelling. Dear heart, what a fight of long words folks puts in a letter, more than ever drops out of their mouths! which their fingers be longer than their tongues I do suppose."

Maxley thanked the unfortunate interpretatively. "Then we'll say no more about the half-penny."

At this, Rose raised a lamentable cry, and pearly tears gushed forth.

"There, there," said Maxley, deprecatingly; "here's two apples for ye; ye can't get them for less: and a half-penny, or a haporth, is all one to you: but it is a great deals to me. And apples they rot; half-pence don't."

It was now nine o'clock. The Bank did not open till ten; but Maxley went and hung about the door, to be the first applicant.

As he stood there trembling with fear lest the Bank should not open at all, he thought hard: and the result was a double resolution; he would have his money out to the last shilling; and, this done, would butter up his partner with a double tongue. It was not his business to take care of his neighbor's life, but it was his business, if they paid him his money on demand. "So not a word to my missus, nor yet to the town-crier," said he.

Ten o'clock struck, and the Bank shutters remained up. Five minutes more, and the watcher was in agony. Then a commissionaire ran and up came a boy of sixteen, whistling, and took down an shutters with an indifference that amazed him.

"Bless your handsome face;" said Maxley, with a sigh of relief.

He now summoned all his firmness and, having recourse to an art, in which these shrewd rustics are supreme, made his face quite inexpressive, and so walked into the Bank of everyday Maxley—externally; but, within, a volcano ready to burst if there should be the slightest hesitation or pay him like a dog.

"Good-morning, Mr. Maxley," said young Skinner.

"Good-morning, Sir."

"What can we do for you?"

"Oh, I'll step in presently, Sir."

"Well, it's your turn now, if you like."

"How much have you got of mine, if you please, Sir?"

"Your balance? I'll see. Nine hundred and four pounds."

"Well, Sir, then, if you please, I'll draw *that*."

"It has come!" thought Skinner. "What, going to close your account?" he stammered.

"No," said the other, trembling inwardly, but not moving a facial muscle: "it is only for a day or two, Sir."

"Ah! I see; going to make a purchase. By-the-by, I believe Mr. Hardie means to offer you some property he is buying outside the town: will that suit your book?"

"I dare say it will, Sir."

"Then you will wait till our governor comes in?"

"I have no objection."

"He won't be long. Pine weather for the gardens, Mr. Maxley?"

"Moderate, Sir. I'll take my money, if you please. Counting of it out, that will help pass the time till Master Hardie comes. You han't been at away with it, Sir?"

"What d'ye mean, Sir?"

"Hardies hasn't turned thieves, be they?"

"Are you mad, or intoxicated, Mr. Maxley?"

"Neither, Sir; but I wants my own: and I should have it now: so count out the notes here counter, or I'll cry the town round that there door."

"Henry, score James Maxley's name off the books," said Skinner, with cool dignity. But, when he had said this, he was at his wit's end: there were one hundred and eighty of hard cash in the Bank; nor any thing like it.

CHAPTER XIX.

SKINNER — called "young" because he had once had a father on the premises—was the mole-catcher. The feelings, with which he had gone for some minutes to and fro, had been troubling, were curiously mingled. There was the grim sense of opportunity—a chance for him. Detective feels as he sees the watched one working away unconscious of the eye that is on him; that this was more than looking on for a long habit of obsequious reverence. When A has been looking up to B for thirty years, he can not look down on him all of a sudden; just because he catches him falsifying accounts. Why, man is a cooking animal. Commercial man especially.

And then Richard Hardie overpowered Skinner's sense of respect. The old gentleman in his wax feet two, and always wore a black surtout buttoned high, and a hat with a brim a little broader than the ordinary. Which was enough to be eccentric or slang. He moved down the street touching this hat—while other hats were lifted high to him—a walking column of cash. And when he took off this ebon crown, and sat in the Bank parlor, he gained in appearance more than he lost; for then his whole head was seen, long, calm, majestic: that senatorial front, and furrowed old cheek, overcast and grave, was the little sharp-faced clerk would stand and peep at it utterly puzzled between what he knew and what he eyed: one could be look as that head

and face without excusing them; what a lot of money they must have sunk, before they came down to fabricating a balance-sheet!

And by-and-by custom somewhat blunted his sense of the dishonesty: and he began to criticise the thing arithmetically instead of morally: that view once admitted, he was charmed with the ability and subtlety of his dignified sharper: and so the mole-catcher began gradually, but effectually, to be corrupted by the mole. He, who watches a dishonest process and does not stop it, is half-way toward conniving; who connives, is half-way toward abetting.

The next thing was, Skinner felt mortified at his master not trusting him. Was not Noah old and Skinner's character would blow on Hardie after all these years?

This rankled a little, and set him to console himself by admiring his own cleverness in penetrating this great distrustful man. Now of all sentiments envy is the most restless and the surest to peep out: Skinner was no sooner inflated than his bosom, obeying a natural law, sweltered a certain change; slight and occasional, only; but Hardie was a subtle man, and the perilous path he was treading made him wonderfully watchful, suspicious, and sagacious: he said to himself, "What has come to Skinner? I must watch." So he jealously watched his watcher; and soon satisfied himself he suspected something amiss. From that hour Skinner was a doomed man.

It was two o'clock: Hardie had just arrived, and sat in the parlor Cato-like, and cooking.

Skinner was in high spirits; it was owing to his pressure on the Bank that the Board had been broken some hours ago by Maxley; so now, while concluding his work, he was enjoying by anticipation his employer's triumph. "He can't hold aloof after this," said Skinner; "he must honor me with his confidence. And I will deserve it: I do deserve it."

A grave, calm, passionless voice invited him into the parlor.

He descended from his desk and went in, swelling with demure complacency.

He found Mr. Hardie seated garbling his accounts with surpassing dignity. The great man handed him an envelope, and cooked majestic air. A wave of that dignity rolled, and Skinner had mingled with the past.

For know that the envelope contained three things: a check for a month's wages: a character; and a dismissal, very polite, and equally peremptory.

Skinner stood paralyzed: the complacency died out of his face, and rueful wonder came instead: a certain time before he could utter even a word: at last he faltered, "Turn me away, Sir? turn away Noah Skinner! your father would never have said such a thing to his father." Skinner uttered this with true remonstrance in a voice trembling with woe: but gathered courage when he found he had done it, yet lived.

Mr. Hardie evaded his expostulation by a very simple means: he made no reply; but continued his work, dignified as Brutus, inexorable as Minos, and as Guacanagari.

Skinner's anger began to rise. He watched Mr. Hardie in silence, and said to himself, "Curse you! you were born without bowels."

He waited, however, for some sign of relenting; and hoping for it, the more as none came his eyes. But Mr. Hardie was impassive as ice.

Then the little clerk, mortified to the core, as well as wounded, found his voice, and made a little nearer to its incarnate Arithmetic; and said with an excess of obsequiousness: "Why you condescend to give me a reason for turning me away all in a moment, after five-and-thirty years' faithful services?"

"Men of business do not deal in reasons," was the cool reply: "it is enough for you that I give you a different character, and that we part good friends."

"That we do not," replied Skinner, sharply: "if we part together we are friends; but we part enemies, if we do part."

"As you please, Mr. Skinner. I will detain you no longer."

And Mr. Hardie waved him away so grandly that he started and almost ran to the door. When he left the handle, it stood ready to prop its heir. He stood firm; and rage supplied the place of every courage. He returned to the door, and whispered at his master; such a whisper; so loud, so cutting, so full of meaning and menace, as a serpent hissing through a mask.

"But I'll give you a reason a good reason, why you had better not insult me so cruel: and what is more, I'll give you two: and a third, that but for me the Bank must have closed this day at ten o'clock: and, by the way, you may as well have it, not you—and the other is that, if you make as much by me, you are done for. I know too much by me, you are done for. I know too much by me, and the enemy of Sir, I grear dead too much."

At this, Mr. Hardie raised his head from his book and eyed his crouching wrathful assailant full in the face, majestically, as one can fancy a lion rearing his ponderous head, and looking lazily and steadily at a snake that has just hissed in a corner. Each word of Skinner's was a hard blow to him; every fresh sentence his close countenance betrayed his inward suffering.

One thing, however, even he could not master; his blood; it retired from that stoical cheek to the chilled and foreboding heart; and the sudden pallor of the resolute face told Skinner his shafts had gone home: "Come, Sir," said he, affecting to mingle good fellowship with his defiance; "why mumble me off these premises, when you will be bundled off them yourself before the week is out?"

"You insolent scoundrel! Humph. Explain, Mr. Skinner."

"Ah, what, have I warmed your marble up a bit? Yes, I'll explain. The Bank is rotten, and can't last forty-eight hours."

"Oh, indeed! blighted in a day—by the dismissal of Mr. Noah Skinner. Do not repeat that after you've been turned into the streets; or you will be indicted: at present we are confidential: any thing more before you quit the premises, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, plenty. I'll tell you your own history, past, present, and to come. The road to riches is hard and rugged to the likes of me: but your good Father made it smooth and easy to you, Sir; you had only to take the money of a lot of fools as they came, and keep it themselves; invest it in Consols and Exchequer bills, live on half the profits, put by the rest, and roll in wealth. But that was not good enough for you; you must be Rothschild in a day; so you went into blind speculation, and thing of Mr. Hardie's coming into a will. And now for the last eight months you have been doctoring the ledger." Hardie's cheek paled perceptibly "you have put down our gains in white, our losses in black, and so you keep feeding your pocket-book and emptying our till: one part will soon be ripe, and then you will let it drop, and into the Bankruptcy Court we go. But, when you forget, Jonathan Bankrupt, you're a turnpike way of trade: it is a broad road, but a crooked one: skirt the prison wall, Sir, and lights the burning good."

An agony went across Mr. Hardie's great face; very little more to furrow as he was.

"Not but what *you* are all right, Sir," resumed his little cut-like tormentor, letting him go a little way, to see how he liked it, and then: "you have cooked the books in time; and Cocker was a fool to you. 'Twill be all down on black and white. Accountants exist to serve: creditors take every thing: dividend, forgotten the pound. Partner, furniture of house and bank, Mrs. Hardie's portrait, and the old coal-scuttle. Bankrupt saves nothing but his honor, and—he shoots himself next week, or has stitched into his old great-coat: hands his new one to the official assignees, like an honest man."

Hardie stuttered between a groan and a moan.

"Now comes the per contra: poor little despised Noah Skinner has kept genuine books while you have been preparing false ones: I took the real figures down every afternoon on loose leaves: and bound 'em: and very curious they will read in Court about Christmas, when I did it for amusement o'nights; I'm so solitary, and so fond of figures: I must try and turn them to profit, for I have a wife and child to old age. Dearee me! how curious that you should go and pick out me of all men to turn into the street with a character, like a broken dog."

Hardie turned his head away; and, in that moment of humiliation and abject fear, drank all the bitterness of moral death.

His machinations were to defy Skinner and return to the straight path, cost what it might. But how could he? His own books were all falsified. And he could not expose Skinner's falsifications by simply adding the contents of his secret hoard to the assets of the Bank; but with this true arithmetical gain he must hastily square his books, except by conjectural and fabricated items, which would be detected, and send him to prison; for who would believe he was lying in figures only to get back to the truth? No: he was entangled irretrievably in his own fraud, and was at the mercy of his servant. He took his line. "Skinner, it was your interest to leave me while the Bank stood: and you would have got a place directly; but since you take umbrage at my dismissing you for your own good, I must humbly submit to your will."

"I am quite ready to stay and serve you, Sir," replied Skinner, in a tone of irony: "I am angry words, think no more of them! It went to my heart to be turned away at the very time you need me most."

"Hypocritical rogue!") thought Hardie. "That is true, Skinner," said he: "I do indeed need a faithful and sympathizing servant, to advise, support, and aid me. Ask yourself whether any man in England needs a confidant more than I do? If it was known that I had covered even by you: but now I am glad you know all, for you have never undervalued your ability as well as your zeal."

Thus Mr. Hardie bowed his pride to flatter Skinner; and soon was by the little fellow's heightened color that this was the way to make him a clerk of wax.

The Banker and his clerk were reconciled. Then the latter proceeded to commit himself by carrying on the culinary process in his own hand. He trembled a little: but complied, and became as accomplice. He, in his turn, should took him into his confidence, and told him every thing it was impossible to hide from him.

"Ah, ah, ah!" said Skinner, "let me tell you what I did for you this morning. Then perhaps you won't wonder at my being so pepper-hot. Maxley suspects: he came here and drew out every shilling. I was all in a perspiration what to do. I was in a regular state of fever."

Skinner then confided to his principal how he had evaded Maxley, and saved the Bank; and how the stratagem seemed so incredible and droll, that they both laughed over it long and loud. And in fact it turned out a first-rate practical jest: cost two lives.

While they were laughing, the young clerk looked in, and said, "Captain Dodd, to speak with you, Sir!"

"Captain Dodd!!!" And all Mr. Hardie's forced merriment died away. "Show him in," trayed his vexation for once. "Did you go and tell him I was here?"

"Yes, Sir: I had no orders; and he said you would be sure to see *him*."

"Unfortunate! Well, you may show him in when I ring your bell."

The youngster being gone, Mr. Hardie explained to his now ally in a few hurried words the danger that threatened him from Miss Julia Dodd. "And now," said he, "the women have sent her Father to soften his. I shall be told, his girl will die if she can't have my boy: and As if I care who lives or dies."

On this Skinner got up all in a hurry, and offered to go into the office.

"On no account," said Mr. Hardie, sharply. "I shall make my own business with you before I go: for cutting this love-nonsense mighty short. Take your book to the desk, and seem buried in it."

He then touched the bell, and both confederates fell into an attitude: never were a pair so bent over their little accounts: lies, like themselves.

Instead of the heart-broken father their comedy awaited, in came the gallant sailor with a brown cheek reddened by triumph and excitement, and stamped about in a genial jocund voice, "How d'ye do, Sir? It is a long time since I came across your knees." And with this he laid down his hat. Captain Dodd's gave his mechanically, and remained on his guard; but somewhat puzzled. Could shock his cold-hand heartily. "Well, Sir, here I am: just come ashore, and visiting you before my very wife: you see how I think of that?"

"I am highly honored, Sir," said Hardie: then, rather stiffly and incredulously, "and to what may I owe this extraordinary preference? Will you be good enough to state the purport of this visit—briefly—as Mr. Skinner and I are both extremely busy."

"The purport? Why what does one come ashore for, Sir? I have got a lot of money I want to get rid of."

Hardie stared; but was as much on his guard as ever: could not be much more puzzled.

Then David winked at him with simple cunning, took out his knife, undid his shirt, and began to cut the threads which bound the Cash to his flannel.

At this Skinner chuckled round on his stool to look, and knew at once what Hardie missed the unusual pantomime with demure curiosity.

Dodd now removed the oil-skin cover and showed the pocket-book, brought it down with a triumphant smack on the hollow of his hand, and, in the excess of his heart, the joy of his bosom, and the over of his blood—for there were two red spots on his cheek all the time—told him the old gag: "Recommend his voice, and sell with a certain awe: "It's—fourteen—thousand—pounds."

"Fourteen thousand pounds!!!" cried Hardie. Then with sudden and consummate coolness, "Why certainly an established bank like this a desk with such considerable deposits than that. Skinner, why don't you give the captain a chair?"

"No, no!" said Dodd. "I'll heave to till I get this off my mind; but I won't anchor any here, not at present. He then opened the pocket-book and spread the contents out before Mr. Hardie, who ran over the notes and bills, and said the amount was £14,010 12s. 6d.

Dodd asked for a receipt.

"Why it is not usual when there is an account."

Dodd's countenance fell. "Oh, I should not like to part with the money I had a receipt."

"You mistake me," said Hardie, with a smile. "An entry in your Banker's book is a receipt. Wherever you go now in another direction." He then unlocked a desk; took out a banker's receipt; and told Skinner to fill it in. This done he sanded and absorbed it with some other important matter.

Skinner counted the notes and left them with Mr. Hardie: the bills he took to his desk to note them on the margin of the receipt. While he was writing these down in succession and precision, poor Dodd's heart overflowed: "It is my children's fortune, ye see: I don't look on a sovereign of it as mine: it is what made me so particular. It belongs to my little Julia, bless her!—she is a rose-bud if ever there was one—and oh, such a Father as sod fond of her poor Father; but not fonder than he is of her—and to my dear boy Edward; he is the honestest young chap you ever saw: what he says, you may swear to with your eyes shut; but how could they possibly be closed? Looks or good hearts and *her* children? the best wife and the best mother in England! She has been a true consort to me this many and many a year, and I love her water and shoal, let the wind blow high or low. Here is a Simple Simon vaunting his own flesh and blood: no wonder that little gentleman there is grinning as me: well, grin away, lad! perhaps you haven't got any children. But you have, Sir: and you know how it is with us Fathers; our hearts are so full of the little darlings, out it must come. You understand: how joyful I, feel at saving their fortune from bad sharks and sea sharks, and landing it safe in an honest man's hands, like you, and your Father before you."

Skinner handed him the receipt.

He cast his eye over it. "All right, little gentleman! Now my heart is relieved of such a weight: I feel to have just cleared out a cargo of rocks. Good-by' shake hands! I wish you were as happy as I am. I wish all the world was happy. God bless you! God bless you both!"

And with this burst he was out of the room, and making ardently for Albion Villa.

The Banker and his clerk turned round on their seats and gave one another a long time of silence and amazement.

Was this thing a dream? their faces seemed to ask.

Then Mr. Hardie rested his senatorial head on his hand, and pondered deeply. Skinner too reflected on this new turn of fortune: and the result was that he burst in on his principal's reverie with a joyful shout: The Bank is saved! Hardie's good for another hundred years!"

The Banker started, for Skinner's voice sounded like a pistol-shot in his ear, so high-strung was he with thought.

"Hush! hush!" he said: and pondered again in silence.

At last he turned to Skinner. "You" our course is plain? I tell you it is a complicated web, and you don't comprehend what is best to be done."

"Save the Bank, whatever you do."

"How can I save the Bank with a few thousand pounds I must refund when called on? You look incredulous: I am not surprised, Skinner; but you can not see a yard beyond your nose. Let me think."

After a time he took a sheet of paper, and jotted down "the materials," as he called them; and read a cam out to his accomplice:

"A Bank too far gone to be redeemed: trap; a well. If I throw this money into it, shall relish Dodd, and do myself no good but only my creditors.

"2. Miss Julia Dodd, virtual proprietor of the £14,010 and of the property of a Colonel. The child that marries first usually jockeys the other.

"3. Alfred Hardie, my son, and my creditor: deep in love with No. 2, and at present somewhat alienated from his Father by a money affair: love affair: which bids fair to improve into sound negotiation.

"4. The £14,010 paid to me personally after Banking hours, and not entered on the banking books, nor known, but to you and me.

"Now suppose that I treat the above as a pactional trust? The Bank breaks: the money disappears. Consternation of the Dodds, who, amid enlightened by the public prints, think it has gone into the well.

"In this interval I call Alfred over: and promise to produce the £14,000 intact, with my paternal blessing on him and Miss Dodd; provided he will persuade her Father to come to him, and give me a life-interest in half the money settled on him by my wife's father to my most valued and zealous exclusive friend. Alfred will soon bring the young people to reason: and then they will soon melt the old ones."

Skinner was charmed with this masterly little sketch. But he detected one fatal flaw: "You don't say what is to become of me."

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet."

"But do think of it, Sir! that I may have the pleasure of co-operating. It would serve *you* and me to be pulling two ways, you know."

"I will not forget you," said Hardie, wincing under the dim but fatal wretch that laid him why and had jerked him by way of reminder. "But surely, Skinner, you can agree with me in this: a life-interest in half of rob this honest captain of his money—for my creditors; curse them! Ah, I have not a shilling of my own! Could he found out that out! Well, I am: and he touched me to the quick: I love my little Jane as dearly as he loves his child, and I have not got a child. You and then he put me in mind of my own Father poor man. That seems strange, doesn't it? Jane and a Father! All I can say is was because they were both honest men. Oh, it was like a whole scene come coming into a dream: and I was born to be again and leaving a whiff behind, was that sailor. He left the savor of Probity and Simplicity behind him, and I left those things themselves away again. Why, why couldn't he leave us what is more wanted here than even his money. He should have left us some of his money Father, whom I used to sneer at, carried to his grave: and Captain Dodd, he is right, he is right in money, in credit, in honor, and eternal hope: oh, Skinner! Skinner! I wish I had never been born."

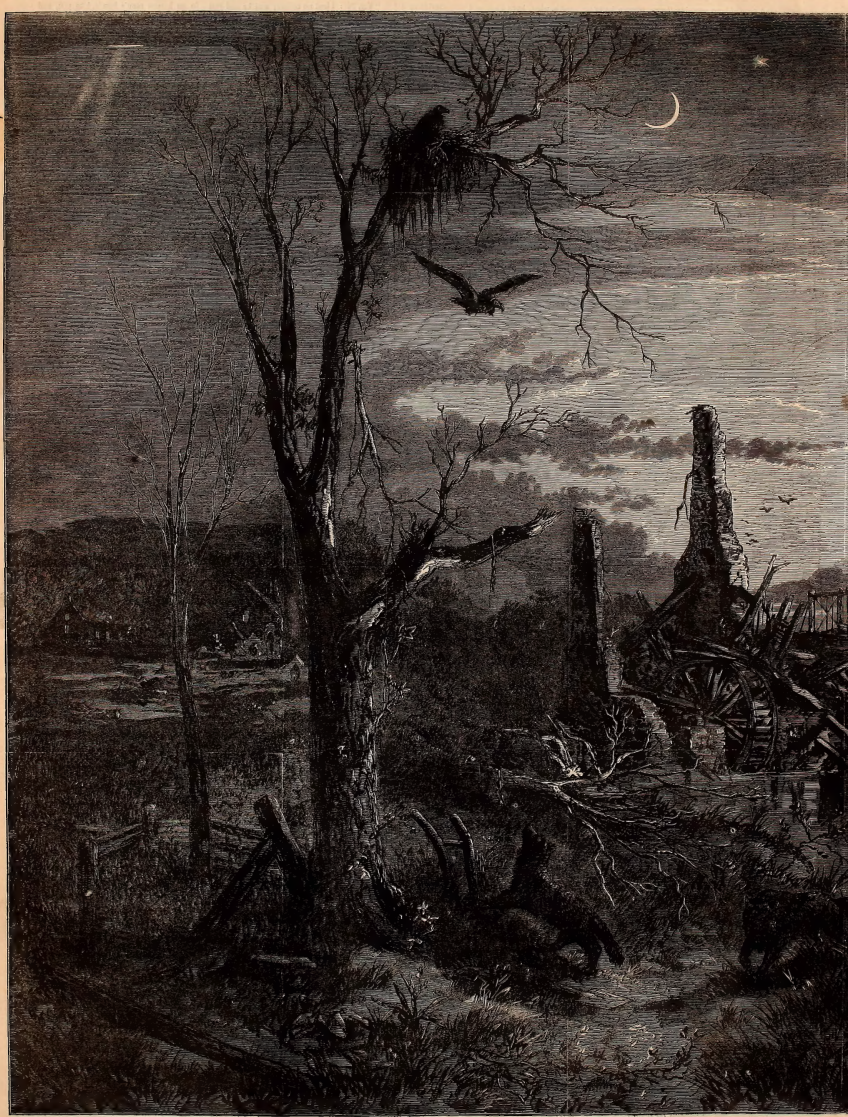
Skinner was surprised: he was not aware that intelligent men who sin, are subject to fits of remorse: nay, he would be surprised to find the emotion of this iron man, so hard to move, was overpowering when it came: it did not soften, it crushed him.

"Don't talk so, Sir," said the little clerk. "Keep up your heart! Have a drop of something!"

"You are right," said Mr. Hardie, decidedly. "It is idle to talk: we are in the waves of circumstances."

With this, he unlocked a safe that stood against the wall, shocked the £14,000 in, and slammed the iron door sharply; and, as it closed upon the Cash with a clang, the parlor door burst open as if by concert, and David Dodd stood on the threshold, looking terrific. His ruddy color was all gone, and he seemed black and white, with anger and anxiety. And out of this blanch-red, yet lowering face, his eyes glowed like coals, and revel from one to the other of the Clerk and Banker and the clerk.

A thunder-cloud of a man.



THE RESULT OF WAR



—VIRGINIA IN 1862.



MAP SHOWING THE SEAT OF WAR IN PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

WE publish on page 461 a picture of the CITY OF HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, lately threatened by the rebels under Lee, or one of his corps commanders, and now the head-quarters of Major General Couch. It is a pretty city on the east bank of the Susquehanna River, communicating with Reading, Philadelphia, and Baltimore by railway. Usually a very quiet spot, it is now full of troops and bristling with bayonets.

On page 460 we publish a page of Street Scenes at Philadelphia from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Thomas Nast. The following cuttings from the Philadelphia papers may help to explain them:

We need not now blush for Philadelphia. She is steadily at work in the great cause of defense of hearth and home, and each hour sees order rising out of the confusion, and patriotism taking the place of craven imbecility. Business is very generally suspended, and tens of thousands of men are drilling, either for home defense or joining the State militia. The rapidity with which some of the regiments, such as those raised by the Coal trade and the Union League, are completed is extremely gratifying, and makes every other regiment emulous of equal success. There is but little unusual bustle in the streets, though the roll of the drum is constantly heard.

* * * * * * *

THE COAL REGIMENT.

The action of the coal shippers of this city, in reference to the regiment to be raised under their auspices, has been both unanimous and determined. The large amount subscribed in support of this regiment on Monday was nearly trebled yesterday. In the afternoon representatives from the different firms in the trade assembled at the head-quarters of the regiment, in Walnut Street, above Second, and proceeded to Richmond in a body. The foremen of the different wharves were notified to suspend work, and all the men were assembled at one of the central piers, where stirring and patriotic addresses were delivered, urging the necessity of immediate action, and the advantages to be derived by them in enlisting as a body in a regiment where each would know his comrade, and whose welfare would be the immediate care of their employers. The men responded enthusiastically, and six full companies were immediately enlisted.

* * * * * * *

THE UNION LEAGUE.

The brigade now being formed under the auspices of the Union League is progressing finely. There is not the least doubt that the number of men required will be obtained within a day or two. At the different recruiting stations names are being enrolled rapidly, and the general head-quarters at Twelfth and Girard streets were crowded this morning with men anxious to enlist. The four regiments to compose the brigade will be entirely fitted out by the members of the League.

THE MERCHANTS' REGIMENT.

The regiment organized under the auspices of the merchants is full, and was reported for duty at the head-quarters of General Dana yesterday afternoon. The regiment is commanded by Colonel Woodward.

ACTION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A number of the colored men of this city met at the Bethel Church, Sixth Street, above Lombard, yesterday, with regard to their enlisting for the State defense. Mr. J. C. White presided, and Mr. John Wolf acted as Secretary. Among those present were Fred Douglass and most of the colored clergymen of the city. The following were adopted:

Resolved, That inasmuch as we solemnly believe that God has no attributes that can take part with the slaveholder in this rebellion, we hold it to be our highest religious duty to sustain our Government in the prosecution of this war so far as it is conducted for the purpose of equal rights, liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Resolved, That we earnestly request all ministers of the Gospel, preaching to colored congregations, to teach their several charges that the days of our bondage in this land are at an end, and that God is saying to us, in the most emphatic manner, *Be free*, and take our place on the broad platform of equal rights.

Resolved, That we deeply feel for, and sincerely sympathize with, those of our race who are flying from the chains and slavery of a rebellious horde, and, forced before the march of a conscript army of marauders, have sought a refuge in our midst; and that we hereby pledge to them the protection of our homes and firesides, a part of our personal property, and a share of our daily bread, even to a portion of our last crumb.

It was proposed that the colored men present tender to the Government their services for three months or the emergency. There being no definite understanding as to the terms on which colored men would be received into the State service, the postponement of the consideration of the subject to another meeting was suggested.

Mr. Douglass urged immediate action. He said those present could enroll their names: if their services were not accepted, the responsibility would rest with the authorities. A number of persons then signed the roll. Another meeting is to be held this afternoon.

On page 458 we publish a MAP showing the theatre of the conflict in Southern Pennsylvania and Northern Maryland, and on page 453 a View of the BURNING OF THE BRIDGE AT COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA. This operation is described in the accompanying letter from the author of the sketch:

BURNING OF THE COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

On Sunday, the 29th June, 1863, it was reported that the Confederates were on the turnpike road from York to Columbia (twelve miles), and were four miles from Wrightsville, at the west end of the Columbia Bridge; but as there had been many flying reports no attention was paid to this one, until the citizens of both towns were startled by the firing of musketry and artillery.

The force of the Confederates was about 2000, including horse, foot, and artillery—ours about 1400, composed of infantry and cavalry, without artillery. The rebels showed themselves well acquainted with the country, and instead of attacking our rifle-pits on the front or west, they appeared from the wooded hills on the north and south.

Our men stood their ground well until the six or eight pieces of artillery opened with shot and shell, when they broke and ran for the bridge, which they entered as the infantry of the enemy were endeavoring to intercept them. It was at this point that we lost a number of prisoners, stated by some to be as high as two hundred—but as stragglers have been coming in pretty freely this number is probably exaggerated. When the rush was made to enter the bridge, the gates are said to have been closed to prevent the enemy from following the fugitives to Columbia.

The rebels had stationed guards upon the by-roads, with which they were well acquainted, and it was asserted that an officer who accosted a farmer was recognized by the latter as a person who had passed a night with him some time previously. It is also stated that one of the principal officers of the invading force was the engineer who located the railroad between York and Harrisburg, and who may therefore be presumed to be acquainted with the fordings.

The bridge had been prepared for partial destruction by cutting away most of the supports, removing some of the outside boarding, and sawing through the roof, so as to allow a span or two to drop into the river; while toward the western end a pier was charged with gunpowder with the expectation that it would be blown up and the dependent spans thus dropped. But when the period of destruction arrived, three reports were heard in quick succession, followed by a cloud of smoke, which led us to believe that some of the cannon guarding the entrance at Columbia had been taken to this part of the bridge and fired at the entering rebels. But the pier withstood the explosions, and in a panic the bridge was rashly fired, although defended with some half a dozen cannon at the eastern end.

The artillery firing of the enemy commenced about seven o'clock in the evening, lasting about twenty minutes; by eight o'clock the flames were visible, and spread in both directions, probably at the rate of five minutes to a span, although the arches and frame-work stood burning after the roof and weather-boarding had disappeared.

This bridge was about a mile and a quarter long, built upon good stone-piers, the spans being about 175 or 200 feet in length. Besides two roadways and railways, it had upon the south or down-stream side a double towing-way for the Susquehanna and Tide-water Canal.

Our view is a night sketch from the north, the smoke tending toward the west or Wrightsville end of the bridge, and also northward up the river. The night was calm, the river unruffled, and at its present low stage having various exposed rocks and islets, which present a sombre appearance in contrast with the glare of the conflagration.

The fire did not extend to the towns, except that some lumber at Wrightsville was destroyed; but the fire was prevented from spreading *by the Confederates themselves.* They might have destroyed a large amount of lumber and a saw-mill to prevent the rebuilding of several bridges they burned the next day, as well as half a dozen iron furnaces between Columbia and Marietta, where the Susquehanna is within half a mile in width. The proprietors expected a bombardment, as our soldiers have destroyed all the Southern iron-works in their reach as contraband of war.

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, *July* 1, 1863. E. J. H.

RALPH HAZLITT, SOLDIER.

"THEN you do not love me?"

"Why should I? You love yourself too well to need any other love."

"You mean because I am not fighting?" The speaker smiled a little, bitterly. "So you think I lack courage, Grace? We will talk no more about love to-day. Of course no woman gives her heart to a man whom she does not think brave enough to die for her, if need were. If you think I hold my life too dear no wonder that you can not trust me."

There was something in his words and his tone that at once puzzled Grace Ashland, and pained her. Perhaps she would have liked him to urge his suit, instead of so quietly withdrawing it. If he could but have explained to her why he, young, strong, professedly patriotic, wore no uniform! She knew in her heart that she longed to think well of him—why would he not help her? But he had silenced her. What could she say more? So she sat there; an unwonted color staining her cheek, and something in her eyes that made Ralph Hazlitt smile, a strange, quiet smile.

He watched her a few moments, then he took a book and began reading. It was Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." How his cool, gray eyes kindled, what a flush mounted to his swart cheek as he read, what I think no coward could bear to read,

"How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old!"

When he shut the book he looked at his auditor.

"Those were proud days, Grace, and proud men. I think even I could fight with the inspiration of such an example—I mean if I read one of those ballads just at the last, and went in before I had time to get cool. Now you must sing to me. I don't know when I'll have such another lazy morning, and I mean to enjoy it."

A little secret self-reproach made Miss Ashland obedient.

It was always a pretty sight to see her at the piano. She had a certain piquant beauty of her own, though it was a style that not every one recognized. Her features were not classical; her face was pale, always pale, except some strong emotion hung out its pink signal for a moment at her cheeks. The chief charm was in her eyes—dark, large, hazel eyes, that told her secrets against her will—eyes into which you looked and read her soul. They would be sweet when she loved—they were brave and truthful always. When she sang they kindled with a light which glorified her face into something more potent than beauty.

She was in no mood for music at first. She sang for a while with patient compliance just what he called for, then her mood changed, and the spell of her own power enchained her. Her fingers wandered over the keys half unconsciously, and almost forgetting his presence, she sang out her thoughts—fitful snatches of mirth, or pathos, or passion. At last the chords swelled under her fingers to full, rich melody; a strain sultry with tropic heat, burning with such sunshine as gilds the hot sands of the desert. Then across the sun-bright day seemed to sweep the fierce, mighty storm-wind of the East, and through its tempest broke the tones of her voice, chanting an old Bedouin song, such as some wild Arab lover might sing at the feet of his dark-eyed mistress:

"From the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love but thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!"

Was that the voice of her soul answering Ralph Hazlitt? He would not ask her to-day, but having heard that he cared to hear no more singing. When she struck the last note she turned from the piano. He took her hand and looked into her eyes with a long, sad gaze; a look such as we give to the beloved whom we may never see again. For a moment he held her fingers in a firm clasp. Then he said, very quietly, "Good-by, Grace!" and was gone.

Two days afterward Miss Ashland received this letter:

"When you read these lines, Grace, I shall be far away. I have enlisted. I am going to do my work—the work I have longed for all these months of inaction. I will tell you now why I did not go before. In the six months you have known me have you heard any thing of my family? Do you chance to know that all the near relatives I have on earth are three children? They are at school now, at a sort of child's school, but they come to me every vacation, and I am their sole friend. They were the legacy of my only sister. My parents died many years ago. There were only us two left, Maud and I. When she married I thought it would leave me alone. But she made me go with her to her new home. She never suffered me to have a lonely hour, scarcely to feel for a moment that her heart held any dearer love than the one she had given me from childhood. After her three children were born, just when the youngest had got old enough to lisp her father's name, the husband died; and then I understood how strong a tie had bound her to him. She pined for him, like a homesick child. One day she said to me:

"'I am tired, Ralph, I must go to William. I shall leave you the children. He needs me more than they do, for they have you. He comes to me in my dreams and calls me. You will never let my babies feel that they are orphans.'

"After that she faded, gently and painlessly as a flower fades—an atmosphere of sweetness about her to the last. One night I left her, not weaker than usual, suffering no pain. The next morning I found her with a smile frozen upon her face, token of the soul's joy at its release. *She* was with William, and the children were mine. They have been mine four years.

"Such and so sacred is the tie which has kept me at home hitherto. If I fell, they would be indeed orphans. Have I been wrong? I do not know. Your words awakened a doubt. I think I ought to have been ready to trust them to God. I *am* ready now to trust them to Him and to you. You have sent me into the fray; and whatever ties you may form in the future, I know I can trust to your sense of justice that those children shall never want care or love. Of wealth they have enough—for tender watchfulness they can only look to you.

"I have enlisted for three years, or for the war. I leave you free. I would not tell you that I was going, and ask again for your love, lest you might, in a moment of enthusiasm, bind yourself by some pledge which you would regret hereafter. Love where your heart leads you. Be happy. I ask of you but the one thing which I have a right to demand—care for my children—security that they would not be left bankrupt of love and protection by the loss of the life which I offer at your instance—oh how willingly!—to my country. For myself, I may say it now, for if I die I will not leave it unsaid, I love you, as you sang—

"'With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!'

"If we meet no more till we meet beyond sun and stars, I shall be then, as now, yours, RALPH HAZLITT."

Grace Ashland trembled as she read the letter. What had she been doing? How could those children forgive her for having sent away their only friend? How could she forgive herself? What, if he fell, would ever heal the wound in her heart? for she knew now that she loved him. Well, there was one solace: she could do his will faithfully, wait for him, be true to him. If their next meeting was indeed to be beyond sun and stars, she would be able to go fearlessly to his side and say,

"Here am I and the children you left to my care. Receive your own."

How noble he had been through it all; doing his duty with such silent, brave courage; staying at home for those children's sakes, and never saying one word in self-justification! And she, whom he had honored so with his love, had taunted him with loving himself, his life, his ease. Yet he had forgiven her. He was hers still. She pressed the letter, with wild, unutterable throbs of grief and passionate tenderness, to her heart and lips. She called by a hundred endearing names—oh, if he could have heard them!—her love, her life, her hero!

When he had been gone a week she went to see the children—her soldier's legacy. Two little gentle girls, Maud and Alice, and one brave, sturdy boy, named Ralph for his uncle. Here she found her path already made smooth. Mr. Hazlitt had written to the principal of the school that the children were to be, during his absence, under the guardianship of his particular friend Miss Ashland, who would be guided by her own judgment as to the length of time they would remain there. To the children he had written a long, loving letter, softening as best he could their present loss of him, and bidding them to love, in his stead and for his sake, his friend Miss Ashland, to whom he had confided them.

So she found her welcome ready. She made plans with them for the future. She promised to come and see them as often as their uncle had done, and whenever it was vacation they were to stay with her. The child's school where they were was excellent in its way, but she saw that they would soon need more thorough and systematic instruction. It would be a responsibility she hardly cared to take to remove them and establish them in another place. She thought that, at the end of six months, when their school-year was out, and the long vacation came, she would write to their uncle and solicit his counsel. Till then she would be silent. She longed sometimes to send him just one little line to tell him how wholly she was his; but a maidenly impulse restrained her. He had not asked for any reply to his letter, nor had he renewed in it his prayer for her love. He had seemed to prefer leaving her free. She could not offer her heart to him unasked, even though she knew that she held his own.

Before the six months were over came the news that he was killed. He had fallen, as a soldier should, in the front of the fray: fallen, oh, she well knew how! with courage in his heart, a glow on his cheek, a glint as of sharp steel in his gray eye. If he had only kissed her once in his life, she thought she could have borne it better. Oh, if he could but have known how she had loved him! She would have given half the universe now if she had but followed the dictates of her longing, and written to him that through life and death she was his. But a thought soothed her—a thought so blessed, so foreign to her mood, that it seemed almost like the suggestion of another: perhaps he knew all now. Spirit eyes could see farther than mortla ones. He was in a world where there were no more secrets. She had but to do faithfully the work he had left her, and some day she would go to him.

It was medicine to her pain. She grew strong, as if she had breathed air from the heaven where he was. She bethought herself tenderly of the children. Ought she not to be helping them bear their sorrow?

Their year was nearly out. She went and brought them home. Her love was all they had left. Surely they needed it now. Maud and Alice sorrowed with a still, deep, unchildish grief that it was pitiful to see. Ralph dashed the tears from his eyes and threw back his hair with a gesture so like his uncle that it thrilled Miss Ashland's heart, and vowed that he would grow up to avenge Uncle Ralph—he would be a soldier too.

Two weeks after the news came of Mr. Hazlitt's death Miss Ashland was summoned to an interview with his attorney. She found that he had been to the seat of war on a fruitless search for the body; for the dead man had been to him both friend and client. It had been impossible to identify any grave, he said, except those of some of the officers; for half our dead had been left for the rebels to bury. But he had received only too positive confirmation of the report of Mr. Hazlitt's death; and now he had brought his will, which he had made the last thing before he went away, to read to her, as the one chiefly interested.

"He leaves me the children?"

"Yes, and his fortune. They inherited enough from their parents. He only bequeaths them, in addition, his house and grounds, that they may keep their home-feeling still. He recommends that you establish them there, with some suitable person to oversee the household and look after their welfare, and so have them taught at home for a while. All else, save the homestead and a few trifling legacies, you will perceive he bequeaths to his dear friend, Miss Grace Ashland."

She scarcely heard the last clause of his remarks, her thought was so busy with her plan for the future. She would surely have the children live at his home, and *she* would live there with them—be sole and faithful guardian of their interests. She would indeed fulfill his trust. No one would oppose her. She was twenty-four, no longer a girl. Her parents had other children to make their home cheery—they would let her, as they always had, follow her own course.

She was roused from her reverie by the lawyer's voice, offering stereotyped congratulations, blended with expressions of sorrow for the dead. Then, at last, she began to realize that he had left her sole mistress of all his possessions; her of whose love for him he had never known. That was the heart she had lost in losing him. Did the earth hold another as true? What was there in the universe that could make up to her for it? Then her soul thrilled again to the thought of the sure future, the love and the life beyond this world. It is not so hard to wait when the end is sure. In the mean time she had her work.

It was July when she heard the news of his death. Early in September she had made all necessary arrangements, and was living with the children—her children now—in the home of Ralph Hazlitt. There was a certain joy, secret, unshared, and yet most sweet, in living where he had lived; using daily the things that he had used. She even chose his old room, and sat there nights, watching through the window, whence she had drawn away the curtain, the clear-shining September stars, and thinking of him who walked in the glory beyond them, and waited for her.

So the weeks passed on. The October winds blew over the hills, and swept the sere leaves before them like flocks of tiny birds, flame-colored and golden. November came—the soft, hazy warmth of the Indian summer, with air of balm, and sunshine floating dreamily down through a dim haze that seemed to bring it nearer. She was growing content with life and its work, though she never for one moment looked upon it as other than a life of waiting.

Once when nightfall came—it was then the late November—she saw the children in their beds, heard their prayers, kissed their red, childish lips, with the dewy softness on them, and then went back into the library, where *he* had always passed his solitary evenings. A cheery fire burned on the hearth, and a shaded lamp upon the table. The room was bathed in soft light. The curtains were drawn—the easy-chair at the table, where he used to sit, held out its arms for her. She sank into it, and lost herself in a reverie. She recalled the whole of their last interview—every word, every look, every shade of meaning on his face.

"He knows me better now," she said at length, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"He knew you well then. Would he have left the children to you if he had not?"

What voice was that? She turned to see a tall thin figure standing there; to meet gray eyes, cool and searching no longer, but full of a warmth that made her cheeks crimson. She hardly knew how it was that she was drawn close into those arms—felt those kisses on her lips which made her heart beat with such quick, wild pulses. It did not seem strange to her for a moment. She scarcely remembered that she had believed him dead—it seemed so natural for him to be there and to love her. It was not until he asked, "So you resolved to live here and be the children's guardian yourself?" that she remembered how she came there, as she answered him, "Yes, it was the only way I had of giving you my life."

"You shall learn a better way now."

"You will not go back?"

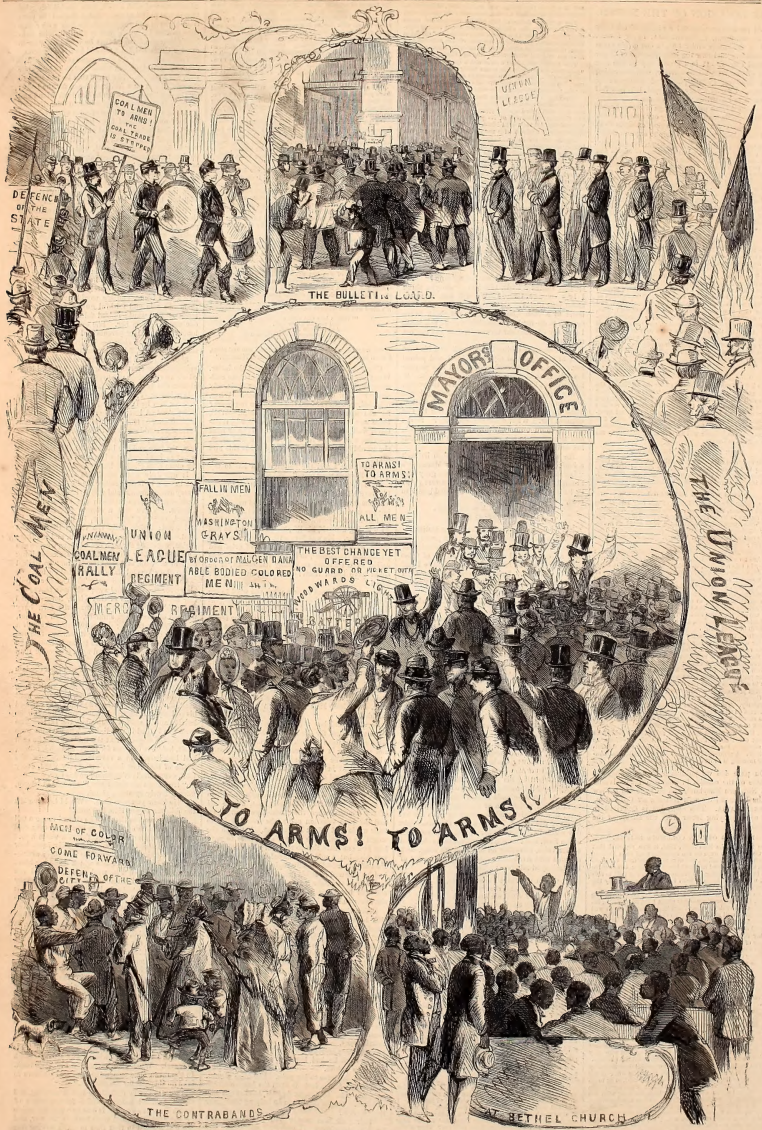
"Not till I have taught you how to love me," he whispered, with his lips close to her cheek. "When I go next time I shall leave my wife."

"But how came you here?"

He smiled.

"I thought that question would come by-and-by. I was left for dead on the field. A rebel surgeon found me, who had been an old classmate of mine, and who preserved an honest liking for me still. He nursed me back to life, and through his influence I was paroled when I was strong enough to travel. When I am exchanged I must go back. In the mean time remember who said we were to take no thought for the morrow."

Two days after that there was a wedding, and Grace Ashland became in due form mistress of Ralph Hazlitt's home. It was two months before he was exchanged and went back to the war, and she had learned in that time to think having was better than waiting.



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—STREET SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 459.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SKIRMISH AT UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA, JUNE 21, 1863.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 462.]



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH—HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Sketch by Mr. Perkins.—[See Page 459.]

THE HOUR AND THE CAUSE.

July 4, 1863.

We're living in a glorious hour! The world scarce ever saw
A clearer right for man to fight for liberty and law.
For liberty such as God gives to nations He has bless'd,
The captive's chains to loosen, and to set free the oppress'd:
Such law as was ordained in heaven by Love's almighty pen,
By angel heralds brought to earth—"Peace, and good-will to men!"
This is the cause we plead to-day, with voice and pen and sword,
Till every foe be vanquished, and the right shall be restored!

When Sumter first was fired upon, where waved our flag on high,
When first Columbia's loyal sons awoke to Freedom's cry;
When calls for peace, for compromise, for justice, were in vain,
Scarce heard in Treason's louder call, "Rend ye the land in twain!"
O! then the hearts of freemen leaped as lightning flashes forth!
Then rushed to arms with one consent the freemen of the North:
"Now by our fathers' deeds," they swore, "and by our fathers' graves,
The work they planned for aye shall last where'er yon banner waves!"

Lo! from among the nations, fronting her foes in wroth,
Columbia stands majestic, to lead her armies forth,
With words of fierce entreaty the dullest soul might stir,
She treads the path of duty, and bids us follow her:
"Shame be to every one," she says, "confusion be his guide,
Who in this hour of tumult fears combat by my side!
Ay, shame to all upon the earth, of high or low degree,
Who league with the oppressor to stifle liberty!"

This day for years our fathers called, each from his lowly grave,
"Say, have ye wrought for freedom?—hold ye in the land no slave?"
And sadder grew each pallid brow, and deeper their distress,
As often as they asked us, and we slowly faltered, "Yes."
But now no more in sadness do our country's dead appear,
For we have wrought for freedom through all this awful year;
And a light shines on their faces to illumine our dull way,
As with eager lips we answer them—"We hold no Slaves to-day!"

Then ring the bells right merrily throughout our Northern land,
Let the booming of the cannon give an echo strange and grand!
Let the notes of freedom's joyous songs bid every true heart thrill,
And the Stars and Stripes we love stream forth from every vale and hill.
Long, long ago we kept it as a day of jubilee,
When no cloud to mar the prospects of the nation could we see.
We spoke of the old war times as of a drama past—
That pleasant time is gone. *We know our fathers' deeds at last.*

Oh! never more we gaze upon that starry flag o'erhead
But we seem to hear the steps of foes upon Columbia's dead!
And the booming of the cannon breaks not on our ears again
But we think how many rebels our gallant boys have slain!
Old Bunker Hill and Lexington we wonder at no more;
Our watchwords are, "Fort Sumter!" and "Remember Baltimore!"
And where one Warren with his blood crimsoned the grassy sod,
Thousands of loyal men and true have gone *his* way to God.

Yet, standing by Columbia's side, we're marching boldly on,
Through a dark night of treachery to greet the coming dawn.
In Senate-halls, on every side, stalks Treason stern and grim,
While looking to where Justice stands the road seems long and dim.
But not for that we falter, or seek a vain repose,
Nor hasten from the battle, leaving victory to our foes:
Thank God we are no cowards! we know nor doubts nor fears,
This war for freedom shall be won an't take a hundred years!

Then shall the Union rise again in might and majesty;
Then shall her flag victorious float over land and sea;
Her soil shall be a welcome home for all the world's oppress'd,
And from the former evil her children shall find rest.
Hasten, O Time, the joyful day! Thou, Future, we implore,
Part thy veil for a moment—show us thy good gifts in store!
So shall the phantoms of the past be banished at thy breath:
Give us strength from all our weakness—give us victory from death!

THE FIGHT AT UPPERVILLE.

Mr. Waud has sent us the sketch of this affair, which we reproduce on page 461. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the fight:

Arriving at Upperville, two squadrons of the First Maine were ordered to charge through the town, which they did in the most gallant manner. The rest of the First Maine and the Fourth New York acted as supports. Just beyond the town considerable force of the enemy was massed. The First Maine, Sixth Ohio, Tenth New York, Second New York, and Fourth Pennsylvania charged upon them furiously. The resistance was greater here than at any other point. Two of our regiments were in the road, and one on each side. They charged and were repulsed; the enemy charged and were likewise repulsed. Several charges were made with like results, until the two forces became jammed in together, and a regular hand-to-hand conflict took place, lasting more than twenty minutes. In the first charge the enemy placed sharp-shooters along the stone-walls at the side of the road, and our troops suffered from their fire. General Kilpatrick also arranged a similar reception for the enemy, and thus the two forces swayed to and fro under a galling cross-fire. The officers and men on both sides fought like fiends, and in the excitement many of the enemy were killed who might have been taken prisoners. General Kilpatrick nearly lost his own life in attempting to save the life of the Colonel of a North Carolina regiment. Finally the enemy yielded, and fell back, hotly pursued by General Kilpatrick's bloody brigade, until the concentrated fire from a battery warned General Gregg that it was time to withdraw his men. The brigade of regulars which had been sent up as a support, much to the amusement of all about, wheeled and hurried out of range. The Harris Light and First Maine marched out of range as slowly and deliberately as if going upon parade. No troops in the world ever stood such a terrible fire more unflinchingly.

From Rector's Cross Roads to Upperville was almost a rout. The enemy turned at bay near Upperville. The Fourth New York charged, with General Kilpatrick at their head, and, breaking, retired, leaving General Kilpatrick a prisoner. The Fourth, however, promptly rallied, charged again, and the General was rescued. The troops, with the single exception noted, all behaved well, as did most of the officers. General Kilpatrick, commanding the centre, was always in the right place, and inspiring the men under him by his dashing example. He led several charges in person, the most dashing of all being the onset west of Upperville. Colonel Gregg, commanding the left, discharged his duties promptly and like a brave man. General Gregg commanding this division, and General Pleasanton, were near the front all day, carefully watching every movement. The former had a horse killed under him by a round shot. The conduct of Colonel Vincent, commanding the infantry, is every where spoken of in the highest terms. Captain Armstrong and Lieutenant Estes, of General Kilpatrick's staff, on two occasions, after delivering an order, led a column against the enemy under a most terrific fire, and excited the admiration of all for their gallant conduct and excellent example.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

We devote pages 449 and 452 to illustrations of the Siege of Port Hudson, from sketches by our special artist Mr. Hamilton, and by a volunteer contributor in the United States Navy.

The picture on page 449 represents the Bombardment of Port Hudson from the deck of the United States steamer *Richmond*. The author of the sketch writes:

"In the fore-ground our blue-jackets are busy with the 100-pound Parrott rifle. We are about two miles below the rebel batteries, which extend about three miles along the east bank of the river. With this gun we can reach their centre and most formidable works with ease, while with their 10-inch Columbiads they occasionally succeed in dashing the water up about us, few of their shots taking effect among our little fleet."

The other picture by the same artist shows us a mortar schooner in action. The accompanying letter says:

"Port Hudson, *June* 14, 1863.

"There are six mortar schooners here, and since the 8th of May not a night has passed but what they have made the welkin thunder with their guns. And they have several times been subjected to pretty severe firing from the enemy, but have always come out of the scratch with flying colors.

"On the 10th ult, the rebels tried to drive them and the *Essex* away from their position. And during the night of the 9th, while the sconce kettles were playing upon the rebel works, they quietly placed into position about eight guns within easy range of the schooners. At daybreak they opened with a vim that was creditable, but no sooner did the brave mortar boys discover their position than they lessened the long range charge of powder which they had been using fully two-thirds, dropping their shells with the nicest precision directly among the flashes from the bushes. This seemed to astonish Secesh, as we have since heard their men remark. We got under way, steaming up quietly, enjoying the exciting scene, and throwing a 100-pound shell from our pet Parrott as often as possible. The rebels shot threw the water up in fine style about our vessels. A few of their rifled shot came whizzing through our rigging. When just above the *Essex*, we let them have a broadside which knocked the dust about their ears in such a style that they concluded it best to close the action. We rounded to with our guns loaded for a second broadside, but waited in vain for an intimation of the whereabouts of the enemy. The conduct of the mortar schooners on this occasion, as indeed on all others, was deserving of the greatest admiration—they fired with the coolness and precision of ordinary target practice. They had been signalized by the *Essex* (who exercises a motherly charge over them) to drop down if the firing became too hot—their answer was—they were not of the dropping kind."

Of the third picture, which shows us the scene of the assault on Port Hudson on 14th, the *Times* correspondent writes:

It was as late as 10 p.m. of Saturday, June 13, that General Augur, who had just returned from the head-quarters of General Banks, told his staff that they were to be in motion at 3 a.m. of the next day. We all immediately hurried off to snatch a few hours' rest, and when I awoke at 3 o'clock I found the General and his staff already at breakfast. In half an hour afterward they were all off to the field, whither I speedily followed them.

Before dawn the most terrific cannonading commenced along our whole line that ever stunned mortal ears. The shells bursting over Port Hudson, mingled with their own firing and that of our fleet, and the dense clouds of our artillery, gave the place the appearance of one vast conflagration just about to burst into flame.

After two hours of this dreadful cannonading there was a comparative lull, and the sharp and continuous rattle of musketry told where the work of death was going on most furiously. This was at the right, where General Grover's division was placed, and under him those gallant and fearless soldiers, Generals Weitzel and Paine.

If Weitzel had the larger share in the work of the 27th, that duty seemed to-day to fall upon the command immediately under General Paine.

The forces of the latter consisted of the Eighth New Hampshire, Capt. Barrett, and the Fourth Wisconsin, under Capt. Moore, who were in advance as skirmishers. Behind these came five companies of the Fourth Massachusetts and the One hundred and Tenth New York, under Capt. Bartlett, followed by four companies of the Third brigade. Closely upon these came the Third brigade, under Col. Gooding, and composed of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Hopkins; Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, Maj. Richardson; Fifty-third Massachusetts, Col. Kimball; One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, Col. Sharpe, and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, Col. Bryan, who was killed. Then the Second brigade, under Col. A. Fearing, and composed of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, Col. Currier, and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, Maj. Galway; the rest of this brigade being detailed as skirmishers. After the Second came the First brigade, under Col. Ferris, of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, and composed of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, the Fourth Massachusetts, Col. Walker, and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, under Maj. Hamilton. These were all followed up by the necessary numbers of pioneers, and Nimm's Massachusetts battery.

At 3.30 a.m. of Sunday, June 14, the column formed on the Clinton road, and commenced moving. At about 4 a.m. the skirmishers moved right up to the scene of action—Gen. Paine being with them in advancing, and the deadly work commenced—the enemy pouring in upon them the most terrible volleys, and our dauntless men combating their way right up to the enemy's breast-works. For hours the carnage continued furiously—our determined soldiers, in spite of their General being seriously wounded, and in spite of the fearful odds against them of fighting against men snugly screened behind their barriers, keeping up the fight with the most indomitable bravery. It was impossible for any men, under their circumstances, to show more reckless disregard of death.

But Port Hudson was destined not to be carried this time—at that point, at any rate. Owing to the horrible inequalities of the ground, and the impediments which the overwhelming slaughter of our advance had created, the whole column was not able to come up as expected, and late in the afternoon our troops had to be withdrawn. During the intensest part of the struggle, it is only fair to say that Col. Kimball, of the Fifty-third, and Col. Currier, of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York, advanced most gallantly with their men to reinforce those in front.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Fish's Patent Lamp-Heating Apparatus.

From one to fourteen quarts of water boiled with an ordinary Kerosene Lamp, or Gas.

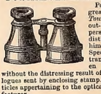
Summer fires dispensed with.

Send for illustrated Pamphlet which will be sent by mail free. Agents wanted.

WM. D. RUSSELL, Agt.
206 Pearl Street,
New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field*, *Marine*, *Tourists'*, *Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp. The above, with all articles appertaining to the optical science, from the manufacturer,

SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

Branch at Saratoga Springs, opp. the Post-Office, between United States and American Hotels.

SOMETHING NEW.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell Patent Lamp Lighter, and New Card Thermometer. Sent by mail. 10c. and 25c. S. W RICE & Co., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Union League Badge.



An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. Prices: per hundred, $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address
JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 335 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street, Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." All sizes. Free by mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. **$1**

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 104 John Street, N. Y. Send for a circular.



AMBOLINE MOISTENS, BEAUTIFIES, ODORATES, LENGTHENS, INVIGORATES, NOURISHES, EMBELLISHES the HAIR.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is a rare compound of stimulating extracts from Flowers, Roots, and Herbs, for the GROWTH, BEAUTY, and PERMANENT VIGOR of the HAIR.

"Beneficial where the hair requires a gentle stimulant." Dr. CHILTON.

"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair-dressing."
WARREN WARD, Esq.,
No. 227 Canal Street, New York.

"After being BALD for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with NEW HAIR."
Prof. JOHN SENIA, No. 25 King St., New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers. Put up in boxes, containing two bottles; price $1. Manufactured and for sale wholesale by
KENDALL & BANNISTER,
No. 506 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs 20 cents each; 6 for $1. Catalogues on receipt of stamp. Address
"P. Box 28," Hawley, Pa.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.



Copper Tokens or Medals, Blanks, Dies, Business Cards, and Collections furnished cheap and in great variety. Also National Union League Badges, Army Corps Badges, National Union League Pins, &c., at lowest jobbing prices.
A. OGDEN, No. 1 Park Place, New York, Room No. 16.



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.—BEWARE OF ICE-WATER.—The chill given to the circulation by large draughts of simple ice-water is decidedly dangerous—not that the cold and grateful fluid may not be imbibed without peril, if a wholesome medicated stimulant be incorporated with it. In fact, a small wineglass of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, taken before or with the ice-water, the whole difficulty will be obviated. This genial preparation is the purest and most healthful tonic which the vegetable kingdom has yet contributed, under the manipulations of science, for the use of man. It converts the refrigerated beverage into an invigorant, and causes it to assimilate healthfully with the fluids of the body. In all the range of medicines there is nothing so sure as a preventive of malarious fevers as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, nothing that so completely defends the system against the malaria which bears upon its foul winds the seeds of deadly disease. Take HOSTETTER'S BITTER'S with your ice-water, and you are not only safe from the effects of the shock which the unqualified beverage is calculated to produce on the circulation, but forearmed against all the causes of fever.

Sold by Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

Prepared and sold by
HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Depot for New York, 428 Broadway.

Surgeon-General Hammond,

By ordering Calomel and destructive minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of "Bleeding," and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of Medicine, which would then become emphatically

THE HEALING ART.

I have for thirty years taught that no diseased action could be cured by mercury or tartar emetic. That the human body could only be "made whole" by "vegetable food"—animal food being, in fact, condensed vegetables. BRANDRETH'S PILLS should be in every Military Hospital. These Pills cure BILIOUS DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY, and all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels, sooner and more suely than any medicine in the world. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in these cases should be taken night and morning. Read Directions and get new style

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Dr. B. Brandreth—
New York:

Sir: I was a private in Co. F, 17th regiment, New York Vols. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock near Falmouth, I and many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The Army Surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the Company were quite a number of members who had worked in your Laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire Company would sign.

I am, respectfully yours,
ROSCOE K. WATSON,
June 23, 1863. Sing Sing.

SOLD AT NO. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by all respectable dealers.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE NO. 294 CANAL ST.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
Have Just Published:

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.



Phelan & Collender, Sole Manufacturers.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	35 00 each.
300 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches...	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches...	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 00 to 5 00 each.
4000 Plain Rings.....	2 00 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles mentioned, of each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, also in envelopes, as at random. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business. 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. 7 Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect the cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

THE ARTILLERIST'S MANUAL.

Compiled from various sources, and adapted to the service of the United States. Illustrated. *Second Edition*, revised and corrected, with valuable additions by Gen. JOHN GIBBON, U. S. A. 1 vol. 8vo, half roan, $5. Just published by

D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 20 acres cleared of trees with $10 to $50 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Healthy as anything. Apply to UHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Send for Dr. Brinley Rolleston's Lecture and Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an attractive local position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to sell our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the Union. A rare but enormously popular, unsaleable, and valuable article. large size Patent Stereoscope, Electric, and Magnetic Watch-Face Exposure, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needle-work, Crochet Receipts, Recreations, Colored Comic Illustrations (no Indecency), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Method of Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gems, Pocket Calculator for Ladies, Various Novelties in Jewelry, Rich and costly *Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Gaming, Many Advice, &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package only **25 cents**. Sent by mail, free. Sells like wildfire very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages contain more than twice as much as all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the best, and only really valuable and saleable article ever offered to sell on commission. Packages of all description put up, and sold for better, Parlors, Pavilions, Theatres, Halls, &c. Sent by Express safe to all PARTS of the army South or North, or to any part of the country. Send for Illustrated Circulars, and secure first-choice Territory. Price to each person who acts as Agent. Send for our New Circulars, containing *Entire Descriptive Instruments*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **165** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents, containing recent copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAVE, 208 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.

FIRTH, SON & CO.,

Have much pleasure in announcing that they are now permanently located in the

SPACIOUS STORE,

NO. 563 BROADWAY,

Next door to Messrs. Ball, Black & Co.

They would, at the same time, call the attention of their numerous friends and the

MUSICAL PUBLIC

To their valuable and well assorted stock of

PIANOS,

MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Strings in all *Varieties*.

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

&c., &c.

Which they have now for sale

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

At the lowest prices and of the best quality.

Sole Agents for MORISON'S HYGEIAN Medicines.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA

MORISON'S

FOR THE HAIR.

DRAWN & ENGRAVED FROM LIFE.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Herbs, and Flowers, for the relief and disease of the scalp, and itching of the head: entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, by turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Have tried it in every case. Has got a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

FREE.—GUM MUTABLE UNDER BARDEN OBJECTIVES no lenses ever! Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send one 3 cent stamp for postage. HUBBARD BROS., N. Y.



Startling! but true.—The Volunteers are leaving the dangers of Fever, Scurvy, Wounds, and Cholera, always at home; why will they leave home to them, when by the aid of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, they would have invulnerable armor against the insalubrity. Soldiers, try them! Only 25 cents per box or pot.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers in Barracks, Hospitals, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at all risks, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Suitors charged low rates.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Collected by King, Goldbeck'berg and Co., and Hoyer for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and the Knave is the Union Champion. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the Trade. Send for Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Elastician Pencils*, Colonial Spoons, and all kinds of Silver-ware. Address 15 circulars *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

Musquito Shield or Guard.



J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to $3. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 50. Send stamp for circular. The fine white-brass frame keeps it away from the face, and the shot elastic, or string, keeps it down. Will fit any window. Any size or shape made to order. Three times its price. J. HAVEN & CO., the only Patentees and Manufacturers. No Fight or Claim. Have been sold, No 80 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 29. Agents wanted in all parts.

Note Papers and Wedding Cards.

Tiffany & Co.,

Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

Would respectfully inform their Patrons and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended the STATIONERY DEPARTMENT of their FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for furnishing the latest styles of

Correspondence and Wedding Stationery,

Cards of all sizes and shapes, engraved upon the premises with punctuality and dispatch. Initials stamped, colored in gold, in ordinary text or originally designed monograms. A choice assortment for la fruit's and Jaquey's Writing Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Note and Letter Papers, as well as the last French styles, constantly for sale.

Attention, Soldiers!



Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 399 Broadway, New York.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by

S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 176 Chambers St.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4231 pieces of Jewelry for $20. Those who act first get first. Address

H. S. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

How to Mix Drinks.

CONTAINING

Recipes for mixing Mint-Julep, Sangaree, Punch, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian Drinks—such as Juleps, Punches, Cobblers, Slings, Cocktails, &c.

By Jerry Thomas.

Late Bartender at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, and Planters' House, St. Louis.

To which is appended a Manual for the manufacture of Cordials, Liquors, Fancy Syrups, &c., containing Recipes after the most approved methods now used in the Distribution of Liquors and Beverages; designed for the special use of Manufacturers and Dealers in Wines and Spirits, Grocers, Tavern-Keepers, and Private Families, the same being adapted to the trade of the United States and Canadas.

Containing over 700 Valuable Recipes.

A large book, bound in cloth. Price $2 00.

Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

Published by DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOME.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No one should be without a copy. Sent free by mail in every household; price 10c per cent: demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 3 Beekman Street, New York.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of clergymen and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALE, Jr., & Co., Hartford, Conn.

Lake Superior Line!

CONSISTING OF STEAMERS

1863 1863

PLANET, METEOR,

CITY OF CLEVELAND,

TRAVELER, ILLINOIS,

Iron City, and Northern Light.

One of the above Steamers will leave DETROIT, MICHIGAN, at 10 o'clock, A.M., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week, during season of Navigation, for all Points on Lake Superior.

THE CLEVELAND has the previous evening at 8 o'clock P.M.

The Fare by these Steamers, including board and rooms, is now about 33 cents per mile, *cheaper than any other* Pleasure Route in the world.

For further Information see Season Cards.



WINDOW & CARRIAGE WASHER.

By the use of this simple and ingenious article, a window of glass can be washed in a minute, and may be used by men or girl ten years of age. The Washer retains sufficient water for this purpose, and by means of a stream of water from the hose, is put on and taken off in a moment. A great saving of time and labor is guaranteed. Send for a circular or address JONAS FARNSWORTH, inventor and Manufacturer, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 50 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate; rich soil and near a market. Prices low, from $5 to $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to J. HAVEN & CO., the only Patentees and Manufacturers. No Fight or Claim. Have been sold, No 80 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 29. Agents wanted in all parts.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are the sole consignees in the United States for that unique novelty the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their unsurpassed reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The *Artizan and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, reviewing this watch, says: "We are pleased to see the importation of the HUBBARD BROS. are meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary value entitles them to realize in the army. These watches are invention produced by no other House, far exceeding the pretentious claims in point of accuracy and elegance. Having such promptness to their patrons render the House a desirable medium for orders from the army."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER, with HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER cases, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $75. By mail, $1 00 additional for postage. Should retail readily at from $10 to $50 each. Sold but in quantities of ten dozen.

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FAIRY TELLER.

The N. Y. Illustrated News, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, says: "HUBBARD BROTHERS, No. 208 Broadway, have shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD Bros. of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. Size within 3 inch, connected with its machinery, its own winding arrangement, and the whole is a perfect timekeeper. The price of this Watch as an ornament of use and beauty, is at or near being the 14 carats point. It has the improved rotary action lever movement, and is warranted a correct timepiece." Prices, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $200. Sterling Watches, in same movement, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail add postage 50 cents.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE.

☞ Correspondents in the army advise us of the detention of consignments bearing our address. Instructions proceeding arrive from the navy of cutters, whose avariciousness has been brought down to the minimum of 5 per cent on gold and certain orders. By this ingenuous proceeding they are enabled to secure the profits of many the first retails their customers. We can take no notice as which we have been selling our watches but competition in the way of defrauding projects is the inevitable consequence of such cases to their villainous minds. That our wholesale delivery will now be made by express is all there can be no doubt; meanwhile we must respectfully call the attention of the army to the fact that we supply all the machinations of these adroit rogues. Now that it is no longer safe to send us money by mail, we must request friend in this city to call upon us and make the purchase in person; or if that is impossible, let the money through an acquaintance living beyond the lines. *We send watches by mail, and insure a safe delivery to all customers!* We are at all times ready to wait upon customers, showing them the most attractive articles. We invite inspection to our goods. Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county to sell at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

FOR SALE.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Self-Inker. Price $1500.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Self-Inker. Price $2000.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AND A GEORGIAN PLANTATION in 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Hanover, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. PEMBERTON FETRIDGE. With a Map illustrating the Overland Routes to the Indies and Colored Plans. 12mo Cloth, Leather Binding, $3 50.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Creeds," "The World's Verdicts," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS

One Copy for one Year $2 00
Two Copies for one Year 3 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



JEFF DAVIS'S FACE, as seen through South Mountain Gap, FOURTH OF JULY, 1863.

A SPECULATION.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE,ALL and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A BRILLIANT WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented free to all Agents. Packages in small variety sent at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA list of Gift enterprises.

S. C. HAYWARD & CO., 103 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

To Case Steel Workers.—Wanted, a Foreman and a Tilter to hammer Cast Steel. Apply to the National Steel Works, 46th to 47th Streets, North River.
New York City.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Salt Rheum, Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S
L.Y.D.S.
YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,
Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body*, gives *Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles*, and *Health to every Channel, Joint, and Limb.*
One Dollar per Bottle (which often cures).
Depot, 139 CHATHAM St., N. Y. Sold 599 GRAND St.
Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
for 25 cts., magnifies powerfully, magnifying common objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address T. C. DEWEES, Box 58, Boston, Mass.

A Double Number,
Full of Engravings.
The Best yet Published.
THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for July contains Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of Lord Brougham, E. H. Dixon, Stonewall Jackson, And E. E. Dickinson.—An Illustrated Article on HUMAN NATURE.—The Temperaments.—A new Facial Angle, with Illustrations. ETHNOLOGY.—*The Fossil Man*—Origin and Future Destiny.—Somnambulism—Second Sight—The Soul—Night-Walkers—Gluttonyware—The Royal Courtship, how Conducted.—Wonders of Turkey.—Female life in London—Soul and Body—Man's Religious Nature—Accountability.—Fatality, &c. Only 15 cents; or $1 50 a year. New Volume. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.
They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the blood and acidify it for the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak sound strong, and are entirely a luxury against dyspepsia. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

To Consumptives.
The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free o charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS CO.,
NEW YORK.

Balm of Thousand Flowers
A PERFUMED BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a denticrice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate, their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A 6fty cent bottle will last a year.
A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove Tan, Pimples, and Freckles from the face, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.
SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. For sale by druggists generally.
E. BARNES & CO., Agents.

(Official.)

In Press, and will be speedily issued:

U. S. Army Regulations.
Revised Edition, with Additions.
One Volume Octave, $1 50.
Send Orders Early.
Forwarded free on receipt of price.
GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher,
628 and 630 Chestnut Street, Philada.



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVERS, U. S. Rifles and Muskets.
Also
Pocket Pistols of Approved Patterns.
Manufactured by
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

National Union League.


League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver, price from $2 50 to $15 per set. Samples can be sent by mail pre-paid, upon receipt of $2 50, or a single pin in fine gold plate upon receipt of $1 00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of our designs have been adopted by different organizations throughout the country. Also a complete assortment of Army Camp Badges.
E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Enameled Furniture.
All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city, Wholesale and Retail, at 327 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Scottish Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 58 & 60 Ann Street, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all Throat Complaints, by sending in a 3-cent stamp to Box 2, N. Y. It is used it free. Write for it—it has cured thousands.

Agents Wanted in every Regiment and Hospital.
Army Corps and Division Pins.
I will send to any soldier, on the receipt of $1, either a Kearney Cross Pin or a pin emblematical of either Corps or Division of the Army, Red, White, or Blue, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Spring Locket, or New Style Neck Chain, or Seal Stone Ring, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin; and for 50 cts. I will send a New Style Union League Pin.
R. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4776. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

A THOUSAND REPRESENTATIVES found at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, New York.

Gold Pens and Cases,
Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$2 00
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 25
Large Eureka "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	3 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known to the mercantile community for the last (30) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Reverse of the imitation Gillmore Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.
Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.
E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.
10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.
THE GENUINE CLOTH-LINED PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.
Gents Furnishing Goods.
I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.
SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER,
The price of my establishment. In the department, I have nothing but experienced hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.
NO FIT! NO SALE!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.
Lafarge Block.



BRIDGEWATER PAINT
Best Color for Villas, Cottages, and Barns. Will stand any Climate. R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N Y.



VICTOR E. MAUGER'S DIRECTORY, LABELS AND TAGS, 115 Chambers st., N. Y.

Old and New Books and Magazines
Of every description bought. A large stock of second-hand books for sale cheap. GEO. W. THORNE, Bookseller, 60 Nassau Street, near Maiden Lane, New York.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton, Birmingham, Eng.

"The Movement Cure
in every Chronic Disease." This little work, important to all who are, or may become invalids, is sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address DR. H. TAYLOR, M.D., 61 West 35th Street, New York.

ASTONISHING CURES ARE DAILY MADE OF RHEUMATISM, Croup, Sore Throat, and Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Chest, by Dr. TOBIAS'S Venetian Liniment. It is warranted superior to any other. Sold by the Druggists everywhere. 25 and 50 cents.

THE GALLANT SHIP MISSISSIPPI
Blazing away at Fort Hudson.
"Come to the bar."
A beautiful Card Picture, 25 cts. Sent by mail.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York,
Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:
A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, now largely added to by accumulation.
Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.
Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.
The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter *expressly requires* that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *separate disadvantages.*

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.
All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.
Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BEEBE, Jr., Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement—Good soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

$22. WATCHES. $22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.
Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, or the express Companies will not take bills for collection on golders.
J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway, New York.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, rules of price, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent to any part of the country.

STEEL COLLARS
ENAMELLED WHITE.
Having the appearance and comfort of linen have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute. To military men or travelers they are invaluable.
Price $1 each; sent by post on receipt of $1 15.
Wholesale and retail.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to dealers.
Agents wanted throughout the country.



BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to FIT, and to WEAR
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 619 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

Lithography,
Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Lithographers to the United States Government Coast Survey. Engraving from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to copperplate printing at less than half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 343.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT ("UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" GRANT).—FROM A NEW PHOTOGRAPH JUST RECEIVED FROM VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 478]

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—Cousin Sophy and I went down to Concord ,to other day, both as it was the glorius Fourth, to attend the Dimmykratic meetin. But I guess they make a mistake in numin or it, for there wasn't a single Jackson man to be seen for love nor money.

The feamlest part or the show was when they spoke or the war. Why, Mr. Editor, I declare I begun to think there wasn't no rebellion at all! And they talked about was Lincoln's usurpation, and how he wouldn't let you speak hunne minded through I there they didn't seem very foolish as to express'n or them sentiments. They spoke just as fer or resolutions about the war in the Nawth as pon your hearers bretheren, and no one would have guess'n for Dimmykrats, I there I'd just rite orf the resolutions or'em for you briefly. They say there never was sich a tyrant as Lincoln, and he ought to be a downe trodden people. Why don't they go and live with them Enfuland fokes?

But I will now klose with a poim:

POIM.

RESOLUSHUNS OF THE CONCORD, N. H., "DIM-MOCRASSY" GO RALIED, *NOT* IN HONOR OV GINEAL JACKSON. DEDIRATED *TU* HON. FRANKLIN PIERCE, THE HERO OV MEXICO, AND CHAIRMAN OV THE KONVENSHUN.

Resolved,—This nation's goin to ruin—

Old Abram Lincoln's bound to stroud it.

There's sum awfeed mischief brewin,

We Dimmycrats can't by no stand it!

We make a vaow, from this time forth,

Tu stop awl warfare in the North.

Resolved,—That Lincoln's a usurper—

An a tirant—an et cetrar—

He shall not leat us wun step further

Then we've a mind to go—thet's flat!

We luv the Guvernment ov the nation,

But go agin its administration.

Resolved,—This war shood be conducted

Most vigorous, by the laws ov peece.

That nigger thing may be abolished

Whereso ever Southern brethren please,

And wherever a trenchin' shaw is,

He shood be sent to Jeff Davis.

Resolved,—The stones we've thrown in Dixie

Hev brought us tu an orful pass.

We let sum dunder rise too quickly;

We shood hev gone on threwin' grass.

We b'lieve Vallandigham a saint:

Wos tu the man who sez he ain't!

Resolved,—We will rekord the story,

That in this war we've acted wust:

It's true, the Saouth fired on "old glory;"

But *didn't we go and hoist it fust?*

We might hev missed the war's mischances

If we hed hoisted olive branches!

Therefore we form a resolushun,

Tu make all Lincoln's anders veil—

Tu put his figger in konfushun,

So that our own shall's be avoyded

And fortify our strong position

By fair means—absolootly!

We'll grasp the fiery sorters cross,

And bid sich fokes ez Butler bear it!

We'll kover sour defeat and loss

With treason's garb (noow Davis wears it).

We skorn deceit, detest hypockrasy—a

Make way there fur the Peace Dimmockrassy!

CHARITY GIBBUS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

THE DRAFT.

THE attempt to enforce the draft in the city of New York has led to rioting. Men have been killed and houses burned; worst of all, an orphan asylum—a noble monument of private love for the reception of colored orphans—has been ruthlessly destroyed, and children and nurses have lost every thing they had in the world.

The event should cause no surprise. It should have been anticipated. It was not reasonable to expect that the quarrelsome and lawless city—who have never been forced to realize the obligations of citizenship—should at once realize what is thoroughly understood by the people of almost every European town. It will take time to make them understand that every government must have its own protection, enjoy the power of compelling its citizens to perform military service. And it will take still more time, reflection, and information to satisfy them that the Conscription Act passed by the last session of Congress is in reality fair, liberal, and humane; that it is far more generous to the operative class than the corresponding act in Europe, inasmuch as it tenderly guards orphans, widows, and aged parents from being deprived of their natural support, while a substitute can be found for the wealthier class. Every working-man who reflects will readily understand that the draft cause was necessary in order to regulate the price of substitutes so as to prevent speculation in conscripts by the harpies who traded on them carefully in every country; and that men of wealth, whose business affords the blood to scores of people, would have obtained substitutes though this clause had never been enacted. Still it was natural enough that the operative class—especially that of so turbulent a city as this—should misconstrue the act; should imagine themselves aggrieved by the exemption of wealthy men on payment of money; and should attempt to resist the enforcement of laws both slow to form and unquestionably unpleasant in their application. Even if these ideas had not occurred to them spontaneously, the leading organs of the Opposition took care that they should be reminded of their "wrongs." For many days past the newspapers which are said to speak the views of the Democratic leaders have denounced the conscription as unequal, unjust to working-men, tyrannical, and outrageous. The writers of these articles probably knew perfectly well that, in the present circumstances of the nation, the conscription was absolutely necessary, and that, on the whole, our present act was as fair a one as could be devised. But, in their malignant partisanship, they thought of nothing but the opportunity of making political capital against the Government. They sympathized with the working-man in the oppression under which he groaned. They denounced Mr. Lincoln as a reckless and imbecile tyrant. They denounced the war as a needless, fratricidal, and abortive war. And they wondered at the calm with which the operatives of New York submitted to the execution of a law which they declared to be at once intolerable.

Under these circumstances who can wonder at riots breaking out? No man likes to be torn from his home and forced to serve in the ranks. If the individuals sentenced to undergo this fate can persuade themselves that the sentence is unjust, the law unconstitutional, and the authorities arbitrary, who can be surprised at their resistance?

Large cities, too, have their peculiar requirements, and they are not to be governed easily. Every large city has them. In Paris they occur once in every generation, and are called revolutions. In London they occur a little more frequent than they are now; the authorities have learned how to deal with them, and now they are generally suppressed in a day by an overwhelming display of military and constabulary force. Here they are a new thing. The Astor Place riots in 1849 were the only example on record; for the Dead Rabbit riots were suppressed almost before they had broken out. The affair of Monday last bore a closer resemblance to a European than any thing which we have ever had here. The leaders and principal actors in the affair were boys—boarders youths of fifteen to twenty years of age—who were seemingly operating as a mere reserve force, was a body of men—operatives in foundries and factories, blacksmiths, etc.—who did the murdering of policemen, the gutting of houses, the firing of dwellings, etc., after the boys had opened the battle with volleys of stones. In all the events of the kind in Europe, the old men, not young, but married women, who were probably roused to fury by the fear of having their husbands and sons forced into the draft. This kind of mixed crowd, though often goodhumored and apt to be easily managed by a skillful leader, is likewise apt to run into wildest excesses of passion and brutality. The boys and men invariably get drunk at an early stage of the proceedings; the women appear to become equally intoxicated with excitement; and all together commit crimes from which every individual in the crowd would probably shrink if he were sober. Such crowds are so utterly mad that a handful of disciplined troops will scatter them like chaff; and so blood-thirsty that they will not be given an intelligible order whom their fury happens to be directed, or burn a building in which women and children are situated without evidence of cruelty.

There was nothing peculiar to New York, or to the Irish race in this riot of Monday. Precisely similar mobs have been seen in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, and Madrid. There was the explosions of the violence element which lies dormant in the heart of every large city. Nor does the affair imply any thing as to the power to have us believe, any such general disapproval of the Conscription law as should lead to its alteration in any important degree. Even were the original cause of the riot, it soon took the more familiar direction of an anti-negro demonstration, and is entitled to be ranked with the revels of ten years or so before the Revolution of 1776, similar in kind to the no-popery riots of Lord George Gordon, in London, and the Corpus Christi riots in Paris and Madrid, in modern. Toward the close of the day, the rage of the mob was exclusively directed against colored people, who had come in the way of executing the Conscription Act than the Pope of Rome.

The question now is—have we a government capable of suppressing such riots? If we have, the demonstration of Monday will, after all, not prove without advantage, as it will teach the dangerous elements in the city what to look for in future. We have not, it is high time that we altered our present system, and established a government which could protect us.

The riots of Monday took advantage of the absence of the bulk of our city militia to commit acts which they would not have attempted had the Seventh and Seventy-first been here. But there are still thousands of able-bodied men in the city who can and ought to bear arms in such a cause as this. Let us see how they will turn out. We have several army officers of experience, who understand the scientific rules of street warfare; we shall see the dispositions they will make.

There are just two principles which should govern the conduct of the authorities. The first is, that the law must be carried out whatever it may cost; for if we give way to the mob there will be an end of law and order in this community, and life and property will henceforth be held at the pleasure of the leaders of the mob. And, secondly, all experience shows that, in dealing with mobs, the most severe methods are the most humane. Mild violence, threatening life and property, and burning orphan asylums, can only be radically cured by grape and canister. All other remedies aggravate and protract the disease.

THE LOUNGER.

THE QUESTION.

THE slaveholders in this country having waged a desperate war against the constitutional government of the people for the sole purpose of perpetuating slavery, and having come to grief, it is now proposed by some excellent jesters that the victorious people of the United States shall agree to perpetuate slavery. Having seen a social and political system plunge up to its necessary development into war—having seen the war destroy the system, and the sovereign people from the field victorious, these witty persons propose that we give the enemy all that they have been fighting for, and consent to the perpetuation of slavery.

But for what purpose? Why should we do it? That the slaveholders may make no more trouble. But did they ever make any before, and did they not make trouble? Oh yes, but they were afraid it would be useless with. And will they be any the less afraid hereafter? And if before they rebelled and showed their true colors, slavery was so meddled with that they thought it safer to secede, what we have seen exactly what slavery is and have repulsed their efforts, are we likely to hold our tongues?

It is not a question of wishing to marry negroes, or having negroes for Presidents and Governors, or liking negroes in the abstract. The question is simply whether the loyal people of this country, after the experience and sacrifices of this war, and the long, bitter disgrace of our latter subservience to the insolent dictation of slaveholders for the purpose of keeping that war going, will now have ever had here. The leaders and principal actors in the affair were boys—boarders youths of fifteen to twenty years of age—who were seemingly operating as a mere reserve force, was a body of men—operatives in foundries and factories, blacksmiths, etc.—who did the murdering of policemen, the gutting of houses, the firing of dwellings, etc., after the boys had opened the battle with volleys of stones. In all the events of the kind in Europe, the old men, not young, but married women, who were probably roused to fury by the fear of having their husbands and sons forced into the draft. This kind of mixed crowd, though often good-humored and apt to be easily managed by a skillful leader, is likewise apt to run into wildest excesses of passion and brutality. The boys and men invariably get drunk at an early stage of the proceedings; the women appear to become equally intoxicated with excitement; and all together commit crimes from which every individual in the crowd would probably shrink if he were sober. Such crowds are so utterly mad that a handful of disciplined troops will scatter them like chaff; and so blood-thirsty that they will not be given an intelligible order whom their fury happens to be directed, or burn a building in which women and children are situated without evidence of cruelty.

There was nothing peculiar to New York, or to the Irish race in this riot of Monday. Precisely similar mobs have been seen in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, and Madrid. There was the explosions of the violence element which lies dormant in the heart of every large city. Nor does the affair imply any thing as to the power to have us believe, any such general disapproval of the Conscription law as should lead to its alteration in any important degree. Even were the original cause of the riot, it soon took the more familiar direction of an anti-negro demonstration, and is entitled to be ranked with the revels of ten years or so before the Revolution of 1776, similar in kind to the no-popery riots of Lord George Gordon, in London, and the Corpus Christi riots in Paris and Madrid, in modern. Toward the close of the day, the rage of the mob was exclusively directed against colored people, who had come in the way of executing the Conscription Act than the Pope of Rome.

The question now is—have we a government capable of suppressing such riots? If we have, the demonstration of Monday will, after all, not prove without advantage, as it will teach the dangerous elements in the city what to look for in future. We have not, it is high time that we altered our present system, and established a government which could protect us.

The riots of Monday took advantage of the absence of the bulk of our city militia to commit acts which they would not have attempted had the Seventh and Seventy-first been here. But there are still thousands of able-bodied men in the city who can and ought to bear arms in such a cause as this. Let us see how they will turn out. We have several army officers of experience, who understand the scientific rules of street warfare; we shall see the dispositions they will make.

There are just two principles which should govern the conduct of the authorities. The first is, that the law must be carried out what-

that they had failed; also the news of the retreat of Bragg; also the fall of Vicksburg; also the Union victories in Arkansas. The whole horizon flamed with disaster. By the ghastly light the rebels have already read the words of the avisitant Richmond *Inquirer* in a new and appalling sense: "Peace will come to us only in one way—by the edge of the sword."

GENERAL BUTLER UPON RECONSTRUCTION.

At the late loyal meeting in Concord, New Hampshire, when the Postmaster-General Blair made a very feeble speech, Major-General Butler made a very wise one. It was a concise and conclusive review of the situation; and throughout remarkable for that trenchant common sense which annihilates sophistry and seizes the heart of the matter; a characteristic which made a Louisiana slaveholder and Unionist, who until a few weeks since was never upon free soil, say that if General Butler had been left in command at New Orleans, Louisiana would already have returned to the Union as a free State—a result which the gentleman considered eminently desirable and desirable. Although a slaveholder and by no means of great faith in the willingness of colored men to fight without the lash, it was clear, he said, that if the Union meant to restore itself, the war meant emancipation. And the views of this gentleman are quite as valuable as those of Mr. Cottman and his two friends, who recently asked the President to restore Louisiana to the Union.

It is refreshing to hear the current expression of the earnest loyalty from rebel States; and General Butler exactly represents them in their views. We extract a few passages from his Concord speech. And, as to "Democracy:"

"If there is a Democrat here—and thousands I doubt not there are—let him I say, I am a Democrat; after the manner sort of those political names that I have had a choice. And when we point to the past for a record—I say to him, in this high constitutional day, that no better Democratic record than mine; and he who claims better, let him show it."

Then as to Slavery:

"And now let me tell you here, as my deliberate judgment, founded on observation and experience, that the question of negro slavery is the source of all the misery of the past as the United States' Bank. That thing is ended. Whatever may be done in the future of this country that thing is ended, and no man except those who go back to pick up that which is behind and leave it behind, will know it more."

Finally, as to settlement:

"First, drive out the military power that now holds the States, to fire hundred thousand men there. Drive out the leaders; send them to Mexico, if you choose, to make a proposition of Louis Napoleon's army; send them any where; get rid of them. Then, if you choose, you can say to them; we have a right to hang them, but many things that are right are not expedient. Send them away; get rid of them; extinguish them so far as the land is concerned. In their place put the loyal men of the south there in peace when they were friends, and can we live with them or without them? And when that is done, and loyal men ask to come into the Union to become partners of this great empire, we can admit them precisely as we have admitted Western States, and as I hope we shall soon do Louisiana. Having got rid of those men who assume to be leaders, we can reconstruct the Union. The work for it, my friends, bear with me or against me, as the case may be in the future, in that only is there hope for the reconstruction of the Union. And when the nation is reconstructed, when its laws are extended over all that great territory again, and instead of having our stimulus diverted and driven now as it is to the question of war, we can bring the whole energy of the public mind and the whole talent of the public statesmen of the country to this question, then will be the time when we shall be rich and safe, in the providence of God, to our satisfaction and to the satisfaction of mankind, and not before. Then is the grand race. Before that time, in my judgment, it is of little consequence to speculate upon the negro question in any shape. Drive out and the rebellion ceases to be the agents of the rebel, and then look after the African. You and I can attend to that question; the rebellion will get rid of the suspicion of baleful corpse; end the rebellion, and get rid of military power; end the rebellion, and get rid of military power; end the rebellion, and become reinstated and established, and then look after the question of the African. (Applause.) Let me be understood—and I think it is fair—it is the best way to use the African now for the purpose of the end of the rebellion. (Applause.) But deal with him not as the end, but as the means; not as the end of the rebellion, but as the means, placed there by God, for the protection of this country in this hour of her peril." (Continued applause.)

GENERAL GRANT.

A FRIEND in St. Louis writes: "Grant is a working man. Years ago he married in St. Louis, resigned his situation in the army, turned farmer, and drove his own team into St. Louis every week. In his recent march (in May) he was three days on foot, with his rations and baggage, leading his team, and was willing to walk until his horses should come up. Such a man must succeed."

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

The admirable London correspondent of Child's Publishers' Circular, in his copious summary of new books, says of Mrs. Kemble's Journal, just published by the Harpers:

"Last, but not least, is 'Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39,' by Frances Anne Kemble—a book which will do more to damage the cause of the South in this country than any thing that has yet appeared. It is the narrative of a truth-loving, kind-hearted English gentlewoman; and without attempting to paint the slavery theme in the dark, it gives a picture drawn of misery, degradation, and cruelty, that one shudders to think that human beings themselves—Christian men and women can for a moment misquote their Bibles to uphold such a devilish institution."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Down to the very day of Lee's defeat the corruption, incompetency, and hopeless imbecility of the Washington authorities were incessantly denounced and denounced. Throughout the Copperheads, who wear a mask of loyalty, took care

in advance to hold Washington intermeddling, stupidity, and treachery responsible. Washington influences had spoiled every thing. They had demoralized the army. They had caused the defeat of McClellan on the Peninsula, and of Burnside and Hooker at Fredericksburg. They were the ruin of the cause, and nothing was to be hoped until they were expelled.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought and won. Now if that bugbear, and paralysis, and incarnate blunder, the "Washington authorities," were removable for all the Virginia campaign they are not less responsible for the campaign in Pennsylvania than under their very noses. The disaster is their fault in the one case, the success is their glory in the other. If they are to be the scape-goats of Lincoln's failure, they must likewise be crowned with Meade's triumph.

The truth is that it is idle to hold any man or influence absolutely responsible for the result of a campaign. Certainly no battle has been more splendidly fought, and no success is more vitally due to fought and won at Gettysburg. It has brought to shame the poverty that the further from Washington the nearer the victory. It might have put to shame all of us, of any party, who, for want of successes in the field, have fallen to unlimited abuse of the Administration. Is General Meade any less illustrious than General Grant? Does any body believe that either have been seriously thwarted by the authorities? Yet the authorities have abused just as fiercely as ever down to the 4th of July, and we shall always hear that Washington interference defeated us in Virginia. But if it saved us in Pennsylvania, is it worth while to call it such hard names?

REBEL AFFECTATIONS.

It is said by the Richmond *Dispatch* that "Vice-President Stephens" was grieved to Washington to inform the Government of his country that if the public property of rebels was not respected the rebels would retaliate. Now, considering that "Vice-President Stephens" is a ringleader of rebels, a ringleader who, and burn defenseless ships upon the high seas, which, in every code, is pure piracy—and considering that the same rebels have announced their intention to hang and cut out delay the officers of certain national regiments because they don't like the color of the soldiers' skin. Is tolerably cool for them to talk of the retaliation to which they will be forced by our cruelty.

But this assumption of dignity and scrupulous regard for the rights of war is part of the game of the rebels and their Northern Copperhead allies. These gentry have been outraged by the press, the private honor, and have plunged their country into civil war for the purpose of securing immunity in their cruel raging of the simplest fundamental laws are peculiarly fond of invoking the Divine name, and of endeavoring to give a religious lustre to the tragical crimes in which they are engaged. But now and then the pious veneer is worn away for a little while, as when that eminently religious personage, Jefferson Davis, whose dignity and gravity enchant John Bull, forgets that his cue is calm superiority, and raves fiercely about performing lessons to Yankees.

When you remember that there never were so firmly persuaded that there could be no higher motive for public or private action than the absurest selfishness, and that they relied entirely upon that the utmost meanness of human nature for success in a bloody and desolating war, waged for the purpose of forcibly oppressing the intelligent and loyal majority, you can appreciate the fervor of their devotion and regards become as ludicrous and contemptible as the object for which they are a cloak is inhuman and loathsome.

COPPERHEAD STATESMANSHIP.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of our successes the Copperhead papers of every hue broke into a cry for "conciliation," and every paper urged the "noble opportunity" of offering terms and making peace forthwith. Last week the conduct of the war, in their language, was indefensible in many cases, leading only to disunion and anarchy; while the rebels were strong, able, desperate, and following up the glorious policy of Washington, Jefferson, and death were all that this nation had to expect from the contest. Every disaster was welcomed with the amiable Copperheads; every weakness paved, as Governor Seymour jeered at the Administration, the taking of Vicksburg, which, he said, "was promised us" for the 4th of July. The ruin of public credit, general prostration, desolation by involving nations in conquering maniacs, as France in Gaul, as of Alexander in Persia—these were the pleasing pictures that gushed profusely from the Copperhead pencil.

A battle was fought and won by the loyal soldiers of the country. Presto! the rebels were most forlorn, abject, and conquered of people, we were at once so superior and invincible that concession and peace compelled us immediately to let the enemy that he was overwhelmingly subdued, that he could not hope to struggle with us, and that therefore, with sentiments of "mutual and unqualified consideration for the bravery of men who tried to defend their good government," and they thought it utterly unable to resist, and for no cause but to establish a gallant nation of gentlemen who had made a chivalrous stand for liberty, we begged them to take command of us in future as they had always had it in the past.

This is the logical and natural counsel of the statesmanship of Vallandigham and his friends. The key of their position, in all they say or do, is the status quo ante bellum; the Democratic party of the free States serving the slaveholding oligarchy of the South, doing the bidding and thankfully receiving the cold pieces of their masters. These gentlemen want last year's strawberries. They want the earth before the deluge. They gravely expect an intelligent, honest, and resolved people, whose eyes have been opened to the fact from which they have barely escaped, to shut their eyes tight again and play that there is nothing there. When those people do shut their eyes and open their mouths, Copperhead statesmanship may give them something to make them wise—but not before.

A STATUE BY JOHN BULL.

THE rebel organ in London announces that a statue of Stonewall Jackson, seven feet high, is to be made, by Foley, and presented to Virginia, to be placed in the capitol at Richmond. The Constitution says that it is to be done in compliance of "distinguished gentlemen"—five of whom are not unknown to us in this country. Sir James Ferguson is a Scotch baronet who ran through the Slave States in the first weeks of the rebellion, and being an extreme Southern sympathizer was delighted to see, as he supposed, that we were undone—a fact upon which he has patiently insisted ever since. Mr. Beresford Hope is the leader of the extreme high school of British tyrants, which would hail Jackson as a human benefactor apparently because he did what he could to destroy the hope of free popular government. Mr. Gregory is the young Irish gentleman who periodically moves in Parliament for the recognition of the rebels. Mr. Lindsay is largely interested in Southern trade; and Mr. J. Spence—the inevitable Mr. Spence—is the Liverpool commercial agent of the rebels.

These gentlemen are sufficient to indicate the character of the statue. The object is not to do lasting for the statue is to secure the British interest, as involved, by prolonging sympathy for the rebellion. Of course it is the sublime character of the great hero which impels them in the advertisement; but, doubtless, as they have long since confound the admiration, the disconsolate widow still continues the business at the old stand.

Who may, however, erect the statue name from the list. Where is Hartington? He, too, has seen the greatness of the new nation; and he has actually done as much as any of the rest to help it on others have. He were the rebel colors in the chief city of the Government the rebels were aiming to destroy, and in the very presence of some of the highest military officers of that Government; and Hartington was called to account by no one of his honorable youth, who burned with the insult offered to his country, he was unrebuked by his host, who warmly approved the flaunting of a foreign flag on his house. Here was a service of daring and sagacity: first, in wearing a rebel badge within the loyal lines; and, second, in flaunting it in such a way that it could be worn there without exposing the person who had chosen it to the chance of receiving the insult and expel the offender. The excellent Hartington should certainly be honorary chairman of the Committee, and why should not Foley be employed to execute another triumph to the rebel cause by securing a subscription from his quondam host?

LITERARY.

"HARPER'S European Guide-Book," by W. Pembroke Fetridge, is an indispensable companion for every American traveling in Europe. It is the only one published in the United States, and the only complete one in the English language. It is truly valuable not only for its general information, but for its minute directions even to the details of time, which are always so stupefying to the traveler.

"Eastman's White Mountain Guide" (F. C. Eastman, Concord, New Hampshire) is issued this year in a complete form. It is a full and accurate hand-book of the various approaches to the White Mountains from New York, and details and pictorially describes the most famous White Mountain hands, with the most ample directions as to routes, tours, excursions, and "sights." It is neatly and conveniently bound in flexible leather.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SPORTSMAN, not expert than extravagant, was seated with his servant on a rock, consoling themselves under the fatigue and disappointment of a fruitless hunting. "Master says," "Well, Pat, this is expensive work. I've been calculating the cost of these days' shooting, and I find it's—"Faith, your Honor," says Pat, throwing a dash of humor into the responsibility implicit in his tone, "I'm sorry for that, but it's lucky there's no more of them."

A modest-looking young lady coming one day into a store at Salem, Mass., and asking the price of the trousers, she attempted to confuse and put her to the blush by his effrontery. "Why, sir," said she, "I have a brother from school, I suppose, and I think he'll wear about—" "Ah, indeed," replied the shopman, "that's the dog's name!" "Nash, Sir," replied she, "and a saucy dog he was."

Friends of the dog are not to be a minus. Why? Because they are a dozen more to try

Before you can find one there is to say;
And a dozen to that will be added the 5th of July,
with 18,000 prisoners.

A little girl showed her cousin, about four years old, a chair, saying, "That star you see up there is larger than that chair." "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?" replied he.

It is far easier to see small faults than large virtues.

Impudence is no security against temptation; it is exactly what temptation conquers.

ANTIDOTE OF CONSUMPTION.—Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds one attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one coffin.

"There is a good deal of hop in a gallon of ale, but there is more sloppy in a pint of whisky.

A REFLECTION BY A SCHOOL-BOY.—The man who plants a birch-tree near a school-house little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

"Rents are enormous," as the poor fellow said when he looked at his coat.

Many a man's tongue is a two-edged sword—one of the edges cutting his friends and the other himself.

When a ship makes port does the crew get any?

At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? —At the point of the bayonet.

Why are sailors in a lively vein? like a dancing-master?—Because they depend on the hornpipe.

Why is a female who sells her trinkets like a fish-woman?—Because she vends her-rings.

Why is an old dog like a shipwrecked mariner?—Because he is a *lost Jack*.

"This is dangerous ground," as the fly observed of the treacle.

"Coming," as the rheumatism said to the crutch.

The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

Why is an attorney like a clergyman?—Because he studies his fee in every face.

If you beat me I will call out the soldiers," says the drum.

What tables are most used through the world?—Vegetables.

It is easy enough to tell a hard drinker—his offense is always branded on the end of his nose.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Loss my first, and I'm nothing, as you're worth a straw;
My second gives importance to physic and law:
Join to mankind's greatest; but my entire's another,
Eats fruit, and scares indies in fine summer weather.
Now sing.

Why are ladies like churches?
Were to be listed upon their terms.
There is many a spire (spire) to them;
And they have a love clapper in their upper story.

What small animal is turned into a large one by being behead?
Fox—ox.

By well employing my second,
You will never regret my first.
Post-time.

When is a painter like a plowshare?
When he is a-*brush* (*brush*) *ing* (*furrowing*).

What word of one syllable, if you take two letters from it, remains a word of two syllables?
Stupid—upid.

How would a witch's servant announce her carriage?
Your broughams (broom) is at the door.

Why are food mothers like anchors?
Because they are always ready to their boys (hoys).

Why first is a carriage of war?
In my second guns and mountains are found;
My whole is moved by many a pair,
Though it don't to their cruels rebound.
Car-tridge.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RIOTS IN NEW YORK

A PEACEFUL riot commenced in the city on the morning of Monday, July 13. It was merely a determined opposition against the draft, which had been commenced on Saturday in the Ninth District, and on Monday evening became resumed on Monday morning. A crowd, gradually increasing in numbers, gathered around the office, but the drawing went on until about 60 additional names had been drawn, when the proceedings were made by the mob. The wheel was destroyed, the papers scattered, and the building set on fire. The excitement spread through the city; crowds assembled every where, at first with no apparent common object, but in a short time the police and the soldiers in the city movement appeared to be an indiscriminate attack upon the Government, and upon them who were supposed to be in any way connected with the draft or with the Republican party. Several buildings were sacked and burned. The Tribune office was attacked, and only saved by the vigilance of the police; negroes were hunted down, several were murdered under the most revolting circumstances, the house of Mr. Greeley was sacked, that of the Postmaster burned to the ground; railroad tracks were torn up, and for a time all travel around the city was under control of the mob. Their most dastardly performance was the destruction of the Colored Orphan Asylum, in which some hundreds of children were provided for. The excitement was chiefly borne to the poorer classes. It raged throughout the whole of Monday and Tuesday, and on the latter day the draft was completed in the city. The draft, has developed into a scheme of resistance to the draft, but it is hoped that the disorder may soon cease and that the riot is quelled. It is the policy to suppress by prompt measures, and to this end the conduct of the public authorities. We can only say that the conduct of the police and the troops of the State has been throughout excellent.

THE ENEMY ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

General Couch's command, on Friday July 24, "by cavalry reconnoissance" drove the rebels from Martinsburg, Virginia, and Williamsport, Maryland, and on Saturday, July 25, they had two battle flags, and a large number of small-arms. The enemy were still crossing.

CAPTURE OF PORT HUDSON.

According to accounts, deemed reliable, this stronghold was surrendered to General Banks on the 8th of July,

ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON.

Charleston has been again attacked. The attack commenced on the 10th of July by an assault on Morris Island, which continued for several days. On the 18th to the 19th, the enemy obtained possession of the southern portion of Morris Island. Fort Wagner, Fort Gregg, Battery Wagner, and the battery at Cummings's Point all dug themselves thoroughly entrenched, but the main object of the landing was secure. Three hundred were killed and wounded in the assault. The loss of the enemy is said to be evidently heavy.

GENERAL LEE'S ACCOUNT OF GETTYSBURG.

The following general order or General R. E. Lee to the rebel army, issued from Hagerstown on Sunday, was also published in the hospitals entered the town on Sunday morning:

GENERAL ORDER—No 18.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 14, 1863.

After the long and trying marches, endured with the fortitude that had ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of our enemies, and resisted to the defiance of their own toil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, has been such as to cause the enemy to feel the unabated prowess of your arms, and the unconquerable spirit that has animated and sustained you in battle.

Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have won on so many fields a name that will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again do wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and helpless children, look for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our precious past, and in the thought of the inestimable blessings that await victory. Let us but realize the importance of the charge Divine which has so signally blessed our former efforts, and with Him to conduct us we cannot fail to meet and overthrow our enemies. Soldiers, your old enemy is before you. We must destroy him now, or he will destroy us. Every worthy of your comrades dead on so many bloody fields.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

A CAVALRY FIGHT.

A sharp fight took place on Wednesday morning at five o'clock, near Williamsport, between the cavalry, under Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, and the rebel infantry and cavalry. The fight was severe, and continued for three hours, on both sides. Artillery was used on both sides. Our troops fought splendidly, but were finally driven to Boonsboro inch by inch, which they held to a late hour, and then drove the enemy before them.

REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVED.

Up to Friday night eight thousand four hundred rebel prisoners had reached Baltimore from the battle field of Gettysburg, and one thousand five hundred had been received at Harrisburg—making a total of nine thousand nine hundred.

WHAT WE TOOK AT VICKSBURG.

The papers publish in full the official dispatch of Admiral Porter, announcing the fall of Vicksburg. While admitting that the army under General Grant had the heaviest work to do, he claims a full participation in the victory for the gun-boats. The extent of the siege operations, which extended from the 18th of May to last, that the mortars fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gun-boats four thousand shells and shot. The second five hundred shots were fired from naval guns on shore, and over 200 rounds were sent to the rebel batteries by our corps. We have taken over twenty-seven thousand prisoners, including the sick and wounded now in hospital, one hundred and two field-pieces, thirty siege guns, fifty thousand stand of small arms, ammunition, forty-six fine stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors. We have secured five hundred rebels, who will be sent home on their swine since the siege began. Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major Generals Forney, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier Generals, and about one hundred and fifty staff officers. There were five thousand sick hundred men in the hospital, half of whom are paroled. The rebel loss in killed was almost exhausted, and for days sanitary had been eating mule flesh. Of the remainder, many are said to be hungry; but for field-guns and musketry they were short.

RETREAT OF BRAGG.

Dispatches from Chattanooga state that the rebel army of General Bragg retreating across the Tennessee River, completely destroyed the Dalton and Chicago Railroad beyond the splendid bridge at Bridgeport in their retreat toward Chattanooga.

STEPHEN'S PEACE MISSION.

The following is the correspondence relating to the mission of Alexander H. Stephens to Washington, in behalf of rebel Governor:

CONFIDENTIAL LETTER FROM GOVERNOR "BOWDEN," TO JAMES RIVER, *July 2, 1863*

SIR.—At military command, I have the honor of a communication in writing from Jefferson Davis, Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of the Confederate States, to Abraham Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of the United States. Hon. Robert Dold, Confederate States Agent of Exchange, and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, are charged with the powers, and ordered to proceed to which it relates. Mr. Stephens has left Richmond in company with Hon. James M. Mason, Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, of the Confederate States Navy, and myself, and Hon. Mr. Hunter, Hon. Mr. Gold, myself, and the host's officers and crew.

YOURS, most respectfully,
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

TO S. H. LEE, Admiral, &c.

THE APPLICATION DENIED.

NEW EXECHANGE, *July 4, 1863.*

Acting Rear-Admiral S. H. Lee, Hampton Roads:

The request of Alexander H. Stephens is inadmissible. Such passports are not issued to civilians as adequate for all needful military communication and intercourse between the United States forces and the rebels.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy

MORGAN'S RAID.

The raid of the rebel Morgan into Indiana, which he seems to be now engaged in, is a serious one, but thoroughly around the people of that State out of Ohio to a sense of their danger. The General Government has ordered martial law in Cincinnati, and in Covington and Newport on the Kentucky side. All hostile suspended until further orders, and all citizens are required to organize in accordance with the militia laws of the State, and provide themselves. There is nothing definite as to Morgan's whereabouts, but he is reported to be on the north side of the river around the city of Cincinnati and cross the river between there and Madison, Indiana. In consequence, in obedience to the order of Governor Tod.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND

RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Roebuck's motion for formal and immediate of the recognition of the South on the 8th of June. Lord R. Montagu moved the previous question, which was carried. Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed the motion. Mr. Roebuck withdrew his motion, and Mr. Bentinck followed the retraction of the Union impossible. Mr. Bright attacked Mr. Gladstone, and rehearsed the former arguments in favor of the North. Sir George Grey, on the part of the Colonies, condemned Mr. Roebuck's embassy to France.

THE ROEBUCK LIE.

Earl Russell announced in Parliament that Baron Gros had accepted him that he had received no proposal or pending measures to England for mediation in the United States.

MORE BRITISH PIRATES.

From British sources we have the very important intelligence that three powerful iron rams, destined for the service of the rebels, were nearly ready for launching in English ship-yards.

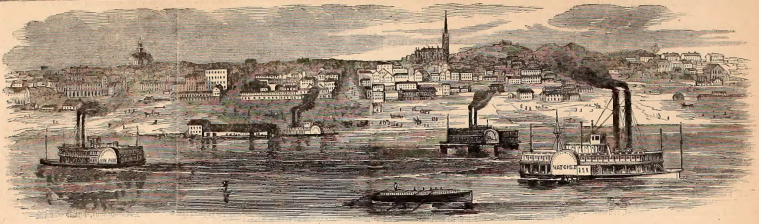
The steamer *Gladiator*, lately *Sumter*, would soon leave Liverpool, although detained for the moment by the authorities.

ANGLO-REBEL BANQUET.

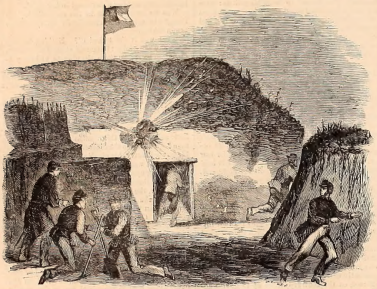
A grand banquet to rebels and Anglo-rebel sympathizers was given on board the new steamer *Southerner* at Liverpool, on Davis's health was toasted after that of Queen Victoria.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—VIEW UPON THE EXTREME RIGHT, SHOWING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER ABOVE AND BELOW VICKSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 476.]



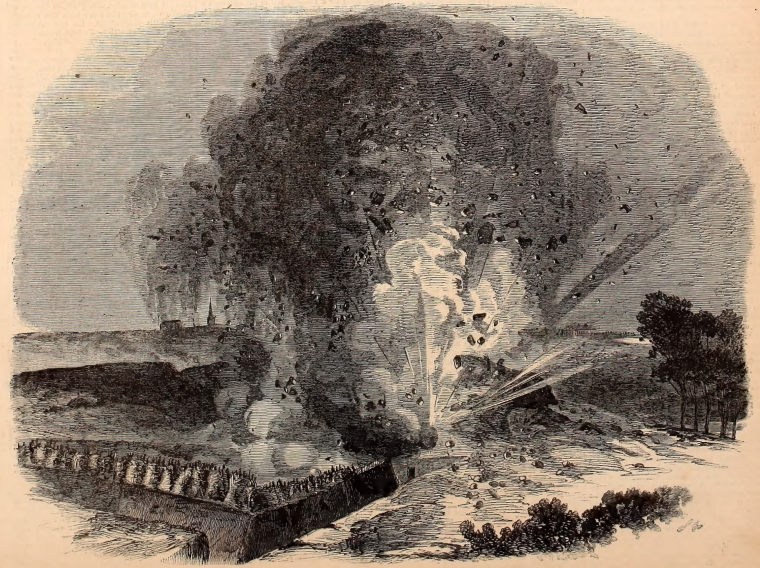
THE CITY OF VICKSBURG BEFORE THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



ENTRANCE OF THE MINE UNDER FORT HILL—REBEL HAND GRENADE EXPLODING.



UNDER FORT HILL.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—BLOWING UP THE REBEL FORT HILL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

THE CHARMER CHARMED.

I.

EMILY M'LEAN stepped from the coach to the piazza of the Ocean House with a sigh. She was tired, and heated, and so depressed. This was her own reasoning to account to herself for the blue feeling that assailed her.

Her veil lifted by the wind as she passed in, and disclosed to the three or four young men who sat three feet away down the piazza a pale face, neither youthful nor old, with pale brown hair and exhausted-looking brown eyes, from which all lustre seemed to have departed. The lips, too, were pale, but the faintest pink to suggest a sometime color.

"Well, that isn't a very brilliant face, I must say," observed one of the three.

"Not one to—"

"To make a cavalier sigh, swear, or pray," remarked another, indifferently.

"I have seen plainer faces than that," wound up the third, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I dare say?" replied the second speaker, smiling; "but you didn't fall in love with it at first sight I presume?" with a pleasant, conclusive air.

"I did, though."

The two listeners wheeled nearer.

"What, you mean it, Alayne?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"All for love, and the world well lost," hummed Lawrence King for comment.

"How did you gild the face? Was it real gold-leaf?" answered Marchmont, knocking ashes out of his meerschaum.

Alayne's honest, sweet eyes looked grave, reproachful.

"What's the use of talking in that style to me, March. I might call it wicked if I chose, for cynical as you are, you know I am not hypocritical or self-deceived. Did you mean to make sport of me?"

Marchmont's sallow cheek tinged with red a moment. A moment more, and he reached over and handed the cigar to Alayne.

"Alayne, you are a faithful dog," he said. The only true, unworldly, simple soul I know. You might have lived in Arcadia. A spade from habit, old fellow, so let us smoke the pipe of peace. We'll not quarrel over the gentleman. I like you better than any woman I know, Robert Alayne. Here, little Queen Mab, King Lawrence—away with you, and see if you can't polish up that wicked flirtation before we have that game of billiards. You were in too much of a hurry yesterday—no eyes or ears for any thing but a hat with a blue feather, and a girl's giggle."

"King Lawrence" rose laughing, lifting his hat to a small stylish in a white morning muslin, wearing on a golden head a hat with a blue feather.

There came a swift smile and a blush into little Queen Mab's face.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence, have you seen my sister? Have there been any arrivals?" in a breathless way.

Mr. Lawrence looked down with an *epris* air into the upturned face, and answered all for effect: "There has been an arrival, but I fancy not your sister."

"Oh, but you don't know Em; we are not in the least alike."

Lawrence bit his lip: was this innocence or affectation? Then why did you ask me, if I am not supposed to know your sister, Miss Mabel?" laughing a little.

"I asked you if there had been any arrivals. I forgot at first you didn't know," pouting in a childish way, which must her companions still more.

"And I told you there had been one, and that I could not fancy the lady your sister," impressively, catching this girl's face curiously.

"Why, why?" impatiently.

He bent down a little nearer to the girl face and murmured a soft, notable compliment of comparison, with as reverent an air as if he were approaching a patient saint.

His hearer flushed a tender rose. If Lawrence King had been less overlaid by the false worldly estimate he prided himself upon, he would have known what that blush meant. As it was he did her injustice, as such men will. But a moment again, and he did. It could not have been that Em is lovely."

They walked up and down the piazza, he bending toward her with that air of reverent emotion in which he excelled, and which made his name famous among women as a *preux chevalier*, and listening with downcast eyes and changing color, or replying with a pretty air of mock assurance.

"Look at Lawrence now, will you?" growled Marchmont. "Was there ever such a hypocrite! That girl thinks he is in earnest. So did Miss Edna Morton last month; and so did Caroline Smythe last night. Look at him! Why don't that little child's rightful guardian, if she's got any, come and carry her off? That's the way these people go on—trusting a girl to such noodles as the Winkles—"

"You don't think King in earnest?"

"Alayne, you are a simple sort of a fellow, but you have an innocent sense. I am sure don't believe Lawrence King's airs, do you?"

Alayne laughed. "Well, I don't."

But here he stopped. A lady wished to pass out. He had somehow, in his talk, swung his chair from its first limit as ample as need be turned the doorway. He rose, bowing and begging "your pardon"—not like Lawrence King, who made even "your pardon" sound a grace, but with a modest reality of concern and a half shy manner. The lady—the very one whose gale face just now called out their comment, the new arrival—bent her head for acknowledgment and smiled. Then a voice said, "Thank you," and she stepped out.

"Em, it is you."

And Maud M'Lean left Lawrence King to run to her sister. Mr. King's face was a study not to, chagrined at his blunder; but Mabel called him, and introduced him with an air that plainly and quite triumphantly said:

"There, you see, you were mistaken. She *is* lovely."

A fresh toilet and a smile *And* changed Miss M'Lean. But she wasn't yet a beauty. The strange eyes observing her now did not see any loveliness.

"A delicate person." That was all even Alayne thought, who liked plain women well enough to fall in love with them at first sight.

Mabel stood before the sitting the skirt of her dress as if she feared her escaping, looking as if she would like to hold by the skirt of Mr. King's coat, too, in the style of a child, in which she continually addressed him. But Mr. King had no intention of escaping. He liked the quick appreciating glance. He liked the beautiful peach-bloom blush. He liked the eager, excited manner, because it was all for him: because he knew that he evoked it just as a skilful player evokes new strains and chords upon his instrument.

Farther Alayne and Marchmont observed this triad. They saw at first the utter absorption of the elder in the younger. Her face bloomed, her eyes grew bright, her smile more frequent and sweet. They thought her not so plain after all. But presently they saw a change. The brightness and sweetness, the light and life in some unseen moment had died away. Something in their stead, cold and pale as a snow-wreath had come, and the eyes that just now were tender with expression were chill with *hauteur*.

Whatever it was, the influence was as subtle as the change. King, five minutes since, basked in sunshine, seeing only the brilliant face that lifted M'Lean blooming for his pleasure, observant only of the sister, as a naturally courteous man would be of any woman, and the blue feather, framing in his picture. Suddenly he felt uncomfortable, *distrait*. The bright face of Mabel was still bright, still hanging out its sun and warmth. Still she wanted him. What was it then? Suddenly he had forgotten his trick of speech, of smile, his air *distingué*. A feeling of self-consciousness was stealing over him, a little sense of shame, as if he were making himself cheap. He felt a desire to pull up and begin again to make adieux when a clear voice addressed him in some social form of thanksgiving, and he saw that it was Maud in the tone of reserve as a fine and far steel bell. For the first time he felt the presence of Emily M'Lean.

He stopped, like a boy at a game of ball, and looked at her as she went down the piazza beside her sister.

Marchmont, seeing all, laughed in triumph.

"Good!" he muttered. "The sheep-dog has come. She's a match for even you, King Lawrence."

This was not addressed to the young man in question, for he was out of hearing, and with ladies, and was now the centre of their regard.

That night the Windlows, No. 3 or 4, one of the many touches of nature that make the whole world kin, but had their cottage down the avenue, gave a small party. The Ocean Windlows and their friends were seldom disturbed. Mabel and Alayne were three of the friends. They went in together, and together were presented to Miss Windlow.

"I have had the honor of meeting Miss M'Lean before." And Lawrence King smiled, with something defying and audacious in his eye. It hoped forth when he said, directly, "And your sister? I do not see her. I hope she is to be here. We should miss her if she were not here."

A flush rose to Miss M'Lean's temples. A sense of wounded pride, of invaded dignity, gleamed in her expression. In a second it was gone again. She saw herself regarded as the "sheep-dog," a means to an end, and that end was the centre ground? She knew she had read this man correctly. She knew what he was doing as well as Wilkie Marchmont, and she began to resent more than either. But now she let the flush die away, and answered, quietly:

"Mabel is in the garden with her cousin. She will be with us directly."

And directly she came, while King quoted:

"The red rose cries, She is near, she is near;
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late.'"

His face, dark, handsome, and exultant in some strangely defiant way, turned to his accustomed mood, seemed to express still more. He looked as if he *thought*, exultantly:

"She's coming, she's coming, my dear." She came straight to her sister, blushing vehemently as she saw her position, and drawing a shawl as she passed, King dropping gracefully to the little figure clinging to his side, this same one half sung, half said with deep significance.

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

Some one else said, "What are you humming that lovely child-song here for?"

"For? For Lawrence King. Don't you think it fits, Lucie Ashton?"

"Oh, you think that of him? The young lady seems to understand it, however."

"She? She is seventeen. He is thirty. That is his pastime."

They talked of other things, but Emily M'Lean heard no more. Only that line, so significantly applied.

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung," haunted her.

She was sitting by some tall tropical plants, and in the dull light through the broad, thick leaves of leafy covert looking out, and making conclusion, conviction doubly sure, as she still saw those two sauntering past, the dark exultant face bending above the younger and fairer.

At last she rose from her observation, came out of her brown study, speaking unconsciously to herself aloud.

"I have the power, and I will use it."

And there is one thing to be said just here. Emily M'Lean was one of those persons, rare in this world, who knew herself, her power, and her weakness. Her estimate was never made about other estimates. Coming out of her brown study, there was color on her cheek and a sparkle in her eyes—the power she had invoked from some inner depths of that quiet controlled nature breathed subtly forth. Halfway across the room the eyes Marchmont met and joined her. They walked through the rooms, or in the softly lighted hall, engaged in never-flagging conversation. They sat down together and Alayne joined them. The talk became more diffusive, but animated. By-and-by, Eastman, the college friend of the party, appeared and then that finest talker of all, Lanilier.

Still within the room Lawrence King regarded this group with curiosity. At last, out of curiosity, he too, with pretty Mabel still on his arm, drew into the circle to find the fascination. Where was it? What was it? He looked at Miss M'Lean. She seemed to be talking little: more and then a low-voiced word to one and another—brief, quiet phrase—but it claimed attention, and entered into the general tone. But the low-cool, self-poised voice was more quiet and softer than the hue of her eyes.

These eyes, now so lately had turned stone-cold glances upon him—glances of suspicion and severity—now beamed with gentleness. There was warmth and animation in her face, and her speech was cordial. He wondered if she would change as suddenly from warmth to cold for him. He addressed her. She answered him with kind indifference. He entered into the conversation, which was interesting to him as it was upon Ruskin, and he admired and believed in Ruskin. And here he met nothing but the soft, kind manner as before. Lawrence King drew a long breath over her. He knew he saw one now, and he felt half ashamed of his defiant ground. So the night ended with a new interest in this young lady—a sense of humiliation. It was good for him.

II.

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

Emily M'Lean could not lose her sleep with that line singing in her head—that line which the sweetest of poets never thought to be so applied. She awoke with a start and a sigh. She thought of her depression as she arrived. She was not given to be fanciful, but she asked herself if it were not premonitory.

Mabel, on the contrary, woke up to gayest anticipations. She was to sit to Lawrence for her. A drive with the Windlows to the glen, with Lawrence King for a *vis-à-vis*, and in the afternoon a most tactics lunch in the woods—these the Windlows again making it propriety. She let this brilliant plan out to her sister while she was dressing.

"And he has promised to sit," coolly asked Emily.

"Oh, the band plays here to-night."

Emily knew the evening would be spent in the dance. The dance—for her side, with the delicious breathed of Mendelssohn, and the soft summer night breeze through the broad ranges of pines. She said nothing, however—offered no suspicious advice or opposition; but thought, "I must wait until to-night; then I will see Lawrence King."

She waited until night. She saw Mabel flutter before the glass for half an hour between the curtains of a dark blue silk and a brother and a drooping brimmed, with sprays of meadow grass, ere she went out upon her drive. She saw her start back, and shrink into the dark fire girl clothed very flame, and exclaiming enthusiastically and ludicrously that she had a splendid day.

All Emily M'Lean could think of was

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

That night she heard with as much pains with her toilet as Mabel, though she knew her strength did not lie there. It helped her to express herself, however.

This toilet is worth describing. It was a cool sea-shore night, and she changed her vapory muslin for a silk. Not a gay one—pearl gray, with opaline lustre softening the plain smooth surface. There was a flowering of fine lace at the throat, and through the sleeves where it drifted out and covered the slender wrist. Around her brow head, where coronals usually form where hair ends, she waved in a rippling curve parting to ear, she had wound three times, following the natural line, a fine thread of white pearl. And a pearl lace with the lace at her throat, large and transparent in its silver socket, another shone softly upon almost as white a finger, a reflection of these enhanced and shook clear rays of light near the wrist border of lace. It was a dress for a bride, but it was a thoughtful observer it would at once have suggested the wearer's character. It expressed much in Emily M'Lean, both of mood and temperament.

Mabel was too actual a beauty to be made or marred by what she wore. She offered a striking contrast that night to her sister with her gay colors, her ruffles, and general air of bizarre piquancy which she could not afford.

They went down together, a contrast, but not one to make either lose.

And then, hand in hand to the music already, were the three—Alayne, Marchmont, and King.

Marchmont, who had a cynical way of treating women, either brusquely or disdainfully, anticipated the rest by wheeling a chair for Miss M'Lean and seating himself beside her. There was neither brusquerie nor disdain in his manner, but a grave respect. His friends stared. But he seated himself composedly and began talking gravely. In half frowned when Lanilier came up and brought forth the Ruskin topic again. King, perhaps, was tired of Ruskin, or he had been long and loud at his theories that he could only talk with one; and he proved it by sauntering off with little Queen Mab.

Marchmont saw his companion's face change at this. Her eyes wandered, following her sister. They returned to him full of meaning, of mute appeal. Strange of all men she should look to him, but her instincts were true. Marchmont had the truest woman ever only had the will to do sometimes. He had both now. Her look in that involuntary glance said: "Take me away from these people! Send me to my sister."

He rose, made some remark, she never knew what, and gave her his arm. She thanked him with that look and accepted, and thus they departed.

Lawrence King, standing beating time with a little fan, and saying soft nothings, which in his tone might mean every thing, was suddenly surprised by a clear, even voice, full of concious strength, and very much at rest, which said, saying,

"Mr. King, if I ask you to give my sister up to Mr. Marchmont, whom I wish to tell her about a friend of mine he has not abroad (Martha Wilmon, Mabel), will you give me your attendance in the interval?"

A glance at Marchmont, but it was not needed. He understood.

Some minutes, before King knew what he was about, Mabel was going down the room with Wilkie Marchmont, and her sister stood in her stead.

Was he angry? For he was conscious. He thought he was. But immediately Emily M'Lean began taking.

What was it she talked of? Nothing beyond what any body might have said at such a time and place. The weather, the dance, its climate, and its people; but with all her words there was a sweet deep core of thought perceptible. There was the charm of abstract in her talk, and she did and said most topics enough, but freshened to her touch.

He found himself listening, replying. He found himself thinking of a change of allies, Emily. He gladly felt that he might have been acting a little absurdly; that he might have been playing with a child's toy, and that he could throw it away. This woman? There was the difference. In her presence his gay gallantry seemed to the air *distingué* a foolish futility. It was out of place. He had wasted his time so long upon these exterior things that, thrown aside from the field of action, he was afraid of manœvls! He, the elegant, the *preux chevalier*!

But as she talked he found that other self of his, the man who valued the conscious and the appreciative. Once more in his life he grew simple and unbroken, such as he might, perhaps, be to Robert Alayne or Wilkie Marchmont. A child's grew brilliant, a little merry. In all she was so natural, so self-poised, he followed her lead, natural himself.

Mabel, meanwhile, handed over to her *bête noir* that great drawback. While Marchmont, whose sheer knew how to sweet, and was so desperately afraid of. Mabel, poor child! literally trembled at the sound of his name. What had Wilkie Marchmont, with his cynicism, his sallow face, and, to her eyes, a little disappointed. Em had interrupted such a nice conversation. Perhaps Wilkie Marchmont took that way to show her sister to whom she had looked upon half-contemptuously twenty-four hours ago. Perhaps he felt in duty bound to carry out satisfactorily the plan laid before him. However it might be, he astonished Mabel M'Lean by talking in the most energetic way about Martha Wilmon, whom he had met in Italy. Told her how he had lived at Rome, about their artistic acquaintance, their quarrels, and how he had persuaded Wilman had painted for her likeness to somebody at home; a picture every body admired, and which a prince wanted to buy. Wilkie Martin wouldn't sell. It was a girl with yellow hair, in place of the Italian's darker locks; but it had her head, pose, and name. She called it *Matilda*, pronouncing sig inficently at Queen Mab. By this time Mabel was interested, and Marchmont supremely bored. All the time he was thinking:

"Miss M'Lean's mind must be rapid in its deductions. She has this trap and this bait such an appetizing bit of cheese as Master Wilman, from my three or four sentences about him last night."

But Mabel inwardly cried out that he had undertaken. Oh, agony of Boredom! when should he be released?

I found a rational being a while ago," he murmured, under his breath, "and she slips through my fingers for the sake of a—"

At this climax he abandoned his post to Alayne, whom he hailed as a deliverer, and by-and-by found himself in the midst of his friend's confidence.

But here was a dilemma Lawrence King had no idea of relinquishing. The less so as he saw March-mont's position.

To have what Marchmont wanted: to have a position of confidence which almost lies with surprise and ambition. Perhaps it raised the value of his position too. At all events his spirits rose. He was ready to be had into the dance where he was, forgot Mabel M'Lean, for the time at least, and triumphantly carried the day, or the night, Marchmont looking on the cynic still more.

And Mabel, that night in her chamber as she stood pulling out the little gold comb from her hair, her head was languid, but there a little was. Emily noted it, but wisely held her peace.

Partly with an attempt at great carelessness, and the child says:

"I thought you and Mr. King would get on nicely together, Emily. Don't you like him very much?"

"I don't know him very much," answered Em, with better feigning than her sister. "He is an admirer of yours, however, I plainly see, dear. I hope I shall like him very much if you wish it."

"Oh, dear, no!" and all the yellow hair was pulled into great snarls about the flushing face, and the little hands were trembling. "Oh dear, dear, I wish I had never seen Lawrence King—yes see. He is older than I, and tells me I remind him of his sister; and that I must consider him as a kind and affectionate brother. It is very nice: makes me feel so much at home with him."

So that was the guise this *prima ebrialter* took! These the Platonic theories he urged, to give himself liberty to roam.

"Selfish!" inaudibly ejaculated Miss M'Lean, as she made these conclusions. Sleeping upon it did not alter her opinion, and all the following days proved her conclusions—and her power.

III.

STRAIGHT from the dinling hall went Lawrence King to the parlor. There with the Windows and their friends, he found what he sought; and it was not many minutes before he was standing before Mabel M'Lean talking with *empressement*. Then breaking in upon this came her sister, Miss Florence King, was satisfied. Apart stood Marchmont, savagely biting the end of his mustache, and looking out of lowering brows at the group before him. How many times had just this thing happened? Just when he had commenced a sensible conversation with Miss M'Lean up starts that puppy of a King, and by stratagem wiles her away. It was very true; a day after day had this thing occurred. What did it mean? Was Lawrence King for once modest of his own attraction, and doubting it, did he resort to stratagem, or was it a little bent of malice to foil the cynic, the sometime autocrat? What did Lawrence King care for so plain a person as Miss M'Lean, when the first beauties of a season were ready to smile at his approach? It must have been the latter of these two propositions, then. And yet how long his mind dwelt on it, how absorbed he grew as he listened or talked! There was strangeness at least of some sort, and Emily M'Lean herself was the last to see it. But she did see it, though, at last. She saw it when she suddenly one day seemed to the fast friend Lawrence King was using her sister as a lure; that he was more than content when it proved successful, and transferred her from his side. She did not like it; do not quite so much. She had put herself up as a shield. She had set herself as a barrier between him of a power that, actively employed, would accomplish her desire. She only desired to *warn*.

How regular this had the accustomed. Suddenly brought to suspicion, Miss M'Lean let this wily gentleman alone. That it, when he approached her sister she did not interrupt, she retired, apparently deeply absorbed with the cynic. In vain he "charmed and sung." She came not near him. Once, twice, perhaps he tried this. When his sense that it was unsuccessful, as that savage Marchmont said, "played out," he came over to the cynic with a free field in open, resolute warfare. This was better than the other. Marchmont himself gave him credit for some courage. Miss M'Lean, too, saw him in stouter guise.

But Mabel? Yes, the play was played out. The fine theories no longer heeded. She forgot even Lawrence King "a sister."

"Why does Lawrence King follow you? Miss M'Lean so persistently?—she isn't a beauty or a belle, like her sister, though Marchmont and his friends do pay her homage," asked an observer of the somebody who had quoted:

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

"Perhaps because Marchmont and his friends follow her. It would be like Lawrence King to want what other people value."

"The little M'Lean seems to have consoled herself for his neglect."

"Alayne's worth two of him; I don't wonder."

"Alayne never looked at a pretty woman before."

The other laughed.

"No; that is the reason why a pretty woman is pleased with him. She thinks he must see something beyond her beauty, that every body can see."

So they were discussed. Those who discussed them looked to see Lawrence King, for he was in pursuit and turn to another. But no, the days went by. A new face appeared upon the scene; beauty and fashion and fashion's belle of the ball he clave to the plainer, with neither fortune nor fashion. At first Lawrence King says to himself: "Why do I follow the society of this Miss M'Lean? Is it that she makes me use all my energies of mind—makes think? Or can it be because in some cases where Wilkie Marchmont thinks it worth while to show esteem? What is it? I don't want to flirt with Emily M'Lean. I would not for worth a fine thing to her; but in her presence I am surprised into a higher estimate of my capabilities than I feel others. Always I am sure to do that it? And yet I am a more modest man with her. She does not flatter me with smiles or blushes. What is it?" One day he found the answer to this. He carried it with him for days, for weeks, until the autumn came, and the time for the breaking up of all this summer campaigning.

It was a brilliant morning, just at the last of September, when Lawrence King found the solitary walk to find a solitary occupant of the piazza. It was Emily M'Lean. She was walking up and down in the sunshine.

He looked at her as she came toward him. Her dress was of the hue of late violets, and was not so much carelessly in her bosom somebody's morning offering—a bunch of carnations. "How lovely she is!" he thought. Then it flashed across him the memory of a morning when she had come up that same piazza a stranger, and their comments about her. He remembered now what Marchmont had said, had meant when she said, "It couldn't have been Emily Lee's face." There was something about the even regularity of outline, he confessed; but a soft, subtle charm of presence, a grace, of motion, of expression, that you felt was the unconscious art of a royal womanhood. Lawrence King felt it now as he went to meet her. He joined her—not fluent, as usual, but silent, distrait. What was on his mind? In this royal presence did he feel the weight of his sinning? Did he feel that he had sinned against her and hers? And was he about to make confession?

He made confession, but not for absolution. He confessed, not of penitence, but of passion. He loved her. She was the only woman in the world to him. And telling her so, he asked her to marry him.

Remembering little Queen Mab, you think that now was Emily M'Lean's hour of great retribution; that she turned upon him with scorn and withering reproach; that her eyes flashed, that her cheek flamed, and that she asked him "how he dared?" etc. No; this was not Emily M'Lean's way. She must have had some deeper test of nature than mere pert person—some well-spring of tenderness for every human being.

She waited before she replied, looking out toward the sea, with her somewhat sad face growing sadder as she pondered. At length she said, gravely,

"I have been waiting for you to ask that will most kindly express what I wish to say—

"No, no!" he interrupted, vehemently, putting away, as it were, the rejection he anticipated, with a gesture of his hand.

"I am sorry," she went on, "to give any one so much pain. I had not looked for this end; you may be sure; but I can not marry you, Mr. King." She caught eagerly at these last words. She had not said, "I do not love you." Perhaps—but with a lofer she urged his suit. He would wait. And as a special claim he said:

"I have never loved a woman before, Miss M'Lean."

She looked at him a moment before she replied:

"I should know that. To have loved makes us tender of others, fearful of inflicting suffering. Love it would you unmarried yourself with that little sister, Mr. King."

His face changed. "Ah, you will judge me hardly there, but consider. I met your sister as the young beauty of the season. She received my flatterings, my society in the usual way of young belles. She was arch, gay, and piquante—some might have said coquettish. I think we understood each other."

"Mr. King, my sister is seventeen. You can judge how much chance she has had for judging the world, and to understand arts of society like yourself. Last year she left school. In six months she finds herself in the midst of a season, and instead of speaking to her with the severe simplicity of a conventual *Francesanie*, meet her with a female consciousness of its many graces, in a manner, which you suggest as coquettish, is perfectly unlearned—the natural result of a young and imaginative mind. You are a man of honor. I suppose she understood you, Mr. King. I will tell you frankly—because I think it is better for her ultimately and for your peace—that I would have had my sister blushed at your name when alone with me. But, it was not for reason. I felt it was my duty—mine thing to stir the conscious depths of a young girl's heart; for though she may outwardly accept any version of a gentleman's attentions, you and I wiser in the world's ways may suggest, it is only outwardly. The sensibility of her own nature conceals such thoughts."

A vivid color suffused her listener's face as she spoke. He remembered himself in this suggestion. How nearly at this moment he had made her his own past conduct appear! In this clear and noble presence how wanted seemed his motives!

"At least," he said, after a short pause, "I have not permanently disturbed your sister's heart. Alayne—"

"Mr. King, you have taught Mabel her first lesson of unbelief. She has learned from you the meaning of flirting. It would be a pity, as you have proved fatal to her nature, making her the heartless, unfeeling coquette which you presently pronounced her to be; but in the reaction Mr. Alayne's simple truth of character convinced her that in her idea was not coquetry. Indeed, I am happy to say, Mr. King, that she accepted Robert Alayne last night. I am sure you will be glad to hear this."

"I am sincerely glad. I hope you will believe me to this extent. But—but if you would but allow me to consider my own heart, I think you may not be so far apart from yours: that I may at some time—"

"Pardon me, Mr. King, for what I am going to say; but love does not grow by waiting between two souls living in every-day life as we have been. I am twenty-six. Since I was twenty life has been to me costly and sacred. To you—forgive me if I seem harsh—life has been a play, an amusement, which often pulled upon you. You have acted extremely. I interfere. Do not think I regale my thing to myself, but we are still to each other. You have it in your power to do much, and be a true philosophical; but your place is in the world—mine is not."

"And you will not—"

"I can not." She held out her hand. "Will you forgive me for what I have said? Trust me that I did not say it easily or unkindly."

He took the hand, but he did not speak, then said, in a low tone:

"I am glad to have known you, Emily M'Lean. I shall never forget you."

He never did. His place was in the world, as she had said, and in the very whirl he ran in was an unbroken circle of the commonplace and courting. Away off behind the Catskills, and Sharon Springs around in a larger circle still, was the Saratoga one, the centre of which was Congress Springs, and the centre of that with the Federal advance, approached the town from the south. After several days' skirmishing, the enemy passed through and out on the west side toward Chambersburg. Then the several days' occupation of the enemy in strange force, and after a slight contest was followed by the rebels' retreat to the north and west, and he came into the town on a run, his troops going through and out on the north side, and the rear of the rebels, closely followed by the enemy. One of his brigades was sent to the left, to the west, to intercept the enemy on such side of it. All three were abreast, running as best as they could—the two outside ones pouring a heavy fire into the centre, out of which men dropped, killed or wounded, at almost every footstep. This Federal brigade, in running that terrible gauntlet, lost half of its men. Among the wounded officers, and for whom no one but the Federal troops succeeded in mounting the Cemetery hill, and in empty carriages, were taken to the enemy encamped in the town, and the Federal troops on the hill.

During Wednesday night and Thursday morning the two armies were engaged in getting into position. Some were to be the next day's line of battle, and by noon on Thursday each general had a force of 80,000 men at his disposal. Then began the great artillery contest, the infantry on both sides crouching behind fences and trees and in rifle-pits. The Federal soldiers to the centre held many of the tombstones on the ground to protect them, and many accepted. There was but little infantry fighting on Thursday, and neither party made much impression upon the other. The Confederates on the other town erected barricades, and had their shape-shots; they passed in every available spot, picking off Federal soldiers on the hills to the north of the cemetery. The entombstones and graves of the dead were thrown up breast-high over and into the devoted town. Beyond killing and wounding, but very little and shattering houses, and making an awful noise, however, this cannonade had but little effect on the mass of the two armies. It was simply with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On Thursday night, fearing that the enemy had flanking parties, which might reach their rear, General Meade had his line taken up of retreating, and he called a council of war. There were present some of the corps commanders, and with them was consulted his dispatches from Richmond, from which it was learned that the enemy had received reinforcements, and was daily receiving more.

On Friday morning General Lee, with the desire to make the attack, or the supposition of the enemy's retreat, and wished to entice them out of it, and so defeat his purpose. While there he withdrew his artillery from the centre and infantry from Gettysburg. The deserted town lay as it were in a trance—a dead, silent town, but with quietly behind the fences and trees, and bands upon the hills. They could look into the streets and see the preparing which was in progress. They saw the enemy march out and enter the town, but made no advance, and the Confederates gained nothing by the movement. A portion of the enemy, the cavalry, took up a line to the rear of the cemetery, screened the Confederate retreat. For some time the two had exchanged a soldier's fire—a few of dead and wounded men and horses, with broken wagons, fences, stone walls, and the tombstones of the cemetery to mark the contest; one, lay there. The frightened inhabitants peered out of their cellars and windows, and were glad to bring to cease such a lull, and, almost afraid of their own shadow, they hastened to the relief and comfort of the civilized and the sound of every shot or shell.

General Lee's movement had no effect. Meade was neither to be enticed into the town nor into the valley. Enough for him to hold his own, and he seems to give him warning of what happened to poor Reynolds two days before, and he wisely determined not to attack.

Saturday morning the enemy's position was made clear to the commander. The enemy's centre had been withdrawn from his entrenchments. General Lee permitted the Federal commander to send his cavalry on a charge upon the cemetery. The Federal soldiers were on the hills. They were in the cemetery, behind tombstones, in the cemetery, and some flat on the ground. The Confederate cavalry charged, and it was the most desperate day of the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, were massed in a solid column, and with a loud yell and sabre flashing and waving, and in every direction of the Federal line to the centre of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the Federal infantry, supported by a Federal battery on the hill, the Confederate cavalry, in hand, crouched in the little ditches dug behind the tombstones. With a loud yell they rushed on, and with a charge.

It soon came. From the woods of short, scrubby oak, but tall trees near the cemetery appeared a line of men. It was a long, loud, unremitting, hideous screech from thousands of voices. At the yell the Federal regiments rose. Soon the enemy's column emerged from the woods. They came on a run, but the long, loud, unremitting yell was screeching. They climbed the fences and rushed along, in some places in double file, in others in single file. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and spherical case and the whole arsenal of the Federal forces rained upon the heads falling out of the line. They came within musketshot of the Federal troops. The infantry opened a fire of rattle. The Confederates approached the outer line of works. They were driven back. They rallied, and with a yell the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and at the point of the bayonet, and cursing, and swearing, clashing their arms and fists in the faces of their opponents. The line of battle fell back to the Federal artillerists on the hills above. There, almost overpowering the artillerists on their hills above, lowered all their fire upon the surging column of the enemy's infantry. Grape and canister and shell were showered, and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the rear. The enemy then saw that they were lost. Then the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. They were driven back, and rallied, and pushed and fired. One moment the enemy would be at the rifle-pits, and the next they would be driven across, and the field would be strewn with dead into the valley. Then, with one of these terrible charges, the enemy would be at the rifle-pits, and the next they would be driven out of the tombstones. It was the hardest fighting of the whole battle, and the enemy then, Southern blood was flowing, would not always succeed. Several attempts were made to drive the enemy from the cemetery, and it was not until the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, that the Confederates slowly retreated to the town, and into their ranks again.

The day was waning. They can scarcely be said to have been driven. They have made an attack and been repulsed, and the reserved strength of the enemy was useless to try any more, they retreated. It was now General Meade's turn to advance, and he did advance, but very hardly, his soldiers felt elated. They saw hopes of a victory, and were eager to follow up the enemy's retreat. Although there had been a battle in the valley below Gettysburg, the enemy's line of battle was not disturbed as ever. Shells flew over it, and now and then one of the lesser batteries would open fire upon the enemy, but neither force pounded it. General Meade turned his attention there.

The day was waning and the battle had failed, and he determined, if possible, to drive the enemy from the cemetery. His troops were placed in order, and charged down the hill upon the enemy. The enemy, after a short stress, chasing a few of the enemy, still hid there, but in the town. The enemy's artillery, from the hill, fired "Taps-storm," and the Executive and Chamberlain's regiments, and the regiments of the hills charged in groups and chased. At the cemetery the Confederates were driven back, and the Federal troops were driven back to their batteries, which commanded the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though the enemy's artillery fired upon the crest of the hill and abandoned the cemetery.

The enemy then retired from the town. The land to the south of the cemetery was rather flat and cut up into gorges, which was the centre of the enemy's line. The hills on the brow of the hill proved an efficient aid to the Federal infantry, maintaining their position, and, hidden by behind the brow, with the ditch in front, they could watch all the movements of the enemy. There were but little action fighting after this, and night put an end to Friday's struggle. The Federal troops, however, were about a mile on the north, near the sandstorm, and half a mile on the south of the cemetery.

During the night the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded in the houses and in the barns were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning, Saturday, the Confederates were busily engaged in the work of making it, the enemy retreated further, abandoning their line of battle, and the Federal troops were glad to see that the place where they were building intrenchments. All the day of the 4th in battle array, and the next day they were doing; every pickets reported that they were intrenching, and in spite of the 4th of July there was the field with it in the Federal possession.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"FIRST waltz? let me see; with much pleasure!"
She handed her fan to her aunt;
How we whirl'd to the dance-tempo swift measures,
I fain would describe; but I can't.

An earsman would say that we "spurted;"
A sportsman, we "went like a bird;"
I shall merely remark that we flirted
In a manner extremely absurd.

And when all my twirling was over,
And I and my pipe were alone,
My heart, I began to discover,
Had ceased to be wholly my own.

As Paddy would say, "More by token,"
Our hearts must be made of tough clay,
For mine's made a hundred times broken,
And here it is beating to-day!

And now I sit here in my attic,
Alone, with a cold in my head,
And think, after all, somewhat dramatic,
Of dancing in days that are dead.

A waltz, and but one! 'Twas but little
To live in my memory so long;
But, ah, sweet's the heart's last sensation
As one's love of sensation is strong.

I pick'd up a flow'ret which, drooping,
Had fall'n from the wreath it had graced;
At present, just where I am stooping,
I'm over four feet round the waist!

The programme which held her sweet surname,
I gazed on with tenderest looks;
Just now, I am thankful to have some
Would move me far less than my cook's.

It comes to us all, that sad season,
When a man has his waistcoats made wide,
And his wife ceases strumming on the keys on,
And carries her keys by her side;

When we will go to sleep after dinner,
And perhaps at odd times in the day;
When the hair on the head's getting thinner,
And our beard and our whiskers get gray!

When we can't hold our horse with a snaffle;
When our waiting's no longer our *forte*;
Then sad recollections I'll baffle
With a bumper of crusted old Port.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

On pages 472 and 478 we publish two fine illustrations of the BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, drawn for us by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. The following account of the battle we have seen is the following from the Philadelphia *Press*, which we do not think our readers will be sorry to have in full, long as it is:

On Wednesday morning, July 1, General Reynolds, with twenty-five thousand men, the advance of the Federal army, approached Gettysburg. The enemy's cavalry began the great battle. The field upon which it was fought was a portion of the valley of Pennsylvania, a long and several miles west of Gettysburg, is the great landmark, and the whole ground around and between it is the field upon which stood the mid-summit but famous cemetery. Gettysburg is a very pretty town. Two ridges, a mile long and parallel to each other, are on each side of the valley. If these ridges are not more than two hundred feet high at the east. It was upon these ridges that the battle was fought, the enemy occupying and retaining the west of the town, and across the valley above and below it. There is but one road to the west, which runs across Gettysburg one, a mile south of Gettysburg, which runs ragging down the valley toward Emmitsburg. The line of battle formed by the two armies were upon their ridges, and extended from one to the other of these roads.

The battle-line of the Federals was a long, irregular one. On the right it is a short distance south of the town. Then it runs in a direction due eastward to the top of a granite accent covered with low, scrubby timber and pierced by a few rocky crevices, and known as Culp's Hill, and the Confederate line. As the gutter stood amidst the brick, the tombstones of the cemetery, and reflecting the valley, the debatable ground, stretched around from right to left, without a semblance of order. The enemy occupied the little pinthes of wood, and passing his eye up the hill on the other side of the valley, the enemy held the west-west. Further to the right is the Gettysburg College, also in the hands of the enemy.

Beginning at the left hand, the Confederate line rested on the hill of Culp's Hill, then extended to the hill and ran along a stone fence, which has been made into a rifle-pit. At the point where the Baltimore pike crosses the cemetery Chambersburg and Emmetsburg road and the road to Hanover Junction, the fencing and reflecting the valley which it crossed a serpentine railway leading to the town, and the "Big Round Top" and "Little Round Top" in the rear, in length, its front, except in a few cleared spots, being covered with heavy timber. The main line of battle formed on the right sides.

The rifle-pits occupied by the Federal troops was half inclosed by the other. It was an inner circle, and was made up of many little breast-works, built with the stone fences. The Federal left rested also on the little stream, and run along a rocky ridge to the north, and then to the east, and so on in a semicircle over one round-topped wooded hill after another, and so on to the right of the line, by means of a thick forest. Meade's line was about five miles in length, and was in the form of a fish-hook. The ground, he had all the advantages of interior lines, and he was in the centre of a circle. The Confederate line on a wooded knoll a mile east of the centre, and curving away off behind the Confederate line and curving around in a larger circle still, was the Seminary ridge. The Federal line was concentrated, and being one, the centre of the Confederate line was concentrated, and with the Federal advance, approached the town from the south. The enemy's line was in the form of a bow, and passed through and out on the west side toward Chambersburg. The enemy's several lines were in the form of a crescent, and after a slight contest was followed by the enemy's retreat to the north and west, and he came into the town on a run, his troops going through and out on the north side, and the rear of the rebels, closely followed by the enemy. One of his brigades was sent to the left, to the west, to intercept the enemy on such side of it. All three were abreast, running as best as they could—the two outside ones pouring a heavy fire into the centre, out of which men dropped, killed or wounded, at almost every footstep. This Federal brigade, in running that terrible gauntlet, lost half of its men. Among the wounded officers, and for whom no one but the Federal troops succeeded in mounting the Cemetery hill, and in empty carriages, were taken to the enemy encamped in the town, and the Federal troops on the hill.

During Wednesday night and Thursday morning the two armies were engaged in getting into position. Some were to be the next day's line of battle, and by noon on Thursday each general had a force of 80,000 men at his disposal. Then began the great artillery contest, the infantry on both sides crouching behind fences and trees and in rifle-pits. The Federal soldiers to the centre held many of the tombstones on the ground to protect them, and many accepted. There was but little infantry fighting on Thursday, and neither party made much impression upon the other. The Confederates on the other town erected barricades, and had their shape-shots; they passed in every available spot, picking off Federal soldiers on the hills to the north of the cemetery. The entombstones and graves of the dead were thrown up breast-high over and into the devoted town. Beyond killing and wounding, but very little and shattering houses, and making an awful noise, however, this cannonade had but little effect on the mass of the two armies. It was simply with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On Thursday night, fearing that the enemy had flanking parties, which might reach their rear, General Meade had his line taken up of retreating, and he called a council of war. There were present some of the corps commanders, and with them was consulted his dispatches from Richmond, from which it was learned that the enemy had received reinforcements, and was daily receiving more.

On Friday morning General Lee, with the desire to make the attack, or the supposition of the enemy's retreat, and wished to entice them out of it, and so defeat his purpose. While there he withdrew his artillery from the centre and infantry from Gettysburg. The deserted town lay as it were in a trance—a dead, silent town, but with quietly behind the fences and trees, and bands upon the hills. They could look into the streets and see the preparing which was in progress. They saw the enemy march out and enter the town, but made no advance, and the Confederates gained nothing by the movement. A portion of the enemy, the cavalry, took up a line to the rear of the cemetery, screened the Confederate retreat. For some time the two had exchanged a soldier's fire—a few of dead and wounded men and horses, with broken wagons, fences, stone walls, and the tombstones of the cemetery to mark the contest; one, lay there. The frightened inhabitants peered out of their cellars and windows, and were glad to bring to cease such a lull, and, almost afraid of their own shadow, they hastened to the relief and comfort of the civilized and the sound of every shot or shell.

General Lee's movement had no effect. Meade was neither to be enticed into the town nor into the valley. Enough for him to hold his own, and he seems to give him warning of what happened to poor Reynolds two days before, and he wisely determined not to attack.

Saturday morning the enemy's position was made clear to the commander. The enemy's centre had been withdrawn from his entrenchments. General Lee permitted the Federal commander to send his cavalry on a charge upon the cemetery. The Federal soldiers were on the hills. They were in the cemetery, behind tombstones, in the cemetery, and some flat on the ground. The Confederate cavalry charged, and it was the most desperate day of the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, were massed in a solid column, and with a loud yell and sabre flashing and waving, and in every direction of the Federal line to the centre of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the Federal infantry, supported by a Federal battery on the hill, the Confederate cavalry, in hand, crouched in the little ditches dug behind the tombstones. With a loud yell they rushed on, and with a charge.

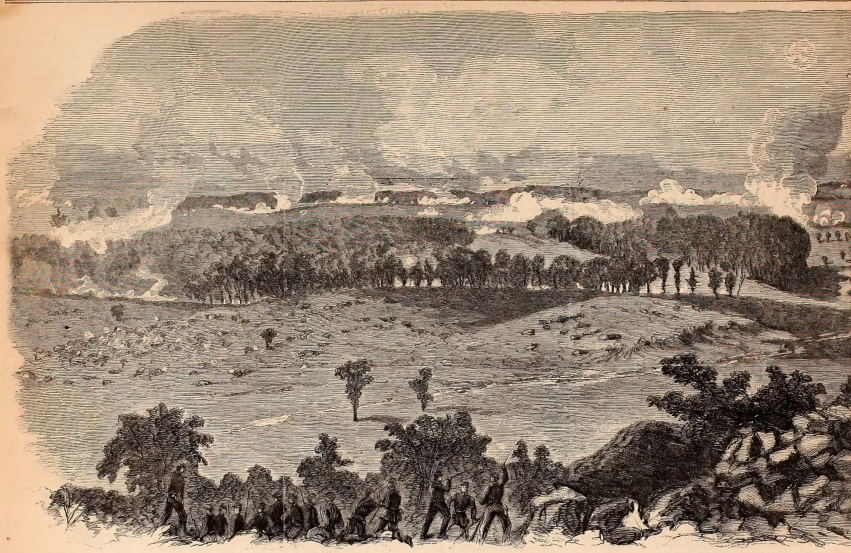
It soon came. From the woods of short, scrubby oak, but tall trees near the cemetery appeared a line of men. It was a long, loud, unremitting, hideous screech from thousands of voices. At the yell the Federal regiments rose. Soon the enemy's column emerged from the woods. They came on a run, but the long, loud, unremitting yell was screeching. They climbed the fences and rushed along, in some places in double file, in others in single file. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and spherical case and the whole arsenal of the Federal forces rained upon the heads falling out of the line. They came within musketshot of the Federal troops. The infantry opened a fire of rattle. The Confederates approached the outer line of works. They were driven back. They rallied, and with a yell the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and at the point of the bayonet, and cursing, and swearing, clashing their arms and fists in the faces of their opponents. The line of battle fell back to the Federal artillerists on the hills above. There, almost overpowering the artillerists on their hills above, lowered all their fire upon the surging column of the enemy's infantry. Grape and canister and shell were showered, and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the rear. The enemy then saw that they were lost. Then the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. They were driven back, and rallied and pushed and fired. One moment the enemy would be at the rifle-pits, and the next they would be driven across, and the field would be strewn with dead into the valley. Then, with one of these terrible charges, the enemy would be at the rifle-pits, and the next they would be driven out of the tombstones. It was the hardest fighting of the whole battle, and the enemy then, Southern blood was flowing, would not always succeed. Several attempts were made to drive the enemy from the cemetery, and it was not until the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, that the Confederates slowly retreated to the town, and into their ranks again.

The day was waning. They can scarcely be said to have been driven. They have made an attack and been repulsed, and the reserved strength of the enemy was useless to try any more, they retreated. It was now General Meade's turn to advance, and he did advance, but very hardly, his soldiers felt elated. They saw hopes of a victory, and were eager to follow up the enemy's retreat. Although there had been a battle in the valley below Gettysburg, the enemy's line of battle was not disturbed as ever. Shells flew over it, and now and then one of the lesser batteries would open fire upon the enemy, but neither force pounded it. General Meade turned his attention there.

The day was waning and the battle had failed, and he determined, if possible, to drive the enemy from the cemetery. His troops were placed in order, and charged down the hill upon the enemy. The enemy, after a short stress, chasing a few of the enemy, still hid there, but in the town. The enemy's artillery, from the hill, fired "Taps-storm," and the Executive and Chamberlain's regiments, and the regiments of the hills charged in groups and chased. At the cemetery the Confederates were driven back, and the Federal troops were driven back to their batteries, which commanded the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though the enemy's artillery fired upon the crest of the hill and abandoned the cemetery.

The enemy then retired from the town. The land to the south of the cemetery was rather flat and cut up into gorges, which was the centre of the enemy's line. The hills on the brow of the hill proved an efficient aid to the Federal infantry, maintaining their position, and, hidden by behind the brow, with the ditch in front, they could watch all the movements of the enemy. There were but little action fighting after this, and night put an end to Friday's struggle. The Federal troops, however, were about a mile on the north, near the sandstorm, and half a mile on the south of the cemetery.

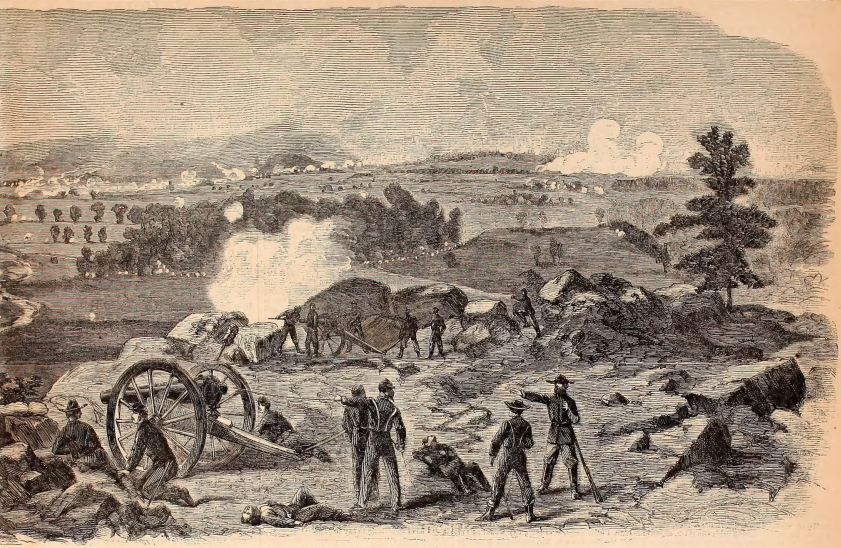
During the night the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded in the houses and in the barns were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning, Saturday, the Confederates were busily engaged in the work of making it, the enemy retreated further, abandoning their line of battle, and the Federal troops were glad to see that the place where they were intrenching at the foot of Smith Mountain. The 4th day of July in battle array, and the next day they were doing; every pickets reported that they were intrenching, and in spite of the 4th of July there was the field with it in the Federal possession.



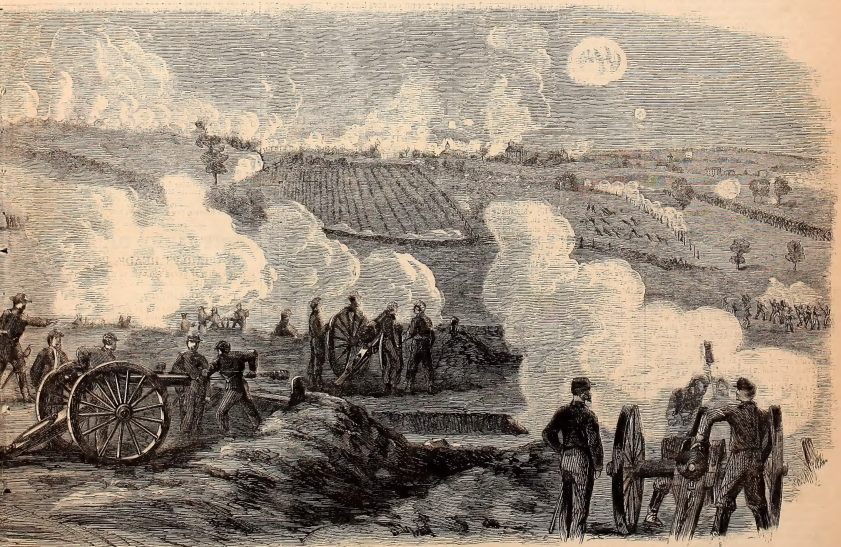
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—HILL ON THE LEFT OF THE UNION POSITIO



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—UNION POSITION NEAR THE CENTRE—GETTYSBURG



—HAZLITT'S BATTERY IN ACTION.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 471.]



N THE DISTANCE—CEMETERY ON THE HILL.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 471.]

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Long ring the bells from many a tower;
The year is eighty-three;
A father by the window sits
With a child upon his knee,
And hears the gladsome notes proclaim
The birthday of the free.

The banner which our fathers loved,
And which their sons shall prize,
With not a single star effaced,
Floats proudly to the skies—
The emblem of a nation's strength
No foeman dare despise.

"Dear father," now with earnest voice
Outspeaks the eager son,
"My teacher told me yesterday
What glorious deeds were done
In the war that burst upon the land
In eighteen sixty-one.

"She told me with what patient heart
Our noble soldiers bore
The toilsome march, the frugal fare,
The hardships of the war;
The greatest—so my teacher says—
That they ever saw.

"I wish I had been living then,
I'd be a soldier too,
And help defend the noble flag
From all the rebel crew:
I'd be *ashamed* to stay behind;
Dear father, wouldn't you?"

Upon the listening father's face
A painful flush there came;
The war-soldier's meed of praise
He could in nowise claim,
And the question of his little son
Smote him with sudden shame.

Young men, your country calls to-day
For loyal men and true;
She has enough of earnest work
For earnest men to do.
Give heed, lest in the coming days
Your children blush for you.

GERVAISE.

THE roses and honey-suckles, twined thick about the porch, stirred on a sudden, then stopped, overcome by the heavy, waving fields and thick, crowding trees on their mighty sides, and looking down on the cottage like witnesses yet kindly guardian angels, began to dim and veil themselves with mist; but the breeze, coming freshly up from the water filled out the long muslin curtains, and sweeping through halls and pizzaras with a pleasant murmur. At that Aunt Helen, napping just within the window, sighed, yawning, and looked for a shawl to put on, but the rest of the party abode as they were; the girls, Madge and Ethel, on the low-step of the piazza, Madge holding her book even closer than usual in the dim light to her near-sighted eyes, Ethel idly twisting sprays of pink honeysuckle into a wreath; while a little to the right sat Phil smoking, and Dr. Toussaint — Well, speaking after the manner of men, there had been utter silence for the last ten minutes; but if we observe the spirit rather than the letter of the facts, they all that time Gervaise Toussaint had been saying something to Ethel over and over again.

A something like the honey-suckle breath, subtle, sweet, felt rather than understood; part, as it seemed, of the restless odorous night, of the scarlet flaming sky, of the plash and ripple on the beach, of the song of the bird swaying on the drooping boughs of yonder Norway spruce, yet distinct from them all, asserting itself as a thought, not an emotion, and forcing her into sudden question and doubt of herself. For if honour, and truth, and right were any thing, then Gervaise Toussaint should have had as much share in such thinking and questioning as the column against which she leaned; no more.

The wreath dropped from her nerveless fingers, and the pale, sensitive face grew grey-shadowed from her lap, drove it full against Gervaise's broad breast.

"Fate, or rather its emblem," he said, seizing it, and pressing it to his lips.

"Unconscious wise," returned Madge, without looking up from her book. "Fate is the excuse of a coward, the shield of crime or weakness."

Ethel's face flushed at once, but she only answered, coolly,

"Truth serves cowards and bad men often."

"Truth!" Madge laid down her book, and prepared for combat.

"A truth, and it what you will: a law, circumstances, force of character—it exists under any and all of those names. Why, in this very thing that you and you? Given up to every-one certain conditions of temperament, situation, habit of thought, attraction, and let the rest be as it will. So surely as they meet they are drawn together—feel their chief good in each other; and before this mysterious power, this all-potent attraction, all the things you call laws and duties if they chance to be opposing, are brushed away like cobwebs. I style this Fate. The individuals are nonentities. The cause prophesies of the effect as surely as this bud of the flower."

"The convenient creed of a man who has found the weakness of human will, and discovered nothing stronger or higher," retorted Madge, coldly.

Philip threw away his cigar, roused himself from a state of semi-doze, and assumed the air oratorical.

"Philosophers! philosophers—(save in the gallantry of a language that forces me to coin the word!) Ah yes are discussing cause and effect, remember that colds and coughs are apt to be the effects of a damp night breeze, and come in."

"Not at all, my dear Madge. "Come, Etta."

"In a moment," answered Ethel, with effort, as if under or nunised.

Gervaise, who had walked to the other end of the piazza, came suddenly back.

"It is too cool; you must go in, Ethel."

Before it had always been Miss Mason. She remembered that, angrily, even while she obeyed. He had turned away again as if forgetting her, but he stood in the long window through which she must pass, looking at the wall of black cloud that had built itself up in the stormy sky. Ethel hesitated, then made a move to go around the house.

"Stop," he said, quickly; "you have not pronounced yet on my creed. Will you dare to deny Fate also?"

"You are too mystical for my comprehension."

"Your evasion is a tacit acknowledgment."

"No, no!" she cried, hastily, trying to withdraw the hand that he had seized; but he held the slender finger fast, saying, with a smile,

"Why struggle? soft flesh against iron sinew can but bruise itself."

Ethel made no answer, and they crossed the drawing-room in silence. It was but a moment; but she took no measurement of time—she only knew that the strong, firm hold her fingers in, the none forceless way he was making her feel what he had dared to think, and that she had found in herself no indignation—only fear and surprise! It was than that, he had read her only too clearly, and that from beneath she must quell and crush out all unconsciousness, and must act and speak with intelligence of his meaning; and with all this hatred, and dread out in her brain, she came from the darkness into the light and warmth of the supper-room, where people were chatting over their tea as if that was going on every day—very much as usual—as if a demon had not trailed itself at her shoulder, and turned her wild and ghastly with its whispering.

Had she heard such whispering? Or was it a dream? a horrible remembrance of some sensational novel? The honest fire-light made it monstrous; the home air knew of no such noxious growth. Gervaise was enough. He was like them, with Philip now, resting his powerful hand lightly on Phil's wommish fingers. Such things had been done. Lily Haleigh knew of them, in woman's heart; but that was a tragedy. These were all simple, quiet folk tipping tea out of clear, old-fashioned china, under an old-fashioned roof that had never known dishonour.

Was here ought for tragedies? Only the other day she was feeding dolts from acorn cups. Could she break a heart?

Madge, seeing her wan looks, came over to her. Madge, Phil's sister, who some day would be her sister also, and down by her, stroked back the fair hair, patted her cheek, kissed her brow, inquired about her, in short, after a fashion common to kindly girls. At that Ethel squeezed herself into something like a rent the master, and came over with his notice of a feminine panacea in the shape of a cup of tea. Then Gervaise, with Phil, put Philip was obstinate and insisted—fed it to her by the tea-spoonful, looking, Madge declared as she left them, more like a mother than a lover, with a heart in the right place, doing the good Samaritan to a stray canary-bird.

Gervaise at last began to dabble dangerously at this pretty by-play; the red lips closing on the spoon; the soft face upturned in Phil's worshipping look; the touch on the handkerchief under her chin; his eyes sought Ethel's face, persistently averted, first unwillingly, then with intent and secretly, though the face never once turned toward him, a faint color began to rise and deepen in her cheeks, the downcast lids quivered, the lips parted, and then, as if by an irresistible impulse, she turned halfway, and for one fleeting moment met Gervaise's gaze.

She pushed the cup away hastily.

"I have had enough, and I am better."

"See now," answered Philip, the unobservant. "Another proof that my lily only needs my touching. Ethel, will you have a little more tea, or medicine now? Tell me when I shall have you always in my charge. You need such care as only I can give. You shall I have her Gervaise?"

He had begun spuriously, ended seriously. Ethel drew quick breath. From this question she felt always shrank, not with modesty, but timidity, but a secret reluctance difficult to explain even to herself. But now it was upon her, danger breathing her; and here was the safe, the honorable, the only way of escape. Philip, Madge, all would rejoice, and she should be free. Such a sigh she murmured something low in Philip's ear.

He turned radiant, joyous, exclaiming, before he could utter a word, to Gervaise:

"Madge, Aunt Nellie, I invite you to a wedding! Ethel has given me permission to claim her, and given me carte-blanche, and I pronounce that it shall be three weeks from this date. Gervaise, I claim your promise to be my best man—agreed!"

"Oh you delightful, lovely child!" This was Madge, rushing at Ethel as if to devour her, but vouchsafing no actual thought beyond the kiss. And Gervaise nodded and went on talking with Aunt Helen; but presently amended the nod on this wise:

"I said yes. If I am here, that means. You know we are on a marching order shortly."

Ethel's heart stood silent a moment, then bounded as if it would burst from her breast. Her eyes flamed with wonder, then fell, trembling and faintness seized upon her.

Within the arch of the folding doors stood a piano, and Gervaise, sitting down, began to trifle with the keys, and sing half under his breath, as if to himself.

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done! You got us more of me!
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion specifies his—
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st yet him recover."

The words were quaint, the strain eerie as the moaning and murmuring of the wind, beating up now in strong, regular sweeps against the windows. But Aunt Nellie was asleep again; and Philip and Madge, jesting by the fire, heard neither song nor storm. Gervaise had his shrinking auditor to himself, and knew that, from the half-tender, half-defiant strain, he glided to "Aileen Aroon." Every word is informed with his own relentless will, with tenderest entreaty, with passionate persuasion.

For her there was no Philip, no Madge, no promise. Gervaise was going, and with him would go all the savor and sweetness of life. The long days would drag on aimlessly, and she would pray for speedy death, lest she should meet him again and go mad, as she was now. When unable to bear more she rose quietly away. The music seemed to pursue her, up the stairs, into her dark and quiet room—a sound in the air, spite of door shut fast and head bowed at her bedside.

She tried to pray, and listened instead—to the music, then to the talking finally heard, to the drawing of bolts, and "good-nights" on the stairs, and steps passing her door, and merry fingers tapping thereon as they passed, and last, the gentle stir in the various rooms, dying away into the quiet and hush of a sleeping house.

Then Ethel sat up, and like a ghost. Let those rest who could, sleep was not for her. It was utterly dark in the room, but she easily found her way down to the supper-room, so glowing and bright when she left it, so dark and silent now. As she entered a violent gust of wind and rain almost drove her back. With singular carelessness she had left open the glass door leading on the piazza. She went to close it, but groping about in the dark her hands touched other hands; not ghostly, but warm and human. And growing a little accustomed to the shadow, she descried a still figure looking out at the angry night.

"Fate again," said Gervaise's voice.

Ethel could hardly repress a shriek.

"I did not think of finding you here," she said, trembling.

"I dare be sworn that, else you would not have come; but perhaps you will acknowledge now that destiny is not yours to mould; fate not yours to guide."

"It is late, I must go to bed," said Ethel, hastily.

"I have something to say to you."

"To-morrow."

"You know that I can not speak to you to-morrow."

"I must go."

"Not till you have heard me."

"I will."

She was moving away, but with a rapid stride Gervaise intercepted her, reached the door first, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Now you are in my power," he said. Then going to the table he found the lamp and lighted it, turning it low, and said,

"Gervaise, is this fair? is it manly?" asked Ethel, much agitated.

He came and sat down beside her.

"Foolish child," he said, softly, "do you not know that we could never part so? Though it should dash the thunders of Heaven, I must say that I love you."

"Gervaise!"

"Oh, I know. You are betrothed. You are to marry Philip. He is a good fellow, and in honor and decency you ought to love him, but you can't. The pale flame that you thought love has gone out altogether in the blaze of new possibilities that have showed upon you. You have found out what it is to love with heart and brain, and though you may wish to deny the existence of the sun, it will shine and is spite. Call your moral falsehood if you will; body and soul will revolt, and the revolt will be life-long. Choose whether you will make the misery of three or only one."

Five minutes before Ethel had been nerveless, helpless, but now the very desperation of the crisis roused her to unwonted energy of will, quickness of thought.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve," she murmured, "Jehovah or Baal. Baal's service is pleasant, but the wages are bitter."

"You owe me nothing."

"That the wages of sin is death."

"A truce to preaching, you are in earnest."

"Gervaise, said Ethel, suddenly, "an experience of this sort would, I should think, enlarge the human vision; it is quite a telescopic clearness. How then, if after accepting the sun you mention, I should discover that after all it was only a fixed star and that the veritable sun was blazing away in another direction? It seems to me that such discoveries could scarcely fail to be common in the case you propose."

Gervaise regarded her for an instant with a curious mixture of surprise and indignation, then broke out something out his arms:

"Oh, Ethel, love! darling!" he cried. "Come. Say I love you, and in every thought, with every wish, with all my strength, with all my heart and soul."

Ethel trembled, drew back. He leaned nearer to her, put away her feeble opposing hands, drew her close to his heart.

"You love me also," he whispered, kissing her over and over again.

Ethel answered by tears.

"Dear little tender heart," he murmured, "don't you see that no blame attaches to you? Do you think that I would have left Philip my friend for that, could you have made each other's happiness, I should ever have said what I have to-night?"

"I find not," answered Ethel, wresting herself from his arms, "bidding us do evil that good may come, and I can hardly see how lasting happiness can be based on so unstable a foundation as treachery. No, hear me," as he eagerly tried to speak, "I do love you, even as you said, Gervaise Toussaint. Only to be with you is a rest, a peace, a joy so keen that it is sometimes half like pain. I have no pleasure without wishing you a partner in it: I have no pain without thinking of you as consolation; no wish that I would not rejoice to sacrifice; not even strength to resist you as I do now, were it not given me from God. If there is love, it is what I feel for you; but it is based on our wrong, and what would have been our happiness, did we dare seize it now, would only prove a curse. I shall never marry Philip. I could not with your kisses on my lips, but neither will I ever be your wife."

And by that declaration she abode. Philip and Gervaise marched to the war together; and only to-day I heard kind Mrs. Grundy discussing that sad flirt, Ethel Mason, who had broken her engagement with Philip to flirt with Gervaise Toussaint. "This last, however," added my charitable friend, "is not to be so sought, but cancelled openly off with Philip, leaving her to wear the willow; and, poor thing, she is so cut up about it, she looks wretchedly pale and worn," concluded sapient Mrs. Grundy.

IN HOSPITAL.

WITH the wearying round of the hours, which tardily on creep,
While the pulses flicker low, and life struggles long with death,
While the gloomiest of sombre fears round my restless pillow keep,
I lie in the solemn Chambers of Shadow—a Hospital for the dead.

There are ghastly faces around me, and dim and glassy eyes;
There are painful writhings and groanings, and wrestlings with the enemies:
The air that I breathe is burdened with gaspings and shrieking sighs,
And the horrors of grim Disease fit ever around the dying.

The skies of the southern June bang invisible overhead,
Through the blind a wayward sunbeam has fallen across the bed,
From the street a hollow murmur comes faintly up to my bed—
A token, perhaps, of action and life I may know no more.

Let me still my brain for a moment, and think. How happen I here—
I, who left home a soldier, and long vowed Death for my bride?
Where is my company now—the regiment—is it near?
Ah! I remember at last—that stinging pain in my side.

Let me recall the scene. 'Twas long ere the break of day
When the silent column filed through the dim and misty gray
In the wood,
Seeking the unseen haunt where the sheltered rebel lay,
Ready to stain his red and his soul with loyal blood.

Through the sleeping forest, and up the dark ravine,
Gleaming with bayonets, and stealthily on the move,
Yet with a step and spirit, that life-blood flows like wine,
Spilled at Conflict's own banquet, warm in its crimson joy.

Charge with the bayonet, charge!" the Colonel's voice full yell
Burst from our lips as the column rushed on the rebel fell,
Wavered, and charged again—and before those flames of hell
Reeled in the hopeless shock in mute, heroic despair!

* * * * *

O my brothers who lie with me here in the hospital ward,
Scorning your noble hearts to the agony of your pain,
Ours is the love and the labor, long, heartbreaking, and hard,
Yet let God and our country live shall cure be the gain.

O my more than brothers—my lovers, who toil that day,
Sweetening the bitter cup of defeat with your life's best blood,
Hands invisible reaching down through the glorious fray
Gave you the immortalizing touch of martyrhood!

JAMES F. FITTS,
Captain Co. Iowa Vol. Volunteers.
St. James Hospital, New Orleans, June, 1863.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES MARLEY came out of the Bank that morning with nine hundred and four pounds buttoned up tight in the pocket of his leather waistcoat, by a strap; and so to his work; and home at one o'clock to dinner.

At 2 P.M. he was thoughtful; uneasy at 3; perturbed at 4.

He was gardener as well as capitalist: and Mr. Hardie owed him thirty shillings for work.

Now, Hardie was in no pecuniary need, and Marley's in particular, that the £900 in pocket seemed only to make him more penurious.

"I can't afford to go with the creditors," argued Marley: "dividend on thirty shillings? why, that will be about thirty pence; the change for a hard half crown."

He stuck his spade in the soil and made for his employer's house. As he came up the street, Dodd shot out of the Bank radiant, and was about to pass him without speaking; but as he was about to pass him, but Marley stopped him with a right cordial welcome, and told him he had given them all a fright this time.

"What, is it over the town already, that my ship has been wrecked?" And Dodd looked annoyed.

"Wrecked? No; but you have been due this two months, ye know. Wrecked? Why captain, you have been wrecked!" and he looked him all over as if he expected to see a wreck or a broken limb or a bandage somewhere.

"Ay, James, wrecked on the French coast, and lost my chronometer, and a tip-top sextant.

But what of that? I saved *it*. I have just landed it in the Bank. Good-by: I must shear off; I long to be home."

"Stay a bit, captain," said Maxley: "I am not quite easy in my mind; I saw you come out of Hardie's; I thought in course you had been on to draw: but you says different. Now what was it you did leave behind you at that there shop, if you please: not money?"

"Not money? Only fourteen thousand pounds. Now the man stares! Why it's not mine, James; it's my children's there, good-by" and he was actually off this time. But Maxley stretched his long limbs, and caught him in two strides, and gripped his shoulder without ceremony: "Be you mad? I said he, sternly.

"No, but I begin to think you are."

"That is to be seen," said Maxley, gravely.

"Before I lets you go, you must tell me whether you be jesting, or whether you have really been so simple as to drop fourteen—thousand—pounds at Hardie's?" No judge upon the bench, nor bishop in his stall, could be more impressive than this gardener was when he subdued the vast volume of his voice to a low grave utterance of this secret.

Dodd began to be uneasy: "Why, good Heavens, there is nothing wrong with the old Barkington Bank?"

"Nothing wrong?" roared Maxley: then whispered: "Hoh! I was lead once for slander, and cost me fifty pounds: mostly through a woman it did."

"Man!" cried Dodd, "for my children's sake tell me if you know any thing amiss. After all I'm like a stranger here; more than two years away at a time."

"I'll tell you all I know," whispered Maxley: "'tis the least I can do. What (touring), don't you—think—that I've forgotten you saving your boy out o' that scrape, and getting him a good place in Canada, and—why he'd have been put in prison but for you, and that was the time when my heart and his mother's—and—" The stout voice began to break.

"Oh, better all that now," said Dodd, impatiently. "The Bank! you have grounded me on them."

"Well, I'll tell ye; but you must promise faithful not to go and say I told ye, or you'll get me lead again: and I likes to lie *them*, but for *they* to lie me."

"I promise, I promise."

"Well, then, I got a letter to-day from my boy, him as you was so good to, and here 'tis in my breast-pocket.—Lawk! I shall never be come round surely: why, look ee here now, if so be you hadn't been a good friend to *he*, he wouldn't be where he is, and if so be as how where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ me this here, and then where should you and *I* be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I would," said Maxley, diving a hand into his breast: "shall I lookee yander now; if there ain't Master Alfred & watching of us two out of his window: and he has got no more eye than a hawk, he have. Step in the passage, captain, and I'll show it you."

He drew him into the passage, and gave him the letter. Dodd ran his eye over it hastily, uttered a cry like a wounded lion, dropped it, over a slight stagger, and rushed out.

Maxley picked up his letter and watched Dodd into the Bank again; and reflected on his work. His heart was warmed at having made a return to the good captain.

His head suggested that he was on the road which leads to libel.

But he had picked up at the assizes a smattering of the law of evidence; so he pocketed the letter in pieces. "There now," said he to himself, "if Hardies do lie me for publishing of this here letter, why they pours their water into a sieve. Ugh!" And with this exclamation he started, and then found his heart was warm to the letter, and ground it furtively into the mud; for a light hand had settled on his shoulder, and a keen eye was close to his face.

It was Alfred Hardie, who had stolen on him like a cat. "I'm land," thought Maxley.

"Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, in a voice as coaxing as a woman's, "are you in a good humor?"

"Well, Master Halfred, sight of you mostly puts me in one, especially after that there strychnine job."

"Then tell me," whispered Alfred, his eyes sparkling and his face beaming, "who was that you were taking to just now?—was it?—wasn't it?—who was it?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE Dodd stood lowering in the doorway, he was nevertheless making a great effort to control his agitation.

At last he said, in a stern but low voice, in which, however, a quick ear might detect a tremor of agitation: "I have changed my mind, Sir: I require my money back."

At this, though David's face had prepared him, Mr. Hardie's heart sank. He must have time to help for it: he said, faintly, "Certainly. May I ask?"—and there he stopped; for it was hardly prudent to ask any thing.

"No matter:" replied Dodd, his agitation rising even at this slight delay: "Come! my money! I am in haste and will have it."

Hardie drew himself up majestically. "Captain Dodd, this is a strange way of demanding what nobody here disputes."

"Well, I beg your pardon," said Dodd, a little awed by his dignity and fairness: "but I can't help it."

The quick, supple Banker, saw the slight advantage he had gained, and his mind went into a whirl: what should he do? It was death to part with this money and gain nothing by it: sooner tell Dodd of the love affair; and open a treaty on this basis: he clung to this money like limpet to its rock; and so intense and rapid were his thoughts and schemes how to retain it a little longer, that David's apologies buzzed in his ear like the drone of a beetle.

The latter went on to say, "You see, Sir, it's my children's fortune, my boy Edward's, and my little Anna's; and so many have been trying to get it from me, that my head boils up in a moment about it now.—My poor head—You don't seem to understand what I am saying; there then, I am a sailor; I can't go beating and tacking, like you landsmen, with the wind dead ahead: the long and the short is, I have fled in safe here: don't feel It safe nay where, except in my wife's lap. So no more words: here's your receipt; give me back mine."

"Certainly, Captain Dodd. Call to-morrow morning at the Bank, and it will be paid on demand in the regular way: the Bank opens at ten o'clock."

"No, no; I can't wait. I should be dead of anxiety before then. Why not pay it me here, and now? You took it here."

"We never keep deposits four o'clock; but we do not disobure after three. This is the system of all Banks."

"Banks and nonsense: if you are open to receive money, you are open to pay it."

"If any one has not entirely ignorant of business, you would be aware that these things are not done in this way: money received is placed to account, and we do not ask the only person who can honor your draft on it: but stop; if the cashier is in the Bank, we may make it for you: I believe he is; and see whether he has left: and, if not, send him in to me directly." The cashier took his cue, and ran out.

David was silent.

The cashier presently returned, saying, with a disappointed air: "The cashier has been gone this quarter of an hour."

David murmured an ominous silence.

"That is unfortunate," remarked Hardie. "But, after all, it is only till to-morrow morning: a gift I should think unnecessary. Sir: and I feel that all these precautions we are obliged to take must seem unreasonable to you: but experience dictates them, and prudence; and, were we to deviate from it, our friends' money would not be safe in our hands as it always has been at present."

David eyed him sternly, but let him run on. What he was saying was perfectly reasonable. David said, quietly: "So you can't give me my own, because your cashier has carried it away?"

Hardie replied: "Not at all, because he has locked it up; and carried away the key."

"It is not in this room, then?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"What, not in that safe of yours, there?"

"Certainly not," said Hardie, stoutly.

"Open the safe, then," said the other.

"Open the safe? What for?"

"To show me It is not in the right-hand partition of that safe; there, there." And David pointed at the very place where it was.

Mr. Hardie dignified Mr. Hardie felt ready to sink with shame: a kind of shudder passed through him, and he was about to comply, heart-sick: but then recovering himself in the rage of disappointment, stung him, and he turned in defiance: "You are impertinent, Sir: and I shall not respond your curiosity by your insolence by showing you the contents of my safes."

"My money! my money!" cried David, fiercely: "I've been robbed: I'll not listen to them: I know you now for what you are; a thief. I see you put it there: and a liar is always a thief. You want to steal my children's money: I'll have your life first. My money! ye pirate! I'll struggle for it with you." He sprang with him, purple with rage, and shot out his long threatening arm, and brown fingers working in the air. "D'ye know what I am?" he cried, and shook that tried to rob me of it? I threatened him with those fingers, and he was in a rage instantly: out of him; he came for my children's money, and I killed him so—so—so and I'll kill you, you thief! you liar! you scoundrel!"

His face black and convulsed with rage, and his outstretched fingers working convulsively, and lunging for a rogue's throat, made the resolute Hardie quake; he whipped out of the private door's way, and got behind it, and was trembling.

"Hush! no violence!" he gasped: "I'll give you your money this moment, you ruffian."

While he unlocked the safe with trembling hands, Dodd stood like a man petrified; his arms and fingers stretched out and threatening; and Skinner saw him pull at his neck-tie furiously, like one choking.

Hardie got the notes and bills all in a hurry, and held them out to Dodd.

He white with his consternation, and surprise, and indignation, he received a back-handed blow on the eye that dazzled him for an instant: and there was David with his arms struggling wildly, and his fists clenched, his face purple, and his eyes distorted as that collie was seen but the whites; the next moment his teeth gnashed loudly together, and he fell headlong on the floor with a concussion so astounding, that the windows rattled, and the room shook violently; while the dust rose in a cloud.

A loud ejaculation burst from Hardie and Skinner.

And then there was an awful silence.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN David fell senseless on the floor Mr. Hardie was somewhat confused by the back-handed blow from his convulsed and whirling arm. But Skinner ran to him, held up his head and whipped off his neckcloth.

Then Hardie turned to seize the bell and ring for assistance; but Skinner shook his head and said it was useless; this was no faint: did Betty Lee help him?

"It is a bad day's work, Sir," said he, trembling: "he is dead, I fear."

"Dead? Heaven forbid!"

"Apoplexy!" whispered Skinner.

"Run for a doctor then. Lose no time: Don't let us have his blood on our hands. Dead?"

And he repeated the word this time in a very different tone, and one too strange and significant to escape Skinner's quick ear. However, he laid David's head gently down, and rose from his knees to obey.

What did he see now, but Mr. Hardie, with his back turned, putting the notes and bills softly into the safe again out of sight. He saw, comprehended, and took his own course with equal rapidity.

"Come, run!" cried Mr. Hardie, "I'll take care of him; every moment is precious."

"He wants to get rid of me!" thought Skinner. "No, Sir," said he, "he ruled by me: let us be sure he is dead. He won't live; and we shall get all the blame if we doctor him."

Already egotism had whispered Hardie, "How lucky I got that money!" and now a still guiltier thought flashed through him: he did not try to conquer it: he only trembled at himself for entertaining it.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his better nature, weakly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with precipitation, as he wanted to occupy himself as well as Skinner. With equal *pardie* he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the garden: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the premises, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not to the hospital, where might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men were used to carry for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not bilk, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

He must have a look at it.

He stole back, opened the safe, and examined the notes and bills.

He fingered them.

They seemed to grow to his fingers.

He lusted after them.

He said to himself, "The matter has gone too far to stop; I must go on borrowing this money of the Dodds: and make it the basis of a large fortune: it will be best for all parties in the end."

He put it into his pocket-bo, the pocket-book into his breast-pocket; and passed by his private door into the house: and to his breakfast-room.

Ten minutes later he left the house with a little black bag in his hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHAT will ye give me, and I'll tell ye," said Maxley to Alfred Hardie.

"Five pounds."

"That is too much."

"Five shillings then."

"That is too little. Lookee here, your garden owes me thirty shillings for work: suppose you pays me that, and that will save me from going to your Dad for it."

Alfred consented readily, and paid the money. Then Maxley told him it was Captain Dodd he had been talking with.

"I thought so," said he: "cried Alfred joyfully, "but I was afraid to believe it: it was too delightful: Maxley, you're a trump: you have made me happier than you have rewarded me of; some fool has gone and reported the *Agra* wrecked; look here" and he showed him his letter. "Isabel, Isabel, how only just come; so I haven't been miserable long."

"Well, be sure, news does first nateowadays. He have been wrecked, for that matter. He then surprised Alfred by telling him all he had just learned from Dodd; and was going on to let out about the fourteen thousand pounds, when he recollected this was the Banker's son; and stopped short, and concluded, judging others by himself, would be apt to turn their backs on him. Now he was silent, and was disposed to do him a good turn, when he could without hurting James Maxley. "Mr. Alfred," said he, "I know you feel better than you do: you be ruled by me, you'll run it: you put on your Sunday coat this minute; and off like a shot to Abbey Farm: you'll get there before the captain: he have got a little business to do first; that is neither here nor there: besides you be a young chap and not a man. You be the first to tell Missus Dodd the good news; and, when the captain comes, you may join aside Miss Esther and don't you be shy and shamefaced: take him when his heart is warm, and tell him why you are there: 'I love her, dear,' says you. He be only a sailor, and they never has no sense nor prudence: he is amost sure to take you by the hand, at such a time: and once you get his word, he'll stand good, to his own hurt; he's one of that sort, there is silly old beast."

A good deal of this was unintelligible to Alfred; but the advice seemed good; advice generally does when it squares with our own wishes: he thanked Maxley, left him, made a hasty toilet, and ran to Albion Villa.

Sarah opened the door to him; in tears.

The news of the wreck had come to Albion Villa just half an hour ago; and in that half hour they had tasted more misery than hitherto their peaceful lot had brought them in years. Mrs. Dodd was praying and crying in her room; Miss had put on her bonnet, and was coming down in deep distress to send a servant, to go down to the quay and learn more, if possible.

Alfred saw her on the stairs, and at sight of her pale, agitated face, flew to her.

She held out both hands piteously to him: "Oh, Alfred!"

"Good news!" he panted. "He is alive; Maxley has seen him—I have seen him—He will be here directly—pray don't cry your eyes—calm your fears—He is safe; he is well: hurrah! hurrah!"

The girl's pale face flushed red with hope, then pale again with emotion, then rose red with transcendent joy: "Oh, bless you! bless you!" she murmured, in her sweet gurgle so full of heart: then took his head passionately with both her hands, as if she was going to kiss him: uttered a little inarticulate cry of love and gratitude over him, then turned and flew up the stairs crying "Mamma! mamma!" and burst into her mother's room. When two such Immoderate meet, as Alfred and Julia, expect quick work.

What happened in Mrs. Dodd's room may be imagined: and soon both Sarah came hastily out to Alfred, and he found himself in the drawing-room seated between them, and holding a hand of each, and receiving the most delicious soothing and assuring them; Julia believed him at a word, and experienced the unspeakable relief and anticipation of the joyful meeting; Mrs. Dodd cost him more trouble: her soft hand trembled still in his; she could not believe in her salvation. But, when he told her he with his own eyes had seen Captain Dodd talking to Maxley, and gathered from Maxley that he had been landed on the coast of France, and lost his chronometer and his sextant, these details commanded credit; both were sure of it: the captain's dressing-case ordered to be got ready: the cook put on her meter-hat, and Alfred invited to stay and dine with the long-expected one: and the house of mourning became the house of joy.

"And that is all was he who brought the good news," whispered Julia to her mother; "and that is so sweet."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dodd, "he will make even me love him. The £14,000! I hope that was not lost in the wreck."

"Oh, mamma! who cares? when his own dear, sweet, precious life has been in danger, and is restored to us by a miracle. Do let me come? I shall scold him for keeping us waiting: you know I am not a bit afraid of him, though he is a captain. I will be respectful to say, I govern him with a rod of no matter what. Do, do, let us all three put on our bonnets, and run and meet him. I will not run far: so you some only the very first days."

Mrs. Dodd: "Well: wait a few minutes, and then, if he is not here, you two shall go. I dare hardly trust myself to meet my darling husband in the open street."

Julia ran to Alfred: "If he does not come in ten minutes, you and I may go and meet him."

"You are a dear, good, sensible girl."

"You are another," said Julia, haughtily. "Oh, dear, I can't sit down: and I hate flattery. I want pacing. A waltz! a waltz! then one can go mad with joy without startling propriety: I can't answer for the consequences if I don't let off a little, little, happiness."

"That I will," said Mrs. Dodd; "for I am as happy as you, and happier." She played a waltz.

Julia's eyes were a challenge: Alfred started up and took her hand, and soon the gay young things were whirling round, the happiest pair in England.

But in the middle of the joyous whirl, Julia's quick ear, on the watch all the time, heard the gate swing open, she glided like a bird from Alfred's arm, and ran to the window. Arrived there, she made three swift vertical bounds like a girl with a skipping rope, only her hands were clapping in the air at the same time; then down the stairs, screaming: "It's he, it's he! he's coming, coming, coming."

Alfred ran after her.

Mrs. Dodd, unable to race with such antelopes, slipped quietly out into the little balcony.

Julia had seen two men carrying a trestle with a turpaulin over it, and a third walking beside. Dodd's heavy sea chest had been more than once carried home that way. She met the men at the door, and answered them with questions: "Is it his clothes? then he wasn't so much wrecked after all. Is he with you? to be coming directly? Why don't you tell me?"

The porters at first were the stolid impassive form of their class; but when the bright young creature questioned them, brimming over with ardor and joy, their countenances fell, and they looked foolish.

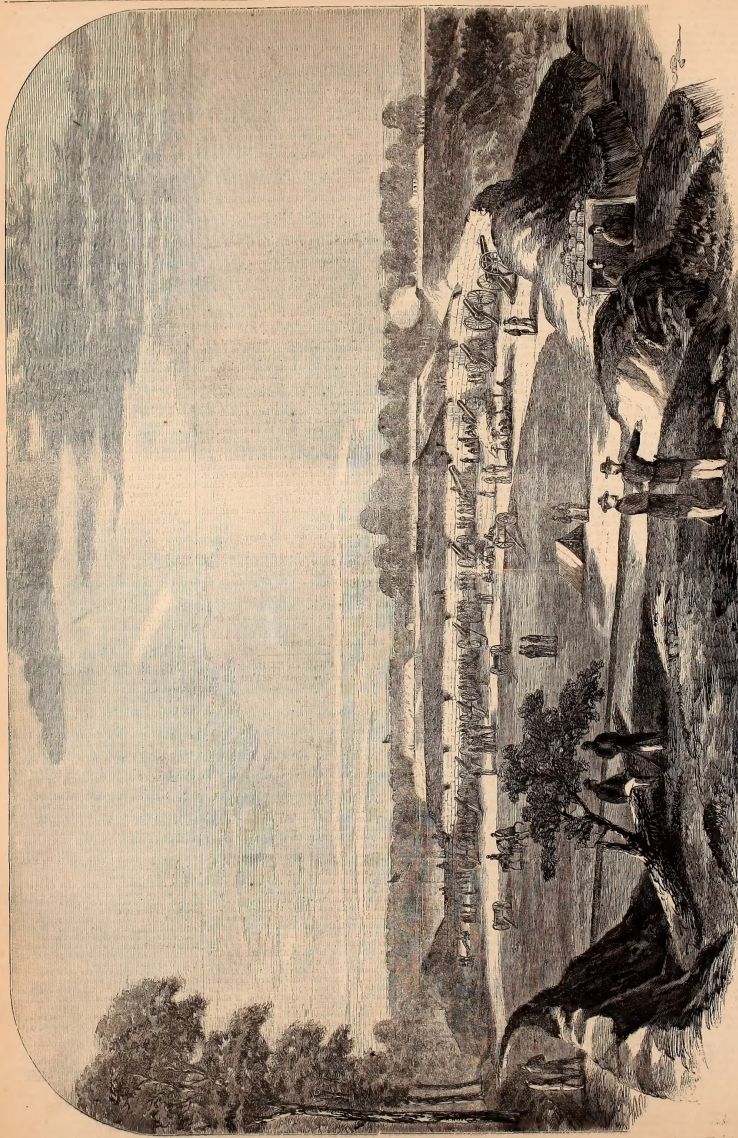
The little sharp-faced man, who was walking beside the other, stepped forward to reply to Julia.

He was interrupted by a terrible scream from the balcony.

Mrs. Dodd was leaning wildly over it, with dilating eyes, and quivering hand that pointed like spears, and all her innocent joy frozen it a moment.

The turpaulin was snatch there, and a man's hand and part of his arm dangled helpless out.

The hand was blanched: and wore a well-known ring.



THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT RIVER BATTERY, THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE REBEL CITADEL.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



THE REBELS SHELLING THE NEW YORK MILITIA IN THE MAIN STREET OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

LAST WORDS.

He knelt beside her dying bed;
"Speak, daughter, speak!" the old man said;
And she, "'Tis dark; where is he—where?
I fain would smooth his wavy hair."
"O leave me not, my child," he said;
"And she, "I know, when I am dead,
You'll let him for a little space
Gaze on my still and shrouded face."
"Child, he is here," the father cried;
Her feeble arms she open spread,
Her lips to his she strove to press,
And clasp'd him in a mute caress.
"Forgive!" the father cried, "forgive!
To be his wife wilt thou not live?"
"I do forgive, and bless"—she said,
Her eyelids fluttered, she was dead!
Poor lover! poorer father! he
Through life that thin white face will see.

THE TAKING OF VICKSBURG.

We publish on page 465 a new portrait of Major-General Grant, the hero of Vicksburg. We have the portrait in a sentence represent him as he was at the commencement of the war, with a flowing beard. He has since trimmed this hirsute appendage, and now looks as he is shown in our picture. For a life of the General we refer to page 365, No. 236, of *Harper's Weekly*. He has not been appointed by the President Major-General in the regular army.

On page 468 we reproduce a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, showing the relief sent to Vicksburg from our river flotilla, with the Mississippi above and below Vicksburg. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE VIEW FROM THE RIFLE-PITS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *June 12, 1863.*

"The scene at this point embraces so much that the public is familiar with, that has been mapped, sketched, and written of, that the reader's fancy must be of interest to many. It shows the very commanding position passed so often by our fleets, the levee batteries that sank the boat of the gallant Bache—the *Cincinnati*—Young's Point, etc. Below is Warrenton, and faint in the distance Grand Gulf. Even the 'Bohemians' have an interest in the sketch, for is not the work upon which the pencil is poised the very battery that disturbed their quietude the last summer, and more lately sank the little tug which sent upon an involuntary journey to the 'Dixie' Collins, Brown, and Richardson? The soldiers in the trench give a view of trench life; while some smoke, read a book, play on hand, others are on the *qui vive* for a good chance, which means, in soldier parlance, an opportunity to end the chapters of some rebel's book of life.

On page 469 we give a view of Vicksburg as it was before the siege, and three pictorial sketches by Mr. Davis, showing the operation of mining a hostile work. Mr. Davis thus describes them:

"MINING THE REBEL WORK FORT HILL.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *June 20, 1863.*

"At this moment we have effected a lodgment in the work known as Fort Hill. This has been done by shoving a portion of the parapet in, as was specially converted into a bastion work for two guns.

"I have sketched the effect of a hand grenade in the trench, showing, at the same time, the entrance of the gallery leading to the mine.

"I have also sketched the miners busily at work far under the rebel wall. The different mines Gour in numbers were exploded at the same moment. The dust and smoke had not cleared away when a portion of General Logan's division dashed into the saps and trenches, from which the rebel had been withdrawn prior to the explosion. From the advances which they scattered the rifle-pits made by the blast. They were soon busily engaged the engineer corps, under Chief Engineer Captain Hickenlooper, who, with significant coolness, held his post under a severe fire. The lodgment was soon complete, and the position ours.

By-and-by, completing the history, we append the following particulars of the surrender. A dispatch dated Head-quarters General Grant, near Vicksburg, July 3, 8 P.M., said:

At eight this morning flags of truce appeared before A. J. Smith's front, when Major-General Bowen and United Messengers were met immediately into our lines. They bore a communication from General Pemberton of the following purport:

"Although I feel confident of my ability to resist your arms indefinitely, in order to stop the further effusion of blood, I propose that you appoint three commissioners to meet three whom I shall select, to arrange such terms as may best accomplish the result."

Grant soon replied substantially in these words:

"The appointment of Commissioners is unnecessary. While I should be glad to stop any unnecessary effusion of blood, the only terms which I will entertain are those of unconditional surrender. At the same time, myself, and men, and officers of the army, are willing to testify to the distinguished gallantry with which the defence of Vicksburg has been conducted."

At eleven o'clock the messengers returned. This afternoon General Grant met General Pemberton between the lines, and after an hour's consultation settled the surrender. General Pemberton urged that the officers might be paroled here and furnished rations to carry them to their lines; to which the surrender General peremptorily said, the drawings of the plan, General Grant consented.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of the interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton:

General Pemberton then entered a personal interview which was granted by Grant at 3 P.M. The latter, with his staff, appeared on the hills where our advance works were. Here the party halted, until General Pemberton appeared, accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery. On the crest of the opposite hills were rifle-pits and forts, crowded with men. In the open in front of fruit trees of figs and peaches met the contending heroes. Thousands of soldiers looked upon this strange scene. Two men who had been lieutenants in the same regiment in Mexico now met as foes, with all the world looking upon them. The one the country's glory, the other his country's shame.

While they had approached within a few feet there was a halt and silence.

Colonel Montgomery spoke—"General Grant, General Pemberton." They shook hands politely. It was evident Pemberton was mortified. He said: "I was at Monterey and Buena Vista. We had terms and conditions there." Grant responded: "I have no terms." They were then on the grass and talked more than an hour. Grant smoked all the time. Pemberton played with a piece of grass and leaves. Great hastily agreed to parole them, allowing the officers each to keep a horse.

It was a polite thing. The dread of going North, and the fear of harsh treatment, had been among the most deluding causes. He proved to his acquaintance that the Government was not waging war in the way of transportation and rations. They feared the Fourth of July-would be celebrated in Richmond. Grant told them that he should not exchange prisoners. Both armies are gratified with the result. Grant and his staff ride with Pemberton when office, while some of them have not tasted for a year.

A correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat* says:

At ten o'clock, of the 4th, General Grant's division marched into and garrisoned the city. The bands played the national airs of the succeeding forces. The city was surrounded by thousands of Federal and rebel soldiers, who for the first time in weeks stood unarmed in close vicinity above the rifle-pits; and during all three weeks had been within five yards of each other.

General Grant came slowly to the place of rendezvous, dismounting a cigar, and apparently the only unexcited person on the vast assemblage.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs by way of Cairo:

General M'Pherson received the formal surrender. The terms allow the officers and men to be paroled here, the latter to retain their side arms and knapsacks and private property. They will be escorted beyond our lines and then marched without arms to Jackson, Miss.

General Logan's division marched into the city at 10 A.M. Major-General Lieutenant-General Strong hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the Court-House.

Colonel Wilson is Provost-Marshal of the city, and Quartermaster Lieutenant-Colonel Bowman.

We have taken over 27,000 prisoners, besides about 4000 non-combatants, 300 field-pieces, 50 siege guns, 60,000 stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few steamboats, and fifty-seven stand of colors.

Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-General Forney, Major-General Forney, and Brevet-Brigadiers Green and about one hundred and fifty colonels.

There are 5000 men in the hospital, half of whom are wounded. Only one hundred and fifty of our men are reported ill or duty. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted. Only a few days' rations remained for the rebels.

Of ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply, but for field-guns and musketry they were short. Eight days in a mule-pen, with little food, have reduced the mules to skeletons, and rice, and these were all the supplies they had, except a little unground corn.

THE GREAT RIVER BATTERY AT PORT HUDSON.

We present our readers on page 476 with a birds-eye view of the great river battery erected by our forces for the reduction of Port Hudson, and which is placed at the extreme left of our line, close upon the Mississippi River. Our correspondent sends us the following description:

"I rode out yesterday afternoon (the 24th June), in company with Major G. B. Halsted, General Augur's Adjutant-General, and Major Forney, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, to visit the great battery at our left, which I have seen for days past in active preparation. The long range of Dwight's head-quarters, and the long range of abandoned rebel head-quarters, we plunged into the woods leading toward the river, and after mounting a steep wooded ascent came suddenly upon this magnificent work, about 200 yards from the river.

"The scene presented was very striking—and, indeed, astonishing, considering the time in which these enormous works had been constructed.

"This battery was not commenced until Tuesday the 23d, under the direction of the sovereign of Tuesday the 23d, under the immediate supervision of that able and indefatigable officer, Major J. Lacey, of the Fourth Wisconsin, and chief engineer officer of General Sherman's staff. To form it he had three companies of Louisiana Engineers (First Regiment of the Corps d'Afrique), three from Col. Robinson, and two regiments of Ullman's brigade, making about 600 negroes in all, who worked day and night on the parapets of the city, and Quinby's command on the rear parties of 700 relieving each other alternately.

"The battery mounts one 9-inch navy gun, three 24-pounders, two 30-pound Parrotts, three 20-pound Parrotts, two 8-inch howitzers, and six Napoleon guns: there are, therefore, three 9-inch and one 8-inch howitzer in a separate battery alongside. The magazine compartment is most complete; and away on the left of the battery, where the declivity of the hill toward the river, a magnificent spring of water has been discovered. The breast-works are formed of cotton-bales and sand-bags covered with earth; and the whole presents one of the most splendid pieces of scientific engineering ever seen.

"What most astonished me on arriving at these works was to see the carelessness with which, on the parapets; and the more so when, on mounting them myself, I saw how dreadfully near we were to the rebel lines. Not more than 600 yards. The enemy were also standing and gazing listlessly at us. They could not have failed to see that we were looked as if we could have thrown stones at each other. On our ramparts was proudly floating the good old flag, and right in our teeth the Confederate rag. The first *coup d'œil*, as the whole scene burst upon me—with the little intervening ravine, the rebel works, and waiting for the word to open—was perfectly magnificent.

"The first impression I had was that the enemy did not fire at us, or we at them? The soldiers told me that, by some tacit understanding among themselves, the two sides had ceased worrying each other for days past. What the object of the rebels can be in permitting us undisturbed to erect such formidable works under their very noses passes the comprehension of every one.

"The rebel batteries are very near the river, and over which their flag is planted, is called the 'Citadel,' and is the highest and strongest work in Port Hudson. We are also on equally high ground, and our battery quite as lofty as theirs, although it may not appear so in the picture, owing to the elevated point of view it was necessary to select for seeing the surrounding country.

"Although not playing on our breast-works, the rebels—while I was busily sketching—fired several times down the ravine toward the river, at the negroes who were still busy in the lower intrenchments. I was told that I had heard of this 'tacit understanding' between us and them, their music was unpleasantly near and suggestive. When these last batteries open on us from their thunder against each other the struggle will be terrible."

OUR MILITIA AT CARLISLE.

We publish on page 477 an illustration of the SHELLING OF THE TOWN OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, BY THE REBELS, from a sketch by our special artist Mr. Thomas Nast. Our militia, comprising, among other regiments, the 22d and 87th, both from this city, marched from Harrisburg on 30th June, and arrived at Carlisle next morning, after some skirmishing with the rebels. That evening the rebel commander sent three several summonses to the commanding officer at Carlisle, demanding the town; but old General Smith had no notion of the kind, and refused in terms more peremptory than polite. The rebels then, at 5 P.M., began to shell the place. Our troops were partly in Main Street and partly in the outskirts of the town, lying quiet in the dark, unable to reply and exposed to the shells. Yet not a man wavered or skulked; and by good Providence no one was killed, though some were slightly wounded. The evacuation, next morning our boys moved, and the rebels skedaddled.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Diary of the American Revolution.

By Frank Moore,
Editor of the "Rebellion Record."

One Volume, Large 8vo, 1100 pages. Illustrated with 12 Steel Plates. $3.50.

Published exclusively for Subscribers.

AGENTS WANTED!!!

Address, for terms, &c., the Publisher,

CHARLES T. EVANS, 449 Broadway, N. Y.

MUSQUITO	ALL	NETS.
MUSQUITO	NETS	NETS.
MUSQUITO	KIND	NETS.
MUSQUITO	OF	NETS.
MUSQUITO	PATENT	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO	CANOPIES	SHIELDS.
		SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelty's Curtains.
LACE No. 329 Broadway. CURTAINS.
LACE LACE CURTAINS.

Holland & Gold Window Shades
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

Surgeon-General Hammond,

By ordering Calomel and destructive mineurals from the supply table, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of Brandreth's Pills in favor of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of Medicine, which would then become empathetically

THE HEALING ART.

I have for thirty years taught that no diseased action could be cured by mercury or tartar emetic. That the human body could only be "made whole" by "vegetable food"—animal food being, in fact, condemned vegetables.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS should be in every Military Hospital. These Pills cure BILIOUS DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY, and all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels, sooner and more surely than any medicine in the world. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in a single case should be taken night and morning. Read Directions and get new style.

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Dr. B. Brandreth—

New York:

SIR: I was a private in Co. F, 17th regiment, New York Vols. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock near Falmouth, I and many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The Army Surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the Company were quite a number of members who had received in part Brandreth's Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from five to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire Company would sign.

I am, respectfully yours,

ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Jersey 23, 1863. Sing Sing.

SOLD AT NO. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by all respectable dealers.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE NO. 294 CANAL ST.

The Ladies' Gem $5 Sewing Machine.

Sent free on receipt of price. *Great inducements to Agents.* Send for circular. Address, with stamp for return postage. Address

A. PALMER, No. 81 Cross Street, New York City.

"THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY,"

PART I.-NOW READY.

Price 10 Cents.

"THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY," comprising sixteen quarto pages, is published on the 15th of every month. Each number will contain some

THIRTY PORTRAITS

OF

MOST PROMINENT PERSONS OF THE DAY!

With carefully prepared and authentic Biographies.

Specimen Copies 10 Cents each, to be found at the News Depots.

Subscription Price $1 per annum.

The NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS and "THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY," together, furnished to Subscribers at $4 per year. Published by

THOS. B. LEGGETT & CO.,

80 Nassau Street, New York.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY,

111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614

NEW YORK CITY.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00

SINGLE BADGES, 10 Cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

We will also forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), Military Goods of all descriptions, at the LOWEST PRICES; Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Light Infantry, Rifle, Jewelry, Books, Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will furnish, on receipt of $1 per week, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, WILLIAMS, GRANT, FREMONT, BANKS, HOOKER, HALLECK, SIGEL, SCHUYLER; ADMIRALS FOOTE, FOOTE, DUPONT, of any of the leading OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Harper's Hand-Book

FOR

Travellers in Europe and the East.

Being a Guide through France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Southern Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above countries, and a New Railroad Map. Revised and Enlarged Edition. 12mo. Cloth, $2.00; Leather, Tucks, $2.50.

The object of this work is to give a distinct and clear outline of travel through the principal States of Europe, to give the cost of travelling the different routes, the manner of doing it, the different principles "style" and works of Art in the leading cities, the laws expected by custodians, &c. By carefully attention to the "Hand-Book," the traveller will find himself the gainer by fifty per cent.

The favorable success of Harper's Hand-Book, first published last year has fully realized the expectations of the publishers. It is now being sent out when a traveller has crossed the Atlantic without a copy in his possession. The work is reliable, and is the only "Hand-Book published in the United States, and the only reference to which can be relied upon for information.

The entire work is revised by the author, who visits Europe for that purpose.

Harper's Hand-Book is for sale at all the principal Book stores in the United States, and all derive much information from a perusal of this useful work.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2.00.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For August, 1863.

CONTENTS:

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—III. HARRISON AND PERRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Put-in-Bay.—Grave Clay.—Relics of Lost Heroes.—Perry's Victory.—Perry Fleet.—Leslie Combs.—View from Maumee City.—Grave of Tecumseh.—Grave of Fort Stephenson.—Perry's Head-Quarters.—Oliver H. Perry.—Stephen Champlin.—Perry's Victory.—Perry's Statue.—Jesse Duncan Elliott.—Dobbin's Grave.—Van de Thunder.—Johnson's Monument.—Grave of Lieutenant Brooks.—Lieutenant Yeoell.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. (Concluded.)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Nicholas.—Street Musicians.—Cathedral Church.—Our Country Friends.—Village Festival.—Peasant Family going Home.—A Climax on the Rhine.—Calling in Love.—Letters from Auntie.

EULALIE.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

THE BATTLE AND TRIUMPH OF DR. SUSAN.

SIR GUY OF BRITTANY.

MY AUNT AMY.

ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XXVIII. Why Tito went to Florence.

CHAPTER XXIX. A Real Understanding.

CHAPTER XXX. Piacevole.

CHAPTER LX. The Scaffold.

CHAPTER LXI. Dusting Away.

CHAPTER XXVII. His Place.—Drifting away.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII. The Board.

CHAPTER XXIX. Lucy Graham returns to Burton Crescent.

CHAPTER XXX. Is it from him?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Before the Club-House.—The Board.

MAKING A WILL.

BRITISH RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

FOURTH OF JULY EXPERIENCES OF THE BRITISH LION.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sets out for a Walk.—Attacked by Young Eagle.—Gets Scared that Old Eagle is Pounced upon by the Eagle.—Forced to bear an Eagle.—Mistaken for a Rebel.—Taken Prisoner.—Forced to a Bath.—Set up as a Target.—Sent up Sky high.—Blown up.—He Lies at Last.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home Toilet, Figure 1.—Home Toilet, Figure 2.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

J. H. Winslow & Co., 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH:

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 50 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
100 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.... 15 00 each.
1000 Vest and Neck Chains..... $ 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Etc., and Opal Ear Drops.... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Etc., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 8 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Watch Keys..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Boson Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
4000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
4000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above Articles of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed well, then shaken up, and each one will be well aged to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send us one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and all other expenses, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; and one hundred for $15, or a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those selling as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
193 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thrifting settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, *Peaches, &c.*, to be seen—and 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—30 acres tract, of from $150 to $250 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hucksters are settling. Apply to CHAS. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Report sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune:

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, to an almost level position, and *suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

National Playing Cards.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS.
Colored by Hand, Gilt Edges of Highest Finish, Superior for Jack. 50 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Stripes, Flags, Portraits, and other Patriotic designs. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for circular. Address AMERICAN CARD CO.,
450 Broadway, N. Y., or 168 William Street, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our hand-Book of Information, and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOLDIERS, Sailors, Heirs, call at Prize Office, New York, and 470 Tth Street, Washington, D. C.

500 MORE AGENTS WANTED.—Something New. $5 a day guaranteed. 36 capital reported. Circular, with stamp. J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No sensible required except those found in every household. Will be 7th per cent.; demand ample as flour. It is the greatest inducement of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & Co., No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of 47 clergymen and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALL, Jr., & Co., Meriden, Conn.

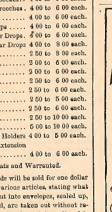
$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Gold Pens*, and 15 other new articles. Sample articles, 10 circulars *Free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

$15 Per Day Easy $15 And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *Heavenly popular*, successful, and valuable articles, large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOVELTY PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Engraving, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Packages for Secret and Cottage Keepsakes, Household Compositions, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Lovers' Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Specimens of Military Heroes, Union Envelopes, Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *Rich and beautiful Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Brooches, Gems, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, more than *Fifty Dollars*. Package only 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from $10 to 200 per hundred, cash or reference. Our Packages stand same as ever alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now published. Packages of assorted samples put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the United South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH and valuable Jewelry, and other articles, presented FREE to each person who sends 25 cents for a package. Circulars containing *Lists of Premium Jewelry*, sent free. G. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $3, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.



DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Barks and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head, prevent and cure Dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray. It will cause a new head of hair to grow. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing one bottle. Price 75 cents.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 403 Broadway.

Fish's Patent Lamp-Heating Apparatus.

From one to fourteen quarts of water boiled with ordinary Kerosene Lamp, or Gas.

Invented Area fingerprint with.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet which will be sent by mail free. Agents wanted.

WM. T. RUSSELL, Agt.
206 Pearl Street,
New York.

New and Important

WORK FOR MILITARY SURGEONS.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR MILITARY SURGEONS IN THE EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS AND DISCHARGE OF SOLDIERS.

With an Appendix, containing the Official Regulations of the Provost Marshal General's Bureau, and those for the Examination of Invalid Corps, &c., &c., prepared at the request of the United States Surgeory Commission, by JOHN ORDRONAUX, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Columbia College, New York. One volume, 12mo, half morocco, pp. 300.

Copies sent free, by mail, on receipt of price.
This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND,
No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Violin Strings to Stand Hot Weather.

Best French silk, a Specialty. Sent to all parts, 25c. Mailed. MUSICIANS' GUESTS: about 500 tunes for Violin, Flute, or Cornet, 25c. Mailed. Violin Tutor, by an Instructor, full rules, mels, &c., 50c. Mailed.
FREDERICK M. HUNGE, 198 Bowery, N. Y.

Spartanes, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Magnifying 1000 diameters with great power in *Field, Marine, Theatre, Opera*, and general out-door day and night-double observation. They will show distinctly a person to large objects from 2 to 3 miles. The spectacles of the greatest magnifying power, combining an and improve the sight, without the distressing result of other glasses. Unlike those sent by enclosing stamp. The above, with all articles appertaining to the optical business, at the manufactory,

SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
620½ Broadway, New York.
Branch at Saratoga Springs, open for Post-Office, between United States and Clarendon Hotels.

SOMETHING NEW.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell PATENT LAMP LIGHTER, and NEW CARD THERMOMETER. Sent by mail, 10c. and 25c. S. W. RICE & CO., 23 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines $5.

THE ACKNOWLEDGED SIMPLEST PRACTICAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE ever produced.
NOVELTY MANUFACTURING CO.,
443 Broadway, New York.

Note Papers and Wedding Cards.

Tiffany & Co.,

Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

Would respectfully inform their Patrons and the general Public, that they have recently re-arranged and considerably extended the STATIONERY DEPARTMENT of their FANCY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, and have now unequalled facilities for furnishing the latest styles of

Correspondence and Wedding Stationery,

Cards of all sizes and shapes, engraved upon the premises with punctuation, and elegant dispatch. Initials stamped, colored or plain, in ordinary text or originally designed monogram. A choice assortment in Blank Books and Agency's Writing Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Note and Letter Papers, as well as the last French styles, constantly for sale.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAMED DISTINCTLY upon it. The subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above can be forwarded by mail, and style of badge furnished. It can be forwarded to any person. Address

J. A. MILLER
Co.B.
5TH N.Y.V.

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

INDISPENSABLE.

How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to Do Business. One large vol., post-paid, $2.
JEWLER & WOOD, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address
L. S. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

Musquito Shield or Guard.



J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Sportsman, the sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price by mail or express, 50 cents; by express, 25 cents. Send stamp for circular. Address J. HAVEN & CO., the inventor of the Shield as to lights or Licenses have been sold. No 89 Nassau St., N. Y. Reference No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a Dressing. Sets the hair easily and effectually, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.
Sent by mail.

No pay expected until cured, read, and approved.
1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Liver Diseases, Skin and Female Complaints, &c. On the Nerve and Rules for Preserving Health. 300 pages. 21 Engravings. Price $1.
2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Diseases, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, &c., with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages. 6 Engravings. Price 50 cts. For any which both will have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.



"RIDE A JACK HORSE," &c. The old nursery rhyme never complimented that the rider ever got to "Boston, York, or Lynn," but the PATENT CANTERING HORSE will take a child away from home to great distances. Three wonderful self-propelling machines for sale by S. W. SMITH, No. 498 Broadway. Send for circular. Ladies, folks, and take a ride, or send stamp for illustrated circular.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs painted and Gilt to order. Lowest prices. 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

Every Pianist should have a Copy

Of the SECOND VOLUME OF HOWE CHECOR, containing OUR FAVORITES, not in the FIRST VOLUME, with the ADDITION OF POPULAR VOCAL MUSIC, and ATTRACTIVE PIECES FOR BEGINNERS AND BRILLIANT PIECES FOR ADVANCED PLAYERS. Also, a COLLECTION OF THE BEST COMPOSITIONS OF THE BEST COMPOSERS, and the HOMES OF THE PIANO-FORTE, and presenting the whole in a Handsome Style of Type and Paper, making TWO HUNDRED AND MORE THAN THE FIRST VOLUME! Price, $2.50 Cloth, $3.50 Cloth, full gilt, $5 00 Copies of either copies will be mailed, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. 12 Embossed Address Cards for Specimen by Mail, sent for 25 cents.

BLOODS HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 301 Broadway, Mechanics Building, cor. North Street. Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for list.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 50 miles southeast of Philadelphia; fine climate; best fruit soil and markets in the Union; $15 to $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to E. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Boats to the land.—Leave New Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7½ A. M. or 3½ P. M. for Hammonton.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county to sell my $20 a month. Address, or call and see me, Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Agency,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and satisfactory Lever in the American market! The article especially deserving public attention at this time is their

Railway Timekeepers,
WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY USE.

The newly-invented Keystone importation has been receiving the most favorable notices from the press of all parts of the country. The New York Medals of July 23d, 63, says: "We have been shown by the importers, Messrs. Hubbard Bro's, a watch which, in point of excellence, is what they most appropriately term them the Railway Timekeeper. It is in a superbly finished Silver Watch, which is warranted to keep the most accurate time in all climates. The beauty of these timekeepers is only equalled by their accuracy."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY GOLD STRIPED WATCH CASES, hunting pattern, with fine dials, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $84. By mail, $1 65 additional for postage. Each watch in a neat morocco box. Should not fail by at from $20 to $50 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six.

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A NURSING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FRONT DIAL AND WINDING INSTRUMENT.

The N. Y. Illustrated News, in the issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most admirable specimen of this day's progress in the New York Watch Factories. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and undoubtedly the best time-keeping watches for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding instrument, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby jewels, lever escapement, and is warranted as a correct timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $336. Sterling Watches, in hunting cases, from those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. By mail the postage is 25 cents; if registered, 50 cents additional required.

We have no agents or travelers. Buyers must deal with us direct ordering from this advertisement. Terms, cash with the order. Remittances may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order in the city. If you wish goods sent by express, we will forward to the package with your order. Correspondents will please name the paper from which they make selections. To prevent errors they might otherwise occur. Write your address in full. Letters and Letters at our risk. Goods will be suggested to call in person, when it is convenient for them to do so.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

Printing Presses for Sale.

One Taylor Cylinder, Two Cylinder Job Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 28x51. Price $1750.
One Taylor Book Cylinder, Table Distribution, Bed 28x51. Price $1600.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Card Photographs 99 cents each; 6 for $1. Catalogues on receipt of stamp. Address
P. BOX 37, Hoyle's, Pa.

DO YOU WANT A NICE MUSTACHE? OR WHISKERS OR MUSTACHE?—My Cosmetic will force them to grow heavy in a few weeks upon the smoothest face in from one to three months. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. A. G. GRAHAM, Box 509 New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION IN 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Egypt, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By EDWARD T. TAYLOR. With a Map Embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Large 12mo, Leather Binding, $3 00.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York: Author of a "Treatise on Animal Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Queen of Hearts." Also Fay's "Norman Leslie," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ST. OLAVES. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 75 cents.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Standing Orders, Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Officers. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Major-Gen. Volunteers, U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. *Approved by the War Department.* 16mo, Flexible Cloth, 40 cents.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo' Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



THE TWO CONFLICTING SOUTH DRAFTING TERMS OF PEACE WITH THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.
(See Richmond Papers, July 6, 7, 8.)

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality, Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Jewelry, &c., &c. Every Companion of the Package gets a gift of Jewelry, Gold Watches, &c., worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, solid quick. Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast. A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents.* Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. Sen "25 per day list" on inside page.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

S-T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

Their purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Prostration.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE A CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-third less in price, or 10 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. ROGERS, 10 Piatt, Cincinnati, O.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.
For cure Evidence of Completed and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. BATES, 377 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

"EUREKA CLOTHES SQUEEZERS."

Simple, durable, best in market, self-adjusting. No. 1, price $5 50; No. 2, $6 00; No. 3, $7 00; No. 4, $9 00. Sent to any part of the country, free, on receipt of retail price. (Agents wanted.)
M. J. CLUFF, Agt., 8 India Street, Boston, and
206 Pearl Street, New York.

The New Book for Boys.

"The Drummer Boy" is making a great stir among the boys, who say it is so good as Mayne Reid's best. Elegantly illustrated. Price $1 00. Now ready at all book stores.
J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, Publishers.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "Queen of a Thousand Flowers." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Agents Wanted in every Regiment and Hospital.

Army Corps and Division Pins.

I will send to any soldier, on the receipt of $1, either a Kearney Cross Pin or a pin emblematical of either Corps or Division of the Army, Red, White, or Blue, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Spring Locket, or New Style Neck Chain, or Seal Stone Ring, or a California Diamond Ring for $10; and for $5 one. I will send a New Style Union League Pin.
H. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 205 Broadway, N.Y.

A Saving of 20 per cent. by buying Housekeeping Articles at S. D. HASSLOR'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

New Albums for Ferrotypes,
Or Tintypes, just ready. Samples, with circular, furnished by mail, on receipt of 75 cents. Catalogues and lists sent on receipt of stamp. J. C. TILTON & CO., Boston.

Enameled Furniture.

All styles and prices. Also Chamber Suites in Walnut and Chestnut. The best assortment in the city. Wholesale and Retail, at 371 Canal Street. WARREN WARD.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Patent Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adopted to the ARMY. HALL T. NORTON & CO., 25 & 40 Ann Street, N.Y.



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVERS, U. S. Rifles and Muskets.

Also
Pocket Pistols of Approved Patterns.
Manufactured by
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.
(Office at.)

In Press, and will be specially issued:

U. S. Army Regulations.

Revised Edition, with Additions.

One Volume Octave, $1 50.

Send Orders Early.

Forwarded free on receipt of price.

GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher,
628 and 630 Chestnut Street, Philada.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, **117** FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. Lithographers to the United States Government Coast Survey. Transferring from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to *copper-plate printing* at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for HIMROD'S CURE FOR COUGHS, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He cured it in two. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
206 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Monthly Lady Fashion Magazine. 100 per cent. profit. Prospectus Worth Free to Agents. $10 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 49 Ann St., N.Y.

BENJ. FRANKLIN,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

173 Broadway, New York.

Also Agent for

H. M. Richards Jewelry Co.

Photographic Album Clasps, Rims, and Ornaments.

Military Trimmings, and Fancy Metal Work of every description constantly on hand or manufactured to order.

For Spring and Summer.

For Dyspeptic and Bilious Complaints, Headaches, Constipation, Piles, &c., as a gentle and efficient Purgative; as a refreshing and invigorating Draught; suitable for all ages and sexes, and may be taken at all times.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient
has the approbation and preference of the Hon. Purveyor, Surgeon, Medical Writers, Sanitary Founders, Pills, and harsh Purgatives.
Imported and sold, wholesale and retail, by
TARRANT & CO., No. 278 Greenwich St., N. Y.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent to everywhere.



ENAMELLED WHITE.
Having the appearance and comfort of linen have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute. To military men or travelers they are invaluable.
Price 25 cents; sent by post on receipt of $1 25.
Wholesale and retail.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to dealers.
Agents wanted throughout the country.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

50 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.

PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Agent for Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER,
The price of an established. In this department, I have long but experienced hands employed, and by employing only, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.

6 first quality Linen Collars, for $39

6 for	$13
6 for	15
6 for	18
6 for	21

6-6 Measurement sent every where on application.

Lafarge block.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. Established 24 years. Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
WILLIAMSBURGH, KINGS CO.,
NEW YORK.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

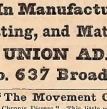
THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York.
Offers more advantages to insurers than any other Company in the United States.
Its premium features are as follows:
A permanent Capital Stock of $150,000, now largely added to by accumulation.
Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.
Policy-Holders receive
ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.
The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter expressly requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.
It has, therefore, all the *advantages* and *security* of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their *apparent disadvantages.*
Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.
Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.
Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.
All *reasonable and proper* facilities to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their premiums.
Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.
CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEAVTON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, JR.....Actuary and Secretary.
WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.
Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent by mail.
Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlements, and Mild Climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

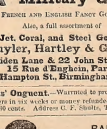
"The Movement Cure
is every Chronic Disease." This little work, important to all who are, or may become invalids, is sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address GEO. H. TAYLOR, M.D., 67 West 38th Street, New York.

ASTONISHING CURES ARE DAILY MADE OF RHEUMATISM, Croup, Sore Throat, and Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Chest, by Dr. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT. It is warranted superior to any other. Sold by the Druggists everywhere. 25 and 50 cents.



FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
25 Rue D'Anglein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Shults' Onguent.—Warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, post paid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.



BALLOU'S
Patented
French Oval
SHIRTS.
Warranted to fit, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt known in this city.
Illustrated containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

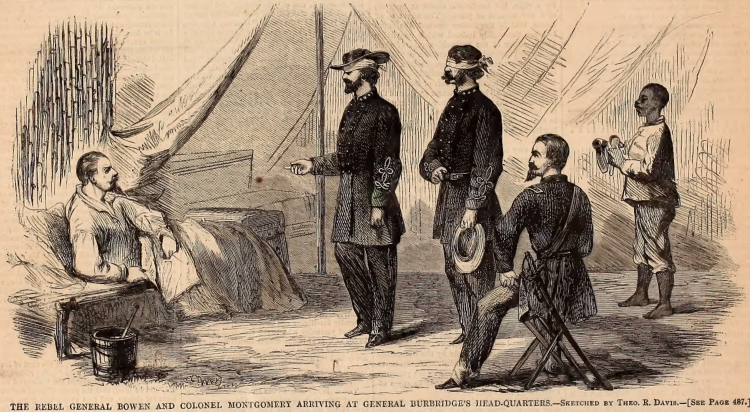
The American Parlor Or Floor Skate.
Hard Rubber Rollers, Antifriction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Pearl Street, New York.*
52 *Ridge Street, Boston.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 344.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE REBEL GENERAL BOWEN AND COLONEL MONTGOMERY ARRIVING AT GENERAL BURBRIDGE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 487.]



THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERALS GRANT AND PEMBERTON, TO SETTLE THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

BANKS.

I.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.—AUGUST 9, 1862.

IT was a rare good fortune to our arms,
That when the flushed foe through the mountains poured,
He found there by the rushing river Rod
One whose calm soul was stranger to alarms.
Serene amid the conflicts fiery horror;
Master of fate; of his arm spirit bold:
Like that stout knight on whose firm mail the sword
Clashed, shivering, glanced, nor hurt the fiery charger.
An IRON MAN! In happier days that name
Hailed him the peaceful champion of the North!
And now the fateful years have branded forth
Its splendid prophecy in the battle's flame.
Twice-fortunate brow, where, proudly darkening down,
The warrior-laurel shades the civic crown!

II.

PORT HUDSON.—JULY 9, 1863.

Again by name the listening nation thrills!
Oh Victory, run with wax'n portentate roar,
Course thy rough wooing by the Western shore,
As once amid Virginia's breezy hills.
The mighty thunder of thy triumph fills
The gulfy South; its swashy colors pour
Through treason-haunted regions, evermore
Waking wild whispers, and the murderous ills
Of bondage wither with the potent light
Of hope; for slavery death-stricken lies
Where the vague flame of thy black warriors flies.
The bloody spectre trembles the dread sight
Of woe and war fade as the dawn grows bright,
And day comes flushing up the tranquil skies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1863.

THE RIOTS.

WHEN we wrote last week the New York riots had just commenced, and there was some doubt how far they might extend and where they might culminate. They are now, to all outward appearance, substantially over. We see no reason, however, to doubt the explosions expressed in our last issue. The outbreak was the natural consequence of pernicious teachings widely scattered among the ignorant and excitable populace of a great city; and the only possible mode of dealing with it was stern and bloody repression. Had the mob been attacked with grape and canister on Monday, when the first disturbance took place, it would have been a saving of life and property. But the forbearance been more general, and the bloodshed more profuse than it was, on Thursday, the city would have enjoyed a longer term of peace and tranquillity than we can now count upon.

It is about as idle now to argue the question of the $300 clause in the Conscription Act as it is to debate the abstract right of secession. Before Monday night the riot had got far beyond the question of the draft. Within an hour after the destruction of the Provost Marshal's office the rioters had forgotten all about the $300 question, and were engrossed with villainous projects of murder, arson, and pillage. It was not in order to avoid the draft that the colored orphan asylum was burnt; that private houses were sacked; that inoffensive colored persons were beaten, mutilated, and murdered; that Brooks's clothing establishment and a score of other smaller stores were pillaged; that private citizens were robbed in open daylight in the public streets, beaten and maimed; that the metropolis of the country was kept for nearly a week in a state of agonizing terror and suspense. For these outrages the draft was merely the pretext; the cause was the natural turbulence of a heterogeneous population, aggravated by the false teachings of despicable politicians and their newspaper organs.

Some excuse dwelt upon the fact that the rioters were uniformly Irish, and hence argue that our trouble arises from the perversity of the Irish race. But how do these theorists explain the fact that riots precisely similar to that of last week have occurred within our time at Paris, Madrid, Naples, Berlin, Breslau, and Vienna; and that the Lord George Gordon riots in London, before our time, far surpassed our New York riots in every circumstance of atrocity? Turbulence is no exclusive attribute of the Irish character: it is common to all mobs in all countries. It leaves in this city that, in our working classes, the Irish element largely preponderates over all others, and if the populace acts as a populace Irishmen are naturally prominent therein. It happens, also, that, from the limited opportunities which the Irish enjoy for education in their own country, they are more easily misled by designing and unscrupulous politicians, when they come here, than Germans or men of other races. The impulsiveness of the Celt, likewise, prompts him to be foremost in every outburst, whether for a good or for an evil purpose. But it must be remembered, in pollution of the disgrace which, as Archbishop Hughes says, the riots of last week have heaped upon the Irish name, that in many wards of the city the Irish were during the late riot stanch friends of law and order: that Irishmen helped to save the colored orphans in the asylum from the hands of the rioters; that a large proportion of the police, who behaved throughout the riot with the most exemplary gallantry, are Irishmen; that the Roman Catholic priesthood in a man used their influence on the side of the law; and that perhaps the most scathing rebuke administered to the riot was written by an Irishman—JAMES T. BRADY.

It is important that this riot should teach us something more useful than a revival of Know-Nothing principles. We have had enough of —what we should have known before, but communities like individuals learn nothing except from experience—that riots are the direct and inevitable diseases of great cities, epidemics, like small-pox and cholera, which must be treated scientifically, upon logical principles, and in the light of large experience. In old cities where the authorities know how to treat riots, and never cease to grape and canister, they never occur twice in a generation, one lesson being sufficient for the most hot-blooded rioter; in other places, where less vigorous counsels prevail, the disease is checked and cured for a time, but breaks out afresh at intervals of a few months or years. The secret is, of course, that by the latter method, the populace are thoroughly imbued with a conviction of the power of the authorities, and of their ability and determination to crush a riot at any cost—a lesson remembered through life; while in the latter case, the half-quelled rioters are allowed to go away feeling that the police and they may after all be the stronger party, and the Government the weaker. Hence it is that while the baton is the proper weapon with the populace in times of peace and order, the rifle and the howitzer are the only merciful weapons in times of riot.

It is very essential, in suppressing a riot, that the rioters should have no excuse for accusing their opponents of being in any way foreigners or strangers. If it had been true, as has been stated during the recent riot, that the issue was between "the people" and "United States soldiers," the former would have been fought with ferocity than they did, knowing that their opponents were "the people" like themselves. It would have a bad effect, as every one can see, to send for troops from New England or Pennsylvania to put down a riot in New York. But if we are to put down our own riots, citizens indentified in the preservation of peace and order must be willing to tender their services. It is due to truth to say that the citizens of New York did not very fairly respond to the appeal of the call of the Mayor and Governor for volunteers to suppress the late riot. Of 400 muskets which fell idle at the armories, it is believed that only 80 found men to carry them, though urgent appeals for men were made by the authorities and the officers of the militia. We do not for a moment expect to keep the peace unless we are prepared —one and all of us—to turn out in cases of emergency, and fight.

It is just possible that further disturbances may occur. That the draft will be enforced, at any cost, in the city of New York as in other parts of the country, we have no doubt; but it will not be done without a draft to fill up the depleted ranks of the army. There are many ways in which mechanics and laborers can, by combining together, render it impossible against the draft without breaking the laws. If they choose to proceed thus they will have the aid of every man who has money to spare. But if there is to be any more burning and sacking of houses, and murdering of negroes—any more attempts to "clean out" localities of "the niggers who live by law"—the consequences will be so terrible that mothers will relate the tale to their children with a shudder for years and years to come.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE PEOPLE."

DURING the raging of the riot there was a constant attempt made by the rioters to arrogate to represent the rioters as "the people." "Attacking one of the earliest bulletins of the proceedings of the riot, the Tribune declared that "the property of private citizens and buildings of public charity, was "Procession of the People!" The firing upon the furious crowd who were hindering and hanging inoffensive persons of an unfortunate race, was denounced as an "attack upon the People by the Provost Guard!" The rioters were reported elsewhere to be "firing on the people." The law officers of the government were "a movement of the people." Who, then, are the people? In this country what class of citizens is to be especially described as "the people?"

The police were most active, heroic, and successful in their assaults upon the mob. Do the men of the police force in this country cease to be a part of "the people," because they aid in enforcing the laws which are constitutionally made? Are they any less part of "the people" than the men who resist the laws with fire, pillage, slaughter, and anarchy? The draftsmen of their work "are to be fired upon "the people," did they? But who are the soldiers of the United States? Are General Wool, or General Brown, or Colonel Lefferts, or O'Brien, or Major Fearing, or Lieutenant Adams, or any private who stands ready to maintain the laws made under the Constitution, any less citizens of the United States than Andrews and Martin Moran? Are the men who beat helpless negroes to death, and ravage defenseless houses for pillage "the people," while those who defend order, law, and humanity are not? Will these papers please to say whether any of the persons enrolled as claim to be called "the people" of this city, or of this country, by overthrowing every barrier of order, and trampling on it, and abandoning itself to the most wanton and incredible cruelty? Does a citizen cease to be one of "the people" because he respects the laws?

Not a man shot dead in his riotous career during the terrible week in this city was any more one of "the people" than the soldier who righteously shot him or the policeman who justly broke his head. If such scenes as those of the riot week are the acts of "the people," then the most savage hatred of popular institutions ever expressed is the most honest and sensible view of them. If our Government is one of "the people," and the mob which for the space of the city of New York for part of a week is indeed "the people," then any man who does not prefer the reign of one Nero to that of a thousand Neros is insane. If the Government at Washington is, as the Copperhead orators and Journals constantly declare, "a despotism," and the Governors of the same authorities declare, the acts of "the people," no sensible man would long hesitate in determining which to prefer.

But, in truth, the term "the people," as descriptive of the rioters, was used by those who either had no idea what they were talking about, or by those who knew perfectly well that they were talking nonsense to deceive. It is not a convenient term to use while the issue was doubtful. For if the disturbance grew—if from a riot in the city it had become an organized insurrection through the country to compel peace, be is a poor cloak of human nature and of the public press who does not know that the papers which began by faintly deprecating the riot as a "popular movement," and "the People" would have unloyally supporting the insurrectionary resistance to the war. It is with this mob as with the rebellion. Those who support it are its most valuable friends, and of necessity the enemies of the Government and the laws. While to call the rioters and insurrectionists enemies of laws constitutionally made "the people" is to borrow a phraseology from foreign revolutions, to encourage the rioters, advise the government, the army, and the people are three permanently distinct classes, constantly jealous of each other. The word so used has no meaning with us. It is not the brutal, the ignorant, the reckless—it is not thieves, incendiaries, and assassins who are "the people." "the people" of this country. But the great mass of the population, generally intelligent and industrious, from the laborer of yesterday to the rich man of to-day to the laborer of to-day who is to-morrow the rich man—these are "the people"—here and now—there are indeed "The People" of this country.

THE OLD STORY.

THE stain of the riots will rest on the history of the city of New York is indelible. The utter meanness of the hunting and bloody massacre of the helpless negroes by a mob of the population is not to be forgotten. The burning of an orphan asylum is infamous beyond parallel in the annals of mobs. And how completely has it served this unfortunate of the colored race is, every sober man in this country knows. No class among us are and have been so foully treated as the black, yet none furnishes, in proportion, so few offenders against the laws. Proverbially a kind, affectionate, and docile people, they have received from us, who claim to be a superior race, a treatment which of itself disproves our superiority.

How the more intelligent persons among the enemy of this race could witness these outrages under the awful fate which their incessant and revolting depreciation of the colored people has at last brought upon them, is inexplicable to impartial men. Yet we observe that some of them clutch at the old subterfuge, and declare that it is the unwise attempt to elevate the blacks above their sphere which is responsible for their late fearful martyrdom. Look at this statement a moment. Its argument is that the highest moral liberty, as the natural right of every innocent human being, only tends to create pestilence and other human misery. To state the argument is to smother it in ridicule.

Put in another form, the same plea is that God has made the blacks inferior and subservient to the white, and that to declare their right to personal liberty is to advocate their social equality, to erect them into rival citizens, and thus to disorganize society. The reply to this is, that God has made the black race subservient to the white in the same way that he has made Jews subservient to Christians, and the Irish to the English, and in no other. It used to please Governor Wise to call the Jews "Yankees," and to injure and murder them in every way—and to this day to call a man "Jew" is only less offensive than to call him "Yankee." It used to please the English to consider the Irish unclean beasts, and to treat them accordingly. Does any body seriously defend this kind of persecution as any thing more than the basest and most criminal prejudice? Coleridge professed that his distinctive horror of a Frenchman that so many among us profess of a negro. Was it an evidence of Coleridge's wisdom or folly?

The argument we are considering amounts to this—that you must not befriend the unfortunate lest you provoke the ignorant and brutal; you must not defend the rights of the oppressed lest the oppressors should wax wroth. It is an argument for tyrants, cowards, and sneaks—not for men.

AN OPEN LETTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You are a German and a Jew, and you have come to make your living in a foreign land, of which Christianity is the professed religion. You have no native, no political, no religious sympathy with this country. You are here solely to make money, and your only wish is to make money as fast as possible. You neither know our history nor understand our Government; but, believing that all men are selfish and mean, nothing is absurder to your mind than the American doctrine of popular government based upon equal rights.

This being the case with you and thousands like you, you are inevitably a Secessionist, a Copperhead, and a Rebel. But why deceive yourself, since you deceive nobody else? Your opinion is of no value, because you neither know nor care any thing about the subjects upon which you pronounce. But you have kept quiet, hoping to dissolve the Union and to destroy the Government, you are following that course. And you are the enemy of all who will risk war to save the nation. If quiet can be preserved by massacring the negroes, amen: you want money, and money requires quiet. If things can be kept still by slaughtering Irishmen, you cheerfully agree, for you think that of the two races they are the least useful. If peace can be preserved by proclaiming Jeff Davis as President, by forming four Governments, by each State setting up for itself—in God's name, cry you, let it in done. You want money. Government, except so far as it can make mobs and hang the people whom the mob hates, and who are therefore called the authors of the mob—the security of personal rights and property, the open public popular intelligence and progress—these, in your estimation, are foolish fancies and idle twaddle. If you can have a little money, and your servants, and fifty thousand dollars a year, you have what you want, and all the rest is mere nonsense.

Do you not see, my dear friend, that in the eyes of every loyal American citizen, who is equally anxious with you to thrive and make money—who wishes equally with you that there shall be peace, because peace is essential to trade—but who knows that both will and can be no permanent peace in this country, except that which is based upon common justice, and which is firmly persuaded that if all the conservatism in the world argues that one law makes three, they do still make four; in the eyes of such a citizen you are a traitor, no less than what a ludicrous and contemptible spectacle you are? You are the material out of which despotisms are made. You are ready to swear to-day that the King of Prussia counts when he deliberately destroys the constitutional rights of his subjects. And whatever this country is going to mean, and repugnant to the great and fundamental democratic doctrine of equal rights before the law, receives your hearty sympathy and support. The country you left did not regret your coming away: the country to which you trade will not mourn your departure.

Yours, with all the respect possible,

THE LOUNGER.

BLARNEY.

WHEN Archbishop Hughes, in his card of invitation, spoke of those who were "called rioters," or in his speech itself mentioned the "so-called rioters," did he mean that the proceedings of the week were not riotous, and that people who burn, steal, and massacre in the city of Brotates are not rioters, but are improperly so-called? If on the revels of the third week of July in New York were not riotous, then there is much thing as a riot. If the raging crowds, pillaging and devastating, were not mobs, then there is no such thing as a mob.

Why was it necessary or decent to accuse calling things by their right names? If it were proper for him to call the honored editor of a leading journal, and one of the most distinguished living Americans, "a liar," could it have been so very improper for Dick Gross to call men who, without the slightest pretense of excuse, burn an orphan asylum and slaughter innocent passengers upon the street, "rioters"? There was nothing to be gained by to say that they did not look like rioters; for he invited the persons, so called by the papers, to come to his house, and there addressed them as if they had sacked and murdered innocent people and defenseless asylums. The meaning, therefore, was speaking to those and to no others.

His MASTER, as we said, the Prince of Peace, healed the wound he delivered to the servant and bade him put up his sword. He also told the moneychangers that they had turned his Father's house into a den of thieves, and drove them out of it. Those were slight offenses compared with the crimes with which the "so-called rioters" in this city were charged. But through all the long speech of the Archbishop we look in vain for the tone of indignant reproof, or the righteous wrath of Jesus. My most sweet good masters, he says in effect, if indeed you have been naughty—and I am sure you do think so if you were so unwise as to be good boys, or you will make me feel very unpleasantly. I am sure you will be good, because your countrymen have always been the most tractable of babes. Go home, then, like good children—AMEN!

Of the Archbishop's fair intention there need be no doubt. He does not wish his Church to bear the terrible burden of the responsibility of the riot, and as a good citizen he wished the mob put down. But if he had no other means of promoting the public peace than by addressing it as a set of mere gentlemen, and refraining from all condemnation of the infamous crimes which were done in the terms of his invitation, his audience had committed, then it is a great sorrow for every loyal citizen that the Catholic Bishop of New York is not a man who can speak with power, since it is certainly desirable that he should speak at such a time. If, instead of palliating, and parleying, and blarneying, he had depicted to the rioters the enormity of their acts, and bade them, with all the solemnious authority of his position, and in the name of God and the Government, to stop, the moment would have been the noblest hour of his life. To say that such a tone would have exasperated the mob

is idle. To cringe to a riot is to betray the cause of good order. Therefore, if you can not command it, say nothing. No mob was ever blarneyed down. Except for the true and tried soldiers, and the batteries in position in the city, the well-armed blandishments of the prelate would have been as a few drops of sweet oil to arrest Niagara.

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

By the light of the burning Orphan Asylum we read the full and fearful illustration of the hapless inferiority and degradation of the African race.

Mungo Park, in the year 1795, traveled in Africa to find the source of the Niger, if possible, and to explore the hidden interior of the continent. One morning he had reached almost the furthest point of his journey. He was entirely alone, for his faithful servant had been stolen for a slave by a Moorish prince. Solitary and he was directed to a village—and he continues: "I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regardless of the entertainment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the sheds of a tree, and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so very numerous that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labors of the field stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding I was very hungry, she told me she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in about half an hour with a large bowl, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The poor of hospitality being thus performed toward a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They expressed their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women in the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared and the rain fell.—Poor stranger white man! faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn.—Poor white man! let us pity the white man: no mother has he,' etc., etc. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and shed tears from my eyes."

This was the hospitality of black barbarians in the interior of Africa to a civilized stranger of another color on the 21st of July, 1795. On the 13th of July, 1863, white civilization in the great city of America repaid the debt.

"OUR OWN."

MR. CHARLES MACKAY is an English versewriter, and the author of the rub-a-dub style called "A good time coming." Some half dozen or more years ago he came to this country to deliver lectures upon English poetry. His manager was "Colonel" Hiram Fuller, not unknown in the city of New York and elsewhere. Mr. Mackay's introductions were to literary circles in this country, by which he was kindly received. But the public were obstinately deaf to the charming of his lectures. They were described by those who heard them as the most appallingly dull performances to which the oldest auditor had any experience. The "Colonel" comforted him through the land, but every where the verdict was the same, and his lecturing tour was a melancholy failure. But through all the disappointment and chagrin it is possible to imagine the baffled author grimly humming:

"There's a good time coming,
A good time coming!"

And it has come. He is taking exquisite revenge for all his wrongs. Mr. Mackay arrived again last year, and proposed to settle his account with this country by writing weekly letters to the London *Times*. He pleases our misfortunes. His pen reels and trips along the page as he describes our war and our overthrow. He evidently regards this civil war as but a proper retribution for a nation which would not stand his lectures. He glories over every defeat and disaster of the national cause, and one could imagine the gentle burst in the full delight of conscious vengeance, scribbling his columns of Copperhead news for the London *Times*, and humming at his pen as he dashed along the page, and he forsaw with British eyes our commercial ruin:

"There's a good time coming John,
A good time coming."

His latest letter, dated June 25, on the eve of Lee's defeat and retreat, of the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, with the opening of the Mississippi, and the capture of immense forces, and arms, and stores, and the dispersion of the rebellion in the South west, and of the total disappearance of Bragg before the triumphant advance of Rosecrans, contains such sticklering matter for John, "The belief that * * the South will indubitably achieve its independence, and that it is better for all parties that it should do so without further bloodshed, spread rapidly from the lowergrades of the working classes upward until it has pervaded the whole mass of society except the contractors, the preachers, and the newspaper editors * * In fact, the Federal Government stands in the tumbling into perdition."

Mr. Charles Mackay's fiction is much livelier than his lectures and more imaginative than his Verses; and the spirit and quantity of his performances of this kind in the London *Times* only show what great and difficult vengeance he has sworn against us. For it includes two nations. He elaborates these columns of sneering misrepresentation and abuse of this country and its institution, and John Bull gravely reads it and believes it. What a scolding we should have saved ourselves if we had only gone to Mr. Mackay's lectures!

SONG OF THE BORDER.

A FRIEND in Maryland, whose "heart is with the Union," sends the Lounger the following song:

Air—*Bonnie Dundee.*

To the heart of the nation the booming guns spoke,
While the true flag went down in the fire and the smoke;
And the grim eyes of Sumter yet echoed the fray
When the loyalists rushed where the Stars led the way.
Chorus.—Then fight for the Stripes, boys, and fight for the Stars!
Confounded be treason! turn down be the Bars!
Let foul traitors tremble, and rebels grow pale
As the Banner of Union floats out on the gale!

Though the land of the cypress its Vandals sends forth,
They are met in the van by the sons of the North;
Toward the troopers that spring from the cotton-planted
streets,
With the fires of just vengeance our bayonets gleam.
Chorus.—Then fight, etc.

They may flaunt in the breeze their famed rattlesnake flag;
They may sneer at the Banner, and call it a rag;
But by all we hold sacred, above or below,
We solemnly swear that their flag shall lie low!
Chorus.—Then fight, etc.

They may boast of their chivalry, boast of their blood;
We stand by our fathers' faith, how but to God!
Let them come in their pride; they shall grievously feel
The firmness and keenness of loyalists' steel.
Chorus.—Then fight for the Stripes, boys, bright shine the Stars!
Confounded be treason! despised be the Bars!
The false hearts of rebels shall falter and quail,
As the Banner of Union floats out on the gale.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"DID you not observe the scraper at the door, Sir?" exclaimed an offended spinster, "stand, tidy, and discreet," to a gentleman who had entered the house without scraping his boots. "Yes'm," said he; "and I intend using it when I go out."

THE SOUTHERN REBELS' AMBASSADORS TO PARIS AND LONDON.

SLIDELL SENT TO PARIS.

"Is cotton king?" The Emperor's mind to find,
They shrewdly said to Paris a sly delil.
And, as a slight disguise may do as well,
Their missionary has the name *Slidil.*
As slight a change gives us his Master's name—
Off Davis and *sly Davy* mark the same!

MASON SENT TO LONDON.

To England, where their noble poetry pay
The toll that tribute to the wealth from day to day,
They send a Mason, who can build each hall
And cooking-house that suits the taste of all!
Not teaching the mere morals done he come,
Tempers his principles to suit the time,
The *solid* Pope Mason beloved Virgin Queen
By *arrot*, all the future one, Victoria's enemies,
Who, 'tis by reading Queen Victoria's *speeches*,
For *there* a colored report never was known)
Is a *Southern lady*, and a *Southern mon*," and has
A horrid colored crop that meets the view!
For better times he has, or ought to, still—
A picture of a "Free State" design'd in hell!

A GREEK GIRL AGE.—A statistician, writing in a weekly paper, says: "In a prolific grain and nodding field, no man can do one hundred and fifty times more work than he could perform a century ago." We should rather have supposed that "one man" who could have performed any kind of work a century ago, when he must have been comparatively young and strong, could hardly get through much more now that he figures in the character of a centenarian.

A young lady, whose name was Moulton, having married a man named Mould, gave rise to the following:

"LOVE, with, 'tis said, its days of ill,
Its hours of sorrow, still
Was turned, as we are plainly told,
Into a Moulton.
The same propensity of change
Is found in Mould, a husband.
For here we see a case as strange—
Mould turned to Moulton."

Two tourists observing a poetry girl in a milliner's shop, one of them proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon in order to get a sight of her face. "Why," said a northern friend, "there's one occasion to waste ether. Let us pass in and spoil the gas ile an two sixpences for a shilling."

It is asserted that a certain eminent medical man lately died on a pathless coast, and was buried in the sand, which the worthy biologist declared with a shake of the head, "Would, by Jay Sus, we had the money remains on our hands already."

The new press-gang was patrolling London they laid hold of a well-dressed man, who pleaded that being a gentleman he could not be pressed. "Why," said a sailor, "you're the very man we want, for we've press'd a number of lieutenants, and want a gentleman to touch them nuances."

A Dutchman, summoned to identify a stolen hog, being asked, "Vas dat your hog?" answered, "I'll only can mark dat I saw my tail vas cut off."

EPITAPH.

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried "I can suffer"
Should make him die he never you read his insidious
gruffs.

When you see a dwarf you may take it for granted that his parents never intended him to be small.

An Irishman, by way of illustrating the horrors of military confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons entombed in the Black Hole of Calcutta but one man survived it.

This may be said to be going to destruction upon when he abandons any sober mode of life for the de-canter.

Said a thief to a wit, "There's no knowing one's friends when they've been tried and found guilty."
Said the wit to the thief, "All yours I promise.
Have been tried and found guilty already."

The individual who "stood upon his own responsibility" is to be indicted for trespassing.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not think, indeed," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A man who had been fined several weeks in succession for being drunk and disorderly appealed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

NEW PROVERB.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

LARGE LOAF.—An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.

A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet stream wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of *tactics*. While she was trying to explain to her pupils the meaning of the word a boat covered with goods hove in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration she exclaimed:

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is *faith*," said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she queried—

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school-room.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why do young ladies in love like the dress?
Because they have an inkling for the ring.

What letter in the alphabet is necessary to make a shoe? *The last.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A CAVALRY reconnoissance was sent out to Front Royal on 20th. Our whole force is now across the river. The rearguard of General Lee's army left Martinsburg at two o'clock on the morning of 18th, a few cavalrymen picketing the rebels of the Shenandoah. The river is falling rapidly. General Lee is retreating his main force by Strasburg and Staunton, not by Culpeper, as was supposed. General Meade is said to be in hot pursuit.

GENERAL ROSECRANS AT WORK.

Rosecrans is doing finely with his army, driving the rebels before him. Dispatches from Memphis, dated on the 17th, say that General Buford's cavalry had just arrived at Corinth, from Decatur and Jacksonville. They report that Bragg was retreating precipitately into Georgia, followed by Rosecrans's forces. General Rosecrans's advance was reported at Athens, Georgia.

THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON.

The particulars of the fall of Port Hudson have reached us by way of New Orleans. It appears that General Gardner, on the 7th inst., sent out a flag of truce asking for terms of capitulation. General Banks replied that he would not consider the matter. At seven o'clock a.m. on the 9th the terms were complied with, and our troops took possession. The moment the surrender was completed the rebels sent a request for six thousand rations, as they had eaten their last mule—which was found to be literally true. The trophies are five thousand prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery, and small-arms in proportion. The loyal citizens of New Orleans had a torchlight procession and general jubilation on the night of the 11th.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

General Gilmore informs the War Department that up to the 11th inst. nothing had been done by the rebels of Morris Island, with the exception of about a mile of the north end, on which they have been working for some days. Embankments for battery, mounting fourteen or fifteen heavy guns. On the night of the 10th they opened fire, but soon ceased to carry it on. Why they did so is not known, but it failed. Our bones boil been shell 150 killed, wounded and missing. The casualties among the rebels are not known. We had captured eleven pieces of heavy ordnance and a large number of camp equipage. After the failure of the attack on Fort Wagner, which was caused by the isolation of the supports of the storming party, and the prompt action of the gallant, General Gilmore commenced engineering approaches, and it was expected that it would soon be captured. All the fortifications on James Island, as far as Secessionville, are now in our possession. During the night a rebel ironclad steamer attempted to land reinforcements on Morris Island, but as she was driven off without landing her guns or boats, the troops on board barely escaping. The attack was renewed on 11th.

MORGAN'S RAID.

The rebel General Morgan is faring badly with his raid into Ohio. On 18th his forces were overtaken near Pomeroy by Generals Hobson and Judah, who had formed a junction. Morgan, finding himself hemmed in there, and learning that the fort at Burlington Island was well guarded, broke up his boats and attempted to cross the river there. One squad, with six pieces of artillery, made for the crossing at Buffington Island, but was overtaken and routed, with the loss of one hundred and fifty killed and drowned. Our cavalry charged upon the rebels while they were crossing, and one of the rebels. Colonels Wolford and Shackelford surrounded a portion of the rebels on the river bank, on Saturday, and another two hundred and seventy-five, besides one hundred and fifty in Meigs County, were captured. Colonel Runyon, with a force of cavalry for fifty miles, and three o'clock sent a flag of truce to Morgan, and Captain Jones, of Morgan's staff, came over to the Ohio shore, on behalf of the rebels, surrendered. Morgan, with a few squad, continued his escape; but our troops are in pursuit, and hope to catch him.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCES.

Rebel reports from Jackson, of the late attack of General Sherman's corps against Jackson, Mississippi, show that the fighting was terrific, that his forces were severely injured by the shelling from our batteries, and that the loss on both sides was very heavy. Among the casualties on the rebel side was General Gregg, who was killed. One of our Enoch cavalry generals, is reported to have been killed in the engagement. The rebel force at the time of the war was met by one of General Pemberton's staff on his way to Vicksburg. Details of this conflict are received in dispatches from Jackson to the papers of Mobile, Montgomery, Augusta, and the Richmond Examiner. The first genuine information from the scene of action from July 16th to the 18th. The Mobile Register, of July 19th, in an article to Richmond, that "the enemy made a heavy demonstration on the right and centre this afternoon; but Walker's and Loring's divisions repulsed them handsomely. On the left the enemy's demonstration was a failure, repulsed gun for gun. The enemy sought shelter in the woods. Several regiments of the Grand army came to serve, who are pressed on our right for the purpose of crossing Pearl River, and flanking Johnston. They are employing sleeve-gun on their rebuilds. It is supposed that to-morrow the commander of Jackson will be forced to fight.

On the previous evening our troops were shelling the rebel fortifications.

CAPTURE OF YAZOO CITY.

YAZOO CITY, which has been for eight hundred rebels, was captured by the Union troops under General Herron on the 13th. Five hundred rebels and fifty prisoners were captured. The gun-boat *DeKalb*, which accompanied the expedition, ran aground in Yazoo River and sunk in shallow water, but no lives were lost. The rebels burned cotton to the amount of 6,000 bales, and some eight or ten large steamers up the Yazoo.

A CAVALRY FIGHT.

An obstinate fight took place on the 17th, between Shepherdstown and Martinsburg, between the cavalry of General Gregg, and the whole force of General Stuart, upward of ten thousand strong, who are protecting the rear of Lee's forces. The fight lasted several hours, and the heaviest loss on both sides, our troops holding their ground heroically. It is said that several lines of battle-flags were seen all from communication with the main army, but that he finally broke through Gregg's line by a gallant charge, capturing a number of prisoners, three stands of colors, and four pieces of artillery.

A REBEL CONSCRIPTION.

Jeff Davis has issued a call for every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five at once to repair to the conscript camps.

NORTH CAROLINA WAVERING.

The tone of the newspapers, as well as the testimony of refugees and deserters, all indicate that North Carolina is about tired of rebellion, and would gladly proffer her allegiance to the old flag.

REBEL GROANS.

The Richmond papers are terribly doleful over the recent disasters. The *Enquirer* says: "The fall of Vicksburg, the retreat of Bragg, the repulse of Lee, and the advance on Charleston, are all serious disasters—the most serious that have attended our arms since the beginning of the war."

REBEL VIEW OF OUR RIOTS.

The papers of the New York disturbances had reached Richmond, and the papers are exultant over it. They hail them as the beginning of a great Revolution, characterizing it is "good work" and "an excellent outbreak."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE American question is being widely discussed, both by the papers and in Parliament. Lord Palmerston requested Mr. Roebuck to drop discussion on the question of the recognition of the South, as it was not desirable to resume it, or to bind the Government to pledge themselves to the matter. Mr. Roebuck pointed his answer for the 13th, but thought a better answer than he would be heard before that day.

ANOTHER ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE.

The rebel steamer *Oltwellar*, late the *Sumter*, has sailed from Liverpool for Cheyenne, S. B. She had been well repaired and strengthened, and took out the "monster gun" which caused her temporary detention by the English authorities. It was thought that she would resume her operations as a rebel privateer.

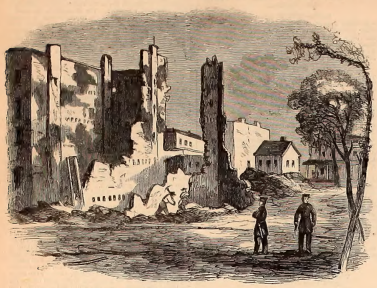
POLAND.

PROGRESS OF DIPLOMACY.

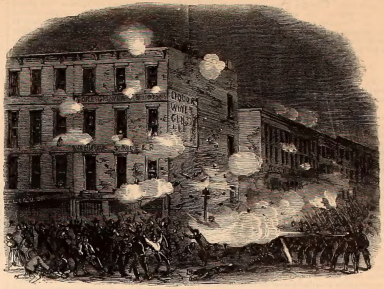
The notes of the three allied powers on the subject of Poland have been laid before the Emperor of Russia, and are reported to be of a conciliatory character. The preparations for war continue in France and Russia. The expectation of the immediate rupture of diplomacy is unabated daily. In connection with Poland Lord Palmerston replied in Parliament to Mr. Warner that England had made no preventive arrangements to fight for Poland, but that

"As ye'l not subscribe to help a poor cooperist. Then I'll let thrush-
ble ye for your watch an whatever little valyblyes ye hev about."

THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK.—(SEE PAGE 484.)



RUINS OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE.



FIGHT BETWEEN RIOTERS AND MILITARY.



CHARGE OF THE POLICE ON THE RIOTERS AT THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.



SACKING A DRUG STORE IN SECOND AVENUE.



HANGING A NEGRO IN CLARKSON STREET.

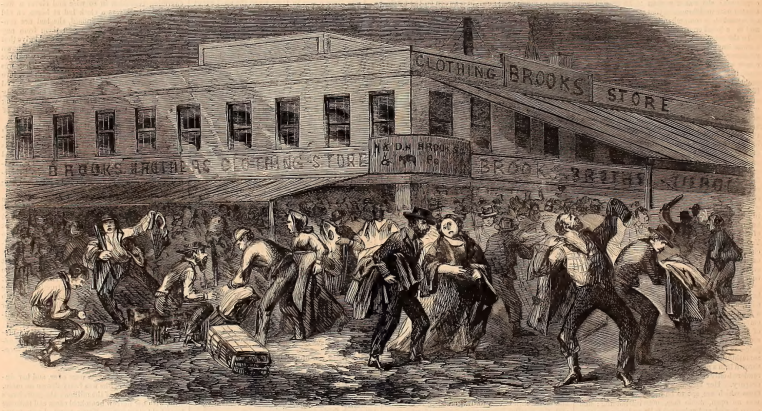
THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 484.]



A GORILLA ON THE LOOSE.



DRAGGING COLONEL O'BRIEN'S BODY THROUGH THE MUD.



SACKING BROOKS'S CLOTHING STORE.



THE DEAD SERGEANT IN TWENTY-SECOND STREET.



NEGRO QUARTERS IN SULLIVAN STREET.

THE STRONG HEART.

In a great factory, almost grand from its vastness and the might of its machinery, though without architectural elegance or esthetical design, a long file of girls were working at their noisy looms. Most of them presented the common type of the factory girl, the independence, the self-assertion, the love of snatches of finery in the shape of necklaces and ear-rings, in the middle of the dusty clothes, with their hoards of gaudy and merriment at every pause in their routine. One girl was an exception. She worked in a corner, told off by a necessary angle of the building from the stands of her companions. She preferred that situation, and had refused promotion opposition, in order to get better dressed than her neighbors; she had the ordinary calico gown, and the cap with which the wise ones protected their heads from the fluff flying through the room. If there was any difference, her dress was more scrupulously clean; her cap more closely and primly fitted, and pinned more smooth and neat, than the dresses of the other girls. But she was clearly a woman of a higher rank; you saw it in her turn of features, her expression, her intercourse with her fellow-workers and the manager. Although she was quite a young woman, and not unusually skilled in her trade, there was a tacit respect paid to her; that unconscious deference which often marks the difference between inevitable "just supremacy" and unwarrantable usurpation. No one in the Mile-end Mill accused Lucy Brown of airs or resented her dignity: and mill "hands" are notoriously shrewd observers. They did not like her much; they did not like her as overmuch; she was a woman to be trusted and treated with indifference at that stage, by the many as by one of themselves—protection and kindness and to be loved engrossingly by the few.

In the same mill were two brothers which by natural impulse, as flowers turn to the sun, turn to whatever of higher intelligences and refinement comes within their reach. It is not unnatural reasons, it is at the antipodes from sycophancy and snobishness—it is simply the like drawing to the like, the magnetism between whatever is lowlier and higher in our humanity. So Letty's friends were often distinguished in one way or another, not by any fault, for her life always in that, sheltered them in the work-house and the hospital, but they were not by the less genuine in the warmest orders. One was a poor politician, one a runner after tiny ensemble moses with their brown fairy cups. Peter Brown was useless of the two, useless on than a clever, managing housekeeper in the family of a wealthy cotton lord; nay, Letty was engaged to be married to a young man who was not enough to be a clerk in the factory where she worked, and not only with such chance advantages in book-keeping, but with that temperament so rare, so beautiful in all its shapes which belongs to some of the hardest and most desperate workers, which gone back to some distant ancestor for her faculties, because Letty was born a rising young woman.

I would like to show you Letty in her workplace before she leaves the factory this night, as it happens, never to return. She is not a little sprite of a woman, as it is the fashion of the day to find embodiments of latent power. I suspect the size of the looms has really nothing to do with the strength of the flame within. Letty was fair and pale—so fair and pale that there would have been something insipid about her pallor and her hair, but for the brown tint of her eyebrows and lashes, which, rendered only slightly ungainly by her compressed dragging. Her face was one of those strong-featured faces which are apt to be heavy in repose, but it was an open, noble face, notwithstanding; and when heated and animated it lit up into a perfect splendor of beauty, but a beauty more of form and tone than of the clear, cool color which makes the face as a painter subdues his brilliance by deep shades and grave back-grounds. It was what some would have called a pre-Raphaelite, cathedral light, rather than one, when it was blithe, it was with an exuberance and abandonment of gladness, like Rome at the Carnival, and as your stern, good person finds on rare occasions, with a pure sweet passion of laughter.

Above Letty Brown's loom was the instance of a pleasant fashion, which belongs more to country than to town mills—the bunch of heart's-ease, in those with which old country wives used to fill their grates, was still pearly and almond-scented in the dim, dusty air which we have described, as one opens windows could entirely clear. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, Letty's heart's-ease showed such traces. Though she lived in a great town she was never without her supplies of fluffy, daffodils, roses, wall-flowers, and mid-winter snowdrops, the essences of his existence, and he lavished them on Letty, who, in her native statuesque and peaceful, back-ground, loved better than she would any jewels. That night, at the ringing of the factory bell, Letty rested her loom as she was wont, in her orderly fashion, and went out slowly and sadly, lingering behind the riotous troops of her companions, in order to be joined by George Ashe. There Ashe, by her side, a slight lad, more youthfullooking than Letty, though he was her senior, with that indefinable air of refinement which, more than confusedly call a genteel address, and with one of those bright and spiritual faces, as to set, dark, curly hair, which we are driven to look on in a way with dim doubts and forebodings.

Letty no more dreamed that she would not return to the mill on the morrow than that she would wed George Ashe—an orphan like herself—ethand, without money laid by, taking on their furniture, and launching him at once on a muddy sea of debt. A common sempstress which Letty, with her abundant sense, held in horror—and where contrary to George did not contemplate in so severely or take steps against it or decisively. His lax moral principles but extravagant habits for his station, though they were lovely, lovable habits at the same time, and the two struggled together within the limits of equal entanglement and in a kind of brave hostility.

That very evening—one of the memorable ones in Letty's life—she went by appointment to see her friend, Mrs. Peaston, whose scullion she had comforted in her visits to the hospital, and whose clothes she had helped to carry from the washerwoman's when the laundress and the other servants of the great house were busy, until her mistress had procured a sovereign recipe from an amateur chemist for taking iron stains out of linen. At the great house in the suburbs Letty heard that the family were in sharp and sudden distress. One of the sons had been seized with violent illness, and was under strict medical treatment for months, while his relatives and the household generally were struggling with more or less success with it. It was not from pure regard to the sufferer—he had been an ill-conditioned lad as ever existed, and sent his kindred sorrow and trouble—but they would pain save him from perishing in those pangs of body and mind which were exciting the whole house, and cutting down all the resources of wealth and station, pride and reserve. Letty Brown would have gone away again immediately, leaving her visit but indeed at the unpropitious moment, but it went sorely against the grain with her the girl to quit a house of distress, unless she might be needed from her—there might be something for her to do.

Mrs. Peaston, full of stillness and sympathy, and something was needed from her ere long. An excitable mail-servant employed to convey hot water to the delirious patient, refused to do so unless his agony, fell down in a swoon on the kitchen floor, and while her shrieks brought everybody round her to recover her, Letty carried up the next supply of water in the general confusion. A medical man was summoned to the case by convulsions of the young man, and while he did so he caught Letty's eye—that rational, full, deep, wellset eye—as he went by, and beckoned to her with an imperative sign, he summoned her to his assistance. He kept Letty hours by the bed, for those hours her strength and her duty. Just before to dismissed her he inquired curiously,

"Have you ever seen a case of this kind before?"

"No, Sir, never," answered Letty, thankfully.

"Thankfully!" the surgeon echoed, he observed, energetically, the moment she had left the room. "Firm nerves, quick observation, a kind heart, makes a kind, firm woman, a resource, Sir, even where she is," he continued, grudgingly. "Should like to tempt her to take service in my work."

The words had a strange effect, startled and afflicted by pain: Fred's frightful attack. "Who is she? Is she a young woman under such a time? A protégée of Peaston's? Very indiscreet of Peaston. Providential, did you say? Peaston could not have died a providential thing—a providential thing at first; and the man's reason replied resolutely,

"Never mind, my dear, you heard what the doctor remarked; engage to be at your post for the end of he is spared. Offer her any wages."

And Letty remained at the post which had put herself into her hands, for the time done so without fee had none been forthcoming. She could not have benefited by the unexpected proud, with a womanly breadth of satisfaction and benevolence, that she could relieve the unhappy young man, though the sacrifice of her wages might have wrecked out of a gentleman, under the ghastly thunder-cloud of delirium tremens.

In a month from that time Letty Brown went abroad with the Bridgewaters, who, in ordinary, accommodating phrase, had taken a fancy to the young girl—but it was more than a fancy—Mr. Fred, who was again partially restored to sense and action, and on his own account, had taken a fancy to her, and the smaller injury to society, and who was left behind the traveling party, judiciously, as far as the comfort of the invalid was concerned. Mrs. ed. Letty went as aid to Mrs. Peaston, to Mrs. Bridgewater's maid, to the head nurse of the young Bridgewaters. She got her own wages, and the philosophic downstairs than she could win working in the factory. So she went, and Peter Brown, the poor's brother, of the quiet young woman had an ardent desire to do, and her George was reconciled to the separation with considerable ease, for he knew he was as proud that she should command these advantages as he was mortified that they should be got up without his instrumentality, and not in his company.

II.

THE next time that we see Letty Brown is with other surroundings and under a different aspect. The Bridgewaters had been absent from England for months to years, and Letty had tasted a little of the bitterness of hope deferred; but that honorable pause at her was not unproductive of results, and that mind and heart of hers better instructed, and though George Ashe was too true not to want her back to him, he was philosophic under the circumstances. If you were a light observer, you would scarcely know Letty Brown again—Miss Brown now—at her place, Bridgewater Lodge, acknowledged maid to the young ladies, and factotum to the housekeeper. In learning to open her young mistresses' hair Letty had learned to dress her own—that pale brown hair without any of the red of the chestnut about it, but not so cold, but which formed, for all you might know no better, so fitting a setting to the large, finely featured, tranquil, level-browed, gray eyes, which, ne's jealousies; Minerva, without the divine maid's pretensions; Deborah, who lived with her husband and judged Israel under the fig-tree; Lydia, who heard Paul lovingly and entertained him nobly. In continual association with harmony and elegance, the former intelligent, reverent, factory girl had inevitably imbibed and appropriated a portion of them quickly, and to her credit be it recorded no annoyance, she began to be mistaken for one of the daughters of the house. Letty was in daily and hourly conversation with educated people, and even in acquiring those soft Italian words, Letty had got rid of the worst part of her provincial dialect, the illiterate sentences, and obsolete expressions. In the thin woolen or cambric gown, with the little collar, the light jacket, the shady hat-an necessity of enjoyment in the sunny south; able to give a wonderfully artistic opinion of the amateurs' sketches, until she was persuaded to try sketching herself, and was fascinated by her own share of success; betraying naively considerable natural talent for music and painting, until her masters and mistresses discovered a fresh charm in carrying her with them to churches and galleries—what would George and Letty do if his sweet-heart when she was restored to him, "she finished" by the only possible effectual education for a poor girl? Letty was not spoiled, she is much shaken as captivated; foolishly overvaluing her acquired information and accomplishments, and overlooking his own original rough, uncut gifts. But it was certain what Letty would do in the relation that bound them, one of those wonderful, winning relations between the sexes, where George Ashe was half Letty Brown's sovereign, half her darling, half her slave, half her pet; in the hour of reunion Letty would clasp George's hand and look him in the face, and he were nobody by to see, put her arm round his neck and kiss him, to show him that, though she had crossed the Channel and wandered over the Alps and plains, she had seen nobody to her mind like George Ashe. Letty was not the woman to forget her old friends from subservience to new ones. She was also sterling metal. You might as soon expect the deep stream to show an empty bed, as Letty to return without its faithful, powerful handmaid, the love.

Letty Brown was in Italy when the next event in her history occurred. The Bridgewaters were posting between Leghorn and Rome. They had just courteously added to their company a sensible, well-bred traveling Colonel, with no wife and some little acquaintance, a poor man who was traveling for his health and excruciating himself to be able economically to travel at all in Italy. They were in all the exigencies of the road when their courier was taken from them by an official mandate, in order to deliver evidence on an unusual act of violence which he had seen perpetrated, and while traveling with the Bridgewaters Inglese who had been his last employer. The judge concerned had cleverly caught the witness when he was supposed to be out of the wayside, and would on no account let him go till he had told his story feasibly, in spite of the threats and contempt of the assassin's companions of the other illustrious Inglese who must proceed; the latter would be detained a fit of the spleen if he did not go forward, and yet it was certain he could not move without the hired escort and patronage of his employers, and without the franchise.

The affair was not very formidable. The little posting town, with its grey gateway and gaudy church, whose bells never took place, afforded at least decent accommodation for a halt. There was not the most distant suspicion or apprehension of violation, though the "Per Bacco!" "Per Bacco!" echoin severe, passionately, an English subject was not safe in any country where. It was only a temporary delay with its temporary discomforts, still it put these good Bridgewaters to their wit's end. They were grown up—well-bred and they had little assumption, so upright as to have few suspicions; but I never said they were perfect, and their great wealth, position, and amiability is almost as bad as a life which has no legs—it can not stand alone.

Lucy Brown sat up and down, how she spun out her stock of Italian, how she uncoiled boxes and packages, how she made new clothes-lines and that spirit-lamp, and soothed the discomforts family and their more discomfortable satellites, who, of course, as a matter of high principle, is a matter which fairly baffles all description.

The Colonel was an admirer of dispatch and ease, the comfort of his fellow-men, a hater of all military shirts. He pulled his grizzled mustache in admiration of this young woman. He was more than man-like thanking, if any body could be more than all-important; and whereas Joachim was only as a handmaid, Lucy like a galvanized corpse, rocked into a skin of brown leather, this young woman was handsome, was neat-handed—which is the Colonel's definition of gracefulness—she had spirit, she had ability, she was finished by the early When Joachim was free, and his traveling days gone their several further destinations, and were settled in different quarters of the Eternal City, the first time he met the Colonel in one of Gherardesque he sent his landlady, who on holidays displayed the richest mass of black hair, and the heaviest gold ear-rings in the locality, with a respectful and apologies, and an earnest solicitation that Mrs. Bridgewater would spare him Miss Brown to preside over his social comforts, to see that he was not poisoned, to read his *Times* to him, and prevent him going distracted with the bad Italian journals of the day. The poor lady who had undertaken the task.

The poor Colonel's unsophisticated petition afforded no little amusement even to these complacent hearts, but Mrs. Bridgewater did not hesitate to comply with its prayer. The Colonel was an honorable old man, and there was no etiquette for a girl in Brown's rank.

As far as Letty would so soon live on the one side of the giant dome as on the other, and she rightly judged that she would be more comfortable at Letty went to the old Colonel's establishment above an artist's studio, and took care of the Colonel, and cheered him back to comparative health, like an attentive, deferential daughter.

It was as much to Letty Brown's amusement as to the Bridgewaters' consternation, that the night before that on which she was to return to her real employers the Colonel called her to his side, and in a trifle of agitation, and a respectful tone, began to become his wife. Letty had no wish to consider her answer, the Colonel instantly begged she should take time to think over his proposal, and gave her liberty to submit it to her mistress, and I need not say the Colonel was accustomed to be obeyed.

The Bridgewaters had a true regard for Letty, but the communication put them dreadfully about —it was worse than Joachim's interference decoration. Traveling, like poverty, might induce them to fraternize with their inferiors; but to marry them—where the one party was a Lieutenant-Colonel of good family, and in possession of an ample fortune besides his pay—was a little too much even more than crabbed, on the high road to craziness, and the other was a waiting-maid, born a factory girl—well, this was an extension of the suffrage with a vengeance! Had the Bridgewaters lent a hand to entangle the willful old Colonel in the net a mad vows of marriage, and had they told friends, from the nearest to the most distant, come upon the Bridgewaters in their supercilious indignation, and demand unimaginable compensation?

My readers must feel that these affable Bridgewaters were in a disagreeable predicament.

Mrs. Bridgewater was never more relieved in her life than when Letty, blushing very much, but quite determinedly, declined the matrimony of declining, with her service and her thanks, the proposal which would have turned the heads of half the girls in Letty's line. Mrs. Bridgewater could have kissed and hugged her favorite on the spot, such a perception of propriety, such modern moderation and consideration! Letty was a fine creature; moreover, she had proved herself a philosopher.

While Letty was ill abroad, Mrs. Bridgewater, in the middle of her lady-like gentleness and softness, was very inquisitive to penetrate the origin of such philosophy. Letty confessed, with charming confusion in so wise and clever a woman, that there was a child at home, a boy, an old acquaintance, and that, indeed, she had not concealed the engagement between them from any doubt, Letty was ready to confess that it was that impression, but her friend Mrs. Peaston had known it all along, and for any one else Letty did not choose to be at the pains of telling it. That was Letty's explanation of the fact that, with her, love was as sacred as it was natural, and that the son of one of Letty's young ladies, who was unavailably privy to the incident, cried out with refreshing indignation that she had guessed the solution of Letty's riddle.

Mrs. Bridgewater, affectionate though she was, had very little to do with Letty's wonderful disappointment—an absurd old man to be impetuous and heedless at his years—and he took his refusal with a good grace, and was grateful for the customary airing, and he sent and borrowed Mr. Bridgewater's *Guilonni*, exactly as if nothing had happened.

Naturally Letty experienced deeper gratitude and more honor for her boy, the unpolished, dedared and unmixed because the Colonel, once satisfied of her calm, deliberate decision, did not attempt to shake it. Mrs. Bridgewater was sure the heart smote her when the old man's voice faltered as he bade her a confused farewell, and she looked back again to give more emphatic instructions to the good-humored cook how her Colonel liked his lamb and salad, and his chocolate, and his breakfast, for her friendship, to serve with clock-work punctuality the minute of this generalissimo.

Afterward, the whole episode faded from Letty's preoccupied heart and active life, and left only a shadowy incident—half-mirthful, half-melancholy—behind.

III.

LETTY BROWN'S travels were over, and her single life with them. She was Letty Brown no more, but Letty Ashe, one of the million; the poor clerk's wife, with her somewhat narrow household and careless household drudgery. Never mind, Letty never looked handsomer or happier than when she arranged her few pieces of furniture, and the marcels in the circumscribed flat in the ugly, crowded manufacturing town. Letty was such a young wife, so docile, so sweet, so civil to her neighbors, so genuinely frank and kind to old friends, and above all, so full of resources for little matters, lady to George Ashe, though she had worked as a factory girl once, and he was never likely to be anything else, and to the end of her life daughter, that it was good to see her.

Letty had been cooking her husband's dinner, and was still humming pleasantly beautifying his dwelling; she was dusting the cage with her tiraliras, meanwhile from the little bird's throat—and she was setting out her flowers, cheap primroses and periwinkles, as she used to deck her old Miller-of factory days, and with whom those little ideas, brought from the fragrant myrtles and oleanders on the altars in old classic Roman lands, when the Bridgewaters were worshipping at the shrines, a letter—a London letter—not for Mrs. George Ashe, but for Letty Brown.

Letty was a little puzzled as she read the address in an unfamiliar hand; she had no friend that she knew of in London but the Bridgewaters, and they not only were apprised of her marriage, but had loaded her with wedding-presents, useful and ornamental, and published the fashionable embroidered table-cover, the fanciful cake-basket (Letty would surely eat cake sometimes) were all from the Bridgewaters.

Letty did not open the letter instantly, and when she did the expression of the face was not excitable, this young woman, in her sound sagacity; she was rather slow at adopting a fancy, though swift at making an observation. She was engrossed with what she was about—she had no pressing interests apart from her own home. She put down the letter, half-determining not to open it till George came home; then she took it up again, and burst open the envelope, and read, first, a lawyer's exceedingly civil preamble; second, a copy of the substance of the will of the late Hugh Bridgewater, Esq., of Bridgewater Lodge, and of Her Majesty's dragoon regiments, devising and

bequeathing to Lettie Brown, formerly of Moorfield (he had incidentally, as it were, asked her the name of her native place the very morning she took leave of him), the bulk of his fortune, and his house at Bayswater, with its plate and furniture. The testator stated that all his relations were distant in degree, and in affluent circumstances, and that he made this disposition of his property, in being in sound mind, as a proof of his respect and esteem for the said Lettie Brown, to render testimony of which he left the legacy without limitation or reservation, beyond the necessary legacy duty, which the lawyer took the opportunity to apprise her it was her business to pay.

Letty read the communication three times before she attached the importance to its contents and laid them to heart; and she first thing she did after she knew that she was an heiress was to harass her friend's antecedents—and that George Ashe was rich and able to lead a life of luxury, and indulge his tastes, was to sit down, with the sobers rolling down her cheeks, making them wet in their paleness—and Letty seldom cried—and to pray God that He would enable her and her husband to bear their unexpected and unexampled prosperity. It was not that Letty was narrow-minded, or superstitious, or childish, and was incapable of comprehending riches, but because she fathomed not only their advantages and benefits, but their temptations and trials, both with judgment and sensibility; and the first abrupt contemplation overcame her, sitting there crying and shaking, half with pleasure, half with pain, trying to recall her stiff eccentric benefactor, trying to think of nothing strange, and of what she could find and say. Letty was roused by her turtle, accustomed to leave his cage and fly to her shoulder coming down for his resting-place, and pressing his silver-gay and cinnamon-brown plumage against her wet cheek, which is a touch of a common natural object is a great boon sometimes.

The exultation, the triumph, the delirium of pride and joy—for all of these Letty knew when she arrived at last, and was gravely, almost diffidently, informed of the Aladdin's lamp that had been handed to at the door. It was not that George was mercenary, but he had all the vehement impulses which were calm in Letty. He was not fair at his fever, though it was not in her nature to abhor her lover. She was a woman of the more modestly silent alike in trepidation and mortification, in pain of body and anguish of mind.

"If I were not, George, I would go to the fair myself to you," proposed Letty, earnestly. "People will not believe at first in our fortune; I can scarcely believe it in myself. Some one will make an oracle yet of which we are not aware, though the lawyer speaks fair. It is idle to care for the world for our mutual opinions; but I should not like them to say that we have lifted clean off our feet before we were sure of a higher position," added Letty, with a faint smile, stroking her turtle.

This young woman had a wholesome regard for public opinion, and a tolerable acquaintance of public George Ashe had sufficient discretion to enable him to see the merit of Letty's counsel. He compelled himself to attend his factory and keep account there while he was exchanging momentous letters with the London lawyer, until Letty herself discovered that the effort was so painful, and the oversight and blunders he committed so flagrant and absurd, that she banished Ned's firm from the obligation, before he was dismissed in disgust by his employers. Then he wandered about aimlessly, could not resist talking all sorts of people into confidences, until the rumour spread to circles which had never heard of this humble young couple's existence, and caution in the end pulled them down again, overturned all their old domestic arrangements, and replaced the household economy of Lettie Brown by experience that the early days of most eyed consequences are desultory and disagreeable.

But the most preposterous visit that George ever very plain sailing.

Colonel Annesley's will was undoubtedly formal and legal—not a question but the old soldier had died in his sound mind, and no opposition would be made by his cousins, whatever their private feelings. Mr. and Mrs. Ashe, whose most obedient servant the lawyer was, literally and figuratively had only to go to London and take possession.

Letty drew a long breath; her husband was not ruined by a false expectation; now she might honestly accept the congratulations which were on her by a crowd of strangers, suddenly and not insincerely grown friendly. Their hearts were warmed by the liberality of fortune to Mr. Ashe: who knew but his and her turn might come next? Now Letty might make use of that word, and credit at the banker's, the responsibility of whose possession had impressed her so seriously; and Letty went out and was as foolish as any other new-made man, committed the enormity of buying a tawdry pound shawl for herself and a flowing dressing-gown for George Ashe. Letty had a fancy for expensive shawls, and an innocent, ancient ambition to see George in flowing dressing-gowns, which she had dreamed many a quaint dream of him in her working days, attired in the slippered ease and old-fashioned majesty gown and student's cap, as the constructs of the poets, whose works he picked up at book-stalls, before she had the least acquaintance with these great men and their worries and troubles.

That shawl and that dressing-gown happened to be nearly the sole luxuries of her fortune on which Letty put her hands.

The zealous lawyer pressed on Mr. and Mrs. Ashe to come up to town and satisfy themselves with regard to their legacy; he even hinted at their immediately occupying the house at Bayswater, and seeing something of the season. Letty recoiled in horror from this extravagance, considering their late position; but when she urged fresh delay and consideration, woman-like, exaggerating her caution till it verged on cowardice, George Ashe proposed to go up to town alone and receive and invest their funds. Letty accepted the latter suggestion only in salutary expedition, and insisted that, with a very little more time and trouble, she could accompany him. It would not do. George was affronted, restive, unmanageable, and he was quite ready to throw out hints in his Letty was looking upon herself as an heiress, was wishing to act upon her heiress-ship, to establish her independence of him, or at least to imply his subordination to her.

Letty was really wounded. It was the first unjust, unreasonable treatment she experienced from George Ashe. The fact was he was rapidly getting captious and overbearing. It was as if the golden shell of prosperity had been converted into clouds of dim smoke, blinding and confounding him. He was a fine fellow, but he could not stand his sudden rise in the world; it was beyond principles were tottering under it.

Letty settled with herself that it was better George Ashe should go up to London alone. There was delicacy in this, and there was a little stubbornness. She always felt that the friendship between those who had been made one flesh; and it had not been without previous roots of bitterness and seeds of division, that they had for poor Letty, with her womanly sentiments all the more swelling in her throat and tightening her breast, because it was a thing never before, gave them birth.

Letty knew what loneliness was after she had succeeded to her fortune, and was left alone in the manufacturing town. Her husband was up in that London, whose name conveyed a strong tide of humanity oppressed her even to think of. The fortune he claimed appeared a drop in the bucket of its millions, and yet that little drop had filled it divided him effectually from her, from what looked now quite small, happy days, when they lived over the sore with decent reticence. There were gossiping, sniggering yet kind friends, but Letty had not even required to hear in her travels the story of the lioness without the tongue. Yet the poor Cinderella was ashamed to confide in his favor; and Letty would no more reproach his ghost with fraining for her a crown of thorns than she would fling away her husband's gold in the form of coarse, natural gentleness. There are men of wit who reckon "spoons" fair game in society, however they themselves may be fathers and husbands. In this case there were no friends to interfere, to render the conquest less complete. Letty heard the whispers, saw the significant shrugs and excesses, and wrung her hands and reproached herself that she had not gone with her lord, followed him to that London which, she said to herself, in an agony of defence of the culprit, was drunk with its own wonders and sins. Ah, no! It was not selfish, so mad, in her pride? and now it was too late, when he only regarded her entreaties to laugh at them and spoil her fun, as a fretful thing quibbling him. Poor, great-hearted, devoted Letty, as if a woman's husband could ever be anything in an exhibition of selfishness, be stung at profit as her baby.

Months have passed, and Letty sat alone one night, comfortably in her dressing-room, which looked mean even in her own eyes nowadays, pondering on her cares. A ring came to the bell—and surely Letty knew that kind ring—and she'd she had undergone so many false starts that she dared not trust her heart. She went to the door, brought him into the parlor, still clasping his arm, though he returned her caress mechanically, and only spoke the "Lord of Civilization" must by this time be rather familiar.

"While the arms were being stacked General Grant with his staff rode over the battle-field, and while upon the parapet of Fort Hill stood Pemberton, Hebert, Taylor, and other officers. It is, of course, impossible to give more than a small portion of the act of surrender, as each regiment stacked arms in front of the position they had held so gallantly during the siege, the works extending for nearly nine miles."

—*Cincinnati Gazette*, July 6, 1863.

"A RRIVAL OF THE NAVAL FORCE, UNDER ADMIRAL PORTER, AT THE VICKSBURG LEVEE ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *July 4, 1863.*

"The exceeding picturesqueness of the scene, together with the natural interest attached to the movements in which the NAVY made the arrival of the fleet one of the most gala incidents of the day

and faithful benigns. "You have brought back yourself, and what could you bring to me like yourself? We will be as we were before, George. How gladly we will forget what has come between, except as a warning of evils to be avoided forever!"

I am glad that Letty was not repaid by signal ingratitude and a recurrence of the offense. George Ashe was not such an ingrate. He was filled with the forbidden fruit of his folly, and found his teeth too much on edge for him to cross to bite the apple of knowledge again. He had no relapse, though he could not escape a rebound. The sweetnatured, enthusiastic man had taken heaven into his composition which leavened the whole lump. He had been to a school where he was not only instructed, but disciplined in coldness, slighting, and sarcasm.

George Ashe had spent an incredible amount of worldly substance, but he was not so penniless as, in his despair, he had represented himself. From his fragments of Letty's legacy enough was left to buy a small farm to maintain the couple. Letty and George went to that little farm with its pretty northern view of the Holmes, and there practised, with economy, being yeomen, pastoral people and cultivators of the ground as they were. It would have been a great independence to them once on a day; and at least one of them knew both how to be abased and how to abound, and had learnt feet fast of all, how to curb high-vaulting imaginations within their old narrow bounds. There the Ashes were content and happy, in their simplicity and other friends; and there they lived to secure the regard of their world, though not in the same way. Mr. Ashe was not a man to be "done." He was well educated at last, even accomplished, liberal, friendly; but he was uncertain, a little nervous, self-conscious, crotchety. And Letty was such a noble-hearted woman, he was so well off with her, as he was thoroughly aware in every respect; she was so tranquil in her comparative exaltation, so serene under her losses, so unpretendingly exact in her economy, and yet so free, genial in her quiet way, with such a lovable inclination to plants and animals and other people's children besides her own. People said she was a born lady, that mistress of the Holmes. That was small praise: say rather hers was a strong, pure heart, early anchored in still, profound faith in goodness and God.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

We devote several pages this week to the surrender of Vicksburg—the most important event, in some respects, of the whole war.

On page 481 will be found two pictures illustrating

THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

Mr. Davis writes

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *July 4, 1863.*

"The eyes of the gallant men in the rifle-pits in front of the Division of General A. J. Smith have been gladdened by a most welcome sight for all true that is, we hope, to close this eventful siege.

"The officers, General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, were received by the officer of the day for the Division, Captain Joseph H. Green, of the Twenty-third Missouri Infantry, and by him conducted to the head-quarters of General Smith's brigade, Captain Green having first taken the precaution to blindfold the eyes of the two officers.

"At three o'clock this afternoon the meeting of General Grant and Pemberton took place near the rebel work Fort Hill.

"After a conference of some two hours, in the most quiet and unostentatious manner, the two officers parted with a hand-shake that seemed most friendly.

"Quietly seated upon the grassy slope near the rebel works, one could only look with the greatest interest upon the scene.

"Meantime a conference was being had near by by Generals M'Pherson and Smith and General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, the officers of the Generals' staffs being *en grupe*."

On pages 488 and 489 will be found

"THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *July 4, 1863.*

"This morning at ten o'clock the army under Lieutenant-General Pemberton marched out of their works and stacked arms and colors.

"So close were our saps to the rebel works that in many instances the arms were stacked in our trenches. Major Hatchel drove over with the rebel position—Fort Hill, which the readers of the 'Lord of Civilization' must by this time be rather familiar.

"While the arms were being stacked General Grant with his staff rode over the battle-field, while upon the parapet of Fort Hill stood Pemberton, Hebert, Taylor, and other officers. It is, of course, impossible to give more than a small portion of the act of surrender, as each regiment stacked arms in front of the position they had held so gallantly during the siege, the works extending for nearly nine miles."

—*Cincinnati Gazette*, July 6, 1863.

"The exceeding picturesqueness of the scene, together with the natural interest attached to the movements in which the NAVY made the arrival of the fleet one of the most gala incidents of the day

"The sturdy iron-clads, trimmed from stem to stern with the many flaring pennants and signal-flags of the code, the Jack-tars in their pretest togs—white—and the jubilant crowd on the levee, whose noisy greeting was only equaled by the p-a-c-k-like explosion of the unshotted guns that told noisily off the stated amount of thunder due the anniversary of our country's birth.

"And yet, sketching the scene, the thought came—Oh! could I but portray the beat! The pencil can say words may. 'Twas very hot."

On page 492 we give

"MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON AND HIS STAFF OFFICERS.

"No officer has won for himself more golden opinions during this brilliant campaign than General M'Pherson. He is a young officer, rising steadily in battle, a courteous gentleman in camp; as an engineer he is unsurpassed.

"The work performed by his corps are pronounced by the army 'the most complete and satisfactory of the line.'

"Each day he is in the trenches with the soldier, not a single thing escapes his notice—commendation or reprimand. He is the pride of the corps that he commands.

"He has under him two able engineers, Captain Richardson and Brevet-Major Bowers, being Chief-Engineer of the Corps, is represented at the right hand of my sketch. He is a native of the Railway State, and was, previous to secession, City Surveyor of Cincinnati, where he raised a battery of artillery that has gained for itself a deserved reputation. Captain Merritt, a New Yorker by birth, was at the commencement of the rebellion a civil engineer. He volunteered, and from Iowa he received a Company in that State for the 'Engineer Regiments of the West.' He has served steadily upon the staff, and has had the construction and reconstruction of military railroads. I may say a word of this officer's coolness in emergency.

"His post during the assaults was that of a corps of working parties, he is continually the target for the sharp-shooters. A few days ago a shell, thrown by the 'rebels' into the trench among the working party, was picked up by him and thrown to a safe distance from the corps.

On pages 488 and 489 we give

"VICKSBURG FROM THE RIDGE BATTERIES.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *July 4, 1863.*

"Until this time, for obvious reasons, it has not been possible to obtain a satisfactory sketch of this Gibraltar of the South.

"The present sketch gives a comprehensive view of the city, the forts, and fortifications. In the foreground are grouped the prisoners, whose condition is say thing but enviable, one poor fellow shivering with a chill, and the thermometer at the wave to be had, would certainly show a temperature of at least purgatorial heat. While sketching I was joined by a brave man, Lieutenant Murphy, of General M'Pherson's staff. 'Ah!' quoth he, 'how we watched your pencil as it left the paper, and became deck of the boat he commanded. A word of the guns in these batteries. They are cast rough, and mounted, the muzzle projecting over the rim the skin on, which adds to their strength about 15 per cent.'

Of the rebel works at Vicksburg a *Herald* correspondent, who carefully examined the place after the surrender, writes as follows:

"The question has often been asked, "How long could Vicksburg have held out if its provisions had not become exhausted?" From the examination I myself now made, and from the ground and condition of their works, and the way in which they were constructed, I am satisfied they would have been obliged to surrender, in consequence of the numerous mines they were dug under the positions which our batteries and sharp-shooters were continually battering to pieces again.

A few of the reasons for this assertion may be ascertained. Almost from the first the fort of the enemy mounted 100 caps, which, for the sake of better slowing our position, could not be seen from the river, the embrasures of the ground within the rebel works was mostly adapted to the ground, and the position of the guns, which, by means of a slight depression, could be fired from the rear of the parapet. From the works—Fort Hill particularly—the slope to the river at the time was gradual, and presented remarkable opportunities of pouring into the enemy a staggering cross-fire of grape and canister. The slope on the other side was equally as exposed, though the fire could not be so effective as on the river-front, the works to the ravine. Once driven across this ravine, the assaulting party would have no cover, and from the fact only would our land-batteries have a fair sweep from the eastward side, but the infantry could be concentrated for use upon the position from the rear. This would be a point-blank for the artillery, the realization of which could not be endured for a day.

In viewing the rebel fortifications their defects are evident even to the untutored in the eminent science of military defence. Their works seem to be planned with but merely a collection of ditches and raised earth. The engineering skill displayed in them is that the art of sincere for the construction of the defence of Vicksburg must be weak. The men are no manner, judging from for themselves. It appears as if a detail were made, and each man directed to construct a work with a portion to do, and ordered to disperse, and, in the language of the West, 'gouge all' whenever they thought proper. Hence there always to give hills and prominent positions the prefer to the valleys.

From the looks of the works this is the way in which Pemberton's men built them. There is no attempt to construct even a portion, as in the interlacing of works, upon which each man could see the defence of Vicksburg. In consequence of this feature in the rebel works was the lack of gabions, fascines, and other means which are deemed indispensable. In the enemy's works there were none.

It would be unnecessary for me to say that assuming as that a great lack of engineering skill on the part of the enemy was displayed upon this occasion, I would observe. This fact is indubitable to one who has seen them, and their extraordinary strength is to be there ascribed personal the above statement, which is based upon observation.

In conversation with several rebel privates I elicited and sections to the effect that we had not yet all the large guns which had been used in the defence of Vicksburg. I acquired what had become of them. They were not going to tell; but one more incautious than the rest, and excited by said they were buried; and, added no further question. If all six of the guns which have carefully perused the above statement, which is based upon observation.

In conversation with several rebel privates I elicited and sections to the effect that we had not yet all the large guns which had been used in the defence of Vicksburg. I acquired what had become of them. They were not going to tell; but one more incautious than the rest, and excited by said they were buried; and, added no further question. If all six of the guns which have carefully perused the above statement, which is based upon observation.

In conversation with several rebel privates I elicited and sections to the effect that we had not yet all the large guns which had been used in the defence of Vicksburg. I acquired what had become of them. They were not going to tell; but one more incautious than the rest, and excited by said they were buried; and, added no further question. If all six of the guns which have carefully perused the above statement, which is based upon observation.

In conversation with several rebel privates I elicited and sections to the effect that we had not yet all the large guns which had been used in the defence of Vicksburg. I acquired what had become of them. They were not going to tell; but one more incautious than the rest, and excited by said they were buried; and, added no further question. If all six of the guns which have carefully perused the above statement, which is based upon observation.

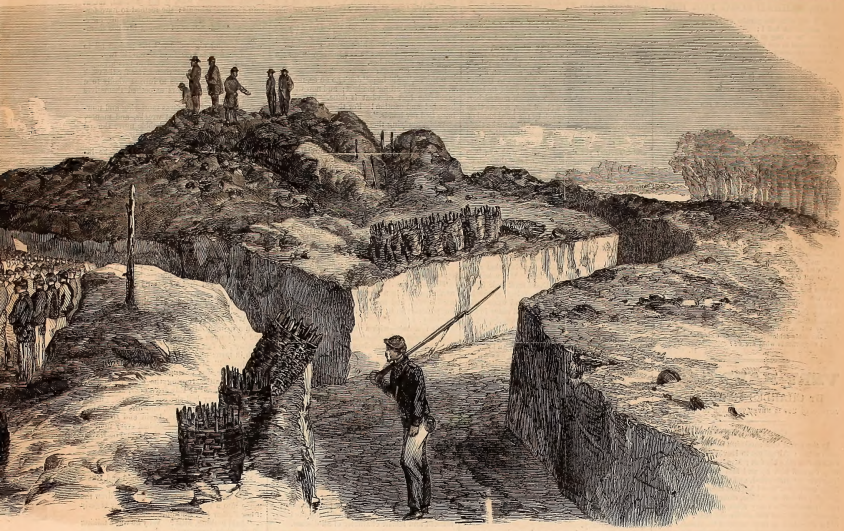


GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF.

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG—THE REBELS MARCHING OUT AND

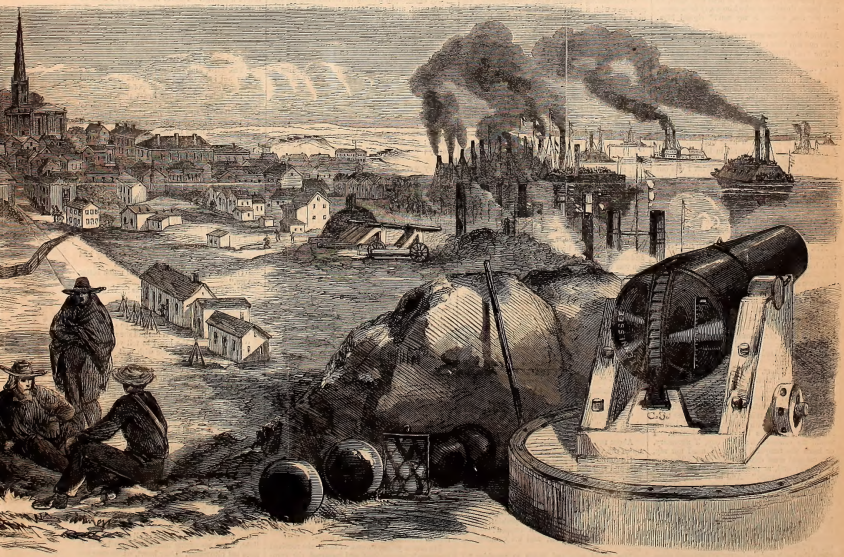


THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBU[illegible]—VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE RIVER BANK, SHO



GENERAL PEMBERTON AND STAFF.

STACKING ARMS.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 487.]



WING PART OF THE RIVER BATTERIES.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 487.]

COPPERHEAD SONG FOR 1870.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
  No part nor lot had I;
But I sat like a frog on an old hollow log,
  And croaked to the passers-by.
Croak—croak—croak—
  There were many who paused to hear,
And many more who slackened their pace,
  And some turned back in fear.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
  No part nor lot had I;
But I aimed my gun at the new-risen sun
  And fired at its godlike eye.
Fire—fire—fire—
  We thought we were many and strong,
And could humbug the nation with volleys of words
  To thinking right was wrong.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
  No part nor lot had I;
But I trod the long grass where the patriots would pass
  And sneered at their rallying cry.
Sneer—sneer—sneer—
  'Tis a sword with a double edge,
And before it many a runner has turned
  To the homestead side of his hedge.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
  No part nor lot had I;
'Twas little I cared how the bondman fared,
  Though his chain clanked under my eye.
Clank—clank—clank—
  No matter how heavy the pain,
No matter how cutting the steely lash
  That fell o'er a negro's brain.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
  No part nor lot had I;
And when the air swells with the music of bells
  I only look down with a sigh.
Bells—bells—bells—
  They tell us the nation is free,
And the noble achievers co-workers with God—
  But Copperheads what are we?

H. W. P.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the terror and confusion no questions were then asked: Alfred got to David's head and told Skinner to take his feet; Mrs. Dodd helped, and they carried him up and laid him on her bed. The servant girls cried, and wailed, and were of little use; Mrs. Dodd hurried them off for medical aid, and she and Julia, though pale as ghosts, and trembling in every limb, were tearless, and almost silent, and did all for the best: they undid a shirt-button, that confined his throat: they set his head high, and tried their poor little eau de cologne and feminine remedies: and each of them held an insensible hand in both hers, clasping it piteously, and trying to hold him tight, so that Death should not take him away from them.

"My son, where is my son?" sighed Mrs. Dodd.

Alfred threw his arm round her neck: "You have one son here: what shall I do?"

The next minute he was running to the telegraph-office for her.

At the gate he found Skinner hanging about, and asked him hurriedly how the calamity had happened. Skinner said Captain Dodd had fallen down senseless in the street, and he had passed soon after, recognized him, and brought him home; "I have paid the men, Sir: I wouldn't let them ask the ladies at such a time."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Skinner! I will repay you: it is me you have obliged." And Alfred ran off with the words in his mouth.

Skinner looked after him, and muttered: "I forgot *him*. It is a nice mess. Wish I was out of it." And he went back, hanging his head, to Alfred's father.

Mr. Osmond met him; Skinner turned and saw him enter the villa.

Mr. Osmond came softly into the room, examined Dodd's eye, felt his pulse, and said he must be bled at once.

Mrs. Dodd was averse to this: "Oh, let us try every thing else first," said she; but Osmond told her there was no other remedy: "All the functions we rely on in the exhibition of medicines are suspended."

Dr. Short now drove up, and was ushered in.

Mrs. Dodd asked him imploringly whether it was necessary to bleed. But Dr. Short knew his business too well to be entrapped into an independent opinion where a surgeon had been before him; he drew Mr. Osmond apart and inquired what he had recommended: this ascertained, he turned to Mrs. Dodd and said, I advise venesection, or cupping.

"Oh, Dr. Short, pray have pity and order something less terrible. Dr. Sampson is so averse to bleeding."

"Sampson? Sampson? never heard of him."

"It is the chronothermal man," said Osmond.

"Oh, ah! But this is too serious a case to be quacked. Coma, with stertor, and a full, bounding pulse, indicates liberal blood-letting. I would try venesection; then cup, if necessary, or leech the temporal artery: I need not say, Sir, calomel must complete the cure. The case is simple; and, at present, surgical; I leave it in competent hands." And he retired, leaving the inferior practitioner well pleased with him and with himself; no insignificant part of a physician's art.

When he was gone, Mr. Osmond told Mrs. Dodd that however crotchety Dr. Sampson might be, he was an able man, and had very properly resisted the indiscriminate use of the lancet: the profession owed him much. "But in apoplexy the leech and the lancet are still our sheet-anchors."

Mrs. Dodd uttered a faint shriek: "Apoplexy! Oh, David! Oh, my darling; have you come home for this?"

Osmond assured her apoplexy was not necessarily fatal: provided the cerebral blood-vessels were relieved in time by depletion.

The fixed eye, and terrible stertorous breathing on the one hand, and the promise of relief on the other, overpowered Mrs. Dodd's reluctance. She sent Julia out of the room on a pretext; and then consented with tears to David's being bled. But she would not yield to leave the room; no; this tender woman nerved herself to see her husband's blood flow, sooner than risk his being bled too much by the hard hand of custom. Let the peevish fools, who make their own troubles in love, compare their slight and merited pangs with this: she was his true lover and his wife: yet there she stood with eye horror-stricken yet unflinching, and saw the stab of the little lancet, and felt it deeper than she would a javelin through her own body; and watched the blood run that was dearer to her far than her own.

At the first prick of the lancet David shivered, and, as the blood escaped, his eye unfixed, and the pupils contracted and dilated, and once he sighed. "Good sign that!" said Osmond.

"Oh, that is enough, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd: "we shall faint if you take any more."

Osmond closed the vein, observing that a local bleeding would do the rest. When he had stanched the blood, Mrs. Dodd sank half fainting in her chair; by some marvelous sympathy it was she who had been bled, and whose vein was now closed. Osmond sprinkled water in her face: she thanked him: and said, sweetly, "You see we could not have lost any more."

When it was over she came to tell Julia; she found her sitting on the stairs crying, and pale as marble. She suspected. And there was Alfred hanging over her, and in agony at her grief; out came his love for her in words and accents unmistakable, and this in Osmond's hearing and the maid's.

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried poor Mrs. Dodd; and her face was seen to burn through her tears.

And this was the happy, quiet, little villa of my opening chapters.

Ah, Richard Hardie! Richard Hardie!

The patient was cupped on the nape of the neck by Mr. Osmond, and, on the glasses drawing, showed signs of consciousness, and the breathing was relieved: these favorable symptoms were neither diminished nor increased by the subsequent application of the cupping needles.

"We have turned the corner," said Mr. Osmond, cheerfully.

Rap! rap! rap! came a telegraphic message from Dr. Sampson, and was brought up to the sick room.

"Out visiting patients when yours came. In apoplexy with a red face and stertorous breathing put the feet in mustard bath and dash much cold water on the head from above. On revival give emetic: cure with sulphate of quinine. In apoplexy with a white face treat as for a simple faint: here emetic dangerous. In neither apoplexy bleed. Coming down by train."

This message added to Mrs. Dodd's alarm; the whole treatment varied so from what had been done. She faltered her misgivings; Osmond reassured her. "Not bleed in apoplexy!" said he, superciliously, "why it is the universal practice. Judge for yourself! You see the improvement."

Mrs. Dodd admitted it.

"Then as to the cold water," said Osmond, "I would hardly advise so rough a remedy. And he is going on so well. But you can send for ice; and, meantime, give me a good-sized stocking."

He cut and fitted it adroitly to the patient's head: then drenched it with eau de cologne, and soon the head began to steam.

By-and-by David muttered a few incoherent words: and the anxious watchers thanked God aloud for them.

At length Mr. Osmond took leave with a cheerful countenance, and left them all grateful to him, and with a high opinion of his judgment and skill; especially Julia. She said Dr. Sampson was very amusing to talk to; but she should be sorry to trust to that rash, reckless, boisterous man, in time of danger.

Mr. Osmond, returning home, passed Munday and Co., the undertakers. The shop was shut long ago; but Munday junior was standing at the private door, and invited him in.

"Well, Sir; buried old Mrs. Jephson to-day; and went off capital. Your little commission, Sir, for recommending them our firm." With this he slipped four sovereigns into Mr. Osmond's hand. Osmond smiled benignly at their contact with his palm, and said in a grateful spirit: "There is an apoplexy at Albion Villa."

"Oh, indeed, Sir!" and Munday junior's eyes sparkled.

"But I have bled and cupped him."

"All right, Sir: I'll be on the look-out; and thank you."

About two in the morning a fly drove rapidly up to the villa, and Sampson got out.

He found David pale and muttering, and his wife and children hanging over him in deep distress.

He shook hands with them in silence, and eyed the patient keenly. He took the night-cap off, removed the pillows, lowered his head and said, quietly, "This is the cold fit come on: we must not shut our eyes on the pashint. Why what is this? he has been cupped!" And Sampson changed color, and his countenance fell.

Mrs. Dodd saw, and began to tremble: "I could not hear from you; and Dr. Short and Mr. Osmond felt quite sure: and he seems better. Oh, Doctor Sampson, why were you not here? We have bled him as well. Oh, don't, don't, don't say it was wrong! He would have died: they said so. Oh, David! David! your wife has killed you." And she knelt and kissed his hand and implored his pardon, insensible.

Julia clung sobbing to her mother, in a vain attempt to comfort her.

Sampson groaned:

"No, no," said he; "don't go on so, my poor soul; you did all for the best; and now we must make the best of what is done. Hartshorn! brandy! and caution! For those two assassins have tied my hands."

While applying those timid remedies, he inquired if the cause was known. They told him they knew nothing; but that David had been wrecked on the coast of France, and had fallen down senseless in the street: a clerk of Mr. Hardie's had recognized him, and brought him home: so Alfred said.

"Then the cause is mintal," said Sampson; "unless he got a blow on the hid in bein' wrecked."

He then examined David's head carefully, and found a long scar.

"But this is not it," said he; "this is old."

Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands, and assured him it was new to her: her David had no scar there when he left her last.

Pursuing his examination, Sampson found an open wound in his left shoulder.

He showed it them; and they were all as pale as the patient in a moment. He then asked to see his coat, and soon discovered a corresponding puncture in it, which he examined long and narrowly.

"It is a stab—with a one-edged knife."

There was a simultaneous cry of horror.

"Don't alarm yourselves for that," said Sampson: "it is nothing: a mere flesh-wound. It is the vein-wound that alarms me. This school knows nothing about the paroxysms and remissions of disease. They have bled and cupped him for *a passing fit*. It has passed into the cold stage, but no quicker than it would have done without stealing a drop of blood. To-morrow, by Disease's nature, he will have another hot fit in spite of their bleeding. Then those ijjits would leech his temples; and on that paroxysm remitting by the nature of Disease, would fancy their leeches had cured it."

The words were the old words, but the tone and manner were so different: no shouting, no anger: all was spoken low and gently, and with a sort of sad and weary and worn-out air.

He ordered a kettle of hot water and a quantity of mustard, and made his preparations for the hot fit as he called it, maintaining the intermittent and febrile character of all disease.

The patient rambled a good deal, but quite incoherently, and knew nobody.

But about eight o'clock in the morning he was quite quiet, and apparently sleeping: so Mrs. Dodd stole out of the room to order some coffee for Sampson and Edward. They were nodding, worn out with watching.

Julia, whose high-strung nature could dispense with sleep on such an occasion, was on her knees praying for her Father.

Suddenly there came from the bed, like a thunder-clap, two words uttered loud and furiously:

"Hardie! Villain!"

Up started the drowsy watchers, and rubbed their eyes. They had heard the sound but not the sense.

Julia rose from her knees bewildered and aghast: she had caught the strange words distinctly; words that were to haunt her night and day.

They were followed immediately by a loud groan: and the stertorous breathing recommenced, and the face was no longer pale, but flushed and turgid. On this Sampson hurried Julia from the room, and, with Edward's help, placed David on a stool in the bath, and getting on a chair discharged half a bucket of cold water on his head; the patient gasped: another; and David shuddered, stared wildly, and put his hand to his head: a third, and he staggered to his feet.

At this moment Mrs. Dodd coming hastily into the room, he looked steadily at her, and said, "Lucy!"

She ran to throw her arms round him, but Sampson interfered: "Gently! gently!" said he, "we must have no violent emotions."

"Oh, no! I will be prudent." And she stood quiet with her arms still extended, and cried for joy.

They got David to bed again, and Sampson told Mrs. Dodd there was no danger now from the malady, but only from the remedies.

And in fact David fell into a state of weakness and exhaustion; and kept muttering unintelligibly.

Dr. Short called in the morning, and was invited to consult with Dr. Sampson. He declined. "Dr. Sampson is a notorious quack: no physician of any eminence will meet him in consultation."

"I regret that resolution," said Mrs. Dodd quietly; "as it will deprive me of the advantage of your skill."

Dr. Short bowed stiffly: "I shall be at your service, madam, when that empiric has given the patient up." And he drove away.

Osmond, finding Sampson installed, took the politic line; he contrived to glide by fine gradations into the empiric's opinions, without recanting his own, which were diametrically opposed.

Sampson, before he shot back to town, asked him to provide a good reliable nurse.

He sent a young woman of iron: she received Sampson's instructions, and assumed the command of the sick room; and was jealous of Mrs. Dodd and Julia; looked on them as mere rival nurses, amateurs, who, if not snubbed, might ruin the professionals: she seemed to have forgotten in the hospitals all about the family affections, and their power of turning invalids themselves into nurses.

The second night she got the patient all to herself for four hours; from eleven till two.

The ladies having consented to this arrangement, in order to recruit themselves for the work they were not so mad as to intrust wholly to a hireling, nurse's feathers smoothed themselves perceptibly.

At twelve the patient was muttering and murmuring incessantly about wrecks, and money, and things: of which vain babble nurse showed her professional contempt by nodding.

At 12.30 she slept.

At 1.20 she snored very loud, and woke instantly at the sound.

She took the thief out of the candle, and went like a good sentinel to look at her charge.

He was not there.

She rubbed her eyes, and held the candle over the place where he ought to be; where, in fact, he must be; for he was far too weak to move.

She tore the bed-clothes down: she beat and patted the clothes with her left hand, and the candle began to shake violently in her right.

The bed was empty.

Mrs. Dodd was half asleep when a hurried tap came to her door: she started up in a moment, and great dread fell on her; was David sinking?

"Ma'am! Ma'am! Is he here?"

"He! Who?" cried Mrs. Dodd, bewildered.

"Why *him!* he can't be far off."

In a moment Mrs. Dodd had opened the door; and her tongue and the nurse's seemed to clash together, so fast came the agitated words from each in turn; and crying "Call my son! Alarm the house!" Mrs. Dodd darted into the sick room. She was out again in a moment, and up in the attics rousing the maids, while the nurse thundered at Edward's door, and Julia's, and rang every bell she could get at. The inmates were soon alarmed, and flinging on their clothes: meantime Mrs. Dodd and the nurse scoured the house and searched every nook in it down to the very cellar; they found no David,

But they found something.

The street door ajar.

It was a dark, drizzly night.

Edward took one road, Mrs. Dodd and Elizabeth another.

They were no sooner gone than Julia drew the nurse into a room apart, and asked her eagerly if her Father had said nothing.

"Said nothing, Miss? Why he was a talking all the night incessant."

"Did he say any thing particular? think now."

"No, Miss: he went on as they all do just before a change. I never minds 'em; I hear so much of it."

"Oh nurse! nurse! have pity on me! try and recollect."

"Well, Miss, to oblige you then; it was mostly fights this time—and wrecks—and villains—and bankers—and sharks."

"Bankers??!" asked Julia, eagerly.

"Yes, Miss, and villains; they come once or twice; but most of the time it was sharks, and ships, and money, and—hotch-potch I call it the way they talk: bless your heart they know no better: every thing they ever saw, or read, or heard tell of, it all comes out higgledy piggledy just before they goes off: we that makes it a business never takes no notice of what they says, Miss: and never repeats it out of one sick house into another: that you *may* rely on."

Julia scarcely heard this: her hands were tight to her brow, as if to aid her to think with all her force.

The result was, she told Sarah to put on her bonnet: and rushed up stairs.

She was not gone three minutes; but in that short interval the nurse's tongue and Sarah's clashed together swiftly and incessantly.

Julia heard them. She came down with a long cloak on, whipped the hood over her head, beckoned Sarah quickly, and darted out.

Sarah followed instinctively, but, ere they had gone many yards from the house, said,

"Oh, Miss, nurse thinks you had much better not go."

"Nurse thinks! Nurse thinks! What does she know of me and my griefs?"

"Why, Miss, she is a very experienced woman, and she says— Oh dear! oh dear! And such a dark, cold night for you to be out!"

"Nurse? Nurse? What did she say?"

"Oh, I haven't the heart to tell you: if you would but come back home with me! She says as much as that poor master's troubles will be over long before we can get to him." And with this Sarah burst out sobbing.

"Come quicker," cried Julia, despairingly. But after a while she said, "Tell me; only don't stop me."

"Miss, she says she nursed Mr. Campbell, the young curate that died last Harvest-time but one, you know; and he lay just like master, and she expecting a change every hour: and oh, Miss, she met him coming down stairs in his night-gownd: and he said, 'Nurse, I am all right now,' says he, and died momently in her arms at the stair-foot. And she nursed an old farmer that lay as weak as master, and, just when they looked for him to go, lo and behold him dressed and out digging potatoes, and fell down dead before they could get hands on him mostly: and nurse have a friend, that have seen more than she have, which she is older than nurse, and says a body's life is all one as a rush-light, flares up strong momently, just before it goes out altogether. Dear heart, where ever are we going to in the middle of the night?"

"Don't you see? to the quay."

"Oh, don't go there, Miss, whatever! I can't abide the sight of the water, when a body's in trouble." Here a drunken man confronted them, and asked them if they wanted a beau: and, on their slipping past him in silence, followed them, and offered repeatedly to treat them. Julia moaned, and hurried faster. "Oh, Miss," said Sarah, "what could you expect, coming out at this time of night? I'm sure the breath is all out of me; you do tear along so."

"Tear? we are crawling. Ah, Sarah, you are not his daughter. There, follow me! I can not go so slow." And she set off to run.

Presently she passed a group of women standing talking at a corner of the street; and windows were open with night-capped heads framed in them.

She stopped a moment to catch the words; they were talking about a ghost which was said to have just passed down the street; and discussing whether it was a real ghost, or a trick to frighten people.

Julia uttered a low cry, and redoubled her speed, and was soon at Mr. Richard Hardie's door: but the street was deserted, and she was bewildered, and began to think she had been too hasty in her conjecture. A chill came over her impetuosity. The dark, drizzly, silent night, the tall masts, the smell of the river, how strange it all seemed: and she to be there alone at such an hour.

Presently she heard voices somewhere near. She crossed over to a passage that seemed to lead toward them; and then she heard the voices plainly, and among them one that did not mingle with the others, for it was the voice she loved. She started back and stood irresolute. Would he be displeased with her?

Feet came trampling slowly along the passage. His voice came with them.

She drew back and looked round for Sarah.

While she stood fluttering, the footsteps came close, and there emerged from the passage into the full light of the gas-lamp Alfred and two policemen carrying a silent, senseless figure, in a night-gown, with a great-coat thrown over part of him.

It was her Father; mute and ghastly.

The policemen still tell of that strange meeting under the gaslight by Hardie's Bank; and how the young lady flung her arms round her father's head, and took him for dead, and kissed his pale cheeks, and moaned over him; and how the young gentleman raised her against her will, and sobbed over her; and how they, though policemen, cried like children. And to them I must refer the reader: I have not the skill to convey the situation.

They got more policemen to help, and carried him to Albion Villa.

On the way, something cold and mysterious seemed to have come between Julia and Alfred. They walked apart in gloomy silence broken only by foreboding sighs.

I pass over the tempest of emotions under which that sad burden entered Albion Villa, and hurry to the next marked event.

Next day the patient had lost his extreme pallor, and wore a certain uniform sallow hue; and at noon, just before Sampson's return, he opened his eyes wide and fixed them on Mrs. Dodd and Julia, who were now his nurses. They hailed this with delight, and held their breath to hear him speak to them the first sweet words of reviving life and love.

But soon to their surprise and grief they found he did not know them. They spoke to him, each in turn, and told him piteously who they were, and implored him with tears to know them, and speak to them. But no, he fixed a stony gaze on them that made them shudder; and their beloved voices passed over him like an idle wind.

Sampson, when he came, found the ladies weeping by the bedside.

They greeted him with affection—Julia especially: the boisterous controversialist had come out a gentle, zealous artist, in presence of a real danger.

Dr. Sampson knew nothing of what had happened in his absence. He stepped to the bedside cheerfully, and the ladies' eyes were bent keenly on his face in silence.

He had no sooner cast eyes on David than his countenance fell, and his hard but expressive features filled with concern.

That was enough for Mrs. Dodd: "And he does not know me," she cried: "he does not know my voice. *His* voice would call me back from the grave itself. He is dying. He will never speak to me again. Oh, my poor orphan girl!"

"No! no!" said Sampson, "you are quite mistaken: he will not die. But—"

His tongue said no more. His grave and sombre face spoke volumes.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE DEAD.

SCATTERED about the world are dead and buried cities that it is one of the labors of the living in our day to disentomb. There are Pompeii and Herculaneum open, to bear witness yet to the life of the past. At Pompeii the disentombment is now going on with fresh activity and good result. Old Egypt is delivering up fresh secrets of her dead at Thebes and elsewhere. Spades and picks have been busy over the grave of Carthage, and other dead and buried cities of the Carthaginians. Nineveh and Babylon, having been in the hands of such resurrectionists as Mr. Layard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and others, are left at peace for a short time. Any news thence is old news; but from the graves of other cities what is the latest intelligence?

By the sunny shores of the Bay of Naples stood for centuries the remnants of an old wall; and the people who lived near it never cared to dig below the surface. It is now one hundred and fifteen years ago that a workman, engaged in digging a well near this ruin, cut into a hollow chamber, of which the walls were covered with paintings. By the slow clearing away of the earth from buildings made by men who lived at the beginning of the Christian era, dwelling-houses, temples, altars, statues, built for the worship of heathen deities, baths, and theatres, were found all struck to silence like the Sleeping Beauty, only for a great many hundred years instead of one; and, in our day, so restored to light and life, that we see what the towns-people were doing in the house and in the street in the month of August, A.D. 79. There is written record of the cause of this sudden burial of a city whose inhabitants were in the full tide of luxurious enjoyment. The letter remains in which the younger Pliny tells Tacitus the horrors of a three days' eruption of Vesuvius, in which his uncle (admiral of the Roman fleet then lying in the bay), having approached too near the burning mountain, although still miles distant from it, met his death by the exhalations bursting from beneath his feet. The admiral had asthma, and the sulphurous vapors appear to have suffocated him at once, so that he fell, while his attendants fled from the scene of destruction to embark on board their ships. Returning, as soon as it became light, which was not until after the end of three days, they found their master lying, stretched as they had left him, as if he had fallen asleep.

Of late years the removal of the mass of mud, ashes, and pumice-stones, which the burning mountain had thrown out upon the city, has confirmed the statement of another ancient writer, that the town of Pompeii had been, at the time of its total destruction, in course of rebuilding after the consequences of a violent earthquake which had happened sixteen years before. For, as we walk along its streets, we not only see the theatre and many other edifices to have been in process of reconstruction at the time of their burial, but in the quarter once occupied by the stone and marble masons there lie portions of an old frieze, executed in volcanic stone, beside which stand copies of the same decoration cut in white marble ready for erection in a restored temple. There are wheel-tracks in the lava pavement; there are worn stone-steps leading up to temples and places of business; and, curiously enough, there is stone, worn by the hands of those who daily stopped to drink at the fountains placed at the street-crossings. By constantly leaning on one hand while they stooped to drink the running water, these people, who for so many centuries have known no more thirst, wore a hollow in the stone rim of the basin upon which they leaned. Terrible testimony is given as to the suddenness of the last catastrophe. Bread is in the bakers'-shops; there is a meal prepared, but never tasted, in a tavern. Outside that gate in the town-wall which led toward Herculaneum was found a skeleton in armor. It was that of the soldier on guard, who, faithful to duty, had not left his post. In a niche sheltering a seat for the use of tired travelers were found the bones of a woman and a baby, and those of two other persons clasped in one another's arms. A few paces further on were three more skeletons, two of persons who had been running one way, and the other of a person who had been hastening in the opposite direction. Of these, one held sixty-nine pieces of gold and one hundred and twenty-one of silver. Money was found lying beside the remains of people who had died in the vain endeavor to carry away means of the life whose sands were run. In a room of the Temple of Isis the priest of that Egyptian deity had met death with feasting, for near him were lying egg-shells and the bones of fowls and of a pig, together with a broken glass and a wine vase. In the house known as that of Diomed were the remains of a man, with that of a goat having a bell slung round its neck. In this dwelling were discovered more than twenty human beings. In a stable were the bones of a mule, still with its bronze bit between its teeth; in another place was the skeleton of a dog beside the bones of his master. Some skeletons had four gold rings on the same finger; one had a bronze lantern in his hand, with which he had doubtless been trying to find his way out of the thick darkness of that day of terror.

All these remains were discovered many years ago, but the work of excavation was then very slow. Now the recent change of government has given a new impulse to this most interesting labor, insomuch that during the last few months more has been done toward disinterment of the secrets of this buried community than had been accomplished in the previous quarter of a century. There is a regular organization of labor, and about three hundred persons, many of them girls and women, are employed in removing the crust formed eighteen centuries ago by eruption from the mountain which now rises behind the scene, without even a wreath of smoke upon its summit. Upon a regular tramway trucks, impelled by their own weight, run down an inclined plane, and discharge their loads at the end, just as is done at the formation of a railway. An entirely new quarter of the town has been thus opened out; and there has been found within the last few days the roof of a house, with all its tiles lying at their proper angle of inclination, the ashes and mud having poured into and filled the room beneath it so completely as to support its covering. There are two houses with walls painted in fresco, looking, when disclosed, as fresh as when first placed upon the walls. Unfortunately, in a very little time the colors fade away and alter. The reds especially soon become quite black.

These changes are probably due to chemical alteration produced by the sun's rays, and to the oxydizing power of the air. If, therefore, as soon as one of these paintings is discovered, it could be washed over with a solution of boiling glass, such as is used by the modern fresco painters in Munich, these interesting specimens of ancient art might be preserved. The writer has suggested this to Signor Fiorello, the director of the excavations. The very substance is sold in Italy for the purpose of preserving wood from the effects of fire, and is known by the name of liquore di selce. Several bodies have been recently found embedded in a mass of hardened mud; and the fortunate idea struck Signor Fiorello of pouring plaster of Paris into the moulds thus formed. In this manner an exact cast was made, inclosing such parts of the contained bodies as remained undecomposed. Thus were obtained, first, the body of a man lying stretched upon his back, his features very well preserved; in fact, so perfectly, that his friends, were they alive still, could have sworn to his identity. Afterward the remains of two females, a woman and a young girl, were preserved in the same manner; so that, while of the dress only a *cast* remains, the skull-bones themselves are there, resting upon the outstretched arm. At the moment of death the left hand seems to have been clasping the dress. In the elder female the left hand is shut, one of the fingers having a ring upon it. This group consisted of one man and three women, probably all of the same family, who were attempting to save themselves by flight, after having hastily secured certain objects which they valued. Silver money, besides four ear-rings and a finger-ring all made of gold, together with the remains of a linen bag, were lying near the woman.

One is struck by the fact that very many of the persons thus disclosed expired while engaged in the act of drawing their dress over their features. Two reasons may be given for this. One, that it was done in the endeavor to prevent suffocation from the mephitic vapors given off by the volcano. The other and the better, that it was customary among the Romans to hide the face when in the act of death. Thus, true to history, Shakspeare makes Antony say of "the mightiest Julius:"

> *And, in his mantle muffling up his face,*
> Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Time, though he shovels slowly, gets through more work than the liveliest volcano, and is a sexton who has dug the grave of many a proud city. The remains of Roman London lie buried fifteen feet below the level of the present streets. You are on the Nile, and see, on either bank, a green plain under a cloudless sky. The columns and towers of the great temple of Luxor rise from among the miserable hovels of a starved little modern market town. You sail by, and it is all bright green plain again till a mile further to the north the towers of Karnak overtop a palm grove that partly hides the wonders of its wide-spread ruins. But on the green plain between Luxor and Karnak, and for twelve miles toward the hills of the Eastern Desert, stood the temples, palaces, and gardens, of hundred-gated Thebes, for a thousand years the capital of the great nation of the ancient world. Time has done its work in its own slow way, and the Nile, rising from its newly-discovered source in a great tropical lake, and swollen by the periodical rains of the tropics (not by melting snows), has played the part of a Vesuvius. Harvests were eight feet above the buried ground on which the glory of the Pharaohs was displayed. At Thebes, also, there have been recent excavations and discoveries. Diodorus stated the circuit of old Thebes, as reported in his time, to have been sixteen miles. Strabo says that in his day the vestiges extended in length nine miles and a quarter. Those old sunny cities, with their included gardens, lay large upon the cultivated soil. Babylon was fourteen miles square; Syracuse, twenty-two miles; Carthage, of which also the remains are now being dug upon, was twenty-three miles in circuit. Yet London is larger than them all, excepting Babylon. The greatest length of London street is from east to west, in which direction one may pass between houses for fourteen miles. With all its straggling feelers into the country brought into a compact square, the size of London would be seven miles by four, and its circuit twenty-two miles. This would include a population packed together, with but a few little breathing grounds of park and square to answer to the Babylonian gardens, fields, and orchards, which gave men the enjoyments of a country-house in the heart of a capital.

We have details from Mr. Rhind of his own recent excavation at Thebes of the unrifled tomb of an Egyptian dignitary. He found it by help of the forty men who dug under his order. In seven weeks a doorway into the rock was uncovered. This door had been opened; the tomb within, and another within that, had been rifled; there were broken mummy-boxes; and mummies themselves lay where they had been tossed out, with their wrappings ripped up along throat and breast. But further along, at the foot of the same piece of rock, other men had been set to dig, and two months of work cleared the way to a tomb yet with its seal apparently unbroken. The first entrance was into a gallery within the rock, about eight feet square and fifty-five feet long, its walls smoothly plastered with clay. Half-way down this gallery Mr. Rhind came to a funeral canopy of brightly-painted pillars, supporting a painted roof, with a sort of temple front in miniature, all very gay with red and blue and yellow. This corresponded to our hearse and feathers over the dead, and had been delivered up as well as charged for, by the ancient undertaker. Further inward there sat, carved in stone, a pair of monumental figures, two feet high, male and female, side by side. Their superscription showed that the deceased gentleman had been a chief of the military police of the Temple of Ammon Ra, at Thebes. He was decidedly plump, and on his dress was inscribed, "All food off the tables of Ammon Ra and Mut is given to the deceased." The lady by the gentleman's side was inscribed, "His sister beloved from the depth of his heart." The statues were flanked by tall jars.

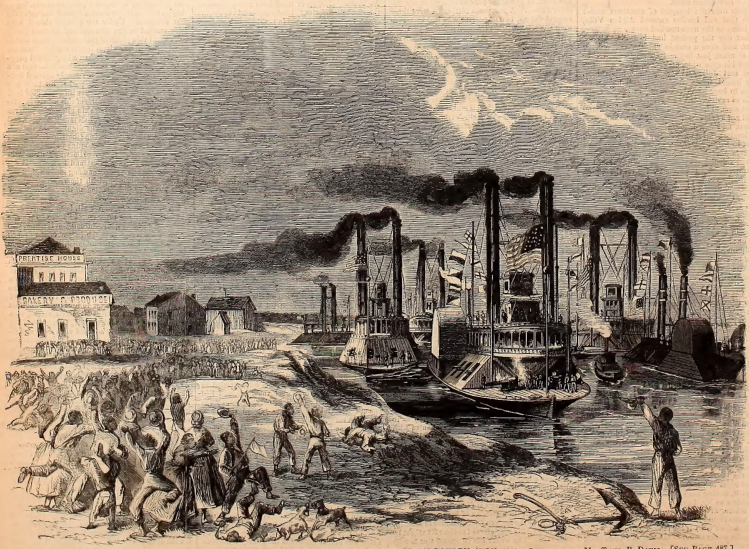
After this couple had been buried further use had been made of their tomb. Two entrances were found, still built up, leading to passages, one midway in this gallery, the other at the end of it. There was also at the end of the gallery a massive wooden door, barred, locked, and protected by a barricade of large stones built in front of it to half its height. Great was the excitement of the whole body of resurrectionists. The sealed entrances were guarded through the night by sailors from the boat; for there was no trusting the fellaheen of Gounreh, demoralized by a successful traffic in antiquities. Early next morning the entrance to the side-passage was opened. It led to a couple of small cells, both in confusion, with their plain black wooden mummy cases broken, and the bodies turned out, many of them unwrapped. There were a few sepulchral images, and in the innermost cell yet lay the plain Roman lamp of terra-cotta, with black nozzle and half-burnt wick, that had lighted the plunderers two thousand years ago. There remained the massive door, of such substantial timber that in ill-timbered Egypt it was a prize worthy to be competed for by a bishop, a deacon, a consular agent, and two sheiks. The door opened on a sloping tunnel, in which a man could walk upright. It was a tunnel seventy feet long, leading to a shaft or well ten feet by six. Half-way down this gallery also there were cells which had been rifled. Hope now lay, like truth, at the bottom of the well. The well, twenty feet deep, was crossed by strong beams, over which still hung the rope of twisted palm fibres, by which the dead and those who carried them, descended centuries ago. At the bottom there were again chambers. Of these, three contained mummies of persons who had been buried in ordinary cases; but a fourth death-chamber contained a massive dark granite sarcophagus, with the rollers and planks by which it had been moved into position still lying about it. The want of veneration for antiquity shown by these people, now themselves so ancient, appeared in the use, as planks, of broken mummy cases covered with hieroglyphics. At the doorway of this principal vault was a tall jar nearly full of palm-nuts; there were nuts also scattered about the floor. At the head of the sarcophagus was the preserved body of a dog, like a small Italian greyhound, swathed in osiers; also a mummied ibis, a doll of a hawk, and a ball of bitumen. The dog was an emblem of Anubis, genius of tombs. Whenever a house-dog died in the course of nature all the inmates of the house shaved their whole persons. The ibis was emblematical of the recording angel. The hawk was the symbol of Horus, who ushered the souls that were saved into the presence of Osiris; and within the ball of bitumen was a coiled snake, probably the horned snake sacred to Ammon Ra, the god especially honored at Thebes.

The solid cover of the sarcophagus, freed from the cement which fastened it, was raised, and the sarcophagus itself was then found to have been filled with bitumen poured in hot over the mummy. The clearing away of this was a long work, and early in the course of it the glitter of a golden chaplet excited the Arab workmen, who dream wildly of treasures to be found in the unopened tombs. The face of the mummy was cased by a gilt mask, and the temples were wreathed with a chaplet of copper thickly gilt, having eleven bay-leaves of thin gold attached to it by pliant stalks. The outer cloth covering of the rest of the body was painted in a diagonal pattern, answering to that on the top of the wooden funeral canopy at the first entrance. Under the painted shroud were folds steeped in fine bitumen and pungent gums, with small thin plates of gold, some of them beetle-shaped, and glassy pieces interspersed. From the left side of the dead was taken a large ritual papyrus. When the body itself was reached—that of a man of mature years, with strongly marked features—the skin of the upper part of his body was found to have been covered with thick gold leaf. In another case was the wife of this dignitary, also with the upper part of her skin gilt, and a papyrus by her side. Others were differently adorned, and one had a gilt mask. The dignitary in the sarcophagus was named Leban; he had had charge of the royal horses, and died nine years before our era, at the age of sixty. His wife's name was Tabai, daughter of a priest and lord, who is described as "one very great among mortals." They went down to the pit, with the records that are their letters of introduction to the antiquaries of the nineteenth century.

Carthage, too, has, after all, been incompletely blotted out. After three months' labor on the site of ancient Carthage, Mr. Nathan Davis found, two or three years ago, that the keeper of the French chapel there had been stimulated, by observation of his wanderings, to dig at the foot of a piece of wall near a wide pit that had been opened in vain by searchers among the apparently poor ruins of the temple of Astarte. He found in a few hours a charming mosaic, measuring about four feet by two and a half. It was complete, and the nature of the ground made it appear to him impossible that there could be more. But Mr. Davis, setting men to work, soon disclosed the bright mosaics of the corner of a temple floor adorned with a colossal female bust, and with two full-robed priestesses dancing before their goddess. More digging brought to light more of the rich pavement trodden by the worshipers in a great temple that had been restored when Carthage became the capital of Roman Africa. Much more of old Carthage has since been found. The Carthaginian houses were built, above the lower story, with what Pliny called formacean walls; of earth inclosed between boards; such walls being declared proof against rain, wind, and fire. There yet remain turrets of earth built by Hannibal as watch-towers on Spanish mountain-tops. But when these earthen walls of Carthage fell in ruins they formed heaps of rubbish that a few years would transform into mounds of apparently natural soil, with nothing left under them but unsuspected pavements, through which the Romans often dug in the rebuilding of the city. A thin layer of charcoal, or some other evidence of the action of fire, is always found on the remains of ancient Carthage. The use of clay bricks for building has been assigned as one main cause of the complete disappearance of Babylon. For Babylon the mighty city is fallen. Scarcely a detached figure or tablet has been dug from the vast heaps that are the graves of all its glory.



THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, OF GRANT'S ARMY, AND HIS CHIEF ENGINEERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 487.]



THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET AT THE LEVEE ON FOURTH JULY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 487.]



THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK—THE RIOTERS BURNING AND SACKING THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

THE RIOTS IN NEW YORK.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to illustrations of the disgraceful and infamous Riot which took place in this city last week.

On page 493 will be found a picture of

THE BURNING OF THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM,

by which exploit the rioters, on Monday 13th, inaugurated their sway. This outrage is thus described in the *Times*:

The Orphan Asylum for Colored Children was visited by the mob about four o'clock. This Institution is situated on Fifth Avenue and the building, with the grounds and garden adjoining, extended from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of the rioters, the majority of whom were women and children, entered the premises, and in the most orderly and well-bred manner they ransacked and plundered the building from cellar to garret. The building was formerly the most pleasant and healthy portion of the city. It was purely a charitable institution. In it there are on an average 450 or 600 homeless colored orphans. The building was a large four-story one, with two wings of three stories each.

When it became evident that the crowd designed to destroy it, a flag of truce appeared on the front steps and the principal of the establishment made an appeal to the excited people, but he was vain.

Here it was that Chief-Engineer Decker exhibited all one of his most amazing traits. After the entire building had been ransacked, and every article which was worth carrying away had been taken, this inclined to even the little generosity that the rioters were capable of, and he ordered the good ladies of this city—the premises were in charge of a lady—to leave. Mr. Decker did all he could to prevent the flames from being kindled, but when he was overpowered by superior numbers, with the matches he scattered the brands, and effectually extinguished the flames, and almost all hope was taken away. But in no three different parts of the house. Again he succeeded, with the aid of but a dozen of his men, in frustrating the incendiaries. The mob became highly exasperated at his conduct, and threatened to take his life if he persisted in the act. On the front steps of the building he stood up amidst an infuriated and half-drunken mob of fiends, and he begged of them to do nothing so disgraceful to humanity as to burn the charitable institution, which they in fact had nothing but good. He said it would be a lasting disgrace to them and the city of New York.

These remarks seemed to have no good effect upon them, for meantime the premises were again fired in different parts of the house. Mr. Decker, with his five brave men, again extinguished the flames. The mob then poured down upon the wengeance of all who were bent on the destruction of the property, and but for the fact that the firemen surrounded him, and boldly said that Mr. Decker could not be touched except over their bodies, he would have been dispatched on the spot. The institution was destined to be burned, and so he bore and a half dozen men on the part of the mob it was in flames in all parts. Three or four persons were hurriedly bruised by the falling walls, but the names we could not ascertain. There is now scarcely one brick left standing upon another of the Orphan Asylum.

Another reporter of the *Times* says:

During the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum a regular battle occurred between Fatally McCarthy, with four stage-drivers of the Forty-second Street line and the members of Engine Company No. 26, rescued property from the burning orphan children who were surrounded by the mob, and in defiance of the threats of the rioters, carried them to the Thirty-fifth District Station-house. It hardly seems credible, yet it is the truth, that while the mob were in possession of such private property as they had time to gather up, the unfortunate colored children were cried out, "Murder, murder!" "Bring the sacks of the old nigger!" "Kill the nigger!" Had it not been for the courageous conduct of the parties mentioned, there is little doubt that many, and perhaps all of those helpless children, would have been murdered in the blood.

On page 484 we illustrate the

CHARGE OF THE POLICE UPON THE RIOTERS

who were engaged in sacking the *Tribune* office. We take pleasure in publishing the following graphic account of this affair from an officer who took part in it, and can personally testify to its correctness:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a variety of conflicting statements have been published in the daily papers purporting to be descriptive of the dispersion of the rioters engaged in sacking the *Tribune* office, a brief statement of the manner of the gallant brilliant affair, from a participant, may possibly be not unacceptable.

At seven o'clock on Monday evening the members of the 26th Precinct force, numbering 35 men, 30 of whom were detailed in their Squad-room, southeast corner City Hall basement. With them, at the same time, were assembled, constituting with the 26th a special reserve at that important point—over the reserve of the 1st Precinct, Captain Warlow; the bulk of Captain Bryan's force (6th Precinct) having been previously ordered to their headquarters, 300 Mulberry Street; that gallant officer was also present as a volunteer. A report, whether duly authorized or not, that a riot was progressing in the 1st Precinct, started the Vigilance and his command, immediately after the 26th, under Captain Thorne: on down Broadway, to the Park, by Nassau, and up that street to Spruce Street, when we found that the disturbance, a slight one, had been suppressed by the police of the 1st Precinct, our march was countermanded, and, passing the *Evening Post*, a cheer greeted us from the building—the first intimation about the *Tribune* office. Arrived there, the men were hastily ordered. It was now dark, or nearly so, and through the desperadoes among us could not be seen, the street was lighted on the west side of Nassau, just south of the Times Building. The men were dropped, and took position on our left. A few hurried words of consultation between Captains Thorne and Warlow, and we were ready to pass and ready. We could now distinctly hear the crashing of wood and glass, the work of the mob whose numbers had commenced, but with the earnestness and thoroughness which characterized the conduct of the police from the start, there was no shouting or profane clamor. *It was a strictly orderly conquest and subjugation of a lawless ravabe.* So earnest were they in their work—as shouted, in fact, their fury, their every act, "Determined"—that the steady, now, then, Forward! Charge! from Captain Thorne, was not even heard save by a few around the Thorne corner. With a shout from a hundred throats, the 26th leading the way, we struck down the street, solid, heaving and scattering them in utter rout, ruin, and dismay. At the corner we ordered the office, and charged as far as the ground-floor, and the few foot-hardy rebels who were found were unceremoniously driven to the street, or into immobility, and hurriedly dragged off by trusty hands to prevent their being trod to death by the rush of the broad human wave, or being taken care of years of pain and disfigurement. The squares—as usual—were cleared quickly by a surging of the thousand strong crowd in five minutes, even cleared to a point below French's Hotel, or where the dead and wounded were being carried away, followed by terrified friends. We did not try to take prisoner till after the fight was over, and that difficult matter. The 26th, finding a man, who gave his name as Burt Francis, in the act of firing a gun by the counter in the office upon him, and he was duly committed next morning. Only two more arrests were made.

Victorious, but breathless, we had just succeeded in extinguishing the flames, which had by this time broke out, when a shout as from a great crowd was heard, and a force of men were seen charging across the Park toward us from the direction of Broadway. The word was given, "Stand fast!" and every man squared himself for what now seemed about to be a death-struggle with an overwhelming force against us. But it was only the reserve moment; but our response was immediately at an end. The bright helmets and epaulets of Warlow and our gallant fellows from Broadway were recognized, the grizzled locks and martial figure of the Metropolitan was here, brave Dan Carpenter, conspicuous at their head. One loud, ringing cheer went up, while trusty but un heard, of triumph and relief. Victory was with the right. Law and order had triumphed.

The importance of our coup can hardly be overestimated. The suddenness and vigor of the blow took the mob right out of the murdering abuse at the start, and effectually demoralized whatever of organization they had in the lower part of the city. The *Tribune*, *Times*, and *World* would inevitably have gone as a consequence even of their partial success in the upper part of the city, and the burning on the possible havoc and destruction of the unused but hoarded collected Dead Letters!

The officers in command were Captains Thorne, 26th; Dicky Hall, Prevention; and Warlow, 1st Precinct, accompanied by Captain Bryan, 6th Precinct, as an auxiliary volunteer. The commissioned officers and their gallant officers and men be held in grateful remembrance.

One of our special artists, who was detailed to sketch the progress of the riot, thus describes the sketches he furnished, which are reproduced on pages 484 and 485:

MASSACRE OF A NEGRO IN CLARKSON STREET.

One of the first victims to the insane fury of the rioters was a negro carman residing in Carmine Street. A gang of these fiends boys hauled this unfortunate man on Monday evening, and having beaten him until he was in a state of insensibility, dragged him to the corner of Clarkson, hung him from a branch of one of the trees that shade the sidewalk by the rope attached to his cart, and fired it not stop here, however. Procuring long sticks, they tied rags and straw to the ends of them, and then saturating them with turpentine, fired them, setting fire to his clothes, and burning him almost to a cinder. The remains of the wretched negro hung in this position all night and Tuesday morning, when they were removed by the police. The atrocious murder was perpetrated within a few feet of a constituted ground, where the white headstones of the cemetery are seen gleaming through the wooden palisades.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL O'BRIEN.

As I arrived at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Second Avenue, the rioters were dragging the body of a dead man from the middle of the street. It was difficult to obtain any information from the by-standers, who were terror-struck by the savage fury of the mob. It appeared, however, that the body was that of Colonel O'Brien of the Eleventh New York. Force was not a police-station, and within view of which inquiry could be made. "What did they kill him for?" I asked a man standing on the sidewalk opposite. "Belaid I suppose it was to square accounts," replied he. "There was a woman and child kilt there below a while ago by the brutal roughs who surrounded the body first pistols at it occasionally, and pelted it with brickbats and other missiles. The unfortunate fate of this unfortunate victim is said to have been remarkable, and those who witnessed the tyrd when the body lay some hours later state that breathing was even then perceptible.

SACKING OF A DRUG-STORE.

Sated with blood, the rioters now turned their attention to plunder. A drug-store close by where Colonel O'Brien lay was completely ridded by them, the doors and windows being broken in with clubs and stones. Women hovered upon the skirts of the crowd, and received the articles as they were thrown or handed from the store. One fellow rushed out with a closely-packed valise, which he pounded in the street. The clothes and other things contained in it were eagerly seized and contended for by boys and women standing around. These articles consisted of letters in it, and some documents with seals, which were probably of value to the owner; but these were savagely torn and trampled by the clamorous and disappointed plunderers. A woman sat upon the steps near by, and read out passages from the letters to the amusement the jeers of her rhield companions. Another parcel me varying in triumph a large parchment manuscript and exclaimed:

ATTACK UPON THE CLOTHING-STORE OF MESSRS. BROOKS BROTHERS.

From the first of the riot clothing appeared to be a great object of attraction with the plundering mob. On Monday evening a large number of marauders paid a visit to the extensive clothing-store of Brooks Brothers, corner of Broadway and Catharine and Cherry streets. Here they helped themselves to all they could carry away, and after which they might be seen dispersing in all directions, laden with their ill-gotten booty.

THE GERMAN VALLEY.

Away up in Yorkville the German tailors were sad sufferers, in consequence of the demand for confiscable apparel. I saw an able-bodied ruffian, with a pantaloon leg on his head by way of hat, and of his shirt crammed full of pieces of dry-goods of all colors, and a vest and shoulder-straps, and of gorgeous, many-colored ties fluttered from his arm as he ran. "Why did they ridicule that shop?" I asked of one of the by-standers, pointing to it. "Because the owner is a German," was the reply. Here an Irishman of the non-combative type chimed in, saying, "No, it was because all the Dutch boys wouldn't wear the clothes. But it's a shame to state them, any how, and no good ever come of the likes." "Begorra that's thrue for you, Frank Tully," remarked his companion; and thereupon they both resumed their plundering, and I left the scene, and opposed to the scenes of violence passing around me.

On returning down the Avenue, a quarter of an hour later, I recognized the wretched Frank Tully and his friend, in an alley-way, busily engaged in trying on some new trousers, which did not look as if they had been just bought and paid for.

A GORILLA AT LARGE.

During the entire withdrawal of the police and military from the streets, I passed through many highway robberies must have been perpetrated. Coming down Third Avenue, I passed a group of young ruffians who were amusing themselves with snapping their pistols. One threw his revolver high into the air, and caught it by the barrel as it came down, bragging at the same time that it was both loaded and cocked. A few steps further on I found myself face to face with a fearful-looking desperado, who came suddenly upon me round a corner.

"Hello me buck!" cried he; "I don't be in a hurry, now. Hand over your cane; and fork out all you've got."

Fortunately he was somewhat drunk, and he grasped in his right hand a bundle of "greenbacks," which seemed to embarrass him a little. As he still pressed upon me, however, I turned to the young pistoleers, saying,

"Boys, here's a fellow wants to draft me; are we going to stand that?"

This created a diversion in my favor; and when I saw that the attention of the young rowdies was attracted to the money in the desperado's hand I improved the opportunity and proceeded up a cross street, at an accelerated pace. Had I struck him with my stick, which was my first impulse, I should most assuredly have fallen a victim to the blind fury of the young pistoliers. Probably the right owner of the "greenbacks" fared much worse than I did, independent of the loss of his money.

THE DEAD SERGEANT.

On Thursday there was a great deal of fighting going on between the military and the rioters in the neighborhood of Twentieth Street and First Avenue. Passing through Twenty-second Street, I saw a dead sergeant lying on the sidewalk. From his uniform I judged that he belonged to the Fourteenth New York Cavalry. He was killed by a shot through the head, which had entered his temple, and then barbarously beaten and mangled by the mob. As he lay there, with a cloth thrown by some sympathizing person over his face, to hide his ugly wounds, ill-looking women came now and then to look at him. Some of them had their children in their arms, and pointing them out to their infant children with fiendish glee. The little boys amused themselves in the intervals by hauling at the dead sergeant's clothes, and by the time I left the ground with heavy "thud," Others performed savage dances around the body, whistling tunes of a lively kind, or even sang it. Dropping shots were coming from the windows and roofs of houses not far distant, as I and I did, now prolong my stay in that part of the city. It was any thing but safe ground. As I was crossing over a street in search of a shorter road sergeant by I heard the word "Fire!" and on turning round saw that a platoon of soldiers were firing down the street right in front of the rioters of where I stood. I believe they were aiming high, to reach the windows of some distant houses, which accounts for their escape.

On page 484 we illustrate one of the severest fights of the week, that between the mob and the troops on 16th inst., the

FIGHT IN SECOND AVENUE.

This is faithfully described in the *Times* as follows:

At five o'clock last evening intelligence was sent to Police Headquarters that the mob, between Five and Second avenues, in the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth Street, had already burned their specimen in grog, and that they were robbing and plundering all the stores in that vicinity.

A military force was speedily sent to the spot; but when they arrived there they found the rioters were too much for them, and after contesting the field for half an hour they were obliged to retire. A sergeant who had command of a portion of the military force was shot, and afterward most brutally beaten to death, the body lay in the street for three hours. The military and police were powerless to suppress the riot, which for the last week almost every house between First and Second avenue, in the vicinity of Twenty-second and Twenty-fifth streets, was filled by assassins, and from all the windows and house-top shots, daggers, and brickbats were thrown with great rapidity. Fifteen members of the Fifth Company, Seventh Regiment, were severely killed by missiles from the mob.

The military force were compelled to withdraw until reinforced. At about nine o'clock Captain Putnam of the United States Army, aided by Lieutenant Hall and Sergeant Grennon, with a force of Regulars of about 70 men, repaired to the scene. They drove the mob from their hiding-places, took the body of the Sergeant away, and soon after the work of destruction was interfered by Thirty-first Street and Second Avenue.

After the fight was over, the Sergeants had gained the windows and housetops of nearly all the buildings in the vicinity. Each one they had pointed out to the neighborhood. Muskets and pistols were fired by the mob upon the military with such a shower of balls that many were injured, and two quiet and unoffending citizens are known to have been killed by the bullets of the mob. Fearing, in charge of the military, when all hope of stopping the progress of the rioters had ceased, they ordered all the men to sweep the streets, and the work of clearing the streets was quickly effected. The order was promptly obeyed, and all vistas of violence and disorder during the riots were shut dead. The stones and brickbats then began to disappear from the sidewalks.

The order was given to turn their fire upon the building. A shell was thrown, and the returning mob brought shots from guns and pistols discharged from all parts of the house. Ammunition, in all kinds of calibers, was found in many soldiers were seriously injured thereby. An order was then given to fire the house, and it was quickly in flames, and the mob fought against the military for half an hour with a fierceness unparalleled in the history of riots. At the end of that time the mob were overpowered and dispersed. Fourteen dead bodies were taken possession of, at least half as many more were killed while resisting the police.

Officers Putnam, Chase, and Grennan acted with the greatest coolness and decision throughout the whole affair, and to them, and the brave soldiers under them, the credit is due of suppressing one of the most ferocious and desperate mobs which have prevailed through our city for the last four days.

The rioters at twelve o'clock last night were in a quiet state. The wounded were conveyed to Police Headquarters, and the dead and wounded were taken to their homes by the other rioters.

The triumph of the authorities over the lawless mob in Second Avenue last night was most decisive and complete.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Violin Strings to Stand Hot Weather.
Best French Gut, No. 1, 75c.; No. 2, 50c.; Tallas, 4 lengths, 25c. Medium. MUSICIANS' CONGRESS; about 700 tunes for Violin, Flute, Cornet, Clarionet, &c. Sent from any Instructor, full rules, each, 25c., 50c. Mailed.
FREDERICK BLUME, 590 Broadway, N. Y.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,
METROPOLITAN
PURCHASING AGENCY,
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614
NEW YORK CITY.

Union Badge.
PER HUNDRED, $10.00.
SINGLE BADGES, 15 Cents.
Sent free by Express or Mail.

We will also forward to any address, on receipt of order, accompanied by cash, Postage Stamps, or Greenbacks, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will forward, on receipt of $1.00, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, BURNSIDES, SIGEL, BANKS, HOOKER, HALLECK, STANTON, SECRETARY; AMERICAN PORTS, FORTS, DOCKS, &c., any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

LANDS.—A Rare Opportunity for all Wanting Farms, in the large New England settlement of Hammonton, 30 miles southeast of Philadelphia, on the electric; best fruit soil and markets in the Union; $15 to $20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information apply to R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, New Jersey. Letters answered. Come to the land.—Leave Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7; A. M. or 2½ P. M. for Hammonton.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to travel and sell our new Cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
J. E. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

National Union League.
League Pins in Silver Plate, Gold Plate, and Solid Gold. Pin sent by mail, post-paid, for 50 cents. Pins sent by mail post-paid, upon receipt of $5.00, or a single pin in the gold plate style, for $1.00. Sent by mail. Correspondence solicited. Agents wanted. Sample of our regular badge will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents. Also, a complete assortment of Army and Navy Goods.
E. N. FOOTE & CO.
Manufacturers Jewelry, 393 Broadway, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
A Steel Engraved Portrait, with Autograph, and fine steel copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property, procured or apply to HENRY HAYES, Box 2,192 P. O. New York. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

STERLING'S BRUSHES
DRAWN & ENGRAVED FROM LIFE.
DR. STERLING'S ANTIDOTE FOR DANDRUFF is a stimulating oily liquid. Soaks and Heals. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and will positively prevent and cure dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow glossy and soft by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 402 Broadway.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK.
Have Just Published:
KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of the Battle Fought down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.
A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By MRS. GASKELL, author of "Cranford," "Mary Barton," &c. Svo. Paper, 25 cents.
AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Travels beyond the Kalahari Desert, from 1850 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With Map, Illustrations on Wood by Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo. Cloth, $2.50.
GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With Reference to the Service Regulations for the Army, Extracts from the Revised Regulations, and Duties of Police for Health, Maxims for Officers. By Major-Gen. Vole, Officers. By Daniel Butterfield, Brevet Major-General U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. *Approved by the War Department.* 16mo, Flexible Cloth, 40 cents.
HARALSTEIN'S GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE-MAKING. &c. Grape Culture and Wine-Making: being the official Report of the Commissioner appointed to investigate the Agriculture of Europe, with especial Reference to the Grape Culture and Wine-Making in Germany. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $5 00.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c. &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
200 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5190 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fine and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
4000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 San Ladies' Jewelry	3 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'tel Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one out here, will be first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will receive 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO,

208 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 40 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Rural rent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old, wood land position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that I know of this side of the Western Prairies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by ADAMS'S PIONEERS EXPRESS. No. 14 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 respectful visits to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address ..... AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with List of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 474 Tin Street, Washington, D. C.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of clergymen and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALE, Jr. & Co., Mewburyport, Mass.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our Patent Cork Screws. Address *Oriental Universe*, and 10 other new and curious articles. 15 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.



Phelan & Collender, Sole Manufacturers



FOR BRIDGEPORT.—DAILY LINE.—*From Fulton Ferry (Peck Slip Ferry Dock).*—The Steamer BRIDGEPORT, Captain Wines, will leave New York every day at 12 o'clock noon (except Sunday) for Bridgeport in time to connect with the Housatonic, Naugatuck, New Haven and Hartford Railroads; also the Shore Line, Housatonic Rail Road and Sound Steamers, leaving Bridgeport every night at 11 o'clock. Freight taken as at the line on the Naugatuck and Housatonic Railroads. For information, inquire at the office on the Wharf, or 168 Beaver-st. GEO. W. CORLIES, Agent.

$15 Per Day Easy $15 And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unrevelled*, and saleable extra large size Fluted STATIONERY, EMBLEM, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Rulers, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Receipts, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Prescriptions, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, Yankee Notions of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Unfathomable Jewelry*, Rare Curiosities, Army Advice, &c., &c., the whole forming, when put up separately, many dollars. Price each package only **25 cts.**, but as we want one Agent in every town we have **$500 CASH** and **VALUABLE WATCHES**. Our Packages stand same as advertised, and in order to competition, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Package of all descriptions put up by the 100 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the country. South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and every package presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 NASSAU ST., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

The Horrors of War can be greatly mitigated by that oversleeping remedy, HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, as it will relieve any wound, however severe, if well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. Every regiment should be in every man's knapsack. Only 25 cents per pot.

SCOTCH SONGS.
IRISH SONGS.
COMIC SONGS.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND.—ONE HUNDRED COMIC SONGS. Words and Music. Price of each, in boards, 50 cents; paper, 40 cents. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington, Boston.

TIBBAL'S
Manufacturing Depot for
J. H. CRANDALL'S PATENT
SEWING ROCKING
HORSES, BABY TOSSER,
and PERAMBULATOR.
No. 708, Broadway, directly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York. Every kind of Horse, Carriage, Velocipedes, &c.

The American Soldier

THIS IS A NEATLY PRINTED
Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, published at Nashville, Tenn., and one which is very popular with the soldiers of the Army. It is devoted to the MAINTENANCE OF THE UNION CAUSE throughout the States of Tennessee and the Southwest, and to the early

Overwhelming Triumph of the Union Army.

In thoroughly rooting out from every inch of American soil each individual traitor in arms against the American Republic.

Each number will contain editorials and selected articles wide-awake to the crisis and fully up to its demands. Also, a series of Anecdotes of Soldiers, &c., entitled

"The Romance of the Ranks."

Being new, interesting, instructive, amusing, and thrilling views of military life in the British army.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For one year, $1 50; For six months, $1 00: For three months, 75 cents.

Address ..... ALLEN & CO., Publishers, Nashville, Tenn.

Wells & Walbert,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Artificial Limbs,
No. 429 Broadway,
Corner Howard Street, New York.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents that retails for $2 by K. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines $5.

The ALWAYS READY PRACTICAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE ever produced. NOVELTY MACHINE CO., 442 Broadway, New York.

Fish's Patent Lamp-Heating Apparatus.

From coal to fourteen quarts of water boiled with an ordinary BURNING LAMP, or GAS.

Summer Fires dispensed with.

Send for illustrated Pamphlet which will be sent by mail free. Agents wanted.

WM. D. RUSSELL, Agt.
206 Pearl Street,
New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in the *Field, Artillery, Tourists', Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 7 to 8 miles. Spectators of the greatest transparent power to strengthen the sight, and preserve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changing. Catalogue sent to customers. The above, with all articles appertaining to the optical science, from the manufacturer,

SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician,
No. 241 Broadway, New York.
Branch at Saratoga Springs, opp. the Post-Office, between United States and American Hotels.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscriber has for sale any soldier in the Army a solid silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved thereon, on receipt of One Dollar. The above can represent any and style of Badge furnished. Address as below.

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

To avoid 3 c. post. 5 c.

L.A. MILLER
C.o.B.
5TH N.Y.

INDISPENSABLE.

How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to Do Business. One large vol. price $1 75.
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Price-list sent free. Address
J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of 25. Send stamp for circular. The less wholesome frame keeps it from the face, and the thin elastic, elastic, keep it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or disagree with the most delicate skin. HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as the Rights or Licenses for Sale, No. 20 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

System of Military Bridges,

In use by the United States Army; those adopted by the most European Powers; and such as are required by British India. With directions for the preservation, defection, and re-establishment of Bridges. By Brig.-Gen. GEORGE W. CULLUM, Chief of Staff of the General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States. With numerous illustrations. In one volume octavo. Price $3 50. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.
This day published by
D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, New York.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

3 MORE NEW ARTICLES NOW READY. For Catalogue and terms send stamp. RICE & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Tobacco Twine,

Carpet Warp,

Twine for Hop Vines.

H. A. HARVEY, Twine and Cordage Warehouse, established 1842, at 54 Maiden Lane, New York.

Printing-Presses for Sale.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 32x50. Price $1,000.
One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 35x51. Price $1,500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—Any One can with force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. F. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS
These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S 302 Broadway and 1 Brouhier-st., one Door North of Canal. Established 1840. Gift Jar Specimens by Mail, much less change.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! The article especially deserving public attention at this time is their celebrated

Railway Timekeepers,
WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

This really meritorious imputation has been receiving the most favorable notices of the Press in all parts of the country. The New York Daily Times, of June 24, '63, says, "We have been shown by the House, Hubbard Bro., who are the importers, a watch called the ARTIZAN, what may most appropriately term the RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER, being a superbly finished STERLING SILVER WATCH, which is warranted to keep the most accurate time in all climates. The beauty of this timekeeper is fully equaled by their cheapness."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER cases, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, warranted to run and keep accurate time! Price per case of half dozen, $84. By mail, $1 05 additional for postage; if registered, 20 cents extra. Should retail readily at from $18 to $20 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also

Magic Time Observers,

WITH THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!
BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FIRE-PROOF, WEDDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says, in its issue of Jan. 19th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most interesting novelty, of which the Hubbard Bros., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting Case or Open Face Watch combined. Can of the prettiest, most compact, and handsome forms, and designed and intended for general and reliable use over offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this watch are composed of solid silver, the size or one being the 16 CARD GOLD. It has the improved ruby jewels, and is pronounced by all competent judges to be an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $84. Should retail readily at from $18 to $20 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. By mail, $1 05 additional for postage; if registered, 20 cents extra. Should retail readily at from $18 to $20 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!
BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FIRE-PROOF, WEDDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says, in its issue of Jan. 19th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most interesting novelty, of which the Hubbard Bros., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting Case or Open Face Watch combined. Can of the prettiest, most compact, and handsome forms, and designed and intended for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this watch are composed of solid silver, the size or one being the 16 CARD GOLD. It has the improved ruby jewels, and is pronounced by all competent judges to be an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $84. Should retail readily at from $18 to $20 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. By mail, $1 05 additional for postage; if registered, 20 cents extra. Should retail readily at from $18 to $20 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!
BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FIRE-PROOF, WEDDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says, in its issue of Jan. 19th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most interesting novelty, of which the Hubbard Bros., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting Case or Open Face Watch combined. Can of the prettiest, most compact, and handsome forms, and designed and intended for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this watch are composed of solid silver, the size or one being the 16 CARD GOLD. It has the improved ruby jewels, and is pronounced by all competent judges to be an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $84. Should retail readily at from $18 to $20 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. By mail, $1 05 additional for postage; if registered, 20 cents extra.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Successors to CHARLES HOWARD, *New York.*

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION in 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Illustrated. 12mo, $1 25.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, Malta, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By SYLVESTER MORIARTY, Author of the Embarking Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Large 12mo, with Maps and Plans, $2 50.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Creeds," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c. Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

DARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Cecil Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For August, 1863.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every number render a complete set of this work a most valuable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets of the work from the commencement in June, 1850, to the present time. Send or specify when to send, present. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in muslin, $2 25; half calf, gilt, $4 00; sent by mail, postage, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
Any Person sending a Club of Four Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00, will receive a Copy gratis.
Subscriptions to HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



HOW TO ESCAPE THE DRAFT.

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Town, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making over $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of the quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Comp Companions (for the Army), rich gems of jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. Address for Circulars, Terms, &c., or send 25c. for sample. A GOLD WATCH, enveloped in a perfect love-letter, presented free to all Agents. Package in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. Say "I'll per day Sure" on inside page.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 162 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of disrupation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorator. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE A CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

Gold Pens and Cases,
Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engrossing Pens	$2 50
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 50
Large Eureka "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	3 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (10) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or that will ever be made. He gives the guarantee he does. Send for a circular. Before purchasing elsewhere. Being the first to introduce Gold Pens and Cases at the Five and Ten Cent Counters, he is ready to offer them in any or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, sold by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.

E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Melden Lane,
New York City.

The New Book for Boys.

"The Drummer Boy" is making a great stir among the boys, who say it is good as Mayne Reid's best. It is greatly illustrated. Price $1 00. Now ready at all bookstores. J. E. TILTON & CO., Publishers.

Agents Wanted in every Regiment and Hospital.

Army Corps and Division Pins,

I will send to any soldier, or the order of 31 different Kearney Cross Pins or a pin emblematical of either Corps or Division of the Army, Red, White, or Blue, or a Hot Gold Pen and Pencil, or Spring Locket, or New Style Neck Chain, or Seal Stone Ring, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin; and for 50 cts. I will send a New Style Union League Pin.

R. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4076. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Adams, Depot 24., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

A Bad Breath—The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is a delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 23 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Argenteuil, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 50 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address T. C. BOWEN, Box 2th, Boston, Mass.



THE Secret Armor, or BULLET-PROOF VEST.

Is light, comfortable, and a sure protection against bullets, bayonets, and sabres. Price for Officer's style, $8; Privates, $6.

Money must accompany the order; also the Express charge, and the measure around breast and waist. Sold by MERWIN & BRAY, 292 Broadway, N. Y.; Wm. Read & Son, Boston, Mass., and H. F. Hoadley, Wholesale and General Agent, New Haven, Ct.

P. S.—Reduction to the trade. Agents wanted.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STUDWAY & SONS, Nos. 97 and 84 WILLIAM Street, N. Y., were awarded a first prize medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. They received two medal and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Studway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."



BALLOU'S Patented French Yoke SHIRTS.

Warranted to FIT, and to be

CHEAPER

for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in the City.

Send for self-measuring drawings and prices sent free.

F. Y. S.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway, New York.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED

In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

AFFORDING CURES ARE DAILY MADE OF RHEUMATISM, Croup, Sore Throat, and Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Chest, by Dr. Sherman's Venetian Liniment. It is warranted superior to any other. Sold by the Druggists everywhere. 25 and 50 cents.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Exelsior Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.



The American Parlor, or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.

Frederick Stevens,
315 *Fourt Street, New York.*
60 *Kirby Street, London.*

Wanted, at $15 per Day.

We want energetic Agents and reliable Canvassers for a genteel business, at a commission of from $5 to $15 per day. No humbugging. C. M. CLINN & CO., Publishers, at either Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or 195 Reade Street, New York.

A Saving of 20 per cent by buying Housekeeping Articles at E. D. BASSFORD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

New Albums for Ferrotypes,

Or Tintypes, just ready. Samples, with cheap, furnished by mail, on receipt of 75 cents. Catalogues and list sent on receipt of stamp. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Canvass Prize Package. 200 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. LACELL & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

BENJ. FRANKLIN,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

173 Broadway, New York.

Also Agent for

H. M. Richards Jewelry Co.

Photographic Album Clasps, Rims, and Ornaments.

Military Trimmings, and Fancy Metal Work of every description constantly on hand or manufactured to order.

ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVERS, U. S. Rifles and Muskets.

Also

Pocket Pistols of Approved Patterns.

Manufactured by

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 616 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings Co.,
New York.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT DELAY
For the Benefit of your Family.

THE
WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
No. 98 BROADWAY, New York.

Offers more advantages to Insurers than any other Company in the United States.

Its prominent features are as follows:

A permanent Capital Stock of $125,000, now largely added to by accumulation.

Stockholders receive no other dividends than legal interest on their stock.

Policy-Holders receive

ALL THE PROFITS,
WITHOUT ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

The only Stock Company in the United States whose Charter *expressly* requires that ALL the profits shall be divided among the Policy-Holders.

It has, therefore, all the advantages and security of a Stock and Mutual Co. combined, without their separate disadvantages.

Dividends to Policy-Holders once credited, are never forfeited.

Proportion of Assets to Liabilities LARGER than most other Companies in the United States.

Liberality and Promptitude in the settlement of Claims.

All reasonable aid granted to Members to enable them to KEEP THEIR POLICIES in force in case of their inability to pay their future premiums.

Let no Member therefore ALLOW HIS POLICY TO LAPSE without first advising with the Company.

CYRUS CURTIS.....President.
CLEVATON NEWBOLD.....Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr.....Actuary and Secretary.

WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY POLICIES issued in all their various and approved forms.

Printed documents, containing full information, furnished without charge, and sent free by mail.

Good Agents wanted in every city and town throughout the Loyal States.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlements, and Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS
FOR 60 CENTS.



6 for $13
8 for 15
6 for 18
8 for 21

Self-Measurement sent every where on application.

Large Stock.

THE GENUINE
ALL LINEN
PAPER COLLAR.
At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I have the largest and best assorted stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Linen Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER.

The pride of my establishment. In this department, I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR!

Orders promptly attended to. Please call on

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

LADIES & GENT'S STEEL COLLARS AND CUFFS.

ENAMELED WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other cloth, as they are washed with a sponge.

To military men or travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each; sent by post on receipt of $1 25.

Wholesale and retail.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to dealers.

Agents throughout the country.

Lithography,

Engraving, and Printing, by LANG & COOPER, 117 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK, Lithographers to the United States Government Survey. Surveys, Drawings from Copper and Steel Plate to Stone made equal to copper plate, and at one half the cost. Country orders particularly attended to.

"NOSES"

ILLUSTRATED.—The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—for August—Double number.—Portraits of Lord Brougham, Anna E. Dickinson, Stonewall Jackson, Dr. Dio Lewis, the Temperaments, Physiology, Ethnology, Physiognomy, Relation of Soul and Body. A new "Facial Angle," and Facial Relations. Only 15 cents per first part, or $1 50 a year. Address Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

GUNS, FOSTER AND THE FLAG OF TRUCE.—"Send no more flags of truce. If you want Washington, come and take it."

A beautiful Card-Photograph of the scene. Price 25c. Sent by mail. E. & H. T. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 345.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PORT HUDSON.

WE devote pages 497 and 500 this week to illustrations of the FALL OF PORT HUDSON, from sketches by our special artist, J. R. HAMILTON. The following account from the *Times* will explain the pictures:

At the earliest dawn of the—now ever memorable—9th of July, the whole camp was necessarily in the highest state of glee and commotion, and the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "DIXIE" came borne upon the morning air—never sounding sweeter.

At 7 o'clock General Andrews, Chief of the Staff of General Banks, made his grand entrance into the rebel fortifications, with Colonel Birge leading his brave storming colonns, whose noble services have thus been, happily for their Divinity, dispensed with, but to whom the country is no less indebted—taking the will for the deed. These were followed by two grand regiments from each division, which, "marshalled and finely embodied," right royally made the grand entrance of the royal battery.

The rebels were drawn up in line, and as immediately line they made, their officers in front of them in one side of the road, their backs to the river. Gen. Gardner then advanced toward Gen. Andrews, and, in a few accompanying words, offered to surrender his sword with Port Hudson; that General Andrews told him, in appreciation of his bravery—however misdirected—he was at liberty to retain his sword.

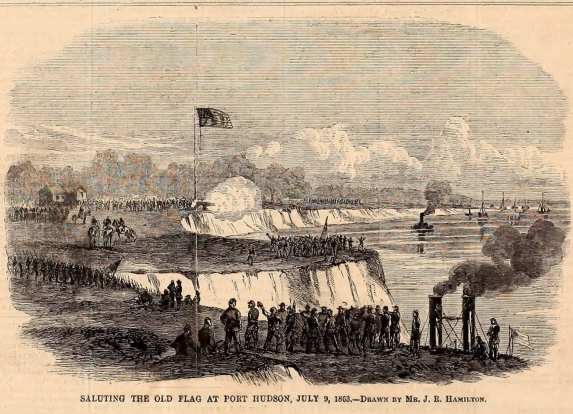
Our men were then drawn up in two lines on the other side of the road, opposite to the rebels, and our officers placed themselves in front of their men. Gen. Gardner then said to Gen. Andrews: "General, I will now formally surrender my command to you, and for the last time I call upon you as my ground arms."

The order was given and the arms were grounded.

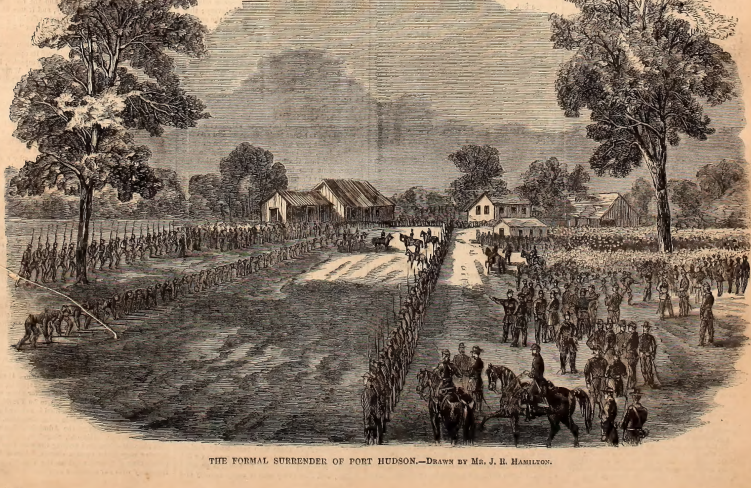
After that Gen. Andrews sent for the enemy's general officers, staff and field-officers. The line-officers were left with their companies and guards, composed of the Twenty-second Louisiana and Seventy-fifth New York, placed over them. These formalities over, the glorious old flag of the Union was unfolded to the breeze from one of the highest bluffs facing the river, by the mess of the *Richmond*—a battery thundered forth its salute, which rolled majestically up and down the broad surface of the Mississippi—and Port Hudson was ours!

It was with no little delight that I found myself rising at last over every portion of the long-fought-for ground, hailing the brave, and with many common mede not only in the ramparts but over the whole internal surface. Not a square rood has been some indisputable proof of the iron deluge that had fallen upon it, in earth plowed up, trees with the bark almost completely torn off by rifle-shot, and consetwine the bulk of a man's body—fairly snapped in two by some solid ball, as easily as a walking-cane.

As to what they called the town of Port Hudson—a miserable little conglom-



SALUTING THE OLD FLAG AT PORT HUDSON, JULY 9, 1863.—DRAWN BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.



THE FORMAL SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON.—DRAWN BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.

estion of two or three wooden buildings, and a nondescript church among them—the destruction is so complete that I can not see how they escaped being utterly swept away. I went into the old church, looking out for any enemy thither that might fall from shattered roof or tumbling walls, with curtains made by cannon, larger than the windows, and found the whole floor strewed with bones, broken bones and bullets, plaster, etc. If those were all the beams they had left, I don't think the quantity of shot fired exceeded the quality; and beams were what they had left to defend upon.

Their River fortifications were terribly effective, and might have repulsed any amount of attack with their fine imprigable obedience. For down in the bowels of the earth they had dug out deep rooms, approached by steps cut out of the earth, and here their magazines were placed quite out of the reach of the enormous bulgers of shell above—from any projectiles that could be sent against them. One or two of these under guns I found. On the fortifications to the land side every thing told of the terrible effect of our rifled artillery, which spoke in no uncertain tones. Prominent among these were Meyer's, Holcomb's, and Sawyer's batteries, which had been the bane of the existence of the rebels in the city. Lieutenant Terry, of the Richmond, and his fine crew, who sent destruction along with every shot from their large pieces. The effect was this, soon after we began bombarding in earnest, every gun upon the front batteries was silenced; and they have so remained for weeks since, say one they replaced being knocked over as soon as we got the range of it. In speaking of how much we owe the artillery, we can not speak too highly of the unsparing exertions and willing dispositions of General Arnold, under whom the whole of this arm of our service was placed.

Collateral praise must necessarily fall upon those faithful and devoted men who, although unseen by the enemy, have nevertheless the most mighty results depending upon the accuracy and promptness of their every effort—I mean the Topographical Engineers, under Major Houston. Foremost among these was Lieut. Gibbs, U. S. Engineers, Mr. Robins, and the lamented M. Luce, who was killed a short time ago while at the act of taking an observation. The enormous amount of personal hardships and dangers these gentlemen have to undergo, after going for and the safe and orderly exiting expeditions of their own in the enemy's country—the coolness and presence of mind which their services require of them in every emergency—are things of which but few people probably think, but which nevertheless, have the most momentous bearing upon the success or failure of the Scientific Scientific attack. They are the real scouts and pioneers who have first detected many a mine, and found out the same, and who first gave warning to the men who are slowly overnight—every new post in position.

As we rode along the earthworks daily, it was curious to mark the impressions ways in which the enemy had buried both in their themselves from what fire and the shell and enable ways of the sun. While at their work they must have heard, by many a many rubble pattering, the fall of their warms. The breast-works, instead of being straight at the top, present a continuous succession of little hills and valleys, from the perpetual plowing up of our artillery. At to the guns, these were mere sand-bags, kocked down away from their carriages, and looking as if some earthquake had thrown up the earth from below them. The amusement of mortality and casualties from all this terrible and continuous bombardment fell amazingly short of what I should have imagined. The rebels revert that it did not exceed 700.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

HAIL mighty river,
Free from thy sources to the sea forever,
From thy mountain springs to the Southern Sea,
Free heritage of the millions free.
The power that with polluted hand
Grasped at thy glorious flood,
Swept from the land by fire and brand,
Lies wasting in its blood.
They entered now in force; the white tents gleam
No more, of those who bound them, by thy stream;
Thy chains are broke, each pay thy bluff-bound shore
The traitor cannon frown no more.

Hail giant river,
A continent's bond that none may sever;
The height, blue mountains of the setting sun
Send down a purer stream;
The golden shells that turn through their granite run
Shine with a brighter gleam;
And the morning's fair expanse that waves
Above an ancient people's graves
Now shining by thy shores,
A greater fragrance pours
From its rich shades; and the bright star-flowers
Look from the fields of heaven with softer glow
At their twin sisters, through night's holy hours,
Enshrined with love in crystal heart below.

Up through the beds of coal,
The treasured strength of centuries waiting still
To do a people's will,
And roll hill's burden from man's weary heart,
And illumine with light the light of art,
Up through the beds where lies the slumbering soul
Of fire, the valor rare with swifter feet
To toss themselves in then,
And swell thy brimming bounty, pure and sweet,
Unto the sea free flow.

The upper lakes—
Basins, and its thousand sisters bright,
That lie among the forest hill tops flaked
Of cool and crystal light,
Feel the new life that hails them from their sires,
And the wild birds that swim
Along their tidal rim,
Rise like a people's shout, free, ever free.

The prairies green,
Whose changing surface billows bear the sheen
Of the ocean on their waving crests,
And in wild, free haste in their silent breasts,
Lie down to gather in new force
Their fest in thy silver flood;
As their brave hearts they have rworn thy wave
Should bear not the lust of blood;
And thy upper current leaves no stain,
And the dewy grass and the ripened grain
Are reaped in peace by the settler free,
For the prairies have kept their vow to thee

The forest trees look do n
Into thy depths; that it lie monarch crown
Holds over thy calm brow, to crown thee, river,
King of long lines of forest kings forever.
Their roots are by thy throne,
Their hands are in the sky,
And every human form shows them blown
Lifts up an anthem high
Of praise and thanks to be by nature free,
King of the forests old and free.

Hail mighty river,
Whose upper banks are white with bread,
Whose lower red with wine—
Bread for a hungry world; life-wine forever
For coming high, heroic spirits shed
By those who live among the holy dead.
Hail that thy triple portals wide are thrown;
Hail that thy length is all our own, our own;
Hail for the hungry millions over there in chains,
Of other lands than ours whose blessings come

With thy free current. Hail for millions more,
Whose winged hope
Above the dirges
Of the western, golden mountains soar
And fill the plains
With song and music.
And sit by their cottage door
With gladdened eyes
As either rise
Whose low Missouri's fountains roar.

Hail central river,
The circuit of a continent whose heart
Stirs with a human throb, whose noble part
Is to reach out its extending hands thereto,
And give the earth with blessings rich and free;
Blood-quenched river, Hail! All Hail to thee!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863.

THE EFFECT OF THE LATE RIOTS.

AN evening journal, which has done its best to foster the mean prejudice against negro labor, devoted one day last week one column of its sheet to a detailed and accurate account of the surpassed heroism of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts (colored) regiment in the attack on Fort Wagner in the city of Charleston, and no other column to a report of a meeting or mangy Jerseymen in a blind village in New Jersey, where resolutions were passed denouncing vengeance upon any employer who dared to hire negro laborers.

The conjunction was eminently happy. From a part of the district war is being waged in reports of the white soldiers upon the performance of the negroes are uniformly favorable to the colored men. At Milliken's Bend they saved the day, rescued the few white troops who were engaged with them, and—a very rare thing in real warfare—actually crossed bayonets with the rebels and repulsed them.

At Helena, they bore the brunt of the fighting, and defeated a superior force of the enemy. At Port Hudson, they led the forlorn hope in General Banks's unsuccessful attack upon the place, and left half of their number on the field. At Charleston, the colored regiment from Massachusetts, led by the heroic Colonel SHAW, was placed in the front, and sacrificed itself to make a way for the white troops. Wherever they have been the negroes have had a chance they have given evidence of the most exalted gallantry. Even the correspondents of the white regiments are free to admit themselves to have been against the employment of negro troops, are forced to admit that they never saw more fighting done than was done by the colored regiments at Charleston, Milliken's Bend, and Port Hudson. They died for the laws and Stripes by whole companies and regiments.

It was while they were thus dying that a band of men in Northern cities undertook a sort of St. Bartholomew massacre of their laborers here. We will not repeat the sickening tale: how hundreds of wretched negroes, guilty of no offense but that they were born with white skins, were hunted from their homes, beaten, mutilated, and in several cases savagely murdered; how their houses were sacked, their wives and children driven for refuge to the station-houses; how throngs of unfortunate negroes were chased by white men in the suburbs of the city, and sick women and little children left to spend day after day, and night after night, without food or shelter, cowering in terror in the thickets lest the fiendish mob should discover their hiding-place; how poor old women, who had by a life of hard work accumulated a little trifle of furniture and money for their declining old age, were in an hour robbed of every thing by able-bodied men—but we forbear.

These deeds were done in and around the chief city of the North, with the tacit approval of leading politicians and their newspaper organs, by gangs of men who systematically did the work of pillage and murder by insisting on the furling of every American flag.

The grievance of these negroes was the fear that negroes would supersede white men as laborers—a pretext suggested by many Copperhead newspapers, seemingly in the interest of the Southern rebels. The fact is, every person can readily inform himself by inquiry, that the demand for labor throughout the North never was as active as now; that there is a deficiency among higher wages and can save more money than they ever did or could; that many railway enterprises can not, and will not, be pressed high rate of wages, obtain laborers; that immigrants, freshly landed from Ireland or Germany, are in many instances met at the Castle Garden by contractors, who want men to work at a rate of pay which, three years ago, would have been deemed extravagant. The single fact upon this state of things, when raw labor commanded as much money as mechanical skill was happy to enjoy three years ago, that the white men of this meridian undertook to massacre the negroes lest they should compete with them for employment, and denounced employers who hired them at any rate of wages at all. It was at the very hour when negroes were pouring out their blood like water for the Stars and Stripes on the slopes of Fort Wagner that naturalized citizens, who had handed down the Stars and Stripes wherever they saw them, tried to exterminate the negro race in New York.

Such contrasts are rare. There have been times in our history when bigoted prejudice has had sway. One of the medical principles of the massive people who settled New England was that no Irishmen should have part or lot there. When—then a colony—urged as its foremost grievance against England that the King had employed "Irish," or as they were generally called, "wild Irish," to perform military duty among them. Even in our time we have seen a political party organized on the exclusive basis of hostility to the Irish. But these stupid outbursts of prejudice were not forced into relief by simultaneous acts of devotion on the part of the outcasts of the race, either in our civil, social or our national history, have the Irish, as a race, won so clear a title to the gratitude of the people of the United States as the negroes have won within the past three months? Anti-Irish prejudices have died out, through their own inherent weakness; the anti-negro prejudice should have been strengthened a blow, in the minds of all good citizens, when the colored soldiers of Banks and Gilmore died at Port Hudson and Fort Wagner.

Have any of the leaders of the anti-negro riot reflected for an instant upon the effect which it will have? If not, they should, we can tell them.

Quite a number of large corporations and mercantile firms are determined—not from idle notions of negro-equality, but from considerations—to secure hereafter labor which shall not be liable to interruption from Irish prejudices. The longshore business is going to pass into the hands of negroes. Factories and factories, whose business was interrupted by the striking of workmen who turned rioters, are going to employ, make such changes as will effectually preclude such accidents hereafter. Employers who heretofore have preferred Irishmen as laborers are now going to take into consideration the riotous propensities of the former, and for the sake of their business or—to which many will attach less and possible merit—at all events to dilute their operative force with enough colored men to secure themselves against the chance of another Irish riot. Individuals who never dreamed of employing negroes are being led by considerations of humanity and manhood to extend a helping hand to the oppressed race. And the smouldering embers of the Know-Nothing party are going again to be fanned into flame.

All this would be very unjust and unfair; but people who burn orphan asylums and murder inoffensive negroes because of their color must expect a sharp and extreme punishment.

THE LOUNGER.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Now that we can calmly contemplate the late riots, the question of responsibility can not and ought not to be evaded. Were those, then, responsible for the crimes of that July week who have insisted that the Government could not be maintained even at the sacrifice of slavery; that all good citizens ought to support the authorities; that a Government which had a right to exist at all must have the right of calling its citizens to maintain it, and that every man must consent to some temporary deprivations of privilege, and even of right, to secure the common safety? Or are they responsible who have persistently declared that the war was a war to free "niggers," that they might come to the North and be the rivals of white laborers; that the Government cared nothing for the Union, but only for the "niggers;" that it was corrupt, corrupt, and designing; that the Constitution had been abolished by it; that the only remedy for all these evils was to defeat it; that war could never settle the quarrel; and that if the ——d Abolitionists had only let "niggers" alone there never would have been any trouble?

Which of these teachings is responsible for the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum? For the hunting, beating, and savage murder of colored people? Do those who are responsible for atrocious and depraved who come to light in every lawless tumult? Is it those who have uniformly taught disbelief in the duty of obedience to authority, or is it those who have always claimed that the color of a man's skin was no excuse for outraging him, who are responsible for the cruel massacre in the blacks? Mr. Thurlow Weed says, and says truly, in his letter to Mr. Raymond: "Journalists who persistently inflame and exasperate the ignorant and lawless against the negro are morally responsible for their violence."

Who, then, are these journalists? Which class of them inflame and exasperate the lawless and ignorant against the colored race? Those who persistently declare that "niggers" are made for slaves; that they are naturally inferior to white men; that to say they have rights is to try to elevate them into the sphere of white men, for which they are not fitted; that it is an insult to white men to talk of freeing "niggers;" and that the National Administration wants to sacrifice white men to "niggers!" or those who persistently declare that the color of a man's skin is no reason for incurring him any disability, that he has precisely our rights; and that every man of every country and of every race is equally entitled to fair play? Will Mr. Weed answer which of these classes of journalists inflame and exasperate the lawless and ignorant against colored men and women?

Or would he say that the depositary articles would not be written except for those of the other papers? Perhaps so. But as there would have been no rebellion if Mr. Lincoln had not been elected President. Does Mr. Weed, therefore, reprehend his election? If the municipal legislature of the city of Albany were prostituted to the interest of rum-selling; if the rum-sellers declared that they despised all laws that did not protect rum, and the people of Albany should pass a license law, to which the rumsellers rose in armed opposition, flooding the city with blood, would Mr. Weed hold the temperance men responsible for the riot? Granting that they had expected a riot, and would have been wrought by drunkenness; granting that, impressed by the magnitude and threatening aspect of the public danger, certain men of standing and weight had devoted themselves to instructing and arousing the public, pointing out the nature and scope of the peril, and willingly enduring to be called troublesome if they could but save the city, would Mr. Weed denounce them as more responsible for the violence of the rum-sellers? Does he mean to say that the enemies of rum and the friends of order are to let the grog-shops be opened as they please, lest, if they are opposed, they will make trouble? If Mr. Weed has not forgotten that this was exactly the argument of the democratic papers in the last general election. If you persist in electing Mr. Lincoln, they said, the rebellion will succeed, his blood will flow, and you will be responsible for it. Did that argument deter Mr. Weed from voting for Mr. Lincoln? Or did he really believe he would be not despise himself? And are those who stood for Mr. Lincoln in any other way responsible for the war than a man who fights a burglar to defend his finds in his house is responsible for the disturbance?

Mr. Weed's bitter animosity against certain anti-slavery men has confused his mind. When he depicts the "philanthropic sentiment in favor of negroes as fresh fuel for his eloquence, he is guilty of a slander which no honest reader of his letter will heartily condemn. But if he really believes that Mr. Horatio Seymour and Mr. Fernando Wood are truer friends of the people than Mr. Phillips or Mr. Greeley, he is no longer a morally responsible person. For conceding what he calls the "fanaticism" of each book, the unprejudiced mind will unanimously assent to justice more pernicious to the commonwealth than persistent craft to establish injustice and perpetuate slavery? Mr. Weed's letter is worthy of his talents, in its generous gift and warm sympathy for the unfortunate. But it is utterly unworthy of his fame in its extenuation of the most wanton crime by the indiscretion of honest men.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

EVERY loyal citizen in the country is profoundly interested in the conduct of Governor Seymour of New York in a crisis so important as this. During the late riot, which was a bloody, reckless, and savage defiance of all law by the worst part of the population of this city, it was remarked that his tone was obsequious and servile; that he deprecated violence and condemning; and that he left a mob which was outraging property, destroying the public peace, and murdering people to its fiendish and unfortunate, that he had asked the Government to suspend the operation of the law. When this suggestion secretly did not avail, and the riot grew more extensive and sanguinary, and it was clear that he was dealing with desperate criminals, the Governor was still "afraid to assert his rights" to the cause." Indeed, if he had wished to encourage the mob, feel by saying it a pretext, and then by asserting it that, although he deprecated its operations irregular, he still regarded it with sympathy, his conduct would not have been different. What is the explanation of this apparent virtual complicity of the chief magistrate of New York with a fearful riot?

Mr. Seymour wishes to be the next President of the United States. He represents the vote of New York, which is his State. But as the bulk of his State vote lies in New York city, and as he knew that every other or Western State Governor who voted at all would vote for him, were he a candidate, he did not like to peril his chances by a rigorous opposition to the riot. Nor was this surprising. Mr. Seymour has never hesitated to pander to the passions and prejudices of the most ignorant class of the population. Every one was satisfy himself of this by reading his speeches. He has been shown, and upon certain occasions he politically fraternize with the mob, upon the same principle that the King of Naples prepolitized the Lazzaroni. But Mr. Seymour, the head, and politicians of their school, deeped for political success. Hence the Governor's attitude and language as he has no right whatever to call rioters his friends. Hence, also, he represents himself as the defender of constitutional law by tramp of the National Government, and implores them to disperse, telling them that they may assemble whenever they please, and insinuating that if the draft were not suspended their action would be justified. The Senate of New York was loudly and justly cheered by the men who were madly defying the laws.

Mr. Seymour's position toward the riot was precisely that he holds toward the war. That is, it must not be coerced. Coercion might exasperate, and then what chance would there be for those who counseled coercion? He wishes to be President. But he knows that if the rebellion is subdued and the Union maintained by this Administration, the friends and principles of the Administration will remain in power. His cue, therefore, is to paralyze the authorities and prolong the war, that the country may insist upon a change. Hence if a Democratic riot breaks out at home, it naturally simultaneously with our successes over the rebellion, it

disheartens the loyal, and delights the rebels and their friends. The riot checks the suppression of the rebellion, and must therefore not be itself sternly suppressed, but entreated and toyed with. "Don't shoot the citizens," says the Chief Magistrate. "Don't use guns, use clubs, they are softer than bullets," says the Chief Magistrate's newspaper. This riot is a "popular uprising," a "movement of the people," say the Governor and his newspaper. This riot is "good," it is "most excellent," echo the rebel journals in Richmond.

Obviously Mr. Seymour's *rôle* has two difficulties: the first is, to direct the "popular uprising" that it shall have the dignity of a real revolution, and not become an orgy of pillage and massacre, having no relation whatever to the draft; the second is, when the State is formally arrayed against the Union, to persuade the citizens of New York that they ought to take part with their State against their country. The citizens of this State who compose the State militia are now the citizens of the United States. If an armed conflict of allegiance should arise, how would they fight? That is a question for the chief magistrate and for every citizen to ponder, and its solution will depend upon the quality of the loyal sentiment of the State. If New York holds to secession, it would, in such a conflict, side with Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wood. If it believe in the national Union it would not side with those gentlemen.

"THE GREAT CAPTAIN."

THE rebel papers, when swelling with success, have been very fond of applying this name to Lee, or Stonewall Jackson, or some other of their military commanders. And it has not been unfashionable, even among loyal men, to regret that the military ability seated in so much evil should be wasted.

But certainly General Lee is rather a small specimen of the great captain. He has fought two battles at Fredericksburg, where he was in the one superbly intrenched, and in the other he fought with an army whose leader had lost his self-command. In these two battles he was the victor. Twice, also, he has marched with a great flourish of European *éclat*, and, God-protected, captured across the Potomac—and twice, not to put too fine a point upon it, he has been kicked back again. While General Jackson lived, Lee, indeed, seemed to be a "great captain." Lee was the superior in rank, but it was Stonewall Jackson who came rushing down the Shenandoah. It was Stonewall Jackson who came hurrying in upon the Peninsula. It was Stonewall Jackson who fought Pope. And it was again Stonewall Jackson who flanked Hooker. Since Stonewall Jackson died, the history of the "great captain" Lee begins and ends at Gettysburg.

Jackson's exploits were those of an active, impetuous partisan leader. He moved his division rapidly. He appeared at unexpected points at unlooked-for times, and his appearance was always effective. But there is nothing in Jackson's career, no vast operations, no large command, no comprehensive movement, which can justify the epithet of "a great captain." These qualities must be sought, and will be found among the generals of the Union.

The operations before Vicksburg, with the final movement of a flying column from one base to another through the enemy's country, the investment and capture of the city, indicate a military grasp and penetration and agility in handling men of which there has not been a trace in the career of any rebel soldier. The Louisiana campaign of General Banks, ending in the siege and capture of Port Hudson, is a chapter of unchecked brilliancy, in strategy and useful art. The Tennessee campaigns of the "great captain" Lee have been ludicrous and futile. The turning the tide of battle at Murfreesboro, and the rushing preparation which won a victory without a struggle in the summer campaign of Rosecrans in Southern Tennessee, is unparalleled in the whole military history of the rebellion. Against these prodigious and vital movements the rashes of Jackson, rapid and telling as they were, are but little episodes, and the pompous performances of Lee and Beauregard are merely amusing. The illiberality of Mississippi and of Tennessee, and the victor of Lee and his horse, are thus far the "great captains" of this war.

A TRANSPARENT MASK.

IT is always useless and uncomfortable to wear a mask after you are discovered; and it is therefore a spectacle appealing to the liveliest sympathies of the humane, that of the persistent with which the Copperhead journals and orators affect concern for the safety of the Union and Government.

If it were not perfectly well known that they justified secession when it inaugurated rebellion, and when they thought the country would be obliged to submit—if it were not equally known that they hate the political party in power much more than they hate the rebellion—if they did not quite as frankly declare that the Government has violated the Constitution as flagrantly as the rebels—if they did not so plainly show that they prefer disunion rather than a restoration of the Union with emancipation—if they were not so constantly overwhelmed with admiration of the rebels' gallantry, and the dignity of the "Confederate" Government, and the valor of the "Confederate" army —if they ever had any words but bitter and scornful censure for our own Government, or ever sought to inspire the public mind with patriotic hope and energy and faith—if they betrayed the least love of the great doctrine of human liberty, which is the cornerstone of the American Government, or valued any clause of the Constitution but those which painfully and obscurely recognize the fact of slavery—if they did not so magnify our reverses and belittle our triumphs—it might be useful for their purpose still to wear the mask of loyalty.

But when they ruffle their plumes with so fine a show of moral indignation, and demand to know whether American citizens are to be told by their fellows that they are not loyal without resenting it, the only difficulty with the showy performance is that every honest man in the land knows it to be a part of the game. It is the way in which they serve the rebellion. They affect a feverish solicitude for the Constitution, in order that the Constitution may be more surely overthrown. They claim to be Union men, distinctively, that they may resist all specific measures for its salvation. They declaim against military necessity, in order that a wily and unscrupulous foe may have every advantage. They defame the Government, that it may not seem to be worth fighting for. They denounce it as a despotism, that there may be loss, blood, and war in the free States. They assume a high regard for personal liberty and rights, in order that the cardinal liberty and rights of the unfortunate may be annihilated. They call themselves friends of the United States Government, and every thing they say or do is hailed with joy by its enemies. They claim to be supporters of order and law, and employ riots and riots under their auspices. They will wear the mask still, however transparent, because none are always deceived. But if Jeff Davis should find triumphant entrance to Government to-morrow, they would kneel before him, throwing down the mask no longer needed, and humbly praying for the reward they have fairly earned from him and from every other enemy of their country.

FOREIGN WAR.

WHETHER the wolf of foreign intervention is really coming at last, after the incessant alarms of the last two years, is quite as doubtful as ever. It is not indeed, the usual custom of nations to wait until an adversary has fully proved his strength before attacking him. Moreover, the only pretense that could be urged for recognizing the revolted part of a friendly country as an independent power is removed by the success of the Government. Unless, therefore, we suppose that England and France are confident that we mean to seize the moment of domestic entanglement to declare war upon them, and that they therefore wish to begin war against us before we are fully released from our difficulties, we have no reason to suppose that we are in danger of a foreign war.

But France in condition to enter upon the conquest of this continent? Does her situation in Europe justify a great American war? Or is England likely to join her in an Anti-American alliance? Again, does England wish a great war? Is not her present resolution to spend no more money, and did not the Crimean war so increase the weight of her taxes as to render war with us a dangerous experiment? Do not England and France know perfectly well that, in case of universal war, Russia is our ally, and that a vast popular revolution would immediately develop itself throughout Europe?

If we will destroy ourselves, John Bull will enjoy the spectacle he has long wished. But even to gratify his insolent and sullen selfishness he will hardly dare to attack us just as we have made ourselves a military nation.

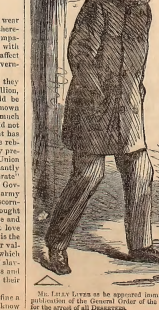
HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

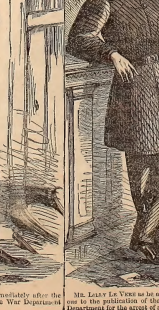
"HAVE I not offered you every advantage?" said a debtor justly to his creditor. "Oh yes," replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking advantage of my own father."

It is as important in guarding your secrets as in protecting your treasure to keep your chest locked.

A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of Champagne—still and sparkling.



MR. LILLY LYES as he appeared immediately after the publication of the Emancipation Order of the War Department for the arrest of all Deserters.



MR. LILLY LE VERE as he appeared in New York previous to the publication of the Emancipation Order of the War Department for the arrest of all Deserters.

VARIETY.

(LINES BY A YOUNG LADY.)

When I regard that plumage gay,
By Nature's bounty all conferred,
I often feel disposed to say,
Would I were clothed as yonder bird!

But oh, that moulting! To appear
In dishabille until 'twas over,
To get a dress but once a year,
And wear one fashion forever!

When I consider all those things,
I check the wish that seems absurd,
And sigh no more for golden wings—
I'd not be clothed like yonder bird.

MOTTOES.—A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it"—a prosperous man's, "Win gold and share it"—a miser's, "Win gold and spare it"—a profligate's, "Win gold and flare it"—a fool's, "Win gold and lend it"—a forger's, "Win gold and cut it"—a gambler's, "Win gold and loo it"—a thief's, "Win gold and use it."

CHANCE FOR SPECULATION.—An amateur materialist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the "brute he'd be."

A dandy a few mornings since accosted the carrier of Peckham as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, please my master."

QUESTION FOR ETYMOLOGISTS.—Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

"There, now it's done, and can't be *helped*," as the cook said when she had roasted and eaten her mother's chicken.

"YOU are very pressing," as the fiberl said to the motorcheese.

The most musical county in Scotland.—The county of Fife.

A land-slide may be said to be a fine specimen of "ground tumbling."

The table which was "set in a rear" has been presented as an ornament to the lions' cage at the Regent's Park Gardens.

Wanted, by a curiosity collector, the horns of an Irish "bull."

Not long since one of the field-officers of the 1st Blankshire Volunteers found it up to head-quarters, his horse receiving with from him hard riding, dismounted, and threw the reins to Giles, saying, "I feel like you." "Is he not too warm to feed now?" inquired Giles. "No, you may feed him now with impunity." "Impunity? Quarter-master Jones has furnished the most quantity of forage, but may I speak of impunity?"

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends his force her. The best bean is dangerous.

LEARNING.—"Ah," said old Mrs. Rosenberry, "learning is a great thing. I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only now the name of three months in the year; and there's the spring, fall, and autumn; I learnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl."

A certain gentleman in the West of England being at the point of death, a neighboring brother, who had some interest with him, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the sick man, after no other request, asked him, "Will you be a brother, friend, and send his wanted his death. "No, sir, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake; it is your *living* I wanted."

THE CLIMAX.—A clergyman in Wisconsin, one Sunday, read in his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts—the first should be terrible, the second horrible, the third the terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, he exclaimed in a startling of warning tone:

"What's that I see there?" Still louder, "What's that I see there?" Here a little old woman in black cried out, with thrill treble tone:

"It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite nobody."

All mercantile houses, where the duties are well attended to, are sure to have their counting-houses.

It is easier to make up one's mind to early rising than one's body.

A reverend dean, convoinked of his wine, descanting on the extraordinary performance of a blind man, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "No wonder, Sir," replied a waiter canny: "for I have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon."

A fellow having been adjudged, on a conviction of perjury, to lose his ears, when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found that he had been entirely cropped. The fellow, astonished a little surprised, "What," said the criminal, with all the coolness imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you are pleased to crop me?"

MRS. Partington is delighted that Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with Foreign Greece. She says she always thought he had much better stick to his native Isle.

In the way of pointing a rea!l's biography it is remarked that all's well if a croft ends a swell as he begun.

Conscience is a Monitor, but the Monitors in most seasons are iron-clad.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

NOTHING quite positive is known of the position of the two great armies of the Potomac. It is understood, however, that while we hold the upper pieces of the monopoly, Lee's and Longstreet's corps have escaped through Chester and Thoroughfare Gap into Eastern Virginia. Our forces are said to be in pursuit, and skirmishing goes on daily. A report is current that Lee is at or near Culpeper.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON.

WE give an account elsewhere of the unsuccessful attack of General Gilmore on Fort Wagner on 18th. It would appear that the bombardment was steadily maintained from that time to the 25th. The rebels say that on 25th "The fire from the batteries of Fort Wagner was still progressing, and was answered by Fort Wagner and Fort Gregg." The National forces are said to have two batteries on Morris Island, and to have strengthened their position." On the 26th the firing was heard by a passing vessel. It was heavy and continuous.

ON THE LEFT FRONT FROM GRANT.

JOE Johnston evacuated Jackson on the night of the 16th, and marched out with his army, and retreating east. General Sherman, however, entered the city on the morning of the 17th, and found it deserted, but in ashes, water, and general disorganization. On 23d General Sherman was at Brandon, and General Sherman's cavalry was scouring the country across the Big Black. General McPherson's corps on the Vicksburg for the South on 23d. It was said for Richmond.

CAPTURE OF MORGAN.

MORGAN is captured his last—himself and the whole of his command. On the morning of 26th ult. Major Way, with 950 of the Michigan Cavalry, overtook Morgan at New Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, and routed him, capturing 746 prisoners, Morgan himself, however, escaping with 360 men. Morgan was subsequently captured by General Shackelford near New Lisbon, and taken to Columbus, Ohio, where he was confined in Colonel Streight and his officers who are in close confinement in Secession in the charge of having armed negroes.

MOVEMENTS OF ROSECRANS.

IN the Richmond *Enquirer* of 26th ult. is a dispatch from Bristol, Tennessee, which reports that Gen. Field was General Rosecrans is organizing an expedition against the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad at Bridgeport, Alabama.

Rosecrans himself has been in Nashville, reviewing troops and inspecting hospitals.

AN EXPEDITION TO NATCHEZ.

General Rosecrans's expedition to Natchez was of much importance, and attended with the most gratifying results. Starting in the Mississippi with a fleet of ten vessels, a considerable number of prisoners, and a number of cannon, and with ammunition, provisions, &c. for Kirby Smith.

FOSTER'S NORTH CAROLINA RAID.

GENERAL Foster's official report of the results of the expedition into North Carolina has been published as the War Department. In addition to the railroad bridge at Goldsboro', which is 1,400 feet long, and the trestle bridge which it will take weeks to replace, and the rolls, bolt and spike factory already mentioned, our forces destroyed an engine and a train of cars, twenty-five wagons loaded with clothing, ammunition, and other warlike stores; and at Tarboro, two steamboats and one iron-clad in process of construction, besides a saw-mill, a train of cars, and large quantities of substances and estimated that the value of the property destroyed was appraised, and some three hundred horses and mules and three hundred prisoners. And all this with a loss of but killed, wounded, and missing, of only about twenty-five men, though one officer and seventeen men were captured.

ANOTHER REBEL INVASION.

THERE is another invasion reported from Kentucky. A severe skirmish took place at Richmond on 28th, in which a small National force was compelled to fall back to the Kentucky River, and the report is current that the rebel force regards the advance-guard of Bragg's army, which is advancing on Lexington.

OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE 1st. Louis *Democrat* of Tuesday says:

The steamer *Continental*, Captain Patrick Yore—the first boat at this port for New Orleans since the passage of the Mississippi River—is advertised to leave for below immediately. The *Continental* received orders to load for New Orleans with Government freight yesterday afternoon. No one was allowed on to the steamers who were not in possession of passes. The event marks an important era, and is hoped will speedily be followed by the departure of other steamers, and a general resumption of business between this port and the Crescent City.

FIGHT AT ELK CREEK.

ON the 14th a severe fight occurred at Elk Creek, fifty miles south of Fort Gibson, between the National forces under General Blunt, numbering 3,000 men, with twelve pieces of artillery, and the rebels under General Cooper, numbering 6,000, mostly Indians, supported four of the rebels. General Blunt marched fifty miles in twenty-four hours, and attacked Cooper immediately. Two rebel guns were dismounted and captured, and the enemy briefly fled, pursued by our forces.

A REBEL PAST.

THE rebel press indeed a proclamation appointing the 15th of August as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

OFFICIAL statements show that the total public debt of the United States on the 1st July was $1,097,690,644, less by over $76,000,000 than anticipated by the Secretary of the Treasury last December.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ROEBUCK BACKS DOWN.

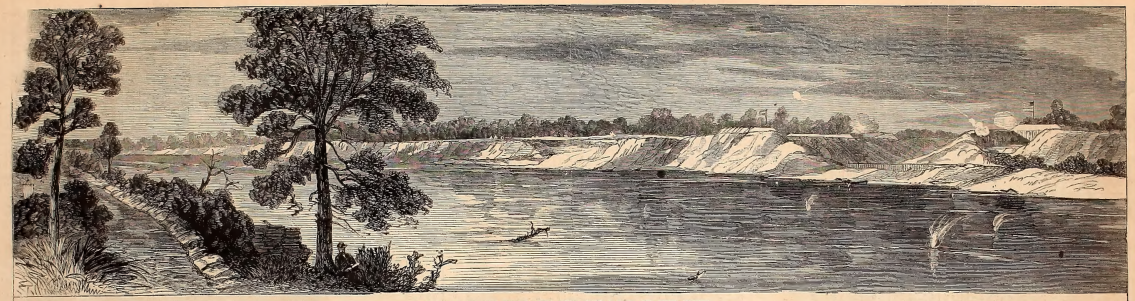
AT the instance of Lord Palmerston, Roebuck has withdrawn his motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy after a lively debate.

MEXICO.

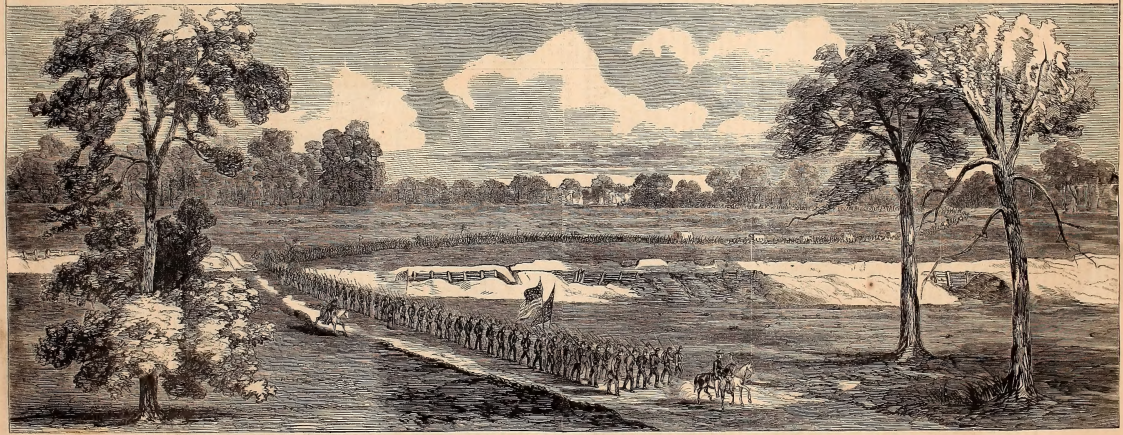
AN EMPEROR WANTED.

ON 10th July the Assembly of Notables, being duly assembled by a proper convocation, declared unanimously, with the exception of two votes, that the Mexican Nation, through them, selected the Empire as the form of Government, and through them proclaimed the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, Emperor of Mexico; and that, should his Highness refuse the throne thus offered him, they implored the Emperor Napoleon to name the person on whom he had sufficient to occupy the throne of Mexico.

The Assembly of Notables is a party of reaction and bandits got together by Free the French General.



PORT HUDSON FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE RIVER.



THE UNION FORCES ENTERING THE BREAST-WORKS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF PORT HUDSON, JULY 9, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 497.]



ABRAHAM, WHO WAS BLOWD "FREE" MILE IN DE AIR.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—HUTS ON THE HILL-SIDE.

VICKSBURG.

WE publish in this number two remaining pictures from Vicksburg, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. One of them represents the man

WHO WAS BLOWED "FREE" MILE IN DE AIR.

Mr. Davis writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON,
July 1, 1863.

"This negro, the only person who escaped with his life at the time the mine under Fort Hill exploded, was at work with a number of the rebel soldiery sinking a shaft for the purpose of discovering any gallery that might have been run by our miners beneath their works.

"The negro was blown a distance of nearly three hundred yards, and was, when picked up, in a most disturbed state of mind:

"'De Lord, massa'—quoth he—'I tink neber should light—yah, yah! went up 'bout free mile. As a white man when I start where wese going, and de next I know'd he was just nowhere but all ever.'

"While sketching Abraham the officers gathered around, and the numerous queries put to him were rather wittily responded to.

"Finishing the sketch, he scrutinized it for a moment, then broke into a 'Yah, yah! de Lord, dis chile shore—Massa give me a quarter!'

"One of General M'Pherson's staff, Colonel Coolbaugh, bestowed a silver half upon the delighted African, who made tracks for the negro quarters near in a style showing that he was but little the worse for his aerial voyage."

The other picture shows us the traits which our troops erected in the sides of the hills to shelter them from the fierce June sun—a very striking picture. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE CANE HUTS IN THE HILL-SIDE.

"Without tents, our men are reduced to all sorts of expedients for shelter, camped, too, within musket-shot of the enemy. In every hill-side near our works may be seen such scenes as are shown in the sketch that I send. Shelter and bed are made of the cane that grows so abundantly every where in this region. It furnishes excellent shelter and a comfortable bed, as I, who have slept many nights on one, can testify."

OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE reproduce on this page a sketch, by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, of this interesting event, which may strictly be termed historical. The New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following description of it:

"The whole town was thrown into a state of pleasing excitement on Thursday last, just after the *Creole* sailed, by the sudden appearance at the levee of the large steamboat *Imperial*, just in from St. Louis. She came down freighted with some 600 head of cattle, part of a large haul that was made at Natchez a short time ago. She had a pleasant, unmolested trip all the way down, and reported the river perfectly quiet between this and St. Louis."



THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI—ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER "IMPERIAL" AT NEW ORLEANS FROM ST. LOUIS, JULY 16, 1863.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.]

"The *Imperial* is an immense, showy vessel, one of the first-class river steamers, which completely dwarfs the *Laurel Hill*, *Empire Parish*, and others that we have been long accustomed to look upon as leviathans. But it was not her size nor fine equipments which impressed the eager multitudes who thronged to see her; it was the fact that she was the *first freight boat which had ventured down the Mississippi since the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson*; and there are few who gazed upon her proud form saw in her the embodiment of reawakened commerce with the Mississippi Valley. She staid in New Orleans not long enough to receive the greetings of hundreds, and then went on to Carrollton, near the city, where she unloaded her living freight only.

"The speedy arrival of this vessel here—so immediately following the capture of the rebel stronghold—ranks as significant a story of the downfall of the rebellion as would the destruction of a rebel army. Let Commerce once resume her accustomed channels, and all the eloquence of BELIAL himself will not persuade the people of the South to continue the horrid pastime of cutting their brothers' throats—for what?—merely that JEFF DAVIS and his handful of wily oligarchs shall retain power to control their bands of human cattle, and build up on this Continent a temple of Despotism upon the ruins of human liberty."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXV.

To return to the Bank: Skinner came back from the Dodd that miserable afternoon in a state of genuine agitation and regret. He was human, and therefore mixed; and their desolation had touched him.

The footman told him Mr. Hardie was not at home; gone to London, he believed. Skinner walked away directly. What did this mean? Had he left the country?

He smiled at his fears, and felt positive Mr. Hardie had visited the servants, and was quietly waiting for him in the Bank parlor.

It was now dusk: he went round to that little dark nook of the garden the parlor window looked on, and tapped: there was no reply; the room looked empty. He tried the sash: it yielded: Mr. Hardie had been too occupied with changing another's property to take common precautions in defense of his own; never in his life before had he neglected to fasten the iron shutters with his own hand, and to-day he had left the very window unfastened. This augured ill. "He is off: he has done me along with the rest," thought Skinner. He stepped into the room, found a lucifer box, shut the shutters, lighted a candle, and went peering about among the Bank clerk's papers, to see if he could find a clew to his intentions: and, as he pottered and peered, he quaked as well: a detector by dishonest means feels thief-like; and is what he feels. He made some little discoveries, that guided him in his own conduct; he felt more and more sure his employer would outwit him if he could; and resolved it should be diamond cut diamond.

The church clock struck six.

He started at the hour, crept out, and closed the window softly: then away by the garden gate.

A light was still burning in Alfred's room, and at this Skinner had another touch of compunction: "There is one won't sleep this night, along of our work," thought he.

At three next afternoon Mr. Hardie reappeared.

He had gone up to town to change the form of the deposit:—He took care to think of it as a deposit still—form of deposit being more complete, the withdrawal incomplete, and by no fault of his, for he had offered it back; but Fate and Accident had disposed.—He had converted the notes into gold direct, and the bills into gold through notes; this was like going into the river to hide his head. Next process: he would get gold into £500 notes; and came flying home with them.

His return was greeted by Skinner with a sigh of relief. Hardie heard it, interpreted it aright, and sent for him into the parlor: and there told him, with a little affectation of frankness, what he had done: then asked significantly if there was any news at Albion Villa.

Skinner, in reply, told Mr. Hardie of the distress he had witnessed up at Albion Villa: "And, Sir," said he, lowering his voice, "Mr. Alfred helped carry the body up stairs.—In a nice mess altogether, Sir, when you come to think!"

"Ah! all the better," was the cool reply, "he will be useful to let us know what we want; he will tell Dodd and Jane me. You don't think he will live, do you?"

"Live! no: and then who will know the money is lost?"

"Who should know? Did not he say he had just landed, and been shipwrecked? Shipwrecked mute do not bring fourteen thousand pounds ashore." The speaker's eyes sparkled; Skinner watched him demurely. "Skinner," said he, solemnly, "I believe my daughter *Jane* is right; and that Providence really interferes sometimes in the affairs of this world; you know how I have struggled, to save my family from disgrace and poverty: those struggles have failed in a great degree: but Heaven has seen them, and saved this money from the sea, and dropped it into my very hands to retrieve my fortunes with. "I must be grateful: spend a portion of it in charity; and rear a ugly misgiving had flitted through his mind.

And his crest-fallen countenance showed some ugly misgiving had flashed on him quite suddenly.

"What, Sir? what?" asked Skinner, eagerly. "The receipt?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The receipt? Oh, is that all? you have got that," said Skinner, very coolly.

"What makes you think so?" inquired the other, keenly. He instantly suspected Skinner of having it.

"Why, Sir, I saw it in his hand."

"Then is has got to Albion Villa; and we are ruined."

"No, no, Sir; you won't hear me: I am sure I saw it fall out of his hand when he was taken ill: and, I think, but I won't be sure, he fell on it. Any way, I have not seen it since in his hands when I delivered him at Albion Villa; so it must be here: I dare say you have thrown it into a drawer or somewhere, promiscuously."

"No, no, Skinner," said Mr. Hardie, with increasing alarm: "it is useless for us to deceive ourselves: I was not more mistaken in the room, and thought of nothing but getting to town and cashing the bills."

He rung the bell sharply, and on Betty coming in asked her what she had done with that paper that was on the floor.

"I took it up and put it on the table, Sir. This was it, I think." And she laid her finger upon a memorandum.

"No, no!" said Mr. Hardie: "the one I mean was much smaller than that."

"Why," said she with that astonishing memory for trifles people have, who never read, "was it a little crumpled up paper? lying by the basket?"

"Yes! yes! that sounds like it."

"Oh, I put that into the basket."

Mr. Hardie's eye fell directly on the basket, but it was empty. She caught his glance, and told him she had emptied it in the dust-hole as usual. Mr. Hardie drew a deep breath of relief. Betty, an old servant of his wife's, resented it with due dignity by tossing her head as she retired.

"There is no help for it," said Mr. Hardie, bitterly; "we must go and grub in the dustbin, now."

"Why, Sir, your name is not on it after all."

"What does that matter? A man is bound by the act of his partner, and I am that very form, and my initials are on it. Come, let us put a good face on the thing." And he led the way to the kitchen: and Betty, with a little laugh, and asked the scullery maid if she could show Mr. Skinner and him the dust-hole. She stared, but obeyed, and the pair followed her, making merry.

The dust-hole was empty.

The girl explained: "It is the dustman's day: he came at eleven o'clock in the morning and carr'd all the dust away: and grumbled at the paper and the bones he found. So I told him beggars mustn't be choosers: just like his impudence! when he gets it for nothing, and sells it for a mint outside the gates. Those unwonted visitors left her in dead silence almost before she had finished her sentence.

Mr. Hardie sat down in his parlor thoroughly discomposed; Skinner watched him fortively.

At last the former broke out: "This is the devil's doing: I'm not a person. No intelligence nor ability can resist such luck. I almost wish we had never parted with it: we shall never feel safe, never be safe."

Skinner made light of the matter—treated the receipt as burned into the sea. "Why, Sir," said he, "by this time it will have found its way to that monstrous heap of ashes on the London road; and who will ever think to look there? or notice it if they find it?" Hardie shook his head: "That monstrous heap is all sold every year to the contractors, Skinner, worth £14,000 to me, will be strewed on the soil for manure; then some farmer's man, or farmer's boy that goes to the contractor's will read it, see Captain Dodd's name, and bring it to Albion Villa in hopes of a sixpence; a sixpence. Heaven help the man who trusts to accidental act, and leaves damatory evidence, on paper, kicking about the world."

From that hour the cash Hardie carried in his bosom, without a right to it, began to blister.

He thought of telling the dustman he had lost a paper, and setting on the monstrous mountain of ashes on the London Road: but here caution stepped in; how could he describe the paper without awakening curiosity, and defeating his own end? He gave that up. It was better to let the sleeping dog lie.

Finally, he thought the security in a world where after all one has to buy every thing; so he employed an adroit agent, and quietly purchased that mountain, by the cart or shaking, ton. But he felt so ill used, he paid for it in his own notes; by this means the treaty reverted to the primitive form of barter:* shaking for rags.

This transaction he concealed from his confederate.

When he had completed it, he was not yet secure; for another day had passed, and Captain Dodd alive still. Men often recover from apoplexy, especially when they survive the first twenty-four hours. Should he live, he would not now come into any friendly arrangement with the man who had so nearly caused his death. So then good-by to the matrimonial combination Hardie had at first relied on to patch his debt to Alfred, and his broken fortunes.

Then as to keeping the money and defying Dodd, that would be very difficult and dangerous; mercantile bills are traceable things: and criminal prosecutions awkward ones. He found himself in a situation he could not see his way through by any mental effort; there were so many objections to every course, and so many to its opposite. "He walked among fires," as the Latins say. But the more he pondered on the course to be taken should Dodd live, the plainer did this dilemma stare him in the face; either he must refund, fly to the country with another man's money, and leave behind him the name of a thief. Parental love, and the remains of self-respect, revolted at this thought; and with these combined a sentiment less genuine, but by no means feeble—the love of reputation. So it was with a relenting and sick heart he went to the shipping-office, and peered at the posters, to see when the next ship sailed for the United States. Still the day.

Intent on his own schemes, and expecting every day to be struck in front, he did not observe that a man in a rusty velveteen coat followed him, and observed this act; and indeed all his visible acts.

Another perplexity was, when he should break. There were objections to doing it immediately; and objections to putting it off.

With all this he was in a ferment: by day he sat waiting and fearing, by night he lay sleepless and thinking; and, though his stoical countenance gave no sign, composure, the furrows deepened in it, and the iron nerves began to twitch at times, from strain of mind and want of sleep, and that rusty velveteen. Not a night that he did not awaken a dozen times from his brief doze with a start, and a dread of exposure by some mysterious, unforeseen, means.

It is remarkable how truths sometimes flash on men at night in hours of nervous excitement: it was in one of these nightly reveries that Dodd's pockets-book flashed back upon Mr. Hardie. He saw it before his eyes quite plain, and on the inside of the leather cover a slip of paper pasted, and written on in pencil or pale ink, he could not tell which.

What was that writing? It might be the numbers of the notes, the description of the bills. Why had he not looked? Was the dying man's pocket? "Fool! fool!" he groaned; "to do any thing by halves."

Another night he got a far severer shock. Lying in his bed dozing, and muttering, as usual, he was suddenly startled out of that uneasy slumber by three tremendous knocks at the street door.

He sprang out of bed, and in his confusion made sure Dodd was dead, justice were come for him: he began to huddle on his clothes with a vague notion of flight.

He had got on his trowsers and slippers, and was looking under his pillow for the fatal cash, when he heard himself called loudly and respectfully by name, and the usual cries came from the garden into which his bedroom looked. He opened it very softly, in trepidation and wonder, which was increased by what met his eyes; for there, right in front of his window, stood an unearthly figure; corresponding in every particular to the figure of a ghost in which we are reared, and which, when our nerves are healthy, we can ridicule as it deserves; but somehow or other, in the moment of our imagination so thoroughly as it is out of our judgment.

The figure was white as a sheet, and seemed supernaturally tall: it called out in a voice like a wounded lion's, "You villain! you Hardie! give me back my money: my fourteen thousand pounds, my children's money, or may your children die before your eyes: give me my darlings' money; or may the eternal curse of God light on you and yours, you scoundrel!"

And the figure kneeled on the grass, and repeated the terrible invocation almost in the same words; that Hardie shrank back, and, resolute as he was, cowered with superstitious awe.

But this impression was in no way to violate fears; the man would alarm the town. And in fact Mr. Hardie, in the midst of his agitation, was dimly conscious of hearing a window open softly, not very far from him. But it was a dark night. He put his head out in great agitation, and whispered hoarsely: "Hush! I'll hear it all: it you down directly."

Internally cursing his hard fate, he got on, went to early, and his cost; hunted for the key of the Bank parlor, and, having found it, went softly down the stairs, unlocked the door, and went to early and his cost.

At this moment his ear caught a murmur; a low buzzing of voices in the garden.

He instantly thought that Captain Dodd was exposing him to some of the townspeople; he was puzzled, angry, and alarm, like a cautious man, as he was, remained passive, but on the watch.

Presently the voices were quiet, and he heard footsteps come very slowly toward the window at which he stood, and then make for the little gate. He crept into the back kitchen, which faced the street, and got to a window there, and listened. His only idea was to catch their intentions, if possible, and regulate them accordingly. He dared not open the window; for above him on the pavement he saw a female figure half standing half kneeling; but soon that figure rushed wildly out of his sight to meet the footsteps, and then he ventured to open the window, and, listening, heard cries of despair and a young heart-broken voice say her father was dead.

"Ah! —that is all right," muttered Hardie.

Still even this profound egotist was not yet so hardened but that he felt one chill of horror at himself for the thought; a passing chill.

He listened and listened; and by-and-by he heard the slow feet recommence their journey, amidst sobs and sighs; and those sorrowful feet, and the sobs and sighs of his causing, got fainter and fainter, retreated, and left him in quiet possession of the fourteen thousand pounds he had brought down to give it up: two minutes ago it was not worth as many pence to him.

He drew a long breath of relief. "I'll raise; I am to keep it is the will of Heaven."

Poor Heaven!

He went to his bed again, and by a resolute effort composed himself, and determined to sleep. And in fact he was just dropping off, when suddenly he started wide awake again: for it recurred to him vividly that a window in his house had opened, while David was cursing him and denouncing his children's money.

Whose window?

Half a dozen people and more slept on that side of the house.

Whose window could it be?

He walked among fires.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LITTLE crowd of persons stood in front of the old Bank, that many said it would come round, it must come round, in a month or two of it. Hardie's unfortunate clients recognized in the above a mere formula to let them down by degrees: they had even many times paid 19s. in the £ on a dividend of sixpence in the pound.

Before the day closed the scene at the Bank door was heart-rending: respectable persons, reduced to pauperism in their one day, kept arriving and telling their fellow-sufferers their little all was with Hardie, and nothing behind but the work-house or the alms-house: ruined mothers came and held up their ruined children to the Bank clerks to see; and the doors were hammered at, and the house as well as the Bank was beleaguered by a weeping, wailing, despairing crowd.

But, like an idle wave beating on a rock, all this human misery dashed itself in vain against the Bank: heavy walls and shutters, hard to them as his very heart.

The next day they mobbed Alfred and hissed him at the backdoor. Jane was too stunned and too frightened to stir out. Mr. Hardie sat calmly putting the finishing strokes to his fabricated balance-sheet.

Some innocent and excited victims went to the mayor for redress; to the aldermen, the magistrates, in vain.

Toward afternoon the Banker's cool contempt for his benefactors, whose lives he had darkened, received a heavier check: a brick-bat or two was flung at the Bank shutters: this ferocious blow made him start, and the place rattle: it was the signal for a volley; and though the first brick went the windows of the house, and in came the stones starring the mirrors, upsetting the chairs, scoring the papered walls, chipping the mantelpieces, shivering the bell-glasses and statuettes, and strewing the room with dirty pebbles, and small fragments and glittering nuts.

Hardie winced: this was the sort of appeal to touch him. But soon he recovered his sang froid: "Fools!" said he, "I'm much obliged to you; now I'm in the right and you are in the wrong." And he put himself under protection of the police: and fee'd them so royally that they were zealous on his behalf, and rough and dictatorial even with those sufferers who came to him to moan and lament and hold up their ruined children: "You *must* move on, you! Misery," said the Police, "must move on right; Misery can't be relieving by stopping the way; nothing by bemoaning itself.

But if the Banker, naturally egotistical, and now entirely wrapped in his own plans, and fears, and well-earned torments, was deaf to this anguish of his victims, there were others in his house who felt it keenly and deeply. Alfred and Jane were heart-broken: they sat hand in hand in a little room, down closer by compulsion, and now and then came at their door; and the tears of pity ran down their own cheeks hot with shame; and Alfred said to Jane, "I will not be a Shylock: a vow to pay every shilling his father owed these poor people—before he died. It was like him, and like his fatherly age: at whose feet and on the generous can command, in imagination, the means to do kindred deeds.

Soon he found, to his horror, that he had seen but a small per-centage of the distress his father had caused; the greater griefs, as usual, were studied by statisticians and legislators.

Mr. Esgar, a respectable merchant, had heavy engagements, to meet which his money lay at the Bank. Living at a distance he did not hear the news till near dinner-time: and he had promised to take his daughters to a ball that night. He did so; left them there; went home, packed up their clothes and valuables, and next day levanted with them to America, taking all the money he could scrape together in London: and so he passed his ruin on to others. Esgar was one of those who wear their honesty long; but loose: it was his first disloyal act in business: "Dishonesty made me dishonest," was his excuse. Valeat quantum.

John Shaw, a steady footman, had saved and saved, from twenty-one years old to thirty-eight, for "Footmen's Paradise," a public house. He

* Or exchange of commodities without the aid of money: see Homer, and Welsh Villages, passim.

was now engaged to a comely barmaid, who sympathized with him therein, and he had just concluded a bargain for the "Rose and Crown" in the suburbs. Unluckily—for him—the money had not been paid over. The blow-fell: he lost his all; not his money only, but his wasted life. He could not be 21 again: so he hanged himself within forty-eight hours, and was buried by the parish grumbling a little, pitying none.

James and Peter Gilpin, William Scott, and Joel Paine, were poor fishermen, and Anglo-Saxon heroes; that's heroes with an eye to the main chance; they risked their lives at sea to save a ship and get salvage; failing there they risked their lives all the same, like fine fellows as they were, to save the crew. They succeeded as they were, to save the crew. They succeeded but rained their old boat. A subscription was raised, and prospered so, that a boat-builder built them a new one on tick, price eighty-five pounds; and the publicans said "Drink, boys, drink; the subscription will cover all: it is up to £21 already." The subscription money was swallowed with the rest, and the Anglo-Saxon heroes hauled to prison.

Doctor Phillips, aged 74, warned by growing infirmities, had sold a tidy practice, with house, furniture, and good-will, for a fair price; and put it in the bank, awaiting some investment. The money was gone now, and the poor old doctor, with a wife and daughter and a crutch, was at once a pauper and an exile: for he had come under the usual condition, not to practice within so many miles of his successor. He went to the nearest, and begged permission to be his assistant at a small, small, salary. "I want a youngster man," was the reply. Then he went begging to his old patients, and begged a few half guineas to get him a horse and chaise and keep him over the first months in his new place. They gave him, in the most of them were sufferers too by Hardie, and all they gave him did but buy a donkey and cart; and with that he and his wife trotted sadly to a village ten miles distant from the place where all his life had been spent in comfort and good credit. The poor old gentleman often looked back from his cart at the church spires of Barkington.

> From seventeen till now almost fourscore,
> There lived he, but now lived there no more.
> At seventeen many their fortunes seek:
> But at fourscore it is too old a week.

Arrived at his village he had to sell his donkey, and trust to his crutch. And so Infirmity crept about begging leave to cure Disease—and with what success may be inferred from this: Miss Phillips, a lady-like girl of eighteen, was taken up by Farmer Giles before Squire Langton, for stealing turnips out of a field: the farmer was hard, and his losses in Hardie's bank had made him bitter hard: so the poor girl's excuse, that she could not let her father starve, had no effect on him: to the gaol she should go.*

Took to the national row, and went to the national dogs, Thomas Fisher, a saving tinman, and a bachelor: so I expect we pity by the rule.

To the same goal, by the same road, dragging their families, went the Rev. Henry Scudamore, a curate; Philip Hall, a linen-draper; Peter Pratt, a shoemaker; Simon Harris, a greengrocer; and a few more: but the above were all prudent, laborious men, who took a friendly glass, but seldom exceeded, until Hardie's bankruptcy drove them to the devil of drink for comfort.

Turned professional chief, Joseph Locke, working locksmith, who had just saved money enough to buy a shop, and good-will; and now lost it every penny.

Turned Atheist, and burned the family Bible before his wife and daughter and terrified them and gaping servant girl, Mr. Williams, a Sunday-school teacher, known hitherto only as a mild respectable man, a tenderhearted and kind parent and husband. He did not take to drinking; but he did to cursing; and forbade his own flesh and blood ever to enter a church or chapel. This man became an outcast, shunned by all.

Three elderly sisters, the Misses Lumley, well born and bred, lived together on their own funds which, small singly, united made a decent competence. Two of them had refused marriage in early life for fear the third should fall into less tender hands than theirs. For Miss Blanche Lumley was a cripple: disorder of the spine had robbed her, poor youth's very bloom, of the power not only to dance, as you girls do, but to walk or even stand upright; leaving her very pretty little hands, and a heart as nearly angelic as we are likely to see here on earth.

She lay all day long, on a little iron bedstead, at the window of their back parlor that looked on a sunny little lawn; working eagerly for the poor; reading to the poor, young and old to read, chiefly those of her own sex; hearing the sorrows of the poor, composing the quarrels of the poor, proving their genuine necessities out of a little money, and much ingenuity, and labor.

Some poor woman, in a moment of inspiration, called Miss Blanche "the guardian of the poor." The word was instantly caught up in the parish, and had now this many years gently displaced "parson," and settled on her brave below, and its echo gone before her up to Heaven.

The poor "sunshine of the poor" was happy: Life was sweet to her. To know whether it was so, it is useless to inquire of the back-bone; or the brain. Look at the face. She lies at the window in the kindest sunshine, and in a world of sturdy, able, agile carsers, grumblers, and yawners, her face, pale as ashes, wore the eternal sunshine of a happy, holy, smile.

But there came one to her bedside and told her the Bank was broken, and all the money gone she and her sisters had lent Mr. Hardie.

The saint clasped her hands and said, "Oh my poor people!" What will become of them?" And the tears ran down her pale and now sorrowful cheeks.

At this time she did not know the full extent of their losses.

But they had given Mr. Hardie a power of attorney to draw out their money, and the monsieur had had abused the discretion this gave him, and begged them—they were his personal friends too—to avail his secret board.

When "the sunshine of the poor" heard this, and knew that she was now the poorest of the poor, she clasped her hands and cried "Oh my poor sisters! my poor sisters!" and she could work no more for sighing.

The news that had found the sunshine of the poor extinct, in her little bed: ay, dead of grief with no grain of egotism in it; gone straight to Heaven without one angry word against Richard Hardie or any other.

Old Betty had a horror of the work-house. To save her old age from it she had deposited her wages in the Bank for the last twenty years: and also a little legacy from Mr. Hardie's father. She now went about the house of her master and debtor, declaring she would not—need not—for her, and, if he did, she would never go into the poor-house. "I'll go out on the common, and die there. Nobody will miss me."

The next instance led to consequences upon consequences: and it was a question for rolling it the reader somewhat more fully than Alfred heard it.

Mrs. Maxley, one night, found something rough at her feet in bed. "What on earth is this?" said she.

"Never you mind," said Maxley: "say it's my breeches; what then?"

"Why what on earth does the man put his breeches to bed for?"

"That is my business:" roared Maxley, and whispered dryly, "tain't for you to wear em, however."

This little spar led to his telling her he had drawn out all their money: but, when she asked him, he would not answer again, but angrily recommended her sleep.

The fact is the small-clothes were full of banknotes; and Maxley always followed them into bed now, for fear of robbers.

The Bank broke on a Tuesday: Maxley dog on duty: and in the course of various people came about him to ask whether he was a loser, he used to inquire very gravely, and dwelling on every syllable, "Do you—mean—by—having—grey—in this here eye?"

Friday was Bank day; the clubmen met at the "Greyhound" and talked over their losses. Maxley sat smoking complacently; and, when his turn came to speak, he said he had lost £1 and all mine a week afore. (Exclamations.) I had a hinkling: my boy Jack he wrote to me from London as how Hardie was rotten out there: now these here Bankers they be like an oak-tree: they do go at the limbs first, and then at the heart."

The club was wroth; "What? you went and made yourself safe and never gave any of us a hint?" Was that neighborly? was that—clubable?"

To a half-storm of similar reproaches Maxley made but one reply: "I'm a poor man: I'm sorry to take care o' you." He added, however, a little sulkily: "I was laid for slander once: scalded my front like anything: that's all."

"Oh," said one, "I don't believe him. He puts a good face on it; but his nine hundred is gone along with ours."

"Tain't gone far, then." With this he put his hand in his pocket, and after some delay pulled out a note, and opened and held it up:

"What is that? I ask the company."

"Looks like a ten-pun note, James."

"Well, that's the sample: this sample: I knows where to find eight score and nine to match this here."

The note was handed round: and on inspection each countenance in turn wore a malicious smile; till at last Maxley, surrounded by grinning faces, felt quite easy.

"What be's all grinning at like a litter o' chessy cats? Why, no ugly enough without showing of your rotten teeth."

"Haw! haw!"

"Better, 'tain't money at all, but only a wench's curl-paper:" and he got up and snatched it fiercely out of the last inspector's hand. "Ye can't open it, for it's sealed, I see."

"What an if I can't read words, I can figures; and I spelt the ten out on every one of them, afore I'd take it."

A loud and general laugh greeted this boast.

Then Maxley snatched up his hat in great wrath, and some anxiety, and went out, followed by a peal.

In five minutes he was at home; and tossed the note into his wife's lap. She was knitting by a farthing dip. "Done!" said he, controlling all appearance of anxiety, "what d'ye call this?"

She took up the note and held it close to the candle: "Why, Jem, it is a ten-pound note, out of Hardie's—as was."

"Then what were those fools laughing at?" And he told her all that had happened.

Mrs. Maxley dropped her knitting and stood up trembling: "Why you told me you had got our money all safe out?"

"Well, and so I have, ye foolish woman," and he drew the whole packet out of his pocket and flung them fiercely on the table. Mrs. Maxley ran her finger and eye over them, and uttered a scream of anger and despair:

"These! these be all Hardie's notes," she cried; "and what vally be Hardie's notes when Hardie's be broke?"

Maxley staggered as if he had been shot.

The woman's eyes flashed fury at him: "This is your work, ye born idiot: 'mind your own business' says you: says your despise your wedded wife, that has more brains in her finger than you have in all your great long useless carcass: you wear have your secrets: one day positive, another day mystery: you have ruined us, you have murdered me: get out of my sight! for if I find a knife I'll put it in you, I will." And in her ungovernable passion she actually ran to the dresser for a knife: at which Maxley caught up a chair and lifted it furiously above his head, and let it fall.

Luckily the man had more self-command than the woman; he dashed the chair furiously on the floor and ran out of the house.

He wandered about half stupid: and presently in his feet took him mechanically round to his garden. He pottered about among his plants, looking at them, inspecting them closely, and scarce seeing them. Presently he covered up one or two, and muttered, "I think there will be a frost to-night: I think there will be a frost."

Then his brain seemed to clear. He sat down and thought of his wedding-day: he began to talk to himself out loud, as some people do in trouble: "Ah! pretty face," said he, "and to think I had my arm lifted to strike her, after wearing her so long and finding her good stuff upon the whole! Well, thank my stars I didn't. We must make the best on't: money's gone; but here's the garden and our hands still: and I can't see that we are worse off than we have alone: wedded life cuts grief a two. Let's make it up: and begin again. Sixty, come Martinmas: and strong for eight: and I'm almost weary of turning models."

He went round to his front door.

There was a crowd there: and a buzzing crowd with all their faces turned toward his door.

He came at their backs and asked peevishly what was to do. Some of the women shrieked at his voice. The crowd turned about: and a score of faces peered at him: some filled with curiosity, some with joy.

"Lord help us!" said the poor man, "is there any more trouble a foot to-day? Stand aside, please: and let me by."

"No! no!" cried a woman, "don't let him."

"Not let me go into my own house, young woman?" said he, with great dignity: "be these your manners?"

"Oh, dear, I meant you no ill. Poor man!"

"Poor soul!" said another.

"Good afore!" said a strange man. "What's to do? Let the man go to his house."

A lane was made directly, and Maxley rushed down between two rows of peering faces, with his knees knocking together, and he himself in his own house. A scream from the women inside, as he entered, and a deep groan from the strong men between the lines, told the tragedy. Poor Susan Maxley was gone.

She had died of Breast-pang, within a minute of her husband's entrance: the last words of two faithful spouses were words of anger.

All these things, and many more less tragic, but very deplorable, came to Alfred Hardie's knowledge, and galled and afflicted him deeply. And several of these revelations heaped discredit upon Richard Hardie, till the young man born with a keen sense of justice, and bred among honorable minds, began to shudder at his own Father.

Herein he was alone: Jane, with the affectionate blindness of love, could impute her arms round her father's neck, and pity him for his losses—by his own dishonesty—and pity him most when most ashamed of his unprincipled conduct died, or despaired. "Poor Papa will feel this so deeply," was her only comment on such occasions.

Alfred was not sorry she could take this view: and left her unmolested to confound black with white, and indulge her filial affection's dictates: but his own trained understanding was not to be duped in matters of plain morality. And so, unable to cure the wrongs he deplored, was able to put his conscience into his pocket, like Richard Hardie, and be happy. Instead, he wandered alone, or sat brooding and dejected: and the attentive reader, if I am so fortunate as to possess him, will be surprised to learn that he was troubled too with dark mysterious surmises he half dreaded, yet felt it his duty, to fathom. Where was Dodds's loss by the Bank combined to keep him out of Albion Villa. He often called to ask after Captain Dodd, but was ashamed to enter the house.

Now Richard Hardie's anxiety to know whether David was to die or live had not declined, after he had ceased to hate the latter, he was now resolved to fly to the United States with his booty, and cheat his alienated son along with the rest: he had gone to all degrees down to this. It was on Alfred he had counted to keep him informed of David's state: but, on the putting, a smooth answer to the young man's face hid it with shame, or anger, or something, and he gave a very short, sharp, and obscure reply. In a word, he did not tell, nor did Sara!, his informant: for of late the servants had never been allowed to enter Alfred's room.

Mr. Hardie, after this rebuff, never asked Alfred again; but hearing heard Sampson's name mentioned as Dodd's medical attendant, wrote and asked him to come and dine, next time he should visit Barkington: "You will find me a fallen man," said he; "tomorrow we resign our house and premises and furniture to the assignees, and go to live at a little furnished cottage: not very far from your friends the Dodds. It is called 'Shamrock Cottage.' There, where we have so little to offer besides a welcome, none but true friends will come near us; indeed there are very few I should venture to ask for such a proof of fidelity to your broken friend.

"R. H."

The good-hearted Sampson sent a cordial reply, and came to dinner at Shamrock Cottage.

Now all Hardie wanted of him in reality was to know about David; so when Jane had retired, and the decanter circulated, he began to jump him by his vanity. "I understand," said he, "you have wrought one of your surprising cures in this neighborhood. Albion Villa!"

Sampson shook his head sorrowfully: Mr. Hardie's eyes sparkled: Alfred watched him keenly and bitterly.

"How can I work a great cure after those ass-and-ass Short and Dumcod? Why, sir, the man had been wounded in the hid, and lost blood; thin stabbed in the shoulder, and lost more blood." . . . Both the Hardies uttered an ejaculation of undisguised surprise.—"So, instid of recruiting the bodily thus exhausted of the great fluid material of all vitality, the professional ass-ass-in came and exhausted him worse; stabbed him while he slept; stabbed him unconscious, stabbed him in a vein; and stole more blood from him. Wasn't that enough? No! the routine of professional ass-ass-ination had but begun. It blist them, stabbed him with cupping needles, and so stole more of his life-blood. And they were goen from tender stabs to their bites, goen to leech, from temporal arterial, and so hand him to the sixton."

But you came in and saved him," cried Alfred.

"I saved his life," said Sampson, sorrowfully: "I saved his body: but the mind of a man may be robbed of by those who stend his lifeblood, and so impoverish, and water, the contints of the cistern of the heart."

"Doctor Sampson," said Alfred, "what do you mean by these mysterious words? you alarm me."

"What, don't you know? Haven't they told you?"

"No, I have not had the courage to enter the house since the Bank—" He stopped in confusion.

"Ay, I understand," said Sampson: "however, it can't be hidden now—

"He is a maniac."

Sampson made this awful announcement soberly and sorrowfully.

Alfred started aloud, and even his father experienced a momentary remorse; but so steady had been the progress of corruption, that he felt almost unmoved by the moment: and his keen-witted son surprised the later sentiment in his face, and shuddered with disgust.

Sampson went on to say that he believed the poor man had gone flourishing a razor; and Mrs. Hall had said, "Yes, kill me, David: kill the mother of your children," and never moved: which feminine, or, in other words, irrational, behavior, Sampson could understand. But it would not happen again: his sister had come; a sensible, resolute woman. She had signed the order, and Sampson, and he understood, that he was gone to a private asylum. "Talking of that," said Sampson, rising suddenly, "I must go and give them a word of comfort; for they are just breaking their hearts at parting with him, poor things: I'll be back in an hour."

On his departure Jane returned and made the tea in the dining-room: they lived like that now.

Mr. Hardie took it from his favorite's little white hand, and observed that he should not have to go to a foreign land after all: who would believe a madman if he should rave about his thousands? Jane was delighted to hear it, and presently delivered herself thus, with bland self-satisfaction:

"I dare say Alfred, some time ago you wished to marry a young lady without fortune; you thought that I had a large one: and you expected to be disowned." Alfred smiled. He did not overrate my parental feeling; but you did my means. I would have done this for you, and this pleasure, but for my own unhappy misfortunes. As it was, I said 'No.' And when you demanded, somewhat peremptorily, my reasons, I said 'trust me.' Well, you was right: such a marriage would have been your utter ruin. Richard, I confess, I confess, that Sampson has told us, you have resigned it on other grounds. Jane, my dear, Captain Dodd, I am sorry to say, is afflicted." . . . "Insane?"

"Gone mad? oh how shocking! What will become of his poor children?" She thought of Edward first.

"We have just heard it from Sampson. And I presume, Alfred, you are not so far gone as to insist on propagating insanity, by a marriage with his daughter."

At this conclusion which struck her objective, though not Alfred, with great force, Richard's and her dream of earthly happiness seemed to melt away.

But Alfred ground his teeth, and replied with great bitterness and emotion: "I think, Sir, you are the last man who ought to congratulate me on the affliction that has fallen on that unhappy family I aspire to enter, all the more that you have some calamities for me to share—"

"More fool you," put in Mr. Hardie, calmly.

"For I much fear you are one of the causes of that calamity."

Mr. Hardie assumed a puzzled air: "I don't see how that can be: do you, Jenny? Sampson told us the causes: a wound on the head, a wound in the arm, bleeding, cupping, etc."

"There may be other causes Dr. Sampson has not been told of—yet."

"Possibly. I really don't know what you allude to."

The son fixed his eyes on the father, and leaned across the table to him, till their faces nearly met.

"The fourteen thousand pounds, Sir."

* I find, however, that Squire Langton resolutely refused to commit Miss Phillips. The real reason I suspect was that he had a respect for the Gospel, and not much for the law, except those invaluable clauses which authorize poaching. The reason he gave was "Turnips be hanged! If she hadn't eaten them, the fly would." However, he found means to mulct Giles, and sent the old doctor two couple of rabbits.



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—LONGSTREET'S ATTACK UPON OUR LEFT CENTRE—



–BLUE RIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.—From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 510.]

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a lock of hair, tied with a silken string,
Carefully kept for years, like a miser's pile of gold:
Little to prize in the keeping of such a simple thing,
But for a darling head long lost in the days of old.

Only a lock of hair. Ah, well, it were better to have
Even one little tress safe from the Spoiler's hand,
Than, with the light of her love down in the darkling grave,
Lonely to wander around a desolate, weary land.

Only a lock of hair. Yet something to look at, and kiss:
Something to keep in mind what never can be again:
Something to tell of days unshadowed by anguish like this:
Something to bring soft thoughts to a saddened and dreary brain.

THAT MYSTERIOUS JOE.

A warm summer day in the cars. The air, cooled in the morning by a shower, sufficiently clear and free from dust to permit me to sit with open window and enjoy the panorama of broad fields of waving grain, slowly swayed by the passing breeze into golden green billows; of the rippling river sparkling over its shallow bed; of cool shady woods, dark and seductive; of stately elm-trees and rolling hills—all the tranquil beauty of the Valley of the Mohawk in August. I sat, with half dreamy eyes, watching the ever-varying landscape, until after a time the cars rumbled into a small town and stopped at the station. My seat was on the opposite side from the platform, and I gazed vacantly at a space of blank wall, until, after a minute, another train shot between me and it, and a new picture, more lovely than any thing I had yet seen, was substituted in its place. In the car window that stood beside mine, not six feet from me, sat a young girl with the fairest face and form I ever looked upon. A round straw-hat rested on a mass of wavy hair, that rolled away from a pure forehead in shining masses of pale gold, a complexion pure as an infant's, a sweet mouth, all amiability and gentleness, and, above all, large blue eyes, beautiful in tone of color and length of shading lash, but, above all, beautiful from the innocence and truth that looked out from their clear depths.

I could not turn my gaze from so much loveliness, but sat watching most intensely my sudden neighbor. Once she looked toward me, but abstractedly, as if she scarcely saw me; then, with an expression of deep thought, she raised a book she had in her hand, and I saw that upon it rested a sheet of note-paper, on which she began to write busily. This gave me an excellent opportunity of continuing to study her beautiful face without annoying her by my rudeness; and I sat learning literally by heart every faultless feature, until the ringing of the bell announced that the train was about to start. At this moment she looked up again; her eyes then for the first time met mine. Whether she read the admiration that my looks must have expressed, or from what cause I hardly know, but a faint blush crossed her face, and she half raised the paper on which she had been writing, with a vague, restless motion. At this instant it slipped from her fingers, a passing current of air caught it, whirled it away from her, tossed it up between the cars, and then, by strange perversity, blew it directly into my window. She watched it at first with a gasp and start of dismay and then with intense anxiety. I seized it as it passed by me, and just then the cars began to move apart. I made one furtive reach out of window, at the same moment that she on her part leaned out toward me. For one second we gazed earnestly at each other, and then, becoming at once conscious of the uselessness of our efforts and the absurdity of the situation, we both burst into smiles, at each instant of time receding farther apart, until, before half a minute had passed, she had sunk away out of sight, and I was whirled off on my swift course.

Then for the first time I drew a long breath, and awoke, as it were, from a trance. The whole thing had been so strange and passed so swiftly, that if it had not been for the paper I still held in my hand I might have thought it but a summer's day dream. But no, that exquisite face and form were tangible realities, for a few happy minutes they had been beside me; now they were gone, and what hope was there that I should ever gaze on so much beauty again? This reflection brought me back to the paper in my hand. That might give me some clew to the fair unknown that the cars had so ruthlessly torn from my gaze. There could surely be no harm in reading it; indeed it would have been difficult to avoid it, as it was an open sheet with a few lines of clear writing on the smooth white page. I might find her signature there, and thus at least know her name, possibly her address. Then I looked at the note, and only too clearly read its few hurried lines:

"My darling Joe,—Do come and see me as soon as I reach home. No one need know of it, and I am so very anxious to speak to you of this last affair. Oh, Joe, if you only knew how much I have thought of you since we parted; if you only knew how much I love you, and how much—"

"A love-letter!"

With a long sigh I uttered this ejaculation as the inevitable verdict after reading these words, and with the acknowledgment I felt a sharp pang of disappointment, at which I was ready to smile in another moment. What was it to me if this pretty girl, who I had only seen for five minutes, did write love-letters to the fortunate Joe? He was an uncommonly lucky fellow, that was all—and I? Why, foolish I must forget the fair face and lovely eyes as soon as possible. But at this last thought a certain contradiction suggested itself to me: she did not look like a woman to write clandestine love-letters, and yet there was a mystery at the first few words of this note.

"Do come and see me," she writes, "no one need know of it," as if the meeting between her and that disagreeably successful Joe were to be concealed from all but their two happy selves. Then further on she uses language almost appealing—"If you only knew how much I love you!" Was it possible to suppose that any one who had been so fortunate as to win the love of that woman would ever do any thing that could render that tender reproach necessary? It was very odd; there was certainly something hidden behind this incomprehensible letter; and so I fell off into all sorts of useless speculations, constantly coming back to the strange contrast between that innocent, truthful look that carried a conviction of purity in its earnestness, and the language of this half note, hinting at concealment and a desperate passion utterly irreconcilable with that youthful innocence. The scenery the rest of that day was all lost upon me; again and again I went over every incident of that odd encounter, and I read the scrap of a letter so many times that at last I knew every word of it by heart. The paper was delicate and a vague perfume exhaled from its folds; the writing was graceful, lady-like, refined; one only hint was contained in it of her possible residence, and that was that she spoke of going home, and the cars she was on board went to New York. I folded the paper at last, and put it in my card-case with a sigh.

I completed the trip on which I had started that memorable August day, and at last came to New York to settle there for the winter. I was at this time twenty-five years old; since leaving college I had been abroad or wandering about my own country; it was time now for me to begin the business of life, and I succeeded in forming an eligible partnership with a lawyer who had been a long time settled in New York, and so went to work earnestly at my profession. Still, even amidst my hardest labor, every now and then the remembrance of that fair vision, seen so hurriedly on that midsummer day, would cross my mind; and when at any place of public amusement I saw a face that seemed unusually lovely, I would mentally compare it with that exquisite one set in my memory, and condemn it as far below that ideal beauty. I had a constant impression that I should some day see it again, and more than once my heart beat as I caught sight of some vague resemblance in a passing figure that vanished into total dissimilarity on a closer inspection; yet fate at last realized my presentiments.

I was walking up Fifth Avenue one bright Sunday afternoon; the crowd of gay promenaders was very great; it was difficult to make any progress through the waves of crinoline, and at every step bright eyes and rosy cheeks challenged admiration. I was moving slowly, enjoying the fine air and the brilliancy of the scene, when, on a sudden coming upon a crowd of people more dense than usual, I stepped aside to allow two fine-looking old ladies to pass, and immediately behind them, behold, was the lady of my dreams! I had a vague impression that she was exquisitely dressed, and that a tall, fine-looking man was with her. All I saw was that sweet face, those beautiful eyes. I believe I stopped short in my walk, and so, just as she was close beside me, our eyes met; she knew me at once; she started, blushed, and almost seemed about to speak; then the throng swept her on, and we were parted again. I looked back once, but saw only the head of her handsome companion.

"Joe, of course!"

I grumbled to myself, and in vexation I started off at a rate that knocked half a dozen people out of their places before the end of the first square, discovering which I plunged desperately down a side street, and then being struck with the sudden inspiration of meeting her again, I dashed off down Madison Avenue at a furious pace, coming into Fifth Avenue again half a dozen blocks below and walking slowly up, feeling sure by this manœuvre I must certainly encounter her. But no, she was utterly gone, and after I had promenaded till dark I went home vexed and tired.

For four Sundays after that I perambulated Fifth Avenue to a degree that was utterly absurd. From twelve o'clock until five I was either marching restlessly up and down, or sitting in my club window watching the passers with such intensity that several of my friends guessed my secret, and accosted me with little remarks, like—

"I say, Hastings, who are you so spooney about?" or,

"Let us know when you see her, and give us the benefit of a look!"

But all my vigilance was in vain; and besides, I had a clear consciousness that I was behaving like a fool, since what use was there in my seeing her again when she cared only for that mysterious Joe?

One day I was coming up Broadway with my friend Chester, when out from the crowd of passers came once again the beautiful blonde. This time she was with a lady; and, to my intense surprise, as we passed Chester bowed low; of course I touched my hat, met again those pure eyes, a half smile and blush, and felt as if I had suddenly sailed up to heaven in a balloon, and then been dropped again into Broadway. As soon as I could recover I demanded,

"Who were those ladies?"

"Miss Murray and Miss Lennox."

"Which was Miss Lennox?"

"The inside one—the blonde?"

"Do you know her?"

"Of course I do. Why you have heard me speak of her surely; once I offered to introduce you to her, but you declined."

I remembered it, idiot that I was! I had said I did not care to know any more people—I knew enough young ladies already—or some profanity of that sort. So think how I had avoided what I most wished!

"I accept now," I said; "if you will take me then I shall be forever your debtor, Chester."

"You are very enthusiastic," replied Chester, and something in his tone started up a disagreeable train of thought. I recollected, like a revelation, that his name was Joe.

"Oh, you object!" I cried. "I know the reason; you are engaged to her."

Chester stopped short in his walk and gazed at me. "You must be crazy, Hastings! What under heaven put that in your head?"

"I know it," I answered. "Never mind how; only I'm sure you are."

"I tell you I am not," replied Chester, almost angrily. "She is a distant cousin of mine; I am rather intimate at the house on that account—that's all."

The mystery was no nearer solution than ever, then; he was not engaged; but the language of that note was not the language of a happy engagement—it was rather that of a clandestine love affair; yet, somehow, that idea was so hard to associate with Miss Lennox, that when, three or four evenings after, I stood with Chester on the steps of her father's handsome house on Fifth Avenue, I felt as excited over the prospect of the introduction as if no shadow of suspicion had ever crossed my mind.

This interview had been arranged beforehand. We were expected, and found in the parlor not only Miss Lennox, but also Miss Murray, whom Chester had told me was a cousin of Miss Lennox's, and would probably be there. Both young ladies received me graciously; and I now for the first time noticed that Miss Murray was a handsome, sparkling brunette, with crisp, waving dark hair, saucy eyes, and a manner all coquetry and mischief. Chester seated himself near her, and I was permitted to draw my chair beside Miss Lennox. If I had thought her lovely in the passing glimpses I had previously had of that fair face, how much more beautiful was she now when, seeing her without her hat, I could note the graceful poise of her head, the flow of her splendid hair, the rare proportions of her faultless figure. The moment we were seated, and Chester and Miss Murray had plunged into a jovial chat that left us quite alone, a mutual embarrassment seemed to seize us. I could think of no form of words in which to begin a conversation, and she appeared equally confused. At last I plunged desperately *in medias res.*

"Miss Lennox, have you forgotten that warm day last August when I first saw you?"

"By no means," she replied, frankly. "I knew you at once."

"And you remember that I have something of yours."

"That letter!" she cried, with a start. "Did you keep it?"

"Yes, I have carried it with me ever since," I replied, drawing out my pocket-book. "I hoped from it to find some clew to the writer."

I took the paper from the envelope in which I had deposited it, and held it toward her.

"It is of no value," she said, as she took it.

"But I think it right to tell you that I have read it. I could hardly help it in my first glance; and, besides, I hoped so much it might contain your name."

She did not blush, though I fancied she looked a little annoyed, as she said, "It was to my cousin; perhaps some day I can explain to you why it was written."

It was to Chester, then; and she felt it required explanation. Yet there could be but one solution of such a note; and with a sigh I tried to believe I did not care if Chester was the happy Joe.

In the moment of silence occupied by these thoughts Miss Lennox tore up the fatal paper and tossed the portions into the fire. Then she said, musingly,

"How strange it was that my note should have flown directly to your hand!"

"Yes," I answered. "I had been watching you for several minutes without your knowledge, and I hope you will pardon any indiscretion in reading it. I could not resist the temptation."

"Oh! it was no matter," she replied, carelessly. "You must have thought it rather odd, though," she added.

"I did, rather."

"Well, some day, perhaps, I can explain it all."

"I hope so, although I am aware I have no right to be curious."

"You shall be gratified," she said—"that is, if I can get Joe's consent."

At this moment a loud burst of laughter from the other two young people startled us, and Miss Lennox, looking up, cried out,

"Joe! Josey! do be careful!"

They both looked around. Chester kissed his hand toward Miss Lennox, crying, gayly,

"Thank you, coz;" and they went on with their talk in a lower tone.

"Do you know, I feel as if we had known each other ever since last August," I said.

"So do I," she replied. "I have often thought curiously of that meeting since, and wondered if I should ever see you again."

"Fate has willed it," I replied. "And now I am going to ask you to tell me your first name; I never have heard it."

"Ethel."

"How pretty! and it suits you exactly."

"I'm glad you like it; what is yours?"

"Ned."

And so we went on with that sort of talk with which young people while away so many hours. Very interesting to themselves, but utterly stupid to every one else. Chester never left Miss Murray's side, so that I had opportunity for a long conversation with Miss Lennox, and when we parted I fear that I was already well acquainted with her; still I could not but envy Chester's better position as he shook hands warmly with the cousins.

"Good-night, Ethel; good-night, Josey."

After this I met these two young ladies constantly at the opera, at the houses of mutual friends, in the street; they were very much together, and Chester and I, either by previous arrangement or by accident, were frequently with them. Generally Chester gave up to me the place at Miss Lennox's side, but very often I, feeling as if I had no right constantly to usurp his position, would leave her to his charge and devote myself to Miss Murray. In this way I learned to know this young lady very well. She was an exceedingly attractive person, full of life and fun, but careless, almost reckless, in manner and habit, so that there is no telling what scrapes she would not have plunged into, had not her cousin Ethel kept such watch over her. And this was really beautiful to see; on that young face there was almost a mother's anxiety whenever the dashing brunette was on the point of committing some harmless but imprudent act. Miss Murray was perpetually laughing too loud, or dressing in some *outrée* style, or offering to smoke cigars, or using slang expressions, or doing something that kept her mentor nervous; then as to gloves, and parasols, and such small articles, Miss Lennox was perpetually lending her cousin her own, and having them lost or broken—all which minor trials she bore with the utmost amiability. Indeed her conduct in this regard greatly endeared her to me, and, I may as well confess it first as last, I was before long hopelessly in love.

I don't think I struggled very much against this growing passion; certainly I never tried to keep away from its cause, but went on daily being more and more with her, and should have been perfectly happy had it not been for that mysterious letter, every word of which was clear in my memory as if the paper still rested on my heart. I watched Chester when with Miss Lennox intensely, and could not see that he acted much like a lover. He was a good deal with her, and his manner was very friendly, almost affectionate, but he was if any thing more devoted to Miss Murray. I even sometimes thought he was in love with her, and concluded if it could have been that that note was written in a fit of jealousy by Ethel. Yet no; one look at her pure eyes seemed to make that impossible, and I might even have hoped that she cared somewhat for me if it had not been for the thoughts suggested by that letter. She was always very glad to see me, and listened to the half lover-like language I often addressed to her with blushes that would have made me supremely happy but for those vague suspicions. Once or twice I saw little indications that, just when I had almost forgotten my doubts, revived them in all their force. I caught glimpses occasionally of Chester walking, toward dusk, with some one I was sure was Miss Lennox, which made me half wild with jealousy, until I discovered that here, perhaps, I was mistaken.

One evening toward spring, when the days grew long, I was riding at twilight in the Central Park with a friend. Just as we passed the Ramble I had a brief view of two figures: one I was sure was Chester, the other I was almost equally certain was Miss Lennox; although she was closely veiled, I felt that I could scarcely be mistaken in the outlines of the figures, and even the very pattern of the cloak. I set my teeth and fell into gloomy silence, from which my friend Craig, who had taken me out to try his new horses, endeavored in vain to rouse me, until, as we were coming round a turn to go home, we met a buggy dashing out of town at a furious pace. One glance showed me that one of its occupants was Chester: the lady with him was still veiled and draped as I had just seen her, but as they rapidly whirled by a passing breeze caught the thick veil and blew it half off her face. It was but for a second, but in that brief space I saw that it was not Miss Lennox but Miss Murray.

Craig must have been astonished at my sudden volubility. I plunged into all sorts of joyous talk and was entirely happy, for I believed now that Miss Murray had always been Chester's companion. There was very much similarity of height and figure between the two young lady cousins, and I might easily have been deceived. For a week I was almost perfectly happy. I was very much with Ethel, and at our every meeting I had more reason to believe that she was not indifferent to me. She seemed so glad to be with me, her manner was so pleasantly confidential on many points, her blushes came so readily at my earnest words, that I was ready at the first good opportunity to propose to her myself, and thus solve all tormenting doubts. Several times the remembrance of that letter troubled me, it is true, but I was not yet by any means sure who that mysterious Joe was. It might not be Chester. It might be an episode of the past already forgotten. At any rate my proposition would assure me as to whether she now loved me or not, and set all my anxieties at rest.

In this delightful state, only waiting for a suitable *tête-à-tête* to urge my suit with Miss Lennox, I went one evening to what Chester called his studio. He was a fellow of independent fortune, aspired to be a bit of an artist, affected great knowledge of pictures, and had a room in Broadway fitted up with handsome furniture, an odd collection of books, pictures, and curiosities, and a goodly array of bottles and pipes. His family lived on Staten Island, and he found it very convenient to have this place, where he could sleep whenever he cared to stay in town. An alcove at one end contained a small bed that could be shut off by heavy curtains, so that he was very comfortable there when he chose to remain. As I have said, one day after my dinner I lounged down to Chester's studio, thinking I would go in and smoke with him a while, until it was time to dress for a party at which I hoped to meet Miss Lennox.

I came up the stairs whistling gayly, and knocked at his door. There was no response. I knocked again. Still no answer. Thinking he might be in, and asleep, or out, and I would wait for him, I tried the door. It yielded slowly, and I stepped forward. A screen before the entrance partially concealed the room; but I heard with perfect distinctness the rustle of a woman's dress, and caught sight, as I passed the barrier, of the flow of a dark robe, that instantly disappeared behind the curtains of the alcove. I paused, horrified at my own awkwardness.

"I beg your pardon, Chester," I cried, stopping short.

My friend was dreadfully confused.

"Ah, Hastings," he stammered, "I did not expect you."

"It seems not," I laughed, "and I will take myself off at once."

I was just turning to go, when my eyes caught an object that riveted my gaze. The room was not very large, and on the floor by the sofa, not far from me, lay a handkerchief. A little square of white, embroidered with scarlet, a pattern running around the edge, and, just where I could not help seeing it, a name worked in letters that seemed to start out like flames.

"Ethel!"

I must have turned very pale, but Chester was too anxious to see me.

"Of course I can't ask you to stay now, Hastings," he said, "but come back in the course of an hour."

I muttered something incoherent, and got away. I scarcely know how, out of the room and out of the building, into the cold air outside, that still seemed to stifle me. "Ethel is false, then; Ethel is false!" This one thought took possession of me to the exclusion of every other. The street was thronged, but I scarcely knew it, as I rushed on with long strides, finding a half relief in the violent exercise, yet all the while choked and suffocated with my sorrow and indignation. That bright being I had thought so pure was capable of this monstrous deception! She was carrying on a secret, indeed, a disgraceful love affair with Chester, while all the time to me she appeared all innocence and truth. The reflections were maddening, and I held on my impetuous way till I had passed the city, and was alone with my sorrow in the silent park. There I wandered for hours, unconscious of every thing but my acute misery. I had never known how desperately I loved until now. I was twenty-five years old, and up to this winter had never felt for any woman more than a passing fancy. Now I loved intensely, wildly, desperately, and she whom I so loved was false. She had given her heart and even risked her fair fame for this man, whom I yet could not believe loved her; passing me by—I who would have devoted my whole life to her, I who loved with such pure and true affection.

It was a fearful night that first one after this terrible discovery; but the days that followed were not much better. I had found out, it is true, that Ethel had deceived me; I had identified that mysterious Joe beyond all possible doubt. I believed her to be untrue in every regard, yet I could not forget the beautiful girl whom I still with shame acknowledged I so loved. Of course I would not see her. I not only did not go to the house, but I avoided all places where I thought there was a chance of meeting her, and I kept out of Chester's way. I could not bear to see him—to look upon the smiling face of that happy man, and know that he had won where I had so miserably failed. Two weeks passed thus. I heard once or twice in that time that Chester had asked for me at the office, but I had happened accidentally to be away, to my own considerable satisfaction. I worked early and late, endeavoring to drown all thought in study; but I was still very wretched. Coming up town one afternoon I finally met Chester; there was no avoiding him now, for he seized upon me at once.

"Helloa, Hastings! I'm so glad to see you! Where have you kept yourself this age?"

"I've been busy," I replied, feeling my heart contract as I looked at that handsome smiling face.

"Busy! but is that any reason why you should forget your friends? I'll tell you what it is, old fellow, I've been downright hurt at your negligence!"

"Forgive me, Chester, but I—"

As I paused abruptly, a sudden thought seemed to strike him as to our last meeting in his house.

"How could I said away because of that unlucky discovery of yours, Ned?" he asked, with a faint blush.

"Not exactly; it was no business of mine," I began.

"But if you knew"—he burst out impetuously—"if you knew how perfectly innocent that was—"

"My dear Chester, make no apologies; I do not set myself up for a censor."

"No, but really now;" and Chester blushed prodigiously as he proceeded. "That young lady had never been in my room before alone—she came in then only for fun, and you frightened her so that I promise you she will never come again."

I believe all that," I replied readily enough. "I know I ought to have been to hunt you up before this, but I have been very busy."

"And you have never been at the Lennox's either," he went on. "Ethel has asked me several times why you were."

"She is very kind," I faltered.

"Go there to-night won't you? with me."

"No, no, I can't!" I replied, quickly.

"Why not?"

"I have some writing I must do."

"Well, you please; but don't make a mope of yourself, and come in to see me soon or there'll be a quarrel between us."

And at Chester turned away whistling merrily, and I went home tired, sad, and forlorn. It was very hard that he should be so happy, and I so utterly disappointed.

For two or three weeks more I did not see Miss Lennox; then one night I went to the theatre with a friend from the country, and behold, just after we had taken our seats, I discovered Ethel with a party in a private box close beside us. There was no avoiding her, she sat in front with her mother, while behind them were Chester and Miss Murray. The two latter were in high spirits, laughing and chatting, but Ethel looked pale and sad. No wonder, I thought; there was the man she loved, for whom she had risked so much, devoting himself as usual to her cousin, while she was neglected. My blood boiled with indignation; for as I looked at those sweet eyes, that innocent face, I could not cherish any resentment, I only felt a wild longing to draw her to my heart and assure her that there was rest. The play was almost lost upon me, I sat watching so intently for her first glance of recognition. It came at last—her eyes met mine, and with a startled look her lips parted as if to utter a cry, then with a sudden deadly pallor she acknowledged my bow. After that I saw that every now and then she turned her eyes on me, but there was a reproachful sorrow mingled in her look that cut me to the heart, unjust as I felt it to be. She sat alone all the evening. Chester and Miss Murray scarcely spoke to her at all, they seemed wholly absorbed in each other, and secluded, beyond a doubt, like two evident and foolish lovers. What must she have endured, I thought; and I pitied her with all my heart.

The long evening was over at last, and I hurried away with my friend to avoid encountering again that sad sweet face, going home and tossing all night on a restless bed, only falling asleep at last to be still haunted by those reproachful eyes. I was roused from these uneasy slumbers by a loud pounding at my door. Stumbling up, I opened it, and in flew Chester, wild with excitement.

"Congratulate me, old boy, congratulate me. I am the happiest man in the world!"

"Congratulate you for what?" I asked, staring at him drowsily from the bed, in which I had again taken refuge.

"We are engaged at last."

"Oh, are you?" I said, gloomily.

"Yes. Why, you don't look a bit pleased, man. What's the matter?"

"I—I—I'm sure I'm very glad for your sake," I stammered.

"Well, then, why do you sit there and stare at me like a death's-head? You look more like a man who has just lost his best friend than one who has had news of a wedding."

"But it's so sudden."

"Sudden! I don't know you! why, no, it isn't. I've been trying to get her almost ever since I can remember, and had no end of trouble about it. At one time I was afraid I should fail, but my parents would not listen to it for ever so long, because we were own cousins."

"What?" I shrieked, in sudden amaze, half starting out of bed.

"Why, how stupid you are!" cried Chester. "Here you've been with me all winter, and never seem to have seen that I was desperately in love with her, nor to have known that she was my first cousin."

"Who?" I gasped.

"Why, Josephine Murray, to be sure."

"Then you are engaged to *her*?" I cried.

"Of course, who else should I be engaged to?" asked Chester, and—"I thought you'd see it last night, but I rushed over to tell you first, because ever since that night in the studio—"

My eyes were starting, my mouth was open; I felt myself growing pale with intense excitement.

"Who?" I demanded fiercely.

"Who? Why, man alive, I believe you've gone mad. Who should it be but Josephine Murray?"

I made one bound out of bed, and seized Chester by the shoulder.

"It was Josephine Murray who was there. It was Josephine Murray whom you have always loved, and who has loved you. Oh, say it again, Chester, I'm afraid I hardly understand you."

"Gracious powers," cried Chester, staring at me, "I believe you're distracted. Why, who in the name of all that's sensible did you suppose I had there?"

Ethel Lennox's handkerchief lay on the floor," I said, slowly.

"Joe! is it, by Jove! I remember," replied Chester. "Joe's no careless, she brought one of her cousin's with her, and I remember picking it up after you were gone. Ah, Hastings, I've guessed your secret now!"

"You're welcome to it, old fellow!" I cried, all radiant with this blessed discovery. I never hope that was brightening my heart. "Oh you lucky dog! so you've carried off one cousin; may I have your second with the other?"

And under the influence of strong excitement I began to execute a wild dance around the room, and arrested by Chester's roars of laughter at the reflection that my costume was not exactly adapted to such Terpsichorean performances.

"You have lost your head," he said in my right mind, standing with beating heart at Miss Lennox's door. Ethel was at home, and in a few moments was led into the parlor where I waited, pale with agitation, and, might I hope, with pleasure at seeing me? I had all sorts of fine speeches prepared to utter, but the first time those blue eyes met mine out of my head, and I plunged at once into an incoherent declaration, that, incomprehensible as it was, seemed to satisfy her; for after a few wild words she was in my arms resting her sweet head on my shoulder, sobbing out there all her love and all her sorrow at my long neglect.

After the first rapturous moments were over, once again there crossed my brain a remembrance of that mysterious Joe.

"Have you really never loved any one but me, my darling?"

"No, Ned, surely not. Why do you ask?"

"Why, that letter of yours last summur."

"Well?"

"That was a love-letter, surely."

"A love-letter?" laughed Ethel, merrily. "Joe, my dear, what ever made you think that? It was to my cousin."

"I know it, but it was a love-letter."

"Why, Ned, how could I write a love-letter to a woman?"

"To a woman!" I repeated, amazed; "why, you said it was to your cousin."

"So it was, but is not she a woman?"

"Who?"

"Josephine Murray?"

"It was to her?"

"Why yes," repeated Ethel, in amaze. "I told you so the first evening you were here."

"No, you only said it was to your cousin."

"Well, whom did you suppose I meant?"

"Joe Chester."

"Oh, what a funny idea!" and Ethel laughed, till I grew so ashamed of my stupidity that I indignantly closed her rosy lips with a saucy kiss.

"If you knew how much pain that idea has cost me," I began, when I had thus sobered her, and I went on to tell her all my fears and doubts. She sympathized fully, though she could not help being amused at the idea of my supposing she had ever cared for Chester except as a friend; and in the end explained to me how the letter had been written at a time when Miss Murray had been peculiarly reckless in regard to Chester; when her parents had forbidden him the house; and she had been very anxious to see her wayward cousin and remonstrate with her. This had led her to begin the note, which was to close in a homily, with unusual expressions of affection.

So the last shade on my happiness vanished; my suit was certainly prosperous; and from that happy morning I was tormented no more with speculations concerning that mysterious Joe.

DRAFTED!

FACING the common, in a small inland village in Massachusetts, is the residence of the young minister, Rev. James Blanchard. Though neither pretentious nor costly, its surroundings and appointments are refined and tasteful, and taste. Flowers in rich variety lined the walk that led up to the front door, or climbed the trellis which served as a rustic porch.

The pleasantest room in the house was the young minister's study. Here, again, there were signs of a refined and cultivated taste. Shelves crowded with well-chosen books in many departments of literature only left sufficient room along the walls for a few choice engravings and photographs. Here was the face of Goethe, pronounced in his twentieth year the handsomest youth in Europe; and Schiller, who divides with him the literary honors of the great Teutonic tongue. Next is a photograph of the Coliseum by Moonlight, showing the vast proportions in which Roman photographs excel. Beside it hangs a Venetian photograph—a palace rising out of the sea, a gondola in front like a floating party on the sleeping. These and other pictures which adorned the minister's study were brought by him from Europe, where he had spent the two years subsequent to his graduation from the theological school.

It may be asked how, with all these attractions, James Blanchard has been content to settle down in the little village of Gresham on a salary of five hundred dollars. Undoubtedly he might have obtained other settlements more alluring in a worldly point of view. Indeed he had received overtures from a wealthy society in a neighboring city since his settlement here, but he was little influenced by ambition, and the evident solicitude of his own people to secure his services at the end of a year's probation, and the unanimity and indeed the small stipend which he received from his parish was nearly all expended for the benefit of others.

He sat at his writing-table on the afternoon of which I am speaking, busily engaged in preparing a discourse for the following Sunday, when a lady somewhat past middle age entered the room. In spite the difference in age she was sufficiently like him to indicate the relationship.

"Well, mother," said the young man pleasantly, looking up from his writing, "you look as if you had news for me."

"Yes, James," was the reply, "and I am sorry to say unpleasant news."

"Indeed, I hope not. Is any one sick?"

"Not that I have heard. It is something more nearly affecting yourself."

"Have my people got tired of me," asked the young man, smiling, and hinted at my resignation?"

"You are quite off the track. I fancy they have too much wisdom for that. But, not to keep you longer in suspense, you were drafted this morning, I hear."

"Indeed; how did you learn this?"

"Quite directly. Our baker, you know, comes from Cox—the town where the drafting is going on. He happened to be in the hall when the names for Gresham were called, and heard yours. He has been drafted once before quite distinctly, so that there can be no doubt about it."

"Do you call that bad news, mother?" said the young man, gayly.

"Certainly. It is equivalent to a tax of three hundred dollars."

"Even if it were, I ought not to be unwilling to contribute so much toward my country's necessities. But there is another alternative."

"Procuring a substitute. That will be as expensive."

"I don't mean that."

"You don't mean to go?" demanded Mrs. Blanchard, hastily.

"Why should I not, mother? My impression is that the Government stands in greater need of men than money."

"But not of such men as you are, James."

"I hope you don't think I would make a poor soldier, mother?"

"You could never bear the hardships of a military life."

"I don't know that. Have you forgotten my gymnastic training in College? I belonged to a boat-club that stood as high as any in its time, and I don't think I have lost all my strength yet."

Mrs. Blanchard was a woman, and, defeated at one point, shifted her ground to another.

"Besides, James (admire the ingenious use of this word, which quietly ignored her son's refutation of her former argument)—" besides, how unfit you are in other ways for a common soldier. If you could be an officer it would be different. As a private you will be mixed up with all sorts of people, and have to mingle with them equally. You, with your education and refinement, would be thrown away in such a position."

"If my education and refined tastes, as you call them, unfit me to serve my country, they will do me little credit."

"But can't you serve it in some other way? Can't you send a substitute who would make your place good?"

"Doubtless I could, and I can conceive of circumstances which would make such a step the better course. But, unless absolutely necessary, my duty to my country is the last which I should be willing to shift upon other shoulders."

"But you have your duty to your church."

"There are others to whom I can intrust it—others who are not physically able to undertake military service. I think my parishioners will respect their minister none the less because he feels that at this time his duty to his country transcends his duty to them. I clearly understand that I shall meet with much that is repugnant to my tastes, and that I could indulge them better at home. This is a sacrifice which I am ready to make for my country."

"But, James, think of the peril. You may be shot; you may lose your life by disease. Think how lonely my life would be without you."

His sha said in a faltering voice.

James rose and took his mother's hand.

"We are all called upon to sacrifice ourselves in some way to our country. That may be your sacrifice. There is many a mother in our land who weeps to-day in sore bereavement. I trust I shall be spared the bitterness of such grief, but I must be first me to be disturbed by apprehensions when I am in the way of duty."

"If you have fully decided that it is your duty, I will make no further opposition," said the mother, in a subdued voice.

No man's duty is without its influence—certainly not that of a man occupying the important position of James Blanchard.

I pass from the minister's study to a scene and a person quite different.

There was a small house, near the limits of the village, of two stories, and unpainted. It evidently belonged to a family of limited means. In front of this house the peripatetic baker's wagon stopped.

A woman poor in dress and care to see.

"Well, Mrs. Thurston," said the baker, "I've got some news for you."

"What is it, Carter?" she asked, with some curiosity.

"I happened to be in the hall up at C—— this morning when they were calling the list of drafted men in Gresham, and among them I heard your son Robert's name."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Thurston; "that's just the luck. Then that are most needed at home have to go."

"Well, I don't know. Who else do you suppose is drafted?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Your minister is among the lucky ones."

"What, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Yes; I heard his name called."

"It won't make much difference to him," said the woman, bitterly. "He's got money, and he'll just pay his three hundred dollars and get off. As for poor Robert, he'll have to go. He couldn't pay three hundred dollars if it was to save his life, nor fifty dollars either."

"Well," said the baker, "I reckon the minister will pay the money. He don't look much as if he'd relish eating hard tack and sleeping on boards or on the ground. But I must be going, or I sha'n't be home t'-night."

Mrs. Thurston went back to her work nourishing hard thoughts of the minister. Her lot in life had not been the easiest, yet she had never been without the necessaries of life. Her son Robert was a stout young man of two-and-twenty, who had remained at home, while his older brothers and sisters had removed to a distance. He worked by the day for neighboring farmers, and his support which he paid at home for board contributed to pay the household expenses. His mother was not one of those who are disposed to look on the bright side of things. She was somewhat given to cherishing envious feelings toward those whom she considered more prosperous than she, or higher social position than herself. Hence, though she had no personal reason for complaining of the minister, who had treated her with the most considerate kindness, as one in the parish, her inward bitterness would occasionally find vent, as in the present instance.

When Robert came home she communicated the information she had obtained from the baker.

"Well, mother, I'm in good company," he said, cheerfully.

"You mean the minister?"

"Yes, he has been drafted too."

"That's what will come to. He'll never go."

"Why won't he?"

"You won't catch him going. He'll pay the money first."

"You are mistaken about that, mother. He has made up his mind to go."

"You don't mean so, Robert?" said Mrs. Thurston, in genuine amazement. "Who told you?"

"Somebody likely to be relied on. He told me so himself, not half an hour since, in the store."

"Well, I'd never have thought it!" ejaculated Mrs. Thurston.

"Besides that, he had heard of my being drafted, and offered, if it would make my mind any easier about going, to give me fifty dollars to leave with you."

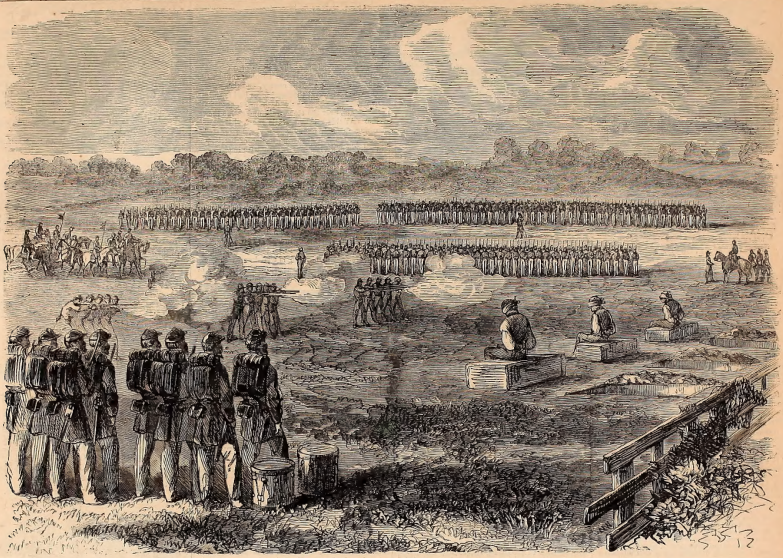
Mrs. Thurston did not utter a word, but her bitterness was very sensibly diminished. Neither did she interpose any further objections to her son's going. The Union has gained two good soldiers; for I am quite confident that one acting from such ideas of duty as the young minister of Gresham can not fail to be a valuable accession to the ranks of our brave soldiers.



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—GENERAL CRAWFORD'S CHARGE ON THE REBEL LINES.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



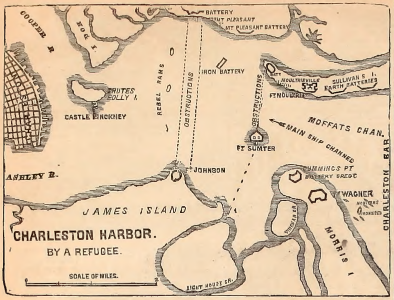
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—ATTACK OF THE LOUISIANA TIGERS ON A BATTERY OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—EXECUTION OF THREE DESERTERS.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE ATTACK ON FORT WAGNER—THE STORMERS ADVANCING UNDER FIRE.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL GILMORE'S OPERATIONS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

THE ATTACK ON FORT WAGNER.

We publish on page 509 an illustration of the unsuccessful attempt of General Gilmore's army to storm Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, on 18th ult. The bombardment of the fort by the iron-clads and our land-batteries on Morris Island commenced at noon that day, and lasted till the evening. The *Tribune* correspondent thus relates what then occurred:

"Something must be done, and that, too, quickly, or in a few days we shall have the whole army in Virginia upon us," said an officer high in command. "We *must* storm the fort to-night, and carry it at the point of the bayonet."

In a few moments signals are made from the top of the look-out, and soon generals and colonels commanding divisions and brigades were seen galloping to the head-quarters of the commanding general. A few words in consultation, and Generals Seymour, Strong, Stevenson, and Colonels Putnam and Montgomery are seen hastening back to their respective commands. Officers shout, bugles sound, the word of command is given, and soon the soldiers around, upon, and under the sand-hills of Morris Island spring from their hiding-places, fall into line, march to the beach, are organized into new brigades, and in solid column stand ready to move to the deadly assault.

Not in widely-extended battle line, with cavalry and artillery at supporting distances, but in solid regimental column, on the hard ocean beach, for half a mile before reaching the fort, in plain sight of the enemy, did these three brigades move to their appointed work.

General Strong, who has so frequently since his arrival in this Department braved death in its many forms of attack, was assigned to the command of the 1st Brigade. Colonel Putnam, of the 7th New Hampshire, who, although of the regular army, and considered one of the best officers in the Department, had never led his men into battle nor been under fire, took command of the 2d, and General Stevenson the 3d, constituting the reserve. The 54th Massachusetts (colored regiment), Colonel Shaw, was the advanced regiment in the 1st Brigade, and the 2d South Carolina (negro), Colonel Montgomery, was the last regiment of the reserve.

These brigades, as I have remarked before, were formed for this express duty. Many of the regiments had never seen their brigade commanders before; some of them had never been under fire; and, with exception of three regiments in the 1st Brigade, none of them had ever been engaged in this form of attack. All had fresh in their memories the severe repulse we had met on the morning of the 11th inst. For two years the Department of the South had been in existence, and until the storming of the batteries on the south end of Morris Island, the army had won no victory fairly acknowledged by the enemy.

Just as darkness began to close in upon the scene of the afternoon and the evening, General Strong rode to the front and ordered his brigade, consisting of the 54th Massachusetts, Colonel Shaw (colored regiment); the 6th Connecticut, Colonel Chatfield; the 48th New York, Colonel Barton; the 3d New Hampshire, Colonel Jackson; the 76th Pennsylvania, and the 9th Maine, Colonel Emery, to advance to the assault. At the instant the line was seen slowly advancing in the dusk toward the fort, and before a double-quick had been ordered, a tremendous fire from the barbette guns on Fort Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings' Point, and from all the guns on Fort Wagner, opened upon it. The guns from Wagner swept the beach, and those from Sumter and Cummings' Point enfiladed it on the left. In the midst of this terrible shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the fort, portions of the 54th Massachusetts, the 6th Connecticut, and the 48th New York, dashed through the ditches, gained the parapet, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, and for nearly half an hour held their ground, and did not fall back until nearly every commissioned officer was shot down. As on the morning of the assault of the 11th inst., these brave men were exposed to a most galling fire of grape and canister, from howitzers, raking the ditches from the bastions of the fort, from hand-grenades, and from almost every other modern implement of warfare. The rebels fought with the utmost desperation, and so did the larger portion of General Strong's brigade, as long as there was an officer to command it.

When the brigade made the assault General Strong gallantly rode at its head. When it fell back, broken, torn, and bleeding, Major Plimpton of the 3d New Hampshire was the highest commissioned officer to command it. General Strong, Colonel Shaw, Colonel Chatfield, Colonel Barton, Colonel Green, Colonel Jackson, all had fallen. The 54th Massachusetts (negro), whom Copperhead officers would have called cowardly if they had stormed and carried the gates of hell, went boldly into battle, for the second time, commanded by their brave Colonel, but came out of it led by no higher officer than the boy, Lieutenant Higginson.

The 1st Brigade, under the lead of General Strong, failed to take the fort. It was now the turn of Colonel Putnam, commanding the 2d Brigade, composed of the 7th New Hampshire, the 62d Ohio, Colonel Steele, the 67th Ohio, Colonel Vorhees, and the 100th New York, Colonel Danely, to make the attempt. But, alas! the task was too much for him. Through the same terrible fire he led his men to, over, and into the fort, and for an hour held one-half of it, fighting every moment of that time with the utmost desperation, and, as with the 1st Brigade, it was not until he himself fell killed, and nearly all his officers wounded, and no reinforcements arriving, that his men fell back, and the rebel shout and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cummings' Point.

In this second assault by Colonel Putnam's brigade, Colonel Turner, of General Gilmore's staff, stood at the side of Colonel Putnam when he fell, and with his voice and sword urged on the thinned ranks to the final charge. But it was too late. The 3d brigade, General Stevenson's, was not on hand. It was madness for the 2d to remain longer under so deadly a fire, and the thought of surrendering in a body to the enemy could not for a moment be entertained. To fight their way back to the intrenchments was all that could be done, and in this retreat many a poor fellow fell, never to rise again.

Without a doubt, many of our men fell from our own fire. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of individual companies, to say nothing of the regiments.

More than half the time we were in the fort the fight was simply a hand-to-hand one, as the wounds received by many clearly indicate. Some have sword-thrusts, some are hacked on the head, some are stabbed with bayonets, and a few were knocked down with the butt-end of muskets, but recovered in time to get away with swollen heads. There was terrible fighting to get into the fort, and terrible fighting to get out of it. The cowardly stood no better chance for their lives than the fearless. Even if they surrendered, the shell of Sumter were thickly falling around them in the darkness, and, as prisoners, they could not be safe until victory, decisive and unquestioned, rested with one or the other belligerent.

The battle is over; it is midnight; the ocean beach is crowded with the dead, the dying, and the wounded. It is with difficulty you can urge your horse through to Light-house Inlet. Faint lights are glimmering in the sand-holes and rifle-pits to the right as you pass down the beach. In these holes many a poor wounded and bleeding soldier has laid down to his last sleep. Friends are bending over them to stanch their wounds, or bind up their shattered limbs; but the deathly glare from sunken eyes tells that their kind services are all in vain.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

We publish in this number three more illustrations of the Battle of Gettysburg. The one on pages 504 and 505 shows us Longstreet's Grand Attack upon our Left Centre, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. This battle was fully described in our last number, and we extract that portion of the account which refers to Longstreet's attack:

After much solicitation from his subordinates, General Lee permitted General Longstreet to send his grand division on a charge upon the cemetery. The Federal soldiers were on the alert. They were hid behind their embankments, some kneeling, and some flat on the ground. The Confederate artillery opened. It was as fierce a cannonade as the one the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, every shell was thrown at the cemetery. Experienced soldiers soon divined what was coming, and in every portion of the Federal line the cannon were directed toward the valley in front of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the Confederate cannon scarcely a Federal shot was heard. The artillerists, implements in hand, crouched in the little ditches dug behind their cannon. With arms loaded, the infantry awaited the charge.

It soon came. From the woods of short, scrubby timber and the rocks near the seminary there rose a yell. It was a long, loud, unremitting, hideous screech from thousands of voices. At the yell the Federal cannon opened. Soon the enemy's columns emerged from the woods. They came on a rush down the hill, waving their arms and still screeching. They climbed the fences and rushed along, each one bent upon getting first into the cemetery. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and spherical case fell thick among them. Still they rushed onward, hundreds falling out of the line. They came within musket-shot of the Federal troops. Then the small-arms began to rattle. The Confederates approached the outer line of works. They were laboring up the hill. As they mounted the low bank in front of the rifle-pits, the Federal soldiers retreated out of the ditch behind, turning and firing as they went along. It was a hand-to-hand conflict. Every man fought by himself and for himself. Myriads of the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and up to the cemetery. All were shouting, and screaming, and swearing, clashing their arms and firing their pieces. The enemy's shells flew over the field upon the Federal artillerists on the hills above. These, almost disregarding the storm which raged around them, directed all their fire upon the surging columns of the enemy's charge. Every available cannon on the Cemetery Hill, and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the valley. The fight was terrible; but despite every effort the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. The fire became hotter. The fight swayed back and forth. One moment the enemy would be at the railings of the cemetery; then a rush from the Federal side would drive them down into the valley. Then, with one of their horrid screeches, they would fiercely run up the hill again into the cemetery, and have a fierce battle among the tombstones. It was the hardest fight of the day, and hundreds were slain there. Reckless daring, however, will not always succeed. Several attempts were made to take the place, but they were not successful; and late in the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, the enemy's forces slowly retreated upon their own hill and into their woods again.

Another illustration on page 508, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, shows us an Attack of the Louisiana Tigers upon a Battery of the Eleventh Corps. The Tigers made the attack as fiercely as usual, but our men stood their ground stoutly, and repulsed them with a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our third illustration, on page 508, exhibits the Gallant Charge of Crawford's Division, to which in great part the success of the day was due. An eye-witness writes:

"You have no doubt heard of the gallant charge made by the division under Crawford's command. It contributed very materially to saving the left of our line in that fearful struggle. The enemy had massed his troops on Crawford's left. The Third Corps (Sickles's) had been engaging him, but were overpowered; several guns had been lost. Two divisions of the Fifth Corps (Sykes's) had been also engaged; but nothing could withstand the pressure of the enemy, and these troops gave way. Several thousand arms had been lost. On came the enemy in a dark mass, across the wheat-field, over the stone-wall, and across the ravine. At this moment, while the fugitives were rushing through Crawford's ranks, he ordered a charge. He was drawn up in line of battle, and in column of division. His men, with loud cheers, rushed forward. Crawford himself rode to the front, and, seizing the flag of the leading regiment, encouraged the men. They dashed in; volley after volley was poured into the enemy's ranks. The 'Bucktails' got ahead, and drove the enemy back across the ravine, over the stone-wall, and through the wheat-field, retaking our ground and an immense quantity of arms.

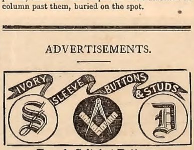
"The left of our position was saved by this charge, and we remained masters of the field."

The General Crawford who led this gallant and most efficient manœuvre is well known throughout the country as the surgeon of the garrison of Fort Sumter under Major Anderson.

EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

The first execution for desertion that has yet taken place in the Twelfth Corps, and we think the first in the Army of the Potomac, took place near Leesburg, Virginia, on Friday, June 19. We publish an engraving of the scene on page 509. On that day, a little after noon, the Corps was formed in three sides of a square, with the fourth side occupied by three open graves, and three empty coffins, seated upon which, bound hand and foot and blindfolded, were the three unfortunate men who were to suffer the penalty of violated military law. The condemned, William M'Kee and William Groover, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, and Christopher Krumbar, of the Thirteenth New Jersey regiment—all belonged to the First Division; and the painful duty of conducting the execution therefore devolved upon Captain M. P. Whitney, of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, the Provost-Marshal of the Division, to whom great praise is awarded for the quiet and orderly manner in which the affair passed off. A squad of eight men were placed at a distance of about three rods from each of the condemned, and a reserve was in readiness, should the first fire not prove fatal; but at the single volley the whole three dropped at once lifeless upon their coffins, into which the bodies were then placed, and after the Corps had been marched in column past them, buried on the spot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



French (Soltaire) Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, Blue, &c., and engraved with Initial Letters, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, New York.

The Unity of Man,

And The Unity of Language—The Law of Development—Nations, like Individuals—Latitude and Longitude, The Barbarian, Mythology—The Pyramids, Ancient Rome, War and Progress.

The American Man; Contrasted with the English, Scotch, Irish, French, etc.—The Secret of Longevity—The Perils of Life—How life is shortened—and how prolonged.

Physiology in the Pulpit—Soul and Body—Their reciprocal relations—The propensities—Dyspepsia—The true life.

Circulation of the Blood—A new Theory—Light, heat, attraction—Climate and Character—Swimming, etc., in the August No. Phrenological Journal. 15 cents, $1 50 a year. Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y., and all news men.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York.

Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.

BARTLETT supplies the Needles for all Sewing Machines. Sends by Mail or Express everywhere. Also the *renowned* Burnished Hand Needles, 150 for 25 cents. **442** *Broadway*, N. Y.

FOR BRIDGEPORT.

Daily Line.

From Pier 26 East River (Peck Slip Ferry Dock).—The Steamer BRIDGEPORT, Captain Weeks, will leave New York every day at 12 o'clock noon (Sundays excepted), arriving in Bridgeport in time to connect with the Housatonic, Naugatuck, New Haven and Hartford Railroads; also the Shore Line to Saybrook and New London. Returning, leave Bridgeport every night at 11 o'clock.

Freight taken to all stations on the Naugatuck and Housatonic Railroads.

For information, inquire at the office on the Wharf, or 105 Beekman Street

GEO. W. CORLIES, Agent.

MUSQUITO ALL NETS.

MUSQUITO	NEW	NETS.
MUSQUITO	KINDS	NETS.
MUSQUITO	of	NETS.
MUSQUITO	PATENT	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO	CANOPIES	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO		SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelty's Curtains.

LACE	No. 359 Broadway.	CURTAINS.
LACE		CURTAINS.

Holland & Gold Window Shades

HOLLAND and GOLD	WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD	WINDOW SHADES.



Wells & Walber's

IMPROVED

Artificial Limbs,

No. 429 Broadway,

Corner Howard Street, New York.



$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,

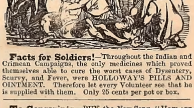
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

A PRINTING OFFICE FOR $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 22, 32, and $43. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.



Facts for Soldiers!—Throughout the Indian and Crimean Campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, and Fever, were HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Therefore let every Volunteer see that he is supplied with them. Only 25 cents per pot or box.

To Conscripts.—BUY the New Song, "How are You, Conscript." Price 25 cents. For sale at all Music Stores, or mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by HENRY TOLMAN & CO., 291 Washington St., Boston.

A Rare Chance!

The "Printer's Devil," a first-class Literay Journal, will be sent on trial six months, free of postage, for Twenty-five Cents. Address,

"Editor *Printer's Devil*, Box 2900, New York."

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published;

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARASZTHY'S GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE-MAKING, &c. Grape Culture and Wine-Making: being the Official Report of the Commissioner appointed to investigate the Agriculture of Europe, with especial Reference to the Products of California. By A. Haraszthy. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

Just Ready. Price, $1 25 Paper; $1 50 Cloth.

Romola. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," &c. With Numerous Illustrations.

"Romola" is a performance of which no other woman of genius among us would have been capable than precisely George Eliot.—*The Reader* (London).

There are noble things to be found in "Romola," which will make the reader's heart burn within him. It will be scarcely possible to rise from the perusal without being penetrated by the "joy of elevated thoughts," without feeling a desire to cease from a life of self-pleasing, and to embody in action that sense of obligation, of obedience to duty, which is, indeed, the crowning distinction that has been conferred on man, the high gift in which all others culminate. This is high praise; and a work that can produce this effect, if only on a single reader, has not been written in vain.—*The Athenæum* (London).

Such an intellectual *study*, to use an artist's phrase, as "Tito Melema," has not been placed before the world in this generation; and we know not which to wonder at most, the accuracy of the anatomical knowledge displayed, or the art with which that knowledge is infused—there is no other fitting word—into the reader's mind. Shakespeare might have exulted in Tito.—*Spectator* (London).

Equal to Scott.—George Eliot has Sir Walter Scott's art for revivifying the past, but not Scott's dynamical force in making you plunge into it with as headlong an interest as into the present. For this she compensates by a deeper and wider intellectual grasp. * * It is marvelous that the wide and calm imaginative power of the writer should have produced a work which is likely to be permanently identified with English literature, in which Italy and England may feel a common pride. * * The great and concentrated interest of the book—at least after the wonderful development of Tito's character—is the portrait of Savonarola, which it is almost impossible not to feel as faithful as history as it is great as romance. * * His portrait evinces almost as great a graphic power, and far more scrupulous care, than Sir Walter Scott used in those pictures of the various Stewarts.—*London Spectator.*

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 35 00 each.
200 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.. 15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " ..... 3 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Mosaic Brooches 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Onyx, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear and Jet Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Gentle's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Buckles..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Sleeve Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 12 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 3 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders 4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Cases Double and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed, and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—These selling as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement in Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be sold—*only* 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 20 acre tracts of farm $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good school and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Depot of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles Manufactured at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent at half rates, by HARDENBURGH'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for Kings, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 50 emancipated cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags for the backs, and no pack can play at the usual games. Two packs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual pack, same price. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

655 Broadway, N.Y., or 162 William Street, N.Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send out blanks, with Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamps to pay return postage. SOMES, SON & CO., 74 Fulton Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of $100 cheerfully given and satisfactory men sent free. ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Saw and Stuffing Apparatus, Universal Hummers*, and 12 other new and curious articles. 10 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

TWO WORKS

VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.

Sent by mail.

No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Male and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Preserving Health. 300 pages, 21 Engravings. Price 50c.

2d DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, &c., with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cts. ☞ Say which book you have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell the immensely popular, unexcelled, and valuable extra large size FREE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTIONS PACKAGES, containing Sea Weeds, Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Latest Fashion Plates, Dancing Cards, Games, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Fruit Recipes, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likeness of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Games, Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *Sacks and costly Presents of Valuable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*, for each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** per cent profit allowed. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competition, and have long been the standard as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind ever manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of this army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, Jewelry, Movements, and every Package presented exact to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circular, containing *Extraordinary Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$2 positively made in 20 Cents.—Something simply useful to everybody. **10** samples sent free by mail for **20** cents that retails for $2. Address R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines $5.

THE ALEXANDER SILENT FAMILY SEWING MACHINE ever produced.

NOVELTY MACHINE CO.,

Cure Box 883 P. O. 442 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Unrivaled for combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Theatre, Opera*, and every out-door day and night double perspective glass. The only distinctly a person to know him at 5 miles. Spectacles of the greatest power and clearness for sight-seeing and improves the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changing. Cautions against imitations. The above, with all articles appertaining to the opticians' trade from the manufacturer.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,

609 Broadway, New York.

Branch at Saratoga Springs, opp. the Post-Office, between United States and American Hotels.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have his NAME WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY ON HIS CLOTHES. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a Solid Silver Badge, with his name engraved on it, payment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. Badges to be deferred to any garment. Address

DROWNE & CO.,

Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

$417 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address

J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to $3. Sample sent Free on receipt of 37 cents. Send stamp for circular. The fine wholesome frame keeps it away from the face, and the choi electic, or string, keeps it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or sleeping, and is worth the money for its price. HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as Inventor and Patentee have been selling 50 Canton St., N. Y. Room No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

3 MORE NEW ARTICLES now ready. For Catalogue and terms send stamp. RICE & CO., **37** Park Row, N. Y.

Tobacco Twine,

Carpet Warp,

Twine for Hop Vines.

H. A. HARVEY, Twine and Cordage Warehouse, established 1845, 44 94 Maiden Lane, New York.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs and Show Cards, with Frames, low prices. 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST OF THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Restorative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 125 Broadway, Mutual's Building, Worth Street, Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 640 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Omnipotent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without injury to the skin. Price $1, free by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Printing-Presses for Sale.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $1750.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $2000.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

The War in the United States.

A Report to the Swiss Military Department, preceded by a Discourse to the Federal Military Society, assembled at Berne, Aug. 3, 1863. By FERDINAND LECOMTE. Translated from the French by a Staff Officer. 18mo, Cloth, Price $1 00. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Just published by

D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.



DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily liquid of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,

Depot No. 493 Broadway.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Established, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N.Y. ☞ Established 1840. ☜ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

Our New Major-General.

The character of GEORGE G. MEAD, M. G. C.—with a fine portrait, engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Smith. Physiognomy—How to Estimate Character.

Phrenology—Its Principles, His Heroes and Martyrs.

NATIONAL TYPES—William Cobbett, The Englishman, His Portrait, Character, and sketch of his life.

PHRENOLOGY and the POETS—Some interesting illustrations. LEGAL MEDICINE—Insanity, Moral Insanity, Responsibility.

REMINGTON MANNERS, The Art of Good Behavior.

WHAT DOES IT DO? Uses of Pursuits: Shall we flog our Children? To Correspondents—Negroes—Prolific Diseases—Bleeding—Constipation—Hydrophobia, Gray Hair, Clergymen's Sons, &c., in the August No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL 15 cents, by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Surgeon-General Hammond,

By ordering calomel and destructive Minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of the "loading," and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of medicine, which would then become emphatically

THE HEALING ART.

PURE BLOOD.

World disease affects us if our blood were pure?

Then BRANDRETH'S PURIFYING PILLS purify the blood, they restore our health, and OVER A HUNDRED YEAR'S the has proved they infallibly purify the blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

are purely Vegetable, and innocent as bread, but infallibly

CURE BILIOUS DIARRHŒA,

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY,

And all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels:

Also Rheumatisms, Affections of the Kidneys and Spleen: their use has a general good effect upon every organ, because they purify the blood. Read following:

CASE OF ROSCOE E. WATSON.

DR. B. BRANDRETH, New York:—

SIR.—I was a private in Company F, Seventeenth Regiment New York Volunteers. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock, near Falmouth, I was many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The army surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Your Pills were recommended to me by some of members who had worked in your laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. Some men perished upon me and others in the use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds and rheumatisms, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire company will sign.

I am, respectfully yours,

ROSCOE E. WATSON.

JUNE 23, 1863. Sing Sing.

REMEMBER, NEW STYLE INSIDE THE COVERING.

Brandreth's Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, by all respectable dealers everywhere.

The same pills, sugar-coated, SIXTY in a box, price 50c., at No. 4 Union Square.

NEW STYLE AT NO. 4, DIRECT FROM LABORATORY.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE BRANDRETH HOUSE,

NEW YORK.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS of WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and salable Watches in the American market! The article especially deserving public attention at this time is their celebrated

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

This really meritorious imputation has been receiving the most flattering notices of the Press in all parts of the country. The *New York Weekly*, of July 25d, '63, says: "We have been shown by Messrs. Hubbard Bro., who are the exclusive importers of the article, what they most appropriately term the RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER, being a superbly finished Silver Watch, which is warranted to keep the most accurate time in all climates. The beauty of these timekeepers is only equaled by their cheapness."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has a heavy solid STERLING SILVER cases, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $84. Sent by mail, $1 00 additional for postage; if registered, 20 cents extra. Should retail readily at from $2 to $3 00 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HISTORY OF OUR OWN FACE, OR LIGHT OF GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH EXPERT TIMEKEEPER.

Recently Invented and Patented Improvement.

"The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 16th, 1863, on page 147, engraves the "Magic Time Observer," shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers. We invited the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. Each of the watches we have observed, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for time and reliability that we have ever offered. Fitted and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering it a very saleable article. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer case being of a rich gold. It has the improved lever action lever movement, and is warranted to be an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $294. Sample of Watches, in case, sent to you for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. By mail the postage is 35 cents; if registered, 45 cents additional required.

We have no agents or travelers. Buyers must deal with us direct ordering from this advertisement. Traces, Chains, and Jewelry, manufactures and sold in the United States money or draft payable to our order in this city. If you wish goods sent by express or mail, state the amount of the purchase with your order. Correspondents will please name in the paper from which they make selections, the number or errors that might otherwise occur. Write your address in full. Illustrated Lectures are now being delivered. We are requested to call in person, when it is convenient for them to do so.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AND A GEORGIAN PLANTATION in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With a Map Embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Large 12mo, Leather Binding, $3 50.

A THIRD EDITION OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The World of Dreams," "Out of the Depths," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For August, 1863.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in magazine form under a uniform title set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any portion of private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-seven Years HARPER'S MONTHLY has been issued punctual. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any of the United States within 3000 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the purchaser at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

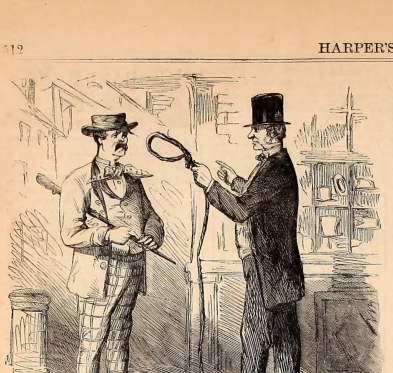
TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 00 each, or $20 for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for each Insertion; *and One Dollar* per line for Outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



PUBLIC OPINION.

ONE OF "THE PEOPLE."—"No good can come of them Riots we got up, eh? O, bother! look at me New Clothes, and me Hegant new Neck Tie."

MR. PUBLIC OPINION.—"Ah! yes, my friend; but to match the New Clothes, *considering how you came by them*, allow me to tell you that there is only one kind of Neck Tie—AND HERE IT IS!"

Attention, Army and Navy!
50,000 Agents Wanted.
Army Corps and Division Pins.
Gens. Grant, Banks, Mead,
and all the Generals.
Also
Head-Quarters
FOR
American Watch Chains, Engraved Spring Lockets, Guard and Neck Chains, Bracelets, Seal Stone, Masonic, California Diamond, Plain and Chased Rings, Fine Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, Gents' Fine Gold California Diamond Pin and Cluster Pins with Chain attached, Coral, Opal, Lava, Mosaic, and Jet Enamelled Brooches and Ear Rings, Kearney Cross in Gold Plate, a Solid Silver Shield or other Corps or Division Pin, with your Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved upon it. I will send to any one, on the receipt of $1, either of the above articles, together with my wholesale circular to Agents.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4576. 598 Broadway, N. Y.

Wanted, at $15 per Day.

We want energetic Agents and reliable Canvassers for a genteel business, at a commission of from $3 to $15 per day. No humbug! Address C. M. DUNN & CO., Publishers, at either Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or 185 Bleecker Street, New York.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Pimples on the Face, L.Y.D.S.
Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S
YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,
Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body, gives Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles, and Health to every Channel, Joint, and Limb.*
Use Dating or Public (which often cures).
Depot, 158 CHATHAM ST., N. Y. Sold 592 GRAND St.
Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

500 more Agents Wanted,—$5 a day guaranteed, and no capital required. For particulars, send stamp to
J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, New Jersey.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong; and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE A CO.
202 Broadway, New York.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. HOGG, late PRATT, HOGG & CO., 100 William St., N.Y.

A Saving of 20 per cent. by buying Housekeeping Articles at C. D. ROSENFIELD'S Great Bazaar, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York.

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of finer quality. Writing Paper, Envelopes, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your *friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers can always earn an Extra Dollar, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Premium for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. Sent "15 per day Easy" on inside page.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York. largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

National Union League.



League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver, price from $2.50 to $12 per doz. Samples can be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $2.50, or single pin for 50 cents. Or upon receipt of $1.00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of our designs have been adopted by different organizations throughout the country. Also a complete assortment of Army Pins and Badges.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent relentific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They look like Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.
For case Edition of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. I. MEARS, 377 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in a neat case, for $7. Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CLIAS. F. SORTON & CO., 42 Ann Street, New York.



The American Parlor, Or Floor Skate, With Rubber Cushions, Anti-friction Axles, Frederick Stevens, 315 *Pearl Street, near Fulton*, and 68 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

Physiognomy.

"Signs of Character" and How to Read them.
Nature. The Perfect Nose. The Confiding Nose. The Economical Nose. Feminine Nose. National Noses. Aristocratic Nose. The German, English, Irish, French, Indian, Negro, and Mongolian Noses. Prolific Ireland and "Noted Noses." Noses of Sculptors.—Perfect Noses.—Double Noses.—a Taper's Nose.—and the end of the Nose.
A HALIAD FOR THE TIMES. Orthodox—Medical College for Women. Being patented. Psychical distinctions of Race. Science and the Arts.—Articles on Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and on various useful subjects in the Phrenological Journal for August. 15 cents by first post.—by FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y., and know men.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints by writing to Dr. ADEE, 181 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,
METROPOLITAN
PURCHASING AGENCY,
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614
NEW YORK CITY.



Union Badge.
PER HUNDRED, $10.00.
SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.
Sent free by Express or Mail.

We will also forward to any address, on receipt of order accompanied by cash, ANY ARTICLE MANUFACTURED, at the LOWEST PRICES: Photographic Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in the City.
We will forward, on receipt of 25 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GILLMORE, BURNSIDE, ROSECRANS, SIGEL, BANKS, SHERMAN, HALLECK, SCHENCK, SICKLES, ASSISTANT SURGEON, DENTIST, or any of the leading OFFICERS in the ARMY and NAVY.

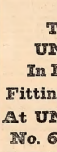
Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PAPER DOMINOES.—This excellent article, in metal, durable, and of convenient size for the more expensive kinds, will relieve the tedium of the Camp and the Hospital. Sent by mail, per mail, post paid, per hundred, 10 cents. Address as above.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.
10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.
THE GENUINE
CLOTH LINED PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.



Gents' Furnishing Goods.
I have the largest and best assorted stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER,
The perfect of my establishment. In this department, I have nothing but experienced hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give that which will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

6 for.....$12
6 for..... 15
6 for..... 18
6 for..... 21
Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.

SO FIT! NO SALE!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
Lafarge block. 675 Broadway, N. Y.



BALLOU'S
Patented
French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Warranted to FIT, and to be
CHEAPER
for the same qualities and make than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, New York.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.
Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.
Address
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N.Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selphe's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

$22. WATCHES. $22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

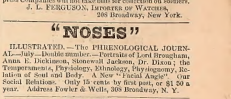
$22. Genuine. $22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.
Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
208 Broadway, New York.

"NOSES"

ILLUSTRATED.—The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—July—Double number.—Portraits of Lord Brougham, Anna E. Dickinson, Stonewall Jackson, Dr. Dixon; the Temperaments, Physiognomy, Ethnology, Physiognomy, Relation of Soul and Body. A New "Facial Angle." Our Facial Relations. Only 15 cents by first post, or $1 20 a year. Address Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Indelible Pens. Portage, 200 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. $10 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATTELL & CO., 99 John St., N.Y.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.



GUNS, PISTOLS.
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N.Y.
15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris.
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

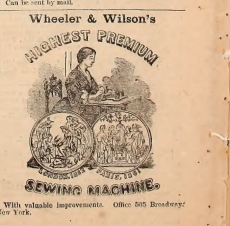
A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 50 cts. (coin preferred, magnifying small objects **500** times. Free of different power. Sent by Mail, free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

LADIES & GENT'S STEEL COLLARS AND CUFFS.
ENAMELED WHITE.
Having the appearance and comfort of linen have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are easily cleaned in one minute. To military men or travelers they are invaluable.
Price 25 cents; sent by post on receipt of price.
Wholesale and retail.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to dealers.
Agents wanted throughout the country.

WASHINGTON AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.
The original of this picture is in possession of
GEN. LEE AT RICHMOND.
It was captured by our forces and returned to its owner by the Government. This copy was made while it was in Washington. It is the only picture extant of Washington in his uniform as Commander-in-Chief, and is probably the best likeness of
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.
Just published in card photograph, price 25 cents, by
E. & H. T. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway, N.Y.
Can be sent by mail.

Wheeler & Wilson's



With valuable improvements. Office 505 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 346.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

IN TIME OF WAR.

Tapers are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us every where;
The nation's pulse hath an unsteady beat,
For scents of battle foul the summer air.

A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then—as when a strong man shuts his breath—
A stillness comes; and each one in his place
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.

The "Extras" fall like rain upon a drought,
And startled people crowd around the board
Wherein the nation's sum of loss or gain
In rude and hurried characters is stored.

Perhaps it is a glorious triumph gleam—
An earnest of our Future's recompense;
Perhaps it is a story of defeat,
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.

But whether Failure darkens all the land,
Or whether Victory sits its blood ablaze,
An awful cry, a mighty throb of pain,
Shall cause the sweetness from these summer days.

God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood!
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,
The incense of a people's sacrifice—
The wrested offering of a people's strength!

It is the costliest land beneath the sun!
"Its priceless"; purchaseless! And not a rood
But hath its title written clear and signed
In rosee stain here's consecrated blood.

And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil
But thriveth well beneath the holy dew
Of tears, that ease a nation's straining heart,
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through.

MORGAN'S RAID.

We publish below an illustration of the ENTRY OF THE REBEL RAIDER MORGAN INTO THE TOWN OF WASHINGTON, OHIO, on the occasion of his late raid into that STATE. The famous bandit levied pretty freely on the defenseless towns and villages through which he passed, directing his men to provide themselves with food, clothing, horses, and whatever else they wanted. In these respects he treated loyal men and Copperheads with perfect impartiality—rubbing some opponents of "this Abolition war" very thoroughly. We gave in our last number the fact of his capture. We now append the following interesting account of the last excursion of the famous bandit, from the Columbus *Journal* of July 30:

Yesterday afternoon, in accordance with orders of the War Department, John Morgan and twenty-eight of his command were placed in the Ohio Penitentiary, where they are to be subjected to close confinement until the rebels see proper to release the officers of the Streight and Grierson expedition, now inmates of the Libby Prison at Richmond. The prisoners arrived on the afternoon train from Cincinnati, which stopped at the State Avenue crossing, thus saving the trouble of marching them from the depôt. A detachment of the Provost Guard had been detailed to keep the road from the track to the Penitentiary clear of people —a measure that was absolutely necessary, considering the large crowd that had collected. It required but a few minutes for the Guard, under command of Lieutenant Irwin, to conduct the prisoners to the Penitentiary, when General Mason turned them over to N. Merion, Esq., the Warden, who received the charge with as much grace as the circumstances would allow.

The examination of the prisoners which followed was a tedious process, but was not devoid of interest. It was conducted with due regard for the feelings of the prisoners, and at the same time it was very minute. One fellow was compelled to hand over a watch he had concealed in one of his pantaloon legs, between the lining and the cloth, while others handed over articles, including greenbacks and "Confederate strips." These things will at the proper time be returned to those from whom they were taken, unless they were a part of their stockings in their late raids. Morgan himself had several hundred dollars in money, and what he considered as money, the greater part of which consisted of greenbacks.

As the examination of each prisoner was completed, he was marched to the wash-house, where he was required to give himself a "washing," and from thence he was taken to his cell. Morgan, who was the first one to pass through this ordeal, did so with as much indifference as he could command, which, however, was but little; for as he passed into the ante-room that leads to the cells, his step was far from being as firm as one would expect, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary. The prisoners are to be governed by the rules of the prison, which will prevent them from talking with each other. Their beards have been shaven in accordance with these rules, and they will doubtless find themselves otherwise inconvenienced by them. They will receive the same treatment as other prisoners receive, which is all they ask, and which is better than has been done to many a Union soldier who has died in some Southern prison. They will be closely confined to their cells, though they will doubtless be allowed to take some exercise each day. We understand that details from the Provost Guard will keep close watch over them.

There were several other facts connected with this matter, which we are compelled to postpone for the present. However, we hope that this retaliatory measure on the part of our authorities will soon have the desired effect to secure the speedy release of the officers of Colonel Streight's expedition, among whom are several citizens of Columbus.

THE CAPTURE AND BOGUS SURRENDER OF MORGAN.

The following letter appears in the Cincinnati *Times*:

CINCINNATI, *Thursday, July 30, 1863.*

I overtook Major-General Morgan and his entire force, on the 20th inst., at 3 o'clock P.M. On the first sight of the enemy, I found that he was moving rapidly toward Smith's Ford. I at once commenced a rapid movement to intercept him. I succeeded in my attempt. The result was the surrender of Gen. Morgan's forces to my command.

On my approach to the road on the enemy's front, I observed a flag of truce advancing to me. I proceeded to the spot and asked the bearer what he wanted. He said he demanded a surrender of the militia forces now advancing. I told him at once to return to General Morgan, and tell him that I did not command militia; that I would not surrender, but demanded an unconditional surrender of his entire forces, or I would open fire immediately upon them.

In a few minutes Captain Neil of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry (under my command) came up from my left with Major Steel, of the rebel force, bearing a flag of truce, and stating that General Morgan's forces had already surrendered, and they hoped they would not be fired on. I assured Major Steel that there was no danger while the flag was present.

I at once concluded that the surrender was complete, and remarked to the parties that all should remain quiet until General Shackelford arrived. I then rode forward and met General Morgan under a full belief that the affair was all settled.

It was soon observed by some one that the terms of surrender were made with Captain Burbridge, of the militia, who was a prisoner in Morgan's ranks, he penciling Morgan and his officers to be paroled, and field and line officers to retain their side-arms. On seeing Captain Burbridge, he told me that such was the case. I asked at what time and how long since Morgan had surrendered to him. He said at the same time I myself had intercepted him. This was quite a trick, and I paid no more attention to the affair, but turned John and his party over to General Shackelford, and proceeded to disarm the prisoners, all except the line officers; I let them keep their side-arms for the present, until the Burbridge surrender was further investigated. Burbridge's surrender was a mere ruse.

GEORGE W. RUE,
Major Ninth Kentucky Cavalry.



MORGAN'S RAID—ENTRY OF MORGAN'S FREEBOOTERS INTO WASHINGTON, OHIO.

RUSE DE GUERRE.

So, Phillip, it seems you're offended—
I'll own I've not acted quite right;
But is the occasion sufficient
To stir up your wrath in its might?
If you hadn't appeared so excited,
If you were not so easily teased,
I should never have gone off with Charlie—
But you knew I would do as I pleased!

Great Mogul! am I your Sultana,
To come and to go at command?
How you could imagine I feared you
Is a thing that I don't understand;
If you hadn't assumed *le dictateur*
With such an imperial air,
I should never have thought of offending—
But your face it said, "Go if you dare!"

Shall I own that the mirth and the music
Of that night were all lost upon me?
Even Charlie's low tones were unheeded—
Ah! I thought of one dearer than he!
While you were resolving to cast me
Beyond the confines of your heart,
I sighed in the midst of rejoicing
That you in the scene had no part.

One kind look—my heart would have softened;
One whisper—my tears had burst forth!
But your words in their bitter upbraiding—
Ah! they stifled regret at its birth;
And my spirit, all tameless, rose proudly,
Indignation gave strength to each nerve;
I knew I was wrong, but, oh, surely,
I'd done nothing such wrath to deserve.

Now, Phillip, you know that I love you,
In spite of the *notions* you take!
And my pout is ashing right sadly,
But I don't think 'tis likely to break.
'Tis a pity, I'll own—and *reads* badly!
But 'tis the material's tough—
I'm not going to die, *man oter* Phillip,
Because—you don't love me *enough!*

You know you are perfectly killing!
Addie Bell is aware of it too;
She's tender and kind and clinging,
And then—she is dying for *you!*
If you love her, I'm perfectly willing
To her slip into my place;
I never had half so much sweetness,
Nor half so much languishing grace.

So, Phillip, you're welcome to dangle
Around that "dear amiable girl,"
You're welcome to praise in my hearing
The tint and the twine of each curl;
You're perfectly welcome to whisper
The sweetest of things—when *I'm* by
I'm content if you find your elysium
In the light of her pretty blue eye.

You can't make me jealous, *cher* Phillip!
There's no use in trying *that* game;
You might die of spontaneous combustion—
'Twould be hard to put me in a flame!
So I think you had better consider;
Don't be rash, but come back while you can,
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
That you are a sensible man.

My position at present is trying;
Poor Charlie but lives in my sight—
And that handsome, distinguished Lieutenant
Was very attentive last night!
And Addie told Lou, in a whisper,
She really preferred him to you.
Ah, Phillip, he's terribly handsome,
And his eyes are so tenderly blue!

So you see how the matter stands, Phillip,
'Tis't Addie with whom you've to deal;
You can't vote on me by your rattling—
I can cleverly hide what I feel;
So if you're pretending, you'd better
Be wise, and come back while you can;
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
That you are a sensible man.

[*Variations in the shape of a shower of tears.*]

Come back if you love me, dear Phillip,
I'm willing to own I was wrong!
I give up, for my spirit is broken—
I'm missing you all the day long.
So Phillip, now you consider,
And decide to come back while you can?
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
That you are a sensible man.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

THE SITUATION.

THOUGH it is not certain that Meade may not at any time attack Lee, or Lee Meade, yet still the presumption is that active operations in the field have come for the present along the whole line. Grant has permitted a large number of his troops to go home on furlough. Rosecrans evidently means no further advance at present, and is devoting himself to the work of reconstruction in Tennessee. And there is very little reason to believe that in the present dog days, with matters as they are, either Meade or Lee would gain much by risking another battle. The prospect is that the month of August will be a month of inaction.

Every where except at Charleston. There, under a tropical sun, and upon the burning sands of sea-islands, a handful of gallant men, led by Gilmore, and ably seconded by our ironclad navy, are slowly but surely undermining the rebel stronghold—the nursery of treason. It is the story of Fort Henry, and Fort Donelson, and Fort Pulaski, and Vicksburg, and Port Hudson over again. Slow but sure approaches; desperate, unsuccessful assaults; a gradual accumulation of power in the shape of men and guns; a steady tightening of the grip round the rebel throat; a dogged Northern tenacity against which Southern fire burns itself out; and at last "unconditional surrender"—such has been the uniform history of all these sieges, and such we doubt not, will be the history of the siege of Charleston. It is due to the Administration to say that they have never shoved any tardiness, on their account, in supplanting the hands of the General in command. Troops were forwarded to Grant before Donelson, and again before Vicksburg, as soon as he could use them; Gilmore, at Pulaski, got all the guns he needed as fast as he could place them in position; and now we have reason to believe that the resources of the Government are being strained to the utmost to give him what he wants at Charleston. The capture of Fort Sumter will probably do as much for the science of artillery as that of Pulaski did.

In four or five weeks the other armies will move, and then the word will be, Ho for Mobile, Chattanooga, and Richmond! Now the centre of interest is Charleston.

THE REBEL WAR-PIRATES.

MR. RICHARD COBDEN, one of the few Englishmen who are not entirely blinded by the prospect of securing the carrying trade of the world for British vessels, declared the other day in Parliament that Laird, the ship-builder, is about to launch two more ships of war for the rebels, and that if they got to sea successfully the United States would declare war on England.

We think Mr. Cobden is mistaken in supposing that we are *now* at war with England *at present*. The addition of two more vessels to the Anglo-Rebel fleet now afloat will not inflict much injury upon us. We have already sufficed about as much as piracy can inflict. Our merchant navy has been practically driven from the seas. The insurance on goods shipped in American bottoms goes to 5 per cent.—a premium which effectually drives our ships out of the market. A large proportion of our finest vessels have been sold to foreign flags, and of the remainder the bulk lie idle in port. There are still, of course, a good many American vessels afloat in one sea or other, and five pirates will probably capture a dozen of them than three could. But the additional risk and damage will not justify Mr. Lincoln in complicating his present embarrassments by a declaration of war against Great Britain. So far as the immediate present is concerned, John Bull can pursue the piratical business in which he is engaged without fear of any other punishment than the scorn and contempt of all honest men.

After we have accomplished the work we have in hand, and re-established the national authority over every foot of the national domain, we shall then seek a reckoning with England. And this is a kind of claim which does not lose by keeping, and which will be barred by no statute of limitations. Mr. Cobden was quite right in saying that the United States Government is keeping an exact account of the value of every American ship destroyed by the Anglo-Rebel pirates, with the fixed purpose of presenting the bill to the British Government in due time, and collecting payment thereof. If the present Government or its successor were disposed to neglect this duty, the people would remind them of it. Each separate report of the destruction of an American ship by the British pirates *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*; each account of the attentions bestowed upon the rebel officers, and the assistance afforded them by the Government of Her Majesty; each magnanimous lie uttered in Parliament by members of the Government and their supporters; each smirking gratification displayed by Lord Palmerston to excuse the piratical ventures of his countrymen, sinks deep into the memory of every American, and will be treasured up till the day comes for retribution.

The experience of this war has proved that the restraints of municipal law are inadequate to control the mercenary instincts of Englishmen. The Neutrality Act, if carried out in England as it was in this country during the Russian war, would have prevented the departure of a single pirate from British waters. But as Mr. Under-Secretary Layard says, this would have crippled "a most useful and important branch of British industry," and many other parties, from the ministers of the crown down to the Liverpool rabble, combined to defeat the object of the law and to render it a mere dead letter. We must have better security hereafter than a municipal law.

This war has also taught us the wisdom of the policy recommended by many of our leading men in 1812, when they urged upon the Government the necessity of seizing Bermuda and Nassau. Those nests of pirates, peopled by the illegitimate offspring of treason and smuggling, are too near our shores to be under any other flag than our own. When the time comes for our Minister to present his little bill for the ships destroyed by British pirates, the title to these islands will also be placed in suit, and if war comes their fate will be quickly settled.

We have very little apprehension of war with Great Britain. If we put down the rebellion, and then, with a large army and a large fleet of iron-clads to support our claims, demand the indemnity to which we are entitled, and the material guarantees which our safety requires, in the shape of a cession of Nassau and Bermuda, and the Virgin Islands, and Canada, John Bull will blunter mightily, but he will yield at last. He never fights except for dollars. Greed of gain drove him into the piratical business, and greed of gain will turn him about face when we are able to lay our hand on his throat. Had he believed for a moment that the United States would succeed in this war, he would never have allowed a pirate to sail; when he finds that we have succeeded, he will be as humble as he is now arrogant; and with many declarations of his abiding regard for his good customers in the United States will pay his little bill with a grimace, inwardly groaning over his own stupidity at having formed so blundering a calculation of the future of the American War.

THE LOUNGER.

THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Government of the United States, after sagacious deliberation and taught by events, has perfected a policy for the suppression of the rebellion which seeks to overthrow. That policy is not with the use of all the measures that a state of war may render necessary. It makes war under the Constitution, which simply grants the power, leaving the method to the exigency of circumstances. The Constitution does not prescribe making war by an army and navy, by killing people or maiming them, by confiscation acts or emancipation of slaves. The Constitution authorizes the Government to make war, but it leaves entirely to it to select the means at its discretion. But that there may be no doubt that every means whatever may be used in prosecuting the war, the Constitution expressly declares that, when the public safety requires it, the writ of *habeas corpus*, the most sacred security of the most fundamental right, that of personal liberty, may be suspended.

In pursuance of this authority the Government has adopted and proclaimed its policy. It consists of war by sea and land; of measures of confiscation, conscription, and emancipation. It is a policy adopted after long reflection, after a universal public debate. Every part of the loyal country, through its orators, its press, its representatives, conventions, and senators, has discussed the question. The President, a singularly dispassionate man, examining every proposition with the utmost conscious that to the strongest friends of the policy which seemed to him wisest and most necessary he must also be most merciful and hearted, after holding the hands of his impetuous lieutenants and delaying and pondering long, at last confirmed his policy which all the stages we must examine by and effectively, but which also causes the war itself to destroy the root of the war.

This policy was matured and adopted in the full consciousness that it would not conciliate the rebels in arms, and would afford their friends in the loyal States no plea for their secret incoherent and furious declamation. The declaration of any policy whatever must have had the same effect. For so long as the rebels were united, so long as it was a matter of mere fighting in the field, the rebels could continue it until they saw that they were vowed to ruin, they could give it up, and reunite with their late political friends with whom they had chosen to quarrel, in order that they might have a chance to vote for Mr. Vallandigham.

The policy of the Government has entirely ruined this scheme. The policy which declares that some permanent and adequate blessing to the country shall be purchased by the great outlay for the war; that the priceless lives of the noblest youth shall not be lost in vain; and that over their graves Davis and Company shall not step smilingly back to Washington to have another trial of craft when that of muscle shall have failed. It is a policy which exasperates the friends of the rebels at the North, so that they gnash their teeth with rage. It is a policy which leads them to play with fire. They nominate Vallandigham, an open rebel, but not armed, because he can better serve the rebellion without arms, for Governor of a loyal, free State. They smile at the success of the worst criminals, burning, pillaging, and massacring, as a "movement of the people," and a "great popular uprising." They hear with satisfaction that they can not conceal of the misfortune of their country, and refuse to the last to believe the victories of the national flag. It is a policy at which the rebels tremble, and which thoroughly unmasks their allies at the North.

Meanwhile, under this policy, the Government of the United States has its hand upon the throat of this rebellion, and forces a future of peace and compensation for the war. The policy does not unite the North, indeed, and no policy could. Had another been adopted, the North would still have been divided. A timorous and superficial policy, while it might have propitiated desperate political partisans, who would have seen in the fear and weakness of the Government the promise of their own success, would have arrayed against that Government a party formidable for its intelligence, earnestness, and force. In making war upon the rebels the Government was obliged, therefore, to make its choice between two parties at the North. It must have relied either upon those who wished the rebellion abandoned and both sides destroyed by every power of war, or upon those who wished to give the rebels a chance to do by intrigue what they might fail to achieve by force. The Government has made its choice. It has preferred Joseph Holt to Clement L. Vallandigham, and to free slaves rather than to return them. It has chosen to believe in its own majesty and resources, and in the good doctrine of the human heart which it was bound to illustrate and enlarge, and to believe in itself and in that principle as soberly, resolutely, and religiously as the rebellion believes in its annihilation of human rights, which it was established to obtain. The enemies of that Government, and therefore of the people, are rebels and Copperheads. What the Copperheads say the rebels applaud. What the rebels do the Copperheads cheer. The friends of that Government have all thought, patriotic citizens, who wish that this war shall make any similar war impossible, and who, knowing what caused the war, are aware that the cause shall cease to exist. If these citizens are, as we have no doubt, the vast majority of the people of this country, the Government will be saved and permanent peace established, although the process may be long. If, on the other hand, the Copperheads and rebels are the most numerous and powerful, then, either by force of arms or by political combination, the Government, as made and interpreted by its framers, and understood by every true American to-day, will be overthrown, and another, although possibly called by the same name—a system of which the cornerstone is injustice, and not equal rights, will be practically established upon its ruins.

TREATMENT OF CAPTURED COLORED SOLDIERS.

AFTER the assault upon Fort Wagner there was the usual number of rumors that the rebels were to negotiate for the care of the wounded and the exchange of prisoners. The Government officer said to the rebel agent that the officers and men of the colored regiments were to be treated like all others. The rebel agent replied that that was a question for the consideration of his superiors.

That may be, but it is no question for the Government of the United States. Not only do its articles of war provide for the equal play upon the part of the enemy, but its honor is inexorably associated with the enforcement of those articles; and the Government is bound to be especially alert in the case of these prisoners, because they are peculiarly assailable. It must take nothing for granted but the ill-faith of the rebels. Their spirit is sufficiently shown by the amusing indignation they express at our employment of colored soldiers, and the poor insult they intended for Colonel Shaw of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, by placing him under a scene of his own race. Where else could he be so nobly and fitly buried? With those devoted soldiers of his and of the country, and for them and the country, he faced that storm of rebel fire, and died smiling. Where should he be buried but with them? On all the hill of South Carolina there is no grave so holy and prophetic as that grave. But the malice of the rebels is not less, and their spirit is apparent; and with the officers and soldiers of the colored regiments will be treated as honorable prisoners is a hopeless expectation.

We have seen men to fight for us. We did not give them an equal pay with other soldiers; we did not allot to them the offices of honor; we did not give to the flag whose presence is doubtfully concede to them; we required, in a word, of these men, whom our prejudices have hitherto kept in every conceivable disadvantage, the qualities that only the proudest and most self-dependent people show, and we promised them but a very uncertain reward for all their fighting. Yet there is not a man who has dispassionately studied the subject, who does not know that for many a year we must maintain a colored army, and that that very fact furnishes a solution of some of the most embarrassing questions that the Administration has begun. The discipline, endurance, and fiery heroism of these troops are already established. The charge of the Second Louisiana, and of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts at Fort Wagner, are magnificent for their steadiness, impetuosity, and dauntless courage. Were we as deficient as these soldiers our difficulties would disappear.

Now then is the time to show every colored man in the land whether we are in earnest, or whether he would be simply a fool to fight for a flag which does not protect him. How can a solitary man of that race, except the few sublimely heroic, enlist, until he knows the fate of his brethren captured at Wagner? Or how can we ask any man whatever to imperil his life for us, without promising him equal fate with every other man? The Government can not evade the question. Already the rebel journals declare that if the colored prisoners are treated as prisoners of war, their fate may be as well abandoned at once. And the rebel Congress have long since doomed every officer of our colored regiments to the gallows, and every soldier to the slave pen.

It will, of course, be difficult for the Government to ascertain the fate of these unfortunate men. But it should not suffer itself to be cozened by the rebels. It should at once demand from the rebel President an explicit guarantee of the same treatment that all our soldiers in their hands receive, and the rebels should be apprised that an instant

answer must be made. After due delay, if the Government should find that the natural suspicion of foul play is correct, then if its retaliation is swift, sure, and deadly, if the rebels are not taught, as by fire, that every man who fights beneath the national flag is equally protected by the people whose sovereignty that flag symbolizes, we are simply unworthy of success.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

The incessant efforts which the rebels administer to their allies at the North do not discomfort that amiable body. The truth is that they are used to it. The good old days when the present Southern traitors ruled the Government they snubbed imperiously their followers from the free States, and now that they are trying to ruin it, by the mere force of habit they kick contemptuously their henchmen of the North.

Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire—a name which is even more infamous in our history than that of James Buchanan, a man who was selected by the present traitors before the consummation of their treason, as the most servile of all their tools in the free States, and therefore the most serviceable, has been stealthily did their dirtiest work without making a single wry face as Buchanan did—descended the last Fourth of July by making a speech in which he abused the Administration and all loyal citizens, excused and justified the rebellion, and threatened a counter-revolution. Of course he said that his heart's desire was Union with the dominance of slavery, and talked of recontruction by pacific methods.

But his quondam masters are appalled at the impudence of their Helot. "What! when we have declared our right to secede and to establish independent government, and, in general, to have our own way as usual, do you pretend to contest our decision and talk of reunion and reconstruction? Know your place, fellow! Didn't we tell Valandigham that we would trade with him, holding our noses? Do we tell you that we would secede or be chained to a corpse than again enter the Union with you and the rest of the rubbish that we used so long as we found it serviceable, but which we always as heartily despised as we do at this moment. Crawl out of our sight, and let us hear no more Union or reunion from you!"

But the patient crew take the snubbing and the sneering philosophically. They believe that by-and-by even Pierce will make the best terms they can. They can not persuade themselves that the rebellion is other than a political trick. "Come back, brethren," they cry, "and have your way as you always did, and always shall, and always ought to. Come back, and see in what a still fouler slime of obsequiousness we can wallow. Just try us. And we will wait until you are ready, as in our duty."

The door mat cries to the passenger to come in out of the mud. But he pushes on unheeding. The faithful mat does not despair. When the mud is deeper, it says to itself, he will be obliged to come in, and then he will wipe his boots on me, and I shall be happy.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION.

After maligning the Administration and meeting at every measure adopted to suppress the rebellion—after declaring that Mr. Lincoln is as much a traitor to his country and the Constitution as Jeff Davis—after doing their utmost to destroy public confidence in the honest and patriotic conduct of the war—after espousing with fierce ardor the cause of the rebel sympathizer and abettor in the North—after declaring that there is more respect for personal rights under the sway of the rebellion than under the Government of the United States—after denouncing the war as wicked and fratricidal, and frankly declaring that they are striving to secure a party, assuming to be the Democratic party, to power—after doing all that Davis himself would have done, and exactly in the way that he would direct, the Copperheads turn upon loyal citizens of the United States and with an air of injured dignity demand to know whether there is any question about *their* loyalty.

None at all. No man at the North or South has any doubt upon the subject. "Virtue, Sir," cried a man in the town to a gentleman who had made some remarks in her hearing, "do you mean to insinuate that there is the least doubt of my virtue?"

"Not the least, Madame," was his satisfactory reply.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By way of exposing the grinding and hopeless tattoo of the "Union Despotism" our Copperhead friends are fond of extolling the superior freedom of the rebel society. It seems at first sight to be inconsistent that people who in profound peace never hesitated to destroy every vestige of the Constitutional right of free speech should in time of desperate war absolutely secure it. It is also singular, at first blush, that a community in which street fights and amateur assassinations were familiar in quiet times should during war be so composed as to challenge the admiration of the victims of the latter institution at Washington."

The amusing absurdity of this effort to help Jeff Davis and the gentry who have combined against this Government, is exposed by the book of Colonel Estvan, an ex-officer of the rebel army. "A fearful state of things now grew up in Richmond," he says. "Assassination and murder were the order of the day." "An imprudent word heard by one of the secret police agents, who were always spying about to get men into their clutches, was sufficient to bring the speaker before the Provost Marshal and from thence to prison." "Many an honest citizen in this fearful time offered up a heart-felt prayer to Heaven, 'Preserve me, O Lord, from my friends, for I have to fear of the enemy.'"

Colonel Estvan, a rebel officer, had the advantage of seeing things as they were, and he tells us how they were. Copperhead friends merely tell us not what is true, but what they would like to have us believe, in order that the rebellion may seem less tyrannical and revolting than it is.

HOW TO DO IT.

The key of the present political situation is the fear of certain parties lest the Union should not be restored until slavery is practically abolished. They are therefore for dulcet words and velvet measures, in order that as the rebels may lay down their arms in a gush of fraternal emotion, and that they may count upon the united vote of the rebel States for the return of their measures. Shorn of their Southern alliance, and deserted by the patriotic in their Northern ranks, how could these leaders hope to control before the people? They insist, therefore, for it is their only salvation, that the President shall invite the rebel States to return to their duty, and they further insist that the Government, in other words, the loyal people of the United States, can offer no terms other than the Constitution and the laws. We have recently seen this statement, almost in the same words, in several papers which are very anxious that the Union shall be saved, provided that slavery is saved also.

They may be very tranquil. The Government of the United States will offer the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance of it to every rebel in the land. And the rebel and the rebel's friends should endeavor to remember that as the war was essentially waged to subdue rebellion, so every measure which the exigency of war demanded was not less constitutional, the Government of war was constitutionally and of necessity the judge of the exigency, and that, in the course of the war and under the Constitution, the rebels have lost all rights in the United States. The Constitution and the laws in pursuance of it, which are offered to the rebels, therefore, include all the war measures as much as they include the three-fifths representation or the revenue law.

Thus when the friends of the rebels say that nothing can be offered as terms but the Constitution, they are correct if they mean what they say—they are correct if they mean that the Constitution, and the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution, as construed by the courts of the United States, will secure their future peace and the restoration of their property or any measures as they choose. The Government which they will not have allowed a fierce rebellion to overthrow the Government will not be driven by logical jugale to undermine. General Pemberton and his thirty thousand men late of Vicksburg, and General Lee's army late of Pennsylvania, late of Port Hudson, for instance, are not very likely to be admitted by a nation in its senses to an equal vote with loyal citizens because they have already taught us. Lee was a cavalry Colonel in our service; Joe Johnston was Quarter-master-General; Sidney Johnston was Colonel of Cavalry. Their honorable obligation could bind them, it might be supposed that the flag of their country was its symbol. We have been shamefully undeceived. Could there be any more stringent oath than that of Davis, Slidell, and Mason, sworn legislators, Heaven knows in the name of the country? Have they not taught us the value of that oath? Would Floyd's promise to-morrow to be a faithful citizen be more sacred than his oath before God to the Government six years ago? Judicious Copperheads will see that Toombs has given us no reason to suppose that he will be a good boy because he is sorry. They will insist that he loves his Uncle Samuel very much. But, under the circumstances, his uncle is too sensible a man to take any such view. He prefers to ask how many dollars we pity the poor, "Robert, how much do you love me?"

CIVET WANTED.

The rebels on Morris Island complain that they had to fight colored soldiers. These whippers of women and children are fond of crying for help themselves as "gentlemen," think themselves dishonored by fighting with honest men who earn their living by the sweat of the brow and their children. Of course the Government of the United States will not hesitate to recall all its colored soldiers. Of course it is strictly magnanimous to meet rebels with rifles held by any other than lily-white hands. Of course "Conservatism" will have to move in the matter, and possibly get writing brethren, the "gentlemen" of South Carolina or of Texas and Arkansas, shall not be so sadly annoyed. An ounce of civet is worth a pound. These precious chevaliers do not find it distasteful to beget mulatto children, but to be exposed to a musket in the hands of a colored man, "is positively shocking to their sensibilities."

"ROMOLA."

We have before mentioned this noble story while it was serially appearing in *Harper's Magazine*. It is now issued in a volume, and every reader of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" will be surprised by the new power developed by the author.

To call "Romola" the finest historical novel yet written may seem a rather vague and general praise; but the reason why we should hesitate to do so is not that we have any doubt of it, but because it seems a needless praise. It is not necessary to undervalue its remarkable creative power. Tito Melema and Romola, the hero and heroine, are drawn with no subtle and earnest a hand, and the coloring of the whole book is so gorgeous and sombre, that it is a spell from which the imagination is not easily released. Every page is a witness of the faithful study and careful thought with which the work has been prepared; and the claims of Miss Evans to the first rank among English novelists are now established beyond question.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The following Major-Generals are without commands:

1. Major-General George B. M'Clellan.
2. Major-General John C. Fremont.
3. Major-General Benjamin F. Butler.
4. Major-General Joseph Hooker.
5. Major-General David Hunter.
6. Major-General Don Carlos Buell.
7. Major-General Irwin M'Dowell.
8. Major-General Robert A. Mackenzie.
9. Major-General Samuel R. Curtis.
10. Major-General Alexander W. Mahlon.
11. Major-General R. H. Milroy.

The New Colonel Thomas W. Sherwood Higginson, of Worcester, the pioneer commander of a negro regiment in the war, raised that dignity as a brief furlough on 30th ult.

A picnic and ball were given on Saturday last by Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham and staff, at the cavalry headquarters at Warrenton. Invitations were accepted by most of the prominent officials, civil and military. It was an elegant affair.

The United States gun-boat *Mahaska* left this port on 31st ult., for the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. She is commanded by Captain Crayton, U. S. N.

Brigadier-General Devens has been assigned to the Department of the West. He will at once proceed to Ohio, and take command of all the cavalry in that Department. Captain R. M. Sawyer, U. S. A., Captain Captain D. E. Harder, of Ohio, accompany him—the former as Assistant Adjutant-General, and the latter as Aid-de-Camp.

Captain Dahlgren, formerly of General Hooker's staff, who was wounded at Hagerstown, has had his foot amputated, and was on 30th ult. very low. He has since improved somewhat.

General Halleck was making calls in Washington on 30th ult. He is said to be about to take a command.

General Sprague is at the head of the Cavalry Bureau about to be organized in the War Department. His appointment insures thorough organization and the future efficiency of that branch of service.

Brigadier-General Griffin, who has commanded the Fifth Army Corps since the removal of General Meade's post, has resigned for some cause not stated. As Captain of the battery which bears his name, General Griffin did excellent service in the first battle of Bull Run, but he has not been conspicuous in command of a corps since the battle of Mechanicsville, on the Peninsula. He assumed the command of the Fifth Corps, relieved a short time before the first battle of Fredericksburg.

Adjutant-General L. Thomas has been relieved from duty on the Mississippi, and is now in New York, and by Doctor-General D. B. Rackett detailed in his stead.

Commander Daniel Ammen has been appointed by the President Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department at Washington.

Adjutant-General Thomas has left for the West, to organize more negro regiments. He will proceed directly to Memphis, and thence to Cairo, via New Orleans, organizing regiments all along the River. He will be gone three weeks. He is accompanied by his son, Lieutenant Thomas, Mr. J. A. Ware, late editor of the *Chronicle*, accompanies him as Fifteen Hundred Dollar Clerk.

To the list of dismissals from the military service for disloyal conduct, published in our last number, are added the following:

Major Edward C. O. Hallee, Seventh United States Infantry, for disloyal conduct and the utterance of disloyal sentiments.

Captain H. P. Mitchell, Eleventh New York heavy artillery, for repeated utterances of treasonable and disloyal sentiments.

Captain William H. Butler, Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers, for disloyal conduct and disloyal sentiments.

Captain George F. Emmons has been detached from the command of the *Monongahela* and ordered as fleet captain of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Commander J. H. Strong has been ordered to the command of the *Monongahela*.

The iron-clad *Weehawken* was launched from Rowland's ship-yard, Greenpoint, on Wednesday morning. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the ceremony. In the displacement of the blocks Jarvis Rowland, the foreman, was caught between the ways and seriously injured; two other workmen were slightly injured. Excepting these accidents the launch was all that could be desired.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis O. Wyse, Fourth United States Artillery, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Hardie has been appointed Assistant Inspector-General, in place Brigadier-General Cuyler, ordered to New York.

The United States steamer *Memphis* sailed from Hampton Roads on the 29th, for Charleston.

The United States steam-sloop *Oneida* captured on the 26th of July the rebel steamer *Fox*, from Nassau, laden with cotton, blockade-runners, from Mobile. The United States steamer *Tioga*, on the coast of Texas, on the 7th ult. chased two small vessels, both of which ran ashore and were fired by our men to prevent the enemy from saving them. Their cargoes consisted of cotton.

The unfortunate affair at Key West, a party of which Major-General Hitchcock was President, in the case of Harris R. Cambell, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Wood, resulted in a verdict of "Not Guilty." As the finding of the court is not considered to be in accordance with the testimony and facts, the War Department issued an order dissolving the court and severely censuring its members.

A grand artillery review of the different batteries stationed at Camp Barry, near Washington, General Casey commanding, took place last week, on the parade-ground north of Fort Slocum. Batteries Edgerton and Barry, Chief of Artillery, with their staffs, were present. Every thing passed off satisfactorily, with the exception of an accident by which two men were thrown off a caisson and seriously injured.

Captain Frank A. Gethers, Co. E, Third Pennsylvania, has been cashiered for cowardice.

The unfortunate Lieutenant and soldiers on Saturday united in paying the last tribute of respect to the remains of the late Brigadier-General Ward. Thousands who fell from wounds received in the assault upon Port Wagner, moved yesterday to the grave. The funeral took place from St. Paul's Methodist Church, Fourth Avenue, and the procession was a magnificent and touching display of the life and character of the deceased. A large procession of citizens from Brooklyn and Newburgh, where the remains of the gallant soldier were interred with military honors.

Lieutenant Robert Stuart, Second New York cavalry, was accidentally drowned on 30th ult., while officer of the day, at Warrenton cavalry brigade, of General Gregg's division. He was a very fine officer, and much beloved by all his brother officers. He was from Rodyn, Long Island, and a brother of Hon. David Stuart, of Illinois, formerly a member of Congress. He was buried with a Colonel commanding a brigade with General Grant. Captain Dowdigg, of his company, left on 31st with his body, which was embalmed by Brown & Alexander, of Washington, and forwarded to New York. He will be buried in Detroit.

Colonel A. A. Wise, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, Navy Department, has left Washington for the North, to procure guns and ammunition to complete the siege of Charleston.

Theodore F. Allen, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Additional Paymaster in the United States Army, with the rank of Captain, and assigned to duty at General Meade's headquarters. His predecessor, Captain Cox, is made Assistant Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

The official report of General Grant's operations at Vicksburg reached Washington last week. It is said to be one of the most interesting reports ever made to the head-quarters of the army.

Lieutenant Monroe Forster, United States Navy, has been detached from the *Pawnee*, and appointed by Admiral Dahlgren Flag-Lieutenant of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Acting-Master John O. Osmond has been dismissed from the navy.

Lieutenants Nolan and Wilkes, the former of the Sixth and the latter of the Fifth United States cavalry, were married in General Bryan's fight at Culpepper on Saturday.

DOMESTIC INTELIGENCE.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

Beauregard reports heavy bombardment dispatches to the 31st ult. Cumming's Point was bombarded on the 30th for twelve hours. Fort *Wagner*, *Gregg*, *Sumter*, *Cumming's Point*, and two Monitors, *Ironsides* and *Weehawken*, Wagner, and Gregg were replied to. Seven were killed and one wounded in Battery Gregg. On the next morning all were brought to the main land. Beauregard the Union works on Morris Island; Fort Wagner kept up the fire until 2 o'clock. No report of casualties.

GENERAL GILMORE'S LOSSES.

General Gilmore reports his loss in the action on Morris Island on 10th, 11th, and 18th of July, at 650 killed and wounded. He estimates the missing at 300, making a total loss of 950.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Memphis dispatches of the 29th of July state that General Sherman's army had said to be on Pearl River, a few miles west of Meridian, where fortifications are being thrown up. General Sherman will make the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, from Okolona on the north to Mobile on the south, his line of defence. He is said to have received large reinforcements from Bragg's army. Mississippi is virtually abandoned by the rebels. The rebel forces in the state from Mississippi to Alabama and Georgia has been carried to such an extent that the Governors of those States have issued proclamations forbidding their further introduction. General Johnston's rebel rabble is said to have formed a large number back. All is quiet at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Reinforcements from the North are being strengthened, and the enlistment of negro troops is progressing rapidly.

FIGHT NEAR CULPEPPER.

A reconnoissance made by General Buford with his cavalry command across the Rappahannock on Saturday, confirms the report of the concentration of Lee's force near Culpepper. Two men crossed at the Railroad Station, and driving Stuart's cavalry before them, advanced to the centre of Culpepper, where a heavy rebel force was encountered. The fight was severe, and lasted until dusk, when General Buford withdrew to a strong position east of Stuart's position. The losses on both sides were considerable.

DISAFFECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Disaffection with Davis and his Confederacy in North Carolina is growing rapidly. The Raleigh *Standard* denounces Davis as a dictator in whom no confidence can be placed, and predicts the failure of his attempt to set up a government. The Richmond *Enquirer*, alarmed by the covert specimen of an Irishman John Mitchell, elucidates for the benefit of the Raleigh paper the doctrine of the Supreme Court. The latter defies the Richmond powers and says that Government is created by the rebel Court and the paper also, and must force with force. The *Standard* denounces the Court as the bugaboo of the North as the agent of Great Britain seeking to divide this country. Meanwhile the Richmond Government and the rebel armies, of whom 40,000 have been killed and wounded, are fighting. Everybody says the States should be Northington at once to locate with terms of reconciliation can be made.

RETALIATION.

The Government gives notice that the law of retaliation is to be fully carried out. Every case of ill-treatment of our officers or men, by the rebels, is to be visited in kind—hanging for hanging, shooting for shooting, imprisonment for imprisonment. If a black soldier is taken prisoner and sold into slavery, a rebel officer will be confined at hard labor in the mines, there to remain until the black soldier shall be liberated.

KENTUCKY UNDER MARTIAL LAW

General Burnside, having become satisfied that one object of the rebel incursion into that State is to overawe the loyal citizens, and intimidate voters, was about enforcing the election of delegal candidates, at the election on the 3rd inst., by placing the State under the order martial law. All military officers are commanded to aid the constituted authorities of the State in the preservation of the laws and the purity of suffrage, and the Election Judges will be sworn to their duties. The election appears to have been a great Union victory.

DEATH OF YANCEY.

Richmond papers announce the death of Wm. L. Yancey, one of the first and fiercest leaders of secession. He was born in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1815, but made Alabama his home. In 1850 he urged the Legislature of Alabama to call a State Convention in case a Republican President should be elected. In 1860 he was a member of the Charleston Convention, and was among the earliest of the seceding delegates. He went to work for Confederacy, and came even to New York, where he spoke in favor of a coalition of all factions to beat Lincoln. In December he was a leading spirit in the Alabama Convention and reported the ordinance of secession. He was sent as Commissioner of the Confederacy to Europe to plead for aid, but returned in February, 1862, disgusted with the blockade, and took his seat as a Senator in the Confederate Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEUTRALITY LAW.

The House of Commons has had another important debate on the Foreign Enlistment Act. Mr. Bright moved the Government to put a stop to the fitting out of privateers, as the American Government had done. He condemned an indemnification from England for every vessel that the Government had destroyed or would destroy. Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston defended the conduct of the English Government. Mr. Gregory, who drew the decision to read a letter from Secretary Welles, who, in reply to a statement of Mr. Laird's that he had received an offer in 1861 to build vessels for the Federals, denied that directly or indirectly any application had been made to Mr. Laird by his order, and that he had always declined the numerous applications of English and other foreign ship-builders.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Great preparations are being made for laying the Atlantic cable. Very advantageous conditions for manufacturing the cable have been offered to the Company by Glass, Elliott, & Co., who show the greatest confidence in the success of the enterprise.

RUSSIA.

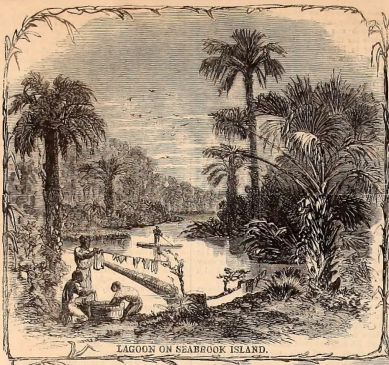
THE POLISH QUESTION.

A great irritation exists in England, France, and Austria against Russia, in consequence of the last Russian note, and the tone of the semi-official papers is very various. The contradictions between the three Western Powers are very active.



1. Charleston and Savannah Railroad.—2. Ashley River.—3. Charleston.—4. Cooper River.—5. Wando River.—6. Castle Pinckney.—7. Fort Ripley.—8. Fort Johnson (James Island).—9. Stono River.—10. Fort Sumter.—11. Fort Moultrie.—12. Battery Gregg (Cummings' Point).—13. Fort Wagner.—14. General Gilmore's [illegible]
15. Captured Works (Morris Island).—16. Light-house Inlet.—17. Union Battery (Folly Island).—18. Iron-clads and Wooden Ships.—19. Hotel.—20. Sullivan's Island and Rebel Batteries.—21. Moultrieville.—22. Mount Pleasant.—23. Breach Inlet.—24. Stem Creek.—6, 9. Rebel Batteries on James Island.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND ITS ENVIRONS, SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL GILMORE'S OPERATIONS.—[See Page 519.]



LAGOON ON SEABROOK ISLAND.



LANDING PLACE.



OUR BIVOUAC ON SEABROOK ISLAND.



REBEL BATTERIES ON MORRIS ISLAND



KIAWHA AND SEABROOK ISLANDS.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—SCENES ON THE SEA ISLANDS, NEAR CHARLESTON.—[See Page 519.]

BELLE'S FAIRY PRINCE.

SOME are born to sewing, some achieve sewing, and some have sewing thrust upon them. Margery Grant, sitting by the window opening on the little garden, achieved sewing, not as an occupation or an amusement, but rather as the development of some function, as natural and as much a part of her as the beating of her heart. A nun-like figure, with a self-communing face, looking off occasionally at shivering boughs or sparkling river, but only as if finding there the completion or the development of her thinking; sitting in an absolute quiet that extended itself even to the dead black folds of her widow's weeds.

Belle, younger sister of Margery, clearly was of those who have sewing thrust upon them. Her very air of solemn and conscientious incapacity betrayed her. She showed a bird-like restlessness, a butterfly impatience, under the linen yoke on which she was working. She took occasional stitches, with long pauses between them, in which she made solemn pretenses of holding her work up and judging of the effect. Then she quarrelled with the cotton, and plunging into the depths of her workbasket, was there beguiled by various slips of newspaper which she felt it her duty to read. She kept a watchful eye on the road, and if so much as a bird chanced to run along the fence she spied it. Presently she shook off the yoke altogether, measured it with her finger, and cheated (there was just an eighth, and she informed herself that she had accomplished three sixteenths), folded it, tucked it in her work-basket, cut off a rose-bud peering in at the window and put it in her bosom, went over to the piano, struck a few notes, took up an open book lying there, and read out,

"'Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And mingle me the fated Fairy Prince.'

Or, if you have none, as the article is said not now to be in market, oblige us with a Giant, Messieurs, or even an ogre with two heads," added the young lady, dancing up to her sister. "I am wearied of vegetating: so much embroidery, so many pages, a walk to the rock, a muslin wrapper in the morning, and a silk dress at dinner, through the long crawling year. Why, I would welcome even Pain to be sure that I had still a soul."

"You may welcome Pain, but you must wait long to bid it farewell," returned Margery, calmly.

Belle stared and looked about her:

"Margery, where is May?"

"In the hall or on the piazza."

"No, I have not seen her there for an hour."

Margery put down her work hastily. May was her only child—her three-year-old darling. Belle ran down the walk to the gate, calling, "Mary! May!" The call rang out loudly in the still summer air, but Belle heard no lisping voice in answer, and nowhere a glimpse of the little pink frock and little toddling feet. Margery came down to the gate after her.

"Do you see her? I have searched the house, and she is not there. The child is surely strayed away. My poor lost lamb!"

Belle stared at her sister.

"No need fretting yet, Margery. She may have run up the hill. Do you see while I look for her on the road. She can not have gotten far."

But all the while her heart was sinking within her, for only a few yards hence was the river, and Margery was a widow, and lived only in her child.

"I prayed for pain," she thought; "but let it not be that of my sister's, O merciful God! If such prayers are answered let it be mine!"

Came toward her at that moment a stranger—a gentleman with close, curled hair, and weapons of eye-glass, that gave him, in Belle's eyes, very much the air of a grandfather. This gentleman carried in his arm something fat, white, and warm, with little shoes, golden curls, and blue sash ribbon.

"May!" cried out Belle, running up to him flushed and panting. "Oh, Sir, please give her to me! That is our baby."

Geoffrey Horton looked down smiling.

"I am very glad to have found you. Will you let me carry her for you? You see we are very good friends."

So Belle met her fairy prince: a grave gentleman with eye-glasses, and several years her senior, whose visits she received very much as she did air or sunlight, or any other comfortable thing about whom she occasionally jested with Margery, who had kissed his hands on the day that he brought her her child. Margery always received such jesting calmly.

"Laugh as you like, Belle. He is a man. There are not too many in this odd world."

A year went on. Mr. Horton, Geoffrey's mother, and Norah, her daughter, at Geoffrey's request had called on Margery, and from that, coming to know and like each other, they had fallen into visiting pleasant neighborly ways. Geoffrey's house stood next theirs, standing a little back, and uplifted on a knoll, and on summer evenings Belle had a fashion of tripping up the shaded path to read with Norah, or Norah brought her work and finished there. Belle and Margery and Mrs. Horton came in, and gossiped solemnly with Margery, who seldom visited. Then as the summer went on, Margery grew into a fondness for putting May to bed herself; and when she had lisped out her prayers, would nestle down beside her on the pillows, and in that cuddle her till she fell off into sleep, and then lie watching the black eyelashes, and the dimpled hands, and perfect peace of mouth and brow all through the warm evening, leaving Belle very much to herself.

At such times Belle passed the evening at the Hill, and Geoffrey came with her back to the gate; and it was noticeable that, at twilight, Belle got a way of rolling her hair afresh, and fastening a fuchsia in the heavy coils at the back, or a little knot of bright ribbon at her collar. Margery saw it, and smiled to herself.

One evening, when the summer was half over, standing before her glass, and knotting a fleecy thing called a "twilight" under her chin, raised her on a sudden a presentiment—a thing that gave her a sinking of the heart and a chill in place of the pleasant flutter with which in ordinary she prefaced such visits. She had a mind not to go; but she had not seen Norah that day, and could not get on with the sack that she was knitting for May till Norah showed her the stitch. That decided the matter; put the question, you see, in the light of duty. So she went; and Presentiment, finding itself unheeded, followed her, gave her a second chill, by way of remembrancer, at sight of Mrs. Horton, Norah, and a strange lady on the piazza, and no Geoffrey. Strangers were her pet aversion; and when before had Geoffrey been absent? She hardly knew how to trust him. The strange lady was Mrs. Hayward. So much she learned. And then Norah, after the fashion of girls, drew her away where they could work and talk a little apart.

Mrs. Hayward followed her with a slow, soft glance.

"I have heard rumors," she said, "but hardly credited them, Geoffrey seemed always such a careless bachelor. She is a beautiful woman, however. I can't wonder that we never saw Geoffrey in town."

Mrs. Horton was taken off her guard.

"Geoffrey! Oh, you mistake—quite. This is Norah's friend, a very nice girl, sister of a widow, our neighbor. Nice people—the nicest people in the world."

So Mrs. Hayward knew that, let Geoffrey think what he would, Belle was not nice in her; so means regarded the nicest girl in the world as eligible. That lady, meanwhile, was ruminant, laboring with an idea. She had met Mrs. Hayward, who had learned all she wished, and baited Mrs. Horton at the same time. Belle was pretty, and been were fools, and Geoffrey was not the plumply on their own destruction, if ever let loose from feminine leading-strings. When she next spoke to Belle something had already resulted in her tone, that helped on Belle's presentiment to another little lumpish chill.

Horse took rein, and gave the carriage-way; a gay voice—a woman's voice, and a sweet one—rang out under the old trees that lined the road, and emerged from their shade. Belle was in a doubtful plight, a slender figure sitting easily in the saddle, a perfectly poised head, a dark sparkling face, half hidden by the long feather that had set its drooping plume, and—Geoffrey Horton.

"There!" quoth Presentiment, "I told you so."

"That is Gretta Hayward," said Norah, very low—and, I think, a little timidly. Gretta is one of those pleasant people who are so exceedingly civil, and always make you feel snubbed. She is pretty, and always dresses well, and has many sins. She has no heart, but plenty of brains. Fancy having a patent damper and perpetual extinguisher for a sister-in-law."

Belle gave Norah's hand a little squeeze, and pretended not to see the outstretched hand of Geoffrey. This was surely unreasonable. She had never even asked herself what Geoffrey's presence or absence meant, and beheld her now burning with a sudden sense of injury! Gretta eyed her curiously, and Belle, feeling the scrutiny, returned it steadily. The sparkling face was not handsome on inspection, but it was very attractive, and, over taking you by surprise. The pout of her crimson lip, the deepening light of her eyes, the grace and restraint of every motion of her eyelashes, manner, motion, look, all puzzled, tantalized, and charmed. In that moment's silent looking up and down of Belle, Gretta and herself were antagonistic, and would have flamed into dislike even on neutral ground.

Bell turned away to Norah and her work-basket. Miss Hayward swept past them into the drawing-room, where they presently heard her singing. At last Geoffrey's step hesitated, went in also.

Belle put up her work.

"I have a headache. I am going home."

Norah looked up pained.

"Oh! but wait for Geoffrey."

"Why, there is no danger. Good-night."

And she and Presentiment went down the hill together. Margery, when she came to bid her good-night, looked keenly at her.

"Child, you are ill. What ails you?"

"I have a headache, and I was vexed because I went to-night. There was what could she think, but that it was a pastoral and pleasant sight? Certainly, not that the spectacle of a respectable family taking their evening airing was a dagger in the tender heart of her poor little sister. The afternoon made it worse. Going down with Margery to lay away her work, she met them in the morning. Geoffrey came to Belle about some book of which they had talked together. He had sent it home and almost have brought it, but Miss Hayward—

Belle put up her little head.

"Pray give yourself no trouble about it, Mr. Horton," and walked away.

Margery, seeing suspicion in Mrs. Horton, triumph in Gretta, and something inexplicable in Geoffrey, came out from her world of shadows and set herself to study her sister; not that it needed powers of divination to understand this poor child! She drooped miserably, and had heart for nothing. She still went to the Hill: for she would not have it said that she had visited Geoffrey, but her pride cost her dear, for there every look between the two, from whom she could never turn her eyes, was a fresh stab, every low-whispered word food for bitter thinking and miserable remembrance.

Norah was openly indignant, but dared not frame her thought in words held back by something in Belle's pale face. Only once, looking after Gretta and her brother going to hunt wild flowers, she dropped the hot words that, like most fools, Geoffrey was cruel also.

"Why?" asked Belle, promptly. "Because he keeps Miss Hayward long in her angling?"

But for all this told front Margery grew daily more anxious about Belle.

"I shall send you to Aunt Steele's," she said at length. "You can drink cream and roll on the hay there if you like. At any rate I shall not spy you more."

Belle would have preferred torment where she was to peace in Paradise; but her death would be another kind to Margery, and it seemed but a poor mission to die for somebody who didn't care a fig about it; so she ordered down her trunks and began clean-starching her muslins, which in country-reading means a journey. Hetty, their little maid, carried the news to the Hill that Miss Belle must be going on a visit, and in half an hour it had reached Norah by domestic telegraph, whereat she rejoiced. Norah had now a test for Geoffrey, and at supper she tried it. "Mother, Belle is going away to visit her aunt; Margery thinks that her health is failing."

Here she glanced from under her eyelashes at Geoffrey. He was whispering to Gretta.

"Very sudden. There is an excellent thing for her," responded Mrs. Horton, oracularly, and the subject dropped. Norah, however, watching him as she spoke, saw Geoffrey, just at twilight, going down the hill, and astonished Gretta by instantly, turning around and kissing her, without the smallest provocation.

Belle, wearied out, had nestled down on the lounge in the parlor, and there fell asleep, her cheek resting on her little soft palm, and wearing the patient, grieved look about mouth and eyes that you see sometimes in children. So some one found her, and, sitting down beside her, called himself superfluously hard names, as he watched her. One hand rested in her lap, and he dared to take it, at first timidly, then he drew up in a fright, and, seeing who was there, got up, crimson to the temples. Geoffrey was quite ready for confession, and would even have pleaded his pardon, but Belle would not understand. Geoffrey grew desperate.

"Belle, if you have a mind to be miserable, so have mine!"

"A prudent resolve on your part; but what have I to do with that?"

"Don't be hypocritical, but pray hear me out, and forgive me."

"That implies that I have reason to complain. I know of none."

Dangerous ground this, quaking under his feet; the Sybil in a terrible on the one hand, the Chrysbdis of insufferable contempt on the other.

"Oh, these women!" he groaned, and was going, when he saw her face, and caught something like a sob. With that he gathered courage, and, sitting down beside her, said, softly,

"Belle, I have loved you ever since you first came to me, claiming May, in such a pretty tremor of delight."

And as this tigress melted at once into tears, confessing all her sins, specially that of loving Geoffrey Horton, and ending,

"But how could you find it in your heart to go on so?"

"How?"

"With Miss Hayward."

"Simply that you might find it in your heart that you loved me. I knew it, but could hardly tell you so."

"You had nearly lost by it, Sir."

"You would have come to terms."

"You think so?"

MAUD.

EVERYBODY had voted the day too warm for any exertion but eating, breathing, and had given themselves over to tides-à-tête and iced-water in cool halls and recessed windows. Maud curled her fat form all, and even down present, lyly in walking costume—braided Nankin dress, marvelous little boots, and garden hat. A jaunty little figure enough! Seeing her thus equipped, Paul, who had been lounging on the steps, volunteered to go with her.

Paul was thirty, Maud eighteen, and in his society apt to entertain an unpleasant sensation of being considered a child. However, Mark Farquhar was coming on the piazza, where for the last hour he had been flirting with Esther Varian; so she was not altogether bereft. Mark had just tied Esther's little blue silk cravat in a sailor's knot, and fastened it with his own scarf-pin. His fingers had touched her throat, and his black curls brushed her clear brown cheeks.

Maud tied her own cravat, and kept her cheeks cool by a constant fanning; therefore she only looked with becoming indignation at Esther Varian, and went with Paul, talking very fast, till they were out of hearing of the house, when she suddenly she fell from the height of volubility flat to a languid monosyllabic mood. Paul smiled to himself, and was patient. It was a part of his creed to give his fish plenty of line.

So they walked in silence over the sunny road. The trees met artfully from the river, showing almost painfully bright between tree and house-tops; vineyards on either side looked sultry and Southern in that glowing air—made one think of panting hours and of the fierce suns that must bring them to their autumn purple; and the monotonous, a solemn wooded form, stretching up before them like the huge portal of some mystic land of delight, seemed to recede as they advanced, in lands of delight always do.

Maud flagged and grew weary, and Paul, looking about for a seat, discovered a stone-wall topped by some logs, and seated her thereon, under a spreading walnut-tree. She was a little creature, slender, and little in her movements, and just now pale with fatigue, and perhaps a little sorrowful, as she took off her hat and laid it beside the rest-trunk, looked less a woman than some sweet child whom Paul might take in his arms without harm and hush into quiet. All about her was daintily pure and neat; the edge of snowy skirt showing over the soft gray stuff upon the legs, the little ruffle at her throat, the handkerchief peeping from the braided pocket of her dress, even as became such a little lily sprite. She was deft too in her ways; what she touched fell naturally into its place, as though her little fingers were a decalogue of order —a veritable home fairy, that would be naturally by a man's hearth and nestle lovingly in his arms and heart, thought Paul; and, so thinking, he looked at her with a light in his eyes that she brought the blood redly to her cheeks.

"Why are you so silent?" Tell me what you were thinking about:" he said, hastily.

"If I did you might be in the plight of Aladdin, who troubled an old lamp and summoned a genii."

"What do you mean?"

"Or like the people who, digging for a well, struck on the cave of Herculaneum."

"Provoking! I don't like to be teased."

Her eyes were sparkling, her color beginning to rise. "And," thought Paul, with much satisfaction, however, only in a swift gleam from his eyes.

"Or perhaps," he drawled, "you would think, if you knew of what I was thinking, the simile of the dead man who revived on touching the prophet's bones the power of approbation."

"What are you saying?"

"Something impertinent."

Maud gave him a little peevish shake.

"I will not be so teased. What were you thinking of?"

"It is fortunate that a prophet's bones are not to be found in every grave," pursued Paul, his eyes dancing. "Fancy the Satters receiving their father back to life in that style."

Maud burst into a laugh; then came back to the subject, for she was a persistent little thing.

"Mr. Trowbridge!"

"Miss Maud."

"I am not to be evaded. I shall proceed to extremities," Maud sprang up her little hand.

"I defy you."

The hand descended on his ear as if so much thistle-down had lighted there; but Paul caught the fingers, and when she tried to withdraw them, held them fast, looking straight into her eyes in a way that made the long lashes swiftly down on her flushing cheeks, and made her silent for a moment. Maud was not used to be with her eyes and heard him with her ears, but had never taken him in mentally. Now she recognized his indifference as a subtle fact that was becoming incomprehensible to herself. Paul still held the passive hand, still watched the downcast eyes and changing face.

"I was thinking of you," he said, softly.

"What of me?"

"I will not tell you now."

"Why, then, did you make me curious?"

"Are you curious?"

"Very."

"You shall know it, then, in two weeks."

"That is a long time," returned Maud, in some surprise. "I never thought Paul," (for "Paul" for what I have to do.") "You will not forget?"

"I never forget."

There came trees down the road, and Maud saw a Magenta parasol, a white plume, a trimly-belted morning-dress, a mass of yellow hair, a face dazzling with beauty—Esther Varian, in short, and with her Mark Farquhar. Esther nodded toward them with a little air of triumph. Mark put up his glass. Maud colored with anger. It was not enough to pain and wound her. It must be done openly, that the world might know that she suffered. She was privileged to be a child and an action what, as a gentleman, his tongue might not utter—what, as a woman, she must endure in silence.

She had quite forgotten Paul; but now he made her look at him, though how she scarcely knew, as he had released her hand, and certainly had not spoken. Than his face, nothing could well be more calm, or, to her, nothing more unlike what it had very quietness she found in some way strength and reassurance, and in that deep calm something that seemed to look right into her shrinking soul.

"Please take me home," she said, putting out a little hand, to be helped down.

They walked back almost in silence. Maud was quite recovering herself. That mood of Paul had lounged by her side, and she had thought of him very much as of the bird skimming before them, or of the trees, nothing more and nothing cruel to herself. She had known Paul a year. What had he said or done in this short hour that must make him different from part of the whole? Why should she feel herself in some way conquered? What had he done? What did she feel?

Esther and Mark were already back on the piazza. They had taken a short-cut across the fields.

"Plainly a scouting party," said Paul.

Maud looked up, ready for answer, and sat down upon the steps, her brown eyes full of soft light, and her cheeks flushed into the pink of sea-shell, and her hair, wherever it could escape the restraint of comb and net, falling naturally into waves and ripples. At that moment she was lovely.

"We were talking of you," said Esther. "When we passed you Mr. Farquhar would leave it that you were Rochester and Jane Eyre, only that Rochester should have been on the fence and Jane was not pretty. It was an effective tableau, however."

"Vastly!" said Paul, with perfect gravity. "A coincidence! In my heart I have often likened Miss Maud to little Jane. There must exist a resemblance in character."

Esther bridled.

"Don't thank him, Maud. It is a libel. Jane Eyre was most unwomanly."

Paul's eyes began to sparkle.

"Your reason, Miss Varian."

"The book itself. As an example, the scene in the garden where she confesses her love to Mr. Rochester. Till a man confesses himself, I think it unfeminine even to have questioned one's self about him; but to love while yet unasked is, to my thinking, impossible for a true woman, though, of course, I don't speak *ex cathedrâ*."

"It is then an exchange, in which the lady is specially cautious of being cheated."

"I deny it," broke in Maud. "There is no law that says a woman shall not dare to reverence, to admire, to love, whatever is great and noble, spontaneously, involuntarily, as does a man. Pride, delicacy, instinct, will indeed control and mask its expression, but the thought of her should be prefaced in the heart of some man who knows not properly how to reverence her; but to sit cowardly down, and when a heart and hand are offered, affect surprise and take it, as of gratitude, or expediency, or because convinced by reasoning, is not womanliness, but hypocrisy or self-deception. For it is scarcely possible that man should love, and woman should be unconscious. Even if too weak to dare ask the verdict of our heart, if we find a thing lovable we love; if strength, or rest, or knowledge that we crave, we take it in virtue of the very necessity of our nature. We drink in light and air without reasoning, and involuntarily our moral nature also takes its light and life. Right, honor, possibility, external circumstances determine its expression; but its receiving or its rejection is not of ourselves, or within our province, or subject to any law but that of God."

"Bravo!" said Paul.

"Maud thinks best to define her position," returned Esther, with a world of scornful meaning.

"By way of contrast," retorted Paul, softly.

Esther colored to the temples. Mark came and sat down by Maud.

"Have I offended? You have scarcely looked toward me to-day."

"It must have been that you were not within my range of vision."

"Be it so. You are in arrears, then, for a whole morning's kindly notice. Will you come and play chess?"

Maud rose, and in so doing dropped her gloves. Paul picked them up and placed them in his breast.

"I will keep these as hostages," he said, significantly.

Then came now a time of much self-questioning and self-communing with Maud; for, however it was that, do or speak what or with whom she would, *the consciousness* of Paul attended her: not always strictly expressed in her thought, but ever by it, besetting her in the morning, and going with her through the day; and thus submitting to a stronger will and a fixed purpose, which under no almost womanish gentleness, she stood affrighted, fancying this new frame of mind a moral monstrosity, and hated herself; and when she exercised in herself a relish for this submission she despised her self and rebelled, only to be conquered anew. So wise was she in theory, so simple in practice!

All this fighting in secret wore on her, and just as the two weeks came to an end one of her best aches stood upon her. Now Maud's headaches were not affairs of *eau de Cologne* and a few hours; so finding one at hand she at once relinquished all thought of the mountain party, so long discussed, and sat quietly down to suffer. Paul came to her in the library, where she had ensconced herself on the coolest and most quiet sofa, and seeing her face white and drawn with suffering, was moved with compassion.

"Poor child! let me stay with you," he said, earnestly. "You look as if you needed nursing."

But she motioned him away.

"By no means. You can do nothing; and I am better alone."

He stood a moment, looking obstinate, and as if about to contest the point.

"Go, please, go!" she urged.

He went at last, and her countenance fell; for all the while she wished him to stay, as he might have known. He could be inflexible enough when he chose. She must make him, on a sudden, so yielding? He had chatted much with Esther Varian of late. Perhaps she coupled the facts together and framed over it; be that as it may, her headache grew upon her.

About noon, as she sat there, propped against pillows and her head pressed hard over a cologne-plex, some one opened the door quietly, and coming to her side laid a palm cool as ice upon her forehead. It felt like opened hot air. "Mr. Drysdale! I thought that you had gone!" And then the sudden start and speaking cost her such a throb of pain that, spite of herself, she cried out. Paul went for Cologne and ice-water, brushed back the soft hair, and bathed her temples, saying,

"It seems you are not better alone, after all."

"It is very disagreeable to deprive you of your pleasure."

I give you no thanks for such consideration. I did not choose to be so deprived, and so remained at home in spite of you."

Maud was silent.

"Are you better? Does your head pain less?"

"Yes," she whispered, lying with her temples in his hands, for it had occurred to her that Paul might not be the most fitting nurse, and that she should have needful martyrdom in the name of propriety rather than his attentions.

"What is it? am I awkward? don't I help you?"

"Oh! Paul, affecting stolidity.

"Oh no; but—"

"Hush, then; you are talking yourself into a fever. Your cheeks are flushing already."

She was quiet a little longer, then made another move.

"I am better now, thank you."

"Well enough to hear me talk?"

"Oh! quite!"

"Have you remembered that to-day I am to tell you of what I was thinking under the old wateroak tree?"

"Yes," very faintly, and turning her head quite away, till only the tip of a little ear was visible.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you choose."

"Have you no longer curious?"

"No."

"I conclude, then, that you have divined it as to?"

She was silent.

"Tell me," he said, bending over her and speaking earnestly, "have you thought that, looking at you that day, I knew that the liking I had always felt for you had ripened into love, so that as you trembled when I held your hand, that I was vowing to myself so one day to hold it and call it mine? If so, then you already know what yet were so curious to hear that day."

Maud answered only by nestling her head deeper in the pillow.

"Are you angry? shall I go away?" he asked.

She put out her hand, and, taking his, laid it under her cheek. That was her answer, and Paul desired no better.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

We publish on pages 520 and 521 a group of pictures from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the recent Maryland campaign. That campaign, though not ended, has for the present, and eventful, that the public will be glad to see it once more described with the pencil. Mr. Waud writes:

"The first sketch shows the pass through Thornton's Gap, in South Mountains, with the New York militia hurrying home on the news of the riots. The next one, a view looking down the Potomac River at Williamsport, showing where the rebels forded with their wagons. The little sketch on the right, "Pontoon Bridge Falling Water," not a misnomer, the bridge as has been reported, but a very well-built one of boats like ours, painted leaf-color.

"Upper Marlboro, Maryland, is described in the sketch itself. As these fellows marched in by thousands, great excitement was produced in Frederick City and neighboring country.

"The charge of the 6th was a very gallant affair up a hill and over the rifle-pits and ditches of the enemy's rear-guard. The 6th charged with sabre, and a number of men were killed and wounded, but they took a large number of the enemy's soldiers.

"The bridge over the Monocacy, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was destroyed last year by the rebels. In their recent raid into Maryland the Stuart cavalry did not venture to approach it.

"The sketch of Emmettsburg shows the burned district, and the rebels driving herds of captured horses through the town.

"On the field of battle it is a common thing for the rebel wounded to get up, and holding up their hands in token of submission, run into our lines to get attended to by our surgeons, which they prefer to experiencing the tender mercies of their own."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

We publish on page 516 a BIRDS-EYE VIEW of the ENVIRONS OF CHARLESTON, showing the seaislands on which Gilmore's army is contending with the enemy for their capture, and on page 517 a number of views on Morris, Seabrook, and other islands where our troops are encamped.

The following letter from the *Herald* correspondence will enable our readers to form an idea of the present condition of affairs on Morris Island:

There is a continual and uninterrupted heavy artillery fire going on night and day between Fort Wagner and Johnson, and the new batteries erected near it, the work on Cummings Point, between Fort Gregg and Fort Wagner, and our batteries, aided by the iron-clads, which play parties on Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, statistically exchanging a shot with Sumter.

The new rebel battery on Morris Island, which have either been built within the past fortnight or have long been masked, are constructed with the greatest caution, but do not interrupt the steady advance and progress of our work. They have evidently been erected against the position and they manage to explode their shells high in the air, which, when they burst, rain down. They do not, rarely, inflict injuries on our gallant troops who wield the spade and pick as well as they have to use muskets. Fort Wagner, when not kept silent by the iron-clads and our mortar and rifle batteries, directs its fire on Gregg, Cummings Point, and the new batteries, and our sharp-shooters are now so close to the latter that they can hear any gunner who attempts to level the large pieces bearing on our trenches.

The rebels in Wagner closed up the embrasures on the southern face of the work three days ago and have remained silent until this morning at daylight, when they cleared the embrasures and proceeded to fire their new and five guns in position, two of them being new ones, from which they threw the New Brunswick rocket. They seemingly did not desire their guns and take to their bombproofs, where they are a little secure. Our work then went on as rapidly and quietly as ever.

Of Fort Wagner the same correspondent writes:

Fort Wagner is an irregular bastioned work, situated on the northern end of Morris Island, two thousand five hundred yards distant from Fort Sumter. It is composed entirely of sand, which, beyond doubt, is the best material to withstand the effect of shell. Its armament is six guns; but these guns have recently been mounted on the sea face to annoy the Monitors. On the southern face of the work all the obstructions that engineering skill can devise have been placed so as to annoy our troops in case of an assault. On the northern side of the work there has been erected a mockery parapet, which not only commands the approach from the northward, but enables its garrison to lie sheltered in event of our troops gaining an admittance to the interior. It has its traverses, galleries, and covered ways, and upon the whole is a very formidable work. The magazine is situated in the southern centre of the seaward portion of the work, and although exposed to the fire of our iron-clads, it is as well built as to defy the projectiles which have already struck it.

CAPT. JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.

CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, of the *Weehawken*, whose portrait we give on page 525, is the son of that gallant and distinguished officer, Commodore John Rodgers, who was the father of the American navy. A native of Maryland, he entered the navy at an early age, in 1828, and from the first exhibited that zeal and ability for which he has since been so distinguished. He saw much service in the grades of Midshipman and Lieutenant; and for many years was employed on the coast survey in the coast of Florida against the Seminole Indians, and in the Coast Survey. In 1852 he was appointed to command the North Pacific and Behring Straits Exploring Expedition, and succeeded to the command on the return to the United States—in consequence of severe illness—of his superior officer, Captain (now Commodore) Ringgold. He performed the arduous task that devolved upon him in a manner creditable to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Government, taking his vessel, the *Vincennes*, into the Arctic region and to a point of way had ever before penetrated. On the return of the expedition, in 1856, Commander Rodgers, who had been promoted during the cruise, was then engaged in preparing the charts and report of his explorations. When in 1858 we had a difficulty with England, in consequence of the boarding and searching of American vessels in the West Indies and Gulf, Commander Rodgers was appointed to active service, and was appointed to the *Water Witch*, and proceeded to the Gulf. The difficulty, however, was settled, and Commander Rodgers returned to the Arctic charts. When the rebellion broke out he again promptly applied for active service, and, with other officers of the army and navy, was sent to Norfolk, to attempt saving the vessels there. Too late for that, Commander Rodgers, with Captain (now Admiral) Smith of the Engineers, was assigned to the difficult and dangerous duty of blowing up the Dry Dock. After making the necessary preliminary arrangements, the detachment that had accompanied them was sent back to the boats, and the two officers, with a single sailor, remained to apply the fire to the appointed mines. But Commander Rodgers told the Lieutenant who took back the men that he thought there was but little chance of success, and that he remained to see that the distance from the boats and the intervention of the ship-houses, which, when in flames, would cut off their retreat. The Lieutenant justified this opinion, but the two officers escaped by the land-gate, and with their solitary seaman—a small boat-load—were enabled to pull down the harbor, but a heavy fire of musketry from the shore compelled them to surrender, and they were taken prisoners. Subsequently there, however, they were kindly treated and soon released, as Virginia had not then passed the ordinance of secession.

On his return to Washington Commander Rodgers was appointed to the important and highly responsible duty of superintending the fitting out of Western rivers. Every thing in the way of buying, building, arming, equipping, and organizing had to be done, and he accomplished all the duties of the post in a manner whose soul was in his work. The purchased gun-boats, properly prepared, were already to be active service. Commander Rodgers rapidly progressing to completion, when he was relieved by Captain (the late and lamented Admiral) Foote. The change was the occasion of General Halleck's comment, who subsequently expressed great regret, saying it arose from error, from false representations or contrivance. Commander Rodgers declined to accept the place on his staff of executive officer for naval affairs connected with his movements. He then was detached from the *Carondelet*, and was appointed to the steamer *Flag*, then off Charleston, and sailed in Admiral Du Pont's flag-ship, the *Wabash*, on the first South Atlantic Expedition. He commanded a flotilla sent up to reconnoitre the harbor before the action, which was engaged with Tatnall's brig-of-war, in the attack on Fort Royal; the services of Commander Rodgers were alluded to by Admiral Du Pont in the warmest terms; and as a mark of the confidence he was sent ashore to ascertain if the forts had surrendered, and with his own hands hoisted the Union flag on the ramparts. Captain Rodgers for the first time since it had been torn down at Sumter.

Proceeding in the *Flag* to Savannah River, he ascertained that the rebels had left Tybee Island, and landing there he took possession of it, and handed it over to the army, again himself hoisting the Union flag upon the soil of Georgia, for the first time since the act of secession. Several battles and skirmishes in the expedition followed. Commander Rodgers in possession of much valuable information connected with Fort Pulaski, and the data he obtained being added to general information in the capture of that important fort.

The *Flag*, needing repairs, was ordered to the North; and Captain Rodgers went on, rather than be idle, Commander Rodgers, at the request of General M'Clellan, joined his staff to assist in embarking and landing the troops for York River. He was then appointed to the *Galena*, an iron-clad on a new model, but which proved to be a lamentable failure. In command of the James River flotilla, composed, among other vessels, of the original *Monitor*, he was ordered to proceed to Richmond. After attacking and silencing several forts on his way he reached the obstructions just above Fort Darling, on Drury's Bluff, consisting of three rows of sunken vessels, secured by piles and chains. The *Monitor* could not elevate her guns to reach the batteries, and had to drop down for nearly a mile, and the fire was thus concentrated on the *Galena*, which sustained the unequal fight for three hours and a half, and when she retired had but five cartridges left for her great guns, and not a loaded shell. This was one of the severest, if not the severest, fight of the war. In the late capture of the *Atlanta* she surrendered after five shots; but the *Galena* was pierced by forty-six of those heavy shot and shells, was greatly cut up, and had fifteen of her crew killed outright, besides the wounded. Among the latter was Commander Rodgers, slightly, from two pieces of shell. Though pronounced unseaworthy by a survey, the *Galena* remained in the river, and during the fight of Malvern Hills she took part in that contest, firing by signal among the rebel troops, and rendering most essential service, as was generally acknowledged by General M'Clellan in his official dispatches.

Transferred to the new iron-clad *Weehawken*, and promoted to the rank of Captain, he, as his passage from New York to Fortress Monroe, encountered one of the most severe storms ever experienced on the coast. Fearing for the safety of his tow, a side-wheel steamer, he cast her off, and ordered her to take harbor at Delaware Breakwater, which she reached with difficulty; but the *Weehawken*, though having the same place of refuge, continued on, and came safely into Hampton Roads, to the agreeable surprise of all who knew she was out in that storm. This proof of the seagoing qualities of that class of vessels was a great satisfaction to the Navy Department, being considered of as much importance as a naval victory; for it restored the confidence which had been in those iron-clads as sea-going vessels which had been destroyed by the then recent foundering of the *Monitor* in a much less violent gale.

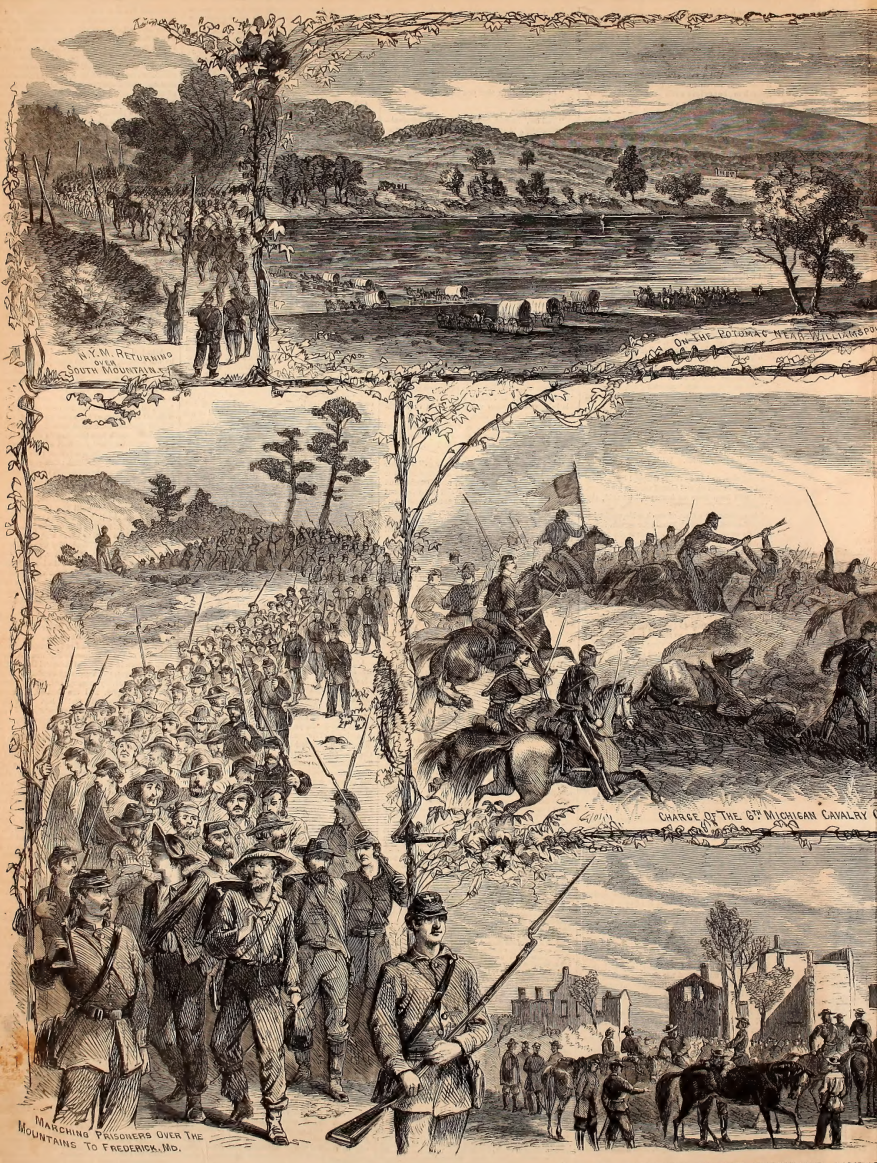
Attached to the squadron of Admiral Du Pont, he was selected to lead the iron-clads in the attack on Forts Sumter and Moultrie and the outer batteries at Charleston. The little squadron, with the *Weehawken* in the van, was allowed to proceed unmolested until it reached a position on certain buoys, on which point all the rebel guns had been trained; and then, at the same instant, three hundred of the heaviest guns opened upon the devoted vessel. Such was this furious attack that the spray thrown up hid the hull of the *Weehawken* from the sight of the spectators, who at one moment thought she was sunk; but she bore it all, and with her consorts continued to return the fire, calmly and steadily pressing on till she reached the sunken obstructions, through which he vainly attempted to find a possible passage. The general fight was a most terrific one, the result signal was made, and as the *Weehawken* was bringing up the rear while retiring further from complications she received two or three heavy shot; and, not to be outdone in courtesy, the *Weehawken* was slowly turning round, and, with her single eleven-inch gun fired a 15-inch solid shot, which was the last gun fired on either side. Never before were any vessels exposed to such a fire as the iron-clads, and fleet of iron-clads sustained would have utterly destroyed in half the time the immense fleet that Nelson had at Trafalgar.

The next service of Captain Rodgers was the recent capture of the iron-clad *Atlanta*. This vessel of 2000 tons, formerly the British *Fingal*, had been prepared with great care and at immense expense, on the plan of the *Merrimac*. For months she had been a thorn in the side of Admiral Du Pont, bearing a raid upon our wooden blockaders. Hearing she was positively coming out, the *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers, and the *Nahant*, Commander Downes, were sent to watch her. The *Atlanta* came out in full belief and expectation of capturing both vessels, but suddenly appeared before them in the first gray of the morning, and at once opened her fire. The *Weehawken* did not return it till within 200 yards, when, as the *Atlanta* proceeded to fire her broadside, the *Weehawken* opened with her 15-inch gun, throwing a solid shot of 450 pounds. Only two shots were fired when the *Atlanta* surrendered, before the *Nahant*, who was gallantly trying to get into position, had fired a shot. The first shot from the *Weehawken* virtually settled the result. Though her iron-plated roof presented an angle of forty-five degrees, the heavy shot did not glance, but penetrated it, and threw an immense quantity of iron and wooden splinters among the crew, killing and wounding many, some by the splinters, and some by the mere concussion; another shot killed one man and wounded seventeen.

This capture was one of the most important of the war; for not only was the vessel a most dangerous foe to the fleet, but she was built and owned by the iron-clads in Charleston harbor, and there is no estimating the consequences that might have resulted from the escape of these powerful iron-clads concerted, and leaving our wooden blockaders, or even those of our Northern sea-ports, exposed to their ravages.

We close this notice with the following extract from the highly complimentary dispatch addressed to Captain Rodgers by the Secretary of the Navy:

"Your early connection with the Mississippi flotilla and your gallant conduct in the attack and capture of the first iron-clads on the Western waters; your brief conduct in the action on Drury's Bluff, your high courage that led you to put to sea in the *Weehawken* upon the approach of the violent storm, in order to be assigning qualities of those new craft, at the time when a sail unknown now to the service of them would have been the manner in which you, with your associates, proved the iron-clads under the concentrated fire of Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, and there tested and proved the efficiency of those vessels, and of them especially, thus answering successful achievement in the capture of the *Atlanta*, also, your skill and ability in the attack, passage, and devotion to the country and the cause of it fallen, reported to you, of self, and as well as the honorable duties on land, and in successful encounter with formidable floating antagonists, of the capabilities or qualities of attack and resistance of the Monitor class of vessels and their heavy armament. For these heroic services able acts I have presented your name to the President, requesting that he recommend that Congress give you a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore in the American Navy."



REMINISCENCES OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAI



IGN,—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Hardie was taken by surprise for once, and had not a word to say; but looked in his son's face, mute, and gaping, as a fish.

During this painful silence his children eyed him inquiringly; but not with the same result; for one face is often read differently by two persons: to Jane, whose intelligence had no aids, he seemed unaffectedly puzzled; but Alfred discerned, beneath his wonder, the terror of detection rising, and then thrust back by the strong will: that stoical face shut again like an iron door; but not quickly enough: the right words, the "open sesame," had been spoken, and one unguarded look had confirmed Alfred's vague suspicions of foul play: he turned his own face away: he was alienated by the occurrences of the last few months, but Nature and tender reminiscences still held him by some fibres of the heart: in a moment of natural indignation he had applied the touch-stone; but its success grieved him; he could not bear to go on exposing his father; so he left the room with a deep sigh, in which pity mingled with shame and regret; he wandered out into the silent night, and soon was leaning on the gate of Albion Villa, gazing wistfully at the windows, and sore perplexed, and nobly wretched.

As he was going out, Mr. Hardie raised his eyebrows with a look of disinterested wonder and curiosity; and touched his forehead to Jane, as much as to say, "Is he disordered in his mind?"

As soon as they were alone, he asked her coolly what Alfred meant. She said she had no idea. Then he examined her keenly about this fourteen thousand pounds: and found, to his relief, Alfred had never even mentioned it to her.

And now Richard Hardie, like his son, wanted to be alone, and think over this new peril, that had risen in the bosom of his own family: and, for once, the company of his favorite child was irksome: he made an excuse and strolled out in his turn into the silent night. It was calm and clear: the thousand holy eyes, under which men prefer to do their crimes—except when they are in too great a hurry to wait—looked down and seemed to wonder any thing can be so silly as to sin; and beneath their pure gaze the man of the world pondered with all his soul. He tormented himself with conjectures: through what channel did Alfred suspect him? through the Dodds? were they aware of their loss? had the pocket-book spoken? If so, why had not Mrs. Dodd or her son attacked him? But then perhaps Alfred was their agent: they wished to try a friendly remonstrance through a mutual friend before proceeding to extremities; this accorded with Mrs. Dodd's character as he remembered her.

The solution was reasonable; but he was relieved of it by recollecting what Alfred had said, that he had not entered the house since the bank broke.

On this he began to hope Alfred's might be a mere suspicion he could not establish by any proof, and at all events he would lock it in his own breast like a good son: his never having given a hint even to his sister favored this supposition.

Thus meditating, Mr. Hardie found himself at the gate of Albion Villa.

Yet he had strolled out with no particular intention of going there. Had his mind, apprehensive of danger from that quarter, driven his body thither?

He took a look at the house: and the first thing he saw was a young lady leaning over the balcony, and murmuring softly to a male figure below, whose outline Mr. Hardie could hardly discern, for it stood in the shadow. Mr. Hardie was delighted: "Aha, Miss Juliet," said he, "if Alfred does not visit you, some one else does. You have soon supplied your peevish lover's place." He then withdrew softly from the gate, not to disturb the intrigue, and watched a few yards off; determined to see who Julia's nightly visitor was, and give Alfred surprise for surprise.

He had not long to wait: the man came away directly, and walked, head erect, past Mr. Hardie, and glanced full in his face, but did not vouchsafe him a word. It was Alfred himself. Mr. Hardie was profoundly alarmed, and indignant: "The young traitor! Never enter the house? no; but he comes and tells her every thing directly, under her window, on the sly: and, when he is caught—defies me to my face." And now he suspected female cunning and malice in the way that thunder-bolt had been quietly prepared for him and launched, without warning, in his very daughter's presence, and the result just communicated to Julia Dodd.

In a very gloomy mood he followed his son, and heard his firm though elastic tread on the frosty ground, and saw how loftily he carried his head: and from that moment feared, and very, very, nearly hated him.

The next day he feigned sick, and sent for Osmond. That worthy prescribed a pill and a draught, the former laxative, the latter astringent. This ceremony performed, Mr. Hardie gossiped with him; and, after a detour or two, glided to his real anxiety. "Sampson tells me you know more about Captain Dodd's case than he does: he is not very clear as to the cause of the poor man's going mad."

"The cause? Why Apoplexy."

"Yes, but I mean what caused the apoplexy?"

Mr. Osmond replied that Apoplexy was often idiopathic.* Captain Dodd, as he understood, had fallen down in the street in a sudden fit: "but as for the mania, this is to be attributed to an insufficient evacuation of blood while under the apoplectic coma."

"Not bled enough! Why Sampson says it is because he was bled too much."

Osmond was amused at this; and repeated that the mania came of not being bled enough.

The discussion was turned into an unexpected quarter by the entrance of Jane Hardie, who came timidly in and said, "Oh, Mr. Osmond, I can not let you go without telling you how anxious I am about Alfred. He is so thin, and pale, and depressed."

"Nonsense, Jane," said Mr. Hardie, "have we not all cause to be dejected in this house?" But she persisted gently that there was more in it than that: and his headaches were worse: and she could not be easy any longer without advice.

"Ah, those headaches," said Mr. Osmond, "they always made me uneasy. To tell the truth, Miss Hardie, I have noticed a remarkable change in him, but I did not like to excite apprehensions: and so he mopes, does he? seeks solitude, and is taciturn, and dejected?"

"Yes. But I do not mind that so much as his turning so pale and thin."

"Oh, it is all part of one malady."

"Then you know what is the matter?"

"I think I do: and yours is a wise and timely anxiety. Your brother's is a very delicate case of a hyperæsthetic character; and I should like to have the advice of a profound physician. Let me see, Dr. Wycherley will be with me to-morrow: may I bring him over as a friend?"

This proposal did not at all suit Mr. Hardie; he put his own construction on Alfred's pallor and dejection, and was uneasy at the idea of his being cross-questioned by a couple of doctors.

"No, no," said he, "Taff has fancies enough already; I can not have you gentlemen coming here to fill his head with many more."

"Oh, he has fancies, has he?" said Osmond, keenly. "My dear Sir, we shall not say one word to *him:* that might irritate him: but I should like *you* to hear a truly learned opinion."

Jane looked so imploringly, that Mr. Hardie yielded a reluctant assent, on those terms.

So the next day, by appointment, Mr. Osmond introduced his friend Dr. Wycherley: bland and bald, with a fine head, and a face naturally intelligent, but crossed every now and then by gleams of vacancy; a man of large reading, and of tact to make it subserve his interests. A voluminous writer on certain medical subjects, he had so saturated himself with circumlocution, that it distilled from his very tongue: he talked like an Article; a quarterly one; and so gained two advantages: 1st, he rarely irritated a fellow-creature; for, if he began a sentence hot, what with its length, and what with its windiness, he was apt to end it cool: item stabs by polysyllables are pricks by sponges. 2dly, this foible earned him the admiration of fools; and this is as invaluable as they are innumerable.

Yet was there in the mother-tongue he despised one germ of a word he vastly admired: like most quarterly writers. That charming word, the pet of the polysyllabic, was "of."

He opened the matter in a subdued and sympathizing tone well calculated to win a loving father, such as Richard Hardie—was not.

"My good friend here informs me, Sir, you are so fortunate as to possess a son of distinguished abilities, and who is at present laboring under some of those precursory indications of incipient disease of the cerebro-psychical organs, of which I have been, I may say, somewhat successful in diagnosing the symptoms. Unless I have been inadvertently misinformed, he has, for a considerable time, and only with slight intermissions, experienced persistent headache of a kephalalgic or true cerebral type, and has now advanced to the succeeding stage of taciturnity and depression, not* unaccompanied with isolation, and, probably, constipation: but as yet without hallucination, though possibly, and, as my experience of the great majority of these cases would induce me to say, probably, he is not† undisturbed by one or more of those latent, and, at first, trifling aberrations, either of the intelligence, or the senses, which in their preliminary stages escape the observation of all but the expert nosologist. In that case, Sir, be assured you have acted the part of a wise and affectionate parent in soliciting the opportune attention of a psychological Physician to these morbid phenomena at present in the initial process of incubation."

"There you see," said Osmond, "Dr. Wycherley agrees with me: yet I assure you I have only detailed the symptoms, and not the conclusion I had formed from them."

Jane inquired timidly what that conclusion was.

"Miss Hardie, we think it one of those obscure tendencies which are very curable if taken in time—" Dr. Wycherley ended the sentence —"but no longer remediable if the fleeting opportunity is allowed to escape, and diseased action to pass into diseased organization."

Jane looked awe-struck at their solemnity; but Mr. Hardie, who was taking advice against the grain, turned satirical: "Gentlemen," said he, "be pleased to begin by moderating your own obscurity; and then perhaps I shall see better how to cure my son's: what the deuce are you driving at?"

The two doctors looked at one another inquiringly; and so settled how to proceed. Dr. Wycherley explained to Mr. Hardie that there was a sort of general unreasonable and superstitious feeling abroad, a kind of terror of the complaint with which his son was threatened; "*and which*, instead of the most remediable of disorders, is looked at as the most incurable of maladies:" it was on this account he had learned to approach the subject with singular caution, and even with a timidity which was kinder in appearance than in reality; that he must admit.

"Well, you may speak out, as far as I am concerned," said Mr. Hardie, with consummate indifference.

"Oh yes!" said Jane, in a fever of anxiety; "pray conceal nothing from us."

"Well then, Sir, I have not as yet had the advantage of examining your son personally, but, from the diagnostics, I have no doubt whatever he is laboring under the first foreshadowings of cerebro-psychical perturbation."

Jane and her father stared at him: he might as well have recited them the alphabet backward.

"Well then," said he, observing his learning had missed fire, "to speak plainly, the symptoms are characteristic of the initiatory stage of the germination of a morbid state of the phenomena of intelligence."

His unprofessional hearers stared another inquiry.

"In one word, then," said Dr. Wycherley, waxing impatient at their abominable obtuseness, "it is the premonitory stage of the precursory condition of an organic affection of the brain."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hardie, carelessly: "I see; the boy is going mad."

The doctors stared in their turn at the prodigious coolness of a tender parent.

"Not exactly," said Dr. Wycherley; "I am habitually averse to exaggeration of symptoms. Your son's suggest to me 'the Incubation of Insanity,' nothing more."

Jane uttered an exclamation of horror: the doctor soothed her with an assurance that there was no cause for alarm. "Incipient aberration" was of easy cure: the mischief lay in delay. "Miss Hardie," said he, paternally, "during a long and busy professional career, it has been my painful province to witness the deplorable consequences of the non-recognition, by friends and relatives, of the precedent symptoms of those organic affections of the brain, the relief of which was within the reach of well-known therapeutic agents if exhibited seasonably."

He went on to deplore the blind prejudice of unprofessional persons; who choose to fancy that other diseases creep, but Insanity pounces, on a man: which he expressed thus neatly; "that other deviations from organic conditions of health are the subject of clearly defined though delicate gradations, but that the worst and most climacteric forms of cerebro-psychical disorder are suddenly developed affections presenting no evidence of any antecedent cephalic organic change, and unaccompanied by a premonitory stage, or by incipient symptoms."

This chimera he proceeded to confute by experience: he had repeatedly been called in to cases of mania described as sudden, and almost invariably found the patient had been cranky for years; which he condensed thus: "His conduct and behavior for many years previously to any symptom of mental aberration being noticed, had been characterized by actions quite irreconcilable with the supposition of the existence of perfect sanity of intellect."

He instanced a parson, whom he had lately attended, and found him as constipated and convinced he was John the Baptist engaged to the Princess Mary as could be.

"But upon investigation of this afflicted ecclesiastic's antecedent history, I discovered that, for years before this, he had exhibited conduct incompatible with the hypothesis of a mind whose equilibrium had been undisturbed: he had caused a number of valuable trees to be cut down on his estate, without being able to offer a sane justification for such an outrageous proceeding: and had actually disposed of a quantity of his patrimonial acres, 'and which' clearly he never would have parted with had he been in any thing resembling a condition of sanity."

"Did he sell the land and timber below the market-price?" inquired Mr. Hardie, perking up, and exhibiting his first symptom of interest in the discussion.

"On that head, Sir, my informant, his heir-at-law, gave me no information: nor did I enter into that class of detail; you naturally look at morbid phenomena in a commercial spirit, but we regard them medically: and, all this time, most assiduously visiting the sick of his parish and preaching admirable sermons."

The next instance he gave was of a stock-broker suffering under general paralysis and a rooted idea that all the *specie* in the Bank of England was his and ministers in league with foreign governments to keep him out of it.

"Him," said the doctor, "I discovered to have been for years guilty of conduct entirely incompatible with the hypothesis of undisordered mental functions. He had accused his domestic of peculation, and had initiated legal proceedings with a view of prosecuting in a court of law one of his oldest friends."

"Whence you infer that, if my son has not for years been doing cranky acts, he is not likely to be deranged at present."

This adroit twist of the argument rather surprised Dr. Wycherley. However, he was at no loss for a reply. "It is not insanity, but the Incubation of Insanity, which is suspected in your intelligent son's case: and the best course will be for me to enumerate in general terms the several symptoms of 'the Incubation of Insanity:'" he concluded with some severity, "after that, Sir, I shall cease to intrude what I fear is an unwelcome conviction."

The Parent, whose levity and cold reception of good tidings he had thus mildly, yet with due dignity, rebuked, was a man of the world; and liked to make friends, not enemies; so he took the hint, and made a very civil speech, assuring Dr. Wycherley that, if he ventured to differ from him, he was none the less obliged by the kind interest he took in a comparative stranger: and would be very glad to hear all about the "Incubation of Insanity." He added, "The very expression is new to me."

Dr. Wycherley bowed slightly; and complied: "One diagnostic preliminary sign of abnormal cerebral action is Kephalalgia, or true cerebral headache; I mean persistent headache, which is not accompanied by a furred tongue, or other indicia significant of abdominal or renal disorder as its origin."

Jane sighed. "He has sad headaches."

"The succeeding symptom is a morbid affection of sleep. Either the patient suffers from Insomnia; or else from Hypersomnia, which we subdivide into sopor, carus, and lethargus; or thirdly from Kakosomnia, or a propensity to mere dozing, and to all the morbid phenomena of dreams."

"Papa," said Jane, "poor Alfred sleeps very badly: I hear him walking at all hours of the night."

"I thought as much," observed Dr. Wycherley; "Insomnia is the commonest feature. To resume; the insidious advance of morbid thought is next marked by high spirits, or else by low spirits; generally the latter. The patient begins by moping, then shows great lassitude and ennui, then becomes abstracted, moody, and occupied with a solitary idea."

Jane clasped her hands, and the tears stood in her eyes; so well did this description tally with poor Alfred's case.

"And at this period," continued Dr. Wycherley, "my experience leads me to believe that some latent delusion is generally germinating in the mind, though often concealed with consummate craft by the patient: the open development of this delusion is the next stage, and, with this last morbid phenomenon, incubation ceases and insanity begins. Sometimes, however, the illusion is physical rather than psychical of the sense rather than of the intelligence. It commences at night: the incubator begins by seeing nocturnal visions, often of a photopsic* character, or hearing nocturnal sounds, neither of which have any material existence, being conveyed to his optic or auricular nerves not from without, but from within, by the agency of a disordered brain. These the reason, hitherto unimpaired, combats at first, especially when they are nocturnal only: but being reproduced, and becoming diurnal, the judgment succumbs under the morbid impression produced so repeatedly. These are the ordinary antecedent symptoms characteristic of the incubation of insanity; to which are frequently added somatic exaltation, or, in popular language, physical excitability—a disposition to knit the brows—great activity of the mental faculties—or else a well marked decline of the powers of the understanding—an exaggeration of the normal conditions of thought—or a reversal of the mental habits and sentiments, such as a sudden aversion to some person hitherto beloved, or some study long relished and pursued."

Jane asked leave to note these all down in her note-book.

Mr. Hardie assented, adroitly; for he was thinking whether he could not sift some grain out of all this chaff. Should Alfred blab his suspicions, here were two gentlemen who would at all events help him to throw ridicule on them.

Dr. Wycherley having politely aided Jane Hardie to note down "the preliminary process of the Incubation of disorders of the Intellect," resumed: "Now, Sir, your son appears to be in a very inchoate stage of the malady: he has cerebral Kephalalgia and Insomnia—"

"And, oh doctor, he knits his brows often; and has given up his studies; won't go back to Oxford this term."

"Exactly; and seeks isolation, and is a prey to morbid distraction and reverie: but has no palpable illusions; has he?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Hardie.

"Well but," objected Jane, "did not he say something to you very curious the other night; about Captain Dodd, and fourteen thousand pounds?"

Mr. Hardie's blood ran cold:

"No," he stammered, "not that I remember."

"Oh yes he did, papa: you have forgotten it: but at the time you were quite puzzled what he could mean: and you did *so*." She put her finger to her forehead: and the doctors interchanged a meaning glance.

"I believe you are right, Jenny," said Mr. Hardie, taking the cue so unexpectedly offered him: "he did say some nonsense I could not make head nor tail of; but we all have our crotchets; there, run away, like a good girl, and let me explain all this to our good friends here: and mind, not a word about it to Alfred."

When she was gone, he said, "Gentlemen, my son is madly in love; that is all."

"Oh, Erotic monomania is a very ordinary phase of insanity."

"His unreasonable passion for a girl he knows he can never marry makes him somewhat crotchety and cranky: that, and overstudy, may have unhinged his mind a little: suppose I send him abroad? my good brother will find the means; or we could advance it him, I and the other trustees; he comes into ten thousand pounds in a month or two."

The doctors exchanged a meaning look. They then dissuaded him earnestly from the idea of Continental travel.

"Cœlum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt," said Wycherley, and Osmond explained that Alfred would brood abroad as well as at home, if he went alone: and Dr. Wycherley summed up thus: "The most advisable course

---

* "Arising of itself." A term rather hastily applied to disorders the coming signs of which have not been detected by the medical attendant.

The birth of Topsy was idiopathic—in that learned lady's opinion.

* Anglicè, "accompanied."
† Anglicè, "disturbed."

* Luminous.

is to give him the benefit of the personal superintendence of some skillful physician possessed of means and appliances of every sort for soothing and restraining the specific malady."

Mr. Hardie did not at first see the exact purport of this eloquent peripharsis. *He knitted his brows.* Presently he caught a glimpse: but said he thought confinement was hardly the thing to drive away melancholy.

"Not in all respects," replied Dr. Wycherley: "but, on the other hand, a little gentle restraint is the safest way of effecting a disruption of the fatal associations that have engendered and tend to perpetuate the disorder. Besides, the medicinal appliances are invaluable; including, as they do, the nocturnal and diurnal attendance of a Psychophysical physician, who knows the Psychosomatic relation of body and mind, and can apply physical remedies, of the nature of which on the physical instrument of intelligence, the gray matter of the brain, we have seen so many examples."

The good doctor then feelingly deplored the inhumanity of parents and guardians in declining to subject their incubators to exposure and salutary restraint under the more than parental care of a psychosomatic physician. On this head he got quite warm, and inveighed against the abominable cruelty of the thing.

"It is contrary," said he, "to every principle of justice and humanity that a fellow-creature's deranged perhaps only on one point, should for the want of the early attention of those, whose duty it is to watch over him, linger out a life of existence separated from all who are dear to him, and condemned without any crime to be a prisoner for life."

Mr. Hardie was puzzled by this sentence, in which the doctor's usual method was reversed, and the thought was bigger than the words.

The doctors did not interfere, but let the suggestion resume.

"Oh," said Mr. Hardie at last, "I see. We ought to incarcerate our children to keep them from being incarcerated."

"That is one way of putting it with a vengeance," said Mr. Osmond, staring. "No; what my good friend means—"

"Is this; where the patient is possessor of an income of such a character as to enable his friends to devote a sincere attention to ameliorating the consequences of neglected morbid phenomena of the brain, there a lamentable want of humanity is exhibited by the nonrestraint refusal to the patient, on the part of his relatives, of the incalculable advantages of physician accompanied with the safeguards and preventions of restraint."

But ere the mellifluous phrase had done oiling his paradox with fresh polysyllables, to make it slip into the Banker's narrow understanding, he met with a curious interruption. Jane Hardie fluttered in to say a man was at the door accusing himself of being deranged.

"How often this sort of coincidence occurs," said Osmond, philosophically.

"If you refuse him, dear papa; it is not for money: he only wants you to give him an order to go into a lunatic asylum."

"Now, there is a sensible man," said Dr. Wycherley.

"Well but," objected Mr. Hardie, "if he is a sensible man, why does he want to go to an asylum?"

"Oh, they are all sensible at times," observed Mr. Osmond, sad.

"*Singularly so*," said Dr. Wycherley, warmly. And he showed a desire to examine this paragon, who had the sense to know he was out of his senses.

"It would be but kind of you, Sir," said Jane, "poor, poor man!" She added he did not like to come in, and would they mind just going out to him?

"Oh no, not in the least: especially as you seem interested in him."

And they all three rose and went out together, and found the petitioner at the front door. "Who should it be, but James Maxley!"

His beard was unshaven, his face haggard, and every thing about him showed a man broken in spirit as well as fortune: even his head low hali its vigor, and, whenever he had uttered a connected sentence or two, his head dropped on his breast, pitiably: indeed, this sometimes occurred in the middle of a sentence, and then the rest of it died on his lips.

Mr. Richard Hardie was not prepared to encounter one of his unhappy creditors at so publicly, and, to shorten the annoyance, would have dismissed him roughly: but he dared not: for Maxley was no longer alone, nor unfriended: when Jane left him, to intercede for him, a young man joined him, and was now comforting him with kind words, and trying to get him to smoke a cigar: and this good-hearted young gentleman was the Banker's son in the flesh, and his opposite in spirit, Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Finding these two in contact, the Doctors interchanged demeaner glances.

Mr. Hardie asked Maxley sullenly what he wanted of them.

"Well, Sir," said Maxley, despondently, "I have been to all the other magistrates in the borough; for what with losing my money, and what with losing my missus, I think I 'ain't quite right in my head; I do see such curious things, enough to make a body's skin creep, at times."

And down went his head on his chest.

"Well?" said Mr. Hardie, peevishly: "go on: you went to the magistrates, and what then?"

Maxley looked up, and seemed to recover the thread: "Why, they said 'no,' they couldn't send me to the 'sylum, not from home: I must be a pauper first. So then my neighbors they said I had better come to you." And down went his head again.

"Well but," said Mr. Hardie, "you can not expect me to go against the other magistrates."

"Why not, Sir? You have had a hafful o' money of me: the other gentlemen hain't had a farthing. They owes me no service, but you does: nine hundred pounds' worth, if ye come to that."

There was no malice in this; it was a plain, broken-hearted man's notion of give and take; but it was a home thrust all the same; and Mr. Hardie was visibly discountenanced, and Alfred more so.

Mr. Osmond, to relieve a situation so painful, asked Maxley rather hastily what were the curious things he saw.

Maxley shuddered. "The unreasonablest beasts, Sir, you ever saw or heard tell on: mostly snakes and dragons. Can't stop my head to do no work for them, Sir. Blest creeter heart, if it was to leave you gentlemen now, and go and dig for five minutes in my garden, they would come about me as thick as bugs on cabbage: why, 'twas but yesterday I tried to hoe a bit, and up comes the fearfullest great fiery sarpint: scared me so I heaved my hoe and killed it. Then presently I seemed to come out of a sort of a kind of a mist into the clear; and there laid my poor missus's favorite hen; I had been and killed her for a sarpint." He sighed: then, after a moment's pause, raised his voice to a whisper. "Now suppose I was to go and take some poor Christian for one of these gre--at bloody sarpens I do see now and then. I might do him a mischief, you know, and not mean him no harm neither. Oh dooze take and have me locked up, gentlemen, for I'm sure like I 'ain't fit to be about, my poor head is so mazed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hardie, "I'll give you an order for the 'Sylum."

"What, make a pauper of me?"

"I can not help it," said the magistrate: "it is the routine; and it was the routine at a meeting of the bench last month that we must adhere to the rule as strictly as possible: the asylum is so full: and you know, Maxley, it is not as if you were dangerous."

"That I be, Sir: I don't know what I'm a looking at, or a doing of, but I 'ah' gone and killed my poor Susan's hen if I hadn't a been beside myself? and she in her grave, poor dear: no, not for untold gold would I have done that too; used to be, however: but now I don't seem to care for money nor nothing else." And his head dropped.

"Look here, Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, exactly *in the way to the work-house*; "it's a crocodile, and will be sure to bite you into an asylum whether the Barkington magistrates like it or not: that is the routine, I believe; and as reasonable as most routine."

Dr. Wycherley admired Alfred for this, and whispered Mr. Osmond, "How subtly they reason."

Mr. Hardie did not deign to answer his son, who indeed had not lifted his head and looked Mr. Hardie in the face.

"You be a hard man:" said he, trembling with emotion. "I 'ah' been a hard man to dozens of our all, you ha' broke her heart, and turned my head, and if I was to come and kill you 'twould only be natural revenge. Stead of that I comes to you like a lamb, and says give me your name on a bit of paper, and put me out of harm's way. No, Sir," says you, "I'll be d--d first." Be you in the work-house? You that owes me nine hundred pounds and my dead missus 's?" With this he rose, and felt in his own pocket, as of his pocket, and flung it at Mr. Hardie's head before any one could stop him.

But Alfred Hardie stepped forward, and caught it with one hand, and with the other delivery of a wicket-keeper, within a foot of his father's nose. "How's this, Governor?" said he: then, a little sternly, "Don't do that again, Mr. Maxley, or I shall have to give you a hiding—to keep up appearances." He then opened the note in his pocket, and said, quietly, "I shall give you your money for these, before the year ends."

"You wont be quite so mad as that I hope," remonstrated his father. But he made no reply: they very seldom answered one another now.

"Oh," said Mr. Wycherley, especially him like a human curiosity, "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ."

Mr. Osmond, who was classically stultitiæ," retorted Alfred in a moment: and met his offensive gaze with a point-blank look of supercilious disdain.

Then, having shut him up, he turned to Osmond: "Come, Sir, you are the proper man for a poor fellow, who asks for a hospital, so Routine gives him a work-house: come, you know there is no limit to your skill and benevolence; you cured Spot of the worms, cure poor old Maxley of his snakes; oblige me."

"That I will, Alfred," said Osmond, heartily: and wrote a prescription on a leaf of his memorandum book, remarking that, though a simple purgative, it had many records of its great many serpents, and dragons, and not a few specires and hobgoblins into the bargain.

The young gentleman then went to work quickly, and said kindly to Maxley, "get that made up—here's a guinea—and I'll send somebody to see how you are to-morrow."

The poor man took the guines, and the prescription, and his head drooped again, and he slouched away.

Dr. Wycherley remarked significantly that his *conduct was worth imitating by all persons similarly situated:* and concluded oracularly: "Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeusis."

"Or, as *Parson* would say, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

With this parting blow the Oxonian suddenly sauntered away, unconscious, it seemed, of the existence of his companions.

"I never saw a plainer case of Incubation," remarked Dr. Wycherley, with vast benevolence of manner.

"Maxley's?"

"Oh, no; that is parochial. It is your profoundly interesting son I alluded to. Did you notice his supercilious departure? And his morbid esteem of reparies?"

Mr. Hardie replied with some little hesitation, "Yes; and excuse me, I thought he had rather the best of Maxley with you."

"Indubitably so," replied Dr. Wycherley: "they always do: at least such is my experience. If ever I break a lance of wit with an incubator, I calculate with confidence on being untinseled with abnormal rapidity: and rare, indeed, are the instances in which my anticipations are not promptly and fully realized. Now a similar rush of progression the incubator is seldom a match for the confirmed maniac, either in the light play of sarcasm, the circumlocutions of wit, or the severe encounters of dialectical ratiocination."

"Dear, dear me, Sir, then how is one to know a genius from a madman?" inquired Jane.

"By sending for a psychological physician."

"If I understand the doctor right, the two things are not opposed," remarked Mr. Hardie.

Dr. Wycherley assented, and made a remarkable statement: "Incubation:" One half of the aggregate of the genius of the country is at present under restraint; fortunately for the community, and unfortunately for itself."

He then put on his gloves, and, with much kindness but solemnity, warned Mr. Hardie not to neglect his son, nor to suppose that matters could go on like this without "disintegrating or disorganizing the gray matter of the brain. Above all," said he, "that in many recorded cases of insanity the brain on dissection has revealed no signs of structural or functional derangement: and, on the other hand, considerable encephalic disorganization has been shown to have existed in other cases without mental symptoms sufficient to suggest: but such phenomena are to be considered as pathological curiosities, with which the empiric would fain endeavor to identify the general conclusions of science. The only safe mode of reasoning on matters so delicate and profound is a priori: and, as it may be assumed as a law of self-evident proposition, that disturbed intellectual action, in the same relation to the brain disordered respiration is to the lungs, it is as philosophical, reasoning a priori, to assume the possibility of typical conditions or other mental habits of some one, as to suppose that can be reversed of pyrosis, and abnormal evanate, with all the of wit and ratiocination, without loss of the able impairment of coherent, distantiated, modification, of the psychical, motorial, and sensorial functions of the great cerebral ganglion. All that would be absurdly absurd to pronounce that these several functions can be disarranged for months, without more or less disorganization of the medullary matter of the cerebral hemisphere of the encephalon. *Therefore*—dissection of your talented son would doubtless reveal at this moment cubical concretions or atheromatous deposits in the cerebral blood-vessels, or an encrystal abscess, probably of no very recent origin, or, at least, not of recent inspissation, and opacity, of the membranes of the encephalon, or more or less pulpy disorganization of one or other of the hemispherical lobes: *Therefore*—reasoning?"

"Good-morning, Sir: and a thousand thanks for your friendly interest in my unhappy boy."

"Not at all, my dear Sir: I took their departure" (Psycho-cerebral for "departed"), and left Jane Hardie brimful of anxiety. Alfred was not given to dejection, but to two words, "Pooh" and "Stuff," and so smoke on: and, not being a university woman, she could not keep her eye on the above assumption while following the series of inferences the learned doctor built so neatly, story by story, on the foundation *of* the quicksand of the previous conjecture.*

"Now not a word of this to Alfred," said Mr. Hardie. "I shall propose to him a little tour, to amuse him, and take his mind."

"Yes, but papa, if some serious change is really going on inside his poor head."

"Pooh," said Mr. Hardie, impatiently.

"Don't you see that if the mind can wound the brain, the mind can cure it?" Then, after a while, he said, peevishly, "My child, I must give you a lesson: men of the world use enthusiasts—like those you read of—as tools, and throw away their tools; we don't let them make tools of us. Osmond, you know, is jackal to an asylum in London; Dr. Wycherley, I have been told, has two or three such establishments by himself or his agents: blinded by self-interest, and that of his friends, to the practical world of life, I can be sure! — they would confine a melancholy youth in a gloomy house, among afflicted persons, and give him nothing to do but brood; and so turn the scale against his reason: but *I* have my children's interest at heart more than they have, and I shall turn Alfred's mind away his mind with fresh objects, break off associations, and restore him to a brilliant career. Jane, you are to second me in my little scheme for his good."

"That I will, papa."

"Somehow, I don't know why, he is cooling to me."

"He does not understand you, as I do, my own papa."

"But he is affectionate with you, I think."

"Oh yes, more than ever: trouble has drawn us closer. Papa, in the midst of our sorrow, how much we have to be thankful for to the Giver of all good things!"

"Yes, little angel: and you must improve Heaven's goodness by working on your brother's affections, and persuading him to this continental tour."

This appealed to, Jane promised warmly; and the man of the world, finding he had a blind and willing instrument in the one creature he loved, kissed her on the forehead, and told her to run away, as he was Mr. Skinner, who no doubt wanted to speak on business.

Skinner, who had in fact been holding respectfully aloof for some time, came forward on Jane's retiring, and in a very obsequious tone requested a private interview. Mr. Hardie led the way into the little dining-room.

They were no sooner alone than Skinner left off fawning, very abruptly; and put on a rugged resolute manner that was new to him: "I am come for my commission," said he, studdily.

Mr. Hardie looked an inquiry.

"Oh, you don't know what I mean, of course," said the little clerk, almost brutally: "I've waited, and waited, to see if you would have the decency, and the gratitude, and the honesty, to offer me a trifle out of It; but I see I might wait till doomsday before you would ever think of thinking of anybody but yourself. So now shell out without more words or I'll blow the gaff." The little wretch raised his voice louder and louder at every sentence.

"Hush! hush! Skinner," said Mr. Hardie, anxiously, "you are under some delusion. When did I ever decline to recognize your services? I always intended to make you a present, in handsome terms."

"Then why didn't ye *do* it without being forced? Come, Sir, you can't draw the wool over Noah Skinner's eyes; I have had you watched, and you are looking toward the U. S., and that is too big a country for me to hunt you in. I'm not to be trifled with: I'm not to be palavered: give me a thousand pounds of it this moment or, I'll blow the whole concern and let you along with it."

"A thousand pounds?!"

"Now look at that!" shrieked Skinner. "Serves me right for not having seven thousand. What right have you to a penny piece of it more than I have? If I had the luck to be a widower, I'd be proud of a thousand. I should as you where it is this moment or I'll go to"

"But I haven't *you* took up for a thief; and that's the lie: you ——"

"But I haven't *you* took up for a thief; and that's the lie: you ——"

close to your heart: I can see it bulge. Job was a patient man, but his patience went at last." With this he ran to the window and threw it open.

Hardie entreated him to be calm. "I'll give it you, Skinner," said he, "and with pleasure, if you will give me some security that you will not turn round, as soon as you have got it, and be my enemy."

"Enemy of a gent that pays me a thousand pounds? nonsense." Why should I? We are in the same boat," added he like a man, "and you know you have nothing to fear from me: but I will—not—go halves in a theft for nothing: would you? Come, Sir, will it be to peace or war? Will you be content with thirteen thousand pounds that don't belong to you, not a shilling of it, or will you go to jail a thief, and lose it every penny?"

Mr. Hardie groaned aloud, but there was no help for it. Skinner was on sale: and must be bought.

He took out two notes for five hundred pounds each, and laid them on the table, after taking their numbers.

Skinner's eyes glistened: "Thank you, Sir," said he. He put them in his pocket. Then he said quietly, "I now you have taken the numbers, Sir, so I'll not run for a bit: but he made safe against the criminal law. You are a deep one; you might say I robbed you."

"That is a very unworthy suspicion, Skinner; and a childish one."

"Oh, it is diamond cut diamond. A single line, Sir, just to say that I have made this faithful services you have given Noah Skinner two notes for £500 Nos. 1084 and 85."

"Write any hocus-pocus you please, I have your receipt for them."

It was Skinner's turn to hesitate. After reflecting however on all the possible consequences, he saw nothing to fear; so he consented.

The business completed, a magic change took place in the little man: "Now we are friends again, Sir; and I'll give you a piece of advice: mind your eye with Mr. Alfred; he is down on us."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Hardie, with bill-disgusted anxiety.

"I'll tell you, Sir. He met me this morning: and says he to me, 'Skinner, old boy, I want to speak a word with you.' He put his arm on my shoulder, and turns me round, and says he all at one time 'the fourteen thousand pounds?' 'You might have knocked me down with a feather. And he looked me through like a gimlet, mind ye. 'Come now,' says he, 'you see I know all: you did,' he said, 'Captain Dodd's fourteen thousand pounds: I had passed through my hands.' Then I began to funk again at his knowing that: perhaps he only guessed it after all: but at the time I thought he knew it; I was

* So novices sitting at a conjuror see him take a weddingring, and put it in a little box before a large, or even little theatre with another little box, and put that before another lady: "Hey presto! pass!" in box 2 is discovered a weddingring, which is instantly claimed to be the ring: on this their great minds are fixed, and with this is them business done: Box 1, containing the real ring all the time, is overlooked: and the conjuror, the lawyer or not, does what he likes with his impressions in an escape—for the good of its health.

So poor Argus, when Fleurant enumerates the consequences of his omitting a single—does that I say?—be tormented by the hallucinated disorders, which succeed to each other logically enough, all the absurdity being in the first link of the chain; and from that his mind is diverted.

flustered, ye see. But I said, 'I'd look at the books; but I didn't think his deposit was any thing like that.' 'You little equivocating humbug,' says he: 'and which was better, to tell the truth at once and let Captain Dodd, which never did me any harm, have his own, or to hear it told me in the felon's dock?' those were his words, Sir: and they made my blood run cold; and if he had gone on at me like that, I should have split, I know I should: but he just said, 'there, your face has given your tongue the lie; you haven't brains enough to play the rogue. Oh, and—another thing—he said he wouldn't talk to the sparrow-hawk any more, since there was the kite hard by: so by that I guess you turn is coming, Sir; so mind your eye. And then he turned his back on me with a look as if I was so much dirt. But I didn't mind that; I was glad to be shut of him at any price."

This intelligence disconcerted Mr. Hardie terribly: it did away with all hope that Alfred meant to keep his suspicions to himself. "Why did you not tell me this before?" said he, reproachfully.

Skinner's sharp visage seemed to sharpen as he replied, "Because I wanted a thousand pounds first."

"Curse your low cunning!"

Skinner laughed. "Good-by, Sir: take care of yourself and I'll take care of mine. I'm afraid of Mr. Alfred and the stone-jug, so I'm off to London, and there I'll un-Skinner myself into Mr. Something or other, and make my thousand pounds breed me." And he whipped out, leaving his master filled with rage and dismay.

"Outwitted even by this little wretch!"

He was now accountable for fourteen thousand pounds, and had only thirteen thousand left, if forced to reimburse; so that it was quite on the cards for him to lose a thousand pounds by robbing his neighbor and risking his own immortal jewel: this galled him to the quick; and altogether his equable temper began to give way; it had already survived half the iron of his nerves. He walked up and down the parlor chafing like an irritated lion. In which state of his mind the one enemy he now feared and hated walked quietly into the room, and begged for a little serious conversation with him.

"It is like your effrontery," said he: "I wonder you are not ashamed to look your father in the face."

"Having wronged nobody, I can look anybody in the face," replied Alfred, looking him in the face point-blank.

At this swift rejoinder Mr. Hardie felt like a too-confident swords-man, who, attacking in a passion, suddenly receives a prick that shows him his antagonist is not one to be trifled with. He was on his guard directly, and said, coldly: "You have been belying me to my very clerk."

"No, Sir; you are mistaken: I have never mentioned your name to your clerk."

Mr. Hardie reflected on this answer and told him, and found he had made another false move. He put that out of the Dodds' minds with an assumption of sincere.

"Not to the Dodds," replied Alfred, calmly.

"What, not to Miss Julia Dodd?"

"No, Sir; I have seen her but once, since—discovered about the fourteen thousand pounds."

"What fourteen thousand pounds?" inquired Mr. Hardie, innocently.

"What fourteen thousand pounds!" repeated the young man, disdainfully. Then suddenly turning on his father, with red brow and flashing eyes: "the fourteen thousand pounds Captain Dodd brought home from India: the fourteen thousand pounds I heard him claim of you with curses; ay, miserable son, and miserable man, that I am, I heard my own father called a villain; and what did my father reply? Did you hurl the words back into your accuser's throat? No; you whispered, 'Hush! hush! I'll bring it you down.' Oh, what a hell shame is!"

Mr. Hardie turned pale and almost sick: with these words of Alfred's fled all hope of ever deceiving him.

"Then, there," said the young man, lowering his voice from rage to profound sorrow: "I don't come here to quarrel with my father, nor to insult him, God knows: and I entreat you for both our sakes not to try my temper too hard by these childish attempts to blind me: and, Sir, pray dismiss from your mind the notion that I have disclosed to any living soul my knowledge of this horrible secret: on the contrary, I have kept it gnawing my heart, and almost maddening me at times. For my own personal satisfaction I have applied a test both to you and Skinner; but that is all I have done: I have not told dear Julia, nor any of her family; and now, if you will only listen to me, and do what I entreat you to do, she shall never know; oh, never."

"Oho!" thought Mr. Hardie, "he comes with a proposal: I'll hear it my way."

He then took a line well known to artful men: he encouraged Alfred to show his hand; maintaining a complete reserve as to his own: "You say you did not communicate your illusions about this fourteen thousand pounds to Julia Dodd that night: may I ask then (without indiscretion) what did pass between you two?"

"I will tell you, Sir. She saw me standing there, and asked me in her own soft angel voice if I was unhappy. I told her I must be a poor creature if I could be happy. Then she asked me, with some hesitation I thought, why I was unhappy. I said because I could not see the path of honor and duty clear: that, at least, was the purport. Then she told me that in all difficulties she had found the best way was to pray to God to guide her; and she begged me to lay my care before him, and ask his counsel. And then I thanked her, and bade her goodnight, and she me; and that was all passed between us two unhappy lovers, whom you have made miserable; and even cool to one another; but not hostile to you. And you played the spy on us, Sir; and misunderstood us, as spies generally do. Ah, Sir, a few months ago you would not have condescended to that."

Mr. Hardie colored, but did not reply. He had passed from the irritable into the quietly vindictive stage.

Alfred then deprecated further discussion of what was past, and said abruptly: "I have an offer to make you: in a very short time I shall have ten thousand pounds; I will not resign my whole fortune; that would be unjust to myself, and my wife; and I loathe and despise Injustice in all its forms however romantic or plausible. But, if you will give the Dodds their £14,000, I will share my little fortune equally with you: and thank you, and bless you. Consider, Sir, with your abilities and experience, five thousand pounds may yet be the nucleus of a fortune; a fortune built on an honorable foundation. I know you will thrive with my five thousand pounds ten times more than with their fourteen thousand; and enjoy the blessing of blessings, a clear conscience."

Now this offer was no sooner made than Mr. Hardie shut his face, and went to mental arithmetic, like one doing a sum behind a thick door. He would have taken ten thousand: but five thousand did not much tempt him: besides, would it be five thousand clear? He already owed Alfred two thousand five hundred. It flashed through him that a young man who loathed and despised Injustice—even to himself—would not consent to be diddled by him out of one sum while making him a present of another: and then there was Skinner's thousand to be reimbursed. He therefore declined in these terms:

"This offer shows me you are sincere in these strange notions you have taken up. I am sorry for it: it looks like insanity. These nocturnal illusions, these imaginary sights and sounds, come of brooding on a single idea, and often usher in a calamity one trembles to think of. You have made me a proposal: I make you one: take a couple of hundred pounds (I'll get it from your trustees) and travel the Continent for four months; enlarge and amuse your mind with the contemplation of nature and manners and customs; and if that does not clear this phantom £14,000 out of your head, I am much mistaken."

Alfred replied that foreign travel was his dream; but he could not leave Barkington while there was an act of justice to be done.

"Then do me justice, boy," said Mr. Hardie, with wonderful dignity, all things considered. "Instead of brooding on your own fantastical idea, and shutting out all rational evidence to the contrary, take the trouble to look through my books; and there you'll find you owe me, at this moment, not fourteen thousand, but of eighty thousand pounds, honorably sacrificed in the struggle to fulfill my engagements: who, do you think, will believe, against such evidence, the preposterous tale you have concocted against your poor father? Already the tide is turning, and all, who have seen the accounts of the Bank, pity me; they will pity me still more if ever they hear my own flesh and blood insults me in the moment of my fall; sees me ruined by my honesty, and living in a hovel, yet exposes into that poor but honest abode, and stabs me to the heart by accusing me of stealing fourteen thousand pounds: a sum that would have saved me, if I could only have laid my hands on it."

He hid his face, to conceal its incongruous expression: and heaved a deep sigh.

Alfred turned his head away and groaned.

After a while he rose from his seat and went to the door: but seemed reluctant to go: he cast a longing, lingering look on his father, and said, beseechingly: "Oh think! you are not my flesh and blood more than I am yours; is all the love to be on my side? have I no influence even when right is on my side?" Then he suddenly turned and threw himself impetuously on his knees; "Your father was the soul of honor: your son loathed fraud and injustice from his cradle; you stand between two generations of Hardies, and belong to neither; do but reflect one moment how right a thing honor is, how short and uncertain a thing life, how sure a thing retribution is, in this world or the next: it is your guardian angel that kneels before you now, and not your son: oh, for Christ's sake, for my mother's sake, listen to my last appeal. You don't know me: I can not compromise with injustice. Pity me, pity her I love, pity yourself!"

"You young viper!" cried the father, stung with remorse but not touched with penitence. "Get away, you amorous young hypocrite; get out of my house, get out of my sight, or I'll spit on you and curse you at my feet."

"Enough!" said Alfred, rising and turning suddenly calm as a statue: "let us be gentlemen, if you please, even though we must be enemies. Good-by, my father that was."

And he walked gently out of the room, and, as he passed the window, Mr. Hardie heard his great heart sob.

He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "A hard tussle," thought he, "and with my own unnatural, ungrateful, flesh and blood: but I have won it; he hasn't told the Dodds: he never will: and, if he did, who would believe him, or them?"

At dinner there was no Alfred; but after dinner a note to Jane informing her he had taken lodgings in the town, and requesting her to send his books and clothes in the evening. Jane handed the note to her father: and sighed deeply. Watching his face as he read it, she saw him turn rather pale, and looked more furrowed than ever.

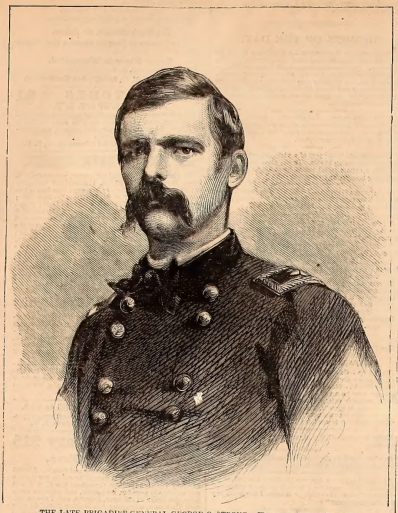
"Papa!" said she, "What *does* it all mean?"

"I am thinking."

Then, after a long pause he ground his teeth and said, "It means—WAR."



OUR WORKS BEFORE JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BEFORE THE EVACUATION BY CAPTAIN ANDREWS OF ANTIETAM AND FIFTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.

WE publish on this page a portrait—from a photograph by Brady—of the late GENERAL STRONG, who died in this city on 30th ult., from the results of a wound received in the recent attack on Fort Wagner.

George C. Strong was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1836, entered West Point in 1855, and graduated in 1857. He entered the Ordnance Department, and on the outbreak of the rebellion was in command of the Watervliet Arsenal. He applied for active employment, was placed on the staff of General M'Dowell, and served in that capacity at the battle of Bull Run. He served for a short time on the staff of General M'Clellan, but was soon transferred to General Butler, and preceded to organize the Butler expedition. He was stationed for some time in Boston and vicinity, and sailed for the Gulf, arriving at Ship Island March 24, 1862. When New Orleans was taken he removed his office to that city, and transacted the business of the Department of the Gulf. The labor and exertion attendant upon his position nearly cost him his life, which for some time was despaired of, but a compulsory visit to the North restored him to health. As chief of General Butler's staff he conducted several expeditions to Biloxi and up the Mississippi, and thus betrayed a character for gallantry that only wanted the opportunity to develop itself.

He returned to the North with General Butler, and after a brief period of inactivity was, at the request of General Gilmore, placed in command of a brigade in the Department of the South. He had previously been appointed Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of General Butler. The following, from the *Herald* correspondence, will show how he commenced his work:

During the early part of the army movements under General Gilmore to General Strong's brigade was awarded the post of honor, as may be gathered from the following extract from general orders:

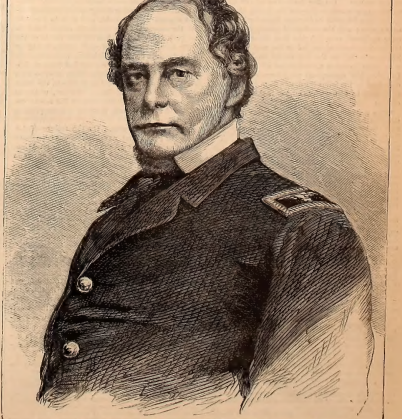
SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 2. July 9, 1863.

The attack on Morris Island will take place to-morrow morning at break of day, by opening our batteries at the north end of Folly Island. General Strong's brigade will embark to-night, and hold itself in Folly Island Creek ready to move forward, and at the proper time occupy the south end of Morris Island.

The brigade landed in due order, and, with General Strong and staff at their head, the advance kept on long after they got under the rebel fire. The General, who had fallen into the water, after he got his ducking pulled off his riding-boots to pour out the water, and was too eager to get on to stop and put them on; so he headed the charge with only stockings on, and in that state led the troops



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAAS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, OF THE "WEEHAWKEN."—[SEE PAGE 526.]

on over hot sand-ridges, up the beach, across shell-banks and oyster-beds, regardless of the style of footing. This conduct pleased the troops amazingly, and the colonel moved on slowly and silently up the beach without account, so that when they arrived within two hundred yards of the fort, when a charge was ordered.

General Strong then sent up to the men at the proper moment and said, "Now, boys, and trust in God! Forward, the Connecticut Seventh!" And away they went as a double-quick, with their General at their head. The first double-quick, with their bayonets, heavily charged with opened with its usual effect, and a third young officer grape and canister, still the survivors pressed on, passed the smoke through the embrasures of the works and entered them, and stood on the parapet after the charge the following was added to the Commanding General's congratulatory order:

Special praise are due to Brigadier-General George C. Strong and his command for the heroic gallantry with which they carried the fortifications on Morris Island, this being the first instance during the war in which powerful works have been assaulted successfully by a column disembarked under a heavy artillery fire.

He was placed in com- and of the troops on Morris Island, in charge of the column which was to assault Fort Wagner on the evening of 18th. The correspondents say that before the attack Gen. Strong addressed the troops in a few words of fire, which inspirited them so that they felt "like tigers in the attack." The *Herald* correspondent thus narrates the fearful struggle:

Strong's brigade marched in column up past the right of our batteries, then deployed and advanced in line a short distance, then deployed again and marched up the beach in close order. As they came near the movement, each pitcher shell over and among the troops. When the brigade had got within about 400 yards, it got two-thirds the distance to the fort the rebels in Fort Wagner came out in full force, with their severest musket fusilade almost together and poured a deadly fire into our troops. The guns were brought to bear on them, and grape and canister were showered upon them. With a shout they advanced, but were driven back, with a double-quick, and rallying, directly up into that terrible fire. Musketry rattled, Sumter's shells screamed overhead, guns, bullets whistled, canister tore, grape plowed along the ground, the fort was lighted up almost constantly by the fire from muskets, guns, rifles, and cannon, and the flash of shells, but steadily, pleasing shouts of cheers. They never stopped —never wavered—never faltered, but step by step they fell at their enthusiasm they deserved a better fate."

One who knew him well wrote of him, most truthfully:

It was that rare quality that commands at once the love and obedience of men, and which makes the born leader and for a commander. Of a most genial and kindly nature, of manners so gentle as to disarm the most prejudiced, and that brooked nothing coarse, of a clear mora insight that no evil association had marred, of strength of purpose showing always at noble ends, of a courage quiet but cleer-eyed, of thoughtfulness for others, of considerateness for subordinates, and at the same time moulds all others brought in close and daily contact with him, he was observed at once by when only a second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts, how much he resembled, in these respects, the late Colonel Shaw. This country has lost in him one of its best soldiers, and one of its most accomplished men.

Colonel Shaw was only about twenty-seven years of age, and had married a few weeks before he joined the army of the South.

GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.

We publish on page 525 a portrait of General Gilmore, the commander of our army near Charleston, from a photograph by Lieutenant Haas.

General Gilmore was born in Ohio, about thirty-six years ago. He graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in 1845, and graduated in 1849, at the head of a class of 43 members. He was appointed to the Engineer Corps, and promoted to a First Lieutenancy in 1856, and to a Captaincy in 1861. From 1849 to 1852 he was engaged on the fortifications of Hampton Roads, and from 1852 to 1856 he was instructor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, and during this time he designed the new fort which is now being erected on Hilli. He served from 1856 to 1861 as Purchasing Agent for the department in New York, and made many friends here. In 1861 he was assigned to the staff of General Sherman, and accompanied him to Port Royal. General Sherman appointed him Brigadier-General of Volunteers — a rank which the President made haste to confirm. General Gilmore had active service in the Peninsula campaign against Fort Pulaski, and it is to his skill that the success of the bombardment is due. It was very justly one of the first results of his efforts to breach a fort of such strength and at such a distance confers high honor on the engineering skill and self-possession of our officers. Much more. Failure in an attempt made in opposition to the opinion of the ablest engineers in the army would have destroyed his reputation. In fact in this case is wholly attributable to his talent, energy, and independence, deserves a corresponding reward.

That reward he won. On the failure of Admiral Du Pont's first naval attack on Charleston he was appointed by Admiral Dahlgren, and General Hunter by General Gilmore. The latter at once commenced his attack on Charleston, proceeding to land at Morris Island and advance on Fort Wagner with his customary energy and caution. How well he has succeeded our news is there to show. The capture of the west of Charleston, and theses who know him best are satisfied that he will not be disappointed.

THE CAPTURE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

We publish on page 524 an illustration of our world-famous Jackson, Mississippi, with the rebel works in the background, drawn by our artist Captain Achenbach of the Ninety-seventh Illinois Volunteers. As everyone remembers, Jackson was evacuated within forty-eight hours after our picture was taken. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the appearance of the place after we entered:

It would begar description to attempt to portray the appearance of Jackson after the rebels retreated. Destruction was visible on all hands. Our own army, on its first visit to Jackson, destroyed much valuable property; and, to complete the catalogue, the rebels burned up fifty or sixty buildings, and left the remainder riddled by shot, on the ground of military necessity, to accomplish the defeat of the enemy. Another reason which they were not able to transport in their retreat. The day was sultry, scarcely a current of fresh air being felt, and the smoke from the ruins of the fires poured along through the principal streets, making a trip through the city decidedly uncomfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Appalling and Mysterious.—A gentleman (?) and his wife took lodgings some time since in a street not far from Broadway. One morning the gentleman went out, apparently alone, and did not return. On subsequently searching the room the landlady was horrified on discovering that her lodger had taken his better-half with him, and left his quarters. Surgical aid was called in, but too late to be of any assistance.

Art Manufactures.—The other day a gentleman holding an official position gave a rising young modeler his card, requesting him to call upon him at more main end of the mug for drinking purposes.

Education.—It is the part of a virtuous government to give good instruction to its youth. In the great metropolis we are often taught a moral lesson by the sight of a young man being brought up by a police magistrate.

Sauce from a Gander.—A foolish friend of ours declares that the discovery of the source of the Nile would in the Dark Ages have been called an act of source-ery.

A Cool Thing for the Warm Weather.—Running into the Bank and inquiring if they can oblige you with change for five cents.

SONGS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—THE MAT.

Be good enough to wipe your shoes, I'll thank you, for It's

To splash those marks injurious which arise,
Remember when the mat is placed, the prejudice is strong
In favor of the friction it supplies.

Eat Your Words.—Eat your words and sup stairs before our eyes.

So be good enough, etc.

The Previous Question.—Has she much tin?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fokkings.—If cotton is to be was a very rude man, indeed, to pass a sleepless night without even nodding.

Molly Gutta.—Depends entirely on your head in a pail of boiling water may be comforting, but is hardly to be recommended as a cure for corns.

Pops wants to know if, when distance lens enchantment to the view, the latter is ever returned? We hardly think so; most probably it was left a loan.

Novel Disease.—The gentleman who caught a train is receiving.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be alive and sure?—In the case of a watch.

As a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor, "I see the papers say there is a healthy place for children." "Why so?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones beefsteaks."

A man, not long since, committed suicide by drowning, as the jury expressed it, "in the corner field on the quest on his hat and bottle, found on the bank of the river. Verdict, "Found drowned."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and diligence.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the pot-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

What is drinking?—Suicide of the mind.

"After you," as the tea-kettle said to the dog's tail.

"More work and less noise," as the lady's watch said when it beat St. Paul's.

A secretary being asked by an intimate friend why he had so few private mails, apply replied, "Because mails did not promote me."

Advice.—Philosophical physic, pleasant to give but unpleasant to take.

Patter.—The mist that vapors round insignificance.

"By your leaves, gentlemen," as the winds said to the trees in autumn.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace?—Because it would be a way to make him fast.

"I never did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee-room. "And yet, Sir," inquired a would-be wit, "since you saw the wind and the storm, why should that cause to be?" "The wind blew and the storm rose," was the ready rejoinder.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he could'n say his lesson.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Piles! Piles!

Dr. Wilbur's Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Blind and Bleeding Piles. The worst case yield after one or two doses. No surgical operation nor external application should be resorted to; such treatment only aggravates the disease. Testimonials from ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability can be seen at the Office. Price 50 cents per box. Sent by mail to any part of the country. Sold at all the druggists, and by the proprietor, J. YOUNG, 81 Broadway, N. Y.



French (Solitaire) Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, Blue, &c., and engraved with Initial Letters. Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, four by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, New York.

Sight and Hearing.—Dr. Von Moschzisker, the only legitimate European OCULIST and AURIST in the country, has his OFFICE 1027 WALNUT Street, PHILADELPHIA, where he may be consulted on DEAFNESS and all maladies of the EYE and EAR.

Gas Stoves for Cooking and Heating. Eagle Gas Stoves.

Patented July 1st, 1863.

These Stoves contain the latest improvements.

No Dirt, Smoke, or Ashes.

Will do Cooking or Heating Cheaper than Coal or Wood.

Every Stove is Warranted.

Depot 474 Broadway, N. Y.

H. D. BAKER, Sole Manufacturer.

$1 WATCHES AND JEWELRY $1

The only chance offered to get good jewelry for One Dollar, and a Watch, if you want one. Send 19 cents for blank certificate and catalogue, giving the name of every article, and make your own selection.

H. BLISS & CO., 85 & 84 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A RICH NUMBER.

The Phrenological Journal for August, now ready, contains: George Gordon Meade, Phrenological Character and Biography; Jefferson Davis, Character; The Law of Development; The Unity of Man; The American Man; Physiognomy—No. 1; Phrenology and the Bible; Something about Lions; Republican Manners; The Secret of Longevity; Admiral Foote, Phrenological Character and Biography; Fiery and Physiology; The Circulation of the Blood; Shall we Flog our Children? Negro Peculiarities; Position when Sleeping; Stammering; Clergymen's Sons, &c.; National Defences.—No. 1; Something about the Princess Alexandra; The Question of Crinoline; A Visit to Phrenological Science; The Question of Size, &c. $1 50 a year. Fowler & Wells, No. 308 Broadway.

MANUAL

For Quartermasters & Commissaries

Containing Instructions in the preparations of vouchers, abstracts, returns, &c., embracing all the recent changes in the several regulations, together with instruction respecting taxation of salaries, &c. By Capt. R. E. Haynes, U. S. A. 12mo., price $1. Sent free by mail on receipt of price. Just published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Bartlett supplies the Messrs for all Sewing Machines. Sends by Mail or Express everywhere. 428 Broadway, Cincinnati, and 5 Beekman, 150 fer 19 cents all sizes. **442** *Broadway*, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines, $5 to $15.

The acknowledged simplest practical Machines ever produced. Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co., 508 Broadway, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Village and City throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unscented, and saleable* extra large size Fancy Soaps, Perfumes, Razors, and Jewelry Packages, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotting, Beautiful Fashions, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepers, Household Receipts, Games, Jokes, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Secrets, Advice, &c., &c., the whole for only $1, sealed, securely, *many dollars*. Price each Package only **25** cents. Wholesale rate to agents *very low*. Great Extra Original, Largest, and Cheap Prize Package House in the World.



We assert it boldly.—There are no other Medicines so reliable, effectual, and convenient as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Any sufferer may be sure. They are invaluable to the Soldier exposed to Wounds, Sores, Fevers, and Skin Complaints. They never fail. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something required by every person. Sent to any address sent free by mail for **20** cents that retails for $2, by E. G. FOSCOTT, 191 Nassau Street, New York.

Printing-Presses for Sale.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 33x51. Price $1750.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 33x51. Price $2500.

Apply to ELLIS & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

A PRINTING OFFICE FOR $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

The LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the cheapest and best yet invented. They are as easy as ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas at Thousands. Druggists, Grocers, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Shipping Tags, and Labels at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

Dougall's Illustrated Almanac.—The most amusing lavation for additive interest to Portrait-Cards. Stereoscopic Views and Photographic Albums. 331 Broadway, and Booksellers and Newsmongers, &c.

New Maps of Charleston Harbor, S. C., Port Hudson, and Vicksburg, showing all of the Fortifications, Batteries, &c. Size 20x30, price only 10 cents. Agents wanted everywhere. G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher, 231 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PORTABLE

Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 98 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Case Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	35 00 each.
800 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Etc. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
1500 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2500 Sets of Boom Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, well sealed and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. The Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents in any, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

293 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, &c., to be seen.—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. Only a few tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good title and sound society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Depot of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rail road free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union Troops, sent free of charge, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enumerated cards to the pack. Eagle, Shields, Stars, and Stripes on the backs, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

496 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, so send our Hand-Book of Information and Blanks, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 5 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of $20 forwarded, or stamp and stencil free. ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO., Mewburyport, Mass.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of badge furnished. It can be forwarded to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

In sold 18 k. gold, $3 50.

J. A. MILLER C.D. 5TH N.Y.V.

Just Ready. Price, $1 25 Paper; $1 50 Cloth.

Romola. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," &c. With Numerous Illustrations.

"Romola" is a performance of which no other woman of genius among us would have been capable than precisely George Eliot.—*The Examiner (London).*

There are noble things to be found in "Romola," which will make the reader's heart burn within him. It will be scarcely possible to rise from the perusal without being penetrated by the "joy of elevated thought," without feeling a desire to cease from a time of self-pleasing, and to embody in action that sense of obligation, of obedience to duty, which is, indeed, the strong conviction that has been conferred on man, the high gift in which all others are conclusive. This is high praise; and a work that can produce this effect, if only on a single reader, has not been written in vain.—*The Athenæum, London.*

Such an intellectual *study*, to use an artist's phrase, as "The Mulema," has not been placed before the world in this generation; and we know not which to wonder at most, the ingenuity of the sustained knowledge displayed, or the art with which that knowledge is infused—there is no other fitting word—into the reader's mind. Shakespeare might have exulted in The.—*Spectator (London).*

George Eliot has Sir Walter Scott's art for revivifying the past, but not Scott's dynamical force in making you plunge into it with as breathing an interest as into the present. For this she compensates by a deeper and wider intellectual grasp. * * It is marvelous that the wide and calm imaginative power of the writer should have produced a work which is likely to be permanently identified with English literature, in which Italy and England may feel a common pride. * * The great and concentrated int rest of the book—at least after the wonderful development of Tito's character—is the portion of Savonarola, which it is almost impossible not to feel as brilliantly historic as it is genuine as romance. * * His portrait evinces almost as great a graphic power, and far greater dramatic care, than Sir Walter Scott used in those pictures of the various Stewarts.—*Spectator (London).*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of the Price.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY,

111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614

NEW YORK CITY.

Union Badge.

FEB HUNDRED, $10,00.

SINGLE BADGES.

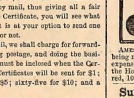
$1 00.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

We will also forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), any article in the City, at the LOWEST PRICES: Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Fancy Goods, Army Regulations, Music, Jewelry, Books, Fancy Goods, Army Corps Badges, or any other article procurable in the city.

We will forward, on receipt of 25 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, ROSECRANS, SIGEL, BANKS, BURNSIDE, HALLECK, SCHENCK, SEYMOUR, ANDERSON, PEMBERTON, BUTLER, DEPEYSTER, or any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PARLOR DOMINOES.—This excellent article, bound, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds, will relieve the tedium of the Camp and Hospital. Price, 50 cents, 75 cents, per mail; per hundred, 16 cents. Address as above.

Surgeon-General Hammond,

By ordering colonel and destructive Minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him step once more. Let him order the discontinuance of "bleeding," and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of medicine, which would then become emphatically

THE HEALING ART.

PURE BLOOD.

Would disease affect us if our blood were pure?

Then if BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the blood, they restore our health, and OVER A HUNDRED YEAR'S use has proved they infallibly purify the blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

are purely Vegetable, and innocent as bread, but infallibly

CURE BILIOUS DIARRHŒA,

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY,

And all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels!

Also Rheumatism, Affection of the Kidneys and Spleen: their use has a general good effect upon every organ, because they purify the blood. Read following:

CASE OF ROSCOE R. WATSON.

Dr. B. BRANDRETH, New York:—

SIR—I was a private in Company F, Seventeenth Regiment New York Volunteers. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock, near Falmouth, I and many of my fellow-soldiers were sick with fever and ague. The army surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the company were quite a number of members who had worked in your laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire company will sign.

I am, respectfully yours,

ROSCOE R. WATSON.

Late Sing Sing.

JUNE 23, 1863.

REMEMBER, NEW STYLE TRADE THE GENUINE.

Brandreth's Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, by all respectable druggists throughout the country.

The same pills, sugar-coated, sixty in a box, price 50c., at No. 4 Union Square.

NEW STYLE AT NO. 4, DEPOT FROM LABORATORY.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE BRANDRETH HOUSE,

NEW YORK.

CLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs and silver Cards, with name, business, or order at low prices. Office 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

MUSQUITO NETS.

MUSQUITO	NEW	NETS.
MUSQUITO	KINDS	NETS.
MUSQUITO	OF	NETS.
MUSQUITO	PATENT	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO	CANOPIES	SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO		SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelty's Curtains.

LACE No. 209 Broadway. CURTAINS.
LACE CURTAINS.

Holland & Gold Window Shades

HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA



DRAWN & ENGRAVED FROM LIFE

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and fleshing of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

WEDDING CARDS

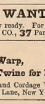
Those Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. 12th Edition 1863. Five Specimens by Mail, sent free of charge.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address

J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

Musquito Shield or Guard.



J. HAVES'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Citizens, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from $1 cents to $2. Send stamp for circular. The fine wholesome frame keeps it away from the face, and the shot elastic, or string, keeps it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or sleeping, and is worth three times its price. J. HAYES & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as no Rights or Licenses have been sold. No 89 Nassau St., N. Y. Sent free. Agents wanted in all parts.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

3 MORE NEW ARTICLES NOW ready. For Catalogue and terms send stamp. RICE & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Tobacco Twine,

Carpet Warp,

Twine for Hop Vines.

H. A. HARVEY, Twine and Cordage Warehouse, established 1840, at 94 Maiden Lane, New York.

BLOOD'S HELIX-NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 329 Broadway, Up-stairs, entrance on 4th Street. Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

To Conscripts.—BUY the New Song, "How are You, Conscripts?" Price 25 cents. For sale at all Music Stores, or mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by HENRY TOLMAN & CO., 291 Washington St., Boston.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HUBBARD BROS.

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! The article eminently deserving public attention at this time is their celebrated

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movements, and are warranted *to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $69. By mail, $1 65 for postage: if registered, 20 cents additional. A sole delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the case.*

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has every part and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved rubyaction movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. Price, in a handsome morocco case, with key, only $35. By mail, postage 30 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Our Watches are novelties, such as are produced by no other house. Wherever offered they meet the most flattering approval, and are now *generally* used in nearly every department of the country. The Press of this and neighboring cities voluntarily contribute to our success.

"Unrivaled watches for officers, civilians, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 28.

"The prettiest and most reliable Watches in the market."—*Tribune*, June 20.

"Favored other manufacturers in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Philadelphia Army and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"Hubbard Bros.' Watches keep accurate time in all climates."—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23.

"Hubbard Bros. are artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish Americ n.*

"Precise, neat, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Combine luxury and timekeepers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*, July 27.

☞ TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE! Money can be sent by mail or Express. If by Express or mail, in a registered letter or risk. Orders will meet with prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST. 25 cents.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain GEORGE F. NORTON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

FANNY BURNEY'S COURTSHIP, A NARRATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "Agatha Orphan," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ST. CLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50. Just ready. Price $2 50.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Novel. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Turkey, Syria, Switzerland, Tyrol, Greece, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Large 12mo, Leather Binding, Pocket-Book Form, $3 50.

HOOKER'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Science for the School and Family. Part I. Natural Philosophy. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, Author of "The Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," "First Book in Physiology," &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER No. 252.

MR. LINCOLN. "Look here, JEFF. DAVIS! if you lay a finger on that boy, to hurt him, I'll lick this *Ugly Cub of yours* within an inch of his life!"

Attention, Army and Navy!
50,000 Agents Wanted.
Army Corps and Division Pins.

American Watch Chains, Engraved Spring Lockets, Enamel and Neck Chains, Brecciola, Coal Stone, Mosaics, California Diamond, Plain and Chased Rings, Fine Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, Gents' Fine Gold California Diamond Pin and Cluster Pins with Chain attached, Coral, Opal, Lava, Mosaic, and Jet Enamelled Brooches and Ear Rings, Kearney Cross in Gold Plate, a Solid Silver Shield or other Corps or Division Pin, with your Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved upon it. I will send to any one, on the receipt of $1, either of the above articles, together with my wholesale circular to Agents.

B. F. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a genial stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

National Union League.

League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver, price from $2 50 to $15 per doz. Sample doz. sent by mail pre-paid, upon receipt of $6 00, or a single pin in fine gold plate upon receipt of $1 00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of our designs have been adopted by different organizations throughout the country. Also a complete assortment of Army Corps Badges.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

GREAT
TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a *first prize medal* at the late Great International Exhibition, London. They were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says:
"Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by the Juries is *emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.*"

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlements. Rich soil. Mild climate. For advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

A Bad Breath—The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is so delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a deodorizer, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Colorific Colors Hair Beautiful
Brown or Black without wash or preparation. Warranted best and cheapest. Try it, you will use no other. Sold by druggists.
General Depot, 62 John Street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT.

Agents, Male and Female, wanted everywhere, at $15 per day, to sell $1.75 worth of staple goods for 25 cents. 65 cents profit out of every dollar's worth sold. We guarantee you the largest Yankee Notion Fancy Goods and Stationery Prize Package in the World. 59 sheets fine quality Writing Paper, 30 Envelopes, over one father's worth of Fancy Goods and Yankee Notions; also one elegant Gift of new and fashionable Jewelry, valued from 50 cents to $5. Retail price of this package 25 cents. Agents, you can double the money you invest every day. We give every Agent one superb Watch, correct timekeeper, free as an new address.
RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y.
N. B. No connection with parties assuming similar names.

Gold Pens and Cases,
Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$2 00
Med. "	1 25	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 50	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 25
Large Eureka "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	3 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (8) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact class and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.
L. D. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 50 cts., with Pocket Compass, showing objects 500 times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address T. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

[First published August 1, 1863.]
Lloyd's Great County Map
OF THE
Whole United States,
INCLUDING
CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON, IDAHO, UTAH, COLORADO,
WITH ALL THE OTHER TERRITORIES,
AND ABOVE THE
NEW STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
IN THE
LARGEST, LATEST, AND CHEAPEST
MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
Ever Issued to Illustrate
Our Whole Country and the War.
IT IS COLORED BY COUNTIES.

It is superior to all other Maps, because it has just been engraved, and contains all the Towns, Rivers, Mountains, &c., made noted by the War; because its Topography is accurate; because while it has an immense number of names, it does not confuse the eye with a great mass of unimportant matter; because it exhibits our whole country, including West Virginia, and all the Pacific States and Territories.

AGENTS MUST SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

OUR NEW AGENTS' LIST IS READY.
Price in Sheets **50** cents, postage free.
Heavy Bound, Pocketboard Edition, **$1 25.**
We have Ten Kinds of WAR MAPS and CHARTS. Three Kinds of SCRIPTURE CHARTS, and a variety of miscellaneous works. Address
H. H. Lloyd & Co.,
No. **81** John Street, N. Y.

Dr. B. C. Perry,
49 Bond Street, takes this occasion to inform the Public that he will be absent from New York during the month of August. He will return, the first of September, to the city, and resume his practice. During his absence, all communications should be addressed No. 13 Avon Place, Boston, Mass.

Soldiers and Everybody!
A Great Book for you.
"The Road to Beauty, Health, and Fortune!"
Over 1000 Things worth Knowing!
Mailed free for 25 cents.
Address "Union Book Association."
Box 363 Syracuse, N. Y.
☞ Agents wanted.

WATCHES FREE.
Agents in Town, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing *All New* Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c., and they are just the thing for a present to your *friend in the Army.* No family should be without one. Prize Packages, also quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. See "*He got the Key*" on inside page.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 192 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for soldiers, and to supply a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the cheap worthless, Swiss British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being rather manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at such price as will be asked for the fancy-named *Americus* and *Legiros* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
192 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Important to Soldiers.
Patent "EYELET HOOK" for fastening the soldier's rubber blanket. By their use a double-breasted overcoat, with strong eyelets made by the maker, completely defying wind and rain. In forming Shelter Tents, the hook remains inside, for the convenience of the soldier in hanging his trappings.
We have numberless testimonials from the Army to prove that the value of the soldier's blanket is more than doubled by their use. Send a stamp for circular, and every soldier should possess a set.
One set of hooks sent by mail, postage free on receipt of One Dollar. A discount of 50 per cent. to parties ordering one dozen sets and upwards.
Address FERGUSON & BALCH,
Importers of Watches, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



The AmericanParlor
Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles,
Celebrated Stevens,
315 *Pearl Street, New York.*
60 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

$22. WATCHES. $22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.
$22. Genuine. $22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.
Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.
All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
208 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 100 per cent. profit. Sample Watch free to Agents. $15 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY
REVOLVER.
Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.
Address
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 656 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Mention paper.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER UNRIVALED
In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material.
AT UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.
10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.



6 for	$12
12 for	24
1 dozen	48
2 dozen	96

Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.

THE GENUINE
PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.
Gents Furnishing Goods.
I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars and Cuffs.
SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER.
The pride of my establishment. In this department—I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.
NO FIT! NO SALE!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.
Largege block.

A RICH NUMBER.
The Phrenological Journal for August now ready, contains: George Gordon Meade, Phrenological Character and Biography; Estimates of Character; The Law of Development; The Unity of Man; The American Man; Physiognomy—Nasal Peculiarities; Do Fishes Think; Something about Lions; Republican Manners; The Secret of Longevity; Admiral Foote, Phrenological Character and Biography; Piety and Physiology; The Circulation of the Blood; Shall we Flog our Children? Phrenological Exposition when Sleeping; Stammering; Clergymen's Sons; Dr. Nahum Capen; No. 1; Christ and Christmas; To the Princess Alexandra; The Question of Crinoline; A Ballad for the Times; Drowning; The Fiery—15 cents, or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway.

WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42
PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and directions of different styles of shirts sent free everywhere.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to dealers.
Agents wanted throughout the country.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 181 Fort St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—Rhine cured thousands.

Wanted, at $15 per Day.
We want energetic Agents and reliable Canvassers for a newly invented article, at a commission of $15 per day. No humbug! Address C. M. DUNN & CO., Publishers, at Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or 167 Reade St., N.Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 347.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE STOLEN STARS.

[Not many weeks ago, at a dinner, at which were present Major-General LEWIS WALLACE, THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, and JAMES E. MURDOCH, a conversation sprung up respecting ballads for soldiers. The General maintained that hardly one had been written suited for the camp. It was agreed that each of them should write one. The following is that by General WALLACE.]

WHEN good old Father Washington
Was just about to die
He called our Uncle Samuel
Unto his bedside nigh:
"This flag I give you, Sammy dear,"
Said Washington, said he;
"Where'er it floats, on land or wave,
My children shall be free."

And fine old Uncle Samuel
He took the flag from him,
And spread it on a long pine pole,
And prayed and sung a hymn.
A pious man was Uncle Sam
Back fifty years and more:
The flag should fly till Judgment-Day,
So, by the Lord, he swore!

And well he kept that solemn oath;
He kept it well, and more:
The thirteen stars first on the flag
Soon grew to thirty-four;
And every star bespoke a State,
Each State an empire won:
No brighter were the stars of night
Than those of Washington.

Beneath that flag two brothers dwelt;
To both 'twas very dear;
The name of one was Puritan,
The other Cavalier.
"Go build ye towns," said Uncle Sam
Unto those brothers dear;
"Build any where, for in the world
You've none but God to fear."



JOHN BURNS, THE ONLY MAN IN GETTYSBURG, PA., WHO FOUGHT AT THE BATTLE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

"I'll to the South," said Cavalier,
"I'll to the South," said he;
"And I'll to the North," said Puritan—
"The North's the land for me."
Each took a flag, each left a tear
To good old Uncle Sam;
He kissed the boys, he kissed the flags,
And, doleful, sung a psalm.

And in a go-cart Puritan
His worldly goods did lay;
With wife, and gun, and dog, and axe,
He, singing, went his way.
Of buckskin was his Sunday suit,
His wife wore linsey-jeans;
And fat they grew, like porpoises,
On hoe-cake, pork, and beans.

But Cavalier a cockney was;
He talked French and Latin;
Every day he wore broadcloth,
While his wife wore satin.
He went off in a painted ship—
In glory he did go;
A thousand niggers up aloft,
A thousand down below.

The towns were built, as I've heard said;
Their likes were never seen:
They filled the North, they filled the South,
They filled the land between.
"The Lord be praised!" said Puritan;
"Bully!" said Cavalier;
"There's room and town-lots in the West,
If there isn't any here."

Out to the West they journeyed than,
And in a quarrel got;
One said 'twas his, he knew it was;
The other said 'twas not.
One drew a knife, a pistol t'other,
And deadfully they swore:
From Northern Lake to Southern Gulf
Wild rang the wordy roar.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN BURNS, AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

And all the time good Uncle Sam
Sat by his fireside near,
Smokin' of his kinnikinick,
And drinkin' lager-beer.
He laughed and quaffed, and quaffed and laughed,
Nor thought it worth his while,
Until the storm in fury burst
On Sumter's sea-girt isle.

O'er the waves to the smoking fort,
When came the dewy dawn,
To see the flag he looked—and lo
Eleven stars were gone!
"My pretty, pretty stars!" he cried,
And down fell a tear.
"I've got your stars, Old Fogy Sam;"
"Ha, ha!" laughed Cavalier.

"I've got your stars in my watch-fob;
Come take them, if you dare!"
And Uncle Sam he turned away,
Too full of wrath to swear.
"Let thunder all the drums!" he cried,
While swelled his soul, like Mars'
"A million Northern boys I'll get
To bring me home my stars."

And on his mare, stout Betsey Jane,
To Scottish town he flew;
The dogs they barked, the bells did ring,
And countless bugles blew.
"Hi! stolen stars!" cried Uncle Sam—
"My stolen stars!" cried he.
"A million soldiers I must have
To bring them home to me."

"Dry up your tears, good Uncle Sam;
Dry up!" said Puritan.
"We'll bring you home your stolen stars,
Or perish every man!"
And at the words a million rose,
All ready for the fray;
And columns filled, like rivers deep,
And Southward marched away.

* * * * * *

And still old Uncle Samuel
Sits by his fireside near,
Smokin' of his kinnikinick
And drinkin' lager-beer;
While there's a female in the earth,
A gleaming of the sky,
And the rivers stop to listen
As the million marches by.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

THE LATE RIOT.

THE New York Riots are passing into history, and public opinion is crystallizing on the subject. It is extremely difficult to find an apologist, anywhere, for the scandals which overcast black men because they were black, and burned an orphan asylum because the orphans were not born—poor little creatures!—with white skins. The newspapers which fomented the riot now feebly and sneakingly squirm out of the scrape; and those which called the most raffishly mob of the century a "procession of the people" are vigorously endeavoring to divert attention from themselves by calling their neighbors hare names. There is no one left to put forth even the faintest shadow of an excuse for the rioters but Governor Horatio Seymour.

And he does not amount to much. Blinded, like so many better men, by the dazzling vision of the White House in the distance, he has made a bid for the blackguards' vote in the shape of a couple or letters to the President, urging him to follow the example of the New York Common Council, and yield the point at issue to the thieves and murderers of New York. In several cold-blooded and nonparesi type does the Governor of the State strive to extenuate arson, robbery, and murder, and to nullify a statute of Congress. Of all this trash and pettifogery the President has made short work. He declines to follow the Governor into his petty argument about the distribution of quotas, and the party political question, but settles the controversy in the clean, crushing words:

"We are contending with an enemy who, as I understand, drives every able-bodied man he can reach into his ranks, every man he can subdue drives bodies into a slaughter-pen. No time is wasted, no argument is used. This profound army which will soon turn upon our own victorious soldiers already in the field, if they shall not be sustained by recruits as they should be. It produces an army with a rapidity not to be matched on our side, if we first wait the time to reason with the volunteer system, already deemed by Congress, and palpably, in fact, to be exhausted as to be inadequate, and then more time to obtain a court decision as to whether a law in constitutional which requires a part of those not now in the service to go to the aid of those who are already in it; and still more time to determine with absolute certainty that we got those who are to go in the precisely legal proportion in those who are not to go. My purpose is to be in my action just and constitutional, and yet practical, in performing the important duty with which I am charged, of maintaining the unity and the free principles of our common country."

We do not envy the feelings that will fill the breast of the descendants of Horatio Seymour when the time comes for the impartial historian of the war to record the part their ancestor took at its most vital crisis. It will be his duty—a duty inevitable and clear—to point out that, just as victory seemed assured to the National cause, the term of service of a large proportion of the Union troops expired, and there was no means of filling the depleted ranks of the army except by draft; that, in view of this emergency, a Conscription Act, framed with the utmost care, based upon the experience of foreign nations, and more tenderly careful of the interests of the widow, the orphan, and the helpless, than any other similar statute in existence, had been duly passed and made a law; that when the emergency arose for its execution, it was peacefully submitted to every where except in the city of New York, where it was resisted by men who testified their sense of civic duty and constitutional obligation by burning an orphan asylum, murdering negroes, robbing private individuals, and sacking private houses; and that, at this vital crisis, the Governor of New York addressed the miscreants who had done these deeds as his "friends," and actually advised the National Executive to defer to their views, and to suspend the execution of the law until the emergency had gone by, and the South had recovered from its losses and raised a new army to destroy the nation. We are not of those who regard Governor Seymour as a secret accomplice of the rebels. But we can not help thinking that the historian will have some difficulty in reconciling, on ordinary principles of human conduct, his letters to the President with his oft-repeated and mellifluous professions of loyalty.

It will be to him a satisfactory change to turn to the reports of our Navy Yards. No man who entertains a proper sense of pride in his country can calmly brook the idea that the great Democratic party has not still that country for so many years, had, at so fatal a moment, covered itself with infamy. And the historian will perceive with joy that no such stain has contained by the Navy. For he will find that within a month of the time when the Governor was calling the rioters his friends, and begging the President to consult with what they asked, a Democratic Recorder and a Democratic District Attorney were administering the law with inexorable severity, and securing the punishment of the ruffians who disgraced us in a most exemplary manner. Ten and fifteen years of State prison have been awarded to minor culprits; the trials have in every case been thorough, impartial, and swift; there is every reason to hope that by the time these lines are read some of the greater scoundrels—the brutal Irishmen who battered in negroes' skulls with paving-stones—may be brought up for sentence, and condemned to suffer the highest penalty known to the law.

The Recorder and District Attorney are redeeming the fair fame of the city. If they continue to do their duty—and they may feel assured that they are supported in the present course by every citizen who earns an honest living—they will command the highest station in the gift of the people of the city. Even the clients of the Archbishop are at bottom in favor of law and order, for they, too, have something to lose. In every large community scoundrels are a minority and human nature is weak. Governor Seymour has seemingly cast his lot with the former, Recorder Hoffman with the latter. The next election will tell which has made the better choice.

FINANCE.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has announced that he will continue for the present to sell six per cent. five-year bonds at par to all who apply for them. For the past four or five months the sales of these bonds have been very large, to defray the entire cost of the war; in all, about $250,000,000 have been sold—mostly through the houses of Jay, Cooke, & Co., of Philadelphia, and Fisk & Hatch, of New York.

This is, we believe, the first instance in history in which the cost of a great war has been defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the people, carried by them from day to day to the fiscal agents of Government.

Mr. Chase's administration of the finances has been successful beyond all precedent, and probably beyond his own expectations. Our national credit now stands so high that he was able, the other day, to float a new loan, made by European agents, of par for $100,000,000 of thirty-year fives. He told the applicants that he would let them have a four per cent. loan at the price, or a six per cent. five per cent. loan. This was the best he would do.

The English, who would not buy our bonds when they were at par, and exchange at 180 or 190, thus reducing the cost of the bonds in sterling to 55 or 60, are now purchasing them freely at 106, with exchange at 138 or 139. This, indeed, is a very expensive operation than their venture in Confederate scrip. That they bought at 101 or 104, and thought they were doing well; now they are trying to get rid of at 85, and find it hard work. A smart people!

MR. LAIRD.

THE papers are publishing a correspondence between somebody whose name is not given and Laird, the private ship-builder of Liverpool, from which it would appear that Laird had been requested by the Navy Department to build vessels for the United States navy.

Secretary Welles has distinctly stated that he made no such request, and authorized no one to make it to him or for the Department.

Under the circumstances we fail to see the object of publishing the correspondence. An anonymous letter can not for a moment stand against the authoritative denial of the Secretary of the Navy. And even if Laird had given his agent's name, or stated that he personally was privy to the alleged proposal, there is no reason why he should be believed. A man who will build pirate craft, in violation of the law of his own country, to prey upon the commerce of a friendly and allied nation, surely belongs to that class of persons whose evidence is inadmissible in courts of justice, except in confession of guilt for the conviction of accomplices.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LAST CRY OF CATILINE.

WHEN, before the battle of Manassas, Beauregard issued his "beauty and booty" proclamation, the derision of the country at once perceived the unmitigated Manchausen who has been ridiculous ever since. It was the cold shift of the imbecile who can not plead the ardor of Creole blood, and who, when a student at West Point, declared that he had no association with Yankees, has recently surpassed his subordinate in shameless falsehood. Davis's proclamation of the 1st August sounds like a cry wrung from a man who "rises and waits at the tips of your fingers," he cries to the men he has so long and terribly deceived; "why not stretch out your hands and help them?" But if success were so imminent could it be necessary, in such a tone of anguish, to exhort his men to grasp it? After Bull Run, Davis, by the rebel Congress, after the earlier repulses at Vicksburg and Charleston, did he summon his followers in so frantic a voice to return to their ranks and to the golden triumph that wooed their swords? Did he enjoin fasting and prayer to avert the inevitable success of which he now speaks, or did he ordain thanksgiving and joy? Does Jefferson Davis suppose that any body is so silly as to believe that if, as he says, "victory is within your reach," the men he appeals to would desert and stand sternly aloof?

But the assertion which manifest are more atrocious than the implications are encouraging. He says that our malignant rage aims at the extermination of the rebels' wives, and children; that we wish to destroy what we can not plunder; and that we propose to partition their homes among ourselves. All this is such utter rubbish that it may be at once dismissed to the category of "beauty and booty." But when Catiline Davis proceeds to say that the Government of his country debauches an inferior race, heretofore docile and contented, by promising them the indulgence of the vilest passions as the price of their treachery, he is no longer to be mistaken for a mere fool. Does he think the people of the State of New York, of the Northwest, or of New England, can be "excited to servile insurrection" by Davis?—because they are docile and contented; and if slaves can be so excited, is it possible that Davis does not see that he says they are. A servile people which by the sudden prospect of personal freedom can be roused to insurrection against the most pernicious quiet is not content but hopeless subjugation. To call that hopeful prospect of personal freedom under the malignant auspices of the rebel Government "a promise of the indulgence of the vilest passions," merely illustrates the character of the system to which it has been subjected.

It is unnecessary to follow this document into other details. It is the most piercing wail that has yet risen from the heart of the rebellion; and when he says that the absentees from the rebel army are enough to secure the victory he predicts, it is a frank confession that he regards the fire-eaters in which he finds himself. If they would not rally before the late disasters of the rebel cause, are they likely to rally when such a result might be expected in the case of a people heroically struggling against oppression. But when a band of conspirators who set out to destroy their Government because it does not oppress, but enlarges liberty under law —who aim to dishonor and ruin their native land, to pervert the course of civilization, and to prevent the increase of human happiness—find that their plots miscarry, that their hopes are defeated and disrupted, and that their crimes are likely to come soon to awful judgment, there is nothing left in the human heart except remorse and despair upon which they can rely. Behind them is desolation, and before them despair. If any man doubts it, let him read Davis's last appeal, which, with the urgent order of Lee, betrays how vast is the rebel military defection.

REBEL LOGIC.

MR. "VICE-PRESIDENT" STEPHENS has a happy gift of making himself under difficulties. He lately taken advantage of the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, of the opening of the Mississippi, of the advance of Rosecrans, and the defeat of Lee to declare his entire confidence in the ability of "the Confederacy" to maintain its cause. With the most airy humor the "Vice-President" told of Lee that that "great captain" had beaten the enemy upon their own soil, and was now ready to meet them "on a new field." The harder we are hit, says this encouraging leader, the more we shall succeed. And according to the gay logic of the "Vice-President," when every rebel port and city is in our hands, when the rebel armies are annihilated, and the rebel Government driven into obscurity to another, the rebellion will triumph and "our independence" be finally secured.

Every man who wishes well to his country will hope that the Stephens view of the situation may prevail. The interest of permanent peace demands that the rebellion shall not abate a solitary pretense, for it is always easy to deal with gentlemen who will have the whole cake or none, and who are for the last ditch upon every opportunity. If the rebel leaders were less in earnest, if they despised their Northern tools less than they do, if they were not fanatics for slavery and enthusiasts for national degradation, there might be serious fear of political complications. The first rebel who cries "Let's surrender!" and can persuade his followers to listen, is the wisest man among them. But the chiefs are too vitally interested. Success has become a personal question with them; and even if they saw that in the exigency their best chance lay in submission and the demand of an amnesty, they know also that they must settle with their followers whom they have dragged through all the misery of the war.

Even if the original secession movement were intended as a coup d'état, as much of its leaders believed it to be, it has long ago developed into a radical revolution. The Southern politicians, who have always prided themselves upon their superior sagacity, with which also they have been fully credited at the North, began by a stupendous and fatal blunder. They counted upon the indifference or actual co-operation of the majority at the North. But they found that there was no majority at the North anywhere, for all were practically united upon the question of union. War was the necessary consequence; and the match that was intended to light a plot was found to have kindled a city.

The rebellion is now beyond the hands of what are called its leaders. Davis and his body-guard of conspirators are as sternly criticised by the rebels as the President and his advisers. And even if Davis and his friends could come to an understanding with Seymour and Vogler and Vallandigham to submit in order to save the party organization, Seymour, Vogler, and the rest would intrigue the result at which the rebellion has been aiming by forces, they could treat only for themselves. For although they seek to control their henchmen absolutely, they have now taught them how to disobey, and have put arms into their hands. So long as the rebel leaders and Democrats stand together upon Mr. Stephens's platform of "final and complete separation," we shall escape the disasters of political intrigue, which are infinitely greater than those of war, while a peace will be secured which will save years of battle and rivers of blood.

YANCEY.

WILLIAM L. YANCEY is a man who will be known in our history as one of the most virulent but not one of the most able of the traitors who have conspired for the ruin of their country. He was born in South Carolina, but lived subsequently in Alabama and Georgia before entering politics in that State. He was in Congress for several terms, and he put himself forward constantly as a leader, but he was not able to rise above the level of the typical pro-slavery politician, denouncing the "Yankees" as the source of all evils, and extolling the South" as the garden of all excellence.

Mr. Yancey himself furnished an illustration of the absurdity of his own dogmas. Every society in Alabama and elsewhere was ready to agree that it allows the most liberal discussion. In any truly free community whatever can not be debated openly to be debated, because such a community is governed by public opinion, and without discussion public opinion is unenlightened. During the last Presidential canvass Mr. Yancey made a tour of the free States for the purpose of persuading the people that the most bitter vote against the slaveholders upon pain of summary ruin. In States made prosperous and happy by a greater individual freedom than was ever known Mr. Yancey stood before the people to cajole and threaten them from the exercise of political rights. He was heard and answered, and argument stupplanted. But the fact that he was heard and was tolerated in free States while he advocated slavery, proved the inferiority of slaveholding to the labor of those States than that which Mr. Yancey advocated, and to which he was accustomed. To plead slavery in those States would have cost the orator his life.

The baseness of his position was that, as the very moment he was speaking in the free, called the interest of the Union, he was already a secret conspirator against it. Trained by slavery, political horror was familiar to him. In the autumn, two years before, written the letter in which he declared the plan by which he thought the cotton States could be precipitated into revolution."

But although the "revolution" is in its third year, Mr. Yancey had achieved no more renown in it than he did before it began. He went to Europe as an emissary to make the thing look respectable, but his political dishonesty was known there he has been ex officio, as a "Senator," one of the ringleaders of the rebellion. But his name was never heard. His influence has never appeared. Like Toombs, Wigfall, Rhett, Spratt, Keitt, and Orr, his sole distinction is that he hated his country, because his country loved liberty.

INTELLIGENT PATIENCE.

THE general feeling of final success at Charleston is a direct illustration of the progress of our education in war. When hostilities began what could not be done at once, and decisively, seemed to us unlikely to be done at all; and when the first effort failed, we were inclined to despond and to believe all efforts useless. But we have learned that war is a slow process, and General Grant has taught us that a sagacious soldier is helped by his failures. He tried Vicksburg in every way. His operations had lasted so long that the natural question was, how then can he do it? And his masterly method of success, although obvious in retrospect, did not even seemed to be possible until it was proved.

Charleston has been an equally hard nut to

crack. There have been two distinct movements upon that city, one by land and one by water. Both failed; and now, combining the two forces, it is clearly with General Gilmore but a question of time. The brilliant and heroic assault of the 18th July, in which we were foiled, although desperate and sadly fatal, has been to the Commanding General and to the rest of us a lesson. But it has not in the least impaired the courage of the soldiers, nor affected public confidence in the result. The general conviction that we have learned how to make war, and mean to make it, so fully satisfies the national mind, that even a repulse so serious as that at Fort Wagner does not seriously affect the most sensitive of meters, the stock list. With Banks in Louisiana, and Grant upon the Mississippi, with Rosecrans in Tennessee, Gilmore at Charleston, and Meade in Virginia, we know that our armies are in the hands of the most competent and resolute commanders; men who have proved that they know how to fight and how to use victory; men who have shown the earnestness of their convictions as well as the fidelity of their patriotism; men who wish to conquer not only peace, but one that shall secure the national honor, and compensate America and the world for this fearful but holy war.

PEACE-MAKERS.

WHENEVER, as at this moment, the prospects of the rebellion are profoundly gloomy, we must expect that the tone of the Copperheads will be correspondingly defiant. For, discomfited within its own lines, the only hope of the conspiracy will be the progress of a serious division within ours.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the rebels at the South should be told by those at the North that Governor Seymour has been, by his sacred right and honor, that no citizen shall be "kidnapped" by "Abolition hewhers" until the constitutionality of the Conscription Act shall have been tested by the New York courts. If Mr. Horatio Seymour has made any such pledge, he has plainted himself squarely with the South Carolina nullification platform of thirty years ago—that the State authorities are competent to annul the National legislation, and that a draft upon a citizen of the United States from his allegiance. But as the United States is engaged in a formidable war to enforce that theory of State Rights, it is hardly likely to assent to it in others. If Mr. Seymour has made any such pledge, he means to try to redeem it. He is going to try to plunge the State of New York into Jefferson Davis's rebellion.

That is precisely what the rebels wish; and it is to cheer them with the hope that it is so, or that there is a large faction which wishes it were so, that the same statement is made in the Copperhead journals. Of course, the amiable papers that thus seek to begin the battle in all the towns and cities of the North do not base their lament over freely over this "wicked," "cruel," "fratricidal" war, and who assiduously proclaim their desire of "peace." By their fruits ye shall know them.

ABOUT "AN OPEN LETTER."

The *Jewish Messenger* of this city, "A Jew," who writes to us from Cincinnati, and "S. A. Jew," a gentleman of correspondent in Philadelphia, complain that "an open letter" in our issue for Aug. 1 is an insult to the Jewish citizens of this country.

But how can a charge against an individual and those who are like him be construed into an attack upon those who are not like him? Why should the person to whom the Lounger speaks be erected into a representative of other persons, who are neither mentioned nor implied? The fact of a different religion in the disloyal citizen to whom the letter was written, like that of his foreign birth, is mentioned to show his entire divergence from the stream of civilization in this country.

The editor of the *Messenger*, and "A Jew," and "S. A. Jew" are informed that the letter was not addressed to an imaginary person; that it tells the truth of the individual to whom it was written, and of "the individuals like him," which is a form of expression for the very many like him who are known to the Lounger. If they are unknown to his correspondent, and to the *Messenger*, that ignorance does not authorize them to charge the letter upon the Lounger as an insult to loyal citizens of the Jewish faith, who are known to the Lounger quite as well as they are to any one.

Unless, indeed, the *Jewish Messenger* can establish that the statements made of his own knowledge by the Lounger in "an open letter" are, as the paper says, false, "unparliamentary and shameful," and unless "A Jew" can substantiate his assumption that a letter speaking of mercenary, and selfish, and alleged citizens of the Jewish faith is an insult to all of that religion, the Lounger requires of them both a frank acknowledgment of their haste and injustice.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

A WAG in New Orleans deals a letter to this paper: "From a friend of the one *glorious* American Union is fast hastening to decay; and soon will the prophetic words of Daniel Webster, of Henry Clay, of Calhoun be verified; and verify to us that the *destruction* of this once great Republic will be as complete as was the Destruction of the *Temple of Jerusalem* by Titus the Roman Emperor. Methinks I see it now, and when it shall come, woe shall befall the authors of the Destruction of the ship of state.

"Old Gube's career is coming to a close, but methinks he shall never sink the spot of domestic life. When his time comes, as it surely will come, his long fingerbread containing those patriotical brains which are unfit to drive a baker's cart, instead of piddling the helm of the nation will be deserted from his body, then there shall be real disunion. There will be a storm brewing, and woe to the forth It shall blow a mighty Hurricane. The Depths at Washington may well tremble with fear, for they shall be hurled to H—ll, where Old Nick is only fit to take charge of them."

This is the kind of "Union man" that our loyal friends, the Copperheads, wish to send representatives to Congress. And it is for his strict and faithful dealings with such men that the same authorities call General Butler "a beast."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

THE real sympathy of the Copperhead journals is occasionally betrayed in the most amusing and unexpected manner. When the late riots, arsons, and massacres took place in the city of New York, these papers gravely called them "movements of the people," "popular uprisings," etc., with the intention of thus making the rebels think the hope of a counter-insurrection at the North, and of sustaining the faith of foreigners that our country was ruined. But the late arrivals bring the documents of the London press upon the mobs. The London *Times*, the most venomous and furious of all our English enemies, speaks in the exact strain of the Copperheads. That open, notorious, and desperate foe of our Government and of free institutions uses the same terms which the more stealthy abettors of the rebellion use in New York and elsewhere, and says that "the people are expressing their dislike of the draft," etc.

The *Times* has learned by this time—what its allies, the Copperheads, learn by the month's growth of the murderous, incendiaries, and ruffians of the city of New York are not "the people;" while the identity of sentiment and of tactics reveals the perfect sympathy between the critics.

"OUR BLACK ARMY."

A CALM, elaborate, and careful paper upon "Our Black Army," in the Philadelphia *North American*, signed "Kent," is unquestionably written by Sidney George Fisher, Esq., whose work "The Trial of the Constitution" has been already discussed in these columns. The paper is the more important as coming from one who has not been known as an Abolitionist, but whose views upon the subject of race would certainly provoke the hearty disapproval of the whole body of the Democracy.

But the cause of civil liberty and order is the cause of man. Dealing, therefore, with the facts of the war, Mr. Fisher says that because the shining sophistries of those who profess to be loyal to the Government but a little more loyal to Slavery; and because conclusively that we are but a secessionized, enveloped into a war on the part of the white race for the guarantees of our society, and that we must carry the war in one hand and slavery and conciliation in the other," by the simple truth. "These words have a terrible meaning. It is war on the negroes or you will destroy slavery. What hope, then, will there be of restoring the old alliance between Blue and the Gray, between those who are storing the Union as it was?" Common sense answers, None at all.

"Kent" says truly of the slaves, "They have no hope or interest in this war that should induce them to wish success to the North, except deliverance from bondage. That, then, must be the incentive to which we appeal. Freedom must be the black soldier's bounty. Do we hope for their aid by compelling them to fight for a cause which would hopelessly enslave them forever? Do we expect men to fight valorously to bind chains upon themselves?

"We are fighting," says our author, "for an empire; they wish to fight the same battle for freedom. We are fighting for the right to rule a government worthy of the name, able to protect us in our civil and political rights; they ask to be permitted to fight in the same cause, in order that they may be regarded as men, and not as merchandise; that they may henceforth belong to themselves, and not be bred and sold and bought and sold like the beasts of the field. Is not their purpose and hope as lofty as ours? Is it not as noble on their side in this war? That is what every loyal man should tear in mind. If our Government has any right, it is in its personal and political rights. And if, for the purposes of establishing that guarantee for the many, the rights of some persons were not secured, why will not Almighty God take the side of the perpetuity of the Government is the protection of the rights of every man subject to it? The right, the conscience, and the brain of the country no longer differ upon this point."

A JEST.

THERE is something charmingly naïve in the proposition that after the battle of Yorktown General Washington ought to have called Benedict Arnold into his council and followed his advice. But we have been lately entertained with something quite as good. For now that Mr. Mississippi is rejected—that Lee is defeated—that Rosecrans is looking for Bragg—that the interior lines are cut off—that the treasury of the Confederacy is destroyed—and that the military reduction of the rebellion begins to appear—a feeler is put forth to the effect that our foreign relations are becoming critical—that the Government is about to abandon the policy and the advice under which it has been successful, and intends to ask the friends and allies of the rebellion to direct public affairs!

Papers and people who have persistently published their faith that the Administration at Washington actually print and solemnly believe this waggery. Loyal citizens who believe their Government to be both sensible and earnest smile and wait.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL BURNSIDE has ordered that no permits visit, ever shall be granted to visit the prisoners confined at Camp Morton and Camp Chase, Ohio, whether officers or privates.

The United States steam frigate *Hartford*, from New Orleans, with the gallant Admiral FARRAGUT in command, arrived at this port on the 19th inst.

The report of General HUMPHREY'S resignation is premature. General HALLECK declines to accept, and General HUMPHREY therefore remains in command of the Sixteenth Army Corps.

General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN and family pass the flag Harbor (Long Island) *Corrector* of the 8th instant arrived in Newport, Saturday, en route for Easthampton, where the general proposes passing a few days, seeking the quietude and retirement of our island home.

Acting- Master ROBERT TAW has been detached from the receiving ship Ohio at Boston, and ordered to the command of the gun-boat Ossco, at Boston. Mr. TAW was taken prisoner on board the *J. P. Smith*, of Boston, in the early part of the war. After a short confinement at Richmond he was exchanged.

Herald Special Correspondence.—Lieutenant REYNOLDS selected in the *Aroga* on list to join the Wabash in the South Atlantic Squadron.

Captain WILLIAM L. SHUTTERWORTH, First Lieutenant GEORGE P. MORRIS, Second Lieutenant EDWARD C. SALTZBURN, and Second Lieutenant KINGMAN FLINT sailed on the 13th inst. in the steamer Ericsson to relieve the officers of the Pensacola Navy-yard.

The steamer Ericsson is ordered to command the guard of the United States ship *Vermont* at Fort Royal. He sailed in the steamer.

Captain P. R. FRADDAD has been ordered to the Portsmouth Navy-yard.

First Lieutenant WILLIAM H. CARTER has been ordered to report for duty at the Portsmouth Navy-yard.

First Lieutenant FRANK MUNROE has been ordered to join the *Keystone*.

First Lieutenant RICHARD S. COOLIDGE has been ordered to the navy-yard, Portsmouth.

Commander WOODSWORTH has been ordered to the command of the *Narragansett*.

Brigadier-General WM. SCOTT ORME, of General HEINTZELMAN'S command, had arrived in Boston.

It will interest the loyal to learn that Brigadier-General GEORGE C. STRONG to know that President LINCOLN has forwarded to the Senate the nominal officer of a Major-General's commission, bearing the date of the battle on Morris Island in which he received his mortal wound.

General BLAIR left St. Louis for Washington on 6th. General TRAVER with his Staff reached St. Louis on 7th. General SHERMAN left St. Louis on the 8th for Memphis. On 3d, General A. P. HOVEY was in Cleveland, Ohio, on 3d.

General BANKS has ordered to be tried by a military general court-martial for an offence specified in an order of the General-in-Chief, General HALLECK has detailed officers to constitute the court.

Major-General JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, of General HEINTZELMAN'S Staff, has been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-third New Jersey regiment, now being organized.

The rumor of the appointment of General MEADE has been the subject of much comment at Washington, and speculation is rife as to who will be his successor. It is said that the general choice of all officers is General GOVERNOR K. WARREN, of Pennsylvania, recommended by General MCCLELLAN can not be reinstated to the position. It is to General WARREN and General WILLIAM F. SMITH the choice of the army would be General N. P. BANKS.

Jeff Davis has issued a proclamation, dated Wilson, of Rosecrans's army, has been twenty-eight times through the rebel lines, captured, escaped, recaptured, undergone fevers, and a small army of slaves. In the last expedition he had with him 1,000 horses, 600 horses, and 400 mules, two gunboats, two guerillas, and mortally wounded Colonel STREIGHT, of the Seventy-first Indiana, and Major TAYLOR, of the Indiana. He has hung five and shot fifteen rebels, including a second lieutenant, with his own authority, as he says, in accordance with the orders of General ROSECRANS. WILSON is chief of the famous mounted scouts.

Major-General HOOKER and Staff arrived at Saratoga on 17th.

A Cincinnati dispatch announces that General BURNSIDE arrived in Lexington, Kentucky, on 16th, and that he surveyed the field of military direction in very active.

Lieutenant Commander CILLEY has been ordered to the command of the *Unadilla*.

Admiral FARRAGUT PORTER has been granted a two months' leave of absence, after his protracted labors, and will visit the North. He has been one of the most efficient co-operants for the management of the Mississippi fleet with General GRANT.

The appointment of Colonel LEE, of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiment, to be Provost Marshal of the Department of North Carolina, and of Captain CHAS. D. SANborn, of the same regiment, to be Provost Marshal of Beaufort, gives universal satisfaction, and secures justice and tranquillity to all.

Colonel BIDDLE, the chief Quarter-master of North Carolina, leaves in a day or two for Fortress Monroe, where he will join the Virginia Department.

Vincent MICHALOWSKI, formerly of Battery K, First Regiment United States Artillery, has been placed in command of Battery F of the same regiment. The Vincent has distinguished himself on several occasions by his gallantry, and will doubtless raise for his new command the standard of the Regular Service.

General BUFORD, the popular cavalry commander, left Washington for Kentucky on 13th on a short furlough, after which he has been ordered to report. A portion of his staff have also been granted a furlough.

Captain JOSEPH SMITH, U.S.A., died in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 27th ult. He entered the navy in 1813 as a midshipman. He first 54 years of his service life he was 14 years at sea. When the law of 1855 established the present list Commander SMITH was one of the officers of high merit, was placed upon it, on the ground, apparently, of his having temporarily inquired, but he was subsequently promoted to Captaincy, and at the commencement of the present rebellion died on duty ashore.

Surgeon J. L. TYLER is ordered to report to General ROSECRANS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE advices from the Army of the Potomac army do not indicate any operations at present. Our line extend at one or two Stafford Court House to Warrenton. The enemy's pickets still extend along the south side of the Rappahannock. A portion of General Longstreet's army is undoubtedly in Fredericksburg. The railroad between that point and Richmond has been torn up in a considerable extent, and the whole country between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan has been desolated. Droves from the rebel army are coming into our lines in large numbers, and it is said that the mountains are filled with men in open rebellion against the conscription of Jeff Davis.

RECONNOISSANCE ON THE JAMES RIVER.

Correspondents with the James River fleet report an important reconnoissance by General FOSTER on the 6th inst. up the James River, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the enemy's batteries. The fleet went within six miles of Fort Darling. The boats were fired upon from the high and commanding points where the enemy had batteries planted. The *Commodore Barney* came into collision with a torpedo, which lifted her out of the water and started her guards ten inches, but did little permanent damage.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

According to the St. Louis *Union*, the position of the Army of the Cumberland is at PUCKER, at Tullahoma and Winchester—places about seventeen miles apart. Tullahoma is held by General THOMAS'S division; General ROSECRANS'S head-quarters are in Mary Sharp College, at Winchester; General WILCOX'S corps is at the front; General Jeff C. DAVIS is in command of the post. General Thomas's corps is at Decherd, four miles from Winchester. General Critchendon's occupies Manchester, Hillsboro, M'Minnville, and Stephenson. The position of Bragg's army is not, and can not be given. The larger part is probably at Chattanooga, fortifying that place, with the design of holding that position until he is driven out. Bragg's is, perhaps, the worst scattered and demoralized army in the field. Desertions, discuss, retreats, and hardships have made it but the wreck of its former self, and there is little probability of its offering any considerable resistance to Rosecrans, if he were to attempt to march through Georgia to Savannah.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

The latest news from Charleston is to the 15th inst. Every thing goes on heavily. The position of General Gilmore on Morris Island is stronger and safer every day. The mortar and confidence of the troops are unexampled. Although the rebel batteries on James Island, Fort Sumter, Sumter, and other fortifications, the protection to our troops is so complete that our casualties every day's gun are hardly worth noticing. On the night of the 8th Captain L. R. Pulsifer, of the Gun Brooklyn, of the New York Volunteers, with a detachment of his men, while on a boat near Light-House Creek, was engaged by the rebels, with all his men. The new *Ironsides* participated with Admiral DU PONT in the manœuvre on Fort Wagner on Sunday week, and finally silenced the rebel guns. The firing was terrific during the engagement. The day before, a Monitor, the *Ironsides*, our works on Morris Island, and the rebel forts Wagner, Johnson, Sumter, and Moultrie.

OUR ARMY IN ARKANSAS.

Advices from the Mississippi Valley, by the way of Cairo, inform us that measures are on foot to clear the entire territory west of the river of rebels. Gen. Davidson is said to be moving down the centre of Arkansas, having been entirely successful in several encounters with the enemy. The people of Jacksonport are also alarmed at his appearance, and flying before him. Another expedition is also hinted at, the results of which must be of much importance.

WHEREABOUTS OF JOE JOHNSTON.

General Joe Johnston's army is at Dalton and Resaca, under the direct command of General Hardee. Most of Bragg's army is at Chattanooga, and will be ready to move at a moment's notice. General Johnston himself is said to be at Rome on the 17th, and is reported to have turned to Mississippi again, after a thorough examination of the defences and resources of Middle.

STARVATION IN TENNESSEE.

Parties from Middle Tennessee represent the condition of the people as horrible. There is a state of absolute starvation.

RETALIATION.

The President is determined to carry into force his recent order relative to the retaliation upon prisoners of war. He has ordered that three prisoners from South Carolina shall be held in close confinement as hostages for those negroes enslaved by the rebels who may be sold, tried, and who are now in prison at Charleston. All other prisoners, whether white or black, belonging to the enemy in a manner not applicable to prisoners of war, will be equally represented hereafter. Such is the order that has been transferred to. Mr. Lincoln is determined that negroes in the military and naval service shall be regarded on the same terms as white men.

AN APPEAL FROM JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis has issued an urgent appeal to Confederate officers and soldiers to return immediately to their various camps and colors. He declares that the very existence on the part of all Gasses in coming forward in this most dismal hour of the South.

SECESSIANT REBELS.

The Mobile *News* complains dismally of the want of patriotism in the citizens of Alabama generally. It calls them bastard Southerners and recreant Confederates; says that they have no stock and, and that the very prospect of their conduct are too terrible to be published.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

Thomas E. Bramlette has been elected over the executive chair of Kentucky probably by twenty-five thousand majority.

He will take the seat to which Berah Magoffin was elected four years ago, by the following vote:

Berah Magoffin, democrat	64,137
Joshua F. Bell, Unionist opposition	39,167
Democratic majority	8,916

—And it is confidently expected that he will fill the place with more honor to the State and to himself than did his elected predecessor.

A DRAFT TO ENFORCE FOR KENTUCKY.

General Rosecrans is at Washington by authority of General Rosecrans, renewing his suggestion, made last fall, to raise a mounted force in Kentucky to operate against the guerrillas in Kentucky and Tennessee. It is proposed to raise the force by draft. Ordinarily, which force he thinks will be sufficient to rid those States of armed bands, is from 5,000 to 10,000 men.

A STATE ELECTION IN TENNESSEE.

The Nashville *Union* is officially authorized to state that Governor Johnson proposes having a vote of election for a Legislature at the very earliest practicable day; that is, when the military circumstances in such that loyal citizens can go to the polls in safety, and when sympathizers with the rebellion will no longer dare, backed by the presence of Confederate troops, and by guerrilla terrorism, to obstruct the policy of the State.

MORE VESSELS BURNED BY THE "ALABAMA."

The ships Patterson, from New York, bound for Shanghai, and the Nightingale, from Manilla to New York, were both destroyed by the pirate *Alabama*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE following are the extracts which refer to our war: "The civil war between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union still unfortunately continued, and the contending parties, but also to nations which have taken no part in the struggle. Her Majesty, however, has seen no reason to depart from the strict neutrality which her Majesty has observed from the beginning of the contest.

* * *

"LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—The distress which the civil war in America has inflicted on a portion of Her Majesty's subjects in the manufacturing districts has called for the relief of Her Majesty's generous and munificent contributions have been made, but in some degree diminished. Her Majesty trusts that the measures adopted to measures calculated to have a beneficial influence upon that unfortunate country.

* * *

POLAND

THE REBELLION.

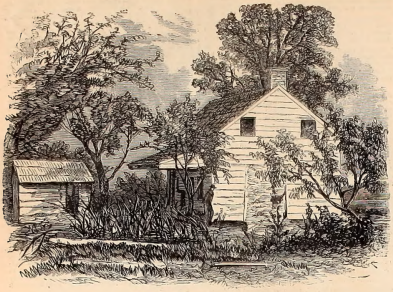
In a late encounter with the Russian troops the Poles were successful. The preliminaries for the Polish Conference at Copenhagen have been arranged. The Russian Government rejects all compromise as to the kingdom. Prince Gortschakoff, in replying to the note of Austria, expresses surprise, and points out the position assumed by that Government, and thinks that Russia, Austria, and Prussia should act in accord.

MEXICO.

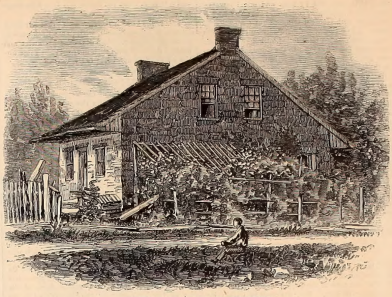
GENERAL FOREY'S PLANS.

Marshal Forey, in an official report, says that he is occupied in forming a Mexican army, and that the Mexican troops of moderate views belonging to all parties.

VIEWS OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 534.]



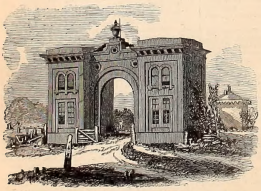
GENERAL MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



GENERAL LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



WHEAT-FIELD IN WHICH GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS SHOT.



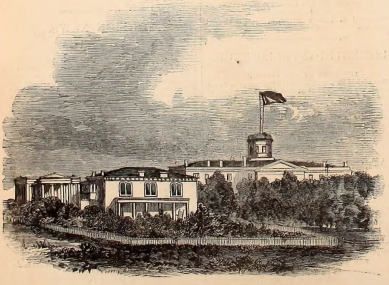
ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY.



BARN IN WHICH REYNOLDS DIED.



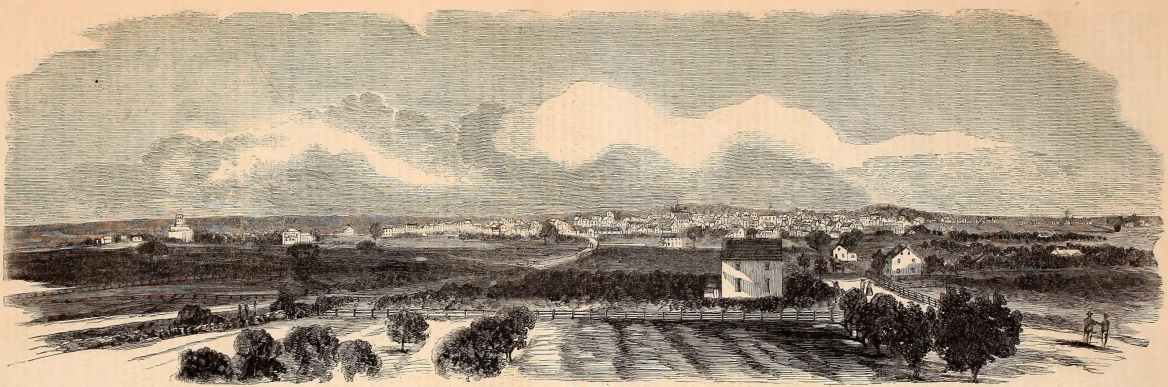
WOODS ON THE RIGHT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.



COLLEGE, USED AS A HOSPITAL FOR REBEL PRISONERS.



BREAST-WORKS IN THE WOODS.



GENERAL VIEW OF GETTYSBURG, FROM THE WEST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 534.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE ADVANCE OF THE TWELFTH CORPS CROSSING THE APPAHANNOCK.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

REMINISCENCES OF GETTYSBURG.

MR. BRADY, the photographer, to whose industry and energy we are indebted for many of the most reliable pictures of the war, has been to the Gettysburg battle-field, and executed a number of photographs of what he saw there. We reproduce some of these pictures on pages 529, 532, and 533.

One of them shows us the old man JOHN BURNS, the only citizen of Gettysburg who shouldered his rifle and went out to do battle in the Union ranks against the enemies of his country. The old man made his appearance in a uniform which he had worn in the last war, but he fought as stoutly as any young man in the army. Honor to his name! Old BURNS's house is there too, a memorial in its way of the fight: in its condition it looks as though it would not be very likely to remain many years as an object of curiosity.

Other pictures are the HEAD-QUARTERS of General LEE and General MEADE near the battle-field; modest, unpretending farm-houses in themselves, but destined hereafter to be as famous and as great an object of curiosity to travelers as the barn and mill at Waterloo. Elsewhere we see the open breast-works thrown up in the woods behind which the troops crouched to repel the enemy's charges, with the trees above and around them scarred and furrowed every where by round shot, shell, and rifle-ball.

The HIGH VIEW OF GETTYSBURG FROM THE WEST will give the beholder a general idea of the field of battle—a great valley well adapted for the movements of infantry and artillery. Mountains in the back-ground explain why the cavalry could not pursue very far. We have details as well. There is the CAVE OF THE CEMETERY, which was the scene of more than one fierce conflict, and where hundreds of Union men and rebels fell side by side; THE CEMETERY, which our troops used as a hospital after the battle; THE WHEAT-FIELD IN WHICH GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS SHOT, and THE BARN to which he was carried, and where he breathed his last moments, etc.

Coupled with these interesting pictures we give, on page 533, an illustration of THE CROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK BY THE ADVANCE OF THE TWELFTH ARMY CORPS IN PURSUIT OF LEE. The intelligence of this movement is contraband, and the author of our sketch warns us to be careful to disclose no facts which may be useful to the enemy. We therefore let the picture speak for itself.

VERY HARD CASH

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LONG before this open rupture Jane Hardie had asked her father, sorrowfully, whether she was to discontinue her intimacy with the Dodds. She thought of course he would say "Yes," and it cost her a hard struggle between inclination and filial duty to raise the question. But Mr. Hardie was anxious her friendship with that family should continue; it furnished a channel of news, and in case of detection might be useful to avert or soften hostilities; so he answered rather sharply, "On no account: the Dodds are an estimable family: pray be as friendly with them as ever you can." Jane colored with pleasure at this most unexpected reply: but her wakeful conscience reminded her that she must was given in ignorance of her attachment to Edward Dodd; and urged her to confession. But at that Nature receded: Edward had been openly declared his love to her; so modest pride, as well as modest shame, combined with female cowardice to hold back the avowal.

So then Miss Tender Conscience tormented herself; and recorded the struggle in her diary; but briefly, as the terms vague and typical: for a word about "a young man"—or "crossed in love"—but one obscure and hasty slop at the carnal strife, and a good deal about "the holy saints in prison," and "the battle of Armageddon."

Yet, to do her justice, laxity of expression did not act upon her conduct and warp that, as it does most myself speakers.

To obey her father to the letter, she maintained a friendly correspondence with Julia Dodd, exchanging letters daily: but, not to deceive him in the spirit, she ceased to visit Albion Villa. Thus she avoided Edward, and extracted from the situation the utmost self-denial, and the least possible amount of "carnal pleasure," as she naively denominated an interchange of worldly affection, however distant and respectful.

One day she happened to mention her diary, and say it was the present confidant to her, and instructive to review. Julia, catching at every straw of consolation, said she would keep one too, and asked a sight of Jane's for a model. "No, dear friend," said Jane: "a diary should be one's self on paper."

This was fortunate: it precluded that servile imitation, in which her sex excels even mine; and consequently the two records reflect in two good girls, instead of one in two skins; and may be trusted to conduct this narrative forward, and relieve the author a little: only of course the reader must not expect to see the plot of a story carried minutely out, in two crude compositions written with an object so distinct: he must watch for glimpses and make the most of indications. Nor is this an excessive demand upon his intelligence; for, if he can not do this with a book, how will he do it in real life, where male and female characters reveal their true selves by glimpses only, and the gravest and most dramatic events give the diviner so few and faint signs of their coming?

Extracts from Julia Dodd's Diary:

"Dec. 5th. I am all over: they have taken papa away to an asylum: and the house is like a grave, but for our sufferers in the south. Just before he went away the medical came—oh no, I can not. Poor, poor mamma!

8 P.M. In the midst of our affliction Heaven sent us a ray of comfort. The kindest letter from a lady, a perfect stranger. It *came* yesterday: but now I have got it to copy: oh, bless it; and be good, kind ladies.

DEAR MADAM,—I scarcely know whether to hope or to fear that your good husband may have mentioned my name to you. However, he is just the man to pass over both my misbehavior and his own gallantry; so I beg permission to introduce myself. I am one of the fifty-two passengers by the *Agra*; I was spoiled by a long residence in India, and gave your husband sore trouble by resisting discipline, refusing to rise out my light at nine o'clock, and in short by being an unreasonable woman, or rather a spoiled child. Well, all my little attempts at a feud failed; Captain Dodd did his duty, and kept his temper provokingly. The only revenge he took was a noble one; he jumped into the sea after my darling Freddy, and saved him from a watery grave, and his mother from madness or death; and he was himself hardly recovered from a wound he had received in defending us all against pirates. Need I say more to one who is herself a mother? You will know how our little misunderstanding ended after that. As soon as we were friends, I took him into my confidence myself, Edward, Julia, I seem to know you all.

When the ruffian, who succeeded our good captain, had wrecked poor us, and then deserted us, your husband resumed the command, and saved Freddy and me a second time by his courage, his wonderful coolness, and his skill. Since then the mouse has been at work for the lion: I despair of ever repaying him; but try it to a character so elevated as Captain Dodd; his reward must be his own conscience; but we poor little women have a right to feel and say it, and so I thought a medal of the Humane Society might give some pleasure to you and Miss Dodd. Never did medal more thoroughly earn its ornament. The case was so strong, and so well supported, that the society did not hesitate: and you will receive it in a week or two from now.

You will be surprised, dear Madam, at all this from a stranger to yourself, and will perhaps set it down to a wish to intrude upon acquaintance. Well then, dear Madam, you will not be far wrong. I *should* like much to know you, whose character I already own acquainted with; and to convey personally my gratitude and admiration of your husband. I could pour it out more freely to you, you know, than to him.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

LOUISA BERESFORD.

And the medal came about an hour before the fly to take him away. His dear name was on it, and his brave courageous face.

Oh, shall I ever be old enough and hard enough to speak of this without stopping to cry?

We fastened it round his dear neck with a ribbon. Mamma would put it inside his clothes for fear the silver should tempt some one: as if I should never have thought of that: is there a creature so base? And we told the men how he was pained (they were very kind to papa), and we showed them how brave and good he was, and would be again if they would be kind to him and cure him. Mamma pressed them with money to use him kindly: I thought they would be offended and refuse it: but they took it and their faces altered, and we saw that I am. *He* keeps away from us too. It is nearly a fortnight now.

"Dec. 7th. Aunt Eve left to-day. Mamma kept her room and could not speak to her: can not forgive her interfering between papa and her. She has been strong in her way, and mamma should be able to send papa out of the house, but in such a place! it is the law: and Dodd says, what is all good sense, says it was necessary; he says mamma is unjust: grief makes her unreasonable. Well, I dare say he is in the right: and I don't much care: but I know I am sorry for Aunt Eve, and very, very sorry for mamma."

"Dec. 8th. I am an egotist: found myself out this morning; and it is a good thing to keep a diary. We are unreasonable and hard to excuse for mamma: but now the house is sad and quiet I am always thinking of *him*; and that is egotism.

Why *does* he stay away so? I almost wish I could think it was coldness or diminished affection; for I fear sometimes to come to myself, and make *him* wretched. Those dreadful words papa spoke before he was afflicted! words I will never call on paper: but they are graven in my heart as they appall me; and then found at their very door! Ah, and I knew I *should* find him near that house. And now he keeps away."

Dec. 9th. All day trying to comfort mamma. She made a great effort and wrote to Mrs. Beresford."

POOR MAMMA'S LETTER.

"DEAR MADAM,—Your kind and valued letter reached us in deep affliction: and I am little able to reply to you as you deserve. My poor husband is very ill; so ill that he no longer remembers the past, neither the brave acts that have won him your esteem, nor even the face of his loving and unhappy wife, who now thanks you with many tears for your sweet letter. Heart-broken as my children and I are, we yet derive some consolation from it. We have tied the medal round his neck, Madam, and thank you far more than we can find words to express.

"In conclusion, I pray Heaven that, in your bitterest hour, you may find the consolation you have administered to us: no, no, I pray you may never, never stand in such need of comfort.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

LUCY DODD."

"Dec. 10th, Sunday. At St. Anne's in the morning. Tried hard to apply the sermon. He spoke of griefs, but so coldly; surely he never felt one: he and I are as Martha and Mary pray against wandering thoughts on entering church."

"Dec. 11th. A diary is a dreadful thing. Every thing must go down now, and, among the rest, that the poor are selfish. I could not interest one of mine in mamma's sorrows; no, they must run back to their own little sordid troubles, about money and things. I was so provoked with Mrs. Jackson (she owes mamma so much) that I left her hastily: and that was Impatience. I had a mind to go back to her; but would not; and that was Pride. Where is my Christianity?

A kind letter from Jane Hardie. But no word of *him*."

"Dec. 12th. To-day Edward told me plump I must not go on taking things out of the house for the poor: mamma knows the reason. 'We are poor ourselves, thanks to——' And then she stopped. Does she suspect? How can she? She did not know of those dreadful words of papa's? They are like two arrows in my heart. And so we are poor: she says we have scarcely any thing to live upon after paying the two hundred and fifty pounds a year for papa."

"Dec. 13th. A comforting letter from Jane. She sends me WILLIAM'S LAY, and says, 'Let us take a part of the Bible, and read two chapters prayerfully, at the same hour of the day: will you o'clock to-night? I will say it, and, if so, will you choose where to begin?' I will, sweet friend, I will: and then, though some cruel mystery keep us apart, our souls will be together over the sacred page, as I hope they will one day be together in heaven: yours will always rate. Jane, you are a thousand thanks, and should like to begin with the Psalms: they are sorrowful, and so are we. And I must not say not to think too much of *him*.

If every thing is to be put down one does, I should long and bitterly to find I had written that I must pray to God against *him*."

"Dec. 14th. It is plain he never means to come again. I am ashamed: I am sick that it is out of pity for me; I have not read her dear face all these years for nothing. She is beginning to think him unkind, and that is something in all. There is a mystery; a dreadful mystery: may he not be as mystified too, and perhaps tortured like me by doubts and suspicions? they say he is pale and dejected. Poor thing! But then oh why not come to me and say so? Shall I write to him? No, I will cut my hand off sooner."

"Dec. 16th. A blessed letter from Jane. She says 'Lecture upon any subjects is a sad waste of time and very unpardonable among His people.' And so it is; and my weak hope, daily disappointed, that there was something in her letter, only shows how inferior I am to my beloved friend. She says 'I should like to fix another hour (to read) to meet at the Throne together: will five o'clock suit you? we dine at six: but I can never more than half an hour in the evening.'

The friendship of this saint, and her bright example, is what Heaven sends me in infinite mercy and goodness, to keep my aching heart a little: for *him* I shall never see again.

I have seen him this very evening.

It was a beautiful day. I went to look at —the world to come I call it—for I believe the redeemed are to inhabit those very stars which look such a strong link between this world I now find is a world of sorrow and disappointment—. I went on the balcony to look at a better one: and oh it seemed so holy, so calm, so pure, that heavenly world: I gazed and stretched my hands toward it. Jane over so little of its holiness and purity; and, that moment, I heard a sigh. I looked, and there stood a gentleman just outside our gate, and looking at me. I nearly screamed, and my heart beat so. He did not see me: for I had come out softly, and his poor head was down, down, down in misery; and he used to carry it so high, a little, little while ago; too high some said; but not I. I looked, and my imagination got busy: it flashed on me as if one of those stars had written it with its own light in my heart—'There stands Grief; not Guilt.' And then I knew what it was about: I had whispered 'Alfred!' The poor boy started, and ran toward me: but stopped short and looked queer, as if he was scared: but it was not for me to make advances to him, after his unkindness: so I spoke to him as coldly as ever I could, and I said 'You are unhappy.'

He looked up to me, and then I saw even by that light that he is enduring a bitter, bitter struggle: as pale, as worn, so dragged! Now how many times have I cried, this last month? more than in all the rest of my life a great deal. 'I unhappy?' he said; 'I must be a contemptible thing if I was not unhappy.' And then he asked me should not I despise him if he was happy. I did not answer that: but I asked him why he was unhappy. And when I had, I was half frightened: for he never evades a question the least bit.

He held his head higher still, and said, 'I am unhappy because I can not see the path of honor!'

Then I babbled something, I forget what: then he went on like this—ah, I never forget what *he* says—he said Cicero says *Æquitas* ipsa hæret per se: something significat' something else: and he repeated it slowly for me, he knows I know a little Latin; and told me that was as much as to say 'Justice is so clear a thing, that whoever hesitates must be on the road of wrong. And yet,' he said, bitterly, 'I hesitate and doubt, in a matter of right and wrong, like an Academic philosopher weighing and balancing mere speculative terms.' Those were his very words. 'And so,' said he, 'I am miserable; deserving to be miserable.'

Then I ventured to remind him that he, and I, and all Christian souls, had a resource not known to heathen philosophers, however able. And I said, 'Dear Alfred, when I am in doubt and difficulty, I go and pray to Him to guide me aright: have you done so?' No, that had never occurred to him; but he *would*, if I made a point of it; and at any rate he could not go on in this way; I should soon see him again, and, once his mind was made up, he should bear little sordid troubles, about money and things. I was so provoked with Mrs. Jackson (she owes mamma so much) that I left her hastily: and that was Impatience. I had a mind to go back to her; but would not; and that was Pride. Where is my Christianity?

A kind letter from Jane Hardie. But no word of *him*."

"Dec. 12th. To-day Edward told me plump I must not go on taking things out of the house for the poor: mamma knows the reason. 'We are poor ourselves, thanks to——' And then she stopped. Does she suspect? How can she? She did not know of those dreadful words of papa's? They are like two arrows in my heart. And so we are poor: she says we have scarcely any thing to live upon after paying the two hundred and fifty pounds a year for papa."

"Dec. 13th. A comforting letter from Jane. She sends me WILLIAM'S LAY, and says, 'Let us take a part of the Bible, and read two chapters prayerfully, at the same hour of the day: will you o'clock to-night? I will say it, and, if so, will you choose where to begin?' I will, sweet friend, I will: and then, though some cruel mystery keep us apart, our souls will be together over the sacred page, as I hope they will one day be together in heaven: yours will always rate. Jane, you are a thousand thanks, and should like to begin with the Psalms: they are sorrowful, and so are we. And I must not say not to think too much of *him*.

If every thing is to be put down one does, I should long and bitterly to find I had written that I must pray to God against *him*."

"Dec. 14th. It is plain he never means to come again. I am ashamed: I am sick that it is out of pity for me; I have not read her dear face all these years for nothing. She is beginning to think him unkind, and that is something in all. There is a mystery; a dreadful mystery: may he not be as mystified too, and perhaps tortured like me by doubts and suspicions? they say he is pale and dejected. Poor thing! But then oh why not come to me and say so? Shall I write to him? No, I will cut my hand off sooner."

"Dec. 16th. A blessed letter from Jane. She says 'Lecture upon any subjects is a sad waste of time and very unpardonable among His people.' And so it is; and my weak hope, daily disappointed, that there was something in her letter, only shows how inferior I am to my beloved friend. She says 'I should like to fix another hour (to read) to meet at the Throne together: will five o'clock suit you? we dine at six: but I can never more than half an hour in the evening.'

The friendship of this saint, and her bright example, is what Heaven sends me in infinite mercy and goodness, to keep my aching heart a little: for *him* I shall never see again.

I have seen him this very evening.

It was a beautiful day. I went to look at —the world to come I call it—for I believe the redeemed are to inhabit those very stars which look such a strong link between this world I now find is a world of sorrow and disappointment—. I went on the balcony to look at a better one: and oh it seemed so holy, so calm, so pure, that heavenly world: I gazed and stretched my hands toward it. Jane over so little of its holiness and purity; and, that moment, I heard a sigh. I looked, and there stood a gentleman just outside our gate, and looking at me. I nearly screamed, and my heart beat so. He did not see me: for I had come out softly, and his poor head was down, down, down in misery; and he used to carry it so high, a little, little while ago; too high some said; but not I. I looked, and my imagination got busy: it flashed on me as if one of those stars had written it with its own light in my heart—'There stands Grief; not Guilt.' And then I knew what it was about: I had whispered 'Alfred!' The poor boy started, and ran toward me: but stopped short and looked queer, as if he was scared: but it was not for me to make advances to him, after his unkindness: so I spoke to him as coldly as ever I could, and I said 'You are unhappy.'

He looked up to me, and then I saw even by that light that he is enduring a bitter, bitter struggle: as pale, as worn, so dragged! Now how many times have I cried, this last month? more than in all the rest of my life a great deal. 'I unhappy?' he said; 'I must be a contemptible thing if I was not unhappy.' And then he asked me should not I despise him if he was happy. I did not answer that: but I asked him why he was unhappy. And when I had, I was half frightened: for he never evades a question the least bit.

He held his head higher still, and said, 'I am unhappy because I can not see the path of honor!'

Then I babbled something, I forget what:

---

[1] Agrippa. The abstract quality evolved from the concrete term applied by feminine art, without the aid from grammar.

---

* Dubitatio cogitationem significat injuriæ.

to-day, 'We are both tasting the same flesh-crucifying but soul-profiting experience.' Her every word is a rebuke to me: torn at this solemn season of the year with earthly passions. Went down after reading her letter and played and sang the Gloria in excelsis, of Pergolesi, with all my soul. And, on repeating it, burst out crying in the middle. Oh, shame! shame!"

"Dec. 24th. Edward started for London at five in the morning to take a place for us. The servants were next told, and received warning; the one we had the poorest opinion of, she is such a flirt, cried, and begged mamma to let her share our fallen fortunes, and said she could cook a little and would do her best. I kissed her violently, and quite forgot I was a young lady till she herself reminded me; and she looked frightened at mamma. But mamma only smiled through her tears, and said, 'Think of it quietly, Sarah, before you commit yourself.'"

I am now sitting in my own room, cold as a stone: for I have packed up some things: so the first step is actually taken. Oh if I but knew that he was happy! Then I could endure any thing. But how can I think so? Well, I will go, and never tell a soul what I suspect. And he can not tell, even if he knows: for it is his father. Jane, too, avoids all mention of her own father and brother more than is natural. Oh, if I could only be a child again!

Regrets are vain; I will cease even to record them; these diaries feed one's selfishness, and the unfortunate passion, that will make me a bad daughter and an ungrateful soldier of Him who was born as to-morrow: to your knees, false Christian! to your knees!

I am calmer now; and feel resigned to the will of Heaven; or benumbed; or something. I will pack this box and then go down and comfort my mother; and visit my poor people, perhaps for the last time: ah me!

A knock at the street door! His knock! I know every echo of his hand, and his foot. Where is my composure now? I flutter like a bird. I will not go down. He will think I love him so.

At least I will wait till he has nearly gone.

Elizabeth has come to say I am wanted in the drawing-room.

So I *must* go down whether I like or no.

Bedtime. Oh, that I had the pen of a writer to record the scene I have witnessed, worthily. When I came in, I found mamma and him both seated in dead silence. He rose and looked at me and I at him: and years seemed to have rolled over his face since last I saw it; I was obliged to turn my head away; I courtesied to him distantly, and may Heaven forgive me for that: and we sat down, and presently turned round and all looked at one another like the ghosts of the happy creatures we once were all together.

Then Alfred began, not in his old imperative voice, but scarce above a whisper; and oh the words such as none but himself in the wide world would have spoken—I love him better than ever; I pity him; I adore him; he is a scholar; he is a chevalier; he is the soul of honor; he is the most unfortunate and proudest gentleman beneath the sun; oh, my darling! my darling!!

He said: 'Mrs. Dodd, and you, Miss Dodd, whom I loved before I lost the right to ask you to be mine, and whom I shall love to the last hour of my miserable existence, I am come to explain my own conduct to you, and to do you an act of simple justice, too long delayed. To begin with myself, you must know that my understanding is of the Academic School; I incline to weigh proofs before I make up my mind. But then I differ from that school in this, that I can not think myself to an eternal stand-still (such an expression! but what does that matter, it was *his*); I am a man of action: in Hamlet's place I should have either turned my ghost into ridicule, or my uncle into a ghost; so I kept away from you while in doubt: but, now I doubt no longer, I take my line; ladies, you have been swindled out of a large sum of money.'

My blood ran cold at these words. Surely nothing on earth but a man could say this right out like that.

Mamma and I looked at one another; and what did I see in her face, for the first time? Why that she had her suspicions too, and had been keeping them from me. Pitying angel!

He went on: 'Captain Dodd brought home several thousand pounds?'

Mamma said 'Yes.' And I think she was going to say how much, but he stopped her and made her write the amount in an envelope, while he took another and wrote in it with his pencil; he took both envelopes to me, and asked me to read them out in turn: I did; and mamma's said fourteen thousand pounds: and his said fourteen thousand pounds. Mamma looked such a look at me.

Then he turned to me: 'Miss Dodd, do you remember that night you and I met at Richard Hardie's door? Well, scarce five minutes before that, your father was standing on our lawn and called to the man, who was my father, in a loud voice—it rings in my ears now—'Hardie! Villain! give me back my money, my fourteen thousand pounds! give me my children's money, or may your children die before your eyes.' Ah, you wince to hear me whisper these dreadful words: what, if you had been where I was, and heard them spoken, and in a terrible voice; the voice of Despair: the voice of Truth! Soon a window opened cautiously, and a voice whispered, 'Hush! I'll bring it you down.' And *this* voice was the voice of fear, of dishonesty, and of Richard Hardie.'

He turned deadly white when he said this, and I cried to mamma, 'Oh, stop him! stop him!' And she said, 'Alfred, think what you are saying. Why do you tell us what we had better never know?' He answered directly,

'Because it is the truth: and because I loathe injustice. Some time afterward I taxed Mr. Richard Hardie with this fourteen thousand pounds: and his face betrayed him. I taxed his clerk, Skinner: and Skinner's face betrayed him: and he fled the town that very night.'

My mother looked much distressed and said, 'To what end do you raise this pitiable subject? Your father is a bankrupt, and we but suffer with the rest.'

'No, no,' said he, 'I have looked through the bankrupt's books, and there is no mention of the sum. And then who brought Captain Dodd here? Skinner: and Skinner is his detected confederate. It is clear to me poor Captain Dodd trusted that sum to *us*, before he had the fit: beyond this all is conjecture.'

Mamma looked at me again and said, 'What *am* I to do; or say?'

I screamed, 'Do nothing, say nothing: oh pray, pray make him hold his tongue, and let the vile money go. It is not *his* fault.'

'Do?' said the obstinate creature: 'why, tell Edward, and let him employ a sharp attorney: you have a supple antagonist, and a daring one. Need I say I have tried persuasion, and even bribes: but he defies me. Set an attorney on him; or the police. Fiat Justitia, ruat cœlum.' I put both hands out to him and burst out, 'Oh, Alfred, why did you tell? A son expose his own father? For shame! for shame! I have suspected it all long ago: but *I* would never have told.'

He started a little; but said, 'Miss Dodd, you were very generous to me; but that is not exactly a reason why I should be a cur to you; and an accomplice in a theft, by which you suffer. I have no pretensions to religion like my sister: so I can't afford to tamper with plain right and wrong. What, look calmly on and see one man defraud another? I can't do it. See *you* defrauded? you, Mrs. Dodd, for whom I profess affection and friendship? You, Miss Dodd, for whom I profess love and constancy? Stand and see you swindled into poverty? No: I'll be damm'd if I do. Of what do you think I am made? My stomach rises against it, my blood boils against it, my flesh creeps at it, my soul loathes it:' then after this great burst he seemed to turn *so* feeble: 'oh,' said he, faltering, 'I know what I have done; I have signed the death-warrant of our love, dear to me as life. But I can't help it. Oh Julia, Julia, my lost love, you can never look on me again; you must not love a man you can not marry, Cheat Hardie's wretched son. But what could I do? Fate offers me but the miserable choice of desolation or cowardly rascality. I choose desolation. And I mean to stand by my choice like a man. So good-by, ladies.'

The poor proud creature rose from his seat, and bowed stiffly and haughtily to us both, and was going away without another word, and, I do believe, forever. But his soul had been too great for his body; his poor lips turned pale, and he staggered; and would have fallen, but mamma screamed to me, and she he loves so dearly, and abandons so cruelly, woke from a stupor of despair, and flew and caught him fainting in these arms."

STRATEGY.

THE night set in sullenly, almost without a twilight between it and the dismal day; and the clouds, all day long pressing close upon the dank earth as if to shut out all chance of sunshine, began to drop down in a raw shivering mist that would have done credit to November, and fully justified the fire burning in the library hearth of Courtenay House, even though the month did style itself July. By the window a still figure in black looked steadily out at dripping boughs and trickling eaves, and by the fire lounged a man of thirty, with a good head, handsome eyes, an excellent development of chest and shoulders, and the air of a gentleman: so much was apparent. Whether he was also possessed of heart and brains seemed not so easy to determine, as he lay there looking into the fire.

Neither of these thinkers by any chance looked at the other, and you could plainly hear the tick of the bronze clock in the drawing-room, and the tap of a little slipper on the polished stairs, as some one came, singing,

"Mais tout se tait dans la demeure,
La brise seule—"

And one might have thought that the singer herself was the breeze from the rush and rustle with which she came over the flags of the hall to the library.

"Come, Victor."

"Where?"

"La belle idée! to Sophie Marvin's reception."

"I told you that I should not go."

"But you must. There is such a dearth of gentlemen here. I promised Sophie that you should come."

"Then my fair cousin exceeded her powers, and must pay the penalty. I shall spend the evening with Mrs. Courtenay"—glancing shyly toward the still figure at the window.

Edith shrugged her shoulders.

"Please don't be absurd."

"One can't help one's nature."

Miss Courtenay might as well have spared her arguments from the first; for under all this idle seeming lurked a purpose, and from his boyhood up Victor Brittan had never yet wavered in a purpose.

Six weeks before he had showed himself at Courtenay House, worn, wan, and still on crutches, scarce yet safe out of the jaws of Death, who had been hard after him, first in the battle, and then through weeks of delirium in the hospital wards. Some blunderer had returned his name in the list of killed, and his aunt, Mrs. Courtenay, and cousin, Edith, met him in their mourning-dresses. Imagine the joyful stir and tumult. The old house went beside itself. The children, the servants even, crowded about him. The only thing outside of all this rejoicing was a frozen figure in widow's weeds—Mrs. Lois Courtenay, widow of Edith's elder brother, Herbert.

Herbert Courtenay had sowed his wild oats, contracted a mésalliance (that is, married the daughter of a poor clergyman), and died early. This was his widow, whom Victor might scarcely have remembered again had he not chanced to see her transfigured, lips parted, eyes all aglow, and at their deepest blue, every feature lighted, she all the while fancying herself unseen in her shadowy corner as she listened to his eager talk. His eyes met hers, held them for a moment, still brimming with soft light; then down came the white eyelids, the ripe lips closed firmly, color, meaning, glow, died away into her usual stony quiet.

Since then Victor had watched and waited patiently for another apotheosis of this stone into a beautiful woman, and, as destiny thus far had not seen fit to gratify him, resolved that evening to take destiny into his own hands.

The night closed in fairly. Every scrap of twilight was gone, yet still Lois Courtenay sat at the window. Edith and her mother had driven off some moments since; for the way was long, and at M—— they kept early hours. Victor rose and took a turn or two across the room; then stopped near the window.

"Mrs. Courtenay, I have a whim. Let us sup here in cozy home-fashion. That huge dining-room is uncanny on a night like this."

As if receiving an order, Lois got up and, without answering, touched the bell. By her direction the servants brought in a table—an old-fashioned thing, round and claw-legged; the very one in his mind. She herself laid the cloth, set out china and silver, with soft sweeping movements, deft firm fingers; and it was a marvel how, while divining and executing the very spirit of his thought, she yet contrived to exclude from it all seeming of spontaneity.

Victor sat watching her, biting his lips and raging inwardly; but on a sudden was heard a voice of lamentation — Madge Courtenay mourning for Aunty Lois, and refusing to be comforted. She had gotten out of her bed and toddled down stairs, and would listen neither to reason nor the nurse. Lois put out the nurse, shut the door, and, taking the little puss on her lap, administered tea-spoonfuls of tea and noiseless kisses. Victor, seeing that, closed his eyes, and after a while drew one or two labored sleeping breaths. Seeing that, Lois began to coo and murmur to the child, and straightway Madge grew riotous for a story.

"Tell you a story? Not I," quoth Lois, merrily. "I am going to play Wolf and eat you. You are the daintiest morsel that Wolf Lois ever tasted." And with a premonitory gnashing of teeth, and three or four ferocious growls in feminine bass, the full red lips seized on Madge's white cheeks, then on her rounded shoulders, under her chin, even on the little blue-veined feet kicking in the air, amidst giggles and wild clawing of fat fingers; these presently got entangled in the widow's cap, broke the strings, and pulled it off. At that Madge shrieked with glee, and Victor took occasion to open his eyes. Lois drew herself up, half terrified, half vexed, and stretched out her hand for the cap that Madge had tossed on the table. Victor seized it.

"Please don't."

"What?"

"Freeze up again. Don't you know we are cousins?"

"In law."

"Herbert and I were school-mates," went on Victor, coaxingly. "For the sake of old times I should be glad to show some little kindness to his widow."

"You are very good."

"No, I am selfish. I think we should like each other."

"Won't you give me my cap?"

"Why should you wear that ugly thing?"

"Please give it me."

She was half-wrathful half-amused. Victor took Madge, gave her to nurse *vi et armis*, closed the door, and came back and sat down by Mrs. Courtenay.

"I am serious. This cap is an emblem of your moral state. You perversely keep it on; you perversely make a sort of moral Simeon Stylites of yourself, and hurt yourself and others. If you ask by what right I dare say this, I answer by the right given every man to wage war against an evil or an error, wherever he may find it."

"You do not know."

"I do. Your mother and sister-in-law don't love you. They can't forgive you Herbert's love, and your poverty. Is that a reason for shutting out all good and genial things from your life?"

Suddenly Victor spied something sparkling in the light. A bright tear rolling down either cheek.

"I have been a brute," he said, penitently.

"No, you are only too kind."

"When I have made you cry with my lecturing?"

"Because you cared enough to lecture. Every one else has been content to take me as a petrifaction."

"It is understood then?"

"What is understood?"

"That on Wednesday you go with me to drive."

"I have said nothing of the sort."

"You will go?"

"It is quite impossible."

"Why?"

"Because—" she hesitated. Reasons were abundant, but not easily expressed.

"Why?" repeated Victor.

"It will not be best."

"What audacity! I am your physician, and expect to be obeyed. I consider that you have said Yes."

Lois Courtenay was a woman of a strong will, and though Victor confounded her by his audacity he did not conquer her.

"I am not a child, or to be treated as one," she answered. "What should I do driving out with you?"

"Then you are really in dread? Tyranny has broken your spirit?"

"Do I look timid?"

"Or you dislike to go with me? Even sea-breeze and bright sky can't make me tolerable."

"That is unkind."

"I profess I can see no other reason. There has been no special commandment that Lois Courtenay shall never drive on the beach? You are your own mistress; I control my own fortunes. You must find me utterly detestable?"

"If you think that I will go."

"Say I will go, Victor. You observe that I call you Lois?"

"Good-night."

"Here is your cap," and Victor took the hand put out to receive it into his own a moment, then went to bed triumphant.

Lois professed courage, but if truth must be told she quaked inwardly. Edith's sneer was not more endurable because familiar; and had not Victor been inexorable she would after all have relinquished the ride. Once out of the house, however, and its shadow off her heart, she bloomed out into genial enjoyment of the rare pleasure, into pleasant laughter, wise and sweet sayings, and a hundred arch and winning ways, not a little charming to Victor who had hardly expected so complete a metamorphosis. This was her humor on the way out. Coming back she began to sadden.

"Take care," said Victor, "you are beginning to petrify."

She answered him with a wan smile that troubled and haunted him. He could not translate it till later on, when he found that she glided past him like a ghost, evaded him like a shadow—avoided him not for one day or two, but persistently and at all times—he began to comprehend that this poor chilled nature had learned in frost and darkness to be afraid of sunshine. Then he came out openly; left his aunt and Edith to pout, and sought her at all times. Lois received him with coldness and monosyllables; they revenged themselves after the fashion of Pharaoh; gave her bricks to make without straw.

Grown desperate, he sent her a line by Madge.

"What is my offense?"

The answer came swiftly back,

"You have not offended; but have you never heard how the torture of one condemned to die of thirst is heightened by a highly seasoned banquet? My thirst is sufficiently intense. I prefer lenten diet."

Victor took the note out with him into quiet and cool air, read, re-read it, and decided. Coming back he found Edith and her mother red, ruffled, angry, and exclaiming. Edith had just added the last straw of provocation to the back of the camel Patience, and much-enduring Lois had turned at last, flashed out a few brief sentences, and was preparing to leave the house.

"She says that she can support herself by teaching," said Edith, bitterly, "as if we were not already sufficiently disgraced by her alliance!"

Victor's cheek burned at that, but he wisely held his peace, and contented himself with sending for Lois.

"I hear that you are a rebel," was Victor's salutation. "You know that I have a commission to arrest such wherever found."

"I don't acknowledge your authority, Captain Brittan."

"And you will really go out alone into the world?"

"No; I have been alone. I shall have hope with me now."

"What can one so weak as you do in the press and throng?"

"What other weak ones have done."

"That is, suffer and die, poor child! and you look joyous over it! You have no regrets?"

"None."

"None? you will miss no one here?"

Lois colored a little under the earnest look.

"Yes, little Madge."

"And that is all?"

"You, perhaps, a little."

"A little, and perhaps! You will remember a week or two and then—but I need not ask. You have shunned me carefully enough here."

Lois was silent.

"May I ever come and see you?"

"Victor!"

"Well, you hate me, do you not?"

"Now, you are hypocritical."

"Pardon. It is you. Why treat me with such coldness if you have any kindly feeling for me?"

"Are you so blind? Do you not see that now I lead a life of self-communion, self-dependence, and find in myself all my earthly hope and resource? If you had drawn me as you wished into your life, to find comfort, rest, sympathy, happiness there, made of me a thing, clinging and dependent, how much blacker had been the darkness, how much more utter the desolation, when, as must have been sooner or later, I was thrust back into the life I now lead!"

"Where is the need?"

"You see it now."

"No."

Lois cast a quick, startled look at Victor and began to tremble; perhaps at something that she saw in him.

"Why," he repeated, "Why not find rest with me now and forever? Be my wife, Lois. I love you very dearly."

Lois turned away her face, but did not withhold her hand. After a moment,

"That was why"—she began, and stopped.

"Well."

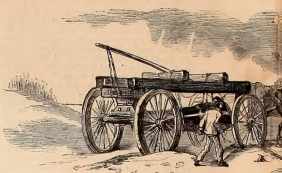
"I shunned you."

"Because I loved you?"

"No; because I loved you."



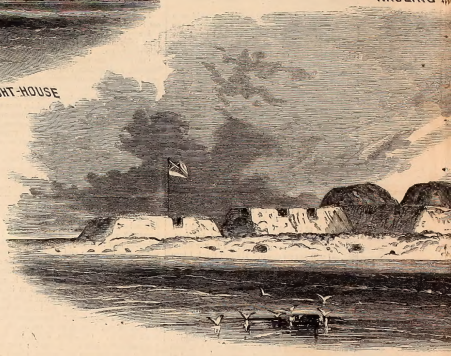
ADVANCED WORKS OF GEN. GILMORE AND OLD LIGHT-HOUSE



HAULING G



DIGGING TRENCHES AND MOUNTING GUNS



FORT WAGNER, FRO

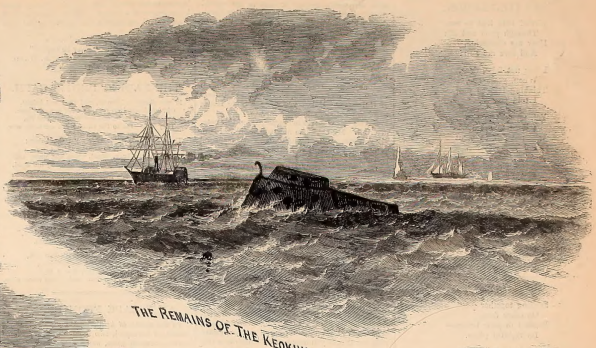


Look-out on Folly Island.

GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND, HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUT



EGE GUNS.



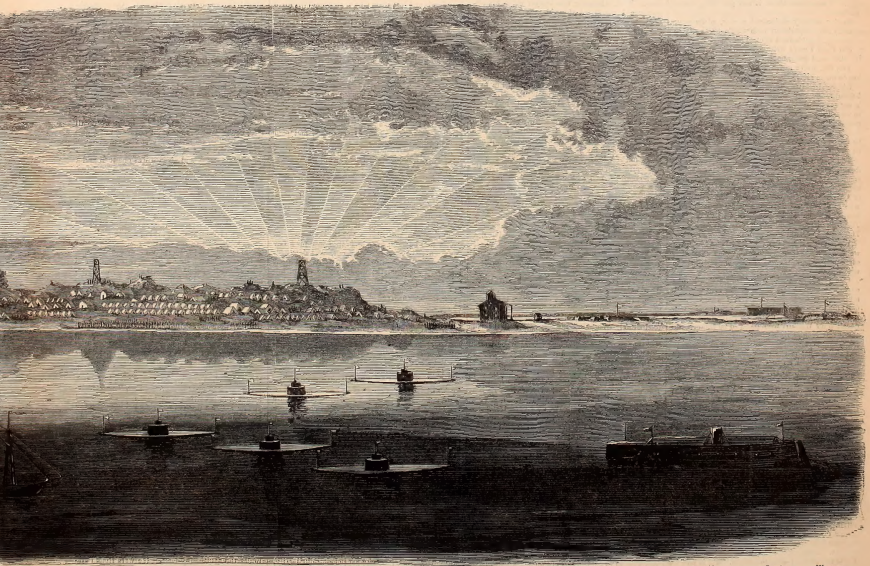
THE REMAINS OF THE KEOKUK.



M THE CHANNEL.



MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE WAGNER.



Encampment of Union Troops. Old Lighthouse. Gillmore's advanced Works. Ironsides. Sumter. Wagner.

TH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

MY CONFESSION.

WIFE! long true to me,
Through good and ill:
Hear my confession,
And love me still!

I was not false, dear,
When, years ago,
Thinking I loved you,
I told you so.

Yet, my gift to you
I feel is less
Was not fair payment
For yours to me.

You did not know it;
You guessed not how
I was your debtor—
As I am now.

I dare not own it,
This later day,
Were I not able
Some part to pay.

Watching together
Here, by this bed,
Where, softly pillowed,
Lies one bright head;

Smiling together
On other face,
Pressed to your bosom—
Its rightful place.

Thus, dear, I venture
To whisper this—
Now that I give you
A whole-heart kiss.

Now that—God helping—
I on you
Husband more worthy,
Lover more true.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldum forget a person.

I hearn of your marriige to the Prin'ss Alexandry, & ment to writ you a congr'tulatory letter at the time, but I'm bizzi—sich a burn bizzi—summer, & hain't had no t'me to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

You ought to've ast me to take one since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I surtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In y our country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunkshon with Csp'n Semis of the *Alabama*, remains a mostly quiet land.

I'm frail I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifises, you bet.

I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand ready to sacrifise my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to proshedure the war. I think somebody oughter be proskooted, & it may as well be the war as enny body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It went into squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African descent, urged, but so did Vallandigum, who is Conservative, and who was resantly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogas if the Sekkond perfode for a mimit that the Tortoogueses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a purty wooman circle, which amuses the same purpus, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One year man who was drawd claimed to be exemp be ause he was the only son of a widder'd mother who he supported Him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a questi n for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this c'ash bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscrips in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin' on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I have a friend Wales, hittin' all sides; but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politickin, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, however, to have a well-balanced mind; tho' my ideas of a well-balanced mind differ from the ideas of a partiser I once had, whose name is was Billson. Billson and me organized a strollin dramatic company, & called it The Drunkard, or the Fallen Sawed, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's give 'em sum historical gramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public relires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestry, and wishin' to expire to slow music, he died playin' on a clarionett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

But to return to our subjeck. With our resunt grate tiumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them in waters no Father need feel 'shamed of—twig the writtikism?), and the cheerin' look of things in other places, I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what can girls do the people of Concord, N. H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin' you is to give you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizniss I've had over thirty years experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connection therwith. Not knowings what that air and so I'm free ly tells you, my noble lord dock of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both wery much flustrated. But I never injoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards wine, miss Baldinville was allers stingy. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can git half a mackrit at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dorr's for six dollars, and idlel potaters thrown'd in.

As I said, I manage my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenced trainin' her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandon'd. You'd better do similler. Your wife may object to gittin' up and bilkin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodice. I regret to observe that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in mayin' a bildin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a rather cold weather when I first propped the idee to Betsy. It wasn't a wall recent, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty sudden. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. *I* allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. Some daughters don't like 'em, & I admit is frisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I am a very entertainin' old feller, and they visit us frekently, specially on Sunday evenins. One young man—a base-ly cuss—brought some cigars as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the precious stuff for the fire-kindler. The old gen'l man likes to read out loud, and he reads to'lis well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear. I'm in hopes Betsy has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Well, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set in the back parlor with the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one n'ight till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a harbor somewhere in the east part of the State, havin' sent my daughter to bed at half past 8. He hasn't im proved his time a bit, he's certain! he says I'm a pound swindlin' the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd like to a double dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and drinkin' to much makes me extremely self-confiding, nerd drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedroom long after midnight in a state that concealed about my person. I had sumbow got persshon of a hosewhip on my way home, and remembered cumplaints I had received of Mrs. Ward in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud wolce, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I'm the boy to reorganize! I soothin-corackin' the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-rayed to-nite?"

* * * * *

I dreamt that night that sumbody had laid howship over me sev'rl consekkootiv times; and when I woke up I found that my hair'd turned much of any thin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shell let it out.

My wife is a good wife, and has also sustained a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying doughnuts for the Sunday-school conserts. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stun! We hain't got any pictur of the old lady, because she objected to it on her dawtership, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the mejium of the illustrated papers; but as she was a reg'lar orthoprickt, partickerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to giv a woman consid'rable lee-way. But not too much. Mrs. Ward's cousin, Mr. Rufus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door-yard while she was cleanin' house, and he got well. That's the thing, specially as it was rainin' vilently; but he said he wanted to giv his wife all the lee-way. That was much. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer, and she said it wouldn't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin' him his mother's Bible. It was orful! I stood by, however, and saw that the lee-way's I could, but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

There's vavis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certinty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecooney pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understan' my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respecks to St. Gorge & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy."

A. WARD.

THE FADING PHOTOGRAPH.

IT was gloomy and brown, and clear and bright.
Oh, her large deep eyes, and her queenly brow,
Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip,
They were true to the face—I can see them now.

Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars;
There was the lip, to sweet and red;
There was the brow, broad, white, and pure;
And that was the way that she hung her head.

Ten years ago, and now, like our love,
It has faded, as may be the better spring;
Though a dreary cloud I still see her face,
But day by day it is vanishing.

Alas! it was bleached by the cruel sun,
Blurred and spotted, and pale and dim,
Till it looks like the ghost of our by-gone love,
Or the unwritten face of some dying saint.

'Tis strange that love, that is God's own gift,
Should fade away like the summer rose,
And this poor frail thing be left on a type
Of that flower of the heart that should never close.

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

In the month of April, 1803, my ship, the brig *Rachel*, of Liverpool, two hundred and forty tons burden, sixteen guns, and thirty-five men, was lying at anchor in the roads of Bordeaux, by the French frigate *Valliant*, commanded by one Captain Etienne.

On arriving at Bordeaux we were lodged in a filthy fort, and on the fifth day we commenced our march to Verdun, five or six hundred miles distant, each of us receiving fifteen sous a day for traveling expenses. On the thirty-sixth day we entered Verdun, having made an average march of eighteen miles a day. At the citadel the commandant took a careful description of our persons, we signed our parole, and were then billeted given us on the various inns, were turned loose into the town.

The détenus lodged at the different inns and shops in the town soon found themselves chiefly in gambling. A young man named J——, having just come into a large legacy, tried to break the bank, but was cleaned out all he had, besides a large sum he borrowed from the bankers. The governor, hearing of this, shut him up in the Tour d'Angoulême, but that his friends would come and discharge his debts; but they left him to his bread and water. Another poor young fellow, surgeon of a vessel, had had his allotes given us on his endorser, and all these too he lost. He then invited his friends to a grand supper, and next morning he was found in bed with his throat cut from ear to ear. Another lieutenant—both these men were the table, labeled, "The Cure for all Diseases;" scattered on the floor were scraps of paper on which the poor fellow had been practicing Captain B.'s signature.

A friend of mine was a constant speculator on the red and black, and got very much in debt. One night he made a great coup and won, he instantly counted out the money, put it in his pocket, ran out and knocked up his creditors, and paid every soul of them.

A parcel of dark lost a month's pay, and then tried to borrow a couple of crowns of the banker. He was asked for security; he instantly drew out a knife, and cut off the tail of his right ear; the money was given him.

There were but few deaths among the prisoners. Among those who died, however, were the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweedale. Permission to go to Paris was granted to them, their bodies to England. There was also a young Westmoreland doctor who had run over to France just for a few days, and, being found out, was detained. He died of a broken heart. One day, while out bathing, I came on the dead body of one of my countrymen, and saw that he had just been shot in a duel. He had been forced to the field against his will by a threat to deprive him of his rank if he had not gone.

Wearied at last of this idle and profitless life, I determined to make my escape with three friends. It was a bold undertaking, as we should not injure our bondsmen by breaking our parole; but before guarding against this we bought maps, gimlets, small files, and pistols, and obtained cash. We then collected a quantity of small rope, and bound it round our bodies under our clothes; the brigadier of gens d'armes let our hats. We then staid out beyond the prescribed time, and, as we had expected, were ordered up into the citadel (confined for several days in punishment.

About five o'clock I descended the stairs leading from the citadel and the adjoining church, and found a small hole with a grate all round the panels of the door, then with my knife cut it all through but one corner. I then filled the holes with tallow and spread some over it. This took me about half an hour. All this time one of my friends guarded the sentry. We went to bed at night, and as the gens d'armes visited the rooms, as they were compelled to do every two hours. As soon as they were gone, we called my friends and slid down. To my horror, the panel, instead of breaking quietly off, made a noise like a pistol, but it luckily caused no alarm. I, and King, and Innis were through in a moment, but Alison (a purser), a big man, stuck fast, and kept crying out lustily, "Pull, pull!" we eventually pulled him through. Then crossing the church we climbed up one of the windows by the iron bars, but found the tracery too small to let us through. Then groping about for another place, we upset a clothes-horse (the church had been turned into a store-room), and this made a fearful noise; the dogs barked and the guard turned out; but we were not discovered.

Soon after all was quiet. We mounted an altar on the left side of the choir, and finding a part of a window without glass or bars, dropped quietly some six feet into the convent garden. We had then a tiled wall to surmount. We got up by means of a rope, and uncoiled a place, unobserved by a neighboring sentinel. As the church clock struck one, the last of us descended and walked across the grass in the direction of the general's house, then unoccupied. To our astonishment, we almost ran against a sentinel, but he was probably a new recruit and frightened, for he challenged us, but gave no alarm. We darted into the general's garden, beyond foremost. He leaped over a wall three feet high, expecting the fall to be trifling, but he found that he had to drop twenty feet. He then called out to us softly, to ease ourselves down: which we did.

We soon came in sight of a sentry-box, with the sentinel asleep. We passed him, and I, foremost, got over the rampart and was standing on the cordon, when Innis, who had better eyes, came up and warned me of danger. Another moment and I should have been dashed to pieces; there was a fall of sixty feet. The night was dark, the sight of the sentinel had confused us, and we could not see the spot where we had intended to descend, and where the fall was only about thirty-five feet.

We had no time to lose. We stripped and unwound our rope, and tied one end to a stone. We had previously drawn lots which should be the last, and I drew it. When my turn came, I found the cord so stretched, so smoothed down, and so slimy, that it would not support my weight. I fell full on my back about twenty feet. I heard Alison say: "He is killed;" but I soon undeceived him by jumping on my feet. We then scrambled out of the moat and reached a wood where we had bid our stores. Just as I was stooping to open my knapsack, I felt a hand suddenly removed. Alison, too, had hurt his ankles in falling, and could scarcely stand. After having eaten and drunk, we again pushed on for some six or seven leagues, and then, completely exhausted, we lay down in the wood. About five we heard the gun, a signal for the peasants to hunt us. About ten o'clock we were roused and a rustling among the bushes, but no one came very near us. Innis, who was a doctor, as soon as all was quiet, bled Alison's ankle and examined my head.

Here we lay four days, the first two fine, the last two continual rain. The third night I was better, and, after having with Innis been able to fill our canteens at a rivulet. On the fifth night Alison's ankles grew stronger, and we left the wood, and pushed on for the Meuse.

In the middle of the river there was land, connected by bridges with an island on either side. We swam across, and then were very nearly seamed asleep; but as we stepped on the first bridge the church bell began to toll the vesche. On approaching the island we met with three or four pistol-shots. By this time all the villagers were up, sounding their horns and shouting. What was to be done? The enemy was before and behind, and none of us could swim. We turned off the road and ran along the bank; to our great joy, at the end of the island we found a boat, jumped into it, and in a moment were across and out of hearing. At daylight we found ourselves in a forest, where all the bushes had been cut down, and we had to hide ourselves behind the tree trunks, and keep a bright look-out all day.

We proceeded all night, and lay in the woods all day, suffering only from want of clear, refreshing water. We found a small plenty of water and bathed and washed. We had brought provisions for eighteen days. A day's allowance was one inch and a half of bologna sausage, a quarter pound of bread, and two mouthfuls of brandy, measured in a shaving-brush case. Our sleep by day was disturbed, first by the cold and then by the heat.

By the help of our maps we kept in a pretty direct course, never entering a house, nor speaking to more than three persons. Our object was to reach the town of Toul, without asking a question. The other invited us to his cottage, and guided us for seven miles, taking us for runaway conscripts.

On the eleventh day it rained incessantly, and we had to sit against the roots of trees, cold, wet, and miserable, fearful of falling every moment. Alison's ankles began to fail him again, and he had grown thin from pain and fatigue. That night we reached the town as usual, though it was still near dark. About half past ten we entered the small town of Charmes, thinking the rain would keep the inhabitants indoors. On coming to a corner a gendarme demanded our passports. Innis, who knew French perfectly, and had collected some letters from the villagers, and declared they were the new sort of passports issued at Paris. Just as we thought we had safely passed him, he came a thought we had safely passed him, he came a thought we had safely passed him, he came a thought and good-humoredly said, "Ah, gentlemen, I am glad to see you; I have been expecting you these two days, and I have received such a paper, read our names and descriptions. Finding ourselves caught, we made the best of it, and invited the kindly old gendarme to share some dinner. The gendarme told us that he had been in bed, but that, having been sent by his wife to see spectacles, he had been talking with some acquaintance, who kept him until we had happened to come up.

The next day we were sent back to Verdun, where all our friends were waiting to receive us. We were instantly put into the Tour d'Angoulême and searched. They cut open our buttons to search for money, and took away our knives, razors, and pocket-handkerchiefs. But they did not leave us so bare as they imagined, for I kept five double Louis sewn inside my flannel waistcoat, and one under the arm of my coat. We were ironed and shut up in the round tower.

A few days after we were sent to Bitche: ten leagues south-east of Strasbourg, and upon a rock in the midst of a valley. In the little sou-

terrain we found twenty Englishmen, chiefly masters of merchant ships, and midshipmen, and, in the contiguous grand souterrain, about one hundred and seventy British seamen. My companions here were the sweepings of the sweepings—all the most violent and dissolute of the prisoners from Verdun—smugglers, gamblers, duelists, and thieves.

Few attempts to escape from Bitche had succeeded; the walls were so lofty, the guard so good. A ship's carpenter, who escaped and was taken trying to swim over the Rhine with his son, a little boy, on his back, was brought to the grand souterrain. He had not been in long before he again attempted to escape. He one night forced two wooden doors, and undermined one or two iron doors. On the awful night when the last door was to be passed a spy informed the commandant. Just as three prisoners had stepped through, the gens d'armes in waiting fired on them, and then cut them down with their sabres. The carpenter and a companion were killed; the third jumped back through the door and escaped. His son was afterward one of four daring boys who descended an angle of the citadel at Verdun without a rope, but were recaptured, brought back, and whipped.

On another occasion an Italian prisoner hid himself in the cavern well of the prison, three hundred feet deep; he escaped, but was recaptured and sent to the galleys.

Another time Lieutenant Essel and five sailors escaped through a grating which they had loosened, having previously made a rope out of their linen. Unfortunately, just as they were in the embrasure about to descend, the sergeant of the rounds came by and fell over the rope they had fastened. In their alarm they went down the rope too rapidly and too near together, and it snapped. The lieutenant was dead before he could reach the bottom, having struck against a jutting rock. Only one midshipman could move away, and he was recaptured in the morning. Yet, although the four had dropped ninety feet, only one man's leg was broken.

As the winter approached I, and Innis, and Alison commenced making preparations for a second attempt. We purchased coarse linen, and made it up during the night into rope. The barrack in which we were confined had two fronts, with a wall running lengthwise through the centre, the staircases on opposite sides communicating by doors which were locked. The one side was strongly guarded, but on the other no sentinels were placed till eight o'clock at night. As soon as it was dark (on the 20th of November) we forced open the inner lock, and then tried to cut out the clamp by which the outer clasp was secured; but our knives making little impression, we put a stiff piece of iron within and across the keyhole of the box-lock, to which we fastened the end of a strong cord. Twelve of us then got hold of it, and, pulling all together, open it flew. All this time we kept shouting, to prevent the five gens d'armes who lived in the room below hearing us. A working-party then ascended the stairs, while those in the room below kept up the noise. After a long and fruitless attempt we found the gimlet too small; we therefore went to bed brooding over our certain removal to the dungeon the next morning. Rising early, a thought struck me. I filled up the gimlet-holes with tallow and ashes; then, boring holes where the nails of the clamp had been, I tied the clamp on again and shut the door. It was a dark, foggy morning, and the gendarme never detected the state of the clamp. Next day we got a large gimlet from an English gentleman who was on parole in the town.

The night we chose was one to our mind. It blew hard, with sleet and snow. In the evening, directly after muster, we placed ourselves in a row along both stairs to pass the alarm if any thing happened. One of us, with an axe, started all the nails at the bottom of the door, and cut through the last plank. Once at the bottom of the stairs, we darted across, and fastened our rope to a stone in one of the embrasures. We descended with great rapidity a distance of about ninety feet, lacerating our hands with the rope, which we had bound with hard twine. The drawbridge was still down; we crossed it, and divided into three parties. We had scarcely cleared the town before the gun fired to give the alarm. We made for the first wood, and walked till five o'clock, when we sat down to rest, uncertain whether we were going right or wrong.

At daybreak I found I was the only man who had the full use of his hands. Some of the party had their fingers cut to the bone; others had scarcely any whole skin remaining on the palms of their hands. I was surgeon. I cut off strips from their shirts, and bound up their wounds. We had only half a loaf and a bladder of brandy. Alison had had a ham, which he had tried to bring down the wall in his teeth, but it fell and was lost. At night, cold, hungry, and benumbed, we reached the small town of Niederbrun, where one of our party was taken ill, and we had to venture into a lonely wine-house, where the heat of the stove made us all ill, and took away our appetites. We hired a guide, and went on till we came to a village, where we paid a crown to two men thrashing by candlelight, to conceal us under the straw for a few hours. We lay unmolested for an hour, when a man and woman discovered us, called us thieves, and roused the village; but we escaped.

Next day, as we were going along, cold, lame, and hungry, we met a douanier, and gave him fifteen Louis to take us across the Rhine. As we were crossing a bridge twenty or thirty armed men ran out at us. All of us were captured but Innis and myself, who were taken a few hours after, just as we were unchaining a boat to cross the Rhine. The surgeon who dressed our hands told us that they would have mortified if exposed much longer to the weather.

On our return the commandant accused us of ingratitude, and of breaking our parole. Then ordering us sternly down to the petit souterrain, he said:

"I have been hitherto a lamb, but you will now find me a tiger."

Our place of confinement was a room about twenty-five feet by ten, having a guard bed running the whole length. The passage to the room was guarded by two doors, and the entrance into it by other two, the wall being four feet thick. We soon found that the room above us was unoccupied, and had no bars to the window. Our difficulties were, however, now four-fold.

How to get to the window!

How to descend from the window by the tin spout which was in the roof, and projected two feet from the wall!

How to elude the sentinel who paced round the tower!

How to descend quietly, so as not to awaken the jailer, who slept under us, and whose window we should have to pass!

Our plans were soon made. We cut up sheets, blankets, shirts, trowsers, and towels. Our friends smuggled in needles, thread, and linen almost daily. My companions were now anxious to be off; but I, having the master-instrument (the gimlet), obliged them to wait my pleasure, and stay till I had raised twenty-one Louis in the town and paid my debts.

Our rope, reinforced by a last pair of new sheets, was now one hundred and forty feet long, and we were ready. We took the precaution, this time, of covering the upper end with strips of an old brown coat, as its whiteness had on the last occasion caught the sergeant's eye when he went round to post the sentinels.

The 12th of February being a *good* night, that is, squally and dark, we resolved to start. That morning we laid in a good store of beef-steaks and brandy, and wished our friends good-by. When all was quiet we began by sticking a mattress against the window to prevent the light being seen; we then piled the rest of the mattresses one upon another, and began to break down the ceiling with an old poker.

The dust nearly smothered us, and when we got through the plaster we found, instead of laths, oak battens and beams eighteen inches square. Then came the floor of the next story, which was of three-inch oak, with knots so hard that they twisted the gimlet. At about ten we heard the jailer unlock the outer door; this seemed to turn us to stone; but it was a false alarm, for he was only going to bed. After giving him a reasonable time to compose himself we recommenced, when our saw broke in one of the mortises. We sat down in despair, when all of a sudden Innis leaped up and cried, "Where are the pieces? I am not going to give up in th way!" With the help of his knife, a piece of wood, and some twine, he contrived a handle, to our great joy, which answered the purpose. At three in the morning, after nine hours' hard and unceasing labor, the last stroke was given, and the way made clear.

The affecting part of the concern came next: we had to part with two of our sick companions. It was painful to us, but what must it have been to them!

The parting over, we scrambled through the hole, and our enterprise began.

Arrived in the upper room we had a clear view of the two sides of the building. It was a dark wild morning, blowing wild and squally, and by a break in the clouds we could see the distant sentry snug in his box.

The first of us who went down carried the rope with two pieces of iron to stick in the walls to keep it firm. It was Alison, the heaviest; but the spout held firm and made no noise. One of those who remained threw down the rope when we were all safe, and the last man threw it over the wall. In the course of a few minutes we found ourselves safe at the bottom of the second rampart. Our first descent had been seventy or eighty feet: our second, forty or forty-five. We now began to congratulate each other on being clear of the fort without having hurt a hair of our heads.

But we had not proceeded more than forty yards when we came to another rampart, and then Wheelan (one of our party) suddenly remembered that there were three ramparts, and bursting into tears, said, "And this is the very place where Davis broke his thigh last year;" but still he could not remember the height. Determining to go on and make a leap in the dark we cut off about nine feet of rope. It was agreed that the two last should hold the rope for the others, and that their predecessors, if safe, should catch the others and break their fall. After three had landed Alison begged me to let him go before me and I consented. I in my turn arrived safe. Wheelan, who came last, fell and broke his tendon Achilles.

Poor fellow! He begged that we would carry him up to the fort gate, but we were in the situation of soldiers on the field of battle; we had no time to mourn fallen companions, but had to push on or be vanquished. We could do no more than place him in an easy position, shake him by the hand, and wish him good-by.

On looking round we were surprised and hurt to find two of our party gone, and much more so when Alison told us that they had tried to persuade him and Innis to go with them, saying they were safe, and why should they risk waiting for the others? We were now in the ditch; we ran along it until we came to a flight of steps leading to the glacis; on arriving at the top we made straight for the mountains. At daybreak we scrambled up a hill, and, sighting a small wood between two roads, made for it. We saw people pass and repass the whole day, but we still lay there undisturbed, although we could hear the signal-gun, and knew we were not yet more than five miles from the fort.

As soon as it was dark we came to a village which, by the number of lights, seemed to be a large one. We tried to get round it, but in doing so Alison fell, first into a quarry and then down a declivity. Fearing to make any further attempts we waited until midnight in an old roofless building, and while we were there it rained heavily. When all was quiet, and the lights were out, we entered the villag, which was knee-deep in mud. We had not got far when a dog barked. This brought a man out and he blew his horn, so we ran across a swampy common, and followed the course of a large river till we came to a wood where we slept till daylight.

During the next forenoon we skirted the wood, looking for a lone house, and at last found one. Just at dark we went up to it and found a man in the court-yard dressing a pig. Inside was another man, who told us we could have some wine; he recognized Alison, and said: "But you are from Bitche, I heard the gun yesterday morning." We did not deny it, but he cheered us up and promised not to betray us; and he bade us go up stairs lest any of the forest guards should come in. All that his house afforded he brought out in a frank open way, and for six crowns lent us his own servant as a guide.

Next day we rested under a cliff in a fir wood where, except some goats with bells round their necks, there was nothing to disturb us. The same night we ascended one of the Vosges mountains in a dreadful thunder-storm, and with the rain bursting down like a water-spout. Finding no cover we had to make a gigantic effort for tired men and scramble to the summit.

Alison, a robust man standing six feet high, and able to take a chair in his teeth and throw it over his head, was here seized with a fever and unable to go further, so we sat by him, though we heard voices all round us. In a little while two woodmen approached, told us there was no fear of gens d'armes, lighted us a fire, and went and got Alison some soup, and the rest some bread and wine. Alison having revived, one of these honest fellows offered to see us ut of the mountains. He procured us a man at idnight, who, for six francs, offered to guide us through the adjoining village, which was half a mile long, intersected by two rivers, and close to the Rhine. To our great joy we got through unmolested, without even a dog barking. That night we slept in a swamp on beds made of branches that we tore down from the trees. We were by this time so accustomed to fatigue that we slept soundly in this horrible place, although it rained hard all night.

Our new guide did all he could to terrify us, declaring that every horseman he met was a gendarme, and demanding his money beforehand. Next day another guide took us across the Rhine on a sort of raft made of five boards, and, after a fresh demand for crowns, we leaped ashore in Baden about five leagues below Strasburg. This was the seventh day since we left Bitche, yet in direct distance we were not yet more than twelve leagues from the fortress.

We now (with seven Louis in our pockets) commenced our march of four hundred miles through an enemy's country. Unfortunately we had forgotten the names of all the places between the Rhine and Ulm, for which place we were bound; but at last, after many inquiries, we hit upon a direct route.

In the Black Forest we came to a wine-house, and were startled at seeing a number of carbines hanging up belonging to the forest guard. For fear of exciting suspicion, we did not retreat, but staid and took a meal, though we observed on the wall a decree of Napoleon ordering the Baden people to arrest all persons traveling without passports.

At night we stopped at a small village, and a Frenchman, who took us for countrymen, obtained us beds, but, to our great disappointment, they were German cushion-beds, and the heat of the feathers kept us awake nearly all night. In the morning we told the Frenchman what we were, and, as he saw us out of the village, he warned us that it was safer passing as Englishmen than Frenchmen, as his countrymen were hated in Germany. He advised us to avoid the Wurtemburg main roads, as they were infested by the landwehr, who stopped travelers who had no passports. At a house, where some peasants in their best clothes were merry-making (for it was Sunday), we obtained a guide, who led us across the frontier into Wurtemburg. After a walk of six miles, he took us to the house of a friend, a good-natured, jocose fellow, with whom we were soon at home. He brought out plenty of wine, and, not understanding us clearly, sent for a lively French lad. We told him we were going to join the French army at Ulm, and wanted to know the shortest way. He at first wanted to go to the mayor of the village for a guide, but eventually, at our request, obtained a map for us, to mark down the villages, by which we might avoid the great military road; for we knew that we were only a few days in advance of the French army that was advancing to attack Austria.

Next night we slept at the house of a fine open-hearted Frenchman, to whom we at once told our secret. He told us we were quite right to pass as his countrymen, for the peasants, we should find, would be civil to us through fear. And this we found to be true, for we were never asked what we were, or whence we came. Here we had our shirts washed for the first and last time during our journey. On parting the Frenchman gave us certificates, such as the itinerant German mechanics use, but we had no faith in them, and when we got out of sight of him threw them away.

Our next guide promised to lead us round a town, but we got into a lane whose entrance had been lately built up, and we were obliged to clamber over a high wall, in sight of a hundred windows. Fortunately it was raining hard and no one observed us. Next day, in a heavy fall of snow, we crossed the Danube, and then walked along the banks of the river Iller, till we came near to Biberach.

We had now no retreat, for the river was on one side of us and the mountain on the other. Still, in despair, we pushed on, trembling, and found a narrow carriage-road, that led round the ramparts. Turning a corner, we saw a guard-house with its window staring full at us. A man seeing us, came out and posted himself in the middle of the road.

"This," said we, "is our last day's march; this fellow is sure to stop us; but let us show a good face and go boldly on."

We did so, walking in a careless dare-devil way, and he did not say a word, though we felt much inclined to run. In a little time we came to an unguarded bridge, and crossed the Iller, and coming to the junction of two roads, one leading to Augsburg and one to Memmingen, chose the latter.

Alison's stamina now began to fail. The once fat, robust man, was now a scarecrow; his coat hung loose upon him; his hat, soaked with rain, drooped over his ears; his frame was bent double; and he had to use a stick to support himself. Innis and I, unable to bear his complaints and piteous moans, generally kept a good way before him. Often at twilight, when we drew near a village, his haggard eyes brightened up, and he would say:

"Now we have made an excellent day's march. We must sleep here."

And as often we were pained to say:

"No, Alison, we must go on another stage."

Then his eyes would resume their languor, and moaning he would droop behind. Happily his sleep and appetite never forsook him; and he always rallied in the morning. Otherwise we must have left the poor fellow to his fate, for our funds would admit of no resting day.

Next day a woman refused us a lodging for fear of the landwehr, as we had no passports. We slept at a small pot-house, and next morning an honest German offered to guide us to Memmingen. It was a fearful morning, the snow coming down in large flakes, the cold keen east wind cutting our faces till they bled. We had to be our own pioneers. We could hardly trace our way through the drifts that were sometimes up to our knees. Our German was affable and friendly, and manifested no curiosity. He would scarcely believe us when we told him we were escaped English prisoners; but when he was convinced, he declared we must accompany him to his house at Kempten. But at the post-house they warned us not to go there, as the passes in the Tyrol were blocked with snow, and they were strict about passports at Memmingen.

The day we crossed the Wurtemberg frontier the cold had detained the gens d'armes round the fire (as we supposed), and we passed a long covered bridge over the Iller without hindrance. A league further we saw the gates of Memmingen, and here we had to experience the pain of parting with our kind German.

Avoiding Landsberg by walking across fields, dangerously deep in snow, we crossed a river on planks, and coasted Munich; and here Alison's legs almost entirely failed. We supported him for six weary miles, and then reached a village where we got comfortable lodgings, rubbed his legs with soft-soap and brandy, and put him to bed.

We had now to skirt Wasserburg, the last fortified town in Bavaria; but Alison broke down in crossing a swampy marsh, and six hours more of incessant toil and climbing entirely prostrated him. We rested and dined, and Alison exerted all his eloquence to detain us; but we knew the next post-house, seven miles off, was on the Bavarian frontier, and we wanted all next day to elude the outposts. We gave him an hour and a half to rest. A few yards, however, and he dropped; nature was exhausted.

"Stay by me or leave me," he said; "I can not go a step further."

A sledge coming by at the moment, I asked the driver to give a poor unfortunate worn-out traveler a ride. "I will give you all one," he said, and drove us to the frontier.

"Here, by the landlord's advice, we took a sledge, hoping to brazen it out with the police. We were stopped; but we passed ourselves off as Americans returning home from Barcelona by Trieste, who had thrown away our passports. Innis handed in a forged American letter, and we were all allowed to pass. This was a miraculous escape.

On reaching the Austrian frontier we jumped out of the carriage and claimed protection as Englishmen. After a toilsome march among enemies for twenty-two days, we were now safe, and were sent guarded to Saltzburg, where our two companions who had deserted us at Bitche joined us. The police director there gave us passports as Americans.

Unable to raise money at Saltzburg, we met at the inn an Austrian general of engineers, who lent us seven pounds; we had now spent our last sixpence. We left Alison there, and pushed across the mountains to Trieste, two hundred and eighty miles distant. The roads were choked with snow, the Carinthian people rude and inhospitable. Everywhere the same incessant demand for passports. My shoes were by this time worn out; our legs began to swell, and our feet to burn like coals. But for the want of shoes we should have been as fresh as when we started, for our feet had never blistered, nor had we lost much flesh.

As soon as we got near Trieste we went into an inn to shave, brush, and wash, for we looked like tramps. Our faces were dirty brown, our hats brimless, our hair long and tangled, our shirts seventeen days from the laundress, our pantaloons incrusted with mud, our stockings trodden away, our shoes tied to our feet, our gaiters in rags, and our coats looking as if they had been stolen from scarecrows.

At three o'clock on the seventh day from Saltzburg, and at the two hundred and eightieth mile, we saw Trieste lying below us with all its shipping and the free blue sea. After our tedious march of thirty days we sat down to contemplate the shipping and realize God's goodness and our freedom.

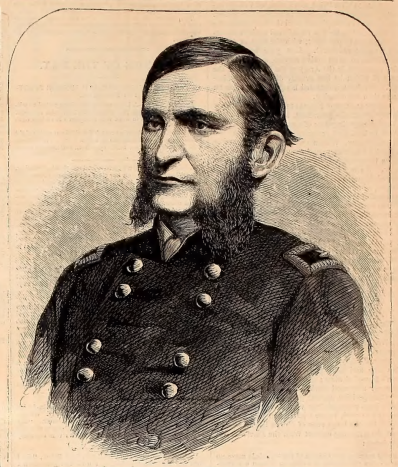
Then to carry out our old prison proverb, "Down the hill to Trieste," we marched with light hearts into the town to the British consul, and to our delight met Alison, quite recovered and in good spirits. We rigged ourselves out, and in three days started for Malta in an Austrian brig. We reached Malta in twenty days, and in two days more the Governor, the excellent Sir Alexander Ball, gave us passages home on board H.M.S. *Lucifer*.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—DRAWING RATIONS.



MAJOR-GENERAL STONEMAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

OUR CAVALRY OFFICERS.

ON this page we publish portraits of four leading cavalry officers of the ARMY of the Potomac, Generals STONEMAN, PLEASONTON, BUFORD, and KILPATRICK. At the outbreak of the war cavalry was little thought of. General Scott pointedly discouraged its use. We have learned better since then; and now our cavalry is one of the most esteemed ARMS of the service, and its leaders among the most popular officers of the army.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, head of the new Cavalry Bureau at Washington, was born in this State about the year 1826. He entered West Point in 1842, and, on graduating, was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the First Dragoons. He does not appear to have taken part in the Mexican war; but during the fifteen years of peace which ensued he acquired a high standing in his profession, and was deemed by his comrades an excellent cavalry officer. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed, on 9th May, 1861, Major in the Fourth Cavalry. In August of the same year, when M'Clellan undertook to create the Army of the Potomac, he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and took charge of a brigade. He was subsequently transferred to the cavalry arm of the service; and when the Army of the Potomac undertook the Peninsular Campaign he was appointed to the chief command of all its cavalry. His services during that campaign were conspicuous, and raised him high in public esteem. We believe that he went nearer to Richmond than any other man in the army. In the campaign in Maryland, and that under Burnside, he commanded a corps, giving continued satisfaction to the President and the people. Last spring he performed a feat which cast all the famous raids of the rebel Stuart into the shade. He rode round Lee's army, destroying their communications with Richmond, and some of his men actually went within two miles of the rebel capital. A dispute between General Hooker and General Stoneman for a time kept the latter in the back-ground; but as he has lately been appointed to the management of the new Cavalry Bureau at Washington he must continue to enjoy the favor and confidence of the Government.

GENERAL ALFRED PLEASONTON, one of the most gallant cavalry officers in the army, was born in the District of Columbia about the year 1821, and is consequently about forty-two years of age. He graduated at West Point on 1st July, 1844, and entered the First Dragoons. In November, 1855, he was transferred to the Second Dragoons, and accompanied General Taylor on the expedition to Mexico. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he distinguished himself, and was brevetted in consequence. He obtained his First Lieutenancy in 1849, and his company (in the Second Cavalry) in 1855. At the outbreak of the rebellion the resignation of Southern traitors left the way clear for his obtaining a Majority; and on 16th July, 1862, he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was appointed to the Army of the Potomac, and served throughout the Peninsular campaign with distinction. When General Stoneman took the command of a division, before the battle of Antietam, General Pleasonton succeeded him in command of all the cavalry of the army, and discharged the duty of pressing on Lee's rear in his retreat. He has since filled various cavalry commands in that army with gallantry and success.

GENERAL JOHN BUFORD was born in Kentucky about the year 1827, but removed with his family to Illinois at an early age. He was appointed from



GENERAL BUFORD.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.]



GENERAL PLEASONTON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.]

that State to West Point, and graduated in 1848, engineering in the Second Dragoons as Second-Lieutenant. He served in his regiment until the outbreak of the rebellion, when he was transferred to the Inspector-General's Department, with the rank of Assistant Inspector-General. Last year he obtained permission to go on active service, and got a cavalry command in the Army of the Potomac, at the head of which he has greatly distinguished himself. We have illustrated his gallant charges on more than one occasion.

GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK was born in New Jersey about the year 1838, and is consequently about twenty-six years of age. He entered West Point in 1857, and graduated in 1861, entering the First Artillery within a week he was promoted to be a First Lieutenancy, and soon afterward obtained leave to accept a Lieutenant-Colonelcy of Volunteers. He was in the Army of the Potomac, and served throughout McDowell's and McClellan's campaigns, winning the confidence of his superiors and of his men. His capacity led to his selection to command a regiment of cavalry; and when Stoneman's great raid was undertaken he was given an command over one of the brigades. How well he discharged his duty—how daringly he rode through Virginia, destroying the rebel communications and threatening the rebel capital itself—every body still remembers. General Kilpatrick still has a large army command, and is likely to make his name still more famous before the war ends.

CHARLESTON.

We devote pages 536 and 537 to illustrations of the SIEGE OF FORT WAGNER, from drawings just received from thence. One large picture gives us a general view of the MORRIS ISLAND, showing Fort Wagner, Battery Gregg, General Gillmore's Works, his Camp, and Landing-Place, and Admiral Dahlgren's Iron-clad Fleet; other smaller designs illustrate our advanced works, Fort Wagner, hauling guns into position, mortar practice, etc., etc.

We have not received from work to week the progress of our work before Charleston. By way of explaining the large view of Morris Island we reprint the following extract from the *Herald* correspondence:

> Every morning ten or more of the iron-clads move up into position, and, at a distance of from one hundred and one hundred and seven hundred yards, and deliver their shot and shell into the rebel work. The Ironsides, Fort Wagner has within the week past become irregular, and almost every time the iron-clads attack it the firing from it ceases in half an hour or forty-five minutes after the commencement. Yesterday only one gun was observed upon the work, and no signs of another could any where be seen. The reason for this is plain enough to soldiers, it they have made some excellent practice. In the attack on Monday morning the guns that were fired from Fort Wagner, and both of them struck the *Montauk*, but, as usual, doing no damage. The firing then ceased, and the remainder of the day the fort was silent. The bolt, however, is expected to be fired by Battery Gregg (or Cumming's Point Battery) and Fort Sumter, from both of which excellent practice has been made. The latter is continually occupied by the iron-clads during an engagement they are within the range of Sumter; indeed, they have been fired at them from Fort Moultrie, and not failing very far short. The beach in front of Fort Wagner is cut and scooped up as though a party of navvies had been seeing how irregular they could make it look. The guns and general canonades of the fort look scarcely like any thing more than heaps of rocks, as their outlines are almost covered by dust and shell.
>
> Although a day more or less firing from the fort is yours, yet it must be nearly untenable, and the fire of the iron-clads for half an hour silenced it. Deserters, who were in the fort on the 18th of July, the day of the bombardment and storming, say that the explosion of the eleven-inch fifteen inch shell was frightful. Burying themselves in the sand, they exploded and simply shattered by throwing the earth high into the air and over every thing around.
>
> It is but proper to say the *Montauk* has been engaged more heavily and more often since she has been in existence, than any other iron-clad. Testimony to the effectiveness of her fire-arms is found in the fact that the executive officer of the *Montauk*, is known as one of the best shots in the world, and he rarely fires a gun unless the object upon which he sights his gun. It is thought he has not had a direct shot in the three weeks' duty of Morris Island.
>
> On James Island, over beyond Morris Island, and somewhat in the rear of Fort Johnson, are two new rebel batteries, which are now erected within the last ten days. The result of the firing upon Wagner has shown how probable it is that the rebels soon possess and occupy it, and these new batteries are for the purpose of an embracing fire. They are formidable as batteries, and, although they opened, throwing shot on Morris Island, and even near the iron-clads, They probably opened their fire in rage such, though of what caliber it is impossible to state.
>
> But General Gillmore is at work as well, and although by his efforts to possess all of Morris Island will soon be successful, the difficulty which he must yet encounter, and indeed since, will be superseded by works more extensive. Batteries covering up three hundred yards will not advance. Troops work if not entirely, will soon be completed. Already they are of such magnitude as to defy the wonder and admiration of all beholders. The front of the work runs parallel with the beach, and can not be less than seven hundred yards from Fort Wagner. It will not surprise some of you this week if Sunday, General Gillmore entirely discards Wagner and turns his attention to a more secure and feasible locality. His batteries, in the centre of Morris Island, cover any approach from James Island, if he is unable to make one from the mainland direct. The lower end of Morris Island is as busy as a work-shop in unloading from transporting guns, carriages, ammunition, and stores. On the shelving beach, under the bluffs, his men are working, and morning and evening advance the company drill and the dress parade. The whole extent of the island, from down to dock with the men and horses, who are accomplishing the work from which so much is hoped.
>
> From the new work a wheel has been built out upon the beach, affording a depth of water at high tide, and this has been constructed under the fire of rebel guns, as all the work has been done the landing on the island.

A letter of the 5th, published in the *Times*, contains the following:

> The preparations for renewing the attack on Fort Wagner are progressing as rapidly and favorably as could be desired. There is not an officer or private in the entire Department who has not a magazine of the fall of Fort Wagner on the removal of the assault. The same buoyant feeling is also shared by the naval officers, many of whom are positive in their belief that Charleston will be in our possession before the close of the summer months. Within the past three days General Gillmore has added numerous and heavy guns to his line of attack, and the unceasing toil day and night of the men upon the trenches indicates that work of a different character will soon commence. It would perhaps be superfluous to add that reinforcements have been added to Morris Island since the first fight, so that the strength of the enemy, when the next battle occurs, will be severely tested. Those reinforcements are greatly needed, as many of the soldiers who have long digging in the trenches and attending to other duties are completely worn-out from continued exposure and labor.
>
> The public may rest assured that the heavy ordnance now trained and to be trained on Forts Sumter and Wagner will be manned by men who have been educated to the business.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.

Polostriviers.—A large assemblage is expected to witness a novel Wishing Match against time. An American lady has pledged herself to wish a bonnet in a less than two minutes.

Archery.—The shooting match for children under eight years of age is to commence in a few days. The targets will be provided with bull's eyes from the nearest sweet shops.

A lady, teaching in a ragged school one Sunday evening, was trying to impress on her class of young city Arabs the duty of thankfulness to Providence; and, to begin at the lowest and most tangible point, she called their attention to the pleasure of which in the course of the year they enjoyed the most. "Now, children, can any one mention anything, in her unsophisticated mind, the probable reply to her question, or, at the worst, the most pertinent dissertation upon the gustations of the school. The class, composed of ten or a dozen lads between seven and eight, was all very still for a moment in profound cogitation. Then the leader lifted his head, and the lady straight in him, and answered, "Cock-fightin', ma'am!"

An Irish piper, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—"Pat, what makes your face so red?" "Arrah, your Honor, I always blush when I spakes to gintlemen."

An unwilling lyrimen recently excused himself from singing by a letter, of which the following is a literal copy: "Sir,—As I am a Faurlaer and my lengwich Doncn I can not attail myselfe of the English to be agreich to be a jeury man and my cutious do not allow me to grive my opinion on wat I do not understan.—An answer vel oblegin.

ALL RIGHT.—A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out unceasingly, "Captain, captain, we shall go to the bottom. Mercy on us, how my head aswims!" "Madam, don't be afraid of your head," said he, "you can never go to the bottom while your head aswims."

PRUDE.—A young warrior was observed to be seized with a sensation of shuddering when he saw a mouse. Being upon some one asked him what was the matter. "My flesh," replied he, "creeps at the thought of seeing a dangerous character my undaunted heart will certainly carry me."

"Never judge from manners," said Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with."

One of the stories told by Mr. Gough of his experiences of the late war more than equals Sheridan's ride. It though it was not so much the misplaced H that hit him as that it was accompanied it. He was about to address a large audience on his favorite theme of temperance, and the committee, a very kind one, provided him with refreshments. Happening to recollect the miracle of Samson getting honey out of the lion's carcass, which he had slain in the Philistines, and thinking to turn it to account, the charitable lecturer said, "Gentlemen, I see the 'ouse to introduce to you the distinguished lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough, with which he has been regaled, and I recommend to you honey from the lion's mouth." Mr. Gough's audience knew how to appreciate a joke.

Tompkins considers that a brickies barrister ought never to be blamed: "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause.

An ill-bred fellow, who had suddenly risen to wealth by some profitable Government contracts, went to the opera, and stood in the pit. "Why," said he, "I must pay a man," whispered a wag; "he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat that he doesn't know when to take it off."

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by a stranger, "what boat with his family, was asked by a stranger, "what boat is that?" "That," he says, "is the name of the description of the machinery and its principles, to be followed by the name of the boat." "Thank you kindly," says down through that hole and fastens the jigger, and that connects with the crank-crosshead; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the fire-box-keeps the water from the priser, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

ADVERTISEMENT.—A gentleman with a few hours to spare will be happy to receive visits to any body who can't otherwise get a minute to himself.

HOW TO GET INTO A SCRAPE.—Shave with a blunt razor.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge?—Because she is something to adore.

Of all the dust thrown in men's eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.

Beefsteaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes need to be hauled over the coals.

"I feel the pelsit, but don't see the joke," as the sheep said to the fellow shearing it.

Of all the Fancy familiy the noblest is Percy Vere (perseverance), and the most cruel Percy Cute (persecute).

HORTICULTURE FOR LOVERS.—Watching the growth of affection.

A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be no more made a fool of by going to the door. In the course of her fortunes her mistress called to see her, dressed in his spruces manner; he answered the summons and gave the bell a terrific wrench, when the lady shouted from the entry, "I see you, boy; if I catch you I'll wring your neck!" The frightened gentleman immediately rushed down the steps, through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not called at that house since.

The heart, like a watchman, should confine itself to its regular beat.

A friend inquires whether a man can not vote by *telegraph*. This is a question for political *wire-workers* to solve. Our opinion is that it depends entirely upon the regulations of the poles.

THE NEW RIFLE MOVEMENT.

ARMS-BOUND VOLUNTEER. "Hallo, Gawky, my boy! what's all this about?"

INVALID DITTO (*in gasps*). "Oh, I—fact is—shooting the other day at—our Long Range—thought I'd try—Farquharson Position—made a centre, but—dislocated both my—shoulders—broken—concussion of the funny-bone and a crick in my neck ever since!"

For the benefit of the uninitiated we subjoin the practice referred to by our invalid friend:

"The Farquharson Position.'—Let a man lie down on his back, cross his legs, and place a rifle bolt into his hand somewhat, with the butt resting on his breast. Having done this, let him bring the left arm round the back of his head and take a hold of the rear of the rifle, the left elbow pressed against the head, somewhere on the right lobe, and the left hand at such a distance as shall suffice to fire a shot, by-the-way. If a man can do this, not as a gymnastic feat, but merely, so as to make bull's-eyes at 1000 yards in that remarkable attitude, he will be as clever as Mr. Farquharson.

A ten-year-old, who, though ungovernable, calls his father governor, asked his older sister, "Is the governor up yet, Mary?" "If you mean Papa, yes." "Well, then, tell him if he wants to speak to me about staying out late of a night, he had better come down and do so now, as I have got an appointment at ten o'clock to supper with the two Miss Sparkles! Be lively, there's a good girl!"

A deceased chief-justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witness incredible; and the plaintiffs and defendants are both such d—d rascals, that I have not the least idea which way you give your verdict."

Among the Caffre agriculture is considered to be a kind of labor somewhat below slavery, and is therefore entirely left to the women. When they first saw a plow at work they gazed at it in astonished and delighted silence. At length one of them gave utterance to his feelings: "See how the thing turns the ground with its mouth! It is a more value than five wives!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED

To take orders for

Victor's History of the Rebellion.

The acknowledged standard, indorsed by the President, Cabinet, Members of Congress, Governors, Bancroft the historian, and Ex-Secretary Marcy. Two vols. now ready. Superbly illustrated with Steel Engravings. Sold by subscription only, and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c.

EDWARD F. HOVEY, No. 13 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at 6 Astor House, N. Y.

J. W. EVERETT & CO., METROPOLITAN PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE PURCHASABLE, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Tickets, Passage, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in the city.

We will forward, on receipt of 15 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, HOOKER, BANKS, BURNSIDE, HALLECK, HOWARD, SLOCUM, SICKLES; ADMIRALS FARRAGUT, FOOTE, DUPONT, or any of the leading Commanders in the Army and Navy.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PARLOR DOMINOES.
The excellent article, both for boiling meat, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive ivory article. We give the tedium of the Camp and the Hospital. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.

PER HUNDRED,
$16,00
SINGLE BADGES,
15 cents

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

5 MORE NEW ARTICLES now ready. For Catalogue and terms send stamp. RICE & CO., 27 Beekman St., N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing U. S. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers,
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera*, and general out-door day and night time perspective glasses, will often contribute to save or to hear him at from 2 to 6 miles. Possession of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the vision without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669 Broadway, New York.

MES. MILOCK'S Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall Term opens Oct. 1st. For references inquire of Hon. WILGIN, A.M., Mount Hope Westchester Co., N. Y.

Phelan & Collender, Sole Manufacturers.

$15 Per Day Easy $15 And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout U. S. to sell our immensely popular, unraveled, and valuable extra large Paper Fine Stationery, Recipes, and Yankee Notions Packages, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Buttons, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Ornaments, Household Conveniences, Many Thousands for Sale, Perfect Curiosities, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Perfect Collar-band, Patent Yankee Needle, all of which, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Designs, Curious Arts Advice, &c., &c., &c. The whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only 25 cents, by mail. Wholesale rate to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** per cent profit allowed. Our Package Stock cannot be ever, simply, shown at the competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the largest and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up for Peddlers, Pedlers, Agents, Hawkers, Streetmen, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all Parts of the world. Send for Circular. A Private Letter to Agents Writers, English Monetaries, and *correct timepieces* presented man to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. P. O. BOX 5,643. Address **107** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Print Package House in the World.

French (Solitaire) Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a polish of all colors, Black, Blue, Red, Blue, &c., and engraved with Initial Letters, old English, &c. Complete set $1 00, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, New York.

N. Y. Medical College for **WOMEN**, Chartered 1863, and affording thorough Scientific Medical Education, begins Oct. 15th, 1863. For Pamphlet, address MRS. M. L. OSGOOD, M.D.,
37 Lafayette Place, N. Y. City.

"RIDE A JACK HORSE," &c. The Original rhyme never contemplated that the rider was ever got to "Boston Corners," but the Patent Cantering Attachment by which any child away from horses can ride as well as the oldest and boldest equestrians. Sold by

W. SMITH, No. 478 Broadway. Call or send for circular. Ladies, folks, and take a ride, or send stamp for illustrated circular.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Window, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs and Show Cards, of all kinds, Gilded and Painted. Office 167 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. **10** samples sent free by mail for 20 cents. Address H. L. ALLEN, 512 Broadway, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines, $5 to $15.

Warranted for three years. Highest premium ever produced. Novelty Machine Co., 442 Broadway, N. Y.

Proclamation.—500,000 Watches, Chains, Rings, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Goods, Daguerreotypes, &c., give all particulars. Agents wanted. Address A. J. H. & Co., 596 Broadway, or Box 5219, P. O., New York.

PLANTLETT supplies the NEEDLES for all SEWING MACHINES. Sends by Mail or Express everywhere. Also the renowned **PLANTLETT** NEEDLE, 150 for 25 cents. Depot, **442** *Broadway*, N. Y.

MRS. KEMBLE'S LIFE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

"The Journal of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia as the wife of the proprietress, is the most intelligible and complete picture of the interior social life of the shrewdishing section in this country that has ever been published. Our previous accounts of that life have been derived from outside observers. But the Journal of Mrs. Kemble was jotted down from day to day in the midst of the plantation of which she was mistress. There is no excuse, no publication of facts, but the whole artless story of a lady who is describing before the eye. So faithful and final a witness we have not had. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is only hundred upon feet. The Journal of Mrs. Kemble is fact itself."

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Have Just Published:

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. Library Edition. Illustrated with portraits of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ST. OLAVES. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50. Now ready. Vol. I.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Creole," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Enamel Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops..	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Boson Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Metal Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted	3 00 each.
Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on each Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 15 cts. for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*, 10 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Relief sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and available condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Artificial Members of Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enamelled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags for the backs, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

455 Broadway, N. Y., or 105 William Street, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Instruction, with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing stamp, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 464 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of clergymen and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No stockin-trade required except those found in every household; profit $100 per cent; demand made at door. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address O. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Corrugated Brass or other Metals.
Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldier's pay, $30; Civilian's, $90. Send for a Circular. J. W. WESTON, Agt., 491 Broadway, N. Y.

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, &c.

Immediate and certain cure. HEGEMAN & CO'S HERBAL RADICAL REMEDY, which has been used with unfailing success since the cholera of 1849. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by HEGEMAN & CO., Nos. 303, 299, 511, and 756 Broadway, and corner 7th Street and 4th Avenue.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Wilfrid's Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Blind and Bleeding Piles. The worst cases yield after one or two boxes. No nauseous nor external application should be resorted to; such treatment only aggravates the disease. Testimonials from ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability can be seen at the Office. Price 50 cents per box. Sent by mail to any part of the country. Sold at all the druggists, and by the proprietor, J. WILFRID, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

New and important Book for all Army Officials.

THE ARMY PAY DIGEST and Ready Calculator, or Regimental Pay Tables, compiled and arranged by Major Ezra Webb, Ottawa, Ohio. Price $2 00. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Just published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.



MEEKS' CABINET FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,

No. 699 BROADWAY,

AND

333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE now ready.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

PORTABLE

Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 81 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.

Have you Seen the New Singing Book?

"THE HARP OF JUDAH,"

By L. O. Emerson, author of the "Golden Wreath," &c.

Get it—Look at it—Try it.

Specimen pages sent free. Price of the "Harp," $1. Per dozen, $9. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 15, and $25. Prices of an Office, with Press, $15, 20, 25, and $45. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.



To Arms! To Arms!—The Citizen Soldier will find a means ready for use in the fight, speedily water and damp night air than in the most determined enemy. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS so purify the blood and strengthen the stomach and bowels that the soldier can endure these hardships and still be strong and healthy. Only 25 cents per box.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25 cts. containing exact copies of advertisements for persons cured of impotency. Address or apply to HENRY HAVS, 659 Broadway, N. Y. Code of arms finely polished and engraved.

Duryea's Maizena



TRY ONE POUND.

TRY ONE POUND.

Was the only "Preparation for food from Indian Corn"

that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions for use. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Wholesale Depot 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Attention, Soldiers!

J.A. MILLER

C.B.

5TH N.Y.V.

In solid 18 k. gold, $3 50.

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

The merits of Brandreth's Pills are often Life saving. They purify the blood, and thus supply health to every organ. They restore the elasticity of the stomach and bowels when injured by costiveness or other causes.

In Bilious Affections, Rheumatism, Debility, Sallowness, Worms, Piles, Costiveness or Looseness (even the Summer Complaint of Children), will all be cured by this medicine, which *will not sicken, nor the fetor of the breath betray the weakness out.* Get Brandreth's Pills and you will be, as a rule, safe.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET.

Sold at 4 Union Square, and by all Dealers.

REMEMBER NEW STYLE INSURES THE GENUINE.

A GREAT BOOK FOR AGENTS!

DR. RANDALL'S new work on SHEEP HUSBANDRY, recently announced as in preparation, is now in press, and will be published early in Sept. It is entitled THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, and must prove the BEST AND MOST COMPLETE practical work on the subject ever published in America. The demand for a good Sheep Book is great, and this one is designed to supply it fully. Its sale must be immense in all parts of the country where sheep are kept. The book will be furnished to Agents on such terms that they can not fail to make money rapidly by its sale. Entire exclusive territory secured to Agents, and orders will attend to the business thoroughly. For circulars containing terms and other particulars, address

D. D. T. MOORE,
Eureka Steam New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA

DR. STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and falling of the hair; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.



CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using Sterling's Ambrosia. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five inches further in length—that has let down resulting to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

MRS. L. A. BROWN, No. 608 Broadway, New York.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.

Sold by Druggists generally. Principal Depot No. 493 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 235 Broadway, Medal's Building, cor. Worth Street. Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Agents Wanted.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—No ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

To Consumptives.—I shall the New Song, "HOME AND ONE TO CONSUMPTIVES." Price 25 cents. For sale at all Music Stores, or mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price, by HENRY TOLMAN & CO., 291 Washington St., Boston.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! The whole especially deserving public attention at this time is their celebrated

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR USE BY LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $60. By mail, $1 05 for postage; if registered, 70 cents additional. A safe delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the case.*

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING CASE WATCH FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for use and reliable are ever offered. It has the interior all and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering it self-entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action movement, and is warranted as accurate timekeepers. Price, in a handsome jeweled silver case, only $35. By mail, postage 30 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Our Watches are novelties, and can be produced by no other house. Wherever offered they meet the most hearty approval, and always generally meet the entire every portion of the country. The lives of this and neighboring cities essentially contribute to our success.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, July 25.

"The prettiest and most reliable Watches in the market."—*Courier*, June 8.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Public Journal and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"Superbly finished Watches: keep accurate time in all climates."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 7.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Sentinel*, *American*.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*Illustrated Times*, Jan. 24.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*, July 27.

☞ TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE! Money can be sent by mail or Express. If by Express or mail, in a registered letter at our risk. Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. ☞ Established 1840. ☜ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $20. Trade list sent free. Address

J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Tourists, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 37 cents to $7. Simple cost free on receipt of $1 25. Send stamp for circular. The fine wholesome fresh breeze it sway from the face, and the shot elastic, or string, keep it down all round. It don't affect the heating or sleeping, and is worth three times its price. J. HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as no Rights or Licenses have been sold. No 30 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 33. Agents wanted in all parts.

$1 WATCHES $1 AND JEWELRY.

The only chance offered to get good jewelry for One Dollar, and get what you want. Send 20 cents for blank certificate and catalogue, giving the name of every article, and a description of the watches.

H. BLISSE & CO., 83 & 84 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, for $1875. Price $2500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

EMPLOYMENT.

Agents, Male and Female, wanted everywhere, at $125 per day, to sell $1 75 worth of staple goods for 75 cents. Every family will buy. Sells at sight. Wonderful! Guarantees you the largest Yankee Notion FANCY GOODS and Stationery Prize Package in the World. Largest five quality Writing Paper, 30 Envelopes, over one dollar's worth of Jewelry and Yankee Notions; three new elegant Gift of new and fashionable Jewelry, valued from 99 cents to $50. Retail price of package $1. Sent to Agents, you can double the money you invest every day. We pay every article you sell. Sample package sent for one dollar. Address

RICHARDS & CO., 377 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

N. B. No connection with parties assuming similar names.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year.....	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year.....	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Two Subscribers, at $5 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year.....	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years.....	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—Not more than Four lines for Single, and One Dollar per line for each Advertisement.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



JEFF DAVIS'S LAST APPEAL TO ARMS.

"Fellow Citizens—the Victory is within your reach. You need but STRETCH FORTH YOUR HANDS TO GRASP IT."—(*Address of Jeff Davis to his Soldiers.*)

Dr. B. C. Perry,

49 Bond Street, takes this occasion to inform the Public that he will be absent from New York during the month of August. He will return, the first of September, to the city, and resume his practice. During his absence, all communications should be addressed No. 12 Avon Place, Boston, Mass.

Attention, Army and Navy!

50,000 Agents Wanted.

Army Corps and Division Pins.

American Watch Chains, Engraved Spring Lockets, Guard and Neck Chains, Bracelets, Seal Stone, Masonic, California Diamond, Plain and Chaced Rings, Fine Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, Gents' Fine Gold California Diamond Pin and Cluster Pins with Chain attached, Coral, Opal, Lava, Mosaic, and Jet Enamelled Brooches and Ear Rings, Kearney Cross in Gold Plate, a Solid Silver Shield or either Corps or Division Pin, with your Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved upon it. I will send to any one, on the receipt of $1, either of the above articles, together with my wholesale circular to Agents.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE A CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

National Union League.



League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver, price from $2 50 to $12 per doz. Sample doz. sent by mail pre-paid, upon receipt of $5 00, or a single pin in fine gold plate upon receipt of $1 00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of our designs have been adopted by different organizations throughout the country. Also a complete assortment of Army Corps Badges.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE For 30 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** *times.* Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

A Beautiful Complexion, free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

H. P. FETRIDGE & CO., 31 and 33 Dey Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.



GUNS, PISTOLS,
Military Goods,

French and English Fancy Goods.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Important to Soldiers.



Patent Spring "Eyelet Hook" for fastening the soldier's Rubber Blanket. By their use a double breasted overcoat, with sleeves, is formed, completely defying wind and rain.

Every soldier should possess a set. Once fastened, they can not be lost.

Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac, May 27th, 1863.

I have examined the Patent Eyelet Hook, and have a very high opinion of its utility. Believing that it would be of great value to the troops, I recommend that authority be granted to introduce it into this Army. RUFUS INGALLS,
Brig.-Gen. and Chief Q. M. Army of Potomac.

Approved by command of
Major-General HOOKER.
S. Williams, A.A.G.

One set of Hooks sent to any address, free, on receipt of One Dollar. A discount of 20 per cent. to parties ordering one dozen sets and upward. Address FERGUSON & BALCH, Importers of Watches, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, John B. Robinson, late Pratt, Robinson & Co., 190 William St., N.Y.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Pearl Street, New York.*
68 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

DR. C. S. SEA, M.D., with 35 years' success—Rooms for Non-residents.
268 North Bond Street, Baltimore, Md.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for our Splendid New Mammoth Eureka Prize Package. 200 per cent. profit. Superb Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for New Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 40 Ann St., N.Y.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

The American Watch Company give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, an accurate and durable time-keeper, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, Wm. Ellery, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For (new Edition of) Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. L. MEARS, 277 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY
REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.

Address
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS
FOR 40 CENTS.



6 for $12
6 for 15
6 for 18
6 for 21

Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.

THE GENUINE
CLOTH-LINED
PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER,

The pride of my establishment. In this department, I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!

Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
Lafarge block. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

Wanted, at $15 per Day.

We want energetic Agents and reliable Canvassers for a genteel business, at a commission of from $5 to $15 per day. No humbug! Address C. M. DUNN & CO., Publishers, at Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or 135 Reade St., N.Y.

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing *all* New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army.* No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. See "15 per day Easy" on inside page.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.

UNRIVALED
In Manufacture,
Fitting, and Material.
At UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to dealers.

Agents wanted throughout the country.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Blotches on the Body, L.Y.D.S.

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,

Which *Purifies* the *Blood*, *Invigorates* the *Body*, gives *Tone* to the *Nerves*, *Strength* to the *Muscles*, and *Health* to every *Channel*, *Joint*, and *Limb*.

One Dollar per Bottle (which often cures).

Depot, 130 CHATHAM St., N. Y. Sold 502 GRAND St.

Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Mailed free from observation for one dollar and 18 cts.

HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

CONSCRIPTS!

Substitutes for $1 75. *How* and *where* to get them. Address, with stamps for return postage,

Capt. S. B. OULDS, Box 826, Haverhill, Mass.

"Noses Illustrated."

THE AUGUST DOUBLE Number PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, contains Noses of Americans, English, Irish, French, German, Hungarians, Russians, Indians, Negroes, &c.; portraits and characters of General Meade, Commodore Foote and Cobbett, with thirty illustrated engravings on Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, and Physiognomy—new volume. Only 15 cents, by first post, or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS,
308 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," &c. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

"Romola" is a performance of which no other woman of genius among us would have been capable than precisely George Eliot.—*The Reader* (London).

There are noble things to be found in "Romola," which will make the reader's heart burn within him. It will be scarcely possible to rise from the perusal without being penetrated by the "joy of elevated thoughts," without feeling a desire to cease from a life of self-pleasing, and to embody in action that sense of obligation, of obedience to duty, which is, indeed, the crowning distinction that has been conferred on man, the high gift in which all others culminate. This is high praise; and a work that can produce this effect, if only on a single reader, has not been written in vain.—*The Athenæum* (London).

Such an intellectual *study*, to use an artist's phrase, as "Tito Melema," has not been placed before the world in this generation; and we know not which to wonder at most, the accuracy of the anatomical knowledge displayed, or the art with which that knowledge is infused—there is no other fitting word—into the reader's mind. Shakespeare might have exulted in Tito.—*Spectator* (London).

George Eliot has Sir Walter Scott's art for revivifying the past, but not Scott's dynamical force in making you plunge into it with as headlong an interest as into the present. For this she compensates by a deeper and wider intellectual grasp. * * It is marvelous that the wide and calm imaginative power of the writer should have produced a work which is likely to be permanently identified with English literature, in which Italy and England may feel a common pride. * * The great and concentrated interest of the book—at least after the wonderful development of Tito's character—is the portrait of Savonarola, which it is almost impossible not to feel as faithful as history as it is great as romance. * * His portrait evinces almost as great a graphic power, and far more scrupulous care, than Sir Walter Scott used in those pictures of the various Stewarts.—*Spectator* (London).

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 348.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

We publish on this page a portrait of REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, the hero of the day, from a photograph just taken by Mr. BRADY.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT was born near Knoxville, Tenn., about the year 1803, and is now sixty years of age. His father was an officer in the army, well known to and much esteemed by General JACKSON. When only nine years of age little David determined to be a sailor, and was taken by Commodore PORTER on board the *Essex* as midshipman. He shared the fortunes of that famous craft in her memorable cruise in the Pacific, and took part in the battle off Valparaiso. A person who is familiar with the facts tells the following story of the boy's behavior on that occasion:

He was ordered by the Commodore, while the contest was at its height, to go below and bring up some friction-tubes that were needed for the guns. While descending the wardroom ladder the captain of the gun directly opposite was struck full upon the face by an 18-pounder shot. He fell back against FARRAGUT, and they both tumbled down the hatchway. The man was a stout, heavy fellow, and it was fortunate for the young midshipman that his full weight did not fall upon him as they reached the deck. As it was, the lad was severely stunned; and recovering, as if awakening from a dream, he ran upon deck. Commodore PORTER, seeing him covered with blood, inquired,

"Are you wounded?"

"I believe not," was the reply.

"Then where are the tubes?" asked the Commodore.

The words brought him to his senses, and he immediately went below and got them.

When at last it was determined to surrender the brave little brig the Commodore sent FARRAGUT to throw overboard the signal-book, in order that the enemy should not come into possession of our code, it being reported that the signal-master could not be found. After a protracted search the lad discovered the book upon the sill of one of the ports, and at once threw it overboard. A few minutes afterward the recreant signal-master appeared, and excused himself for being absent from his post by stating that he had been over the side to extricate the book from the wreck, where it had lodged; but the falsehood cost him dearly.

During all this time young FARRAGUT bore himself like a man, never shedding a tear until he saw the American colors hauled down, and then he sobbed like a child. From this hearty grief he was soon aroused, however, by hearing an English middy exclaim by way of taunt, "Prize-oh, boys! here's a fine grunter, by Jove!" He knew the young reefer alluded to a young porker that had been petted by himself and all the sailors, and had helped to topsle away many a weary hour; therefore he energetically laid claim to the animal. "But," said the Englishman, "you're a prisoner, and your pig too." "We don't respect private property," said FARRAGUT, and he seized the squealing bone of contention, asserting that he should retain possession until compelled to yield to superior force. Here was sport for the older officers, who called out, "Go it, little Yankee; and if you can thrash 'Shorty' (a sobriquet for English midshipmen) you shall have your pig." "Accord," said FARRAGUT; and the lads went at it in pugilistic style. "Shorty" soon failed to come to time, and the victor walked off with the pig under his arm. He afterward remarked that he felt, in mastering the young Englishman, that he had wiped out the disgrace of being captured.

On another occasion he was placed in command of a prize-vessel, when only thirteen years of age. The original captain of the prize became very turbulent, and threatened to interfere with the navigation of the ship. FARRAGUT reported him accordingly to the *Essex*, upon which the man accused himself by saying that he only meant to "frighten the boy."

"Ask him, Sir," replied FARRAGUT to his captain, "how he succeeded."

The boy resumed command of the prize and took her safely into port.

At the close of the war young FARRAGUT was sent to school, and thence into the navy. His life, for the next forty years, was the usual routine of a sailor's life in peace-time, with its alternations of sea and shore duty, furlough and foreign station. He spent some time in South America, and, it is believed, took part in some of the revolutionary contests which are indigenous to that continent. He married, too, his wife being a Southern lady, and settled at Norfolk, Virginia, where he purchased some little property. The rebellion found him living there, surrounded by Southerners whose sympathies were all with the rebels. How he left Norfolk the following extract from the *Times* tells:

On the 18th of April he left Norfolk, just the night before the Navy-yard was burned, and no better proof of his loyalty can be given than the fact of the premeditated attack upon the Navy-yard at Norfolk being kept a secret from him. The morning before leaving Norfolk he was expressing very decidedly his opposition to the course of the Southern people, when he was told by some of the leading rebel naval officers, residents of the place, that he could not remain there with such sentiments. "Then I will go where I can live with just such sentiments," was his reply; and he accordingly went home and notified his family that they must get ready to leave for New York in a few hours. He arrived in Baltimore to learn that the track had been torn up the day before, and had great difficulty in getting a passage for himself and family in a canal-boat. This was accomplished, however, after a few hours' delay, and they managed to arrive safely at New York. He immediately sought a cottage at Hastings, upon the Hudson, in which to place his family, removed from the excitement of the times, so that he could be assured of their safety when he was called upon to go forth and battle for his country. With that same frankness of feeling and devotion that he possessed when a midshipman on board the *Essex* he obeyed the call. Had ADMIRAL FARRAGUT remained in Norfolk one day longer he would have been imprisoned, as was the fate of one Union officer, to whose disgrace be it said, that, after remaining a few hours in prison, he yielded to the Southern coercionists and joined their navy. The Admiral says he does not deserve so much credit for his prompt action in this matter, as, having had so much experience in the revolutionary countries of South America, he was well posted as to what might be expected from revolutionary times.

We believe that his anger at the loss of the *Merrimac* was freely expressed to every one he met, and that he told the Government that he (FARRAGUT) could have saved her, and would have done so had he received orders, even if the effort had cost the whole town of Norfolk. There is only too much reason to believe that one man of FARRAGUT's nerve might have saved us the *Merrimac* and the Navy-yard, the consequences of which upon the course of the war can hardly be overestimated.

For some months after the outbreak of the war Captain FARRAGUT was without a command, partly because the Department had no vessels. At length, when the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, he was selected to lead it. He entered the Mississippi River early in March, 1862. On 17th April DUPONT'S ocean tar-fleet began the bombardment of Forts Philip and Jackson, and on 24th Commodore FARRAGUT, with his entire fleet, ran past the forts, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats, including several iron-clads, fire-rafts, obstructions and torpedoes innumerable. An idea of the brilliancy of the exploit may be formed from the fact that some French and English officers, who had been in New Orleans, laughed outright at the



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

bare notion of running the batteries, and indulged in characteristic sneers at the insanity of the project. Commodore GOLDSBOROUGH first heard the news from a newspaper correspondent, who boarded the *Minnesota* at Fortress Monroe, on his way north with dispatches. The conversation is said to have run somewhat in this wise:

REPORTER. "Commodore, I have the pleasure of informing you that Commodore FARRAGUT has run past Forts Philip and Jackson with his fleet, and taken New Orleans."

COMMODORE. "Run past the batteries?"

REPORTER. "Yes, Sir."

COMMODORE. "It's not true, Sir—it's a lie! It couldn't be done."

And *ceri* Commodore in great wrath.

It was done, however, as every one knows; and at a late hour on 25th April, 1862, the Commodore anchored off the city of New Orleans, and sent word ashore that all rebel flags must come down.

From that time to the present the Admiral (for he was immediately promoted to that rank) has been intensely active. He has run almost every rebel battery on the Mississippi, silenced a large number, and only left the river when there were no more to silence. The part he took in the reduction of Port Hudson was most important. He came here, in fact, when his work was done; and in the hope that the Administration would find him new fields of glory.

Of all our naval commanders he ranks, without question, as the first—the naval hero of the war.

His arrival here was a scene of great excitement. A crowd assembled to welcome him; the foreign consuls came on board the forts thundered glad salutes, which were grimly returned by the old *Hartford*; the city tendered him civic hospitalities; the Governor sent for him to thank him personally for what he had done for his country. If any man should feel proud at this day it is DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

One who knows him well writes of him:

From his childhood Admiral FARRAGUT has been remarkably self-reliant and determined, and although of very amiable disposition, never would consent that others should do for him what he could perform for himself. This dutsby is a decided trait in his character. When out on service he has always been a student, and while in foreign ports never neglected to acquire the language of the people. At one time he spoke the Spanish, French, Italian, and Arabic with great fluency—the latter language he studied when he was eighteen years of age, during a residence of nine months in Tunis. In connection with the Arabic the following anecdote is related. On approaching some islands in the Mediterranean, the Captain of the ship remarked on deck that he did not know how they were to converse with the people, as they had no interpreter. A dark-looking boat came alongside with some of the natives, and an officer replied, "Captain, we have an officer on board who seems to speak all languages intuitively; he is doubtless in league with the 'old boy;' but suppose you send for him, and see if he can not communicate with these people." So Lieutenant FARRAGUT was called for, and told in a peculiar manner that he must show if what he was accused of was true. He looked into the boat, and seeing an old Arabian woman, immediately commenced conversing, and transacted for the ship all the business. To the surprise of all on board, the Lieutenant Farragut did not tell them that it was Arabic he was speaking, and so he kept up the deception for some time, amused to hear them often repeat "that he was indebted to the devil for such a gift."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

THE DRAFT.

THE "revolution in the North" which, in the opinion of the journalists at London and Richmond, was to counterbalance our successes on the Mississippi and the retreat of Lee, is at an end. The draft has been, or is being, enforced every where, including the city of New York, and there is no longer any question as to whether the people will submit to it. Within a fortnight from this time all the drafted men will either have taken their place in the armies of the Union, or have paid their $300 to Government.

The notion that the people of the United States would not submit to be drafted was the last plank in which the enemies of the Union clung. It was realized at Richmond and in England that, with our present vantage-ground, the suppression of the rebellion was a mere question of time, if only we could keep our armies up to a proper numerical strength. Hence the hysterical delight of the Richmond papers over the draft-riot in New York, and the ponderous disquisitions of the London press upon the impossibility of enforcing a conscription among the Northern masses. In this, as in so many other cases, the wish was father to the thought; but the event has disappointed both.

We shall commence the Fall campaign with our armies fully recruited to the war standard, and with such advantages over the enemy in point of numbers, material of war, position, prestige, and experienced leadership as to render our success reasonably certain. Mobile, Charleston, and Chattanooga ought to be in our hands before Christmas.

And—what is scarcely of less importance—we shall have made a precedent for all future time that may save us many a war. No politician of any standing will dare hereafter to petition the right of the Government to the armed service of all citizens; and foreign nations which quarrel with us will understand that they have to deal with a Power which can place five millions of soldiers in the field.

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE election of Mr. Bramlette as Governor of Kentucky by a majority of some 50,000 or more may be considered as settling the disputed question as to the opinion of that State on the issues of the day. Notwithstanding the President's proclamation, and notwithstanding the fact that almost every large household in Kentucky has some young member or friend in the rebel army, the majority against secession and in favor of Union is unprecedented in the electoral history of the State. It is true that the successful candidate, Mr. Bramlette, declared himself opposed to the emancipation proclamation. But he just as decidedly declared himself opposed to all unconstitutional or revolutionary opposition to any law of Congress or legitimate act of the Executive; and he pledged himself merely to seek the reversal of the policy of the President by peaceful constitutional action. In view, therefore, of the probable anti-slavery majority in the House and the decided anti-slavery majority in the Senate, to say nothing of the well understood anti-slavery views of the President, we may fairly infer that Mr. Bramlette, the Governor elect of Kentucky, is prepared to yield a cheerful acquiescence to the anti-slavery policy of the Government, as soon as he ascertains that he can not reverse or alter it by peaceful constitutional opposition. And this, we look, is very considerable success. When the war began the Kentucky Senators and the Governor, together with so many of the people that Generals Sherman and Anderson pronounced them decided upon by, were on the side of the rebellion. After he war had commenced Kentucky wanted to be neutral, and ratified the General Government not to invade her territory. After a year of war Kentucky took her side squarely, if not ardently, on the side of the Union. And now, within a year more, she will have a Governor, who, though naturally opposed to abolition, has nevertheless placed himself upon the record as ready to acquiesce in the emancipation policy of the Government. The next step in the progress will be a peremptory demand for abolition by the people of the State. This will probably be in another year.

Missouri is about twelve months ahead of Kentucky. Before the war, though St. Louis contained a number of far-seeing merchants who saw that the real question was the future settlement of the State was as unequivocally proslavery as that of South Carolina. It was from Missouri that the Southern Confederacy, which proposed to force slavery on Kansas with fire and sword. No more ardent advocates of slavery ever went to Washington than Atchison and Green. When the war began the Legislature of Missouri was not only devoted to slavery, but was so closely allied in sentiment to the other slave State Legislatures that it was only by force that it could have had to take St. Louis and Jefferson City as we took Nashville and Memphis. After the proclamation of Fremont the anti-slavery sentiment made great progress, especially among the Germans, and a Governor was elected—Mr. Gamble—who, though far from being an abolitionist, believed that there were other interests in Missouri besides slavery. When Congress adopted the President's recommendation to pay for emancipated slaves the anti-slavery impulse in Missouri received a further impulse, and a Convention was held in June last, at which it was determined to abolish slavery in eight years. This resolution, which would have subjected Missouri to monstrous three years ago, has not satisfied the people of Missouri. They are not content to wait eight years for immediate and valuable pay for land. Accordingly another Convention will be called by the next Legislature, which will undoubtedly abolish slavery at once. This is very fair progress.

In Maryland the development of anti-slavery views has not, as yet, made its appearance on the surface of the political arena. But the tone of leading newspapers, and the fact that almost a large slaveholder the other day had his entire stock assessed at $5 a head—indicate plainly enough that within a year or two the Maryland will, of her own free action, put an end to the incubus of slavery.

It is possible that the Border States, rapidly as they are improving public sentiment, may yet be outstripped in the race toward freedom by some of their more Southern sisters. The great institution of slavery, so economic and productive institution, is complete on the sea-coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in nearly half of Virginia, in more than half of Louisiana, and in the Mississippi Valley. No other system of labor has yet been substituted. In some localities all the adult male negroes are taken to the army, and the crops are hired out, sometimes by their old masters. But as a general rule, wherever slavery has been abolished by military rule chaos has succeeded, and desolation and poverty. It is, in fact, obvious that this state of things can not last long. An intelligent and industrious nation of twenty-five millions of whites will not long permit fertile land to lie idle when cotton is worth 65 cents, sugar 8 cents, and tobacco 18 cents. Sooner or later pride, prejudice, and passion will yield to the dictates of interest, and attempts will be made to reorganize labor. There have already been such attempts, spasmodic and partial, in Louisiana. When the full campaign has firmly secured to us the entire productive area of that State, together with the western part of Mississippi, and the valleys of Arkansas, we may feel assured that those attempts will be renewed, and on a general plan. This will be General Banks's work. And there are those among his friends who are not without the hope that, as early as next winter, a delegation of regularly-elected Congressmen from Louisiana will present themselves at Washington with a free State Constitution in their hand, and a platform of principles which will render them co-workers with the delegations from Massachusetts and Illinois.

For the world will keep moving. Here, in the great commercial metropolis, where every man who is not engrossed in making money is engrossed in spending it, we have timid descendants of Gallieo Judges, who deafen us with daily eulogies of slavery as it was, and denounce all progress as the work of the devil, or the logic radical—which means the same thing. But the world does not stop for their croaking, and planters in Louisiana and Mississippi, when placed in the dilemma of choosing between free negro labor on the one hand, and no labor at all on the other, will not feel much sympathy with Northern politicians who are so enamored of slavery that they would rather see planters starve than negroes free.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT.

The practical sagacity of the President is daily justified. His impulses are wiser than the wary plans of more cunning men. It is true that, in writing the letter to the Albany Committee, he was plainly accused in some quarters of want of dignity. But both the resolution to write and the time of writing were most happy illustrations of his shrewdness, while the letter itself is unanswerable, and will henceforth be a constituent part of the body of Constitutional law. Indeed, the whole tone of Governor Seymour are not less excellent in their way.

In fact, from the moment of his inauguration it will appear that he has fulfilled every duty of his great office with an ability not less remarkable than his boldness. The desperate effort to make him seem to be a partisan has utterly failed. He has aimed only at the maintenance of the Government and its laws, and he has at no moment hesitated to adopt a policy which his own party approved when he has to take measures which the party opposed with applause. He has shown the chief posts of command with men of all political views. Yet he has been most sharply denounced from the beginning by no less a party than by his own party friends than enemies. The consequence is, that, at this moment, he stands a little outside of all parties even among his own men. The rebels, and their tools the Copperheads, of course, hate him. The War Democrats distrust him some parts of his party. The Conservative Republicans think him too much in the hands of the radicals; while the radical Republicans think him too slow, yielding, and half-hearted. And yet, without doubt, the more thoughtful and patriotic men of all parties can not but see how consistently wise his whole course as President to be named to-morrow they would declare for Mr. Lincoln.

So calm in his temperament, and so patriotic his policy, that the emancipation act from his hands could not seem, and never has seemed, to be a partisan movement from the beginning he did not doubt the right of emancipation as a military measure. But he carefully declared the object of the war to be the maintenance of the Government. When Frémont and Hunter issued their orders he quietly revoked them, not, as he said, because such measures were not right, but because in his view the time for them had not come, and when it came, he must exercise the power. When it did come, he issued the rebels last September that he had never doubted the possible military necessity might arise; that a military measure so grave and so long debated should be momentarily stopped; that he admonished them, if they feared the consequences of such a measure, to escape them by submission to the laws; and that if they did not submit within a time months the measure would become a part of the policy of the Government.

The rebels and their allies the Copperheads organized. The disastrous failure of M'Clellan's and Pope's campaigns, with the retirement of Lee in good order to the Potomac, the destruction of the autumn, and the removal of M'Clellan, dispirited many and disaffected others. So the war, the consequences were seen in the elections. Mr. Horatio Seymour is a specimen of the result. But the President stood firm. The emancipation act, he saved, if at all, by a policy which was not approved by the virtual friends of the rebellion. The opposition of such men as Mr. Seymour and his managers was the conclusive argument for that policy. Therefore, on the 1st of January, the order of emancipation was issued, and it proved effective on that day as slaves within specified limits were freed.

To that order, and the policy which dictated it, every sincerely loyal man accedes. For it was clearly not an act of the President, as a partisan Republican, but as Commander-in-Chief, sworn to defend the Government by every military resource. The loyal men who sustain it to-day are of all the political parties which existed in all shades of opinion in regard to Slavery The order was not issued by the Commander-in-Chief, nor is it supported by the loyal country, because slavery is wrong, but because it helps the enemy. Doubtless the conviction that it is the root of the war has made many assent with more sincerity to the act of emancipation; but the President adopted it as a military act, not as a moral movement. The way in which it was done, and the time, are both indications of the practical wisdom of the Chief Magistrate.

History will vindicate the President, even if our impatience should be unjust to him. It will show that succeeding to the executive head of the Government at a moment of most complicated military and political peril, and when national salvation seemed almost impossible, he displayed such simplicity, earnestness, honesty, patience, and sagacity—neither overwhelmed by disaster, nor confounded by treachery, nor disquieted by the disquiet of friends—that he may be truly called a Providential man.

OUR GOVERNOR.

If we were to speak of Mr. Seymour in the language of the current, we should say that his favorite performer Heratius had undertaken his celebrated equestrian act of daring in simultaneously riding two horses, the well-known old Roadster-War-Democracy and the vicious young filly Copperhead. As they go in different directions, the point of interest is the fate of the rider.

If it should be roundly asserted that Mr. Seymour is a rebel, there might be a plausible denial made. If it should be said that he is not heartily loyal, that also might and would be denied; but not plausibly. His last year's elaborate accusation of the free States as responsible for the war—his previous declaration that he preferred to see the Union destroyed rather than slavery—his speech on the 4th of July, at the Academy, in which he sneered at the soldiers declaring that we "were promised Vicksburg for the 4th of July," and his threatening the Government with a mob—his subsequent address to that mob, giving them an excuse, and prostrating himself before them, and his correspondence with the President, in closing upon delay at a time when the rebellion prays for it and murders in his without—all these things are susceptible of a kind of explanation, for Mr. Seymour is too adroit a politician not to choose his phrases; but they all leave one deep and permanent conviction, and it is, that if the country should be compelled to make peace with the rebels upon their own terms, Mr. Horatio Seymour would not be sorry.

If we do him injustice it is an involuntary wrong. If he has any where or at any time expressed a heartfelt abhorrence of the rebellion, or a sincere desire that the Government should be maintained by every honorable means of war—if he has any where spoken in such even-handed measure of rebels lately belonging to the Democratic party as he has of the Republican party, to which he is politically opposed—we have not seen the speech, and yet we have very carefully read every thing he has written and said.

That he would thinks he can take the State of New York into rebellion, we do not suppose; but that he wishes to propitiate the faction in the State which helps him, because of it—and he is clear. If, therefore, under pretense of State Rights, he can encourage disaffection to the prosecution of the war—if by denouncing opposition to General Government he can perpetuate a vague terror of civil war at the North, without openly instigating it, so that power may become easy and insist upon negotiating with the rebels, he will have done the best thing which the faction require without having openly opposed the war.

It is a profound pity that at this epoch the Governor of the Empire State should not be the representative of the unconditional loyalty of the great majority of its citizens; called to the position only because the loyal people had removed for the common defense, were not heard at the polls, he can truly claim that he has done his little all to chill the ardor with which the sturdy men of New York supported the war for the Union, and that in the darkest hour of peril his country ever saw he turned his back upon her and encouraged her foe enemies.

A LOST LEADER.

It is useless to deny the great pain inflicted by Mr. Carlyle upon his sincerest friends and most intelligent admirers in his country by his "American Iliad in a Nutshell." And it is a complicated pain, for the squib in *M'Millan's Magazine* shows not only morbid spite, but intellectual feebleness. Among the many strange things that might have been expected from Carlyle, was not a simply silly performance to be looked for? Such is to tell a system of chattel slavery, in which babies are bred for sale, "hiring servants for life," is so shallow a trick that every man who has honored Carlyle must needs hang his head. It is a mean infidelity to human nature of which Legree would have been ashamed.

But the mind to which that wretched old tyrant and fool, the father of Frederick the Great, seems a hero and a king, is released from all ordinary canons of criticism. When the mind of a man has ceased to feel and to know most profound reverence for some only, Genghis Khan will always be a finer spectacle than the Apostle John, and a Dyak will a nobler type of force than Florence Nightingale.

If Carlyle's squib be a specimen of the value of his judgment of the real meaning of political events, what a charlatan he is! If he knew no more of the English rebellion and its significance than of the book goes on blundering, his "Oliver" is no better portrait than his "Peter of the North" and "Peter" is simply the vision of a hypocritic egotist. The only wonder in this lamentable performance is that he did not represent Peter and Paul as quarreling about a United States cracker. For if Carlyle should be so much as a single grain of truth into his melancholy mess is not apparent. We are fighting about slavery; and that is the very question that Carlyle does not so much as allude to the fact upon the half page of nonsense he has written about us.

It is useless to be angry—it is folly to regret. But the brave hearts in this country that long ago hailed the sure genius of Robert Burns as a friend of all men, and a lover of justice against all odds, can not now see his reverence and sympathy offered exclusively to bullies and tyrants without a pang. It might well make a greater man than Carlyle hesitate when he was that his view of any subject was applauded by the meanest of instincts and the worst of men. There is not a womanwhipper in the land who will not chuckle with delight over this squib. There is not a man in the country whose friendship Carlyle would value who will not wonder at its foolishness while he smiles at its falsity. There are disillusions enough in life, but few of us who have truly loved and honored him are likely to know a sadder day than that on which we write among the lost leaders the name of Thomas Carlyle.

JUSTICE.

SOME years since Judge Daly earned a most enviable fame by the energy and ability with which he conducted the trial of the Macready rioters. *Recorder* Hoffman has been doing a similar good work in the matter of the July riots. The force and clearness of his introductory charge were not more admirable than the candor and incleverness of his direction of each case. The question is perfectly simple, and he has not for a moment suffered it to be complicated. The pleas for the convicted prisoners were merely harangues in which the speakers sought to inflame the prejudices and passions of the jury, precisely as their clients had excited those of the mob.

Thus in the case of the man indicted for leading the attack upon the *Tribune* office, after the attorney for the defense had run the usual changes upon the views and conduct of the editor, Mr. Greeley, the District Attorney briefly disabused the minds of the jury, reminding them that they were not trying the views of Mr. Greeley, or of the prisoner, or of any body else; that they were not settling the origin of the war, nor the character of General M'Clellan; but they were deciding upon the evidence whether the prisoner had incited a mob against the peace of the community. The conviction was inevitable. The prisoner was convicted.

To commend a judge for uprightness should be as insult to the bench. But when a magistrate sits in the city of New York, where M'Cann is called Judge, such commendation simply indicates that he is not the worst in the municipal court. In his impartial conduct of the late trials Recorder Hoffman has won honor and troops of friends. Nor does his just fame lessen that of the prosecuting officers and juries who have shared with him the labor of the court.

SING SING CONSERVATISM.

IMMEDIATELY upon the election of the Honorable Fernando Wood to the Speakership of the House of Representatives it is understood that the policy of the Sing Sing conservatives will be further illustrated by the appointment of Mr. Isaiah Rynders as Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, of Mr. D'Oench as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of Mr. Andrews, now of Fort Lafayette, as Chief of the Metropolitan Police. When Mr. Wood is elected Speaker his "conservative" friend Mr. John B. Floyd will be called to the head of the United States Treasury in place of Mr. Chase; General Meade will be superseded in Virginia by the "conservative" General Robert E. Lee; and Mr. Vallandigham will be made Secretary of War.

There will be but the first steps of the Sing Sing programme for the restoration of peace to the country and of dignity, unity, and perpetuity to the national Government.

A NOTE FROM JANUS.

DEAR LOUNGER,—You are a howling Abolition fanatic, and one of old Ace's most cutlit minions; but it is good policy to make use of even such as you send you the following resolutions which I have prepared for all Democratic Conventions that wish to vide on you because or sit on you stouts. You can print them, and so I shall save postage. I merely wish to add that I spit in advance upon all Abolition vermin that dare to impugn my patriotism. Here are the resolutions!

1st. Resolved, That we are in favor of the war.

2d. Resolved, That we are opposed to all measures for carrying it on. Your obedient servant,

JANUS.

GROVELING.

THE letter of James Buchanan to Jefferson Davis, dated March 16, 1861, and lately made public, is a striking illustration of the servile obsequiousness of the Northern political allies of the slaveholding oligarchy of this country only a few years ago. The cringing, fawning, supplicating, shivering, slobbering tone of this letter is that of an eastern slave addressing a master. It makes the Sedalia of the master respectable. How could Jefferson Davis and his fellow-conspirators possibly persuade a man less than a country which, at their bidding, could elect as President such a craven? For the time Buchanan was to be, would even be to resist the fate which they, with his connivance, had prepared for the country?

The sole aim of this man was to propitiate the slaveholding class. His only desire was to impress a scornful Southern leader with the conviction that he was more Southern than the South. He knew no country but "the South." He knew nothing to be served but slavery. He was grateful for his elevation to it, and he thanked his masters humbly for the wages of a pimp. "Don't chastise me," he cries; "I have always worked for you; I went to Congress in December, 1821, and have always done more for you than any other man. This is the reason when I was very young I was once so excited as not to be responsible, and I happen to be put upon a committee to do something that was shameful. But I humbly beg your pardon. On my knees I swear to you that I didn't mean it. Cameron 's a scamp for betraying me. Just see how consistently base I have been ever since! Please honor me by reading the speech I send, which, being utterly mean, wholly pleases me." And what Buchanan said in 1850 the Democratic party now, in the same spirit and for the same purpose.

This was the man who succeeded Franklin Pierce as President. After the two civil war or national death were inevitable.

A FINE CHANCE.

SINCE MORGAN has been arrested and sent to the Ohio Penitentiary, it is not almost time for the Copperheads to announce that the Lincoln Despotism has again destroyed the constitutional rights of the citizen; and for *Jefferson Davis* to write one of those letters which impress Copperheads and Britons with so profound a sense of his ability, dignity, and piety, remonstrating against our inhuman and uncivilized system of warfare?

FROM CAMP DOUGLAS.

HERE is a soldier's letter, from Camp Douglas, near Chicago. The Lounger heartily commends it to its readers:

"LOUNGING FRIEND,—May a soldier lounge and talk a little while by your easy-chair?

"This is a time of many imperative necessities, and the most urgent of all our needs is the need of men. Not only men who will rally to the flag with rifle and bayonet, but men to stay at home as well. We must have more men every where, or we are lost—men with warm and souls, and the energy to fight for them. Political constitutions, charters, statutes all are good, if they are of the right kind; but they don't amount to any thing unless they are in the right kind of hands. If we put the stake of justice into the hands of a thief what becomes of their virtue? Grand ideas, like royal robes, must have kingly men to fit them, or they will not be properly worn.

"We must have a great, deep reservoir of strong manhood, to give force and volume to our rushing torrent of destiny, or it will be no river, only a brawling brook. There are days to try men's souls, and it is soul that tells. We have pinned ourselves too much to the past. We seem to think our fathers were good enough for two or three generations. We have wrapped ourselves in the folds of the patriarchal robe, and assumed that we should be clothed to borne with the ascending patriarchs to heaven. It is true we found that it was not the garments, but the Fathers, who went to heaven; and that if we go there we must wear our own clothes, and work our own passage.

"We must have men, and the men we must have be men. We forget the fact that history has the unit Men for its base. Every man who is a man is a unit of it; see to it that *his* account with God and the next generation is well squared.

"'Humph!' says Grudgrind; 'what's the use of such Utopian schemes of redemption as that? Look at the facts of the case. Here's a rebellion that you think there is of converting politicians, and business men, and the other rabble that occupy a country when transformed into rebels.'

"Grudgrind thy name is a good many, and thou art practical. I will be practical also. Let every man who is reasonably clear-headed and decently honest—a big man is up to the average—enlist in the regiments, or even of common decency, and we shall have purely enough in Canada to shut out the rebs from the north, and their demagogues and home traitors. Let every man who accomplishes anything in this world be up to the average be used, and we are saved. There is nothing impracticable or visionary about that, is there? If there is, God pity us, for we are a ruined and lost people.

"Nobody supposes that the list of January, 1863, or 64, or '65 will have a grand, full average. It will not in the Millennium. We are not going to come out of this war an even and perfect race. We will come out cripples, or worse, of common decency, and we shall have purely enough in Canada to shut out the rebs from the north, and their demagogues and home traitors. Let every man who accomplishes anything in this world be up to the average be used, and we are saved. There is nothing impracticable or visionary about that, is there? If there is, God pity us, for we are a ruined and lost people.

"Nobody supposes that the list of January, 1863, or 64, or '65 will have a grand, full average. It will not in the Millennium. We are not going to come out of this war an even and perfect race. We will come out cripples, or worse, and our politicians claimed and under foot, and with nothing noticeable about us except our extraordinary development of all the organs of combativeness. Whatever good our luck may be, it is going to take us a long time to make the average of humanity. Our experiences come on, and to get our boiling black tides into the smooth, level bed of the channel of the future will be our work from all the commencing movement *forward*, we shall have work enough.

"We shall always have—every great nation will always have—a good deal of filth and foulness that boils up in draft time and settles down in the channel of peace. But if we can't develop among us currents of pure man stream strong enough to keep themselves clear of filth and over three shinking dregs, and set the machinery of our progress in vigorous and successful motion, then truly the nations may ask each other the gibing question—all the more bitter that we shall have to answer it—'Where is the formidable U. S.?' Ans the American idea is—"

PRIVATE F——,
Camp Douglas."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE court of inquiry to investigate the facts and circumstances of the evacuation of Winchester and Martinsburg was organized at Winchester, June 26. The court consists of Brigadier-General BAIRD, President, and Brigadier-General MILROY, Colonel MCLEAN, Major HOFFMAN, and Captain R. N. SCOTT, Judge-Advocate. The court commenced its labors evidence on Monday morning.

Acting-Master FREDERICK D. STEWART, formerly of New York, has been ordered to the command of the gun-boat Dakota.

General OSTERHAUS left St. Louis on August 17 to join his command in Mississippi.

The body of Lieutenant CONDEN reached St. Louis on 16th. His funeral took place on 17th with appropriate military honors.

First Lieutenant D. L. MONTGOMERY, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, has relieved Captain DE RUSSY, as General Halleck's aid-de-camp, and will act as Adjutant for the Twenty-second Corps. Captain DE RUSSY asked to be relieved.

The order dismissing Captain GUSTAVUS MYERS from the service has been revoked, and he has been granted an honorable discharge.

The death of Commodore Morris took place in this city on Friday, August 14, after a lingering illness of his age. After a protracted and painful illness. He has recently returned from New Orleans, where he had been second in command to Admiral Farragut, and was on his way north to this city by the Union authorities.

The funeral of Commodore Morris at Cairo on 14th to the largest outdoor audience ever assembled there.

Rear-Admiral FOOTE returned on 14th with the flagship *Black Hawk* from Memphis, and will hoist his flag on gun-boats off the levee.

General ANDREW, of Columbus, Kentucky, has been relieved by order of General GRANT, and General A. J. SMITH takes command there.

Brigadier-General JAMES M. TUTTLE has received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Iowa, in place of SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, resigned. TUTTLE was a strong opponent of the State Central Committee. He is now in the service in the field, and in that position we do not see how he can be popular with the Copperheads.

Lieutenant-Colonel WYNKOOP was in town last week *en route* for Santiago.

The United States steamer *Albatross* arrived at New Orleans lately from Galveston, bringing as passenger Commodore BELL, who relieves Admiral FARRAGUT in that department. The Commodore enters at once upon the discharge of his duties. Admiral FARRAGUT was relieved at his own request.

General RUNT and his staff, with a small escort, have just returned from Tuli-bah-quah, about twenty-six miles from Fort Blair.

Intelligence has been received at St. Louis the. the rebel General HARDEE died recently of diffirium tremens.

General DODGE is still quite low, but improving. No danger is apprehended from his sickness.

Brigadier-General JOSEPH W. REVERE, who was tried by court-martial at Falmouth, on May 11, Major-General WM. S. HANCOCK, president, and found guilty of misbehavior before the enemy, and of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, was sentenced to be dismissed from the military service of the United States. The President has approved the finding, and ordered the sentence to be carried into effect forthwith.

Second Lieutenant ALFRED SCOTT, of Company L, Sixth Iowa cavalry, has been dismissed the service by order of the President, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in having appeared before the regiment in a beastly state of intoxication on the 3d inst.

Surgeon ALFRED WHITMAN, United States Volunteers, has been ordered to Philadelphia to examine and report upon information of important movements of our troops, but which would not be necessary to be disclosed the service.

Last week Major-General JOHN J. PECK and staff left Forkers Monroe on the steamer *C. W. Thomas*, Captain EASTER CLAY, for Newbern, having been assigned to the General Forte to the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps.

Commander MURRAY has been detached from special duty at the Navy Department, and has been ordered to the *Wabash*.

On 18th, screw steamer *Western World* took on board the Admiral of the fleet, S. P. LEE, from his flag-ship, screw frigate *Minnesota*, at New Inlet, and conveyed him to Beaufort, where he went by rail to Newbern.

Colonel GREEN, Chief Quarter-master of the Department of Washington, has received an admirable gift for the erection of a permanent contraband village on Arlington Heights, and he will soon be commenced at once.

General GIBBON is rapidly recovering from the severe wound he received at Gettysburg.

Second Lieutenant BENJAMIN, of New York Cavalry is to be given the command of a brigade.

General WILLIAM HARNON, commanding the second Division of the Ninth Army Corps, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wowdell, left Washington last week for Indiana on a leave of absence.

CHARLES H. GREEN, Quarter-master Sergeant at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, has been promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the United States Artillery.

Brigadier-General THOMAS WELSH, commanding the First Division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, died at Gonaives on 14th of congestive fever, caught during the campaign in Mississippi.

Second Lieutenant VALENTINE HITCHCOCK, Company G, First Heavy Artillery, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Deputy Quartermaster in the presence of the enemy, has been cashiered and his name erased from the rolls of the army, and has been ordered to be published in the newspapers in and about the camp, and in the particular State from whence he came.

Second Lieutenant JOHN NORTON, Company C, Second Regiment, First Inland Volunteers, for drunkenness on duty, has been sentenced to be cashiered, to be dismissed. Second Lieutenant W. H. TANNER, Company B, Sixty-fifth regiment New York Volunteers, has received the same punishment.

Second Lieutenant E. B. GREGORY, Company I, Sixty-fifth regiment New York Volunteers, for disobedience of orders and disrespect toward his superior officers, has been dismissed the service by order of the President.

THOMAS JEWETT, Company D, Fifth Maine Volunteers, for desertion, has been sentenced to be shot. Colonel MEADE approved the sentence, and ordered that it be carried into effect in presence of the division on Friday, the 14th inst., between the hours of 12 M. and 4 o'clock P. M.

The *Miantonomah*, the first iron-clad built entirely by the Government, arrived at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn Navy Yard on 8th. Her dimensions are—between perpendiculars, 200 feet; extreme breadth, 45 feet; depth amidships of beam, 5 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 14 feet 9 inches from keel.

The charges against Colonel DE FORREST, of the Fifth Regiment, Harris Cavalry, are for defrauding the Government of large sums of money, thousand dollars, which, it is alleged, he did by false bills of articles which were never purchased for the service. The Colonel is now in this city under arrest, and will soon be tried, the Government witnesses having arrived in the city from the United States District-Attorney.

Colonel D. L. BELL, of the Regular Army, died in Baltimore on August 15, at his residence in M'Cullough Street. After five years' service in the field, and with an unbroken constitution, caused by hard services. He was the oldest Infantry Colonel in the service, having gone through the Florida and Mexican wars, and was twice brevetted for gallant services in the latter. He came from the western border of Texas to the Pacific, and was in command at Sonoma and in California after its annexation to the United States.

On 19th the United States steamer *Fort Jackson* was officially put in commission at this port as one of the United States Navy. She is armed and equipped after the fashion of a first-class sloop-of-war, and has a crew of picked sailors. A few months since this vessel was purchased from the Government by Messrs. Howland & Co. She was called the *Union* when the service of the "Commodore," and had been the favorite vessel of excellence which made the Government purchase her.

A commission was issued on 15th, in Boston, appointing Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES HALLOWELL, of Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, in place of Colonel Shaw, deceased. In the action in the assault on Fort Wagner. Colonel HALLOWELL was wounded in the assault by a musket ball in the face, and has been ever since in the field, but is now in Virginia. The appointment is deserved congratulations have and accompanied him thereon. Colonel HALLOWELL is a Pennsylvanian, and one of the fighting Quakers.

Brigadier-General SALOMON, recently in command of the district of Corinth, Mississippi, is at present on a visit to his friends at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Lieutenant L. C. HOUGHTON has been assigned to the Chief Quarter-master's staff of the Department of the Cumberland.

The order heretofore issued dismissing Captain R. B. HUNT, One Hundred and Ninth New York Volunteers, from the service has been revoked by command of the President. The evidence submitted on behalf of Captain HUNT proves that the charges were groundless.

Colonel HANCHETT, Aid, of the Sixth Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES NATHAN, of the First Artillery, have been put on the retired list at their own request.

The New Orleans *Era* announces the death, August 8, of Dr. D. W. WADSWORTH, United States Army, who died on board the ship *Black Hawk* at that port, of typhoid fever, after an illness of ten days. His remains are to be sent North.

Brigadier-General STEDMAN has been relieved of the command of the Second Brigade of BANNAN'S Division, and ordered to report to General GEORGE H. GORDON. It is hinted that he will soon have command of a division.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

OUR advices from Charleston are to the 16th instant (Sunday) from Fortress Monroe, relating the state of affairs up to Friday morning. At that time the batteries on Morris Island opened fire for a few hours, during which the walls of Fort Sumter were struck several times by heavy mortar extensively. The Monitors did not fire a shot, however. It was also reported that the grand attack was to come off on Sunday, the 16th, and the fullest expectations of a triumphant result were entertained by the officers in command. Our heavy guns are making sad havoc on Sumter, and have breached the walls exposed to the fire of the batteries.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

Rebel news from Charleston to the 16th inst., two days later than received from our own side, reaches us by way of Chattanooga. The *Rebel*, printed in that city, on the 16th published dispatches announcing that a general bombardment of the Federal batteries and fleet had been commenced on the day previous—Saturday—and was still in progress. It said that the fire was chiefly directed against Sumter, and that the fight was still going on when the *Rebel* was issued. The *Rebel* also commends the commanders on their coolness in the contests of the *Rebel*, says that the bombardment is the most severe on the heaviest that has been brought to bear upon the harbor, and exhibits the usual confidence of gloom.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There are signs of motion in the Army of the Potomac. Reconnoissances are made by the enemy on 19th on the left of our army, and heavy cannonading was heard in the direction. The impression at head-quarters was that a battle was going on in the direction of Bristoe Station, or probably toward Fredericksburg, but no intelligence of that kind would be reached Washington but night it is most likely that it was merely a reconnoissance.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

General Grant has forwarded dispatches to the Government recommending that trade be opened to all loyal citizens with cotton, reserving such restrictions as he will bring into market thousands of bales of the staple now hidden.

THE REBEL ARMIES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The latest report of Bragg locates him at Chattanooga, in command of over 70,000 men—the rebel force under 10,000 by desertion during and succeeding his recent retreat. Of this force 30,000 are under the immediate eye of Braxton Bragg, Hardee, also with 25,000 men. On their rear Kirby Smith has been elected. Governor Pierpont is now reported clear of guerrillas. Our latest dispatches from Chattanooga, via Cairo, state that General Granger, Indiana, has bound an address to the citizens of that State urging the improvement of slaves into the rebel service.

BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

It is reported that within the past few days no less than seventeen large steamers, laden with arms, consisting of blankets, shoes, and uniforms, eleven locomotives, 58,000 English rifles, etc., ran the blockade at Wilmington, North Carolina.

THE WAR IN THE NORTHWEST.

General Sibley's campaign:

HEADQUARTERS, WISCONSIN, August 18, 1863.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The following dispatch from General Sibley, dated August 16, is received:

We had three desperate engagements with the rebel Sioux on the 15th inst., in which they were routed and finally driven across the Missouri with the loss of all their munitions, etc. Our loss was small, while at least one hundred and fifty of the savages were killed on the ground. Forty-six Indians have been found.

I am, General, yours truly, Brigadier-General.

General Sully marched from Fort Pierre for the big Sioux on the 7th instant, on the 20th of July, and Sibley will doubtless intercept the flying Sioux.

Hon. Wm. Dennison, Postmaster-General and delegate of the Indian hostilities, has been killed and his car captured. The Indians are now to the east of the Missouri river, and are considered as an end.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

A DIPLOMATIC EXCURSION.

A diplomatic party set out from Washington last week on a tour of observation to the north and east of New York. The party consists, as we understand, as follows: Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Baron Gerolt, the Minister of Prussia; Mr. Molina, the Minister of Nicaragua; Mr. Bigelow, Minister of France; Mr. Lothrop, the British Minister; Baron Stoeckl, the Russian Minister; M. Mercier, the Austrian Minister; M. Schleiden, the Hanseatic Minister; M. Bermudez, the Italian Minister, Count Piper, the Swedish Minister; M. Asboth, the Portuguese Minister; and several secretaries and attaches of the different legations. The first place they stopped at was Sharon Springs.

MORE COTTON TO BE RENDED.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, C. S. A.,
RICHMOND, July 19, 1863.

Hon. J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War:

SIR,—The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson exposes to the enemy the cotton purchased by the Government in Mississippi and Louisiana. I learn that many of the planters in those States are willing to burn the cotton leave their plantations, so that there will be no person to whom the duty can be intrusted of preserving the cotton, if it can be preserved, or of destroying it where it is likely to fall into the hands of the enemy. Under the present circumstances I would respectfully submit that the subject be referred to the proper military commanders in those States, and that they be instructed to destroy all such cotton as can not be preserved from the hands of the enemy. With much respect, your obedient servant.

G. G. MEMMINGER, Secretary of the Treasury.

THE BRITISH PIRATES.

We learn something of the doings of the pirates *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*, by late news from Brazil to the 8th ult. Three American vessels were captured by the *Florida* off the coast of Brazil, the crews transferred to her enemy boats—namely, the ships *Sunrise* and the *Ocito* of Boston, and the ship, the *Conrad*, was armed and converted into a pirate.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE MEXICAN CROWN.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has written a letter to Archduke Maximilian, urging him to accept the Mexican throne. The Archduke has declined to consent, and had consulted the Pope on the subject.

RUSSIA.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE INSURRECTION.

It is generally agreed to that instead of a collective note to insure, each of the three Cabinets will address a separate note, identical in idea, to St. Petersburg. It is stated that Austria declines going in for diplomatic action.

GERMANY.

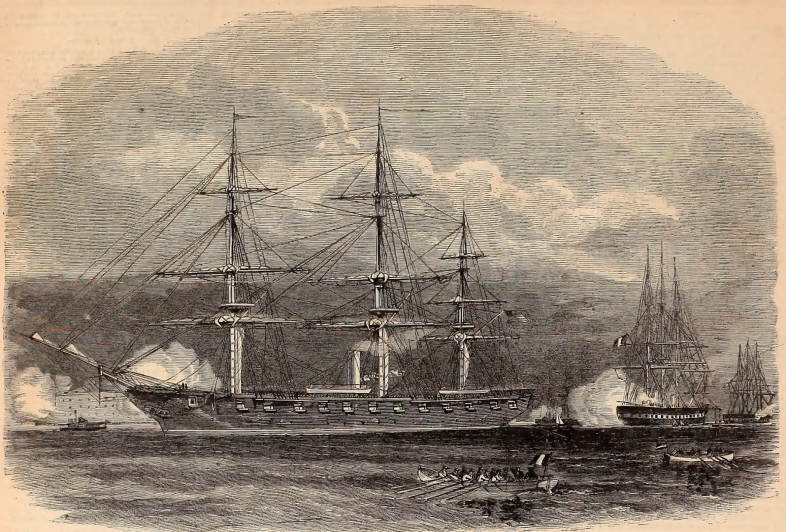
A ROYAL CONFERENCE.

The Emperor of Austria has called a conference at Frankfort, to which the German sovereigns have signified their intention to be present—the King of Prussia excepted, declining to do so unless invited to elicit the feeling of Germany and the empire in regard to Polish affairs.

CANADA.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The first session of the eighth Parliament of United Canada was opened by the Governor-General on August 18. The Governor-General in Council by proclamation, and dates in both Houses in the Council by proclamation, and in the Assembly on 8 majority. The Ministerial candidate in the Assembly received 40 Upper Canada votes and 24 Lower Canada, while the Opposition cast 40 Lower Canada votes and 18 Upper Canada votes. The speech of the Governor-General, delivered from the throne on the last day, announced the passage of an improvement of the law, and the taking into consideration of telegraphic and postal communication between Lake Superior and the Pacific.



THE "HARTFORD," ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, ARRIVING AT NEW YORK AND RETURNING THE SALUTES OF FOREIGN FRIGATES.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

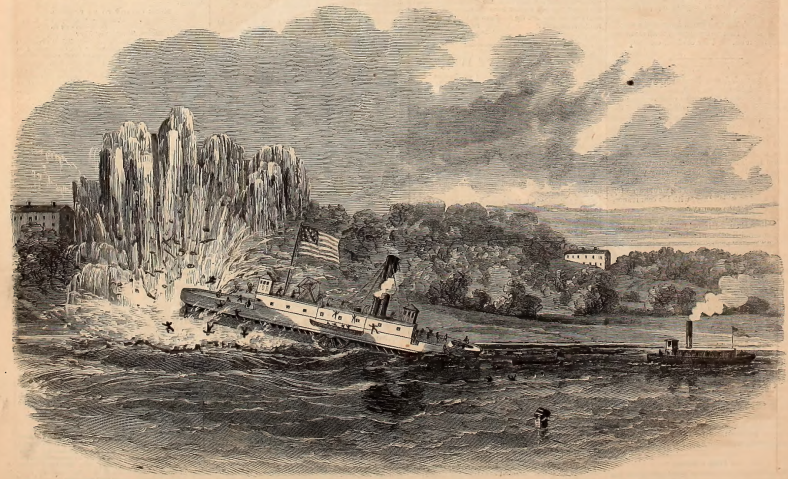
A TORPEDO IN THE JAMES RIVER.

We publish below an illustration of the explosion of a torpedo under the gun-boat *Commodore Barney*, in the James River, on 4th August.

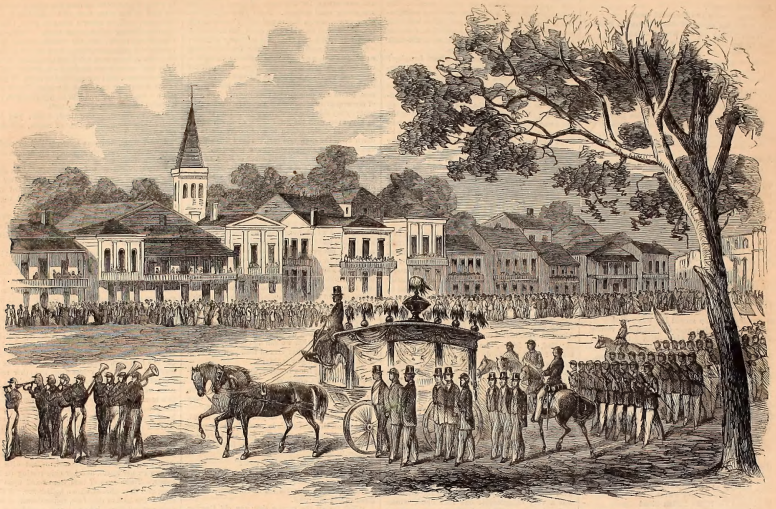
General Foster was making a reconnoissance up the river with the *Commodore Barney*, the *Sangamon*, and the *Cohasset*. They had already been fired upon by riflemen on the river-bank. The *Herald* correspondent goes on to describe the event illustrated in our picture:

No other incident of an exciting nature transpired until the fleet had reached a point on the river within six miles of Fort Darling. Here, as usual, the *Barney* bore the brunt of the misfortune. A torpedo was exploded under her starboard bow. The effect of this explosion was terrific in appearance, but, luckily, did not turn out so bad after all. The vessel was lifted by the shock upward of ten feet out of water, and an immense jet of water was hurled from her bow fifty feet in the air at least, falling over and completely deluging her, and washing overboard thirty men. Notwithstanding the desperate condition of affairs boats were immediately manned, and the unfortunates were rescued by their faithful brethren from a watery grave. Two of these men only, named Martin Krout, seaman, and I. Gamble (colored) were drowned. The rest were picked up. Two or three swam ashore.

It was now discovered that the *Barney* was badly injured; so much so that it was found necessary to point her head for the shore. The *Cohasset*, however, took her in tow shortly, it being found that her engines were completely disabled. A further advance was now considered useless, inasmuch as the men seen on shore were there, doubtless, for the purpose of exploding the torpedoes beneath our vessels as they attempted to pass. So the expedition returned to Dutch Gap, where anchors were dropped for the night.



EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO UNDER THE BOW OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "COMMODORE BARNEY," IN THE JAMES RIVER.
[SKETCHED FROM THE "COHASSET."]



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN CAILLOUX, FIRST LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS (COLORED).—SKETCHED BY A NATIVE GUARD.
[SEE PAGE 551.]



REBEL PRISONERS IN THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.
[SEE PAGE 551.]

MEXICO.

ANOTHER throne!
Through twice two thousand years
The earth has answered man's unending groan
With, "Draw ye not enough of tears
The cursed thistle's leaves to wet,
But ye must pile upon my weary breast
The weight of kingly thrones,
To keep my children from their rest
With digging hard among the basement stones
The tap-roots lengthened downward by my sweat?
Ah! woe is me: a crown has little weight,
Although of purest gold its orb be made:
But from it such long rays of chains go out
To every pair of wrists beneath its shade,
That I am wearied to bear them aught about,
And ye are dumper with the hopeless spade."

Another throne
On fallen Montezuma's, Iturbide's,
Uplifted by the wicked hand that guides
The destinies of Europe, and its own.
What vulture eagles o'er the sea have flown,
Smelling the death-heap from afar,
Watched by a younger brood.
And settled with slant, northward eyes to tear
Dead pulse far than those, whose blood
Could quench not thirst, did not the fiercer scream
Of ten thousand beaks big with thirst thereat!
The light is blood upon the midnight dream
That haunts the despot's brain;
A crown is there, but it shall cast in vain
Its poisoned shadow toward the free,
As on the desert toward some fertile plain
Falls the short shade of a dead upas tree.

O Corsican! whose second life was stilled
In dark suspicion near the Hapsburg throne,
While broken lines of kings with fictions filled
The gaps that bore no name except thine own—
Scent thou the line strong to fulfill thy shame,
Too weak to share the glory of thy name;
The Hawk's-beast brood from Alpine height,
Whose wings flagged not a horrid night
From Elve's tide to Zuyder Zee,
And wide through vine-hilled Germany,
And flushed even in the Danube's waves
Fast wild-eyed Hungary's countless graves,
And blackened sunny Italy—
Scent thou that line
Whose "right divine"
Of priest or demon blotted thine
Grope backward, led by one of thy strong race,
Its own through empty urns of kings to trace,
And whisper as it rejoiced it "Tis mine,"
Till o'er the western waves
Is claimed for it the Latian blood
That long ago crept through soft barbaric veins,
Until is left of its inhuman flood
Naught but the crimson stains,
And there it lingers out earth's roll of slaves
Is found a throne beside old Aztec graves?
Perhaps thy gorgeous tomb
May be full present, if demand be made
Even yet, for every scorn upon thee laid;
Perhaps the bitter doom
Of powerless kingship leaning on an arm
Most hateful, that derives from thee its charm
Of power may satisfy thy soul.
If any debt of man might roll
Away the gloom that on Helena's isle
Went with thee through the gates of death,
And more than iron lips agitate to smile
The death-crowned brow beneath.
Threw setting up a puppet thing
Of the hated line to be called a King
By thy magic name—a thing for show,
Scorned even by fallen Mexico.

The sacred tribe
Who lay on bended heads their pious hands
Like millstones, whose broad feet keep back the lands
From toil, except the brute
Leave children footless; the high lifted caste
Whose pillow hands to take and keep are sold
From memories of Spain's illgotten gold;
The priest and noble make unblushing haste
To bring the orb and sceptre, wheel and bail,
For sheaves whose growing was a murder's waste
Whose taking leaves another famine pale.

Another throne
Built on the western world;
The years shall see some fragments buried
To earth that once were an uplifted shape
Like to a man, and wondering flesh shall gape
At the base tinsel soon with moss o'ergrown.

THE STATION-MASTER AT LONGLEY.

I AM not an old man, you say? Well, you are right there: one is not usually considered old at the age of forty-five. Why am I so bald, then? Ah, friend, you may well ask. Men do usually lose their hair so early in life; and my scalp was polished, as the shining fashion, some fifteen years ago. It took only one grim night's work to do it all.

A story? Yes, comrade, there is a story anent this same poor bald pate of mine; and, if you care to hear it, I will tell it you. It is an old story now and one quite out to our friends gathered here, for I fear I have gabbled it somewhat too often when the bottle has been going round; but, as you never heard it before, you will find it as good as new. The up-train is not due for a full hour yet; and perhaps my story may help as well as any thing else to kill time. Fill your glass, then, and draw nearer to the fire; for that drifting snow outside does not make this winter night too warm.

You say you knew at once, when first you saw me, that I had served. Well, no doubt the soldier who has been in active service always bears the stamp of his profession about him. I have smelled powder on more than one field. I was nine years in the —th Fusiliers. I served in Canada; and, after reaching the grade of sergeant, I was dangerously wounded in a encounter with the Caffres at the Cape, and was sent home with a pension. The restoration of health brought back my constitutional antipathy to idleness; and, after knocking about in sore discontent for some time, I at last succeeded in procuring occupation as ticket-clerk at the Longley station on this line.

You don't know the country about Longley? No. You lose nothing thereby; for a more miserable district of bleak hill and wild moorland is not to be found from this to John o' Groats; and the population, rude and churlish, are as little attractive as the country they dwell in.

Among the few acquaintances I made during the one year I spent there was a young fellow named Carston, the son of a wealthy local farmer, who lived some six miles from the station. A clever fellow he was—the real manager of the farm—and its market-day, and sold. So he was a frequent traveler on our line. Young Carston and I had come to be great friends, more than one pleasant holiday I spent with him (for even we railway officials have holidays now and again) up among the hills, bleak and barren they were. I fired upon all this (rather tediously, perhaps) because it is to Frank Carston I owe this bald crown.

It was a cold, cheerless winter evening, as I stood upon the platform waiting for the mail train from the north, which was a little behind its time. There was no passenger from Longley; the roads would not wait two minutes, and my work would be over when it had passed on. I was pleasantly anticipating a quiet night by a warm fireside, with a hot cup of tea and the London morning paper, when the train came dashing in and pulled up with a shriek, and a fellow sprang out from one of the carriages, while the familiar voice of my friend Carston hailed me.

"Ned, old fellow!" he said, as I hurried up to him, "I want you to do me a great favor. You see this bag: it contains two hundred sovereigns. Journeys a rush-ogy, and I've got to be back for the old man this morning. You know the craze he has for paying in gold. I am going through to London on urgent business, and I want you to do for me as to take charge of the money and this letter, and carry them out to our place. Get up sort of conveyance and drive out: don't mind the expense—I'll settle all that. I know that, as a friend, you'll do this carefully for me. Tell Fa-ther I'll be home—certainly, if possible."

Off went the train, and before I could utter a word I was left alone on the platform with the heavy bag of gold in my hand. The commission with which I had been so unexpectedly intrusted was a very disagreeable one that bleak winter night; but it would be churlish to disappoint a friend. I went to my lodgings, got some tea, loaded a small double-barreled pistol (an unusual precaution against the lonely road I had to travel), put it in my pocket, and wrapped my great-coat round me. It was no easy thing to get carriage, fly, or gig in a little place like Longley at last hour; and what was a walk of four miles to me, when I was sure of a stiff glass of something warm and a good bed that night, and a pleasant canter on a sure-footed nag back to the station in the morning?

The night, though cold, was dry, and the moon was up. To be sure, some ominous clouds were gathering round her, and she was not rising, but steadily sinking, and it soon be hidden; but behind the hills. No matter: I should be far on my way before high noon, and, as I mentally added, I thought, were not likely to change into what they promised—a snow-shower—till I was safely ensconced of old Carston's fireside. Accordingly I went well enough for the first half hour; and as the brisk walk made the blood course warmly through my veins, I thought much pleasanter than this was than to be jolted and bruised in some such crazy lumbering old vehicle as the Longley. This was capable of anything, even that rough, wild, mountain road. But my anticipation of the weather proved sorely deceptive. Before the half hour had well gone by the snow came down in fierce and fast, and the moon was no longer visible. There was no help now, however, but all the more need to get on as quickly and as much as possible; so I clutched my stick with a firmer grasp and quickened my pace. But the thick, steady fall of snow so blinded the air that I could not see twice my arm's-length before me; and I had not been walking many minutes when the appobstacles of place and time began to thwart my way. It was a dangerous locality I was in just then in the midst of that snow-storm; for the road wound over hill and moor, without a hedge or fence; and, where the snow was rapidly covering heath and path alike, to trace my route with accuracy became impossible. Human life had seen sacrificed more than once, amidst the snow-drift, on that wild moorland, and I remembered with pain to have been lost. To make my danger greater, the place was full of pits and hollows, where mining speculators had tried for coal, and had left their marks. Should I wander off the beaten track the chances were I might meet a broken neck in one of those confounded holes.

I stumbled on at random. I had lost my bearings utterly; and in a few minutes I knew as little where I was as if I had been set down and bound and blindfolded in the middle of the moor. I was making my way, surely, as best I could, through the snow-drift, and that was all. I might be going in any direction but the right one. Was I on the beaten road, or was I on the heath? Another minute cruelly solved my doubts. One step more—my foot found no rest; and I fell headlong into a broad, deep pit. Stunned by the fall, I lay there I know not how long. Bruised and giddy, I tried at last to regain my feet, when a pang of exquisite pain shot through my left arm: the bone was broken. As with my right hand I now tried to steady myself and grope my way out of the hole, the agony I suffered was indescribable; yet my first thought was to feel for the bag of gold, which was still safely suspended from my neck. I crawled out of the pit, and pushed forward on what course more slowly than ever, though, and cautiously, for the terror of those vile holes was strong upon me now. But I grew weaker every moment, and a vague and sickly alarm seized me. Suppose I should swoon upon that moor—my head was giddy and my limbs unsteady already: what had a dreadful death under the fast-falling snow awaited me? At this horrible thought a cold sweat suffused my whole body, and my parched throat refused to swallow. To my last hour I shall not forget the horror of that picture of death which rose before my mind's eye that night. The pain of my arm grew more excessive every moment; it hung by my side like a leaden weight. But, strange to say, even with the grim terror of death before me, I still had strength to creep over me to lie down upon the snow and rest. Had I done so, no doubt my last sleep would have been there. But luckily I got then a faint glimmer of light caught my eye, and with the eagerness of awakened hope I hurried toward it. Yes, there it was! I could myself at the open door of a wretched cabin, on the heath of which a wood fire was burning.

"Hallo!" was the greeting I received from a rough voice, "who the —— are you, and what d'ye want here such a night as this?"

The words died away on the hearth was fresh and damp, and filled the cabin with smoke as well as with a pungent odor. It took some little time to discover what was the matter. When the woman proceeded the figure of a man, large, gaunt, and broad-shouldered, raggedly clad, with dark scowling face, and features coarse and strong, coarse, black, matted hair. I hurriedly explained to this person my misadventure. He rose and pushed toward me the only chair in the place, a wooden one.

"Sit you down, man," he said, somewhat less roughly; "you look weak, and a broken arm is no joking matter. I'll see what I can do for you after I know. But what errand took you out upon the moor such a night as this?"

"I was going to Longley, on important business, to Farmer Carston's."

"From Longley to old Carston's!" he exclaimed. "Why! that's a seven miles' round. You've taken a roundabout way to get to your journey's end."

"Roundabout? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, that you've been going in the opposite direction," was his answer. "And you have been steadily walking away from it for the last half hour at least."

"And how far am I from it now?"

"Some four good miles at least."

Here was a discovery! What was to be done? I asked the man to guide me to Carston's, and offered to pay him well.

"No! not for the money they say old Carston has in the bank," he answered, "would I attempt to go over the moor to-night. Why, man, the snow is falling so thick you couldn't see a yard before you. It would be as much as our lives are worth. No; you must stop here upon that moor outside, before now, on such a night as this."

All this time the pain of my arm was growing intolerable, and help of any kind was impossible there. I must make it do: I must stay in this wretched place till morning, and endure my agony till daylight should bring the chance of aid? There was no alternative.

"All you can do," said the man, "is to keep where you are. You may be thankful that you have the shelter of even these miserable walls on such a night as this is. It will be well, even, if the snow-drift outside does not bury the whole hut itself before morning. If you want any thing to eat you can have a crust of bread—that's all we have—and some cold water. You must make the best on the straw till morning comes. But you do look horribly beaten up. Here, Sally, up with you, then, and give us a drop of gin."

I turned to the other corner, beside the fire, to which these words were addressed, and now beheld, for the first time, a woman sitting beside a sick child that lay asleep upon the ground. I turned and found her eyes fixed upon me with a strange look of fear. She was miserably clad, and looked sickly and thin, yet her face showed the traces of much personal beauty. She was delicately fair: very beautiful she would be, I thought, with a long, disheveled hair, of a golden tinge, actually glistened in the blaze of the fire. But what struck me most was the wildness, the hungry, wolfish glare of her eyes, so unnaturally large: fastened as it was upon me, that wild, eager look made my heart sink with a vague fear and dislike. I felt that the woman did not speak; but she went to a large chest at the other end of the room (almost the only piece of furniture in the place, except a rickety deal table and a couple of stools), and took from it a large black bottle and two tumblers.

"Come," said the man, taking the cup and the bottle, and pouring some of the contents of the one into the other—"you look as though you could do with a drop of this. I'm a shepherd's hut on the moor. No matter; it came to us some way. Try one tumbler of it, and you could not take safer physic to-night."

Most gratefully did I seize the cup and drink off its contents at a single draught—genial more welcome. The blood came coursing warmly through my shivering frame again, and for a while I even forgot the excessive pain of my broken arm. Declining the bread which the man offered me, I drew nearer to the fire. I took the pistol from my pocket, and laid it down on the ground beside me; and as I stooped to do this the bag of gold struck against the wood with a metallic clink of the coin within. For the next moment, when I raised my head, I found the terrible eyes of the woman fastened upon me with a glare more hungry and wolfish than before. I was startled, and (almost mechanically) thrust the bag into my breast. She turned away, muttering something about my bed, and went into the other room of the cabin. In the mean time the man sat down at the other side of the fire, where the child was sleeping, and (he had taken some of the brandy, and was less rough and more communicative now) began to talk about the snow-storm, the probable loss of sheep it would cause, and the similar visitations of former years. In a short quarter of an hour the woman came to the door of the other room and called him to her. He went; and, for several minutes after, I heard them conversing in low, eager tones. Their words I could not catch; but the woman seemed to be vehemently urging something upon her companion, while his answers were brief and hesitating. Gradually the voices grew confused—a drowsy feeling of power over every limb benumbed me. Words, or one minute or an hour had passed I knew not, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a hoarse voice sounded in my ear:

"Come, friend, you're tired, I see; you had better throw yourself on the bed inside, and sleep till morning."

I started up, and was soon recalled to perfect consciousness by the sharp pain of my broken arm. The man was still standing near me.

"My wife has shaken out the straw," he said, "as softly as possible; and I mistake if, after to-night's tramp, you don't find it as pleasant as a bed of down. But take this by way of a nightcap before you go."

I drank the brandy, and, muttering a few words of thanks, was turning away, when he stopped me.

"Stay," he said, "you are forgetting your pistol. You had better take it with you."

I did so, and, bidding them good-night, went into the other room. My bed was a heap of straw covered with a large sheet-wrapping; but had it been of choicest feathers it could not have been more welcome then. I stretched myself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. But strange dreams with it confused and distressing dreams, with which the glare of those wild, hungry eyes were strangely mingled. I awoke with a sense of pain intolerable, and found that I had turned over on my left side, and was bearing my wounded arm under me. How long I had been sleeping, of course, I could not tell; but the first sound that fell upon my ear was the confused hum of voices in the room of the room. Immediately the voices grew more distinct, and some words reached me that speedily brought me to a terrible consciousness of my peril. One of those words was "gold;" and, at the sound, my head searched for the bag: it was there safe. With a cyclone agony I turned my head and crept toward the door. Through a chink between the shrunken boards I could see the man and woman seated at the fire. The latter, whose face was almost completely turned toward me, sat with her elbows on her knees, and her chin resting on her hands. Her eyes were of hers were fixed upon the man, and they glowed with a hellish fire. I slickened at the look of that face, so handsome, so delicate, so fiendish. The man was speaking at the moment; and as the sound of his voice drew my eyes toward him, I beheld beside him an object which froze the blood in my cold—a large, shining hatchet or cleaver.

"I can't help it, lass," he was saying; "I don't like the job myself, I wish the thing could be done some other way. About taking the gold I'm not particular to a hair, and in a downright tusle I wouldn't mind what kind knocking a fellow on the head. But to murder a man in his sleep—dang it, but it goes against my liking!"

"But those beautiful golden coins, Bill dear," the tempting fiend rejoined; "the lovely gold that could take us out of this hole and away to a new, one miserable life compared to that? And who will know about it? The snow-storm is most likely. We can put him down beneath the piled-up snow in one of those holes outside, and we shall be many a hundred miles from this—yes, across the Atlantic itself—before any trace of him is found."

How my blood curdled and my hair grew stiff with horror as I listened to the words of this female devil, and watched the Gergon-like glance of her eye, and the hideous smile that curled her lips! I have been in deadly peril of life and limb in more than one fierce fight, as these medals show. I remember once when the knife of a gigantic Zulu was within a hair's-breadth of finishing me over with me, till a comrade's rifle brought that savage down. But never, in deadliest hour of danger, did I feel my life more sickly threatened than during which crept round my heart as I listened that night to the murderous words that woman uttered.

"It's all in vain," replied her companion; "'tisn't the danger of discovery I'm afraid of. 'Tis the job itself I don't like; the murder of a sleeping man in cold blood—that's all."

With fury flashing from her eyes she sprang to her feet and seized the hatchet.

"Coward and fool!" she hissed, "do you call yourself a man? You see your wife and child starving for food and fuel, and you have not the manhood to do the deed which will save them from the death of dogs! I will do it myself."

"Lass," he said, catching her by the wrist, and drawing her back to her seat again. "You're a plucky girl, Sal, but d'ye think I'd let a woman do what I shrink from the contemplating myself? I told you I did not like the job: I had rather get at the money any other way; but I didn't tell you that I would not do it. Sit down, then, and let's talk it over. The chap is fast asleep now—the fatigue and the brandy have done for him, and you may see him snoring as he sleeps. The ugly tip of steel may be useless after all. A cloth upon his mouth and hand will make him wind-pipe may be enough. There will be no signs of blood; and when they do find him after the snow melts they will say he perished in the storm."

"Now, Bill," said the woman, with a horrid show of admiration, "you talk like a man, and a wise one. I begin to know you again."

"Well, lass," he said, "consider the thing as done. Just give me the bottle."

He took it, raised it to his lips, and drank a deep draught. With trembling hand I felt up the door for bolt or lock. There was a wooden lock only. Gently and silently I pushed it home, then crept back to my bed and searched for my pistol, resolved to sell my life dearly. I got the pistol; drew back

the hammers and felt the nipples: the caps were gone! I tried the barrels: they were drenched with water. I saw it all: the pistol had been dealt with while I slept at the fire; and I was now utterly at the mercy of those fiends. But I had little time to waste in thought, for the next moment the door was shaken by a heavy hand. I lay back and moaned and snored like one in a troubled sleep.

"The door is bolted on the inside," I heard the man whispering; "the fellow fastened it before he went to sleep."

"Then burst it open," said the woman.

"No," was the rejoinder, "that would waken him up, and he might show fight. We must adopt some quieter course."

"There's the window," she said; "can you not get in through that?"

"Quite right, Lass: I had forgotten."

I looked to the window: it was an aperture some two feet square or more, with a crazy sash of four panes, every one of which was broken. I crept toward it and felt the sash: the hand of a child might have pulled it out. What was I to do? What course of a struggle had I now? Faint and weary, with that broken arm, what resistance could I offer to this man of gigantic strength? Crushed by the pressure of my inevitable doom, I staggered back from the window and fell against a projection of the cabin-wall. I thrust out my right hand to save me from sinking to the ground; it did not touch the projection, but stretched far into some hollow space. A pang of hope shot through my heart: here was a large open chimney like that at the other end of the cabin; and I felt the snow, which had fallen down through it, crackling under my feet. Could I escape through this? Was there still a chance of life? I stooped under and thrust up my head. The aperture was wide and deep, and the large stones of the rude masonry projected on every side. These were steps by which it was easy enough to climb. To think of all this, not upon my thought, occupied less time than I have taken to tell it. In spite of the helplessness of my left arm, and the unendurable pain I felt from it, I was up through the chimney and out on the roof before I heard the frail sash be low forced in. To slide to the ground was easy enough; and, blessing God for my deliverance, I crawled round to the other end of the cabin, and from this starting-point I hurried off across the moor as fast as my feeble limbs could bear me. Looking back, I saw the glare of light from the open door of the cabin, and heard the shouts of a fierce, angry voice. The snow-drift had almost ceased to fall, and the whitened ground gave out some faint light through the winter darkness. What I longed for now was some pit or hollow to creep into and burrow there till lumediate danger was over. I was not long in finding one. I slid down into it, and with my right hand gathered the snow around me. Not ten minutes had I lain there when I heard a heavy footstep crunching the snow above. It was my pursuer, the intending assassin; and I could hear his muttered curses as he passed on. In a few moments more I heard him coming back again, and then all was silent and still as death. At length I crept out from my hiding-place, with cramped and aching limbs. I have no more in what direction he must have then I had known before. I had entered that accursed cabin; but I struck right ahead, knowing that there must be a human habitation somewhere before me, should I only have strength enough to reach it.

I was fearfully exhausted, and I dragged my feeble limbs along as if they were weighted with lead. At times the consciousness of my danger and the excitement of the fearful scene I had gone through, sustained me; but by-and-by strength and reason alike seemed to desert me, and I staggered along like one in the delirium of fever. How long this continued I can not tell, for I made no count of time that terrible night; but I remember how, at last, in utter exhaustion, I fell prostrate on the snow.

As I lay there, unable to rise and unable to move a limb, a long piercing shriek, the horrible import of which I knew too well, rang in my ears. I looked up: that eye of fire was fixed upon me. How can I tell you the horror of my situation?—a life's agony compressed into the compass of one awful minute. The goods train, which always passes Longley about three o'clock in the morning, was coming, and I was lying helpless on the rails! With a cry of agony I rose to my feet, but I fell back in utter exhaustion. Even the terror of approaching death did not give me the energy enough to crawl from where I lay. That night was more active enough for the one thought—to stretch myself out with my head toward the rails—the terrible blended with the rattle of the carriages and the grinding sound of the wheels upon the snow they covered for the rails, and then—and I looked up to Heaven, with a feeble laugh of speechless gratitude; and all danger was over. The train had passed along the other line of rails that ran parallel between which I lay. The snow had prevented me from distinguishing the one from the other; but had I had strength enough to crawl in the direction I had intended the engine and carriages would have inevitably passed over me, and left me there a mangled corpse. It was my utter weakness which saved my life. The joy of my deliverance from a horrible death was followed by a natural reaction. I sank back in a swoon; and when consciousness came back to me again I found myself, weak and wasted, in my own bedroom, and in my own bed, where (they told me) I had lain for eleven days in raging fever. It seems that, in the morning, one of the railway porters found me lying insensible in the snow; and thus I was, a third time within a dozen hours, saved from death. But this bold part was the price I paid.

"But the bag of gold?"

Was found suspended from my neck, and, with the letter fled. In my pocket, was delivered in the proper quarter.

"And the intending assassins?"

I know nothing of them. They did not belong to that part of the country. They had disappeared from the cabin on the moor several days before I recovered from my fever, and, therefore, before suspicion could have fallen upon them; and they were never heard of after.

"The Carstons, I hope, were grateful?"

Do you see where that light is burning faintly, in that window across the line there? Frank Carston's sister is always sitting there, I should hope in that room. She is mother of three of the finest young Britons in this big shire, and I am their father. But here comes the mail-train, and it makes no long stay here. You had better look after your luggage.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Oh, my darling! my darling! never to feel
Your hand going over my hair!
Never to lie in your arms again—
Never to know where you are!
Oh, the weary miles that stretch between
My feet and the battle-ground,
Where all that is left of my dearest is
Lies under some yellow mound!

It is but little I might have done
To lighten your parting pain;
But the bitter fear that you must died alone
Out in the dark and the rain!
Oh, my bero love!—to have kissed the pain
And the sadness from your fading eyes!
To have saved one only passionate look
To sweeten these memories!

And thinking of all, I am strangely stunned,
And can not believe you dead;
You loved me, and you loved you, dear!
And your letter lies there unread!
You are not dead! I can not be so!
God never could will it so—
To craze my brain and break my heart—
And shatter my life—I know!

Dead! dead! and never a word,
Never a look for me!
Dead! dead! and our marriage-day
Never on earth to be!
I am left alone, and the world is changed,
So dress me in bridal white,
And lay me away in some quiet place
Out of the hateful light.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN ANDRE CAILLOUX.

WE illustrate on page 549 the FUNERAL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ANDRE CAILLOUX, of the First Louisiana Volunteers, who was killed at Port Hudson. Captain Cailloux was one of the bravest soldiers in our country's service, though a colored man. The following account of his funeral we take from the New Orleans Times:

By far the largest funeral procession that has been seen on our streets since the burial of Colonel Charles Dreux, his first tribute to military valor, was that of Captain Cailloux. It was that of Captain André Cailloux, of the First Louisiana Native Guards. This officer was killed on the 27th ult. during the assault on the fifth of May last, while leading his company in a charge against the rebel works at Port Hudson. From the time he fell, within a few feet of the enemy's parapet, until the arrival of his remains in General Banks, on the 5th of July, the body of this brave man lay exposed to the weather, and the consequence was that the fetid sharp-shooter that his friends found it impossible to carry it from the field.

Immediately on the truce being declared his body was taken possession of, and placed, first in charge of a guard of honor, composed of men of his own regiment who had been wounded during the charge, in the command-ant of Adjutant T. A. Sears. The body arrived in this city on Saturday last, and since that time has been lying in state in the hall of the "Friends of the Order," of which society Captain Cailloux was a leading member.

The body, as before mentioned, lay in state in the hall of the Friends of the Order, and was deposited in the centre of the room. The coffin was draped in the American flag, on which lay the sword, belt, and sash worn by the unfortunate soldier. Around the coffin flowers were strewn in the greatest profusion, and the perfume was quite continually burning. All the rites of the Catholic church were strictly complied with, the body being placed under lock and key, and altogether it presented as solemn a scene as was ever witnessed.

At nine o'clock the band of the Forty-second Massachusetts Regiment made their appearance, and discovered the entire neighborhood for a long distance. The Native Guards, of this city, the church of St. Rose of Lima—who we are glad to see has paid no trifling attention to the last communication and demonstrations issued against him by the Archbishop—and the various societies to which the deceased belonged, were present. After the regular services in accordance with the Roman Catholic ritual, a touching and eloquent eulogy on the virtues of the deceased. He called upon the people to remember the noble deeds he had done, martyrs to the cause of justice, freedom, and good government. It was a noble and enviable death to envy. Had we room we would gladly give the whole of this stirring address.

Immense crowds of colored people had by this time gathered around the building, and the services which thereto were rendered almost impassable. Two companies of the Native Guards, commanded by Captain Lewis, and camp on the Company Canal, were there to act as an escort, and Esplanade Street, from Rampart to Derbigny, was lined with colored societies, both male and female, in open order, extending for a long distance.

After a short pause, a sudden silence fell upon the crowd, and the procession moved off. The coffin was first taken out, brought from the hall on the shoulders of eight soldiers, and placed in the six members of the band, who, during the time, who acted as pall-bearers. The corpse was conveyed to the hearse, which was composed of white and black people, and in silence profound as death itself. Not a sound was heard save the mournful music of the band, and not a head in all that vast multitude but was uncovered.

The procession then moved off in the following order: The hearse containing the body, with Captain J. W. Bingold, W. B. Barrett, S. J. Wilkinson, Eugene Mailhon, J. A. Gien, and A. St. Leger (all of whom, we believe, belong to the Second Louisiana Native Guards), and six members of "The Friends of the Order," as pall-bearers; about a hundred convalescent sick and wounded colored soldiers, the two companies of the Sixth regiment, a large number of colored officers of all Native Guard regiments, the carriages containing the relatives of the deceased, and a number of army officers; winding up with a large number of private individuals and societies.

After moving through the principal down town streets, the body was taken to the Bienville Street Cemetery, and there interred with military honors due his rank.

Captain Cailloux was a native of this city, aged 43 years, and was one of the first to raise a company under the call of General Butler for colored volunteers. In conclusion, we can not do better than quote from the *Union* of this city. It says:

By his gallantry during his gentlemanly deportment, his amiable disposition, and his capacities as a soldier—have ing received a very good education—he became the idol of his men, and won the respect and confidence of his superior officers. He was a true type of the Louisianian. In this city, where he passed his life, he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

In Captain Cailloux the cause of the Union and freedom has lost a gallant defender. Captain Cailloux, defending the integrity of the sacred cause of Liberty, vindicated his own rights to freedom, and by the action which it was charged, he leaves a wife and several children, who will have the consolation that he died the death of the patriot and the righteous.

The correspondent who sends us the sketch from which our picture was taken mentions a curious incident in connection with the funeral. Father Le Maistre, the officiating clergyman, could not get any white person to attend his servants in the discomfort to assist him to perform the ceremony, in consequence of the prohibition of the archbishop. He had heard, however, that Captain Bingold of the First Louisiana Native Guards had said that so many trades and professions were represented in the regiment that it was a town in the prairie in sixty days; and to him he applied for aid. Two privates instantly volunteered, and assisted in performing the services according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. At the grave-yard again a private of the regiment left the ranks to perform the duties of bricklayer.

THE REBEL PRISON IN NEW ORLEANS.

We reproduce on page 549 a sketch by our special artist, Mr. C. E. Hamilton, illustrating the place of confinement of the rebel officers who recently surrendered at Port Hudson. Mr. Hamilton accompanies his sketch with the following remarks:

"I required to go through a certain amount of form before being able to obtain the above sketch for you, as the strictest guard is kept upon the prisoners. I was obliged to apply for permission to General Bowen, who, having no personal objection, gave me a note of introduction to Captain Bearing, Provost-Marshal of the Custom-house, expressing his willingness that the Captain should permit me to sketch, 'provided that no offense should be given to the prisoners.' I thought that this was showing an amount of regard toward rebel sensibilities that they are not always to be in the habit of manifesting, and I thanked well for General Bowen's feelings as a gentleman.

"On arriving at the Custom-house Captain Bearing, courteous as politely, and at once conducted me through the various wards, communicating with each other, in which the rebel officers are confined. This was in the northern portion of the building, in which over 250 prisoners—all officers—are now located. But as there was no room for them all, they are divided into a *corps d'élite* and the whole I have selected the largest apartment in which the greater number are quartered.

"The room I have sketched about, mostly, me from one room to the other. They are lounging, and trying to take things as pleasantly as they can under the circumstances. They are in fact looking set of men, and were dressed, some in uniform, some in civilian's costume, and others again in nothing but their shirts and pants.

"I did not think it necessary to make any formal inquiry as to whether my sketching would be objected to, as I could see at a glance that the Captain left me, I out with my sketch-book and fell to work.

"'Are you making portraits, Sir?' asked one of two or three who came to overlook me.

"'No, necessarily,' I replied; 'I am some headsome officer can put himself in the fore-ground on purpose.'

"'Don't forget, in your sketch,' said a smart young gentleman, 'those horrible mosquitoes that eat us up all night.'

"'Ah! the delicious fare we have to live on,' chimed in another.

"'Your treatment here is not unusual, I hope, Sir,' I said, inquiringly, turning to a middle-aged officer near me.

"'Oh no, not at all; we have nothing to complain of. We are prisoners of war subject to segregated creatures some temporary inconveniences, but we are allowed every thing we can expect under the circumstances.'

"This concession was made in a very gentlemanly tone, and, indeed, my own eyes had already told me that such was the fact. On a long table in front, plenty of ice going to and fro, and one or two suspicious-looking bottles that seemed as if they had contained something more sparkling than water. Besides that, I had met in the ante-room that good Samaritan, Mrs. Brandt; and it is not likely that she would neglect her soldier can lack any thing within the reach of womanly care and kindness while she is kindly at hand.

"As I gazed on this scene I could not help making some comparisons highly favorable to our section, in spite of Mr. Bull Russell's and Punch's assertion that this war is 'fast brutalizing the North.' I could not help wondering if our poor Yankee boys in Libby Prison, Belle Island, Andersonville, at that moment, faring as well in rebel hands as the officers then before me; or if poor Montgomery, when just about to be hanged as a felon, could have given as good an account of his treatment as the one I above alluded to. As I looked toward the end of the room, and saw two youths seated on the window-sill, and gazing carelessly into the street below, how could I forget that, if they were Union officers in the Libby Prison at Richmond, a murderous bullet from some sentinel below would put an end to their hearts' aspirations for ever, and that I, engaged in Richmond from what they were.

"The few officers with whom I conversed on this occasion were, as usual, men of much intelligence and refinement. I left them with one sole wish in my heart, and that was, that instead of having to portray them in the character of mortal enemies, my pencil could have caught the features of so many friends and brothers, enjoying again with us the sweets and amenities of social life."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

We devote pages 552, 553, and 556 to illustrations of the operations of General Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren against Forts Wagner and Sumter in the Bay of Charleston—from sketches by several correspondents on the spot.

One of the correspondents, writing from the *Catskill*, says:

"U. S. IRON-CLAD 'CATSKILL',
CHARLESTON BAR, S. C., Aug. 5, 1863.

"One of my sketches represents the iron-clads in their position in the attacks on Fort Wagner and the Cumming's Point Battery during the last bombardment of the 18th. In the forenoon of the 10th and 11th, before the *Ironsides* came over the bar, the *Catskill* bore the blue pennant of Admiral Dahlgren, and was therefore the chief object of the enemy's fire.

"We were struck sixty-four times—our smoke-stack being thoroughly ventilated with shot-holes, and our turret and deck well punched, but not materially damaged.

"About midnight on the 10th July a large iron side-wheel steamer, having escaped the fire of the guns of the outside blockading fleet, was fired during the night by Captain Rodgers arrested her progress by two shots from our 11 and 15 inch guns. The vessel ran ashore on Morris Island, and, took fire, and became a total wreck—a warning to all Anglo-Rebels to keep away from Charleston during the present war.

Another correspondent, to whom we have been indebted for sketches more than once, writes:

"FORT PULASKI, S. C., *Aug. 1, 1863.*

"I herewith transmit a sketch of the discharge of wounded prisoners at the buoy off Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, July 24, 1863. While the *Catskill* and the Admiral Monitors were in Fort Wagner a terrific rain of shot and shell, and occasionally Sumter and the Cumming's Point battery opened fire. The buoy is a lonely object in English built (the *Alice*), and painted the color of our own cruisers, came down past Sumter and communicated with the Monitors. The *Georgiana*, hospital steamer, which was anchored among the fleet below, started and met her on the buoy of Fort Wagner. Immediately upon the sight of the flag of truce all firing stopped on both sides for the rest of the day. The men to-day were sent on shore *daylight*—the first instance of the kind on record.

"The flag-staff on Fort Wagner was shot away during the first days of the bombardment, and they do not now pretend to fly the symbol of their Confederacy. Our batteries for the breaching of Fort Sumter are established in their new advance of the house upon the beach shown in the sketch. The new rebel batteries on James Island, in the rear of Sumter, have been silenced since they commenced the siege, exploded shell over our workmen in the trenches day and night, but do not hinder the progress of the great work.

"General Gilmore proposes to demolish Sumter by firing over Fort Wagner and Battery Bee on Cumming's Point. The latter is a heavy job for our hands subsequently. We shall hurl against her brick wall 71 cwt. of shell from the heaviest rifled guns at every 100 yards of distance.

The other pictures, the GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND, showing the rebel works and our lines, the GENERAL LAIDLEY'S QUARTERS, and those in the trenches, etc., etc., explain themselves. The *Herald* correspondent writes:

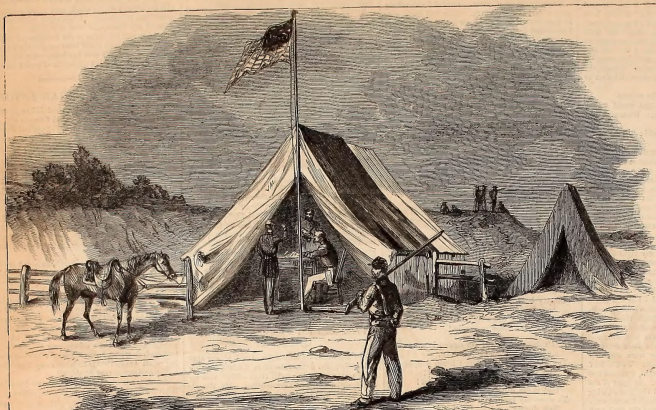
"Morris Island has already earned the even tener of their way. We have the usual amount of heavy artillery firing daily, and occasionally a casualty on our side, but at long intervals, and our work goes on with as much regularity as if the enemy had no existence, except as to our presence and operations in their lumedine neighborhood. Our position on Morris Island is so advanced that it is only through carelessness or foul-hardiness we suffer any loss. The rebels are more sparingly, and we must say fire; but they do not always care to avoid them. Our men are protected by bomb-proofs, and consequently limbs and hands are lost from fragments of shells which have been thrown over or thrown by the rebel artillerists on James Island and Fort Sumter.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

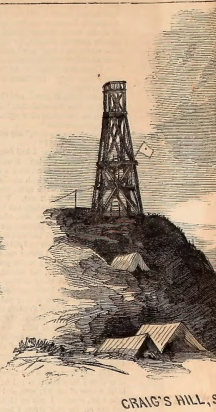
We reproduce on page 557 two drawings by our special artist, MR. WAUD; one of them representing the battered condition of the railway bridge (on the Potomac) on Quantico Creek, it became the dépôt and head-quarters of the blockading forces. It was then the only means of saving skirmish; the heights on the north afford a fine position; and last winter the Union cavalry crossed in force here.

Now the railway-branch line was vacated last June a large portion of the army, and nearly all of the train, passed through Manassas.

The Military Railroad Bridge over the Potomac Creek has been destroyed by the rebels since the evacuation of Falmouth, as well as the greater part of the track from Aquia to Falmouth dépôt. It was a very handsome structure, erected in place of the temporary and somewhat unsafe concern first thrown over the Creek. Its height was between 70 and 80 feet, and redoubts were thrown up for its defense; but when the army left no force could be spared for the preservation of the railroad and dépôts."



GILLMORE'S HEADQUARTERS.



CRAIG'S HILL,S



A, New Rebel Works on James Island.—B, Rebel Look-out.—C, Fort Johnson.—D, Rebel Iron-clad.—E, Fort Sumter.—F, Battery Gregg.—G, Fort Wagner.—H, Battery Bee.—I, Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island

GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND.—UNION CAMPS AND REBEL WORKS—FORT JOHNSON—THE LOWER HARBO



GNAL STATION.

IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE WAGNER.

Battery Beauregard.—K, Moultrie House.—L, M, Union Batteries.—N, Union Look-out.—O, "New Ironsides."—P, Ruined Light-house.—R, Flag-ship.—S, Union Fleet.—T, Gilmore's Head-quarters.—U, The Ocean.

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ETC., ETC.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT FROM FOLLY ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman *is?*—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first Booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let *me* try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"We laid the poor proud creature on the sofa, and bathed his face with eau de Cologne. He spoke directly, and said that was nice, and 'My head! my head!' And I don't think he was ever quite insensible, but he did not know what was going on, for presently he opened his eyes wide, and stared at us so, and then closed them with oh such a sigh; it swelled my heart almost to bursting. And to think I could say nothing: but mamma soothed him and insisted on his keeping quiet; for he wanted to run away from us. She was never so good to him before: she said, 'My dear child, you have my pity and my esteem; alas! that at your age you should be tried like this. How few in this sorry world would have acted like you: I should have sided with my own flesh and blood, for one.'

'What, right or wrong?' he asked.

'Yes,' said she, 'right or wrong.' Then she turned to me: 'Julia, shall all the generosity be on his side?'

I kissed her and clung to her, but dared not speak; but I was mad enough to hope, I scarcely knew what, till she said in the same kind sorrowful voice, 'I agree with you; you can never be my son; nor Julia's husband. But as for that money, it revolts me to proceed to extremes against one, who after all is your father, my poor, poor chivalrous boy.' But she would decide nothing without Edward; he had taken his father's place in this house. So then I gave all up, for Edward is made of iron. Alfred was clearer sighted than I, and never had a hope: he put his arm round mamma and kissed her, and she kissed him: and he kissed my hand, and crept away, and I heard his step on the stair, and on the road ever so far, and life seemed ended for me when I heard it no more.

Edward has come home. Mamma told him all: he listened gravely: I hung upon his lips; and at last the oracle spoke: and said, 'This is a nice muddle.'

More we could not get from him; he must sleep on it. O, suspense! you torture! He had seen a place he thinks will suit us: it is a bad omen his saying that so soon after. As I went to bed I could not help whispering, 'If he and I are parted, so will you and Jane.' The cruel boy answered me *out loud*, 'Thank you, little girl: that is a temptation; and you have put me on my guard.'

Oh, how hard it is to understand a *man!* they *are* so impracticable with their justice and things. I came away with my cheeks burning, and my heart like a stone; to bed, but not to sleep. My poor, poor, unhappy, noble Alfred!"

"Dec. 27th. Mamma and Edward have discussed it: they say nothing to me. Can they have written to him? I go about my duties like a ghost; and pray for submission to the Divine will."

"Dec. 28th. To-day as I was reading by main force to Mrs. Eagleton's sick girl, came Sarah all in a hurry with, I was wanted, Miss. But I *would* finish my chapter, and O how hard the Devil tried to make me gabble it; so I clenched my teeth at him, and read it as if I was spelling it; and then *didn't* I fly?

He was there; and they all sat waiting for me. I was hot and cold all at the same time, and he rose and bowed to me, and I courtesied to him, and sat down and took my work, and didn't know one bit what I was doing.

And our new oracle, Edward, laid down the law like any thing. 'Look here, Hardie,' said he, 'if any body but you had told us about this fourteen thousand pounds, I should have set the police on your governor before now. But it seems to me a shabby thing to attack a father on the son's information, especially when it's out of love for one of us he has denounced his own flesh and blood.'

'No, no,' said Alfred, eagerly, 'out of love of justice.'

'Ah, you think so, my fine fellow, but you would not have done it for a stranger,' said Edward. Then he went on: 'Of all blunders, the worst is to fall between two stools: look here, mamma; we decide, for the son's sake, not to attack the father: after that it would be very inconsistent to turn the cold shoulder to the son. Another thing, who suffers most by this fraud? why the man that marries Julia.' Alfred burst out impetuously, 'Oh, prove that to me, and let me be that sufferer.' Edward turned calmly to mamma: 'If the fourteen thousand pounds was in our hands, what should you do with it?'

The dear thing said she should settle at least ten thousand of it on Me, and marry Me to this poor motherless boy, 'whom I have learned to love myself,' said she.

'There,' said Edward, 'you see it is you who lose by your governor's—I won't say what—if you marry my sister.'

Alfred took his hand, and said, 'God bless you for telling me this.'

Then Edward turned to mamma and me; and said, 'This poor fellow has left his father's house because he wronged us: then this house ought to open its arms to him: that is only justice; but now to be just to our side; I have been to Mr. Crawford, the lawyer, and I find this Hardie junior has ten thousand pounds of his own. That ought to be settled on Julia, to make up for what she loses by Hardie senior's—I won't say what.'

'If any body settles any of their trash on *me*, I'll beat them, and throw it in the fire,' said I; 'and I hated money.'

The oracle asked me directly did I hate clothes and food, and charity to the poor, and cleanliness, and decency? Then I didn't hate money, 'for none of these things can exist without money, you little romantic humbug; you shut up!'

Mamma rebuked him for his expressions, but approved his sentiments. But I did not care for his sentiments: for *he* smiled on me, and said, 'We two are of one mind; we shall transfer our fortune to Captain Dodd, whom my father has robbed. Julia will consent to share my honest poverty.'

'Well, we will talk about that,' said Edward, pompously.

'Talk about it without me, then,' I cried, and got up, and marched out indignant: only it was partly my low cunning to hide my face that I could not keep the rapture out of. And, as soon as I had retired with cold dignity, off I skipped into the garden to let my face loose, and I think they sent him after me; for I heard his quick step behind me; so I ran away from him as hard as I could, and of course he soon caught me; in the shrubbery where he first asked me to be his; and he kissed both my hands again and again like wild-fire, as he is, and he said, 'you are right, dearest; let them talk of their trash while I tell you how I adore you; poverty with you will be the soul's wealth; even misfortune, by your side, would hardly be misfortune: let all the world go, and let you and I be one, and live together, and die together; for now I see I could not have lived without you, nor without your love.' And I whispered something on his shoulder, no matter what; what signifies the cackle of a goose? and we mingled our happy tears, and our hearts, and our souls. Ah, Love is a sweet, a dreadful passion: what we two have gone through for one another in a few months! He dined with us, and Edward and he sat a long, long, time talking; I dare say it was only about their odious money; still I envied Edward having him so long. But at last he came up, and devoured me with his lovely gray eyes, and I sang him Aileen Aroon, and he whispered things in my ear, oh, such sweet, sweet, idiotic, darling, things; I will not part with eve[illegible] the shadow of one of them by putting it on [illegible] only I'm the blessedest creature in all th[illegible]; and I only hope to goodness it is not [illegible]d to be so happy as I am."

"[illegible]. It is all settled. Alfred returns to Oxford to make up for lost time; the time spent in construing Me instead of Greek: and at the end of term he is to come of age and marry—somebody. Marriage! oh what a word to put down! It makes me tingle; it thrills me; it frightens me, deliciously: no, not deliciously; any thing but: for suppose, being both of us fiery, and they all say one of them ought to be cold-blooded for a pair to be happy, I should make him a downright bad wife. Why then I hope I shall die in a year or two out of my darling's way, and let him have a good one instead.

I'd come back from the grave and tear her to pieces."

"Jan. 4th. Found a saint in a garret over a stable. Took her my luncheon clandestinely; that is ladylike for 'under my apron:' and was detected and expostulated by Ned. He took me into his studio—it is carpeted with shavings—and showed me the 'Tiser digest, an enormous book he has made of newspaper cuttings all in apple-pie order; I mean alphabetical; and out of this authority he proved vice and poverty abound most wherever there are most charities. Oh, and 'the poor' a set of intoxicated sneaks, and Me a Demoralizing Influence. It is all very fine: but why are there saints in garrets, and half starved? that rouses all my evil passions, and I can not bear it; it *is* no use."

"Jan. 6th. Once a gay day; but now a sad one. Mamma gone to see poor papa, where he is. Alfred found me sorrowful, and rested my forehead on his shoulder; that soothed me while it lasted. I think I should like to grow there. Mem.! to burn this diary; and never let a creature see a syllable.

As soon as he was gone, prayed earnestly on my knees not to make an idol of him. For it is our poor idols that are destroyed for *our* weakness. Which really I can not quite see the justice of."

"Jan. 8th. Jane does not approve my proposal that we should praise now and then at the same hour instead of always praying. The dear girl sends me her unconverted diary 'to show me she is "a brand."' I have read most of it. But really it seems to me she was always goodish: only she went to parties, and read novels, and enjoyed society.

There, I have finished it: and, oh dear, how like her *un*converted diary is to my *converted* one!"

"Jan. 14th. A sorrowful day: he and I parted, after a fortnight of the tenderest affection, and that mutual respect, without which neither of *us*, I think, could love long. I had resolved to be very brave; but we were alone, and his bright face looked so sad; the change in it took me by surprise and my resolution failed; I clung to him. If gentlemen could interpret as we can he would never have left me. It is better as it is. He kissed my tears away as fast as they came: it was the first time he had ever kissed more than my hand: so I shall have that to think of, and his dear promised letters: but it made me cry more at the time, of course. Some day, when we have been married years and years, I shall tell him not to go and pay a lady for every tear; if he wants her to leave off.

The whole place so gloomy and vacant now."

"Jan. 20th. Poverty stares us in the face. Edward says we could make a modest living in London; and nobody be the wiser: but here we are known, and '*must* be ladies and gentlemen; and fools,' he says. He has now made me seriously promise not to give money and things out of the house to the poor: it is robbing my mother and him. Ah, now I see it *is* nonsense to despise money: here I come home sad from my poor people; and I used to return warm all over. And the poor old souls do not enjoy my sermons half so much as when I gave them things to eat along with them.

The dear boy, that I always loved dearly, but *admire* and love now that he has turned an intolerable tyrant, and he used to be Wax, has put down two maids out of our three, and brings our dinner up himself in a jacket, then puts on his coat and sits down with us, and we sigh at him and he grins and derides us; he does not care one straw for Pomp. And mamma and I have to dress one another now. And I like it."

"Jan. 30th. He says we may now, by great economy, subsist honestly till my wedding-day; but then mamma and he must '*absquatulate*.' Oh, what stout hearts men have! They can jest at sorrow even when, in spite of their great thick skins, they feel it. Ah, the real poor are happy; they marry, and need not leave the parish where their mother lives."

"Feb. 4th. A kind and most delicate letter from Jane. She says, 'Papa and I are much grieved at Captain Dodd's affliction, and deeply concerned at your loss by the Bank. Papa has asked Uncle Thomas for two hundred pounds, and I entreat you to oblige *me* by receiving it at my hands and applying it according to the dictates of your own affectionate heart.'

Actually our Viceroy will not let me take it: he says he will not accept a crumb from the man who owes us a loaf."

"Feb. 8th. Jane mortified, and no wonder. If she knew how very poor we are, she would be surprised as well. I have implored her not to take it to heart, for that all will be explained one day, and she will see we *could* not.

His dear letters! I feed on them. We have no secrets, no two minds. He is to be a first class and then a private tutor. Our money is to go to mamma: it is he and I that are to work our fingers to the bone (I am so happy!), and never let them be driven by injustice from their home. But all this is a great secret. The Viceroy will be defeated, only I let him talk till Alfred is here to back me. No; it is *not* just the rightful owner of fourteen thousand pounds should be poor.

How shallow female education is: I was always led to suppose modesty is the highest virtue. No such thing! Justice is the queen of the virtues; *he* is justice incarnate."

"March 10th. On reperusing this diary, it is demoralizing; very: it feeds self. Of all the detestable compositions! Me, Me, Me, from one end to another; for when it is not about myself, it is about Alfred, and that it is my he-Me though not my she-one. So now to turn over a new leaf: from this day I shall record only the things that happen in this house and what my betters say to *me*, not what I say; and the texts; and outline of the sermons; and Jane's Christian admonitions."

Before a resolve so virtuous all impure spirits retire, taking off their hats, bowing down to the very ground, and apprehending Small Beer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Extracts from Jane Hardie's Diary:

"March 3d. In my district again, the first time since my illness, from which I am indeed but half recovered. Spoke faithfully to Mrs. B. about her infidel husband: told her not to try and talk to him: but to talk to God about him. Gave her my tract, 'A quiet heart.' Came home tired. Prayed to be used to sharpen the sickles of other reapers."

"March 4th. At St. Philip's to hear the Bishop. In the midst of an excellent sermon on Gen. i. 2, he came out with the waters of baptism, to my horror: he disclaimed the extravagant view some of them take; then hankering after what he denied, and then partly unsaid *that* too. While the poor man was trimming his sails, I slunk behind a pillar in the corner of my pew, and fell on my knees, and prayed against the stream of poison flowing on the congregation. Oh, I felt like Jeremiah in his dungeon.

In the evening papa forbade me to go to church again: said the wind was too cold: I kissed him, and went up to my room and put my head between the pillows not to hear the bells. Prayed for poor Alfred."

"March 5th. Sadly disappointed in J. D. I did hope He was embittering the world to her by degrees. But for some time past she writes in ill-concealed spirits.

Another friend of mine, after seeking rest in the world, is now seeking it in Ritualism. May both be drawn from their rotten reeds to the cross.

And oh this moral may my heart retain,
All hopes of happiness on earth are vain."

"March 6th. The cat is out of the bag. She is corresponding with Alfred; indeed she makes no secret of it. Wrote her a faithful letter. Received a short reply, saying I had made her unhappy, and begging me to suspend my judgment till she could undeceive me without giving too much pain. What mystery is this?"

"March 7th. Alfred announces his unalterable determination to marry Julia. I read the letter to papa directly. He was silent for a long time: and then said, 'All the worse for both of them.' It was all I could do to suppress a thrill of carnal complacency at the thought this might in time pave the way to another union. Even to think of that now is a sin. 1 Cor. vii. 20–4, plainly shows that whatever position of life we are placed in, there it is our duty to abide. A child, for instance, is placed in subjection to her parents; and must not leave them without their consent."

"March 8th. Sent two cups of cold water to two fellow-pilgrims of mine on the way to Jerusalem, viz.: to E. H., Rom. viii. 1; to Mrs. M., Philipp. ii. 27.

Prayed for increase of humility. I am so afraid my great success in His vineyard has seduced me into feeling as if there was a spring of living water in myself, instead of every drop derived from the true fountain."

"March 9th. Dr. Wycherley closeted two hours with papa—papa had sent for him I find. What is it makes me think that man is no true friend to Alfred in his advice? I don't like these roundabout speakers: the lively oracles are not roundabout."

"March 10th. My beloved friend and fellow-laborer, Charlotte D——, ruptured a blood-vessel at 3 P.M., and was conveyed in the chariots of angels to the heavenly banqueting-house, to go no more out. May I be found watching."

"March 11th. Dreadfully starved with these afternoon sermons. If they go on like this, I really *must* stay at home, and feed upon the word."

"March 12th. Alfred has written to his trustees, and announced his coming marriage, and told them he is going to settle all his money upon the Dodds. Papa quite agitated by this news: it did not come from Alfred; one of the trustees wrote to papa. Oh, the blessing of Heaven will never rest on this unnatural marriage. Wrote a faithful letter to Alfred while papa was writing to our trustee."

"March 13th. My book on Solomon's Song now ready for publication. But it is *so* difficult nowadays to find a publisher for such a subject. The rage is for sentimental sermons, or else for fiction under a thin disguise of religious biography."

"March 14th. Mr. Plummer, of whose zeal and unction I had heard so much, was in the town and heard of me, and came to see me by appointment just after luncheon. *Such* a sweet meeting. He came in and took my hand, and in that posture prayed that the Holy Spirit might be with us to make our conversation profitable to us, and redound to His glory. Poor man, his wife leads him a cat and dog life, I hear, with her jealousy. We had a *sweet* talk; he admires Canticles almost as much as I do: and has promised to take my book and get it cast on the Lord for me."

"March 15th. To *please*, one must not be faithful. Miss L. after losing all her relations, and at thirty years of age, is to be married next week. She came to me and gushed out about the blessing of having at last one earthly friend to whom she could confide every thing. On this I felt it my duty to remind her she might lose him by death, and then what a blank! and I was going on to detach her from the arms of flesh, when she burst out crying and left me abruptly; couldn't bear the truth, poor woman.

In the afternoon met *him* and bowed, and longed to speak, but thought it my duty not to: cried bitterly on reaching home."

"March 17th. Transcribed all the texts on Solomon's Song. It seems to be the way He has marked out for me to serve him."

"March 19th. Received this letter from Alfred:

'Dear Jane,—I send you a dozen kisses and a piece of advice; learn more; teach less: study more; preach less: and don't be in such a hurry to judge and condemn your intellectual and moral superiors, on insufficient information.

Your affectionate brother,

Alfred.'

A poor return for me loving his soul as my own. I do but advise him the self-denial I myself pursue. Woe be to him if he rejects it."

"March 20th. A perverse reply from J. D. I had proposed we should plead for our parents at the Throne. She says she fears that might seem like assuming the office of the mediator: and besides her mother is nearer Heaven than she is. What blindness! I don't know a more thoroughly unhealthy mind than poor Mrs. Dodd's. I am learning to pray walking. Got this idea from Mr. Plummer. How closely he walks! his mind so *exactly* suits mine."

"March 22d. Alfred returned. Went to meet him at the station. How bright and handsome he looked! He kissed me so affectionately; and was as kind and loving as could be: I, poor unfaithful wretch, went hanging on his arm and had not the heart to dash his carnal happiness just then.

He is gone *there*."

"March 24th. Stole into Alfred's lodging when he was out; and, after prayer, pinned Deuteronomy xxvii. 16, Proverbs xiii. 1, and xv. 5, and Mark vii. 10, upon his bed-curtains."

"March 25th. Alfred has been in my room,

called Matthew vii. 1, Mark x. 7, and Ezek. xviii. 20, on my wall. And he found my diary, and has read it, not to profit by, alas! but to scoff."

[Specimen of Alfred's comments. N.B. Fragmental criticism:

A. Nolo Episcopari.

B. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

D. The old trick; picking one text, straining it, and ignoring six. So then nobody was to be born married, must get married.

E. Recipe. To know people's real estimate of themselves, study their language of self-depreciation. If even when they undertake to lower themselves, they can not help insinuating self-praise, how their humility is a padding, their vanity is a well. This sentence is typical of the whole Diary, or rather Diary; it sounds Publican, smells Pharisee.

X. How potent a thing is language in the hand of a master! Here is sudden death made humorous, and a few incongruous phrases neatly disposed.

F. Excuse me; there is still a little market for the Liquefaction of Holy Writ, and the Perversion of Holy Writ; two deathless arts, which meet in your comment on the song you ascribe to Solomon.

Z. And more than Mrs. Plummer does, apparently.

G. Apotheosis of the British public. How very like profaneness some people's Piety is!

C. H. Faith, with this school, means any thing the opposite of Charity.

I. You are morally truthful: but intellectually mendacious. The texts on Solomon's Song? You know very well there is not one. No grave writer in all Scripture has ever deigned to cite, or notice, that coarse compendium of Oriental delicize.

J. Most peripatetic for "I like it." Motto for this Diary? "Ego, et Deus meus."

K. In other words a good, old-fashioned, sober, humble Christian, to whom the daring familiarities of our school seem blasphemy.

M. Here I recognize my ——— somewhat spoiled by a detestable sect, but ———

[Here Alfred was forever abusing]; and succeeded always amiable, when off her guard.]

"March, 1861. Mr. Crawford the attorney called and told papa his son had instructed him to examine the trust-deed, and to draw his marriage settlement. Papa treated him with the greatest civility, and brought him the deed. He wanted to take it away to copy; but papa said he had letters of a clerk here. Poor papa, his distress from this gentleman, though not from me; and gave him a glass of wine.

Then Mr. Crawford chatted, and let out Alfred had asked him to advance a hundred pounds for the wedding presents, etc. Papa said he might do so with perfect safety.

But the moment he was gone his whole manner changed. He walked about in terrible anger and agitation; and then sat down and wrote letters: one was to Uncle Thomas; and one to Mr. Wyckrey; I believe a brother of the doctor's. I never knew him so long writing letters before.

Heard a noise in the road, and it was Mr. Maxley, and the boy after him hooting; they have found out his infirmity: what a savage animal is man, till grace changes him! The poor soul had a stick, and now and then turned and struck at them; but his tormentors were too nimble. I drew papa to the window, and showed him, and reminded him of the poor man's request. He answered impatiently what was that to him? "we have a worse case nearer home. Charity begins at home." I ventured to say yes, but it did not begin and end at home."

"March 31st. Mr. Osmond here to-day; and, over my work, I heard papa tell him Alfred is blackening his character in the town, with some impossible story about fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Osmond very kind and sympathizing; set it all down to illusion; assured papa there was neither madness nor insincerity in it. That what the letter am I for that? said poor papa: 'if I am slandered, I am slandered. And they went out together.

Papa seems to feel this engagement more than all his troubles, and, knowing by sad experience it is useless to expostulate with Alfred, I wrote a long and faithful letter to Julia, just before luncheon, putting it to her as a Christian whether she could conscientiously be her profession to be a son against his father, and marry him in open defiance.

She replied 3 P.M. that her mother approved the marriage, and she owed no obedience, nor affection either, to my parent.

3.30. Sent back a line rebuking her for this quibble.

At 5 received a note from Mrs. Dodd proposing that the correspondence between myself and her daughter should cease for the present.

5.30. Replied with an assurance that it should cease forever. No reply. Such are worldlings! Remonstrance only galls them. And so in one afternoon's correspondence ends one more of my Christian friendships with persons of my own sex. This is the eighth, to which a carnal attachment has been speedily fatal.

In the evening Alfred came in looking very red, and asked his father if he was not well; and was uncharitable of me to condemn so many estimable persons, all better acquainted with the circumstances than I am. I replied with a fifth commandment. He bit his lip and said, 'We had better not meet again, until you have found out which is worthiest of honor, your father or your brother.' And with this he left abruptly; and something tells me I shall not see him again. My faithfulness has wounded him to the quick. Alas! Prayed for him: and cried myself to sleep.

"April 4th. Met Ain disguised as a common workman, and carrying a sack full of things. I was so shocked I could not maintain my resolution; I said, Oh, Mr. Edward, what are you doing? He blushed a little, but told me he was going to sell some needlecticks and things of his making: and he should get a better price in that dress: all traders looked on a gentleman as a thing made to be pillaged. Then he told me he was going to turn them into a bonnet and a wreath: and his beautiful brown eyes sparkled with affection. What egotistical creatures they must be! I was quite overcome and said oh! why did he refuse our offer? did he hate me so very much that he would not even take his due from my hand? No, he said, nobody in our house is so unjust to, you as to hate you; my sister honors you, and is very sorry to think ill of her: and, as for me, I love you: you know how I love you. I hid my face in my hands and sobbed out. Oh, you must not; you must not; my poor father has one disobedient child already. He said sadly, Don't cry, dear one, we have a little patience; perhaps the clouds will clear: and, meantime, why think so ill of us? Consider, we are four in number, of different dispositions, yet all of one mind about Julia marrying Alfred. May we not be right; may we not know something we have not told to Alfred you? His words and his rich manly voice were so soothing; I gave him just one hand while I hid his my bosom; I gave him no other; he kissed the hand I yielded him, and left me abruptly.

If Alfred should be right. I am staggered now; he puts it so much more convincingly."

"April 5th. A letter from Alfred, announcing his wedding by special license for the 11th.

Made no reply. What could I say?

Papa, on my reading it out, left his very breakfast half finished, and went to his bag and rushed up to London. I caught a side view of his face; and I am miserable. Such a new, such a terrible expression: a vile expression! Heaven forgive me, it seemed the look of one who meditated a crime."

VAINCUE.

AWAY at the further end of the long drawing-room Paul Lorgen was sitting softly, sending out deep, full chords, flying selfish moments, into the shadow deepening about him; and in the bowwindow, lighted by the sinking pale gleam left in the sky, sat Lillian and John Darce.

Lillian was of a race that grew pale, not red, with passion; and the passion of anger lowered rather than raised, the voice. Her lap was filled with flowers massed together—purple and waxwhite fuchsias, heliotrope, white and purple pansies, and sweet heliotrope: and it might have been thought that the deft little fingers placing them in the tall vase were not at all trembling, or that the full scarlet lips had paled somewhat. Be that as it might, she gave no other sign of indignation.

John sate near her, and, half imploring—imploring, not in weakness, but very consciousness of strength, knowing the immutability of his resolve. If she would but yield to their tyranny —more, I will resist it; and till I am your wife, at least, will cease, dance, talk as I list, and with whom I will."

"Lillian, how much have I sacrificed for you? Can you relinquish me for this?"

"I entreated you. You command me."

"It is my right. You are mine, Lillian—pledged to me, not to Paul Lorgen, who never saw you, not of you. You should hold yourself too costly to be held in his thought, a thing to be won with the wearing, spite of duty, of more than that, his misapprehension of you touches my honor; the insult of his careless comment will scathe me also."

He was growing more earnest, she a little paler. She had hung the last honey-suckle over the marble bedge of the vase, and now she was slipping up and down her fingers the string—a great quiet, set about with diamonds, and holding imprisoned a tongue of blood-red flame. John marked the action, and knew its meaning.

"Lillian," he said, again, "we must find an end for this. I should not wish you, as my wife, to yield to a legal form what you had refused to love. I can not retract with honor and self-respect. Your own honor and delicacy both demand of you submission. Will you give it?"

"No."

"Think, Lillian. We must be miserable apart."

"No."

Out from the shadow commenced to sound a steady, throbbing waltz-beat, and a wild, wailing strain.

"Think," murmured John, "while that goes on, for at its close you must have decided for us both."

She answered not so much as by the lifting of an eyelash, but sat a listening statue. The eerie strain grew more involved, deepened all about her in the darkening air. She heard the coming wail all about her, and a great joy where—on the shadow, in the sickening fragrance of the flowers, in the dreadful music—knew that later she must feel it, but could not now, for very pride and stoniness of heart. The waltz grew in fire and passion. It sounded out loudly, and knew within itself strange and unimaginable harmonies; but through it all throbbed the steady waltz-beat, like the pendulum of some merciless clock, counting off the moments between her and misery.

On a sudden she turned hastily, thinking that John had spoken. But he was standing at her, all his great love and tenderness springing up in his set, stern face, passionate entreaty in his eyes. The waltz went back to the first low throbbing, died away shuddering, and was silent.

"Do you like that, Lillian?" asked Paul from the shadow.

"Your answer!" demanded the low voice in her ear.

Something dropped into his hand. He held it close to the window, and in the fading light flashed out the ring—the last pledge of his love—a betrothal ring: and brushing past him, she had gone over to Paul, saying something lightly in praise, and he had answered in an undertone, and was playing it again, she, meanwhile, calmly listening.

And John, stung into life and motion, dropped the ring from the window which also had left its last ground-it under his heel.

Later on Paul had brought in lights, Paul caught the sparkle of something on the carpet, and picked up fragments of gold and an opal broken in two.

Lute Pins exclaimed:

"Why, Lillie, it is your ring! What an omen! Child, how could you be so careless?"

Paul, remembering the twilight sitting in the window, and a certain odd light in Lillian's eyes as she asked him, handed her the fragments, with a steady meaning look that could not be misunderstood. The blood flushed redly up in her cheeks.

"You do not understand," she said, coldly, putting her arm in that of Lute's and walking away.

In the second pause Rouse found itself foolishly bereaved. Lillian had gone to visit Mrs. Grant Baracole. John Darce had returned to the city: and there was nothing left to be mentioned but facts together, and linked them with the finding of the broken ring. But ——— House was too busy with prayer and psalm to heed that of the poet.

Grant Baracole, returning after two weeks' absence with a friend on whom he had stumbled in the cars, found his home summarily deserted. The doors stood wide, showing the broad river from one piazza, and the wooded hills from the other; but a fragrant rustling breeze had hall and drawing-room quite to itself. A work-stand, on which was a half-finished braided frock, stood near the window, and on the open piano lay a little purple glove. Otherwise it might have been a mansion designed out of that itinerant city of the Eastern poets, or one of those little houses over the mountains old, where good children had refuge with fewfold Peace, for an amiable disposition.

"They are below," said Grant, "bent on some mischief, doubtless. Let us go and surprise them."

At that very moment Mrs. Baracole was saying to Lillian:

"How we shall astonish Grant! He has a tradition, you know, that we are not practical."

"Are you?" asked Lillian, absently, tossing the Baby (the ladies had given the kitchen a holiday, and were doing their own work).

Mrs. Baracole withdrew a couple of very floury hands from a large yellow bowl that had the appearance of having itself perfectly, and already made a pass at Lillian, who held up Baby as a shield, whereupon Baby broke into a crow, inciting the two ladies to a furious onslaught upon its mouth, neck, nose, arms, and hands, till Lillian, breaking into a sort of Tilly Slowboy chant of "Did a gentleman mean to eat its precious, precious, like a dragon as she is?" broke away from Mrs. Baracole's floury embrace, fled to the door, and, as a consequence, into Grant's arms, who was just entering thereby.

Grant caught the Baby, flung it high toward the ceiling, and, catching Lillian with his other hand, swung her around face to face with his companion.

"My dear fellow, I must know each other. Lillian, this is John Darce."

Lillian gasped and recoiled. John, grown ashy pale, said, in a harsh, grating voice, unlike his own,

"I thought you knew. We are already acquainted."

Grant and Hesperia looked at each other in dismay.

"What is it all about?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I understand nothing of it."

Lillian looked disgusted. She could go down later with a cold, impassive face, but this at her heart must first find its way forth. He was looking so miserable, so pale and worn, and she had sinned against him! She was starving for his love, and he was starving for hers, for she knew him. He would disdain all petitions of feeling; but then submission must come first, and that was impossible. She had not the moral courage to bend.

At this point came Hesperia with some fuchias for Lillian's hair. A rare woman was Mrs. Baracole. She said nothing, but met eyes and the bottle of rose-water that she quietly placed on the dressing-table near the flowers. A little additional tenderness was all left to induce to whatever she might have thought or suspected.

John, too, had his relentings. Lillian had looked at such a time, lovely, flushed and laughing, with her wide sleeves fastened back at the shoulders, her muslin skirt pinned about her trim waist, her dainty feet with their wide bows and pointed bows; and she had so trembled and turned pale on seeing him. After all, she was not stone; and as he leaned against the piano, the recollection, sitting there alone in the little fragrant drawing-room, came in Lillian, pale and frozen in look and manner at the piano, the recollect means of avoiding a *tête-à-tête*; but once there some evil demon prompted her to play the value that had sounded the knell of their loving. John got up hastily and went out on the lawn, and Lillian triumphed after the fashion of women who are fond of stabbing themselves to the heart, where there is a reasonable hope of distressing thereby some friend or lover. At supper, however, her triumph was over. He came back serene as of old. There was no shade on the face that looked down upon her. Apparently no resentment or hateful kindness; so Lillian chose to term it.

In the evening her evil Vaged sent her aid in the shape of Paul Lorgen, who had followed her to G——. Lillian met him with both hands outstretched; talked with him apart in the shadow of the piazza; sang with him; suffered his crisp curls to brush her cheeks, his fingers to meet hers. John saw, and divined what he did not see, for love makes us seers; revenged himself with a single pained and pitying look that haunted Lillian all night.

The following evening Grant came back from the city alone. John was trying a new horse, and thought best to drive up by himself. "It had no fancy," he said, "for risking a neck about which wife and baby were clinging."

Grant looked at him sternly, and no John. The hills looked dim ghosts, the sky low and leaden-red, water sullen and motionless. Grant could not hide his uneasiness. Lillian was in her window in utter silence, straining her eyes out into the growing darkness. Hesperia came once and took her hand, but she drew it away quickly.

"There is no need," she said, haughtily.

The night struck on, and as the last stroke rung out from the mantle wheels came crunching up the gravel.

"It has come!" cried Grant, starting up, but Hesperia held him back, for Lillian had left the window, and was through the hall and down the steps like a sylph, crying out:

"John, is it you? Are you quite safe? We have been in such dread."

Her voice trembled, her eyes were brimming. In her excitement she had gone straight up to John and laid her hand on his arm: but when, remembering, she took to credit his name, hypocrisy seized the hand and carried it to his lips, she pulled it from him angrily.

"Let me alone!" she said. You are a human being, and therefore I rejoice that a brute has not dashed out your brains with his heels; but I am not come to you. Where is Lucian?"

Her voice rang out clear with scorn and anger on the still air. John's passing fancy for her could not but heat. Coming in with sore heart, Lillian went to her to put her arms about her, but was thrust away.

"No, I am too vexed with you. I lose all respect and liking for you, when I see you bartering your own and my self-respect for the love of such poor pride and spite. No, I will not kiss you, coax as you may. I have no patience with you."

But John was not going to be driven away of so ample a pattern that, as a rule, it covered all her neighbor's shortcomings. Lillian therefore was the more charmed by this fierce outburst, falling from a smiling sky. The next day she was so penitent that Hesperia found it hard to be austere. She forbade her to see John, and sent a peremptory engagement, leaving John and Lillian alone. Lillian would have gone to bed, but with her foot on the carriage step Hesperia had said to her:

"I am mortified at leaving Mr. Darce. You will be so kind as to remain with him till we come back."

Lillian therefore of a necessity took her work into the library. To tell the truth, she was overjoyed by Mrs. Baracole's sudden development as a shrew.

John had a book and read in it, or not at first, for Lillian watched him, but with real interest. He smiled occasionally to himself; sometimes reread a passage. He could not have done so had his wife been there. Magnetized by her looking he glanced up. At that down went her eyes demurely. She cleft ticket-holes in the blind, the only ones that they might ever spend together, were dying.

After a while,

"Shall I read out?" he asked. "Will it interest you?"

Lillian smiled sweetly,

"Oh, certainly!"

So he read to her about the Gelachians, and explained the Gelachian system, and about agriculture and more at his hardness of heart, felt her own softening rapidly. At last she laid her head down upon the table. At that John stopped.

"Does your head ache?"

"No."

"Are you sleepy?"

"Oh no!"

The no's sounded stifled, and as if issuing from the depths of a handkerchief.

"Let me show you this diagram, then," pursues this stolid John.

"Oh, no. I think that I understand them all."

"But this is a new one, and curious."

She must see that her lips were quivering, her bosom heaving, her eyelashes wet and glistening. At that he laid down his book and looked steadily at her till, spite of herself, she glanced at him for an instant. He held out his hands toward her. She did not give him hers, but drew them tow ard her. She took possession, and after a while kissed them, this time unreproved. At last, stooping, she kissed her forehead.

She nestled close to him and laid her head down on his shoulder.

"Oh, John, I will do as you ask. I think myself in the wrong. Won't you take me back?"

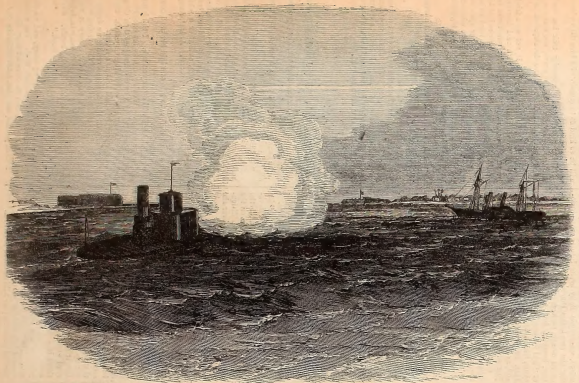
John answered by a caress, and just then Grant and Hesperia came home, looking very arch. Some time after Hesperia told Lillian a secret.

"My dear, on that famous evening we drove to the back of the house and spent the evening in the kitchen. You can't think how cheery it was: there is something so wondrously cozy in bright tins, a purring cat, and a steaming kettle. Grant wished for a lover's quartet every week."

"And John knew it."

"Of course. He was going away, and we persuaded him to make one more trial. You see you were so miserable that we knew all sorry for you."

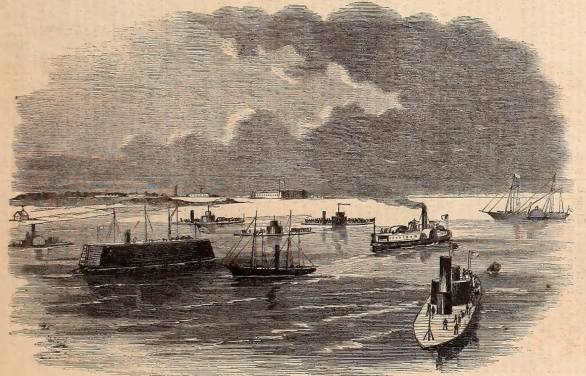
Lillian pouted, but then what could she do?



THE IRON-CLAD "CATSKILL" SINKING A BLOCKADE RUNNER UNDER SUMTER'S GUNS, JULY 19, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 551.]



UNION SHARP-SHOOTERS IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 561.]



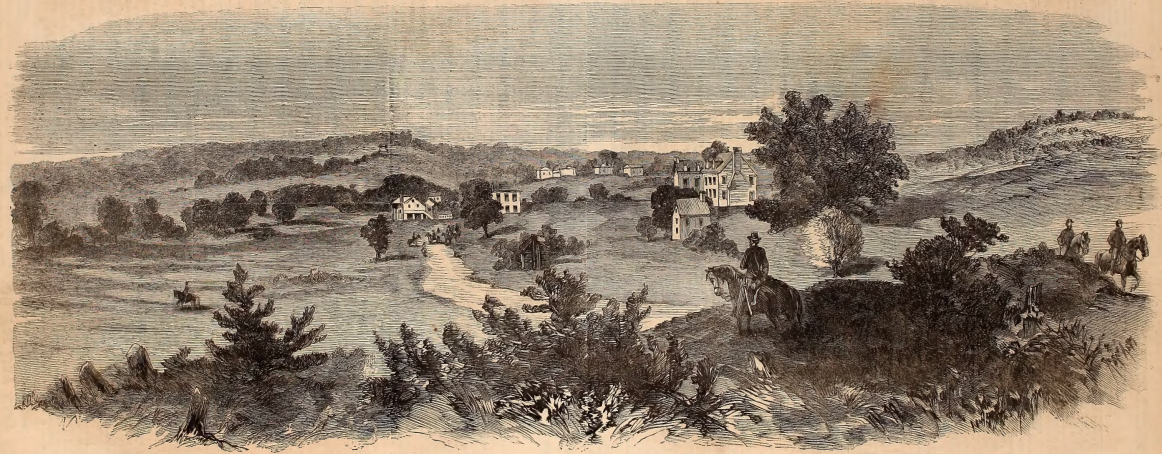
EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, CHARLESTON HARBOR, JULY 21, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 551.]



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WAGNER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 551.]



GENERAL HAUPT'S BRIDGE OVER POTOMAC CREEK, VIRGINIA, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.



DUMFRIES, VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 5

GRATIA'S FORTUNE.

"CHARLES EVERETT, —th New York —, shot through the heart!"

The new-paper dropped from Gratia Everett's nerveless hand as he eye met that one line in the ghastly list of "Killed and Wounded," and the blood receded from her cheek, leaving it whiter than a marble statue.

The morning sunshine lay on the purple violet wreaths of the Axminster carpet, and glimmered over the gilded chairs of the dainty little apartment where the young heiress sat at breakfast with her solemn old governess. She was a slight, fragile little thing with large, brilliant eyes, and cheeks just tinted with tremulous pink, like white roses stained with sunset, and her dress, of snowy muslin, tint at the waist with simple blue ribbons, seemed exactly adapted to her pure childish loveliness.

Mrs. Allaire took up the paper and scanned the columns through her gold spectacles.

"Charles Everett—so it is," she muttered. "Gone at last, poor fellow! I wonder what his wife and little ones will do. You ought to help them a little, Gratia."

"Help them? of course I will! He was my distant cousin, wasn't he, aunty?" she asked, unconsciously using the pet name by which she had known her governess for years.

Mrs. Allaire nodded her head.

"Your cousin, child—and your rival for years."

"My rival, aunty? I do not understand!"

"Your rival in the affections of old Colonel Everett, my dear. Ah, you may well look surprised—you have been heiress to this property ever since you were a child, and never knew how it came to you."

"Tell me about it, aunty," said Gratia, setting down the blue Sèvres chocolate-cup and folding her little hands tightly together.

"There is not much to tell, Gratia, only Charles was own nephew to Colonel Everett, while you were but a remote cousin. And when Charles displeased his uncle by marrying a poor young girl in spite of all his advice, and the old man was willed all the property which was to have been his nephew's to you, a babe in the cradle, there were plenty to declare it was the chocolate."

"It can injustice," said Gratia, with burning cheeks and compressed lip. "Why have I never been told this before?"

"My dear, Colonel Everett had a right to bestow his property where and how he pleased!"

"Had not Charles Everett been brought up in expectation of being his uncle's heir? Was he not the nearest blood relation, while I am but a distant connection?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now that this has not Charles laid down his life, under the crimsoned folds of his country's flag—are not his wife and children in destitution, while I am revelling in the wealth that should have been theirs? Great Heaven, that this thing should have been for years, and I not to know of it!"

Gratia had risen from her seat, and was walking up and down the room with strange fire flashing in her hazel dark eyes. Mrs. Allaire watched her with a troubled face.

Suddenly she stopped.

"Aunty, this injustice shall be repaired—this wrong shall be righted as far as in me lies. I will give this money back to the widow and the fatherless—that it should be too late to render restitution to the brave man who lies on the red field of Gettysburg!"

"Gratia—my child—are you insane?"

"No, aunty, I am only sane. Do not irritate me with useless questions and unmeaning sophistry—my mind is made up, and I wish to lose no time. Will you send for a lawyer?"

"For Mr. Southall?"

The sudden carmine blazed into the pearl-pure cheek—the eyelids drooped with momentary shyness, but it was only for a second.

"For Mr. Southall, if you like. He has always had charge of my affairs, and is perhaps the best person to speak with this emergency."

"Very well, my dear, I will do as you desire; but I am quite convinced that Mr. Southall will think with me that this is an absurd piece of Quixotism."

"He will *not*, aunty," said Gratia, softly, yet positively; "I know that he will not."

"Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Mrs. Allaire, in a conflicting tempest of annoyance and vexation; "if I had only had my foolish tongue about Charles Everett and his claims!"

But Gratia, wrapped in deep thought, had no ear for the poor old lady's lamentations.

It was a quaint old room that library, with its heavy dark furniture and vast cut-brown carpet sprinkled with scarlet and amber gleams from the stained glass window, in whose deep recess stood the round table with its chess. Was a faint odor of Russia leather in the apartment, and a strange sense of quiet rested in every nook and corner.

Gratia sat at the table, one round arm, white as carved pearl and circled with a plain band of gold, resting upon the piles of papers, and the other hand toying idly with her watch-chain, while her violet eyes were fixed full upon Warren Southall's face.

"The deed, then, gives all unconditionally to Charles Everett's widow and children—*all*?"

"It does, Miss Gratia."

"And it takes effect immediately?"

"Yes."

Gratia drew a deep breath of relief.

"You will see that they receive the benefit of this document as soon as possible, Sir?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. And now, Miss Gratia, another subject demands your consideration."

Gratia looked up at the dark bricht eyes fixed with such grave kindness on her childish brow, and bowed down again with a strange quiver at her heart.

It was not a handsome face—no one had ever called Warren Southall handsome—yet there was a nunulous something in the grave eyes and earnest mouth that irresistibly impelled you to turn and look after him as he passed you in the street. People had said, "What a pity, poor fellow!" when he came back from Antietam with the left sleeve fastened, empty, to his breast; but Gratia had always felt a strange secret pride in that folded sleeve—was it not a badge of the Legion of Honor brought back from the rolling clouds of battle, the very mouth of red-throated artillery?

"Another subject?" she repeated, hesitatingly.

"Yes, Miss Gratia, have you ever yourself from an heiress to a poor girl—almost a penniless girl."

"I know it," said Gratia, calmly; "I have been thinking it over, Mr. Southall. I am perfectly aware that it now becomes necessary for me to earn my daily bread. Need I say how cheerfully I shall do it?"

He bowed, almost reverentially, before the clear light of those soft hazel eyes; and she went on:

"There is not one way in which I can hope to maintain myself, and that is to go out as a governess. I know but few people, Mr. Southall; but your circle of friends is large, and even if you would interest yourself for me a little—a word of recommendation from you—"

Gratia paused to hide the tremulousness in her voice. Southall was regarding her with grave earnestness.

"I think I know of a situation for you, Miss Gratia."

"Do you?" Her face lighted up. "Oh, Mr. Southall! Do you think I could do justice to it?"

"I have not the least doubt on that head."

"But you know I am so young, so inexperienced."

"Neither of these facts would militate against you," he returned, smiling, although he had grown quite pale.

"Yet I have such a dread of going out into the world. Do you think, Mr. Southall, that you will let me, Mr. Southall—at first, you know, until I learned the nature of my duties? Would they be kind?"

"I am *sure* of it," he said, emphatically.

She looked at him, a little surprised.

"What is the situation?"

"As my wife," he said, as the light and love of my whole being. Nay, dearest, do not turn pale and tremble at my temerity. Will you love me? Will you trust to me? I shall never forget how you turned to woo the wealthy heiress, maimed and battle-scarred as I am; but, Gratia, I may tell you now I think you read her all these years how my love thought, when they left me for dead on the field, was of *her*. Dearest, I could not love you more, but this noble renunciation has taught me how to revere you still more deeply. Will you accept the 'situation,' Gratia?"

Something in her eyes had answered him ere he ceased speaking, for even as the words crossed his lips he drew her to his breast with a deep thrill of tenderness.

"My love! my little wife!"

And so on the same day that Gratia Everett gave up her worldly wealth to the children of the dead soldier she found a greater treasure in Warren Southall's heart—a treasure which neither time nor change could take from her. Truly "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXAMINATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Why does the fish-hawk build its nest in a tree?—Because it can always find a perch there.

A TOWARD of one thousand pounds is offered by a philosopher for the discovery of one single man who ever asked for a "little good advice," and then followed it.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

A VERY SORRY FLOWER.—The pink of politeness.

"My dear madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a traveller of a landlady, requesting to be entered a cabin on the road-side. "I ain't got a drop, my dear, but I can give you a glass of water, if that will do; for you had a barrel." "Why, good gracious!" replied the woman, "what do you suppose I keep whiskey it to me and my children when we are out of milk?"

"Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," rejoined the other, "if you've dined upon your honor I fear you have made but a slight repast."

What a meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl, who was asked to describe suppose an individual in one of our courts not long since. "Arrah, now," said she, "I'm about he never made his mother smile."

"How rapidly they build houses nowadays," said Enos, as he passed by a new mansion in course of erection. "I remember that building last week, and already they are putting it up higher!" "Yes," replied his friend, "and next week they'll put in the lieres."

People usually consider two hands enough for all purposes, but we recently saw a man who had got a little behind hand.

PRIVATE THOUGHT. In many cases authority is but another name for penury.

A cobbler in Spalding writes to his friends in Boston, that by a recent fire he lost his awl. We hope it won't his last.

No matter how often you may fall into the river, you won't drown if you keep your head above water.

"My dear," said an anxious father to a bashful daughter, "a friend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of color and mature age—one that can charm you with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, full-figured, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible blush of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be better, papa."

"When things get to the worst they generally take a turn for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a tall man in a silk dress—when the can not get a new one.

"Take off your hat, man," cried a judge to an Amazon in a riding-dress. "I'm a lady," was the reply; "take off a man."—"Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

How many parts of speech are there?—It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.

A few years since, at the celebration of an anniversary, a number of gentlemen were present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty—it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat.
Which is the needle, which the thread?"
"Pie tea cholick," said his drowsy mate;
"I know not what you will with it rather late,
But it's never too late to mend."

GLUTTONY.—Here is an extract from a Preston letter:—"One of my friends at Preston had he had met a section the day before and asked him how trade was with him. The reply was, 'Well, first it was 'Yes-and-no'—next duke bayley.' 'Well, how's that?' asked the other. 'Well, thee sees,' answered the section, peevyer sudden kills. There's far more kit wi' de'e-hayrin' and de'e-drinkin' nor there is wi' de'e-pinchin'." There is truth in this.

A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed, "Here lies one restless bee—therefore I sweep."

Last Sunday little Jim, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution-box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, when he wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

An officer and a lawyer were talking of a disastrous battle. The former remarked that the number of brave officers who fell on the occasion; when the lawyer observed "that those who fell by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

"Permit me to introduce myself," as the oyster-knife said to the shell-fish.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?" as the tenpenny nail said to the sledge-hammer.

"This is what they call a 'fellow' feeling for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping for him in the dark.

The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the monkeys with a shovel. A by-stander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "I was only whipping him all about the tent, and *he's big enough to know better!*"

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when fourteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I did not co in te pote," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick the control of the remainder, and to Denis, my youngest son, the rest. If any thing is left it may go to Terence Mc Grath."

What is the difference between a brewer and a fire? The one boys hops and the other takes them.

An Extract from the Aug. Number of the "Little Examiner," edited by Rev. Geo. Strong.—"SODINE WATER.—In this number of the Examiner, we introduce to the attention of our readers this medical preparation. We have done so, not only here because our papers are used as a medium of advertisement—for we have uniformly declined them—but because we do God, and a sense of obligation to Dr. Anders & Co., has made us insert the following:

My only son, George F. Strong, now 37 years old, has been afflicted, from his childhood, with fits or ieis, with painful swellings and inflammations in various parts of his body; oftentimes, almost to death; he never at doubt then a respite for a season, but only for a return of the diseases with more violence. For the past three years he has had an open sore on his breast, and latterly one near his collar bone, which became so in the throat that we rapidly increasing, so that distressing to swallow, and to destitute health.—Dr. Anders & Co., Sir: By the use of the Iodine Water the ulceration in his throat disappeared in a short time. Continuing it use, in less than two months he was appreciably relieved, and his general health much improved. This son, whom I had fear-ed would fall sleep in death before this Summer should close, is very properly, in a fair way to recover so perfect health as it cannot be expected. In gratitude to God, who has thus answered prayer, and in justice to Dr. Anders & Co., I have made the statement, satisfied that my friends in the Iodine Water treatment which the readers of this magazine will thank Dr. Strong for bringing to their notice. GEO. STORE."

ADVERTISEMENTS

CAUTION.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS.

Druggists and Medicine Dealers throughout the country are cautioned against buying or selling certain medicines, prepared by a firm calling themselves

JOHN MOFFAT & Co.,

and doing business at No. 23 East 13th Street, which medicines are claimed by them to be the genuine MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The Court having appointed the undersigned Trustee to conduct the business for the benefit of the minor children of the late Proprietor,

DR. B. MOFFAT, deceased,

he (the Trustee) has obtained an injunction restraining the said John Moffat and Co. from making or selling the same, and he begs to assure the trade and the public that he will use every means in his power to protect them against the introduction of any

SPURIOUS ARTICLE,

purporting to be

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The undersigned is the only person who is authorized or competent to manufacture these medicines. They will be compounded in strict accordance with the late

DR. MOFFAT'S ORIGINAL RECIPE,

which is the only one which he has left on record.

ANDREW ANDERSON, JR., Trustee,

Moffat Building, 335 Broadway, and 156 Church Street, New York.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

4311 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address

J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

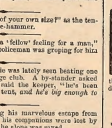
$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our immensely popular, unrivalled, and unheard-of Gift Sale Packages, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Pocket Knives, Pocket Books, Jewelry, Perfumery, Ambrotypes, Gold Pens, Gold Pencils, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cuttings for Mechanics, Household Receipts, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Knives, Ladies' Pocket Knives, Gents' Watches, Watches and Jewelry Presents of Fashionable Jewelry, Rare Designs, Games, Many Advices, &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only 50 cents each. Wonderful success in every way for, from $100 to $200 PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand same as ever, sell, and always all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the most popular Gift Sale Packages ever offered. Agents say the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 100 for Soldiers, Fieldsmen, Whitehall Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, Express Movements, and correct to-piece presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circular, containing Extra Premium Inducements, and Terms. A. G. ELLIS MANUF'G & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

W. EVERETT & CO.,
METROPOLITAN
PURCHASING AGENCY.

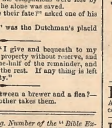
We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE PURCHASABLE IN THE LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Fancy Goods, Corsets, Corge Badges, or any other article procurable in the city. We will forward, on receipt of 10 cents, Price Lists of photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, ROSECRANS, HOOK, BANKS, BURNSIDE, HALLECK, SLOCUM, SCHLEPS; ARMORIAL PORTER, FOOTE, DEPOSIT, or any of the leading OFFICERS in the ARMY and NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PARLOR DOMINOES.—This excellent article, being neat, durable, and a perfect model for the more expensive wooden sets, it relieves the tedium of hours passed in the Hospital. Single sets, 10 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00.

SINGLE BADGES. 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.

BARTLETT supplies the NEEDLES for all SEWING MACHINES. Needles by Mail or Express everywhere. Also the renowned BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES, 150 for 15 cents all sizes. 442 Broadway, N. Y.

MUSQUITO ALL NETS.

MUSQUITO	NEW	NETS,
MUSQUITO	BEDS	NETS,
MUSQUITO	PATENT	NETS.
MUSQUITO	CANOPIES	SHIELDS.
		SHIELDS.
		SHIELDS.

Lace At Kelty's Curtains.

LACE No. 250 Broadway. CURTAINS.
LACE LACE

Holland & Gold Window Shades

HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

PIANO-FORTE SONGS.
Illustrating the Incidents of the War.

"The Cumberland." Song and Chorus ..... 35 cents.
"Close to Quo. Hot Work Is Here." Ditto 25
"The Soldier. Song and Chorus 25
"I'm Not Maybe Breaking Your Heart." 25
"Keep this Bible Near Your Heart." 25

CONTRABAND SONGS.

"Poor Rosy, Poor Gal." Love Ditty ..... 25 cents.
"Away Goes Coffee." Stirk-weather 25
"Darkey's Wife." Stark-weather 25
The above mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

GLASS, LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Showbills, Bulletins, and other advertising purposes, Rare and Slow Cards, with frames, to order at low prices. Office 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. Send for Circular.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents or one sample for $2. Address E. G. WALCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines, $5 to $15.
The acknowledged simplest practical Machines ever produced. Novelty Machine Co., 442 Broadway, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S 302 Broadway, Second Store, near Canal, N. Y.
13th Established 1840. For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

2 MORE NEW ARTICLES NOW ready. For Catalogue and terms send address to C. M. KELLOGG & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business for life using Dr. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Stamps free for 25 cents.)

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," &c. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $1 75.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Heart of Gold," "Wife's Verdict," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	40 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
200 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches ..	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	2 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
1000 Lava and Porcelain Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
1500 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Boson Studs	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 10 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ed Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension	4 00 to 8 00 each.
Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one shall have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all instances by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents in each case in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., to be seen—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. Farms in tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Agent of Solon Robinson and Wilkinson Post Office. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and admirable condition for profitably farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by UNION'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Boilers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 56 enumerated cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flag, adorn the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

465 Broadway, N. Y., or 307 William Street, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send Blank Form of Information and Application with Lists of Prizes, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. BARNES, BROWN & CO., 7 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of character and responsibility, and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALL, Jr. & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, &c.

Immediate and certain cure. HEGEMAN & CO.'S VELEPAUTA REMEDIES, which has been used with astonishing success since the cholera of 1849. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by HEGEMAN & CO., No. 111, 113, and 116 Broadway, and corner 11th Street and 4th Avenue.

Piles! Piles!

Dr. Wiffield's Vegetable Pills are a CERTAIN cure for Blind and Bleeding Piles. The worst cases yield after one or two boxes. No surgical operation nor external application should be resorted to; such treatment only aggravates the disease. Testimonials from ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability can be seen at the Office. Price 50 cents per box. Sent by mail to any part of the country. Sold at all the druggists, and by the proprietor,

J. YOUNG, 481 Broadway, N. Y.



MEEKS' CABINET FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,

No. 699 BROADWAY,

AND

333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the country, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected materials, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE now ready.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, 25, 35, and $45. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $3, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.



Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "Preparation for food from Maize"

that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without litigium, with few or no eggs. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. Put up in 1 pound packages. Under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions for use. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Wholesale Depot 160 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Wells & Walker's

IMPROVED

Artificial Limbs,

No. 429 Broadway,

Corner of Howard Street, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Theatre, Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 3 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest magnifying power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,

669 Broadway, New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Oregeneral will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE with HIS NAME, MARKET DISTRICT, and NUMBER upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above can represent size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

J.A. MILLER C.B. 5TH N.Y.V.

Its size is 1¼ in. oval, $3 50.

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

The merits of Brandreth's Pills are often Life saving. They purify the blood, and thus supply health to every organ. They touch the elasticity of the stomach and bowels when injured by costiveness or other causes.

In Bilious Affections, Rheumatism, Debility, Sallowness, Worms, Flatulency, or Looseness (even the Summer Complaint of Children), will all be cured by this medicine, *which puts not soreness into the frame* but takes soreness out. Get Brandreth's Pills and you will be, as a rule, safe.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET.
Sold at 4 Lamb's Square, and by all Dealers.
REMEMBER NEW STYLE INSURES THE GENUINE.

BLOOD'S PILLS-NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 275 Broadway, Moffett's Building, cor. Worth Street. Manufacturers of Superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

10,000,000 GLEASON'S SAVED

KEROSENE CRATER

Will warm food for the baby, best water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or bathy, cook a few eggs or fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other means known. Send at once without obscuring the light. Price 25 cents; by mail, postage paid, 29 cents.

Also a Patent Lighter, for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 25 cents.

E. F. GLEASON, Manufacturer,
13 Mercer Street, N. Y.

HINTS ON

Health in Armies.

For the use of volunteer officers. By JOHN OSBORNE, M.D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Columbia College, New York. A new Edition, revised with important additions. 18mo, cloth. Price 50 cents. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Just published by

D. VAN NOSTRAND,
No. 192 Broadway, New York.

H. A. Harvey, 84 Maiden Lane, N.Y., Twines, Ropes, Cordage and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, Carpet Warp, Fish Lines, Hooking Cord, Lions Cord and Sargeons' Twine, Writing and Wrapping Paper, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

"PENNY TOKENS" of COPPER.—The best quality, and in any quantity, furnished at $8 per thousand by JOHN GAULT, No. 1 Park Place, 3 doors from Broadway, New York.

All orders by mail or express promptly executed.

Small Pox has already sacrificed some of our best soldiers. Protect them, listen to the voice of reason. Supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the Ointment removes all pain, and prevents pit marks. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

Portable

Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 81 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 cts. stamp for circular.

TIBBAL'S

Manufacturing Depot for J. A. CRANDALL'S PATENT SPRING STANDING HORSE, BABY TENDER, GIG, and PERAMBULATOR, removed to No. 512 Broadway, directly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Send stamp for illustrated Circular and price list. Also Baby Rockers, Children's Carriages, Velocipedes, &c.

Accordeons and Fifinas.—Best quality, Rosewood case, 10 keys, $3; 13 keys, $4; 18 keys (double), $5; 24 keys (double), $6 to $8; 10 keys (double), $5 to $8; Flutinas, $8 to $10. Sent by Express to any part of country.

FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, New York.

Musquito Shield or Guard.



HAVENS' PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 87 cents to $3. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send stamp for circular. The fine wholesome frame keeps it away from the face, and the thin elastic, if string, kept it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or singing, and is worth three times its price. J. HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as the Lights or Licenses have been sold. No 95 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

Mt. Kisco Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 6th. For circulars address Rev. J. WIGGIN, A.M., Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S CHRONOMETER WATCHES NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market! The article justly deserving public attention at this time is their celebrated

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

HEAVY SOLID SILVER HUNTER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, warranted to run and keep accurate time. Price per case of half dozen, $60. By mail, $1 25 for postage if registered, 20 cents additional. A safe delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the case.*

Magic Time Observers,

WITH

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it, and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the color or one being fine 18 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. Price, in a handsome morocco silk-lined case, only $35. By mail, postage 25 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Our Watches are novelties, such as are produced by no other house. Wherever offered they meet with most flattering approval, and are now generally used in nearly every portion of the country. The fame of this and our high-toning cities voluntarily contribute to our success.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Fresh Leaves*, Feb. 21.

"The prettiest and most reliable Watches in the market."—*Tribune*, June 3.

"Unsurpassed for accurate time-keepers in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"Superb finished Watches! keep accurate time in all climates."—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 25.

"Unsurpassed for artistic finish."—*N. Y. Scottish Americ.*

"Prettiest, neat, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*, July 27.

EF Sent by mail IN ADVANCE! Money can be sent by mail or Express. If by Express or mail, in a registered letter at our risk. Orders will also be most promptly and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers. Table Distribution, Bed 30x31. Price $2500.

Apply to ALLEN & HUESTON, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

For September, 1863.

CONTENTS:

AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE IN THE EAST.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Honorable Miss Goshington.—The Ladies' Gate.—Miladi's Return.—Lady Hester's Original Spirits.—A Tale of Horse.—At the Pyramids.—Parting with the Family.—The Family.—The Friendly Arabs.—A Ride on a Camel.—The Arab Sheikh.—A Gentleman by Figure.—Angels of Mercy.—Belinda's Blackbirds.—Belinda's Mysteries.—A Terrible Revelation.—The Die is cast.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL REGION.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Washington Rock.—Delaware Water-Gap.—View from Sunset Mountain.—Scranton.—Interior of Coal-Breaker.—Interior of Coal-Breaker.—Wyoming Valley.—Reading.—Sandy Valley.—Mauch Chunk.—Inclined Plane.—Easton.

THE BATTLE AND TRIUMPH OF DR. SUSAN. (Concluded.)

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO SLAVE.

PAUL HAYNE'S CONFESSION.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF SHAKSPEARE.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BADOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."
CHAPTER LXII. The Benefaction.
CHAPTER LXIII. Rippling Stones.
CHAPTER LXIV. The Prophet in his Cell.
CHAPTER LXV. The Trial by Lots.
CHAPTER LXVI. A Masque of the Furies.
CHAPTER LXVII. The Jaws of the River.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Wooden Pulpit.—"Will his Eyes open?"

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.
CHAPTER XXXII. The Wounded Fawn.
CHAPTER XXXII. Pawkins' in Surrey Street.
CHAPTER XXXIII. "I'll be True with you."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Wounded Fawn."—Won't you take some tea?

MY OPERATION IN GOLD.

MISTRESS GOWAN AND HER SON.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RIVER.

IN MEMORIAM.—F. B. C.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

PARSON RUSSELL'S SECRET.

THE CAPTAIN OF A LONDON YACHT.

HARBOR DEFENSE.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

SOME OF THE SHODDY ARISTOCRACY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Clothing in March, 1863.—Flour in 1860 and 1863.—Broken Bucks in 1860 and 1863.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Riding Dress.—Children's Dresses.—Under-Sleeve.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for one Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

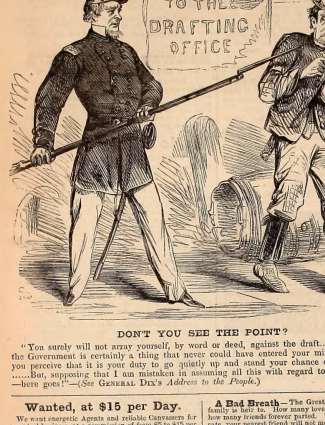
TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

Specimen Numbers.—Seventy-five Cents per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



DON'T YOU SEE THE POINT?

"You surely will not array yourself, by word or deed, against the draft……Resistance to the Government is certainly a thing that never could have entered your mind……Of course you perceive that it is your duty to go quietly up and stand your chance of being drafted……But, supposing that I am mistaken in assuming all this with regard to you; why, then —here goes!"—(See GENERAL DIX'S *Address to the People.*)

Wanted, at $15 per Day.

We want energetic Agents and reliable Canvassers for a genteel business, at a commission of from $8 to $15 per day. No humbug! Address U. M. DUNN & CO., Publishers, at Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or 165 Broadway, N. Y.

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making nearly $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL and UNIQUE, and unlike all the old styles; containing OIL NEW Articles, and of finest quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Army Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., all in one thing for a few $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friends in the Army. No family should be without one. Prints immense, sales quick. Soldiers can engage one and do goods, and make money fast. Agents, SOLDIERS AND WAITS, *interested in a perfect lose-burger, you needed Price to all Agents.* Package in sealed envelope, sent to all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing full and true documents. See "15 per day Easy" on inside page.

S. C. HICKADDS & CO., 103 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

LANDS.—To all wanting Farms. Thriving Settlement. Rich soil. Mild climate. See advertisement of Vineland, on previous page.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALLED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Agents and Soldiers.

Wanted everywhere. From $5 to $15 a day guaranteed. Send your name and the names of your friends.

$27 I will pay any person $5 for each extra name they send that will act as an agent. Write plain the names, Post-Office, County and State; if a Soldier, the name, company, regiment, and location. Address

P. S. NORTON,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 COLLARS FOR 40 CENTS.



THE GENUINE CLOTH-LINED **PAPER COLLAR,** At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS

MADE TO ORDER.

The perfe ct ey establishment. In this department, I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!

Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.

6 for	$13
6 for	15
6 for	18
6 for	21

Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.

Lafarge block.

A Bad Breath.—The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is a delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. The effect of topical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, by clearing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. H. P. FETRIDGE & CO., 41 and 43 Dey Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Wither Street, N. Y., were awarded a *first prize* medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two bronze and sixty-nine piano fortes from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by Jaell and Jaeues is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

Gold Pens and Cases, Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$2 00
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 00	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 25
Large Pattern "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	3 00

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (10) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, below purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the *manufactory* secure the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.

C. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

Remington's



Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.

Address

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Seiphe's Patent, 616 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 1839.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

"The Drummer Boy

Is a story of Burnside's Expedition to North Carolina —a boy's book—full of stirring adventure and royal incident. The life and entusiasms of the young boys is painted in vivid colors."—New York Evening Post.

Published by J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, and sold at all Bookstores.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 50 cts. coin postpaid, magnifying small objects **500** *times.* Five different powers for $1 60. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 970, Boston, Mass.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar and hot water. Sent to any part of the United States by mail, free from observation for one dollar and 18 cts. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 119 E. Seventh St., Philad.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
289 Broadway, New York.

Attention, Army and Navy!

50,000 Agents Wanted.

Army Corps and Division Pins.

American Watches, Diamond Sparkling Lockets, Guard and Neck Chains, Bracelets, Seal Stone, Masonic, California Diamond, Plain and Chased Rings, Fine Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, Gents' Fine Gold California Diamond Pin and Cluster Pins with Chain attached, Coral Ear Drops, Lava, Mosaic, and Jet Enamelled Brooches and Ear Rings, Kearney Cross in Gold Plate, a Solid Silver Cross, and Regiment handsomely engraved upon your Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved upon it. I will send to any one, on the receipt of $1, either of the above articles, together with my wholesale circular to Agents.

H. T. HAYWARD, *Manufacturing Jeweler,*
Box 6876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and cure the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhaustof nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with a pleasure at all times by any one regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

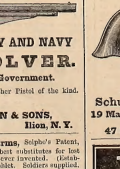


$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements,* perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 28 & 30 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined many very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

National Union League.



League Pins in Silver Plate, Fine Gold Plate, and Solid Silver Plate: from $6 to $12 per doz. Sample doz. sent by mail pre-paid, upon receipt of $5 00, or a single pin in fine gold plate upon receipt of $1 00. Our assortment is very fine. Many of the pins have been adopted by different organizations throughout the country. Also a complete assortment of Army Pins Buttons.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.



FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane and 22 John Street. N. Y.,
15 rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to dealers.

Agents wanted throughout the country.

[First Published August 1, 1863.]

Lloyd's Great County Map

OF THE

Whole United States,



Including California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, with all the other Territories, and showing the new State of West Virginia, in the largest, latest, and cheapest Map of the United States ever issued to illustrate our whole country and the war. It is colored by counties.

AGENTS MUST SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

Price, in sheets, **50** cents, postage free.

Henry Bound, Patchboard Edition, **$1 25.**

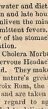
27 OUR NEW AGENTS' LIST IS READY.

Address **H. H. LLOYD & CO.,**
21 John Street, N. Y.

DR. C. S. SEA. M.D. with 18 years' success—Rooms for Non-residents. Correspondence confidential. 232 North Bond Street, Baltimore, Md.

"Noses Illustrated."

THE AUGUST DOUBLE Number PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, containing Noses of Americans, Englishs, Irish, French, German, Hungarians, Russians, Indians, Negroes, &c., portraits and characters of General Meade, Commodore Foote and Colbreth, with thirty illustrated engravings on Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, and Physiognomy—new volume. Only 15 cents, by first post, or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS,
308 Broadway, N. Y.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Unrivalled Stereoscope and Stereoscopic Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $3; or with 6 Stereoscopic Views, for $5; or with 24 objects, for $8. Address,

HENRY C. LEE,
150 Centre Street, New York.
A liberal discount to the trade.

Soldiers and Everybody!

A Great Book for you.

"The Soul is Beauty, Health, and Fortune!"

Over 1000 Thousand Sold Already.

Mailed free for 25 cents.

Address "Union Book Association."
Box 303 Syracuse, N. Y.

27 Agents wanted.

AGENTS WANTED for our Popular NEW Mammoth Lithic Print Package. 100 per cent. profit. Sells on Watch free to Agents. $18 per day made. Send for new Circulars. W. H. CALLIS & CO., 6 Ann St., N. Y.

American Watches For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of Britain and Switzerland, now with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *pocketing* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the tin-hanged *Aurora* and *Lepine* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

LIFE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By "Frances Anne Kemble." 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. just ready. Price, $1 00.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Daltons," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 349.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MOSEBY'S GUERRILLAS DESTROYING SUTLERS' TRAIN.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

WHERE ARE THE COPPERHEADS?

Go look upon the battle-field,
Where shot and shell fly fast—
Where Freedom's stirring battle-cry
Is heard upon the blast:
Go where the lifted sabres flash
And fall on traitor crests,
Where Southern bayonets are dim
With blood from Northern breasts:
Go search amid the loyal ranks—
Among the glorious dead—
Among them all you will not find
A single Copperhead.

Go search the gun-boat's bloody deck
When the dread conflict's done;
The traitor's banner in the dust,
And silenced every gun;
While o'er the hard-won rampart floats
Our flag, yet oh! what pain,
'Neath that dear flag since morning light
How many have been slain!
Among the heroes of the fight,
The living and the dead—
Go search among them—there is not
A single Copperhead.

Go search the crowded hospital,
Where ghastly wounds are seen,
Which tell through what a struggle fierce
Those noble men have been;
But look upon their faces, lo!
They wear through all their pain;
The scars they bear were nobly won—
Their honor has no stain.
Soft hands are ministring—kind words
Are heard around each bed;
Some soothe, some suffer, all are true—
There is no Copperhead.

Go where the look can scarce conceal
The tension of the heart,
And where the tongue would willingly
Defend the traitor's part;
Where Seymour, Wood, and Voorhees are
Deemed patriotic men:
Go where they wish Vallandigham
Were safely back again:
Go where desertion is no crime—
Where loyalty is dead—
Where sad disaster gives no pain;
There is the Copperhead.

Go where foul scorn is heaped upon
Our noble boys, who go
To stand a wall of fire between
Us and our traitor foe:
Go where bold Grant's revilers are—
Where Burnside is defamed;
Where Banks and Butler—noble names!—
In scorn alone are named:
Go where true patriotic pride,
Honor, and Truth are dead—
Where our success brings but despair;
There is the Copperhead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

THE ANGLO-REBEL IRON-CLADS.

WE were months ago forewarned that several powerful iron-clad steamers were building in Great Britain for the rebels. There was every antecedent reason for believing the statement. There is nothing which English manufacturers will not make and English merchants will not sell for money. The shipbuilds of the Himbers are a regular article of manufacture in Birmingham, and if a new car of Juggernaut were wanted it would be got up in Liverpool—for a consideration—on the shortest notice. The cotton-loan, so confidingly taken by British capitalists, placed a large amount of money in the hands of the rebel agents, and every body knew precisely for what purposes these were to be used. We are now assured upon competent authority that three of these vessels are nearly ready for sea. One of them was a fortnight ago in the Graving Dock at Liverpool, fully plated, with almost all of her machinery on board; another had just been launched at Birkenhead, and a third at Glasgow. It was a matter of perfect notoriety for what service these were designed, yet no step was taken to interfere with their construction, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that any practical obstacle will be thrown in the way of their sailing. Iron-plated and furnished with gun-turrets and ram, as they are, the British Government will have no means of knowing that they are intended for vessels of war; they may be designed for commerce. Or, if they are vessels of war, they may have been built for the King of Dahomey, the Viceroy of Egypt, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, or any other peaceful potentate; certainly not, "as far as Government has any official information," for the so-called Confederate States. Or, even if built for the purpose of making war upon the United States, it is very doubtful whether Her Majesty's Government could interfere with the lawful business of her rebels: and surely the building of ships is a very lawful business. We have nothing to look for from the good faith of the British Government.

When the enterprise was undertaken, it was supposed that these vessels could inflict damage upon us compared with which that inflicted by the *Alabama* and the *Florida* are nothing. Our blockading fleets could be destroyed, and our great cities laid in ashes. There was nothing, it was said, which could prevent one of these vessels from steaming in broad daylight into the harbor of New York, and repeating upon a larger scale the exploits of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. And so far as our fortifications is concerned this is perfectly true. But recent events have shown that we have at our disposal means of rendering our harbors perfectly secure from attack from these vessels. That protection is to be found in "Ericsson batteries." Put to a service for which they were never designed, the severity of the trial to which they have been exposed has demonstrated their perfect availability for harbor defense. The vessels which bore almost unharmed the fire of the hundreds of guns of the Charleston forts can bid defiance to the fire of any vessel that floats. The guns whose first shot disabled the *Atlanta* may be relied upon for doing a like service to any other vessel, under the far more favorable circumstances in which they will be brought into play.

The harbor of New York can not be entered except through a channel of less than one-third of a mile in width. Unless a single Monitor is quietly moored in mid-channel a hostile vessel must sail, broadside on, within an eighth of a mile from the muzzles of those terrible guns looking grim out from their impregnable and wholly invulnerable tower. The Monitor itself would need no manœuvring. She might lie at rest, the revolving of the turret always keeping her guns trained upon the enemy. Or if by miracle the enemy should pass her, she would hoist anchor and steam alongside of her antagonist, delivering her fire against both sides. Long before the enemy could pass the miles between the Narrows and the city she would lie a mass of harmless iron on the bottom of the harbor.

In building so many Monitors, and arming them with such heavy ordnance, our Government was simply preparing for the future. It will be only when they shall have prevented or repelled an attack upon our commercial metropolis that we shall appreciate the true significance of Timby's revolving turrets, Ericsson's raft-like hulls, and Dahlgren's heavy guns, combined into one harmonious whole. The wise Greek saw that the true protection of Athens lay in her "wooden walls." The true defense of our city lies in our iron walls. The month of September is the time fixed upon for the departure of the rebel iron-clads from the British ports. We trust that long before they can threaten us a sufficient number of the Monitors will be released from their present duty in the South to enable our Government to station several of them in each of our great harbors.

The true peril to us from the rebel iron-clads lies not in the danger of an attack upon our cities, but in their power of destroying our blockading fleet. To obviate this the two or three ports yet in the hands of the rebels must be captured. This done the blockaders may be withdrawn until we can have disposed of the vessels with which our British friends have so inopportunely furnished our enemies. In many respects appearances we may infer that they will not "see their way" to add to these favors. Mean while we must be prepared for them. We shall most likely be able to pay in due time. The "common barrator" of nations will be untrue to all her historical antecedents if she remains long without a bribe in her own hands. And then we shall remember some things which she would like us to forget.

THE LOUNGER.

A RETROSPECT.

THE correspondence which passes many persons in the Free States and Jefferson Davis, before the rebellion, is a most valuable addition to the interior history of the war. It is another link in the chain of evidence that the rebel leaders believed the sentiment of patriotism and loyalty to law to be so utterly destroyed that they could easily take possession of the Government upon their own terms. The plan was for the Slave States to withdraw—to have clear breathing room—and then, tone up the domestic strife, to crave admission into the new confederacy. Then, as Mr. Hunter remarked, New England could be left out altogether, or admitted as a single State.

It was in this view that certain papers recommended the Montgomery Constitution as superior to that of 1787. It was with this intention that private meetings were held in the city of New York, among those who are now notorious Copperheads, to secure the co-operation of the "conservatives" in the North with the "secessionists" of the South, knowing, as they knew very well, that "abolitionism" could not be counted upon for deliberate treason. It was this conviction which explains the equanimity of the gentlemen of property who hastened to take possession of Mr. Russell upon his arrival in this country, and told him that the revolution was virtually accomplished. It was this that explains such letters as that written by Mr. Barlow, of New York, to a slave Senator, during the secession movement, warning him against any overt attack upon the Government. The feeling which inspired such letters governed Jeff Davis in refusing to seize Washington when it was at the mercy of five hundred men. The confident expectation of all these persons and correspondents of Davis, who are now either rebels or Copperheads, was that the Government of the United States would tumble down as that of Louis Philippe did in France, and that an immediate reconstruction would follow, upon conditions to be dictated by the Seceders and ratified by the "Conservatives," in which class were included all Democrats of every hue, the conservative Republicans, and the mass of timid citizens, who were held to be the vast majority in a community of traders.

The tacit collusion with Davis and his confederates of those gentlemen in the city of New York who are now notorious Copperheads has been long in evidence. That of similar persons in other parts of the country is now proved by the correspondence which Davis in exile—so wily a conspirator as not to have destroyed. And it is not surprising that he believed his task would be both easy and speedily accomplished. He and his confederates had labored long and hard to corrupt the conscience and common sense of the country, and they had every reason to believe that they had the proof of general assent to national dishonor and ruin. That history and human nature should not have warned them to beware is again not surprising, for among the leading rebels and Copperheads there is not a single man of great intellectual grasp or moral perception. Mr. Douglas, who was unquestionably the ablest man of their political fraternity, was totally incapable of divining the meanness of their plot, or he would have been at the head of it. The assertion of Senator like Douglas for leaders like Wood, Vallandigham, Pendleton, and Sidell, was a fatal error for any party which aimed at peaceful subversion of the Government. But it is not surprising that these men did not see it. They believed only in political chicane. They scorned principle. They repudiated all ideas except that men would under all circumstances be governed by a selfish desire of quiet; and they were very sure that the mass of people at the North hated something else. So they called them, and Copperheads call now, Abolitionism, more than they loved their country or its government. Like all boasting folly" prudence they omitted common sense in their calculations. They saw trade, corruption, servility, and craven fear, but they did not see human nature. With the contempt which Metternich in Belgium they thought the "sumon" of the Reverend Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, a marvelous production, but the writing on the wall was plain and conciseas was nonsensical scribbling.

Let Davis and his friends learn the lesson which this correspondence teaches. They have found that the Copperheads did not *then* represent the spirit and interest of the people. They do not represent them now. They are the desperate, wrecked, struggling men who would willingly capsize the boat. But let Davis remember that they are overboard.

THE FABLE OF THE BATS.

We had not heard of our "Conservative" friends since they elected Mr. Seymour last autumn until the riots in New York, during which a merchant wrote to a friend in another city: "The Conservatives had the upper hand here for a day or two, but we hope to have them under by to-morrow night." It was a strictly correct statement, because, of course, every man among the rioters who voted last autumn voted for the "Conservative" ticket; and if the mob had been polled at the moment of quelling the riots the Orphan Asylum would have declared itself unanimously for the "Conservative" platform.

Supposed in New York "Conservatism" has raised its head in Rochester, and proposes to arrange for the next Presidential election. Its resolutions are a fair index to its total want of sympathy with "secession, abolitionism, or nativism of any kind." General Leslie Coombs, whose name is also conspicuous for unconditional patriotism, is reported to have manipulated and "modified" the resolutions. Probably General Leslie Coombs is the "Conservative" friends, who were ardent supporters of the eminent patriot, and enforcer-of-the-laws, John Bell, at the last election, pronounced the "unconditional" friend of the same kind of "fidelity to the Government" as Mr. Bell. Can "Conservative" friends, who eschew "secession and abolitionism," have possibly begotten a little fable of which we beg respectfully to remind them?

A company of bats once found themselves in broad daylight in disagreeable proximity to two belligerent parties grinding corn. "What a confounded clatter!" cried they. "Why don't the stones stop and let us have some peace? We want no such noise." But they were answered as noisily as ever. The poor bats, bumping and fluttering wildly between them, at last cried in chorus, "We wish it to be understood that we are not responsible for this din. We declare to all the world that we have, have had, and will have nothing whatever to do with either of these stones, and we protest against such great, loud, gritty things." But while they were still crying and fluttering they fell against the lower stones and were ground to powder in an instant. "Poor little bats," said the eagle who had overheard them, "they did not know that it is the whirring of millstones that corn is ground into food."

THE CONSCRIPTION.

THERE is a way of speaking of the Conscription Act as if it were something monstrous and tyrannical. This strain was a favorite one in Mr. Fernando Wood's rhetoric before he came to the wise conclusion that if there were to be a war it must be conducted upon warlike principles. But a very few words will show exactly the character and intent of the act.

The nation is engaged in a tremendous struggle to save its life. The struggle can be maintained in one way only, namely by armies. In the salvation of the country and Government every citizen is equally interested, and the duty of each is the same. Upon all sides the Government hears and has heard, with few exceptions, the expression of the most unswerving devotion and the strongest resolution to subdue the rebellion by arms. It therefore says to the loyal people of the country: "We hear you, and we believe you. We take you at our word, and we will arrange a plan by which every man can give his personal aid in securing victory. All fighting men shall be enrolled and held subject to active duty, with such exceptions as careful and humane consideration may prescribe."

That is the spirit of the Conscription Act. It assumes that the people are willing to save themselves at any cost and risk. If Congress had not believed that, and therefore assumed it, it should have frankly confessed that we were conquered, and have proposed submission to the victors. But not believing that we were conquered it would not say so. If Congress were mistaken, the mistake will appear in resistance to the conscription. If we are conquered, our defeat will be shown by refusal to obey the call of necessity and duty. But if we are resolved that civil order, a just government, and a great nation shall be preserved, every man will gladly go and do wherever and whatever the lawful authorities may require.

GENERAL DIX.

THE address of General Dix upon occasion of the draft in the city of New York is worthy of the man who, as Secretary of the Treasury, ordered the man who pulled down the United States flag to be shot upon the spot. Its calm and judicious exposition both of the particular facts and of the general principle of the draft make it a document to be preserved and remembered. The law, he says, under which the draft is made is founded on the principle that every citizen who enjoys the protection of the Government may be summoned in seasons of great public danger to take up arms for the common defense. No political society can exist unless this principle is acknowledged, and there is no civilized country in which it is not recognized. The law, by permitting to furnish a substitute or to purchase exemption is designed to provide for cases of hardship, and if either provision were stricken out those cases would be multiplied.

In regard to riots General Dix says most truly, that the only security of those who have little more than their life at stake lies in their ability to protect lies in the supremacy of the law. And this truth applies especially to us, for the Government is the will of the people. Our supreme where the law is the will of one man, or of one class, it is conceivable that it may come to bear so unjustly upon other classes as to leave them reasonable hope of redress but in forcible resistance. But that can not be the case with us.

General Dix's record in this war has been most honorable. His course has been quiet, consistent, and firm. His experience in Baltimore has taught him the substantial facts of the Southern allies of the rebellion, and revealed to him the radical nature of the contest. His appointment to the Department of the East was conclusive evidence of the discretion and determination of the Government.

STATE RIGHTS.

THERE is a plausible objection made to emancipation as a necessary result of the war, upon the ground that slavery is a State institution, and to destroy it by the national will is to invade the rights of States, which nobody wishes to see overthrown.

But, without urging the right of any imperiled people to suspend any law and every right for the sake of the common safety, it is plain that such emancipation does not limit any State right, except in declaring that no State can be allowed to maintain a system upon which overturns menaces the national peace. There can be no right to hold slaves, whatever the State law may be, any more than there can be any right to hold a man harmless to death, although the State law might allow it. The power of a majority to declare that any thing is right, and to do it, must be always possible; but no power can beget the right to do wrong. The corroding vice of Douglas's famous squatter-sovereignty doctrine was that it empowered State force and the vote of a majority to dispose of natural rights, which are indienable.

Slavery is a wrong recognized and sustained by State law. Its necessary development presently brings the whole nation into mortal danger. How, then, stating altogether the constitutional right to destroy it as a measure of public safety, a nation which had once declared slavery to be piracy could prevent the danger might obviously do whatever was necessary to avoid a recurrence of precisely the same peril. Nor could any State complain of its injured rights. No State can have a right to threaten the nation. A man upon a steamboat has no more right to be in possession of a loaded barrel of gunpowder in his cabin, but he has no right to stow a keg of gunpowder under his berth. Now that we have practically discovered that slavery is gunpowder, we shall be guilty of suicide if we permit ourselves to be blown up.

TO THE BITTER END.

WHEN the war began we certainly did our share of boasting. But the rebels are better Gascons than we. When we reshaped our policies when we found that the task was stubborn. But the rebel rhetoric rises with disaster. Just now, when the prospect of the rebellion is not promising, the celebrated last ditch is incessantly brought forward. "Let Sumter fall," cry the rebel papers—"Charleston shall be defended street by street, and house by house, and at last it shall be blown up, and the invader welcomed to smoking ruins." If it should be it would be one of those catastrophes to which

there is very general resignation. The loyal people of this country do not, as do poor Simms lately sings, "hate" the city of Charleston; but as they do not hate the ancient Sodomite, yet regard the fate of the city of Sodom with equanimity, so the destruction of the city of Charleston would be so symbolical that they would contemplate its smoking ruins in a just judgment.

But it is a symbol which we should not make for our own satisfaction, despite the lyric assertions of the poet Simms, and our Gascon friends the enemy have given us no reason to suppose that they will keep their valorous word. Why did they not blow up New Orleans, or Nashville, or Newbern, or any of the cities which old Abe's minions have actively invaded and occupied? Simply because they knew it would be an extremely foolish and even perilous thing to do. It is possible that the paper make an exception of Charleston, the fostering head of secession. But it is not probable. He is doubtless a wise prophet who writes—"The rebels will not surrender either Charleston or Savannah to the Union forces, but will commit them to the flames and destruction," precisely as they have done in the cases of Vicksburg and Port Hudson."

A SIDE-LIGHT.

We can not too constantly bear in mind the real sympathies of public men at this time, and a little repetition is of the utmost service. Thus it is instructive to observe the precise position occupied by the worthy Mr. Seymour, and a side-light of great brilliancy is occasionally thrown upon it, as recently by Mr. S. Cox of Ohio, familiarly known as Sunset Cox. Mr. Cox is the special friend of Mr. Vallandigham, whose position has the effect of being perfectly defined; and in urging the election of his friend as Governor of Ohio he said that if, after his election, Governor Vallandigham could not appeal, Lieutenant-Governor Pugh would march at the head of the militia, a hundred and fifty thousand strong, to the Columbus Statehouse, bring home the patriot to his chair, "and none will dare to hinder him." "Then," continued the florid orator, with McClellan's vote for elected in 1864, we will put the Government again upon an honorable footing." He meant, of course, under an honorable footing, namely, the feet of Davis and Company.

It appears, then, that the next friend of Mr. Vallandigham for Governor is also the advocate of Mr. Seymour for President—a fact which is more instructive than interesting.

FAIR WAGES FOR FAIR WORK.

It is stated that the troops of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment decline to receive wages of ten dollars a month when other soldiers get thirteen. It seems that there is some interpretation of some law by which these men are held not to be soldiers if contraband, or some kind of something which is not to be paid full wages for its services.

That this absurdity will continue is, of course, impossible. That the Government means honorably to the soldiers of every kind and color, we know; and that some snarl of red tape must be untied before we can act simply and honestly in this matter is very possible. But the point is the very plain. If we gravely propose to pay such soldiers as assaulted Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, and charged upon the rebels at Milliken's Bend, less than other soldiers, we propose to insult them and to dishonor ourselves. It is idle to suppose that such men are to be bamboozled. They know quite as well as we whether their fighting is worth as much as that of other soldiers or not. If it is, and they are not paid as much, they will naturally object.

The thing to be done is to remove immediately every imputation to their fair payment. The greater thing to be done is to show the men who so bravely dare and die for us, that we are worth fighting for, that we do cordially acknowledge their services, and that whatever the difference of our complexion and capacity may be, our manhood is equal to theirs. The slowness, the delay, and the bitterness with which we have accepted the assistance of such soldiers will be recorded with shame and sorrow hereafter. "The question," said General Mitchell, just before he went to Charleston, "is not as to whether we should call upon the blue people, as whether they will believe we mean honestly by them when we do call." The least we can do is to pay fairly for fair work.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

THE authorship of the new "Gospel of Peace," one of the most political republications of the week, is well-kept secret. It is a broad, popular, humorous burlesque upon the Copperhead faith and practice, as exemplified in the career of Pharaoh and the followers of that Brummagem Prince of Peace. It is done so well that nobody can escape the point; and as it is done in the very few sixties which editor themselves to the universal public. A Paddee can enjoy it as fully as a cultivated scholar, and it is consequently of the greatest service to the good cause. The authorship is attributed to many well-known literary gentlemen, as "The Lorgnette" was at the time of its appearance; and the writer must take care that his laurels are not disputed to the end. The reviewing controversy as to the authorship of "Nothing to Wear" is yet freshly remembered, and long after Mr. Putnam, the publisher, had negotiated with the gentlemen whom he supposed to have written "The Fetishar Papers," he received a very urgent and persistent claim from the literary executor of a gentleman in Buffalo, who declared that he had found the manuscript among the papers of his deceased friend, and insisted that the reputed author must be an impostor.

Public rumor points most persistently to a well-known and accomplished scholar, whose reputation has been made in quite other directions, as the author of the new "Gospel of Peace." He may be congratulated upon a signal success, and the public upon a capital and timely satire.

WIGFALL.

A CORRESPONDENT, "NEK," asks, "What has become of Wigfall?" His last public performance in our knowledge was waving his white handkerchief to Major Anderson on the day of the rebel bombardment of Sumter, entering the fort, drinking a glass of liquid with which he had entirely engulfed, the surgeon of the fort politely, but in pure jest, informed him was rank poison, then entreating physicians to save the stomach pump applied, to which the surgeon generously assented. History takes leave of Wigfall at an unprecedented moment in his career—the stomach pump was coming out of his mouth instead of going into it. The appearance, performance, and disappearance of Wigfall upon the scene of public affairs in this country are all equally absurd. In the Senate of the United States he was the merest cumberer, for the rebel councils and army he has made no mark whatever. Like many of the other leaders of this rebellion, a second-rate fop, he is Yancey, Pryor, Floyd, Wise, Spratt, Rhett, Keitt, and Orr, he has been practically obliterated by its development. The admirers of the statesmen of 1861, however, may console themselves by reflecting that he has made himself even more contemptible than infamous.

COPPERHEAD LOGIC.

"In this great crisis of the country's history" says a newspaper of that class that the policy of the war shall be abandoned, and the rebels be permitted to return unconditionally to their places in the Union, "the Constitution as it is, and preserves the republic, who is most free from the taint of selfishness." Therefore, it argues, let us make Fernando Wood Speaker.

The grounds are three-fold: first, his patriotism; second, his sweet reasonableness; third, his freedom from the taint of selfishness. Not to put too fine a point upon it, if these are the reasons for electing him, we do not see why he is not elected. The truth is, if Jefferson Davis has taught us in these bloody years nothing more than to confide in Fernando Wood, we deserve to have him for Speaker.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON, on a recent visit to Mobile, declared it to be "one of the most important points in the Confederate States," and that "Mobile is to be defended to the last."

From the Southwest we hear that the mountains Northern Alabama are filled with deserters from the Army of Braxton Bragg, and that Huntsville is utterly cleared of guerillas.

Colonel Carpenter, commanding a Missouri regiment of artillery, telegraphs to head-quarters at St. Louis, from Greenville, Wayne County, that he was attacked by the rebel Colonel Coffee August 18, and that the rebels were severely handled. Coffee's force was completely routed, with the loss of thirty or forty killed and a number wounded.

A considerable number of rebel conscripts have recently reported at Corinth for duty in the National army. This is a cheap way for Uncle Sam to get his hands.

A messenger from General GRANT has reached Washington, with dispatches announcing the capitulation in the Mississippi. The General is said to favor the opening of the cotton trade to all loyal citizens, under proper restrictions, and to recommend the authorities to adopt this policy, which would, he thinks, bring an immense influx of loose cotton away.

A small squad of rebels made a dash into Poolesville, in Maryland, August 14, and captured the telegraph operator and his instruments, which they carried away with them. They proceeded to rob some of the stores, when the operator made his escape. The rebels then left Poolesville, and came from Virginia, but belong in Maryland, and do not live far from Poolesville. They were about six miles in the day time, and practice midnight robberies under the cloak that they belong to the Army of Virginia. A small number of Mosby's guerrilla attempted to attack one of the pickets stationed at Alexandria for the purpose of stealing some horses, but being fired upon by the pickets they ingloriously skedaddled. The rebels were commanded by Mosby in person.

A dispatch to the Chicago *Times*, dated Winchester, Tennessee, August 25, says that the rebel Gen. Bell has hurried retreat over the Tennessee River fired the suspension bridge, and destroyed the railroad track, completely two spans on this side of the river. Discovering this preparations were made to cross the river with a strong force advanced, on the night of August 14, and destroyed the bridge.

General HOOKER is expected soon to resume active service. He will be assigned to the command of a corps in the Army of the Potomac. He has of late been busily engaged in the preparation of the reports of operations as the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

A Court of Inquiry is to meet at Montgomery to investigate the conduct of Generals Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Hindman, May, June, and July, and especially to inquire into the causes of the defeat at Chickamauga.

Advices were received at head-quarters in St. Louis on the 25th from Fort Smith, Arkansas, stating that General DAVIDSON had crossed the White River at Clendenin, and that rebels were scattering in every direction. He already arrived in sight of "Daddy" Pearce's rebel picket.

A memorial of Colonel ELLSWORTH was made by the First New York Mounted Rifles and two companies of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania recently encamped near General GOLDSBOROUGH. A party of guerillas were encountered by Lieutenant-Colonel Farnum, in which several guerillas were killed. The expedition returned to Fort Corcoran, in Virginia, on the 18th.

Friday, the 14th, was the day set for hanging the two Union prisoners in Richmond, Captains Sawyer and Flinn. Subsequently, advices were received that the hanging two rebel officers caught in disguise within the lines, and, above, liable to be executed as spies and not military law. It is safe to say that they were not hung.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Examiner* of last week, published in the Charleston *Mercury*, announces that the Confederate Government has appointed a commission, subject to the order of the Governor of South Carolina, in accordance with the act of the rebel Congress relative to the delivery of such captured negroes to the Governors of the States in which the captures might be made.

General HUNTER, a few weeks ago, sent an expedition into Central Mississippi, which returned to Lagrange, Tennessee, on the 20th ult., after accomplishing many important results. Having their there was a large amount of railroad stores at Grenada, he sent a portion of his command to destroy it, under Lieutenant-Colonel PHILLIPS of the Ninth Illinois Mounted Infantry. This force reached Grenada on the 17th, destroyed the depot, under ground at SUMNER, and destroyed sixty-seven locomotives, upward of four hundred cars, the machine shops and blacksmiths' shops, and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores, besides capturing about fifty railroad men and a number of other prisoners. After this work was accomplished, Colonel PHILLIPS was joined by Colonel WINSLOW, with a detachment from General GRANT'S force, which had been sent out to divert the enemy's attention, and the whole force returned in safety. This loss of rolling stock will most seriously cripple the rebels in their railroading operations.

The expedition to Ossala, captured at Falling Waters and incarcerated in a prison in Baltimore, left that city the other day for Point Lookout. This point nine miles from Baltimore, now at Point Lookout, captured at the battle of Falling Waters, and which we never forgot!

Three privates from Rhode Island, who had just arrived at the army of the Potomac, were shot while in the act of deserting. Two of them were recruits landed from the cars on the road to Warrenton, and succeeded for a time in making their escape from the stomach pump applied, to which the surgeon generously assented. History takes leave of Wigfall at an unprecedented moment in his career—the stomach pump was coming out of his mouth instead of going into it. The appearance, performance, and disappearance of Wigfall upon the scene of public affairs in this country are all equally absurd. In the Senate of the United States he was the merest cumberer, for the rebel councils and army he has made no mark whatever. Like many of the other leaders of this rebellion, a second-rate fop, he is Yancey, Pryor, Floyd, Wise, Spratt, Rhett, Keitt, and Orr, he has been practically obliterated by its development. The admirers of the statesmen of 1861, however, may console themselves by reflecting that he has made himself even more contemptible than infamous.

The gunboats are three-fold: first, his patriotism; second, his sweet reasonableness; third, his freedom from the taint of selfishness. Not to put too fine a point upon it, if these are the reasons for electing him, we do not see why he is not elected. The truth is, if Jefferson Davis has taught us in these bloody years nothing more than to confide in Fernando Wood, we deserve to have him for Speaker.

The gunboat *Pittsburg*, which was "War Democrate" of Indiana was held at Indianapolis August 29. The proceedings were marked by much unanimity, and every speech breathed a determination to uphold the Government irrespective of party, at all hazards, and to the last extremity. It was hoped that the veteran Lewis CASS would be present, but the committee appointed to wait upon him reported that he was utterly unable to leave his room. Much to be wished for was the voice in behalf of the good cause, he did not believe that he could survive the journey from Detroit to Indianapolis. A dispatch was received from Hon. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, of New York, stating that he regrets the country from rebellion, and the Democratic name from disgrace."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

From Charleston our latest intelligence comes down to August 31. The formal attack on Fort Sumter was opened on the morning of the 26th by General Gillmore, the troops operating mainly by a bombardment of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, which latter position was soon silenced. The details of the naval action of the first day will be found in the following extract from the log of the *Ironsides*. On the evening of the 21st the entire top of the fort was gone, and the parapet was demolished to the south side demolished almost to its base, presenting nothing but a heap of ruins. The fire of the *Ironsides* was very accurate, graphic advices four days later.

The following is the log:

"The fire of the enemy's land batteries has been kept upon Sumter, and more guns have been added to the number engaged against her. There was also a heavy fire kept up on Battery Wagner, both from the land and the two iron-clad gunboats lying there. The casemates at Fort Wagner were one officer and four privates. Some skirmishing occurred on the outer ridge of Fort Sumter and Morris Island, with a threat to shell Charleston in retaliation for the firing of the guns of Fort Wagner, was received and returned at seven o'clock this morning. The rebels have thus far, strangely enough, inhumanity and violation of the laws of war against General Gillmore's officers. But this silence he respects. He will employ stringent measures of retaliation. Up to this time the fire from the rebels has been very accurate."

The dispatch of the 23d says: "On Saturday six hundred and four shots were fired at Sumter, of which four hundred and seventy-seven struck the fort. The southeast wall is much cracked and battered in, and the parapet demolished. The gorge wall is also battered, and has fallen in. The guns are all dismounted. One private was killed. The enemy's batteries opened upon Gregg to-north, and the Monitors from east to west, coming close up. The fire was very accurate. The east wall was cracked and breached, and the shot swept through the fort. The fort is now in ruins, and it will be impossible to hold his output, even as a forlorn hope, until he is relieved or the fort is repaired. General Gillmore sent a communication at eleven o'clock on Sunday, giving notice that he would open at eleven o'clock (Monday, 24th,) but would open fire on Charleston, and in the mean time non-combatants could leave the city."

The dispatch of the 25th says, briefly: "Last night, at half-past eight o'clock, we opened fire on the city from 8-inch Parrott shells. Non-combatants are leaving the city in a continuous stream."

ROSECRANS'S ARMY

Has advanced from Tullahoma upon the rebel strong-hold of Chattanooga, the position which he has traveled and shown in the map on page 567. He appeared before Chattanooga on the 21st, and on the 22d the rebels left it, at 10 o'clock A.M. with good effect. The rebels replied, but our artillery soon silenced them, and very little fire was kept up. The works were found to be very strong. Two batteries were found on the north side of the Tennessee River, and the other disabled by our fire. There was also a pontoon bridge, which was destroyed by rebel bloody shooters. It was ascertained that there were two divisions of rebel troops at Chattanooga, and Hill's corps (late Hardee's) were dispersed along the railroad in the direction of Cleveland, and Bragg was lying in camp on the south side of the whole, he having superseded Bragg. On the night of the 23d the rebels set fire to the railroad bridge, and burned a small railroad bridge near Shellmound, thus severing communication between the right and left wings of the rebel army, and recrossed the river in safety. Deserters and citizens confirm the repeated reports of great demoralization among the rebel troops, not only as Chattanooga, but every where in the Southwest. The Richmond papers say that on the 22d Rosecrans commenced shelling the town of Chattanooga.

BURNSIDE'S ARMY

Had advanced toward Knoxville on the 17th. It was expected that the point would be reached in about two weeks.

THE ARMIES OF THE POTOMAC.

The position and movements of General Meade's army are kept a profound secret; the location of the head-quarters even not being suffered to be made public. Conflicting accounts are given of the strength, position, and designs of Lee's army. According to some reports he has 150,000 men, and is preparing for another campaign against Washington; according to others he is in full retreat upon Richmond. The most probable accounts give him a force of 70,000 men, located on the general line of the Rappahannock.

GUERRILLAS.

Generals Grant and Rosecrans have issued orders in relation to guerillas in the same general purport. They announce that as all regularly organized bodies of the rebel army have been driven from organized territory, the most rigorous penalties will be inflicted upon all irregular bands which are not mustered and paid by the Confederate authorities—upon all concrete officers and all their subordinates, and upon all persons who shall be found giving upon unarmed transports. It is not contemplated that this order shall affect the treatment due to prisoners that war captured within the districts named, when they are found associated with organized companies, and that their acts are in accordance with the usages of civilized warfare.

THE SACK OF LAWRENCE.

This bloody transaction is described on page 564. Later accounts represent that Quantrell's white force amounted to about 300 men, and deserted from the counties of Missouri. Having accomplished their work of destruction they separated into small squads and endeavored to regain their homes. They were pursued by the people of Kansas, gathered into small bands, and most fatally of them have been killed, and a considerable amount of plunder recovered; but the greater number of murderers and incendiaries which they had stolen, probably made good their escape.

THE SIOUX WAR.

General Sibley is pursuing the expedition against the Sioux, advanced in pursuit of the Indians into the Territory of Dakota, and toward the close of July had several sharp encounters with the enemy. On the 25th the command was attacked by about 1,000 Sioux warriors, who came on apparently determined to carry every thing by storm; but they were soon repulsed and put to flight, crossing the Missouri River in haste, and leaving their dead and wounded in considerable numbers, the rude machinery used in the preparation of their pemmican, and 250 lodges, killed and wounded, of which 100 warriors, besides many women and children drowned in crossing the river, and many more killed and left to be wounded. Among these was Lieutenant Beaver, an Indian Chief, who was killed by a shot from the rifle of General Sibley. He had served on Lord Raglan's staff during the Crimean War, and was engaging the Sioux in the hostile massacre of last year, was killed some time since while trying to steal horses. Another Chief of Sioux War, beyond Missouri, General Sibley's expedition, finding their horses and mules fast giving out, and their provisions nearly exhausted, announced their return to Fort Snelling, at the expedition was only partially accomplished.

The correspondent of the St. Paul *Press* says: "There is no reason why these same Indians should not retrace the Missouri, and fall upon the upon our frontier settlements. The loss of a few hundred men will not intimidate them, nor will the fact that they have been defeated in battle. In what cause, will only embolden them. Their necessities will drive them upon our borders. Their crops were not burned up all provisions and their machinery for putting up their pemmican remains. They are still masters of the region now, and they will not starve if they can help it. They have plenty of ponies sufficient to move our whole, and they are not cumbered with transportation. Undoubtedly they contemplate a raid upon our settlements, and will do so this season. Our crusade against the red devils has already cost more than fifteen millions of dollars.

NAVAL DISASTERS.

On the 24th a boat was picked up at sea, in latitude 37°, longitude 74°, containing a colored woman named Smith, who stated that on the previous day the United States frigate *Ethiopia* had struck on a reef off Hatteras Inlet, and that all hands had perished on board except himself and wife. He got off in the boat, and left his wife in the latter becoming crazy, had jumped overboard. The *Ethiopia* was a large steam frigate, and was last seen by the New York on the 18th of August for Fort Royal, with a crew of seventeen men. The *Ethiopia* was formerly the navy building with ammunition at Vicksburg, a negro who was carrying a lighted candle fell into the hold, the powder took fire to the ammunition, and blowing the steamer to pieces. Of 160 men on board only four or five are known to have escaped.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

The draft, which was temporarily suspended in consequence of the riots in this city, was resumed, by the opposition of Governor Seymour, on the 19th of August, and proceeded without interruption. The new regulations had been made to put down any attempt at riot. Heavy military forces were ordered to the localities, troops of Vermont and Massachusetts volunteers fresh from the battle-fields of Gettysburg, were stationed around the public squares. The whole passed off perfectly quietly, and every thing was in readiness to resume the draft in October, and the camp-like aspect of the squares, no one would have supposed that there had been any riots in the city. The Common Council of the city passed an ordinance appropriating $300,000 for the purpose of paying the $300 required for exempting a conscript from service. The ordinance provides that the Mayor and Comptroller shall, upon the order of said Committee, to every citizen and to every alien who has declared his intention to become a citizen in the manner provided by law, who shall be ordered to do military duty in the city of New York under the provisions of the provisions of the act of Congress known as the Conscription Act, the sum necessary to serve shall have become fixed by the action of the Board of Enrollment of the District in which he resides, and the said Committee shall certify that the person so drafted is in indigent circumstances, or is a member of the Fire Department, the sum of three hundred dollars for the relief of the families of the drafted persons. The money is appropriated to be paid to the Mayor; but the Board of Councilmen, by a vote of 19 to 1, passed a resolution that the money be placed in the Mayor's vote, at the expiration of the legal period of ten days, unless the Common Council, acting in the interim, pass a million and a half of dollars, have been presented for damages during the late riots.

FOREIGN NEWS.

APART from the Polish question—which is still the subject of voluminous correspondence, diplomatic exchanges, and apparent approximation to any definite result, and the movements of the Spanish fleet, which has been ordered to accept the Imperial crown of Mexico, provided the new Emperor shall have been under the control of the Three Powers of Europe—our foreign advices for the week present little of general interest. The most important item relates to the fitting out in England of

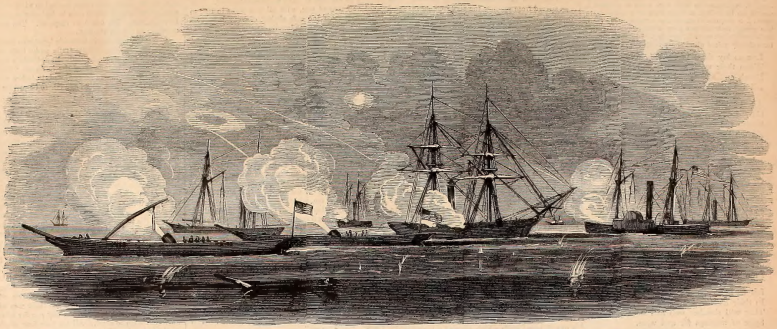
NEW ANGLO-REBEL IRON-CLADS.

Of these preparations the London *Times* says, under date of August 10: "The first of these is now in the graving dock at Birkenhead, completely roofed in, her keel and bottom in and on board, and also a large part of her armament. She is intended to be ready for sea by the end of the 15th of August. Her consort was launched on the 24th of last month, and is expected to be ready for sea by the 15th of September. The speed of these vessels will be greater than any of your iron-clads. It is generally supposed that the breakdown experiments will be their first prey. This is not impossible, but my own impression is that a dash at New York will be made; and I have no hesitation in saying, that with these three iron-clads, in broad daylight, they could enter New York Harbor by way of Sandy Hook, and burn and destroy all your ships of war as the stocks and afloat, and block-up the harbor and keep it in a state of the result, without receiving any material damage."—We have made this statement and explained a subject of special comment in another column.

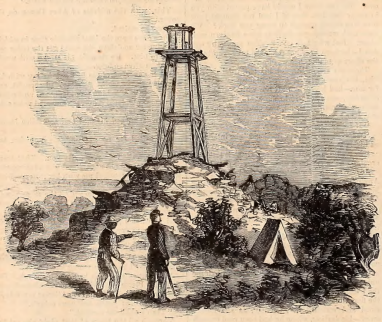


THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS, AND THE MASSACRE OF ITS INHABITANTS BY THE REBEL GUERRILLAS, AUGUST 21, 1863.—[See Page 566.]

MORRIS ISLAND SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 567.]



I.—THE MORTAR SCHOONERS AND WOODEN GUN-BOATS BOMBARDING FORT WAGNER AND BATTERY GREGG.



II.—RUINS OF LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE INLET, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.



III.—EXAMINING PASSES ON THE BEACH, MORRIS ISLAND.



IV.—THE GRAND GUARD MARCHING TO, AND NEGRO FATIGUE-PARTY RETURNING FROM, THE TRENCHES IN FRONT OF WAGNER.

THE GRAVES OF GETTYSBURG.

[NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.—*Harrisburg, July 31.* Arrangements have been made to purchase a part of the battle-field at Gettysburg for a cemetery, in which it is proposed to gather the remains of our dead. The ground embraces the point of the desperate attack made upon the left centre of our army. Eight other States have already united with Pennsylvania in this project.]

LET us lay them where they fell,
When their work was done so well!
Dumb and stricken—leaving others
All the glorious news to tell.

All the yellow harvest-field,
Cursed with a crimson yield,
'Neath the thrusting in of sickles,
As the battle waxed or reeled!

They, with faces to the foe,
Lost to pain, and peace, and woe;
Armored in the inspiration
Of the old heroic glow:

Rushing grandly unto death!—
Eyes ablaze and hated breath—
Second-sighted for the future—
Here they died the trampled heath!

Here for Liberty they stood,
Writ their records in their blood,
On the forehead of the epoch,
In a grand historic mood!

Let us lay them side by side,
In their awful martyr-pride:
They will slumber well and sweetly,
Spite of wailings far and wide.

And their story shall be told
When this Present, gray and old,
Loses each distinctive feature
In the Future's ample fold.

Well, the work was fitly done!
Well, the day was proudly won!
But—this nook that bloomed with battle—
There's no rarer 'neath the sun!

Let us lay them where they fell,
When their work was done so well!
In the nation's noble silence,
Leaving us the tale to tell.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

WASHINGTON, *August 2, 1863.*

THE BLUE FLOWERS.

"There's a blue flower in my garden
That has love more than all—
The less and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small."

"OH, jolly, jolly!"

That was Aggie French's way of expressing satisfaction, and her companion looked up, expectant of more.

"My letter is from Georgina Ash," she explained. "It was most hard hearted of her—the handsomest blonde you ever saw; eyes half blue, half amber; and hair neither brown, nor yellow, nor red, but just exactly gold. The fun is, Thorne used to be in love with her before he knew little Alice Devon, and they said she jilted him—it was before he came to his fortune—for a richer sailor. Any way she isn't married, and it will be curious to see how Thorne will take her presence, here in this house, when there are so few of us that it will help being intimate. Of course he can't run away and leave Alice, and we shall see what we shall see when my Lady Magnificent comes. For my part, I never did believe first love a disease quite so easy to get over as mumps and measles. I'm told Thorne led it hard. I like stories in real life a great deal better than cut of books—they're twice as spicy. I promise myself rare fun in watching the comedy."

Quiet Mary Everett sighed, a little sadly, but did not answer. She loved Alice Devon, though their friendship had been of weeks only, and the prospect of the coming "fun" was far from exhilarating.

Just then Alice came in, so radiantly happy. Her brown hair tossed about her primrose cheeks, her soft, innocent eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a few rare wild flowers in her hand. Thorne was behind her, looking on as she exhibited her treasure with a smile and an eye-glance which revealed more than he was aware of love and pride.

"See," cried the soft, clear tones, "you've been hunting in vain for these little beauties all summer and we've found them. Do you smell the sea-breath in them? We got them among the rocks, where they look forever out toward the waves, and at high tide the water comes up among the roots. They blow that way, too, just a bit of the summer sky! I'm going for them often, and since they are mine by right of discovery, I'll call them treasure-trove, for I don't like those polysyllable lotnay names."

She was a pretty picture, in her delicate morning dress, with her young, innocent girl's face, the round hat, with its bunch of wild roses and meadow grass swinging from her arm, and the blue flowers in her hand.

She and Thorne were happy enough, both of them, to have no thought of any tender bearing to let them dream on. But Aggie French's heart was not tender. Not that she was so very cruel, only thoughtless, fond of fun, and a little careless what wounds her self-indulgence might inflict. She looked wickedly into Thorne's eyes and said—

"I had a letter from an old friend of yours this morning—Miss Georgina Ash. She is coming here to-day or to-morrow. She does not know she will meet you. What a pleasant surprise it will be!"

It was fortunate that Alice Devon was busy just then with Mary Everett, who was asking her some question about their morning ramble. She was spared from reading the signs which revealed so much to Aggie French—the sudden quiver of Thorne's mustached lip, the bronzed face a few shades paler, the set look that tried to be careless and failed. Little Alice only heard the cool answer:

"Ah, I haven't seen her for five years. She used to be a stylish, handsome girl. I wonder if she's faded?"

She thought to herself that, for old friends, her lover seemed to take very slight interest in the prospective new comer.

When they came in together again from their afternoon walk, Thorne and Alice, some trunks were in the hall, with G. A. painted in black letters upon their covers.

"The new guest, I suspect," Alice said, lightly. Thorne was now self-conscious to reply. He bit his lip and was silent.

When Aggie French heard him going by her door, after he had left Alice, she put her head out with a malicious whisper:

"She's come—been with me a couple of hours. Now she's in her own room dressing for tea."

It was just at sunset when all the party before-mentioned and a half dozen more were gathered in the low, old-fashioned parlor waiting for tea to be upper. Mary Everett, who had never before met Miss Ash, looked at her critically as she stood beside little Alice Devon. The two had been just been introduced to each other by Thorne, who, whatever he might have betrayed when taken by surprise was perfectly self-possessed now.

There was no disputing that the new-comer was the handsomest woman at "The Shoals." It was a grand, regal style which swayed a power all its own. The tall, full figure; the matchless complexion, with its coloring clear and bright as dawn; the great, magnetic eyes; the tawny gold hair, filling the silken net full; the mouth so ripe and tempting—all combined to make a self-understanding, the *spiritual* of twenty-five years. In that stately presence little Alice Devon, with her seventeen years and her primrose cheek, looked softened and childish. But there was something about her most sweet and tender and touching, which made Mary Everett think of a rose-bud with the morning dew still on; and glancing back to the other she honored, half under her breath, a snatch of an old nursery rhyme:

"The sunflower with her brilliant crown
Looked lovely and tempting to the bee;
Yet not one drop of honey fed
In her wonder cup of gold and brown—
She was false at heart, though fair to see."

Aggie French had not arrived at the entire truth about the separation between Miss Ash and Thorne. She had not jilted him. They had given each other up mutually. It was the fortieth lover's quarrel, perhaps; for Miss Ash was a most capricious temperament, and Thorne not over-patient. It was the one too many, at any rate; for they had never made it up, and five years had passed without their seeing each other. In the mean time some of Thorne's relations had died and left him a fortune, making him the richer match of the two. Aggie was mistaken, too, in thinking that her friend came to "The Shoals" without knowing that her old lover was there. Miss Ash had received Aggie's had escaped her in her letter; but the certainty of meeting him had been her motive for coming. To do her justice she did not know of his engagement. She learned that for the first time in her two hours with Miss French before her. She looked for one old lover. It was an obstacle she had not foreseen, and she did not feel entire faith now in the success which had seemed so certain.

When they were introduced she had looked at Alice anxiously. She was not blind to the youth and freshness and beauty of her rival. When any thing brought her in contact with them she was playful sometimes, sometimes a little reserved and cold, though kind always. She was so much her variety in her moods that Thorne grew interested before he knew it in watching them. He began to realize, now that he saw them together, how royally beautiful she was. She had been far less so in the old days when he had thought the whole universe bounded by her love. She herself was changed too. She had been imperious then—she was so still at times; but oh! her there was a tender, half-pathetic appeal to world and to man which made him think she had grown sadder with the sad years. Had her life missed him? There was a subtle flattery in the thought against which his vanity was not proof.

He was not untrue toward his little love in all these speculations, and he was unconscious that they were dangerous. Very dangerous when, one day, he suffered himself, sitting silly and alone on the rocks for the treasure-trove he would have been the result of his meeting again with Miss Ash if he had never seen Alice.

Just then she came up the walk in her loveliest mood. Tenderness in a person to whom Nature has given the seal of sovereignty moves us far more than in those greater persons to whom it seems indigenous. She looked sad, this Lady Magnificent, as Aggie French had dubbed her. She was simply dressed, in a robe of fleecy white, with a few flowers stuck for sole ornament in belt and bosom. Her eyes were downcast. There was a stain as of tears on her cheek. Some impulse he should have resisted drew Thorne to her side. Are there moments in all lives when our good angel forsakes us? Half unconsciously he said to her,

"Miss Ash—Georgina, we were friends once I do not like to see you sad."

The great amber eyes turned on him a look of mute reproach. After a moment she said, with a trifle of the old petulance,

"I do not like to have my moods noticed. It is not generous of you, with all you want in life, to look out from the safe shelter of your happiness and watch how I bear loneliness and heartache."

"All I want in life!"

He repeated the words after her dreamily, as if he were questioning himself whether indeed he had what he most wanted in life. The past seemed to throb again in his heart—tingle in his pulses. Were the days dead in which he had been this woman's lover? They had turned, mechanically as it were, and were passing down the shaded path which she had walked up alone. For a while neither spoke. What subtle magnetism was in her presence that made it thrill him so just to walk by her side? He asked her at last, abruptly. She was pale to the lips, and slow tears were stealing from under drooping lids. A sudden mad impulse swayed him—he would unsay the words he had spoken. He put out his hand and touched hers. He spoke with a tone that would be obeyed.

"What is it? I will know what it is. Is it any thought of the past, of me, which moves you?"

She turned her eyes full of reproach upon him.

"What right have you, Alice Devon's lover, to the past or me? Be content with your own joy. It should be piguant enough without the zest of enhancing it by contrast with my misery."

The mention of Alice Devon struck a pang, fierce-keen, to his heart. He was not a bad man; nay, he was perhaps better than most men. He respected his plighted word—he loved Alice. Still he had not strength enough to escape from the baleful spell which now enveloped him.

"Your misery!" he cried. "Do you, whom all the world adores, know what misery means? Tell me. I will know."

Again that long, reproachful look from out those amber eyes.

"Howard, for shame! You must not, you shall not torture me, now when all ties between us are at an end. It would be as if we should have parted with pain in anger that last time if I had not thought your love was strong enough to bring you back? We have both been punished, and I to have forgiven each other. But why talk of it? You are better off; and I—perhaps I am not punished too severely for the share of blame with the morning dew still on; and glancing back to the other she honored, half under her breath, a snatch of an old nursery rhyme:

"The sunflower with her brilliant crown
Looked lovely and tempting to the bee;
Yet not one drop of honey fed
In her wonder cup of gold and brown—
She was false at heart, though fair to see."

Aggie French had not arrived at the entire truth about the separation between Miss Ash and Thorne. She had not jilted him. They had given each other up mutually. It was the fortieth lover's quarrel, perhaps; for Miss Ash was a most capricious temperament, and Thorne not over-patient. It was the one too many, at any rate; for they had never made it up, and five years had passed without their seeing each other. In the mean time some of Thorne's relations had died and left him a fortune, making him the richer match of the two. Aggie was mistaken, too, in thinking that her friend came to "The Shoals" without knowing that her old lover was there. Miss Ash had received Aggie's had escaped her in her letter; but the certainty of meeting him had been her motive for coming. To do her justice she did not know of his engagement. She learned that for the first time in her two hours with Miss French before her. She looked for one old lover. It was an obstacle she had not foreseen, and she did not feel entire faith now in the success which had seemed so certain.

When they were introduced she had looked at Alice anxiously. She was not blind to the youth and freshness and beauty of her rival. When any thing brought her in contact with them she was playful sometimes, sometimes a little reserved and cold, though kind always. She was so much her variety in her moods that Thorne grew interested before he knew it in watching them. He began to realize, now that he saw them together, how royally beautiful she was. She had been far less so in the old days when he had thought the whole universe bounded by her love. She herself was changed too. She had been imperious then—she was so still at times; but oh! her there was a tender, half-pathetic appeal to world and to man which made him think she had grown sadder with the sad years. Had her life missed him? There was a subtle flattery in the thought against which his vanity was not proof.

He was not untrue toward his little love in all these speculations, and he was unconscious that they were dangerous. Very dangerous when, one day, he suffered himself, sitting silly and alone on the rocks for the treasure-trove he would have been the result of his meeting again with Miss Ash if he had never seen Alice.

Just then she came up the walk in her loveliest mood. Tenderness in a person to whom Nature has given the seal of sovereignty moves us far more than in those greater persons to whom it seems indigenous. She looked sad, this Lady Magnificent, as Aggie French had dubbed her. She was simply dressed, in a robe of fleecy white, with a few flowers stuck for sole ornament in belt and bosom. Her eyes were downcast. There was a stain as of tears on her cheek. Some impulse he should have resisted drew Thorne to her side. Are there moments in all lives when our good angel forsakes us? Half unconsciously he said to her,

"Miss Ash—Georgina, we were friends once I do not like to see you sad."

The great amber eyes turned on him a look of mute reproach. After a moment she said, with a trifle of the old petulance,

"I do not like to have my moods noticed. It is not generous of you, with all you want in life, to look out from the safe shelter of your happiness and watch how I bear loneliness and heartache."

"All I want in life!"

He repeated the words after her dreamily, as if he were questioning himself whether indeed he had what he most wanted in life. The past seemed to throb again in his heart—tingle in his pulses. Were the days dead in which he had been this woman's lover? They had turned, mechanically as it were, and were passing down the shaded path which she had walked up alone. For a while neither spoke. What subtle magnetism was in her presence that made it thrill him so just to walk by her side? He asked her at last, abruptly. She was pale to the lips, and slow tears were stealing from under drooping lids. A sudden mad impulse swayed him—he would unsay the words he had spoken. He put out his hand and touched hers. He spoke with a tone that would be obeyed.

"What is it? I will know what it is. Is it any thought of the past, of me, which moves you?"

She turned her eyes full of reproach upon him.

"What right have you, Alice Devon's lover, to the past or me? Be content with your own joy. It should be piquant enough without the zest of enhancing it by contrast with my misery."

The mention of Alice Devon struck a pang, fierce-keen, to his heart. He was not a bad man; nay, he was perhaps better than most men. He respected his plighted word—he loved Alice. Still he had not strength enough to escape from the baleful spell which now enveloped him.

"Your misery!" he cried. "Do you, whom all the world adores, know what misery means? Tell me. I will know."

Again that long, reproachful look from out those amber eyes.

"Howard, for shame! You must not, you shall not torture me, now when all ties between us are at an end. It would be as if we should have parted with pain in anger that last time if I had not thought your love was strong enough to bring you back? We have both been punished, and I to have forgiven each other. But why talk of it? You are better off; and I—perhaps I am not punished too severely for the share of blame with the morning dew still on;

Thoughts swam through his brain deliriously. She, his youth's love, loved him—was suffering for him—had never loved all the while. He looked at her, more beautiful than ever in her sorrow, her tenderness. After all, was not the old love the true love?

"If I were free—" he began.

"Of what use would be freedom?" she interrupted him, passionately. "I do not ever free you're."

"But I did not see you. Oh, Georgie! this is cruel. You should have come before, or not at all."

He was angry with himself and with her now. Around a sudden turn in the winding path came Mary Everett, with Alice, Alice, clinging to her arm.

"We heard a few words—we could not help it," Miss Everett said, with eyes of stern rebuke, leading her friend away.

Howard Thorne cursed his fate as he saw his little love sink into her lover's breast-break suddenly over it, almost like the shadow of death. He knew now where his heart was—saw what brief madness had possessed him. He would have given half the universe to be able to go to Alice's side and tell her the truth. But he dared not approach her. For the first time in his life he felt like a coward. He stood and watched her, silently, as she moved away—his darling, whom he had been mad enough to lose. Then she turned a look in his eyes that made Georgina Ash tremble.

"I am free now; and, as you said, of what use is freedom?"

Neither spoke again until his cool good-by, when he had gone up the path with her to the house-door.

Then he rushed back into the thick shrubbery, among the rocks, across to the sea. He was almost wild in his agony all, wrong, sorrow, shame, in those treacherous waters. He knew his fate was sealed. There would be no hope for him. He had cast away the only love he was true, and claimed truth—a woman, and would accept no divided heart. Explain as he would he knew she would never believe him or understand him. She never could know how it all came; and if he offered such explanation it would betray that only love, or, only sorrow for her, held him; and those mad moments could never be atoned for.

Last that night, as he was standing in the very nook where they had gathered the blue flowers. Some others, their sisters, were nodding in the cleft. He took one with a smile and laid them carefully in a pocket-book, which he carried in his breast.

"They shall go with me into other scenes," he said, his sad eyes kindling again with the gleam of a new resolve. "I have held back from giving my love to my country—from offering my life—from offering too costly. Now I will go. It will be better for her if I die."

He found a note on his table when he went home, and in it these words only:

"In merciful enough not to write to me, or ask to see me. It would be of no use. What I heard, what I saw, can never be explained out of memory. I forgive you. I do not think you meant to be false. Wrong as I feel that you loved me I believe you thought so. I shall go away to-night, and leave you to the love you have found again."

He obeyed her wish, and no useless attempts at explanation; and watched from his window to see her go away with a calmness more terrible and despairing than any passion of agony.

Later in the evening came another note: from Miss Ash this time. It was worded, oh! so shillfully; begging his pardon; telling him how innocent she was of wrong design; blameless of every thing but the love and sorrow she could not help, and the last line spoke to her of all.

Howard Thorne smiled grimly as he twisted her soft words and lighted his cigar with them. All her blandishments were powerless now. No device of hers could move him, steeled to vindictiveness by the look of white pain he had seen on Alice Devon's face. He made no response. The next morning he too went away.

Somehow even Aggie French's heart was touched by his hopeless, dreary smile as he bade her good-by. Certainly the Lady Magnificent's visit had not been productive of the expected "fun." Miss Everett had gone away the night before with Alice; and "The Shoals" bade fair to be presently deserted.

All that was last year—the summer of '62. It was September when Howard Thorne found himself a soldier, with the commission, urged upon him by staff against his will, of First Lieutenant. He was with the Army of the Potomac, and before the summer came again he had seen hard fighting, and held a Colonel's rank by virtue of his cool courage. Courage, did I say? Recklessness, perhaps, would have told the truth more nearly. He wanted to die, and so took every possible opportunity to throw away the life of which he was weary. For that reason, perhaps, shot and shell passed him by. Ever in the front, and no hall him. They began to say that he bore a charmed life when they saw him with no scar on his bronzed handsome face.

At last came Gettysburg and the bullet which sought his heart! It was turned aside a little by a book he wore—the book which held the blue flowers, pressed and flat, that ghastly field as was his wound, it was not instantly mortal. There was small hope for him, however; and one who loved him as a brother asked, when there was leisure after the fight, if there was any one for whom he would send. He had his pale face brightened gloriously. This was the hour for which he had longed and waited. He dictated only these words:

"Come to me before I die. You will believe what I have to say when you know it is my last words."

This, with the address of Alice Devon the cover.

Then he waited.

Five days were the least possible time in which, allowing for no delays, she could get the letter and come to him. He thought his strong will would keep him alive so long.

On the evening of the fifth day he lay with his face toward the wall. Wrapped in thought, and tortured with searching pain, he heard no footfall, heard nothing, until a low, remembered voice said,

"I am here."

Then he turned his face and saw Alice Devon at his pillow.

He waited for no greeting, no inquiries, but spoke the uppermost thought of all:

"Alice, I *did* love you—only you. That scene which you could not understand was a momentary madness. Only you—only you. Those few hints of the long, hopeless love she had cherished for me all those years. I was moved on the surface only. I tell you, as a dying man, that my heart never wavered. It was yours then, as it is now—as it will be when I go back whence I came, to darkness and mystery."

"I believe you," said the low, sweet tones. "I began to believe it when I heard of her marriage, she months after. I knew she had been disappointed, and I had been wrong and hasty."

"No, not wrong; you had every right to doubt. You shall not blame yourself. I never blamed you. But are you free? Is this my Alice at my side?"

"Your Alice—yours, and none other's."

"Then I shall die content."

Through all the hours of that night she sat beside him, holding his hand in hers, hearing not away his pain by her voice and her touch. When the dawn crept softly up the slopes, and kindled the eastern sky to flame, he was conscious of rest, peaceful sleep, for the first time in all those days since he was wounded; and the nurse coming in, and standing wonderingly beside him for a while, said, as he turned away,

"I dare not give you much hope—but I begin to think it is not that he must live."

A little later he awoke, and still Alice's hand was in his. He turned to look at her dear face, and saw a smile in the tender brown eyes. She bent over him and kissed him, in the morning twilight through which he could not yet broken, with her kiss she whispered,

"The surgeon has been here, and he says it is possible you may live. Will you live for me?"

"Ay, that I will," answered his deep tones, fervently. "Life, that I was so ready to throw away, is dear enough now. It must be that God will get well now I have Alice to live for. Pray for it, my darling! God will hear such lips as yours."

Last week an invalid came back. His face was thin and pale, but his eyes were bright; and on that week Alice was by his side. Impossible. By easy stages he journeyed—he and the one friend with him—to the sea-coast; and took his old room at "The Shoals" once more. He found there old friends and new ones, all ready to give Colonel Ash glad welcome. It was Alice's care which had won him back from death. He was all hers now, and between them could never a wrath come any more.

To-morrow at "The Shoals" will be a wedding, and the bride will wear a wreath of little blue flowers.

THE MASSACRE AT LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

THE city of Lawrence was, on the evening of August 20, 1863, one of the most thriving towns between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. At daybreak on the next day it was a heap of ruins. A gang of guerrillas, 800 strong, under Quantrell, crossed the Missouri River on the evening of the 20th, and pushed forward to Lawrence, where they arrived just before daybreak. Guards

were posted around the town so as to prevent all escape, and the work of pillage and murder at once commenced. The attack was wholly unexpected, and there was not the least show of resistance. The citizens were massacred by the light of their burning homes, and their bodies flung into wells and cisterns. In one case twelve men were driven into a building, where they were shot down, and the house burned over their bodies. The number of victims is stated at 180, including the Mayor and the principal citizens. Only one hotel was left standing, and this was spared because the guerrilla chief had been formerly entertained there free of expense. Two of the banks were plundered, and the third escaped because the marauders could not force the safe in time. The total loss of property is put down at two millions of dollars. No other such instance of wanton brutality has occurred during the American war. The names of Nena Sahib in India, Cut-Nose in Minnesota, and Quantrell in Kansas will go down in history together.

MORRIS ISLAND SKETCHES.

Our special correspondent before Charleston sends us a series of sketches from Morris Island which we reproduce on page 565. No 1 shows the Mortar Schooners and Wooden Gun-boats bombarding Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg. No. 2 is a view of the Light-house at Light-house Inlet, destroyed by the rebels in February, 1862. The lower part of the Light-house was of brick: this was blown up, and the *débris* of the structure lay scattered around, as shown by our artist. No. 3 represents the Examining of Passes on the beach at Morris Island, our iron-clad fleet being visible in the distance. No. 4 represents the Grand Guard marching to, and the Negro Fatigue-Party returning at dark from, the trenches in front of Fort Wagner. The Grand Guard are in full uniform without knapsacks. The Fatigue-Party, in shirt sleeves, with trousers rolled up, have their blankets slung over the right shoulder, and carry their canteens and haversacks. The officer is white.

MOSEBY'S GUERRILLAS.

INSTEAD of "Stonewall Jackson" with his dashing achievements, the rebel cavalry in Virginia have now nothing better to show than the performances of Moseby and his guerrillas, "citizens by day and soldiers by night." Aided by a perfect knowledge of the country and by information furnished by their sympathizers, they have succeeded in capturing quite a number of outlers' trains, and escaping with a portion of their booty. These guerrilla enterprises, while they exert no influence upon the issue of the war, are annoying, and must be prevented. They are only possible through the connivance of the inhabitants of the region where they take place, and these should be held accountable for all the damage done by their friends. If this rule is strictly enforced, the aiders and abettors of these marauding gangs will find that they are carrying on a losing business.

BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON FORTS.

THE formal attack upon Fort Sumter was commenced on the 17th of August. The results of the first day's work is given in the following extracts from the official report of Admiral Dahlgren, dated on the 18th:

Yesterday was begun another series of operations against the enemy's works. Early in the morning General Gilmore opened all his batteries upon Fort Sumter, firing over Fort Wagner and the intervening space. About the same time I moved up the entire available naval force, leading with my flag in the *Richmond*, followed by the *Keokuk*, *Nahant*, and *Montauk*, the *Passaic* and *Patapsco* in rear of the Sumter—the *Ironsides* in position opposite to Wagner, and the gun-boats at long range.

As the tide rose the *Ironsides* was closed to about 450 yards off Wagner; the other three Monitors followed, and the *Ironsides* was taken as near as her great draft of water permitted. After a steady and well-directed fire Wagner was silenced about 9.15 A. M., and that of our own vessels was slackened in consequence. Meanwhile the fire of our more batteries was working effectually upon the gorge of Sumter, which appeared to have been strengthened in every possible manner.

At this time the flag was shifted to the *Passaic*, which, with the *Patapsco*, both having rifle-guns, steamed up the channel until within 1000 yards of Fort Sumter, when fire was opened on the gorge, angle, and southeast front of the work. The *Patapsco* fired very well, and is believed to have struck the southeast front nine consecutive times. To all this Sumter scarcely replied. Wagner was silenced, and Battery Gregg alone maintained a deliberate fire at the *Passaic* and *Patapsco*. It was now noon; the men had been hard at work from daybreak, and needed rest; so I withdrew the vessels to give them dinner.

During the afternoon our shore batteries continued the fire on Sumter, with little or no reply from the enemy, and I contented myself with sending up the *Passaic* and *Patapsco* to prevent Wagner from repairing damages. The fort replied briskly, but in a short time left off firing. I am not able to state with exactness the result of the day's work, but I am well satisfied with what a distinct view of Sumter allowed me. Our entire power is not yet developed, as it will be daily, while the enemy is damaged without being able to repair.

The officers and men of the vessels have done their duty well, and will continue to do so. All went well with us, with one sad exception. Captain Rodgers, my Chief-of-Staff, was killed, as well as Pay-master Woodbury, who was standing near him.

It is not natural that I should feel deeply the loss thus sustained, for the close and confidential relations which the duties of flag-ship necessarily occasioned impressed me deeply with the worth of Captain Rodgers. Brave, loving, ma... of highly public, devoted to his duty and to the flag w... ar which he poured his life, the country can not afford to lose such men. Of a kind and generous nature, he was always prompt to give relief when he could.

I have directed that all respect be paid to his remains, and the country will not, I am sure, omit to honor the memory of one who has not spared his life in her hour of trial.

Any further details of the siege of Charleston that come to hand will be found in the column of general news on page 563.



MAP OF THAT PART OF TENNESSEE THROUGH WHICH GENERAL ROSECRANS ADVANCED FROM MURFREESBORO TO TULLAHOMA AND CHATTANOOGA.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS SUMTER AND WAGNER IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, AUGUST 17, BY THE UNITED



STATES MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES, UNDER GENERAL GILMORE AND ADMIRAL DAHLGREN—[See Page 567.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE spirit of dissension in Musgrove Cottage penetrated to the very kitchen. Old Betty sided with Alfred, and combated in her place the creed of the parlor. "Why, according to miss, the young sparrows are bound never to fly out of the nest, or else have the Bible flung at 'em. She do go on about God's will: seems to me 'tis His will the world should be peopled by body and beast—which they are both his creatures—and, by the same token, if they don't marry they does wus. Certainly while a young man bides at home, it behooves him to be dutiful; but that ain't to say he *is* to bide at home forever. Master Alfred's time is come to leave we, and be master in a house of his own, as his father done before him, which he forgets that now. He is grown to man's estate, and his mother's money, and no more bound to our master than I be." She said, too, that "parting slights more quarrels than it breeds:" and she constantly invited Peggy to speak up and gainsay her. But Peggy was a young woman with white eyelashes, and given to looking down, and not to speaking up; she was always watching Mr. Hardie in company, like a cat cream; and hovering about him when alone. Betty went so far as to accuse her of colloguing with him against Alfred, and of "setting her cap at master," which accusation elicited no direct reply, but stinging innuendoes hours after.

Now, if one looks into the thing, the elements of discord had attacked Albion Villa quite as powerfully as Musgrove Cottage; but had hitherto failed signally: the mutual affection of the Dodds was so complete, and no unprincipled person among them to split the good.

And now that the wedding drew near there was but one joyful heart within the walls; but the others were too kind and unselfish to throw cold water. Mrs. Dodd's own wedding had ended in a piteous separation, and now to part with her darling child, and launch her on the uncertain waves of matrimony! She heaved many a sigh when alone: but, as there were no bounds to her maternal love, so there were no exceptions to her politeness: over her aching heart she forced on a wedding face, subdued, but hopeful, for her daughter, as she would for any other young lady about to be married beneath her roof. It was a heroic effort; and partially successful; not wholly, because Julia loved her mother in earnest, and all true love is vigilance.

It wanted but six days, when one morning after breakfast, the bereaved wife, and mother about to be deserted, addressed her son and Viceroy thus: "Edward, we *must* borrow fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds? what for? who wants that?"

"Why, *I* want it," said Mrs. Dodd, stoutly.

"Oh, if *you* want it!—what to do, please?"

"Why, to buy her wedding-clothes, dear."

"I thought what her 'I' would come to," said Julia, reproachfully.

Edward shook his head and said, "He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing."

"But she is not a he:" objected Mrs. Dodd with the subtlety of a schoolman: "and who ever heard of a young lady being married without some things to be married *in*?"

"Well, I've heard nudity is not the cheese, on public occasions: but why not go dressed like a lady as she always does, only wear white gloves; and be married without any bother and nonsense."

"You talk like a boy," said Mrs. Dodd. "I could not bear it. My poor child!" and she cast a look of tenderest pity on the proposed victim. "Well, suppose we make the poor child the judge," suggested Edward. He then put it to Julia whether, under the circumstances, she would wish them to run in debt, buying her finery to wear for a day. "It was not fair to ask *her*," said Mrs. Dodd, with a sigh.

Julia blushed and hesitated, and said she would be candid; and then stopped.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Edward. "This is a bad beginning. Girls candor! now for a masterpiece of Duplicity."

Julia inquired how he dared; and Mrs. Dodd said warmly that Julia was not like other people, she could be candid; had actually done it, more than once, within her recollection. The young lady justified the exception as follows: "If I was going to be married to myself, or to some gentleman I did not care for, I would not spend a shilling. But I am going to marry *him*; and so—oh, Edward, think of them saying 'what has he married? a dowdy: why she hadn't new things on to go to church with him: no bonnet, no wreath, no new white dress!' To mortify him the very first day of our—" The sentence remained unfinished, but two lovely eyes filled to the very brim without running over, and completed the sense, and did the Viceroy's business though a brother. "Why you dear little goose," said he: "of course I don't mean that. I have as good as got the things we must buy; and those are a new bonnet—"

"Ah!"

"A wreath of orange blossoms—"

"Oh you good boy!"

"Four pair of gloves: two white—one is safe to break—two dark; very dark: invisible green, or visible black; last the honey-moon. All the rest you must find in the house."

"What, fit her out with a parcel of old things? Can you be so cruel, so unreasonable, dear Edward?"

"Old things! [illegible]y, where is all your gorgeous attire from Oriental climes? I see the splendiferous articles arrive, and then they vanish forever."

"Now, shawls and Indian muslins! pray what use are they to a bride?"

"Why what looks nicer than a white muslin dress?"

"Married in muslin? The very idea makes me shiver."

"Well, clap her on another petticoat."

"How can you be so childish? Muslin is not the thing."

"No more is running in debt."

He then suggested that a white shawl or two should be cut into a bridal dress. At which both ladies' fair throats opened on him with ridicule: cut fifty-guinea shawls into ten-pound dresses; that was male economy; was it? Total; a wedding was a wedding: new things always *had* had to be bought for a wedding, and always would, in secula seculorum.

"New things? Yes," said the pertinacious wretch. "But they need not be new-bought things. You ladies go and confound the world's eyes with your own in the drollest way: if gorgeous attire has lain long in your drawers, you fancy the world will detect on its glossy surface how long you had it, and gloated over it, and made it stale to your eye, before you could bring your mind to wear it. That is your delusion, that, and the itch for going out shopping, oh, I'm down on you. Mamma dear, you open that gigantic wardrobe of yours; and I'll oil my hair, whitewash my mug (a little moan from Mrs. D.), and do the counterjumping business to the life; hand the things down to you, unroll 'em, grin, charge you 100 per cent. over value, note them down in a penny memorandum book, sing out 'caesh! caesh!' etc., etc.: and so we shall get all Julia wants, and go through the ritual of shopping without the substantial disgrace of running in debt."

Mrs. Dodd smiled admiringly, as ladies generally do at the sauciness of a young male; but proposed an amendment. She would open her wardrobe, and look out all the contents for Edward's inspection; and, if the mere sight of them did not convince him they were inappropriate to a bride, why then she would coincide with his views, and resign her own.

"All right!" said he. "That will take a jolly time, I know; so I'll go to my governor first for the bonnet and wreath."

Mrs. Dodd drew in at this last slang word; she had heard young gentlemen apply it to their fathers.

Edward, she felt sure, would not so sully that sacred relation: still the word was obnoxious for its past offenses; and she froze at it: "I have not the honor to know who the personage is you so describe," said she, formally. Edward replied very carelessly that it was an upholsterer at the North end of the town."

"Ah, a tradesman you patronize."

"Humph? Well, yes, that is the word, mamma: haw! haw! I have been making the bloke a lot of oak candlesticks, and human heads, with sparkling eyes, for walking-sticks, etc. And now I'll go and draw my—protégé's—blunt." The lady's hands were uplifted toward pitying Heaven with one impulse: the young workman grinned [illegible]vons de notre siècle," said he, and depar[illegible]ling, in the tenor clef. He had the m[illegible]whistle in England.

After a few minutes well spent in deploring the fall of her Oxonian, a[illegible]ently denouncing his motto, and his centu[illegible]ays, and, above all, its words, Mrs. Dodd [illegible] Julia to her bedroom, and unlocked drawers, and doors, in her wardrobe; and straightway Sarah, who was hurriedly flogging the chairs with a duster, relaxed, and began to work on a cheval-glass as slowly as if she was drawing Nelson's lions at a thousand pounds the tail. Mrs. Dodd opened a drawer and took out three pieces of worked Indian muslin, a little discolored by hoarding: "There, that must be bleached and make you some wrappers for the honey-moon, if the weather is at all fine; and petticoats to match;" next an envelope consisting of two foolscap sheets tacked. This, carefully undone upon the bed, revealed a Brussels lace flounce and a veil: "It was my own," said Mrs. Dodd, softly. "I saved it for you. See here is your name written on it seventeen years ago. I thought—'This dear little toddler will have wings some day, and then she will leave me.' But now I am almost afraid to let you wear it; it might bring you misfortune: suppose after years of wedded love you should be bereaved of—" Mrs. Dodd choked, and Julia's arms were round her neck in a moment.

"I'll risk it," cried she, impetuously. "If it but makes me as beloved as you are; I'll wear it come weal, come woe! And then I shall feel it over me at the altar like my guardian angel's wings, my own sweet, darling mamma. Oh what an idiot, what a wretch I am, to leave you at all!"

This unfortunate, unexpected burst interrupted business sadly. Mrs. Dodd sank down directly on the bed and wept; Julia cried over her, and Sarah plumped herself down in a chair and blubbered. But wedding flowers are generally well watered in the private apartments.

Patient Mrs. Dodd soon recovered herself: "This is childlike of me. When I think that there are mothers who see their children go from the house corpses, not brides, I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come! à l'œuvre. Ah, here is something." And she produced a white China crape shawl. "Oh, how sweet," said Julia, "why have you never worn it?"

"Dear me, child, what use would things be to those I love, if I went and *wore* them?"

The next article she laid her hand on was a roll of white poplin, and drew an exclamation from Mrs. Dodd herself: "If I had not forgotten this, and it is the very thing! Your dear papa bought me this in London, and I remonstrated with him well for buying me such a delicate thing, only once wear. I kissed it and put it away, and forgot it. They *say* if you keep a thing seven years. It *is* just seven years since he gave it me; really the dear boy is a witch: this is your wedding-dress, my precious precious." She unrolled a few yards on the bed to show it; and asked the gloating Sarah, with a great appearance of consideration, whether they were not detaining her from her occupations?

"Oh no, mum. This glass have got so dull; I'm just polishing of it a bit. I sha'n't be a minute now, mum."

From silver tissue paper Mrs. Dodd evolved a dress (unmade) of white crape embroidered in true-lovers-knots of violet silk, and ears of wheat in gold. Then there was a scream at the glass, and Sarah seen in it with ten claws in the air very wide apart: she had slyly turned the mirror and was devouring the reflection of the finery, and this last Indian fabric overpowered her. Her exclamation was instantly followed by much polishing; but Mrs. Dodd replied to it after the manner of her sex: "Well it *is* lovely," said she to Julia: "but where is the one with beetle wings? Oh here."

"Real beetle's wings, mamma?" inquired Julia.

"Yes, love."

"So they are, and how wicked! and what a lovely green! I will never wear them: they are prismatic: now, if ever I am to be a Christian I had better begin: every thing *has* a beginning. Oh vanity of women, you stick at nothing! A thousand innocent lives stolen to make one dress." And she put one hand before her eyes and with the other ordered the dress back into the wardrobe with a genuine agitation.

"My dear, what expressions! And you need not wear it; indeed neither of them is fit for that purpose. But you *must* have a pretty thing or two about you. I have hoarded these a good many years; now it is your turn to have them by you. And let me see: you want a traveling cloak, but the dear boy will not let us; so choose a warm shawl."

A rich but modest one was soon found, and Julia tried it on, arching her supple neck, and looking down over her shoulder to see the effect behind, in which attitude oh for an immortal brush to paint her, or any thing half as bright, supple, graceful, and every inch a woman! At this moment Mrs. Dodd threw a lovely blue Indian shawl on the bed, galvanizing Sarah so that up went her hands again, and the door opened softly, and a handsome head in a paper cap peeped on the scene inquiring with mocked timidity, "May 'The British Workman' come in?" He was invited warmly, Julia whipped his cap off, and tore it in two, reddening, and Mrs. Dodd, intending to compliment his foresight, showed him the bed laden with the treasures they had disinterred from vanity's mahogany tomb.

"Well, mother," said he, "you were right, and I was wrong: they are inappropriate enough, the whole lot."

The ladies looked at one another, and Sarah permitted herself a species of snort.

"Do we want Sarah?" he asked, quietly. She retired bridling.

"Inappropriate?" exclaimed Mrs. Dodd. "There is nothing here unfit for a bride's trousseau."

"Good Heavens! Would you trick her out like a Princess?"

"We must. We are too poor to dress her like a lady."

"Cinderella; at your service," observed Julia complacently, and pirouetted before him in her new shawl.

Ideas, rejected peremptorily at the time, often rankle, and bear fruit by-and-by. Mrs. Dodd took up the blue shawl, and said she would make Julia a peignoir of it; and the border being narrowish, would do for the bottom. "That was a good notion of yours, darling," said she, bestowing a sweet smile on Edward. He grunted. Then she took out a bundle of lace: "Oh, for pity's sake, no more," cried the "British Workman."

"Now, dearest, you have interfered once in feminine affairs, and we submitted. But, if you say another word, I will trim her poplin with Honiton two feet deep."

"Quarter! quarter!" cried Edward. "I'm dumb; grant me but this; have nothing made up for her out of the house: you know there is no dress-maker in Barkington can cut like you: and then that will put some limit to our inconsistency." Mrs. Dodd agreed; but she must have a woman in to sew.

Edward grunted at this, and said: "I wish I could turn you these gowns with my lathe; what a deal of time and bother it would save. However, if you want any stuffing, come to me; I'll lend you lots of shavings; make the silk rustle. Oh here is my governor's contribution." And he produced £7 10*s*.

"Now, look there," said Julia, sorrowfully, "it is money, and I thought you were going to bring me the very bonnet yourself. Then I should have valued it."

"Oh yes," replied the young gentleman ironically, "can I choose a bonnet to satisfy such swells as you and mamma? I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go with you and *look* as wise as Solomon, all the time you are choosing it."

"A capital plan," said Julia.

Edward then shook his fist at the finery: and retired to work again for his Governor: "Flowers," he observed, "are indispensable, at a wedding breakfast; I hear too it is considered the right cheese to add something in the shape of grub." Exit whistling in the tenor clef; and keeping their hearts up, like a man.

So now there were two work-shops in Albion Villa; Ned's study, as he called it, and the drawing-room: in the former, shavings flew, and settled at their ease, and the whirr of the lathe slept not; the latter, was all patterns, tapes, hooks-and-eyes, whalebone, cuttings of muslin, poplin, and paper, clouds of lining-muslin, snakes of piping, skeins, shreds, and the floor literally sown with pins, escaped from the fingers of the fair, those taper fingers so typical of the minds of their owners; for they have softness, suppleness, nimbleness, adroitness, and "a plentiful lack" of tenacity.

The days passed in h[illegible]d work, and the evenings in wooing, never sweeter than when it has been so earned: and at last came the wedding-eve. Dr. Sampson, who was to give the bride away, arrived just before dinner-time: the party, including Alfred, sat down to a charming little dinner; they ate beetles' wings, and drank Indian muslin fifteen years in the wood. For the lathe and the chisel proved insufficient, and Julia, having really denied herself, as an aspirant to Christianity, that assassin's robe, Mrs. Dodd sold it under the rose to a fat old dowager—for whom nothing was too fine—and so kept up appearances.

Julia and Alfred were profoundly happy at bottom; yet their union was attended with too many drawbacks for boisterous gayety, and Alfred, up to this time, had shown a seriousness and sobriety of bliss that won Mrs. Dodd's gratitude. It was the demeanor of a delicate mind; it became his own position, at odds with his own flesh and blood for Julia's sake; it became him, as the son-in-law of a poor woman so lately bereaved of her husband, and reduced to poverty by one bearing the name of Hardie.

But now Dr. Sampson introduced a gayer element. He had seen a great deal of Life; i. e. of death and trouble. This had not hardened him, but, encountering a sturdy, valiant, self-protecting nature, had made him terribly tough and elastic; it was now his way never to go forward or backward a single step after sorrow. He seldom mentioned a dead friend or relation, and if others forced on the dreary topic on him, they could never hold him to it; he was away directly to something pleasant or useful, like a grasshopper skipping off a grave into the green grass. He had felt keenly about David while there was any thing to be done: but now his poor friend was in a mad-house, thanks to the lancet; and there was an end of *him*. Thinking about him would do him no good. The present only is irresistible; past and future ills, the mind can bar out by a resolute effort. The bride will very likely die of her first child! Well then, forget that just now. Her father is in an asylum! well then, don't remember him at the wrong time: there sit female beauty and virtue ready to wed manly wit and comeliness, seated opposite. See their sweet stolen glances; a few hours only between them and wedded rapture: and I'm here to give the lovely virgin away: fill the bumper high! dum vivimus vivamus. In this glorious spirit he rattled on, and soon drew the young people out, and silvery peals of laughter rang round the genial board.

This jarred on Mrs. Dodd. She bore it in silence some time; but, with the grief it revived, and sharpened by contrast, and the polite effort to hide her distress, found herself becoming hysterical: then she made the usual signal to Julia, and beat an early retreat. She left Julia in the drawing-room, and went and locked herself in her own room. "Oh, how can they be so *cruel* as to laugh and giggle in my David's house!" She wept sadly, and for the first time felt herself quite lonely in the world: for what companionship between the gay and the sad-hearted? Poor thing, she lived to reproach herself even with this, the nearest approach she ever made to selfishness.

Ere long she crept into Julia's room and humbly busied herself packing her trunks for the wedding tour. The tears fell fast on her white hands.

She would not have been left alone a minute if Julia's mind had not been occupied just then with an affectionate and seemly anxiety: she earnestly desired to reconcile her Alfred and his sister before the wedding; and she sat in the drawing-room thinking whether it could be done, and how.

At last she sat down blushing and wrote a little note, and rang the bell for Sarah, and sent it courageously into the dining-room.

Sarah very prudently listened at the keyhole before entering; for she said to herself, "If they are talking free, I sha'n't go in till it's over."

The persons so generously suspected were discussing a parchment Alfred had produced, and wanted signed: "You are our trustee, my boy," said he to Edward: "so just write your name here, and mine comes here, and the witnesses there: the Doctor and Sarah will do. Send for a pen."

"Let's read it first, please."

"Read it! What for?"

"Catch me signing a paper without reading it, my boy."

"What, can't you trust me?" inquired Alfred, hurt.

"Oh yes. And can't you trust me?"

"There's a question: why I have named you my Trusty in the deed; he, he."

"Well then trust me without my signing, and I'll trust you without reading."

Sampson laughed at this retort, and Alfred reddened; he did not want the Deed read. But while he hesitated, Sarah came in with Julia's note, asking him to come to her for a minute. This sweet summons made him indifferent to prosaic things. "Well, read away," said he: "one comfort, you will be no wiser."

"What, is it in Latin?" asked Edward, with a wry face.

"No such luck. Deeds used to be in Latin;

but Latin could not be made obscene enough. So now Dark Deeds are written in an unknown tongue called Lawyerish, where the sense is "as one grain of wheat in two bushels of chaff; pick it out if you can."

"Whatever man has done man may do," said Dr. Sampson, stoutly. "You have rid it, and yet understood it: so why mayn't we, ye monster o' enemies?"

"Read it?" said Alfred. "I never read it: would not read it for a great deal of money. The moment I saw what a senseless mistake it was, I flung it down and insisted on the batological author furnishing me with an English translation. He complied: the only exemplars just twenty lines; the original three folio pages, as you see. That crib, gentlemen," added he, sagely, "is now in my waistcoat pocket; and you shall never see it—for your impudence. No, seat yourselves by that pool of parchment (pedet cætemque sedebit, etc.) and fish for Lawyer Crawford's ideas, rari nantes in gurgite vasto." And with this he flew up stairs on the wings of love. Julia met him in the middle of the room all in a flutter: "It is to ask you a favor. I am unhappy—about one thing."

"Then I ask you a favor; to let me try and make you happy."

"Dear, dear Alfred!"

She then leaned one hand softly on his shoulder, and carving her lovely, supple neck looked round into his face and watched it as she conferred her petition: "It is about Jane and you. I can not bear to act you in this way: only think, she says you have not spoken; and I am the cause."

"Not the only cause, love."

"I don't know, darling. But it is very cruel. I have got my dear mother and Edward; you have nobody—but Mrs. Alfred," said she, with gentle impetuosity, "now is the time; your papa is away."

"Oh, is he?" said Alfred, carelessly.

"Yes. Some days Betty says he is gone to Uncle Thomas. So I know you won't refuse me, my own Alfred: it is to go to your sister this minute and make it up."

"What, and leave you?" ejected Alfred, ruefully.

"No, no; you are with the gentlemen, you know: you are not here, *in reality*, till tea. Make them an excuse: say the Truth; say it is Me: and come back to me with good news."

He consented on these terms.

Then she armed him with advice: "You go to make peace: it is our last chance; now remember, you must be very generous, very sweet-tempered, guard against your impetuosity. Oh, take warning by me; see how impetuous I am. And then, you know, after all, she is only a woman, and a timid creature like you ought not to be ruffled by any thing so small as a woman's tongue! the idea! And, dearest, don't go trusting to your tongue, but *do* descend to the arts of persuasion, because they are far more convincing somehow: please try them."

"Yes. I appreciate them."

"Why, kissing, and coaxing, and—don't ask me."

"Will you bestow a specimen of those arts on me if I succeed?"

"Try me," said she: and looked him earnestly in the face: but lowered her long lashes directly and shyly, as she realized to what her impetuosity was pledging itself.

Alfred got his hat and ran to Musgrove Cottage.

A man stepped out of the shadow of a hedge opposite Albion Villa, and followed him, keeping in shadow as much as possible.

The door of Musgrove Cottage was opened to him by Betty with a joyful start: "Mr. Alfred, I declare! Come in; there's only me and Miss. Master is in Yorkshire, and that there crocodile, Jenny, she is turned away—for cause —and a good riddance of bad rubbish; Miss is in the parlor."

She ushered him triumphantly in. Jane was seated reading: she dropped her book, and ran and kissed him with a cry of joy. So warm a reception surprised him agreeably, and simplified his task. He told her he was come to try and make it up with her before the wedding: "We lose your company, dear Jenny," said he, "and that is a great grief to us, valuing you as we do: don't refuse us your good wishes to-morrow."

"Dearest Alfred," said she, "can you think it? I pray for you day and night. And I have begun to blame myself for being so sore put here in the wrong and poor papa faultless. What you must think of me!"

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"Why, Jenny," said Alfred, "how red your eyes are."

At this observation the young saint laid her head on her brother's shoulder and had a good cry like any other girl. When she recovered a little she told him, Yes, she had been very unhappy: that he had always been a dear good brother to her and the only one she had; and that it cut her to the heart not to be at his wedding: it seemed so unkind.

Alfred set her on his knee—she had more soul than body—and kissed her and comforted her: and, in this happy reversal of natural affection, his heart opened, he was off his guard, and told her all: gave her the several proofs their father had got the £14,000. Jane, arrested by the skill and logical clearness with which he marshaled the proofs, listened in silence; and presently a keen shudder ran through her frame and reminded him he was setting a daughter against her father.

"There," said he, "I always said I would never tell you, and now I've done it. Well, at least you will see with what consideration, and unheard-of leniency, the Dodds, for our sake, are treating Mr. Richard Hardie. Just compare their conduct to him with his to them. And which is most to his advantage? that I should marry Julia, and give Mrs. Dodd the lifeinterest in my ten thousand pounds, to balance his dishonesty, or for him to be indicted as a thief? Ned Dodd told us plainly he would have set the police on him had any other but his son been the informant."

"Did *he* say that? Oh, Alfred, this is a miserable world."

"I can't see it: it is the jolliest world in the world: every thing is bright and lovely, and every body is happy except a few sick people, and a few peevish ones that run to meet trouble: to-morrow I marry my sweet Julia; Richard Hardie will find we do him modest him, no trouble our hands about him; he will get used to us; and one fine day we shall say to him, 'Now, we know all about the £14,000: just leave it by will to dear Jenny, and let my friend Dodd marry her, and you shall enjoy it unmolested for your lifetime.' He will consent: and you will marry Ned, and then you'll find the world has been wickedly slandered, by dishonest men, and dismal dogs."

In this strain he continued till he made her wash a good deal and smile a little; and smile. Her Piety was unflinching; but her justice not so stern as his. She could not shake off a fancy, just for cheerful talk.

But at last she said, "If I was sure all this is true, I think I would go—with a heavy heart—to your wedding. If I don't, it is for part of me will be there, my prayers, and my warm, warm wishes for you both. Kiss her for me, and tell her so; and tell her that we shall meet round His throne soon, if we can not meet at His altar to-morrow."

Brother and sister then kissed one another affectionately; and Alfred ran back like the wind to Albion Cottage. Julia was not in the drawing-room, and presently was not found. After waiting half an hour he got impatient, and sent Sarah to say he had a message for her. Sarah came up stairs to Mrs. Dodd, and said she was instantly absorbed. After waiting again a long time, Alfred persuaded Edward to try his luck. Edward went up to Mrs. Dodd's room, and was absorbed.

The wedding dress was being solemnly tried on. A clean linen sheet was on the floor, and the bride stood on it, receiving the last touches of the milliner's art. Julia and her sister Sophia and lace veil she seemed framed in white, and lovely, her cheeks bloomed so, and her eyes beamed, with the excitement of approaching unity, that altogether she was supernaturally lovely.

Once enter the room enchanted by this snowball rose, and—Good-by, Remembrance!

However Edward escaped at last, and told Alfred what was on foot, and drew a picture of the Bride, with white roses in her hair, and veil.

"Oh, let me see her," implored the lover.

Edward must ask mamma about that. He did, and mamma said, certainly not; the last person in the world that shall see her in her wedding dress." But she should come down to him in half an hour, unless a very long half hour. However, by way of compensation, he was alone when she did come. "Good news?" she asked, timidly.

"Capital: we are the best of friends. Why she is half inclined to come."

"Then—look her best. You are: oh, how I love you."

And she flung a tender arm round his neck, like a young goddess, media, and half her sweet face came so near his he had only to stoop a little, and their lips met in a long blissful kiss.

That kiss was an era in their love. Innocence itself, she had put up her delicious lips to her lover in pure, thought-purest, affection; but the basic fire with which his was flushed made the blush as well as thrill, and she drew back a little, blushed, and looked down, and touched on his shoulder, hiding a face that grew redder and redder.

He bent his graceful head and murmured down to her, "Are you afraid of me, sweetest?"

"Oh no, no! Yes, a little: I don't know. I was afraid I had misunderstood you, dear Dearest; you don't quite belong to me yet, you know."

"Oh yes, I do: and, what is more, you belong to me. Don't you? Sweet rebel."

"Ah, that I do, heart and soul, my own, own, own."

A few more soft delicious murmurs, and then Julia was summoned to more rites of vanity, and the lovers parted with tender reluctance for those few hours.

Alfred went home to his lodgings.

He had not been there above ten minutes when he came out hastily and walked quickly to the "White Lion," the principal Inn in Barkington. He went into the coffee-room and said a few words to the hostler: then returned to his lodgings.

A man followed him at a distance from Albion Terrace; watched him home; dogged him to the "White Lion" and hovered round the yard and offered the hostler a glass of ale at the tap.

At Albion Villa they were working on Julia's dresses till past midnight: and then Mrs. Dodd insisted on her going to bed. They obeyed; but when the house was all quiet came stealing out to her mother and begged to sleep with her: the sad mother strained her in a tearful embrace: and so they passed the night; clinging to one another more as the party drew near.

Edward arranged the wedding-breakfast for after the ceremony: and sent the ladies up a tray of coffee, and a bit of toast apiece; they could hardly find appetite even for this; or indeed time; there was so much still to do.

At ten o'clock Julia was still in the height of dressing, delayed by contretemps upon contretemps. Sarah and Lucretia did her hair up too loose, and, being a glorious mass, it threatened all to come down; and meantime a hairpin quietly but persistently bored her cream-white poll.

"Oh, send for mamma!"

Mamma came half-dressed, had the hair all down again, and did it up with adroit and loving hand, and put on the orange wreath, kissed her admiringly, and retired to her own toilet: and the girls began to lace the bride's body.

Bump came Edward's foot against the door, making them all shriek.

"Now I don't want to hurry you; but Dr. Sampson is come."

The handmaids flustered, tried to go faster: and when the work was done, Julia took her little hand-glass and inspected her back: "Oh," she screamed, "I am crooked. There, run for mamma!"

Mamma soon came, and the poor bride held out imploring hands: "I'm all awry. I'm as crooked as a ram's-horn."

"I'm, miss," said Sarah, "it's only behind nobody will notice it."

"How can they help it? Mamma! *am* I deformed?"

Mrs. Dodd smiled superior and bade her be calm: "It is the lacing, dear. No, Sarah, it is no use your trying to alter it: nothing in the world will not straighten it. I thought so: you have missed the second top hole."

Julia's lips began to beat a tattoo on the floor: "There is not a soul in the house but you can do the simplest thing. Eyes and no eyes! Edward, send up Sophia! I never did!"

"Hush, love, we all do our best."

"Oh, I am sure of that: poor things."

"Notice of that, if you fidget about love," objected Mrs. Dodd.

(Bump!) "Now I don't want to hurry any man's cattle: but Mr. Hardie demands an owner."

"Oh dear, I shall never be ready in time," said Julia; and the tattoo recommenced.

"Plenty of time," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly lacing: "not half past ten yet. Sarah, go and see if the bridegroom has arrived."

Sarah returned with the reassuring tidings that the bridegroom had not yet arrived; though the carriages had.

"Oh, thank Heaven *he* is not come," said Julia. "If I keep him waiting to-day, he might say—Oho!"

Under dread of a comment so cutting she was ready, at last, and said majestically he might come now whenever he liked.

Meantime, down stairs, an uneasiness of the opposite kind was growing. Ten minutes past the appointed hour, and the bridegroom not there. So while Julia, now full dressed, and easy in her mind, was directing Sarah's sister to put out her shoes, and her bonnet and gloves, on the bed, Mrs. Dodd was summoned down stairs: she came down with Julia's white gloves in her hand, and needle and thread, the button sewed on by trade's fair hand having flown at the first strain. Edward met her on the stairs: "Is there any letter, my mother?" said he, sotto voce: "there must be some mistake. Can you remember? Wasn't he to call for me on the way to the church?"

"I really do not know," said Mrs. Dodd: "Is he at the church do you think?"

"No, no, else he would have called for me, here: or I for him. I'll go to the church though, it is only a step."

He ran off, and in little more than five minutes came into the drawing-room.

"No, he is not there. I must go to his lodgings. Excuse me, dear, he has got reading Aristotle, I suppose."

This passed before the whole party, Julia excepted.

Sampson looked at his watch, and said he could conduct the ladies to the church while Edward went for Alfred. "Drives of labor," said he, gallantly, "and mine the delightful half."

Mrs. Dodd demurred to the plan. She was for waiting quietly in one place.

"Well, then," said Edward, "we may overdo that; here it is a quarter past eleven, and you know they can't be married after twelve. No, I really think I had better all go with the Sun, for: I dare say we shall be there as soon as you will."

This was agreed on after some discussion: Edward, however, to provide against all contingencies, begged Sampson not to wait for him should Alfred arrive at church by some other road: "I'm only groomsman, you know," said he. He ran off at a racing pace. The bride was then summoned, descended, and handed into one carriage with her two bridemaids, Miss Beaucupet, and Miss Darton: Sampson and Mrs. Dodd went into another: and by half past eleven they were all safe in the church.

A good many people high and low were about the door, and in the pews, waiting to see the beautiful Miss Dodd married to the son of a personage even richer than old Osbaldiston. The bride's rare beauty, and stag-like carriage; of her head imperial in its loveliness and orange wreath, drew a hum of admiration.

The party stood a minute or two at the east end of the church, and then the clergyman came out and invited them into the vestry.

Their reappearance was eagerly expected; in silence at first, but presently in loud and multitudinous whispers.

At this moment a young lady with almost perfect features and sylph-like figure, modestly dressed in dove-colored silk, but with a new chip bonnet and white gloves, entered a pew near the west door, and said in a false prayer; then proceeded up the aisle, and exchanged a word with the clerk, then into the vestry.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" went fifty female tongues, and the arrival of the bridegroom's sister became public news.

The bride welcomed her in the vestry with a sweet guttural of surprise and delight, and they kissed one another like little tigers.

"Oh my darling friend, how kind of you! have I got you back to make my happiness complete?"

Now none of her own party had thought it wise to tell Julia there was any hitch: but Miss Hardie blurted out naturally enough: "But where's Alfred?"

"I don't know, dear," said Julia, inconcertedly. "Are not he and Edward in another part of the church? I thought we were waiting till twelve o'clock, perhaps. Mamma dear, you know every thing. I suppose that is all right?"

Then, looking round at her friend's faces, she saw in a moment that it was all wrong. Sampson's, in particular, was burning with manly indignation, and even her mother's discomposed, and trying to smile.

When Mrs. Hardie saw this, she suspected her beloved was treating her cavalierly, and her poor little mouth began to work, and she had much ado not to whimper.

Mrs. Dodd, to encourage her, told her not to be put out; it had been arranged all along that Edward should go for him: "Unfortunately we had an impression it was the other way: but now Edward is gone to his lodgings."

"No, mamma," said Julia; "Alfred was to call for Edward; because our house was on the way."

"Are you sure, my child?" asked Mrs. Dodd, very gravely.

"Yes, mamma," said Julia, beginning to tremble: "at a quarter before eleven. I heard them settle it."

The matter was terribly serious now; indeed it began to look hopeless. Weather overclouded: rain-drops falling; and hard upon twelve o'clock.

They all looked at one another in despair.

Suddenly there was a loud, long, buzzing hum of applause in the house: it was evidently into a gossiping fair. "Talk of money-changers," said Satan, that day, "give *me* the exchangers of small talk."

"Thank Heaven they are come," said Mrs. Dodd. But, having thus relieved her mind, she drew herself up and prepared for a freezing reception for the defaulter.

A whisper reached their ears: "Edward! the young Mr. Dodd!" and next moment Edward came into the vestry—alone: the sight of him caused all the brave wax work perspiration, his face black and white with bitter vexation.

"Come home, my people," he said, sternly: "there will be no wedding here to-day."

The bridemaids cackled questions to him; he turned his back fiercely on them.

Mrs. Dodd drew her own face too well to waste inquiries. "Give me my child!" she cried, in such a burst of mother's anguish long restrained, that even the insult to the bride was forgotten for one moment, till she was seen tottering into her mother's arms and cringing and trying to hide both in her: "Oh, throw a shawl over me," she moaned: "hide all this!"

Well, they all did what they could; Jane hung round her neck and sobbed, and said, "I've a sister now, and no brother." The bridemaids cried. The young curate ran and got pipe to the vestry-door: "Get into it," he said, "and you will at least escape the curious crowd."

"God bless you, Mr. Hurd," said Edward, half choked. He hurried the insulted bride and her mother in; Julia huddled and shrank into a corner under Miss Dodd's shawl: Mrs. Dodd had all the blinds down in a moment; and they went home as from a funeral.

Ay, and a funeral it was; for the sweetest girl in England buried her hopes, her laugh, her May of life in that black church that day.

When she got to Albion Villa she cast a wild look all around for fear she should be seen in the wedding-clothes; and darted moaning into the house.

Sarah met *he* in the hall, smirking; and saying, "Wish *you* joy."

The poor bride screamed so fearfully at the mocking words, she cut the conventional phrase in two as with a knife, and fled to her own room, and tore off her wreath, her veil, her pearls, and had already strewed the room, when Mrs. Dodd and the bridemaids came hastily, burst in and caught her half fainting, and laid her, weary as old age, and cold as a stone, upon her mother's bosom, and rocked her as in the days of happy childhood, never to return, and bedewed the pale face with her own tears.

Sampson took the bridemaids each to her residence, on purpose to leave Edward free. He came home, washed his face, and sent for beer, but more master of himself, knocked timidly at Julia's door.

"Come in, my son," said a broken voice.

He crept in; and saw a sorry sight. The traveling dress and bonnet were waiting still on the bed; the bridal wreath and veil lay on the floor; and so did half the necklace, and the rest of the pearls all about the floor; and Julia, with all her hair loose and hanging below her waist, lay feebly moaning in her mother's arms.

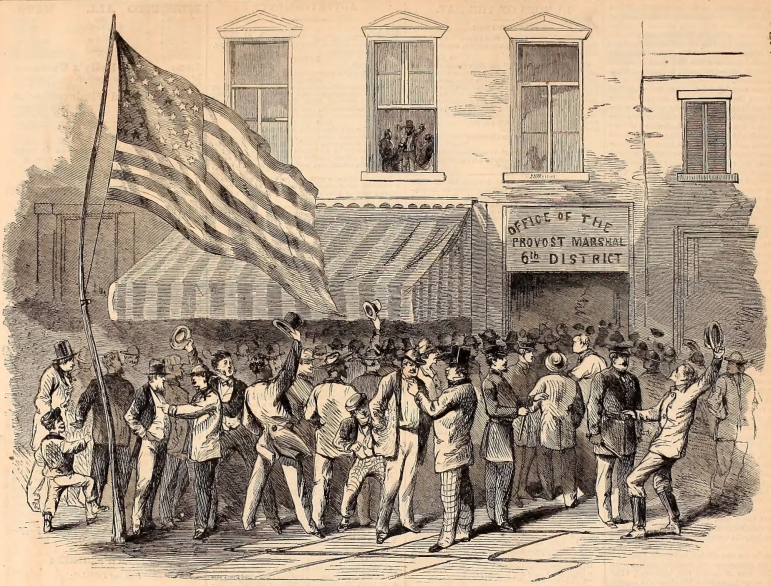
Edward stood and looked, and groaned.

Mrs. Dodd whispered to him over Julia: "Not a tear! not a tear!"

"Dead, or false?" moaned the girl: "dead, or false? oh, that I could believe he was false: no, no, he is dead: dead."



THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY SKIRMISHING.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



RESUMPTION OF THE DRAFT—OUTSIDE THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SIXTH DISTRICT—THE CROWD CHEERS.

RESUMPTION OF THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

DURING the five weeks' interval that elapsed between the first attempt at effecting a conscription in the city of New York and the late order stating that the draft was to be carried out at any cost, rumors were rife as to the course likely to be taken by Government in the matter. Many persons thought, or affected to think, that the conscription was indefinitely postponed, owing to an unwillingness on the part of the authorities to wound again the fine feelings of a metropolitan mob by a new exhibition of the unpalatable "black draught," which so decidedly imparted its color to the four dark days of July, 1863. There were not wanting those who averred that the rowdies of New York had once for all established their superiority over law and order. Others took a very different view of the matter. It, in their view, was a question



RESUMPTION OF THE DRAFT—INSIDE THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SIXTH DISTRICT—THE WHEEL GOES ROUND.

touching the efficiency of the Government, and its ability to protect well-conducted citizens against the atrocious violence of what are now appropriately designated as the "dangerous classes." Every loyal citizen felt that the majesty of the Government was at stake; and the general sentiment among good Union men was that the draft should be effected at once—peaceably, if possible; forcibly, if necessary.

Well, one morning, when nearly five weeks had elapsed among the first attempt at carrying out the conscription in the city, the order arrived for immediately proceeding with the draft as first contemplated. There was a slight gloaming of laycoats visible through the wording of the official document, and, as if to crown the odium I naively inflicted upon the "dangerous classes," General Dix comes out with an Address to the People, in which, after hoping and trusting, and being quite confident that the conscription would go on peaceably, he winds up by saying that it would have to go on at any hazard.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the city as it raved upon the four black days of July and as it smiled during the 10th day of August and the subsequent days of the resumed draft. Men who were gorillas when the black days were upon us, appeared, by comparison, to have become converted into very affable gentlemen. If you walked the highways and by-ways of the city on the morning of Wednesday, the 19th of August, it was at no peril of life or limb, as it most certainly would have been on Wednesday, the 15th of July. The gorilla appeared to have gone out of town. The swift and even-handed justice that has lately smiled ever after in the Recorder's Court had certainly some little influence in bringing about this reform. So had the suggestive howitzer.

The bona fide 18th Sixth Avenue, a portion of which is occupied officially by the Provost Marshal of the Sixth District, has now a historical interest attaching to it as the premises upon which was settled the great test question of August, 1863, viz.: whether the land was to be ruled by the Government or by the mob of New York.

Inside the railing that intersects the Provost Marshal's room several officers were employed in making preparations for the draft. The "wheel," which is simply a hollow box of wood with an axle through it, mounted on a perpendicular frame, and about three feet in diameter, was hoisted upon a table, and great anxiety was now evinced by the spectators for the commencement of the proceedings. What the officers were charging the wheel with the 7000 scrolls containing the enrolled names; many mirthful exhortations were addressed to them by certain wags, who appeared to have been specially detailed from some hall of Ethiopian minstrelsy to keep the crowd outside the railing in good humor.

Presently the two officials so eagerly looked for made their appearance and took their station upon the table. One of them a tall, big-boned, blind man, whose well-accredited blindness was secured in his position by a rather superfluous green handkerchief bound tightly over his eyes. His duty was to stand on the left of the wheel, and grope and fumble the successive scrolls as it slowly revolved. He now became a target for the funny men in the crowd.

"I'm watching you," cried one. "I saw you trying to peep from under the handkercher that time; that's not fair!" a sally at which the blind man laughed as heartily as any body else.

"Now then, blind man!" shouted another, "what makes you so slow with that 'ere draft?"

"He doesn't see it!" rejoined a voice from the other end of the room.

The hilarity of the outsiders was now checked by the stern voice of the Provost Marshal. The necessary documents were read. "Hats off in front!" was the word, and, amidst a breathless silence, the creaking wheel made its first revolution, and the name of the conscript was announced.

And that name in New York became an accomplished fact. Not a finger was raised in defence of the authorities. There was no "revolution" save that of the dull, hollow wheel, which continues to go steadily its rounds while these lines are being written. Mob law has found more than its match in New York.

THE CHURCH-YARD LILY.

SLOWLY out of a summer grave
A pure white lily grew,
Its root was red in the heart of the dead,
Its cup in the tears of dew.

Blanched as white as a first day's snow,
It sprang by a mossy stone,
An angel's smile turned into a flower,
And it blossomed there alone.

It was prisoned round with iron rails,
Cankering red with rust;
And it rose like a blessing upon a wound,
That covered poor human dust.

It sprang from a maiden's broken heart—
'Twas she perished thing on earth;
Yet its fibrous roots were deep in a grave,
And Death had given it birth.

It fed on sunshine and on showers,
It drank the warm bright air;
There was never a flower at Eden's gate
Grew yet more pure or fair.

White and pure as a virgin's soul,
Soft as an angel's wing,
It rose to hear the birds above
Of heaven in raptures sing.

The flower was as white as the maiden's shroud,
And graciously it grew;
And its offering of dew tears
On the grave below it threw.

I could not think but it was a sign
Of happiness and rest,
For it seemed to whisper to us who're left:
"Your Alice is with the blest."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SERVANTGALISM.

The following letter from "Miss DEANE" is a rich specimen of the fine-ladyism of the kitchen, and is printed *verbatim et literatim*:

"SIR—Miss Drake as ford you the a mount of her bill and to very sorry that she is not able to dot it before but she as been ill,ever sent she as been up in New York as not been able to write and attend to that she was go in to but I hum gut much better now I hum very sorry that you gave me much Trobble it was not my intenchi to reag you of a pen barfore he so kind to me and I thought it was my right barfore with our send you the money I have send you a greenback to day if you will be so kind to reseat my bill and send it to me

"from your Humbler servant
"KATE DRAKE.

"If will you be kind enofi to resest my bil the mane day as I hum order to go down by the escride and I hum go in Thersby an it is to."

ACCOMMODING DISCOVERY.—It is reported to us, on the very best authority, that a lady of great wealth invariably finds her strength in a pinch of sugar. In the present dearth of good servants, we are glad to be able to tell our readers where to look for them.

THE TRUTH SEEN THROUGH A FOUR-HOLE.—When a ship goes into port, she usually steadies; but when port goes into a man, he usually reels.

A TRIVIAL ACCIDENT.

A turnstile used by Fanny's way;
She tried to pass it through;
A bit of fleecy, hers by act of dress
Had fancy in their view.
Her skirts on the turnstile was to press
Those narrow bounds between;
When lo! the fleecy hose must her dress
Of steel-ribbed Crinoline!

The little wretches raised a shout,
A laugh and joyous peal;
They leapt aloft, and danced about,
And laughed with fiendish glee.
Police, that should have been ashamed,
Stood winking on the scene,
While those rude boys "Ho lo!" exclaimed
"Out p-p-p the Crinoline!"

Thinker says his sister is much annoyed with him because he gives her to a living poet, because he has bread and cheese, and pulled her a bright blue. Well, well, I'm glad she's provided so well, and little kindness of that sort strengthen friendship.

Reporter.—Mr. —— asks us for the best kind of scent? Being sent to the bank with a check for $100, and receiving orders to keep it dark.

Merchator.—The chief exports from Athens are pert misery and lies. Among the former, are the celebrated "Mr. Isa'ac Newton."

The following pithy story is told of Hallam and Rogers:

"How do you do, Hallam?" the last asks.

"Do what?" said the utter.

"Why, how do you fancy yourself?"

"I never love myself."

"Well, how are you then?"

"Been where?"

"Pshaw! How do you feel?"

"I feel me and see."

"Good-morning, Hallam!"

"It's not a good morning."

"Why, what's the matter?"

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—A commercial gentleman, while traveling from New York to Boston, opened the carriage window, and immediately fell out with another gentleman who was sitting opposite. We are informed that both were severe losers. Smiles to lament them—whenever they are absent on business.

VOLUNTEER INTELLIGENCE.—The Metropolitan Pawnbrokers are about to organize a corps. They are to be known as the Uncle Corps.

CONVIVIAL MOTTO FOR THE COMPANY OF SPECTACLE-MAKERS.—"Glasses Round."

"MASSA," said Sambo, "one of your coon is dead; t'other too. 'Fraid to tell you of hoff at once for fear you couldn't bore it."

YACHTING.—"Is it more expensive to keep one's self on a yacht or to hire a boat?" was a recent conundrum of correspondent. Our answer will put the matter in a nutshell: "If you have to accommodate a large number, for it is a matter of great difficulty even to keep your legs for a moment at once.

A QUERY FROM A QUART-SEMASTER.—Why is a pollaxe twice as good as any other man? Because he double axes as much.

REAL BOON TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—Itinerant organists going out of town.

A PLEA FOR PRUSSIAN POLICY.—The best apology that can be made for the King of Prussia's conduct touching the Polish question is, that he must be puzzled how to act, because his position in regard to it is peculiarly PUSH.

EPIGRAM.
BY A FARMER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Them little gamuts to Tiptree Hall is no use, really, is they?
You can't expect as we shall grow our crops by Mechlin.

MOTTO FOR EXTERMINATORS.—A short train and a merry one.

NO SOONER ASSIST THAN TOLD.—What typo ought the act abolishing the Metropolitan Turnpikes to have been published in?—Fico.

Why is a noose like a box with nothing in it?—Because it's hempty.

CLASSICAL.—It is a fact not mentioned in Longfire, that in ancient times "plowing the sea" produced Cereops.

THE LION OF THE SEASON.—Pepper.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a short negro like a white man?
Because he and a tall black.

Ye eagre professed, for enigmas renowned,
Though I never exist in the light,
In the day I am found, in the dark do abound,
But never am seen in the night!
Letter F.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was?
He answered, "My age is what you do in every thing else."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IOAHE. IODINE WATER.
A SOLUTION of Pure Iodine in Pure Water.
It acts upon the
HEART,
LIVER, KIDNEYS,
DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND GLANDULAR
SYSTEM.
It is an unequaled specific for the cure of Scrofula in all its forms, Consumption, Cancer, Bronchitis, Heart, Liver, and Kidney Diseases; Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, Female Weaknesses, Syphilis, and Mercurial Diseases.
AS A TONIC
the operation of Iodine Water is evinced by its strength-ening the digestive organs and increasing the appetite.
In cases of Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and Debility, an increased nutrition of the blood is the result of its employment. The patient recovers strength, flesh, and color; healthy pabulum, and not alcohol, is imparted full, strong, and florid.
In consumptives as a pure solution, and its excellence as a medicine, are attested by the names of such distinguished men as Prof. E. H. Parker, Dr. J. R. Chilton, Prof. J. C. Booth, and others.
Testimonials may be seen at our office.
Price $1 per bottle, $5 per half dozen. Sold by Druggists, or sent on receipt of price.
All Consultations free.
DR. H. ANDERS & CO.,
Physicians and Chemists,
No. 659 Broadway, New York.

S. M. WARD. Co. B 48th N.Y. Vols.
C. E. PACE Co. I 29 N.J.Vol.

50,000 Agents Wanted.
One Agent wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1 will send you a sample, with a Carving Knife full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a Steel Pen, Pencil Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Pin, or Guard Chain, or an Elegant Spring Locket, or a Steel Stone, Cold-Herein Diamond, or Chased Ring, or a fine Gold California Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or Gent's Silver Shield, or either Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Co., and Regt., handsomely engraved upon it, or a Keystone Cross in Gold Plate; and, for 50 cents, I will send a beautiful Union Locket, or Spectacles to Suit Sight.
R. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Fine Steel Engravings.
Exquisitely accurate, with fac-simile autographs, of the prominent officers of the ARMY, NAVY, or STATE. Sent by mail to any part of the country, for 25 cts. each, 12 different, or $12 per hundred. Also CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, at $3 per dozen. J. W. LUCAS & CO., 173 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 4590.

Piles! Piles!
Dr. Wilfield's Vegetable Pills are a CERTAIN CURE for Blind and Bleeding Piles. The worst cases yield after one or two boxes. No surgical operation nor external application should be resorted to; such treatment only aggravates the disease. Sufferers from these hidden and painful-men of the highest respectability can be seen at the Office. Price for either size, $1 per box, mail to any part of the country. Sold at all the druggists, and by the proprietor,
T. YOUNG, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE CLOTHING PRESS.
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & Co., No. 304 (old No. 3) N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.

H. A. HINMAN, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., TWINES, Rope, CORDAGE, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, CARPET WARP, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping PAPER, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA
DR. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure any disease of the scalp and a shining of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.
Price 50 cts. per bottle.
CERTIFICATE.
This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many of the Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five feet four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.
MRS. L. A. WOOD, No. 468 Broadway, New York.
PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.
STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 406 Broadway.
For sale by all druggists.

Sapolio
HISKOCK'S AN ASTONISHER, OR PREPARED SALTS OF KALI-BAR. The best Blood Purifying Alterative, Purifier, and Restorer of the broken down Human System now before the world. Its results are SURE and IMMEDIATE. PRICE FIFTY CENTS, MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.
Dyspeptics, or their friends, who may desire to address us for full information prior to purchasing the remedy, will receive our Explanatory Treatise by return mail. No stamp for return letter is required. We prepay everything we send.
Write your Name, Post Office, County, and State PLAINLY.
Address thus, "HISKOCK & CO., 111 Fulton Street, (P. O. Box 4595), New York City."

MUSQUITO ALL NETS.
MUSQUITO NEW NETS.
MUSQUITO KINDS NETS.
MUSQUITO of NETS.
MUSQUITO PATTERN SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO CANOPIES SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO SHIELDS.
Lace At Kelty's Curtains.
LACE No. 359 Broadway. CURTAINS.
LACE CURTAINS.
Holland & Gold Window Shades
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

JAPAN,
"As it lives and moves—as it eats, drinks, dresses, and sleeps—as it rides, walks, loves, bathes, and goes to the play—as it buys, sells, digs, sows, and reaps."

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Publish this Day:
THE CAPITAL OF THE TYCOON: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.
It abounds in graphic descriptions of life, manners, and scenery. Language, religion, domestic manners and habits, all have their place. . . The author has not neglected to give us the main abuses and delicate touches that present the scenes depicted forcibly to the mind's eye of the reader.—*London Review.*
The pictures of Japan as it lives and moves—as it eats, drinks, dresses, and sleeps—as it rides, walks, loves, bathes, and goes to the play—as it buys, sells, sows, and reaps—are most tempting and very capital pictures of the sort. . . We have not previously had a book like this on Japan. As a narrative, it is excellent; and as containing the resultsof large observation and close study among a strangely-interesting people, it possesses an importance for all thinking readers.—*London Athenæum.*
We have rarely met with a book containing details and the graphic sketches contained in "The Capital of the Tycoon."—*London Examiner.*
. . . Abounding in good, and, in parts, positive fondalism and European discomforts, the tricks of the Tycoon's Government, and the drift of English diplomacy, Japanese women's immodesty and European merchants' licentiousness, the system of agriculture and Japanese toilette, the pottery of the country, and its picture caricature, all are described with a fullness which leaves on the reader's mind the impression of considerable extensive knowledge. The author's style is clear and simple, his mind free from prejudice, and he has a pictorial power easily and incessantly applied. The book will be read with almost exciting interest.—*London Spectator.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Have just Published:
HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER 25 cents.
KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By JOSEPH KAY, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.
LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Author of "Olive Blake's Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
ROMOLA. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.
FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.
DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, and Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.
MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and Rendered Anew by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.
ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. just ready. Price $1 00.
A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Novel. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers.
$5 00 will be sent in a Remittance, $10 pays for
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.
TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.
TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents per line for Inside, and One Dollar per line for outside Advertisements.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

J. H. Winslow & Co., 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
500 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vert and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " Lockets	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Tuscanina Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
3150 Garnet Sleeve Pins	2 00 to 3 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Boom Studs	2 00 to 5 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	3 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'nted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
15000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Tube Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. (Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places, sent by the Union troops, could be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Mother for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags on the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

420 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

The Merits of Brandreth's Pills

Are often life saving. By purifying the blood they supply health to every organ, and even restore the elasticity of the stomach and bowels, thus curing that inveterate disease, Costiveness. In Rheumatism, Bilious Affections, Liver Complaint, Sallowness, and in all Fevers, their value must be seen or felt to be understood. In Looseness and all Bowel Affections, their use is productive of immediate benefit. Even in the Summer Complaint of Infants they have often cured when other medicines have failed.

In Gravel, Stone, Diabetes, and Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder their use insures a cure. In reference thereto, I refer to Mr. Godwin, No. 1 Spruce Struck, up stairs, and to David McCord, Esq., Sing Sing. Letters for advice should be addressed to me at Sing Sing.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.,

Principal Office, 294 Canal Street.

Also sold at No. 4 Union Square, New York.

Ask for New Style.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY, and upwards, still required except those found in every household; profits $10 per cent; demand steady at four. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks from the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our immensely popular, unrivalled, and most valuable extra large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs, Models, Recipes, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Illustrations of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE Notions of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from 100 to 200 per cent over first cost. Our Package stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have not been outweighed as to the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c., and sent by Express to all parts of the Union and South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW CIRCULAR, containing *Extra Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y. The Cheapest, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a Shaving Case, WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to Shaving Case. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,

Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents that retails for $2, by E. L. WALCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Send Ten Cents for Wm. Potter's new discovery, worth ten times the money to any man and woman, and every soldier in the army. Address WM. POTTER, Box 1945, Philadelphia Post Office.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward, 4 to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, albums, Jewelry, Watches, Clothing, Musical Instruments, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will forward, on receipt of 10 cents each, Photographs of Generals ANDREW JACKSON, WINFIELD SCOTT, GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, FITZ JOHN PORTER, BURNSIDE, SIGEL, BANKS, SEDGWICK, HALLECK, SICKLES, ABERCROMBIE, FOSTER, FOOTE, DUPONT, or any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00.

SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.

111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614, ‡

NEW YORK CITY.

Important to the Deaf Eye, and Ear.—DR. VON MOSCHZISKER'S method in the Treatment of DEAFNESS is attracting much attention, and his success attested by high authority. All surgical operations on the EYE or EAR strictly confined to his OFFICE

OFFICE **1027** WALNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

4217 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address

J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

3 MORE NEW ARTICLES NOW ready. For Catalogue and terms send stamp. BRIDE & CO., 37 PARK ROW, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Metal or Wood surfaces. Glass Signs and Show Cards, with frames, to order at low prices. Office 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.



The Soldiers True Friend.—For over forty years Dr. Hollowa's has been supplying all the Armies of Europe with his PILLS AND OINTMENT, they having proved themselves the only Medicines able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Sores, Wounds, and Fevers. Every knapsack should contain them. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

Violin Strings for Hot weather.

Best French silk, 25c. Italian, 4 lengths, 25c., mailed. MUSICIAN'S COMPEN, sample of 100 tunes for violin, flute, or cornet, $1. BUGLE CALL, 50 new patriotic songs and glees, 50c. U. S. REG. DRUM and FIFE Instructor, 50c., mailed. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers' claims for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, for postage address, with stamp to pay return postage. BOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 615 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, &c.

Immediate and sure cure. HEGEMAN & CO.'S VELPEAU'S REMEDY, which has been used with unfailing success since the cholera of 1849. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by HEGEMAN & CO., Nos. 211, 213, and 229 Broadway, and corner 17th Street and 4th Avenue.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Steel, Brass or other Metals. Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Inventor, Dr. Dillwyn Lindsley.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldier's price, $50; Civilian's, $80. Send for a Circular. J. W. WESTON, Agt., 491 Broadway, N. Y.



Will warm food for the baby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or the bath, cook an egg, fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than any other stove ever used. Used on any lamp without obscuring the light. Price 75 cents; by mail, postage paid, 85 cents.

Also a Patent Lighter for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 10 cents.

E. F. GLEASON, Manufacturer,

120 Mercer Street, N. Y.

Mt. Kisco Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 5th, 1863. For circulars address A. R. WIGGIN, A. M., Principal Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, bed 29x21. Price $2500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

WORTH IT'S WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet containing postpaid, for 25 cents, much practical advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.

MEEKS' CABINET FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,

No. 699 BROADWAY,

AND

333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the most well-seasoned and selected materials, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE now ready.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, 25, 35, and $45. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.



Phelan & Collender, Sole Manufacturers.

HUBBARD BRO'S IMPORTERS OF WATCHES NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market. The article especially deserving public attention at this time is their

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

EXPRESSLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gilt hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep correct time!* Free of case or half cases, $10. By mail, $1 .25 for postage; if registered, 50 cents additional. A rare delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the case.*

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A MINIATURE OF OUR FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH FATENT SECOND STOPPING IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. Each Watch is and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being the 16 carat gold. From the improved vary action movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, in a handsome morocco-polished case, only $35. By mail, postage 36 cents; registering, 25 cents.

Our Watches are Levers, and are not liable to any other house. Wherever offered they meet the most fastidious approval, and we now put upon the market a timepiece of the country. The Press of this and brightness of finish is universally conceded to our cases.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*New York Leader*, Feb. 21.

"The prettiest and most reliable Watches in the market."—*Sunday Dispatch*.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Philad. Army and Navy Journal*, Feb. 21.

"Superbly finished Watches: keep accurate time in all climates."—*N. Y. Tribune*, July 8.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish Journal*.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-piece ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 18.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*, July 27.

☞ TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE! Money can be sent by mail or Express. If by Express in a registered letter at our risk. Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 81 Park Row, New York. Circulars and Specimens of Types, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.

Musquito Shield or Guard.



J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 50 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 50. Send stamp for circular. The fine white bobbinet frame keeps it away from the face, and the steel elastic, by

string, keeps it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or sleeping, and will last three times in place. J. HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, also Right or Lizenses have been sold to Wm. Syms St., N. Y. Room No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

Sportsmen, Tourists and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Theatrical, Opera*, and general out-door day and night double prospective glass. Its short elasticity a person to know him at from 2 to 3 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Cataract lenses sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Opticians,

609 Broadway, New York.

Duryea's Maizena



Was the only "Preparation for food from Indian Corn"

that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Cornbread, Rice Waffles, &c., without blending with flour or eggs. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, soups, for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions for use. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Wholsale Depot 166 Fulton Street.

WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

National Union League.

Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,

295 Broadway, New York.



IMPROVED STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE CITY.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S "FRIEND."—"How are you, Mr. HOWITZER? You and I did a good deal of *talking* together, in the City, a few weeks ago; but I guess you got rather the better of me—so now let us be friends, if you please!"

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $25 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing to present to *your friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers to canvass are not an exception, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULAR for 1863, containing EXTRA Inducements. See "15 per day Easy" on inside page.

S. C. BURLEIGH & CO., 107 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.

10 CENTS FOR 40 CENTS.



THE GENUINE CLOTH-LINED **PAPER COLLAR,** At Wholesale and Retail.

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

The perfection of my establishment. In this department, I have nothing but *experienced* hands employed, and by employing such, I am always enabled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.

NO FIT! NO SALE!

Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.

Laforge block.

Chest-quality Linen Shirts for $36

6 for	$12
6 for	15
6 for	18
6 for	24

Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.

Gold Pens and Cases, Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' fine	$ 75	Engraving Free	$2 00
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 25
Gentlemen's "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	3 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (10) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact rises and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.

E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "Bloom of a Thousand Flowers." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

H. F. PETRIDGE & CO., 21 and 23 Dey Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

"Get the Best."

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THISTLE & CO.'S 10 CENT ENTIRELY NEW PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES. They are the largest, best, and cheapest ever manufactured. Send for circular containing particulars. Mailed free. THISTLE & CO., 130 Nassau St.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For new Edition of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. C. BATES, 377 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 5076.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturers, JOHN B. ROGERS, late PRATT, ROGERS & Co., 109 William St., N. Y.

"The Drummer Boy

Is a story of Burnside's Expedition in North Carolina —a boy's book—full of stirring adventure and rapid incident. The life and enthusiasm of the young hero is painted in vivid colors."—New York Evening Post.

Published by J. R. TILTON & CO., Boston, and sold at all Bookstores.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 20 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. Five of different powers for 61 cts. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 216, Boston, Mass.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Mailed free from observation for one dollar and 18 cts. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY
REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.

Address **E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.**

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 616 Broadway, N. Y. The most substantial and best limbs in the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift or Present, which compares with the Unique Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, portage paid, for $3 50, or with 6 beautiful mounted, for $5; or with 24 objects, for $8. Address, T. H. McALLISTER, Optician,
180 Centre Street, New York.
A liberal discount to the trade.

$22. WATCHES. $22.

A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.

$22. Genuine. $22.

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Company do not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
205 Broadway, New York.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE A CO,
202 Broadway, New York.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cup, small size, *Exchish Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in case, each one for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. ULIAS. F. NORTON & CO., 28 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 29, says: "MESSRS. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch — cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Large assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N.Y., 15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris, 47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement SHIRTS for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

LADIES & GENT'S STEEL COLLARS AND CUFFS.

ENAMELLED WHITE,

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for two years in preference to linen or any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute. By military men or travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each: sent by post on receipt of $1 15.

Naked size of Collar.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

Agents wanted throughout the country.

DR. C. S. SEA, M.D., with 35 years' successful Practice for Nervous Diseases, Correspondence confidential. 753 North Bend Street, Baltimore, Md.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Send Head, L.Y.D.S.

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,

Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body*, gives *Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles*, and *Health* to every *Channel, Joint, and Limb*.

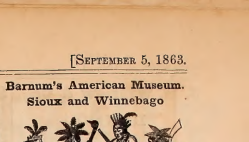
One Dollar per Bottle, (which often cures).

Depot, LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1845. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

THE SECRET OUT.

Humbug exploded! A Book of Wonders, containing more than 1000 THINGS WORTH KNOWING. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents. Soldiers' edition, 20 cents. Address "Union Book Association," Box 465, Syracuse, N. Y. Agents wanted.

Barnum's American Museum. Sioux and Winnebago



Indian Chiefs, Warriors, and Squaws.

All fine specimens of their tribes, to be seen at all hours, together with

THE MONSTER PYTHON,
The Great Dragon of the East.
The largest of the serpent species ever seen in America.

Splendid Dramatic Performances

Every afternoon and evening at 2 and 7½ o'clock.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under 10, 15 cents.

Colorific Colors Hair Beautiful

Brown or Black in three hours with one preparation. Warranted best and cheapest. Try it; you will use no other. Sold by druggists.
General Depot, 49 John Street, New York.

American Watches For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY gives notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, of ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPING, and of Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, *already referred to*.

We have named the new series of Watches, War. Eagle, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

"FROM THIS LITTLE BOOK, PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY, AND THUS TO THE MINUTEST PARTICULAR, THOSE ASTOUNDING AND ATTRACTIVE BEYOND BELIEF, WE LEARN THE FLOURISHING NIGHTINGALES AND GRACE DARLINGS ARE NOW THE SPONTANEOUS GROWTH OF OUR COUNTRY."

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston,
HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

Hospital Transports:

A Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia, in the Summer of 1862.

Compiled and published at the request of the Sanitary Commission. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

"More absorbing than a novel, written in a very graphic and animated style, and has the great merit of telling facts. We need but name FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED as one of the writers to ensure attention to its statements."

27th *Sent, post-paid, for* **75** *Cents.*

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
Boston, Mass.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 335 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street. Manufactories of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.*, to be seen.—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. Cheap excursion tickets. Low rates of fare $15 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Good crops can be seen growing. Hundreds are settling. On account of extreme sickness of climate, it is highly beneficial to pulmonary complaints. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

STERLING SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCHES presented to all who sell our *Great New Combination Prize Packages*, every one of which they contain. Sells rapid. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for Circulars. W. H. CATELY & CO., 58 Ann Street, N. Y.

Photograph Albums!

Elegant styles, in ARABESQUE and GOLD, from $1 to $25 each, sent to any part of the country. Our Catalogue and Price List sent on the receipt of five cents. P. O. Box 4900. I. W. LUCAS & CO., 115 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 350.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE NEUTRAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Encrusted in his island-home that lies beyond the sea,
Behold the great original and genuine "Tis He;
A paunchy, fuming son of beef, with double weight of chin,
And eyes that were benevolent, but for their singular tendency to turn green whenever it is remarked that his irrepressible American cousins have made another treaty with China ahead of him, and taken Albion in—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

With William, Duke of Normandy, his ancestors, he boasts,
Came over from the shores of France to whip the Saxon hosts;
And this he makes a source of pride; but wherefore there should be
Such credit to an Englishman in the fact, that he is descended from a nation which England is for ever pretending to regard as slightly her inferior in every thing, and particularly behind her in military and naval affairs, we can not really see—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He deals in Christianity—Episcopalian brand,
And sends his missionaries forth to bully heathen-land;
Just mention 'slavery' to him, and, with a joyous sigh,
He'll say it's 'orrid, scandalous, although he is ready to fight for the cotton raised by slaves, and forgets how he bothered the Chinese to make them take opium; and blew the Sepoys from the guns, because the poor devils refused to be enslaved by the East India Company, or his phisian-thro-py—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He yields to brother Jonathan a love that passeth show.
"We're Hanglo-Saxons, both of us, and can't be foes, you know;'
But as a Christian gentleman, he can not, can not hide
His horror of the spectacle, of four millions of black beings being held in bondage by a nation professing the largest liberty in the world; though in case of an anti-slavery crusade, the interest of his Manchester factors would imperatively forbid him to take part on either side—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

Now seeing the said Jonathan by base rebellion stirr'd,
And battling with pro-slavery, it might be thence inferr'd
That British sympathy is label'd 'Neutrality,' and consigned to any rebel port not too closely blockaded to permit English vessels loaded with munitions to slip in. And when you ask Mr. Bull what he means by his inconsistent conduct, he becomes notoriously indignant, rolls up his eyes, and says, "I can't endure to see brothers murdering each other, and keeping me out of my cotton—I can't, upon my life"—
This neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.

Supposing Mr. Bull should die, the question might arise,
Will he be wanted down below, or wafted to the skies?
Allowing that he had his choice, it really seems to me,
The moral English gentleman would choose a front seat with his Infernal Majesty; since Milton, in his blank verse correspondence with old Time, more than once hinted the possibility of Nick's rebellion against Heaven succeeding. And as the Lower Secessia has cottoned to England through numerous Hanoverian reigns, such a choice on the part of the philanthropical Britisher would be simply another specimen of his Neutral-i-ty—
The neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.



MURDER OF LIEUTENANT BEEVER BY THE SIOUX INDIANS.—[See Page 587.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

ANGLOPHOBIA.

"If the vanity of Englishmen requires a corrective, they have only to ascertain the feelings with which they are regarded by neighboring and rival nations." This is the opening sentence of a labored article in the *Saturday Review*, the cleverest, though far from the wisest, of the English periodicals. It is conducted by a clique of young men whose leading aim is to show how brilliantly they can write. But children have acute perceptions as to who likes them and who does not, and we have an inconvertible habit of telling the truth. The young men of the *Saturday Review* have told some unpleasant truths.

In Federal America, according to the *Review*, "hatred to England is unfortunately the dominant feeling." The writer is quite unable to account for this strange fact. But he goes on to show that the feeling throughout Europe is hardly more amicable. "The dislike which is felt for the English name and character in France is perhaps less outrageous, but it is unfortunately equally genuine." The "Russians consider it natural that France should protect the Poles, but they are bitterly offended by the diplomatic interference of England. In the same manner they attributed to England their misfortunes in the Crimean war, while they hastened, as soon as peace was restored, to cement a fresh alliance with France." "The Poles, while they are soliciting the aid of England, are unable to suppress the hatred which they have been taught by their French patrons to feel for the country which is falsely accused of complicity with the infamous partition of the last century. In one of the most plausible of their recent pamphlets the writer repeatedly declares that England is the worst enemy of his cause." "There is no much reason to fear that in Germany, and especially in Prussia, the English policy is regarded with suspicion and dislike..... the English Government is held responsible in Berlin and Vienna for half the revolutionary designs which originate in Europe." "In Austria the former "official antipathy has perhaps recently relaxed, but the antagonism of public and sentiment is at any moment revived. The only civilized states in which the writer can discover any thing like good-feeling toward England are Italy and Spain, except among the ecclesiastical and democratic factions, the hearty good-will of England to the national cause may have produced a favorable impression;" in Greece, "which has recently shown an unexpected appreciation of the English character;" and among the Turks, who "can scarcely be wanting in a certain respect for their only friend and protector. With these exceptions the opinion of Europe is mortifying to a patriotic Englishman."

In the face of such an acknowledged public sentiment, we half suspect that the Reviewer means to ironical his attempt to "inquire why a community which seems to itself peaceable and inoffensive has become, even more conspicuously than in ordinary times, the victim of calumny and vituperation."

But the Reviewer was unable to see, or dared not to tell, half the extent of the bitter feeling against England which is the dominant sentiment of the world. As far as we are concerned, it is too openly expressed to need special mention. In France, though it is less publicly avowed, it is none the less deep. The Emperor is aware of this, and shows in it the winning card by playing which he can retrieve the most desperate game. He knows that if France were ripe for revolution to-day, he could bring it back to him to-morrow by declaring war against England. There would be no need of conscription to fill the ranks of his army. Every Frenchman would rush to arms to avenge Waterloo;" and there is not a peasant woman in the empire who would not sell her last chemise to raise a franc for carrying on the war. A thousand royal marriages will never make Denmark forget the bombardment of her capital and the destruction of her fleet, without even a declaration of war. Spain must be an enemy of England so long as the British flag flaunting over Gibraltar is a perpetual insult as well as injury. Every one of the foreign powers which England has seized all over the world is a menace or an insult to some nation.

The truth is, that for the last one hundred and sixty years, since upon the accession of the House of Hanover the British Government passed into the hands of a great aristocracy, and its foreign policy assumed its present shape, England has been the common enemy of nations. If a nation was feeble she bullied it, if strong she set herself to weaken it. She has fomented every great war of Christendom, and taken part, now on one side, now on the other, in most of them. Safe from invasion behind her ocean bulwarks, she has fought by her armies or her subsidies on every battle-field of Europe. She has mingled in every intrigue, and made herself felt in every transaction; and the intensity of the hatred with which she is regarded is in exact ratio to the closeness and intimacy of her relations with other people. The Irish, for example, have had more to do with the English than any others, and their hatred is the deepest. It is a hatred which no distance of space or time can extinguish. All over the world men of Irish birth or descent pursue every occupation but all every position in life. They are laborers and senators, merchants and soldiers, artisans and clergymen. Many of them have apparently lost their peculiar national characteristics, so that except for the names which they bear no one would suppose that they belonged to the Celtic race; but so long as there is a drop of Irish blood in their veins it boils when English rule is named.

The Saturday Reviewer makes no mention of the feelings with which England is regarded among those whom we call uncivilized nations. Very likely he thought the hatred of half a thousand millions of Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese of no account. But the late Indian rebellion should have taught him that it was worth considering. Let no man dream that the curtain has fallen upon the long tragedy of "The British in India." Campbell's lines have something of unfulfilled prophecy in them:

> "Foes of mankind, her guardian spirits say,
> Revolving ages bring the bitter day.
> When Heaven in vengeance shall its cause espouse,
> And blood for blood there Indian plains bedew.
> ...The Saxon Avenger comes!"

The next uprising will find the people of India better prepared, and if it be wisely timed furnished with powerful allies.

Half a century ago England was invulnerable, to any hostile attack. The narrow seas that formed her boundaries were inviolable to any foe. Napoleon, who scorned the passes of the Alps, the snow storms of Russia, and the towering fortresses of Germany, shrunk from attempting the passage of the British Straits. All that is changed now. The British seas are the best highways for the armies of others.

While thus open to assault at home, England is out of reach to attack abroad. Fifty years ago, when at peace with all arms and navies her, her flag floated triumphantly on every sea. The commerce, from which she drew the wealth which was to enable her in effect to fight the battles of Europe, was unmolested by any power that had not an enemy upon earth. All that is past. If she were to-day involved in war a half score of cruisers, like those which the Alabama has burned the Confederates, could practically sweep her commerce from the ocean. A few *Alabamas* and *Floridas* would drive China merchantmen, Indian merchantmen, and even transpacific ships from the Indian seas. The power of England rests upon her commerce and her manufactures. Let her off for a single year supplies and from a market for her products, and she will soon be reduced to the position to which her population and territory entitle her—that of a second-rate power.

With a folly, to which the history of nations affords no parallel, she seems to have deliberately set herself to make the world just as few ships may be done without violating international law. Her doctrine of neutrality, stripped of all technicality, is just this: "We can not obstruct the building in our ports of vessels evidently constructed for warlike purposes, and notoriously destined for war upon a nation with whom we are at peace. The building of ships as a legitimate occupation. We can not interrupt the sailing of these vessels unless they have guns and munitions of war on board. We can not hinder the purchase of guns and munitions, as freight, in peaceful vessels. The production and sale of these articles is a portion of British industry."

The result of these decisions is that a ship of war sails out of an English port unobstructed—only she has no guns on board. She is followed by a steamer loaded to the steamer's edge with guns and munitions. This vessel goes also unquestioned. The two meet at some designated point. The guns are transferred in the warsteamer, which at once sets out on her voyage of destruction; while the other, without ever having entered a port, returns several feet highter out of water. The British owner of the merchant vessels of a neutral power are burned by the score in mid-ocean.

Well, England has played this game with us, and her silk-builders and gun-makers are richer by a few hundred thousands, and we are poorer by a few millions. But she has established a precedent for the interpretation of the law of neutrality which no one of her enemies—who, according to the *Saturday Review*, are nearly all of the civilized world—will scruple to use on occasion to dispute in her favor. Let a war, as now seems probable, break out between England and Japan, and there is nothing to prevent any French or American ship-builder from selling a "290" or two to the Tycoon or the Mikado; and the Japanese waters lie remarkably convenient to the back settles of the Confederate and Australian treasure-ships. Or supposing the war is between Great Britain and Russia. It would require no great amount of dexterity and good luck to send a few swift cruisers to some of the Russian ports in the Amoor region, where they could find guns, supplies, and men awaiting them, and to destroy the whole fleet of privateers, without their being obliged to resort to the barbarity of destroying their prizes.

England has been for a century and a half busily engaged in teaching "Anglophobia" to the rest of the world. The lesson has, according to the *Saturday Review*, been pretty thoroughly learned by this time. She will have no just reason for complaint if it is put into practice according to the precedents which she has labored to establish.

THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

The Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, has formally accepted the throne of Mexico, which was tendered him, a few weeks since, by an informal, self-constituted assembly of Mexicans, sitting in the city of Mexico, under the protection of French bayonets. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more slender title to a throne. Joseph Bonaparte's title to the throne of Spain, and Murat's title to that of Naples, were respectable in comparison. Still the Archduke accepts, the Emperor is ready to seat him, and maintain him by force, and all practical purposes of the moment, Maximilian will become as actual a monarch as if he had succeeded to a long line of ancestry in due hereditary course.

It is not to be denied or say that the Mexican policy of the Emperor of the French has aroused in this country the greatest astonishment and the most profound indignation. Astonishment, because the Emperor view was taken of the Emperor's moral qualities, he had always had credit here for astuteness and sagacity; and every child knows that an attempt to force upon the Mexicans a form of Government which they abhor, with a German foreigner at its head, in equal contempt of their feelings and our well-settled policy, must inevitably end in most disastrous failure. And indignation at the fraud in which the war was commenced, and the barefaced knavery by which the French Bonaparte is attempting to destroy the liberties of four millions of people. If any thing were wanting to fill the measure of our disgust at the transaction, it would be supplied by the accumulating evidences of a purpose on the part of the French to espouse the side of that Church party in Mexico which has been the curse of that country, to whose existence for the past forty years of Mexican anarchy are mainly due.

It is, however, idle to indulge in angry words or regrets at present. The Emperor can not be ignorant of the view which the American people will take of his proceedings. For a whole generation every American statesman has been familiar with the Monroe doctrine, and dispassionate men in many foreign countries have admitted its wisdom. Napoleon's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico is a blind entrepise undertaken inadvertently; it is a deliberate endeavor to nullify a cardinal doctrine of our national policy, and to reassert the European equilibrium on American soil. To such an undertaking the only fitting answer we can make is an armed defense of our policy; and this being out of the question at present, owing to the circumstances in which the republic is placed, we have nothing left but to submit in silence, and await our opportunity.

There is one point of view in which the French subjugation of Mexico may be regarded with satisfaction. That country will, under the domination of the Emperor, enjoy more internal peace and order than any of its recent governments seemed capable of securing. Commerce will naturally improve, and the products of the mines will increase. It is doubtful whether brigandage—the plague-spot of Mexico —will be materially diminished; as now the ranks of the bandits will be swelled by a large number of individuals impelled by patriotic impulses and by hatred of the foreign invader. But we may take for granted that the main highways—as, for example, the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico—will be somewhat safer than it was as the French will absolutely require to keep open those two important positions with the sea. And the prospect is that, though the Church party appear at present to be the chief gainers by the French conquest, the piper who will ultimately pay for this new fandango will be Mother Church. A time will come, sooner or later, when increasing deficits in the budget at home, on one side, and, on the other, the spectacle of enormous wealth squandered by the most profligate hierarchy in the world, will toll upon the not over-tender consciences of the French army and nation, and the priests who are now welcoming the foreigner to their soil may find that Frenchmen can rob as thoroughly as Liberals.

Providence generally works out its ends by indirection. The great problem of slavery in this country appeared insoluble until the slaveholders made it insoluble by their own selfishness and folly, and a Republican administration was called into power. The problem of Mexican anarchy and misrule has been solved by the folly of the Church party in Mexico which has been the curse of that country, to whose existence for the past forty years of Mexican anarchy are mainly due.

It is, however, idle to indulge in angry words or regrets at present. The Emperor can not be ignorant of the view which the American people will take of his proceedings. For a whole generation every American statesman has been familiar with the Monroe doctrine, and dispassionate men in many foreign countries have admitted its wisdom. Napoleon's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico is a blind enterprise undertaken inadvertently; it is a deliberate endeavor to nullify a cardinal doctrine of our national policy, and to reassert the European equilibrium on American soil. To such an undertaking the only fitting answer we can make is an armed defense of our policy; and this being out of the question at present, owing to the circumstances in which the republic is placed, we have nothing left but to submit in silence, and await our opportunity.

There is one point of view in which the French subjugation of Mexico may be regarded with satisfaction. That country will, under the domination of the Emperor, enjoy more internal peace and order than any of its recent governments seemed capable of securing. Commerce will naturally improve, and the products of the mines will increase. It is doubtful whether brigandage—the plague-spot of Mexico —will be materially diminished; as now the ranks of the bandits will be swelled by a large number of individuals impelled by patriotic impulses and by hatred of the foreign invader. But we may take for granted that the main highways—as, for example, the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico—will be somewhat safer than it was as the French will absolutely require to keep open those two important positions with the sea. And the prospect is that, though the Church party appear at present to be the chief gainers by the French conquest, the piper who will ultimately pay for this new fandango will be Mother Church. A time will come, sooner or later, when increasing deficits in the budget at home, on one side, and, on the other, the spectacle of enormous wealth squandered by the most profligate hierarchy in the world, will toll upon the not over-tender consciences of the French army and nation, and the priests who are now welcoming the foreigner to their soil may find that Frenchmen can rob as thoroughly as Liberals.

Providence generally works out its ends by indirection. The great problem of slavery in this country appeared insoluble until the slaveholders made it insoluble by their own selfishness and folly, and a Republican administration was called into power. The problem of Mexican anarchy and misrule has been solved by the folly of the Church party in Mexico which has been the curse of that country, to whose existence for the past forty years of Mexican anarchy are mainly due.

It is, however, idle to indulge in angry words or regrets at present. The Emperor can not be ignorant of the view which the American people will take of his proceedings. For a whole generation every American statesman has been familiar with the Monroe doctrine, and dispassionate men in many foreign countries have admitted its wisdom. Napoleon's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico is a blind enterprise undertaken inadvertently; it is a deliberate endeavor to nullify a cardinal doctrine of our national policy, and to reassert the European equilibrium on American soil. To such an undertaking the only fitting answer we can make is an armed defense of our policy; and this being out of the question at present, owing to the circumstances in which the republic is placed, we have nothing left but to submit in silence, and await our opportunity.

There is one point of view in which the French subjugation of Mexico may be regarded with satisfaction. That country will, under the domination of the Emperor, enjoy more internal peace and order than any of its recent governments seemed capable of securing. Commerce will naturally improve, and the products of the mines will increase. It is doubtful whether brigandage—the plague-spot of Mexico —will be materially diminished; as now the ranks of the bandits will be swelled by a large number of individuals impelled by patriotic impulses and by hatred of the foreign invader. But we may take for granted that the main highways—as, for example, the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico—will be somewhat safer than it was as the French will absolutely require to keep open those two important positions with the sea. And the prospect is that, though the Church party appear at present to be the chief gainers by the French conquest, the piper who will ultimately pay for this new fandango will be Mother Church. A time will come, sooner or later, when increasing deficits in the budget at home, on one side, and, on the other, the spectacle of enormous wealth squandered by the most profligate hierarchy in the world, will toll upon the not over-tender consciences of the French army and nation, and the priests who are now welcoming the foreigner to their soil may find that Frenchmen can rob as thoroughly as Liberals.

Providence generally works out its ends by indirection. The great problem of slavery in this country appeared insoluble until the slaveholders made it insoluble by their own selfishness and folly, and a Republican administration was called into power. The problem of Mexican anarchy and misrule has been solved by the folly of the Church party in Mexico which has been the curse of that country, to whose existence for the past forty years of Mexican anarchy are mainly due.

It is, however, idle to indulge in angry words or regrets at present. The Emperor can not be ignorant of the view which the American people will take of his proceedings. For a whole generation every American statesman has been familiar with the Monroe doctrine, and dispassionate men in many foreign countries have admitted its wisdom. Napoleon's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico is a blind enterprise undertaken inadvertently; it is a deliberate endeavor to nullify a cardinal doctrine of our national policy, and to reassert the European equilibrium on American soil. To such an undertaking the only fitting answer we can make is an armed defense of our policy; and this being out of the question at present, owing to the circumstances in which the republic is placed, we have nothing left but to submit in silence, and await our opportunity.

There is one point of view in which the French subjugation of Mexico may be regarded with satisfaction. That country will, under the domination of the Emperor, enjoy more internal peace and order than any of its recent governments seemed capable of securing. Commerce will naturally improve, and the products of the mines will increase. It is doubtful whether brigandage—the plague-spot of Mexico —will be materially diminished; as now the ranks of the bandits will be swelled by a large number of individuals impelled by patriotic impulses and by hatred of the foreign invader. But we may take for granted that the main highways—as, for example, the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico—will be somewhat safer than it was as the French will absolutely require to keep open those two important positions with the sea. And the prospect is that, though the Church party appear at present to be the chief gainers by the French conquest, the piper who will ultimately pay for this new fandango will be Mother Church. A time will come, sooner or later, when increasing deficits in the budget at home, on one side, and, on the other, the spectacle of enormous wealth squandered by the most profligate hierarchy in the world, will toll upon the not over-tender consciences of the French army and nation, and the priests who are now welcoming the foreigner to their soil may find that Frenchmen can rob as thoroughly as Liberals.

THE QUNCER.

"SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

THE Harpers have just published a very remarkable book with this title. It is not only remarkable for its intrinsic merits, but it is most timely. For at a time when our whole system is undergoing the most fiery trial, and when, consequently, many a man is indisposed to look elsewhere, and especially to England, as to a sure and steadfast form of society, whoever shows that England has reached her present condition, which seems to him so enviable, through the stern manipulation of civil war, helps the doubtful and timid to a juster judgment. But whoever shows that the present condition of England, which seems superficially so enviable, is but a veneer of prosperity over the most radical ignorance, vice, and discontent, touches the heartstaking mind that, with all its faults, our own system is rooted in the only philosophy from which enduring national peace can spring.

The gentleman who, after large personal observation in England, and much cogent reflection, has edited this English book, has therefore performed a great public service. His preface, which is brief and pointed, informs us that he abandoned his project of an original work upon the practical working of the British internal policy for the last twenty years, because the present embittered feeling between the two countries would inevitably expose such a work to the charge and suspicion of prejudice. He has, therefore, selected an English work, published in the year 1850, by Joseph Kay, who was commissioned by the British University of Cambridge to investigate the comparative social condition of the poorer classes in the countries of Western Europe, and from this work he has caused to be reprinted the chapters that describe the social condition of England. He says: "No stone has been left unturned by the ruling classes of England, during the last few years, to degrade the people of America in the estimation of European populations, and to secure the failure of our form of representative Governments. . . . I have no apology for reprinting Mr. Kay's chapters. I believe he describes the result of a form of government directly opposed to the principles of our own. I hope these results will induce my countrymen to value our institutions, and persuade all men among us to perform their part in sustaining them in their integrity, until the favorable moment arrives for such changes as may be desirable in them."

The astounding facts follow. Mr. Kay, from personal research and from all the authentic official statistics, lays bare the hideous and appalling truth of English society. In that England which seems to so many thoughtless and impatient Americans a model of stable and splendid order, *out of every eight* was a pauper in 1848; and, as the American editor informs us, in 1861, before the cotton famine began, and with the war with Russia, England's and Ireland's paupers had increased about five per cent. yearly since 1851; with three millions more population, *less land* was under cultivation than in 1851, and one-third of her people were fed from foreign sources. The details of the facts are terrible. The problem they offer seems almost hopeless. But they explain the universal British jealousy of our success, and its haughty delight in the prospect of our ruin. For if once our system should be proved to be as flexible and strong as it is humane and glorious, and it will be so proved by our success in defeating the rebellion, the condition of England will be as desperate as it is already! Then the Lord Johns and John Bull loses pirates against our commerce, and sends iron ships to threaten our coasts. No wonder that his rage and hatred need his mask of neutrality. No wonder his chief journal darkens the air with falsehood at home, and sends a tool to shirpen slanders from this country. He must mean every bitter word and fair. His trial hour has come like a thief in the night. His fate hangs upon a tribunal in which he can not be judge. The American Government fights the battle of liberty and equal rights for every people. It is knowledge of that fact which inspires hope in the laboring class, and hate in the governing class of England. This remarkable book shows exactly why England may really choose upon war with us rather than consent to our triumph. It is because, in the last words of Mr. Kay's book, "the climax of English misery remains." "The poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous, in comparison to the rich, than any more privileged class, and much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, Portugal, and Spain. *Such a state of things can not long continue.*"

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

THE National Democratic Committee and the "Conservatives" having begun to prepare for the next general election, the question is fairly asked, upon what platform do those gentlemen propose to stand and solicit votes? There will be, perhaps, some [illegible] of difference among them, but all will say, Mr. Governor, to a radical that we will at last unite and vote for the same candidate. In Massachusetts, where the question is perfectly understood, Gov. Andrew is the stale joke of a thirty days' play out, and Mr. George Lunt, editor of the Boston *Courier*, an old Whig, and now an utter Copperhead, Mr. Caleb Cushing, Mr. Hillard (questions asked an illo!), a Webster Whig, a Fillmore leader, and a "Conservative" of 1860, seat themselves quickly in the "Democratic" Convention chair by jowl with those who are left of the old party leaders of that ilk, among whom General Butler, the late Democratic Ajax, is no longer to be found. This kind of gentlemen will end in all the other States precisely where they begin in Massachusetts. There will be but two parties, for there is but one question. The platform of one of them will be the prosecution of the war; in other words, it will require some adequate result for all the life and money spent, and some security of future peace.

Upon that platform some candidate will be placed who heartily approves its wisdom and sincerity. What will the other platform be?

It is not difficult to foresee. It is already foreshadowed. It will be that of the Copperhead policy—at first partly, and at last wholly. It will begin by saying that when the rebels lay down their arms all rights and privileges hitherto enjoyed are resumed, and persons proved guilty of treason according to law are to be punished. It will end by declaring a general amnesty and an assumption of the Confederate debt, for the sake of conciliation and fraternity. In plain terms, it will propose that, having won the victory, we shall give it to the enemy.

If now we shall ask any reasonable "Conservative," By such a policy what do you get for the war? he would doubtless reply, "We get the established proof of the superiority of the Government to armed rebellion." If then we ask, But what security do you get against a more dangerous rebellion? he would make the same answer. If we still inquire, "Upon the mere word of the insurgents, do you mean to withdraw the troops, and allow every body who may not be convicted of treason to vote for members of Congress?" he must either answer Yes, in which case the rebel slaveholders' states at once to the control of the Government in alliance with the "Conservatives" of the North; or he must answer, "No: only those can vote who take an oath;" in which case he deserts his platform, and does not permit all who lay down their arms to resume their old privileges.

The question of the election will be simply, "Shall the war have been fought for something or for nothing?" There will be no chance for compromise: the party will say, "Slavery" made the war, and there can be no peace until it is destroyed. The fight will be to take to ourselves the lives of your children by chasing the wolf into the bushes in the garden instead of killing him, as to hope for the tranquillity of this country while slavery endures." The other will cry, "Pooh! pooh! if you have a cancer on your breast just put on a clean shirt and go in, and all will be serene."

A WAR BY ANY OTHER NAME IS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING.

IF, after the full and open debate of the question, the new rebel war-ships sail against any of our ships or ports out of English harbors, it will be a declaration of war. The force of neutrality is played out. The British laws are proved incompetent to save the commerce of a friendly power from the ravages of pirates fitting out in England. If, then, she says, "I don't care enough about it to have laws that will protect my allies," she simply says she does not care about peace.

To all our remonstrance and argument England has practically but one answer: "Why do you complain of our selling to the Confederates what you ask us to sell to you? We trade with all parts of all the world; and while we take no side in a domestic national quarrel like yours, you can not fairly complain that we treat both sides alike."

To this the reply is conclusive, that international law excepts the very class of cases of which we complain; and that to build and equip war-ships, or suffer them to be built, and then to let them sail from your harbors to prey upon the commerce of an ally, is one of the most offensive causes of war. To prevent it altogether is impossible. But to try to prevent it is to connive at the piracy. England knows perfectly well what we think and why we think it. There is no misunderstanding, no hair-splitting, no special plea in our position. And if she still persists in building, fitting, and selling ships agreeing in the broad ground will she complain if we build, fit, and sail ships against her? Such things are usually called war. But if she prefers to call them civility, we are not in the least particular about names.

THE MONSTER GILLMORE.

THAT promising political firm of Rebels, John Bull, and Copperheads, ought at once to pillory the unhappy Gillmore by the side of the beast Butler. Beauregard has already given them their cue. The bombardment of Charleston is inhuman, atrocious, out of the usages of civilized warfare, etc., etc. Certainly these are terrible words; and what has General Gilmore to say? Not only the-ever-to-be-respected and-by-to-be-loved Beauregard declares that he is inhuman, but the comical John Bull's in the van, cry amen to the great captain. What, then, has General Gilmore done? He has shelled Charleston with Greek fire. He has actually bombarded Charleston!

What has he said enough for such a monster? The beast Butler had the effrontery to take possession of New Orleans, and was then brazen enough to make it own its rebuke by support from those whom they had impoverished. He was also so inconceivably vile as to order that any woman who insulted a soldier should be punished by a municipal law of the city. The miscreant also actually hung Mumford for the only act exercised his constitutional right of being a traitor and a rebel, at N. Orleans. Curtis will expound at length. Nay, that no crime of villany should be wanting, he made New Orleans a decent city, and kept it in order—an atrocity unknown in its annals hitherto. And for all these rebels, John Bull, and the Copperheads, called him solemnly the beast Butler, in order that all men might know that they had nothing in common with him.

But General Gilmore's offense is beyond words. If he had pierced the holy of holies at Mecca and had spat upon the holy stone, if he had danced a sailor's hornpipe in Trinity Church, or smeared Raphael's Transfiguration with tar, the English language might still have been able to deal with his offenses. But to bombard Charleston! Does General Gilmore know that the "Southern gentleman" lives there? That "the chivalry" live there? That the "sons of the Palmetto" live there? That the "natural aristocracy" of the land live there? Is this unhappy bungler, with big gun, aware that his vile abolition missiles may perchance hit the august head of a Spratt, a Keitt, a Rhett, a Simms, or an Orr? What does this plebeian Yankee mean by disturbing the aristocracy? General Beauregard asks for a truce of two days, and this inhuman scoundrel replies that his terms are unconditional surrender or more Greek fire! What can a sweeping gentleman like Beauregard and distinguished friends of humanity like John Bull's consul and others, do, but protest and submit? Yes, there is one thing they can do. They can, as before, imitate the boy who declared in his invincible adversary that if he could not lick him he could make mouths at his sister. They can call names. Butler was a beast. Let Gillmore, with the same point, be the monster Gillmore.

THE MONTORS AT CHARLESTON.

THE complaints of Admiral Dahlgren's delay in Charleston harbor were, at least, premature. The Admiral knows the difficulties of the task the same which discovered in April that until Sumter was reduced they could not operate to advantage. Captain Drayton in the Pawnee, therefore, found in the last attack that a heavy blow from one of Sumter's guns could derange his machinery. He could put himself in safety perhaps in twelve hours and return to the attack. But that was merely to run exactly the same risk without any adequate compensation; for his guns did little damage to the fort.

The work that the Monitors have to do is to remove the obstructions in the channel. To do that successfully they must be out of the steady battery of heavy guns, which, by dotting the turrets, may throw momentary disorder, and that very move incessantly they would not mind the chance; but hold in one harbor defenses they are quite unfairly exposed. They must wait, therefore, until they can have the conditions of their success.

Besides, this work necessarily goes on slowly, and their speed is about four miles an hour. But the current of Charleston harbor is three miles an hour, so that it is easy to see that they may become a little unmanageable.

The Monitors are as yet a crude and undeveloped invention. Admiral Dahlgren knows they are occasionally unsurpassed. The contest with the *Merrimac* shows what a select party of them would do with the navy of any power that should sail beyond New York out of English harbors. To wooden ships also they must necessarily be fatal. A fort which could not resist them would be one that they would readily batter down. But if they can be held within range of a heavy battery, incessantly hammering, the fight in Charleston in April attack upon Sumter shows that they may have to retire.

For the rest it may fairly be supposed that Admiral Dahlgren knows the value of time, and knows also just what the enemy are doing, quite as well as does Commodore Rodgers. To conduct and reputation hitherto are not such as to justify the suspicion that he will allow the enemy to pass any advantage which it is possible for him to prevent.

COLD COMFORT.

MR. "VICE-PRESIDENT" STEPHENS, as we lately saw, is cheerful without extreme difficulties, but Mr. Richmond Enquirer, who is considered the "Confederacy" in this manner: "Rosecrans is said to be advancing upon Bragg, while in the West Burnside is pushing Longstreet. The prospect is all the better.... The danger of too much success upon our side has always been too much confidence.... The movement of Rosecrans, if indeed he has begun a march, is one of desperation *possibly*.... A week or two will bring us, *we believe*, news to clear up the situation between the two." The last year is not *much* altered to our disadvantage. A single victory in the Southwest will cover much that we have lately done.... Charleston [that is the enemy] will only be able to close that place as a port of entry.... So the situation brightens."

Such comfort is cold comfort indeed. Down upon by a wit who aristocratic as the Lounger, but in my wit's end for a theme. "Danger of too much success upon our side" is not promising. Mr. Davis and Company should certainly bespeak livelier comforters.

A POINT TO CONSIDER.

IT is a curious commentary upon some of the statements made in the work upon the social condition of England of which we have already spoken, that Mr. Dickens speaks, in his new series of "The Uncommercial Traveler," of visiting a ship full of Mormon emigrants, and finding them a rough, intelligent, honest folk, of whom England, as well as she herself, might be proud. "I found them," he says, "the main orderly, well-conducted, and intelligent set of common people I ever saw—to my pick and choice from."

Mr. Kay says that the mass of the poorer classes in England are outside of all the churches, because the forms of worship and the habits of thought of most of the dissenting sects are not imaginative enough for an ignorant people, and because the personal intercourse between priest and people, which is essential to the maintenance of popular religious interest, is impossible, from the small number of clergymen and their isolation from a superior class. The crowd turns, therefore, either to the glittering pomp and constant personal sympathy and supervision of the Romish priest, or to the sensual excitement of another kind—of the rantin and ultra-evangelical sects.

He is wise who knows that every moment not gained is a moment lost, every lesson not learned is an increase of ignorance. We are young; we have a boundless domain; we have hope, faith, and we are about starting farther than ever before.

Shall the Old World be our little bark one inch? Let us know, and speak, and consider the fact that the great mass of the technically laboring class in this country is coming to be of a different race and a different religion from the rest of the population; and that no country is safe in which the people are not substantially one.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

LETTERS from the Army of the Potomac give an interesting account of the recent presentation of a sword to General Meade by the Pennsylvania Reserves, with the speech made by General Crawford, now commanding the Reserves, General Meade, Governor Curtin, and others.

Surgeon-General Hammond is about to proceed to Fort Royal and New Orleans, to look after the condition of the hospitals.

The Secretary of the Navy has left Washington for a tour of inspection through the New York, Boston, and Portsmouth Navy-yards, and will visit Philadelphia on his return.

In the affair with Morgan's guerrillas on 17th ult. near Fairfax, Morgan is said to have received two wounds which are thought to be mortal.

The death of General Pemberton, who commanded at Vicksburg, at Selma, Alabama, is reported by a dispatch from Cairo.

Commander Walke went up the Yazoo, a few days since, with instructions to attempt to save the gun-boat *De Kalb*, which he found impossible, and therefore destroyed her, first having removed her guns and every thing of value.

Major Luther B. Bruen, commanding the depôt of the 11th United States Infantry, at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, has received orders to take to that command of his regiment. He has not hitherto been in active service.

Lt.-Col. G. W. Lay, late U. S. V., has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted.

Brigadier-General Fish announced the capture of Jane Townsend and her child as follows:

Fish Kend, *August 28, 1863.*

Major-General Schofield:

My compliments. Jane Townsend is a prisoner in our hands. CLINTON B. FISH,

Brigadier-General.

Major J. W. Steer, Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of General Crawford, resigned last week in consequence of wounds received at Gaines's Hill and Charles Cross Roads. His resignation has been accepted. The successor of Major Steer is Major Charles Hamilton, who is son of the democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

Major Oliver D. Greene, of the Adjutant-General's Department, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of Major-General Schofield, commanding the Department of the Missouri, and will leave immediately for that post. He will fill a similar position on the staff of Major-General Franklin, in the Department of the Gulf.

Lieutenant J. P. Sanger, First United States Artillery, has been made acting Assistant Inspector-General under General Gillmore.

The death of the valiant John B. Floyd is confirmed by the Richmond papers. He died of the effects of typhus fever and jaundice in their worst forms.

Captain C. S. Hill, Assistant Quarter-master, was arrested on 31st ult., and consigned to the Old Capitol prison at Washington, on charges preferred by General Dix.

Captain Tyndale, of Battery'A, Second United States Artillery, is ordered to the Colonelcy of the Fourth New York Heavy Artillery.

Brigadier-General Meigs has completed his inspection of the Army of the Potomac, and returned to Washington.

Colonel Henry E. Davies, of the city, of the Harris Light Cavalry, now on the 6th ult., appointed to the command of the First Brigade of the Third Division of Cavalry in the Army of the Potomac.

The funeral of Acting Assistant Paymaster Josiah G. Osborn, of the *Monitor*, who was killed in the Catskill in the attack on Charleston, took place on 26th ult., at two P.M., in the residence of the mother of the deceased in Bedford, Pa. Rev. Mr. Gibson, Grand Gulf, and Wright, Manchester, New Hampshire, and was buried with Masonic honors.

Lieutenant-Colonel Halpine, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General to General Hunter and Lieutenant Langdon, has been temporarily assigned, by special orders of the War Department, to the staff of Major-General Dix.

Acting Master Robert Cameron was reported to have died on the 20th of June. Further to this city have just received a letter from him, dated 18th of August, and a telegram from Cairo, dated August 31, stating that he was well, and had been promoted. He served in the army, and is now in the navy. He is a young Scotchman, and has served in the Mississippi squadron ever since December, 1861, and has been in many engagements, and was wounded at Liverpool Bluffs.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

On the evening of 31st ult. a rebel troops made an assault on Fort Wagner, with a view to the possession of that important position. Rebel authorities state that it was repulsed. On the 26th ult. the fire on both sides was very slow and desultory. On the 29th ult. the 30th says that the Union troops are working hard in the trenches in front of Fort Wagner.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

The army of General Rosecrans crossed the Tennessee River at four points, in Northern Kentucky swiftly capturing thirty-five pickets of the enemy. General Reynolds captured a large force at Stevenson, Alabama, on Running Waters. Among the captured are the guerrilla Captain Gee, and Lieutenant Longstreman. Cumberland Gap, Little or no resistance was made. The rebels are reported to be in force at Knoxville, Tennessee, and Abingdon, Virginia State Railroad. General Burnside is on the region of Kingston, and will advance from Knoxville before long.

According to rebel accounts the fire upon Chattanooga was opened by the Union batteries. Rosecrans's forces are on the citizens, and in consequence three ladies and two male citizens were killed. The rebels have their army in the city digging trenches to resist the assault. The mountains around are now being occupied by Confederates, and found clear of rebels.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Our advices from Arkansas are important. Our forces under General Steele are reported at Duvall's Bluff, on the Arkansas River, and General Prentiss, from Little Rock, while General Price, with 25,000 rebels, is at Hayes Mission, a strong post on White River, fourteen miles above Duvall's Bluff. A great battle is expected to be fought here, and skirmishing has been going on. Duvall's Bluff is expected to be made our base of supplies, as it can be reached by all stages of water. Magruder is represented to have conscripted a force of 18,000 men in Southern Texas.

EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

A terrible lesson to deserters was given at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac on 28th ult. Five men from Pennsylvania regiments, who had deliberately deserted after being regularly put into service, were shot to death in presence of their comrades. Their names were George Kuhns, a Hanoverian; Charles Wallace and John Wilson, Pittsburgh; John Fulton and Andrew Nelson, Indiana. Two were Protestants, two Catholics, and one a Jew.

LEE'S WHEREABOUTS.

The best attainable information locates General Lee in Richmond, and his army scattered from the line of the Blue Ridge on the west to Fort Royal, Rappahannock River on the east, and south as far as the line of the Virginia Central Railroad. His troops are as widely scattered, probably, to facilitate subsisting. General Jewell from his left; A. P. Hill the centre, lying on the railroad from Culpeper to Orange Court House; while Longstreet holds the extreme right, occupying the line of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Cook's brigade of North Carolina troops occupies Fredericksburg. Jones's brigade, of Longstreet's corps, has come back to the Shenandoah Valley, and Robinson to Richmond. Stuart is still in command of the cavalry, having more and more popular. It is expected he will be relieved by Wade Hampton.

RECONNOISSANCE TOWARD RICHMOND.

The Federal cavalry expedition on Bottom's Bridge, which caused so much alarm in Richmond, was commanded by General Wyndham, and consisted of parts of the First New York Mounted Rifles, Colonel Onderdonk, and the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Lowry. The expedition left Williamsburg on the 26th, and pushed through New Kent Court House directly to Bottom's Bridge. At the latter place one rebel regiment of infantry, in rifle-pits, were found, who were supported by a squadron of cavalry. A charge was immediately made, and the rebel rifle-pits were carried and the rebels driven across the bridge, which they took up behind them. Our troops having accomplished the object of the expedition, returned to Yorktown.

OUR REPETITION OF THE WHITE RIVER.

A report forwarded by Admiral Lardner to the navy department says that the Red and White rivers are most beautiful streams, and that the latter has never been destroyed, and the only two steamers the enemy had having been captured.

THE DRAFT HERE.

The draft was completed in this city on 8th ult., the full quotas of conscripts having been drawn. The draft of Brooklyn, their meeting on 28th, passed an ordinance, which was signed by the Mayor, providing for the appropriation of two millions of dollars for the exemption of drafted persons, from the millies, and the families of families who may be dependent upon them for support.

DRAFTING IN OHIO.

It is announced that no draft will be made in Ohio. Officers of the army sent home to secure drafted men are instructed to report to the nearest military commander.

PEACE MOVEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A late number of the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* contains a letter reporting the state of peace feeling throughout the State. The revolution there is fast ripening.

PROGRESS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

General Grant's order No. 76 declares that Tennessee and Kentucky, east of Tennessee River, are free from rebel forces, and that enlisting and recruiting for the whole therein will be rigorously punished. He recommends the people to organize and establish his form of oath and renunciations; also that they recognize the freedom of slaves and pay them for labor. The order makes provision for some of the more destitute of the rebel residents.

NEGRO REBEL TROOPS.

On the authority of rebel papers received at Morehead City, North Carolina, it is stated that Jeff Davis is about to adopt a measure for the enlistment of negro troops to a certain extent, to anticipate Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. The report is that it will be done only by advice of the Governors of the Southern States, for half a million of negroes, and that their freedom after peace is guaranteed, and a bounty of fifty acres of land will be given at the conclusion of the war.

THE PRESIDENT TO GENERAL GRANT.

Executive Mansion, Washington, July 13, 1863.

To Major-General Grant:

My dear General,—I do not remember that you and I have ever acknowledged to you in writing how we regarded your attack upon Vicksburg the most fundamental one upon the rebellion, and the most important success that could be given to the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, it was said you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than any body else, that it was Expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below, and took Grand Gulf, and while Grand Gulf, and vicinity, thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; while my only anxiety was that you should go, and I was wrong.

Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

Governor Bramlette was inaugurated as Governor of Kentucky on 1st inst. In his inaugural address he emphatically declares that secession did not change their status by rebelling; that all that is necessary for them to do is to return to their allegiance and take their position as States; that the rebellion did not remit them to a territorial state. He says we have won, and will have when the rebellion closes, the identical Constitution which extremists seek to destroy—the only guaranteeing, the other by force. It is not a rotten Union, not a reconstructed Union, that Kentucky desires, but a preserved Union and a restored peace upon a constitutional basis. The Governor strongly objects to the arming of negro regiments, and asks what is to be done with such soldiers at the end of the war? He points to the result of the recent election in this State that Kentucky will not tolerate with rebellion, either open or covert, and that Kentucky people are for peace, but are for it, and always will be, loyal to the Government of our fathers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PIRATE "FLORIDA."

The rebel pirate *Florida* has appeared in the Irish Channel, and on the 31st ult. was off Cape Clear. After taking a pilot, she handed these persons in that city, who were supposed to be in the rebel secret government service to London. Lying off the privateer communicated with several merchant vessels, and it was thought she was receiving supplies of war material. The *Florida* had a vessel in tow, which was supposed to be a prize, and it was then she was lying to off Tuskar. A large quantity of silver, taken from this ship, *Florida*, was landed by the privateer, under the name of "Ingagua."

MORE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES.

It appears by a despatch paper that British war vessels have been recently sold to a London company, nominally for the Mediterranean trade, but really for the rebel service in this country.

POLAND.

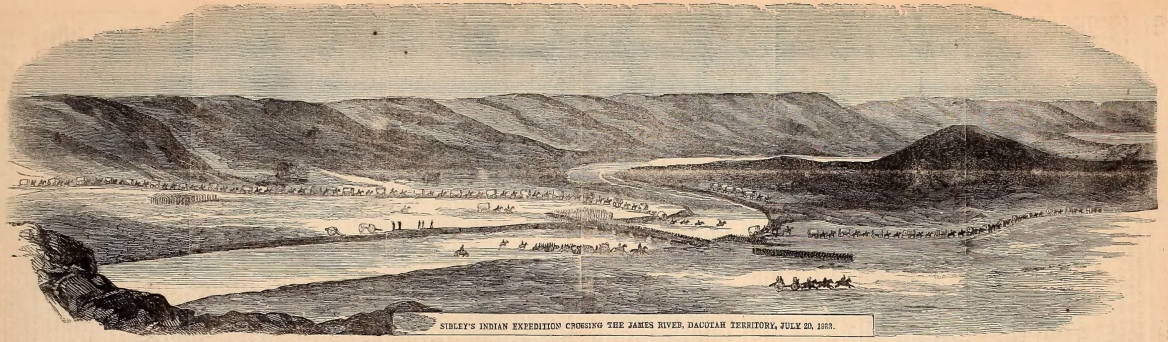
THE INSURRECTION.

The Polish insurrection continues to drag along with varying success to the belligerents. On the 15th of August a engagement occurred at Kalisz, in which Russian forces, which lasted until night. At the commencement of the engagement the Poles were two hours and fifty strong, of which number but thirty-six escaped.

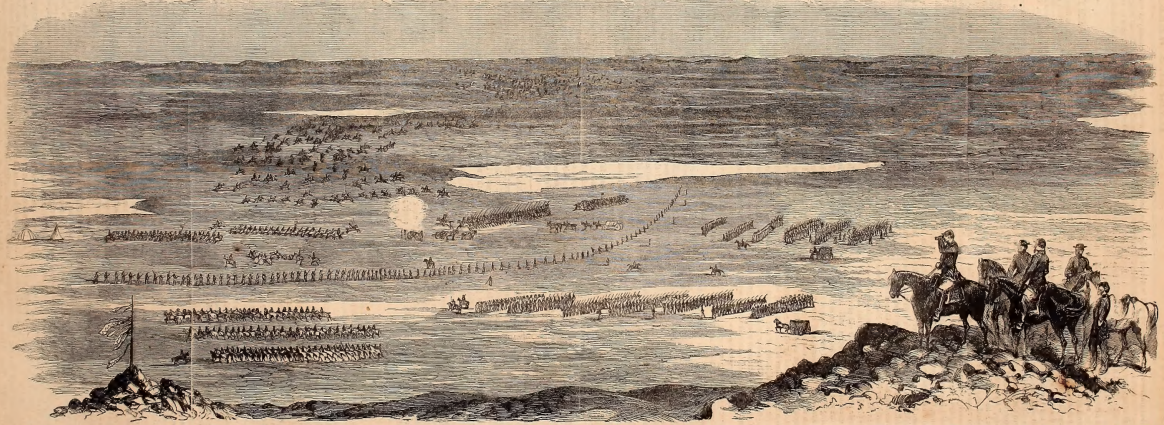
MEXICO.

THE NEW EMPIRE.

There appears to be no room for doubt that the Archduke Maximilian has accepted the throne of Mexico. The French correspondent of the *Times* says some inconsistency in Mexico revoking the measures relative to the sequestration of property of those who have taken up arms against the French. A blockade is also ordered, to extend from the Lagunes, the league south of Matamoras, to Campeachy.



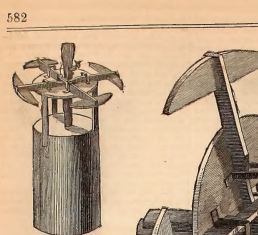
SIBLEY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER, DACOTAH TERRITORY, JULY 20, 1863.



GEN. SIBLEY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION—PURSUING THE SIOUX OVER THE COTEAU DU MISSOURI, DACOTAH TERRITORY, AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HILLS, JULY 24, 1863.—SKETCHED BY GEO. H. ELSBURY, SEVENTH MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER.—[See Page 587.]



REBEL TORPEDO, FROM STONO RIVER.

REBEL TORPEDOES.

ABOVE we give illustrations of a REBEL TORPEDO sent down the Stono River, South Carolina, on the night of August 16. It consists, says our correspondent, who furnishes the sketches, "of two cylinders of tin, the upper one acting on a buoy, the lower containing sixty pounds of powder. These are connected by an iron tube, into which is placed an old smooth-bore musket with the stock sawed off. The detailed drawing shows the arrangement for setting it off. Ten of them were sent down in pairs, connected by about 250 feet of rope. One exploded under the *Pawnee*'s stern, blowing her launch to pieces, and shaking the whole ship. Two others exploded near; two floated down to the bar and exploded there; two others went up Folly River on the flood tide, and were secured by the mortar-schooner *C. P. Williams*, from one of which the drawings have been made."

A CRUEL CASE.

THE years 1824–5–6 were periods of immense commercial activity. Unfortunately the basis of that unexampled and permanent prosperity was Paper—practically unlimited issues of bank promises to pay; and when the gigantic bubble burst in 1827 more than two-thirds of the English banks were overwhelmed, the Bank of England terribly shaken, and, according to Mr. Huskisson, the country was within four-and-twenty hours of a state of barter. That, however, could be no reason why Lovegold and Company should not profit as largely as possible by the impetus given to speculations of all kinds by "cheap" money. We *did* profit largely, and, as a firm, did not sustain much loss when the crash came. Mr. Pryse, my partner, was less fortunate—emerging from the chaos of 1827 with riven heart and dreadfully scorched fingers; altogether a distracted, and, it was really apprehended, a permanently "blighted being." He, however, survived the shock five-and-twenty years; but so burned into his brain were the incidents of the catastrophe that, when dying, at the early age of sixty, almost the last sentence he was heard to mutter was an incoherent stringing together of the words, "Cruel, treacherous woman!" "Serk mines!"—and "That unhanged thief, Burroughs!" with which pestilent persons and projects as my shamefully ill-used partner would have had no concern whatever but for the great paper "property."

I must preface the story of Mr. Pryse's shocking misadventure by remarking that, being really very good-looking, he believed himself to be an Adonis, whose fascinations few women could resist. This, I must do him the justice to say, was his only considerable weakness. To that inordinate vanity it was owing that he was still a bachelor at five-and-thirty—he not having up to that time met with a lady whose attractions in person, purse, and pedigree balanced his own merits. Not one of the three requisites—beauty, fortune, birth (he was a great stickler for birth)—could possibly be dispensed with; and it was precisely with these three baits that the Father of Mischief angled for and hooked my partner.

Mr. Kenneth Temple was a gentleman approaching middle age, who, on the death of his father, Sir Willoughby Temple, would come into possession of large unsettled estates, and, on the decease of an aunt, would be entitled to a reversion of over forty thousand pounds. Both father and aunt were not only aged, but ailing persons; so, having assured ourselves beyond a doubt of that cardinal fact, we accommodated Mr. Temple to a large sum on the usual terms, he being a fast gentleman, for whom the very handsome income allowed by his father was wholly insufficient. In 1825 Sir Willoughby died; a few months afterward the aunt departed this life, and the new baronet was a very wealthy man. His account with us was liberally settled, and, strange to say—at least it appeared strange to us—Sir Kenneth was no sooner possessed of immense wealth than a passion for adding, still adding, to the heap grew upon him. His mode of living became parsimonious, while he dived unhesitatingly into the whirlpool of reckless speculation—South American loans, bubble railway panies—and, wonderful to say, always emerged with plunder. He had conceived an exalted opinion of Mr. Pryse's judgment in such matters, and was, in consequence, often at our office. I altogether disapproved of such ventures, and constantly refused to be in any wise an agent for the purchase or sale of shares, or to permit the funds of the firm to be invested in such schemes. My partner nibbled to the extent of a few thousands on his own private account, and made money thereby. Pryse was not a man to venture out of his depth, and I had no fear that he would in the end—sooner or later as that might come—be a large loser.

One of the unlucky dabblers was Major Burroughs, a relation of Sir Kenneth Temple. He had put all his eggs in one basket—that basket being the Serk Silver Mining Company. Serk is an island in the Channel, not very distant, I believe, from Guernsey, in which silver had been found. The real or pretended discovery was skillfully puffed, and a company for working the new Peru quickly formed, with a (paper) capital of one hundred thousand pounds. The concoctors of the scheme were lucky enough to catch at least one *bona fide* share buyer, Major Burroughs, whose gullibility was so absolute that he not only invested in the company the whole of his capital, about fifteen thousand pounds, but did the same with the proceeds of the sale of his commission. At one time, I believe, the shares were at a premium, but the fall had been so rapid and constant that, at the commencement of 1827, the quotations were nominal—no real business in them being possible. In that unpleasant state of things Sir Kenneth Temple was solicited by his kinsman for an advance upon the shares. He declined the request, but, naturally desirous of obliging a relative, introduced Major Burroughs to Mr. Pryse; nor did he scruple to attempt serving that gentleman by volunteering a confident opinion that Serk Silver Mine shares would command a premium when the project was more fully understood. He himself had his hands just then completely full, but perhaps Mr. Pryse would advance two or three thousand pounds upon the said securities. Mr. Pryse begged to be excused, and the negotiation, if such it could be called, fell through.

The unfortunate major, a general of very imaginative resources, forthwith, having no shares of his own for want of cash, came to us one day, and informed us of that dreary fact. After which promising prelude, he asked if Lovegold and Company would discount his acceptance at six months for two hundred pounds. He would not haggle about interest and commission. He left that for a moment imagine he would. Cent. per cent. per annum would simply have made him a present of two hundred pounds. The bill, of course, was declined with thanks, but I intimated that if his relative Sir Kenneth would lend his name there would be no difficulty. Major Burroughs thereupon left, and, knowing the baronet, I expected to hear no more of the matter. I was mistaken. To my great surprise the major returned with a note from his relative, guaranteeing payment at maturity of the major's acceptance for two hundred pounds. The applicant got the money and went away rejoicing. Shortly afterward the baronet called.

"You are probably surprised I did not lend Burroughs the money myself," said Sir Kenneth.

"Not in the least; you intend that if the necessity arise, the screw should be put on in our names, not yours."

"Right. Still, as far as a few hundred pounds go, there is not much risk. The orphan niece, Miss Vandeleur, who will in a few months come of age and into the uncontrolled possession of fifty thousands pounds, would not suffer him to be troubled; for to her it is a mere bagatelle—product beyond her years as she is said to be. I think," continued the baronet, with some hesitation, "I think I might venture to guarantee for five hundred pounds. Burroughs, a good fellow in his way, has, I think, no other very enormous vice but that of poverty. Still, it is as well to be cautious. Miss Vandeleur is expected in town very shortly; I will confer with her respecting a loan to her uncle. It will signify nothing that she has not attained her majority. Her word will amply suffice. I am really anxious to assist Burroughs, if I can do so safely."

Nothing more was said at the time, but a few days subsequently we received a note from Sir Kenneth, in which it was stated that Miss Vandeleur had arrived in town, and was staying with her uncle and guardian, Major Burroughs. She had promised to see the baronet harmless to the extent of one thousand pounds, which sum accordingly, inclusive of the two hundred already advanced, he, Sir Kenneth, guaranteed to repay us should the major make default. As it was, however, feared that Burroughs had contracted a habit of gaming upon a large scale whenever he had the means of gratifying that ruinous propensity, the eight hundred pounds should be handed to him by instalments not exceeding one hundred pounds per month. Miss Vandeleur would reside at the hotel with her uncle during her probably long stay in town, and being with him would naturally much increase his personal expenses. This was one of her reasons for assisting him with the loan, and he would be distinctly informed that her guarantee would not go beyond the thousand pounds. The note concluded with an intimation that the baronet was about to start immediately for Paris, and would be some time absent from Folly Park.

I casually remarked that Miss Vandeleur appeared to be a strict young lady in money matters. Pryse laughed, and said that the "prudence" was the baronet's rather than hers, he being desirous of not taking any one's "moral" guarantee for a larger sum than that stipulated for. My partner added that the Vandeleurs were a family that had flourished for many centuries in Norfolk.

The major was no sooner to obtain the whole sum at once in a lump—a request which of course could not be complied with, pressing as his necessities might be; and he left the office in high dudgeon.

His anger with us did not long endure. The very next day he returned, and accompanied by Miss Vandeleur herself. I was gone out. Pryse saw them; and the result of a lengthened conference was, that my partner consented to the eight hundred pounds.

"The young lady," said Pryse, his handsome phiz glowing with pleasurable emotion—"the young lady, a most beauteous, fascinating person, urged certain of her guardian's request as a favor to herself, regretting that the rigorous conditions of her father's will compelling the trustees not to control her in settling the annual sum paid to her, precluded her from presenting him with the money herself. Favor, indeed!" continued Pryse; "Miss Vandeleur conferred an obligation by enabling me to oblige her by the advance of such a trifling sum. The r jor," added Pryse, smoking his cigar with a look of gloating with evident satisfaction at an opposite mirror—"the major has invited me to dine with him and Miss Vandeleur this day at Burleigh's."

"Whew! The deuce! No wonder you are so cock-a-hoop. Youth, beauty, fifty thousand pounds, and two hundred shares of partners would be something like a hit."

"Nonsense! Miss Vandeleur is a match for a lord."

"True enough; but girlhood is capricious, wilful; and, seriously, if I were such a handsome young fellow as you, Pryse—yes, make up or down to forty and twenty—I should try it on, if I could but have a chance."

Pryse set me down as no neglect such a chance. There might have been something in the young lady's manner which inspired hope in an excessive degree, but I was sure, for the remainder of that day, and the whole of the next, Pryse was in a state of nervous fidget, and committed such unaccountable blunders that it was quite a relief when he left, swelling like a turkey-cock, to array himself for the important occasion.

Instead of coming to the office the next week into his ordinary common-sense self, Pryse soared, expanded into such a state of sublimation and importance that I was obliged to request that, for the reputation of the office as a place of sober business, he should keep away till he could descend from the region of fancy to those of fact. He said it might be as well to do so as he really felt unfit for business. He added, with some confusion of manner:

"I shall be glad if you will dine with us to-morrow evening."

"With us! Who's us?"

"Major Burroughs, Julia, and myself."

"Julia! Why, you impudent dog, you must have gone the pace to have arrived at that point already. Of course, Julia stands for Miss Vandeleur?"

"Who else could I mean? You will dine with us?"

"I have no objection. Is the thing settled?"

"No, sir; not a bit," he continued, with a sort of embarrassment—"in fact, spite of the whisperings of vanity—of which it would be folly to deny I have a full share—Miss Julia, so suddenly, strangely tendered for my acceptance—it really comes to that, or appears to do so—is so brilliant a one, so immeasurably beyond what I have a right to expect, that I should like a cooler head than mine to survey the situation, so that I do not make a fool of myself, or—or be made one by others."

"I will make good use of eyes and ears. You are sure about the fifty thousand pounds?"

"Positive. I have myself read the will at Doctors' Commons. At present quotations, the money in the funds would realize considerably more than fifty thousand pounds. Miss Vandeleur comes into absolute possession on the 8th of November next, upon which day she will attain her majority. Till then she can not marry without the consent in writing of her uncle, Major Burroughs; should she do so, the moiety of her fortune goes to a female cousin."

"If he should interpose adversely, it is not so long till November."

"Far too long! A slip twixt cup and lip must not be hazarded. I have even a suspicion that Sir Kenneth Temple himself may enter the lists upon his return from Paris. Major Burroughs must be conciliated."

"It is generally easy enough to win over a needy man."

"Just so. Fifty thousand pounds will allow of offering a handsome *douceur*. But it is folly to count chickens in the egg. Do not fail tomorrow evening. Dinner will be served at six precisely."

I dined with the major, his niece, and arrangement partner, and afterward accompanied them to the play. Miss Vandeleur was really a charming, positively beautiful young lady, and Pryse was as earnestly, deeply in love as so personally vain a man could be. The fascinating Julia, too, was evidently pleased with her conquest. There would, I was sure, be no difficulty in that quarter. Such a lucky dog was Francis Pryse!

Emboldened by my opinion, Pryse waited the next day upon Major Burroughs, and proposed for the hand of Miss Vandeleur in form. He was kindly received, and his interview with the uncle guardian was not more interesting than decisive.

The major having listened with benignant sympathy to the lover's protestations of admiration, affection, disinterestedness, replied that, for himself, he held a city capitalist, already rich, and in the way to realize a colossal fortune, as a far more eligible match for his niece than any of the aristocratic foplings by whom she was literally besieged. "But," continued Major Burroughs, "a moral consideration presents itself at the outset. I, as you, Mr. Pryse, well know, am beset, nearly overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties, and, not to beat about the bush when talking to a man of the world, I must be handsomely paid for giving my written consent to the union which you crave. If you demur to a proposition so reasonable, wait till Julia shall be of age, which I may say, make up your mind to lose her, for though I care little for birth myself, did the Vandeleur family once suspect that such a marriage was in the hope, they would move heaven and earth to avert such a calamitous disgrace, as they would feel it to be, from their ancient house; and they are powerful. You have personally found favor with Julia, but you see how impressionably flexible she is. She would yield to the importunities of her friends, and in all probability be persuaded to give her hand to Sir Kenneth Temple. The baronet, if you marry me, would be in no position to assist me," added the major; "but for that I do not care one pinch of snuff. He is a mean skin-flint, to whom I am under no obligation."

Mr. Pryse admitted that to be true, and gingerly inquired at what figure Major Burroughs would rate his sentiments to the marriage, supposing that of Miss Vandeleur was obtained.

"I have sounded Julia," said the major, "and am quite confident that will be implicitly given by me. Now to business: you know that I have invested my all in Serk Silver Mine shares. I propose that you release me of them at the price I paid?"

"Your Serk Silver Mine shares!" exclaimed Pryse. "Give fifteen thousand seven hundred pounds in exchange for shares in the Serk Mining Company!"

"Pardon me. For the Serk Mining shares, Julia and myself duly thousand pounds. You don't think my niece would feel herself much flattered if she witnessed her admirer's hesitation to close with such a bargain."

The major having evidently said his last word, Pryse necessarily acquiesced, and that important arrangement was made. He never was ashamed to the lady, by whom his suit was granted with blushing tenderness. At his urgent request she graciously consented to the following Thursday week as the "happy day."

Miss Vandeleur had a perfect mania for jewels and other expensive finery. Daily—hourly—frightful bills were sent to the office from jewelers, goldsmiths, lapidaries, milliners, dressers, and other trades-people who contributes to bridal outfits. I remember that Pryse was in a state of perpetual worry and irritation, trying and groaning, poor fellow, under each infliction, as if his law teeth were being wrenched out with instruments of torture one by one.

"Good Heavens! dreadful! but it can't last. It's impossible! Another bill! She'll empty all the shops in London! What a dreadful propensity!" and the like.

There was, however, no drawing back, and Pryse was fain to seek consolation in reflecting that even at the swiful rate of expenditure actually going on, supposing it to last till the bridal day, there would still remain a handsome sum to twenty-five thousand pounds at least. Her jewels were property, if those devilish shares were not. Still fears and doubtings shook him; and though I had steadily refused to advise him either for or against the marriage, I could not refrain, seeing the storm of torture of extravagant demands pour in, to ask if he were really sure about the will—was the bequest absolute? were there no contingencies—no chance of its being upset in a court of law by enraged relatives? His face changed to the hue of stone at the shocking suggestion, and before the words were well out of my mouth he had seized his hat and sped off like a shot to Doctors' Commons. He was gone some time, and returned in a much less perturbed state of mind, bringing a copy of the will with him. It was very short, expressed in clear clearness, and I agreed that there could be no dispute about the validity of the bequest to Miss Vandeleur. My

positive dictum reassured him, and he drew a check for a fresh claim, without exhibiting such violent symptoms of colic as before.

The wedding was a very private one, and a few hours after its celebration the bride and bridegroom set off on their marriage tour, which it was arranged should last a month.

Considerably before the honey-moon had waned the commercial storm broke with terrific violence, and, thanks to great caution, Lovegold and Company were not in actual danger. It was a time of extreme anxiety, and I wrote to Pryse, requesting him to return immediately. He readily complied, leaving his wife with a dependent female relative, who had joined them a few days before. Mrs. Pryse had been seized with sudden thought not at all dangerous illness, which incapacitated her from immediately setting out on the long journey to England. Mr. Pryse, in the most brilliant spirits, "the happiest man in England," set to work with alacrity, and, I rejoiced to find, was again the sound, sensible man of business.

On the third or fourth day after his arrival Sir Kenneth Temple walked into the office, looking exceedingly glum and stern, and, as if to annoy Pryse with an expression of derisive displeasure. He had, no doubt, heard of the marriage, and we were about to have a scene.

"So, Mr. Pryse," said the baronet, "you have bought, at the full nominal price, Major Burroughs's solicitor informs me, those three Mine shares. I did not think you such an arrant blockhead! Why, they neither are, nor ever will be, worth a brittan!"

"Have the kindness, Sir Kenneth Temple," retorted Pryse, with spirit—"I have the honour, Sir Kenneth Temple, to use the language of a gentleman when addressing one. Did the solicitor tell you nothing more?" added he, with a sneer.

"He did not tell me any thing more, but he placed this newspaper in my hand. Pray, did you cause the insertion of this insolent paragraph?"

"What paragraph? Read it, and I will tell you."

The baronet complied, and read aloud the following announcement:

"Married, at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, by special license, on the 15th instant, Francis Pryse, Esquire, of Regent's Park and Lombard Street, to Julia, the only surviving daughter of the late Major Burroughs, Esquire, of Oak Hall, Norfolk. Immediately after the solemnization of the marriage the happy pair left for the Continent."

"I *did* order the insertion of that paragraph. In what way does it concern Sir Kenneth Temple?"

"How does it concern me? Why, what the devil does it mean? How dare you, in rhidiculous, associate your plebeian name with that of my relative, Miss Vandeleur?"

"For what you address such words to me? Leave the office! Were it not that you are a distant relative of the lady mentioned in the newspaper paragraph I would thrm you out of doors. Your relative, Miss Vandeleur that was, is now Mrs. Pryse."

The baronet turned bewilderingly to me: "What does the fellow mean?"

"The meaning is plain enough, Sir Kenneth Temple. The marriage, I can understand, may be distasteful to you; but it is not the less true that Miss Vandeleur, who, when you left London, was staying with her uncle, Major Burroughs, was married, as the paper states, with the major's written consent. The lady is now on her way home from Paris."

"Miss Vandeleur your partner's wife, and now on her way home from Paris! What devil's dance has Burroughs been leading you? A dinner with Miss Vandeleur yesterday and the day before at the Clarendon, and saw her this morning about two hours since."

The effect of this speech upon myself and my partner may be imagined. Lapsing to extremes of dismay and alarm; Pryse sat motionless, transfixed, speechless, staring with wild terror at the baronet.

"This is a sorry jest!" I exclaimed, affecting a doubt I did not feel; "I myself visited Miss Vandeleur at Claridge's, and witnessed her marriage with Mr. Pryse."

"At Claridge's! Miss Vandeleur has never been at Claridge's. She has been all along, and is now, stopping at the Clarendon. Claridge's! Let me remember. Was the young lady pained upon you as Miss Vandeleur a remarkably pretty blonde, with wavy golden hair, blue eyes, a charming figure, and medium height, who sings 'Auld Robin Gray' delightfully?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then, by Heavens, Burroughs has tricked your partner into marrying Mary Somers, a lady's maid, whom Miss Vandeleur dismissed a few months ago for dishonesty. The shameless scoundrel! But he—"

Poor Pryse, utterly beside himself, sprang up and leaped at Sir Kenneth with the fierce fury of a tiger. "Liar! liar! infernal liar!" he screamed; "I will crush the accursed lie in your throat!" and had the convulsive force he suddenly put forth lasted but a few minutes, he would certainly have gone nigh to throttle the baronet. As it was, his grasp relaxed as he dropped, with a shudder and groan, insensible on the floor.

I had him carried into a back room, and, leaving him in careful hands, returned to Sir Kenneth.

"What an infernal trick!" exclaimed the baronet, before I could speak. "The marriage is, of course, null and void; but the loss of fifteen thousand pounds is frightful!"

"The loss is much greater than that. He purchased jewels for the devilish minx to an immense amount! He loved her, too, with passion. The blow will kill him! Where is that villain Burroughs?"

"Drowned, or landed in America. He sailed from London on the 16th of last month; by Jove! the day after the mock marriage! If he were in the country, however, it is my belief you could do nothing with him. The purchase of the shares was effected, I am told, in the regular way. How could you fall into so gross a trap?"

"In some degree through your fault. You told us that Miss Vandeleur was staying at a hotel with her uncle, Major Burroughs. How could we suspect a gentleman of family—of, as far as we knew, unblemished reputation—of perpetrating such an atrocious crime?"

"It is an atrocious crime, and I am sincerely grieved for poor Pryse; but let us be just. Miss Vandeleur's fifty thousand pounds must have had a potent influence in dazzling and blinding the acute perception of such a man as he. However, what is done is done. The less won't break his back. Good-by!"

DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

You saw that he was doomed to disappointment —in the drooping eyelid, in the raised eyebrow, in the wasted forehead, in the deep-furrowed cheeks. You saw it every where about him. Melancholy had marked him for his own as distinctly as smallpox—he was, as you pitied him, pitifully melancholy. Poor fellow! he was a disappointed man.

And what particular line had disappointment taken in his case? Had he married him, he would tell you that he had been disappointed in every mortal thing. Disappointment dogged his heels and shoulders, and had indeed done so ever since he was born. He was disappointed in his very cradle. Nay, he was an inveterate disappointment, for he was at once a disappointed man himself, but he had been a disappointment to all who were connected with him. He was a disappointment to his mother, who had wished him to be a girl, and to his maternal grandmother, who had expressed a desire that he should be twins; to his father, who had said that he hoped he would be no clever, and to his uncle, who had cherished the hope that he would be a dunce. It was a disappointing plan to every body that he was not a girl, nor a pair of twins, nor six feet high; and as to being clever, he could take his solemn oath that he was not that. But was that his fault? No, of course it wasn't. He had not the choice of sex or height. If he'd had any voice in the matter, he'd have been twins, because, then, surely one of him would have got on in the world: but pshaw! what would he mind stating how he had been disappointed?

Why, in every thing that a man could be disappointed in, of course.

Well, but in what? Had he been disappointed in his—ambition, say?

Hadn't he? The extent of his ambition was a small farm, at a moderate distance from town, and near a railway station; and had he got it? No, of course he hadn't.

Well, in what else? Had he been disappointed in friendship?

In friendship! Don't talk of it. He could not bear it. In friendship, indeed! He supposed that if a man took up a person, and wore him next his heart, and kept from him no single circumstance of early nor his personal history, and this person were to abscond, and betray the confidence reposed in him, why, respect to the memory of one's mother, one's heart, the tenderest emotions of one's nature, the respectability and private history of one's relations —not to mention a few silver tablespoons, a gold tankard, the Lord knows how much money, two hundred dollars at least—all of which articles he had been totally robbed by this person, who had also brought the case before a judge, who was as blind as Justice to the rights and wrongs of the matter; and before a jury, who were as deaf as either to the voice of reason and common-sense—he supposed that, after that, a man might be excused for saying that, for the future, the world should not be his friend, nor the world's law, and for turning his back upon both for ever.

Ah! very disappointing conduct, truly. But was that the extent of his disappointments? Had he—

Oh! don't ask him. What was the good of reopening old wounds? He had been the victim of disappointment not only in connection with love, ambition and friendship, but in those smaller things, to lose which was to lose, so to speak, the joys and the bounties of life.

What did he mean?

Why, he supposed it was plain enough what he meant.

Would he explain?

Well, he had explained, hadn't he? Or if he hadn't, he didn't see why he should explain it better.

Would he give an example, then?

Well, you know, the kind of thing he meant was this. If you asked a boy for what was about the most delightful thing he had ever seen, he would most probably answer, his first play. Well, you know, that was one of his disappointments.

How did he make that out?

Why, he supposed that a boy were to be taken to a theatre for the first time, and if, after sitting for half an hour, anticipating the most rapturous pleasure when the curtain rose, were to find ten minutes after it rose that the house was on fire, and then had to be dragged to a window by his relatives, and compelled to carry down that terrible yard down a fire-escape, and, when he reached the bottom, to be handed out like a parcel by a fireman, and turned loose like a parcel of dirty people till he was lost, and then had to be taken home ignominiously by a policeman, with the conviction all the while that he was looked upon by every one he met in the light of a person whose crimes had brought him within the grasp of the law—he supposed that that might be considered a disappointment, a serious disappointment.

Oh! that was granted, was it? Well, then, perhaps it would also be granted that if a boy whose dreams for years had been a pony had at last been presented with one by a treacherous relative, who, to gain some mean end, had taken care that the pony should be an unbroken one; and if, directly the boy mounted, the rampant animal had stood perpendicular for full two minutes, making such extraordinary gestures with its fore-legs that the only conclusion to come to was that it fancied it was delivering a political speech; and if, after that, to judge from its actions, much have been an amazingly eloquent peroration, it had taken the bit between its teeth, and bolted for two miles; and if the boy had dropped off exactly opposite the house where the queen of his boy's affections resided, and had then and there rolled—perhaps it would be granted that this was also a disappointment, eh! something like a disappointment.

Well, both those cases had been his own; nor were they the worst that he could relate. Disappointment dogged him wherever he went, dropping bitters into the cup of pleasure, and stripping the gilt off the gingerbread of life. Why, what was that, the song of poets, and the theme of romancers, to which youth looked forward with rapture, and which age looked back upon with fond regret? Why, the first kiss of love, of course. Well, there he was once again. Yes, disappointment was his side him there once more. How was he to be always keeping in mind that Amelia was weak in the chest, and that there was a leaning toward consumption in the family? Who can remember those things always?

What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with the first kiss of love?

Why, every thing in the world, or else he supposed he should not have mentioned it. What was the good of asking absurd questions like that? Why could not he be allowed to tell his tale as he liked, without being subjected to a kind of catechism, as if he were a charity child? It cost him pain enough to tell the tale at all, goodness knew. What had Amelia's chest got to do with it? Why, just as if it hadn't been for that, he might perhaps have been a very different creature to what we saw him. That serious cough would have been gone long ago, eye and lively, that heart and that voice alike unbroken. He might have been— But it was useless speculating on impossibilities. Amelia had a weak chest, and that was all about it; that was why she always wore two veils when the wind was cold, and, when the rain was falling together, used commonly to keep her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, so that her part of the conversation was warried to be indistinctly muffled, not to say husky, tone of voice. But the voice of love is always sweet; and though to the passer-by there might seem nothing attractive in those half-smothered accents, yet, to the lover, his mistress's voice, even when hoarse, discovered the sweetest harmonies. Now, he might be thought that after a fellow had been formally accepted, per letter (for a proposal by word of mouth was, he candidly confessed, more than he dared venture upon), by the girl, and after his proposals had been entertained and agreed to, that all future arrangements for parties most interested in the affair alone together. But did Amelia's mother do so? Did she act with that propriety? Not a bit. The persistent way in which that woman sat and stared at them was shameful. How was a fellow to make love, he should like to know, when he felt that he was being stared at all the while as if he were acting in a play? For his part, he was one of those people who found it quite impossible to say the things under the most favorable circumstances, but found the manufacture of the article quite impossible under the inspiration of a pair of eyes under the inspection of a neutral woman, who was in all probability drawing invidious comparisons between his behavior and the treatment he had similarly insulted, of Amelia's father, deceased, a man of rude and violent bearing. And then, again, was it likely he felt in any good, or even tolerable way the more at his ease, to overhear that woman mentioning him, Amelia's intended husband and her daughter as a young man of, she dared to say, very good principles, but sadly wanting in fire? Household duties did occasionally, of course, call that woman away for a few minutes—that Medusa, whose unblushing stare had the power of turning him in this manner into stone. Then, for those minutes, what security could a man feel with a glass door to the room? Ah! he had felt for years before that disappointment had laid its cold hand upon his shoulder, but never had he felt the icy chill of that fell touch so acutely as on that Sunday afternoon when, that woman having gone to church, he, Amelia and himself being alone in the drawing-room, the love which was burning in his heart rose supreme, and passing his arm round Amelia's waist, he was about to taste the nectar of her lips, when he perceived on the glass door three white spots, arranged in a pyramidal form—the features of Amelia's two little brothers and that of their nurse, all livid from intense pressure.

When Amelia and he walked out together they arrived—the nurse and he was bound to say that Amelia's inclinations, as a rule, led her to shops, and how was he to go kissing her in the front of shops with all the eye of the world? It was out of the question—quite out of the question. Disappointment, as he thought he had mentioned once or twice before, was evidently his portion, and there was nothing for it but to endure patiently.

But did he then never kiss Amelia? Did he quietly yield without an effort? If so, the case was surely less one of disappointment than of neglected opportunity.

No! he had not yielded without an effort. Then he had kissed her?

Well, no! He did not think it could be said that he had kissed her.

Then, perhaps, she had boxed his ears when he tried—eh?

On the contrary, she had borne it like a lamb. The fact was—his nerves had never quite got over the shock—but the fact was, that one fine frosty day he had persuaded Amelia, who had stepped up carefully, and taken all the precautions that her delicate health required, to leave the streets and shops which in general were the scene of their walks, and to ramble with him in the country. He good an opportunity of sealing his love upon her lips was not to be lost. The bright sunny day, the cold clear air, seemed for once to dispel the clouds of melancholy which usually hung about him like the clouds about the top of Snowdon, and to leave his brow open and free from care, like the summit of the same mountain on one of those rare occasions when it condescends to reveal itself to the eyes of the fortunate traveler. Amelia's hand was on his arm, Amelia's voice was in his ear, Amelia's crinoline rasped his legs, keeping the fact of her sweet presence constantly in his thoughts. Every thing that could gladden his heart and rouse his courage was at hand, and, upon his life! his heart was glad, and his courage roused accordingly.

"Amelia," he had exclaimed, with all his overpowering affection gleaming in his eyes, and trembling on his lips—"Amelia, this is a delicious morning!"

Amelia thought the same.

"A morning that makes all the better and nobler feelings of our nature rise to the surface, purifies the air, and kills the slugs."

Amelia quite concurred in this opinion, but pitied the slugs.

"Amelia," he continued, his courage rising still higher as he proceeded—"Amelia, I love you."

Amelia supposed he did, as he'd asked her to marry him; at least, if he didn't, it was a great shame.

If he didn't! The moment he had longed for was evidently approaching. He squeezed her hand—she returned the pressure. He put his arm round her waist—she did not repel him. He sought her to his bosom—she raised her face to his. The moment was come! He hurled away his umbrella, raised the two veils with all the impetuosity of love, and, approaching with his glowing lips upon—a respirator! yes, by all that's horrible, a respirator!

Now wasn't that enough to make a man run wildly across country, whither he knew not, nor cared to know? And was there cause for surprise, that when he came to himself he found that he was sitting alone by the side of a pond, attacking a heavy brickbat to one end of his handkerchief? But better feelings prevailed.

And was not that something like a disappointment?

Well, really! We were obliged so confess that it certainly was.

FOR US.

For us was said the parting word that drew the tender sixtage
Of life to session of pain 'twere less if they could part;
For us the dark thought "to-morrow," drew up its shadowy wings,
And settled like the fateful bird that tore Prometheus heart.

For us the look behind that brought a mist before the sight,
Like veils we spread o'er faces loved before the coffin lid closed;
For us the laying down of joy, the taking up of right,
To bear it onward like a flag through steel-set ranks of foes.

For us the weary, foot-sore march, the sentry's lonely round,
Companioned by night's ideal dreads that e'en may shake the bold;
For us the ghostly-wild alarm—the long roll's wakening sound,
And mustered, grim ranks moving off to danger's spectral hold.

For us the face to face with death that strikes the bravest terror,
The hoarse command from lips firm set to hide the fluttering heart;
The rush into the horrid storm of fire and iron hail,
Whose drops on brow and breast leave closed ranks with speed no more—

For us the frequent silence when the roll is called of comrades,
The silence falling hundred names that shall be heard no more,
And the sad look in fearless eyes that tells a comrade borne
To darkness from our lovely world amid the battle's roar.

For us the shallow trench in dug along the trampled sod,
And many forms, oh! how beloved, are hid in death's eclipse,
Their brow or yellow beards stained with the hues of blood,
And clay upon their faces pale where once were loving lips.

All, all for us; we sit and smile to see our children play,
And our still smile is golden light to soft eyes close to ours;
We wake in white enfolding arms into a blissful day;
We join the dance, we drain the wine, we sing the happy bride.

They saw the deathly battle-field, and still life's precious wine
That we may gather ripest sheaves, and grapes of purple vine.
Theirs is the curly frost, the storm that leaves a withered vine,
That ours may be the latter rains, the store-increasing dew.

Thanks, thanks, and blessings, deep and full as human heart may be,
For those who give us life's bright gold, accepting iron thus;
And prayers to wait before God's throne throughout eternity
For our brave heroes in the field who fight and die for us.



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



APPEARANCE OF FORT SUMTER, AUGUST 23, 1863, AFTER SIX DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

A REMINISCENCE OF PORT HUDSON.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

I WILL lie hard in mine that ominous night
Before the battle's stormy ebb and flow,
And saw the fitful shadows of the fight
Cast their pale features o'er:

And in his eyes a sad, prophetic fear
Seemed burning out the hope of life's young dream,
As over and anon, sad far and near
We saw the vivid gleam,

And heard the thunder of replying strife,
Peal answering peal in loud, dissonant roar,
Where burst the billowy mass of shouting life
On war's wild, wintry shore.

"The morn," he said, "comes marching up the sky—
The morn whose sun shall never set on me.
Tell them, when I am gone"—and then his eye
Grew humid with the plea—

"Tell them I feared it not, but calmly went
To where the answer blew for that fair land;
Content to toil and suffer, to be spent
To this a death as grand!

"Tell her—oh tell her"—but his quavering tones
Died to a whisper, and refused the name;
While ashes of agony and pitiful moans
Shook all his bright frame.

He wrung my hand and left me. Once again,
Where death's tornado fiercest swept the field,
I saw him in the battle-brunt of his pain,
Ere yet his life was sealed.

Ere yet his writhing limbs were laid asleep,
And eyes and mouth meaningless up to the stars,
And dews of heaven fell over him, to weep
The hero's cruel scars.

Oh, pale, still face—oh, sadly mournful eyes,
Which seem to look forever in mine own,
I see ye still; and still I hear his sighs—
His last sad agonies groan.

Oh hero-spirit!—brave and patient soul!
Too true that some must fall, as then had done!
Rest, then, in peace; for thou hast reached the goal—
The victory hast won!

TERREBONE, LOUISIANA, *August*, 1863.

VERY HARD JASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(*Continued.*)

MRS. DORN whispered again over her girl.

"Tell her something: oh, give me tears for her—she never has one tear."

"What shall I say?" gasped Edward.

"Tell her the truth, and trust to God, whose child she is."

Edward knelt on the floor and took her hand: "My poor little Jo," he said, in a voice broken with natural emotion, "would you rather have him dead, or false to you?"

"Why false, a thousand times. It's Edward: Bless you for the face my own, own brother; tell me he is false, and not come to deadly harm."

"You shall judge for yourself," he groaned. "I am to bring him. He had left the town. The woman told me a letter came for him last night. A letter in—a female hand. The scoundrel came in from us, got this letter; packed up his things directly; paid his lodging; and went off in a two-horse fly at eight o'clock in the morning."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At these plain proofs of Alfred's infidelity Julia's sweet throat began to swell hysterically, and then her bosom to heave and pant; and, after a piteous struggle, came a passion of sobs and tears so wild, so heart-broken, that Edward blamed himself bitterly for telling her.

But Mrs. Dodd sobbed "No, no, I would rather have her so; only leave her with me now: bless you, darling; leave us quickly."

She rocked and nursed her deserted child hours and hours; and so the miserable day crawled to its close.

Down stairs the house looked strange and gloomy: the dining-hall brightened at all, and darkened herself. The wedding breakfast and flowers remained in bitter mockery. Sarah cleared the table, and Sampson and Edward dined in moody silence.

Presently Sampson's eye fell upon the Dead: it lay on a table with a pen beside it, to sign on their return from church.

Sampson got hold of it and buried himself in the verbiage like a pearl-diver diving. He came up again with a discovery. In spite of its feebleness, verbosity, obscurity, and idiotic way of expressing itself, the Dead managed to convey to David and Mrs. Dodd a life-interest in nine thousand five hundred pounds, with reversion to Julia and children of the projected marriage. Sampson and Edward put their heads over this, and pumped them. "Why, man," said Sampson, "if the puppy had signed this it might he would be a beggar now."

"So," said Edward, "but after all he did not sign it."

"Nay, but that was your fault, not his; the law was keen sign."

"That is true: and perhaps if we had pinned him to this, last night, he would not have dared insult my sister to-day."

Sampson changed the subject by inquiring suddenly which way he was gone.

"Curse him, I don't know; and don't care. Go where he will I shall meet him again some day; and then—" Edward spoke almost in a whisper, but a certain grinding of his white teeth and flashing of his lion eyes made the incomplete sentence very expressive.

"What ninnies you young men are," said the Doctor, "I even you, that I dub 'my fathom o' good sense;' just finish your dinner, and come with me."

"No, Doctor; I'm off my food for once: if you had been up stairs and seen my poor little sister! hang the grub; it turns my stomach." And he shoved his plate away, and leaned over the back of his chair.

Sampson made him drink a glass of wine, and then they sat down to a half-finished meal and went hurriedly to Alfred's lodgings, the Doctor, though sixty, rushing along with all the fire and buoyancy of early youth.

They found the landlady surrounded by gossips curious as themselves, and longing to chatter, but no materials. The one new fact they elicited was that the vehicle was a White Lion fly, for she knew the young man by the coat in his eye. "Coming away," shouted the Doctor, unceremoniously, and in two minutes they were in the yard of the White Lion.

Sampson and the coachmaker out came a hardfeatured man with a strong squint. Sampson concluded this was his man, and said, roughly: "Where did you drive young Hardie this morning?"

He seemed rather taken aback by this abrupt question; but reflected and slapped his thigh: "Why that is the party from Mill Street."

"Yes."

"Drew him to Silverton Station, Sir; and wasn't long about it either; gent was in a hurry."

"What train did he go by?"

"Well, I don't know, Sir; I left him at the station."

"Well, then where did he take his ticket for? Where did he tell the porter he was going? Think now, and be answering, you lout."

The hostler scratched his head, and seemed at first inclined to guess for the sovereign, but at last said: "I should say he were going you, gents; ye see he paid the fly then and there, and gave me a crown: and I drov away directly."

On this they gave him a shilling, and left him. But on leaving the yard, Edward said: "Doctor, I don't like that fellow's looks: let me try the handcuff." They took in the hint and made similar inquiries. The landlord was out, the mistress knew nothing about it, but took a head out of a window and shouted over the leaves. She read out an entry to this effect:

"Pair horse fly to Silverton: take up in Mill Street at eight o'clock. Is that it, Sir?" Sampson assented; but Edward told her the hostler said it was Silverton-Station.

"No: it is Silverton in the book, Sir. Well, you see it is all one to us; the station is farther than the town, but we charge seven miles whichever 'tis."

Bradshaw, inspected then and there, sought in vain to conceal this information reached Silverton from different points between 8.50 and 9.25 A.M.

The friends retired with this scanty information: Alfred could hardly have gone to London: for there was a train up from Barkington itself at 8.30. But he might have gone to some other part of the island, or out of it for that matter. Sampson fell into a brown study.

After a long silence, which Edward was too sad to break, he said, thoughfully: "Bring science to bear on this hotch-potch. Facts are never really contradictory; they only seem to be: and the true solution is the one which reconciles all the facts: it 'squares the chronometrical theory reconciles all th' undisputed facks in midickio. So now sairch for a solution to reconcile the Dead with the puppy's leaving."

Edward searched, but could find none; and said so.

"Can't you?" said Sampson; "then I'll give you a couple. Say he is touched in the upper story, for one."

"What do you mean? mad?"

"Oh: there are degrees of Phrinzy. Here is th' inconsiency of conduct that marks a disturbance of the reasoning faculty. Here's what once knew a young fellow that played this very prank at a wedding, and the nixt thing we hard, my lord was in Bedlam."

Edward shook his head: "It is the villain's heart, not his brain."

Sampson then offered another solution, in which he owned he had more confidence:

"He has been courting some other woman first: she declined, or said, Edward Dead, when she found he had the spirit to go and marry an innocent girl, then the jade wrote to him and cajoled. Like a married man, likely. I've known women go farther for hatred of a wumman than they would for love of a man: and here was a temptation: to snap at the Dead's purse, and insult a rival, all at one blow. He meant to marry; he meant to sign that deed: ay and, at the last gasp, if he had not signed, he would have gone off at passion's call, and beggared himself. What enrages me is that we didn't let him sign it, and so nail the young rascal's money."

"Curse his money," said Edward, "and him too. Wait till I can lay my hand on him; I'll break every bone in his skin."

"And I'll help you."

In the morning, Mrs. Dodd left Julia for a few minutes expressly to ask Sampson's advice. After Alfred's conduct she was free, and fully determined, to defend herself and her daughter's reputation by any means in her power; so she now showed the doctor David's letter about the £14,000; and the empty pocket-book; and put together the disjointed evidence of Julia, Alfred, and circumstances, in one neat and luminous statement: Sampson was greatly struck with the revelation: he jumped off his chair and marched about excited; said truth was stranger than fiction, and this was a manifest swindle: then he surprised Mrs. Dodd in her turn by assuming that old Hardie was at the bottom of yesterday's business. Neither Edward nor his mother could see that, and said so: his reply was characteristic: "Of course you can't; you are Anglo-saxons; th' Anglosaxins are good at drawing distinctions; but they can't generalize. I'm a Celt, and generalize—as a duck swims. I discovered th' unity of all disease: it would be odd if I could not trace the manifoldin iniquities you suffer to their one source."

"But what is the connecting link?" asked Mrs. Dodd, still incredulous.

"Why, Richard Hardie's interest."

"Well, now," objected Edward.

"There goes th' Anglosaxin again," remonstrated Sampson: "puzzling his head over petty details; and can't see how grave men's minds thrown out by th' enemy. Put this and that together: Hardie Senior always averse to this marriage; Hardie Senior wanting to keep £14,000 of yours, if his son, who knows of the fraud, became your mother's son, the swindle would be hourly in danger (so common) of unhappy Anglosaxins; why the two things are interwoven). And so young Hardie is got out of the way: old Hardie's doing, or I'm a Dutchman."

This reasoning still appeared forced and fanciful to Edward; but it began to make some little impression on Mrs. Dodd, and encouraged her to own that her poor daughter suspected foul play.

"Well, that is possible too; whativer tempted an ass bone, tempted man will do: but more likely he has bribed Leahid to write and catch him goose by the heart. Gintlemin, I'm a bit of a phylognomist: look at old Hardie's lines; his cordage: I might say; and deeper every time I see him; I'm two eye like a hawk. There's an awful weight on that man's mind. Lookee! I'll just step over to Hardie's, and keep down to watch his game, and pump his people: asked as soon as it is safe, we'll seize the old bird, and, once he is under hatches, we will reappear like magic: th' old one will disgorge; we'll just compound the felony—been an old friend—and recover the cash."

A fine sketch; but Edward thought it desperately wild, and Mrs. Dodd preferred employing a respectable lawyer to act and obtain justice in the regular way. Sampson laughed at her; what was the use of attacking in the regular way an irregular enemy like Hardie? "Advice, ma'ams are too humdrum for such a job," said he; "they start with a civil letter putting a rogue on his guard; they proceed in a writ, and then he digs a hole in another county and buries the body; or sails t' Australia with it. Nixtime; I'm an old fellow, but insane lover of justice. —I say insane, because my passion is not returned, or the jade wouldn't keep out of my way so: but these years, ma'am, I'm a bit subjective."

"Stop a minute," said Edward; "you must not go compromising us: and we have got no money to pay Doctors' bills at present."

"I won't compromise any one of you: and my detective sha'n't cost y' a penny."

"Ah, my dear Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, "that fact is you do not know all the difficulties that beset us. Tell him, Edward. Well then, let me. The poor child has reached the gentleman's daughter, whom you propose to treat like a felon: and he is too good a son and too good a friend for that, I know. What shall I do?"

Edward colored up to the eyes: "Who told you that, mother?" he said. "Well, yes, I do love her, and I'm not ashamed of it, Doctor," said the poor fellow after a while, "I see now I am not quite the person to advise my mother and sister. My consent to leave it in your hands."

And, in pursuance of this resolution, he retired to his study.

"There's a formidable combination," said Sampson, "and I see no objections:" "An estimable young lady; but so odd; she is one of those uneasy-minded Christians that have sprung up in religious epochs, and make imaginaire, eternally feeling her own spiritual pulse—"

"I know the disorder," cried Sampson, eagerly: "the pashints have a hot fit (and then they are saints); followed in due course by the cold fit (and then they are the worst of sinners); and so on in endless rotation: and, if they could only realize my great discovery, the periodicity of all diseases, and of their admixtures, they would find the hot fit and the cold return chronometrically, at intervals as regular as the tides: ebb and flow: and that it has nothing to do with either febrile symptom. Why Religion, apart from intermittent Fever of the Brain, is just the most intermittent thing in all the world."

"Ah, you are too deep for me, my good friend. All I know is that she is one of this new school, whom I take the liberty to call 'Free Prayers' Dissenters.' They are not let their poor souls alone a minute; and they pester one day and night with the millennium; as if we shall not all be there in good time: but the worst is they apply the language of earthly passion to the Saviour of mankind, and make ours such creeping and fawning flatterers, as seems, so familiar; like that rude multitude which thronged and pressed Him when on earth. But, after all, she came to the Church, and took my Julia's part; so that shows she has *principle*, and do pray spare me her feelings in any step you take against that dishonorable person her father: I must go back to his victim, my poor, poor child: I dare not leave her long. Oh, Doctor, such a night! and, if she does for a minute, it is to wake with a scream and tell me she sees him dead: sometimes he is drowned; sometimes stained with blood; but always dead."

This evening Mr. Hardie came along in a fly with his luggage on the box, returning to Musgrove Cottage as from Yorkshire: in passing Albion Villa he cast it a look of vindictive triumph. He got home and nodded by the fire in his character of a man wearied by a long journey. Jane made him some tea, and told him how Alfred had disappeared on his wedding-day.

"The young scamp," said he: he added, coolly, "it is no business of mine: I had no hand in making the match, thank Heaven!" In the conversation that ensued he said he had always been averse to the marriage, but had set irreconcilably as to approve this open breach of faith with a respectable young lady: "this will recoil upon our name, you know, at this critical time," said he.

Then Jane mustered courage to confess that she had gone to the wedding herself. "Dear papa," said she, "it was made clear to me that the Dedds are acting in what they consider a most friendly way to you, Jenny." "I care not tell you what they think. But, if mistaken, they are sincere: and so, after prayer, and you not being here for me to consult, I did go to the church. Forgive me, papa: I have but one brother; and she is my dear friend."

Mr. Hardie's countenance fell at this announcement, and he looked almost diabolical. But on second thought he cleared up wonderfully: "I will be frank with you, Jenny: if the wedding had come off, I should have been deeply hurt at your supporting that little mountain of ingratitude: he not only marries against his father's will (that is done every day) but slanders and maligns him unlikely in his heart of poverty and distress. But, now that he has broken faith and insulted Miss Dodd as well as me, I declare I am glad matters there, Jenny. I will separate us from his abominable conduct. But what does he say for himself? What reason does he give?"

"Oh, it is all mystery as yet."

"Well, but he must have sent some explanation to the Deddy."

"He may have: I don't know. I have not ventured to intrude on my poor insulted friend. Papa, I hear she addresses it to Mary, if writing for her reason. Oh, if harm comes to her, God will assuredly punish him whose heartlessness and treachery has brought her to this pass in my words," she continued with great emotion, "this cruel act will not go unpunished even in this world."

"There, there, change the subject," said Mr. Hardie, peevishly. "What have I to do with his prate? he has dishonored me by his flight, and I disown him for my son."

The next day Peggy Black called, and asked to see master. Mr. Hardie, after the first surprise, looked at her from head to foot, and foot to head, as if measuring her for a suit of Disdain; and then he said she carry her own message; then flounced into the kitchen, and left her to shut the street-door, which she did. She went and dropped her curtsey at the parlor-door, and in a miming-pinny voice said she was come to make her submission, and beg leave to forgive her, and give her another trial? Her penitence, after one or two convulsive efforts, ended in a very fair flow of tears.

Mr. Hardie shrugged his shoulders and asked Jane if the girl had ever been saucy to her.

"Oh no, papa: indeed I have no fault to find with poor Peggy."

"Well, then, go to your work, and try and not offend Betty; remember she is older than you."

Peggy went for her box and bandbox, and entertained herself quietly, and all old Betty's endeavors to irritate her only elicited a calm cunning smile, with a depression of her downy eyelashes.

Albion Villa.

Next morning Edward Dodd was woke out of a sound sleep by a violent shock, by a hand upon his shoulder: he locked up and rubbed his eyes; it was Julia standing by his bedside, dressed and in her bonnet. "Edward," she said, in a hurried whisper, "there is foul play: I can not sleep, I can not be idle. He has been decoyed away, or perhaps murdered. Oh, pray, get up and go to the Police office or somewhere with me."

"Very well; but wait till morning."

"No; now; now; now!" I shall never go out of doors again in the daylight. I shall be crazy with wait, wait, wait, wait, waiting."

Her hand was like fire on him, and her eyes supernaturally bright.

"There," said Edward, with a groan, "go down stairs, and I will be with you directly."

He came down: they went out together: her little burning hand pinched his tight, and her words fell loosened securely to each other; and she kept him at his full stride till they got to the central police station. There, at the very thought of which she had been in transport, and suddenly shrank together, and covered her blushing face with her hot hands. She sent him in alone. He found an intelligent superintendent, who attended into the case with all the coolness of an old official hand.

Julia came out to his sister and, as he hurried her home, told her what had passed: "The superintendent asked to see the letter; I told him he had taken it with him: that was a pity, he said. Then he made me describe Alfred to a nicety: and the description will go up to London this morning, and all over Barkington, and the neighborood, and the county."

She stopped to kiss him, then went on again with her head down, and neither spoke till they were nearly home: then Edward told her "He

superintendent felt quite sure that the villain was not dead; nor in danger of it."

"Oh, bless him! bless him! for saying so."

"And that he will turn up in London before very long; not in this neighborhood; he says he must have known the writer of the letter, and his taking his luggage with him shows he has gone off deliberately. My poor little Jo, now do try and look at it as he does, and every body else does; try and see it as you would if you were a by-stander."

She laid her soft hand on his shoulder as if to support herself floating in her sea of doubt: "I do see I am a poor credulous girl; but how can my Alfred be false to me? Am I to doubt the Bible? am I to doubt the sun? Is nothing true in heaven or earth? Oh, if I could only have died as I was dressing for church—died while he seemed true! He is true; the wicked creature has cast no spell on him: he has gone in a moment of delirium; he will regret what he has done, perhaps regrets it now. I am ungrateful to you, Edward, and to the good policeman, for saying he is not dead. What more do I require? he is dead to me. Edward, let us leave this place. We were going: let us go to-day; this very day; oh, take me and hide me where no one that knows me can ever see me again." A flood of tears came to her relief; and she went along sobbing and kissing her brother's hand every now and then.

But, as they drew near the gate of Albion Villa, twilight began to usher in the dawn. Julia shuddered at even that faint light, and fled like a guilty thing, and hid herself sobbing in her own bedroom.

Musgrove Cottage.

Mr. Richard Hardie slept better, since his return from Yorkshire, than he had done for some time past, and therefore woke more refreshed and in better spirits. He knew an honest family was miserable a few doors off; but he did not care. He got up and shaved with a most placid ease. Only, when he had removed the lather from one half his face, he happened to look out of window, and saw on the wall opposite—a placard: a large placard to this effect:

"ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD!

Whereas on the 11th instant Mr. Alfred Hardie disappeared mysteriously from his lodgings in 15 Mill Street under circumstances suggesting a suspicion of foul play, know all men that the above reward will be paid to any person or persons who shall inform the undersigned where the said Alfred Hardie is to be found, and what person or persons, if any, have been concerned in his disappearance.

ALEXANDER SAMPSON
39 Pope Street
Napoleon Square
London."

At sight of this, Mr. Hardie was seized with a tremor that suspended the razor in mid air: he opened the window, and glared at the doctor's notice.

At this moment he himself was a picture: not unlike those half-cleaned portraits the picture-restorers hang out as specimens of their art.

"Accident interfering fool," he muttered, and began to walk the room in agitation. After a while he made a strong effort, shaved the other half, and dressed slowly, thinking hard all the time. The result was, he went out before breakfast (which he had not done for years) and visited the "White Lion." One of Sampson's posters had just been stuck up near the inn; he quietly pulled it down and then entered the yard; and had a serious talk with the squinting hostler.

On his return, Jane was waiting breakfast. The first word to him was: "Papa, have you seen?"

"What, the Reward?" said he, indifferently. "Yes, I noticed it at our door as I came home."

Jane said it was a very improper and most indelicate interference in their affairs. And went on to say which heightened color: "I have just told Peggy to take it down."

"Not for the world!" cried Mr. Hardie, losing all his placidness real or feigned; and flinging the belt hastily. On Peggy's appearing, he said, anxiously, "I do not wish that Notice interfered with, Peggy."

"I shouldn't think of touching it without your orders, Sir," said she, quietly, and shot him a feline glance from under her pale lashes.

Jane colored, and looked a little mortified: but on Peggy's retiring Mr. Hardie explained that, whether malicious or not, it was a foolish act of Dr. Sampson's; and to pull down his notice would look like siding with the boy against those he had injured: "Besides," said he, "you should you and I bark inquiry? Ill as he has used me, I am his father, and not altogether without anxiety. Suppose those doctors should be right about him, you know?"

Jane said for some time past longing to call at Albion Villa and sympathize with her friend; and now curiosity was superadded; she burned to know whether the Dodds knew of, or approved this placard. She asked her father whether he thought she could go there with propriety. "Why not?" said he, cheerfully, and with assumed carelessness.

In reality it was essential to him that Jane should visit the Dodds. Surrounded by pitfalls, threatened with a new and mysterious assistant in the executrix, but keen and resolute Sampson, this artful man, who had now been very Machiavel—constant danger and deceit had so sharpened and deepened his great natural abilities—was preparing among other defenses a shield; and that shield was a sieve; and that sieve was his daughter. In fact, ever since his return, he had acted and spoken at the Dodds through Jane, but with a masterly appearance of simplicity and more confidential inborcourse. At least I think this is the true clew to all his recent remarks.

Jane, a truthful, unsuspicious girl, was all the fitter instrument of the cunning monster. She went and called at Albion Villa, and was received by Edward, Mrs. Dodd being up stairs with Julia, and in five minutes she had told him what her father, she owned, had said to her in confidence. "But," said she, "the reason I repeat these things is to make peace, and that you may not fancy there is any one in our house so cruel, so unchristian, as to approve Alfred's perfidy. Oh, and papa said candidly he disliked his match, but then he admired this way of ending it far more."

Mrs. Dodd came down in due course, and kissed her; but told her Julia could not see even her at present. "I think, dear," said she, "in a day or two she will see nobody but no one else: and for her sake we shall now hurry our departure from this place, where she was once so happy."

Mrs. Dodd did not like to begin about Alfred; but Jane had no such scruples: she inveighed warmly against his cruelty and deceit. He left the house, had quite done away with the faint suspicion Sampson had engendered, and brought back Mrs. Dodd and Edward to their former original opinion, that the elder Hardie had nothing on earth to do with the perfidy of the younger.

Just before dinner a gentleman called on Edward, and proved to be a policeman in plain clothes. He had come from the office to sound the hostler at the "White Lion," and, if necessary, to threaten him. The police knew, through nobody in Barbican, that this hostler had been in what rogues call trouble twice, and, as the police can starve a man of the kind by blowing on him, and can relieve him by keeping dark, he knows better than withhold information from them.

However, on looking for this hostler, he had left his place that very morning; had decamped with mysterious suddenness.

Here a puzzle.

Had the man gone without noticing the reward? Had somebody got the reward? or was it a strange coincidence, and did he after all know nothing?

The police thought it was no coincidence, and he did know something; so they had telegraphed the London office to mark him down.

Edward thanked his informer; but, on his returning, told his mother he could make neither head nor tail of it; and she only said, "We must circumspect."

Meantime, unknown to these bewildered ones, Greek was meeting Greek only a few yards off.

Mr. Hardie was being entertained to tea—a man of his own ca ibre, one too cautious to communicate with the Dodds, or any one else, till his work looked ripe.

The game began thus: a decent mechanic, who lodged hard by, lounging with his pipe near the gate of Musgrove Cottage, offered to converse with old Betty: she gave him a rough answer; but with a touch of incredulable vanity must ask Peggy if the gentleman had spoken, because there was a hungry one at the gate: "Why he wanted to begin on an old woman like me." Peggy answered that he had said to her.

"Oh, he begun where most of them ends, if they get so far at all: axed me was I comfortable here: if not, he knew a young man wanted a nice lady to look after his house for him."

Peggy pricked up her ears; and, in less than a quarter of an hour, went for a box of lucifers in a new bonnet and shawl. She had stripped past the able mechanic very accidentally, and he bestowed an admiring smile on her, but said nothing, only smoked. However, of her return he contrived to detain her, and paid her a good many compliments, which she took laughingly and with no great appearance of offense then. However, there is no going by that: compliments sink: and within forty-eight hours the able mechanic had made a deep impression of Peggy Black, always on the look-out for her day and night, and telling her all about the lump of money he had saved, and the nice little double his income, if he had but a counter, and tidy wife behind it. Peggy gossiped in turn, and let out among the rest that she had been turned off once, just for answering a little sharply; and now it was the other way: her master was a trifle too civil at times.

"Who could help it?" said the able mechanic, rapturously; and offered a pressing civility; which Peggy took.

"Not so free, young man," said she. "Kissing is the prologue to sin."

"How do you know that?" inquired the able mechanic, with the sly humor of his class.

"It is a saying," replied Peggy, demurely.

At last, one night, Mr. Green, the Detective, for he it was, put his arm round his new sweetheart's waist, and, whispering, kissed somewhere his heart. He told her he had just found out there was money enough to be made in one day to set them up for life in a nice little shop; and she could help in it.

After this inviting preamble he crept toward 414 Old Street, and questioned a servant of Alfred that there had been high words between Master and Mr. Alfred about that very sum; she had listened at the door, and heard. Taking care to combine close courtship with cunning interrogatories, he was soon guabled to write to Dr. Sampson, and to tell the servant of Mr. Hardie's was down on him, and reported that he carried a large pocket-book in his breast-pocket by day; and she had found the dent of it under his pillow at night; a stroke of observation very creditable in an unprofessional female; on this he had made it his business to meet Mr. Hardie in broad day, and sure enough the pocket-book was always there. He added that the said Hardie's face wore an expression, which he had seen more than once when respectable parties went in for felony: and altogether thought they might now take out a warrant and proceed in the regular way.

Sampson received this news with great satisfaction: but was crippled by the interwoven relations of the parties.

To arrest Mr. Hardie on a warrant would entail a prosecution for felony, and separate Jane and Edward forever.

He telegraphed Green to meet him at the station; and reached Barkington at eight that very evening. Green and he proceeded to Albion Villa, and there they held a long and earnest consultation with Edward; and at last, on certain conditions, Mr. Green and Edward consented to act on Sampson's plan. Green, by this time, knew that Mr. Hardie's out-of-door habits, and assured them that at ten o'clock he would walk up and down the road for at least half an hour, the whole of which time he expected at a quarter to ten when Mrs. Dodd came down and proposed supper to the travelers. Sampson declined it for himself; and said they had work to do at eleven. Then, making the others a signal not to disclose any thing at present, he drew her aside and asked after Julia.

Mrs. Dodd sighed:—"She goes from one thing to another, but always returns to one idea —that he is a victim, not a traitor."

"Well, tell her in one hour the money shall be in the house."

"The money! What does she care?"

"Well, say we shall know all about Alfred by eleven o'clock."

"My dear friend, be prudent," said Mrs. Dodd. "I feel alarmed; you were speaking almost in a whisper when I came in."

"I am very observant: but donat be uneasy; we are three to one. Just go and comfort Miss Julia, and leave the rest to me."

"Ah, that I will," she said.

She was no sooner gone than they all stole out into the yard, a pitch-dark night it was; but Green had a powerful dark lantern to use if necessary.

They waited. Green at the gate of Musgrove Cottage, the other two a little way up the road.

Ten o'clock struck. Some minutes passed without the slightest sound from Green; and Edward and Sampson began to shiver. For it was very cold and dark, and in the next place they were beginning to take to the law into their own hands, and the law sometimes calls that breaking the law. "Confound him!" muttered Sampson: "he does not soon come I shall run away. It is bitterly cold."

Presently footsteps were heard approaching; but no signal from Green. It was only a fellow in a smock frock rolling home from the public house.

Just as his footsteps died away a low hoot like a plaintive owl was heard, and they knew their game was afoot.

Presently, tramp, tramp, came the slow and stately walk of a man who is lost in thought.

He came very slowly, like one lost in meditation: and these amateur policemen's hearts beat louder and louder as the sound came nearer and nearer.

At last in the blackness of the night a shadowy outline was visible: another tramp or two, it was upon them.

Now the cautious Mr. Green had stipulated that their prisoner must be shut in the box, and if not there the matter should go no further. So Edward made a stumble and fell against Mr. Hardie and felt his left breast: the pocket-book was there. "Yes," he whispered: and Mr. Hardie, in the act of remonstrating at his clumsiness, was pinioned from behind, and stripped with wonderful rapidity and dexterity. Then first he seemed to awake to his danger, and uttered a stentorian shout, that rang through the night and made two of his three captors tremble.

"Cut that," said Green, sternly, "or you'll get into trouble."

Mr. Hardie lowered his voice directly. "Do not kill me, for God's sake," he murmured. "I'm but a poor man now. Take my little money; it is in my waistcoat pocket; but spare my life. Oh, spare my life, spare!"

"Come, stash your gab, my lad," said Green, contemptuously, addressing him just as he would any other of his class, and proceeding to capture. "It's not your stiff that is wanted, but Captain Dodd's."

"Captain Dodd's?" cried the prisoner, with a wonderful assumption of innocence.

"Ay, the pocket-book," said Green: "here, this! this!" and he clutched on the pocket-book, and instantly the prisoner uttered a cry of agony, and sprang into the struggle with an agility no one would have thought possible; but Edward and Green soon caught him, and the Doctor joining, they held him, and Green his coat open.

The pocket-book was not there. He tore open his waistcoat; it was not in the waistcoat: but it was sewed slightly to his very shirt on the outside.

Green wrenched it away, and bidding the other two go behind the prisoner and look over his shoulder, unseen themselves, slipped the shade of his lantern.

Mr. Hardie had now ceased to struggle and to exclaim; he stood sullen, mute, desperate; while an agitated face peered eagerly over each of his shoulders at the open pocket-book in Green's hands, on which the lantern now poured a narrow but vivid stream of light.

THE SIBLEY EXPEDITION.

A CORRESPONDENT who writes from "Camp in Dacotah, August 15," furnishes us with sketches of events in General Sibley's Expedition against the Sioux. He says, "The sketch of the MEAGHER or LIEUTENANT BENTEEN is a truthful one, so far as could be gathered from the examination of those who visited the scene immediately after." He was a wealthy Englishman, who had served through the Crimean campaigns, and finally came to this country in search of adventures. He was about thirty years old. He left behind him in New York a fine yacht in which he had once sailed on a pleasure trip to the West Indies. Being on General Sibley's staff, he had been sent with a dispatch to Colonel Crooks, who was skirmishing with the Indians. He fell into an ambush and was murdered. One side of his face was hacked off with a hatchet while he was still alive.——The illustrations on page 589 represent two incidents in the history of this Expedition. The first shows the TRAIN CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER on the 20th of July. The locality is about 600 miles west of St. Paul, and 100 east of the Missouri, which was the destination of the Expedition. Up to this time the Indians had kept out of sight. But two days after they were massed to the number of 4000 in front of the Expedition. The James River is nearly at this point as ink, and the crossing of it by four hundred wagons occupied nearly four hours. There is but one ford known to Dacotah Territory—Big Cheyenne. The Expedition, on its return a fortnight after, crossed the river at a different point.——The second illustration represents the BATTLE OF BIG WOODS, on the 24th of July. The savages, on being attacked, retreated from hill to hill of the Coteau du Missouri, and were finally pursued into a valley where they had recently been encamped. The entire train of the fugitives at last came in sight, and good work was done upon them by our shell and shot. Had not General Sibley's forces been exhausted by a long day's march, by the subsequent fight and pursuit, the whole Sioux force might have been captured. As it was, they succeeded in escaping across the Missouri, which was not fordable by our train. The illustration shows the savages fleeing in confusion between the lakes, with Sibley and his staff upon a hill in the fore-ground.

CHATTANOOGA.

ON page 581 is a view of CHATTANOOGA, from the north side of the Tennessee River. "Chattanooga," says our artist, "is one of the strong points of the Confederacy. It lies in a valley which has the Tennessee and the Cumberland Mountains in its front. Here, as I write, are Bragg's headquarters, the army being encamped within ten miles. The pontoon-bridge, lately at Kelly's Ferry, has been brought up, and thrown over the river, which is by no means fordable. Lookout Mountain, two and a half miles from the town, is on the right bank. All these features appear in the sketch. The place was formerly one of resort for Southerners. The climate is very pleasant, and the country is abundantly supplied with fine springs."

GENERAL Q. A. GILMORE.

ON page 584 we give a new portrait of GENERAL GILMORE, the commander who has so ably besieged Charleston, whose demolition of Fort Sumter, at a distance from his batteries of from 3330, to 4500 yards (say 2 to 2½ miles) and the fire he has rained upon Charleston from a distance of 5 or 6 miles, have inaugurated a new feature in war. Had Gilmore, with his present artillery, been in command before Sebastopol the Russian strong-hold would have been demolished in a week. We hope soon to be able to add to the brief biographical sketch in our number for August 15 further details of the General, whom we may now safely set down as the foremost military engineer in history. For capacities Charleston, he will have achieved the greatest work of the age, if not accomplished. Should he fail, he has already revolutionized the whole system of defensive warfare.

FORT SUMTER.

ON page 585 we give an illustration, from a sketch by a correspondent, of the appearance of FORT SUMTER after a week's bombardment. The mass of ruins which appears is all that remains of a fortress which three years ago was deemed impregnable to all the artillery of the world.—On pages 588 and 589 are views of the rebel intrenchments on James Island, and of various scenes connected with the attack upon the Charleston forts. These are furnished by our Army and Navy correspondents; they explain themselves.

"MORE LIGHT!"

"More light! more light!" when sunset hues are steeping
All heaven and earth in waves of living light,
And Silence, o'er creation calmly creeping,
With dark'ning shadows veils the parting sight.

"More light! more light!" when dawn's soft golden tresses
Blows through the sky, proclaim the vigil o'er,
And rory, to the saphyr's sweet caresses,
Unbars the portals heaven's hosts adore.

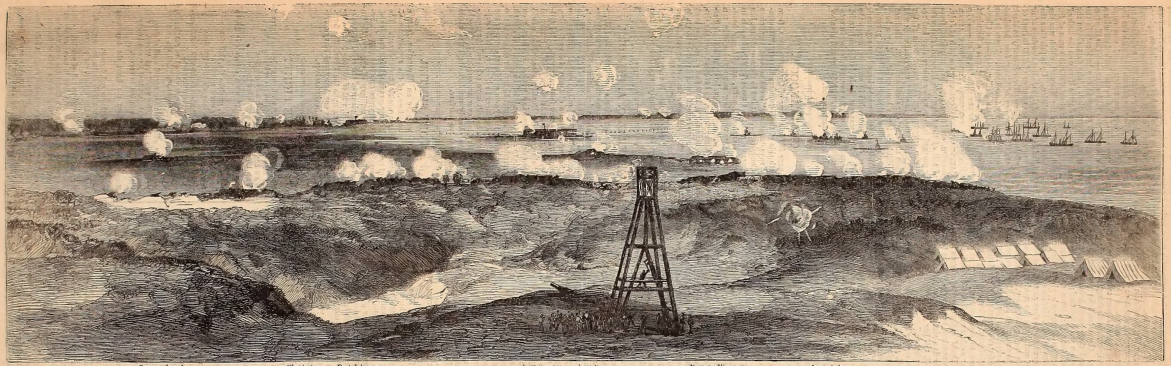
"More light! more light!" when doubt, with iron fingers,
Has fastened on the ardent living soul,
And sin, with cruel hands, has bound its love yet lingers,
And point the way, that faith may find the goal.

"More light!" when, from the rugged road of duty,
The tempter with his lure would lead astray,
"More light!" is up to us the mark of joy and beauty
From promises which wile but to betray.

"More light!" when from the heart the hope most cherished
Goes out in deepest darkness and despair,
"More light!" to live when life's dream has perished,
And heaven seems to close against our prayer.

"More light!" upon the page so full of woe it,
Which God's great gracious love to man so gives;
That through the veil which Christ has rent asunder
The light may stream to show the path to heaven.

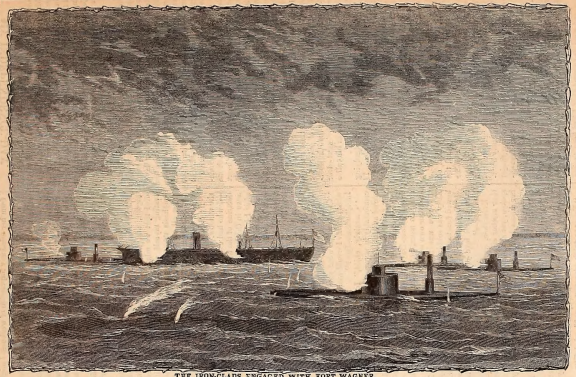
"More light!" for dying eyes when sunlight fails them,
And all creation quivers to the sight.
"More light!"—O God! Thy light alone avails them,
And Thou will give it, for Thou art the Light.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER—THE FLEET ENGAGING BATTERIES WAGNER AND GREGG.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



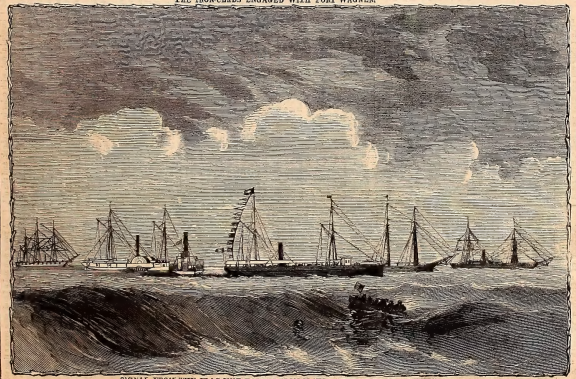
REBEL INTRENCHMENTS ON JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. F. HOFFMAN.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



THE IRON-CLADS ENGAGED WITH FORT WAGNER.



MAN-OF-WAR BOATS ON PICKET BELOW FORT SUMTER.



SIGNAL FROM THE FLAG-SHIP TO THE IRON-CLADS: "PREPARE FOR ACTION."



AMBULANCE TRAIN COMING FROM THE TRENCHES WITH WOUNDED.

THE CAMPAIGN IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—From Sketches by an Occasional Correspondent.—[See Page 587.]

MY INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

THE 4th of July, 1863, with all the hallowed associations of the past and its promise in the throbbing present, has passed away; but it came to me so freighted with the memory of an eventful day in my life that I can not sail smoothly on with old Tempus without first unburdening myself. Trusting that now and then some fretted traveler at the journeys on may be tempted to pop into and prof-It by my budget, I cast it upon the highway.

I had been dining out. The meats served on the occasion were good, the wines superb, the speeches brilliant, and, better than all, my own unpremeditated remarks, which, by a singular coincidence, had haunted me for the past four days, had been received with decided *éclat*. It was on the night of the 3d of July, 185-. The shop-windows were gorgeous with their display of fire-works, and under the peculiar flicker and multiplication of the gas-lights the rockets and pin-wheels seemed to be having a preliminary frolic on their own account.

On the whole, I felt peculiarly happy and amiable. A bright-eyed, rosy beggar-child asked me for sixpence—she was starving, she said. My heart was touched, and I threw her a small handful of silver. Three young gentlemen came swaying arm in arm down the side-walk, jostling the child roughly. At any other time I might have been indignant; but now, were they not men and brothers? I forced a cordial smile, and at the same time felt confident, with dignity, and stepped off the curb-stone to allow them to pass. At last I reached my own door. The lock was out of order, and my key would not turn it. I rang, first the doorknob, then the bell, violently. My next-door neighbor, Mr. Green, came to the door in his calico wrapper.

"Ah, Mister Green," I exclaimed, steadying the tottering door-post, "delighted t'see you. Is my—my wife in?"

Mr. Green said me somewhat roughly by the arm, thereby seriously inconveniencing me (as he pitched about considerably), and led me to a neighboring door.

"Where is your night-key, Mr. F——?" he asked, gruffly.

There were about six pockets in my vest on that occasion; but after a while I discovered the right one, and produced the key, with a polite bow.

The next instant I found myself inside, the door closed, and the only visible link between myself and the second story, swinging violently backward and forward in the shape of a dying gas-jet suspended from the ceiling. My effort to resuscitate the spark resulted in total darkness.

After groping about for a while I found the stairway, and, clutching the baluster, commenced to ascend. This was attended with no small difficulty that I was induced to bring the full force of my reasoning powers to bear upon the subject, and soon came to the conclusion that I had been trying to mount the bat-rack. Abandoning the enterprise, with a smile of superiority over my weaker self, I proceeded in my search, and finally planted my foot firmly upon the lowest step. Alas! step number two convinced me of my error, and our Tommy's new velocipede toppled over with a crash, casting me prostrate beside it. Then I saw a flash of light, and soon, approaching nearer and nearer (as though let down by a rope from the upper regions), the white-robed, graceful form of my eldest daughter, Kitty. Rising and offering her my arm we ascended the stairs together. As she left me at the room-door I turned and solemnly gave her my paternal blessing. She was visibly affected, even bursting into tears and exclaiming, "Oh, father!" as she hurried away.

The next morning I found myself on the spare-room bed with all my clothes on, except my cravat and one boot. The cravat was on the hearth and the boot was on the mantle-piece. Guns were booming, fire-crackers were snapping, the din of powder and merry voices of children filled the air. I could hear my own youngsters shouting out lustily in the garden, and in the hall the "first bell" was tinging its summons through the house.

It was the 4th of July sure enough, and I, as head of the family, must present myself in suitable array at the breakfast-table and inaugurate the jollities of the day. I seized the boot in one hand and the cravat in the other, and proceeded meekly to the apartment generally used in common by Mrs. F—— and myself.

"Ah! Mrs. F——," said I, bowing rather sheepishly in my attempt to pass the affair off as a joke, "Good-morning, ma'am!"

"Good-morning, John," replied my wife, quietly, not a shade of coolness in her tone. "I must go down and watch the children or they may do some mischief with their pistols and fire-crackers; but come to breakfast as soon as you can."

With these words she left the room. I was almost sorry that she didn't scold or "go on" a little concerning my spree. This sad, gentle way of speaking made me uncomfortable, cough and strut about the room as I would, for I knew well enough the pain and disgust gnawing at her heart, and that during the past year I had given her too frequent cause for the reproaches that never came, though I was prepared to receive them, after each offense.

Cold water, however, and clean clothes braced me up somewhat, and soon after the "second bell" rang I strode majestically through the halls, severe in my dignity as head of the household. Reaching the basement door, I paused a moment, half-dreading to meet the rows of young faces on either side of the table, and my wife's sweet, pale countenance beaming so quietly over them all. This momentary weakness over, with a pompous "ahem!" I mustered the requisite manner and entered.

There was no one at the table, and only Kitty was in the room—Kitty, my usually joyous girl, now standing in a pensive attitude by the window.

It was important that my children should respect me, and I felt, of course, anxious to obliterate from her mind any impression of weakness I might have given her the previous night.

"This is a glorious day, Kitty!" I exclaimed, expansively—"a glorious day, my child; the day on which we as a nation declared ourselves independent. To-day we must all be jubilant, victorious! We must not mope in the house—we must ride or sail somewhere in a grand family excursion, and breathe the sunshine and the glorious air of Freedom, eh?"

Kitty did not even turn her head; but I continued to speak, as I strode up and down the apartment.

"Do you not enter into the spirit of the day, child? Read your history—read of George Washington, and the glorious men who suffered and died that we might be free—FREE!" I repeated, seating myself, and bringing my fist down with emphasis upon the arm of the chair. "Yes, we must all celebrate this day; and now, Kitty, do not be afraid, tell me where you would like to go, or how we shall best enjoy it."

By this time Kitty's face seemed fairly glued to the window. I was seriously displeased, insulted! —I who had ever enforced filial respect as the first doctrine of the household, and here was open defiance in the least-expected quarter; and that, too, after I had unbent myself to an unusual degree.

"Katharine I" exclaimed, in a terrible voice, sturdily thrusting back unpleasant memories of the past night, "what do you mean by this conduct?"

She turned; her lips were white and her eyes swimming with tears. In a moment she was beside me, her hand upon my shoulder.

"Father," said she, looking me full in the face, "do you mean what you say when you ask me in what manner I would wish to celebrate this glorious Independence-Day?"

"Certainly, child," I answered, turning uncomfortably in my seat and striving to look patriarchal and indifferent.

"Then, father, dear father," cried Kitty, winding her arms about my neck, "make this truly an Independence-Day for yourself, for us all. Be a slave no more, but be FREE in the sight of God and your own soul!"

Where was all my paternal dignity now? Kitty was sobbing upon my bosom; and from my bowed face tears were falling upon her golden hair.

"Do, father, do," she pleaded. "It is not too late, we all love you yet; and mother's heart is breaking—"

Even then, as I strained Kitty to my bosom, that mother entered the room. Not a word was spoken, yet she understood all, and cast herself on her knees beside me, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"John," said she, "I have never reproached you—will you promise me?"

"*Yes!*" I cried, folding my darlings to my heart in a close embrace—"I before God, and to you my wife and child, I promise what you wish!"

"Never to drink wine any more?" cried Kitty, holding my face between her hands, a joyous light sparkling through her tears.

"Never?" echoed my wife, clasping my hands in hers.

"*Never!*" I answered. "With God's help, I will never taste wine nor strong liquor of any kind again. From this hour I shall be free! Oh, Mary, can you ever forgive me for the past?"

She did not reply, but she leaned and kissed me in a way that made my resolution iron.

Just then the children—dear, unconscious little ones!—bounded into the room.

"Hurrah, father!" they shouted. "Hurrah for the Fourth of July! Hi! Ain't we having grand fun though?"

"Hurrah!" I responded, huskily, kissing each of the dear little creatures in turn. "And now let us hasten to our breakfast, for we must have a jolly time to-day!"

"Indeed we shall!" laughed my wife, as she bustled about, with color in her cheek, and the old, girlish light kindling in her eye; "indeed we shall. Why, John, I never felt so happy in my life!"

All this happened some years ago. Time has done many queer things in our family since then. He has put the baby into pantaloons; carried our oldest boy to college; married Kitty to a thriving young lawyer; woven little silvery threads in Mary's hair and mine; and, better than all, has never brought us one unhappy anniversary of my blessed Independence-Day!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WANTED.—A Traveling Companion, to be in perpetual good spirits, and warranted to defray all the expenses of the longest journey. The Advertiser proposes adopting the plans of Tours, suggested by the *Hour, Where, and Where Guide*. The Companion must be amiable, only five feet four in height, and physically weak in case of a quarrel. The Advertiser is fond of Change, and the Companion therefore must have plenty of it in his pockets.

The following is from an officer in the Mississippi fleet: After the hard-fought actions of Fort Henry and Donelson, the fleet were lying at Cairo. The prisoners were passing the fleet, and among them was a contraband, in a red woven of one yard of material, "I doesn't like fat cooshe shook his head, and remarked, "I doesn't like fat cooshe but I'll take the cum along and throwed dem rotten shell in here we couldn't eat it no longer; dem meats run, and after dat I laff hard."

Just previous to the battle I had filled my shells with an incendiary mixture of my own invention, which had not the most agreeable smell, and hence the old darkey's remark. I used the same shell on my attack and destruction of the *Arkansas*.

YOUTHFUL SWELL. "Now, Charley, you're just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee?"

LAGGARD SWELL. "Thanks, no! I assure yah—my de-ar fwiend, I'll wave time to take a cup of coffee in the morning it would keep me awake all day."

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's business.

"DAILY EVENING MAIL"—a lover calling on his sweetheart.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the nose a gutta-percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer commences his disagreeable performance, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

English milliners have sometimes as much *esprit* as their French sisters. "I remember," says Lord Eldon, "I was coming one day from the queen's drawing-room in my full dress as king's counsel (Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Villiers, was also there), when we came into the room where the milliners were collected to see the fashions. 'Why, Villiers,' said I, 'I think that all the prettiest women are here.' 'Ove of the girls—and a most amazingly beautiful creature she was—looked up and said to another, 'I am sure that gentleman is a judge.'"

"Remember, madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband. "Exactly," said the lady, "but do not you forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger *spirit* in it."

"Can I show you any thing more to-day, Sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter. "Yes, Sir," was the reply: "will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here a week ago?"

Quilp, having spoken rather disparagingly of the female sex in the hearing of a lady friend, was rebuked for his impertinence by the question, "What would be the effect upon the men if all the 'little dears' should perish?" "Ah," said Quilp, "I acknowledge that the result would be a universal *stag-nation*."

A young lady, when invited to partake of the pudding, replied, "No, many thanks, my fear madam. By no manner of means. I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, with a manful sense of internal fullness admonishes my stay; my deficiency is entirety and sufficiently satisfied."

Why are not two slender persons ever become great accumulators?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

The following bill, rendered by a carpenter to a farmer for whom he had worked, seems at least curious—"To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, six shillings."



DADDY STUCKS.—"Oh dear, dear, when will this terrible attack be over? I'm nearly finished."
DADDY WALDER.—"Ah! I fear there's no cure for us but a warm application of the stars and stripes yonder."

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day? "Traveled?" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly; "we didn't travel; we run!"

If a young lady faints when you "propose to her," you can restore her to consciousness by just whispering in her ear you were only joking.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



50,000 Agents Wanted.

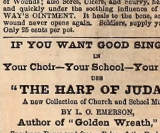
One Agent wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, with a Circular giving full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Fob, or Guard Chain, or an Engraved Spring Locket, or a Seal Stone, Calculation Diamond, or Charm Ring, or a fine Gold California Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Pencil, and the next Camp Directory of NOLEY-WAY'S CONTENT. It heals to the bone, so that the Wound never opens again. Soldiers, supply yourselves. Only 75 cents per pot.

IF YOU WANT GOOD SINGING
IN
Your Choir—Your School—Your Home,
USE
"THE HARP OF JUDAH."
A new Collection of Church and School Music.
By L. O. EMERSON,
Author of Golden Wreath," &c.
Specimen Pages sent free. Price of the Book $1. Per dozen, $9. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, Wholesale and retail. *Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Telescopes, Marine and Microscopic Glasses, Barometers, &c.*, all of the finest kind and lowest prices, 219 Broadway, corner of Murray St., up stairs, Room No. 1, New York.
N. B. Magnetical instruments for medical use.

Fine Steel Engravings.

Exquisitely accurate, with fac-simile autographs, of the prominent officers of the ARMY, NAVY, or STATE. Send by mail to any part of the country at 35 cts. each, 25 per dozen, or $12 per hundred. Also CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, at $2 per dozen. J. W. LUCAS & CO., 439 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 4290.



TIBBAL'S
Manufacturing Depot for J. A. CRANDALL'S PATENT SPRING RACKING HORSE, BABY ROCKER, GIG, and PEDAMOBILATOR, removed to No. 81 Broad Street, directly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and price list. Also Baby Carriages, Children's Carriages, Velocipedes, &c.

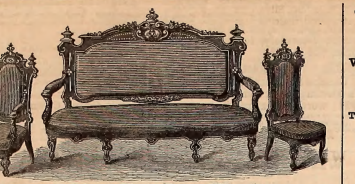
GREAT INDEPENDENTS!!!
Offered to everybody to sell our Great and
NEW STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS.
Premiums offered, which surpass any thing ever given by other houses. Send for our New Circular.
S. R. HASKINS & CO.,
39 Beekman Street, N. Y.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS
Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs and Show Cards, with frames, to order at low prices. Office 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
Postage to Subscribers in HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.
TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
Terms to Advertisers.—*Strictly-fit Cards for this* list inserted, *One Dollar* per line for each insertion.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse,

No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE. ☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

National Union League.

Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Gold Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
209 Broadway, New York.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA



DR. STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, relieve sre dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five feet four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

Mrs. L. A. BRYCE, No. 468 Broadway, New York.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

Duryea's Maizena



Was the only "Preparation for food from Indian Corn"

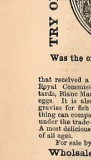
that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soup, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions for use. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Wholsale Depot 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Sporting, Tourists', Opera*, and general out-door day and night perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person at him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent change. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
609 Broadway, New York.

Musquito Shield or Guard.



J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 87 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 75. Send stamp for circular. The fine wholesome frame keeps it away from the face, and the shot elastic, or string, keeps it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or sleeping, and is worth three times its price. ☞ HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as no Rights or Licenses have been sold. No 80 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.



For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Moths in Furs, Woolens, &c. Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.

Put up in Tin Cans, 50c. and $1 00; Boxes, Bottles, and Flasks, $8 and $5 sizes for HOTELS, PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, &c.

"Only infallible one I ever knew."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

☞ Sold Wholesale in all large cities.
☞ Sold by all DRUGGISTS and RETAILERS everywhere.
☞ "If BUYER BE" of all worthless imitations.
☞ See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.
☞ Address **HENRY R. COSTAR.**
PRINCIPAL DEPOT 482 BROADWAY, N. Y.



Will warn fool for the baby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or bath, cook a chop, steak, or oyster, or by eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other method. Used on any lamp without shortening the light. Price 75 cents; by mail, postage paid, 90 cents.

Also a Patent Lighter, for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 10 cents.

E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer,
185 Mercer Street, N. Y.

Mr. Kloo Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 5th, 1863. For circulars address A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

ATTENTION!
THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.
4311 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address
J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

ALONZO PLACE, A.M., Principal of Hudson River Institute, Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., offers 14 weeks board and tuition for $21. Term opens Sept. 16. (Both sexes.) If Instructors, we board in the Institution with the pupils. Write for catalogues.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving at least HALF THEIR PRINTING by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, Type, Ink, and Rule, $12. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

In solid 18 ct. gold, $9 50.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Badges of Officers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid 18ct. Gold Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 209 Broadway, New York.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, varicose, or locality, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prizes, by sending address, with stamp, to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 405 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, &c.

Immediate and certain cure. HEGEMAN & CO.'S VELPEAU'S REMEDY, which has been used with unfailing success since the cholera of 1849. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by HEGEMAN & CO., Nos. 205, 207, 211, and 756 Broadway, and corner 11th Street and 4th Avenue.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
300 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Sea Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 3 00 each.
3000 Vinaigrettes	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Slide Buttons	2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'tal Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Pencil Combination Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one has been, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of a Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent to us. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
209 Broadway, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by United troops, should be sent, as half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 78 Broadway. Rates charged low rates.

The Merits of Brandreth's Pills

Are often life saving. By purifying the blood they supply health to every organ, and even restore the elasticity of the stomach and bowels, thus curing that invincible disease, Costiveness. In Rheumatism, Bilious Affections, Liver Complaint, Sallowness, and in all Fevers, their value must be seen, or felt to be understood. In Looseness and Bowel Affections, they are very productive of immediate benefit. Even in the Summer Complaint of Infants they have often cured when other medicines have failed.

In Gravel, Stone, Diabetes, and Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder their use insures a cure. In reference thereto, I refer to Dr. Jones, No. 8 Spruce street, by stairs, and to David McCord, Esq., Sing Sing. Letters for advice should be addressed to me at Sing Sing.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.,
Principal Office, 294 Canal Street.
Also sold at No. 4 Union Square, New York.
Ask for New Style.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Card Warehouse, No. 302 Broadway, up stairs. Established 1845. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.—The Oldest, Largest, most Fashionable, and Complete Fashion Magazine in the world. The Fall No., ready Sept. 1, contains Colored Fashion Plate, Illustrations, Diagrams, &c., 25 cts.; yearly, $1, with valuable premiums. Address, Mme. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, N. Y. Agents wanted.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Fluid Motion. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for 25, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Costs of arms found, painted and engraved.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLDIERS, and others, maimed and crippled, can have a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 46, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 26 cents.)

HUBBARD BRO'S

(IMPORTERS of WATCHES)
NEW YORK.

☞ Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and valuable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and concurrent with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The mere of this Watch are the escape of two months, without once being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $300. Samples of watch sent to meet nonce hands, $60. If sent by mail, the postage is 56 cents; registering, 50 cents.

Railway Timekeepers,

With Heavy Sterling Silver Cases,

Especially adapted for Army Sales.

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has been *long sold everything else* cases, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price, per case of half dozen, $60; by mail, $1 05 for postage. If registered, 20 cents additional. A safe delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the Case.*

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER is also furnished in handsome silver plated cases, and in all other respects the same as the silver ones, with the exception that they are fully equal. Price $36 per case of 12 watches. Registering, 20 cents. *Sold only by the case.*

The impressions are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of this country *voluntarily* attest the superiority of our watches. Their uneominus are emphatic, coming directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Testimonials are valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

"Peerless" watch, and cheapest timepiece ever offered."—*N. Y. Herald and News*, Jan. 10.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette, May 9.*

"Are unsurpassed in ordinary watches, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, May 16.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scientific*, May 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Christian Adv.*, July 9.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Evening Mail Express*, (Governor's message), May 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Boston, Ky., Journal*, Feb. 21.

☞ TERMS CASH; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agencies employed. Orders must be addressed directly to us. If money is sent to be express or mail in registered letter, it is at our risk. Parties will please state the name of this paper in attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will send, on receipt of 20 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, ROSECRANS, SIGEL, BANKS, SHERMAN, HALLECK, SLOCUM, SICKLES; ADMIRALS FOOTE, FOOTE, DUPONT, or any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.

AMERICAN PARTIES DOMINOES.—This excellent game is being now, durable, and perfect substitute for the more expensive ivory sets, and relieves the tedium of the Camp and the Hospital. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.

PER HUNDRED, $10.00.
SINGLE BADGES, 20 Cents.
Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. for our (enormously popular, unrivalled, and saleable extra large size FIRESIDE COMPANION, and YANKEE NOTIONS PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Gold Pens, Pencils, Pocket Books, Diaries, Pocket Knives, Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Sketches, Household Receipts, Games, Directions for Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writers, Comic Songs, Mechanical Preparations, How to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Rules of Etiquette, Jokes, &c., &c., &c. ALSO, A LARGE NUMBER of *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Watches, Sewing Machines, Silver Ware, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Agents Packages sent free by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Wholesale at very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT. profit. Our Agents are making more money than ever, and above all others, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable assistant and Agents to the kind now manufactured. Packages of Wholesale Dealers, up to the 1000 for Sutlers, Pedlers, and Agents of every dic. Goods sent by Express and Freight to all Parts of the South or Southwest. A large assortment SOLDIER WATCHES, Jewelry, &c., and several prosperous principal ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and a rare assortment of Jewelry. Send for FREE to each person who Circulars containing Reference, Testimonials, new Circulars, containing RATES, &c., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.



RETRIBUTION.

HOW ARE YOU MR. BEAUREGARD?

"……A villainous compound!…… It's against the cause of Humanity, and the laws of Civilized Warfare!!"

American Patent
STEEL COLLARS!!
STEEL COLLARS!!
STEEL COLLARS!!
The American Enamelled Steel Collar Co.
AND
The American Patent Enamelled Metallic Collar Co.,
Are prepared to fill orders from the trade for their Enamelled Collars of "Choker" and "Turn-over" Pattern, to any extent. Address
AMERICAN ENAMELLED STEEL COLLAR CO.,
94 Fine Street, New York.
C. H. WELLING.

Remington's
ARMY AND NAVY
REVOLVER.
Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.
Address
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N.Y.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

"Get the Best."
AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THISTLE & CO'S ENTIRELY NEW PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGES. They are the largest, best, and cheapest manufactured. Circular sent free. Liberal Inducements to Agents
THISTLE & CO., 150 Nassau Street.

The American Parlor Or Floor Shake, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 215 Pearl Str et, New York; 68 Kilby Str et, Boston.

STERLING SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCHES promised to all who sell our recent Low Priced Gold Watches. Trade 500 strong. Sole right. Circular with particulars free. Call or address W. H. CAMPBELL & Co., 27 Beekman Street, N. Y.

A Bad Breath.—The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers' plans is spurned—how many friends forever parted. The subject is so delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF TOO SAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.
H. F. FETRIDGE & CO., 21 and 23 Dey Street, N. Y.,
and for sale by all Druggists.

The Improved American CARETE POKER,
Cheapness and beauty combined.
Everybody should have them.
Just introduced by
E. & H. T. ANTHONY, No. 501 Broadway,
Manufacturers of Albums, Photographic Materials, &c.

The Phrenological Journal
For SEPTEMBER, now ready, contains Physiognomy Illustrated; Family Likenesses, with Portraits; Sketches of Gen. Grant, Wm. L. Yancey, and Thomas Addis Emmet, with Portraits; Phrenology of the Rebels, Illustrated; Wedding Rings; Choosing a Wife; The American Aborigines; Doings in Dunsonry; Curiosities of Phrenography; Hogging; A Wonderful Child; Growing in Grace; Hints the Idiot; Error of Education; Columbia's Phonographic Reporters; The County Girl, etc. Only 15 cents, by first post, or $1.50 a year. Address,
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Lockwood's, 675 Broadway.
10 COLLARS
FOR CENTS.
THE GENUINE
CLOTH LINED
PAPER COLLAR,
At Wholesale and Retail.
Gents Furnishing Goods
I have the largest and best selected stock in the city, and guarantee to please the most fastidious. Also Ladies' Paper Collars wholesale and retail.
SHIRTS
MADE TO ORDER.
The price of my established Shirt, is $1.50. In this department, I have nothing but experienced hands employed, and by employing such, I am always entitled to give work that will prove satisfactory to the purchaser.
NO FIT! NO SALE!!
Orders promptly attended to. All are invited to call on
CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
675 Broadway, N. Y.
Lafarge block.

Robert Cheeseborough's Patent Lifting Jack Screw, No. 1,039.
6 for……$25
6 for……15
6 for……10
6 for……5
Self-Measurement sent everywhere on application.
PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
There is an Gift or Use of, which compares with the Usig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, package paid, for $5 25; or with 8 boxes full mounted objects, for $7; or with 24 objects, for $15.
Address, HENRY CRAIG,
3 Broadway, New York.
A Liberal discount to the trade.

$22. WATCHES. $22.
A Splendid Silver Hunting Case Lever, that indicates the day of the month accurately, for $22; usual price $35 to $45.
$22. Genuine. $22.
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Sterling Silver Hunting Case, for $22; worth $35 at retail.
Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway, New York.

WATCHES FREE.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making over $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. Soldiers in camp or on active service will make money fast. A SPLENDID WATCH, warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents. Package in endless variety and all sell prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. 8 or 15 per day Easy! on inside pages.
S. C. BURGARD & CO., 105 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for Americans!
THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for pocketing and swindling purposes.
We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial MANUFACTURE, AS ACCURATE AND RELIABLE TIME-KEEPERS, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, as nearly as low a price as is asked for the foreign named Avertz and other foreign make, already referred to.
We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.
Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States.
Wholesale orders should be addressed to
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

S T 1860 X.
Drake's Plantation Bitters.
They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They air agitate the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent premature decay and infirmities of age.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Tonic in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorative. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.
P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

GREAT TRIUMPH.
STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a first prize medal at the late Great Industrial Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.
The special correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons appear to have the honor of producing the best pianos exhibited."

American Manufacture
STEEL COLLARS!!
Send One Dollar or One Dollar and a Half for a genuine turn-over Collar (no imported humbug) of the American Enamelled Steel Collar Co.'s manufacture to Box 5173, New York Post Office, and receive it by return mail.
Box 5173, New York Post Office.

(First Published August 1, 1863.)
Lloyd's Great County Map
OF THE
Whole United States.
AGENTS MUST SEE FOR THEMSELVES.
Price, in sheets, 50 cents, postage free.
Heavy Bound, Pasteboard Edition, $1 25.
[illegible] OUR NEW AGENTS' LIST IS READY.
Address H. H. LLOYD & CO.,
No. 81 John Street, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, Dial of Beautiful Enamel, a first time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.
FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 29, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent time-keeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.
Made to Measure at $24, $30, $36 & $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

LADIES & GENT'S STEEL COLLARS AND CUFFS.
ENAMELLED WHITE,
Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they can be readily cleaned in one minute. No military man or traveler they are invaluable.
Price $1 each; sent by post on receipt of $1 15.
Wholesale and retail.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to dealers.
Agents wanted throughout the country.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Mailed free from observation for one dollar and 10 cts.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

Photograph Albums!
Elegant Styles, in Arabesque and Gems, from $1 to $25 each. Sent to any part of the country. Our Catalogues and Price List sent on the receipt of five cents. P.O. Box 4590. J. W. Lucas & Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. C. S. SEA, M.D., with 25 years' successful Experience in Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, may be consulted, 253 North Bo ol street, Baltimore, Md.

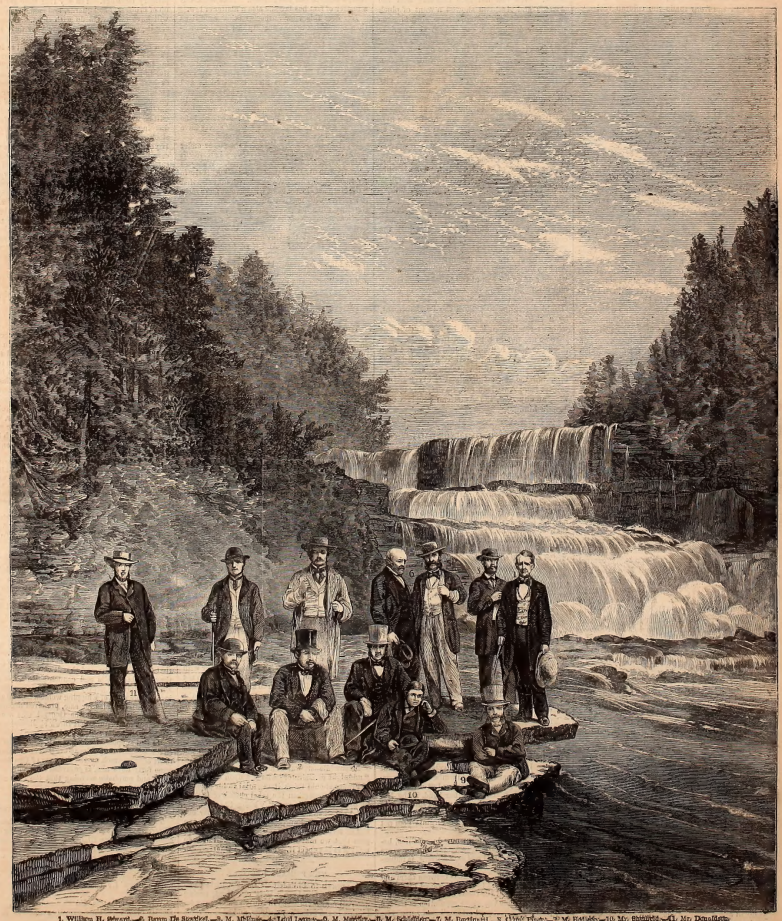
Vineland.
LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and extensive IMPROVEMENT OF VINELAND, and the healthful climate, 30 miles South of Philadelphia by Railroad. Cheap lands for crops, which are sure, and markets good. The soil is a rich calcareous marl soil, varying from deep loam to a sandy loam. Produces large crops of Indian Corn, Sweet Potatoes, Wheat, Grass, Grapes, and Peaches. Especially adapted to Fruits.
The climate is so mild and open that planting and all kinds of outdoor work can be done the entire winter. Most of the winter more resembles Spring than anything else.
Persons desiring a farm or Pay Location can have it, and been readily be settled by the climate alone. The water is pure, soft, and delicious.
10, 20, 40, 80 acre tracts at from $15 to $30 per acre, payable in cash, balance in 4 years. We have churches, schools, and good society. For business there are excellent openings. It is now the most interesting point East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Papers and list free. Reports and full information will be sent free by addressing CHAS. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland P.O., Cumberland Co., New Jersey.
From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag., Ed. N.Y. Tribune:
"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts in an almost level position, and suitable condition for planned and well laid out farms of any size of the Western States."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 351.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



1. William H. Seward.—2. Baron De Stoeckl.—3. M. Mülinen.—4. Lord Lyons.—5. M. Mercier.—6. M. Schleiden.—7. M. Bertinatti.—8. Chief Tyler.—9. M. Estrade.—10. Mr. Gurowski.—11. Mr. Donaldson.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT TRENTON FALLS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. WILLIAM J. BARNES, OF UTICA, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

THE TWO SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Two men went out from the fire-lit camp
In the autumn midnight gray;
Over the quaking, creaking swamp
To the edge of the woodland still and damp
With rifle and spade went they.

A hunting owl wailed out to its young,
And a picket stood as still
In the meadow below as the shadows flung
By the beaded tent lights thickly strung
On the silver-threaded rill.

Twas long ere the picket moved away,
And there was no time to lose;
The pits must be dug by the dawn of day:—
Said one, "We are digging graves, I say;"
And the other whispered, "Whose?"

With the morning light a column of steel
Moved upward along the hill
Toward the hidden pits, but a double peal
Close in the front made the column reel
A moment, and then stand still.

The check won a battle-field that day;
On the morrow the dead were laid
Head to foot in a trench of clay,
But two apart in the front that lay
Were buried without a spade.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

IT is pretty generally understood that General Lee is massing his forces for a third raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Rumor states—with considerable plausibility—that the rebel armies under Longstreet, Johnson, and Pemberton have been stripped of men to swell the invading force from Virginia. The losses at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg have been fully repaired, and it seems not unlikely that before the end of the month General Lee may lead fifty or 100,000 veterans across the Potomac to the familiar plains of Southern Pennsylvania. What is likely to be the result?

We have three armies co-operating with each other on what may be termed the field of operations. General Meade is in face of Lee with an army which is being swelled daily by arrivals of conscripts, and by the release of the forces which Governor Seymour's party political trickery kept here for the enforcement of the draft. General Rosecrans, with an army as large as can be manœuvred on any ordinary battle-field, is say nothing of a large corps under Burnside acting in concert with him, is crossing the Tennessee, and taking ground in Northern Alabama, and Eastern Georgia and Tennessee. General Grant, who has arrived at New Orleans, is massing his splendid veteran army for operations in Southern Alabama and Mississippi, and may be heard from, perhaps, before these lines are read. We have two more armies under Banks and Gilmore, which are operating with vigor in their respective spheres; but as their movements have no direct bearing on the probable issue of another campaign in Maryland or Pennsylvania, we pass them over for the present.

Now, if Lee takes advantage of the cool weather of September to move northward, as the necessities of the position will probably compel him to do, the policy of General Meade will be very obvious. It will be that of General Hooker—retreat. No opposition will be made to Lee's passage of the Potomac. He will be no matter where on the way. He will be allowed to enter Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania at his leisure. The conspiracy patrons who charged our volunteers six cents a glass for water, and of whom only one man in a whole village or town volunteered to fight against the invader, will be permitted to enjoy the society of the rebels to their heart's content. The banks of the Susquehanna, Pittsburg, and one or two other points north will be left to the mercy of the gentle some limit to Lee's march. But he will be suffered to get his army deeper into the Free States than he has ever yet penetrated. As soon as he has pushed to a reasonable point north his Southern communications will be cut. The Army of the Potomac will take position south of him, while fortified places, garrisoned by Northern militia, will shut him off from further movement northward. The result of this strategy, which was pursued from start at the War Department by General Hooker, will be a battle in which the odds will be enormously against the rebels, and in which their defeat will involve the surrender of their army.

Meanwhile General Grant will be taking care of Mobile, the fall of which—if properly attacked by land and sea—can not be a matter of doubt; and Generals Rosecrans and Burnside, penetrating the rebel country by way of Chattanooga and Knoxville, will complete its bisection east and west as Grant and Banks have bisected it north and south. Charleston is now as seriously menaced by Rosecrans as by Gilmore. If Chattanooga falls—and Burnside's operations, combined with those of Rosecrans, seem to render its fall certain—Rome and Atlanta follow, and Charleston stands defenseless on the land side.

Altogether, the fall campaign opens promisingly, and though the ultimate issue is in the hand of the God of battles, we think we are entitled to hope much.

THE BRITISH PIRATES.

THE British have launched another pirate, iron-clad this time, intended to prey upon American commerce, and to drive American vessels out of the carrying trade for the benefit of British bottoms. The craft is said to have got to sea. Her commander is a Southerner, but her crew, like herself, are British, and she is as thoroughly an English vessel as the *Warrior* or the *Agamemnon*.

It is suggested that she will come to New York to bombard the city. We deem it very likely. We can not help thinking that the *Florida* and *Alabama* showed a want of pluck in not coming here before. New York is comparatively defenseless. A British pirate might steam up our bay, under cover of night, destroy half the city with shells in three or four hours, and escape unshelled before morning. Steam and long-range artillery have changed the nature of maritime warfare, and no sea-board city is safe. We might safely bombard Liverpool or Southampton, and certainly we, the British, had taken to the piratical business. As it is, there is no good reason why the new iron-clad should not avenge upon New York or Boston the destruction of Charleston, and the chances are that she will.

Various suggestions have been made in the papers in view of such an event. Each journal proposes war, instant and immediate. Another advises a confiscation of British property. Others commend forbearance.

We will not embarrass the Administration by any recommendations on the subject. No man who has carefully and honestly watched the course of the Government can doubt that the President is jealously alive to the necessity of protecting our interests against foreign nations. And no one but the President really understands the matter or we can at all suppose that we require add a foreign war to the civil contest in which we are engaged. If, therefore, Mr. Lincoln should decline to consider the bombardment, by a British vessel, of New York or Boston, without retaliation, it will be safe to conclude that we are not in a position to retaliate. But if, on the other hand, he should intimate that an outrage should be instantly avenged by the seizure of every British vessel in American waters, or the instant dismissal of every British subject from American soil, he may rely upon it that, at any cost, the American people would sustain him.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL AND STATE GOVERNMENTS.

IN a late article signed B. J. L. there is a very clear statement of one view of the relations of the National Government to the rebellion. The doctrine of the article is, that unless the rebellion wholly succeeds it fails entirely; that the Union has not been affected unless it is destroyed; and that, of course, no State has been "gone away." The Constitution of certain States has been overpowered by rebels, just as the authorities of the city of New York were driven out by a mob, for a time, were paralyzed during the riot. When the riot was conquered the laws resumed their sway without conditions or "reconstruction." So it will be with the Constitutions of the States when the rebellion is subdued.

In this view the author allows that the States may continue to hold slaves and make slavery legal in their fundamental laws. But this will not long apply to new persons, because all the persons who are now enslaved were, with some exceptions, freed by the Proclamation. If South Carolina wishes to hold slaves hereafter she must buy them in Kentucky, Tennessee, or in some part of the district excepted from the emancipation edict. But he concludes that this is impossible. The practical re-establishment of slavery among a population of free men will not be attempted.

The objection to this view is that it deprives the Government of the power of securing peace. We will, for instance, the rebels are overpowered in Virginia, does the State Constitution become operative by the mere fact that arms have been laid down? If so, and all who are under the same instrument may at once send members to Congress, and thus be represented by the very men who were the struggle? On the other hand, if the National Government insists that no one shall vote in Virginia who has not taken the oath prescribed by itself, then the Constitution of Virginia does not resume its functions.

To maintain that the men now in rebellion, because they may be overcome by superior force, are therefore at once loyal and safe citizens, is impossible. The body of the people of the rebel section are in insurrection. War exists between them and the Government, and the war is waged by all the means and upon all the terms of war. By the necessity of the case the whole population is treated as belligerent, exactly as all Englishmen would be in case of war between America and England, however carefully some Englishmen might feel. Upon what other ground does the Proclamation rest? If the rebels are individuals, and not a community, why are the slaves of the community, and not of the rebel proprietors alone, emancipated? Clearly the same right which the Government unquestionably has to emancipate the slaves of a hostile community for its assistance in time of war, it has to secure peace when it has conquered the enemy, upon such conditions as it considers wise. It may insist upon guarantees exactly as it would in treating with a foreign power. For, practically—so far as fighting and the laws of war are concerned—the rebels have been a foreign power. If the war had been with English or French troops in possession of the Southern country, it would be conducted exactly as it is to-day. Therefore, when the military force of the insurrection is subdued, the United States Government will certainly hold the rebel section by the strong hand until it is satisfied that there is no danger to its peace; and it must itself be the judge of the fact satisfaction.

If some such general view be not the true one then Mr. Lincoln can deal with the rebels merely as rioters. But the law long since established that position. The Supreme Court held, and Judge Nelson did not dissent, that since July, 1861, a state of war has existed. Thus what was a matter of fact has become also a matter of law.

Nor does this doctrine involve any conditions than submission to the Constitution; for the emancipation edict being, as the President and the best authorities hold, a "measure" of the Constitution, it secures the condition which would be otherwise imposed as the security of peace. But the edict does, as we have shown, leave slaves are concerned, conflict with the State constitutions and laws which recognize slavery. It is not true, therefore, that those constitutions and laws are merely dormant, and upon the submission of the rebellious citizens will resume all their force; because all the persons once known as those laws as slaves have been freed by a power beyond the States.

Whether such States will have the power under their constitutions to establish slavery hereafter is a question to be hereafter considered. We agree entirely with B. J. L., that they are not likely to make the experiment. We agree with him also that "the National Government will have no more right to interfere with the constitution and laws of South Carolina when her people shall become loyal and obedient members of the Republic, after the rebellion, than before." We do not this very statement imply that the Government *has* the right during the rebellion? And if so, how can it be said that the Government's position is "utterly untouched in all its essential elements?"

The more thoroughly the question is considered, and in the most candid spirit of B. J. L., the better for the country now and always.

FRANCE IN MEXICO.

THE editorial article in the last number of the *Weekly* upon "The French Empire," stated very clearly the deliberate insult offered to this country by Louis Napoleon in putting his foot upon the Monroe Doctrine and the unfortunate tendency of the French occupation of Mexico to destroy the Mexican Republic. Meanwhile, in pursuance of the French policy, we accept, as the ultimate tendency of the French occupation of Mexico to destroy the Mexican Republic, the establishment of a throne by the Emperor, and Prince Maximilian, of the Hapsburg family, for a sovereign. Under pretends of securing the French debt he sent an army to Mexico, in the expectation that it would be victorious at the same time with the rebellion. The first necessity of the new Confederacy would be a strong alliance, and France could not have found a better ready. Of course so long as the rebels were fighting successfully there was no need of discussing recognition. But when some when the parent government owned its defeat, or when it was evidently defeated. But now that the triumph of the rebellion, which France had for its scheme, become doubtful, what must he do but relinquish the scheme or improve its prospects of success, and how can he do this more effectually than by recognizing the Confederacy? War with the United States, he will say, is certain if I do not recognize Mexico. But I can make it very doubtful, what must he do but relinquish the scheme or improve its prospects of success, and how can he do this more effectually than by recognizing the Confederacy? War with the United States, he will say, is certain if I do not recognize Mexico. But I can make it very doubtful, what must he do but relinquish the scheme or improve its prospects of success, and how can he do this more effectually than by recognizing the Confederacy? War with the United States will be only in fact what it is now in name. Only it will be a war in Mexico. It is, therefore, not wiser for me to risk war with the United States when both their hands are engaged in each other's throats?

Besides this, French recognition would give the utmost moral support to the rebellion, and there is no possible responsibility of declaring war, while it would certainly delight England and open the way for all foreign powers to follow.

Meanwhile one war at a time is enough. If the "midnight conspirator" who sits upon the throne of France should think it essential to his plans in Mexico to strengthen the rebel chance of success by offering a moral support which will imply material and warlike support, we could not alter any present course and purpose. But because we have had no serious foreign trouble we ought not to suppose that we may have none. The best way to meet it is to expect it. Forewarned is forearmed.

THE PRIMARY MEETINGS.

A FRIEND in Philadelphia sends a little pamphlet, which has been widely circulated, urging upon all faithful citizens the duty of active participation in the primary meetings, and adds to some excellent suggestions of his own the agreeable fact that at the late ward meetings in Philadelphia a class of men were present who have hitherto abstained from all part in them.

The war, it is certain, will teach us many things. Not the least important of them will be the truth, that we shall have as red the Government in vain if we do not with the same spirit purify its operation. The permanent which a despotic Government offers to every man is personal freedom from the annoyance of its management. The price that every citizen in a Republic must pay for its perpetuity is his willing share in the duties and vexations of its operation. Do we get any thing in the world without paying the fullest price for it; and do we soberly expect to have the greatest public blessing of all, a good Government, for nothing? And the officers of that Government are not elected at the polls, they are elected at the caucus which puts into our hands the ballots we are to use at the polls. It is in vain that you come to the polls declaring that neither John of the one party nor James of the other are fit men for the office, but that Joseph is precisely the man. Your choice practically lies between John and James. You may vote for Joseph, but only to increase the majority of a candidate you think unfit.

The work of this Government is done at the primary meetings. You say that they are made up of bruisers, blackguards, and ruffians, and you will have nothing to do with them. When you say it you deliberately abdicate your duty as an American citizen, and so far as you are concerned you take care that the Government shall be in the hands of rascals and bullies. If you are not willing to take off your slippers—to hire a horse, if you live in the country—to drive a hackney in the cold or heat—to see and hear and small disagreeable people—to argue with stupidity and to bear with prejudice, you are not fit to be a citizen of a republic. If you are a farmer, and think your corn will be weeded if you stay in the house for fear of spraining your fingers, what kind of crops can every stook of your miserable crop will cry Fool, fool! If you are a citizen, and think Government takes care of itself, that increased taxes, ever complicated burdens, growing crime, disorder, and civil war will cry Fool, fool! to you from every loss of life and every guarantee of peace overthrown.

It is not labor which you can honorably escape, because it can not be done by another. Every man breathes for himself, and he votes for himself. The duty can not be delegated, because every man's vote is wanted; and when you reflect upon the machinery of a primary meeting as it is now managed, upon the character of the men in most districts who control it, and upon the contemptible part of dummy which is left to the voter at the polls, your indignation, if not your patriotism, may be aroused.

Another day we shall return to these points, and often to the general subject.

CHIVALRY.

THE chivalric Quantrell did at Lawrence, in Kansas, upon a large scale, what has been done every where in the war upon a smaller and small scale by the chivalry. The ardent children of the sunny South, whether whittling bones into breastpins, or scooping skulls into cups, or shooting negroes by the light of a lantern, or hanging and torturing Union men, or devastating and massacring at Lawrence, or shelling a town in Texas, following account, before demanding its surrender, show the same fine sense of honor, and the same noble impetuosity, gallantry, and high spirit which have always marked their conduct in Congress and society:

NEWVILLE, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

SIR,—In your account of the shelling of Corinth by the rebels, in your paper of July 26, you mistake in saying they sent in several flags of truce to General Smith, asking to be surrender the town, before commencing the bombardment. *No flag of truce was sent in until the shelling had commenced some time.*

The town was full of the many *chivalrous* acts which they were the authors of during their stay in our valley. Hoping you will make the correction, I remain, &c.

FORTY DAYS' WARNING.

IF any timid soul nervously asks whether he may not take the rebel invasion too much to heart and believe General Gilmore to be a barbarian and a monster, let him read the General's letter to the Spanish Consul in Charleston, who sent solicitous for the safety of his fellow-countrymen in that city. For what purpose did the veracious Beauregard and the Spanish Consul and other people in Charleston suppose that Gilmore was battering Sumter and Wagner? Did they fancy that his object was Folly Island? Are we to believe that it was the city, and that it was their duty, if they disliked shells and cannon-balls, to depart. Did the attacking party who are fighting for the inestimable right of whipping women, flaying men, and breeding babies for sale, preferred a fling of "chivalry" against the Yankees, and it was so wicked as to use guns that threw shells five miles. So the commander says, quietly:

"I had supposed that ample time had been given for this purpose [of departure]. The commencement of the siege, and the defenses of the interior, some forty days ago, is regarded as having given plain and emphatic warning that the city might be fired on at any time."

EASY QUESTIONS AND VERY EASY ANSWERS.

THE rebel Maury, in a letter to the London *Times*, says that "New York is becoming the champion of States Rights, and to that extent is taking the Southern ground."

Under whose auspices is it taking the rebel ground? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose election was hailed by the rebels as a good augury for their success? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose nomination did Fernando Wood, notoriously disloyal, enthusiastically support? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose speeches have constantly thrown the

guilt of the rebellion upon the loyal free States? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose phrase is it that the Union must fall rather than slavery? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose "friends" are the wanton burners of orphan asylums and the remorseless murderers of innocent men and children? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose opinion was it, when the rebels "seceded," that the Government could not "coerce" States? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose hope was it that, under that foolish trick of words, the Government might be overthrown? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose counsel does S. S. Cox declare would complete the policy to be inaugurated by Vallandigham? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose nomination for President of the United States does Jeff Davis desire? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose election would help to restore the triumph of the rebels? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose position, beside that of his old political companion Vallandigham, is that of the Copperhead beside a patriot? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose head was metaphorically put in chancery and punched by General Dix? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose name will hereafter be classed with Aaron Burr's? Horatio Seymour's?

Of whose name have we now our own hearts, or Horatio Seymour's.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

The ter-centenary of Shakespeare's birth occurs on the 23d of April, 1864. England is making great preparation for the celebration. They have a National Shakespeare Committee, of which the Prince of Wales is expected to be President, and Lord Palmerston is Vice-President. This may be considered as a formal recognition of Tennyson as the head of living English poets. The Committee is composed of men of every variety; for it is Shakespeare as the representative Englishman, not Shakespeare the poet only, whose memory they propose to honor.

But Shakespeare does not belong to England only. He is hers by inheritance, and belongs to the language. Wherever the language of Shakespeare is spoken his lovers have an equal claim upon his memory. He is ours not less than theirs. He is American not less than English. It was in his day that the influences which made America stirred society. It was soon after his death that his contemporaries and their children planted America. We ought therefore to share in the celebration. His birth is our festival also. Cordelia and Rosalind, Hamlet and Mercutio, are ours.

Let our known and special Shakespeareans move in the matter and name a committee. Mr. Hackplanck, Mr. Hudson, Mr. White, have each edited the great poet. There are eminent Shakespeare scholars also. Why will they not combine and consider the whole subject? It is not necessary to do it in connection with the English movement. We paid our homage to Burns independently of that of Scotland and of the rest of the world. And the attitude of many eminent English literary men during the war has certainly not inspired cordial sympathy for a united celebration. Carlyle, Bulwer, Thackeray, Ruskin, and others have sneered, and great numbers of the magazines and papers have scoffed at a cause which concerns all liberty. But our interest is not with them, it is with Shakespeare. Let them honor him as they will. Let us also, in our own way and from our own hearts, offer our homage.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

VERMONT has elected a loyal Governor: a Senate unanimously loyal, and a House which counts only some dozen members who are opposed to the war. Vermont supports unconditionally and overwhelmingly the policy of the Government. Does any body believe that the great safeguards of civil liberty are endangered in Vermont, because she did not elect friends of Davis and Toombs to her Governor and legislature? Does any body believe that their safeguards will be more secure in Ohio than in Vermont, if Vallandigham should be chosen Governor of Ohio? Does any body believe that the rights of citizens or legitimate State rights are in any greater peril in Vermont, where a Copperhead is not Governor, than they are in New York where Seymour is? Are the principles of the Government and the Constitution any less in the hands of the men of Vermont they are in Kentucky? If every loyal State followed the example of Vermont would a single lover of the Union and the Government regret the result?

WHAT IS ALLEGED AND *NOT* DENIED.

IF there be any infamy in the word thief, it belongs to John B. Floyd. If there be any crime in purely cowardice and bloody Pilatism against just and equal laws, he was a criminal. If there be anything despicable in poltroonery, he was contemptible. But of what the merit, in Copperhead view, of being in arms against the Government of the United States; consequently the chief Copperhead organ in the country smoothly says of him, "it is alleged, and it has also been denied, that the treason of John B. Floyd had manifested itself while he yet held office under the United States Government, in the transfer of arms to the South to aid the cause of the rebellion."

It has also been alleged, but it has never been denied, that the treason of Copperheads manifests itself in a general loyalty to the Government, while all their sympathy is transferred to the South to aid and comfort the rebellion.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL HALLECK last week secured the appointment of twenty-four young soldiers, from our armies now in the field, to cadetships at West Point. The cadetship due to the Virginia Congressional district was given to a soldier who have distinguished themselves, and are otherwise qualified, to the Army of the Potomac. The cadetship due to Western Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, are to be conferred on General GRANT'S recommendation. So in the other departments. And General HALLECK further takes the ground that next year all appointments to West Point shall be made from young soldiers in the field, or the sons of officers who have rendered important services in this war; but that the appointments are to be taken from the various Congressions in the Northern and other States, but that the Congressmen in their recommendations are to be restricted to three classes of candidates.

Among the recent arrivals from New Orleans is Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. FOSTER, of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York Volunteers, Colonel FOSTER has served under General BANKS in the Shenandoah Valley and in Maryland, and his regiment is in the Army of Port Hudson.

The steam sloops of war *Hartford*, *Richmond*, and *Brooklyn*, now at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, are to be put in order as soon as possible, and the sloops-of-war *Boston*, lately ready about the Navy-yard, are to be furnished with new boilers, and otherwise refitted for some special service not yet made public. It is rumor only that they will go with the Admiral to operate together as a special squadron on the coast of England and France.

Official information has been received in regard to the fate of Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER MCDOUGALL MAJOR Brevet-Major, First New Jersey Cavalry, in the cavalry fight at Fredericksburg on June 9. They were killed in the first charge upon the rebel General STUART'S head-quarters. Brevet-Major Hall at the very moment General Stuart's body fell.

W. B. DEWEY, Assistant Adjutant-General, has been assigned to duty in the Army of the Potomac.

The following navy orders have been issued:

Lieutenant-Colonel LEONARD F. CLARK ordered to command the *Niagara*.

Commander JOHN GUEST ordered to duty at Navy-yard, Washington.

Commander JAMES P. SANFORD ordered to command the *Sonoma*.

Lieutenant-Commander J. T. NICHOLS ordered to command the *Meadow*.

Lieutenant-Commander FRANCIS M. ROE detached from ordnance duty at New York, and ordered to command the *Ethan Allen*.

Lieutenant-Commander WATSON SMITH ordered to command the *Pearl Seeker*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN S. BARNES detached from the command of the *Pearl* and ordered to command the *Ethan Allen*.

Lieutenant-Commander RANCHOFT GHERARDI ordered to command the *Chocura*.

Lieutenant-Commander DANIEL L. BRAINE detached from ordnance duty at New York, and ordered to command the steamer *Fulton*.

Lieutenant-Commander WILLIAM F. TRUXTON detached from the command of the *Fulton*, and ordered to ordnance duty.

Lieutenant-Commander J. C. P. DE KRAFT detached from the New York Navy-yard and ordered to ordnance duty.

Lieutenant-Commander L. A. BEARDSLEE ordered to command of the *Pearl Seeker*.

Lieutenant-Commander S. L. BREESE detached from the Bureau, preparatory to command of the steamer *Mississippi*.

Captain JOHNSON, one of the personal aids of Major-General HUNTINGTON, has been promoted to the rank of Major. He will remain on the staff of General HUNTINGTON.

Under the new dealing with officers, justly or unjustly obnoxious, Colonel BOWMAN, Military Superintendent of Naval Stations, has been relieved, and Brigadier-General D. C. WESSOTT put in his place.

Major-General HUNTER, at his own request, has been assigned to an important command in the West.

General JOHN A. GARFIELD has written a letter denying a story of the appointment of Mr. CHASE to the Presidency, and conveying the assurance that the statement is without foundation of the people of the State of Ohio. We say that we had no idea himself personally reprobrite to Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and that he has no such sentiments he has made.

It is understood that General PETER HAGGERTY, one of the efficient Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, is to succeed to the Quarter-master Generalship made vacant by the death of General MEIGS.

Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES G. HALPINE, lately upon the staff of Major-General HUNTER, and subsequently upon that of General HALLECK, has been temporarily assigned to duty on the staff of General DIX, at New York.

Commander TALCOTTS has been ordered to the West Gulf Blockading Squadron in succession to Captain Rigers, Colorado.

Commander ROWAN has been detached from the naval rendezvous at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and ordered to command the receiving ship at Philadelphia.

Commander LEROY has been ordered to command the sloop of war *Dakota*.

Lieutenant-Commander E. P. WILLIAMS has been detached from the *Powhatan* and ordered to command the *Huron*.

Lieutenant-Commander CHARLES E. FLEMING has received preparatory order to command the *Sagamore*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN C. CHANDLER has been detached from the command of the *Sagamore*, and ordered to the command of the *Monticello*.

The Navy Department has received information of the killing at Natchez of Acting Master E. A. TOWLES, commanding the United States steamer *Rachel Seaman*. Mr. M'KEE, the Provost Marshal of that city, is investigating the circumstances connected with Mr. TOWLES' death.

Captain JOHN SAUNDERS, of the Sixty-ninth New York regiment, who was recently reported to have been courtmartialed and dismissed the service, "for drunkenness and unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," was honorably discharged August 19, in consequence of the conclusion of his company.

Captain JOHN L. BROOME, of the United States flag-ship *Hartford*, has been appointed to the command of the flag squadron, has been ordered to report for duty at the Marine Barracks, Washington.

The soldiers of the Third Army Corps are preparing to give General SICKLES a magnificent reception on his return to his duties. Over five thousand dollars have already been subscribed for the occasion.

Brigadier-General BEAL and a number of other rebel officers passed through Cairo on 1st inst. *en route* to Johnson's Island, to be confined in close quarters.

The Louisville *Journal* tells a good story at the expense of a colonel who was dismissed from the service on account of disloyalty. The colonel appealed to President LINCOLN, and after a long talk the latter, personally convinced of his loyalty, proposed to make him a brigadier-general, thinking he would almost be a certain fool to refuse. The officer gladly accepted, when, much to his chagrin, Mr. LINCOLN proposed to give him the command of a negro brigade. The friend knew colonel "didn't see it."

Colonel CHARLES HAMILTON JOHNSON, of the Marine Corps, has returned from his service in the Gulf squadron, and has now two barracks in two different naval stations, and is now at the Marine Barracks in this city. Captain ALLAN RAMSAY has been detached from United States sloop *Richmond*, and ordered to command at the Washington barracks. There are at present four vacancies in the Marine Corps, which will be filled by appointment by the Secretary of the Navy before the convening of Congress. This is a splendid service for retiring naval officers who desire some business of seeing the world.

LIEUT. LEVY recently arrested and conclered to the Old Capitol prison, has been released, and is now making an investigation of the charges alleged against him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CAPTURE OF KNOXVILLE.

Official dispatches received in Washington state that General Burnside has captured Knoxville, East Tennessee, his cavalry having entered the place about the 4th inst. At Kingston the rebels did not show much fight but fell back, and finally retreated. There were several skirmishes on the way to Knoxville, the most severe of which was at Loudon, where the rebels were routed with considerable loss. General Burnside's losses during the advance have been trifling.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The monotony of the siege operations at Charleston was varied by a grand engagement on the 16th inst., between the iron-clads and Fort Sumter, Wagner, and Moultrie, in which much ammunition was used, and in the accompanying cannonade with the attention it deserves. It will occupy when printed the large quarto volumes, with charts, diagrams, etc., but in this publication a large Congressional appropriation will be required. The Secretary of the Navy has not yet seen fit to read it, but is about instituting a committee of fifteen to be presided over by Admiral DUPONT himself, who will be charged with the duty of reading it, and reporting on it whether it be not in full by published as an official document.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW REBEL RAMS.

The rebel iron rams at Liverpool are described as of enormous strength, and completely furnished with every protection for the gunners. One of them was off the docks, and was visited by a large number of persons, though the one which was reported to have sailed. It is said, however, that she will be ready for sea in mid-September. The English Government and people were becoming alarmed at the accumulation of rebel iron-clads, and the matter was already mentioned in this connection.

ENGLAND ALLAYED AT HER NEW NAVAL DOCTRINE.

The following extract is from the London *Times* of August 5:

"We hold and acknowledge it unlawful to equip vessels of war for the service of a belligerent power, pirates, and yet every cruiser in the service of the Southern Confederacy has been equipped in one of the open ports of this country. It is not the fault of the Government that it is so. As the Attorney-General openly avowed, but three must clearly be a fault somewhere, when we find that the law is so far evaded, and things done which we would rather see left undone, and which our own interests require should not be done.

We admit that the case is exceptional. It turns, in fact, upon the peculiarly anomalous relationship with which the Federals are enforcing a prodigious blockade. But the more exceptional object that we descried their whole naval resources, and have thrown the police of the seas into their hands, the more necessary it is that the seas-board of the Southern States matters would not have been left unprovided in the Admiralty Court. Who knows would the *Florida* be quietly hovering about the Channel but for the Admiralty Court decision in favor of the *Alexandra*? The kind of trade is left undistrained, and the Federals, instead of seeking out the pirate would-be cruiser in the open appearance, compunde of us for allowing them to appear at all. Whether, again, the dictum of Sir John Patteson in his powerful iron steamers everyday for the purpose of patrolling the coast of the new republic, whether that is to be sharply diverted to Charleston or Norfolk we should soon see what sort of a war we had to expect. Hitherto the Southerners have been left with this field of action entirely to themselves, and there is probably no one thing that it has they have recently proposed to throw their whole energies into than the trade. We have no complaint to make of the tension given to the trade in question as could hardly be avoided.

It is a hard thing to say, perhaps, that we may sell a hundred thousand rifles to the agent of a belligerent and a belligerent, and yet not a ship's hull; but we can only add that we shall abandon in accordance with the law, and that it is not our interest to invalidate it. We ourselves have been accustomed to see in the American War, during the Crimean war we addressed a protest to the Washington Government on the subject of a vessel believed to be destined for Russian use, and the Americans listened to us. When they, again, the other day, protested on the subject of the *Alexandra*, we listened to them, and did our best to defend alleged breach of law. On both sides, therefore, it is felt that neutrals should not supply belligerents with munitions of war; and yet a Confederate ship is said to be somewhere in British waters awaiting the appearance of the Federal steamer at a specified time. Is this right? We think not. It is not a question of sympathy at all, but a question of law, and we may once more ask, of British interests. If we were unhappily plunged again into war with the North we find reason to be glad we supported with greater zeal the representations of the Federals in the case of the Confederate cruisers.

THE BRITISH PIRATE "FLORIDA."

The *Florida* had captured and burned the ship *Archer*, loaded with coals, from Liverpool for *New York*, on the 31st ult., only thirty miles southeast of Kinsale, but was herself chased by a vessel of war the next day. It was uncertain what disposition had been made of the crew.

SPAIN.

SHE DECLINES TO RECOGNIZE THE CONFEDERACY.

The Spanish Government has just been again agreed to the Spanish Government to obtain recognition of the Confederacy, by offering to guarantee the safety of the possession of Cuba and Porto Rico. The Spanish Government declined.

MEXICO.

RUMORED DECLARATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The Mexican correspondent of the London *Herald* explains. An American protest in regard to the French proceedings in Mexico is said to have been presented to the French Emperor during the current week. There is in Mexico, also, a Mexican Roman Catholic protest, and all, he accepted by Maximilian. The King of the Belgians recommended him to insist upon certain points which are equivalent to a refusal, and it is understood that the Emperor Maximilian has intimated that such acceptance must be followed by a renunciation of all his political rights as a scion of the House of Austria.

TURKEY.

BURNING OF THE SERAGLIO.

The Turkish seraglio was recently burned to the ground, and an estimate of the loss of property and destruction among the three hundred women, over one hundred eunuchs, and some hundred servants who is included it.

JAPAN.

ATTACK ON AMERICAN AND BRITISH VESSELS.

News from Japan, of a highly important character, to the date of July 4, is received by way of San Francisco. Actual hostilities between the Japanese and the Treaty Powers had commenced on the 25th of June by a Japanese ship, bound from Nangasaki to Kanagawa by an inland passage, was fired upon by Japanese forts and vessels, which had previously fired upon the American ship *Pembroke*. She was much injured, and had four men killed and six wounded. Subsequently the American steamer *Wyoming* visited the place to punish the Japanese for firing upon the *Pembroke*. She blew up a Japanese steamer and sunk another, and silenced nearly all the neighboring forts. She received twenty shots, and had five men killed and wounded. The forts were afterward attacked by two British war-vessels, and after a bombardment a detachment of British troops were landed, who destroyed the fortifications and an adjacent village. The loss was slowed very little light.

UNION STATE NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations, for the State Ticket, were made at the Union State Convention held last week at Syracuse:

For Secretary of State.....	PETER A. PORTER,
For Controller.....	THOS. W. OLCOTT.
For Attorney-General.....	JOHN CORNELIUS.
For State Treasurer.....	JOHN J. SCHUYLER.
For Judge of Appeals.....	HENRY E. SELDEN.
For Canal Commissioner.....	WM. B. TAYLOR.
For Canal Commissioner.....	W. B. TAYLOR.
For Inspector of Prisons.....	JAMES E. BAKER.

M'CLELLAN'S REPORTS.

The *Herald* says: "Well informed parties allege that General M'Clellan's report was only received at the Adjutant-General's Department three weeks ago, and that it will take one man nearly two months to read the accompanying documents with the attention it deserves. It will occupy when printed the large quarto volumes, with charts, diagrams, etc., but in this publication a large Congressional appropriation will be required. The Secretary of the Navy has not yet seen fit to read it, but is about instituting a committee of fifteen, to be presided over by Admiral DUPONT himself, who will be charged with the duty of reading it, and reporting on it whether it be not in full by published as an official document."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW REBEL RAMS.

The rebel iron rams at Liverpool are described as of enormous strength, and completely furnished with every protection for the gunners. One of them was off the docks, and was visited by a large number of persons, though the one which was reported to have sailed. It is said, however, that she will be ready for sea in mid-September. The English Government and people were becoming alarmed at the accumulation of rebel iron-clads, and the matter was already mentioned in this connection.

ENGLAND ALLAYED AT HER NEW NAVAL DOCTRINE.

The following extract is from the London *Times* of August 5:

"We hold and acknowledge it unlawful to equip vessels of war for the service of a belligerent power, pirates, and yet every cruiser in the service of the Southern Confederacy has been equipped in one of the open ports of this country. It is not the fault of the Government that it is so. As the Attorney-General openly avowed, but three must clearly be a fault somewhere, when we find that the law is so far evaded, and things done which we would rather see left undone, and which our own interests require should not be done.

We admit that the case is exceptional. It turns, in fact, upon the peculiarly anomalous relationship with which the Federals are enforcing a prodigious blockade. But the more exceptional object that we descried their whole naval resources, and have thrown the police of the seas into their hands, the more necessary it is that the seas-board of the Southern States matters would not have been left unprovided in the Admiralty Court. Who knows would the *Florida* be quietly hovering about the Channel but for the Admiralty Court decision in favor of the *Alexandra*? The kind of trade is left undistrained, and the Federals, instead of seeking out the pirate would-be cruiser in the open appearance, compunde of us for allowing them to appear at all. Whether, again, the dictum of Sir John Patteson in his powerful iron steamers everyday for the purpose of patrolling the coast of the new republic, whether that is to be sharply diverted to Charleston or Norfolk we should soon see what sort of a war we had to expect. Hitherto the Southerners have been left with this field of action entirely to themselves, and there is probably no one thing that it has they have recently proposed to throw their whole energies into than the trade. We have no complaint to make of the tension given to the trade in question as could hardly be avoided.

It is a hard thing to say, perhaps, that we may sell a hundred thousand rifles to the agent of a belligerent and a belligerent, and yet not a ship's hull; but we can only add that we shall abandon in accordance with the law, and that it is not our interest to invalidate it. We ourselves have been accustomed to see in the American War, during the Crimean war we addressed a protest to the Washington Government on the subject of a vessel believed to be destined for Russian use, and the Americans listened to us. When they, again, the other day, protested on the subject of the *Alexandra*, we listened to them, and did our best to defend alleged breach of law. On both sides, therefore, it is felt that neutrals should not supply belligerents with munitions of war; and yet a Confederate ship is said to be somewhere in British waters awaiting the appearance of the Federal steamer at a specified time. Is this right? We think not. It is not a question of sympathy at all, but a question of law, and we may once more ask, of British interests. If we were unhappily plunged again into war with the North we find reason to be glad we supported with greater zeal the representations of the Federals in the case of the Confederate cruisers.

THE BRITISH PIRATE "FLORIDA."

The *Florida* had captured and burned the ship *Archer*, loaded with coals, from Liverpool for *New York*, on the 31st ult., only thirty miles southeast of Kinsale, but was herself chased by a vessel of war the next day. It was uncertain what disposition had been made of the crew.

SPAIN.

SHE DECLINES TO RECOGNIZE THE CONFEDERACY.

The Spanish Government has just been again agreed to the Spanish Government to obtain recognition of the Confederacy, by offering to guarantee the safety of the possession of Cuba and Porto Rico. The Spanish Government declined.

MEXICO.

RUMORED DECLARATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The Mexican correspondent of the London *Herald* explains. An American protest in regard to the French proceedings in Mexico is said to have been presented to the French Emperor during the current week. There is in Mexico, also, a Mexican Roman Catholic protest, and all, he accepted by Maximilian. The King of the Belgians recommended him to insist upon certain points which are equivalent to a refusal, and it is understood that the Emperor Maximilian has intimated that such acceptance must be followed by a renunciation of all his political rights as a scion of the House of Austria.

TURKEY.

BURNING OF THE SERAGLIO.

The Turkish seraglio was recently burned to the ground, and an estimate of the loss of property and destruction among the three hundred women, over one hundred eunuchs, and some hundred servants who is included it.

JAPAN.

ATTACK ON AMERICAN AND BRITISH VESSELS.

News from Japan, of a highly important character, to the date of July 4, is received by way of San Francisco. Actual hostilities between the Japanese and the Treaty Powers had commenced on the 25th of June by a Japanese ship, bound from Nangasaki to Kanagawa by an inland passage, was fired upon by Japanese forts and vessels, which had previously fired upon the American ship *Pembroke*. She was much injured, and had four men killed and six wounded. Subsequently the American steamer *Wyoming* visited the place to punish the Japanese for firing upon the *Pembroke*. She blew up a Japanese steamer and sunk another, and silenced nearly all the neighboring forts. She received twenty shots, and had five men killed and wounded. The forts were afterward attacked by two British war-vessels, and after a bombardment a detachment of British troops were landed, who destroyed the fortifications and an adjacent village. The loss was slowed very little light.

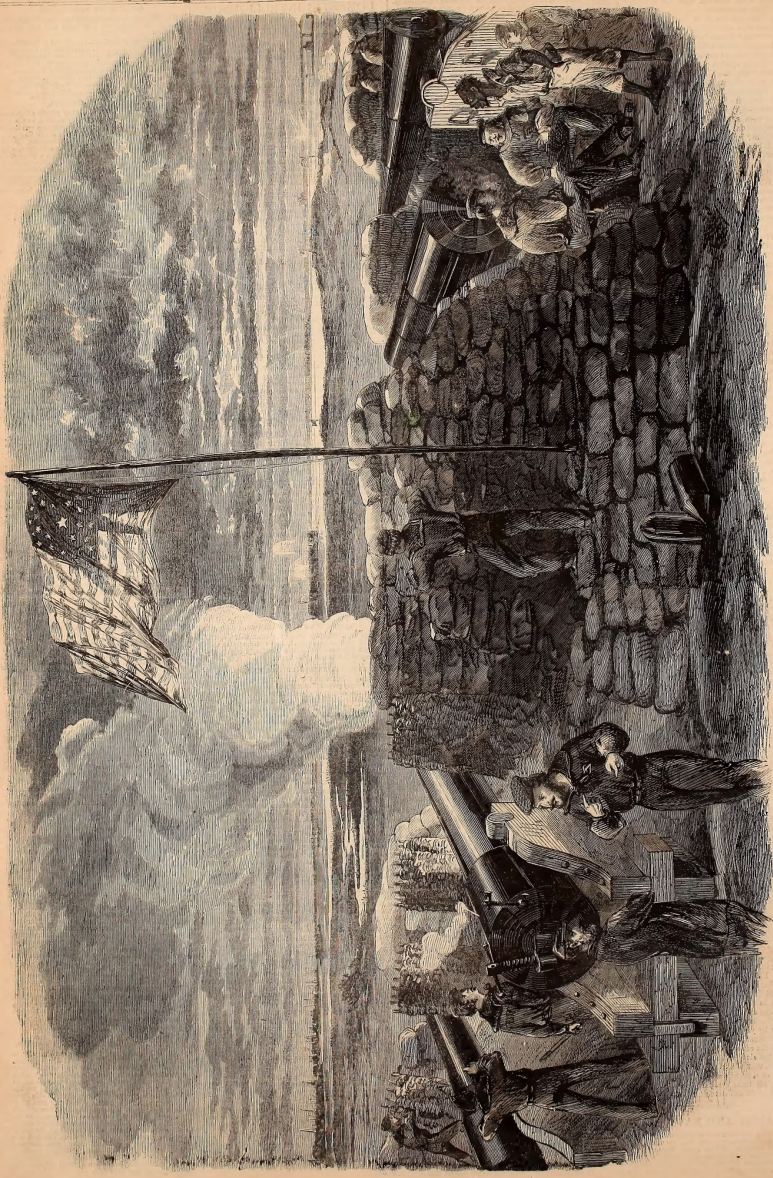
UNION STATE NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations, for the State Ticket, were made at the Union State Convention held last week at Syracuse:

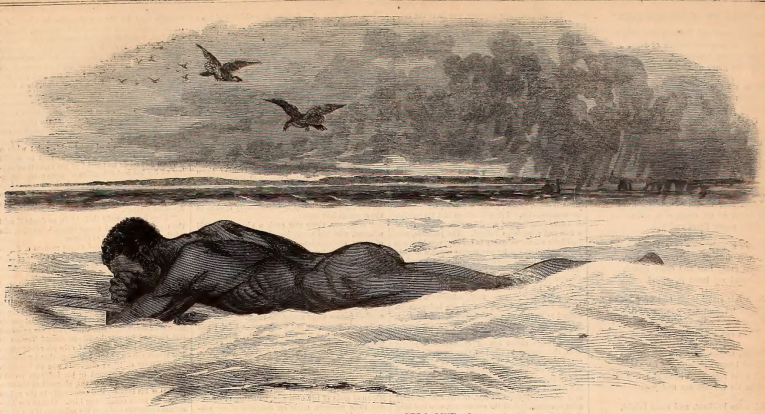
For Secretary of State.....	PETER A. PORTER,
For Controller.....	THOS. W. OLCOTT.
For Attorney-General.....	JOHN CORNELIUS.
For State Treasurer.....	JOHN J. SCHUYLER.
For Judge of Appeals.....	HENRY E. SELDEN.
For Canal Commissioner.....	WM. B. TAYLOR.
For Canal Commissioner.....	W. B. TAYLOR.
For Inspector of Prisons.....	JAMES E. BAKER.

M'CLELLAN'S REPORTS.

The *Herald* says: "Well informed parties allege that General M'Clellan's report was only received at the Adjutant-General's Department three weeks ago, and that it will take one man nearly two months to read the accompanying documents with the attention it deserves. It will occupy when printed the large quarto volumes, with charts, diagrams, etc., but in this publication a large Congressional appropriation will be required. The Secretary of the Navy has not yet seen fit to read it, but is about instituting a committee of fifteen, to be presided over by Admiral DUPONT himself, who will be charged with the duty of reading it, and reporting on it whether it be not in full by published as an official document."



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE MORNING CALL TO THE REBELS.—SKETCHED FROM THE NAVAL BATTERY BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE REBELS' LAST DEVICE IN THE TORPEDO LINE.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

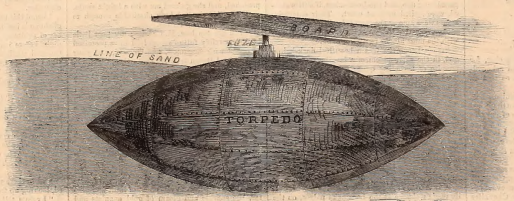


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TORPEDO BURIED IN THE SAND.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE SWAMP ANGEL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

"ONE IN A THOUSAND."

Roses, roses, oh! brilliant and bright
In the gorgeous month of June,
Raising your blushing queenly heads
In the glare of summer noon.

There are roses crimson, roses red,
Roses of amber hue,
Gazing with upturned loveliness
On heaven's deep azure blue.

Stately in presence, dazzling in tint,
Shaming the setting sun,
From the proud cup of the open flower
To the bud but scarce begun.

Too bright are ye in your conscious pride,
And your breath of summer hue;
No bond, no tie, could ever unite
This weary heart and you.

There's a little rose, by a little house,
On a little plot of ground,
Whose every root and every branch
Around my heart is wound.

'Tis a fair small thing of tender pink—
With no flaunting crimson dye—
And a world of sunny sweetness looks
From out its modest eye.

Unseen, maybe, by many who pass,
And known, perhaps, by few—
Oh! little rose, thou know'st full well
The tie betwixt me and you.

Oh! roses brilliant, and roses bright,
All lovely though ye be,
That little rose by the little house
Is the only rose for me!

SOPHIE'S RIBBON.

"You know him? Be careful, mon cher, for my sake if not for your own, how you acknowledge such a dangerous acquaintance as that in Novskoi in broad day."

And I felt—as any Russian companion wince and start as we walked, arm in arm, from the Noble Club, of which, like the other attachés of our embassy, I was a frequent frère. The person whose salute I had just acknowledged was still in sight—tall, well-dressed man of about thirty, with a pale handsome, Italian cast eye, and a long mustache.

"Know him? To be sure I do," was my reply. "In the name of all that's mysterious, Galitzin, what can be the harm of knowing the chevalier—I think, that is one his earl—ay, the Chevalier Gliska, nephew, or cousin, or something, to the old Prince Lecznska, at whose palace I have seen such a dozen times, waltzing as only the Guard can waltz."

But the young baron, who was generally gay enough, would not consent to make a jest of this occurrence, but muttered something about my "English imprudence," and soon afterward left me. It was not easy to guess the cause of the young Guardsman's evident nervousness, or to comprehend what particular peril there could be in knowing the chevalier, respecting whom I now began to feel some natural curiosity. Of his antecedents I knew very little, but that little was in his favor. He had been much abroad, was reputed to be clever and well-read, and the few words which we had exchanged at any time had given me the impression that he was agreeable. Yet Galitzin, who had been very kind and familiar with me ever since my arrival on the legation, seemed to shrink from even mentioning the stigma that attached to the chevalier.

It was from the chancellor at our embassy, a quiet, good-humored old man, with a taste for gossip, and a memory for St. Petersburg small-talk dating from the peace of '15, that I heard the truth.

"Gliska! Gliska?" he said the old Scotchman, taking a pinch to refresh his recollection. "Ah! yes, to be sure! the young man, Demetrius Gliska, is sone relation to the old Princess Lecznska, and was in the imperial service. Your friend's right. You had best fight shy of him, Mr. Acton."

"But why? Does he cheat at cards? Or has he a turn for what the doctors call homicidal monomania?"

"Nothing of the sort," answered the chancellor; "he's just a 'suspect,' and that's the whole of it; he's one of the black sheep of the political flock, waits all the world as chiefly noisy gay young exiles as your friend Galitzin, are fearful to rub shoulders with. To be sure, he's a Pole, and can't be blamed for what he did in behalf of his down-trodden country; but, man, he's fairly frowned upon by the powers that be."

On further pressing, Mr. Campbell informed me that the chevalier, who had once held a commission in the army, had been arrested on suspicion of a share in some conspiracy. He was found not guilty; but being unable to clear himself wholly in the eyes of government, had been compelled to serve as a private for three years in the Caucasus; had quitted Russia at the end of this term; and, after a long exile, had lately been permitted to return at the intercession of his powerful relatives. He was still under considerable suspicion, and it was more than rumored that his presence in the capital was due to his desire to render aid in some widely-spread plot for the enfranchisement of Poland and its imperfectly Russianized dependencies.

"If they catch him tripping, woe be to the lad," said old Campbell, uncularly; "he'll be lucky if he gets off with Eastern Siberia and airmine trapping for the rest of his days; more likely the mines or the knout, if the Czar's ministers happen to be specially ill-humored, or specially frightened, when the bubble bursts."

The old chancellor had seen so many abortive plots, painfully planned, warily kept, collapse in the miserable ruin of the plotters, that he had got to regard the Russian government as a conspiracy proof. This was peculiarly true as regarded the Polish conspiracy, many of whose chief females were understood to reside at St. Petersburg rather as hostages than as courtiers, though never venturing to absent themselves from the imperial presence on the ceremonious occasions. Among these were the Leczinskas; the old prince and princess; their cousin, heir to the princedom, resident in Lithuania and the government of Warsaw; and their grand-daughter, Sophie Leczinska. The prince himself was a gouty old man, with a taste for numismatics. I do not believe that his patriotism ever went beyond a mild sentiment in favor of a free and prosperous Poland. The princess, who had been a famous beauty in her day, was kind and hospitable, but not by any means capable of dabbling in political intrigues; while the grandson was as yet so young, and so heedfully kept under the eye of a tutor recommended by the Czar himself, that he could scarcely have imbibed any "revolutionary" ideas. Still, whoever was lord of the Leczinska lands, and of the influence attached to the great name of that illustrious race, was esteemed worth watching by the authorities.

The family had not always been so passive. The prince's eldest son, a high-spirited young man, had shared in the last disastrous revolt of the Poles, and died, in exile, of wounds received in the defeat of Ostrolenka. His young widow had soon followed him to the grave, leaving Alexis and Sophie, the one an infant, the other a girl eight years of age, to the care of their grand-parents. And the second son, who had long wandered, as exile, from court to court, had died far from his home and friends. All this happened long ago, and the Leczinskas, if still watched, were smiled upon at court. Their entertainments were among the most splendid at St. Petersburg, and the foreign residents, in special, met with the most kindly reception.

Sophie Leczinska was a beautiful dark-haired girl, in the early bloom of a loveliness that gave promise of surpassing brilliancy and majesty at a later period; but just then she was a bright-eyed young creature, simple and frank, and gay as a lark, more like an English maiden than the languid Russian damsels around her. Indeed, Sophie, by far the most attractive child I ever saw, was also most national. It was her pride to be a Pole; she loved to sing Polish songs, and to listen to Polish stories; and I remember how, when Sophie was in a very petulant, when her grandmother absolutely forbade her appearing at the empress's masquerade in the Polish cap, with eagle, and gold-bridled vest of the old Sarmatian pattern.

It is not surprising that I, who was most heartily made welcome by the Leczinskas, should be more than that of Roland, and a Leczinska might, as I said, I will know, reasonably expect to be thrown with some men of rank much more brilliant than mine. It must, however, be remembered that Sophie was not yet fifteen, that her education was strictly entailed, and I was at that time understood to be the next inheritor of a considerable property in Berkshire, which circumstance did not matter stood. I was regarded in the household as actually betrothed to Sophie. There had been no formal freaking of the ice, but I had been long fixed for our marriage, which, indeed, the princess desired to defer for a year or two on account of her grandchild's youth. But the lips had not yet been parted from her, but the affair was no secret.

And Sophie? With all my wish to relate calmly and fairly what occurred to her, even at this distance of time, be certain as to what were her feelings. Perhaps she herself did not realize their nature. I can only speak with certainty as to what she had merely looked down, with a timid blush and smile, when the old princess bade her look upon me as her future husband. That the girl had nevertheless the tacit consent thus given, nor is this expected in a continental country, and especially in a Polish household.

Gliska, being in some way related to the princess, and having frequently been in the Leczinska mansion in Poland, was often to be met in the family circle, where he was always welcome. He had been a year or two at the university, and was been early left an orphan, and both the prince and princess had a regard for him, which was probably in great measure on account of his father. Nothing could be more unlike than the bent of the exguardian's mind and that of his former charge. The kind white-headed master of the house had a soft easy nature, that shrank from disagreeable or painful topics, and a narrow, though cultivated intellect. He had travelled much, many foreign friends, and loved to recall by-gone intimacies among the wits and statesmen of the West. His correspondence, his French novels, and his curious cabinet of rare coins and medals, filled up his leisure fully. The chevalier, on the other hand, was calm and thoughtful, rather silent, but evidently not from lack of thoughts. When he did speak, it was always in well-chosen words, and with a certain suppressed fire and eloquence that told of great powers undeveloped.

I could not exactly make out on what footing Gliska stood with reference to Sophie Leczinska. They were cousins. Sophie, as a child, had been used to look up to the tall play-fellow so much older and wiser than herself—nothing would have been more reasonable than that they should have been on the same terms as brother and sister. Yet Gliska seemed to me rather to avoid his pretty cousin than otherwise, and Sophie rarely mentioned his name. There were times when I could not help feeling a thrill of jealous suspicion, as a new idea dawned in my mind that this apparent indifference, on Gliska's part at any rate, was mere feigning. But such impression were always fugitive, and were at once dismissed as idle fancies.

I was one night at a ball at the Gortschakoff palace, and happened to stand close to the open door of a conservatory in the white-glittering, fragrant of my proximity, were chatting of the Leczinskas and their prospects. One of them heard, accidentally, what there had not once seen some talk of a match between the chevalier and his beautiful cousin? Involuntarily I listened for the reply, which was as indifferently spoken as the question had been:

"Why, yes, there was such a plan. The old princess, who has a match-making turn, like most of your ex-beauties—your dead, general!—was eager about it long before mademoiselle was out of the nursery. But then come the exile, and the lad's lands were confiscated, and himself packed off to carry a musket against Shamyl in the Caucasus—so there was an end of the matter—cut the cards, marshal, if you please."

But the chevalier is pardoned," observed a cracked female voice across the table.

"True, madame; but poor—poor as Job; and not only penniless, but disgraced. No, no, the English fellow is a better *parti*, though I should not wonder if Sophie preferred the 'suspect.' Women are perfect riddles."

In the midst of the laugh that succeeded I moved away with tingling ears. A glance at Sophie's face, as she sat in the centre of a blooming group of girls of her own age, prattling of dances and their partners, made me ashamed of my suspicion. Her cheek was flushed on a fair fore head, surely, surely it was manifest on hers. I approached, and she greeted me with a bright smile, as I asked her if she had been charitable enough to keep an early dance for me.

"You are too late, Mr. Charles; my poor little book is terribly full of names! I have promised to dance with Rogamoff, and Oginski, and your great friend, Baron Galitzin of the Guard, and oh, so many more!"

"And with your cousin, Chevalier Gliska?" I asked the question with apparent playfulness, but I suppose there was something harsh and hostile in my tone, in spite of myself, which grated on the quick ear of my child. For Sophie glanced rapidly at me with the look of a frightened fawn.

"No!" she said, and her lip trembled slightly as she spoke.

Vexed with myself for my own unjust peevishness, I tried to make amends, and so far succeeded that Sophie smiled her cheerful composure, and recorded me a waltz. It was in one of the pauses in that giddy whirl, in the midst of light and glitter, the magnificence of gold epaulets and jeweled head-gear, and the dying fall of the music, that Sophie suddenly turned her eyes on mine, and said, with a sudden gravity,

"M. Charles, avow that you are jealous of my poor cousin Demetrius, and that you hate him."

I forgot whatever I replied in my surprise, but I know that Sophie contrived to convey to me the impression that the chevalier was the early playmate and companion of her childhood; that she regretted his misfortunes, and admired his patriotism; that she was only anxious to make four friends, and no enemies, and once more in the good graces of the Russian government.

"Poor Demetrius! I can not forget, dear M. Charles, how good and patient he was to me when I was a spoiled, sickly child, full of caprices and fond to peevishness. His misfortunes has suffered as much for our afflicted country. I, as you know, am a rebel at heart; I hate the Muscovites—I shall hate them always—but I have myself heard that last remark—but I can do so safely, because I am too young and weak to be dangerous to the Czar. It is different with him. He should not be jealous or cross, M. Charles, because I wish to prevent poor Demetrius from ending his days in Siberia."

I said something about my cousin's security, since his pardon, unless he were rash enough to enter into fresh intrigues against the emperor. I spoke with more than usual coldness than would otherwise have been the case, because I saw Gliska leaning against a pillar, at a distance, and regarding me with a look of watchful interest.

That night, as our sledges went whirling over the hard-trodden snow of the streets, there was a great bustle and confusion, and the startled horses were sharply checked by the rein and thrown on their haunches, while a double rank of soldiers drawn up across the principal thoroughfares. A harsh voice bade the drivers halt, and a number of policemen, accompanied by several officers mufled in gray watch-coats, went round from carriage to carriage, throwing the red glare of a lantern on the faces of the belated guests of the prince-minister, and asking with polished but imperious courtesy the names of those present, which were given by the names of those present, which were given by means of vehicles came to an abrupt halt, but some of the old residents took the matter very coolly.

"The first time this year!" said the senior attaché, who had taken a seat in my carriage; "I began to wonder if the police had gone to sleep. Two years ago I remember four such stoppages in a single winter. I wonder if they'll make many captions to-night?"

And I, as I had been but eight months in St. Petersburg, learned with some surprise that the favorite time for the secret police to select for a razzia against the innumerable plotters, Russian or Polish, was that of some great festivity or public reception. Half the conspiracies of the empire were hatched, my informant said, in the saloons of the higher aristocracy, under the very noses of the emperor and his ministers; and the best paid and most valuable spies were those who, from their rank and position, could enter such assemblies without provoking remark or distrust. No doubt something had transpired at the prince-minister's ball which had aroused the vigilance of the lynx-eyed police of police, and hence the impediment to our progress homeward.

The explanation had got to this point when a plaintive wail swelled to our driver that he might "go on as fast as he liked," at the same time taking off his hat and extending his open palm significantly. My informant stopped a few kopecks into it, and the man bowed low as he suffered us to pass by him and strike off by a side-street to the Admiralty quay.

"They have caught their bi'ds, no doubt!" said the more experienced senior attaché, treating the whole affair as a thing of course.

The next day we heard vague rumors of detections and arrests, some and many, others of only one or two persons. When I called, next morning, at the Leczinska palace, I found the old prince nervous and irritable, the princess agitated, and Sophie red with tears. She had a fright ful headache, her grandmother said, and was too unwell to leave her chamber. No doubt the heat and crush of the Gortschakoff assembly—those official people gave such shocking balls, where you were squeezed and elbowed worse than if the ill-mannered Tchines in Russia—had been too much for the poor dear child. But it was not on Sophie's account that her grandparents were so ill at ease. It was on Gliska's. Gliska had not returned to his lodgings on the previous night. His servant, alarmed at the nonarrival of his master, had come early to the palace to ask for news concerning him. One of the Leczinska chasseurs had seen the prisoners of the night before led out under the to the Concierge's, and was sure, or nearly sure, that one of them was the missing chevalier.

I heard this news with mixed feelings. An Englishman's instinct always rises in arms against an act of arbitrary oppression; and the arrest of the night before had in it something of tat-like and Oriental stealthiness that was peculiarly odious. But I had no sympathy or distrust of the chevalier, a smouldering jealousy which I tried to trample down, and I could not help feeling a vague sense of relief.

However, while I was copying a précis in the attaché's room at the embassy that afternoon, old Mr. Campbell came in, chuckling and rubbing his hands.

"Yon fine conspiracy has just turned out a mere bubble, my lads—a man's vanity in liquor," said he. "The chaps are set free, Gliska and the rest of them. Their captivity was over by luncheon."

"Then there was no real plot, after all?" I asked, looking up from my writing.

"I can't say," said the cautious Scot, shaking his head as he took a fresh pinch of high-dried; "the thing broke down for want of evidence—a verdict of not proven, as we say in the North. They say the Emperor had Gliska taken into his own cabinet, and questioned him there, but coolness cross-examine much out of the close fellow. And the story goes that his Majesty said, in a loud voice, before a side-de-camp, 'You may go, chevalier, but be careful how you give me the right to punish!' Nicholas is ill to thwart. He likes contradiction more than of honest, and I doubt if Gliska will do much more."

Gliska had, in effect, been set at liberty, and I met him that evening, calm and collected as ever, at the Leczinska mansion. He said very little about the exciting events of the night, or the formidable interview of the morning, but talked pleasantly on general topics. Sophie was present, having fortunately recovered from her headache, but she was silent and thoughtful, and I fancied that I detected a glance of intelligence once or twice between her cousin and herself. But I soon felt convinced that I was mistaken, for Gliska paid no sort of attention to Sophie. He addressed her rarely, and never with any particular show of interest; indeed, he spoke less to her than to her brother, a shy, sinewy-eyed stripling, whose Russian tutor was his inexpressible horror and consternation.

The noise the arrest had made in St. Petersburg society soon died away, and the usual round of gayeties went on. Gliska and Sophie's brother, Alexis and disaffection, had been myths. My own prospects unexpectedly improved. The relative to whose fortune I was to be heir, and whom I had never seen, since he had lived in morose seclusion, died, and I found myself rich enough to lead an idle life. As the life of a diplomatist, and without any choice, however, and at about the same time that I succeeded to this inheritance I seemed likely to rise in my professional career. Certain confidential and important task took place among the diplomatists, in consequence of which I was promised the post of senior attaché at one of the Southern courts as soon as the present occupant should vacate it: which would probably be in early summer.

Fortified by this intelligence, I was encouraged to renew, or rather to press, my suit for Sophie's hand; the old princess standing up warmly in the affair, the princess's objections to parting with her grand-daughter were by degrees overruled. As for Sophie herself, that was rather uncertain than asked for. Her grandfather blessed her and stroked her raven hair as caressingly as if she had been a child for whom some holiday treat was in preparation; her grandmother cried as she pressed her darling in her arms, and dilated on the happiness of her future life and the splendors of her prospective trousseau. It was settled that Sophie and I were to be married soon after Easter; that in the mean time milliners, lawyers, and jewelers were to be busy in providing laces, diamonds, and deeds

of settlement; and that all was to go merry as a marriage-bell.

In all this arrangement the bride elect's part seemed a curiously passive one. Sophie Lecznikx neither ratified nor rejected the engagement which her nearest relations had thought fit to conclude on her account; she listened submissively to all the prince and princess chose to say on the subject, kissed their wrinkled hands in the ancient Polish fashion in sign of obedience, made me a formal courtesy, and left the room with downcast eyes and something like a smothered sob. After that Sophie always seemed to shrink from me; her spirits grew variable, her cheek thinner, her manner graver and more thoughtful. I ought to have read the lesson more acutely conveyed; but I was willfully blind to it, and lost too ready an ear to the assurances of the old Polish that Sophie's manner was merely the result of girlish timidity and a deep sense of duty. The aged princess, in especial, was confident that her grandchild esteemed me quite as highly as could be expected from "a young person bien élevée."

I must say, the old lady said, judge of the sentiments of a Polish girl as if she were a "Messa Angelaise."

Gliska's conduct left no room for fault-finding. He wished me joy, as the phrase goes, politely, but with no affectation of heartiness. Indeed we had never been intimate, though I had been at first disposed to like him well enough; but there was something dark and inscrutable in his bearing and disposition, very unusual among his rich, chivalrous countrymen. Perhaps the wretched years of degradation and suffering during which he had been a soldier in the Caucasus, and the cruel reverence to which he always shrank, had changed his character. He often reminded me of the traditional Italians of the Middle Ages: such Italians as Machiavelli knew, and Shakspeare painted.

He and I never met less frequently than now. He did not often spend his evenings at the Lecznikx palace, excusing himself on the score of pressing business, and throwing out hints which seemed to indicate that he was importuning the Imperial Chancellerie for the restoration of his confiscated estates. The old prince, always good-natured, in spite of his indolence and frivolous habits, offered his interest at court, and Gliska gratefully accepted the offer. He seemed preoccupied in his mind, and there were new lines of care on his forehead, and a harassed look in his bold keen eyes; but he teased Sophie with the same assiduent good-humor as before.

One day, when I was driving out of the city with one of the French attachés, young Dumanoir, to whom the sledge belonged, and who was not a little vain of his heavy arcana of Astracan fur, and of the spirit and beauty of his gallant horses with their silver bells, we had an unexpected rencounter. We had made a short cut through the wretched suburbs inhabited by the tshernol narod, or "black people," as the ill-fed poor of St. Petersburg are called, and were striking across toward the broad drive on the bank of the Neva, when we spun round a corner, and nearly ran over a group of four men in earnest conference. They started with evident alarm and evasion as they caught sight of us in that unfrequented quarter; and we on our part were surprised to see them, for more temperance companions could scarcely have met together.

The party consisted of a young Russian in black clothes, wearing a scrap of colored ribbon at his button-hole, and who was some government clerk or other member of the privileged bureaucracy of the empire; of a sergeant in the Guards, looking smart in his well-fitting uniform; of a long-bearded grizzled peasant, in a torn caftan and dilapidated boots; and of—Gliska. We nodded to him—the Frenchman and I—but he was too much startled to return the bow, and his pale face flushed like hot iron as we dashed by.

"What an odd quartette!" said I.

"Very!" said Dumanoir, dryly, knitting his black eyebrows; then he thawed into a laugh of unfeigned mirth, as he said, "I never saw rats so really caught. You are too guileless and unsuspicious, my dear colleague, for such a métier as our rascally one of diplomacy. We each of us have a double, whose true name is a watchword in the emperor's august mouth, conferring with his friends in this delightful and civilized quarter; and those friends are a discontented sergeant, a sulky Russkinik, and a hungry understrapper of some government bureau; and you wonder at their meeting on being seen by us! Foi de Dumanoir! My chief would never forgive me if I omitted to inform him of how well he welcome were to his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French."

I could not but own that there was something suspicious in the affair, though I with some laughing extorted from Dumanoir a promise that he would not mention what we had seen to any other than his embassador—unwilling as I was that the Lecznizka family should be annoyed by any fresh proceedings against their relative. But though I was not one of those who see a conspiracy in every gathering of men, I felt an innate conviction that all was not right. Gliska's politics were notorious, and his secret communing, in so low and barbarous a quarter of the town, with persons so unlike himself in rank and breeding, seemed ominous of coming troubles. I had heard—who had not?—of disaffection existing among the Poles, Finns, and Mahommedans, who had been forced into the Muscovite army; of disaffection among the educated servants of the state, weary of a career in which corruption and chicanery overrode zeal and merit; and of deadly hatred on the part of the fanatics of the old Greek faith—those grim Raskolnics of whom Dumanoir had spoken. A junction of such malcontents with the restless Polish nobles was exactly what the authorities most dreaded.

When, later in the day, I drove to the Lecznikx palace, I saw Gliska leaving it on foot. He seemed to avoid recognition, turning up the collar of his furred over-coat so as nearly to conceal his face, and hurrying on with a quicker step as he caught sight of my vehicle. I found Sophie, with sparkling eyes and a flushed cheek, alone in the great drawing-room: the old princess coming in as soon as she was informed of my arrival. Never had I seen Sophie look more beautiful; but her excitement, which I could not help connecting with Gliska's visit, caused me a sensation of pain as contrasting with her usual cold resignation, and its cause was explained.

Invitations had just been issued for a masked ball at the residence of Prince Wittgenstein, the Austrian embassador; and this ball, long projected, was to be by far the most splendid of the season. It was to have taken place long before, but had been postponed, and many of the intended guests had their fancy dresses prepared, while all the town talked of the ruinous cost of the decorations and the skill of the artists who were to turn the embassy saloons into subterranean halls. Sophie was wild with pleasure at the prospect of the fête. It was her first season, poor child, and she had truly a childish delight in the coming treat. Her aged relatives smiled as she talked with unusual animation of the fantastic splendors that were anticipated. It was said that the Emperor and Empress would be there. The grand-dukes and the Grand-Duchess Olga would certainly attend. Count Demidoff was to go as a Chinese mandarin, as Prince Kotzebu with the Sancy diamond to fasten the plume on his turban. The four beautiful daughters of the Sveitin minister would represent the Seasons; and so on, interminably.

It struck me that Sophie's interest in this ball was more than natural, but it never slackened during the few intervening days, and her spirits rose and fell in a capricious manner. At one time she was as happy and light of heart as a bird on a sunlit bough; at another there would be tearful drops clinging to her long eyelashes as she had the drooping head and dejected look of that same bird when prisoned in a cage. Her old grandparents did not observe these varying emotions.

"Les jeunes filles, my dear Acton," said the aged prince, lightly tapping his enameled snuff-box; "les jeunes filles are not to be read with them? They have whims; that is all."

The great night came, and with it came the south wind and a thaw. The first night became of the consistency of treacle, and the horses had to labor hard to drag the runners of the carriages, which had so lately been skimming along over a frozen surface, through the tenacious drift. But it was done, somehow, and the Austrian saloons at the Embassy began to fill with gusts, some in dominoes, and the majority in fanciful attire of every period and nation, which I need not describe the fête. It was splendid and tasteful in its way, and the crowd thickened and thickened, and the music swelled higher and higher, and half, or more than half, of the "society" of St. Petersburg passed in. The Emperor and Empress received Sophie's aged relatives and herself at the head of the imperial mouth, it was said, and a dangerous puzzle it was for the imperial lips. Sophie was known to have much self-control, but there were signs of suppressed anger under his placidity of aspect which I could not mistake.

The Emperor and Empress did not stay long. When they departed the masks were replaced, the music struck up, the Austrian and Polish aristocracy of Russia forgot the darkling glance of their master's eye. The dances went pleasantly on.

"M. Charles, will you be my partner?"

It was Sophie who spoke, and her voice quivered in a manner inexplicable to me, considering how ordinary were the words. She had on a rich Circassian dress of blue and silver she had chosen; but she would not have known me, in an ordinary domino of dusky black silk, but for my fair being exposed, through my not having replaced my mask. She was clinging to the arm of a Russian figure in Louis the Fourteenth attire: her brother, as I guessed.

"M. Charles, will you do me a favor?"

It was not very difficult to grant. She merely wanted me to affix to the breast of my domino a certain symbolical device, consisting of a scarlet ribbon with two fluttering ends—that was all. Hurriedly she thanked me for my consent, and insisted on my taking the knot in exchange for her own handa, though her slender fingers shook so much that they could hardly perform the task. I was in whim of the moment, and let her "mystify" some one, and oh, it was so kind of me to humor her, and would I please to wear it till after supper, and would I not? Of course had she asked ask her for a dance she was gone, lost in the mazes of the crowd.

"Hist! come nearer; the game's up!" said a man's voice, thick and husky with emotion, at my ear. I started. A tall man in a dark domino was by the alcove.

"It's all over," said the stranger, in his guttural French, spoken with a German accent; "some one has betrayed us. The troops are under arms, and the soldiers we counted on are disarmed and confined to barracks. Rest assured that the Emperor knows all. Gliska—"

"Monsieur, you mistake," exclaimed I; and the man shrank away. Scarcely had I time to dictate in my own mind the purport of what I had heard, when two or three masked persons came hastily forward, the foremost pointing me out to the others.

"That is he. I know him by the ribbon."

There was a pause, and a shuffling and whispering. I bethought me of the mystification Sophie had spoken of. Were these the friends at whose expense some harmless trick was to be played? I had little time to think, for one of the newcomers passed his arm familiarly through mine.

"Come quietly, Monsieur, to avoid scandal."

By this time my other arm had been grasped by another party's group. I made some hasty observation in French on the peremptory nature of the summons, fully persuaded that the whole was a masquerade frolic. The intruder spoke again, more sternly:

"You carry it off well, Sir. But your entreprises are discovered. You must come with us in the Emperor's name, or I swear to shoot you where you stand. Come on."

I was pushed and hustled, through a side-door, down a passage, and into the hall of the embassy. It was full of soldiery and gens d'armes. In a moment a cloak was thrown over my head, my wrists were chained together, and I was hustled out into the snow, and thrust into a sledge. There was a shout, a trampling and clashing, and I felt the jerk of the start. The sledge was going off at a rapid pace, in spite of the softness of the snow. Half smothered by the cloak over my head, I rattled or lay than sat in the place into which I had been thrown, while the jingling motion of the bells mocked me with the speed of our progress was great.

Presently the woolen wrapper that muffled my head was removed, and I could see the true state of the case. The sledge was traversing a snowcovered road, bordered by painted posts at frequent intervals. To right and left lay hillocks of mounds of snow, covering the past morass through which the road was made. Overhead was a wrack of hurrying lead-colored cloud, with the pale winter moon peeping out sufficiently to show the horseman of the escort, a party of dragoons of the Guard, who rode to right and left of the sledge, their burnished helmets and long white cloaks looming ghostly through the dim light. Beside myself, there were two persons in the kibitka, the one a tall military figure to the driver's left, a sergeant. The latter held a pistol in his gloved right hand; an excess of precaution, for I was bound and helpless.

I closed my eyes for a minute or two, and calmed my nerves by a strong effort. Then I looked again. Yes, nothing changed. Sledge raced, lashing whip, bounding horses, painted posts to mark the way, the mantled horsemen riding on either flank, the dreadful attitude of the armed man at my side—all real. And all these objects had but one significance—one which my soul shrank from. The Guards, the Tsar, the chains, the desolate wastes through which we were speeding, reminded me of many a dismal tale of exile to the glaciers and deserts of Northern Asia. Was I was actually on my way to Siberia, or I was mad.

My courage revived. It was impossible that an Englishman, and an Englishman in government employ, should be amenable to such a punishment, even had there been witness against the Czar been figured, whereas I was utterly unconcerned in Russian politics. Even the barbarian caprice of absolute power could not have taken umbrage at any act of mine, and then the idea that my arrest was some trick of Dumanoir's seized upon me. I tried the sergeant with French and German, but in vain. He knew only one language, and in answer to my few words of remonstrance he merely growled out the words, "Polish dog!" and pressed the cold muzzle of the pistol-barrel between my eyes as a hint to keep silence. I spoke no more.

Soon after this the wind veered round to the north, the moon vanished, the night grew piercing cold, and the flakes of driving sleet of snow came whirling down, and the horses could hardly struggle through the drift. Then all sensations were gradually merged in one—that of numbing, mortal effects of the intense cold.

Hours passed; post-stations were reached, horses changed, fresh relays took the place of the former escort; but I only grew colder and colder, and the blood in my veins seemed freezing into solid ice, and the very beating pains through every joint, and I remember moaning like a child in agony, and that was the last sound I had the power to hear, the last thing I remember being a flash of ruddy torchlight.

When I recovered I was in a warm bed, and beside it stood two men: one dressed in black—a doctor; the other, a tall officer in a long military cloak, with a white fur collar and snow in the crest of the room was an Ingrian peasant woman, heating some water in a samovar.

"He is coming to," said the doctor in French; "mortification had not really begun. It's only a slight case of frost-bite, with extreme debility."

"I'm glad to hear it" said the officer, in whom I recognized a certain Major Orloff, one of the imperial aide-de-camp. "The Emperor is truly displeased with the whole affair, and has positively forbidden any bloodshed. But how this Englishman came to wear the yellow knot of ribbon by which Gliska was to be recognized by the conspirators had not yet been plot really come to a head, and had the Czar's person been seized on, is a puzzle to all. I'd lay my life there's some hand in it."

"Very likely," said the doctor, with a sniff; "perhaps Mademoiselle Sophie Lecznikx contrived the mystification when Gliska found out that all was lost, and his arrest imminent. The runaway escape have not been caught, I believe?"

I groaned.

"Come away, doctor," whispered the good-natured aid-de-camp; "the poor fellow may wake and overhear us. And he will know quite soon enough that his fiancée deceived him from the first, and that she will be Madame Gliska when they get in safety across the Prussian frontier, of which the police prefect admits the is no doubt—so artfully were the chevalier's projects laid, to provide the means of escape in case of the failure of the conspiracy. Allons! Bad news flies fast."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY are book-keepers like chickens? — Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

MRS. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, said, "Poor fellow! Has he no friend that will set up for him? I'm sure he has, and she sighed to be young again.

A person shoving another to Charles Russell, said he must look sharp about him if they said a good thing he did not understand it. "Pray, Sir," said Charles, "did you ever pay Joan?"

A pert blockhead, who thought himself very smart, was once in company with Dean Swift. Rising from his chair, with a design to exit, he added, "For your manners, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you?" said Swift, very gravely, "why then, take my advice and sit down again."

A Quaker came before two judges at an assize as a witness, when he made frequent use of the words *also* and *likewise*. "Friend," said one of the judges, "I observe," why do you vary these words so often, have not they both the same signification?" "No, truly," said the Quaker, "their meaning is very different; as, for example, person Bettsworth is a judge upon this bench; thou art one also, but not *like-wise*."

As a solicitor of rather shabby appearance was passing through Bedford Street the other day, with his professional blue bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with "Cheese to sell, Sir, old cheese!" The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Roundabout, emitted a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, Sir, they are all new suits."

"Father, did Cæsta, that helped to kill Julius Cæsar, earn a great many honors?" "No, my dear, not that I know of. What makes you think he did?" "Because, father, I am reading here where it says, 'See what a rend the conspirators have made in my toga.'" Any way, ingenuous, and the mother looked delighted as the wisdom of her only son.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LAMBS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Do; but if your husband that is to be is given to gambling, let it be understood from the first to the mutton that you will give it up; and when you put the announcement of your nuptials in the papers, for the information of his bachelor acquaintance, the significant words, "No cards." A young husband who imagines young married weeks ago, and the happy bridegroom so far has not suggested even whist.

MATRIMONIAL EXTREMES HARMONIZED.

Being extracts from the list of bans published in the Preston *Guardian* for 1863:—

Thomas Black and Mary White,
Peter Day and Eliza Night,
Solomon Banks and Catherine Vale,
Samuel Bull and Susan Dale,
Isaac Sister and Jane Thatcher,
John Baker and Mary Ann Wood,
Daniel Hurly and Peggy Ball,
Roger Lane and Sarah Wright,
Stephen Head and Nancy Heart,
William Stone and Sarah Brook,
Joseph Reed and Helen Hay,
Thomas Green and Mary Wood,
Joseph Brown and Kitty Green,
John Nailor and Jenny Vyse,
William Castle and Nancy Hall,
Henry Spirit and Nancy Wood,
Joseph Men and Eliza Child,
Joseph Sherman and Sarah Wolf,
Thomas Brain and Mary Bear,
James Fox and Catherine Hare,
Alexander Butler and Mary Cock,
William Crane and Nancy Rook,
Andrew Smith and Susan Armour,
Charles Field and Sarah Corner,
Daniel Carrier and Susan Cook,
Joseph Dagger and Ann Knife,
William Large and Salty Small,
John Head and Mary Foot,
Andrew Clay and Lucy Stove,
Michael Bell and Rebecca Pea-en,
John Cheek and Julia Hood,
Edward Cole and Nancy Wood,
James Green and Sarah Birch,
Charles Chapel and Sarah Church,
Joseph Bunny and Nancy Brickle,
Thomas Hitchen and Dorothy Crabbs,
Harmonized by Joseph Clarke, for the Kirkaney *Moderator*.

June 4, 1863.

IMPORTANCE OF EMPHASIS.—A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller-cake on the table, took it up and inquired what it was. "Why, sir, that is a *cake for counting houses*." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he looked it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of curiosity, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

Wanted by the miserable—The loaf that produces crumbs of comfort.

Cannot-ling a man appears to signify making a *big* gun of him.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider each of the two you have for him.

"Is there any thing the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "Oh, dear, yes, I am sick enough." "Well, what ails you?" said I. "I have no particular pain nowhere," was the reply. "Very well," said the doctor; "I'll give you something to take away all that."

MRS. B.—— desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a sermon she had just written, adding that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire. "Why, my dear," said the learned casuist, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the Doctor, after having turned over a few leaves, "I advise you to put it where your other irons are."

AN INTERESTED WAITER.—When Morier Margaret was dining for Jew, Lord Melbourne, Sheridan, who always talked and Scotch upon the benefit, said, "Have you any wine, Sir?" "No, Sir." "No, Sir! how's coy opposition?" "No, I only want an interpreter to make you understand what your host says." "Why, Sir, he is civiled with a burst of laughter by the whole court, in which Jew himself heartily joined.

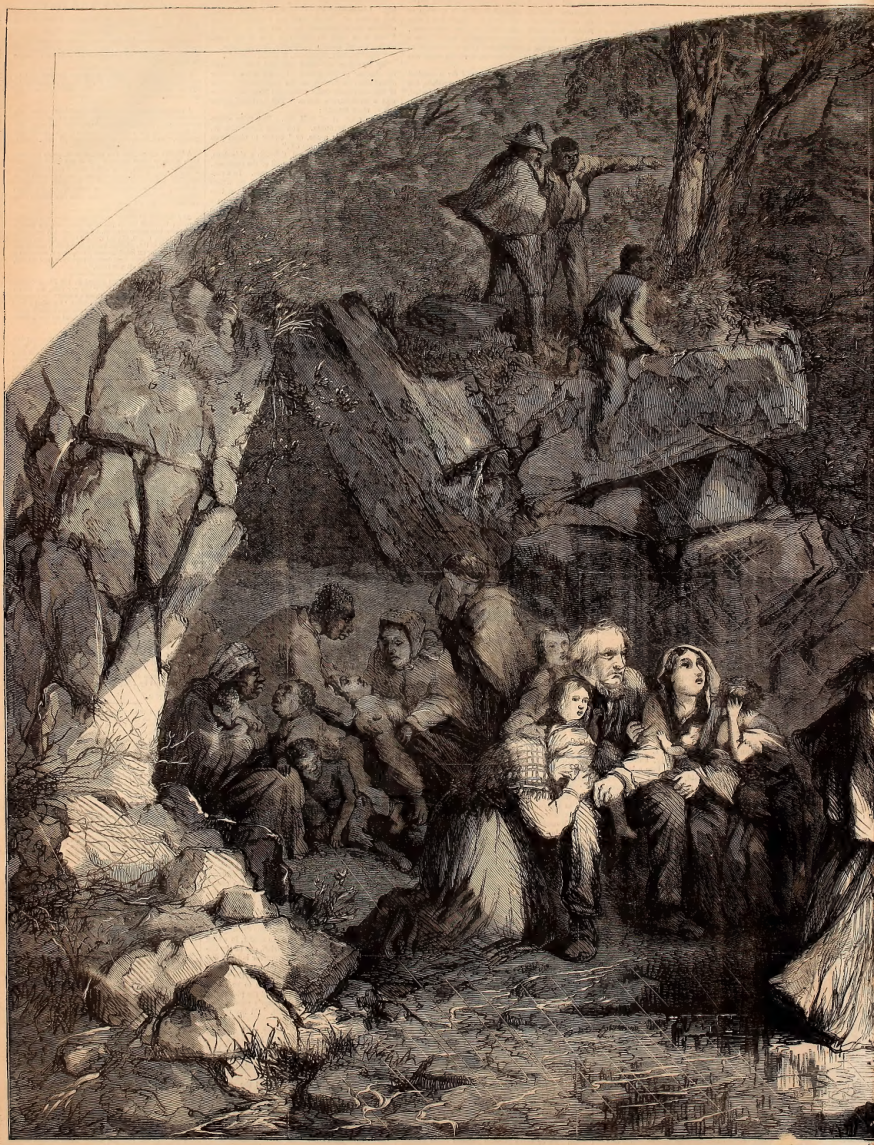
What the Emperor of France does when weary with State cares. Takes his little *Nap*.

A contemporary, in speaking of a newly-invented "metallic burial case," says: "It will last a long time," and is highly recommended by those who have used it.

"I have always been astonished," said Miss Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for husbands, and of old ones for sons-in-law." "I wonder Miss Smith," said Jew, what she Seeing her gazing toward the sky, "I wonder what she finds to look at." "That bear," said she, "which is told of as being "sat in the cloud." I wish he'd come down."

"I say, Brown, what's close shaver Jones-is—why, he'll assuredly shave a penny?" "Well, what if he does?" said Brown; "the less one expatiates about the better."

"How do you like tea, now?" asked a belle of her guests, as she sailed into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any longer."



SOUTHERN EXILES ON THEIR



WAY NORTH.—[See Page 603.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE was not a moment to lose, so Green emptied the pocket-book into his hat, and sifted the contents in a turn of the hand, announcing each discovery in a whisper to his excited and peering associates:

"A lot of receipts."

"Of no use to any one but me," said the prisoner, earnestly.

"Two miniatures; gold rims, pinchbeck backs."

"They are portraits of my children when young: Heaven forgive me, I could not give them up to my creditors: surely, surely, you will not rob me of them."

"Stash your gab," said Mr. Green, roughly. "Here's a guinea, Queen Anne's reign."

"It belonged to my great-grandfather: take it, but you will let me redeem it; I will give £5 for it, poor as I am: you can leave it on my door-step, and I'll leave the £5."

"Stow your gab. Letters; papers covered with figures. Stay, what is this? a lot of memoranda."

"They are of the most private and delicate character. Pray do not expose my family misfortunes." And Mr. Hardie, who of late had been gathering composure, showed some signs of agitation; the two figures glaring over his shoulder shared it, and his remonstrance once made Green examine the papers keenly: they might contain some clew to the missing money. It proved a miscellaneous record: the price of Stocks at various days; notes of the official assignee's remarks in going over the books, etc. At last, however, Green's quick eye fell upon a fainter entry in pencil; figures: 1, 4; yes, actually £14,000. "All right," he said: and took the paper close to the lantern, and began to spell it out:

"'This day Alfred told me to my face I had £14,000 of Captain Dodd's. We had an angry discussion. What can he mean? Drs. Wycherley and Osmond, this same day, afflicted me with hints that he is deranged, or partly. I saw no signs of it before. Wrote to my brother entreating him to give me £200 to replace the sum which I really have wronged this respectable and now most afflicted family of. I had better withdraw—'" Here Mr. Hardie interrupted him with sorrowful dignity: "These are mere family matters; if you are a man, respect them."

Green went reading on like Fate: "'Better withdraw my opposition to the marriage, or else it seems my own flesh and blood will go about the place blackening my reputation.'"

Mr. Hardie stamped on the ground. "I tell you on my honor as a gentleman there is no money there but my grandfather's guinea. My money is all in my waistcoat pocket, where you *will not* look."

A flutter of uneasiness seemed to come over the detective: he darkened his lantern, and replaced the pocket-book hurriedly in the prisoner's breast, felt him all over in a minute, and, to keep up the farce, robbed him.

"Only eight yellow boys," said he contemptuously to his mates. He then slipped the money back into Hardie's coat-pocket, and conducted him to his own gate, tied him to it by the waist, and ordered him not to give the alarm for ten minutes on pain of death.

"I consent," said Mr. Hardie, "and thank you for abstaining from violence."

"All right, my tulip," said Mr. Green, cheerfully; and drew his companions quietly away. But the next moment he began to run, and, making a sudden turn, dived into a street, then into a passage, and so winded and doubled till he got to a small public house: he used some flash word, and they were shown a private room. "Wait here an hour for me," he whispered; "I must see who liberates him, and whether he is really as innocent as he reads, or we have been countermined by the Devil's own tutor."

The unexpected turn the evidence had taken, evidence of their own choosing, too, cleared Mr. Hardie with the unprofessionals. Edward embraced this conclusion as a matter of course, and urged the character of that gentleman's solitary traducer; Alfred was a traitor, and therefore why not a slanderer?

Even Sampson, on the whole, inclined to a similar conclusion.

At this crisis of the discussion a red-haired peddler, with very large whiskers and the remains of a black eye, put his head in, and asked whether Tom Green was there. "No," said the Doctor, stoutly, not desiring company of this stamp. "Don't know the lad."

The peddler laughed: "There is not many that do know him at all hours; however, he *is* here, Sir." And he whipped off the red hair, and wiped off the black eye, and lo! Green ipse. He received their compliments on his Protean powers, and told them he had been just a minute too late; Mr. Hardie was gone, and so he had lost the chance of seeing who came to help him, and of hearing the first words that passed between the two: this, he said, was a very great pity; for it would have shown him in one moment whether certain suspicions of his were correct. Pressed as to what these suspicions were, he begged to be excused saying any more for the present. The doctor, however, would not let him off so, but insisted on his candid opinion.

"Well, Sir," said Green, "I never was more puzzled in my life, owing to not being near hand when he was untied. It looks all square, however. There's only one little thing that don't fit somehow."

They both asked in a breath what that was.

"The sovs. were all marked."

They asked how he knew; and had he got them in his pocket to show?

Green uttered a low chuckling laugh: "What me fake the beans, now I live on this side the hedge? never knew a cove mix his liquors that way but it hurt his health soon or late. No, I took them out of one pocket, and felt of them as I slipped them into the other. Ye see, gents, to do any good on my lay, a man must train his senses as well as his mind: he must have a hare's ear, and a hawk's eye, a blood-hound's nose, and a lady's hand with steel fingers and a silk skin. Now look at that bunch of fives," continued the master; and laid a hand white and soft as a duchess's on the table: "it can put the bracelets on a giant, or find a sharper's nail-mark on the back of the knave of clubs. The beans were marked. Which it is a small thing, but it don't fit the rest. Here's an unsuspicious gent took by surprise, in moonlight meditation fancy free, and all his little private family matters found in his innocent bosom quite promiscuous; but his beans marked: that don't dovetail nohow. Gents, did ever you hear of the man that went to the bottom of the bottomless pit to ease his mind? Well he was the head of my family: I must go to the bottom whether there's one or not. And just now I see but one way."

"And what is that?" inquired both his companions in some alarm.

"Oh, I mustn't threaten it," said Green, "or I shall never have the stomach to do it. But dear me, this boozing ken is a very unfit place for you, you are Champagne-gents not dog's nose ones. Now you part and make tracks for home, one on foot, and one in a fly. You won't see me, nor hear of me again, till I've something fresh."

And so the confederates parted, and Sampson and Edward met at Albion Villa; and Edward told his mother what they had done, and his conviction that Mr. Hardie was innocent, and Alfred a slanderer as well as a traitor: "And indeed," said he, "if we had but stopped to reflect, we should have seen how unlikely the money was not to be lost in the *Agra*. Why the *'Tiser* says she went to pieces almost directly she struck. What we ought to have done was, not to listen to Alfred Hardie like fools, but write to Lloyd's like people in their senses. I'll do it this minute, and find out the surviving officers of the ship: they will be able to give us information on that head." Mrs. Dodd approved; and said she would write to her kind correspondent Mrs. Beresford: and she did sit down to her desk at once. As for Sampson he returned to town next morning, not quite convinced, but thoroughly staggered; and determined for once to resign his own judgment, and abide the result of Mrs. Dodd's correspondence and Mr. Green's sagacity. All he insisted on was, that his placard about Alfred should be continued: he left money for this, and Edward against the grain consented to see it done. But placards are no monopoly: in the afternoon only a section of Sampson's was visible in most parts of the town by reason of a poster to this effect pasted half over it:

"FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD.

"Whereas yesterday evening at 10 o'clock Richard Hardie Esq., of Musgrove Cottage, Barkington, was assaulted at his own door by three ruffians, who rifled his pockets, and read his private memoranda, and committed other acts of violence, the shock of which has laid him on a bed of sickness, the above reward shall be paid to any person or persons who will give such information as shall lead to the detection of all or any one of the miscreants concerned in this outrage.

The above reward will be paid by Mr. Thomas Hardie of Clare Court Yorkshire."

On this the impartial police came to Mr. Hardie's and made inquiries. He received them in bed, and told them particulars: and they gathered from Peggy that she had heard a cry of distress, and opened the kitchen door; and that Betty and she had ventured out together, and found poor master tied to the gate with an old cord; this she produced, and the police inspected and took it away with them.

At sight of the Notice, Edward felt cold and then hot, and realized the false and perilous position into which he had been betrayed: "So much for being wiser than the law," he said: "what are we now but three foot-pads?" This, and the insult his sister had received, made the place poison to him; and hastened their departure by a day or two: the very next day (Thursday) an affiche on the walls of Albion Villa announced that Mr. Chippenham, auctioneer, would sell next Wednesday on the premises, the greater part of the furniture, plate, china, glass, Oriental inlaid boxes and screens, with several superb India shawls, scarfs, and dresses; also a twenty-one years' lease of the villa; seventeen to run.

Edward took unfurnished apartments in London, near Russell Square: a locality in which, as he learned from the *'Tiser*, the rooms were large and cheap; he packed just so much furniture as was essential; no nick-nacks. It was to go by rail on Monday; Mrs. Dodd and Julia were to follow on Tuesday: Edward to stay at Barkington and look after the sale.

Meantime their secret ally, Mr. Green, was preparing his threatened coup. The more he reflected the more he suspected that he had been outwitted by Peggy Black; she had led him on, and the pocket-book had been planted for him. If so, why Peggy was a genius, and in his own line; and he would marry her, and so kill two birds with one stone: make a Detective of her (there was a sad lack of female Detectives); and, once his wife, she would split on her master, and he should defeat that old soldier at last, and get a handsome slice of the £14,000.

He manœuvred thus; first, he went back to London for a day or two to do other jobs, and to let this matter cool: then he returned, and wrote from a town near Barkington to Peggy Black, telling her he had been sent away suddenly on a job, but his heart had remained behind with his Peggy: would she meet him at the gate at nine that evening? He had something very particular to say to her. As to the nature of the business the inclosed would give her a hint. She might name her own day, and the sooner the better.

The inclosed was a wedding-ring.

At nine this extraordinary pair of lovers met at the gate; but Peggy seemed hardly at her ease; said her master would be coming out and catching her; perhaps they had better walk up the road a bit. "With all my heart," said Green; but he could not help a little sneer: "Your master?" said he: "why, he is your servant, as I am. What, is he jealous?"

"I don't know what you mean, young man," said Peggy.

"I'll tell you when we are married."

"La, that is a long time to wait for my answer: why, we ain't asked in church yet."

"There's no need of that; I can afford a special license."

"Lawk-a-daisy: why, you be a gentleman, then."

"No, but I can keep my wife like a lady."

"You sounds very tempting," murmured Peggy, throwing her skirt over her head—for a drizzle was beginning—and walking slower and slower.

Then he made hot love to her, and pressed her hard to name the day.

She coquetted with the question till they came near the mouth of a dark lane, called lovers' walk; then, as he insisted on an answer, she hung her head bashfully and coughed a little cough. At which preconcerted signal a huge policeman sprang out of the lane and collared Mr. Green.

On this Peggy, who was all Lie from head to heel, uttered a little scream of dismay and surprise.

Mr. Green laughed.

"Well, you *are* a downy one," said he. "I'll marry you all the more for this."

The Detective put his hands suddenly inside the policeman's, caught him by the bosom with his right hand by way of fulcrum; and with his left by the chin, which he forced violently back, and gave him a slight Cornish trip at the same moment; down went the policeman on the back of his head a fearful crack: Green then caught the astonished Peggy round the neck, kissed her lips violently, and fled like the wind; removed all traces of his personal identity, and up to London by the train in the character of a young swell, with a self-fitting eye-glass and a long mustache the color of his tender mistress's eye-brow: tow.

From town he wrote to her, made her a formal offer of marriage; and gave her an address to write to "should she at any time think more kindly of him and of his sincere affection."

I suppose he specified sincere because it was no longer sincere: he hurled the offer into Musgrove Cottage by way of an apple of discord; at least so I infer from the memorandum, with which he retired at present from the cash-hunt.

"Mr. Hardie has the stiff, I think: but, if so, it is planted somewhere; doesn't carry it about him; my Peggy is his mistress: nothing to be done till they split."

Victorious so far, Mr. Hardie had still one pressing anxiety; Dr. Sampson's placard: this had been renewed, and stared him every where in the face. Every copy of it he encountered made him shiver: if he had been a man of impulse, he would have torn it down wherever he saw it: but he knew that would not do. However, learning from Jane, who had it from old Betty, who had it from Sarah, that Mrs. and Miss Dodd would leave for London the day before the sale, and Edward the day after it, he thought he might venture in the busy intermediate time to take some liberties with it. This he did with excellent tact and judgment; Peggy and a bill-sticker were seen in conference, and, soon after, the huge bills of a traveling circus were pasted right over both the rival advertisements in which the name of Hardie figured. The consequence was, Edward raised no objection; he was full of the sale for one thing; but I suspect he was content to see his own false move pasted over on such easy terms.

On the Monday morning Peggy brought in the letters, and Jane saw one in Alfred's handwriting. She snatched it up, and cried, "Papa, from Alfred!" and she left off making the tea, while her father opened it with comparative composure.

This coolness, however, did not outlast the perusal: "The young ruffian!" said he: "would you believe it, Jenny, he accuses me of being the cause of his last business."

"Let me see, papa."

He held her out the letter; but hesitated and drew it back: "My dear, it would give you pain to see your poor father treated so. Here's a specimen: 'What could they expect but that the son of a sharper would prove a traitor? You stole her money; I her affections, of which I am unworthy.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Unhappy Alfred!" said Jane: "No, papa, I would not read it, if you are insulted in it. But where is he?"

"The letter is dated Paris. See!" And he showed her the date: "but he says here, he is coming back to London directly; and he orders me in the most peremptory way to be ready with my accounts, and pay him over his fortune. Well, he is alive at all events: really my good, kind, interfering, pragmatical friend Sampson with his placards made me feel uneasy, more uneasy than I would own to you, Jenny."

"Unhappy Alfred!" cried Jane, with the tears in her eyes; "and poor papa!"

"Oh never mind me," said Mr. Hardie; "now that I know no harm has come to him, I really don't care a straw: I have got one child that loves me, and that I love."

"Ah yes dear, dear papa, and that will always love you, and never, never, disobey you in small things or great." She rose from table and sealed this with a pious kiss; and, when she sat down with a pink flush on her delicate cheek, his hard eye melted and dwelt on her with beaming tenderness. His heart yearned over her, and a pang went through it: to think that he must deceive even her, the one sweet soul that loved him!

It was a passing remorse: the successful plotter soon predominated, and it was with unmixed satisfaction he saw her put on her bonnet directly after breakfast, and hurry off to Albion Villa to play the part of his unconscious sieve.

He himself strolled in the opposite direction not to seem to be watching her.

He was in good spirits; felt like a general, who, after repulsing many desperate attacks successfully, orders an advance, and sees the tide of battle roll away from his bayonets. His very body seemed elastic, indomitable; he walked lustily out into the country, sniffed the perfumed hedges, and relished life. To be sure he could not walk away from all traces of his misdeeds; he fell in with objects that to an ordinary sinner might have spoiled the walk, and even marred the spring-time; he found his creditor Maxley with grizzly beard, and bloodshot eyes, belaboring a mile-stone; and two small boys quizzing him, and pelting him with mud: and soon after, he met his creditor, old Dr. Phillips, in a cart coming back to Barkington to end his days there, in an alms-house. But to our triumphant Bankrupt and Machiavel these things were literally nothing; he paced complacently on, and cared no more for either of those his wrecks than the smiling sea itself seems to care for the dead ships and men it washed ashore a week ago.

He came home before luncheon for his gossip with Jane; but she had not returned. All the better; her budget would be larger.

To while the time he got his file of the *Times*, and amused himself noting down the fluctuations in Peruvian bonds.

While thus employed he heard a loud knock at his door, and soon after Peggy's voice and a man's in swift collision. Hasty feet came along the passage, the parlor door opened, and a young man rushed in pale as ashes, and stared at him; he was breathless, and his lips moved, but no sound came.

It was Edward Dodd.

Mr. Hardie rose like a tower and manned himself to repulse this fresh assault.

The strange visitor gasped out, "You are wanted at our house!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

JANE HARDIE found Albion Villa in the miserable state that precedes an auction; the house raw, its contents higgledy-piggledy. The stair carpets, and drawing-room carpets, were up, and in rolls in the dining-room; the bulk of the furniture was there too; the auction was to be in that room. The hall was clogged with great packages, and littered with small, all awaiting the railway carts; and Edward, dusty and deliquescent, was cording, strapping, and nailing them at the gallop, in his shirt sleeves.

Jane's heart sank at the visible signs of his departure. She sighed; and then, partly to divert his attention, told him hastily there was a letter from Alfred. On this he ran up stairs and told Mrs. Dodd; and she came down stairs, and took Jane up softly to her friend's room.

They opened the door gently, and Jane saw the grief she was come to console; or to embitter.

Such a change! instead of the bright, elastic, impetuous, young beauty, there sat a pale, languid girl with "weary of the world" written on every part of her eloquent body; her right hand dangled by her side, and on the ground beneath it lay a piece of work she had been attempting; but it had escaped from those listless fingers: her left arm was stretched at full length on the table with an unspeakable abandon, and her brow laid wearily on it above the elbow. So lies the wounded bird, so droops the broken lily.

She did not move for Jane's light foot. She often sat thus, a drooping statue, and let people come and go unheeded.

Jane's heart yearned for her. She came softly and laid a little hand lightly on her shoulder, and true to her creed that we must look upward for consolation, said in her ear, and in solemn, silvery tones, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Julia turned at this and flung her arms round Jane's neck, and panted heavily.

Jane kissed her, and, with the tears in her eyes, proceeded to pour out, from a memory richly stored with Scripture, those blessed words it is full of, words that in our hours of ease or biblical criticism pass over the mind like some drowsy chime; but in the bitter day of anguish and bereavement, when the body is racked, the soul darkened, shine out like stars to the mariner; seem then first to swell to their real size and meaning, and come to writhing mortals like pitying seraphim, divinity on their faces and healing on their wings.

Julia sighed heavily: "Ah," she said, "these are sweet words. But I am not ripe for them. You show me the true path of happiness: but I don't *want* to be happy; it's *him* I want to be happy. If the angels came for me and took me to heaven this moment, I should be miserable there, if I thought *he* was in eternal torment; ay, I should be as miserable there as I

am here. Oh Jane, when God means to comfort me, He will show me *he* is alive; till then words are wasted on me, even Bible words."

"Tell her your news, my dear," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly. She was one of those who take human nature as it is, and make the best of it.

"Julia dear," said Jane, "your fears are extravagant, indeed: Alfred is alive, we know."

Julia trembled, but said nothing.

"He has written to-day."

"Ah! To you?"

"No, to papa."

"I don't believe it. Why to him?"

"But I saw the letter, dear; I had it in my hand."

"Did you read it?" asked Julia, trembling now like an aspen, and fluttering like a bird.

"No, but I read the address, and the date inside, and I saw the handwriting; and I was offered the letter, but papa told me it was full of abuse of him, so I declined" to read it; however, I will get it for you."

Mrs. Dodd thanked her warmly; but asked, her if she could not in the mean time give some idea of the contents.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Dodd: papa read me out a great deal of it. He was in Paris, but just starting for London: and he demanded his money and his accounts. You know papa is one of his trustees."

"Well, but," said Mrs. Dodd, "was there nothing—nothing about—"

"Oh yes there was," said Jane, "only I—well then for dear Julia's sake—the letter said, 'What remains of the son of a sharper should prove a traitor?' You have stolen her money, and *I am afraid*—oh, I can't, I can't."

And Jane Hardie began to cry.

Mrs. Dodd embraced her like a mother, and entered into her feelings: Mrs. Dodd had never seen her so weak, and, therefore, never thought her so amiable. Thus occaped they did not at first observe how these tidings were changing Julia.

But presently looking up they saw her standing at her full height, on fire with wrath and insulted pride.

"Ah, you have brought me comfort, this cried. 'Womans, I shall hate and scorn this man some day, as much as I hate and scorn myself now for every tear I have shed for him."

They tried to calm her, but in vain; a new gust of passion possessed the ardent young creature, and would have vent. She reddened from bosom to brow, and the scalding tears ran down her flaming cheeks, and she repeated between her clenched teeth, "My words are so filled with skim-milk I can tell you: you have seen how I can love, you shall see how I can hate." And with that went haughtily and indignant out to expose the passion which overpowered her.

Mrs. Dodd took advantage of her absence to thank Jane for her kindness, and told her she had also received some letters by this morning's post, and should be under the necessity of leaving her part nor just to conceal their purport from her. She then read her a letter from Mrs. Beresford, and another from Mr. Grey, in answer to queries about the £14,000.

Sharpe, I may as well observe, was at sea; Bayliss diverted.

Mrs. Beresford knew nothing about the matter.

Mr. Gray was positive Captain Dodd, when in command, had several thousand pounds in his cabin: Mrs. Beresford's Indian servant had been detected trying to steal it, and put in irons; he lieved the lady had not been told the cause—out of delicacy: and Captain Roberts had likewise told him. As to whether the money had escaped the wreck—if on Captain Dodd's person it might have been saved: but if not, it was certainly lost: for Captain Dodd to his knowledge had run on deck from the passenger's cabin the moment the ship struck, and had remained there till she went to pieces; and every thing was washed out of her.

"Our only consolation," said Mrs. Dodd, "I mean Edward's and mine, is now, that the money was lost in the ship; and you can tell your papa so, if you like."

Jane thanked her, and said she thought so too; and what a sad thing it was.

Soon after this Julia returned, pale and calm as a statue, and sat down humbly beside Jane:

"Oh, pray with me," she said: "pray that I may not have been base to be wicked; and pray that I may not love, for to love is to be miserable."

Mrs. Dodd retired, with her usual tact and self-denial.

Then Jane Hardie, being alone with her friend, and full of sorrow, sympathy, and faith, found words of eloquence almost divine to raise her.

With these pious consolations Julia's pride and self-respect now co-operated; relieved of her great terror she felt her insult to her lovers' ends: "I'll never degrade myself so far as to pine for another lady's lover," she said. "I'll resume my duties in another sphere, and try to face the world by degrees. I am not quite alone in it: I have my mother still—and my Redeemer."

Some tears forced their way at these brave, gentle words, that gave her time.

Then she said: "Begin by putting on your bonnet, and visiting with me. Come with one who is herself thwarted in the carnal affections: come with her and see how sick some are, and we two in health; how racked with pain some are, and we two at ease; how hungry some, and we have abundance; and, above all, in what spiritual desserts some lie, while we walk in the gospel light."

* This was one of those involuntary insecurrsche which creep into mortal statements.

"Oh that I had the strength," said Julia; "I'll try."

She put on her bonnet, and went down with her friend: but at the street door the strange feeling of shame overpowered her: she blushed, and trem bled, and begged to substitute the garden for so road. Jane consented, and said every thing must have a beginning.

"You little angel," said she, "I see something of her old impetuosity, "you have saved me, was making myself worse by shutting myself up in that one miserable room."

They walked hand in hand for a good half hour, and then Jane said she must go: papa would keep dinner, and was sorry to part with her, and almost without thinking accompanied her through the house to the front gate, and that was another gate passed. "I never was so sorry to part with you, love," said she. "When will you come again? We leave to-morrow. I am selfish to detain you; but it seems as if my guardian angel was leaving me."

Jane smiled. "I must go," said she, "but I leave better angels than I am behind me. I leave you this: 'Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God.' When it seems most harsh, then it is most loving. Pray for faith to say with me, 'Lead us by a way that we know not.'"

They kissed one another, and Julia stood at the gate and looked lovingly after her, with the tears standing thick in her own sweet eyes.

Now Maxley was coming down the road, all grizzly and bloodshot, baited by the boys, who had gradually swelled in number as he drew nearer the town.

Jane was shocked at their heathenish cruelty, and would fain have driven the wretches away.

Instantly Maxley fell upon her, and began beating her about the head and shoulders with his heavy stick.

The miserable boys uttered yells of dismay, but did nothing.

Julia uttered a violent scream, but flew to her friend's aid, and crying "Oh, you wretch! you wretch!" actually caught the man by the throat and shook him. Maxley let go his hold of Jane Hardie, who instantly sank moaning on the ground, and he cowered like a cur at the voice and the touch of the daughter of the excited girl.

The stir filled with cries, and Edward ran out of the house to see what was the matter; but on the spot nobody was game enough to come between the furious man and the weak one. The consequence was her impetuous courage began to flag, and her eye to waver; the demented man found that out by some half sentient instinct, and instantly caught her by the shoulder and whirled her down on her knees: then raised his staff high to strike her.

She screamed, and was just putting up her hands, woman-like, not to see her death as well as feel it, when the stick fell, but without her: a rushing wind, a blow, that sounded exactly like that of a paving ram, caught Maxley on the jaw; and there was Edward Dodd down-ing like a grampus with rage, and Maxley on his back in the road; but men under cerebral excitement are not easily stunned, and knew no pain: he bounded off the ground, and came at Edward like a Spanish bull. Edward slipped aside, and caught him another tremendous blow that sent him staggering, and his bludgeon flew out of his hand, and Edward caught it; lo! the maniac flew at him again more fiercer than ever: but the young Hercules had seen Jane bleeding on the ground, and the fire of battle in full career such a murderous stroke with the bludgeon, that the people, who were running from all quarters, shouted, "Stop, Edward, for Jane, but for Maxley; and well they might: that awful stroke laid him senseless, motionless, and mute, in a pool of blood.

"Don't kill him, Sir; don't kill the man," was the cry.

"Why not?" said Edward, sternly. He then kneeled over his sweet-heart and lifted her in his arms like a child. Her bonnet was all broken, her eyes were closed upward and set, and a little blood trickled down her cheek; and that cheek seemed streaked white and red.

He was terrified, agonized; yet he gasped out, "You are safe, dear; don't be frightened."

She knew the voice.

"Oh, Edward!" she said, piteously and tenderly: and then moaned a little on his broad shoulder. He carried her into the house out of the crowd.

The poor old doctor, coming in to end his days in the Indian Archipelago, had all: he got out of his cart and hobbled up. He had been in the army, and had both experience and skill. He got her bathed and off, and at sight of her head looked very grave.

In a minute a bed was laid in the drawing-room, and all the women in the house—and Edward, trembling now in every limb, ran to Musgrove Cottage, while Mrs. Dodd and Julia loosened the poor girl's dress, and bathed her wounds with tepid water (the doctor would not have cold), and put wine carefully to her lips with a tea-spoon.

"Wanted at your house, pray what for?" said Mr. Hardie, superciliously.

"Oh, Sir," said Edward, "such a calamity! Pray come directly. Captain has struck her, has hurt her terri , terribly."

"Her? Who?" asked Mr. Hardie, beginning to be uneasy.

"Who? why Jane, your daughter, man; and there you sit chattering, instead of coming at once."

Mr. Hardie rose hurriedly and put on his hat, and accompanied him, half confused.

Soon Edward's mute agitation communicated itself to him, and he went striding and trembling by his side.

The crowd had gone with insensible Maxley to the hospital; but the traces of the terrible combat were there. Where Maxley fell the last time, a bullock seemed to have been slaughtered at the least.

The miserable father came on this, and gave a great cream like a woman, and staggered back white as a sheet.

Edward laid his hand on him, for he seemed scarce able to stand.

"No, no, no," he cried, comprehending the mistake at last; "that is not here—Heaven forbid! That is the madman's who did it; I knocked him down with his own cudgel."

"God bless you! you have killed him I hope."

"Oh, Sir, be more merciful, and then perhaps God will be merciful to us, and not take this angel from us."

"No! no! you are right: good young man. I little thought I had such a friend in your house."

"Don't deceive yourself, Sir; it's not you I care for: *I love her.*"

At this bold declaration, so new and so offensive to him, Mr. Hardie winced, and stopped, bewildered.

But they were at the gate, and Edward hurried him on. As the house door he drew back once more; for he felt a shiver of repugnance at entering the house, of whose happiness he was the destroyer.

But cast it he must, and he did.

The wife of the poor Captain he had driven mad met him in the passage, her motherly eyes full of tears for him, and both hands held out to him like a pitying angel.

"Oh, Mr. Hardie," she said, in a broken voice, and with a sweet smile, and both hands, and led him, wonder-struck, stupefied, shivering with dark fears, to the room where his crushed daughter lay.

THE DIPLOMATIC EXCURSION.

WE publish on page 593 a reproduction of a photograph taken by Mr. W. J. Baker, of Utica, New York, representing the Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD CONDUCTING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT TRENTON FALLS. Mr. Seward and the various foreign Ministers left Washington a few weeks since for a tour to the Watering-places, and visited Niagara, Trenton Falls, Saratoga, etc. While at Trenton Falls they were caught by Mr. Baker, and persuaded to sit for the photograph which he has kindly permitted us to use. The gentlemen represented in the picture are the following, and may be identified by the numbers affixed to them:

1. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*
2. BARON DE STOECKEL, *Russian Minister.*
3. M. MERCIER, *French Minister.*
4. LORD LYONS, *British Minister.*
5. M. MATSUDAIRA, *Japanese Minister.*
6. M. SOELLNER, *Hanseatic Minister.*
7. M. HERTSLETT, *Italian Minister.*
8. COUNT PIERS, *Swedish Minister.*
9. M. HOFFMAN, *Prussian Legation.*
10. MR. SHEFFIELD, *Attaché of British Legation.*
11. MR. BOULLIOT, *State Department, U. S.*

Mr. Baker, whose success in taking this picture has been very remarkable, is selling large numbers of copies, both in the large size at $3.00 and in card form at $0.50. They may be procured of Gaupil & Co., in this city.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE publish on pages 596 and 597 three illustrations of General Gilmore's operations before Charleston, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE SALUTE AT BREAK OF DAY.

"MORRIS ISLAND, *Aug.* 31, 1863.

"May be that the report of the 'Journal of Civilization' will say, as they read the caption to this letter, 'Sunrise gun; so the night is passed in quiet repose.' Ah, if the reader would certainly know, could he but see each morning the lifeless clay borne from the trenches, all its record being 'Killed in the night.'

"The firing at night is not, however, quite so heavy as during the day—may be the men are fatigued, may be the gunners are not so sure of their aim. The break of day is often the time for a salute that seems to shake the whole island quake.

"The sketch shows, I think, the most comprehensive obtainable view of the 'situation,' as we say by the camp fires in availing themselves of each swell and rift of sand for cover. The material and work are so vastly different from that at Yorktown that I find myself wondering, when in the trenches, 'Where shall I dodge next?'

"THE REBEL TORPEDOES.

"Since the assault upon Fort Wagner the rebels have planted torpedoes in the channel in front of their works. As we come to these with our saps they are removed with care and safety.

"A few nights ago, by the accidental explosion of one of these machines, a negro corporal of the Third United States Colored Regiment was blown out of the saps, and the next morning was seen, dead and entirely nude, evidently placed as a bait by the rebels for the Yankee torpedoes, they undoubtedly thinking that we would attempt his removal for burial on the coming night, and explode the trap. Not so: the saps went quietly on; and when at last the body was reached the whole affair was dug out—the negro buried, and the torpedo reserved for use, if need be.

"THE SWAMP ANGEL.

"One of our batteries upon Morris Island, built under exceeding difficulties, is looked upon with so much pride and interest by our brave soldiers that this sketch of it, by the light of a just full moon, will no doubt please the anxious ones at home, who look with glad eyes upon the rapid progress of this siege.

"Who built the battery and where it is is a sort of a secret that we are keeping from the rebels; as for a time the names, place, and kind of batteries are withheld."

UNION REFUGEES.

WE devote pages 600 and 601 to an illustration of SOUTHERN REFUGEES FLYING NORTHWARD. This is a scene which may be witnessed almost daily on any highway in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Vast portions of those States have been absolutely desolated by the war. Houses, barns, bridges, fences, gardens have been obliterated by the ravages of the soldiers, and countless families, many of them bred in affluence, and delicately reared, have been thrown upon the world, without food, money, clothing, or shelter. We hear daily of tales of suffering among these Southern exiles which barrow the soul.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

OUR artist, Mr. Waud, is enjoying the rest which has been vouchsafed to the Army of the Potomac; he has, however, made some sketches of visits to the Warrenton Sulphur Springs, which we reproduce on page 605. He writes:

"WARRENTON SULPHUR SPRINGS.

"This famous resort of bogus aristocracy was laid in ruins by Sigel's division at the time when Pope took his brilliant flank movement upon Washington. The Hotel proper is entirely destroyed; but the building known as 'Rowdy Hall,' and the others in the grounds remain—the former occupied as a hospital. In the grounds, under the grateful shadow of the trees—some of which show the marks of shell or canister—the First Division Head-quarters of the Third Corps, forcibly reminding the spectator of an Arab encampment at the foot of some secluded Oasis. This is especially the case at night, when the moon, lighting up the shattered columns and white tents, gives a ghostly and picturesque effect to the scene. The deepest shadows falling with softening influence on the harsh outlines of the ruin.

"The Springs attract a great number of officers and men by their supposed beneficial effect on the blood. The water is cold and clear, but not pleasant, tasting strongly of sulphur, worse of sulphureted hydrogen. It has occasionally been taken mixed with Red Rye; but it is fairly remarked that, though the water might be improved in that way, the whisky is certainly spoiled.

"GENERAL PATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

"During General Patrick's absence from camp this pretty bower was raised, as a token of esteem, by two Companies of the Twentieth New York Volunteers. Some of the men had been sent by the officers who enlisted them as to the length of time they were to serve. They had been told that they should, and deserved to, go home with the rest of the regiment; being left behind they refused to do duty, and were tried and sentenced. General Patrick, Provost Marshal of the Army, feeling that they were harshly used, procured their pardon and dismissal from service. These poor Germans had had the means to offer any costly present, but their humble offering was as acceptable to the General as if it had cost thousands. They are said to be superior set of men, and propose to enlist again as soon as they have seen their friends."

THE DESTRUCTION OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

WE illustrate on page 604 the BURNS of the once thriving city of Lawrence, Kansas, which was destroyed in fortnight since by Quantrell and his fellow-brigands. The attack on the place and the massacre of the citizens is unparalleled in history, and even casts into the shade the famous massacre of Cawnpore. We condense from the *Herald* the following account of the outrage:

The massacre took place at the noon of night, and the startled peaceful citizens were sent to their last account by the bullets of the assassins in the places of their burning homes, and in the agonized embraces of their wives and children. Not a house was spared, and scarcely a man will have fallen victims. These comprise the principal citizens, with the exception of such as are in the field. There does not appear to have been any resistance whatever offered. In the early morning of Saturday guerrillas—a regiment of the scenes that used to be enacted on earth—by the sacrilegious Indians, when villages were given to the flames by some

Monster Brandt.

With all his howling, desolating band.

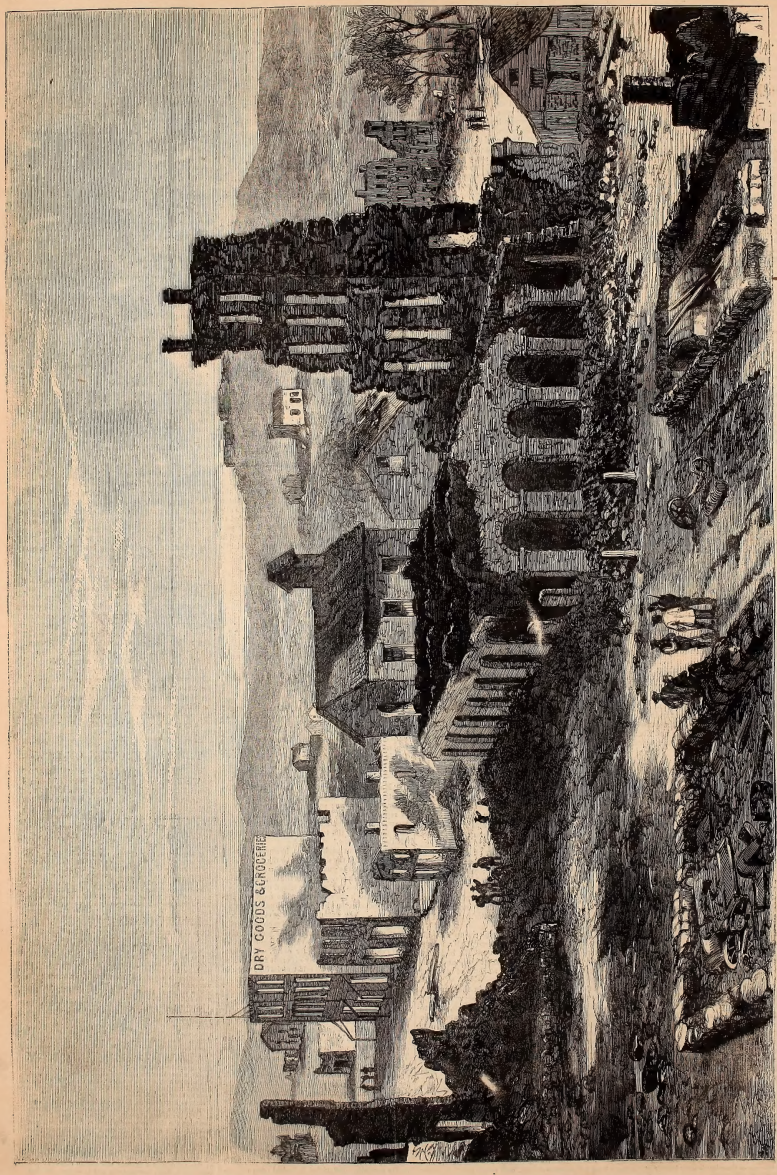
One instance is related of twelve men having been driven into a building and there shot, and the house burned over them.

Another is reported where twenty-five negro recruits were shot down.

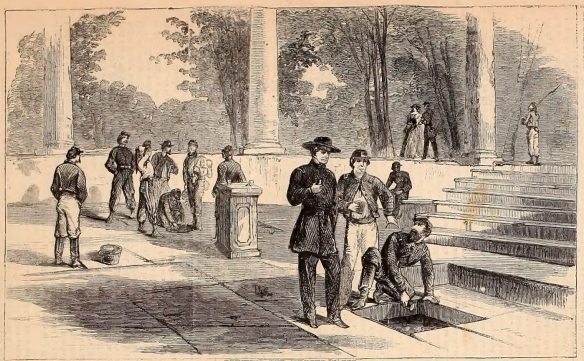
The bodies of the murdered people were thrown into wells and ditches.

There was but one hotel left standing, which was spared at General Ewing's request: he had been rendered there some years ago with all expenses. Its proprietor, however, was shot. The principal part of the city has been reduced to ashes, the loss being set down roughly at two millions of dollars. The banks were robbed, and the third only escaped because the safes could not be forced quick enough. Of course, whatever valuables the guerrillas could lay their hands on they carried off, and it is supposed that they are now dividing with their plunder in their blood homes, where they assume the character of Union men, and whence they will be able to start on a new harrowing and murdering expedition whenever they are called upon by their leaders.

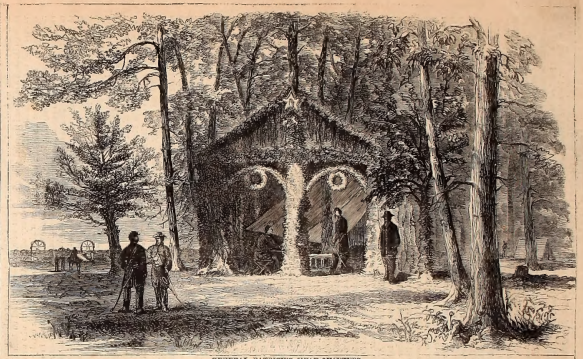
Next to Leavenworth, Lawrence was the most thriving town between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. It is situated about thirty miles west from Leavenworth, on the right or western bank of the Kansas River, which is here about eighty yards wide. The first has been known as the Delaware crossing. The river is crossed by means of a huge, flat-bottomed ferry-boat, operated by ropes that are suspended between the bluffs on each side. A substantial stone bridge was being built at this point, and a railroad was also in course of construction between Leavenworth and Lawrence—the first link of the Pacific road.



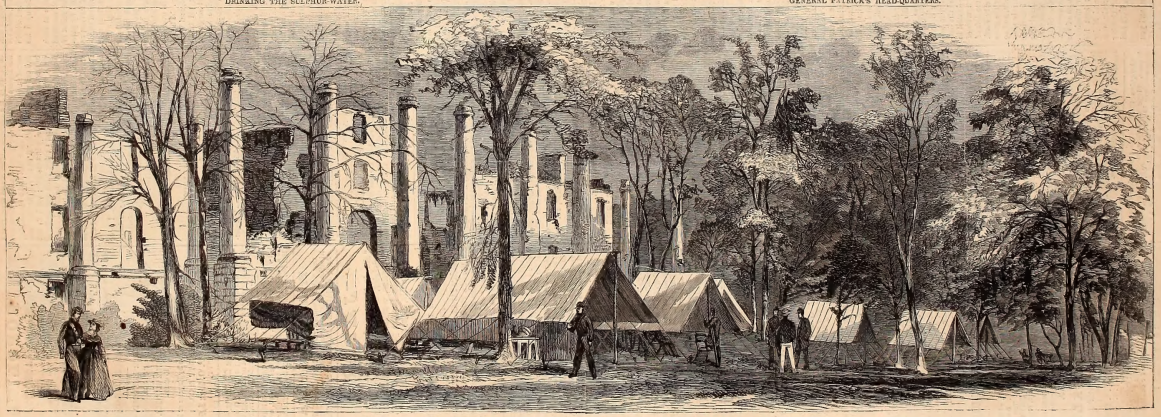
THE RUINS OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 603.]



DRINKING THE SULPHUR-WATER.



GENERAL PATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL BIRNEY'S CAMP AT WARRENTON SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

HOW THE FIRST NEW JERSEY FOUGHT AT BRANDY.

"It was the prettiest cavalry fight that you ever saw," said the Adjutant, stretching his legs and lighting a fresh cigar.

"It was just my luck to lose it," I answered.

"Here have I been lying growling and grumbling while you fellows have been distinguishing yourselves. It was miserable to be taken sick just when the army got in motion, and still worse not to hear a word of what was going on. I almost wished that we had been a *newspaper* regiment, so that I could learn something about our regiment that day's work. Be a good fellow and play reporter for my benefit. Freshen hawse, as the nautical novelists say, and begin."

"Well, we were lying at Warrenton Junction, making ourselves as comfortable as possible after the raid, when, on the morning of the 8th of June, the whole division was ordered out in the very lightest marching order. That night we lay close to Kelly's Ford in column of battalions, the men holding their horses as they slept and no fires being lighted.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 9th we were again in motion, and got across the Ford without interruption or discovery. Yorke, with the chief squadron, was in advance, and we all moved he managed so well that he bagged every picker on the road. Thus we had got almost upon the rebel camp before we were discovered. We rode right into Jones's Brigade, the First Jersey and First Pennsylvania charging together; and before they had recovered from the alarm we had a hundred and fifty prisoners. The rebels were then forming their ranks upon the hill-side by the church; they had a battery playing upon us like fun. Martin's New York Battery on our side galloped into position, and opened to answer them. Then Wyndham formed his whole brigade for a charge, except a squadron of the First Maryland, left to support the battery. We kept well in skirmishing order into them, sabre in hand, they broke like a wave on the bows of a ship, and over and through them we rode, cutting as we went. We could not stop to take prisoners, for there in front of us was the Twelfth Virginia, six hundred men, riding down to support Whiting. 'Pay Jove, Sir, that was a charge! They came up splendidly, looking steadier than we did ourselves after the shock of the first meeting. I do not know whether Wyndham was still with us, or if he had gone to another regiment; but there was Beckford looking full of fight, his blue eyes in a blaze, and his sabre clenched, riding well in front. At them we went again, and some of them this time stood us fairly. I saw Broderick's sabre go through a man, and the rebel gave a convulsive leap out of his saddle, falling senseless to the ground. It seemed but an instant before the rebels were scattered in every direction, trying now and then to rally in small parties, but never daring to await our approach. Now there were the open and plain before us, the drivers yelling at their horses, and trying to limber up. We caught one gun before they could move it, and were dashing after the others when I heard Broderick shouting in a stormy voice. I tell you, it was a startling sight. The regiment and White's Battalion had gathered together toward the left of the field, and were charging in our rear. The First Maryland was there, and Brodegick was shouting at them, in what their Colonel considered a 'very unguntlemanly manner,' to move forward to the charge. At the same time two fresh regiments, the Eleventh Virginia and another, were coming down on our front. Instead of daring at White's men the First Maryland wavered and broke, and then we were charged at the same time front and rear. We had to let the guns go, gather together as well as we were able to cut ourselves out. Gallantly our fellows met the attack. We were broken, of course, by the mere weight of the attacking force, but, following them up too, the whole field was covered with small squads of fighting men. I saw Broderick ride in with a cheer and open a way for the men. His horse went down in the melée; but little Wood, the bugler of Company G, sprang down and gave him his stirrup, setting off himself to obtain another. A rebel rode at the bugler, and succeeded in getting away his sword before he help came. As Wood went after a horse another fellow rode at him. The boy happened at that moment to see a carbine where it had been dropped after firing. He picked up the empty weapon, aimed it at the horseman, made him dismount, give up his arms, and start for the rear. Indeed, he went in again. Leaping bareback, Brooks, and Beekman, charged with twelve men into White's Battalion. Fighting hand to hand, they broke their way through, but left half of the men on the ground behind them. Hughes was left almost alone in a crowd, but brought himself and the men with him safe through. Major Beckford was last seen lying across the dead body of a rebel major with a gun. None of us thought any thing of two to one odds, as long as we had a chance to ride at them. It was only when we got so entangled that we had to stop enough to ride through a knot of men, so that he had to fight them. He struck one so heavily that he was stunned by the blow, but his horse was still in the way: swerving to one side, he escaped a blow from another, and, striking off the thrust of a third, managed to take him with his point across the forehead; just as he did so, however, his sabre, getting tangled with the rebel's, was jerked from his hand. He always carried a pistol in his boot. Pulling that out, he fired into the crowd, and put spurs to his horse. The bullet hit a horse in front of him, which fell. His own charger rose at it, but stumbled, and as it did Broderick himself fell, from a shot fired within not a length of him and a sabre stroke upon his side.

"I saw all this as a man sees things at such times, and am not positive even that it all occurred as I thought I saw it; for I was in the midst of confusion, and only caught things around by passing glimpses. You see, I was fighting as much as I could do. The crowd with whom Broderick was engaged was a little distance from me; and I had just wheeled to ride up to his help when two fellows put at me. The first one fired at me and missed. Before he could get over my his revolver I succeeded in closing with him. My sabre took him just in the neck, and must have cut the jugular. The blood gushed out in a black-looking stream; he gave a horrible yell and fell over the side of his horse, which galloped away. Then I heard a cheer, a fiery rein, plunged my horse, and went at the other one. I was riding that old black horse that used to belong to the signal sergeant, and it was in fine condition. As I drove in the spurs it gave a leap high in the air. That plunge saved my life. The rebel had a steady aim at me; but the ball went through the black horse's brain. His feet never touched ground again. With a terrible convulsive contraction of all his muscles the black horse pitched forward, my left hand on his head and side stone dead, pitching me twenty feet. I lighted on my pistol, the butt forcing itself for itself into my ribs; but my hand was still my hand, and I lay, with arms and legs all abroad, stretched out like a dead man. Every body had an eating time to do there, to attend to me; and there I lay where I had fallen.

"It seemed to me to have been an age before I began painfully to come to myself; but it could not have been many minutes. Every nerve was shaking; there was a terrible pain in my head, and a numbness through my side which was even worse. Fighting was still going on around me, and my first impulse was to get up and join in it. I crawled to it and sank down as I grasped it once more. That was only for a moment; for a rebel officer seeing me move, and, in the full confidence of danger roused me, and I managed to get to my horse, behind which I sank; resting my pistol on the saddle and so contriving to fire in my rear. As soon as the man saw that, he turned off without attaching me. I was now able to stand and walk; so, holding my pistol in my right hand and the rein in the other, I made my way across the fields to where our battery was posted, scaring some with my pistol and shooting others. I was determined not to be shot through the whole fight. When I got up to the battery I found Wood there. He sang out to me to yield and surrender to me a horse, as one of the men, who had just taken one, was going past, so Wood stopped him and took it for me. Just at that moment White's Battalion and some other troops came charging at the battery. The squadron of the Maryland, who were supporting it, met the charge well as far as their numbers went; but were, of course, flanked on both sides by the heavy odds. All of our men were in full face came swarming up the hill, and the cavalry were fighting over and around the guns. In spite of the confusion, and even while the struggle was at the same piece were being sabred, the men at that battery kept to their duty. They did not even look up or around, but kept on their fire with unwavering steadiness. There was one rebel, on a splendid horse, who sabred three gunners while I was chasing him. He wheeled in front, and dart away and then come sweeping back and cut down another man in a manner that seemed almost supernatural. We all shouted to the driving fellow away, but we could not catch or shoot him, and he got off without a scratch.

"In the mean time the fight was going on elsewhere. Kilpatrick's Brigade charged on our right. The Second New York did not behave as well as it has sometimes done since; but the loss of it would end us a great deal. The Tenth New York, though, went in well, and the First Maine (or Lincoln) Cavalry, as it was in spite of their superior numbers (Stuart had a day or two before reviewed thirty thousand cavalry at Culpeper), according to the accounts of rebel officers) we beat them heavily, and would have routed them completely if Duffie's Brigade had come up. But, however, was engaged with two or three hundred men on the left; the aid-de-camp sent to him with orders was cut down and killed on the road, and he is not the sort of man to find out the critical point in a fight of his own accord.

"So now, the whole line drew up still more reserves, and a whole division of theirs coming on the field, we began to fall back. We had used them up so severely that they could not follow us closely, except in the neighborhood of where the Second New York charged. There some of our men had as much as they could do to get out, and the battery had to leave three of its guns. We formed in the woods between a quarter and half a mile of the field, and, moving down to Howard Store, left of Buford, who was retreat toward Beverly Ford. Hart and Wynkoop sied hard to cover the guns that were lost, but they had no horses, and so had to leave them. The rebels were terribly punished. By their own confession they lost three times as many as we did. In our regiment almost every soldier must have settled his man. Sergeant Craig, of Company K, I have already named, is among Colonel Wyndham was wounded, but kept his saddle; Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick and Major Shelmire were killed; Lieutenant Brooks was wounded; Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Crocker were taken prisoners; and I, as you see, have had to come in at last and refit.

"I have spun you a pretty long yarn, and you must feel pretty tired; but when the memory of the fight comes over me I get almost as enthusiastic and excited as when it was going on. I am so proud of the regiment, officers and men, that I am almost sorry for the promotion that takes me out of it. Of course I have had to be egotistical, and tell you what occurred to myself, as that was to me the most intensely interesting; but I do not want you to fancy that I think I did any better or fought any harder than the others. In fact, I know that most of the others did a good deal more than I did; but not having seen it, of course I could not describe their share of the fight quite so well as that w ich occurred in my own neighborhood and to my own person.

"Now I am going to bid you good-night. I have talked mo than is good for me, and you have listened as h. s is good for you. To-morrow I will come as h. ll you something about what we did around Aldie and Upperville."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

FOR INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c. — Manufactured only by

S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New-York.

Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

BOOK TRADE SALE, NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 22, and 23.—The Catalogue of Messrs. Leavitt's great BOOK TRADE SALE in New York will commence on TUESDAY MORNING, Sept. 22d. The Catalogue, 400 pp., is now ready, and is the largest Trade Sale Catalogue issued in many years. It embraces full invoices of the publications of nearly all the Publishers in the United States, which will be sold by auction without reserve. Parties wishing to buy at this sale can obtain catalogues by application to the Trade Sale Rooms, Nos. 498 and 500 Broadway, New York.

EVERY ONE WHO

Has learned or wishes to learn the best Shorthand, the Beautiful and Legible Art of Phonography, should send for No. 1 of the PHONOGRAPHIC VISITOR. Price, postpaid, 4 cents. It contains a complete Catalogue of the best Phonographic Instruction books. Address,

A. J. GRAHAM & CO., Phonographers, New York.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of the Army and Navy, Merchants, Druggists, and Business Men generally. These Printing Offices are now extensively and quickly used throughout the States and Canada, and are considered indispensable by those who have them. They are the best Printing Apparatus for durable, and the printing material is of the best manufacture. Full instructions for use accompany each office.

Press No. 1, 3x 4 in., $10 00.—OFFICE COMPLETE, $20 00
Press No. 2, 4x 6 in., 30 00.—OFFICE COMPLETE, 39 00
Press No. 3, 8x11 in., 59 00.—OFFICE COMPLETE, 100 00
Press No. 4, 12x18 in., 150 00.—OFFICE COMPLETE, 175 00
Press No. 5, 12x20 in., 99 00.—OFFICE COMPLETE, 180 00
Circular and Cut Sheets of Types, Cuts, &c., &c., free.

Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

AND ALSO FOR SALE BY

CHASE & LEAVITT, 35 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

Office 429 Broadway.

The "Ridgewood" Patent Smoking Case.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by means of a valve, without an of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and available as a *Pipe Case*, thus saving the cost in every *Tort and utility for Smokers.* It is of *various styles*, at $1, $1 50, $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50, $4, $5 and $6, the latter richly plated and engraved. It is substantially made *for service*, and secure what it promises for all *Smokers, at home or abroad*, in the ARMY or NAVY.

Style, quality, and workmanship As a Present to friends, nothing could be more acceptable. For *the Soldier, in* Camp or on the *March*, it is invaluable.

Also is offered

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of superior flavor, and in style and quality to any granulated *Tobacco* in the market. Put up in packages *to fit the Pouch* (about a common cigar), or in larger packages as desired, for the general Trade. *Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors*, are invited to call and examine these Goods.

A liberal *Discount* to *Dealers*. *Single Cases* sent by mail or Express, *paid*, on receipt of price and 25 cents.

The Attention of Sutlers is particularly Invited to these Goods.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, Howard Street, New York.

Le Bon Ton. *for September*, Imported by S. T. TAYLOR, 497 Broadway, N. Y., is the most reliable *Fashion Book* for the ladies.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HANDYSIDE'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Something New.

Patent Fountain Marking Stamp and Pencil, for marking Bates, Packages, &c. 1000 Agents guaranteed 75 Dollars per month. Send stamp for circular, or One Dollar for sample, free by mail. E. F. CLARK & CO., Manufacturers, Box 35, Northampton, Mass.

Five quires (120 sheets) nice commercial note paper for 50 cents. Single quire, for a sample, 12 cents. 100 Envelopes to match, for 50 cents. 100 pd. do. 40 cents. All the above sent post-paid. Address GEO. E. SNOW & HAP-GOOD, Pathfinder Office, Boston, Mass.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Lace Fall-Pointions, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Caps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will forward, on receipt of 50 cents, each, Photographs of GENERALS MCCLELLAN, BURNSIDE, GRANT, FREMONT, ROSECRANS, SIGEL, HALLECK, SHERMAN, HALLECK, SHERMAN, BANKS, HOOKER, MEADE, PORTER, HUNTER, and SLOCUM, or any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00.

SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.

111 Fulton Street, P. O. Box 1,614,

NEW YORK CITY.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. **10** samples sent by mail for 20 cents. Address Box 32, R. L. WALCUTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, male and female, of respectable age, to learn a genteel and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 39x51. Price, $1,000.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

JAPAN,

"As it lives and moves—as it eats, drinks, dresses, and sleeps—as it rides, walks, jokes, bathes, and goes to the play—as it buys, sells, digs, sows, and reaps."

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just Published:

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Map and numerous Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

It abounds in graphic descriptions of life, manners, and scenery. Language, religion, domestic manners and habits, all have their place. . . . The author has neglected to give us those minute and delicate touches which present the scenes depicted forcibly to the mind's eye of the reader.—*London Times.*

The pictures of Japan as it lives and moves—as it eats, drinks, dresses, and sleeps—as it rides, walks, jokes, bathes, and goes to the play—as it buys, sells, digs, sows, and reaps—are most tempting and very capital pictures they are. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that this book on Japan, As a narrative, it is excellent; and as combining the results of large observation and close study among a strangely-interesting people, it possesses an importance for all thinking readers.—*London Athenæum.*

We have reason to be thankful for this amusing details and the graphic sketches contained in "The Capital of the Tycoon."—*London Examiner.*

All things, small and great, native feudalism and European discomforts, the tricks of the Tycoon's Government and the drift of English diplomacy, Japanese courtesy immodesty and European merchants' aggressiveness, the system of agriculture and—handsome—the total want of the oligarchy and native caricature, all are described with a fullness which leaves on the reader's mind the impression of absolute reality. Indeed, the whole Japanese style is clear and simple, he mind has few prejudices, and he has a general power easily and luminously applied. His book will be read with almost excited interest.—*London Spectator.*

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By JOSEPH KAY, ESQ., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister-at-Law, and Member of the Learning Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Author of "Olive Blake's Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Lover," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; author of "Lectures on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

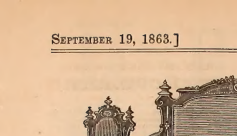
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS in HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Dollar per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse,
No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE. ☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c,
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
1000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " "	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Ins., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Sleeve Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Gold Holders, Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, including what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

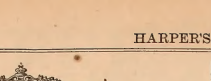
AGENTS.—Those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
308 Broadway, New York.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unrivaled, and valuable* articles, large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOVELTY PACKAGES containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Borders, Beautiful Emblems, Gold Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Compositions, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writers' Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Comic Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Receipts, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price of a Package only 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from 100 TO 500 PER CENT PROFIT ASSURED. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c., and sent by Express safe to all the Posts of the Army, South or Southwest. A PLEASED SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH LEVER, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our free Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. A. G. RICKARDS & CO., 102 NASSAU ST., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1.—Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.



THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE.—Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable billiard table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to billiards, for sale by PHELAN & COLLENDER, corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, New York.

The Phrenological Journal

For SEPTEMBER, now ready, contains Physiognomy Illustrated; Family Likenesses, with Portraits; Sketches of Gen. Grant, Wm. L. Yancey, and Thomas Addis Emmet, with Portraits; Phrenology of the Sisters, Illustrated; Wedding Rings; Choosing a Wife; The American Aborigines; Doings in Dahomey; Curiosities of Photography; Flogging; A Wonderful Child; Growing in Grace; Illness, the Idiot; Errors of Education; Climatine; Phonographic Reporters; The Country Girl, etc. Only 15 cents, by first post, or $1 50 a year. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

GLASS: LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Gilsa Signs and Silver Cards, with Designs, to order at low prices. Office 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St. ☞ Established 1826. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

CANVASSING AGENTS
WANTED
All Parts of the Country
FOR THE
KETTELL'S ENGLISH AND GERMAN
History of the Great Rebellion.
The business will pay. For terms address
N. C. MILLER, 5 Park Row, New York.

BOOK AGENTS' HEAD-QUARTERS.—The AUBURN PUBLISHING CO. want experienced agents in all parts of the country for the latest, largest, and best-selling HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, and other popular Agents' books. Apply soon to E. G. STOKES, Auburn, N. Y.



495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
The **Grover & Baker Machines** have taken the **First Premium** at the late State Fairs held in NEW YORK, ILLINOIS, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW JERSEY, MICHIGAN, TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA, IOWA, MISSOURI, NORTH CAROLINA, OHIO, INDIANA, ALABAMA, CALIFORNIA.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



McClellan, Grant, Dueens, Banks, Meade, Gilmore, Burnside, Hooker, Foster, and Sigel. All on the same pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-ground and date. Perfect photograph like, seen in each pin. Pencil back and front in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. *Agents wanted to send out the army.* The undersigned is the exclusive right of manufacturing this and the issues of

this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts.
LOUIS PHILLIP, 609 Broadway, N. Y.



Will warm food for the baby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or toddy, cook a few oysters, boil or fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other means known. Used on any lamp without obscuring the light. Price 25 cents; by mail, postage paid, 50 cents.

Also a Patent Lighter, for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 10 cents.

E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer,
135 Mercer Street, N. Y.

CORPS BADGES.
Made to Order, and Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price mentioned.



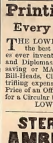
Terms Cash in Advance.
Send for Catalogue.
Address DROWNE & MOORE, Manufacturing Jewelers,
No. 208 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Printing Office for $12.
Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest yet made. Card and Job Presses are invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 13, and $23. Prize of an Office, with Press, $12, 25, 35, and $45. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA



DR. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and falling of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

Fraudulent

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was thick, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five feet four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

MRS. L. A. BEEBE, No. 608 Broadway, New York.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 609 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

National Union League.
Army Corps and
Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,
308 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera*, and general *out-door* use and sight. Perfect perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the best transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
609 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Rice Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 8th, 1863. For circulars address A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Rising Sun, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A LONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal of Hedden River Institute, Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., offers 14 weeks' board and tuition for $47. Term opens Sept. 16. (Both sexes.) If circulars, who board in the Institution with the pupils. Write for catalogues.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN EASILY EARN A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No stock in trade required except those found in every household; price, $1 10; per cent., demand stocks or bonds. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN & CO., No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

H. A. Harvey, 84 Malden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES, RODS, CORDAGE**, and YARN, Steam Reeling, Twich, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blacking Cord, Lamp Wick, Twine and Sergeant Yarn, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it tachometer, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 18 carat gold. It has the improved rubyention lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $294. Sample watches, in best workmanship, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Railway Timekeepers,
With Heavy Sterling Silver Cases,
Especially Adapted for Railroad Use.

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has *heavy solid sterling silver cases*, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome figures, with *the most regulated movement ever constructed to run and keep exactlcal time!* Price, per case of half dozen, $60; by mail, $1 05 for postage. If registered, 20 cents additional. A safe delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the case.*

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER is also furnished in handsome silver plated cases, and in all other respects the same as the silver ones, while in appearance they are fully equal. Price, $48 per case of half dozen. Postage, $1 05. *Registering, 20 cents. Sold only by the case.*

Our importations are invoiced personally by no other house, combining greater accuracy to timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically gotten up, offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The prices in all parts of the world are constantly attest the superiority of our watches. They economize amplest, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

"Expensive, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Excels all other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"Is an improvement on ordinary levers, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, Aug. 8.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish Americ.*, May 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg. Pa., Chronicle*, July 31.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.*, Government, April 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

☞ TERMS CASH: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk. Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY UPON IT. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of $1 25. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to the garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Corrugated Brass or other Metals. Patented June 30, 1863, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldier's price, $60; Civilian's, $80. Send for a Circular. J. W. WESTON, Agt., 401 Broadway, N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.



TESTY OLD GENT (*to Butler*). "Claret! Yes! Yes! Put it down; and pray, SIMPSON, don't blow upon my head so!"

PROFESSIONAL RECIPROCITY.

COUNTRY PARSON. "ROBINS, I'm sorry I don't see you at Church more regularly."

CONSCIENTIOUS BUTCHER. "Well, Sir, I knows as I did ought to come to Church oftener than I does—the lots o' meat you has o' me."

RETURNED TO THE CITY.

DR. B. C. PERRY, the Dermatologist, having filled his Boston engagements, can be consulted at his office, 4 Bond Street, New York, for all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Premature Blanching, Moth, and Freckles, and all Cutaneous Diseases. For full particulars, send stamp for a Circular.

American Enameled
STEEL COLLAR CO.,
94 Fine Street, New York.
C. H. WELLING.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *packing* or *ballasting* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most unobjectionable character, AS ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Averes* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which mean will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

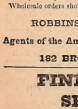
Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal States. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.



The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers. Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 215 *Pearl Street, New York.* 99 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for shaving, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

H. T. HUTTRIDGE & CO., 34 and 35 Dey Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

STAMMERING.

Cured by Bates' Patent scientific appliances the only known means for the rapid and permanent cure of Stammering, Stuttering, &c. They took the Prize Medal at the last London Exhibition.

For cure by Use of Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address H. G. L. MEARS, 377 West 23d Street, New York. P. O. Box 2076.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. ROBINSON, late PRATT, ROBINSON & Co., 190 William St., N.Y.

Vineland.

LANDS—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—*Large and Thriving* SETTLEMENT OF VINELAND—*solid and healthy* climate, 30 miles South of Philadelphia by Railroad. Precious large crops, which can now be seen growing. The soil is a *rich calcareous sand soil*, varying from a clay loam to a sandy loam. Produces large crops of Indian *Corn, Sutter Potatoes, Wheat, Grass, Grapes,* and all kinds of fruits. Specially adapted to Fruit.

The climate is so mild and open that planting and all kinds of outdoor work can be done *the entire winter*—most of the winter more resembling *Spring* than anything else.

Persons suffering from *Pulmonary Complaints* have been vastly benefited by the *climate alone. The water* is pure, soft, and delicious.

10, 20, and 30 acre tracts at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable 1 cash, balance in 4 years. We have churches, schools, and good society. For business there are excellent openings. It is now the *most improving point* East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The best by with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Pamphlets containing Reports and full information will be sent free by addressing CHAS. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland P.O., Cumberland Co., New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag., Ed. N. Y. Tribune:

"*It is one of the most attractive fertile tracts in the eleven best positions, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.

Address

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 2-5 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. North Street, Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

WATCHES FREE.

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE, and entirely new to the old styles; containing all NEW Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your *Friend in the Army.* No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers can easily go out as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper,* presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULAR for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. So a "15 per day Fact" on inside page.

S. C. RICKARD & CO., 162 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

"Get the Best."

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THISTLE & CO'S ENTIRELY NEW PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGES. They are the largest, best, and cheapest manufactured. Circular sent free. Best inducements to Agents.

THISTLE & CO., 130 Nassau Street.

STERLING SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCHES for sale by mail to all who will pay Great Attention to Prices and Goodness. Profits 200 per cent. Sells rapid. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for Circulars.

W. H. CATELY & CO., 68 Ann Street, N. Y.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Cruig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unequaled. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $3 75; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $5; or with 24 objects, for $8.

Address, HENRY CRAIG,
535 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

STEEL COLLARS

AND CUFFS,
ENAMELLED
LILY WHITE,

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, sent by Post to any part of the Union on receipt of $1 10.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 B'way, N. Y.

ALSO

FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS,

the largest assortment in New York, $4 75, $5, $5 75 each; all cut one yard long.

A stock, Price List by mail on receipt of the cart. The cost of postage must be enclosed—83 cents for each shirt.

Send the size of your neck.

ALSO

ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2, $2 25, and $2 50.

A LARGE STOCK OF

SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

ALSO

FINE WHITE SHIRTS

to order, $3, $3 50, and $4.

Send for Price List and Rules for Measurement, to

S. W. H. WARD, FROM LONDON,

No. 387 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. GOODALE'S
Catarrh Remedy.

Exterminates Catarrh, Rose and Bronch, forever. Price $3. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot 202 Broadway.

American Manufacture
STEEL COLLARS!!

Send One Dollar for a "checker," or One Dollar and a Half for a genuine "BIRD EYE" collar (to imported humbug) of the American Enameled Steel Collar Co.'s manufacture to BOX 5173, New York Post Office, and receive it by return mail. Box 5173, New York Post Office.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Swiss Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adopted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 28 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have conducted two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

Photograph Albums!

Elegant styles, in ARABESQUE and GOTH, from $1 to $25 each. Sent to any part of the country. Our Catalogue and Price List sent on the receipt of five cents. P. O. Box 4590. J. W. LOCKE & Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. C. S. SEAL M.D., with 15 years' experience, Rooms for Non-residents. Correspondence confidential. 153 North Bond street, Baltimore, Md.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They straighten the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great remedy. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and we mean with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a genius stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.
202 Broadway, New York.

Gold Pens and Cases,
Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$2 00
Med. "	75	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	$ 2 25
Large Eureka "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	3 00

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (10) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a Circular, containing engravings, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.

E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet. Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
AND
47 Hampton St. Birmingham, Eng.

COMPOSITE
SILVER WATCHES!



FIRST CLASS HUNTING COMPOSITE WATCHES, EQUAL IN ALL OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND APPEARANCE, TO CHRONOMETERS IN PRICE, THEIR CASES HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED TO SEVERAL APPROBATIONS! An imitation or bullion that is can hardly be detected from the solid metal by the most experienced jeweler. Stamped and being made all through, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving.

Two numbers with the scientific spirit of the times, which causes it to be manufactured from a beautiful alloy—almost identical with the counterpart of Gold—which can, and has only to be seen once but in confidently, the immediate purchase of one or more of these SILVER IS GOLD once!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In having hunting cases, *hermetically sealed, dust proof, and fever and heat proof,* in neat *rosewood case*, by the half dozen (60) pairs, in 1 lb. 8 oz. packages, for $9. Sold only by the case. Can be safely sent by mail.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very re-dily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred of ordinary bullet fort-i sing!-pay by any one of ordinary capacity in three days. TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE. Money by express or mail, in a registered letter at our risk.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,
Lyon-ware, cor. Cedar Street, N. Y.

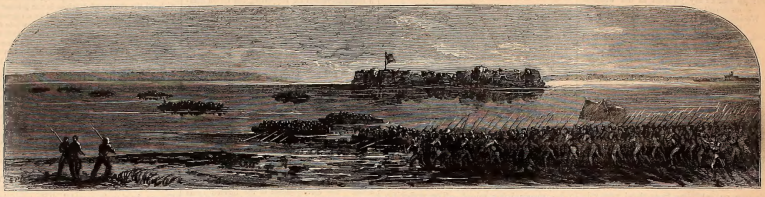
Color your own Photographs.—DILLON'S PERFECTED COLORS. $1 per Box. Sold by all Druggists.
J. S. DILLON, 17 Astor Pl., N. Y., sp. plate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 352.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—EVACUATION OF MORRIS ISLAND BY THE REBELS ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 6, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 621.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT UPON THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS, AUGUST 26, 1863.

SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

TO THE REPENTANT SAOUTH.

"Unless the errors of the past are promptly retrieved, the future holds no promise."—*From a Richmond Paper.*

RETRIEVE the errors of the past? Ture brothe-
r's blood is kallin,
From East and West, from Nawth and Sauoth,
where yu her laid 'em low.
Kin yu stop the blood from leyal hearts this verry
minuit fallin—
Kin yu bring again to life the gallant boys we
laid to krawl?

Go tu the grave where Baker lies—where Lyon
is a-sleepin,
Go kall up the heroick three who fell in Bal-
timore?
Give back tu ev'ry home bereaved the dear wuns
in Death's kreepin,
And wash the stain ov treeson from orf Free-
dom's holy shore!

Oh! yu needn't say yu went tu war withowt
no friendly warnin,
We all'ays told yu, from the fust, jest howr
the thing wood be—
Thet yu'd find yure "cap ov freedum" was a
cap ov sum fine worms,
And yu a preshus larfin-stock fur awl the
wurld ta see!

So yu reely hev begun tu think yu was a bin-
dikated nashens.
Tu open fire on Sumter's walls, and tawk ov
revolushun?
Yu'd rather not hev bin the fokes aour Nawth-
men tu awaken,
An' yu wish yu'd stood up manfully fur the
Constitushun?

Wa'al, I'm glad yu Suthern rebbels ar a-kumin tu yure senses;
I'm glad tu heer yu tawk about "the crorss ov the Jue"—
It's time yu hed begun tu overhawl yure vain pretenses,
And put away yure darlin sins:—I hope the change 'll last!

CHARITY GREDES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

THE GERMANNIN DANGERS.

THE occupation of Chattanoga by General Rosecrans; the capture of Knoxville and Cumberland Gap by General Burnside; the retreat southward of the rebels in Virginia, and the consequent advance of the Army of the Potomac; the steady progress of General Gilmore toward the reduction of Charleston; the development of Union feeling in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana; the expulsion of the rebels from the greater part of Arkansas; the departure of an expedition which will probably have the effect of clearing out the insurgents from Texas, and firmly planting the Stars and Stripes once more on the Rio Grande: these are the events of the day, and it is not presumptuous to say that the most fervent sanguine hopes of an early accomplishment of the National purpose in the present conflict, and measurably, set at rest the apprehensions which were once entertained touching the issue of the struggle. On the other hand, the triumph of the Union party by an overwhelming majority at the election in Kentucky, and the still more overwhelming Union victory at the elections in California and Maine, coupled with the indications of an equally decided manifestation of loyal sentiment at the coming elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, may fairly be regarded as relieving us from the next greatest danger, namely, divisions at home. In whichever side we look, in this country, the symptoms are all favorable and the prospect serene.

The only remaining cloud which overhangs the national horizon comes from abroad; and it must be admitted that it is a cloud of formidable appearance.

The Emperor Napoleon is involved in an enterprise in Mexico which, as he knows perfectly well, is so obnoxious to the people of this country that pending but the engrossing nature of the war in which we are engaged prevents our resisting him with force of arms. Even now the measures which the diplomatists are weaving him that our first step after the subjugation of the rebels will be to expel his troops from Mexico. The question arises—will he wait till then? Or will he avail himself of the present helpless position to secure a foothold in Mexico, and then intrench himself against our future attack by an alliance with the Southern Confederacy? We know that Mr. Slidell, the rebel envoy to Paris, has had several audiences of the Emperor lately, and also that he has been closeted with the French Secretary of State. Was it proposed at these interviews that a joint recognition should take place—that of the rebel Confederacy by France, and that of the Mexican Empire by the rebel Confederacy? If not, what is the purpose of the shower of pro-slavery *brochures* that are being issued from the semi-official presses, seemingly for the purpose of educating French opinion up to the slave-driving standard?

Of course, it is easy to see that a recognition of the rebel Confederacy by France, involving sooner or later a war with this country, would be fraught with more evil for the French than it could yield benefit. Indeed, it is hard to see what advantage the French could hope to reap, under any circumstances, from so unnatural an alliance and so unnatural a war. But the dangers which we can see in the enterprise may not be so clear to the view of the Emperor; and even if they were, he has already involved himself in an operation in Mexico out of which there is no possible escape without loss and discredit.

On the other side of the channel our affairs look better, but still are not pleasant. Three iron-clad rams are rapidly approaching completion, two on the Mersey, one on the Clyde. Every one knows that these are for the service of the rebels, and that they are intended, not to rob and burn defenseless merchant vessels, like the *Alabama* and the *Florida*, but to blockade New York and Boston, and to break the blockade at Mobile and Wilmington. Every one in England, from the Queen downward, is perfectly aware of this fact. Yet the Government pretends to discover some impediment in the way of executing the Neutrality Law, and the Prime Minister, when urged by Mr. Roebuck and Englishmen, who seem still to retain a sense of decency, actually justifies himself by declaring that the British Government can not be coerced by foreign menaces. The language which raved maniacally when Captain Craven watched the *Sumter* off Southampton, and actually threatened to ship a broadside in a storm when he dared to refit, now bellow to us across the water—"What don't you send cruisers here to look after Laird's iron-clads?"

It is so clearly the interest of Great Britain not to establish a precedent which would some day react fatally against herself, that, under ordinary circumstances, one might scold up upon these vessels being seized. The probability would seem to be that after some more bluster against the Yankees by Lord Palmerston, and some more quivocation by Earl Russell, the law will be carried out—not from any regard for us or fair dealing, but simply from a dread of future retaliation in kind. But it is not always safe to calculate on the wise thing being done. The equipment of the *Alabama* and the *Florida* was a great mistake as England could have controlled, as she can control, the next war she goes to war; yet they are both at sea, burning our ships.

What, then, are we to do? Senator Sumner has proved to us, within a week, in an oration of remarkable eloquence, brimming with legislative and apt precedent, that recognition is impossible, and that we are legally and in fact at war with Prime Minister of England and France, instead of being Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs. This country, he says, assurances would be very comforting. As it is, our policy is clearly to prepare for the worst, and then, if it doesn't come, return thanks to God for dangers escaped. But meanwhile we must push on the armies: on from Chattanooga, on from Knoxville, on from Culpepper, on to Charleston, on to Mobile, on to Texas. We must push on the draft too, and voluntary enlistments of every man—be he black, brown, or white—who can carry a musket. If we have a million men in arms Europe will respect us. We must, above all, push on the construction of iron-clads. These are your best peace-makers and peace-keepers. There should not be the cost of an iron-clad in every dock-yard throughout the United States, and contracts made for iron plates enough to shield the greatest navy in the world. With a million men and one hundred powerful iron-clads we should be safe; otherwise not.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

In spite of the warnings of foreigners the public credit of this country continues to be destroyed, and the people will not—blockheads that they are—understand that they are utterly ruining themselves. The Rebel Congress borrowed another little sum of $50,000,000 from the Banks. The whole thing was settled in about ten minutes; and the only question which gave rise to any debate in the discussion of the details grew out of an unsuccessful attempt of the Banks to secure the privilege of taking more than they did.

The conversions of 5.20 Bonds—to which we have drawn attention more than once—is utterly unexampled in financial history. We are informed by Secretary Chase that "the sum of sales sold most of the Bonds, for the following interesting statistics on the subject:

The sales of Five-Twenties to September 1, 1863, were as follows, viz.:	
Through the Loan Agencies	$126,425,000
Through the various subscribing Agents	19,575,000
Total sale to September 1	$146,000,000

The Secretary of the Treasury has now completed arrangements for placing the Five-Twenty Bonds Europeanwise. New plates have been engraved, and new devices adopted to protect the Coupons and the Bonds themselves against counterfeiting. The delay in delivering Bonds during the month of August was necessarily occasioned by these precautions. Now that they are completed, greater rapidity in the production of Bonds will immediately follow the issue of the Coupons of October 1st, and the demand for Five-Twenties continued good: there are indications at the Agencies that the continued success of our arms will greatly increase the demand during the next few weeks.

We continue to have considerable inquiry for Five-Twenties for the foreign market. The German Bankinghouses are the principal buyers of Government Stock for shipment.

THE LOUNGER.

HOW SHALL WE VOTE?

A YEAR ago, in the last political canvass in this State, the Democratic Party sought to tag every man which aims only at the sure and final salvation of the Government and country, strenuously supported the nomination of General Wadsworth for Governor. It did so because it saw that his success would be a bitter blow to the enemies of the country at home and abroad, while that of his opponent would be hailed with joy in Richmond, London, and the New York Post Office. This alone was a sufficient reason for supporting the Union nominations of last year.

The logical consequence of the success of a candidate who was acceptable to our enemies was the riot of July. Ten days before the riot that candidate, now Governor, had assured at the National Government, and at the war for supporting rebellion, and had covertly threatened mob violence. Our papers and papers that must strongly support the election last year were the direct instigators of the riot, by their fierce and wanton slanders of the Government, and their constant inflammatory appeals to the basest passions of the most ignorant class. They declared that the draft was an unconstitutional and tyrannical measure, by which poor white men were to be dragged off and forced to fight to free negroes. This was the ground taken by all the members of the party from the Governor down. The wild and wicked riot that followed they called an uprising of the people, and a great popular movement. The Richmond papers exulted. The correspondent of the London *Times* announced that the civil war had reached New York, and all the hostile Press of England applaud declared that our great and vital successes in the field were neutralized by the outbreak in New York. On the eve of the riot, on the Saturday before the Monday, when he knew that the city was without troops, and when, according to his own statement, the chance of trouble was so great that he had sent his Adjutant-General to Washington to beg that the draft might be stopped, the Governor, whose election was hailed by the foreign and domestic enemies of this country, went out of his way to make an inflammatory speech to a mob on Monday, and did not appear until Tuesday noon, when the first words of the chief magistrate of the State to the most cruel and lawless ruffians were—"My friends."

Another election is at hand. The same eager regard of friend and foe to the issues of the war still continues. The question of national salvation is still pending. There is no technical pretext for opposition. How, then, will loyal men, who sincerely wish the absolute triumph of the National Government, vote? There are as before two tickets in the field, as before two platforms or sets of resolutions. But resolutions are words, and words adroitly used conceal things. One of those tickets is equally for the most earnest friends of the Richmond papers, of the rebel leaders, of the men who hate the Union and the Government. Its success would be hailed by Davis and Toombs as a victory of theirs. Davis's organ suggests the advance of Lee into Pennsylvania as a means of strengthening the hands and hands of traitors to support this ticket and of securing its success. It is sustained by the sympathy of Vallandigham and of every man in the free States who wishes to end the rebellion trumph; and it is the ticket for which the Governor of Mississippi, Pendleton Wood and Benjamin his brother necessarily work. The characters of the candidates upon the ticket are not in question. They are but individuals, by which the success of the ticket is the success of the managers in this State, who are known to all loyal men as the friends of the rebels.

There is another ticket, which is hated as cordially at the New York Hotel as it is in Richmond, and which every loyal man would fain vote for. It hears of rebel sympathizers abroad as another grand proof of the resolution of the country not to yield to the insolent menaces its foreign enemies. It would show the rebels that in our victories we were resolved as firmly as in our disaster to maintain the national authority safely and forever. And while thus it extinguished hope in rebel minds it would show all loyal hearts in the land that the Union party was still united in patriotism as it is in power.

Every voter in the State will support one of these tickets. Every voter in the land, also, sympathizes with one or the other. Shall we vote as Davis and Vallandigham advise, or as the unconditional maintenance of our free, just, and popular Government demands?

WHAT A JACKSONIAN DEMOCRAT SAYS.

One of the most extraordinary and trenchant political works of the day is a letter lately published in the *Boston Journal* by "A Jacksonian Democrat," addressed to the Democrats of Massachusetts, and written, as the *Journal* informs us, by a distinguished Worcester Democrat—one of a Democrats who nominated a Webster Whig for Governor. This doctor of the Jacksonian school has a philosophical, logical, and brilliant mind, and conclusions his summary by saying:

"Yet now, more on the continent so much as in the sincerity of the great body of democratic Communities—a discovery—not Democracy is the Democratic party so sincerely—not thoroughly despised." And so asks why, and answers, "Because we abandoned our principles to follow our leaders." "Because when South Carolina hated freedom, and honestly proclaimed its hatred, we who hated slavery meanly pretended to like it."

The Jacksonian Democrat then proceeds to a most scorching review of the consequences of this policy to "our noble old Democratic party." He shows how it utterly degraded it; how "the parade and the dregs of society were sluiced for years through the public offices into the managing committees of the great political parties." "Even the offscourings of the public offices came our former leaders and their tools, the present Breckinridge and Vallandigham Democracy have played at government for us during many years, and what they have done with us about ruining a party or a country is hardly worth considering." He continues: "Genuine Democracy no more resembles the Democracy these men have built up yet than the beast-steak resembles offal, or than brookfish resembles shoddy." "The Democracy we have had to put up with displayed a masterly inactivity when a common man was to be benefited, but worked with all the energy of delirium in the interest of any nonprofit who had been suckled by a negress." "This kind of Democracy produced the whole Abolition agitation, and handled it from the very beginning with a sure ineptitude." "The Democracy we have had to put up with originated in the intellect of Mr. Calhoun, and exasperates the bile of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

This terrible Delegate to the Democratic Convention then sketches Calhoun and his influence. "It has been the deadliest Democracy that ever seen in America." "General Jackson was one of the men who saw through him; and as the old hero was not able to fortify himself against his patriotically hated hate to the last—him, and his principles, and his friends, and every thing that was his. On his death-bed he regretted that he did not have him hung." The Jacksonian Democrat shows how Calhoun used his party to ruin it and to divide the nation. He must have an "issue." "The tariff had been exhausted, and would not answer. Slavery he thought, would." "Mr. Calhoun's agitated the mute question just as soon if it had coincided with geographical lines. And he could not have found a stronger weapon he made quicker use of as well as upon the slave question, if he could have received the same help on it from those Northern men of the same democracy successfully encouraged him in the 'fatal exercise of domineering talk!'" The disdainful pen of this indignant Democrat then sweeps by step into the declension and fall of the party. It "could not help growing conveniently and even inconveniently small [he speaks of Massachusetts], soon, its whole party and soul was to be 'as a man a nigger.' I think it lucky for the shoe business that their leading minds did not apply their energies to that. As they had, they would have to open up every shoe-shop in the United States in a year." As he proceeds to show that the leaders of the under Democracy revolted from these leaders in that they now desire to resume their leadership. He declares that he has always been a Democrat, but never abandoned the name for "National" or any other. "I would like, with your assistance, to reclaim the use of [the name] entirely from those of us who have never deserted or betrayed it. And I have a right to complain that while Mr. Breckinridge and four hundred thousand of his party are murdering their fellow-citizens in Virginia, some hundreds of them make use of my party name while defending orphan asylums and resulting peace in New York." This Jacksonian then continues: "On this point (if the newspapers report him correctly) Mr. Wood has always been at home with the Honorable Fernando Wood. He thinks that no Democrat can support a war against South Carolina for Secession. Mr. Calhoun thought so, too. General Jackson, on the contrary, intended to hang Mr. Calhoun the moment he attempted to put Mr. Wood's theory into practice. Mr. Wood's natural attention to excuse a rebel may yet be carried out by some of his party, though upon a different principle, on Jefferson Davis, and why. And if Mr. Wood should happen to be that person, his efforts to overthrow the Constitution have been as strenuous, as indefatigable, and as meritorious, that it is impossible not to wish him the fullest success."

The Jacksonian disciple continues his scathing analysis of the fearful blundering of the usurping party leaders: shows that they are "political meninblack of the basest interest"; that "the South has never broken any compromise of the Constitution," and they know it; declares that he does "not blame the South for attacking the Constitution, but for denying that they broke it;" that he "despises Mr. Seward for his want of comprehension" in asserting a higher law of conscience instead of the highest law of the public safety; criticises Southern "chivalry" and "gentility"; exposes the shallow pretence of the Democratic party to advance the cause of slavery by agitation at the South; accuses the Southern Democrats of "meanly picking a quarrel with the North," and of "cowardice" if they had remained the Administration could have been checked; and "therefore I am compelled to say to them, that if the stream of secession should tear us on so far, I shall behold with much resignation the corpse of the last rebel hanging in the rear-rank of the last slaver."

And this is a Jacksonian Democrat, who is for the Government "actively and without conditions." Another Democrat! Of course. Which is the Democrat, this man or Vallandigham?

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

IN his recent speech Mr. Sumner, Chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, has collected and condensed all the flagrant instances of foreign hostility to us during the war, and has enriched, with all the lights of history and precedent, his view of the traditional foreign policy of Great Britain upon the subject of Slavery. His speech is a clear statement of what ought to be, and what has been the conduct of European nations in questions of intervention. But our present interest is not a consideration of the question, what *will be*, and in their conduct.

International law is the custom of nations. There is no other court of arbitrament than the pleasure of the different governments. If any of them differ upon a point of the law it may be referred to another, or the view of each may be referred to arms. In all cases it may be truly said that a nation tolerates no international custom which it does not think to be advantageous. Mr. Sumner cites the various occasions upon which Great Britain has intervened in the interest of liberty, sometimes alone, sometimes in concert; but always because, being a liberal government, she considered liberality in other nations safer for herself. Neither Great Britain nor any other nation adopts a principle merely because of its morality. It is when morality is seen to be allied to interest that the interest is sought and the morality prescribed. And the more quotes Wilberforce to prove that Great Britain had been a commercial gainer by an anti-slavery policy. Unquestionably she has been. But without the security of commercial gain or political power would she have been an anti-slavery nation?

There is no more selfish nationality than the British. Mr. Roebuck stated the British principle precisely when he said at Sheffield—"I am ready to fix for the interest of Great Britain is the interest of the world." The question in our foreign relations, therefore, as regards England is not what she think her interest requires? Mr. Sumner shows us how steadfastly she has stood for increasing freedom in every State, but certainly Mr. Sumner is quietly assented to what the Senator calls the greatest political crime of the last century, the partition of Poland. And William Pitt was a Tory. When Fox reproached him Pitt said: "In general policy I am ready to confess that this partition is unjust." Still he assented. It is not, therefore, whether it is wrong to recognize the rebels as a power, nor whether it has been her habit to do so, nor whether it will help found a new and barbarous power, which Great Britain will consider, but whether it is for her commercial and political advantage to see this country ruined and its government overthrown. Great Britain, which has maintained an anti-slavery policy, and frowned upon the basis of "ideas" and submits to Louis Napoleon, will do exactly what they think their interest demands. And if their action is entirely according to their traditions, they will decorate it with as fine a name as they have hitherto bestowed upon a course diametrically opposite.

Of course we do not say that moral considerations have no influence upon national action, for they are the highest source of all true national progress. And it is undeniable that the greatest political philosophers and the wisest men see that justice is coincident with interest. But when men are fels slowly and reotects it slowly. They influence political action, and public opinion at length controls national action. Mr. Sumner's speech is a noble appeal to that higher reason which controls human affairs. But it is not addressed directly till us whether we are likely to have a foreign war.

"CONCILIATION."

Our friend Governor Horatio Seymour has been making another speech. It is remarkable that when nothing was to be saved but the country, Mr. Seymour declared that the Government had no power to "coerce" rebels, and that when the rebels began to coerce the Government Mr. Seymour retired to the frontier of Minnesota. But when Mr. Fernando Wood put him upon the track as a candidate for Governor, and his political prospects were to be saved, he found his tongue, and used it to say that the rebels had criticised the Union, and upon themselves, and that there was very good reason for the conduct of the rebels. And now that there is hope of helping his prospects still further, Mr. Seymour makes speeches and writes letters without end. Indeed he has done so much of this work that the public which worked very hard at the his election, now says, "He can talk more without saying any thing, and write more without meaning any thing, than any other man we know."

His latest speech up to the time of this writing was before the Democratic Convention at Albany, in which he demanded "a conciliatory policy." What do he and men like him mean by conciliation? Grant the enormous conspiracy against the Government. For two years it has made bloody war. Its intention is frankly expressed, its object plainly declared. It aims at a dissolution of the Union by means of forcible revolution. Mr. Seymour proposes "conciliation." The rebels demand reparation because "what they allege is not a radical and essential incompatibility, and Mr. Seymour suggests "conciliation." They refuse to obey laws which we think Mr. Seymour can not call unconstitutional, and he turns to the Government—that is, to the people of the country—and says, "Let's conciliate." In the same manner and with the same principle, when the brute mob of New York, infuriated by rum and his provocation, were burning and murdering defenseless houses and persons, the same Mr. Seymour called them, still reeking with human blood, "My friends," and then makes a jest of the phrase in his Albany speech.

What does he mean by "conciliation" to rebels who not only have not asked for it, but who treat at him for suggesting it? The only "conciliation" possible is to yield to some of the rebel demands. Unless rebellion is obey the laws. We resist it with blood. The Government is advised to say, "My friends, don't do it. Please to let us know the conditions on which you will obey." The adviser considers himself "a statesman" for proposing such a course, and his name is Horatio Seymour.

Mr. Seymour will remember that his political and patriotic sponsor, Mr. Fernando Wood, made the most servile apology to Robert Toombs and the State of Georgia because he could not prevent the seizure of arms intended, as Mr. Wood knew, to slay loyal citizens of the United States. Mr. Robert Toombs is one of the ringleaders of the rebellion to which Mr. Seymour offers "conciliation," and on the day after the offer was suggested Mr. Toombs's letter was printed, in which he says: "I can conceive of no extremity to which my country could be reduced in which I would for a single moment entertain any proposition for any union with the North on any terms whatever." Now it is for the sake of establishing a new political partnership with Toombs, Davis, & Co., that Mr. Seymour makes his proposition. "Let us stop," he says, "and, my friends, to Toombs, "and make me President, and you shall have every thing you want." Unluckily for him, and not to put too fine a point upon it, Toombs spits in his face.

What does his Excellency think of his chances of "conciliating?" Let him ponder whether it was Seymour's saying and acting "My friends," or the rifles and howitzers that put down the riot.

COAXING REBELS.

THE Albany Democratic resolutions say that, in view of the recent [sic] manifestations in North Carolina and elsewhere, a "conciliatory policy" should be adopted. But the Convention forgot to consider a very important and decisive point. It is, whether any rebel desiring to lay down his arms and return to his allegiance has been prevented by the Government from doing so. If not, how can the Government "conciliate" him? If he has been prevented, where and when? As for the Union in North Carolina, we have not heard that one of them submits to the laws it will receive their protection. But the return of one State from the fear of tyranny and misrule is the assurance of a single brigade in a battle. The opposing General does not stop fighting until all are conquered or all have surrendered. The impression that the citizens of the United States who live in the State of North Carolina submit to the Government they have always loved and supported is fictitious. If we could know the answers to the Carolinians will cause the Georgians to lay down their arms, the answer is plain enough, as Mr. Lincoln says: "If the citizens come to rebel it will be time enough to talk about amnesty."

Coaxing rebels to obey the laws may be a pretty policy for a party in extremity to suggest. But the people of this country have been taught by dire not mean to coax but to coerce rebels, and they will go on crushing, not conciliating, rebellion.

TWIN CRIMES.

ONE of the Copperhead papers, with a complacency which could be found only in a dull devotee of the slaveholding idea, says that secession is whatever, speaks of the "twin crimes of Abolition and Secession." Why did it not complete the list of similar twins? Why did it not say that secession, the twin crimes of parricide and filial affection; of incest and wedlock; of arson and humanity; of burglary and decency; of horse-stealing and truth and falsehood; of murder and self-sacrifice; of capital offence and Christianity; of treason and drunkenness; of right and wrong. By the same wise classification we have also the twin criminals America Benedict Arnold; Washington and Jefferson Davis; Washington and Benedict Arnold; Tousaint L'ouverture and Gordon, Aaron Burr and Hamilton; Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln; Robert Smalls and Robert Toombs; Morgan and Theodore Winthrop; Quantrell and Robert Dale Owen.

The Copperhead philosophers base their claim to conservative patriotism upon their denial of the fundamental principles of the Government and civilization—as if disbelief in God and the devil proved a man to be sincerely religious.

A BRAVE BARD.

Two days after losing his leg at the battle of Fair Oaks one of our German Volunteers consoled himself with singing. The following is indebted to "Constant Reader" in Baltimore for the MS.

L-E-G ON MY LEG.

God leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And trusty wast thou to me;
I thank thee most that, to the end,
Thou didst stick by me free.

Strange paradox, that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft
I lost my left leg for the right,
And yet right's the one that's left.

But while the sturdy stump remains
I may be able yet to patch it;
For even one leg more pains
To make an L-e-g to match it.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL GILMORE has been appointed Major-General of Volunteers, in consideration of his services before Charleston.

GENERAL HUNTER, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, has retired from Washington, and General KEIM, late of the Washington Arsenal, summer charge of the bureau temporarily; and Captain HUNTER, of the Ordnance Department, has been appointed to the command of the Washington Arsenal.

The trial of Captain C. M. LEVY, Quarter-master, was suspended because General Meredith was prevented by sickness. He is charged with having defrauded the Government by furnishing inferior supplies for the use of troopers in his department. His friends are confident that the charges will be explained and withdrawn.

Major FALLS, First Pennsylvania Cavalry, has been ordered to report to General HATCH, at Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN SEDGWICK, Battery B, Fourth Artillery, has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in the same regiment, vice [illegible], in command of his old battery, one of the most effective in the service.

Captain JOHN ROSSMAN has been detached, rick, from the command of the *Conemicus*, and is waiting for orders.

Lieutenant A. T. MACKENZIE's orders to the Naval Academy have been revoked, and he is ordered to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE G. MEADE has been detached from the Ordnance Department at New York, and ordered to the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

DR. DRENAN, of the gun-boat *Commodore Jones*, was shot on the night of 11th in Norfolk by a sentinel. He started in a boat from Kimberly's wharf to cross over to the Naval Hospital, when he was hailed by the sentinel. Not hearing him, he kept on his way until he was shot and very dangerously wounded.

Captain HENRY Dwight Assistant Adjutant-General to General SMITH, has been appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Regiment New York Volunteers.

Colonel POWELL, of the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers, has been discharged from the service.

Captain A. M. PENNOCK, First Captain of the Minnesingers, arrived from Cincinnati of the train from depôt of Camp Illinois, has arrived at Washington on a short leave of absence.

General HOOKER, it is reported, is about to be assigned to an important command.

A grand review of rebel officers have recently been murdered out of service, including nearly every member of Jefferson Davis's Staff. The last still remains at Bonnie Brig, Pennsylvania.

A new Monitor, the *Passaic*, was launched at Jersey City on 12th. She is 220 feet long, 46 beam, 13 depth of hold, and 74 draught.

Commander Green has been ordered to the command of the *Galatea*, and Lieutenant-Commander FLEMMING to the *Sagamore*.

Captain WEBSTER, of the ship *Constitution*, captured by the privateer *Georgia*, says that his vessel was taken on the 16th of June, in lat. 50° 21' south, long. 80° 30' west. The prize was commanded by Captain MAURY, who was recently in command of the *Sumter* for three years. The prize-crew plundered the Constitution, taking from her all valuable property. On the 18th of June the prize captured and bonded the ship *City of Boston*.

General BERRY, Chief of Artillery, has been ordered on the tour of inspection.

The official orders detailing Generals MEADE, HANCOCK, and BARRY, away from their Brownie are similarly worded, and do not leave the impression that the officers referred to are to be permanently relieved.

General SANDFORD, of Florida, and Generals Vollentere was just week made Brigadier-General.

The Hon. D. W. VOORHEES, member of Congress from Indiana, left for the front on Monday last, Wednesday, was roughly treated by some soldiers on a train of cars on 17th. Several soldiers, with the officers present, attempted to kick the soldiers, however, forced him to leave the train before he reached his destination.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HEAD-QUARTERS, IN THE FIELD, Sept. 7, 1863.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief, U.S.A.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report that Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, on Morris Island, are in our unopposed ground the crest of the counterscarp of Fort Wagner on the main front, extending to the gorge, and no other was used to carry the place by assault at nine o'clock this morning.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

About ten o'clock last night the enemy commenced evacuating the island, and the whole seventy-five of them made their escape from Cumming's Point in small boats.

Captured Artillery: Fort Wagner, 11 guns, one battery manned by Colonel Rolett, of South Carolina, and garrisoned by detachments of effective men; and Battery Gregg by between one and two hundred.

Fort Wagner is a very large and formidable kind. Its bomb-proof shelter, capable of holding eighteen hundred men, protected it from the most terrible bombardment to which any work was ever subjected. We have captured nothing but a battery and a very large supply of excellent ammunition.

The city and harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by our guns.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

Q. A. GILLMORE, Brigadier-General Commanding.

THE "WERHAWKEN" AGHOUND.

The *Weehawken*, while making an attack on Fort Moultrie, which is a terrible explosion of gunpowder agroune, and had to receive a terrific fire from a hundred rebel guns. The *Weehawken* was struck by fifty-seven, nestled by the Monitors, and poured an overwhelming fire upon the rebel guns at the other batteries to turn and silenced for a time the guns of such. She fought the fight gallantly, and was only struck twice after reflecting serious damage upon all her assailants, being hardly touched. The *Weehawken* subsequently got off without damage.

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON SUMTER.

An assault by our troops on Saturday thirty in number—was made on Fort Sumter on the night of the 8th, but it proved unsuccessful. The fort was defended by one hundred sailors and marines, under command of Lieutenant Wilkins, of the Navy, assisted by Captain Stevens of the *Patapsco*. Upon attempting to land they were fired upon by musketry, and also by signal fire from the batteries which could bear upon Sumter, together with the broadsides of the ironclads, were opened upon the defenders. Fifteen officers, who had landed on the fort, were captured. Three officers were knocked in pieces, and eighty sailors and marines were killed or wounded. The Richmond *Enquirer* of 11th confirms the account of the rebel losses. Captain Stevens, in addition, the capture of four boats and three colors. Our officers are held prisoners in Fort Sumter.

CHARLESTON TO BE SHELLED.

It is stated that the following message was recently forwarded to Washington by General Gillmore, asking for instructions as to the course to be pursued. The answer was ordered to continue the bombardment until the city surrendered.

THE LATEST.

The latest dates from Charleston are to Saturday, the 12th instant, at which time the firing was revenig by United States transport *Nellie Peate*, which arrived at Fortress Monroe at 7 A.M. on Sunday, the transport had landed the rebel-boat Commodore had arrived from Morris Island with prisoners. The rebels had been firing over Fort Moultrie, but our troops had possession of a large portion of Sullivan's Island, and were throwing shells between Forts Sumter and Moultrie. This was the condition of affairs when the transport left. The steamer *Penia* was passing Charleston bar, at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the captain saw a white flag flying on the walls of Moultrie. It was said that the fort fired its last gun at four o'clock P.M.

CHATTANOOGA OCCUPIED.

CAMP NEAR TRENTON, GEORGIA, Sept. 9, 8.30 P.M.
Major-General H. W. HALLECK, Washington, D.C.

Chattanooga is ours without a struggle, and East Tennessee is free. Our troops, the enemy's flank and rear, progresses, while the tail of his retreating column will not escape unmolested. By this side entered Chattanooga about noon. Three north of the river there are crossing. W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

DETAILS OF THE AFFAIR.

Dispatches dated Chattanooga, September 9, say:

Generals Wood and Wagner entered this city at eleven A.M. The enemy was shelling the town when we left on hour before. We have taken two steamboats, one horse-boat, and sixteen locomotives. We have taken a few stragglers or prisoners. The rebel works are very strong. The demolition of the whole railroad bridge by the rebels. Bragg discovered the flanking movements of M'Cook and Thomas on Monday night, and immediately began to withdraw his troops upon the road to Rome. Johnston had reinforced him with two divisions.

CHATTANOOGA, *September 10.*

General Rosecrans entered this city to-day. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, is celebrating mass in the cathedral at his request. Nearly all the citizens left three weeks ago, with their household goods. Very few returned.

CUMBERLAND GAP OUTS.

CUMBERLAND GAP, TENN., *Sept. 9, 1863.*

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have telegraphed you our movements up to the occupation of Knoxville by our forces. Since then a cavalry force has been sent up the railroad to within a few miles of Bristol, capturing some three locomotives and twenty cars. Another force, composed of two regiments of infantry and two regiments of cavalry, I brought to this place in person to relieve General Shackelford, who was here with two regiments of cavalry, Colonel De Courcy being on the Kentucky side with a brigade. Colonel Garrard in that direction before leaving Kentucky. The infantry brought with them a battery of six-inch, three-sixty mules—in fifty-two hours. The garrison here, consisting of one two thousand men, and fourteen pieces of artillery, made an unconditional surrender at three P.M. to-day without a fight.

A. E. BURNSIDE, Major-General.

FIGHT AT CULPEPPER.

The details of the advance, the fight, and the victory of General Pleasanton's cavalry—under Generals Buford, Kilpatrick, and Gregg—at Culpeper on Sunday, show that it was not only a brilliant but an important affair, and may probably be regarded as the advance movement of General Meade's army. The cavalry crossed the Rapidan at several points and the bands of the enemy's patrols coincided with Stuart's cavalry and the light artillery of the army, after a short series of skirmishes, drove them from point to point until they reached Culpeper, through which town they charged, driving out the rebels in confusion, and capturing over one hundred prisoners and three guns, over Ty-Rapidan and over Culpeper. A large portion of ordnance stores were found in the railroad depôt at Culpeper, the property of Eighth Corps, and the Army of Tennessee attached. General Buford's division followed up the enemy beyond Cedar Mountain, and encamped on the banks of the Rapidan.

VICTORIES IN ARKANSAS.

The rebels were driven from Fayetteville, and retired forty miles westward to Fort Washington. Official intelligence of the capture of Fayetteville, Smith, Arkansas, reaches at Leavenworth last week. The rebels, four thousand strong, under Generals Hindman, Marmaduke, and Colonel Stirling Blunt, had dispersed in all directions. General Davidson and the 36th and 37th Iowa Metes, are now at Little Rock, on the 57th ult., and drove them across the creek. The rebels, under Hindman, burned eighteen miles of bridges behind them and betook themselves to the woods. The abandonment of Little Rock must have immediately followed this movement.

SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS.

The President has issued a proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus in all cases where, by the authority of the President, military, naval, and civil officers of the United States, or any of them, hold persons under their command or in their custody, either as prisoners of war, spies, or aiders or abettors of the enemy, or officers, soldiers, or seamen enrolled or drafted or mustered or enlisted in the land or naval forces of the United States, or deserters therefrom, or other military persons or persons charged, etc. The authority of all civil courts in these cases is thus set aside, until after the proclamation of the end of the rebellion of the President is declared to be continued in force during the existence of the war, or until Mr. Lincoln shall see fit to revoke it.

ATTACK ON THE RALEIGH "STANDARD."

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 11th instant says: The office, types, and presses of the Raleigh (N.C.) *Standard*, edited by William Holden, have been destroyed by a party of soldiers, under Col. Holden in the vicinity of Graham.

In return for this outrage the citizens and friends of the *Standard* destroyed the office of the Greensboro' Patriot. Governor Vance reached the spot after the work of destruction was nearly completed, and succeeded in the end in desist, rebuking them for the act, and telling them that the mob example had been set by the Holden Standard.

UNION SENTIMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Letters from General Foster's Department in North Carolina show very plainly the Union sentiment of the people are growing. Meetings have been held in different parts of the State in support of the Union Party, and whose loyal opinions have provoked the recent attack of the rebel soldiery.

RIOT AT MOBILE.

A dispatch from Memphis says that a fearful riot occurred in Mobile on the 4th instant. A party of soldiers' wives, to the number of six hundred, paraded the city, with exciting notices on their banners, such as "Bread or Peace." The soldiers offered no opposition to the display, but in some instances the citizens struggled to arrest the progress of the procession. Intense excitement prevailed.

JEFF DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

The Charleston *Mercury* has a savage article on Jeff Davis. It says that he had lost the confidence of both the army and the people.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REBEL RAMS.

EARL RUSSELL has replied to the memorial of the Emancipation Society praying for the detention of the rebel rams at Liverpool, that the Foreign Enlistment act. He says that the subject of the detaining of the rebel rams has been engaged the attention of the Government, but has not for to obtain them until sufficient evidence to justify such a course. "Government and the intention" is not "evidence on a friendly Government." The memorialists do not ask for any act, but merely say they are "informed" that a rebel ram is fitting out in a British port. Such general representations can not be undertaken without "affidavits of credible witnesses, as in cases of misdemeanor and crimes."

FRANCE.

THE PIRATE "FLORIDA."

The Paris *Moniteur* defends the admission of the pirates Florida to the ports of France on the ground of the treaty between the two countries, which permits the privateer to enter, but not to ship material to enable her to refit. The *Moniteur* further regrets that the Confederates so billeteously, her reception for repairs is "accordling to the ordinary principles of international law."

AUSTRIA.

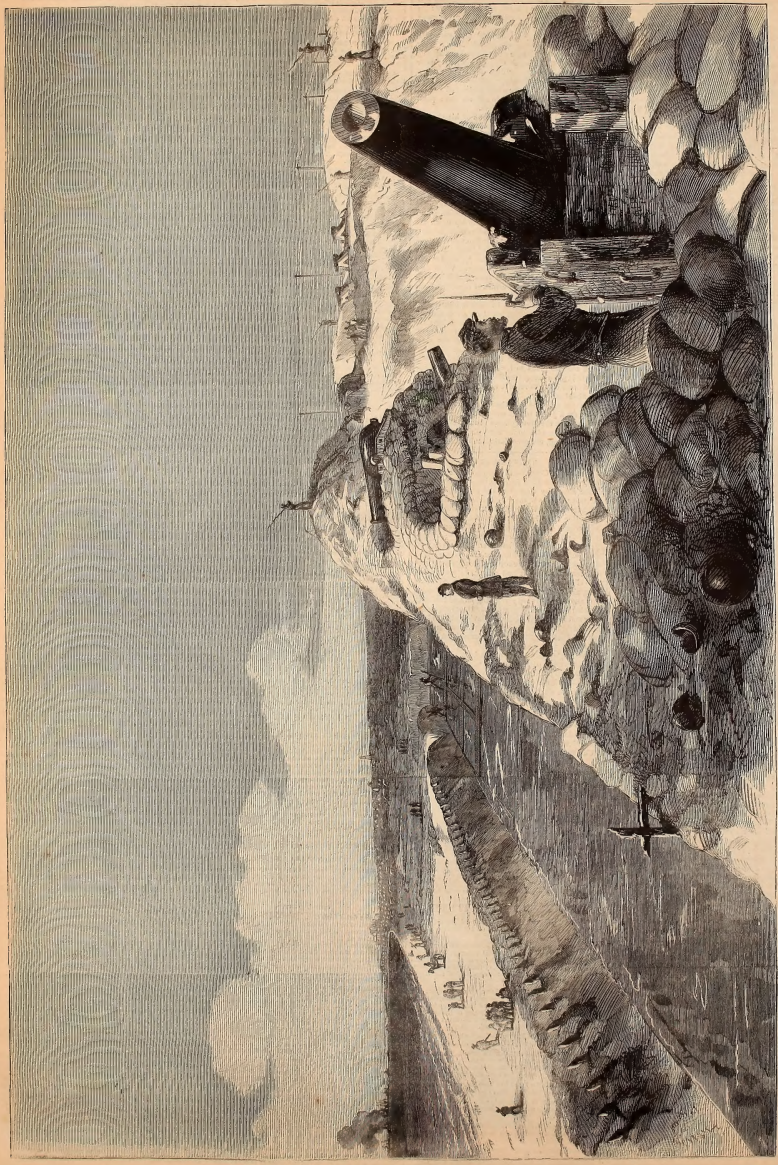
THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The leading journals of Vienna are taking a strong position against the acceptance of the Mexican throne by the Archduke Maximilian. The Vienna *Presse* says, No. private news of any kind has been received, but it must be believed in the triumph of the Southern rebels, and now when "the sovereignty of secession is already decided," he wishes to plant some prince on it, then withdraw the French army and leave him to his fate.

MEXICO.

THE SHAM GOVERNMENT.

Our latest news from the city of Mexico, by way of St. Francisco, is to the 10th ult. The Juarez party still hold the representatives of foreign Powers that a legal government exists at Vera Cruz. The French have received a recognition of the powers vested in them. The ministers of the United States and of Central America remain, explaining that they should continue to recognize the State, government until they received instructions from home.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—VIEW FROM THE SEA-FACE OF FORT WAGNER.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SCENE OF THE DESPERATE ASSAULT UPON WAGNER, JULY 18, 1863—A SHELL FROM FORT JOHNSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

FOUNDLING'S WHEEL.

HAL AUCHESTER and Charley Dayter, boys of fourteen, were sauntering on the east side of a certain up-town street, dingy with tenement-houses and beer saloons, desolate with wastes more hopeless than those of Babylon, and thrown incommensurably out of countenance by a sprinkling here and there of raw brick houses, forlorn outposts of a civilization that in New York at least sets westward; the whole more unsightly in that clear golden air than on days of drizzle and of slush, for just as the sweet April time draws out into the light dank things whose nature it is to hide and crawl in dirt and bulge, so now in the wretched street, warmed into life, seemed to have spawned; and in all its stagnant gutters and black-oiled human kennels were swarming with men, women, and children, wild-eyed, ragged, noisome, hateful to behold.

Now sauntering *per se* is not a special irritant to human nature that I wot of, but the way that these two young cockerels of aristocracy did it seemed a throwing down of the gauntlet to mankind-and-woman in general: and presently murmurs followed in their wake, compliments ruined upon them from the door-steps, and just as they reached a half-dog collar-way something heavier,—a shower of stones.

Hal and Charley faced about at once with rustpicious promptness on the truth, I think, that common ay by means certain that this was not what, in their inmost hearts, these young savages desired. The quarrel was an old one, dating back in a general way to Cain and Abel; for these boys in particular, Hal in those days that they wore tall boots, and the sans coulottes about them toes several sizes smaller. The position was not of their own choosing, but was one which at least gave them a formidable as they appeared. Among their assailants were not more than four or five grown boys: the rest were all fry, throwing with more zeal than stone, but good principally for dodging and yelling.

These beholding the valiant front opposed to them stopped at prudent distances and looked to their leader, a veteran in service of this sort whom our boys had dubbed Danton; a hero relying very much on his avoirdupois, who came at them with a heavy battering-ram fashion, taking Hal, who stood a little in advance, first.

Hal that young gentleman been a stone-wall his demolition had been certain; as it was, he simply stepped aside, and behold one sans culotte sprawled!

"Dirt thou art, and unto dirt thou shall return," quoth Hal, looking down upon him. The crowd yelled, and on it fell Charley waved his hat.

"Hurrah! they are backing down."

Foolish Charley! hallooing before well out of the woods. For even as he spoke down fell Hal on the pavement, white and senseless, hit by a stone.

Only a street fight. No mighty matter in itself; but Lacheis spins with fine threads. A miserable quarrel about a dirt civilization a mere nothing, and this street squabble must needs put on airs of destiny and be related because of its consequences. For as it happened, for some time past Auchester's boy had been specially gray for reasons, and being in town she found the clatter of Broadway grievous, its thong inappropriately loose she had turned into a side-street, and, busy with certain thoughts, she hardly saw the increasing dinginess and squalor of all about her, but, as I said, short by the crowd, and the sight of Hal prostrate, and Charley on guard and defiant.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever found herself face to face with a necessity beyond the rule of propriety, and without a precedent bearing upon it. In such a young lady's mind as hers wherever it was decorous to suppose a young lady possible, she had been carefully instructed from pantalets up, and in the present contingency a gentlemanly sound nothing better or nobler than to gather up her weary skirts and glancing still wider apart from the leader remain where instinct roused to assert itself pitied the two boys so busily bested, and wished, in spite of her, if she could do any thing to help them; and as has been the case in many another moral conflict, a brute, blundering motion that was not even an instinct came to her after all; for, while she hesitated the crowd, obeying one of those mysterious impulses common to crowds, urged back upon her with a wave-like motion, drew her in like so much helpless foam on the dark mass, and carried her with its recoil back close upon the ring about the prostrate youth and pushed and jostled her, not a little terrified at such rough handling, fairly face to face with Charley, at whom she looked straight without knowing him: and no wonder—bruised, grimed, and bleeding, his destiny could hardly have been sure of him in such a plight.

He, however, took in this dainty apparition and its consequences at once.

"Harry's sister, by——!" (we omit the expletive, for we don't think as well of swearing as Charley did) spoke forcibly to himself, thinking the pleasant prospect I rows with the governor, and preaching at the 'paternal' generally! Miss Auchester, what ever brought you here?"

Jessie looked up confounded.

"Charley! You!"—and with that she spied Harry just before her, white and still as to the peace of death; and uttering a little cry, down she went on her knees beside him, lifting the poor head in her arm, kissing it frantically.

"Oh, they have killed him!" she cried, looking up in anguish at Charley.

On hearing that all his valorous assailants betook themselves to their heels, seeing a gallows in perspective.

"Scared by a girl, after all," said Charley, looking after them with huge contempt, to Jessie, to whom he would have been never the wiser had the earth opened and swallowed them.

Somebody, not Charley, stooped down beside her.

"My dear Miss Auchester, there is no cause for alarm. The wound is a trifle."

Jessie looked up hastily.

"Jack! you here! Oh! what shall I do?" And in that one phrase gave up a host of Spartan resolutions and an everlasting coolness of two weeks. A smile, that left undisturbed the gravity of his mouth, shone out in the depths of his eyes, and, looking into hers with a little gentle triumph and very much of tenderness.

"Do? Not very much. Allow me to call a carriage, and don't look so terrified. *Parole d'honneur*, the scratch is not worth your paleness."

Jessie hesitated. The prescription was simple, but it called a dangerous wound a scratch, and that she resented; and it set aside at once the everlasting question of woman's right to be an foolish fashion of trust and dependence—fashion, like most of those belonging to the Valley of Humiliation, sweet and unconscious. Besides, it involved compromises. If he aided her at all he must go home with her, and once there, return that night would be impossible; and then for very shame's sake he must ask him to stay, and—all these "ifs" admitted as facts, no one knew better than she that she would infallibly ask his pardon for having offended him within the next half hour.

Jack waited quietly till he met an upturned, puzzled look.

"Well?" he said.

Jessie looked from him to Harry with a sense of pitiful hesitation and poor pride.

"Do what you will, only help Harry." And having said that, she turned and averted face, as it suddenly occurred to her that really there was no reason why she should not have said so at once and looking steadily before her, as, under the circumstances, there was hardly any other course left open.

Meanwhile, under the ministrations of Charley the practical, Hal had revived, and was looking at his sister in ludicrous dismay.

"What is it, Jessie, severely, "you might have been killed."

"Not so easily. All the fellows of club get into these scrapes."

"Your club! A boy of your age!"

"Boy! When, then, does the man develop?"

"I beg pardon, sir," spoke of a club. What are your occupations there?"

Hal colored slightly.

"That isn't a girl's business. We smoke and play billiards."

Jessie turned away with a gesture of despair.

"Never you mind," hissed Charley in his ear. "If she makes you trouble just drop a hint about that long, tall, thin fellow with the cane which they looked at each other. *Verbum sap.*" And he marched off whistling.

By this time Jack had the carriage in waiting. Jessie made a final effort for dignity.

"Mr. Winthrop, we are giving you too much trouble."

"Oh! if you do not wish it," stepping back.

"But I do wish it," holding out her hand imploringly.

The hand was taken and kept for a moment.

"We have a truce, then."

"No, peace."

"It would be pleasant to know why there was war. Could I have been told my fault, I might have repented."

"If you do not guess I shall not tell you."

"I wish you were calieces," broke in Hal, peevishly. "I could tell you what's your shoulder; now I am afraid of spoiling that shining stuff of yours."

"What of that, you unkind boy? You know that I love you; only when you smoke and fight—"

Hal gave himself a peevish twist. "Always hammering at the same nail: you goad a man into mischief. Besides, what does a girl know about it? I say, Jack, I was tied down to parlors and the west side of Broadway."

"A man! Oh!" and then, warned by a wise instinct, Jessie turned away from the carriage, leaning the head on her shoulder, while Jack looked on jealously, and thought "The young Cheetah's!" All this while they could not prove a word, and then there was a dusty railway which to be endured, and then a carriage waiting to bowl them along over cobble-stones, and then a long drive with an old house to be respected for its date and substantiality, to be loved for its comfortable air; its deep-bowered, square-windowed, ivy-chairs; its piazzas; turning its back on the road, fenced in from it in fact, as if, to alter Walpole a little, its builder had said, "I have proved a prospect never to let him see the highway; but looking lovingly on grassy slope and winding path, going down to the river, around which the willows, bending half in the leafy frame of their boughs a picture; a rounded purple bluff, a lovely point of land, a long stretch of river, and sky, and sweet odors, and bird-trillings, in such measure as it pleased our gracious God to give out of yield of land, a house in the last of their blossom lined the lanes that led to the old house, and, with every breeze that stirred, came in through the open casting through the warm golden air like summer snow; great trees burzed madly about, as if in utter bewilderment amidst their sweets; birds rose before them and skimmed away over the broad meadows on either side; voices of singing came from men in the fields, and, if the boughs parted over an inlet, there was the river, and some lazy sail straying past.

"Lovely!" said Jessie.

"Lovely!" echoed Jack, looking straight at her.

"Slow, I say," snapped Hal, whose head ached to crossness.

"Poor child! no club-room," cried Jessie, sympathizingly.

"If you don't drop that—"

But she had already turned her guns in another direction.

"Mr. Winthrop, it was singular that you stumbled on us so opportunely. How happened it?"

As she spoke he had moved on his hand to help her from the carriage, and for all answer he looked down at her, meeting her eyes and holding them with that singular smile in his own that broke up their calm depths like light in water, yet in which the mouth took no part. Then Jessie paid the penalty of disobeying Holy Writ, and not counting the cost before going into battle. For life, for the majority at least, is dual. There is a life of conventional talking and acting for the world, and there is an inner life of thought and desire, into which we take those nearest us in spirit, and show them what we will. That is the rule, burdened like other rules with its exception; but, struck as she had been inevitably over-sure, benumbed by the spell of a stronger will, or taken by surprise, self-control shall some time forget its office, and just at times into her very heart-core thought to that other alert and victorious spirit.

So it fared with Jessie, and such a moment was that in which she left him her on the sunny lawn, still holding her hand; and he had known it and seized it, read in that instant what she had written from him all winter with shyness and coldness, proclaimed it to her with his look, and she could not keep it—attempted not, and she had not wished or meant it. Her eyes sank before his, her face began to burn with blushes. At that moment back came Hal from a private excursion to the housekeeper's room, in full cry:

"Jessie, I say, Jess, you had better look sharp. There has been an invasion. The home is full of people. Pierre M'Clane and his mother and sisters, Sally Lennox—"

"Company," cried Jessie, and fled swiftly up the stairs to her room, where her maid was waiting. Her she promptly sent away, perhaps a little better to prepare her blinds at Windermere, musing on the piazza below; but I have noticed that some evil fate always attends such peeping, for just as she had got her eyes in position a clear voice rang out, "in quesio semplice," from the shrubbery, and a lady, in garden-hat and walking-dress, came sailing round the corner of the house, walking with springy, elastic grace, and affecting gallantly to be out of breath as she came walked. She held out her hand to Jack with the air of one talking possession of lost property.

"Mr. Winthrop! Is it possible?"

"Why not?"

"I was not aware that you knew Jessie. She is a good friend of mine. I was so glad that you came! I had resigned myself to be stupid!"

"Thank you."

"For what? Because Nature gave you a voice to read and hands to act as silk-reels. That is what I like you for. Will you come in the drawing-room? It is cool there. The other ladies haven't completed that great thing, their toilet, yet. You shall read to me, or talk—if you have any thing to say."

Thus far Jessie had heard involuntarily; and as she stood motionless from surprise she could not but see that Miss Lennox laid a with a burst of laughter in Winthrop's hand, and that before his steady look the color came singing in her clear brown cheeks, and her long, dark eyelashes fell with a burst from ward sweep; and seeing that she moved quickly away from the window—happy face below zero, fast-beating heart—with a fierce indignation.

Did men love the thing Beauty simply wherever found; or had they individual preferences, as we had supposed? Could this man—for once, in her anger, she spoke out plainly to herself—did he, by the look and tone that she had thought her own, and stored up for future thought as her own special and peculiar treasure, mean simply, "You have such eyes and voice that I admire them as I do all that is beautiful, and here is my seal of approval; and you have stately neck and pouting lips. I appreciate them also; and so on through the gamut?" Did the honor on which she had leaned with such unshaken faith; the steady tones, truthful to the last in their very modulation, live, after all, simply in her dream?

Why the too loved a stately form, a handsome presence; yet had she stood with Pierre M'Clane as she had done with Jack a moment since, she would have held herself profaned! Whence, or from whom, could men received this birthright of justifiable falsehood, allowable perfidy? she asked herself, cold and sick at heart.

Music sounded within and people crowded to the drawing-room, as they always do, contradiction only knows why, as no one ever listens. The dowagers chatted in groups, or sat easy-chairs: the girls giggled inanely in the bow-windows—for was there not a cause? Two or three young men, conscious in this story or worth particularizing, but rejoiced the hearts of these damsels! Meanwhile Miss Lennox played and sang, her voice, her very features living sparkling impossibilities among the keys, while she talked *sotto voce* with Mr. Winthrop leaning over the piano, occasionally breaking off to chant a verse of some ballad or a wild refrain, with a bird-like caprice not unbecoming.

A faint cloud of violet hung along her dress; in the black coils of her hair nestled heliotrope and geranium, half white, half scarlet; and the effect music and the perfumes and scents seemed to Jack in some odd way reflections of each other, and both a part of the atmosphere surrounding her and him. She talked and sang with jasmine, and water half in shadow half in white moonlight, making the keys echo her in their own way, and he listened as the Sirens to the Siren once, but they Ulysses tied himself fast.

Pierre M'Clane looked on critically. He had stayed at the door himself, and with Miss Lennox. Meanwhile his hands were busy with the violets in a little Sevres shell, pulling them to pieces as he looked, and strewing them on the marble slab.

"What have my flowers done to you that you should treat them so, poor things?" asked a voice close beside him.

A sudden, indescribable something, like a ray, or perhaps more properly a shadow, came upon Mr. M'Clane's face, rested an instant, and was gone. Then he looked up quietly.

"Done to me, Miss Auchester? Pleased me. It is the way of the world."

"Need it be yours?"

"That depends," he answered, with a curious intonation. "Some men have guardian-angels. I can not tell what one might make of me; and talking of guardians, suggests your brother."

"Romaine?"

"Yes. He is off for Washington. I met him at the depôt. He has taken unto himself a boat, and I am to tell you that you will find it here."

"Then there is just time for a row before coffee, and you will get the people together and into the boat, won't you, Mr. M'Clane?" she said, silent that way. Tell them to make ready at once."

But though her tones was clear and even joyous her face was pale, troubled, anxious, almost stern, as she stood where Pierre had left her, looking at the violets with an absent air.

Mr. Winthrop came up to her.

"Are you not going? Let me get your shawl."

"I shall indeed not."

"This is spring, not summer."

Jessie raised her eyes to his face with a look that puzzled him. It is a pity that books have no dictionary, for what she meant was this: "I have no one in whom to trust. My brother, a guardian but in name, is my chief torments and anxiety. My burden is heavier than I can bear; and you have failed me, and now come to tease me about a shawl."

He unfortunately translated it willfulness, perversity.

"Suicide is a sin," was his comment.

She answered with a hasty downward move of the hand, and catching up her nubo wound it once about her head, looking at him defiantly the while. At that he paled a little and went away. Then this consistent child repented and wished that she had been good, till she saw him by the side of Miss Lennox's boat! At that she untwisted the end of the nube from about her throat and suffered it to hang loosely over her shoulders, then getting into the boat the evening breeze struck her, and spite of herself she shuddered.

"Let me get your shawl," said Pierre, anxiously.

"No, it is here," answered Jack's voice, as he quietly wrapped it about her shoulders, whispering at the same time,

"You have revenge you like, only let it be one that will not react upon yourself."

To resist would have been a scene; to take it off against others so Jessie sat still, crimson to the temples, and conquered.

"Mr. Winthrop is irresistible," said Pierre, meanly.

"Superior force is apt to be," retorted Jessie.

Jack heard and darted a look of keen reproach. Miss Lennox heard also, and smiled to herself as trailing her fingers through the dark water, she began to sing.

The woman murmured as if in answer. The lights reflected from the banks seemed striking upward like so much radiance streaming out from coral palaces below. The boat glided into the middle stream, just commencing to sparkle in the moonlight, and the oars, having her to the gold, dance of the current, they were drifting on as if straight into a golden paradise. Pierre M'Clane sat with folded arms looking gloomily off at the dark shore lines.

"If it could be always so," he muttered.

"What?" asked Jessie.

"Life; if we could drift through it as we are now."

"Drifting *per se* is monotonous. It is the rest from turmoil that is pleasant."

"Is there any peace in ever climbing up the climbing wave? But you have not come yet to weariness of life."

"Why should I? I can not think with such oppress a measure condition of life, but rather a consequence of a self misunderstood, energies misdirected."

"What of hopes disappointed? The purpose of ears blasted?"

"I know nothing of that!"

"Strange! I thought that it was your hand that had dealt the blow."

"I never could interpret mysteries."

"I will explain."

"No, it matters nothing to me."

"You have to say that, and declare as you will that it matters nothing, sooner or later you will find that it does concern you," answered M'Clane, and he had fire.

Jessie was possessed of some small spirit, and it rose on this occasion.

"Mr. M'Clane," she answered, coolly, "between mere drawing-room acquaintances so much energy is quite superfluous"; and then she dropped him a cool of her notice as if he had not been.

Pierre bore it patiently, expecting his revenge on the way back, but Jessie refused that through, and sleeping past him as the boat grazed the beach ran breathlessly up the shadowed walk; and so it happened that she was in the very arms of a gentleman—fortunately an old gentleman, and of a grave appearance.

"Mr. Romaine," she cried, giving him both hands. "At last, then, you are going to be good, and give yourself a vacation?"

Mr. Romaine patted the little hands, and looked into the fresh upturned face with pity, if that had been possible.

"My dear little girl, I came on business."

"Business: hush, the roses are budding, and you will scare them back. Come and get a cup of coffee."

Here is your coffee, made as you like it, and this is cream, and I can remember that much."

As she chattered she was trying to lift a candelabrum from the mantle: a massive branching thing, too weighty for white fingers and slender wrists. She uttered a little exclamation, and Mr. Rempon being abstracted heard her not. Then,

"Superior force is not always so undesirable," said some one, as the candelabrum was taken from

her falling grasp and placed upon the table. Jessie turned quickly and slipped her hand through Mr. Winthrop's arm.

"Oh, Jack, forgive me! I have been so sorry, so ashamed." (N.B. He had not spoken once to Miss Lennox in the boat.)

"There was no need."

"It was mean, shameful to say that; but I was vexed—"

"At what?"

"The people are coming in. Let me go. I want to give Mr. M'Clane some coffee. He looks wofish."

"Why were you vexed?"

"How can I tell? I am always perverse with you; I don't know why. Let me go."

She slipped from him laughing, and went as she had said to Mr. M'Clane, carrying him a little cup about as large as a nut-shell, and quietly glided to "Let us have peace," she said, offering it to him.

Pierre surveyed her in astonishment. Her color had not risen, but the pure opaque white of her complexion seemed to dazzle and glow. Her eyes had deepened into the blue that you sometimes find on a sunny leaf, and overflowed with a light soft and subdued.

"Do you know the meaning of the Scotch word, fay?" he asked, abruptly, and with a curious glance at Mr. Brompton.

"Yes; but I am not that. I am happy. I have come not to life's weariness, but its enchantment. I could say, but I am immortal."

"Here is the book," struck in Julia M'Clane's voice, who had been disputing near them. "Now listen," and she read out:

"I only know my mother's love,
Which gives all and asks nothing,
And this new loving sets the groove
Too much the way of loathing."

Now explain the last two lines mamma only," went on the fair Julia. "Mr. Walton insists that the meaning is obvious. I confess that I do not understand them."

"Still it is very simple," answered Pierre. "What refers to the perversity that is a marked symptom of the grand passion."

Then some subtle magnetism impelled Jessie to lift her eyes to those of Mr. Winthrop's, which were fixed meaningly on her face, and the words lightly spoken a few moments before came burning into her memory—"I am always perverse with you." Not all doubt the significance of such words, and past doubt also the answer of her crimson cheeks. She gave the cup hastily to Pierre, and darted into the open fragrant hall, cool and rustling with the night breeze. The library door was open, the library itself deserted. Jessie sank by a single jet of flame burning low in its globe, and a cheery fire of logs kept to expel the damps. Sitting down on the low broad hearth she listened as in a dream to the murmur of voices and the tinkle of china and silver going on in the drawing-room.

A step sounded on the walk just without the window; the vines about it rustled; some one came behind her chair, and a hand rested lightly on her bowed head. Mr. Winthrop had followed her, and now evasion, coldness, would be of no avail; her girl's artifices would serve her no further; but it has occurred to great generals to wrest victory from the moment of defeat itself, and so it happened to Jessie. Turning, flushed, trembling, reluctant, she spied an end of yellow ribbon dangling from his pocket. In an instant she had seized it.

"Why, this is mine."

"Speak more accurately. It was yours; it is mine now."

"By what right?"

"That of discovery."

"I shall claim it, and, pending the suit, it shall remain in my possession."

"Perverse again."

At that word the grew scarlet, and, snatching the ribbon, flung it into the fire. Jack made a hasty move to arrest her; falling in that, thrust his hand into the flame, brought out the yet waved blazing, crushed it in his palm, and bestowed the charred remnant in his pocket, and sat down quietly.

Stricken with remorse, Jessie dropped on her knees beside his chair.

"Oh, Jack! would have given you twenty ribbons. Let me see your hand."

"No; it is nothing," he answered, coldly, and looking over her head.

"But I will see it," using her taper fingers as a lever. "How can you be so unkind? If you want revenge, take a nobler."

At that he showed her his fingers and palm, both blistered.

Jessie exclaimed, and, catching the poor hand in hers, pressed it against her lips. Then, utterly appalled and shame-stricken, tried to escape; but as well try to wield Thor's hammer. He held her fast; he drew her toward him; looked close into her eyes; studied his lips as if about to speak; evidently released her—steps and voices were echoing in the hall, coming that way; and, only too glad to escape, Jessie fled by way of the garden.

A little after came the housekeeper with a china bowl and a bundle of linen for Mr. Winthrop's hand. Jack wrote a hasty line and sent it back to Jessie, wrapped about the box.

"I will use the latter remedy than the one already applied: If that fails, the hand deserves neither," said the note, that Jessie made a feint of throwing away, and, when no one was looking, slipped into her bosom.

There she saw it in the morning. "Saucy thing!" she said, pouting her lips at it; and then kissed it in a hurry, as if she had injured it, and blushed at herself for so doing in the glass, as she stood before it rolling back her hair. For some reason her mood was gracious as the morning: she gave her maid the lawn long desired by that young person. She behaved herself well at breakfast to Mr. Rempson.

"I was not civil to the good old gentleman. He spoke of business, and I did not even ask him what it was;" and she went down stairs humming "Il Bacio," and making virtuous resolutions.

There were people below already. Mr. Rempson, pacing up and down; Miss Lennox, in a braided Figaro jacket, and wearing a detestable air of having had a *tête-à-tête* with somebody; Jack, sitting near the window, holding Nell, Jessie's little sister, on his knee, and telling a story that progressed after this fashion:

"There came a locust and took out a grain of corn, and another locust came and took out another grain of corn, and another locust came and—"

Here Nell grew restive.

"Oh, that is nothing," said Jack, composedly. "This story lasts a year: you wanted a long one, you know. There came another locust and took out another grain—"

The words were cut short by two little perfumed hands clasped over his mouth—Sallie Lennox this time, crying, "Field yourself prisoner, rescue or no rescue."

He looked toward Jessie.

"Help me!" but she turned coldly away.

"You can defend yourself."

"What?" he asked, following her, and speaking low—"wounded as I am?"

As he spoke he held up his hand. Jessie glanced at it shyly, but did not look up in his face; indeed she had carefully avoided his eyes that morning.

"Look at me," he urged.

"Why?"

"It is civil to look at people with whom you are talking."

"I am not talking with you. You are talking at me."

"Admirable distinction!"

At that moment Mr. Rempson took a turn near them. Jessie ran to him and fastened on his arm.

"Mr. Rempson, you have half an hour before breakfast. Will you come and talk business now?"

They went out into the rose-walk together.

"On meeting the first, I will say," said Jessie, when looking up at her old friend. She saw his eyes glisten as through tears.

Men love to talk over their projects. Men ride their hobbies, but projects treat boys as the Old Man of the Sea did Sinbad; so Harry awoke on this eventful morning to find himself mounted, and fairly off into the breakfast-room, where the people were assembled, and Jessie should have been, but was not. Mr. Rempson was seated after a fashion of her own, and made her guests at Olympus do as Olympians do. Coffee and muffins were served on her sideboard, but on the table were only baskets of violets, great dishes of fruit, and cream pitchers, and sugar bowls filled with rose-leaves. Mercifully for that, the glass doors opened directly on the rose-walk, lined with roses, twining about trees, dropping from festoons, creeping through the grass, and exhaling sweetness.

So three senses were gratified at a time, and so it happened that Mr. Rempson was seen to Jessie coming back with Mr. Rempson, walking slowly and strangely pale; all but Harry. He saw his project, and the white sweep of Jessie's skirt, and sprang at her.

"I say, Sis, hurry with your breakfast. I want you to come and look at a horse that Dan— Halle! What's the matter now?"

"Don't bother," said Nell, with dignity. "Can't you see that she is faint?"

"No, only I should have eaten before walking," murmured Jessie, growing paler yet.

"Oh, that is all! Won't you hurry then, like a good girl? That horse is jolly, and Dick Farleigh thinks, Hi—"

"Harry, do choose your subject for the breakfast-table," remonstrated Nell.

Miss Lennox put up her eyebrows.

"Oh, Nellie! I thought that it was her grandmother."

"With those?" asked Jack, stroking her brown curls.

The child drew back.

"Excuse me, Winthrop, but it takes my maid so long to arrange them."

"Problem," quoth Miss Lennox. "One maid of ten years' how many curls required a twenty?"

"Certainly it is unusual," returned Nellie, solemnly; "but I am so nervous, Miss Lennox, I can't even bear to have them pulled."

Jessie's pale face crimsoned.

"Don't laugh at her. The child has no mother, and I am so young, that I have not mamma-aged."

"An Anchester confessing to any thing but the family pedigree," whispered Miss Lennox in Winthrop's ear. "What next?"

Jack looked grave. He was regretting certain opportunities which had slipped through his fingers, and trying to make one for himself, bungled in the attempt. Destiny knows how to arrange the circumstances—we don't; and let what might depend on ten minutes' speech with Jessie it was denied him, for Harry, from the breakfast-table straight to her room, and came down in a traveling dress. Pierre met her at the door.

"Are you ready?" he said. "The coach is ready. Shall I have the pleasure of driving you to the depôt?"

Nothing was left Mr. Winthrop but to look dismally after them. Seeing that, Miss Lennox danced up to him saucily, quoting,

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
Prythee why so pale?
Will when looking will can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?"

Jack made some absurd answer, and rushed off after Mr. Rempson, and Miss Lennox went and pouted over her crochet work in the drawing-room.

Meanwhile Pierre and Jessie drove out in utter silence through the great iron gates that clanged sullenly after them, and then, as though it were not shadow to sunshine and back again, till, on a sudden, Jessie felt her hand softly pressed.

"I am very sorry for you, child," he said, with a gentleness strange in him.

"You know then?"

"I knew months ago that Romaine was going to the devil. I was sure that his visit to Washington was a flight, and I had seen Mr. Rempson before he went to Europe. To tell the truth, that is what brought me here."

"I do not understand."

"I will explain. I promised last night. Hitherto I have preferred à 'No' in anticipation to the cruel mockery that is its positive recollection; but now that Fortune has turned her wheel so sharply, our fortunes, thrown together in her kaleidoscope, will be made one."

"I see. You think that poverty will make me practical. That I shall remember your millions when I am blame! That is not like a M'Clane."

"Jessie, you would not sell yourself; but it is not yourself of whom we are talking. You are to think of Hiland Nellie—to decide their fate. You can not now marry Winthrop."

"Mr. M'Clane?"

"I know, but this is a crisis, and in crises people call things by their names. Jack thinks as I do, that sans fortune, and with two incumbrances, the best man is but half worthy of you. But you have kept him at least in doubt hitherto; now in the winter of your fortune you can hardly accept him with self-respect."

"I do not think of marriage as a resource," answered Jessie, sharply, "and I will support myself."

"And Nellie's maid, and Hal's horse?"

"Poverty will discipline them as I should have done."

"Your pardon; poverty will discipline you, not Nellie. She is a true Anchester; pride and frivolity go equally well with her. Hal, the child of adversity is a fine expression bowling easily over this sunny road, but the discipline of being thrown over by one's friends, and losing last year's clothes through back streets, is hardly ennobling."

Jessie sighed heavily.

"Pardon me, Jessie, but do you think me brutal? I could have said to you, only that I know that your pride would not let you hear it, that Rosehill is yours by right, and that can not be sold; but, let me help you in the only way you leave me. I have no need of saying how I love you, or of describing my life, for I have myself learned to be fortunate as your husband. You and you only can make my home, and you would love me, Jessie; sooner or later you would, you are so precious to me. For Nellie's sake, for Harry's, consent."

"I can not do evil that good may come," she answered, sadly.

"That is high-flown nonsense. 'I am talking common sense to a common girl.' Now is the time for cool thought. Where are you going first?"

"To see Mrs. Hollister."

"Your aunt's friend. She is a woman of sense. Advise with her, and remember I do not think myself answered."

He took her unwilling hand to his lips and kissed it before he drove away. Jessie endured it, scarcely thinking of it. She could not marry Jack, as he had said, for she knew positively that she shown him what was in her heart, and he might think that she knew even then of the downfall of her fortune. It was too late now.

Mrs. Hollister was taking her coffee in bed, and sent for her niece to come to her room. Jessie obeyed, looking pale as face so pale and wan that even in the half light the keen old eyes descried the change and demanded the cause. Then out came the whole story. Romaine fled, the estate swamped with its debts, Rosehill to be sold, Jessie, Hal, Nellie, all left beggars. Mrs. Hollister from sipping coffee came to stirring, from stirring to indignant speech.

"Romaine deserves hanging," she said, sharply.

"But that is not all. And then—" Jessie stopped and blushed.

"Well?"

Jessie recounted the talk with Pierre, omitting only the part that was her own. Mrs. Hollister put down her coffee-cup.

"My dear child, I congratulate you," she said, energetically. "Rosehill for Elm Grove is an excellent exchange, and, of course, he will buy it in. He will like to keep the old house in the family."

"But, aunt, I do not love him."

"What then? Not that you hesitate! You are possessed, I think, of the ordinary amount of sense, and what you have to consider is your millions. I should like to know what there is left you to do but to bestow them on your knees for the chance. Why they keep up almost a state among themselves. The M'Clane girls go to bed like the princesses in the fairy tale, with gold crowns on their heads."

"I prefer a night-cap, and to support myself."

"Harry, at least, will take you as governess for pupils or employment to drop from fairy-land! Think of those poor children left in your charge by their mother. Why, acceptance is a plain and positive duty."

Lenten comfort that, but Jessie found none other in her interview. She was in the dusty, crowded car. It was twilight, close on the dark; no one knew her, no one cared for her. She could cry here quietly, and so long as she pleased. Some one took the seat beside her, but she did not even raise her head till a hand touched her shoulder. Then she turned and met Mr. Winthrop.

"Oh, Jack! I am so glad," she burst out, and stopped short. In the course of consistency how was her gladness to be explained?

"I am glad also," he answered. "I have waited and watched here for you all day, my poor stray lamb!"

Here his voice trembled a little, and he drew her toward him, and held her in his strong arm as in a sure haven.

"I am selfish enough to be glad that Rosehill is to pass, for a time, into your hands. I am also unmeasurably above my deserts as it is, and I fear that the Anchester pride and place would have weighed on me like a nightmare. It is better too for the children."

"But Jack—"

"Well?"

"I was afraid that you would think—"

"Well?"

"That I didn't love you before this misfortune."

"Why, you silly child! I have known all winter that you loved me."

"Oh!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN AFFECTING DEFINITION.

PERCOCCES CHILD. "Papa, what is humbug?"

PARENT (*with a deep-drawn sigh*). "It is, my dear, when your mamma happens to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt."

"We were all children once, my dears." "Ls, ma! then who took care of the babies?"

"Maumua," said a little girl, pointing to the telegraph wires, "how do they send messages by those bits of wire, without touching them to places?" "They send them in a fluid state, my dear," was the reply.

Somebody says that the oddest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in debt.

John Kemble had the honor of giving the Prince of Wales some lessons in elocution. According to the vitiated pronunciation of the day, the Prince, instead of saying "oblige," would say "oblege," upon which Kemble, with a magnificent bow, began his counsels—"Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your Royal jaws, and say oblige?"

ORDINARY PRECAUTIONS.

Never on a journey be without something in your pocket-book for your hands.

Before you inspect your intended cowhider—

At if a family man, what your wife would say? This would almost determine taking it, and then going home at once to see her upon the subject.

2d. Whether the cowhider you enforce may not result in personal inconvenience to yourself; as for instance, being taken from you and the cane called in as a witness.

3d. That your motives might be misconstrued by any passers-by, and your pleasure to be sacred.

4th. The influence of natural modesty. Consider that there are much better people much better qualified to be of service in such an accident than yourself.

5th. That you are not a medical person: or if you are, that there are a great number of the same profession for your choice in the city of New York.

6th. That if the subject of the incident to be a stranger to you, he might look upon your interference as in the light of a "confounded liberty." Never push yourself forward.

7th. If the person is insensible and can not speak, how do you know but that he is in a fit, and the patient?

8th. That it's just dinner-time and you must go home, and you don't want to have been most happy, etc., etc.

9th. That it's no business of yours.

Of course many more precautions, but these are certainly among the chief. Avoid sentimentalism.

Never allow your thoughts to run upon a club and bet an umbrella.

Never do at all to-morrow what can be done to-day, except in the case of a hole in your coat. If you tell your tailor that he must be done to-day, he will be satisfied that you'll have to put it off till to-morrow.

Always have a good dinner and plenty of money.

"You are a go: I see to go first," as the bristle said to the cobbler's awl.

What medicine are we reminded of by a man bruising his wife? Holder the ache here.

A contemporary finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a grave-yard can there be for a dead language?

A comedian, in Bath, by way of puff for his benefit, publishes these lines:

Dear public, you and I, of late
Have dealt so much in lies,
I'll crush you here you more arrant,
Quadrupleated pie!
I have a pie *full* of eels I'll give
A *great full* house to see;
And if you don't *eat* plentiful, too,
A *great fool* I must be.

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some deaths, and under specimen of mortality, it preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

"The experience of many a life—" What a fool I have been!" "I expected to marry a wife—" What a fool I've got!"

"Where are you?" asked a father, remonstrating with his boy upon his lying in bed, said the boy, "you had been up three hours. "That's no great wonder, father," replied the son, "if I had as many tasks to travel today as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as he."

The following certificate of a marriage was found among an old lady's papers, exclusive: "So, Sir," said Lord Mansfield, in very concern, that Arthur Waters and Anny Yorkier were lawfully married by me, John Higgins, curate, on the first day of August, anno 1663.

I, Arthur, on Monday,
Take thee, Anny, till Tuesday,
To have and to hold till Wednesday,
For better for worse till Thursday,
And kiss thee Friday;
If we don't agree on Saturday,
I'll wish thee gone Sunday.

A stranger, on taking his seat lately in the pit of a theatre, accosted a gentleman who sat near him, "Pray, Sir, can you tell me," said he, "the name of that tall, thin gentleman, starting from the reverie in which he had been apparently enchanted." "No, Sir," but I shall have two next week, and both ungoverned for."

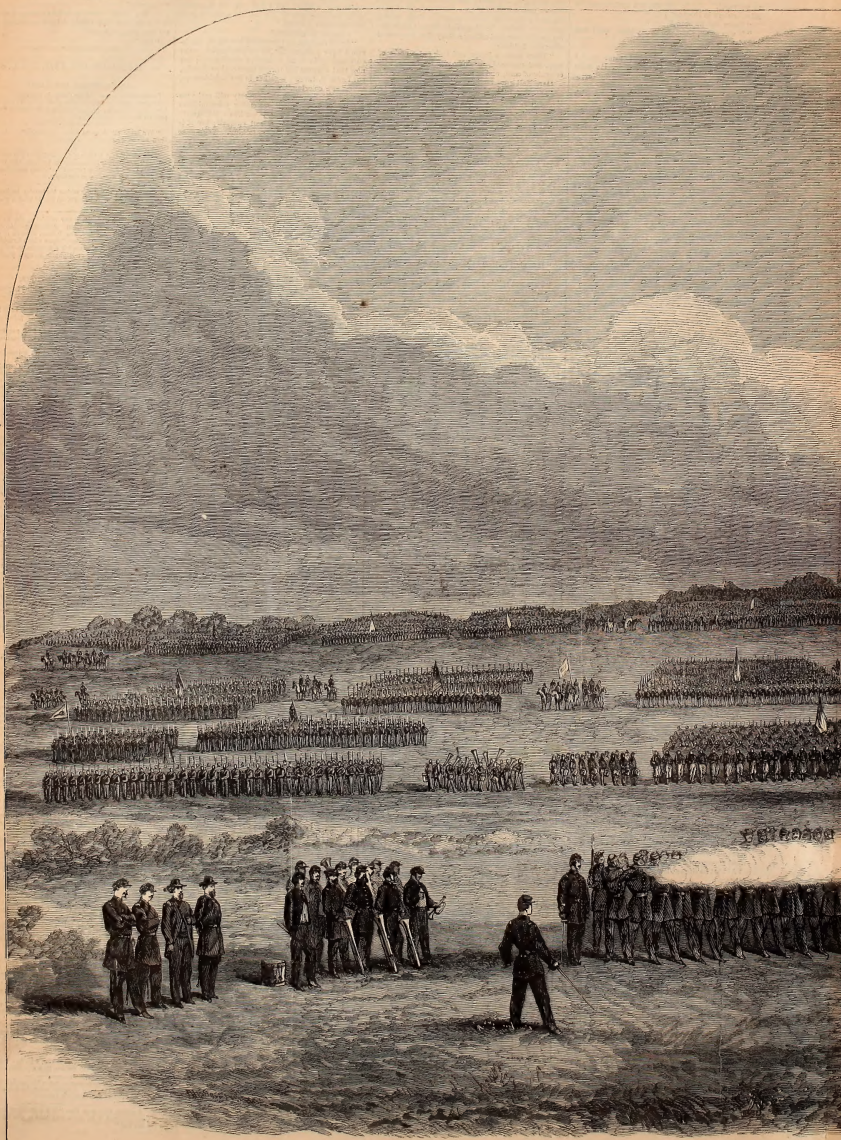
"Hallo, Jack! I thought you were off in the train this morning?" "Well, I did, tell you, Jim; there was two or three reasons why I didn't go. In the first place, Cyrene, I got left—" "Oh never mind! That'll do. You needn't give the other reasons."

"Class in the middle of Geography, stand up," said a schoolmaster. "What is a pyramid?" he asked. "A pyramid is a stone," was the reply of a little boy. "Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was." "Where's Wales?" "All over the sea." "Never the sea," said the schoolmaster, "stay there till I show you a cipeles of birch that grows all over this country."

Mrs. Partington says, that Dr. who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parisheaner."

A retired schoolmaster evinces his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

A young lady says that "if a curl-wheel has nine follows attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have one."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—EXECUTION OF FIVE DESERT



STEAM IN THE FIFTH CORPS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 622.]

TWO SEAS.

A MARINER by tempest crost
Lay struggling with the wave;
His one sole hope—all else was lost—
His hoarded gold to save.

Slung from his neck—a weary weight—
His precious charge he bore;
His failing strength, at war with fate,
Could bear no feather more.

But not against his life alone
Uprose the breakers wild;
A woman, on the billows thrown,
Held up her drowning child.

"Save her!" she cried; "in mercy save!"
As through the surf she rolled:
He saw, and cast beneath the wave
His prize of Indian gold.

Fearless he breasts the tropic storm
With limbs by love new strung,
While round his neck, all soft and warm,
Two infant arms are flung.

He hails the land—the blessèd land!
He drinks its spicy air;
He strains to reach its coral strand,
He greets it with a prayer.

Vainly the angry tempest raved,
His foot have touched the goal;
And, with living burden saved,
He stands—a rescued soul!

II.

The child has lived, bloomed, loved, and died.
Alone the old man lies:
Another sea, of stiller tide,
Steals o'er his closing eyes.

Glows now for him no tropic light,
But, where life's waters freeze,
The glory of the Polar night—
The Arctic seas!

His hard-earned gold beneath the deep
Lies hid; but where is she,
His God-gift, whom the star-worlds keep,
His daughter of the sea?

Where cloud-waves foam the rippled skies,
Touched by the golden day,
An angel form in angel guise
Floats up the liquid way.

He follows, hushed in rapt delight,
Of dread and death beguiled,
She, swimming slow with pinions bright,
He, clinging like a child.

The dross of earth is cast away;
She leads him by the hand.
Through heaven's blue sea her white wings play:
He nears the happy land.

She parts the wave that beats him back;
He breasts life's surge no more:
His fo.'s, upon an angel's track,
Have touched the immortal shore.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proofs now purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE note Alfred Hardie received on the 10th of April was from Peggy Black. The letters were well formed, for she had been educated at the national school; but the style was not upon a par.

"Mr. Alfred, Sir,—Margaret Black sends her respects, and if you want to know the truth about the money, I can tell you all, and where it is at this present time. Sir, I am now in situation at Silverton Grove House, about a furlong from the station; and, if you will be so good to call there and ask for Margaret, I will tell you where it is, which I mean the £14,000; for it is a sin the young lady should be beguiled of her own. Only you must please come this evening, or else to-morrow before ten o'clock, by reason my mistress and me we are going up to London that day early, and she talk of taking me abroad along with her.

"I remain, Sir,
"YOURS respectfully to command,
"MARGARET BLACK.

"If you please, Sir, not to show this letter on no account."

Alfred read this twice over, and felt a contemptuous repugnance toward the writer, a cashiered servant, who offered to tell the truth out of spite, having easily resisted every worthy motive. Indeed, I think he would have perhaps dismissed the subject into the fire, but for a strange circumstance that had occurred to him this very afternoon; but I had no opportunity to relate it till now. Well, just as he was goin' to dress for dinner, he received a visit from Wycherley, a gentleman he already knew by name. Mr. Wycherley inquired after his kephalagia: Alfred stared and told him it was much the same; treated both occasionally.

"And your insomnia."

"I don't know the word: have you any anodynyfor it?"

Dr. Wycherley smiled with a sort of benevolent superiority, that galled his patient, and proceeded to inquire after his nightly visions and voices. But at this Alfred looked grave as well as surprised and vexed. He was on his guard now, and asked himself seriously what was the meaning of all this, and could his father have been so mad as to talk over his own shame with this stranger? he made reply with reserve.

Dr. Wycherley's curiosity was not of a very ardent kind: for he was one of those who first form an opinion, and then collect the materials of one: and a very little fact goes a long way with such minds. So, when he got no answer about the nocturnal visions and voices, he glided calmly on to another matter. "By-the-by, that £14,000!"

Alfred started; and then eyed him keenly: "What £14,000?"

"The fabulous sum you labor under the impression of your father having been guilty of clandestinely appropriating."

This was too much for Alfred's patience: "I don't know who you are, Sir," said he; "I never exchanged but three words in my life with you, and do you suppose I will talk to a stranger, or family matters of so delicate a kind as this? I begin to think you have intruded yourself on me simply to gratify an impertinent curiosity."

"The hypothesis is at variance with my established character," replied the clesginous one. "Do me the justice to believe it was necessity of this investigation, and that it is one of a most friendly character."

"Then I decline the double nuisance: your curiosity and your friendship! take them both out of my room, Sir, or I shall turn them both out by my pair of shoulders."

"You shall smart for this," said the doctor, driven to plain English by anger, that great sobrent of circumlocution with which Providence has mercifully supplied us; he made to the door, opened it, and said, in considerable excitement to one outside, "Excited!—Very!"

Now Dr. Piconsat had no sooner been converted to the persuasion, that Wycherley and another stranger entered the room: he had evidently been lurking in the passage: it was a man of stalwart stature, singularly gentle, regular, and haggard, but dressed in a spruce suit of black, tight, new, and glossy. In short, he looked like Roman's apothecary gone to bed with the money. He fluttered in with pale cheek and apprehensive body, saying hurriedly, "Now, my dear Sir, let me calm you before Dr. Wycherley come down to see you." And he handed Alfred a card on which his name and profession were written.

"Well, Mr. Speers," said Alfred, "I have only a moment to give you, for I must dress for dinner. What do you want?"

"I come, Sir, in hopes of convincing your friends you are not the author of this calumny. Why your eye is steady, your complexion good; a little high with the excitement of this conversation: but, if we can only get over this little delusion, all will be well."

"What little delusion?"

"About the £14,000, you know."

"What £14,000? I have not mentioned £14,000 to you, have I?"

"Why, Sir; you seem to shun it like poison; that is the worst of it; you talk about it to others fast enough; but to Dr. Wycherley and myself, who could cure you of it, you would hide all about it, if you could."

At this Alfred rose and put his hands in his pockets, and looked down with pity on his instructor. "Mr. Speers," said he, "you had better go. There is no credit to be gained by throwing on small a superfluity of wit on a case in this window; and you won't find it pleasant either; for, if you provoke me to it, I shall kick you out accordingly. I don't open the window first, as I should for Dr. What's his confounded name."

At these words Wycherley looked more suppressed ire and flashing eyes, Speers scuttled to the door crabwise, holding the young lion in front, and looked round for help; but the lion was valiant as a sheep's; and a joyful apothecary was he when he found himself safe outside the door and beside Dr. Wycherley, who was waiting for him.

Alfred soon cooled, and began to laugh at his own anger and the unbecoming violence of his visitors; but, on the other hand, it struck him as a grave circumstance that so able a man as his father should stir muddy water; should go and talk to these strangers about the money he had misappropriated. He puzzled himself all the time he was dressing: and not to trouble the reader with all the conjectures that passed through his mind, he arrived at last at the fact, Hardie must feel very strong, very sure there was no evidence against him but his son's, or he would not take the eighth commandment by the horns like this.

"Injustice carries it with a high hand," ... ed, with a sigh. He was not the ... to imitate his father's shamelessness: so he locked this last incident in his own breast; did not even mention it to Julia.

But now, on reading Peggy's note, his warlike instincts awoke, and, though he despised his correspondent and her motives, he could not let such a chance pass of defeating brazen injustice. He was determined at once forward to have to go to Silverton on his wedding morning; but, after all, there was plenty of time. He packed up his things a day before the wedding tour, and in the morning took them with him in the fly to Silverton: his plan was to come back direct to Albion Villa; as, if he went to Silverton Grove dressed, all ready for the wedding.

As it happened he overtook his friend Peterson, just outside the town, called to him gayly, and invited him to church and breakfast.

To his surprise the young gentleman replied sullenly that he should certainly not come.

"Not come, old fellow?" said Alfred, hurt. "Have a good cheek to ask me," retorted the other.

This led to an explanation. Peterson's complaint was that Miss Alfred he was in love with Julia, and Alfred had gone directly and fallen in love with her, just to cut him out.

"What are you talking about?" said Alfred; "so this is the reason you have kept away from me of late: why, I was engaged to her at the very time; only my father was keeping us apart."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because you gave me no time for prattling sort."

"Oh, nonsense; I don't believe a word of it."

"You don't believe my word! Did you ever know me tell a lie? And that rate think what you please, Sir: drive on, Strabo."

And so ended that little friendship.

On the road Alfred soberly youth arranged in his head a noble scheme. He would bring Peggy Black home with him, compensating her liberally for the loss of place, and thereby lose: notify confront her privately with his father, and convince him it was his interest to restore the Dodds and Hardies with a good grace, take the £6000 he had already offered, and countenance the wedding by letting Jane be present at it. It was hard to ask all this in the time, but well worth trying for, and not impossible: a twopenny bit, and a little perseverance, and he offered the man a guinea to drive fast; so that it was not nine o'clock when they reached Silverton. Here, however, all he had pulled a porter along with the bell; and a gray-haired servant out of livery stood on the steps to receive him. He announced the object of the visit, which was trimmed as neatly as a college green, and asked the servant if he could see Margaret Black.

"Margaret Black!" said the man, doubtfully: "I'll inquire, Sir. Please to follow me."

They entered a handsome hall, with antlers and armor: from this a double staircase led up to a landing with folking-doors in the centre of it: one of these doors was wide open, like the iron gate outside. The servant showed Alfred up the left-hand staircase, through the open door, into a spacious drawing-room, handsome, though not gayly furnished and decorated; but a little darkened by Venetian blinds.

The old servant paused gravely on, and on, till Alfred began to think he would butt the wall; but he put his hand out and opened a door, that was nearly close, escape a stranger's notice; for it was covered with looking-glass, and matched another narrow mirror in shape that was on the other side of a very long room, as plain and even sordid as the drawing-room was inviting; the unpapered walls were a cold drab, and a narrow bed there was at each end, cobweb up in one corner, and from the ceiling hung the tail of another, which the housemaid's broom had omitted to sweep down: that side of the room they entered by was all books. The servant said, "Stay here a moment, Sir, and I'll call her to you." With this he retired into the drawing-room, closing the door softly after him; once closed, it became invisible: it fitted like wax, and left nothing to be seen but books; not even a knob. It shut so with that gentle but close click which, to the sensitive ear, betrays well oiled and gently closed, will emit. Altogether it was enough to give some people a turn. But Alfred's nerves were not to be affected by trifles; he put his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room, quietly enough for him, but rather nervously. "Confound her for wasting my time," thought he; "why doesn't she come?"

Then, as he had learned to pick up the fragments of time, and hated dawdling, he went to take a book from the shelves.

Then, as he had learned to pick up the fragments of time, and hated dawdling, he went to take a book from the shelves.

"Well," thought he, "this is the first dummy ever took me in. I wish I could see the man most he! Why, he could have bought books with ideas in them for the price of these impostors."

Still Peggy did not come. So he went to a door opposite and at right angles to the farthest window, meaning to open it and inquire after her: lo and behold he found this was a knob without a door. There had been a door, but it was blocked up. The only available door on this side had a key-hole, but no latch nor handle.

Alfred was a prisoner.

He no sooner found this out than he began to hammer on the door with his fists and call out.

This had a good effect, for he heard a woman's dress come rustling: a key was inserted in the door opened. But, instead of Peggy, it was a tall well-formed woman of thirty, with dark eyes, and straight hair, handsome massive and black as jet. She was dressed quietly, but like a lady. Mrs. Archbold, for that was her name, cast an Argus eye of one swift all-observing glances, with which her sex contrive to take in the features, character, and dress of a person from head to foot, and smiled most graciously on him, revealing a fine white set of teeth. She begged him to take a seat, and sat down herself. She had left the door ajar.

"I came to see Margaret Black," said Alfred.

"Margaret Black? There is no such person here," was the quiet reply.

"What, has she gone away so early as this?"

Mrs. Archbold only smiled, and said, soothingly, "Are you sure she ever existed, except in your imagination?"

Alfred laughed at this, and showed her Peggy's letter. she ran her eye over it, and returned it him with a smile of a different kind, half-pitying, half-cynical. But presently resuming her former manner, "I remember now," said she, in dulcet tones: "the anxiety you are laboring under is making you dream of money: it is not it?"

"What, can you give me any information about it?" said he, surprised.

"I think we can render you great service in the matter, infinite service, Mr. Hardie," was the reply in a voice of very honey.

He looked amazed at this. "You say you don't know Peggy! And yet you seem to know me. I never saw you in my life before, madam; what on earth is the meaning of all this?"

"Calm yourself," said Mrs. Archbold, laying a white and finely-moulded hand upon his arm, "there is no occasion whatever for you in the matter: *you were expected.*"

The last rushed into Alfred's face, and he started to his feet: some vague instinct told him to be gone from this place.

The lady fixed her eyes on him, put her hand to a gold chain that was round her neck, and drew out of her white bosom, not a locket, nor yet a bag, but a small white whistle; before he was steadily fixed on Alfred, she breathed softly into the whistle. Then two men stepped quietly in at the door: one was a slim stout young man, with great red whiskers, the other a wiry gentleman with iron-gray hair. The latter spoke to Alfred, and began to call him Mr. Hardie. "Be good; and that you may be cured, and so restored to society, and to your anxious and affectionate relations."

"What are you talking about? what do you mean?" cried Alfred; "are you mad?"

"No, we are not," said the short snob, with a coarse laugh.

"Have done with this fooling, then," said Alfred, sternly; "the person I came to see is not here; good-morning."

The short man instantly stepped to the door, and put his back to it. "Not so fast," said, calmly, "Mr. Hardie, you can not leave the house at present."

"Can't I? Why not, pray?" said Alfred, drawing his breath hard: and his eyes began to flutter dangerously.

"We are responsible for your safety; we have force at hand if necessary; pray do not compel us to use force."

"Why where, in God's name, am I?" said Alfred, panting now: "is this a prison?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Archbold, soothingly; "it is a place where you will be cured of your headaches and your delusions, and subjected to no unnecessary pain nor restraint."

"Oh, bother!" said the short snob, brutally. "Why make two bites of a cherry? You are in a madhouse, a private gentleman, and a devilish nicky thing for you."

At this fatal word "asylum," Alfred uttered a cry of horror and despair, and his mind acted wildly round the room in search of escape. But the windows of the room, though outside the house they appeared to come as low as those of the drawing-room, were barely bricked up within, and made just too high to be reached without a chair. And his captors read that wild glance directly, and the doctor whipped one chair away, and Mrs. Archbold another, and sat quietly down on the other. They all three blew their whistles shrilly.

Alfred stood an oath and rushed at the door: but heard heavy feet running on stone passages toward the whistles, and felt he had no chance and that way: so he turned to the door on the handle of the old defunct door: he made a high leap, came down with his feet foot on its knob for a base, and his hands on the panels could not stand on it, contrived to spring from it ship at the window—Mrs. Archbold screamed—he broke the glass with his shoulder, and tore and kicked the wood-work, and squeezed through on to a stone ledge outside, and stood there bleeding and panting, just as a bull dog escapes burst into the room at his back. He was more than twenty feet from the ground: to leap down was death or mutilation; he saw the Brman driving away. He yelled to him, "Hy! hy! stop! stop!" The German stopped and looked round. But soon as he saw who it was, he just grinned: Alfred could see his hideous grin; and there was

the rattle of chairs being brought to the window, and men were mounting softly to secure him; a coarse hand stole toward his ankle; he took a swift step and sprang desperately on to the next ledge:—it was an old manor-house, and these ledges were nearly a foot broad:—From this one he bounded to the next, and then to a third, the last but one on this side the building; the corner ledge was but half the size, and offered no safe footing: but close to it he saw the outside leaves of a fig-tree; then rose them must grow close to the corner; could he but get ground to it he might yet reach the ground whole. Urged by that terror, and as loose which is natural to a sane man, and in England is fed by occasional disclosures, and the general suspicion they excite, he leaped to a piece of stone higher than one's hat, and thus whirled himself round into the tree, all eyes to see and claws to grasp.

It was a weeping ash: he could get hold of nothing but soft yielding slivers, that went through his fingers, and so down with him like a bathing suit, except he went with his hands full of green leaves over head and ears into the water of an enormous iron tank that fed the baths.

The heavy plunge, the sudden cold water, the instant darkness, were appalling; yet, like the fox among the hounds, the gallant young gentleman did not lose heart nor give tongue. He came up gurgling and gasping, and swam round for his life in mensly silence: he swam round and round the edge of the huge tank trying in vain to get a hold upon its cold pure sides. He heard whistles and voices about; they came faint to him where he was, but he knew they could not be very far off.

Life is sweet. It flashed across him how, a few years before, a university man of great promise had died miserably in a tank on some Swiss mountain, a tank placed for the comfort of travelers. He lifted his eyes to Heaven in despair, and gave one great cry.

Then he turned upon his back and floated: but he was obliged to paddle with his hands a little to keep up.

A window opened a few feet above him, and a face peered out between the bars.

Then he could sit up for lost, and looked to hear a voice denounce him; but no, the livid face and staring eyes at the window took no notice of him; it was a maniac, whose sense, short of reason, conveyed no images to the sentient brain: only to some half vegetable instinct this darkened man was turning toward the morning sun, and staring it full in the face; Alfred saw the rest then, if possible, steal away. Every faculty of mind and body was strung up to defend himself against the wretches who had entrapped him.

He had not been long in this position when voices approached and next the shadow of a ladder moved across the wall toward him. The keepers were going to search his pitiable hidingplace. They knew what he did not, that there was no outlet from the premises: so now, having hunted every other corner and cranny, they came by what he called the exhausting process of reasoning to this tank; and, when they got near it, something in the appearance of the tree caught the gardener's quick eye. Alfred quaking heard him say, "Look here! He is not far from this."

Another keeper said, "Then the Lord have mercy on him; why there's seven foot of water; I measured it last night."

At this Alfred was conscious of a movement and a murmur, that proved humanity was not extinct; and the ladder was fixed close to the tank, and fast down hastily up it.

Alfred despaired.

But, as usual with spirits so quick-witted and resolute, it was but for a moment. "One man in his time plays many animals" he caught at now would be bad board, and played with the jackal desperate plays in India, the fox in England, the elephant in Ceylon; he feigned death: lifted his mouth with water, and turned on his back paddling imperceptibly, and half closed his eyes.

He was rewarded by a loud shout of dismay just above his head, and very soon another ladder was placed on the other side, and with ropes and hooks he was drawn out and carried down the ladder; he took this opportunity to discharge the water from his mouth; on which a coarse voice said, "Look there! *His* troubles are at an end."

However, they laid him on grass, and sent for the doctor: then took off his coat, and one of them began to feel his heart to see whether there was any pulsation left: he found a thumping. "Look out," he cried, in some alarm, "he's shaming Abraham."

But before the words were well uttered, Alfred, who was a practiced gymnast, bounded off the ground without touching it with his hands, and fled like a deer toward the front of the house; for he remembered the open iron gate: attendants followed shouting, and whistle answered whistle all over the grounds. Alfred got safe to the iron gate: alas! it had been closed at the first whistle twenty minutes ago. He turned in rage and desperation, and the head-keeper, a powerful man, was rushing incautiously upon him. Alfred instantly steadied himself, and with his long arm caught the man in full career a left-handed blow like the kick of a pony, that laid his cheek open and knocked him stupid and staggering: it followed it up like lightning with his right, and, throwing his whole weight into this second blow, sent the staggering man to grass; slipped past another, and skirting the south side of the house got to the tank and was down well out of his pursuers, seized the ladder, carried it to the garden wall, and was actually half-way up it, and saw the coast comparatively clear, when the ladder was dragged away and he fell heavily to the ground, and a keeper threw himself bodily on him. All feud half expended on the first man fell to foot in time, dashed it furiously in the coming face, actually knocking the man backward: another wrenched on his shoulders, caught him by the throat so fully that he lost all power, and they rolled over and over together, and Alfred got clear and ran for it again, and got up the middle of the lawn, and hallooed to the house: "Hy! hy! Are there any more sane men imprisoned there? come out, and fight for your lives!" Instantly the open windows were filled with white faces, some grinning, some exulting, all greatly excited; and a hideous uproar shook the whole place—for the poor souls were all sane in their own opinion—and the keepers and attendants, two of them bleeding profusely from his blows, made a cordon and approached him; but he was too cunning to wait fairly surrounded; he made his rush at an under-keeper, feinted at his head, caught him a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach, doubled him up, and bounded, and off again, leaving the man on his knees vomiting and groaning. Several mild maniacs ran out in a neat agitation and were easily collared to help catch him. Vast was their zeal. But, when it came to the point they only danced wildly about and cried, "Stop him! stop him! stop him! he's ill, dreadfully ill; poor wretch! knock out his brains!" And, whenever he came near them, away they ran, leaving like hares cares.

Mrs. Archbold, looking out at a window, advised them all to let him alone, and the would come out and surrender. "He'll find he'll have to be advised; they chased him about the lawn: but so swift of foot was he, so long of wind and reach, that no one of them could stop him, nor indeed come near him, without getting a face that came back to the doctor.

At last, however, they got so well round him, he saw his chance was gone: he took off his hat to Mrs. Archbold, and said quietly, "I surrender to you, madam."

At the words they rushed on him rashly; on this he plunged through them, and, as well as a cat attacked by dogs; administered two fearful black eyes, and instantly folded his arms, saying haughtily, "I was to the lady I yielded, not to you fellows."

They seized him, shook their fists in his face, turned him, and pushed him by his own private sieve: they handcuffed him, and drove him before them, shoving him every now and then roughly by the shoulders. And on this retinue, spoke no word. They took him to the strong-room, and manacled his ankles together with an iron bar, and left him there; but from the bedposts, and fastened his body down by broad bands of tinking with leathern straps at the ends; and so left him helpless than a swaddled infant. The hurry and excitement of the capture over, and the prisoner secure, misery came down and sat like lead on him. He lay mute as death in his gloomy cell, a tomb within a living tomb, and felt it. The darkness horror grew and grew in his dilating eyes; gusts of rage swept over him, shook him, and passed; then gusts of despair to wake sullenly remained and went, but his bonds. What would his Julia think? He could only let her know! At this thought he called, and, when he begged for a messenger: there was no reply. The cry of a dangerous lunatic from the strong-room was less heeded here than a bark from a watch-dog kennel in Christendom. "This is my father's doing," he said. "Curse him! Curse him! Curse him!" and his brain seemed to burst. Then his unbridled he vowed to God to be revenged on his father.

Then he writhed at his own meanness in coming to it's worst—revenge—he begged for a messenger: there was no reply. The cry of a dangerous lunatic from the strong-room was less heeded here than a bark from a watch-dog kennel in Christendom. "This is my father's doing," he said. "Curse him! Curse him! Curse him!" and his brain seemed to burst. Then his unbridled he vowed to God to be revenged on his father.

Then he writhed at his own meanness in coming to it's worst—revenge—he begged for a messenger: there was no reply. He groaned aloud. The cheek in the hall struck ten. There was just time to get back if they would lend him a conveyance. He shouted, he screamed, he prayed. He offered bribes, he implored them to would forgive his father, forgive them all; he would say no more about the money; would do any thing, consent to any thing, if they would only let him keep faith with his Julia: they had better consent, and not provoke his vengeance. "Have mercy on me!" he cried. "Don't make me insult her I love. They will all be waiting for me. It is my wedding-day. Oh pray send the lady to me; she can't be all stone, and my misery might melt a stone." He listened for an answer, he prayed for an answer. There was none. Once in a mad-house, the sanest man is mad, however innocent and defaced the character of the relative who has brought two of them to wait their pleasure. Alfred's coat was thrown behind his back; and, once hobbled and strapped, he is a *dangerous* maniac, for just so many days, weeks, or years as the landlord's purse and jacket happen to be left upon him by inhumanity, economy, or simple carelessness. Poor Alfred's cries and prayers were heard, but no more noticed than the night howl of a wolf on some distant mountain. All was silken silence, but the grating tongue of the lock, which told the victim of a legislature's shallowness and a father's avarice that Time, deaf to his woe, as were the walls the men the women and the cattending bands, was stealing away with iron finger his last chance of meeting his beloved at the altar.

He closed his eyes, and saw her lovelier than ever, dressed all in white, waiting for him with sweet concern in that peerless face. "Julia! Julia!" he cried, with a loud heart-broken cry. The bell hour struck. At that he struggled, writhed, he bounded; he made the very room shake, and lacerated his flesh; but that was all. No answer. "Julia, you have left me!" he sighed.

The perspiration rolled down his steaming body. The tears burst from his young eyes and ran down his cheeks. He sobbed, and sobbing almost choked, so tight were his linen bands upon his bursting bosom.

He lay a long time thus.

The clock ticked harshly on: the rest was silence. With this miserable exception; ever and more and more the victim's jammed body shuddered terribly it shook and rattled the iron bedstead, and told of the storm within, the agony of the racked and all foreboding soul.

For then rolled over that young head hours of mortal anguish that no tongue of man can utter, nor pen can unbook. Chained sane among the mad; on his wedding-day; expecting with tied hands the sinister acts of the soul-murderers who had the power to make their lie a truth! We can paint the body writhing vainly against its unjust bonds; he who can paint the loathing, agonized soul in a mental situation so ghastly? For my part I feel it in my heart of hearts, but am impotent to convey it to others; impotent, impotent.

Pray think of it for yourselves, " and when, if you can, write a more terrible tale than ever a novel. Think of it, for your sons sakes; Alfred's turn to-day, is my yours to-morrow.

A GIFT BY THE WAY-SIDE.

THE old farm-house clock had just struck seven, and over all the hills the purple vapors of twilight were creeping, wafted by the breezy odors among the sweet-fern in the pastures and the blue wild-grapes ripening in the woods, while the whip-poor-will began to call on the many sides of the luxuriant fence that skirted the ravine, and the katydids chirped shrilly through the morning-glory leaves above the open window.

"Seven o'clock!" echoed Silas Miller, just as though he had not been watching that slow-creeping minute-hand for the last half hour. "I'll tell you he bere now—my boy will soon be here!"

What a strange softening of the rugged features, what an unwonted light of the harsh voice there was, when he uttered the two simple words "My boy!" Yes, Silas had a boy, who was coming back from the smoke of half a score of battle-fields; no wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his stern heart. "I'll tell you what—"

"Surely I ought to hear the stage-horn," he said, feverishly pacing up and down the narrow path, where the sunflowers lay like a carpet of pale gold. "Listen, Sybil! don't you hear it?"

"It's too early yet, father."

The light figure was standing out to his side, and both together leaned over the garden-gate, gazing into the opal gloom of twilight with wistful, searching eyes.

She was not prettier than many another New England girl, yet there was a delicate type of beauty in her face that could belong to much in the "frozen North" as its pine forests and cliffs of eternal snow. Pale brown hair, with auretic lights crossing its rich masses, eyes like the blue larkspur, and lips that had stolen the dewy crimson of the wild rose; in pearls and blue crape Sybil Miller would have been a beauty; in her dress of gray gingham, she was something far better and nobler.

Suddenly the old man started and uttered an indistinct, glad cry.

"It's he, Sybil; don't you see, beyond the elder bushes! Child, don't hold me back; let me go and meet my boy!"

"No, father, you are mistaken; it is not Lawrence; Laurence is shorter by half a head, and that is not his quick, buoyant step!"

"Your eyes are failing, Sybil," Silas Miller, almost petulantly. "Why do these vagrant soldiers go wandering by, giving honest folks such a start?"

"I speak only what I see, and am watching for Laurence," said Sybil, half smiling in the dusk.

"It was only this morning that a beggar, disguised as a soldier, came here—So United States uniform, came by, and had the audacity to ask me for money!"

"Did not you give him something?"

"Give him something?" repeated Silas, angrily. "I'd have given him a starving lynx! I have no patience with these strolling beggars. Here's another specimen of the kind, I suppose. No, my boy, you needn't trouble yourself to recite your pitiful story!"

For the tall figure, with halting step and cast blackly upon the ground, had paused in front of the gate, and Sybil could just discern dark, piercing eyes, and a forehead curiously traversed by a crescent-shaped scar, apparently newly healed.

"I have nothing for you," said Silas, stanchly. "Yes, yes, I know what you would say, but it's no use. I have been warning the proper authorities will take care of you, and if you're not, the county jail is the place for you. Don't tell me about *want*; what have you done with your bounty money and your pay, if you're really what you pretend to be—a soldier?"

Even through the twilight Sybil could see the scarlet flush rising to the scarred forehead.

"Sir, you are mistaken. I did not beg!"

"No, you'd prefer to play the bully, I've no doubt. But I'm not a proper subject for you, so be about your business, sirrah!"

The soldier turned silently away, with a step more halting perhaps and a head more depressed, and passed slowly into the gathering dusk.

"Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully, "had you forgotten that our Laurence too is a soldier?"

"No," returned Silas, abruptly, "I remembered it, and it convinced me all the more that a man, paid and pensioned like our Laurence, has no need to beg on the public highways."

"But, father, he did not beg."

"Because I would not allow it, child. I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I swear I will do no more!"

He spoke in the sharp, high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked round again Sybil was gone.

Footsore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had sat himself down on a mossy boulder by the road-side, when a quick, light footstep came up a little beyond him, leading from the back door of the farm-house, through blackberry pastures and mown fields, and a slight figure bent above him.

"I could not bear my father's words: he was angry and unreasonable," she said, hurriedly. "I have little to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier-brother."

Before he could speak she had unfastened from her neck a blue ribbon with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, placed it in his hand, and was gliding away across the fields like some little gray nun, in her sober-hued dress. He rose up, as if to follow and overtake her, but it was too late, and as he bent his head over the gleaming token something grew like a tear dropped upon its circlet of tiny stars.

"And now tell us every thing that has happened to you, Laurence? Oh, Laurence, when I walked this morning it seemed all a dream that you had come back to me again in very truth!"

The bronzed, handsome young soldier looked smilingly down into the radiant face that nestled against his shoulder, and a serious shadow stole into his eyes.

"I can tell you, Sybil, it came very near being nothing more than a dream to me. Three times have had more hair-breadth 'scapes than you know of, little sister. But not tell you, did I, of that skirmish along the Potomac where I seemed to see face with death, an ugly death, too, at the point of rebel bayonets, when some brave fellow charged down on me and saved my life with his sword right hand."

"Who was it, Laurence?" said old Silas, with trembling lip and dilated eyes. "I would give my best wheat field for a chance to grasp that right hand!"

"I don't know—I never came across him again. Probably he was in some other regiment. All I know is that he had curly black hair and a scar over his forehead, shaped exactly like a Moorish crescent."

Such a straight nose, and a heavy black mustache!" interrupted his sister.

"Exactly."

"Father," said Sybil, turning with sparkling eyes and crimson cheek to where Silas Miller sat, "the wandering soldier whom you turned from your door this night was the man who saved our Laurence's life."

Silas rose up from his chair and took an uneasy turn across the room and back, his iron features working strangely.

"I can't be helped now. He said, in a tremulous voice; "but it's the last soldier I'll ever send with empty hands from this door. The man who saved our Laurence's life! Oh, Sybil! if I had only listened to your counsel!"

But she never spoke of the little lucky-piece of gold. Such a trifle might seem like ostentation, this shy, fastidious little wild-flower of the forest.

"My Sybil going to be married among the fine folks down in Boston! Well, I s'pose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind o' hard," soliloquized Silas Miller, one cloudless autumn night in her white evening dress, with scarlet geraniums lighting up her brown hair and glowing on her bosom. No wonder Captain Lindsay's face brightened with grave, quiet pride as he looked down on his fair betrothed.

"Sir, she is worthy dearest, in this quiet little music-room," he said, with earnest authority. "I can't share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world, and say loudly that you are all to myself for a while."

She looked up with a blushing smile, then down again.

"Well?" he asked, as if she had spoken.

"I was wondering, Allen—that scar on your forehead!"

"What of it?"

"Why, it is such a singular shape—almost a half circle. I never saw but one like it before."

"Did not you?" And where was that?"

"In a picture-book, crossed our gaze once with just such a scar on his forehead, and—"

She paused, for Allen Leslie had quietly taken from some inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up.

"Do you know where was this to me?"

"Gave it to you, Allen?"

"Yes, in one of those weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads. You fancied me a beggar—it was not so. I had money, broken pieces; yet I stood sorely in need of a kind word just then, for my brain was threbbing, my limbs weary, my wounds scarce healed. That foot-march cost me a weary fever. Yet I do not regret it; for—"

He took her hand tenderly into his, and added, "For although I might have known, from my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue-ribbone piece of gold I never should have known how good and true she was."



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MOULTRIE BY THE IRON-CLADS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, OF AUSTRIA.

We publish herewith a portrait of the ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, OF AUSTRIA, who has been named by the French officers in Mexico Emperor of that country. The Archduke is a man of middle age, and a sailor by trade. He enjoys a fair reputation in his own country, and has been well spoken of by foreigners who have known him. Some years ago he married the daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, one of the most sensible and upright of sovereigns. Whether or no he will fall into the trap laid for him by the Emperor of the French remains to be seen. The first intelligence was that he would unhesitatingly accept. But since then his views appear to have undergone some modification, possibly under good advice from his father-in-law. Mr. Motley's excellent opinions, expressed to Count Rechberg, may not have been without their weight upon the mind of the Archduke.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

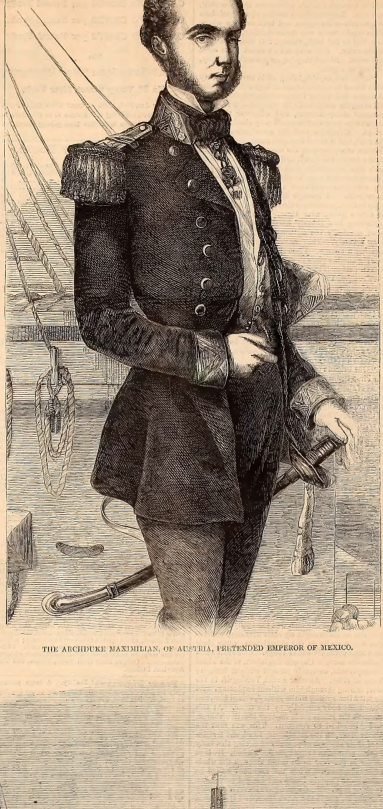
We continue in this number our illustrations of the siege of Charleston, from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. On page 609 we give a picture of the

CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT ON REBEL RIFLE-PITS.

Mr. Davis writes: "A sand-hill had been taken advantage of by the rebels as a cover for a number of sharp-shooters, who constantly annoyed our sappers with their pinging Minié's. This was not to be overlooked for a moment, and the rebels left the place not to return."

The New York *Times* correspondent says:

One of the most brilliant events that has been witnessed on the island since the inauguration of the siege movements, occurred last Wednesday night—an event in which the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment bore a worthy and conspicuous part, and which resulted most advantageously for the Union side. Prior to the event of Wednesday night, four parallels, with the usually accompanying approaches, had been built. Beyond the fourth parallel a rifle-pit had been commenced which was being extended toward Wagner as fast as the circumstances would allow. At night our pickets were thrown out fifty yards to the front, which brought them to within about fifty yards of the rebel pickets. Between the opposing pickets was a ridge of sand which it was very essential we should occupy in order to facilitate engineering movements. The rebels also understood the importance of the position, and every night had vast two or three regiments to hold it. As will be seen, however, they were behind time on this occasion, and so lost the ground. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Colonel F. A. Osborne, was on duty in the trenches at the time. Just before dark, in accordance with orders issued, the batteries on the right, that is, in the parallels, commanded by Captains Jno. J. Comstock, Charles G. Strahn, Albert Green, and Lieutenants George Green, of the Third Rhode Island Artillery, also, Captain Skinner, of the Seventh Connecticut, who commands a battery of mortars, were opened simultaneously on Wagner and the rifle-pits between the fort and the ridge and on the ridge itself. After fifteen minutes of deafening cannonading, our guns having been replied to by the enemy from Wagner, Gregg, and Simpkins, the firing on our side was directed particularly to points beyond the ridge, and the Twenty-fourth, who were near at hand, was ordered to dash forward and seize that ground. In a moment the men leaped over the parallels, and in another moment were pouring up the ridge. One company of the Sixty-first North Carolina were in the rifle-pits, but before they knew their own enemy were surrounded and taken prisoners. Our men then placed themselves in a state of defense by throwing up an earth-work which had increased before morning to the dimensions of a parallel, making a number of five in the series. It can not be said the company of North Carolinians fought obstinately in the defense of the ridge, for they, in the first place, were too few in numbers, and in the second place, were too quickly surrounded. What our men had most to fear was the canister and grape from Wagner. The range was short—only 150 yards, and it required a lively handling of spades to put up a protection. From the time the guns were opened to the moment the Twenty-fourth were on the summit of the ridge, thirty minutes had elapsed.



THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, OF AUSTRIA, PRETENDED EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

The regiment lost two killed, eight wounded, and one missing. The rebel loss was four killed, eight wounded, and sixty-eight prisoners, including two lieutenants. In fact, the entire rebel company, with the exception of the Captain and two or three privates, were either killed, wounded, or captured.

We gained a portion of ground, the possession of which enabled the engineers to go on with the operations toward Wagner. We now have the fifth parallel and a sap extending therefrom, the head of which is but one hundred yards from the rebel fort. Numerous rifle-pits of the enemy, which were filled with sharp-shooters, have been traveled, and he has been forced to contract his boundary limits. In a word, we have manifestly added to the chances of a speedy capture of Wagner.

On pages 612 and 613 we illustrate

FORT WAGNER.

Mr. Davis writes:

"MORRIS ISLAND, *September* 8.

"The fact that our approaches had reached the ditch of Wagner had scarcely time to be known when it was noised about that we were to storm the place the coming dawn. Ere this could be done the wily foe had left us the possessors of Morris Island.

"That spades are again trumps seems unquestioned; and it may not be out of place to mention the fact that all engaged in the work of the reduction of the rebel works performed their respective duties admirably.

"Who was the very first to enter Wagner is a much-mooted question. Certain it is, however, that Sergeant Vermillion and five men of the Thirty-ninth Illinois regiment were in the fort as soon as any one. Almost simultaneous with their entrance was that of Captains Walker and Pratt, of the Engineers, and Lieutenant Michie, of General Gillmore's staff.

"My sketches give views of the fort—one showing the dismantled condition as well as the natural strength of the work; the other the scene of the charge made on the 18th of July, our men having got into this portion of the work at that time. In the fore-ground of this sketch is shown an incident of hourly occurrence.

"The attack upon Gregg, though well planned, was discovered, and proved unsuccessful.

"After having sketched Fort Wagner I started for Battery Gregg, and had nearly reached that place, after a most unpleasant tramp under a constant fire, when old Sol sent an unusually hot beam, and the next known I found myself much nearer Wagner than Gregg, and a copious drenching of the salt-water of the ocean going on. Asking where I was hit, I was told 'twas sun-stroke; and a remark shortly afterward made by one of our brave defenders, that 'the artist man was hungry,' suggested to my mind that a speedy leave-taking of my soldier friends might be advisable. This is the reason why no sketch of Battery Gregg is presented with this package of sketches.

"The picture of

THE IRON-CLADS ENGAGING THE WORKS UPON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND,

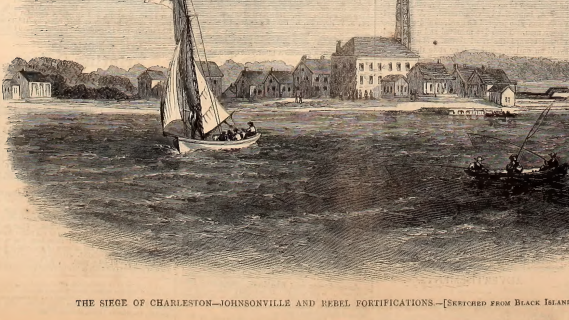
sketched from the beach of Morris Island, gives, I think, the most comprehensive view of the scene.

"How reckless men become after a period of constant exposure to shell fire can be seen by the entire indifference exhibited by the soldiers upon the beach, who take their usual tramps under the constantly-bursting shells with a nonchalance almost wonderful."

On this page we give

FORT JOHNSON AND JOHNSONVILLE, SKETCHED FROM BLACK ISLAND.

Mr. Davis writes: "During a little jaunt with Colonel Serrell, a few days since, being in quest of sketches, I found the scenes that I send to you—the Colonel's very excellent glass rendering it



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—JOHNSONVILLE AND REBEL FORTIFICATIONS.—[SKETCHED FROM BLACK ISLAND BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

practicable to sketch many places that must certainly have gone unpictured had one been forced to rely upon unaided eyesight.

"This view of Fort Johnson and its surroundings is not only interesting but picturesque, and since it is known that the rebels rely almost entirely for the defense of Charleston upon sand-works of this kind, these views assume an interest that they have been hitherto devoid of."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote two pages this week to an illustration of the Army of the Potomac, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. On pages 616 and 617 we give

THE EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

Mr. Waud writes: "The crime of desertion has been one of the greatest drawbacks to our army. If the men who have deserted their flag had been present on more than one occasion defeat would have been victory, and victory the destruction of the enemy. It may be therefore fairly asserted that desertion is the greatest crime of the soldier, and no punishment too severe for the offense. But the dislike to kill in cold blood—a Northern characteristic—the undue exercise of executive clemency, and in fact the very regulations themselves, as at present framed for the defense, has prevented the proper punishment being applied. That is past; now the very necessity of the case will call upon the severest penalties to be rigorously exacted. The picture represents the men who were sentenced to death in the Fifth Corps for desertion at the moment of their execution. Some of these had enlisted, pocketed the bounty, and deserted again and again. The remembrance of death being so seldom enforced they considered it a safe game. They all suffered terribly mentally, and as they marched to the spot seemed like they staggered in their total agony like a drunken man. Through the corps, ranged in hushed masses on the hill-side, the procession moved to a funeral march, the orchestra walking each behind his own coffin. On reaching the grave they were, as usual, seated on their coffins: the prisoner made short prayer; their eyes were bandaged; and with a precision worthy of praise for its humanity, the orders were given and the volleys of death launched them into eternity. They died instantly, although one sat up nearly a minute after being shot and I have no doubt that their death has had a very salutary influence on discipline."

WIND-MUSIC AND THE CHILD.

A TUNE that keeps no earthly time or measure,
Rising and falling at the wind's wild pleasure;
Now quick and high, now slow in languid leisure,

But always very musically sweet,
And always sad. No little childish feet
To its soft cadence dance along the street;

No little childish voice breaks into singing,
By a glad impulse, like a wild bird dinging
An echo to the sound the wind is bringing:

Rather the child, although scarce knowing why,
Hearing this music, pauses slowly by,
And breathes its fear and wonder in a sigh.

THE WAY JOE ALLEN BURIED VANDEGRIFT.

"I PROMISED to tell you something about Allie and Upton's fight with the Adjutant of the First Kentucky. "We did not go into the fights themselves, being for the first time kept in reserve; but after we had finished driving the enemy, and began to move back to the army, our brigade had the honor of covering the rear, when we had some tolerably sharp work.

"You were with us last year when we had that set-to with Stuart at Aldie, and remember the position pretty well. The rebels came up the Snickersville Road in just the same way they attacked last December; but Kilpatrick met them different-ly. Our regiment found outside of the town, and charged into the road by the first wood. The Tenth New York charged, and drove them to the dip of the road where it bends in both directions. Here they were met and forced back. Kilpatrick sent in the Second New York as support. Their Major, instead of leading, gave his orders from the rear, which produced some confusion, and consequently the rebels were getting the better of our men. They say that Kilpatrick was half mad. He had brought on the fight, and now if his men failed him he was done. Just then Colonel Gamble with his First Maine came up in perfect order. Kilpatrick rode up to them, and they dashed forward with a style that was irresistible. Right before them they swept the rebels, past the woods and ... hop, and up to the last hill, where the... were some old hay-stacks grouped together. Here the rebels were protecting themselves under their cover, and gave a heavy fire; but it was no use. Eleven horses went down right around his colors, but even that did not check the Maine fellows. Closing in, they broke the enemy's way, and, fighting hand to hand, forced them down the steep into the hollow beyond. It was terribly close work. Kilpatrick himself was, they say, once unhorsed and a prisoner, but was cut out before he could be fairly taken. That fine old soldier Colonel Doughty got in to deep. The rebels ordered him to yield, but he refused. If he had had his own horse, which was so perfectly trained that he could do any thing, the old man would have succeeded in keeping a clear place around him, and would have cut his way through; but the animal on which he was mounted was inferior in strength and activity to the emergency. The rebels pressed in upon him, and the horse fell and rose, fighting to get them down. There was no holding the Maine boys after that. The rebels were driven well down the hill, our artillery got into position and raked them fearfully, and for a mile or two it was a perfect rout.

"The rebels ran across into the Middlebury Road, which, through Dulle's misfortune that morning, was free. Reinforcements coming up enabled them to get into order again, and held us for a while. Once again there was fierce fighting, and again they had to fall back, though this time in a little better order. Still each attack shook them more and more. At last they began retreating rapidly, leaving us a gun.

"After two days' fighting, all in our favor, they were forced to make a stand at Upperville, in order to secure their line of retreat through Ashby's Gap. All along the stone-wall fence they had their dismounted sharp-shooters, and wherever they deployed they protected themselves by similar breastworks. Kilpatrick took the same precaution on the road, and it saved him from some trouble. His column, charging past the sharp-shooters, caught them in a heavy fire that it had to fall back, and Stuart's men charged in their turn. Then our carbineers let them have it with terrible effect, wheeling out their guns by fours. Over the stone-walls and through the inclosures our men went at them, sometimes throwing down the fences, at others going over them. Every inch was something like Brandy Station, though we had been decidedly the aggressors. The rebels lost very severely. They never succeeded in fairly meeting a charge. From hill to hill they went, leaving position after position and gun after gun driven pell-mell into the Gap. It was not until they reached the other side, and were covered by their infantry and artillery, that they were able to make a stand.

"Kilpatrick's brigade had the work that day all to itself; and they did it in splendid style as well as the reserve had nothing to do but to follow up. The next morning Pleasanton, having found out all he wanted to find out until we had a new start, gave orders to fall back to our position, covering the march of the army.

"I ought to have said the rear of the column; the First Pennsylvania and First New Jersey, with some of the Third Pennsylvania, being deployed as skirmishers. It was while thus engaged that we were actually retiring they came swarming out of the Gap. They had received such a lesson, however, that it was not until dark, and after much through Upperville that they attempted to close. Here they came on with a howling fierceness behind a hill, and charged. It was a very distinguished fellow. They rode in toward our skirmishers, and I, fully determined to bring him down, but Lucas opened such a scathing fire upon them that they reeled back in dismay.

"Among our losses that day Private Vandegrift, of Company D, particularly distinguished himself. All our men were cool and daring, keeping their positions steadily, but he fought with marked judgment, never throwing away his fire, and always the nearest man to the enemy. Close to his side fought Joseph Riggleberger, of Company A, reckless, warm-hearted, light-headed boy. I do not know that they fought really better than others, but they struck me more, and in the subsequent events impressed their names on my memory. Curiously enough, the storm of bullets fired by the rebels did not injure either of the two. Their skirmishers were nervous and fired wild, while the aim of our men was unusually fatal. At last the rebels charged, and Vandegrift and Riggleberg firing shells at our skirmishers, while their men kept carefully out of range. One shell burst under the feet of Captain Riggleberf, of the Third Pennsylvania, curiously enough without harming any one but his horse, which was killed under him. A mile, tearing through him without exploding. As he fell Allen sprung to the ground, seized him, and raised his body against the fence. At this moment the rebels made another abortive charge, and Allen had to remount. This was near the Snicker Mills, on the Middlebury Road, and terminated their attempt at pursuit. Leaving this body behind seemed to weigh upon Joe's mind. He kept as far in the rear as he could, and rode back after-movement. When the regiment halted he came up to Captain Lucas and begged permission to bring it in. The Captain refused, as the body did not lie inside the rebel lines, and if he could find any men to accompany him. Craven, of Company A, immediately volunteered, and Sergeant Nania man also pressed forward, as did two other Jersey men. These five mounted and quietly advanced toward the rebel forces, Managing to avoid an outlying picket, they stole through the enemy's skirmishers, and rode up in the spot where lay Vandegrift's body, partially hidden by the fence. There, within one hundred yards, stretched the enemy's skirmishers, and the conversation intervening between them and the body. 'No matter,' said one man to each other; 'it lies without the lines, and we can't be expected to respect orders.' So suddenly they rode out of the woods and spread themselves before the body. As they did so, the skirmishers opened upon them a heavy fire. The movement so paralyzed the rebels that they were unable to fire until after he had done this. Then, as he anticipated, they delivered a hasty and ineffectual fire. Without returning it our men wheeled and dashed back into cover with the burden for which they had risked so much. Half sadly, half triumphantly, they bore it back to their camp and gave it such a decent grave as a soldier's satisfaction that their comrade obtained a proper resting-place from their hands, instead of being tumbled into a ditch, by the enemy, or left unburied, a prey to unclean beasts and the foul birds of prey."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"THE PRINTER'S DEVIL," a handsome, illustrated, literary, and humorous paper, for boys, will be issued on the first of each month, free of postage, for twenty-five cents. Address "Printer's Devil," 119 Fulton St, N. Y. Sold by newsboys.

TEAS.

Only TWO CENTS per Pound Profit.
Only TWO CENTS per Pound Profit.
Only TWO CENTS per Pound Profit.

The
Great American Tea Company,
No. 51 Vesey Street, New York,
are selling ALL their TEAS at ONLY TWO CENTS per POUND PROFIT, believing this feature to be attractive to the many who have heretofore been paying ENORMOUS PROFITS.

Standard Military Books.

Roemer's History and Uses of Cavalry, 8vo..... $5 00
Gibbon's Artillerist's Manual, 8vo, new edition..... 6 00
Robert' Handbook of Artillery, 12mo..... 1 00
Casey Artillery Tactics, 3 volumes..... 2 00
Casey's Infantry Tactics, 3 volumes..... 2 00
Military Art and History, by BARBE DU PARQ, 8vo..... 1 00
Scott's Military Dictionary, octavo..... 5 00
Benet's Military Law and Courts-Martial, 8vo..... 1 00
Army Officers' Pocket Companion, 18mo..... 1 00
Manual for Engineer Troops, 12mo..... 1 00
Cullum's Military Bridges, 8vo..... 2 00
Instructions for Field Artillery, 18mo..... 1 00
Together with a full assortment of French, English, and American Military and Civil Engineering works.
Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,
No. 192 Broadway, New York.

S. M. WARD, Co. E 48th N.Y.Vols.

C. E. PACE Co. I 29 N.J.Vol.

50,000 Agents Wanted.

One Agent wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, with a Circular containing full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or a Fine Gilt Watch Guard, or Gentleman's Cuff, or Engraved Spring Locket, or a Seal Stone, Cut, Ferrule Diamond, or Chessel Ring, or a Gent's Gold Scarf-pin, Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Shield, or other Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Co., and Reg., handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kearney Cross in Gold Plate, and for 50 cents, I will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.
Address, R. F. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4976. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

LACE CURTAINS,
Nottingham Curtains,
Brussels Curtains,
Rep Curtains,
Terry Curtains,
Satin Delaine Curtains,
Wholesale and retail,
at
KEITH'S, 359 Broadway.

SAVAGE & CO.'S No Chimney Burner burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light *without chimney*, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 302 Fulton Street, N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent by mail, pre-paid, for 50 cents.

Fountain's INDIAN AND AMERICAN INDIAN SOUPS, 25c. Indian Curiosities, *Wonderful Tobacconist and Portrait Store*, 89 *Nassau*, is filled with scarce, useful, and novel goods from China, *Japan*, Cuba, Mexico, and the American *Indians*, which are not to be found elsewhere; wholesale and retail. Catalogues sent per mail. Visitors are welcome to examine our extensive stock without purchasing. Unique Fans from India, France, and the American Indians.

Fancy Pigeons and Poultry. A large private stock for sale. Satisfaction guaranteed, as the owner is going to Europe. Box 2600, P. O., Boston.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No simple capital required. Business new, light, honorable; adapted to any part com; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, 21 DOWN ST. (Box 3,386), NEW YORK.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR $1
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS.
Is acknowledged by all who have used it, to be in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents. VAN ANDEN & CO., 80 NASSAU ST., Box 31, N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 8 ct. stamp for circular.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Colonel of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 50 emanciel cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags for Aces. Any one can play all the usual games. Two backs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. Address CHARLES MAGNUS, 12 Frankfort St., New York. Agents AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 BROADWAY, CORNER OF MERCER STREET, N. Y.

LACE CURTAINS,
Nottingham Curtains,
at
KEITH'S,
No. 359 Broadway.

WANTED—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can best get a pension by employing CLAGGETT & CO., of Box No. 46, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 28x36. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

FOWLER'S ARDENT MAGNOLIA should be used by all business men. A perfect substitute for ink that the thing cannot. Will be found very useful in taking account of stock, &c., for all tallying purposes. Price $5 00. Stats and County rights for sale. Descriptive circular sent on receipt of stamp. Address FOWLER & CO., 61 Park Row, Room 21, N. Y., or Box 2513, Chicago, Ills.

Accordeons and Flutinas.—Best quality, Rosewood, 8 keys, 2 bands, 20 reeds, $5; 11 keys, $6; 13 keys (double), $8; 10½ key (double), $7. 20 key, Flutina, $8 to $12. Sent by express to any part country. Musical Instruments repaired.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
SPORTSMEN'S DEPOT
OF NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market! They are the sole complete in this country for celebrated

Magic Time Observers.

The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Fusee Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and reliable for best and cheapest timepiece and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering it entirely independent of the cause of this Watch. They are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action levor escapement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, generally speaking, per case of half dozen, $200. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the package is 16 cents; registering, 20 cents. Address

Railway Timekeepers,

With Heavy Sterling Silver Cases,
Especially adapted for Army Sales.

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has *heavy solid sterling silver cases*, handsomely white engraved, the hardened gold hands, with superior regulated movements, *warranted for one and two years*, and *equal to any case of half dozen, $60*: by mail, $1 05 for postage. At register, add 20 cents additional. A sale discount to parties purchased. *Sold only by the case.*

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER is also furnished in handsome silver plated cases, and in all other respects the same as the silver ones, while its appearance they are fully equal. Price $48 per case of six. Postage, $1 05. Registering, 20 cents. Sold only by the case.

Our importations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy with elegance, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other sources.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. The accompanying are emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers. — *Portland Letter, Me.*

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered." — *N. Y. Tribune and Evening Mail.*

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance." — *Evening and Mail.*

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men." — *N. Y. Evening Mail and Express.*

"Elaborately and artistically finished." — *N. Y. Scottish American, July 30.*

"Combine accuracy as timekeepers." — *Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle, July 27.*

"Very perfect reliable watches for the army."— *N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ, Aug. 29.)

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."— *Louisville, Ky., Journal, July 31.*

HUBBARD BRO'S WATCHES are unique. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail, it is at our risk. If goods is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS AND SALESMEN wanted to canvass everywhere—for most useful, and wonderful inventions, in which they can make from $100 to $500 per month. On sending $5 we will forward by express a case of samples which will sell for three times the sum. Send stamp for circular. GOODWIN & CO., 329 Broadway, offices 11 and 12.

Attention, Officers!—Being desirous of collecting material for a *History of the Rebellion*, I will send a company of the different regiments be correctly represented, to with a commissioned officer or the orderly of each Colonel us their address for *free* circular, or 25 cts. and receive copy of "SOLDIER'S COMPANION," with instructions. M. E. COLE & CO., 141 Main St., Cincinnati, O. P.O. Box 1063

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above rate represents size and style of *Badge* furnished. It can be fastened to the dress

I. A. MILLER
C.B.
5TH N.Y.V.

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, Providence, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by the Union Army, forwarded free of charge on half rates by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Portable
Printing Offices.

For the use of the Army and Navy, Merchants, Druggists, and Business Men generally. These Printing Offices are now extensively and profitably used throughout the States and Canada, and are highly recommended by those who have given them a trial. The printing press is simple and durable, and the printing material is of the best manufacture. Full instructions for use accompany each office.

Press No. 1, 8x 4 in. $10 03—Complete Outfit, $20 00
Press No. 2, 8x 6 in. 16 00—Complete Outfit, 30 00
Press No. 3, 9x11 in., 30 00—Complete Outfit, 60 00
Press No. 4, 12x18 in., 60 00—Complete Outfit, 120 00
Press No. 5, 13x19 in., 90 00—Complete Outfit, 180 00

Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cards, &c., cheap.

Adams Press Co., 24 Park Row, N.Y.
AND ALSO FOR SALE BY
CHASE & LEAVITT, 25 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

PHYSIOGNOMY,

OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER, and "How to Read Them." Physiology, the functions of the body; Phrenology, the organs of the brain; Ethnology, the races of man; and Psychology, the science of the soul, are given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Vol. 39 commenced with the July number. Specimen number, 20 cents, by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Five quires (120 sheets) nice commercial note paper for 25 cents. Envelopes, for a sample, 10 cents. Five thousand envelopes, 50 cents. 100 buff do., 40 cents. All the above articles sent by mail, postage paid. KNOW & HAY-GOOD, Faithdeer Office, Boston, Mass.

J. H. Winslow & Co., 100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 "	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Jet and Gold Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
1000 Coral, Ena., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 3 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 4 00 each.
2000 Sets of Room Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gold Lockets	3 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
4000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mtd Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents to whom setting an Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will allow 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
99 Broadway, New York.

J. W. EVERETT & CO., METROPOLITAN PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will attend to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUISITE, at the LOWEST PRICES: Photographs, Albums, Leather Fancies, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in the City.

We will forward, on receipt of 20 cents stuff, Photographs of GENERAL MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GEN. THOMAS, BURNSIDE, SIGEL, BANKS, SHERMAN, HALLECK, SLOCUM, HOOKER, AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, FOOTE, FARRAGUT, or any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PA TENT DOMINOES—The excellent article, being neat, durable, and perfect substitute for the ivory. Ivory Jokes, will receive the highest award of the Camp and Parlor, at the Hospital. Single sets, 25 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00.

SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.



Volunteers, Read this.—For the derangement of the system, change of Diet, Wounds, Sores, Diseases and Eruptions, to which every Volunteer is liable, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and sure as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, thoroughly tested in the Crimea and Indian Campaigns. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expense paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Universal Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something magnificently useful by every person. Sent free by mail for **20** cents that retails for $2. Sy KIL. WALCUTT, 191 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Soldiers' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1. Solid Silver, $1.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $3 50 each.
Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD relief, $1 50.

The above are fac-simile cuts, handsomely engraved with name and regiment—with the letter representing the Co. in BOLD RELIEF.

Corps Badges
Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.



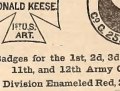
Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Prices of Corps Badges.

1st Division, either Corps, Sterling Silver, enameled Red,		$1 50
1st	" " 16 karat Gold	" 3 00
2d	" " Sterling Silver	" 3 00
2d	" " 16 karat Gold	" 4 00
3d	" " Sterling Silver, enameled blue	1 50
3d	" " 16 karat Gold	" 4 00

Terms Cash in advance.
Send for a Catalogue.
Address J. G. PACKARD & CO.,
208 Broadway, N. Y.



THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE.—Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1858. The best and only reliable billiard table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by PHELAN & COLLENDER, corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS, male or female, SOLDIERS, and all having some time to spare, are particularly requested, as a FAVOR, to send us their address, and we will send in return, FREE, information for which they will receive $5 per day. We offer no humbug. We pay from $6 to $15 per day ABOVE EXPENSES. We want addresses from every locality in the U. S. and from every REGIMENT in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 2131, N. Y.

Deafness.—*Sound Magnifying Tubes.* Can be concealed, and enables deaf persons to hear at public assemblies. Send for a description to
E. HASLAM, 23 John St., New York.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.

The subscribers manufacture TYPE REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Machines, Hot and Cold Pressure.

POWER PRESSES,

For Book, Job, and Card Printing.

They would also call the attention of publishers of newspapers to their new

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS

and their Single

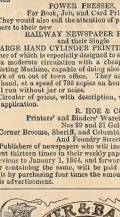
LARGE HAND CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE,

either of which is especially designed to supply newspapers of a moderate circulation with a cheap and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary job-work of an out of town office. They are designed to run by hand, at a speed of 700 copies an hour, and at this rate will run without jar or noise.

Circular of prices, with description, will be forwarded on application.

R. HOE & CO.,
Printers' and Blocks' Wholesale,
Nos 29 and 31 Gold Street,
Corner Bronne, Sheriff, and Colombia Sts., New York,
And Foundry Street, Boston, Mass.

Publishers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement thirteen times in their weekly papers, with this notice, printed in Nonpareil Type, and forward us a copy of paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials by purchasing four times the amount of their bill for this advertisement.



495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The **Grover & Baker Machines** have taken the **First Premium** at the late State Fairs held in

NEW YORK,	MAINE,	KENTUCKY,
NEW JERSEY,	MICHIGAN,	TENNESSEE,
PENNSYLVANIA,	IOWA,	MISSOURI,
OHIO,	MISSOURI,	SOUTH CAROLINA,
INDIANA,	ALABAMA,	CALIFORNIA.

$15 Per Day Easy $15 And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our immensely popular, successful, and saleable extra large size PARIS STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTIONS PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Gentlemen's Etiquette, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Prescriptions, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Guides for 1863, YANKEE Notions of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Designs, Games, *Army Articles, &c., &c., &c.*, the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages are sent over, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW CIRCULARS, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.



MEEKS' CABINET
FURNITURE
WAREROOMS,
No. 699 BROADWAY,
AND
333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established several years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Grononi will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, free of U. S. taxes, on receipt of order.
R. G. GHAHAM, No. 189 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Broker's Sale

Of rich and valuable goods, comprising a great variety of unredeemed pledges, valued from 76 cents to $300, for sale at One Dollar each, to be delivered in rotation as received at the office. For list of goods send 3 cents postage for circular. Address ANDREWS & CO., Brokers, No. 103 Bullroy Street, Boston, Mass.

Something New.

Patent Fountain Marking Brush and Pencil, for marking Boxes, Packages, &c. 1000 Agents guaranteed 75 Dollars per month. Send stamp for circular, or One Dollar for sample, free by mail. L. F. CLARK & CO., Manufacturers, Box 28, Northampton, Mass.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S 18TH Established 1841. 127 Fulton Street, New York.
☞ For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

BOOK AGENTS' HEAD-QUARTERS.—The ARMIES THEMSELVES. Our work experienced agents in all parts of the country for the latest, largest, and best-selling HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, and other popular Books. Apply to or address J. B. STODDARD, Auburn, N. Y.

Printing Office for $12.
Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and most durable Portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Also, Cards, Circulars, and others, engraving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Circulars, Checkers, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses, $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $24, 35, 42, and $45. Send for a circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES, Bonds, CORDAGE,** and YARNS, Steam Packing, Wicks, **CARPET** Chain, Cotton Warp, Hemp Lines, Blocking Twine, Card and Sharpening Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

National Union League.

Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,
208 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power, in the *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera*, and general use. Equal to any double sea-glass and made on the most approved principles. Sent on receipt of price. Send for circular, containing names of numerous testimonials, which improve the sight, without straining needs of frame. Glasses sent by exclusive agency.

SEMMONS, Oculists-Optician,
681 Broadway, New York.

Mt. Kisco Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 8th, 1863. For circulars address A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A LONZO PLACE, A.M., Principal of Hudson River Institute, Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., offers 14 weeks board and tuition for $37. Term opens Sept. 9th. (Both sexes). 17 Instructors, who board in the Institution with the pupils. Write for catalogues.

The Cheapest Magazine Extant!
THE GEM, PEARL!
No. 1, for October, now ready.
Price 10 cents. Send for 3 cents.

This charming and new monthly contains 24 quarto pages of the choicest of American Productions, adapted to the "home circle." The Pearl is unrivaled in neither merit or price. Terms, $1 per annum. Send for it.
Address, WM. PERRY & CO.,
Lewes, Delaware.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just Published:

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envy extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By JOSEPH KAY, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

LIVE IT DOWN. "A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Author of "Open Sesame! Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For October, 1863.

CONTENTS:

THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE "MONITOR" PASSAIC.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Parade at Sea.—The Ship's on Fire.—In Tow.—Montauk's coming to.—Under Engine.—The Leak.—Bailing all Night.—Men Exhausted.—Off Hatteras.—Inhabitants of Beaufort.—Coming round Frying-Pan Shoals.—Light-Ship off Fort-Royal Harbor.—In a Fog. Head on to Sea.—Off Charleston.—Ironsides.—Arrival at the Light.—Lost in a Swamp.—The cool Gunner.—Workmen at Fort Royal.—Step of Charleston Harbor.—Work-Ship at Port Royal.

ABIDE IN FAITH.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—IV. THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Interior of Fort Niagara.—Map of Niagara Frontier.—Sergeant Van Rensselaer.—John Ross Wood.—Entrance to Fort Niagara.—William H. Merritt.—Battle-Ground at Stony Creek.—Old German Church, Bishopp's Mountain.

THE PIERY COLLIERY OF PIENNES.

THE ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER LXVII. The Combat.
CHAPTER LXVI. Vis Vitæ.
CHAPTER LXIX. "So, the Conquering Hero comes."

ILLUSTRATIONS.—At the Office.—"And you went in at him on the Station?"

ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE." (*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER LXVIII. Romola's Waking.
CHAPTER LXIX. Homeward.
CHAPTER LXX. Meeting again.
CHAPTER LXXI. The Confession.
CHAPTER LXXII. The last Silence.

EDITOR'S UNDRAWER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Pantheon.—At the Well.

ANTI-HEROBOLISM.

THE LITTLE HEIRESS.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO SLAVE. (*Second Paper.*)

AGATHA AND THE EXILE.

THE BATTLE OF HERRINGTON.

AROOSTOOK AND THE MADAWASKA.

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

ALICE IN HAVEN.—IN MEMORIAM.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Promenade Costume.—Boy's Dress.—Velvet Cloak.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30.

The Postage on HARPER'S WEEKLY is 26 cents per year for Quarterly in advance, at the office of delivery. Two cents per time for outside Advertisements.

Single Numbers of Harper's Weekly can be had of all Newsmen.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



PRESENTATION TO JEFF DAVIS.

DIXAR. "Hi! Massa! De SWAMP ANGEL send his compelmunts wid dis here fine punkin, smokin' hot, and hope to visit you hisself in Richmond, by 'm by!"

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS, now in twelve style each, price $70 to $600 each. A visit improvement on everything of the Melodeon or Harmonium kind. See written testimony of more than one hundred of the most eminent artists and organists of leading cities to the great excellence of these instruments, and their superiority to all others of their class for private and public use. Also Melodeons, from $40 to $170 each. Illustrated Catalogues sent free. Warerooms Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer St., New York. Address MASON BROTHERS.

FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
AND
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,
No. 38 Wall Street.
Orders received for Five-Twenty Bonds at Par, interest to commence with date of payment.
7-30 Treasury Notes.
U. S. Gold Certificates.
Six per Cent Bonds of 1851.
And all other Government Securities bought, sold, and constantly on hand.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received on favorable terms.
Special attention given to the Collection of Government Vouchers, Quartermasters' Checks, and matured Certificates of Indebtedness.
FISK & HATCH, 38 Wall Street.

SOLID SILVER, $1.00. ARMY PINS and CORPS BADGES.
[SEE INSIDE PAGE.]
Address
J. G. PACKARD & Co.,
289 Broadway,
SOLID GOLD, $3.50. New York.

10 for One Dollar sent free. Single copies 15 cts. New Cuts de Visites of President Lincoln and each of his Cabinet, Generals Washington, Scott, Halleck, Banks, Grant, Rosecrans, Meade, Burnside, McClellan, Hooker, Butler, Gilmore, Fremont, Reynolds, and Sickles; Admirals Dupont, Foxhugt, Foote, Porter, and other prominent Union Officers. Catalogues of Books, Photographs, and Albums sent on receipt of a red stamp. Send your order to the Original Gift Book Store, 433 Chestnut St., Philad. Established in 1854, by G. G. EVANS.

To all Wanting Farms.
Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil, Good crops of Wheat, Peaches, &c. Live in a town—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—39 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good Schools and society. Good crops can be seen growing. Hundreds are settling. On account of extreme mildness of climate, it is highly beneficial to pulmonary complaints. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, Esq., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts in an advanced level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies."

MONEY AND TIMPER SAVED!
BROWN'S NEW Metal Top Lamp Chimney:—does not break by heat; does not get dim; is easily and quickly cleaned without wetting; one chimney can answer almost; never; saves your temper, time, and money. Try it, and you will see no other.
N. L. C. MFG CO., 45 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The American Parlor Or Piece Skate,
Hard Rubber Rollers,
Anti-friction Axics.
Frederick Stevens,
215 Pearl Street, New York.
88 Kilby Street, Boston.

A Bad Breath.—The Greatest Curse the human family is afflicted with. How many times has a genial—how many friends fewer parted. The subject is a delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. H. T. HELMBOLD & CO., 21 and 23 Day Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

50,000 Agents Wanted.
For $1, I will send a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Reg., and Co., handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin; and for 30 cents I will send the New Style Union League Pin, together with my wholesale Circular to Agents. B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, New York.

Fish's Patent Lamp Heating APPARATUS.
Every Family should have One.
For descriptive Pamphlet and Price List, address W. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 202 Pearl St., N. Y. Agents wanted.

COMPOSITE SILVER WATCHES!
FIRST CLASS HUNTING THIRTEEN. FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, these watches must insure the most experienced judges. As a special being able at present, it can not be recognized by calling or leaving a postal.
In accordance with the seeming spirit of the times, watches are now manufactured from a beautiful silver-like composition, the constituents of the valuable ore, and not only is appearance and durability, the best resemblance of solid sterling silver in existence!
AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In large buying cases, here, to fully organized, whole enamel dials, and fancy set hands, in good running order, by the half dozen, $60 postage, $1 50; registering, 20 cts. Sold only by the case, to be safely sent by mail.
The sale of these watches in the army is a source of much gratification, as they very readily to, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact. TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE. Money by express or mail, in registered letter at our risk.
HUBBARD BROS., Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

Shults' Ongent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post paid, for 30 cents. Address C. E. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

$22 WATCHES. $22
Genuine American Lever Watches, in Coin Silver, heavy Hunting Case, warranted, for $22. Retail price $35.
Genuine Full Jewelled American Lever Watches, in Coin Silver Hunting Case, gold joint, for $35. Also every variety of good watches, at equally low rates. All orders from the army must be prepaid, as the express companies will not take Bills for Collection on delivery.
J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches.
209 Broadway, New York.

Photograph Albums!
SUPERB STYLES, in ARABESQUE and GOLD, at ANY PRICE from $1 00 to $25 00 each. Very Elegant Albums, French Styles, for $2 50 each, sent for $3 00.
Catalogue and Price List sent on receipt of Five Cents.
J. W. LUCAS & CO., 172 Broadway, N. Y.

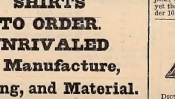
DR. GOODALE'S
Catarrh Remedy.
Exterminates Catarrh, Root and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot 613 Broadway.

WATCHES FREE.
Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $10 per day selling our NEW and WONDERFUL LIST OF NOVELTIES AND STAPLE PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE ALL and unlike all the old styles; containing 40 New Articles, and of the quality Writing Material, Games, Cutlery, Jewelry, Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companies (for the Army), fish gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., together worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friends in the army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast. A SPLENDID WATCH, warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all Agents. Packages in endless variety sent to all parts. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULAR containing FULL EXTRA inducements. Sent free to any one sending us their name. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

STERLING SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCHES presented to all who sell our Great New Illustrated Prize Packages. Profits 100 per cent. Sells rapid. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for Circulars. W. H. CATTELL & CO., 34 Ann Street, N. Y.

Soldiers, send 10 cts. for Wm. Potter's wonderful discovery, worth $100. Address Box 1943, Philadelphia, Pa.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. AT UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway. Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.
Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.
Address
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

STEEL COLLARS AND CUFFS, ENAMELED
LILY WHITE,
Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.
To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.
Price $1 each, sent by mail to any part of the Union on receipt of $1 25.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.
S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 397 B'way, N.Y.
ALSO
FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS,
the largest assortment in New York, $9 75, $8, $8 75 each; all cut on one pattern.
A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage must be added—43 cents for each Shirt.
Send the size of your neck.
ALSO
ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2 50.
A LARGE STOCK OF
SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.
ALSO
FINE WHITE SHIRTS
to order, $2, $2 50, and $3.
Send for Price List and Rules for Measurement, to
WARD, FRED. LONDOS,
No. 837 Broadway, N. Y.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
There is no Gift, or Present, which surpasses with the Grand Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2 25; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.
Address, HENRY CRAIG,
202 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to the trade.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, Stealth Movements, perfect time-keeper; sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 24 & 46 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have contributed two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

RETURNED TO THE CITY.
DR. B. C. THEVY, the Dermatologist, having filled his Boston engagement, can be consulted at his office, 49 Bond Street, New York, for all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Premature Blanching, Moth, and Freckles, and all Cutaneous Diseases. For full particulars, send stamp for a Circular.

American Enameled
STEEL COLLAR CO.,
C. H. WELLING, 194 Price Street, New York.

Get the Best—Get the Best.
Colorine colors but beautiful brown or black, without wash or preparation. Warranted best and cheapest. Try it, you will use no other. Sold by Druggists. General Depot, 69 John Street, New York.

Barnum's American Museum.
THE GREAT SPECTRAL ILLUSION.



THE GHOST,
EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING, introduced in an appropriate and thrilling drama.
The Seven and Wonderful Indian Chiefs, Warriors, and Squaws. The Monster Python, Living Sea Serpent, Colossal Trained Fish, &c. &c. all for 25 cents, and yet the price of admission is only 25 cts. Children under 10, 15 cts.

DICTIONARIES IN ENGLAND.—There are at the room of the agent for Webster's Dictionaries, at Mason & Hamlin's, 274 Washington Street, Boston, specimen sheets of six different editions of Webster's Dictionary, published in England, and also specimens of "Webster's Pictorial and American Spelling Book," and "The Illustrated Webster Reader," also from the English press. No person can examine these volumes without realizing how very great a popularity the name of Noah Webster has attained in Great Britain.—Boston Journal, July 23, 1863.

GREAT TRIUMPH.
STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 69 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a first prize medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world selected for competition.
The special correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

S—T 1860 X.
Drake's Plantation Bitters.
They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They stimulate the nervous system and relieve the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Headache, Sickness, and Nervous Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, the nervous quiet, and exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are recommended in the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or health, as a delightful invigorator, and the delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Saloons, and Saloons.
P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York.

Gold Pens and Cases,
Retailed at Wholesale Prices.
Ladies' Size $ 75 Engraving Pen $2 00
Med. " 75 Union " 2 50
Large " 1 00 Mammoth " 3 00
Commercial Pens 1 50 Commercial Extra 2 25
Large Extra " 1 50 Mammoth Extra " 3 00
The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last 30 Pen years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pens in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.
Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.
E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 18 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

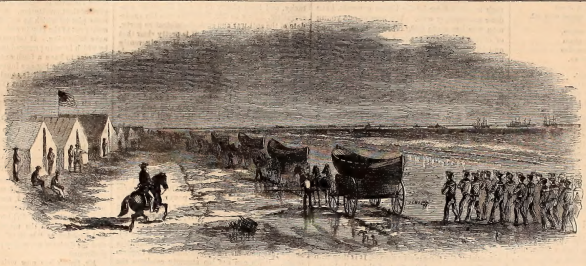
All kinds Sewing Machine Needles
AT J. W. BACHELDER'S,
The only General Needle Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

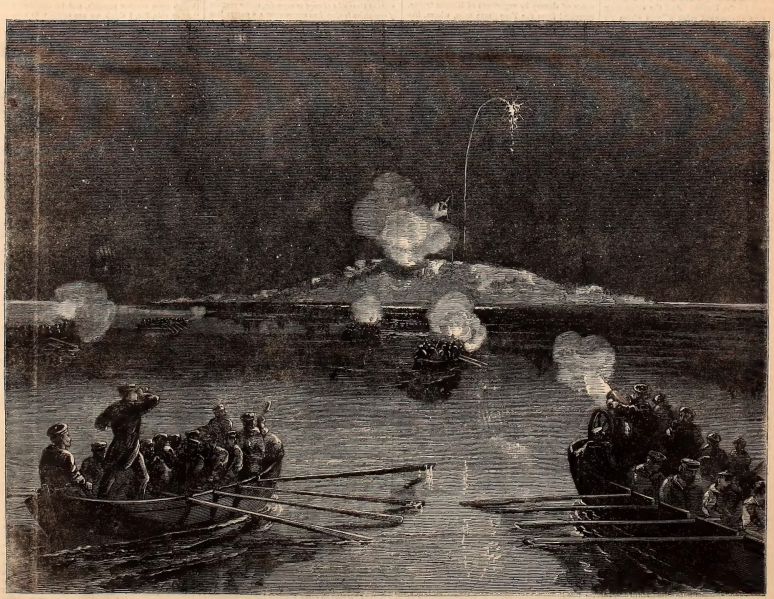
VOL. VII.—No. 353.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE BOATS FOR THE ATTACK OF GREGG ON THEIR WAY.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 629.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ATTACK ON BATTERY GREGG, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 629.]

THE GHOSTLY FIGHT.

By the Rappahannock's moonlit water
Thousands are lying in quiet graves
But under its ever-shifting breast
Are two that never shall taste of death.

They stood at night on the river's banks,
Deathly foes in the hostile army,
And challenged each by the moon's wan light
To meet in the stream in mortal fight.

Naked they swam through the water cold,
That slumbered with horror as it rolled;
And the glittering blade never shone more bright
Struck the faces grim that watched beside.

They met where the stream is still and deep,
Where the river-pirate's boat skimp
With fear to and fro, the moon's cold beams,
And the corpse rocking through their dreams.

A cry went up through the shuddering air
As they softly closed in the death-fight there,
And the flashing water shrunk with dread
From the scabbard from that was tinged with red.

Then stillness fell on the air and stream,
While under the waters a spectral gleam
Each with their white forms shining slow
In a knotted clash to the depths below.

And now and ever, night after night,
They close again in a ghostly fight:
Two white wraiths gleam through the throbbing flood,
And the foam around has the hue of blood.

Forever they close in the death-fight grim,
Though their cry is faint and their forms are dim;
And the current knows from the river's breast
Are two that never shall taste of rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

WILL THE SOUTH SUBMIT?

OUR foreign friends, unable any longer to make peace in the general assertion that, when them as we may, the rebels will not submit. The cry is re-echoed by the Copperhead organs North; they are satisfied that the more we beat the enemy the stronger will grow his aversion for us and for the Union. And the same song is sung by the captured rebel officers whom we are lodging at Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, and other places of detention for prisoners of war. They have stopped bellowing about the last ditch. But the last man who is to die is to be before the stars and bars sink into oblivion. They may be beaten, decimated, driven from house and home, but they will never submit.

It would be easy to show that this is the irrevisible talk of angry belligerents. The British were never going to submit to the independence of the colonies; so said the King and a dozen of his ministers. The French were never going to submit to be ruled by a Bourbon again; yet Louis XVIII. was crowned quite quietly, and ate himself to death in peace. Austria was never going to submit to the loss of Lombardy; yet she got on very well now with the *regime francese*. Hungary never going to submit to the loss of Schastopol; still she bore the event with fortitude when the time came. The "last ditch and last man" talk is almost always indulged in by the leaders of a belligerent army up to a certain point, mainly for the sake of keeping up the spirits of their followers. But it is never carried into practice. The most ardent and the most obstinate combatant will surrender when he can't do any thing else. There are no more obdurate men in the South than George the Third was, and certainly no more bitter pill can well be offered to any one than the one Mr. Lincoln's gudgeon when he received Mr. Adams as United States Minister Plenipotentiary: yet he swallowed it with a grimace.

To careful observers there are not a few indications already, both of the preparations of the South for submission, and of the manner in which they intend to submit. These are especially noticeable along the Mississippi River. When the war broke out the rebels held the river from within twenty miles of Cairo to the mouth, and it is for no pleasure that, with a few isolated exceptions here and there, the inhabitants of the Valley sympathized with the rebel cause. Now that we conquered the Valley, and driven off or scattered the insurgent army. The rebels have resorted to their only remaining resource—guerrilla warfare. But it is obvious at a glance that the victims of this warfare are not the Northern people or the Northern armies, but the few remaining Southern planters and their families. As a guerrilla band, when wherever purposes it may originally be organized, becomes of necessity a mere band of robbers. To live, it must plunder. To plunder safely, it must attack, not military posts or regiments, but isolated houses and defenseless non-combatants. Plunder leads naturally to murder, rape, and arson, and thus the establishment of a system of guerrilla warfare, such as the rebel chiefs have authorized in the Mississippi Valley, simply inflicts upon their own people, in their own country, the most horrible sufferings, without injuring us in the least. What is the result? We have seen within a week a letter from the largest slaveholder in the State of Mississippi, stating that the ravages of the guerrillas are intolerable, and that "if President Lincoln would only recall the decree of emancipation, and annul the Confiscation Act," the people of that region would return to their allegiance *en masse*. Newspaper correspondents all tell the same story. The country is devastated, the people frantic; only let them have their slaves, they say, and they will become our best friends. It is pretty clear that after a few months or weeks more discipline among the regular rebel troops will say no more about conditions, but will beg for protection.

Further south, in Louisiana, the same result is being reached by a different process. In that State the guerrillas have not gained much headway. But several enterprising Northern men have "squatted" on abandoned plantations, hired negro labor, and, though exposed to repeated attacks from the rebels, and drafts upon their laborers' forces by the Union generals, have done exceedingly well. We hear of one young man who has made $50,000 in a single season; of others who have realized $20,000, $25,000, and $30,000. The soil will yield a hundred fold harvests of cotton or sugar to a squatter as to the owner of the fee. This sort of thing naturally extends itself. There are plenty of Southerners who will become Union men for the sake of a fat plantation, even if the original owner will not. And to us of the North it matters very little who owns the land, so long as he behaves himself loyally.

The best guide, however, to the change of sentiment which is destroyed, and which may be found in Missouri and Kentucky. In those States, though they never actually seceded, the Pro-slavery sentiment was as dominant at the outbreak of the war as in Georgia and Alabama; and the difference between pro-slaveryism and rebellion is only one of degree. In those days an abolitionist was driven out at Richmond or Charleston as in Kentucky or Missouri. Now mark the difference. The Missouri papers are full of appeals for mercy from the remnant of the party which, if the rebels had their arms down now, and the foot of the anti-slavery men presses pretty heavily on their necks. The Union officers of Missouri have generally protected against the bloody vengeance of the opponents of slavery by regiments of Kansas troops, recruited from the Free State men, whom, five days an abolitionist was driven out at Richmond or Charleston as in Kentucky or Missouri. Now mark the difference. The Missouri papers are full of appeals for mercy from the remnant of the party which, if the rebels had their arms down now, and the foot of the anti-slavery men presses pretty heavily on their necks. The Union officers of Missouri have generally protected against the bloody vengeance of the opponents of slavery by regiments of Kansas troops, recruited from the Free State men, whom, five days ago, the rebel chiefs would have murdered in cold blood. In Kentucky it is becoming quite respectable to be an Abolitionist, and the sentiment is rapidly becoming will afraid of their position, and nervous if our generals do not leave troops near them. A leading Kentuckian assured a gentlemen in this city within a few days that, if the Rebellion were imagined they could elect Brumlette by 50,000 majority, they would have run straight-out pro-slavery opinions, and would have succeeded. At the next election in Kentucky slavery will receive its death-blow. We say that this change of sentiment in Missouri and Kentucky supplies the key to the way in which the rebels of the further South will submit; because it is evident at a glance that if you remove slavery, you abolish the only reason for the hostility existing between us and the rebels, and it then becomes more their interest than ours to restore the Union.

We must not delude ourselves about the end of the war. It has not come yet, and we have hard work before us still—reverses as well as victories, long marches, cruel privations, disappointments, and trials of patience. The rebels have still powerful and veteran armies, which must be beaten and scattered before our work can be pronounced complete. But we have made great, glorious progress since the spring, and, however distant the end may be, it is much more certain than it ever was.

THE BRITISH PIRATES

LAIRD'S Anglo-Rebel rams are not going to sea without a struggle. On 8th September last Earl Russell received a despatch from the Government would take the responsibility of detaining them, and would send the case into the courts. Public opinion, it seems, had at last compelled the Government of Lord Palmerston to make a show, at all events, of enforcing their laws.

We must not be too precipitate, however, in assuming that the rams will not get to sea. The latest Anglo-Rebel pirate—the *Georgia*—was also arrested by the Government and held for trial. She was, however, suffered to escape, and her armament was supplied her by another British vessel, which met her off the coast of France. In this case, the presumption and the evidence as to the destination of the vessel were as strong as they will probably be in the case of the ironclads. The only apparent reason in the trial was perfectly well what the *Japan*, alias *Georgia*, was intended for. Yet she escaped—simply because British officials were unanimous in their wish to see our commerce destroyed for the benefit of that of Great Britain.

The fate of the iron-clad rams will depend, not on the existence and extent of their guilt, but on the probable capacity and readiness of this country to punish England if they are permitted to go to sea. If we seem willing and prepared to make England responsible for these rams, they will be detained, with or without evidence. But if the progress of the war appears to foreshadow rebel success, and a probable unwillingness or incapacity on our part to try conclusions with a foreign power, the rams will be released, after going through the form of a trial. It is impossible to read the English papers without discovering that it was the astonishing capture of the *Atlanta* by the *Weehawken*, after "seven minutes' fight, three minutes of which she was aground," to which alone we owe the present detention of Laird's ships.

THE LOUNGER.

BORDER STATE POLICY.

THE Copperhead journals try to plume themselves upon Governor Bramlette's election in Kentucky, and have plenty to say of Kentucky conservatism. Now as Mr. Wickliffe was the candidate of the anti-war and anti-administration party, and was hopelessly defeated, it is pretty clear that Kentucky decides for Mr. Wickliffe. How vigorously she wishes the war waged, Governor Bramlette's message shows—a message which has not been very widely circulated in Copperhead circles. It may be cited as an exposition of the present Border State policy.

Upon the great question of the war itself the Governor says: "We will not sanction acts violative of constitutional right. But we will not allow or neglect the use of every necessary means to protect and defend the Constitution against rebel efforts to destroy it, because somebody does not understand or regard its provisions as we do. . . . Because we furnish the means we do not commit ourselves in favor of the mode of applying them. . . . It is our duty to supply the means; the duty of others to apply them. . . . Our objection (to arming negroes) is not to the power, but to the policy." For this, as well as other evils resulting from the rebellion, we will . . . appeal to the ballot-box as the remedy."

All this is intelligible, and not less as to the following paragraph in which Governor Bramlette shows just how far his sympathies with Copperheads. "We can not too strongly condemn the disposition manifested in some to assail, not to correct, but for the purpose of weakening the loyalty of the citizen, and fettering the movements of the administration. . . . *Whatever is treasonable, left in forts of those who attempt to organize, under pretense of opposition to obnoxious war measures, a party whose real purpose is to aid the rebellion, is evils conspicuous, but use them as a pretense for withholding the necessary supplies and aid for our defense, and thus aid the rebellion indirectly.*"

Two years ago the Border State policy was to be let alone. Now it is an overwhelming support of the Government, and opposition by every means, objecting to the black regiments merely as a matter of expediency not of right. Two years hence, or sooner, it will be emancipation.

A WAR TICKET.

IF the Seymour ticket in the New York election, the ticket for which he spoke, and which his friends nominated, the ticket which every shade of Copperhead opposition to the war success every one chief ardently desires—if this ticket, which Fernando and Benjamin sustain, because, although it is a Democratic ticket, it is the best they could get—is a "war ticket," why is it that its great advocate, Governor Seymour, and his friends have always been and are the friends of the anti-war party?

Last winter the citizen voters of this State who are in arms for their country were deprived of their votes by Governor Seymour and his friends.

On the 4th of July, when it was known that at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg the soldiers were fighting for victory in the most glorious cause, the friends of the Governor held a meeting at the Academy of Music, and the Governor himself amid high sneers at our military operations and while he defamed the Government and the loyal States, most studiously hinted at a war, had not a single word of sympathy for his fellow-citizens in the field.

A little later, when the rebellion was sorely smitten, and our own forces were returning in such numbers as to make an immediate increase of the army most desirable for us, in order to follow up the blows we had struck, and when, for the same reason, an appearance of hearty unity and resolution at the North would have been of itself a finishing blow, Governor Seymour and his friends were coquetting with a brutal, sanguinary mob, and by their means delaying the advance of enlistments.

The friends of the soldiers smile as Governor Seymour and his "friends" ask their votes for the "Seymour war ticket." A Seymour war, they have learned, is not waged against rebels, but against the Government.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is called a shrewd man. Let us see. He sends an army to Mexico. The General declares that his only object is to protect the people in choosing a Government to please themselves. Having beaten the Mexican armies and bombarded the Mexican cities, he appoints a commission of persons whom he knows distrusts, and this commission names a triumvirate of men whom the Mexicans hate. This authority, appointed and sustained by French arms, charges the government to an empire, and offers the crown to an Austrian Prince, and, if he declines, to Louis Napoleon as a matter of last resort. Suppose Louis Napoleon a Parisian organ inquires what the United States will probably say; and answers its own question by remarking, "Indeed we would deny to the Mexicans the right of managing their own affairs the Washington Secretary of State would be obliged to establish as legitimate the return of Mexico to Monarchy."

Let us now put the boot upon the other foot. If the United States should send an army to Italy, and having defeated the Italians in the field, should install Mazzini as Dictator, and he should decree a Republic, unless the French Emperor would deny to the Italians the right of managing their own affairs, he would be obliged to accept as legitimate the establishment of the Republic in Italy.

If Louis Napoleon is a shrewd man, he is certainly not very shrewdly defended.

FEE, FAW, FUM.

THE most manly, frank, fair, and honorable of N. Y. York newspapers, in the same way that Benedict Arnold was the most patriotic of our Revolutionary heroes, asks whether Andrews, the rioter, was not "not an hero to get up a riot, in order to have a pretext for declaring martial law in New York?" Of course he was; and it was only another instance of "Gorilla Lincoln's" utter disregard of the Constitution. It was part of the nefarious plot by which he called all the militia regiments out of the city in order that Andrews might have full swing. It belongs to the same scheme by which Lincoln procured the escape of Lee's army in order to have a fresh excuse for declaring Virginia and shooting our innocent brethren of "the South." In fact, it is equally notorious with his setting up the ruse that Old Jeff Davis kept us up to rebellion in order to have an excuse for raising an army and navy to exterminate every vestige of Constitutional right and trample upon all the liberties of every citizen; and then to found an Oriental despotism upon our ruin, change his name from Abe to Tamerlane, and grind our bones to make his bread.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

GOLDWIN SMITH, Professor of History at Oxford, and one of the noblest and most faithful of our friends in England, made a speech last April urging the British Government to prevent the sailing of pirates from British ports. The London Times denounced the meeting and the speeches, and branded as "traitors" those who demanded that the duties of neutrality should be more strictly performed.

Mr. Smith has now written a letter recalling these facts, quoting the spirit of the speeches and the comments of the *Times*, and giving the exact extracts from the late articles of that paper upon the subject in which his own conclusions are urged, although upon other grounds, with great coolness:

"After this, Sir, I think we are entitles to ask, who are the 'traitors' to the honor of England, those who in the last resource had for its basis to the voice of justice, or those who, having at that time counseled her to be deaf to the voice of justice, now counsel her to face Incite to 'war-fare?'"

Goldwin Smith is one of the English names which will be very precious to us hereafter.

England of Hampden and Milton and Locke and Mill.
You are the England of John Milton still.

WHO IS THE DEMOCRAT?

A COPPERHEAD authority complains that Vice-President Hamlin lately addressed "small political meetings" at the crossroads and in the taverns of the rural districts of Maine. The critic claims, of course, to be peculiarly Democratic, and he has never been that in plain and secret caucus and district school-room, and tavern-parlor meetings the public opinion is educated and formed which governs the country. And it is the glory of our system that no office exalts a man beyond his duties as a citizen, one of the first of which is the instruction and enlightenment of his neighbors. When John Quincy Adams, having been President, goes to Congress as a Representative, he illustrates perfectly the idea of democratic elevation and institutions. And when Mr. Hamlin, being Vice-President, confers with his fellow-citizens upon their public duty in a time of great emergency, it is a signal example which every faithful American will emulate. It is not those who cry "Lord, Lord," who are most religious. Nor is it those who call themselves "Democrats" who are most democratic. It would be hard to find in our history two men more simply, honestly, and entirely democratic than Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin.

LITERARY.

"THE Rivoune and the Battle-Field," by Captain G. F. Noyes (Harpers), is one of the personal memoirs upon which the historian of the war will indeed rely for the picturesque and entertaining passages. It is a record of the personal experience of one of General Dodd-day's first staff in Virginia, and is simply, plainly, and graphically, that the reader who gives up to despair the elaborate and scientific accounts of military life and operations will at once comprehend. It is not narrative of a soldier in active service. It is full of anecdotes, of incident, and of striking descriptions, and in a most delightful and instructive volume.

"Revised United States Army Regulations of 1861," with an appendix containing the changes and laws affecting army regulations and Articles of War to June, 1863. (G. W. Childs, Philadelphia.) This seems to be a complete body of military details. The duties of officers and men, volunteers and drafted soldiers, proceedings in civil courts and instructions in cases of army claims, encampments, marches, guards, military law, subsistance, equipments, are all explained; and every subject is accessible by the most carefully elaborated and comprehensive index. A military servant of the country, the work to be essential "to every officer, every office, and as many of our intelligent citizens as possible," as the old army regulations. And if essential to military men, it is at this time a most interesting book for civilians to consult.

"The Capital of the Tycoon," a narrative of a three years' residence in Japan, by Sir Rutherford Alcock. This is the story of the British Minister in Japan, and it is the most comprehensive survey of Japanese life and institutions that we have had. The detailed descriptions and the copious illustrations, with fac-similes from Japanese drawings, give it a curious interest. Sir Rutherford kept his eyes open constantly, and does not omit the smallest details. He tells us that the Cape jasmine is one of the few flowers in Japan that are fragrant, and that the wheat is never sown broadcast. His descriptions of social life are valuable; and from his account it is clear that there is the same kind of fierce, barbarous hate of foreigners in Japan that there is of men who love liberty in our southern country. As to the vexed question of the treaties between Japan and Great Britain, Sir Rutherford clearly inclines to the opinion that the Japanese should be strictly held to their agreements. The chief difficulty lies in the disposition of the Daimios, a kind of regal aristocracy. But he says that the Government represents and controls elements of strength and order independent of them, and with that Government a firm and friendly policy is inevitable. It is a most timely work. (Harper & Brothers.)

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

THE most amusing result of the overwhelming Union and Administration victory in Maine is the various shades of excuses urged by the different shades of Copperheads for their disastrous popular defeat. One says it was because the Copperhead platform was not strong enough for peace. Another declares that it was not strong enough for war. But the most ludicrous of all is the position of the paper issued on the 12th of August that the platform of "the Democracy" in New York "will be that of the Kentucky conservatives, that of General Jesse D. Bright, that of *Iowa Democrat*, that of *Maine*.... *It embraces unconditional loyalty to the Union*.... *the support of the war by all necessary men and means*." On the 15th September, the day before the news from Maine, the same paper remarked in a double-headed paragraph: "There is a very simple solution to the defeat of the Democracy.... Bion Bradbury, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was not up only as a Copperhead, but as a peace pattern of Seymour of Connecticut," etc. etc. And it concludes by saying that, if the party had adopted the platform which on the 12th of August it declared it had adopted, Bradbury would have been elected.

Of all political slop the drivel of what is called "Conservatism" is the poorest.

MUSIC.

OUR winter prospect of music is most excellent. Max Maretzek, the best operatic manager we have had, will direct the Academy with Medori, whose success in Havana and the grandeur of her style are decided. He announces fresh operas and good singers, and the public has learned that he keeps his word. He has established, by long and faithful service, a feeling of interest in the public heart which is a part of his capital; and every frequenter and lover of the opera heartily bids him welcome again and God-speed.

Mr. Arcularius, also, begins a series of concerts in the city immediately. He has no reason for popularity in the concert-room, and his manipulation of them is mysterious. No man can remember such astonishing *tours de force* as Gottschalk, and yet, in certain impassioned pieces of Chopin, he is as rigorously exact as the most purely classical performer. It is a constant surprise and pleasure to hear him, and he has mastered the secret of success.

Mr. Anschütz, stimulated by his good fortune last year, will produce the German Opera, more carefully organized than last year. But he will research far before he gives us any thing better than Madame Johannsen's *Fidelio;* and we earnestly beg him to remember that he will disappoint his most faithful friends if he does not let us hear that Opera very often.

AN OLD SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE.

THE excellent Governor Seymour says, in his last speech, "I am not disposed to criticise the President's recent letter unkindly." Probably not. His Excellency's success in criticising and answering the Proclamation letters has not been great. The same remark may be made of his Excellency's similar efforts with the letters of General Dix. It is a wise old saw that says, "A burned child fears the fire."

THE MODEL CONSERVATIVE.

LET every man whose support is claimed for the anti-administration ticket reflect, that the chief authority which declares that the Government will be defeated in this State by fifty or sixty thousand majority should he elected, Fernando Wood should be made next Speaker of the House, because he is the best serve the Conservative cause in that position."

The excellent and hero of the Seven Days' swamp, who regretted that he could not send arms to the rebels, is presented as the model "Conservative." And justly so. Of what is now called "Conservatism"—a policy for the success of which Jeff Davis prays—he is a perfect representative.

REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Lounger has received several letters informing him that Mr. Seymour is the purest of patriots and the greatest of statesmen. He has also received several stating that Mr. Lincoln is an ape, a gorilla, and a baboon. The Lounger has the honor to assure these letters from both classes of his correspondents, and to inform them that he is of a different opinion. He does not consider a gentleman who has conducted this war to its present condition an ape or a gorilla; nor does he think a gentleman who says that he prefers slavery to the Union the purest of patriots; nor a Governor who calls bloody rioters his "friends" the greatest of statesmen.

HAWTHORNE'S LETTER TO PIERCE.

THAT Mr. Hawthorne should cling to his college friends is natural. That he should feel kindly toward the man by whose influence he went to Europe, and say "Our Old Home," is simply human. That after that man had shown himself in his office the meanest and most pitiable of knaves he lost of purposes, and in his subsequent retirement the most shameless abettor of bloody war upon the United States, Mr. Hawthorne had no anxious to declare his friendship, is a kind of friendly generosity which is yet intelligible. But that he should gravely say of Franklin Pierce that "his moral quality is more steadfast," can be explained only by the fact that the letter to Pierce is dated after the 4th of July, and that until the 4th of July that Pierce made his Concord speech, and not until September that his letter to Jeff Davis was published, in which the ex-President assures his ex-Secretary that the North would support his rebellion in Jeff Davis.

Mr. Hawthorne owes it to himself—to every friend of his who loves liberty and man—to his country, and to the sense of loyalty which his prefaces by coupling it with so dishonored a name as Franklin Pierce—to explain in a subsequent edition that the letter of Pierce to Davis is dated after it had been spoken or printed, and was unknown to him.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL HALLECK is fast recovering from his late protracted though not serious indisposition, through all of which his wife devoted herself to his comfort with the most incredible industry which is one of his main characteristics. It is at his house that the Cabinet meetings have, and remains at work until four in the afternoon, when he returns to his residence in Georgetown Heights. His hours are again resumed at eight in the evening, and continued through the greater portion of the night. Our work is disposed of—often not ceasing until the "wee sma' hours" ahead.

General Benjamin F. Butler will enter immediately upon the campaign in Louisiana, as soon as the question of Governor Curtin. His first speech will be made at Lynchburg.

Lieutenant-Commander James E. Jouett is detached from the command of the *R. R. Cuyler*, and ordered to the command of the *Sebago*.

Among the casualties in the recent battle of Chattanooga are the following:

Colonel Hill and Colonel Bradley, commanding brigades, wounded.

Colonel Jones, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and Colonel Gallagher, of the Eighty-eighth Illinois, Major Glenn regiment, wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hewe, of the Fortieth Kentucky regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, of the Second Ohio regiment, wounded.

Captain Shaeles, Assistant Adjutant-General of Steadman's brigade, killed.

Fourth-lieutenant Edward Mendo departed last week on the inspection tour through the several military departments. Colonel Thomas, of Philadelphia, is visiting Quincy on the western border. It was reported that General Logan also about to set out upon a mission similar to that of General Meade.

A young officer recently released from the Libby prison in Richmond, furnishes the following information in relation to Captain Sawyer and Flynn, who were condemned to death by Jeff Davis:

Captains Sawyer and Flynn, it will be remembered, have been condemned to death by the rebel authorities in execution by General Rosecrans of two rebel officers caught harassing rebels in East Tennessee. Considerable excitement at the death of these brave and patriotic men, but the authorities were reserved by the President himself. Mrs. Sawyer and Lee, held by us at Fortress Monroe. Captains Sawyer and Flynn were confined in the cells of the jail in pairs, joined off from the cellar of the building. Measured by the 20, it appeared that they were 20 feet below the jail. The only light and air are admitted through a hole near the ceiling about a foot square, through which the food is passed down twice a day. This diet is damp, dark, and most shocking to the senses. The prisoners confined in the rebel hatred are enduring within it a living death from day to day. Their keepers are the most degraded wretches tormenters dared not shoot or hang them, to torture their lives away by this long agony, and thus escape the awful leaving died of sickness.

The cruel authority demanded by Colonel Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, is still in session at Washington. This imposition than a letter from Colonel Davis in response to Colonel Davis's character as a brave and successful officer.

Commander Fred Wombes has been ordered to the Navy-yard at Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-Commander E. V. Scott is detached from the South Atlantic Blockading squadron, sick, and waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander Clark Wells is detached from the Navy-yard at Philadelphia, and ordered to the command of the *Galena*.

Captain Ingram, of Fifth New York Cavalry, was seriously wounded near Kelly's Ford on 17th. There is some reason to believe that the act was fired by a deserting conscript to avoid being captured.

The many friends of Major R. J. Falls will be pleased to learn that he has been promoted to the rank of Colonel. He served in General Stoneman's raid to the rear of Lee's army as far as the south side of the James River. He was ordered on General Heintz's staff, at Philadelphia, where he duties are performing to the entire satisfaction of all.

A letter from Cairo says: Some changes have taken place in the Illinois regiments since last week. They are as follows:

Colonel W. P. Lyon, of the Fifty-eighth Illinois Infantry, is to command the post of Cairo, vice General A. D. Bowen, who is ordered to Memphis.

Captain J. R. Freese, of Pennsylvania, late with General Hovey's command, is also appointed to the responsible position on General Grant's Staff of Provost Marshal of the Department of the Tennessee, and ordered to Vicksburg to assume the duties of the post. He has been on the General's staff since the battle of Shiloh, and is an able, experienced officer and a gentleman. What a fine opportunity for some of the Cairo officers, who are idleships, is to do but not transpired. He will probably have a leave of absence, or be assigned some equally important duty with that he has been relieved from.

The following assignments of medical officers have been made:

Assistant Surgeon S. S. Holman and Enoch Pearce, U. S. Volunteers, recently appointed, to report to Major-General Meade, commanding Army of the Potomac.

Assistant Surgeon Eversland, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Banks, commanding Department of the Gulf.

Assistant Surgeons W. S. Ely, H. C. Roberts, and C. C. Chaffee, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Curtis, commanding Army of the North Line.

Assistant Surgeon M. K. Hogan, U. S. Volunteers, to report to the Medical Director, Washington, for duty with Battalion First, D. C. Volunteers, Colonel L. C. Baker.

Assistant Surgeon W. H. Dewey, Lieutenant Alfred Kenny Gowan, U. S. Volunteers, to report in person to Major-General Rosecrans, Chief of Staff, by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General R. C. Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Assistant Surgeon Alexander Ingram, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Rosecrans, Chief of Staff, by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General R. C. Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Assistant Surgeons James Preston and W. C. Daniels, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Grant, and by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Assistant Surgeon John D. Woon, U. S. Volunteers, is hereby relieved from duty in the Medical Department, and will report in person, without delay, to Major-General Rosecrans, Department of the Cumberland, and by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General R. C. Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Surgeon Edward Shippen, U. S. Volunteers, now on duty in the Army of the Potomac, will report without delay to Surgeon W. S. King, U. S. Army, Medical Director Department of the Susquehanna, to relieve Surgeon Patterson, U. S. Volunteers, in charge of the South Street General Hospital, Philadelphia.

Commander John C. Howell has been detached from the command of the *Mahaska* and ordered to the command of the *Neosho*.

Commander H. K. Cosden has been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered on ordnance duty in the Philadelphia Navy-yard.

Commander Donald M'N. Fairfax has been ordered to the Naval Academy as commandant of midshipmen.

Lieutenant-Commander J. P. Foster has been ordered to the command of the *Belmont*.

Captain Lawrence Pennington, Provost Marshal for the Third district of Pennsylvania, has been dismissed.

General Burnside, the Washington *Republican* says, "declared last summer that the interest of any personal or political grievances, but from a desire to attend to his private affairs. Under the pressure of his campaign he found he thought he might be relieved from service. The President thought otherwise, and at his request, General Burnside has patriotically consented to remain at the head of his command.

Four hundred men, belonging to Colonel Trew's cavalry regiment, arrived at Philadelphia on their return from Delaware. They were originally captured rebels, who have enlisted in the Union cause, for the sake of allegiance, and joined the Union service.

Subscriptions for McClellan testimonials are passing through the hands of Adams & Co. One of these, presented to us office, was headed by General Stone with a subscription for $1,000.

Major-General Dix, commanding the Department of the East, is about to start upon a tour of inspection. He will be accompanied by General Totten of the Engineer Corps.

Governor Todd has sent James M. Edwards (Rep.) and General Wickliffe (Union Democrat) to General Grant's army to entreat the votes of the soldiers. He has also arranged to record the votes of the Ohio soldiers in other states.

The rebel ram *Atlanta* arrived in Philadelphia last week, in tow of the United States steamer *Onondaga*. The *Atlanta* will be fitted up for use in such manner as may seem best to the naval authorities.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

A VERY SEVERE BATTLE undoubtedly has been fought near Chattanooga on Saturday, 19th, and Sunday, 20th Sept., between General Rosecrans and General Bragg's army, which had been heavily reinforced. Up to the present time we have no full and connected account of the battle. A Louisville dispatch, received here on 21st, stated that Rosecrans had been "driven back" on the 20th, but apparently speaking of his being obliged to fall back on Chattanooga. The following account is condensed from the Washington *Star*, and is supposed to be official:

BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT.

On Saturday, 19th, a severe demonstration was made by the rebels in strong force, which appears to have been received by the Union troops with success. This was the advantage on the Union side.

On Sunday the engagement commenced late in the morning. The first gun was fired at nine A.M., but no considerable firing took place until about eleven A.M., when General Rosecrans rode the whole length of our line. Soon after the battle commenced.

General Thomas, who held the left, began to call for reinforcements. Soon after the rebels' work since that it had been forced to retire.

Then came the rebel deformants were then sent to him, and M'Cook's whole corps, which was on the right and as reserve to the left, was ordered to his assistance. General Wood, of Critenden's corps, and Van Cleve, who held the front centre, were also ordered to the left. About this hour of the commander showed that the enemy's force was concentrated.

Their places were filled by Davis and Sheridan, of General M'Cook's corps, who came to give way, but in excellent order; soon after which the line of Sheridan and Davis was in disorder, occasioned by the heavy columns which are said to have consisted of Polk's corps. These two divisions were the only ones which threw into any disorder. Those of Negley and Van Cleve were thrown back, and formed a new line of battle upon the centre. The fires on the left and the second on the right of Thomas's line. This position was held, late in the day, successfully, rallying about eight thousand of their forces, and joined Thomas.

THOMAS CHANGES POSITION.

General Thomas, finding himself cut off from the right, brought back the left in position for independent fighting, his line assuming the form as a horse-shoe along the crest of a wooded hill. Here he was joined by Wood, from Rossville, with a division of General M'Cook and General Brannan's division of Reserve Corps. General Negley maintained the fight until after dark.

Their troops were driven back on the rocks they stood on. The enemy repeatedly hurled against them the dense columns which had driven back the right wing in the morning; but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Falling first on one and then on the other point of our lines, the rebels for hours vainly sought to break them. General Thomas seemed to have filled every soldier with his own unconquerable firmness; and General Granger, with his own fiery bullets, rode like a whirlwind wherever the combat was thickest. Every division commander, and every brigade, fought with heroic valor. Steedman, Turchin, Hazen, and Parker especially distinguished themselves. Steedman fought through the night, and with the bayonet, and being surrounded, fired his way out with a revolver. Hazen was in the hottest fight of all on Saturday, forcing his men in one line, made them lie down until the enemy was close upon them, when suddenly they rose and delivered their fire, with such effect that the assailing columns fell back in confusion, leaving the ground covered with killed. When night fell this body of heroes stood on the same ground occupied by them in the morning, their spirits being unbroken. Their losses are not yet estimated.

NET RESULTS.

General Thomas telegraphs (Monday afternoon) that the troops are in high spirits. He brought off all his wounded. Of the sick and wounded at Crawfish Spring, including our main hospital, nearly all had been brought away.

The number of prisoners taken by us during the battle, by corpses two thousand, besides the wounded, of whom not more than two thousand have fallen into their hands. Of rebel prisoners we have sent thirteen hundred to Nashville.

Most of our losses in artillery were occasioned by the falling of a limb.

General Thomas retired to Rossville on Sunday night to the line then held.

General Rosecrans had issued orders for all his troops to be concentrated with the forces at Rossville.

In the last two assaults our troops fought with hypnotism, their ammunition being exhausted.

The latest information that has reached this city to Monday evening is to the effect that on that day General Rosecrans would concentrate on Chattanooga last night.

General Thomas had been engaged with the enemy prior to the fight on Saturday, and it was therefore questionable whether he would be able to reach Chattanooga last night.

There were indications that the enemy were contemplating a demonstration on another part of our line last evening.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT CULPEPPER.

We have received from the Rapidan the full account of the cavalry fight with the rebels near to, at, and beyond Culpepper Court-House, on the 13th. Again fierce work by the chief command of General Pleasanton, with Generals Buford, Gregg, and Kilpatrick as division commanders. The gallantry of our troops has again been brought to the test in a fight against odds. The rebels were under the command of General Stuart, and the rebel accounts of the fight acknowledge that the best and bravest of our artillery mentioned in the Union accounts as having been captured from them. In the fight they took trophy in the bones of Culpepper during the contest, and fired from the windows and street-corners, compelling the shelling of the place to drive them out, and thereby causing the death of several non-combatants in the town. Wednesday's fight was but a part of our forces at Raccoon Ford; but General Kilpatrick, commanding the Second division, pressed on, and being assisted by artillery, speedily redrove the rebels back beyond the Rapidan, capturing several pieces of artillery. The head-quarters of the Union cavalry were also shelled without success. The rebels, after a day of attacking and repulsing successfully on the outskirts of the various Union camp lines and crossing the railroads.

REPULSE AT SABINE PASS.

We have particulars of an expedition under General Franklin to the mouth of the Sabine River, Texas, which has proved unsuccessful. On arriving at the place designed for the landing of the troops, it was found that the early reflections, it was found impossible to disembark, owing to the impossibility of the ground and excessive shallow water. Upon the gun-boats *Clifton*, *Sachem*, and *Arizona*, therefore, devolved the duty of attacking the batteries, and they came gallantly up to the work. The disadvantage of the ground soon clear, gradually decreasing in brightness until the vessels got within point-blank range of the forts, when the action became general and of a terrific fire, in which they were aided by a fleet of three cotton-clad steamers and a schooner fitted up for the fight. At first the fire from our gun-boats was more accurate than that of the forts, and was of considerable effect in the gun batteries, and the *Clifton* was compelled to sweep the task of attacking their fire from the forts. In the action she was struck and on the bottom, and was not long before much as a fine mistake to the *Sachem's*. Captain Crocker, her commander, made a heroic effort to save his vessel, but seeing the case was hopeless, he landed on the shore with a 9-inch rifled shot, and fired it through the centre of the ship, crushing and destroying her, and thus effectually destroying the vessel. The *Arizona* was then forced reluctantly to withdraw from the top with the enemy. Besides the vessels' crews, we lost as prisoners 58 soldiers, who were either on sharp-shooters. The numbers killed and wounded are not very large.

OCCUPATION OF LITTLE ROCK.

The following official report has been received at the head-quarters of the army at Washington:

DISPATCH FROM GENERAL STEELE.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., September 10, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

We have occupied Little Rock. The cavalry under General Davidson in pursuing the enemy, who are in full retreat. (Signed) F. STEELE, Major-General.

SURPRISE OF OUR MEN.

A dispatch, dated Knoxville, Tennessee, Wednesday, September 16, says: On Wednesday, the 9th, General Colyer, with 300 men of the One Hundredth Ohio regiment, was ordered to Cumberland Gap, which was taken by 1,800 rebels under General Jackson.

After fighting gallantly for a few hours, our forces, being heavily in killed and wounded, were compelled to surrender to overpowering numbers.

CHARLESTON.

At latest dates General Gillmore was very busy mounting heavy guns on the upper part of Morris Island for the purpose of bombarding Charleston, and, although Fort Sumter was still in the hands of the rebels, he was progressing favorably. General Gillmore has issued an eloquent congratulatory order to his troops, and a copy is to be placed in the hands of every living officer and soldier who has participated in the operations on Morris Island. On the morning of the 15th inst. the magazine of one of the rebel batteries on Sand Point, near Fort Johnson, exploded, with terrific violence, destroying the battery, 80 magazine, and 200 men. One hundred and fifteen, taken on Morris Island, came North in the *M'Clellan*.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

THE REBEL RAMS TO BE RETAINED.

We have the most important information that the British Government has decided to detain Laird's rebel iron rams. This, of course, is a great blow struck over the rebels and their sympathizers in England.

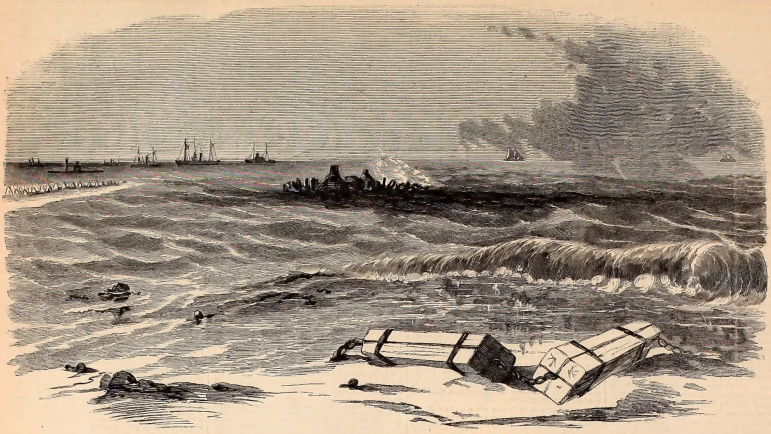
FRANCE.

THE NEW MEXICAN EMPEROR.

The acceptance of the Mexican throne dispatched to tender the crown to the Archduke Maximilian have arrived in Paris. A dispatch of Juarez to Commodore Pinkstell at sea, it was reported that the offer had been made and accepted. The Prince of Spain, with the Duke of Bejiar, sponsoring of the decision of the Archduke. It was said that he dispatched for two conditions only, viz., "A unanimous appeal to him from the Mexican people, and the moral and material co-operation of the Western Powers in the establishment of a respected and stable Government."

SEWARD'S CIRCULAR.

Secretary Seward's recent circular has caused some illfeeling at the French Court. The *Pays* publishes it as the official journals of Paris, in publishing the paper, print it with a sneer at the conclusion, in which it is analyzed and condemned, side by side with it.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—PORTION OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE HARBOR, WASHED ASHORE ON AN ISLAND.
FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON ROBINSON, ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 630.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE LAST NIGHT BEFORE WAGNER—THE HEAD OF THE SAP.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS

CHARLESTON.

WE continue in this number our series of illustrations of General Gilmore's campaign before Charleston, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. T. R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"REPULSE AT GREGG.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MORRIS ISLAND, *Sept.* 15, 1863.

"The attempt to capture Battery Gregg by boat attack, though a failure, hastened, without doubt, the coup d'état taken by the rebels of Morris Island on the night of the 6th ult.

"This I premise, that the real importance of the event may be more perfectly understood, and the daring exhibited in the attempt, though unsuccessful, may be more thoroughly appreciated.

"The scene upon the beach when, just at twilight, the boats that were to bear our gallant men upon their dangerous mission were being transported upon wagons to a point from whence a successful starting could be accomplished was full of suggestion. Would they be successful; or would the same boats be on the morrow shattered wrecks, each splinter stained with blood, telling of the sacrifice freely offered for our country's Union?

"Then waiting with more than eager eye and breathless anxiety stood to their guns the brave men, who watched from the different batteries for the first flash that would tell of a successful landing, or the discovery by an alert foe.

"Could we have captured Battery Gregg a few more of the 'Tchivalrie' would now be at Hilton Head, awaiting their transportation to the land of 'Uncle Psalm.'

"SOUTTHE.

"The sketch of Fort Moultrie and the batteries upon Sullivan's Island gives the scene which was witnessed by the sturdy Jack Tars who manned our ironclads in their last attack upon these works, and which was hailed by them with cheer after cheer.

"The *Weehawken* had just grounded upon a shoal near Morris Island, and the concentrated fire of the rebel batteries was being hurled against her, when, by a fortunate accident, a shell from one of her monster guns blew up the magazine of Fort Moultrie. Just at this time, too, Moultrieville was in flames, the smoke hanging in grand masses over the angry scene.

"THE HEAD OF THE SAP AGAINST WAGNER.

"Words seem to fail me as I pen the account of this scene. The General had said, 'The head of the sap must be in the ditch of Wagner ere morning, that our men may enter and carry the fort from it.' The desperate labor of long weeks was nearly ended. Foot by foot our flag, advanced by its sturdy bearer, neared the rebel strong-hold. A brilliant glare from the calcium light, flooding Wagner, gave us the advantage of seeing without being seen. Just as the 'sap roller,' a huge 'gabion' (or basket) filled with 'fascines' (bundles of fagots), had reached the ditch, a deserter came to us telling of the rebel flight.

"A word may here be said of the splendid work performed in these sapsby engineer officers. Lieut. M'Guire, after finishing the labor assigned to him upon the Left Batteries, was put upon the work of the sap, and the exceeding ability and gallantry displayed by him will not soon be forgotten by those who took part in the capture of Morris Island. He is now intrusted with the important work of rendering Battery Gregg all that a sand-work can be, and a sore place for the Charlestonians to look upon, as they are soon to discover. Captains Siess and Walker, too, are in every way worthy of the public's commendation.

"REBEL TORPEDOES.

"In traveling through the saps one often enjoys a quiet laugh at the manner in which the soldiers are amusing themselves. A few days since, having nearly reached Battery Wagner, I heard in a sap near some of the boys calling, 'That's going to hit it; look out, boys!' and the next moment an explosion that shook



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SOLDIERS EXPLODING TORPEDOES BY THROWING PIECES OF SHELL ON THEM FROM THE SAPS. [FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINE AT FORT MOULTRIE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

the ground for yards around. Reaching the spot from whence came the noise, I found a number of the 'braves' tossing into the air big pieces of shell—to drop, if possible, upon the rebels—of the half-buried torpedoes.

"Now and then one would strike the mark, and the roars of laughter that greeted the explosion told of the manner in which it was appreciated by the boys."

On page 628 we reproduce a sketch, by Surgeon Robinson, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, representing a

PIECE OF THE CHAIN

used by the rebels to obstruct the entrance to Charleston Harbor. A few links got broken somehow, the other day, and came ashore on one of the islands, where it was found by our men. It consists of bars of railroad iron, connected by shorter links about eighteen inches in length. Around each bar of iron are fastened heavy pine logs, squared, and bound together with heavy straps of iron. This chain the navy has yet to overcome.

A WHISPER.

THERE was never a day so sad and long
But it wore at length to even-song;
There was never a life so full of grief
But death came at last to its relief.

There was never a soul so wholly sad
But it found some moment to be glad;
There was never a heart so full of care
But it had one hope to cheat despair.

There was never a winter dark and drear
But changed to spring in the early year;
There was never a summer, welladay!
But it sloped through autumn to decay.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

EVER so many years ago, when the few people who wrote letters were still hardly used to dating their compositions with "18—" instead of "17—," there lived, at the flourishing sea-port town of Filby, in Yorkshire, one Jonathan Gale. Mr. Gale was employed in one of the seven dock-yards that Filby then maintained, or that then maintained Filby, and was eminently well-to-do and respectable. At the time of this narrative Mr. Gale must be supposed to have prospered in this life for some forty years, and to have been married somewhere about half that time. Such a hypothesis is necessary in order that there may be no difficulties in the way of introducing Miss Patience Gale, Jonathan's daughter, as a bright, lovable, English girl of seventeen.

Of the many ships "of Filby" one good brig was the property of Master Henry Harborough, a kindly and prudent seaman. The skipper of the *Camilla* brig could not have been more than ten years younger than Mr. Jonathan Gale; but for all that he had won the heart, and a promise of the hand, of Patience. Patience was one of those natures who love to cling to something stoutly set. The quiet earnestness and unobtrusive self-reliance of her friend outweighed the more boisterous attractions of a score of younger wooers. Besides, certain whaling adventures in the South Seas had made Harborough somewhat of a hero. A hero with a frank fearless face, strong and tender, and withal steady and sober, is no bad match for any girl, though he be forty instead of thirty. We have high authority for believing that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. It can not be unreasonable to hold that the same phenomenon may be observed in a young woman.

Let none, therefore, deem it an exaggerated impossibility that the afore-mentioned Henry and Patience should be described as meeting in the ruins of the old abbey of Filby, on an evening in the May of 18—, to discuss their matrimonial prospects. Let none, however, imagine, from the mention of a meeting in a ruin, that the alliance under consideration was in the least degree clandestine. Henry and Patience had walked boldly forth from the parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, with the full consent and approbation of that worthy couple. So far from Jonathan's being a too stern parent, he was possibly too lax. Nevertheless in one matter he was stern, or firm, or obstinate. Patience Gale should never be Patience Harborough, with his willing blessing, until Henry, the bridegroom, should be able to show fifteen hundred guineas side by side with the dowry he intended for his daughter.

These fifteen hundred guineas formed one subject of the lovers' talk in the ruined abbey. As yet their existence was only a possibility. Henry did not despair of acquiring them; but he was of opinion that their acquisition would be easier if he were cheered in his work by the smiles of a wife. Patience by no means disagreed with him. But her father was immovable. Harborough must make more than one other voyage *en garçon*; and this was the eve of his departure. The moon, and the ruin, and the far sea make up a fine set scene for a parting lovers' dialogue. The reader may fill it up at his or her pleasure, only remembering that Henry and Patience really and honestly cared a great deal for one another.

"Patience," said her lover, pointing over the rippling sea, marked with a long tapering stripe of moonshine, "it looks very bright and kind. It will bring me back to you."

At last it was time to part. The suitor led the lady to her father's door.

"Good-by, Henry."

"God bless you, my girl."

A close quick embrace and a smothered sob, and Captain Harborough was off to his boat. The *Camilla* was bound for the South Seas again. With Patience at home the days and the nights went slowly by. Her thoughts were in the Pacific. When the wind howled over Filby, she trembled for the *Camilla*. When the sun shone down on a calm sea, she remembered that there were storms elsewhere. Still she did her duties without complaint. And she was not without consolation. Her father fell ill, and grew peevish and fretful. But an old uncle of Harborough's died, and left the captain two thousand pounds. At first old Gale declared that this should make no difference in the sum to be earned; but he was induced at last to say that, as far as he was concerned, the wedding might take place on the day after Harborough's return.

So Patience worked and waited. She was gentle to her cross-grained father. She was the kindly friend of scores of the poor. She prayed at church. And she sat a great many more hours than was necessary with a black profile portrait of her absent friend, which hardly did him justice. Icebergs, French cruisers, whales, South-Sea Islanders, filled her heart with a thousand terrors. So nine months went by. Then came a letter. Harborough had prospered, and was unscathed. So far from the French having been a cause of loss to him, they had been a gain. He had encountered a privateer, and encountered her successfully. He should sail homeward within three months of the date of his letter. "And being sure of your true love, I hope and pray you will be safe when I come to you. The very day after we are home again, Patience, I shall claim you as my wife. Good-by, dearest. Mark Elling, of the City of York, carries this for me. So no more from yours till death. H. HARBOROUGH." These precious lines of great round-hand writing shared the attentions of Miss Gale with the black profile and several other letters from the same writer.

The paper grew worn with perpetual fingering. But Patience had now an occupation immediately connected with her hero. If she was going to be married to him in three months she must be properly supplied with raiment and household linen. So mother and daughter toiled diligently at the fashioning of garments which, were they worn nowadays, would at once mark the owners as candidates for Colney Hatch. And when Patience was busy neither with her outfit nor with her poor pensioners, she would wander forth with the escort of her diminutive maid, and indulge in fond retrospect and anticipation under the suggestive shadow of the abbey ruin. The light that streamed through the narrow openings of the long lancet windows seemed to figure to her the hope that lit her own dull life. And as she gazed over the far sea she thought again and again of her lover's words uttered on that very spot: "It will bring me back to you."

She had perfect faith that these words would be fulfilled.

At last the time arrived when the *Camilla* might be daily expected home. Every thing was ready for the wedding. Patience was of opinion that it would be unnecessary for her Henry to go to sea again. His little property would go far to maintain them; and he could no doubt obtain occupation in the dock-yards. There was a very charming little house just vacated that she was confident would exactly suit such a couple as that of which she hoped soon to constitute the better half. Of course Captain Harry would agree with her. On that point she never felt any doubt. Of course the statement of that person that he should claim his "wife" on the day of his arrival was an amatory exaggeration. Sundry forms, as well ecclesiastical as civil, must be complied with. But the day was to be postponed for as short a time as possible. So Patience had every hope that before the lapse of a month, at most, she would be a happy bride.

Her visits to her point of observation at the abbey now became more frequent. Every speck that broke the line of the horizon was watched with the intensest interest. At last the long watch was rewarded. On a sunny afternoon in June a brig was descried making for Filby, which knowing ones declared to be the *Camilla*. Patience watched it—I beg pardon—watched her growing and growing, her white sails scarcely bowed by the gentle summer breeze. Patience did not wish to exhibit before the loungers of the hill-top the excitement which she could not repress. From the roof of her father's house she could see the advancing brig. Thither she repaired in company with an old telescope of her father's, and glued her eyes on the sea. The *Camilla* sailed on till she was within some mile and a half of the shore. The sheets of canvas suddenly rose in thick folds. The brig hove-to under—but perhaps Patience was not learned in the terminology of rigging; it is her emotions which are being described; there is therefore no obligation that the technical details of the heave-to should be given. But let none think this omission is the result of the author's ignorance. Of course not. Well, the *Camilla* hove-to. There was great signaling between the brig and the shore. Dates were given. The state of the tide was told. It may be presumed that Harborough should have known that on such a day he could not enter Filby harbor at such an hour. But it may also be presumed that he was anxious to hear news of folks at home as soon as possible. The peace of Patience's mind did not depend only on the signal of "All Well." By the help of the big telescope she could distinctly see her Henry commanding on his deck. His tall stalwart figure was easily distinguished among the rest; and if only Miss Gale had been as severely educated as are many of the young ladies of the present day, she might have quoted:

Ἔξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλήν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους.

Not that it would have added to her happiness. That was now supreme. There was Henry, safe and sound. The good girl thanked God for this mercy vouchsafed to her, and a joyful tear impeded the use of the glass. But what was this? The canvas curtains were dropping again, and filling with the lazy wind. The tide would not allow of the *Camilla's* coming into Filby till the next morning. Patience liked her friend all the better because he would not leave his ship and his men, even for her. Still, she had half-expected to see a boat put off from the brig; she had thought that she might hold her treasure in her arms that very day. It would be more tantalizing to wait those eight or ten hours than it had been to wait long months. To see him, and see him sail out of her sight! For the *Camilla* was moving seaward. It was evident that she was going to stand off for the night. Smaller and smaller grew the moving figures on the deck. Then there was nothing to be seen but hull and sail. The sun set behind the hills. The *Camilla* was nothing but a darker shadow against the dark bank of eastern clouds.

Patience came down into the house.

"Mother, dear, I think I shall go to bed. I must be up very early, you know. They can be in by six o'clock; and I should like to watch them from the down."

So the happy girl shut herself up with her thoughts—that night the pleasantest possible companions. The profile portrait met with little attention. The image suggested by the telescope was far more satisfactory. The letters were turned over once again, and confided to their resting-place with a happy kiss. Of course Patience could not sleep. She lay in a dreamy reverie, her thoughts wandering backward and forward between that brig at sea and the outlines and the noises of her room and the night. The rumble of each rare vehicle seemed very loud. The cries of reveling sailors seemed shriller than on other nights. The sea surely sounded more harshly than it did an hour ago. The low grating murmur of the calm seemed to have given place to the quicker, angrier noise of taller breakers. And hark! What was that? The shutter, too loosely fastened back to the wall, banged suddenly on the window-post and shook the little panes. The wind was rising. But it was hardly likely to be much. It was so still at sunset. And perhaps it would bring in the *Camilla* all the more quickly. Patience dozed. She was unconscious for an hour and a half or two hours, and then was roused again. There was more noise now. The wind was shrieking up the street, and the roar of the sea was deep and loud. The girl sprung from her bed and looked from the window. The night was very dark. The roaring of the gale was enough to drown every sound of passers-by. But the street was deserted; more deserted than the streets of a sea-port usually are, even in the dead of night. The men of Filby were all down at the port.

Patience grew very white. A strange terror numbed her limbs. Then she went to the door of her parents' room, and, as she walked gently in, she said:

"Mother, do you hear the wind?"

"Hush! my child; don't wake your father. I hear. We must be still and wait, dear. Let us hope the best. Is it very wild outside?"

"Mother, I am going out; I shall—"

"Out, child? you can not! You must—"

"No, mother, I can not wait. Hark! Peggy can go with me to the port. I must see and hear for myself."

Mrs. Gale rose from her bed and tried her best to move her daughter's will. But a weird resolution had set the lines of that gentle face. It was very white, and very sad, but very firm. The two girls went bravely down to the port; it was dark; a thin rain hissed along with the gale. Fishermen, sailors, dockyardmen, and many less professional inhabitants, were grouped along the quays. Nor were women wanting to the crowd; but their wan and tearful faces told of something more than curiosity as the motive of their coming. What was the latest news? Two fishing-boats had gone to pieces on the rocks; one had just got across the bar; it was about three o'clock; the dawn would soon be breaking. Had any thing been heard of the *Camilla*? Nothing. The men looked on Patience with a tender and respectful interest. More than one knew why she was out on that angry night. The morning light spread over the east, and the fury of the storm abated. When the sun rose over the horizon, it seemed to struggle to burst the black bank of clouds. Wider and wider grew the clefts of blue. At five o'clock the scene was one of the fairest that is to be beheld any where—a storm dying in sunshine. Great piles of white clouds, thick, massive, and of ever-shifting shape, rolled over the heaven. Nearer the horizon the same mighty mountains of vapor rested in darker groups. The waves that had loomed so threatening in the darkness now seemed the very personification of strong, joyous life. They swelled up tall and bulky before the wind, their green summits gladly housing the sunlight. At the top of their triumphant rise they broke into a thousand columns of foam and spray, tossing their glittering drops high into the clear air. All over their surface great circling lines of floating foam marked the commotions that raged below. And ever and anon it seemed as though the coursing waves lost the order of their flying march; they jostled one another; and then the crash of force and force, and the roar with which each water-mountain strove to overtop his neighbor was glorious to hear and see. On they surged in swift succession to the shore, some soaking the crags for many yards above the beach; some trying hard to rend the plank of the jetty from its huge cramps, and force it upward. All nature seem to shake with boisterous laughter. Of what account in the face of such a scene of life were the half-dozen corpses from the fishing boats broken in the bay? Or the dull, stupefying misery of one young girl?

For where was the *Camilla*? The *Camilla* was nowhere to be seen.

Patience had watched the dawn of day and the sinking of the tempest. She stood on the port stiff and cold, and watched for four weary hours. Rough men, who knew her father and herself, stood round her as a little body-guard, kindly and seasonably offering such comfort as they could. There was danger, no doubt; but there was hope. Harborough was a skillful seaman. It was by no means impossible for him to have kept his vessel clear of the shore. The *Camilla* was perhaps quite safe. Patience looked up with listless, uninterested eyes. Something at her heart told her that the *Camilla* was lost. She did not know. There was no certainty. But she dared not hope.

The hours wore on, and Patience was induced to go home. It was now eight o'clock. Not a ship was to be seen at sea. The *Camilla* must be either safe, or lost out of the reach of the Filby seamen.

While Mrs. Gale was lovingly tending her poor child—tending her with comfort both physical and mental—three men passed the parlor window and stopped before the Gales's door.

"Mother, they are come to say he's dead."

"Nay, child, we don't know that. Don't think the worst."

The mother went out to speak to the strangers. One of them was a farmer from a village some four miles from Filby. The other two were Filby men. Patience was not far wrong. The *Camilla* had gone ashore on the rocks close to this neighboring village. The cottagers were some unwilling and all unable to be of any material service to the crew. The rocks were far spread and dangerous. The brig went to pieces before any communication could be established between her and the shore. The old yeoman's eyes showed two big tears as he narrated the scene of desolation when the morning broke.

"When a knew 't were t' *Camilla*, a coomed to t' Master Gale. A knew t' lass and skipper i'yon—" But here he fairly broke down; for out of the doorway of the inner room the white face of Patience glared with a fixed gaze of piteous intensity.

"Mother, I am going to Rilcar. Master Kirby, will you take me back with you?"

The old man shook his gray head

"Nowt can coom on't noo."

"But I must go. I must see where he was killed. Perhaps they will find—" She shuddered, and, with little opposition from her parent, set off for the scene of the wreck.

The little cart rolled roughly over the road. Patience sat very still, her eyes fixed straight before her. Her conductor knew better than to trouble her with a word of pity or encouragement. They traveled in silence.

At last the scene of the wreck was reached. The tide was high, and the surf curled over the crags almost at the foot of the steep cliffs. Many yards to seaward the brig had struck and gone to pieces. Riven timbers were still seen floating on the surface. All that remained together of the ill-fated vessel was hidden under the waters of the sea.

Little knots of the country folk and strangers from Filby were gathered here and there on the narrow ledge of rock below the down, that the sea had not yet covered. They pointed every where, and then with strange significance to a fisherman's hut hard by. There were laid the battered remnants of what had once been men. Seven bodies had as yet been washed on shore. Patience did not even ask if that of her betrothed were there. She still gazed wistfully out to sea. For, like the plaintive refrain that runs through some melody in a minor key, one sentence sounded and sounded again in her ears. "It will bring me back to you." "It will bring me back to you."

Presently all heads were turned in one direction. A dark something was seen among the coming surf. The something came nearer and nearer—now rolled high above the waves, now sucked back again into the hissing water; tossed at last on a shelving stone. They met at last, after so many months of separation, those two faithful lovers. The sea had not violated the pledge taken in its name. It brought the bridegroom back to his mistress. Bruised and bloody, the crisp hair dank and matted over the forehead, the frank eyes dimmed forever, that face was once more shown to her who loved it best.

Patience looked upon it very calmly. She followed the men who bore the body reverently out of the reach of the "cruel crawling foam." She looked, and that was all. If only she could have wept! But that was impossible. Old Kirby led her to his cart. He would have conducted her through the village to his kindly wife to be comforted with loving sympathy, but the sorrowful girl pointed so steadfastly toward home that he did not like to offer the smallest opposition.

Patience went home, fell into her mother's arms, and then at last burst into a long passion of tears.

The story is done. The most melancholy part of it is that, in substance, it is but a simple record of facts.

The story is done; or rather, we should say the incident of the story is done. Good orthodox novels always leave their hero and heroine on the point of setting out on their wedding tour. In this sad tale there is no such event with the details of which to weave a peroration. And perhaps the most useful part of this true story is the end come to by the principal character. It is no end invented to point a moral. It is what really happened to the real Patience.

She went home. She wept. She did not die. She did not go mad. She did not become another man's mistress before the end of six months. She never married; but she did not live a peevish and useless old maid.

As long as her parents lived she nursed them patiently and assiduously. When they were laid not far from Henry Harborough in the grave-yard attached to the old abbey, she was not left all alone. Certain cousins of her own, and certain nephews and nieces of the dead sailor, had a tender interest in "Aunt Patience."

Loving and loved by poor and rich alike; never merry, but always cheerful; Patience Gale was Patience Gale to the day of her death.

Strangers who saw a grave elderly woman wandering alone and apparently purposeless and dreaming round the ruins of Filby Abbey, fancied that

the poor lady was a little wrong in her head. They who had heard her story knew for otherwise.

Patience was still thinking of the old words written on every wave of the shifting sea. It will bring him back to me. So often did she gaze and think that the great deep seemed an image of a Great Love, deep and infinite, a Love on which she trusted she was being borne up, a Love which in her firm faith she believed would one day bring back—not dead, but alive—all that she had loved and lost.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LETTER from Gilmore's gallant army contains the following:

We had just captured Morris Island, and I think that never did the feeling of triumph that follows a quickly-successful engagement more thoroughly pervade a mass of men—soldiers shouting, singing, happy. The sturdy Jack Tars, in quest of adventure or abandoned "loot," doing and saying as only they can when thoroughly happy, not in spirit, come upon the subject of my yarn.

A brownish blue jacket had captured a mule, and, not without difficulty, mounted it, perching himself as near the animal's tail as there was a shadow of a chance—the mule objecting in every known way of a mule, and in some ways until then unexhibited.

"Jack, oh mare amabilijee," said Hardy, the first engineer of the Wachusetts, "and you'll ride easier."

"Captain," quoth old Salty, "this is the first craft that I was ever in command of, and it is a pity if I can't stay on the *quarter-deck*."

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely afterward. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

Laugh at no man for his pug nose; you can never tell what will run up.

We wonder if any body ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

O'Brien said to Horne Tooke, on the hustings, "So I understand you have all the blackguards in London with you." "I am happy to have it, Sir, on such good authority."

"Mrs Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. Just give me your hand." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are!"

EPITAPH ON A MR. MORE.

Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One More, and no more, how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here alone:
But here lies one More, and that's more than one.

WHAT DAVID MIGHT HAVE DONE IN ENGLAND.—A Scotch minister, very homely in his address, once for his text a passage from the Psalms—"I said in my haste, All men are liars." "Ay," promised his reverence by way of introduction, "ye said it in your haste, David, did ye? Gin ye had been here ye might have said it at your leisure, mon."

What is every body doing at the same time?—Growing older.

A gentleman replied to a female Irish vagrant who accosted him that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your Honor lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements."

A country youth, who had returned home from London, was asked by his anxious father if he had been gravitated in his conduct while there. "Oh yes," was the reply, "I was guarded by two policemen part of the time."

A way says that in journeying lately he was put into an omnibus with a dozen persons of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, however, the omnibus was upset; "and then," said he, "I found them all out."

A Quaker, upon being asked why he did not venture to go to an election, at which the proceedings were very riotously conducted, and give his vote, replied: "Friend, I do not see why I should endanger my own poll to benefit another man's."

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?" said a newspaper boy to good Aunt Betsy. "No, my lad," she replied, "they may live to the end of their days for all of me—I've nothing agin 'em."

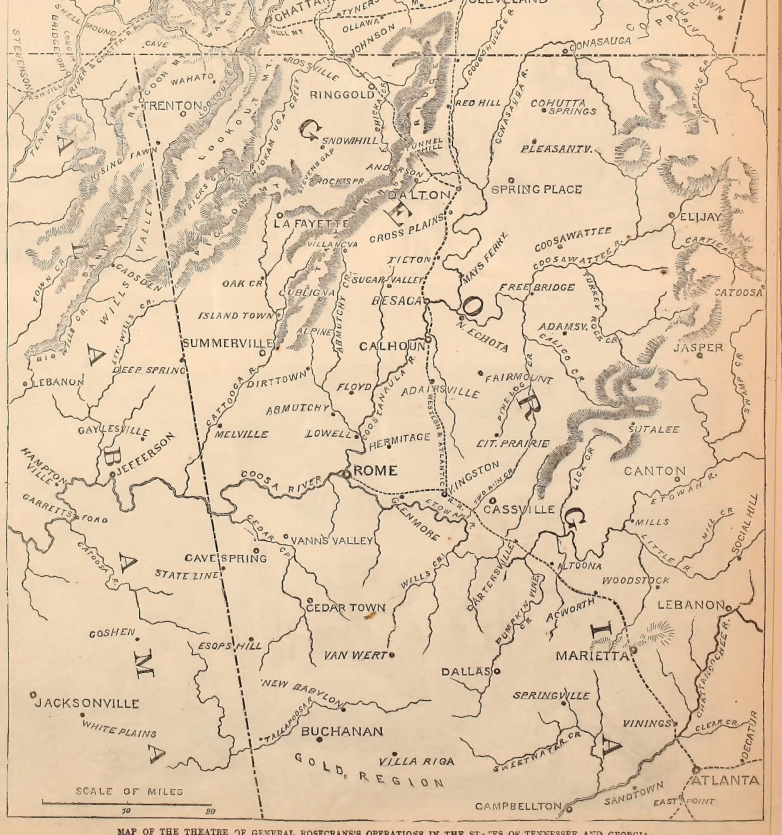
A windy orator once got up and said—"Sir, after much reflection, considerations, and examination, I have calmly, and deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that in those cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women, and children than in cities where the population is less."

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing; only I was going out to suck my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that *turned up*."

A lady who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher, "How can you follow such a cruel profession? Ah! how can you kill the poor little innocent lambs?" "Madam?" cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer cooking them alive?"

I remember years a philanthropist the case of an old woman of the back of Bleecker Street, who lived in a house just opposite a gully-hole; and when I questioned her as to the smell, she replied: "No, Sir, there isn't no smell; there has been a deal of sickness about, and I have lost my cat; but I am resigned to it, and don't mind it."

What part of speech is kissing?—It is a conjunction.



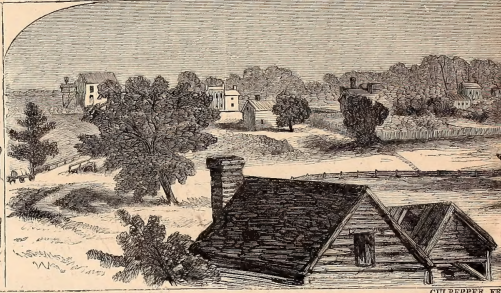
MAP OF THE THEATRE OF GENERAL ROSECRANS'S OPERATIONS IN THE STATES OF TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA.



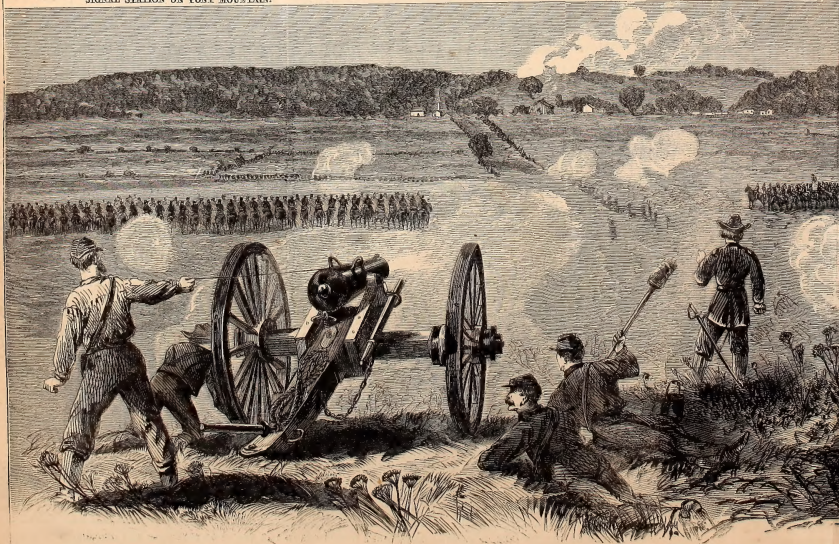
GENERAL CUSTER CHARGING UP THE HILL UPON THE ENEMY'S GUNS.



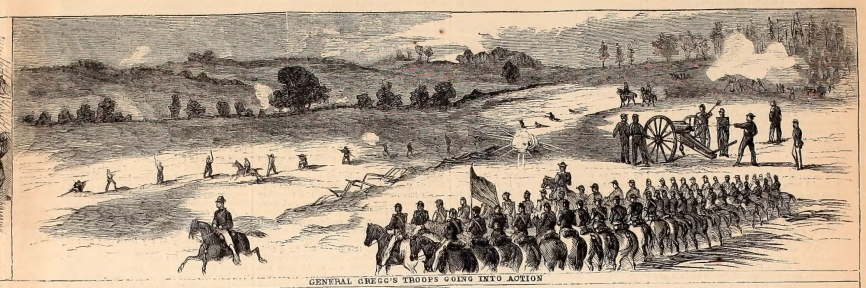
SIGNAL STATION ON PONY MOUNTAIN.



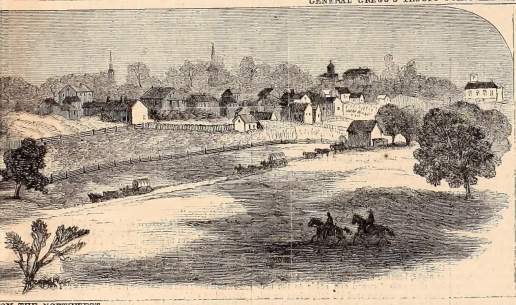
CULPEPPER FR



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL BUFORD ATTACKING THE ENEM



GENERAL GREGG'S TROOPS GOING INTO ACTION



OM THE NORTHWEST.



BUTLER'S BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.



IY AT RACCOON FORD, SEPTEMBER 14, 1863.—Sketched by A. R. Ward.—[See Page 635.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At two o'clock an attendant stole on tip-toe to the strong room, unlocked the door and peeped cautiously in. Seeing the dangerous maniac quiet, he entered with a plate of lukewarm beef and potatoes, and told him bluntly to eat. The crushed one said he could not eat. "You must," said the man. "Eat!" said Alfred; "of what do you think I am made? Pray put it down and listen to me. Ill give you a hundred pou nds to let me out of this place; two hundred; three."

A coarse laugh greeted this proposal. "You might as well have made it a thousand when you was about it."

"So I will," said Alfred, eagerly, "and thank you on my knees besides. Ah, I see you don't believe I have money. I give you my honor I have ten thousand pounds: it was settled on me by my grandfather, and I came of age last week."

"Oh that's like enough," said the man, carelessly. "Well you *are* green. Do you think them as sent you here will let you spend your money? Why, your money is theirs now."

And he sat down with the plate on his knee, and began to eat the meat in small pieces; while his careless words entered Alfred's heart, and gave him such a glimpse of sinister motives and dark acts to come as set him shuddering.

"Come, none of that," said the man, suspecting his manner of thought it was the prologue to some desperate action—for all a chained madman does is read upon this plan; his terror passes for rage, his very sobs for snarls.

"Oh, by your mother's life, my kind Alfred, imploringly: "do you think it is to steal my money the wretch has stolen my liberty?"

"What with?"

"My father."

"I know nothing about it," said the man, sullenly: "I was not in charge when you were locked up; when young gents like you come to be took care of. But you mustn't go thinking of that, or you'll excite yourself again; come, eat your victiles like a Christian, and no more about it."

"Leave it, that is a good fellow; and then I'll try and eat a little by-and-by. But my grief is great—oh Julia! Julia!—what shall I do? And I am not used to eat at this time. Will you, my good fellow?"

"Will I will, now you behave like a gentleman," said the man.

Then Alfred coaxed him to take off the handcuffs. He refused, but eaded by doing it; and so left him.

Four more leaden hours rolled by, and then this same attendant (his name was Brown) brought him tea. It was cold, and seemed to his parched throat; he drank it, and ate a mouthful of the meat to please the man, and even asked for some more tea.

At eight four keepers came into his room, undressed him, compelled him to make his toilet, etc., before them, which put him to a shame —being a gentleman—almost as much as it would a woman: they then hobbled him, and fastened his wrists to his bed, and put his hands into muffles, but did not confine his body; because they had lost a lucrative lodger only a month ago, throttled at night in a strait-waistcoat.

Alfred lay in this plight and compared with anguish unspeakable his joyful anticipations of this night with the strange and cruel reality. "My wedding-night! my wedding-night!" he cried aloud, and burst into a passion of grief.

By-and-by he consoled himself a little with the hope that he could not long be incarcerated as a madman, being sane; and his good wit told him his only chance was calmness. He would go to sleep and compose himself to bear his wrongs with dignity, and quietly baffle his enemies.

Just as he was dropping off he felt something crawl over his face. Instinctively he made a violent motion to put his hands up. Both hands were confined, he could not move them. He bounded, he flung, he writhed. His fiendish persecutors were quick a moment, but the next they began again: in vain he rolled and writhed, and shuddered at the loathing inexpressible, the crawled, they smelt, they bit.

Many a night since little wretches had distracted with the very sleeplessness the mad-house professed to cure, not create. In conjunction with the night attendant, and the night doctor of Silverton House, they had driven many a feeble mind across the line that divides the weak and nervous from the unsound.

When he found there was no help, Alfred clenched his teeth and bore it:—"Bite on, my little wretches," he said: "bite on, and divert my mind from deeper stings than yours—if you can."

And they did; a little.

Thus passed the night in mental agony, and bodily irritation and disgust. At daybreak the fosters on his flesh rested, and utterly worn out and exhausted he sank into a deep sleep.

At half-past eight the head keeper came in more came in, and made him dress before them. They handcuffed him, and took him down to breakfast in the noisy ward; set him down on a little bench by the wall like a naughty boy, and ordered a dangerous maniac to feed him.

The dangerous maniac obeyed, and went and sat beside Alfred with a basin of thick gruel and a great wooden spoon. He shoveled the gruel down his charge's throat mighty superciliously from the very first; and presently, falling into some favorite and absorbing train of thought, he flung his arm on woney and handed him the spoon full over his left shoulder with such rapidity and recklessness that it was more like sowing than feeding. Alfred cried out, "Quarter! I can't eat so fast as that, old fellow."

Something in his tone struck the maniac: he looked at Alfred full; Alfred looked at him in return, and smiled kindly but sadly.

"Hallo!" cried the maniac.

"What's up now?" said a keeper, fiercely.

"Why this man is sane. As sane as I am."

At this there was a hoarse laugh.

"Sane," pursued the maniac; "for I am a little queer at times you know."

"And no mistake, Jemmy. Now what makes you think he is sane?"

"Looked me full in the face, and smiled at me."

"Oh that is your test, is it?"

"Yes it is. You try it on any of those mad beggars there and see what you get for it."

"Who invented gunpowder?" said one of the insulted persons, looking as sly and malicious as a magpie going to steal.

Jemmy exploded directly: "I did, ye rascal, ye liar, ye rogue, ye Baconian!" and going higher, and more incoherent in this strain, was very soon handcuffed with Alfred's handcuffs, and seated on Alfred's bench and tied to two rings in the wall. On this the martial order went down to zero: "Here is treatment, Sir," said he, piteously, to Alfred. "I see you are a gentleman, and you look at this. All spite and jealousy; because I invented that invaluable substance, which has done so much to prolong human life and alleviate human misery."

Alfred was now ordered to feed Jemmy, which he did: so quickly were their parts reinverted.

Directly after breakfast Alfred demanded to see the proprietor of the house.

Answer: doesn't live here.

The Doctor then.

Oh, he has not come.

This monstrosity irritated Alfred. "Well then," said he, "whoever it is that rules this den of iniquity. Send me here one or other of 'em."

"I rule in Mr. Baker's absence," said the head keeper, "and I'll teach you manners, you young blackguard. Send for you!"

In five minutes Alfred was handcuffed and flung into a padded room.

"Now there till you know how to speak to your betters," said the head keeper.

Alfred looked up and down, grinding his teeth with rage for five long hours.

Just before dinner Brown came and took him into a parlor, where Mrs. Archbold was seated writing. Brown retired. The lady finished what she was doing, and kept Alfred standing like a schoolboy going to be whipped. At last she said, "I have sent for you to give you a piece of advice: it is to try and make friends with the attendants."

"Me make friends with the scoundrels I detest for their lives. Oh, madam, I fear I shall ill conceal my hate."

"Foolish boy; they are too strong for you. Your worst enemies could wish nothing worse for you than you have already provided them." In saying these words she was so much more kind and womanly that Alfred conceived hopes and burst out, "O, madam, you are human then: you seem to pity me: pray give me pen and paper, and let me write to my friends to get me out of this terrible place at once, I beg you me."

Mrs. Archbold resumed her distant manner without apparent effort: she said nothing, but she placed writing materials before her. She then left the room and locked him in.

He wrote a few lines of entreaty to Julia, telling her how he had been entrapped, but not a word about his sufferings—he was too generous to give her needless pain—and to Mr. Edward imploring him to come at once with a lawyer and an honest physician, and liberate him.

Mrs. Archbold came down often, and he asked her if she would lend him sealing-wax. "I dare not trust to an envelope in such a place as this," said he, "but I have writing-paper."

"But how am I to post it?" said he.

"Easily; there is a box in the house; I will carry your letter."

She took him and showed him the box: he put his letters into it, and in the ardor of his gratitude kissed her hand: she turned a little and said, "Mind, this is not by my advice; I would never tell you friends I had been in a mad-house of, never. I would be content to live here with the servants—they are the real masters—and never let a soul know where I was rescued from."

"Oh, you don't know my Julia," said Alfred; "she will never desert me, never think the worse of me because I have been entrapped illegally into a mad-house."

"Illegally, Mr. Hardie! you deceive yourself; Mr. Baker has the order, and it was signed by a relation, and the certificates by first-rate lunacy doctors."

"What on earth has that to do with it, madam, when I am as sane as you are?"

"It has every thing to do with it. Mr. Baker could be punished for confining a madman in this house without an order and two certificates; but he couldn't for confining a sane person under an order and the two certificates."

Alfred could not believe this, but she convinced him that it was so.

Then he began to fear he should be imprisoned for years: he turned pale, and looked at her so imploringly, that for the first time she told him sane people were not kept in asylums now; they only used to

"How can they?" said she. "The London asylums are visited four times a year by the commissioners, and the country asylums six times, twice by the commissioners, and four times by the justices. We shall be inspected this week or next; and then you can speak to the justices; they are not like me, mistake; offer testimony; and ask either to be discharged at once or to save a commission of lunacy sit on you; ten to one your friends will not face public proceedings: but you *must* begin at the foundation, by making the servants friendly—and by—being calm." She then fixed her large gray eye on him and said, "Now, if I let you dine with me and the first-class patients, will you pledge me your honor to 'be calm,' and not attempt to escape?" Alfred hesitated at that. Her eye dissected his character at the time. "I promise," said he at last, with a sigh, "on my honor." Will you? There is something so repugnant in the very idea of mad people.

"Try and remember it is their misfortune, not their crime," said Mrs. Archbold, just like a matronly sister admonishing a brother from school.

She then whistled in a whisper for Brown, who was lurking in the passage all the time. He emerged and walked about with Alfred, and, by-and-by, looking down from a corridor, they saw Mrs. Archbold driving the second-class woman before her to dinner like a flock of animals. Whenever one stopped to look at any thing, or try and get a word with the unfortunate Archbold went at her just like a shepherd's dog at a refractory sheep, caught her by the shoulders, and drove her scrambling forward.

At dinner Alfred was so fortunate as to sit opposite a gentleman who nodded and grinned and talked to him in a horrible leer. His words not, however, enjoy this to the full for a little distraction at his elbow: his right-hand neighbor kept calling him out of his turn, and substituting others from his own; there was even a tendency to grimace in the latter. After tremendous pressure, the gentleman Alfred bore a minute, then recommenced; Alfred laid a hand very gently on his wrist and put it back. Mrs. Archbold's quick eye surprised this gesture: "What is the matter there?" said she.

"Oh, nothing, madam," replied Alfred: "only this gentleman does me the honor to prefer the contents of my plate to his own."

"Mr. Cooper, you are a troublesome man."

Cooper, the head keeper, pounced on the offender, seized him roughly by the collar, dragged him from his chair, bundled his chair under it, and bundled him out of the room with ignominy and fracas, in spite of a remonstrance from Alfred, "Oh, don't be so rough with the poor man."

Then the orderly laid down his knife and fork, and ate no more. "I am grieved at my irritable nature in complaining of such a trifle," said he, when all was quiet.

The company stared considerably at this remark; it seemed to them a most morbid perversion of sentiment. On the deranged, thinskinned beyond conception in their own persons, and alive to the shadow of the shade of a wrong, are stoically indifferent to the woes of others.

Though Alfred was quiet as a lamb all day, the attendants preferred him to the padded room at night, because he had been there last night; but they only fastened one ankle to the bedpost: to his great surprise his Lilliputians on ordinarily fair terms—numbers excepted; they swarmed. Unable to sleep he rose and groped for his clothes. But they were outside the door, according to rule.

He had no resource but to walk about instead of lying down.

Day broke at last: and he took his breakfast quietly with the first-class patients. It consists in all cases of tea, bread and butter, instead of tea and table-spoons instead of tea-spoons; and thick slices of stale bread thinly buttered. A few patients had great bowls of porridge instead of tea. After breakfast Alfred sat in the first-class patients' room for nearly three minutes and the hours till Edward should come. After dinner he counted the hours till tea-time. Nobody came; and he went to bed in such grief and disappointment as some men live to eighty without ever knowing.

But when the o'clock came next day, and no Edward, and no reply, then the distress of his soul deepened. He implored Mrs. Archbold to tell him what was the matter. She shook her head and said, gravely, it was but too common; a man's nearest and dearest were very apt to hold aloof from him the moment he was put into such a prison.

Here an old lady put in her word. "Ah, Sir, you must not expect to hear from any body in this place. Why, I have been two years writing and writing, and can't get a line from my own daughter, and I am sure she is a fine lady now, but it was her poor neglected mother that pinched and pinched to give her a good education, and that brought and bought a good husband. But it's my belief the post in our hall isn't a real post; it's a sham, and I'll tell it to your retrived so as the letters fall down a pipe into that Baker's hands, and so then when the postman comes—"

The Archbold bent her bushy brows on this chatty personage. "Be quiet, Mrs. Dent; you are talking most mischievously and wrongly: you know you are not to speak on that topic. Take care."

The poor old woman was shut up like a knife; for the Archbold had a way of addressing her own sex that crushed them. The change was almost equally sudden to the mellow tones in which she addressed Alfred the very next moment, on the very same subject: "Mr. Baker, I believe, sees the letters: and, where our poor patients (with a glance at Dent) write in such a way as to move and perplex—very those who are in reality their best friends, it is not always sent. But I conclude your letters have gone, you find you can be calm, why not ask Mr. Baker? He is in the house now; for a wonder."

Alfred promised to be calm; and she got him an interview with Mr. Baker.

He was a full-blown pawnbroker of Silverton town, whom the legislature, with that keen knowledge of human nature which marks the British senate, permitted, and still permits, to speculate in Insanity, stipulating however that the upper servant of all in his asylum should be a doctor; but omitting to provide against the instant dismissal of the said doctor should he go and rob his employer of a ledger—by carving a patient.

As you are not the British legislature, I need not tell you that this pawnbroker insanity mattered nothing, nor sanity: his trade lay in catching, and keeping, and stinting, as many lunatics, and as sane, as he could find.

There are certain formulæ in these quiet retreats, which naturally impose upon green-horns such as Alfred certainly was, and many visiting justices and lunacy commissioners would seem to be. Baker had been a lodging-house keeper for certified people many years, and knew all the formulæ: some call them dodges: but these must surely be vulgar minds.

Baker had: "and the see-saw formula:"

"Letters, young gentleman?" said he: "they are not in my department. They go into the surgery, and are passed by the doctor, except those he examines and orders to be detained."

Alfred demanded the doctor.

"He is gone," was the reply. (Formula.)

Alfred found it as hard to be calm, as some people find it easy to say the words over the wrongs of others.

The next day, but not till the afternoon, he caught the doctor. "My letters, Sir!" said he, "you have not been so cruel as to intercept them."

"I intercept no letters," said the doctor, as if astonished at the very idea: "I see who writes them, and hand them to Mr. Baker, with now and then a remark. If any are detained, the responsibility rests with him."

"He says it rests with you."

"Then you have misunderstood him."

"Not at all, Sir. One thing is clear; my letters have been stolen either by him or you; and I will know which."

The doctor parried with a formula.

"You are excited, Mr. Hardie. Be calm, Sir, be calm: or you will be two months the longer."

All Alfred obtained by this interview was a powerful opiate. The head keeper brought it him in bed, and refused to take it. The man whistled, and the room filled with keepers.

"Now," said Cooper, "down with it, or you'll have to be dosed with this cup and horn."

"You had better take it, Sir," said Brown; "the doctor has ordered it, you."

"The doctor? Well, let me see the doctor about it."

"He is gone."

"He never ordered it me," said Alfred. Then fixing his eyes sternly on Cooper, "You miscreants, you want to poison me. No, I will not take it. Stand off, murder!"

Then ensued a struggle, on which I draw a veil: the keepers won the day, with the help of handcuffs and cord-bonds.

Brown went and told Mrs. Archbold, and what Alfred had said about

"Don't be alarmed," said that strong-minded lady: "it is only one of the old fool's composing draughts. It will spoil the night's sleep for one night, that is all. Go to him the first thing in the morning."

Alfred's draught Alfred was seized with a violent headache and fever: toward morning he was light-headed, and Brown found him loud and furious: but only he returned with to an expression Mr. Brown had never heard before—

"Justifiable parricide. Justifiable parricide. Justifiable parricide."

Most people dislike new phrases. Brown ran to consult Mrs. Archbold about this one. After the elderly inquisitor took from her cap to read a morning wrapper; and they found Alfred leaning over the bed and bleeding violently at the nose. They were a good deal alarmed, and tried to stop it; but Alfred was quite sensible now, and would not let them touch him.

"I can manage to see now," he said: "a little while ago I was blind with the poison."

They understood him, and he made him comfortable, and Mrs. Archbold sent Brown for a cup of strong coffee and a glass of brandy. He took them, and then begged for a little rice a deep sleep that lasted till tea-time. This sleep the poor doctor ascribed to the sedative effect of the opiate. But it was the natural consequent on the morbid excitement caused by his cursed opiate.

Brown, said Mrs. Archbold, "if Dr. Bailey prescribes again, let me know. He shan't quaare *this* patient with his certificate while I am here."

Dr. Bailey was a learned, and more dangerous, animal; he was a fool.

The farrago he had administered would have done no harm to a man in health, but no great harm. It was dangerous to a sane man: and Alfred to the naked eye was a sane man. But Dr. John Bailey had asked and got: he had been twenty years at M.D. The certificates of Wycherley and Spears were produced to him, and the two-seventy green seal—wherever he looked at Alfred Hardie.

Perhaps in time he will forget these certificates, and, like the spiculæ dropping off, he will see Alfred is sane. If he does, he will publish him as one of his most remarkable cures.

Meanwhile the whole treatment of this illstarred young gentleman gravitated toward insanity. The inner mind was exasperated by barefaced injustice, and oppression: above all by his letters being stopped: for that convinced him both Baker and Bailey, with their see-saw evasions, knew he was sane, and dreaded a visit from honest, understanding men: and the mind's external sense, the brain, which an acute professes to soothe, was steadily undermined by artificial sleeplessness. A man can't sleep in irons

till he is used to them: and when Alfred was relieved of these, his sleep was still driven away by biting insects and barking dogs, two spaniels provided in many of these placid Retreats, with a view to the permanence, rather than the comfort, of the lodgers.

On the eighth day Alfred succeeded at last in an object he had steadily pursued for some time: he caught the two sea-saw humbugs together.

"Now, gentlemen," he, "you say by your letters, and *he* says it is *you* who do it. Which is the truth?"

They were staggered, and he followed up his advantage: "Look me in the face, gentlemen, and say it." And, as they turn their heads away. You can only tell this barefaced lie behind my back. Do you believe in God, and in a hereafter to come? If you can not release me, at least don't be such scoundrels as to stop my letters, and so swindle me out of a fair trial, an open, public trial."

The doctor parried with a formula. "Publicity would be the greatest misfortune could befall you. Pray be calm."

Now, as asylum is a place not entirely exempt from prejudice; and one of them is that any sort of appeal to God Almighty is a sign or else forerunner of maniacal excitement.

These humbugs forged their fact by stopping letters, evading public trials, and, in a word, cutting off all appeals to justice, they could compel the patient to turn his fighting eye and lift his despairing voice to Him, whose eye alone can ever really penetrate these dark shades.

Accordingly the patient who appealed to God above a system in Silverton Grange was deemed to get excited directly. And the tranquilizing influences employed were morphia, croton oil, or a blister.

The keeper came to Alfred in his room "Doctor has ordered a blister."

"What for? Send for him directly."

"He is gone."

This way of ordering torture and then coolly going away dazed Alfred beyond endurance. Though he knew he should soon be powerless, he shoved right: made his mark as usual on a couple of his zealous attendants, got to the landing room to work in, was soon overpowered, hobbled and handcuffed: then they cut off his hair, and put a large blister on the top of his head.

The obstinate brute declined to go mad. They began to respect him for this tenacity of purpose; a decent bedroom was allotted him, his pomatum and bag were brought him, and he was let walk every day on the lawn with a keeper, only there were no ladders left in sight, and the trap-door was locked; i. e. the iron gate.

On one of these occasions he heard the gatekeeper within three times summon one of the attendant followed suit, and hurried Alfred into the house, which soon rang with treble signals.

"What is it?" inquired Alfred.

"The visiting justices are in sight: go into your room, please."

"Yes, I'll go," said Alfred, affecting cheerful compliance, and the man ran off.

The whole house was in a furious bustle. All the hobbles, and chains, and instruments of restraint, were hastily collected and bundled out of sight, and clean sheets were put on the harshest attendants began practicing pleasant looks and kind words on the patients, to get them to try it, so that it ought to appear all too abrupt and startle the patients visibly under the visitors' eyes: something like actors working up a facial sentiment at the top of the bill, ere due display, or like a race-horse's preliminary canter. Alfred's heart beat with joy inexpressible. He had only to keep calm, and this was the last day at Silverton Grove. The first thing he did was to make a powerful toilet.

The stinginess of relations, and the greed of mad-house proprietors, makes many a patient look ten times madder than he is, in point of dress. Clothes wear out in an asylum, and are not always taken off, though Agriculture has long and justly claimed them for her own. In a word it is no longer possible to refuse the Reverend Mad Tom or Mrs. Crazy Jane some new raiment, then colossal enormous munificence that crowns the Poole or Elise, but others to paternal or maternal wardrobes, and even to the ancestral chest, like old oak chests, simply:

"Poor things, they are out of the world: what need for them to be in the fashion!" (Formula.)

This arrangement keeps the bump of self-esteem down, especially in women, and so cooperates with many other little arrangements to perpetuate the lodger.

Silverton Grove in particular was supplied with the grotesque in dress from an inexhaustible source; whenever money was sent Baker to buy a patient a suit, he went from his lunacy shop to his pawnbroker's, dived headlong into unredeemed pledges, dressed his patient as gentlemen are dressed to reside in cherry-trees; and pocketed five hundred per cent. on the double transaction. Now Alfred had already observed that many of the patients looked madder than they were—thanks to short trousers and petticoats, hobby jackets, ear-obstructing and befrilled bosoms, shoes made for, and declined by, the very infantry; coats short in the waist and long in the sleeves, coal-scuttle bonnets, and grandmaternal caps. So he made his toilet with rare, and put his best hat on to hide his shaven crown. He then kept his door ajar, and waited for a chance of speaking to the justices. One soon came; a portly old gentleman, with a rubicund face and honest eye, walked slowly along the corridor, looking as wise as he could, cringed on by Cooper and Dr. Bailey; the latter had arrived post-haste, and Baker had been sent for.

Alfred came out, touched his hat respectfully, and begged a private interview with the magistrate. The old gentleman bowed politely, for Alfred's dress, address, and countenance left no suspicion of insanity possible in an unprejudiced mind.

But the Doctor whispered in his ear, "Take care, Sir. Dangerous!"

Alfred this is one of the most effective of the formulæ in a private asylum. How can an inexperienced stranger know for certain that such a statement is a falsehood? and even the truth not love justice—to others—quite so well as they love their own skins. So Squire Tollett very naturally declined a private interview with Alfred; and even drew back a step, and felt uneasy at being so near him. An honest man does not whisper," said he. "Do not let him poison your mind against me. I am as sane as you are, and he knows it. Pray, pray use your own eyes, and ears, Sir, and give yourself a chance of discovering the truth in this strong-hold of lies."

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Hardie," put in the Doctor, parentally, "excitement."

"Don't you interrupt me, Doctor; I am as calm as you are. Calmer; for, see, you are pale at this moment with fear that your own wickedness in detaining a sane man here is going to be exposed. Oh, Sir," said he, turning to the justice, "fear not for me, I have not even angry words; my misery is too deep for irritation or excitement. I am the victim of a plot—a piece of diabolical villainy. Mr. Alfred Hardie, a Reform and Ireland scholar. But, unfortunately for me, my mother left me ten thousand pounds, and a house in Dublin, in her own name I will not pollute by mentioning it in this den of thieves. My father is the well-known banker, banking-house, Hardie and Hardie, Dublin. He has wasted his own money, and now covets his neighbor's and his son's. He had me entrapped here on my wedding-day, to get hold of my money, and rob me of her I love. I appeal to you, Sir, to discharge me; or, if you have not so much confidence in me, to take whatever steps is to do that, then I demand a commission of lunacy and a public inquiry."

Dr. Bailey said, "That would be a most unpleasurable exposure, both to yourself and your friends." (Formula.)

"It is only the guilty who fear the light, Sir," was the swift reply.

Mr. Tollett said he thought the patient had a legal right to a commission of lunacy if there was property, and he took note of the application. He then asked Alfred if he had any complaint to make of the way he was being treated.

"Sir," said Alfred, "I leave those complaints to the insane ones: with me the sympathetic wire drives out the petty worries. I can not feel my stings for my deep wound."

"Oh, then, you admit you are not treated *unkindly* here?"

"I admit nothing of the kind, Sir. I merely decline to institute a correspondence with petty injuries, when you are good enough to inquire into a monstrous one."

"But Mr. Hardie is very sensible and considerate," said Mr. Tollett. "I will see you, Sir, again before we leave."

With this promise Alfred was obliged to be content. He retired respectfully, and the justice said, "He seems as sane as I am." The doctor nodded. The justice observed it, and not aware that this smile was a formula, as much so as a prize-fighter's or a ballet-dancer's, thought it right to differ. "I am not a physician, then added who had signed the certificates.

"Dr. Wycherley for one."

"Dr. Wycherley? that is a great authority."

"One of the greatest in the country, Sir."

"Oh then one would think he must be more or less deranged."

"Dangerously so at times. But in his lucid intervals you never saw a more quiet, gentlemanly creature." (Formula.)

"How sad!"

"Very, Sir: it is my most interesting patient (Formula), though terribly violent at times. Would you like to see the medical journal Dr. Bailey?"

"Yes; by-and-by."

The inspection then continued: the inspector admired the clean appearance of the bed sacks, all of them dirty, some filthy; and asked the more reasonable patients in a special friendly way if they had any complaints to make. This question being with the usual sagacity of public inspectors put in the plural number. Cooper and the Doctor, who stuck to Tollett like wax, the mad people all declared they were very kindly treated; the justice, seeing that no information was this; they knew by experience that, if they told the truth, the justices could not at once remedy their wrongs, and would be off, and then the very moment the justices left the house, would knock them down, beat them, shake them, strait-jacket them, and starve them; and the Doctor, less merciful, would doctor them. So they shook in their shoes, and vowed they were very comfortable in Silverton Grove.

Thus, in later days, certain Commissioners of Lunacy inspecting Accomb House, extracted nothing from Mrs. Turner but that she was happy and comfortable under the benignant sway of Mr. Nicholls the proprietor. Which it was only by a miracle the public learned the truth; and miracles are rare.

Meantime, Alfred had a mitigating. The plausible Doctor had now Squire Tollett's ear, and Tollett was old, and something about him reminded the Octonian of a trait his friend Horace had detected in old age:

Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidè que ministrat.

Dilator, spe longus, iners, etc.

He knew there was another justice in the house, but he knew also he should not be allowed to see speech with him, if by cunning or force it could be prevented. He kept his door ajar. Presently nurse Hannah came bustling along with an apron full of things, and let herself into a vacant room hard by. This Hannah was a young woman with a pretty and rather babyish face, divorced from a thick beery nature in her form that a blacksmith need not have blushed for. And I suspect it was this masculine charm, and not her feminine features, that had won her the confidence of Baker and Co., and the respect of his female patients; big or little, excited or not excited, there was not one of them this bicipital baby-face could not pin by the wrists, and twist her helpless into a strong room.

Alfred crossed her unaided in a moment; and she did it too, on slight provocation. Nurse Hannah seldom came into Alfred's part of the house; but, when she did meet him, she generally gave him a kind look in passing; and he had received leave to speak to her, and try if persuasion, or her conscience, or move her pity. He saw what she was at, but was too politic to detect her spying eye and ear. He drew her into a window, and said, softly, "Nurse Hannah! Are you there?"

"Yes, I am here," said she, sharply, and came out of the room hastily; and shut it. "What do you want, Sir?"

Alfred raised his hands together. "If you are a woman, have pity on me."

She was taken by surprise. "What can I do?" said she, in a softened tone. "I am only a servant."

"At least tell me where I can find the Visiting Justice, before the keepers stop me."

"Hush! Speak lower," said Hannah. "You have compassion on a poor girl, Sir."

"Yes. But he seems a feeble old fogy. Where is the other? Oh, pray tell me."

"I mustn't; I mustn't. In the noisy ward. There, run."

Ahh run he did.

Alfred was lucky enough to get safe into the noisy ward without being intercepted, and then he encountered a sunburnt gentleman, under the influence of a pipe and a morning-whip in his hand: it was Mr. Vane, a Tory squire and huge landowner in the county.

Now, as Alfred looked at one door, Baker himself came in at the other, and they nearly met at Vane. But Alfred saluted him first, and begged audience of Mr. Vane, his countenance changed. But this time Alfred overheard the formula, and said, quietly: "Don't believe him, Sir. I am not dangerous; I am as sane as any man in England. Pray examine me, and judge for yourself."

"Ah, that is his delusion," said Baker. "Come, Mr. Hardie, I allow you great liberties, but you must not make many more, and monopolize his Worship with your fancies. Consider, Sir, you are not the only patient he has to examine."

Alfred's heart sank; he turned a look of silent agony on Mr. Vane.

Mr. Vane, quite touched by that look, or irritated by Baker's pragmatical interference, or perhaps both, looked that person coolly in the face, and said, gravely: "Hold your tongue, Sir, and let *the gentleman* speak to me."

THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA."

On page 637 we publish an illustration of the RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA," now lying in our port. She is one of the fleet which has been sent to visit the United States, and her advent has created considerable interest. Her officers have been officially invited to accept the hospitalities of the city; and Mrs. Lincoln, General Dix, commanding the Department, and other leading personages have visited her. We condense the following account of the *Oslioba* from the *Herald* report:

The *Oslioba* is a screw propeller frigate, but does not now mount her full complement of guns. She carries at present thirty-two guns (sixty-eight-pounders), and is mounted at a pivot on the forecastle deck. The gun is manufactured with a breech-loading apparatus, on the same caliber, and consequently, in time of action, there is no confusion between the various kinds of cartridges and projectiles.

The rigging and sparring of the *Oslioba* do not materially differ from vessels of the same class in our own navy, save that there are more ropes and fewer sails in every where displayed. The ship herself is well built, and looks as if she could ride out a hard gale. Among the other various appointments we noticed that she has a beautiful little steam launch, which is a very handy appendage to the ship. It saves time and much hard work on the main.

The Russian navy has been for some time past in process of reorganization and improvement by judicious and naval progress, which are to regild and to different from a former years.

The latest data of the naval forces of Russia say she has in the Baltic, Lesser River, White, Caspian, and Black seas, and Lake Ural, one hundred and twenty-two vessels of the line being eleven-decline, and thirteen frigates. Together they mount 2346 guns, and are manned by 350 officers, 453 sub-officers, and 19,450 seamen. Before the war with the Allies Russia possessed two squadrons, of about equal power, one stationed in the Black Sea and the other in the Baltic. Each carried about 20,000 seamen, and when half the crews were on furlough and artificers' leave the aggregate number of guns was between 8000 and 9000. Since the close of the war Russia has made great improvements in her naval force. Mr. Webb, of this city, has built for her about the largest screw frigate afloat. And they have added largely to their navy by vessels built at their own navy-yards.

The iron-clad excitement in this country aroused Russia, and she is now engaged in building a fleet of ironclads. In March of this year no less than four million pounds sterling had been appropriated for that purpose.

The *personnel* of the Russian navy includes sixteen admirals, thirty vice-admirals, thirty-nine rear-admirals, one hundred and eleven first-class captains, ninety-five second-class captains, two hundred and fifty-seven lieutenant-captains, six hundred and seven lieutenants, and three hundred and ninety-six midshipmen. The marine corps comprises about three hundred officers. The Emperor has a naval staff consisting of two rear-admirals, one captain, and seven aides-de-camp. The chief engineer is a master of naval artillery, an inspector of naval artillery, and a director of marine chancery and naval affairs. The ministry of marine includes a council of ten admirals, a presbyter, and ten clerks.

But to return to the *Oslioba*. She is manned by four hundred and fifty men and twelve artillerymen, who look hearty, and as if when called upon they might be able to do good service in the event of battle. They are a pleasant looking set, and no doubt will be the hero of our harbor for ten days to come.

The following is a list of the officers of the ship:

Captain—Boutakoff.

Lieutenants—Stoffel, Arinoff, Ermolieff, Valitzky, De Livron, Furuhelm, Evreinoff, Kroun.

Sub-Lieutenants—Amenoff, Rudnetzkoff, Tenteleff, Chapelkin, Kolomeitzoff, Kolomeitzoff, Boetzin, Zlatkovitch, Tudeer, Stramikoff.

Lieutenant of Artillery—Kondratieff.

Surgeons—Hyrutzevitch, Holst.

Master—Semenoff.

Second Master—Trapeznikoff.

Assistant—Kolomeitzoff.

Engineers—Polocaroff, Tihonoff, Tetenkoff, Ivanoff, Murray.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote pages 632, 633, and 636 to the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Waud, the author of the sketches which we reproduce, writes:

"CULPEPPER, *Friday, September* 18.

"Your artist was the only person connected with newspapers permitted to go upon the recent advance to the Rapidan. An order of General Meade's sent all the reporters back. It was a very small unconducive trip part of the time. I did not get dry for two days; and was shot at into the bargain, at Beacon Ford, where I unwarrantably left the cover and became a target *for* about twenty of the sharp-shooters. Luckily I was not touched; but I did some tall "scooting" out of the way. We have doubts here whether we shall advance further. Meade keeps his own counsel; but the general idea is against moving further on this line.

"ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"On Sunday, September 13, 1863, soon after our troops advanced from the Rappahannock, they became engaged with the enemy. Skirmishing on toward Culpepper, that place was captured after a short engagement. General Meade's first brilliant charge up hill, taking three of the rebels' guns. We came very near capturing a railroad train, which, it is said, General Stuart escaped in. About four miles from Culpepper the fighting ceased for the night, but early in the morning the advance was pushed to the Rapidan. Here we found that the rebels prepared with infantry and guns in earthworks to resist our further progress. Skirmishing was made at both to ascertain their force at Racoon Ford, while another cavalry division was driving the same at Somerville Ford. Both sides shelling and sharp-shooting has been constantly kept up on the river banks. General Custer charged down on a hill to the enemy's battery, taking three guns and a number of artillerymen.

"General Gregg's division was very hotly engaged at the same time shown in the sketch. The rebels threw their shot and shell with great precision, dismounting some of the General's escort, and bodily wounding some of the gunners in Butler's battery of light twelves before they were defeated. Butler's and Woltason's are the only horse batteries of light twelves in the army, and did good service. Wollaston's battery is shown in the view of Racoon Ford.

"The night station on Pony Mountain was built by our officers with Pope last year. It was occupied by the signal officers in advance of our lines in the recent engagement."

On page 636 we illustrate

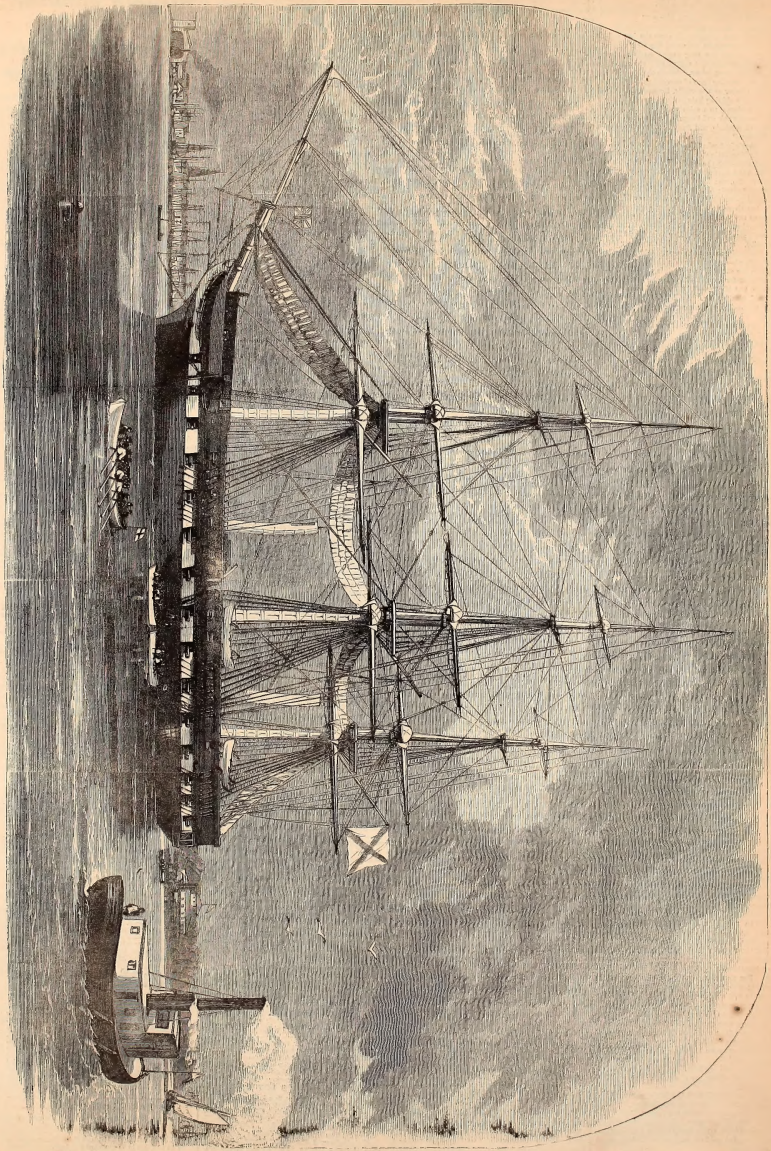
A SWORD PRESENTATION TO GENERAL MEADE.

Mr. Waud writes: "In presentation, during the occupation of N xico by our troops, were reduced to a system, the present being quite a secondary matter. It is of course a matter of official action and attendant spree for which it afforded an excuse. Field-officers gave swords to their generals, line officers to their field officers, the field, and the rank and file for the line. In the latter case the opening of a barrel of whisky was considered the right thing. It is on record, indeed, that one gentleman did actually invite all his friends—no small assemblage—to the raffle of a sword he owned, in a most speech detailing his manifold virtues and good qualities, he presented himself there and then with a handsome sword and scabbard, did return thanks in a most feeling manner for the same!

"With no desire to draw any comparison between the above and the presentation made to General Meade, which was a well-decreed compliment to one of our best officers, I will state that out of place to ask why so much money—the sum variously stated from fifteen hundred to twenty-six hundred dollars—should be spent upon a sword which it is not likely the General will wear? A neatly-inscribed sword would have done, and the balance of the money in gold eagles, would be a much more sensible present. However, the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned, and General Meade's was a very good and appropriate speech. Colonel Roberts, of the Reserves, also made a speech abounding in rich humor touching the refreshment question. Of the other speakers, it can be said that they had a tendency to reduce the occasion to the complexion of a political caucus. The grounds were nicely decorated with triumphal arches and evergreens between, and lighted with Chinese lanterns, in the evening. The sword is richly carved and embossed, the sheath inlaid with enamel and diamonds, the hilt rich and heavy with gold and garnets, or rubies."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SWORD PRESENTATION BY GENERAL CRAWFORD'S DIVISION TO GENERAL MEADE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 635.]



THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA," NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

GOLDEN HAIR.

"You are no better to-night, Harry?"

"No better, Miss Ariel."

Ariel King bent thoughtfully over the low pallet bed, with her slight finger on the sick man's restless pulse, and her long amber curls almost touching the coverlet that stirred with the uneven laboring of the breast below. While the frosty October sunset, drawing lines of moving gold athwart the rough plaster of the walls, lingered lovingly around the soft shining hair and violet eyes, transfiguring her almost to a saint's strange beauty.

"He seems weak and languid," she said, softly. "Wine, and cordials, and fresh fruit, are what he needs, Marian."

"And that's just what the doctor told me," said a dark, bustling little woman, who was concocting some mixture over the sickly fire. "But, bless you, Miss Ariel, how are we poor folks to get wine and fruit? No, no; he must just get well on arrow-root and gruel: *they* don't cost much."

She tried to speak smilingly, this poor Marian Becker, but there were tears in her dark eyes as she pushed the wet hair back from her husband's hollow temples.

"It isn't altogether that, Miss Ariel," said Harry, unsmiling. "I think I should get stronger if it wasn't for fretting about the rent. Old Keene is a hard landlord—one who wouldn't hesitate to turn a man into the street if he were dying. I don't so much mind it for myself—I shall soon be beyond all trouble, but Marian—"

He stopped abruptly. Ariel lifted her grave, shocked eyes—this was a new revelation of want and woe.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have no money left?"

"None, Miss Ariel."

She bent her head on her hands with a sort of passionate shudder.

"And this is the way our country rewards the soldiers who for her sake have dared the perils of deadly battle-field and fever-breathing swamps! She gives them 'an honorable discharge'—a discharge to creep away into some hole or corner and die as soon as possible! She promises them 'bounty' at the end of the war—as well say at the end of the world! Is this right? is it justice?"

"Nay, Miss Ariel," said the young soldier, "it is pretty much my own fault; if I had chosen to stay in hospital I should have incurred no expenses. Only I fancied that Marian could nurse me better, and—"

"And so you committed the unpardonable sin of preferring *home* to a hospital barrack, and this great and ungrateful country washes her hands of you accordingly. Oh, Harry, if I had but one tithe of my uncle's wealth!"

"Miss Ariel," said the young man, earnestly, "don't feel so grieved about it. I know you are hurt at your uncle's refusal to help you, but you must remember that he disapproved of my enlistment from the very first—still more of the life fancy, as he termed it, of my coming home. But oh, Miss Ariel, if he could have known the bitterness of the home-sick pangs that come when you are sick in a strange place! He said it himself—that the mere fact of my having once been a clerk in his employ gave me no claims on him. And he was right, Miss Ariel, only—"

He turned his face to the pillow, with a low choking sob. Ariel watched him, with a strange, troubled light in her eyes, to see a human creature drifting slowly out of the world, and have no power to help or rescue him.

"How much is the rent?" she asked, after a brief silence.

"Twenty dollars, Miss Ariel: it is for three months."

Twenty dollars! and she had but ten in her little silk purse. For Ariel King, a portionless orphan, had literally nothing of her own: the very watch at her girdle, the spot of opal fire that fastened her collar, were her uncle's. And to him she well knew how vain would be any application.

She sighed deeply as she rose up to go, and once more cast a wistful wish, the passionate longing, that she were rich!

The gas-lamps were beginning to quiver like lines of fire on the long, tumultuous avenue as she set out on her homeward way, and with instinctive timidity she drew her veil and folded her simple scarlet shawl closer round her shoulders, quickening her steps as she did so.

"Can a stranger help young woman? wait till them carts and carriages has got by!"

Ariel started in affright as the good-humored old policeman came back, and then smiled at her own timidity. But, as she stood waiting on the corner for something like a break in the apparently endless string of carts and omnibuses, her eye fell on a brilliantly-lighted window close at her side, and she mechanically read, emblazoned on the glass,

"HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HUMAN HAIR."

She looked down on the long auburn curls that lay on her shoulders with a strange, sudden thrill of joy. For the moment she saw rich—she had something which she might call her very own, to keep or to sell as she pleased. Harry Becker's needs might be partially succored yet.

Without pausing for reflection she laid her hand on the latch, and entered the perfumed realm of Macassar and false curls. A dashing little French-woman stood behind the counter.

"In what may we have the happiness of serving madame?"

"I wish to sell my hair," murmured poor Ariel, her cheeks all aflame, as if she had been doing a guilty thing.

"Ah! certainly," said the little woman, in a tone one or two degrees less conciliatory. "Will madame please to lay aside her bonnet?"

With trembling fingers Ariel untied the strings and removed the straw bonnet: like a cataract of shining, gilded gold the long soft curls fell around her shoulders.

"*Ciel!*" ejaculated the little woman softly, with upraised eyebrows and clasped hands, "the hair is fine, *vraiment*, it must be near three feet long! For what price do you wish to part with it, madame?"

"I must have ten dollars," said Ariel, taking courage at the other's evident admiration.

"Ten dollars!—that is too large a sum."

"Then I must try elsewhere," said Ariel, taking up her bonnet.

"Wait—stay!" said the woman, meditatively. "It is long and thick, moreover it is of a good color. Please walk into the back room, madame. Fanchette shall cut it off in half a second!"

Poor Ariel, as she sat flushed and half frightened in the little gas-lighted den at the back of the shop, with "Fanchette's" gleaming scissors flashing through her curls, she would have given almost any thing to have retraced the sudden step. The bright, silken tresses she had brushed, and caressed, and twined with flowers so many, many times—the curls—oh, how could she ever have forgotten!—that Colonel Tybley had admired so much—that Harry had wound in love coils of rainbow! An involuntary sob welled up from her heart.

"Did you speak, Mademoiselle?" said Fanchette, snapping the scissors in mid-air.

Ariel shook her head; she could not answer in words. There they lay, a soft, shining heap, full of golden lights, and tender brown shadows—her curls no longer!

"Please give me one to keep," she pleaded, with wistful eagerness. The Frenchwoman smilingly tossed one across the counter; she was in good-humor with herself; she had made a decided bargain.

And Ariel, not even daring to look in the glass, crept away; the hard-earned money in her pocket, and the curl held to her heart as if it had been a living thing.

"Is he asleep, Marian?"

"Miss Ariel—is it possible that this is you?"

"Myself, Marian! Hush! don't wake him; here are twenty dollars. Don't chide me, pray, it's late."

"But, Miss Ariel, how—where— Oh! I see now—your hair, your beautiful brown curls are gone. Oh, Miss Ariel, how *could* you?"

"Pooh!" said Ariel, lightly, "hair will grow again. Do you suppose I value my silly curls beyond poor Harry's life and strength?"

And before Mrs. Becker could find words to express her gratitude Ariel was gone.

"Upon my word!" said Miss Priscilla Vinaigre, "this is quite a new freak of some sort in Miss King's part. What *will* not a girl do to keep up with the fashion?"

Colonel Tybley looked quickly up from the photographic album whose leaves he was slowly turning over. Yes, Miss Vinaigre was quite right, that was Ariel King, with her flushed cheeks shadowed with tiny brown rings, and her eyes bent downward with timid shame.

Colonel Tybley shut the album with considerable emphasis. Fashion! he hated the sound of the word. What were girls dreaming about *fashion* for, when the nation was groaning with the agony of regeneration? Yet he had fancied Ariel King far superior to these British whims; well was it for him that disenchantment came ere it was too late.

"And she knew how much I admired that lovely golden hair!" was the next thought. "It shows how much she cares for my likes and dislikes. Well, she is just like the rest of her sex, and I shall go back to Washington next week cured of one absurd fancy."

And Ariel sobbed herself to sleep that night because Frank Tybley passed her with such a frigid bow.

Harry Becker had an unexpected visitor the next morning—the Colonel of his regiment, who came in with a bright, encouraging smile, and a kindly grasp of the hand that seemed to throw new life into the invalid's worn frame.

"Why, Becker, where has you been hiding yourself? Why didn't you let us know where you were? It was by the merest chance in the world I stumbled upon you out."

Becker's pale cheek reddened. "I did not like to trouble others with my distress, Colonel."

"Pooh! pooh! that is nothing to you or me a foolish fell-w. What can I do for you?—nay, don't hesitate-l I have not forgotten how you saved my life on the Malvern's Mills."

"Thank you, Colonel. We have been in sore straits, my wife and I; but Miss Ariel King, my former employer's daughter—"

"King—Ariel King—I know her."

"Miss Ariel has been a most excellent young lady in the world. Well, Sir, she has sided us with her little means—my wife used to be a seamstress in the family, and has still a known skill—but what do you suppose she did to help us with the rent that was behind?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"She sold her hair, Sir—her beautiful golden hair, that she was as proud of as my woman *could* be—all to assist her father's old clerk."

And Harry turned his head aside to hide the big drops on his lashes. He need not have been so careful: there was a clearness in the Colonel's sharp eye too.

"I have been a fool!" he ejaculated, striding out into the middle of the room—"a fool, assuredly!"

And he went straight to the little parlor where Ariel was sitting at her work, crying a little between whiles, and thinking, in the sweet, self-abasement of her saintly beauty,

"And now, Ariel, now that you know what a suspicious, credulous, doubting villain I have been—can you give the priceless treasure of your love into my keeping?"

She answered him, seriously and tenderly, with soft, shy blushes, "Yes."

What more have we to say? Nothing, save that Harry Becker and Marian his wife are doing well, and the latter predicts that by Ariel's wedding-day her curls will have grown out again, long and golden as ever.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

All kinds Sewing Machine Needles, At J. W. BARTLETT'S,
The only GENERAL NEEDLE DEPOT, 842 Broadway, N. Y.



MONEY AND TEMPER SAVED!
Brown's New Metal Top Lamp Chimney.—Does not break by heat; does not get smoky; easily and quickly cleaned without wetting; one outlasts ten common chimneys; saves your temper, time, and money. Try it, and you will use no other. *Agents wanted.* N. L. C. MFG CO., 45 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 21 Park Row, New York. Circulars and free Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents, and also for sale by CHASE & LYMAN, 25 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.



French (Solitaire) Patterns.
These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, Blue, &c., and engraved with Initial Letters. Old English, &c. Complete sets $2 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.
JOHN F. PHELPS, 493 Broadway, New York.



MEEKS' CABINET FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,
No. 699 **BROADWAY,**
Also,
333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established for twenty years, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.



French Note Papers, Satin and Moire Frosses, Silver Plate, etc., at J. RUSSELL'S, 167 Broadway, cor. Duane St.
For Specimens by mail, send 3 cents.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES,** Rope, **COURDAGE,** and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP,** Fish Lines, Bending Cord, Log Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER,** Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOVE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and are used by over 3,000 for Cards and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others can work at MAKING MONEY by printing their own Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c. They can be printed at a saving of 75 per cent. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 22, 32, and $48. Send for a Circular.
LOVE PRESS CO., 19 Water Street, Boston.

ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal of Hudson River Institute, Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., offers 14 weeks board and tuition for $47. Term opens Sept. 15. (Sixth corner.) If furnishing, also board in the Institution with the pupils. Write for catalogues.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 33x51. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

No Dye in the World Worthy of Competition.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Cincinnati *vs.* Everything. Both for sale everywhere, and supplied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

WINDOW SHADES.

White, Buff, Green and Blue Holland, Gold and Prescoed Shades. Bray's, Putnam's, Bailey's, and Judd's Patent Fixtures, At G. L. & J. B. KELTY'S, Window Shade Manufacturers, No. 357 Broadway, New York.

LACE CURTAINS, Nottingham Curtains, Brocatelle Curtains, Rep Curtains, Terry Curtains, Satin Dolskine Curtains, Wholesale and retail, at KELTY'S, 359 Broadway.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a Gold Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Adress



As sold in 2d and 3d Ave. cars, 25c.

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus,* or *Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than three lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

$5 made from 50 cents. Address
F. COLLINS & CO.,
Cornwall Bridge, Ct.



THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE. Awarded a Diploma and Medal at the National Exhibition of 1863. The best and only reliable billiard table manufactured. Rubber, Cues, and every article relating to billiards, for sale by PHELAN & COLLENDER, corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, New York.



S. M. WARD. Co. 2d N.Y.Vols.

C. E. PACE Co. I 29 N.Jvd.

50,000 Agents Wanted.

One Agent wanted in every Regimental, Hospital, and on board every Vessel. For $1, will send you a sample, with a Circular giving full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Pin, or Guard Chain, or an Engraved Spring Locket, or a Beautiful California Diamond Pin, or Carved Ring, or a fine Gold Collerette Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Co., and Reg., handsomely engraved upon it. Address Crown in Gold Plate: and, for 50 cents, I will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.
H. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4676. 208 Broadway, N. Y.



The "Star" No Chimney Burner for Kerosene Oil Lamps, Patented Aug. 11, 1863.
Gives a large, clear, and steady light without smoke or odor. An perfect portable or 3rd light. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. Superior to any other of the kind. Try it. Simple, and useful, for 25 cents. Circulars free. Agents wanted. PETTIS & DESSING, Manufacturers, No. 3 Pistol Street, N. Y.



TIBBAL'S
Manufacturing Depot for J. A. CRANDALL'S PATENT SPRING ROCKING CHAIRS, BABY ROCKERS, GIG, and PERAMBULATOR, removed to No. 503 Broadway, directly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and price list. Also Baby Walkers, Children's Carriages, Velocipedes, &c.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.
Have Just Published:
THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain Usanos F. Norris. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25. Mailed

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH:

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
300 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00 each.
$500 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
$500 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
$500 Pins	2 00 to 5 00 each.
$500 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$500 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$500 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$500 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$500 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$500 Coral, Ena., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
$500 Gold Lever Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
$500 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
$500 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 4 00 each.
$500 Seal and Key Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
$500 Shell Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
$500 Pearl Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
$500 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
$500 Lockets	2 50 to 5 00 each.
$500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	3 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens, Silver Ivory Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, that giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

Active Village Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and States. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

$15 Sewing Machine Company

Now forsals the Exclusive Right of any County (not taken), and give notice to

1 Use, price complete (12) $75
2 Uses, " " $42
Single Machine for Canvassing $40
FIFTEEN DOLLAR S. M. CO., N. Y., Care Box 3385 P. O.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographic Albums, Engravings, Materials, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Caps, Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will forward, on receipt of 20 cents each, Photographs of VERDI, GRACE MOORE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, THOMPSON, BOOTH, BURNSIDE, COMO, HAYNE, SHERMAN, HALLECK, BANCROFT, BUCHANAN, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, THOMAS, or any of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PARLOR DOMINOES. This excellent article, being neat, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds, will recommend itself to every member of the Camp and the Hospital. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail. $2 00 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00.

SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.

111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,

NEW YORK CITY.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

FOR INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c. — Manufactured only by

A. G. SELLING, No. 597 Centre St., New York.

Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

Agents and Dealers.

SOMETHING NEW. — Patent Apple and Vegetable Parer and Slicer combined, the Patent Sewing Work and Needle Holder, and 99 more Novel Articles. Send stamp for circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

Babylon is Fallen, Sequel to "Kingdom Coming." Demand my Boy was Home again, by Composer. Who will Care for Mother now? each 25c. Vocal sheets for her mother, title and blank, each 25c. Medicated Gaiters, 700 tunes for violin, flute, &c., all. FREDERICK BLUME, 289 Bowery, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our immensely popular, unexcelled, and valuable entire large size THREE STATIONERY, RECIPES, AND YANKEE NOVELTY PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Recipes, Novelties, Curiosities, Cottage Receipts, Household Companions, Camp Companions, Games, Fortune Telling, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Ashbury Brown, Union Badges, Gold Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, and one costly Present, of Fashionable Jewelry, Miniature, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price of Package ONLY 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low. Not less than **100** per cent profit realized. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competition, and hold their own. Agents report the most leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind ever introduced. Package of all descriptions put up by the 100 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the Army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENT, and every Purchaser presented free to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new CIRCULAR, containing FULL PARTICULARS, which is sent free. S. C. KELSARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Revolving Pencils, Pencil Erasers*, and 12 other articles. 10 circulars sent free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Soldiers'

COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1. Solid Silver, $1.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $3 50 each.

Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, $1 50.

Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1. Solid Silver, $1. 50.



Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enamelled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Letters in Monogram. Send for a Catalogue.

Address **J. G. PACKARD & CO.,**

Jewelers and Silversmiths, Louisville, Ky.

General Gilmore's New Book.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON LIMES, HYDRAULIC CEMENTS, AND MORTARS.

Containing reports of numerous experiments conducted in New York City during the years 1858 to 1861 inclusive. By Q. A. GILMORE, U. S. Engineers, and Brevet Major United States Volunteers, and Major United States Corps of Engineers; with numerous illustrations. One volume, octavo, cloth, $3 50. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Just published by

D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Deafness.—*Sewell Manufacturing Twbes.* Can be constantly worn, and are the best aid for all public assemblies. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to

E. HALL & CO., 21 Park Row, New York.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.

The subscribers manufacture TYPE REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines, Bed and Plates

POWER PRESSES,

For Book, Job, and Card Printing.

They would also call the attention of publishers of newspapers to their new

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS

and their Improved

LARGE HAND CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, either of which is especially designed to supply newspapers of a moderate circulation with a cheap and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing the same amount of work of an out of town office. They are designed to run by hand, a speed of 700 copies per hour, and as fast as they will run without jar or noise.

Circular of prices, with description, will be forwarded on application.

R. HOE & CO.

Printers' and Binders' Warehouse,

Nos 29 and 31 Gold Street,

Corner Broome, Sheriff, and Columbia Sts., New York, And Foundry Street, Boston.

Publishers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times in their weekly issues, and send a copy previous to January 1, 1864, and forward us a copy of paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials by purchasing four times the amount of their bill for this advertisement.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Compound will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 189 Nassau Street, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOME.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—Nonresponsible reader in the country found in every household; price $5 by mail; 10 for $40; 20 for $75. Send stamp for circular. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN, No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS of WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a chronometer, or open face watch, for a lady's or gentleman's watch combined, with a Patent self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces ever offered. Equal reliability is also offered, when within it are connected with its machinery its own winding mechanism, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. In case of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer being fine 18 carat gold. It has the improved rare action lever movement, and is warranted as accurate timekeeper. Sent to any address, by express, per case of half dozen, $3 50. Sample watches in 3 oz morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 50 cents; registering, 20 cents.

COMPOSITE

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Piece!

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES ARE THE MOST UNIQUE.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected from the real article by the most experienced judges. The material being alike all through, it can not be recognized by either the file or aquafortis; making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Hunting Gold** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, as the retail price very readily is $15 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day by any one of ordinary business tact.

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *twenty hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dials, and figure or hands, in cost round case and order*, by the half dozen, **$60**; postage, at 80c. extra; **$70**. *Sent only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our prices are now so novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and handsomely finished, and offering at prices chell saying competition from all other hands.

The cover is the best and most reliable protection against the superiority of our watches. Their economizes are emphatic, everywhere, always in use. In a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*French Leader's*, Feb. 21.

"Perfect, best, and most reliable time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Our watches have acquired a high point of accuracy and elegance."—*Public Army and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"An improvement which makes a good watch invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, Aug. 8.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish American*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Phila. Inquirer*, July 27.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journal*, Government organ, Aug. 1.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 21.

☞ TERMS CASH; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No goods employed; business strictly confined to the trade. A sample is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is a sure risk. Orders will be executed with dispatch and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

169 *Broadway, New York.*

FRIENDS OF SO OIERS!

All Articles for soldiers at Baltimo... Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, Beaufort, Fortress Monroe, or Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARDEN'S EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers' regard low rates.

SAVAGE & CO.'S No Chimney Burner burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light *without chimney*, smoke, or smell. Office 702 Broadway, corner of 4th Street, N. Y. Agents wanted. $.nd for circular. Sample set by mail, $1. Trade supplied.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. **$1**

Will copy a letter as well as a press that is to be, in its exports, unexcelled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. VAN ANDEN & CO., No. 139 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.

PHYSIOGNOMY,

OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER, and "How to Read Them." Physiology, the functions of the body; Pneumatology, the origin of the human soul; Phrenology, the faculties of mind; and Psychology, the science of the soul, are given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for Oct. 1863. 70 engravings. Price 15 cents; $1 50 a year. Single number, 15 cents, by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Five quires (720 sheets) nice commercial note paper for 50 cents. Single quires, for a sample, 12 cents. 100 fine white envelopes, for 50 cents. 100 for 75 cents. 100 for $1 00, post-paid. Address GEO. K. SNOW & HAPGOOD, Fairbroker Office, Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



McCLELLAN, Burnside, Hancock, Banks, Meade, Gilmore, Sherman, Barlow, Custer, and Sigel. All are the same pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and date. Perfect photograph likeness in each. Send for best and finest in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. A liberal discount to *sell and the army.* The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacturing the above, and the manufacturer of

the beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts.

LOUIS FRILLIE, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 50 connected cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags on the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

458 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, to engage in the manufacture and sale of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box 56, 4th Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

National Union League.

Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

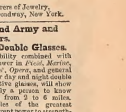
We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,

308 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine*, and *Opera Glasses*, manufactured by the largest and most reliable house in this line at from one-quarter to one-fifth the usual price. The most transparent power to strength-en and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Other leagues and lenses of all kinds.

SEMMONS, Oculist—Optician,

609½ Broadway, New York.

MR. KIRCH MILLARY and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 5th, 1863. For circulars address A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A Splendid Holiday or Marriage Present.

HARPER'S

Illuminated and Pictorial

BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by the most eminent artists, and printed on paper made expressly of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plates, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a splendid Quarto Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, bevelled and panelled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $29 00; Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $16 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard text of the American Bible Society, and contains Historical References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Tables, List of Proper Names, Geographical Tables of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters, are printed in Chromo-Lithography, after entirely original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists, and from Ancient Designs to which a full index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; DERBY & JACKSON, Washington; JAMES M. ELLIS & CO., Cincinnati; KERR & WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & CO., Chicago; and all Booksellers everywhere.

☞ Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of Price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Have just Published:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER. Price 25 cts.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the Poor in England. By JOSEPH KAY, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law, and Late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Author of "Olive," "Live's Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of Rise and Influence of Opinions of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York: Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

LIFE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. 1, just ready. Price, $1 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Cresida," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede." &c. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30 00.

Postage, Three Cents a Number, which must be prepaid, for year, $1 08.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30 00.

Postage to Subscribers.—Seventy-five Cents per line for Insertion, and One Dollar per line for each Advertisement.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



OLD MARM BRITANNIA, as she will catch it, one of these fine days, from her own Rams.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS, one to twelve stops each; price $70 to $600 each. A vast improvement on everything of the Melodeon or Harmonium kind. See written testimony of more than one hundred of the most eminent artists and organists of leading cities to the great excellence of these instruments, and their superiority in all others of their class for private and public use. Also Melodeons, from $60 to $170 each. Illustrated Catalogues sent free. Warerooms Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer St., New York. Address MASON BROTHERS.

FISK & HATCH.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street.

Orders received for Five-Twenty Bonds at *Par*, interest to commence with date of payment.

U. S. 7.30 Treasury Notes.

" Six per Cent. Bonds.

" Six per Cent. Bonds of 1881.

And all other Governmental Securities bought, sold, and convertible on hand.

Also, Gold, Bankn, Bankers, and others received on favorable terms.

Special attention given to the Collection of Government Vouchers, Quarter-masters' Checks, and maturing Certificates of Indebtedness.

FISK & HATCH, 38 Wall Street.

From the N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10, 1863.

"One of the prettiest, most, convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered."

Magic Time OBSERVERS!

The Perfection of Mechanism!

HUBBARD BROS. Importers of WATCHES

Being a Hydrostat, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-Winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty, of which we are the only consignees in this country. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The case of this watch is composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved lever action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time-piece. Its size is convenient, measuring but two inches across it. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $264. Sample Watches, in any desired style, sent, if sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering 60 cents.

Terms Cash, invariably in Advance.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,

Branch, Store, Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

French and English Fancy Goods.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,

15 Rue d'Enfants, Paris,

47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Sothis' Ointment, warranted to produce a full rest of hair in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 25 cents. Address C. F. SOTHIS, Troy, N. Y.

A Secret Worth Knowing.—How to make Old Chestnuts Worthless.—Linen with-ink spots or other fruit, in 10 hours. The recipe sent everywhere for 25 cents. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 922, Boston, Mass.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "Bloom of a Thousand Flowers." For shading it is unsurpassed. It is composed of pure oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

H. T. FETRIDGE & CO., 19 and 20 Dey Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

Furnaces, Ranges, and Stoves.



BOYNTON'S celebrated IMPROVED CAST-IRON SELF-CLEARING BRICK FURNACE; BOYNTON'S PORTABLE CALORIFIC BASE-BURNING MAGAZINE FURNACES; FIRE-PLACE HEATERS; and HALL, SCHOOL, and PARLOR STOVES; AMERICAN KITCHENERS and MORNING STAR RANGES; LITTLEFIELD'S famous MORNING GLORY STOVES; CHURCHES new and beautiful GAS-BURNING PARLOR STOVES; REGISTERS, VENTILATORS, and SHEET MANTELS. For sale by RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.

Send for Circulars. No 189 Canal St., N. Y.

NOW READY.

New Edition Revised.

U. S. ARMY REGULATIONS;

With an Appendix containing the Changes and Laws affecting Army Regulations and a Digest of War to June 25, 1863. Official. One volume octavo, pages 384, price $1 00. For sale by Booksellers and Newsdealers everywhere. Sent free on receipt of price.

Address GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher,

628 & 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

N. B. The old edition is now obsolete.

Have you seen the New Union Playing Cards? National Emblems. The suits are *Sceptre, Shields, Stars,* and *Flags.* Colored in place of King, *Goddess of Liberty* for Queen, *Major for Sack.* They are the prettiest card made, and are rapidly taking the place of cards having foreign Emblems. Every body that uses them wants them. Each pack is put up in an elegant card case, and three in dozen boxes for the trade.

Two sample packs sent in case fee on receipt of $1.

The trade supplied on liberal terms.

Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

165 William St. or 62 Broadway, N. Y.

Gold Pens and Cases,

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens	$ 75	Engraving Pens	$2 00
Med. "	1 00	Gold Pens	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Mammoth Eureka "	3 50
Large Eureka "	1 50	Mammoth Eureka	5 50

Pens are 14 carat fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the metropolitan community for the last (10) Ten years, and the manufacturer believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen now in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various kinds of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens, and by purchasing at the manufactory secure the genuine article.

Pens repointed on the receipt of 36 Cts.

E. S. JOHNSON,

Manufactory and Office, 16 Maiden Lane,

New York City.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS, male or female, Soldiers, and all having some time to spare, are profitably employed in selling goods, to send to their address, and we will send in return, FREE, information for which they will be thankful. We offer extra inducements From $5 to $15 per day Above expenses. We want soldiers from every county in the U. S and from every regiment in the Army Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 5181, N. Y.

Fish's Patent Lamp Heating APPARATUS.

Every Family should have One.

For description Pamphlet and Price List address W. D. ROSSELL, Agent, 161 Pearl St., N. Y. Agents wanted.

WATCHES FREE.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRESS AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY 25c. They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp need no capital, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper,* presented free to all Agents. Packages in online terms to all. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing FACTS & Documents. See "15 per day Easy" on inside page.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 239 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

DR. GODDALE'S

Catarrh Remedy.

Extensive Catarrh, Rose and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet Depot 619 Broadway.

How to Paint Photographs.

A NEW WORK.

Just published. Price 10 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists' supply-men, and Stock Dealers, and sent, post-paid, by the publishers,

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF L.Y.D.S.

Fever and Ague,

Fondness,

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP.

Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body,* gives *Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles,* and *Health* to every *Chemist, Joint,* and *Limb.*

One Dollar per Bottle (Small size, fifty cents).

Depot, 120 CHATHAM ST., N. Y. Sold 500 GRAND St., Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.,* to be seen—only 20 miles from Philadelphia. *Delightful climate*—20 next tracts of from $15 to $50 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good Schools and society. Good crops can be seen growing. Hundreds are settling. On account of extreme mildness of climate, it is highly beneficial to pulmonary complaints. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P. M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Seton Robinson and Vineland, and Rural sent free. From Report of Seton Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts in an already most level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.

Address E. REMINGTON & SONS,

Ilion, N. Y.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Superior in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to manufacturer, John B. Ronemus, late Pratt, Ronemus & Co., 130 William St., N. Y.

Patent Fountain Brush, for Marking Boxes, Bundles, &c. Mar'd by E. G. & J. C., Northampton, Mass.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements,* perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, on receipt of $7. A Silver Watch the same on above. $5; specially adapted to the ARMY. CLUBS, 5 for $25 & 10 for $45. Address C. Y. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch — cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for a person to get an ordinary silver timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mountain Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2 00, or with 6 beautiful mounted objects for $3 00, or with 24 mounted for $5. Address, HENRY CRAIG,

352 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

A Splendid New Book for Boys!

"The Drummer Boy

Is a story of camp life, of Expeditions to North Carolina—a boy's book—full of stirring adventure and roged incident. The life and colorations of the scenes here is painted in vivid colors."—New York Evening Post.

Elegantly illustrated. Price $1 60.

Just published by J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, and sold at all book-stores.

"Get the Best."

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THISTLE & CO.'S ENTIRELY NEW 10 and 20c. PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGES. They are the largest, best, and cheapest manufactured. Circular sent free. Greatest inducements to Agents THISTLE & CO., 130 Nassau Street.



The American Parlor Or Floor Seats, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles, Frederick Stevens, 215 Pearl Street, New York. Send for Circular.

American Enamelled Metallic Collar Co.,

C. H. WELLING, 94 Fifth Street, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 20 cts. coin preferred, magnifying small objects 500 times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address J. C. BOWLING, Box 2006, Boston, Mass.

$22 WATCHES. $22

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Coin Silver, heavy Hunting Case, *warranted,* for $22. Retail price $40.

Genuine Full Jeweled American Lever Watches, in same Coin Silver Hunting Case, gold joint, for $35. Also every variety of good watches, at equally low rates. All orders from the army must be prepaid, as the express companies will not take Bills for Collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,

208 Broadway, New York.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.

They create a healthy appetite.

They are an antidote to change of water and diet.

They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.

They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.

They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.

They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.

They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.

They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.

They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak sure strong, and are admirable nature's gentle restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,

202 Broadway, New York.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. AT UNION ADAMS No. 637 Broadway.

STEEL COLLARS

AND CUFFS, ENAMELLED LILY WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, and by Post to any part of the U.S. on receipt of $1 10.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 357 Broadway, N. Y.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24. $30, $36, & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and fashionable colors and styles of linen for current season free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS,

the largest assortment in New York, $3 75, $5, $5 75 each, all cut on easy and graceful fit.

A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The sort of pattern must be enclosed.—63 cents for each Shirt.

Send for size of neck.

SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

ENGLISH MERINO,

S. W. H. WARD, 357 Broadway, N. Y.

$40 a Month and Expenses. For particulars address (with stamp) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.

Metallic Collars

AND

STEEL COLLARS!

They are more pliable, better enamelled, and more durable than "Steel." There is no danger of their attracting the electric fluid. Samples sent by mail for 75 cts.; $1 50 for a genuine "half turn-over" collar (a imported manuscript) to the AMERICAN ENAMELLED METALLIC COLLAR COMPANY, Box No. 3173 New York City P.-st Office, and receive it by return mail.

Photograph Albums!

SUPERB STYLES, in ARABESQUE and GOLD, at any price from $1 60 to $250 00 each. Very Elegant Albums, French Styles, in 50 pictures, sent for $6 00.

Catalogues and Price List sent on receipt of Five Cents.

E. W. LUCAS & CO., 181 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 354.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, U.S.A., THE HERO OF CHICAMAUGA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS.

WE publish on page 641 a portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, the hero of the Battle of Chicamauga, or Chattanooga.

General Thomas was born in Southampton Co., Virginia, in July, 1816. He was appointed from that State to West Point in 1836, graduated on 1st July, 1840, and was appointed to the Third Artillery. In the following year he distinguished himself in the war against the Florida Indians, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for his gallantry. He accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, and at Monterey won the brevet rank of Captain. At Buena Vista, again, he distinguished himself nobly, and was brevetted Major. On the close of the war he returned home, and in 1850 assumed the responsible post of Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry at West Point. At the outbreak of the war Major Thomas was one of the few Virginians whose honor would not suffer him to rebel against his country's flag, and in May, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry—the Colonel, Robert E. Lee, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, having joined the rebels. In August of the same year he received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and proceeded to the West, where for some time he had an independent command. It was he who, when all around seemed black and hopeless, restored joy to the hearts of loyal people by the victory of Mill Spring, in Kentucky, the first of that brilliant series of victories which ended with the seven days before Richmond. He was subsequently appointed to the command of a corps in Buell's army. When Buell fell into disgrace and was removed, the President appointed General Thomas in his stead; but was induced, by the representations of General Thomas himself and others, to reconsider the change. Subsequently General Buell was superseded by General Rosecrans, and General Thomas assumed, and still retains, command of a corps in the Army of the Cumberland. At the recent Battle of Chicamauga his skill, and the unfaltering courage of his troops, saved us from an irreparable disaster, and he is justly entitled to be considered the hero of those bloody days.

We make some extracts from the admirable account of this battle written for the *Herald* by Mr. W. F. G. Shanks—a narrative we may pronounce equal to any thing ever penned by Napier or Russell. After describing the first check sustained by Longstreet, he says:

Their left thus repulsed, by the timely arrival of our reinforcements, the enemy in front of Thomas's four divisions (Brannan, Baird, Johnston, and Reynolds) became less persistent in their efforts, and upon a charge being ordered by Thomas, the élite of Lee broke. "Whenever I charged their flank they broke," said General Thomas, in talking it over afterward. Certainly the idea, as conveyed by the word "broke," does not convey to any mind the reality which I beheld. The General is not given to exaggeration, and I do not think it exaggeration in me to say that their retreat at this time was as complete a rout as this battle, or any battle of the war, has witnessed. For the fourth time they were driven over ground that they had thrice contested, at fearful cost; but their fourth repulse appeared to me to cost them more than all the rest. They fell at every step, mercilessly shot down, as they fled like sheep. The glory and renown of Longstreet had departed. Thomas pursued him for nearly a mile, driving him from every position which he assumed west of the creek, and forcing him beyond it in such great disorder that he was unable to recover from it during the day. The charge of that corps should go down to posterity in language that would insure the immortality of the story. Moving with admirable precision, yet with great rapidity, the line never wavered as the enemy, attempting to make a stand, would for a moment halt and turn upon the terrible line of leaping flame which pursued him. The incidents of that charge can not be told. A thousand are crowding the note-book of my memory; but I dare not stop now to tell how noble Birnaud and Ludlow and Fessenden, with thirty men and fifty horses killed, fell over their captured guns, nor how their battery was retaken, nor how the Sixteenth Infantry threw itself away against the wall of flame that licked it up till only one wounded captain and twenty men remained. I had seen two batteries fall into our hands and turned upon those who abandoned them, helping to strew the plain with their bodies. I can not now detail how volunteers and regulars vied with each other for the honor of the day. God knows they won glory enough to cover all. What else could they be but heroes with such a General as Thomas urging them forward?—he whom nothing could cheer more than the wild onset-cry of "Charge them!" ringing along his enthusiastic line, and flung as a defiance to the foe. On that field he at least had won victory; yet that day fame only sang the prelude to the hymn of praise that was his. On Saturday General Thomas stands forth the hero and the victor of the day: and while defeat stared at the broken right and centre, victory remained with the eagle of his blue battle-flag. On Sunday he is still the greater victor; for, where he had on Saturday routed a single corps, he repulses and checks the entire rebel army, and saves the Army of the Cumberland from irretrievable dishonor, and stands between it and ruin. Had Thomas broke as M'Cook and Crittenden had done, Bragg would have found no enemy between him and Nashville.

After describing the beginning of the second day's fight, he says:

General Thomas, near the centre of the army, was engaged, about one o'clock, sitting on his horse in the hollow of a ridge in an open field behind Harker's brigade, busy watching a heavy cloud of dust in his rear, in such a direction that it might be General Granger with reinforcements, or it might be the enemy. It cast a cloud over his spirits which was plainly visible to one who observed him, as I confess I did that day, with ever-increasing admiration. The truth is, that General Thomas at one o'clock P.M., on the last day of this battle, had no disposition to fight any more, and feared the result of the next rebel attack. And so he watched with natural anxiety the development of the cloud of dust, which was then no more than a mile distant. If it dissolved to reveal friends, then they would be welcome; for at this hour fresh friends were all that was needed. If it disclosed the enemy, then the day was lost, and it became the duty of those who formed the "last square" on this battle-field to throw into the teeth of the victorious enemy a defiance as grandly contemptuous as that of Cambronne, and die. There was no escape if the troops moving were, as it was feared, the cavalry of the enemy.

"Take my glass, some one of you whose horse stands steady. Tell me what you see."

In the dust that emerged, thick as the clouds that precede the storm, nothing could be distinguished but a moving mass of men. But it was seen that they were infantry. This information made Thomas breathe more freely. If infantry, it was much more likely to be Granger than the enemy. At this moment a tall officer, with the yellow straps of a captain of infantry, presented himself to General Thomas.

"General," he said, "I am cut off from General Negley, and can not find him. I beg leave to report to you for duty, Sir, of any character."

"Captain Johnston," said the General to the speaker (Captain Johnston, Second Indiana Cavalry, Inspector-General on General Negley's Staff), "ride over there, and report to me who and what that force is."

In an instant Johnston was gone—gone upon a mission which proved itself to be a more dangerous one than any of us supposed. As he emerged slowly from a dense foliage of willows growing about a narrow stream in the rear we heard the report of several rifles, and saw him halt for a second, and then, dashing spurs to his horse, disappear in a thick wood in the direction of the coming mass of troops still enveloped in clouds of dust. In a few minutes he again emerged from this timber, and following him came the red, white, and blue crescent-shaped battle-flag of Gordon Granger. We had wished for night, and it was Blucher who had come to us. At a quarter past one Steadman first, and Gordon Granger afterward, had wrung the hand of the statue Thomas, who had gone all through the terrible scenes of the last two days' battle to be melted and moved at this hour. As Granger came up I felt that from the face of the heavens a great cloud had passed, and the sun was shining once more upon us as with the same benignant rays of former victories.

Of the close of the day's work he says:

Just behind Harker's brigade, posted in the key of the position, there was a slight hollow in a large open field, in which were still standing about a dozen dead trees. In this deflection of the field, at the time the last fight of Sunday began, there were gathered together Generals Thomas, Gordon Granger, Garfield, Wood, Brannan, Steadman, Whittaker, and Colonel Harker. As the fight opened, Harker and Wood ran up the hill to their brigade and division, both being the one and the same. Steadman, Brannan, and Whittaker, rode off to join their commands. Garfield continued to indite his dispatch. Granger and Thomas remained, the latter on his horse, his arms folded, listening to the awful fire that soon raged along the line with the coolness of assured victory or the calmness of despair. His lips were compressed. His eyes glanced from right to left as the shell and canister exploded about the field, and once I saw him, just as the fight opened, most furiously glance up at a large, beautiful white pigeon or dove which alighted upon a dead tree above him and watched the battle from her dangerous nest. The representative man of that line, in unfaltering courage (Thomas), may be also said to have represented by his thoughts at that moment the thoughts of all. Watching him, we could see his anxiety at the reflection that if that line did not stand all would be lost; and each and every man there knew that the safety of themselves, but more the safety of the whole army, depended upon them. To be defeated there was to be cut to pieces or captured. To be routed was to fall back upon Chattanooga in disgrace, to be ignominiously taken in flight. There was no help to be expected save in the darkness of the slowly approaching night.

Happily Thomas's men did hold out till night, and the army was saved.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

THE BATTLES IN GEORGIA.

WE have at last accounts, oral and written, of the great battles which were fought in Northwestern Georgia on 19th and 20th September. The battle commenced by an attack of the rebels on our advance, on Chicamauga Creek, on the morning of Saturday, 19th; it ended with the repulse of the rebels, at a point near Rossville, by Thomas's corps, about nightfall on Sunday, 20th, and was immediately followed by the retreat of our whole army to Chattanooga. During these two days' fighting we lost all the ground we had occupied between Chattanooga and Chicamauga; some ten thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing; and a number of guns, by some estimated as high as fifty. The rebel loss in guns was considerably less than ours; in men probably considerably more. They gained possession of the battle-field. But they did not gain possession of Chattanooga, and as there is good reason to believe that this was the object of their attack, they must be pronounced to have failed in their purpose.

Chattanooga, besides being a naturally strong place, and suitable for a dépôt of supplies, a negro recruiting station, and a general *point d'appui* for future operations in Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama, is so far the key to Northern Mississippi and Alabama that, so long as we hold it as well as the Mississippi, we actually hold military possession of that section of country, and cut off all communication between the northern portion of the Gulf States and Virginia and North Carolina. It is, moreover, within striking distance, at Atlanta, of the only other railway line between those Gulf States and the rebel States on the Atlantic. So long as the United States hold Chattanooga, the only communication between Mississippi and Alabama on the one hand, and Virginia and the Carolinas on the other, is liable at any moment to be severed as completely as Grant's victories on the Mississippi have divided Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas from the rest of the Slave Confederacy. Why General Bragg evacuated so vital a point as this—a point which we had been repeatedly assured would never be given up, and could be held indefinitely—we shall not know until the history of the war comes to be written. There may be some truth in the newspaper stories of the demoralization of Bragg's army. It may be, as asserted in some quarters, that Rosecrans had succeeded in flanking the place and threatening Bragg's communications. However this be, it is plain that the only thing for the rebels to do after we had got into Chattanooga was to drive us out of it—or perish. They attempted to drive us out in the battles of the 19th and 20th, and they have failed.

At latest accounts Rosecrans was undisturbedly fortifying himself at Chattanooga, and there were no indications of an immediate resumption of the fight. It stands to reason, however, that the struggle will be renewed at a very early day. If the rebels can not retake Chattanooga the Confederacy is gone. We may take for granted that Jeff Davis is sending every available man from Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama to the scene of conflict, with the intention of crushing out Rosecrans's army, and restoring the communication between the Gulf and the Atlantic States. It is likewise safe to assume that our Government is following the example, and that immense bodies of troops are pouring down toward Chattanooga from every military station at the North. Thus the issue would seem to be one of time. If Rosecrans can not hold out at Chattanooga until his reinforcements arrive, the whole of the Southern army will presently be in Chattanooga, and marching Northward through Tennessee; if he can hold out a few days only he will have force enough to offer Bragg battle with advantage, and can proceed at his leisure to occupy Atlanta, and give the death-blow to the empire which it was proposed to erect upon the corner-stone of slavery.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULL IN DIXIE.

JOHN BULL in the loyal States is an epitome of Great Britain. He sniffs and sneers and scolds; depreciating every national success, and delighting in rebel advantages. That our Government is an absurdity, that the Union is hopelessly gone, that the breeders of babies for sale are the only gentlemen in the land, and that all American things are loose, shiftless, vulgar, and repulsive, is John's profound conviction, which he does not affect to conceal. The war, of course, he regards as fratricidal and foolish. He informs us that we have no right, upon our own confessed principles, to try to preserve our Government; that we have never been any thing but a mob; and that after dragging through every extreme of terror and blood, we shall be crushed into silence and order by a military despotism. That despotism, indeed, in the opinion of John, has already begun. All the safeguards of liberty and civilization have been swept away. Every national fort is a bastile, and every citizen who dares to whisper that he does not like the war is immured in slimy dungeons with toads and bats. Law, freedom of speech and the press, all the guarantees that make civil society tolerable, are utterly overthrown. At least so Charles Mackay, inspired by Copperheads and speaking for the true-blue John Bull, has been constantly insisting.

Meanwhile John Bull continues to live in the abhorred country, and to try to make money out of the vulgar and ignorant devotees of the almighty dollar. But his continued residence is a permanent refutation of his perpetual slander. If all the John Bulls among us really thought what they say they think, they would do exactly as Mr. R. R. Belshaw, a fellow Bull lately of Montgomery, Alabama, did. He tells his story on the 5th of September to Lord Russell.

In 1859 he went to Montgomery and engaged in business. The war came, and his employés went. He immediately began to close up, but found it impossible, "in consequence of non-payment of debts," a chronic difficulty among "the gallant people," who are the only gentlemen, etc. Last February Mr. Belshaw was arrested as a conscript in his own house, conveyed to the guard-house, kept three days, and released. Notwithstanding his subsequent production of a consular certificate of nationality, he was again seized and hurried off to General Bragg's camp at Tullahoma. Several other British subjects were "forwarded under guard, in chains, with heavy iron collars riveted on their necks." They were put into the guard-house, "a filthy den," and invited to volunteer for the great and glorious cause of women-whipping. They naturally declined. After a few more solicitations, which they did not accept, they were put into the camp of the First Louisiana. Mr. Belshaw refused to do duty, "in obedience to the Queen's proclamation," and was thereupon incontinently "bucked" in front of General Bragg's head-quarters. Another refusal brought further "bucking," with pails of water "thrown over some of us." Continued obstinacy caused him to be tied up by the thumbs, while he saw another of the Queen's subjects held head downward in a tank of water three times until almost drowned. "The punishment of slaves has been inflicted upon us, with a full knowledge of our nationality, in broad daylight, and within a few yards of General Bragg's head-quarters, in the presence of at least fifty or a hundred spectators." He appealed to a trial. It cost him four thousand dollars, and he lost his case. He was adjudged liable to serve. Then he paid three thousand more for a substitute, but was presently summoned again. Thereupon the luckless Belshaw left the Confederacy, at a further expense of three thousand dollars; and is more indebted for his escape to his sister than to the money. In conclusion he calls upon M'lud Russell for indemnification for three months' continuous outrage and imminent risk of life, with the loss of ten thousand dollars, and the damage to his business from enforced absence.

Why should not the John Bulls resident in New York invite their brother, late of Montgomery, to justify their constant hatred of our Government by a little expatiation upon the superior civility and respect for personal rights which distinguish a "gallant nation," struggling for independence against a horde of tin peddlers, headed by a Gorilla, who are meanly fighting for dominion? If there is one thing you hate, John, it is cant, isn't it?

THE REBEL ILIAD IN A NUT-SHELL.

THE Richmond *Dispatch*, commenting upon the late battle in Georgia, puts the rebel Iliad in a nutshell. "Unless, however, he [Rosecrans] be driven across the river, our late victory will have been of no value."

That is the truth concisely told. For what, in that case, will have been gained to the rebel cause by Bragg's advantage? Some guns—nothing more. There has been a battle. The loss on both sides is great. The armies withdraw. If, then, there is no reoccupation of territory, the only question is which of the combatants could best afford to lose men. How many such battles could the rebels safely fight? In the condition to which they have been reduced a barren victory is necessarily a disaster. Consequently, although Bragg claimed a "complete victory" and "a rout" of the enemy, the wiser rebels, who have been disciplined by the dispatches of Beauregard, declared that they waited to see Chattanooga retaken before they gave way to joy.

Should any disaster befall Burnside, or Rosecrans be compelled to abandon Chattanooga and retire northward, the rebels may justly claim a decided advantage. Any thing short of this is a disaster for them. Bunker Hill never ranked high among British victories, although the Americans withdrew. The battle near Ringgold will not save the falling cause of treason and slavery if General Rosecrans should justify his words that he can not be driven from his position.

HEARTS AND FACES.

IT is known that officers and men of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth Regiment were captured in the assault upon Fort Wagner of the 18th July. Beauregard's chief of staff has reported to Commissioner Ould, who, in turn, reported to Commissioner Meredith that no such persons were found. It is now understood that General Gilmore has been directed to make a demand for an account of their present condition upon Beauregard, and in case of any dodging upon the rebel side the Government will presume that the rebel threats against the prisoners have been carried out, and will act accordingly. That is to say, an equal number of rebel prisoners will be held to "involuntary servitude" until the proper explanations are made.

It is quite time that this were done. It is quite time that the Government of the United States declared by its acts that whoever serves under its flag shall be equally protected by it. It is quite time that we hastened to purge ourselves of the suspicion with which we have taught the men of African descent to regard us. It is certainly fully time, if we have not the heroism to welcome all loyal men to our ranks with the same generosity, that we should at least have the honor to refuse the assistance of all whom we do not mean to protect in every way. A half-hearted policy is a foolish policy. It invites and secures defeat. If the colored man is good enough for a soldier, he is good enough to stand upon the same footing with all other soldiers. If the loyalty and love of liberty among the colored men are to be effectively invoked, it must be done in such a way that they may know our friendship for them as surely as they know the contempt and oppression of the rebels.

It is by the action which the Government takes in this very case that the rebels, the Copperheads, and our foreign enemies will understand our intention and our conscious force. Let them all see and feel that as the United States have said liberty, they mean liberty. Let the whole world know, as we know, that the heart and hand of any brave, earnest, devoted citizen are a thousand-fold more precious to us than the color of a traitor or Copperhead face.

REBEL VICTORIES IN THE FIELD AND AT THE POLLS.

IF we had heard of some overwhelming disaster to the army of Rosecrans the chances of the Wood and Seymour ticket in this State would have been greatly increased. Why? Why should a national misfortune be of good augury to a political party? If we look at this question for a moment, the true character of the anti-administration policy will appear.

The immediate consequence of a great disaster would be despondency and doubt. The old story that the rebels could not be beaten, despite all that we have done, and the national flag floating in every State, would be repeated with exultation by the frank, and with professions of profound sorrow by the sly, Copperheads. The imminence of European intervention would have been lugubriously pressed. Mr. Fernando Wood would have demurely suggested that it is clear we must agree to compromise. Mr. Benjamin Ditto would have chuckled that we had got to let 'em go. And all the Copperhead organs would have asked if it were not sufficiently clear that the policy of the Administration was ruining the country, and that nothing but Tom Seymour in Connecticut, Horatio Seymour in New York, Vallandigham in Ohio, and M'Clellan in the field, could possibly save the country.

The effect of a disaster would thus have been to increase the tendency to ask whether we must not make peace at any cost whatever, whether it were honor, security, liberty, future tranquillity, decency, or self-respect. And with this would have come the greater willingness to vote for the ticket that was felt to represent that policy; not in terms, not openly, but by the necessity of the case. All the weak in whom disaster would have bred despair would have clutched at the Wood and Seymour policy. All the mean who delight in the peril of noble principles would have seized it even more gladly than they do now. All the traitorous Copperhead crew who agree with Governor Seymour that the Union had better go rather than slavery, would have hailed with rapture the possible success of a ticket which would deliver the imperial State into the hands of men who are more anxious to serve South Carolina than the Union.

It is because rebel victories in the field and Copperhead victories at the polls are thus substantially identical, that the destruction of Rosecrans would have helped defeat the Union ticket in this State.

BRITANNIA AND RAMS.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, who, under the signature "Historicus," has written some most unanswerable letters upon international questions to the London *Times* in a spirit friendly to this coun-

try, has recently stated very clearly the position which England truly occupies in the rebel rum question.

That they are building for a belligerent government he thinks will hardly be questioned. But the main object of their building, he agrees with Mr. Dayton, is not their direct use as weapons, but the indirect mischief which their sailing will produce between England and America. In other words, it is an effort to do exactly what the Foreign Enlistment Act declares that it was drawn to prevent—to navigate neutral English property with a belligerent. But, he says, if Great Britain found France conspiring with smugglers to defraud the British revenue, she would know how to deal with the case very suddenly and summarily. So in this case the British Government should say to the rebel belligerent: "You know our laws, and if you seek to violate them, no matter whether directly or indirectly, openly or by fraudulent contrivances, we will hold you responsible and make you answerable for the offence."

And that is what is said to be, he argues, not as a Government but as a recognized belligerent. Its guilt would be established by the passing of the laws in such a way as "colorable transfers." The measures of redress would be acts of reprisal and of hostility.

Nothing can be simpler or more conclusive than this view. But Britain has no wish to be impartial. She affects impartiality hoping that such a position will produce the catastrophe she desires. We say affects, deliberately, because while her ministers and most of her leading papers were continually exclaiming that British law should not be changed at the will of a belligerent, they quietly winked at the breaking of those laws in favor of other belligerent. Now that it is palpably dangerous to continue this game, Britannia ruefully abandons it. She revokes, but not until she has revealed the full value of her honor, friendship, and impartiality.

LITERARY.

"ELEANOR'S VICTORY," by Mr. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. (Harpers), is the last novel, just now, of the most popular novelist of the moment. She is, we believe, usually writing two novels at a time, all of which are read, and seem one dramatized simultaneously in England, France, and America. It is an astonishing popularity, for the secret of which the books are explored in vain. The startling plot, and consequent movement, developed with no remarkable constructive or literary skill, but with more than ordinary interest, will account for the sale of the first part of the unbeaten and undoubted popularity awakens a curiosity which can only be satisfied by reading.

"A French Reading Book," by William I. Knapp, Professor of Modern Languages, in Madison University (Harpers), is unquestionably the best book of its kind. It is divided into two parts, with a vocabulary at the end. It introduces the student to the best French literature and its masters. The first part consists of a variety of brief and characteristic pieces from the most eminent older and modern authors; and the second part contains what the editor calls "the most perfect specimens of French composition." There are the Phedra of Racine, the ninth satire and epistle of Boileau, the Bourgeois Gentilhommes of Molière, and the Athalie of Racine. It is a most valuable and convenient class-book, legibly printed and neatly bound.

A SWORD AND A GOWN.

ALL England is laughing at Mr. Guy Livingston Lawrence. This worthy came over here, bringing a large pair of riding-boots, and a determination to offer his sword to the gallant, etc., etc., traitors. He has written a novel called "Sword and Gown" and failing to be impressed by the noble intention, the London wags said, "H-m-m-ves—offer his sword; and what will he do with his gown?" A silly young gentleman who arrived, ate canvas-back duck in Baltimore, flirted with the lively ladies of that city, and astonished them by his warlike performances in the celebrated boots, which, he assures us, had been paid for. When he got out of singing with the Maryland belles of the people's best which was on the shore, he tried to pass into the lines of the enemy, of this country, having escaped the gowns, to draw his sword against American citizens fighting for their country and government against a horde of slave-drivers. The Government authorities simply took him by the nape of the neck, locked him up, and then told him to run home and keep out of mischief. Spite of his formidable boots and biceps, the pitiful amateur rebel hastened to sweat, and running home, now turns about and blacksguards us, which, Colonel laughs still more, is quality at his return that it did at his going forth.

Mr. Guy Livingston, having ludicrously failed with the "Sword," should at once betake himself to the "Gown," and a very long one—long enough to hide the boots. I like not, when a woman has a great beard. I spy a great beard under her muffler."

FROM PRIVATE P.

DEAR LOUNGER,—Shall we whip or be whipped? That is the question for all of us nowadays. But instead of giving significance to victory or defeat, is another. Shall principle or prejudice be our standard? Here are some millions of persons of a peculiar class, who, for a centuries past, have held peculiar relations to our peculiar class, and the relations have now to be readjusted either on the old basis or a new.

The old relation has been that of a subject to a dominant race—the lower hated and oppressed by the upper with an intensity and activity that have seldom been equaled. The relation has been maintained by all the force of statute and compact, political intrigue, and social ostracism. The South aggravated the case as far as it could go, and made property of its victims. In the North it has been with more atrocious. The North has recognized and co-operated with the Southern dictum, and has added to it the bitterness of malignant and canvassing prejudice.

This old relation, like most others among us, has now its foundations unsettled, and the question is, Shall we settle them back in their old positions and re-establish the old matters upon them with new strength, or shall we clean them out utterly and establish a revolutionist security founded in justice and equity and redeemed honor? In other words, shall we, peiper ourselves, or shall we keep our heads?

The initial act or our national existence pledged us to equity and justice. The present war involves the fundamental principles of our national existence. The manifest conflict was adopted as savey the nation forward had this principle for its motive power. We have accepted the principle as our banner forward in, and have voluntarily come to it as our watchword. In every form, in every quarter of earth and heaven. We are sworn to ever way, now to stand by it. Shall we cowardly subside, or shall we keep our oath?

Shall we say to the negro, "do you know what you are doing? You are running into abolitionism and nigger equality. You have been in my regiment.

"This has nothing to do with the case. These men are men, and our oath applies to men, not Caucasians.

"But you are white negroes, I tell you." Shall we leave the niggers running around here loose, putting on style, and setting up for voting against us? Nothing with us. I don't want the niggers catching up in any such way."

"That's it. You stand by your color and your policy. Your likes and dislikes are on one side, and our oath and nations principle are on the other. Which shall rule? Your likes and dislikes, your prejudices, or our oaths? I have more authority than my own dislikes to govern; I dislike to be a nigger driver, but I am one. I dislike to be a murderer; I don't want a murderer in the ranks hand. You don't want a gambler in the ranks. You don't want a man who chews tobacco. Suppose you and I enlisted on prejudices. Then suppose every other man enforces his prejudices, and we will have a mob. Principle, not prejudice, matter is not to be decided by your likes or my dislikes. We are to be governed by principle, and prejudice must be to decide on principle. We have sworn always by the Declaration of Independence to maintain and redeem ourselves, if at all, by honoring a practicality.

"Nigger equality. There it is, but—

Yes, there it is. It must be considered, not color, that shall adjust the scale of relation among us. We must treat man as man, and not as Caucasian. We must, whatever his color, govern himself ourselves to exercise in the rights and to meet the duties of men. In no other case, every man, whatever his color, must be allowed to use his prerogatives. The test must be character, not color. Shall we, then, all Democrats and negroes, let the negro be true; what then? He (the negro, not Seymour) is a man, and as such must be treated. He is responsible, as a man's chances and a man's responsibilities, a man's rewards and a man's punishments.

What other adjustment is worthy of Americans, save an adjustment on the Declaration of Independence? We will not have a negro equality that will make the negro the only land on God's earth where principle is the policy; that will make the negro the only man who is denied his wealth; where the natural grandeur is only the aggregate of individual meanness. We will not have equality but the radiance of universal equality. How long shall we heap up shame by keeping all this a lie? It is worth while to think about, however, that in the presence of God and man that we may indulge a cowardly, paltry, imbecile dislike to a man because he is black, or the color of certain class, or the shape of certain feet?

It will not be long before a unpleasant qualm and must an inconvenient effort to submit to the arrangement of matters on the basis of right instead of prejudice, but so it will be, and we may as cheerfully as we can begin to do it shape. We will have to put up with our inconveniences. Principle must be followed, and we must live up to principles may not be dishonored by others. Shall we not? Yours truly, PRIVATE P.

CAMP DOUGLAS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A NEW THING FOR SMOKERS.

WHAT my Uncle Toby would have said to the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," which he would have found at 429 Broadway, it is not easy to imagine. But King James I., who hated tobacco and Parliament, would have blown a "counterblast" against it as a vile Yankee invention by which the sinful smoker carries his pouch and pipe and matches all together in one convenient case, and fills his pipe by pulling a wire before opening the case, and cleans it thoroughly by the simplest contrivance in the world. It is impossible to describe as he clasps the case and slips it away in his pocket, that smoking is now made easier and pleasanter than ever before.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL HOOKER left Washington on 10th to enter on active service. Major-General Pleasonton will act as his and will continue to be General HOOKER'S Chief of Staff.

Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, U. S. A., has been ordered from Beaufort to Hilton Head, S. C., and has directed that he will be retired from active service, as, since the promotion of Major-General Hunter, he is the only officer equal to the fatigue and excitement incidental to service in the field.

Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, who was promoted from a captaincy in the regular army, was killed while bearing dispatches to General Lee at the battle of Gettysburg, has been ordered to report to the Secretary of War, who no doubt will not enable him to take the field at present.

Colonel Thomas Sewall, who was killed in the San Francisco, California, where he will report to General Halleck for duty.

Major-General Sigourney is said to have tendered his resignation, and it is rumored that Major-General Howard will succeed him.

It is stated that the resignation of General Burnside has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth, of the Twelfth Loyal Virginia Infantry, is now treated as a traitor by the rebels, and imprisoned in a felon's dungeon at Richmond. The rebel authorities have been notified that a rebel prisoner of equal rank will be subjected to similar treatment unless he be at once put on the same footing with other prisoners of war.

The sentence of death in the case of Private James VAUGHAN, Company B, Thirteenth Ohio Volunteers, has been commuted to confinement for three months at hard labor, with forfeiture of pay and allowance due or to become due until the expiration of his sentence.

DR. ALEXANDER M'DONALD and the Rev. Mr. SCANDLIN, of the Sanitary Commission, held an prisoners in Richmond, arrived at Washington last week, state that the report that Captains FLYNN and SAWYER had been executed is untrue. They were treated with great inhumanity at first; but when the rebels learned that General W. H. Lee and Colonel WIRTZ were held as hostages, they were removed from the dungeon in which they had been kept by their friends, and now have the same privileges as other Union officers.

The case of Captain WILLIAM WOODBURY, Second Minnesota Volunteers, convicted of using disloyal language, and sentenced to death, in the absence of Lincoln, the United States service has been commuted to forfeiture of all emoluments.

First Lieutenant MERRILL HUME, Fourth Kentucky Volunteers, and Second Lieutenant HARRISON, Company G, Twelfth regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, have both been dismissed the service for having shaved without leave and the latter for embezzling public property.

Private DENVER MCCARTY, Company B, Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, having been convicted of a deadly assault upon Brigadier-General Veatch with intent to kill, he speak, has been sentenced to be shot, and the sentence has been approved by the President.

Captain OLIVER OWENS, Fifth New York Artillery, convicted of forging his brother officers' names, has been dismissed the service.

Lieutenant-Colonel PEARCE and one hundred and eleven rebel officers, captured at Cumberland Gap by General Burnside, have arrived at Johnson's Island.

On the 2d of July, General CHARLES H. GRAHAM was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg. He was shot through the lungs, and was taken to Richmond, where he remained until recently, when he was exchanged and sent to Fortress Monroe. He is now on his way to Annapolis by a party of prominent citizens, who exchanged as civilians to meet him on the route.

The following are among the naval orders recently issued:

Captain CHARLES S. BOGGS, detached from the *Sacramento*, and ordered to the command of the *Sacramento*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOSEPH E. DURAHTD, detached from the *Sacramento*, and ordered to the command of the *Schooge*.

Lieutenant-Commander F. B. LOWRY, detached from the *Metamora* and ordered to the command of the *Tuscay*.

Lieutenant-Commander EDWARD E. JOHNSON, detached from the *Tuscay* and ordered to the command of the *Metamora*.

Lieutenant-Commander CHARLES F. STANTON, detached from the *Metamora*, and ordered to the command of the *Pinola*.

Lieutenant-Commander C. H. E. BENHAM, ordered to the command of the *Penobscot*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN C. DELPHATY, detached from the *Penobscot*, and ordered to the command of the *Schooge*.

Lieutenant-Commander R. B. LOWRY, detached from the *Metamora* and ordered to the command of the *Tuscay*.

Lieutenant-Commander EDWARD E. JOHNSON, detached from the *Tuscay* and ordered to the command of the *Metamora*.

Lieutenant-Commander CHARLES F. STANTON, detached from the *Metamora*, and ordered to the command of the *Pinola*.

Lieutenant-Commander C. H. E. BENHAM, ordered to the command of the *Penobscot*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN C. DELPHATY, detached from the *Penobscot*, and ordered to the command of the *Schooge*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN C. DELPHATY, detached from the *Schooge*, and ordered to the command of the *Penobscot*.

Lieutenant-Commander C. H. E. BENHAM, detached from the command of the gun-boat *Kanawha*, is ordered to the command of the *Penobscot*.

Government has received intelligence that Colonel Corcoran and Colonel Lee Wilson men have been exchanged from Georgia dungeons to Richmond, and are now treated as officers and gentlemen. The case of Dr. Heir confinement has wrought by retaliatory measures adopted by the Government. Dr. MCDONALD will be held for exchange for General NEAL DOW.

General MCCLELLAN arrived at Philadelphia on 29th ult., and was serenaded at the residence of his mother, Mrs. MARY MCCLELLAN, in Spruce street, in the presence of a large crowd of his admirers and friends. He returned thanks for the compliment in a few words.

Colonel JOHNS, of the celebrated "Leonis Battery," has received a dispatch from Chattanooga stating that the battery of which he is the commander became by lot in duty in the early part of the battle of Chattanooga, were recaptured before the battle was over.

The War Department has ordered a Court of Inquiry to investigate the charges against Major-General M'COOK and TENNEYS in the late battles near Chattanooga.

The fleet of iron-clads now assembled in our harbor was reinforced on 29th by the arrival of three English and two French iron-clads, and by English vessels named the *Nile*, line-of-battle ship, from Halifax; *Ariadne*, frigate, from Bermuda; *Phaeton*, dispatch boat, from Halifax. The French vessels are the *Guerriere*, frigate, from Halifax; and the steam-frigate *Belleisa*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

DISPATCHES have been received from General Rosecrans which state that he is posted in a natural strong-hold from which he can not be removed. Also, that the enemy has made no attack since the 20th ult.

Quarter-master-General Meigs arrived at Rosecrans's headquarters on 29th ult., and upon invitation examined the position of the army. He declared that it can not be flanked by a regular siege, which Bragg does not seem to be attempting.

THE LATEST REBEL ACCOUNTS.

A dispatch, dated Augusta, Georgia, Saturday, September 26, says:

Several trains with wounded and prisoners have arrived.

Reports of the condition of affairs above are conflicting. We are inclined to believe that the enemy are fortifying Chattanooga. Our lines are within four miles of the place. There was no fighting yesterday.

General Bragg has issued a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead and relieve their wounded. General Bragg refused to grant them.

THE WOUNDED AND PRISONERS.

A Nashville dispatch says: Trains from the front are coming in with wounded rebel Confederate prisoners. Up to date about 1300 rebels have arrived here, among them Colonel J. C. Moffett, Adjutant-General Preston, Major J. C. Davis, Eleventh Tennessee, and Major W. D. C. Bell, Fifty-first Tennessee, together with five Captains and eighteen Lieutenants. Among the Captains is E. D. Sayre, Chief Engineer of Bragg's staff.

Over 5000 wounded have reached here since Wednesday. Many more are coming, wounded some weeks ago by our sick and wounded, are again taken for the same hospitals.

Communication by telegraph has not yet been opened with Chattanooga, but reports are very numerous that Columbia.

Major Hodgkiss, of the Fourteenth Michigan, arrived here to-night with thirty-eight prisoners—among them one Captain and two Lieutenants of Wheeler's cavalry. He reports all quiet in front. Our forces were still fortifying.

BRAGG'S REPORTS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29, 10 P. M. REBEL RECORDS, Sept. 29.

To General S. Cooper, A. and I. General:

GENERAL: Yesterday the enemy were driven the enemy, after a desperate resistance, from several positions, and we held the field. To-day the enemy confronts us.

The losses are heavy on both sides, especially to in our front.

We have taken over twenty pieces of artillery, and some twenty-five hundred prisoners.

BRAXTON BRAGG, General.

THE MILES SQUIRE OF CHATTANOOGA.

FOR SUBSCRIBERS, Sept. 30, 1863.

The enemy retreated on Chattanooga last night, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. His loss in very large in killed, wounded, prisoners, and colors. Ours is heavy, but not yet ascertained.

The victory is complete, and our cavalry is pursuing.

With the blessing of God our troops have accomplished great results against largely superior numbers.

We have to mourn the loss of many gallant men and officers. Brigadier-Generals Preston Smith, Helm, and Deshler are killed; Major-General Hood and Brigadier-Generals Adams, Gregg, and Brown wounded.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

THE LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

From Charleston advices to the 26th have come to hand. General Gillmore was still engaged getting siege guns into position. Stormy weather had prevented operations on the part of the army.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

All was quiet in front of the Army of the Potomac at latest dates.

CAVALRY AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

There have been several cavalry encounters during the past few days between the advance forces of the armies in Virginia. On 28th a very spirited affair occurred three miles beyond Warrenton Court House, when General Buford encountered a strong force of the enemy's troopers, driving them back across the Rappahannock, killing twenty and taking 56 prisoners. Another affair occurred also on the same day near Rockville, Upper Maryland, between a body of rebel cavalry and a portion of Scott's Nine Hundred and some Loudon Rangers, in which the rebels lost 15 killed and wounded. Our casualties in these affairs were trifling. The guerrillas seem to have been exterminated by these operations.

AFFAIRS IN EAST TENNESSEE.

General Burnside has appointed General Carter Provost Marshal of East Tennessee, and the latter authorizes a policy in an order under date of Sept. 15. He says that it is the intention of the Government to punish persons who have been guilty of no offense but a tacit acquiescence in the acts of which the rebels has raised the flag of war to the last two years. Persons against whom no crime is charged will be released on taking the oath of allegiance. Where assist for damages will be allowed to take the oath of allegiance. General Burnside now holds East Tennessee and Virginia Road from Knoxville to Henderson, seventy-five miles, and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad to have practical possession of to the place, but the bridges over Holston and Watauga and Osbornes, and the Watauga River at Loudon has been pontooned. When last heard of, Burnside was at Knoxville.

THE CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.

The expedition to Texas has not been abandoned in consequence of the disaster at Galveston. We learn from New Orleans that the movement will now be made from Brazos Santiago. Large force to be sent there, and taking were going forward as rapidly as the transportation facilities would admit. The force will consist of the Nineteenth Army Corps. The occupation of Texas may be regarded as a fixed fact. Banks, Grant, and Canby, each has his station to the Red River region, under General Herron, had made perfect preparations for the campaign. Refugees have infested the banks of the Mississippi, between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Colonel Chief, of General Blunt's command, arrived at Little Rock on the 4th ult. with a small force of cavalry. Colonel Cloud with a battalion of the Second Kansas Cavalry, and Colonel Phillips with a force of several Cabal Indian forces, two thousand strong, in the defenses between Perryville and Fort Smith, Indian Territory, and secure in retreating them with considerable loss. He also defeated a rebel force under Colonel Coffee, at Cane Hill, capturing his camp and commissary stores. Over two thousand Union refugees from Arkansas and Missouri, and deserters from the rebel forces were arriving at Little Rock daily.

THE CORPS D'AFRIQUE.

Fifteen thousand of the corps d'Afrique, under General Banks, have been mustered in, and recruiting is active. The maximum strength is 25,000.

ANOTHER REBEL RAID.

Another female bread riot is reported to have taken place in Mobile on September 4, on which occasion the women broke into the stores and carried off what they could. The disturbance, but refused to do their duty. The Mobile Advertiser and Register says that the women appear to the infuriated women. The rioters openly declared that "if some means were not soon taken to provide them their suffering or to stop the war they would burn the city." The suffering in Mobile is said to be very great.

THE LEGAL TENDERS CONSTITUTIONAL.

The Court of Appeals at Albany has decided that the legal tender act passed by the Legislature are constitutional, and by its decision confirms that made in the Seventh Judicial District which it overturns one made in this district. This settles a serious question, that has heretofore caused some unpleasant doubts to be felt by many people.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE INTERVENTION RUMOR.

EARL RUSSELL alluded pointedly to the American question in the course of a public speech in Dundee, Scotland. He stated that the British Government had determined from her neutrality, and that the rebel chances of intervention by the Palmerston ministry had been regarded as ended.

THE REBEL RAMS.

One of the rebel iron rams has been removed from Laird's yard to another establishment, preparatory to making her trial trip. Mr. Laird, Jun., assured the Liverpool Post that the rams will not be delivered to the Government on the part of the Government to detain the rams. All the Liverpool Custom House officers have notified he must not send the ships to sea.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The confidence in the success of the new plan for laying the Atlantic telegraph cable in the summer of 1864 is daily increasing. Professor Fields, the Rev. Mr. Barlow, and others contracted to make the cable, but to successfully submerge it.

FRANCE.

THE CONTEST AT BREST.

Captain Malli, of the pirate *Florida*, ran his vessel into difficulty by taking her to Brest. She was at first provisioned and allowed to repair by the Napoleonian naval officers. She claims an indemnity of 100,000 francs for a vessel sunk by the Federal cruiser Kaatskill; but the Government would not permit the seizure of the *Florida* to satisfy the claim, and consequently she was at once dismantled in the dock-yard of the Imperial navy.

It is rumored that the pirate Captain Malli intends to abandon his famous vessel at Brest and take command of another prize at Liverpool, having himself sworn to a discussion of the expediency of applying the measures claimed on behalf of England by the three great Powers.

JAPAN.

THE BRITISH WHIPPED.

Japanese accounts reached Hakodadi on the 20th of August that the British fleet, which had been dispatched to Kagosima to demand the surrender of the murderers of Richardson, had encountered a heavy fire from a number of batteries of the Japanese, which riddled the greater portion of the fleet, and caused the balance to retire from the contest.



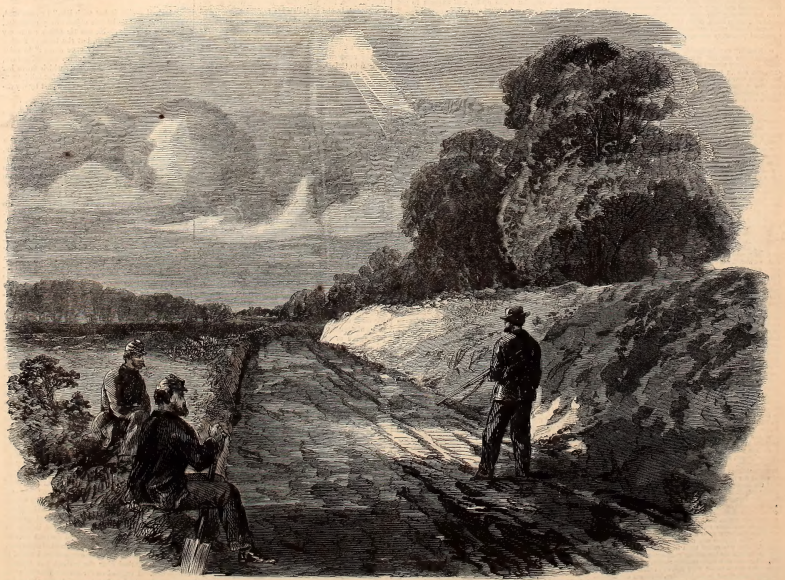
THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE NEW BLACK ISLAND BATTERIES, FOUR AND A HALF MILES FROM CHARLESTON.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 651.]



1. 15-inch Shell.—2. Torpedo.—3. Mortar Shell.—4. Brooke (Rebel).—5. 100-pounder Parrott.—6. 200-pounder Parrott.—7. Brooke (Rebel).—8. 300-pounder Parrott.—9. Whitworth Bolt (Rebel).—10. Brooke (Rebel).—11. James.—12. Anglo-Rebel.—13. Hand-Grenade.—14. Greek Fire.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SHOT AND SHELL PILED IN FRONT OF GENERAL GILMORE'S TENT.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 651.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE COVERED WAY LEADING TO THE BLACK ISLAND BATTERIES.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 651.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish on pages 648 and 649 a large engraving representing one of the final reviews of a *corps d'armée* in the Army of the Potomac previous to the present southward movement. It is seldom that the artist, in drawing a picture of a review, succeeds in conveying to the spectator the idea of immense numbers of men; a few regiments in the fore-ground generally shut out the bulk of the army from sight. Mr. Nast has, we think, overcome this difficulty, and has shown us a whole *corps d'armée* in active evolution. A nobler sight it is seldom possible to witness.

On page 653 we reproduce a sketch of Mr. Wand's representing

HEAD-QUARTERS.

Mr. W. writes:

"Since General Meade has been in command a marked change has been apparent in head-quarter arrangements. All the cover now consists of a single fly, under the weather is a few tent flies, which are pitched like a small gable roof, as seen in the sketch, open on all sides. The wagon train is left in the rear, and a few light vehicles and ambulances, to carry the necessary blankets and frugal supplies of the officers, is all that accompanies the staff. The drawing represents the local habitation of the medical director, Dr. Letterman, who, in company with the head-quarter General, Dr. Da Boyce, and Dr. Davis, are to be seen taking soup on the ground by their fly. The camp is in a fine grove of oaks."

On the same page will be found the description of a rifleman using the dead body of a horse as a rest for his weapon—a scene of not uncommon occurrence during the recent campaign.

THE DISASTER AT SABINE PASS.

We reproduce on page 652 a drawing by Mr. James Ferguson, of Company A, First Indiana Artillery, representing the unsuccessful attack of a Union fleet upon the rebel fort at Sabine Pass on 8th September.

The expedition, under command of General Franklin, was intended to occupy Sabine Pass as a base of future operations in Texas. Four lightdraught gun-boats accompanied the troops—the *Clifton*, *Arizona*, *Sachem*, and *Granite City*. After a preliminary reconnoissance the plan of battle was arranged. We quote the following account from the New York *Herald* correspondence:

The gun-boats *Clifton*, *Arizona*, and *Sachem*, were to engage the main work, while the *Granite City*, which mounted only a brace of small brass guns, was to cover the landing of the troops. The force of the expedition was composed of a division, selected from the heroes of Fort Hudson, consisting of two regiments of infantry, the Nineteenth and Thirty-fifth New York, four companies of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, and the Sabine Legion of Captain Pfitt. Of the last-named regiment the General himself was on board at the last moment to superintend personally the operation of disembarking his troops.

"All ready" was the signal, and about four o'clock P. M. the gun-boats moved slowly forward, Captain Crocker running directly toward the fort, followed by the *Granite City*, and she in turn by the transports, the former having on board the advance of the army. The *Sachem* and the *Arizona* steamed off to the right, and the fleet nearly opposite the battery. The *Clifton* opened the ball with a shell from one of her 9-inch pivot guns, which exploded inside the rebel work, throwing up a perfect shower of debris, and inaugurating a scene of excitement of the most exciting kind. Soon the little *Sachem*, commanded by Captain Johnson, opened her broadside fire, pounding away at the work, and the next moment the *Arizona* also paid her compliments to the fort. The gunners were stationed on four of the shells only exploding prematurely, and the pieces flying overboard in a shower. Up to this point, from thirty to forty shells had exploded in the works, not a shot had been returned by the rebels, and every appearance pervaded the fort, and many were of opinion that the works had been abandoned. Subsequent events, as the habitants made their appearance, and the only signs of life appeared in the movements of a small steamer up in the river, which had run up above the city and down as far as the fort once or twice during the bombardment, and was joined by a second steamer about the time the action commenced.

The action of the enemy, however, was the deceptive calm which often precedes the storm, and the first flash of flame which was plainly visible from the deck of the *General Banks* lit up the beaked eye, and the first white smoke which floated lazily up from the parapet of the enemy, was immediately followed by a terrific report from the *Arizona*, the largest boat of the fleet, and which passed directly over, striking in the edge of the bank in the fort. This was followed in quick succession by a shot at the *Sachem* and one at the *Clifton*, both missing fire, however, took effect. The engagement now became general, and very soon the *Clifton* and *Arizona* received a shot through and back, while the brave little *Sachem*, under a perfect storm of shot and bursting shells, was endeavoring to pass the battery and engage it in the rear, which was supposed to be unmanned. The enemy discovered the movement, and redoubled their fire at her, answered fire for fire in the narrow basin, the huge shells from the rebel battery in their midst, carrying destruction in their wake, and leaving great holes in the parapet, through the gunport of sufficient size to admit the passage of a carriage and horses. Several shells struck the *Sachem* during the fight, and if their fire slackened an instant after one of those terrific explosions, which seemed to rend the vessel's earth around them, it was instantly resumed with increased vehemence. The unshielded fastenings of the rudder, by not saving the little *Sachem* was gaining her desired position, a few minutes more, and she would be out of the range, and the day would be won. All eyes were bent upon the rebel battery, when suddenly a shell was seen to strike her steadfast, crashing in her sides, and tearing their way through to the protection of the engineer's room, a piece of paper, and causing her to curse and tremble from stem to stern. An instant more, and the vessel was wrapped in the scalding vapor of escaping steam, and lay a helpless wreck at the mercy of the enemy. The fire was redoubled and the enemy, ceasing their fire on her, now turned their entire attention to the *Clifton*, probably aware of the fact that the draught of the *Arizona* would not permit her to advance very much nearer to the fort without grounding. The disabling of the *Sachem* at the instant when victory was within her grasp was the severest blow the unfortunate accidents referred to, and was, of course, of so serious a character as to dispirit the entire crew of the little craft. The *Clifton* was now the only effective boat engaged. She was called upon to do double duty, and no doubt her brush did her gallant commander and brave crew fortitude, for with the three rousing cheers, which were heard above the battle, they poured in their fire, running to and fro from the battery to the bank, as the nature or thirst for of the entire rebel fortification.

Fighting on one broad side of steam the *Clifton* ran swiftly down directly toward the battery, with the intention, doubtless, of delivering her broadside, and then, after giving *Granite City* and the *General Banks* gradually followed in her wake, for the purpose of reaching the point of debarkation as soon as the *Clifton* had effected her object, although the latter could shell and hissing shell which were incidentally alone on the water, almost reaching the fort as the *Clifton* gained the point she aimed at. Nearing, and as her bow was thrown almost slightly to the left of turning, she struck, the velocity with which she was running driving her a long distance into the thin mud at the bottom of the pass. At the same time a hitherto masked battery opened on the fleet of the gun-boats, and a fiery rage, opened upon her as she lay, her broadside offering a target of which she cannot have failed to avail herself. The gallant Crocker still kept up a constant fire from both fore and broadside guns, with grape, canister, and shell, double charges of grape, being poured into the main work, the heavy shot also striking the parapet, and doing much for the enemy by scarce, while with his broadside guns he apparently did not show any desire to make solid shot to the battery on the left. Lying as he did, he would probably have succeeded in silencing the main work, and in landing the troops to land, had it not been for the broadside work; for it is more than his boat was disabled. Up to this time she had sustained no material damage. The shots which had struck her had been harmless to the ship, and but very few of his crew were injured. But fate was against him, and the tide was receding rapidly. Even from the small battery struck his boat about the centre, passing through the side and exploding in the hold, leaving her a stranded wreck at the enemy's mercy. The flag was instantly lowered; but the fire was still continued, both from the boat and the batteries. It must have been about that the captain was killed, as he must have been killed and the crew left without a leader. An instant more, and just when a shot was passing from the enemy was poured into the stern little craft, the white flag was run up and the firing ceased. Every engagement on the field of war has been usually forms had been sacrificed upon the altar of their country, but unlike the *Arizona*, the *Clifton* was now the only effective boat engaged. She was called upon to do double duty, and no doubt her brush did her gallant commander and brave crew fortitude, for with the three rousing cheers, which were heard above the battle, they poured in their fire, running to and fro from the battery to the bank, as the nature or thirst for of the entire rebel fortification.

Fighting on one broad side of steam the *Clifton* ran swiftly down directly toward the battery, with the intention, doubtless, of delivering her broadside, and then after *Sachem* an opportunity of picking off the enemy's gunners and thus silencing the works. At the same time the *Granite City* and the *General Banks* gradually followed in her wake, for the purpose of reaching the point of debarkation as soon as the *Clifton* had effected her object, although the latter could shell and hissing shell which were incidentally alone on the water, almost reaching the fort as the *Clifton* gained the point she aimed at. Nearing, and as her bow was thrown almost slightly to the left of turning, she struck, the velocity with which she was running driving her a long distance into the thin mud at the bottom of the pass. At the same time a hitherto masked battery opened on the fleet of the gun-boats, and a fiery rage, opened upon her as she lay, her broadside offering a target of which she cannot have failed to avail herself. The gallant Crocker still kept up a constant fire from both fore and broadside guns, with grape, canister, and shell, double charges of grape, being poured into the main work, the heavy shot also striking the parapet, and doing much for the enemy by scarce, while with his broadside guns he apparently did not show any desire to make solid shot to the battery on the left. Lying as he did, he would probably have succeeded in silencing the main work, and in landing the troops to land, had it not been for the broadside work; for it is more than his boat was disabled. Up to this time she had sustained no material damage. The shots which had struck her had been harmless to the ship, and but very few of his crew were injured. But fate was against him, and the tide was receding rapidly. Even from the small battery struck his boat about the centre, passing through the side and exploding in the hold, leaving her a stranded wreck at the enemy's mercy. The flag was instantly lowered; but the fire was still continued, both from the boat and the batteries. It must have been about that the captain was killed, as he must have been killed and the crew left without a leader. An instant more, and just when a shot was passing from the enemy was poured into the stern little craft, the white flag was run up and the firing ceased. Every engagement on the field of war has been usually forms had been sacrificed upon the altar of their country, but unlike the *Arizona*, the *Clifton* was now the only effective boat engaged. She was called upon to do double duty, and no doubt her brush did her gallant commander and brave crew fortitude, for with the three rousing cheers, which were heard above the battle, they poured in their fire, running to and fro from the battery to the bank, as the nature or thirst for of the entire rebel fortification.

Fighting on one broad side of steam the *Clifton* ran swiftly down directly toward the battery, with the intention, doubtless, of delivering her broadside, and then after *Sachem* an opportunity of picking off the enemy's gunners and thus silencing the works. At the same time the

THE GHOST IN THE GREEN PARK.

"My name is Lane Daly. I am of the Dalys of Fermoy—good family, but sadly reduced in means, like many another Irish house, by prolonged improvidence. I was a younger son, and as a consequence inherited little more than a foolish pride, a monstrous pedigree, and that phantom property, a contingent interest in an over-encumbered estate. But these were excuses enough for keep an Irishman from industry. I was never trained to any profession. I seemed destined to live a gentleman's dead. I was brought up with independent notions without independent means. I received an accidental share of my father's education, as the neighborhood of the family estate. Then, as a young man, a brief career of life in Dublin, where I acquired little except the science of debt, and I came to London fortune seeking.

I had name and connections, although I had not money, and moreover, every Irishman has a right to a place or a station, whom he looks up to, and expects to get something from. A promise is the general result of whatever word he is in the habit of using. So with others, dangled attendance at a great man's levée, in the hope of advancement I never received. He was one of those unfortunate public servants—a man who seemed a patron, and arrogated to himself the airs of one, without ever doing a single action to merit his fame. I lived upon him for a long past. I was a young man then. I am not now so old as you perhaps deem me. I am now but little more than thirty, though I am often by my seem older. I was young, and as a necessary adjunct to youth, I was penniless.

"The family of the Monckton have been, as you are doubtless aware, for many years distinguished in the annals of London, and of this country for their enormous wealth and influence. The late Sir John Monckton had one daughter—Margaret. Of her exquisite beauty I will not attempt to elaborate description. Here is her portrait, painted about the date of my first meeting with her, by a French artist of some fame. Is it not beautiful."

He took from his breast-pocket a morocco-leather miniature case and handed it to me. It included the portrait of a woman, young, and surpassingly fair. For some minutes the charming expression of innocence and contemplative purity depicted in the miniature held me spell-bound. I had never, in fact, cease and returned it to him, motioning my thanks.

"In mind," he went on, "she was as fair as in form. And here I should state—you know me so slightly it is necessary—that not one thought of the kind in which she was concerned ever entertained the truthfulness of my love for Margaret Monckton. I believe that had I met her even in the very humblest position in life I should have loved her less. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. I was admitted to her father's house, and received there on the usual terms of visiting guests. That the cadet of a needy Irish family should aspire to the hand of an English heiress was looked upon as a danger too absurd to be considered. So my love grew and swelled unchecked within me, until my surcharged heart broke down beneath the burden. My circumstances were the bar to my words. I betrayed myself. You can guess the result. The door of Sir John Monckton's house was thenceforth forever closed against me, while sunk in poverty and my love. But how unpardonable are these in a lover's eyes!

"The father of Margaret had views of his own in relation to his daughter's hand. There were other matches spoken of for her, and I did not be considered. What could be more important than strengthening his political connections, than enlarging the arena of his parliamentary influence, than had decided upon the marriage of his daughter with a General Galiou, a man of high family and great wealth, who had returned from an important colonial appointment to marry and be buried in his native land. Obedience is a nobler virtue than love—the conviction can not be too soon grafted into the heart of a child. Filial piety is rightly built in high places.

"Lord Galiou was a man of a happy temperament, and a happy temperament is a fortune. To promote parental pride! Does not the philosopher do you think, champions of liberty abroad, are you the man to ask a happy father, basking and joying with their children's joys, weighing their hearts but as feathers in the scale against political advancement and sordid ambition?

He spoke with violence, and then paused for some minutes, as though overcome with his exertion.

"She loved me," he continued, in a low voice, and speaking slowly and with effort. "Yet she prepared to obey her father's commands. There was something touching—It was pitiable to be condemned—in her compliance with a bidding which was breaking her heart. In the interval between my dismissal and the final arrangement of her marriage I had written to her beseeching an interview. Trembling, for it is that we love most, she had acted willfully in opposition to her father, she granted my request. Our meeting was a strange mingling of happiness and suffering—joy and pain, and outbursts of regret. In vain did we attempt to read the ties that united us. Each interview delicate to the interference of eternal silence, ended in an arrangement for a further meeting. I saw her again and again. Sir John Monckton resided in one of those houses in St. James's Place, the gardens of which run down to the Green Park. A place of meeting was beneath a lime-tree, in a secluded part of the inclosure. Margaret had free access to the park in the early part of the morning, and by indistinguishable mark on the bark of the tree she was enabled to indicate to me the hour at which she could probably escape from her father's house for a meeting in the gardens. The gardens—a portion of the law that she could descend from it into the park, or return thence, without difficulty or much fear of detection.

"What hours of happiness did we pass in the calm of those summer evenings, beneath the shadow of the lime-tree, forgetful of surrounding evil, the dangers which menaced it, by the despair in which it was inevitably to end.

"Let me hurry on. It was the night before the wedding. The forthcoming marriage had been published throughout the town. Sick with terror, Margaret and myself met in the tree—fell weeping upon my bosom. Once more she enabled after much difficulty to resume the receipt of my annuity. This furnished me with little more than a bare subsistence. My personal wants are small, and every farthing not absorbed by these I have expended in the prosecution of my love-suit. Spies were visited every town in Europe, making inquiries far and near as I proceeded. I have visited every cove, near where I could dream of her being by any possibility secluded. I have called in the aid of the police. I have sent agents here, there, in Germany. I wander from one to the other, searching, waiting, hoping. All, all in vain. I can not find her. She is lost! she is dead!

There was a dreadful accent of despair in his words.

"And you have now resigned your quest?" I asked.

"I shall resign it but with my life," he answered, solemnly. "I shall be able to search for her elsewhere. I live for this only. No one tie unites me to my fellows, or to this earth, but the hope of finding Margaret. Ah, my friend," he cried with the cried with passion, "to assure her of my unceasing love, to win her pardon for the wrong which drove her from me, to soothe the sorrows of her fatherless orphanage, to efface the anguish of the past by my devotion!"

"You have not seen her for fifteen years?"

"No," and then after a pause, he added, "unless I saw her last night."

"You think you saw her this morning?"

"Listen. I seek her every where. No place is too exalted, no spot too low for my search. By night and day and night have I pursued it. In the palace as in the cellar, in the church-yard and in the prison I search for her. Last night a strange scene it had been better she should have died a hundred times than have lived to know, I have carried on my search. In the day I pursue it in accord with probabilities, I seek her systematically every where. I extend my toil through the night, even into the hours of the morning. Then I have pondered to that lime-tree in the park, consecrated by her memory, and have loved down in the hope that I may meet her yet once again before I die. I am known to the police, who regard me possibly as a madman, accustomed to their keen seen to them strange things. Hence my rambles by day or night receive from them no hindrance nor molestation.

"It was a cold night. The ground had been covered for some days with a frozen snow. There was no moon, but the stars were out, shining brilliantly in their pale, was splendor. The white ground and the cold, clear air rendered objects vividly distinct, even at a considerable distance. I strode toward the lime-tree, and when within some fifty yards of it, perceived what I fancied was a figure. It was from the opposite direction, had already reached the tree: the form of a woman about the height of Margaret, and the white dress I could hear no sound of other footsteps than my own, crunching on the congealed snow. The figure was now beneath the tree. Only before me I recognized a pale, thin face, and a figure clothed in black and floating garments. I gasped for breath. It was not from visual recognition, however, as from the conviction of some inner feeling *I knew that it was she!* My blood mounted to my brain, and with a shout I dashed over in the direction from which it had come. I followed, greatly agitated. I sought to overtake her, but I kept in advance of me. It moved toward the park gate on Constitution Hill, passed through, and disappeared. I ran to the gate. To my amazement I found it locked. I climbed over the railing, but I could see no one. I walked on for some minutes in the direction in which I had seen the figure, but the figure had turned. At length I encountered a policeman carrying his lantern, and beating himself with his disengaged arm to keep himself warm. In reply to my questions, I learned that he had not seen a

foul upon his boat for some two hours. Bewildered and excited, I hurried past him. For miles I walked on without pause. But fruitlessly. The figure had escaped me, and I returned toward town much and painfully moved.

"I know how the world would receive the story of this strange occurrence. I should be ridiculed as a monomaniac, or science would tell me that I was the victim of a spectral illusion; the result of unstrung nerves or disordered brain. Yet, as certainly as I stand here, as plainly as I can see you facing me, on the night in question did I see the form of Margaret, my wife, beneath the lime-tree in the Green Park. I am not more satisfied of my own existence than of that."

"But how did she escape you? How did she quit the park?"

For some minutes he did not answer.

"In these days," he said, at length, "it seems to me that men have become so learned they have taught themselves to dispense with belief, and have rejected faith unnecessary. The supernatural is regarded as an old nurse's tale, fit only to frighten children. To credit aught out of the pale of the commonplace is scorned as credulity. I am born of a country where ignorance embalms belief—where superstition is a religion. Tales of omens, of banshees, of wraiths, and all the wonderful poetry of the mysteries, were among the first lessons impressed upon my childish mind, and have always deeply fixed there to be effaced by either education, or age, or experience. Smile if you will. I do not believe that it was Margaret's wife at my side, but as I believe in Heaven, I believe that it was her wraith. It was Margaret—not in the flesh—*but in the spirit*."

"You believe her dead, then?"

"No," he cried, starting up. "I can not believe her dead—and yet I should die myself could I think that. No. She is living still. She may be in trouble, perhaps in pain; and her gentle spirit in some ecstasy of longing has for a term escaped its material bondage, to hover near the spot it has most loved of all the earth. Oh, my wife, where she must be now—pale, calm, and beautiful—come to me in spirit, to warn—to bid obey, perhaps! I can not know. She may be dying, she may be dead. I can not reason upon this. I can give you no such explanation as would satisfy modern science; but I saw—and I do, believe!"

"And your next step?"

"Continued search. The same pow brought me these letters."

He took from his pocket a packet of papers, among which were the letters he referred to. Two of them were written on thin paper, and bore foreign post-marks. The third was a London letter, posted apparently in an adjoining neighborhood.

"This tells me," he said, opening the last, "that there is some one residing in a street in Camden Town, answering to the description of what I seek. It is a mistake. I have made inquiries. This is from Paris. My correspondent informs me, that at the fourth door, No. 32 Rue des Martyrs, resides Madame Winter, stated to be German, but believed to be English—age about thirty-three—lives retired. This is the last. In it she gives particulars concerning a Madame d'Audry, residing in a secluded street, in the outskirts of the city. One of my correspondents may be right. It is likely enough that they both are. It will not be the first time by many that they have been so. But I start tomorrow on this new trace. To Paris first, and then on.

"And now I'm growing late, and I have detained you long. Thank you for your kind interest and attention, and good-night. I will write to you from the Continent. And you will see me on return. Think over my strange story—believe it —if you can—for it is true. I am no madman, tell those who think me so—and my strange doings have had an object. Good-night!"

I assured him of my deep sympathy, and much moved by what I had heard, I left him.

II.

A YEAR and some five months intervened between my parting with Daly and our next meeting.

I had often pondered over Daly's strange narrative. I had never received the promised communications from abroad, and I began to think that I had lighted upon a thread of mystery which no effort of mine could ever rave out completely—that I had met with the first chapter of a romance of which the last part was to be forever withheld.

I was strolling in St. James's Park on a lovely evening in August. The weather was very sultry, and the sinking sun was still darting out hot rays between the branches of the trees that fell from behind the bars of a grate. The park was full of visitors, moving slowly about in an oppressed manner, hovering on the edge of the ornamental water, or reclining on the parched turf, trying to breathe some slight element that seemed was springing out of the lazy breathing of the evening air. I was idling amidst the idle, thankful to be out of the hot streets, or the hot rooms of a London house, and reckless as to the near approach of the hour for closing the park gates. Suddenly I saw before me a form I could hardly fail to recognize.

On one of the park seats encircling a tree, among a crowd of other loungers, but completely alone in mind from his neighbors, Daly was sitting, resting his hand upon his stick, and gazing abstractedly upon the scene before him. I was struck with the change in him. Ill as he had been at the time of my parting with him, he now appeared to be infinitely worse. His face had paled fearfully, as though sorrow were turning it to stone. Many, too, were the lines of suffering upon it. His hair had turned quite white—his whole frame was emaciated and bent. I have never seen any man assume in so short a time the signs of extreme age. He appeared to be lost in contemplation, and I felt for some minutes unwilling to disturb him, but as at length it became evident that I should not receive recognition unless I did so, I went to him and touched him gently on the shoulder. He started up instantly much agitated, but gradually recovering himself, he greeted me cordially, and rose to walk with me.

"I have often wished to see you," he said, "and I regret to have written to you. I promised to do so, I know. But my acquaintance with you was after all so slight. I had so poor a claim upon your sympathy, that, much as I desired to do so, I could not bring myself to write to you from abroad, or to seek you on my return to England a few weeks since. Pray, pardon me. Your kind welcomes assures me that I have done wrong in doubting for one moment your kind interest in me and my misfortunes."

His voice had lost its firmness. He spoke in a low and broken tone, and seemed to be wrestled with difficulty. He leaned upon my arm as we walked slowly away from the other sauntrers, who were turning their steps toward the park gates. He bore so much the mark of suffering, so fixed an air of disappointment if not despair was in his face, that I felt at once I was forbore to inquire as to the object which had drawn him from England. At length I questioned him upon the subject.

"All has failed," he said, in a tone of anguish. "The information I had received was founded upon error. I have had a long, long journey, and a fatiguing search, only to be parted—but all has been in vain. I have failed to find her, and have returned."

"You have resigned the task?"

"I am dying," he answered, solemnly.

I recollected his old declaration that he would give up his quest but with his life.

"I have enough medical learning to know that the work and I must soon be finished. I am not dying. I am prematurely worn-out by my great trouble. My pulse numbers little more than thirty beats to the minute. My strings are no rest. I lay my head upon the pillow only to pass hours of wakeful sorrow, and to rise each day more weary. I am not sick. Outside of the one fact that I am dying, from a bundle of letters in faded ink there fell a very thin envelope. It was of the same material as had seen on my visit to the dead man. The peculiarly beauty of the face struck me with new force, and Daly's words of the morning seemed unpreshensible. Soon after I discovered a letter of some years back from the brother of the deceased at Fermoy. I at once wrote to him with an account of his sudden loss.

The attempts to revive the body—the removal of the letter accompanied the paper—had all been together occupied some hours. It was early morning when I quitted Daly's lodgings. On my way home I met a friend, Mr. Dove Street, who I observed at the door of the police station a policeman posting a notice on the board outside. Moved by an impulse which I cannot explain, I went to read the bill. It was just from the printer's, and was quite wet. It was headed with the words "Found Drowned," and went on to state that the body of a woman had been that morning found in the Thames. She was clothed in mourning, very fair in complexion, with black hair slightly tinged with gray; age about thirty-five; figure slim and tall; there was no evidence upon her of her name or address. A strange feeling rose in my mind, connecting the description in the handbill with the letter I had seen in the park. I spoke to the policeman.

"Well," he said, "I know as much about it, perhaps, as any one. I was on the river the night, taking charge of an empty house in Stamford Street. I'd been on duty last night at the Lyceum Theatre, and was crossing Waterloo Bridge on my way home. I'd just got half-way across when I met a woman running. Lord, how she did run! I could just see that she was dressed in white as a sheet, and quite mad-like, and she'd passed me, I turned round. I thought something had gone wrong. A few yards off there was a bit of a sudden, as though struck by lightning. She had staggered from the pavement on to the road. Then she screamed out, 'I've seen him again—again! Dead! dead! dead!' She, I'm sure, must have heard the splash like. I ran toward her; it was no use; the quickest thing you ever saw. More like flying than anything else—a spring and over. She was as mad as could be!"

"What o'clock was it?"

"Well, just before I struck twelve by St. Paul's as I paid the toll to go across. It must have been all within the five minutes after. I ran back, gave the alarm, and got a boat off. It was no use. The tide was running up strong, and the night dark. It was some time before the body was picked up, and then it was close up to Hungerford. Quite dead, of course."

The body had been taken to the work-house, preparatory to the inquest. It was just in the same soiled clothes in which it had been drawn from the water. A sad sight! The face was thin and hollow, and there was a deep furrow on the forehead. The hands were emaciated, but of beautiful form. The hair streamed down in long, lank locks.

"A seamstress," said the policeman, as he raised the left hand and pointed to the forefinger. "Needle-worn, as from the action of a needle. "The old story, I suppose. She must have been a good-looking woman, too."

I came away strangely perplexed.

That any identity existed between the body found in the Thames and the Margaret of Daly's story—that any tie connected the death of the woman at Waterloo Bridge and the death of Daly in the Green Park, could only be maintained upon hypothesis long scouted as supernatural and illusive. I could not accept these in explanation of the strange occurrences that had come to my knowledge. While, on the other hand, I could not logically connect them in any other way in any other way. Many would have me believe that I have been made the dupe of a madman, and that the figure supposed to have been seen in the park was a hallucination resulting from an overstrained imagination; that the finding the body of the woman had nothing to do with Daly's narrative or his sudden death, and was a coincidence in no-wise remarkable. The resemblance of the face of the drowned woman to the portrait of Margaret was certainly faint enough to be a matter of fancy merely; but then the picture had avowedly been painted many years back, and the similarity of the corpse to the figure believed to have been seen in the park, so far as I had been able to define it, was unquestionable. Had I kept an accident stumbled, as it were, upon the conclusion of Lane Daly's story—or had I construed a fictitious whole by joining the two fragmentary romances? I shall never know. I can not even satisfy myself upon the subject, much less any other person. I have simply narrated the events as it seemed to me that they occurred.

The body of the woman was never claimed. An inquest upon the body of Daly resulted in a verdict that he had died by the visitation of God.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

YACHTING NEWS.

FROM ON NATIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

On Monday last a very fine race to the Library and back came off between the yachts seven Sheets Scott and the *Leaves*. Each carried as much canvas as they dared, considering the wind.—The *Leaves* was a pilot sloyen she is working for pups, and the *Sessie* the bruce she is living for Count Fred. The *Leaves* had a pretty fair thin head, and kept it to the end of the Parade, where some of her sheets got fouled with her earrings, and she had to die-te for repairs. The *Leaves* at this moment sailed up with all her canvas to the wind, and passed her. Her her advantage was not long kept, for a little way on she run into a patch of calm, and was passed by most of the steam-cakes. The collision, however, was not serious, and she reached the Library almost at the same moment as the *Sessie*. They both got round the buoy successfully, and finished a neck and neck for the home-stretch. This run home was effected in five minutes and twenty seconds.

A young man, on being asked by his sweet-heart what photography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that was photography: "I D A D E I, I N!" (You are a beauty, Ellen.)

"I wish I had your head," said a lady, one day, to a gentleman who had a very large and handsome one. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and your heart can't agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a fool. "Indeed, sir!" replied the Doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel." "Then," said the cool Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

A FAST FOR BACHELORS.—It is no less strange than true that the girdle most popular among unmarried ladies is a *sash*.

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the boarders, who entered into conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day. "Traveled!" replied the young stranger, somewhat indignantly; "we didn't travel, we rid!"

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out, "Boy! waiter, do you drink gentlemen or individuals?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we drink all sorts."

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in his peculiar and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

Three Cambridge undergraduates went into a hotel celebrated for its wines, particularly old hock. One of them, who was known himself to be the wit of the party, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of "*his*, *hare*, *hock*." The waiter, however, not being aware of the joke, and no being again called, said, "Which, sir?" "Why, I thought you had declined it."

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother to be careful and not fall. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I was to lose my balance, where would it go to?"

A short time since as a well-known master in a grammar-school was censuring a pupil for the dullness of his compositions, he remarked that he would give him a sum in practice, he said, "Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny bun?" "Yes," answered the urchin, "No, sir, they sell them two for three half-pence when they are stale."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would point upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," exclaimed the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but look'ee, Sir, you can but draw the head over the rest of the body."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "*No*-ing by half."

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales? "Why, no," she answered "I have not seen crabs since I was a child." "I beg your pardon, miss," said he; "I meant have you read Crabbe's Tales?" "Oh!" said I scarcely see the use, "I did not know that red crabs, or any other crabs, had tails."

A stock-broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked a few days since how old his father was? "Well," said he, reluctantly, "he is getted a little in eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box: "they're the real thing, and no mistake, and all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his ecclesiastical wife, "and you will only exhibit your appetite if they will go a great deal further."

Jones calls crinolines the *large circle* of his female friends.

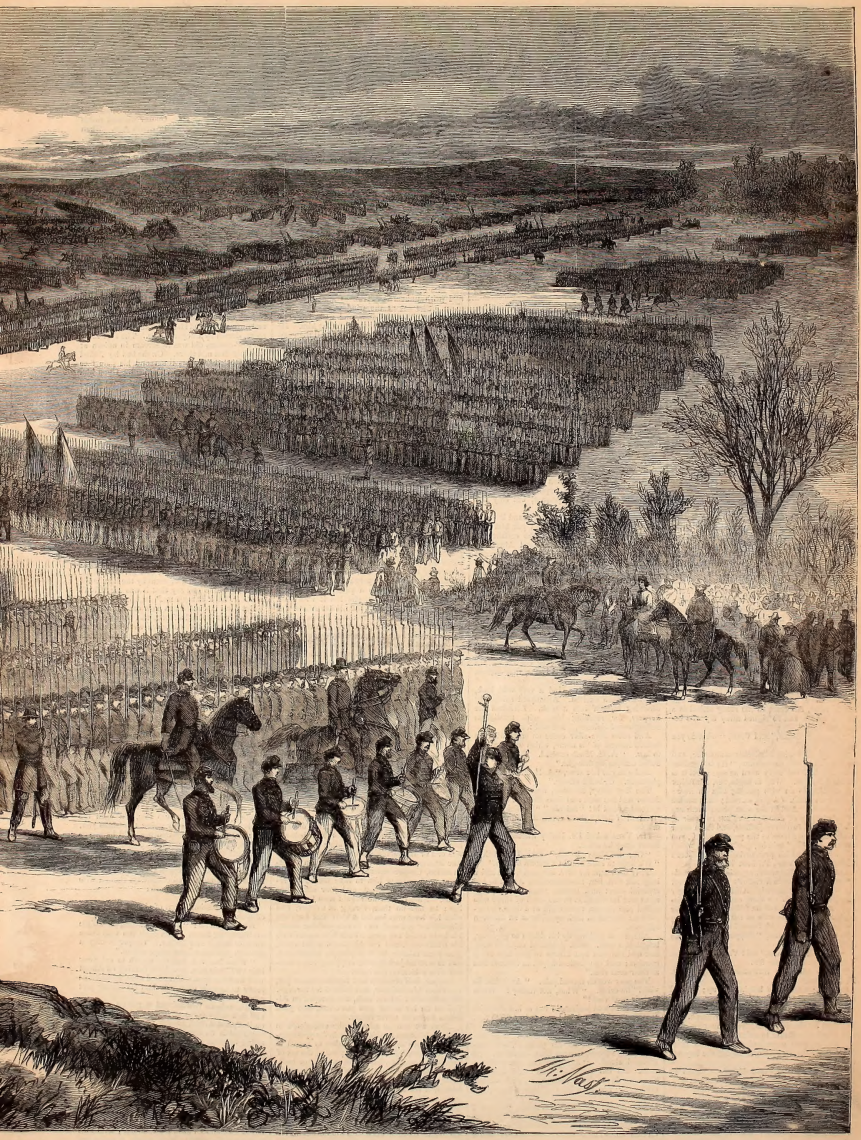
What letter is that which is perilous to young ladies? —The letter *G*; because it is sure to be in love.

Some men keep savage dogs around their house, so that the hungry poor who step to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

"What do you think of my wound, doctor? Is it deep?" "Very probable."



GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTO



MAC.—Drawn by Mr. Thomas Nast.—[See Page 646.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ALFRED thus encouraged told his story with forced calmness, and without a word too much. Indeed, so clear and telling was the narrative, and the logic so close, that incoherent patience on one or two stole up and listened with wonder and a certain dreamy complacency; the bulk, however, held aloof somewhat, being inextricably wrapped in fictitious Autobiography.

His story told, Alfred offered the Dodds in evidence that his unfortunate cousin's mind was no illusion; and referred to his sister and several friends as witnesses to his sanity, and said the letters he wrote were all stopped in the asylum; and why? That no honest man or woman might know where he was.

He ended by convincing Mr. Vane he was a sane and inju ed man, and his father a dark designing perso n.

Mr. Vane asked him whether he had any other revelations to make. Alfred replied, "Not on my own account, but for the sake of those afflicted persons I am here for life. Well, the body vant repaying; the vermin thinning; the instruments of torture want shaking instead of hiding for an hour or two when you happen to come, what do the patients gain by that? The sundays men dare not complain to you, Sir; because the last time one did complain to the justices (it was Mr. Penwoth), they had no sooner passed through the iron gate, than Dodd made him an example of him; felled him with his fist, and walked up and down him on his knees, crying, 'I'll teach you to complain to the justices.' Now one or two gentlemanly madmen, who soon found out that I am not one of them, have complained to me that the attendants treat them very much like Hindoos treat dogs, and choke them up with the chaff-stones, then fling on their clothes without drying them. They complain that the meat is tough and often putrid, the bread stale, the butter rancid, the tea often stinted, since they can't be adulterated, and as for sleep it is hardly known; for the beds are so short your feet stick out; insects are numerous to easy sleepers, but highly odoriferous and profoundly carnivorous, bite you all night; and dogs howl eternally outside; and, in short, the nature defies even these enemies of rest, then the doctor, who seems to be in the pay of Insanity, claps you on a blister to keep you quiet, and drives away ... Insanity's cure, or hounses you by brute force as he did me, and so steals your sleep, and tries to steal your reason with his opium, henbane, morphia, and other tremendous brain-stealers. With such a potion, Sir, administered by violence, he put me in a night a burning fever, headache, loss of sight, and bleeding at the nose; as Mrs. Archbold will tell you. Oh, both these things, Sir, in pity to those whom God has afflicted: to me they are but strokes with a feather; I am a sane man, torn from love and happiness, and confined among the mad; discomfort is nothing to me; comfort is nothing; you can do nothing for me, but restore me to my dignity as a man, my liberty as a Briton, and the rights as a citizen I have been swindled out of by a fraudulent bankrupt and his rank two venal doctors, who never saw me but for one five minutes, but came to me ready bribed at a guinea apiece, and so signed away my wife his and my back."

"Now, Mr. Baker," said Vane, "what do you say to all this?"

Baker smiled with admirable composure, and replied with equal moderation, "He is a gentleman, and believes every word he says; but it is all his delusion. Why to begin, Sir, his father has nothing to do with putting him in here; nothing on earth. (Alfred started; then smiled incredulous.) And in the next place, there are no instruments of restraint here but two pair of handcuffs and two strait-jackets, and these never hardly used; we trust to the padded rooms, you know. And, Sir, as to the getting warm, which instantly affected his pronunciation, "if there's a hinsect in the ouse, I'll heat 'im."

Delusion of fancy, especially in a mad-house; it overpowers a visitor's understanding, Mr. Vane was staggered. Alfred, whose eager eyes never left his face, saw this with dismay, and feeling that if he failed in the simplest matter he would be fatal to Alfred in establishing his sanity, he said, with inward anxiety, though with outward calmness, "Suppose we test these delusions?"

"With all my heart," said Vane.

Baker's countenance fell.

"Begin with the instruments of restraint. Find me them."

Baker's countenance brightened up; he had no fear of their being found.

"I will," said Alfred; "please to follow me."

Baker grinned with anticipated triumph.

Alfred led the way to a bedroom near his own, and asked Mr. Baker to unlock it. Baker had not the key: no more had Cooper: the latter was sent for it; he returned, saying the key was mislaid.

"That I expected," said Alfred. "Send for the kitchen poker, Sir; I'll soon unlock it."

"Fetch the kitchen poker," said Vane.

"Good gracious, Sir!" said Cooper; "he only wants that to knock all our brains out. You have no idea of his strength and ferocity."

"Well bed, Cooper," said Alfred, ironically. "Fetch me the poker," said Vane.

Cooper went for it, and came back with the key instead.

The door was opened, and they all entered. Alfred looked under the bed. The rest stood round it

There was nothing to be seen but a year's dust.

Alfred was dumbfoundered, and a cold perspiration began to gather on his brow. He saw at once a false move would be fatal to him.

"Well, Sir," said Vane, grimly. "Where are they?"

Alfred caught sight of a small cupboard; he searched in it. It was empty. Hope and Cooper grinned at his delusion, quietly, but so that Vane might see that formula. Alfred returned to the bed and looked at it, and Baker held off grinning; Alfred's quick eye caught this and he shook the bed violently, furiously.

"Ah," said Mr. Vane, "I hear a chink."

"It is an iron bedstead, and old," suggested Baker.

Alfred tore off the bed-clothes, and then the mattress. Below the latter was a frame-work, and below the frame-work a receptacle about six inches deep, five long, and three broad, filled with chains, iron bel wrist locks, muffles, and screw-locked hobbles, to ; regular Inquisition.

If Baker had descended from the Kemble family, instead of rising from nothing, he could not have acted better. "Good Heavens!" cried he, "where do these come from? These must have been left here by the last patient."

Vane replied only by a look of contempt, and ordered Cooper to go and ask Mr. Tollett to come to him.

Alfred improved the interval. Sir," said he, "all my delusions, fairly tested, fall turn out like this."

"They *shall* be tested, Sir; I give you my word."

Mr. Tollett came, and the two justices commenced a genuine scrutiny; their first. They went now upon the true method, in which all these dark places are to be inspected. They did not believe a word; they suspected every thing; they examined every quart, detected every filth and vermin under philanthropy phrases and clean linen; and the upshot was they reprimanded Baker severely and severals severely, and told him his license should never be renewed, unless at their next visit the whole system was changed. They ordered him the iron body-belts, chains, leg-locks, wrist-locks, and muffs, to be put into Mr. Tollett's carriage, and concluded a long inquisition by inquiring into Alfred's sanity; at this inquiry they did not allow Baker to be even present, but only Dr. Bailey.

First they read the order; and found it really was not Alfred's father who had put him into the Asylum. Then they read the certificates, especially Wycherley's; it accused Alfred of headache, insomnia, nightly visions, a rooted delusion respecting a will, and violence to an affectionate father; and at the doctor's last visit, a wild and incoherent, and excitement, and, threats of violence without any provocation to justify them. This overpowered the worthy inquisitors' understandings. Oh, both! they proceeded to examine the three books an asylum has to keep by law; the visitor's book, the case book, and the medical journal; and these were kept with the utmost looseness in Silverton House; as indeed they are in the very best of these places. However, by comparing the scanty notices in the several books, they arrived at this total.

Admitted April 11. Had a very wild look, and was much excited. Attempted suicide by throwing himself into a tank. Attacked the keepers, and resisting by the most vigorous strength and violence. Refused food.

And some days after came an entry with his initials inserted in his name, which was contrary to law. "A. H. Alfred exacted. Threats. Ordered ceasing drugging."

And a day or two after, "A. H. excited. Blasphemous. Ordered blister."

The first entry, however, was enough. The doctor had but seen real facts through his green spectacles, and he! "suicide," "homicide," and "refusal of food," three cardinal points of true mania.

Mr. Vane asked Dr. Bailey whether he was better since he came.

"Oh, Infinitely better," said Dr. Bailey. "We hope to cure him in a month or two."

Their justices sent for Alfred, and had a long talk with her, recommending Alfred to her especial care; and, having acted on his judgment and information, they left a man who called him insane, turned tail at a doctor's certificate; distrusted their eyesight at an unsworn affidavit.

Alfred was packing up his things to go away, bright as a bird, when Cooper entered the room, and told him she had orders to give him every comfort; and the justices hoped to liberate him at their next visit.

The poor wretch turned pale. "At their next visit!" he cried. "What, not to-day? When is their next visit?"

Mrs. Archbold hesitated; but at last she said, "Why you know; I told you; they come four times every year."

The disappointment was too bitter. The contemptible result of all his patience, self-command, and success was too humiliating. He fainted about. "And you can come with a smile and tell me that, you cruel woman." Then he broke down altogether and burst out crying. "You were born without a heart," he sobbed.

Mrs. Archbold quivered at that. "I wish I had been," said she, in a strange, soft, moving voice; then, casting an eloquent look of reproach on him, she went away in visible agitation, and left him sobbing. Once out of his sight she rushed into the nearest room there, which was no more notice of a gentle madwoman its occupant than of the bed or the table, she sank into a chair, and, throwing her head back with womanly abandon, laid her hand up ; her bosom that heaved tempestuously.

And soon the tears trickled on of her impetuous eyes, and ran unrestrained.

The mind of Edith Archbold corresponded with her powerful frame and h r bro ws. Inside this woman all was vigor strong passions, strong good sense to check or ide them; strong will to carry them out. And between these mental forces a powerful st uggle was raging. She was almost impenetrable to mere personal motives; she had seen people early youth to the other sex; and six months spent with Alfred in a quiet country house would probably have left her comparatively indifferent to him. But the first day she saw him in Silverton House he broke through her guard, and pierced at once to her deep heart. She watched her by darting through the window to escape; and terror is a passion. So is pity; and never in her life had she overflowed with it as when she saw him drawn out of the tank and laid on the grass. If, after all, this man was a se looked, that brave high-spirited young creature, who preferred death to the touch of coarse confining hands!

No sooner had he filled her with dismay and pity than he bounded from the ground before her eyes and eyed her, determined, and hoped he would escape; she could not help it. Next she saw him fighting alone against seven or eight, and with such fury, the keepers almost beating them. She sat at the window panting, with clenched teeth and hands, and wished him to win, and, when he won, wondered at him. He yielded, but not to them: to her. All the compliments she had ever received were tame compared with this. She trembled her vanity. It was like the men she had read of, and never seen: the young knights of romance. Then came a pause of calm, and detecting herself in time was frightened. Her strong good sense warned her to beware of him: he was nine years her junior, yet had stirred her to all her depths in an hour; and not to see him nor think of him too much. Accordingly she kept clear of him altogether at first; pity soon put an end to that and she protected and advised him, but with a cold air that astonished him to express. When with her kind acts and her cold manner he did not know what to make of her; and often turned puzzled eyes upon her to see, as much as to say, are you really my friend or not? Once she forgot herself and smiled so tenderly in answer to these inquiries that all his hopes rose very high indeed. He flattered himself she would let him out of the asylum before long. That was all Alfred's true friend could do.

A feeling hidden, and not suppressed, often grows fast in a vigorous nature. Mrs. Archbold's affinity for Alfred was a passion at this dangerous treatment; and it smouldered, and consuming fire, because it warmed no object of fancy, from a fancy to a passion. But penchant, fancy, or passion, she hid it with such cunning and success that neither Alfred nor even those of her own sex saw it; nor did a creature even suspect it, except Nurse Hannah; but her suspicions, aroused by jealousy, for that muscular young virgin was beginning to sigh for him herself, with a gentle timidity that contrasted strikingly with her heaps muscle and prowess against her own sex.

Mrs. Archbold had more passion than tenderness, but would not be surprised if tenderness softened? When her young favorite, the greatest fighter she had ever seen, broke down at the end of his struggle, and wept like a child in a girl, her bowels of compassion yearned within her, and she longed to cry with him. She only saved herself from some impropriety by flight, and had her cry alone. After a flow of tears which astonished herself, she returned Alfred at tea-time with remarkable coldness and reserve. This piece of acting led to unlooked-for consequences. Cooper, who was himself encouraging against Alfred for telling the justices, but had forborne from violence, for fear of getting his house shut up, saw his chance. He went to the doctor, and asked for a powerful drastic; Bailey gave him two pills, or rather boluses, containing a powerful purgative, called Jalap, was one of the farraginous foils of the unscientific science. Armed with this weapon of destruction, Cooper left Alfred's bedroom at night, and ordered him to take them: he refused. Cooper whistled, and four attendants burst into the room. Alfred stood on his powerless; he lost no time, sprang at Cooper, and with his long arm launched a blow that knocked him against the wall, and in this position, where his body could not give, struck him again with his left hand, and sent him ... one right open. The next minute he was pinned, handcuffed, and in a strait-jacket, after crippling one assailant with a kick on the knee.

Cooper, half stunned, and bleeding like a pig, recovered himself now, and burned for revenge. He entered a padded room and jumped on it like a fiend as he lay bound and powerless, and gave him a lesson he never forgot.

Every one has its secrets: the attendants in such mad-houses as this have been for years possessed of one they are too modest to reveal to the public: the art of breaking a man's ribs, or breast-bone, or both, without leaving any marks. The country doctor at Toulon arrive as a similar result by another branch of the art; they stuff the skin of a country man with straw, and then give the inanimate noxious person a sly crack with it; and a rib or back-bone is broken, with no contusion to mark the external violence used. But Mr. Cooper and his fellows do their work with the knee-joint: it is round, and leaves no bruise. They subdue the patient by striking them down on their knees. If they don't jump on him as well as promenade him, the man's spirit is often the only thing broken; if they do, the man is apt to be broken bodily as well as mentally. Thus died Mr. Sizer in 1854, and two others quite recently. And how many more God only knows; we can't count the stones at the bottom of a well.

Cooper then sprang furiously on Alfred, and went kneeling up and down him. Cooper was a heavy man, and his weight crushed and hurt the victim's legs; but that was a trifle; at once as he kneeled on Alfred's chest, the crushed one's whole frame-work seemed giving way, and he could scarcely breathe. Cooper seemed to his work, and kneeled hard on Alfred's face. Then Cooper jumped knees downward on his face. Then Cooper drew back and jumped savagely on his chest. Then Alfred felt his last hour was come: he writhed aside, and Cooper missed him and struck the padded floor, bewildered himself. He faces came together for a moment, and Alfred, fighting for his life, caught Cooper with his teeth by the middle of the nose, and bit clean through the cartilage with a shrill snarl. Then Cooper shrieked, and writhed, and whirled his great arms like a wind-mill, punching at Alfred's head. Now man is an animal at bottom, and a fatal animal at the very bottom. Alfred ground his teeth together in bull-dog silence till they quite met, and with his young strong neck and his despair-honed jaws that pressed hollow as a carrier shakes a cat, still grinding his teeth together in bull-dog silence. The man struck him, pounded him, in vain. At last they got hold of his throat and choked him, and so parted the furious creatures: but not before Mrs. Archbold and nurses Jane and Hannah had rushed into the room, drawn by Cooper's cries. The first thing the new-comers did was to scream in unison at the bleeding victim of love. On the left Alfred all but insensible, his linen and his pale face spotted with the persecutor's blood. Upon him crowded the gory miscreant, swearing oaths to set the hair on end.

"I'll stop your biting forever," said he, and raised a ponderous fist: and in one moment more Alfred would have been disfigured for life, but Bloody-nose Cooper's arm, and Cooper's blood said sharply to the nurses "Handcuffs!" and the three women pinned him simultaneously, and, by the force of surprise, kept him down for a moment with a strength, sharpness, skill, and determination not to be found in women out of a mad-house—luckily for the newspaper husbands.

The other keepers looked astounded at this manœuvre; and, as no servant ever yet confronted Mrs. Archbold without being dismissed directly, they took their cue and said, "We advised him, ma'am, but he would not listen to us."

"Cooper," said Mrs. Archbold as soon as she had recovered herself, "you are not fit for your place. To-morrow you go, or I go."

Cooper, covered in a moment with handcuffs, began to whine and say that it was all Alfred's fault. "Look at my nose."

But Mrs. Archbold was now carried away by two passions instead of one, and they were together too much for prudence; she took a handful of those locks out of her bosom and shook them in Cooper's face:

"Your nose!" said she; "you should go, for *that*, if you were any thing but a brute."

The two young nurses assented loudly, and turned and cackled at Cooper for cutting off such a lovely hair.

He shrugged his shoulders at them, and said coldly to Mrs. Archbold: "Oh, I didn't know. Mrs. Archbold, I am sorry I have struck him, my cake is burnt. Tim't the first lunatic you have taken for your fancy man."

Cooper's brutal speech, all the more intolerable for not being quite false, Mrs. Archbold turned pale and red, looked round for a weapon to strike him dead; but found none so handy and so deadly as her tongue.

"Mr. Cooper," said she, you have tried to MURDER," said she. "I know all about that death in Calton Retreat; you kept it dark before the coroners, but it is not too late yet. I'll open the world's eyes; I was only going to dismiss you, Sir; but you have insulted me. I'll hang you finely."

Cooper turned very pale and was silent; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

But the dreadful unexpected issued from the bed and murmured cheerfully, though with some difficulty, a single word:

"Justice!"

At an expression so out of place they all started with surprise.

Alfred went on: "You are putting the saddle on the wrong horse. The fault lies with those justices, Mrs. Archbold. Bailey knows I am a servant, you know, and obeys orders."

"What business had the wretch to cut your hair off?" said Mrs. Archbold, turning on Alfred with flashing eyes. Her blood once up, she was ready to quarrel even with him for taking part against himself.

"Because he was ordered to put on a blister, and hair must come off before a blister can go on," replied Alfred, soberly.

"That is no excuse for him beating you and trying to tear your front teeth out."

She didn't mind so much about his side-bits.

"No," replied Alfred. "But I hit him first. And don't blame him, like an Irish screamer. Look at the bloke's face! Dear Mrs. Archbold, you are my best friend in this horrid place, and you have beautiful eyes, and, talk of teeth, look at yours! but you haven't much sense of justice: forgive me for saying so. Put the proposition into signs; there's nothing like that for clearing away prejudice. B. and C. have a scrimmage: B. begins it, C. gets the worst of it: C. comes A. and tears B. to bits. Is that justice? It is me you ought to turn away; and I wish to Heaven you would: but don't turn Mrs. Archbold, or grey tars me away, and keep the other blackguard."

At this extraordinary, and, if I may be allowed the expression, Affredian speech, the men first stared, and then laughed; the women smiled, and then were nearer crying than laughing.

And so it was that justice handcuffed, straitjacketed, blistered, and impartial, sent from its bed of torture a beam through Cooper's tough hide to his inner heart. He hung his head and stepped toward Alfred: "You're what I call a man," he said. "I don't care a curse whether I stay or go, but what she has said to you is to come what may, you're a gentleman, and one as can put himself in a poor man's place. Why, Sir, it wasn't done so rough; but I have been twenty years at it; and mad folk they'd wear the patience out of Jove, and the milk of human kindness can of sudden turn to gall. However, if I was to stay here all my life, instead of going to-morrow, I'd never lift hand to trouble you again, for you taking my part against yourself like that."

"I'll put that to the test," said Mrs. Archbold, sharply. "Stay—on your probation. Hannah!"

And Baby-face biceps, at a look took off his handcuffs, which she had been prominent in putting on.

This extraordinary scene ended in the men being dismissed, and the women remaining and going to work after their kind.

"The bed is too short for one thing," said Hannah. "Look at his poor dear feet, they are cold as a stone: just feel of them, Jane."

"No, no; murder!" cried Alfred; "that tickles."

Hannah ran for a chair, Jane for another pillow. Mrs. Archbold took off his handcuffs, and, passing her hand softly and tenderly over his head, lamented the loss of his poor hair. Among them they relieved him of his straitjacket, set his head, covered his feet, and he slept like a top for want of drastics and opiates, and in spite of some brilliant charges by the Lilliputian cavalry.

After this the attendants never molested Alfred again; nor did the doctor: Mrs. Archbold got his boluses, and sent them up to a famous analyzing chemist in London, and told him she was mad, and said, "I'll thank you not to prescribe at random for *that* patient any more." He took the lady's prescription, coming as it did in a voice quietly grim, and with a momentary but wicked glance shot from under her black brows.

Alfred was all the more miserable at his confinement: his melancholy deepened now there was no fighting to excite him. A handsome bright young face clouded with grief is a very pitiable, and I need not say that both the women who had fallen in love with him had their eyes, or at least a rim of their eyes, red over on his face. The result varied with the characters of the watchers. The young Jane, a simple maid, Mrs. Archbold sigh, and long to make him happy under her wing. How it wrought on the purer and more womanly Hannah, will be revealed by the incident I have to relate. Alfred was sitting on a bench in the corridor, bowed down by grief and the Archbold ring hung in a room hard by, feasting her eyes on him through an aperture in the door caused by the inspection plate being under repair—when an excited maniac was driven past. She had obtained access—with marvelous cunning—to the men's side; but was now coming back with a flea in her ear, and faster than she went; being handcuffed and propelled by Baby-face biceps. On passing the disconsolate Alfred the latter evil thing (who gave her stray sheep a coarse push—as one pushes a dog—and told a third to guard, generally falling down, upon the rougher sex. Contrast sudden and funny.

"Don't be so sad, Sir," she murmured, cooing like the gentlest of doves. "I can't bear to see you look like that."

Alfred looked up, and met her full with his mournful, honest eyes. "Ah, Hannah, how can I be any thing but sad, imprisoned here, sane among the mad?"

"Well, and so am I, Sir: so is Mrs. Archbold herself."

"Ay, but you have not been entrapped, imprisoned, on your wedding-day. I can not even get a word sent to my Julia, my wife that ought to be. Think of the affright they have made me put on her I love better, ten times better, than myself, by this time, and she must be waiting for me humiliated perhaps by my absence. What will she think of me? The rogues will tell her a thousand lies: she is young, inexperienced, Hannah, impetuous like myself, only so gentle and so good; oh, my angel; my angel; I shall lose her."

Hannah clasped her hands, with tears in her eyes: "No, no," she cried, "it is a burning shame to treat true lovers like you and her. Hush! speak low. Brown told me you are as well as he is."

"God bless him for it, then."

"You have got money, they say: try it on with Brown."

"I will. Oh you darling. What is the matter?"

For Baby-face was beginning to whimper.

"Oh, nothing, Sir; only you are so glad to go; and we shall be sorry to part with you: but you would not for that—oh, oh, oh!"

"What, do you think I shall forget you and your kindness? Never: I'll square accounts with friends and foes; not one shall be forgotten."

"Don't offer me any of your money," sobbed Hannah; "for I wouldn't touch it. Good-by," said she: "I shan't have as much as a kiss for it, I'll be bound: good-by," said she again, and never moved.

"Oh, won't you, though," cried Alfred, gayly. "What is that? and that? and that? Now, what on earth are you crying about? Dry your tears, you dear good-hearted girl: no, I'll dry them for you."

He took out a white handkerchief and mopped her cheeks gently for her, and gave her a parting kiss; but the Archbold's patience was exhausted; a door opened nearly opposite, and there she stood yellow with jealousy and sombre as night with her chon brows. At sight of this lowering figure Hannah uttered a squawk, and fled with cheeks red as fire. Alfred, not aware of Mrs. Archbold's smouldering passion, and little dreaming that jealous anguish and rage stood incarnate before him, burst out: "Hannah is like a mischievous boy; on this she swept upon him, and took him by both shoulders, and awed him with her towering brows close to his. "You ungrateful wretch," she said, violently, and panted. His color rose. "Ungrateful! That I am not, madam. Why do you call me so?"

"You are; you are. What have I done to you that you run from me? Is it ingratitude?" However, she shall be packed off this very night and you to thank for it."

This was the way to wound the generous youth. "Now it is you that are ungenerous," he said. "What harm has the poor girl done? She had a virtuous indignation excited within me for the heartless fraud I suffer by; that is all. Pray do you never pity me?"

"Was it virtuous indignement set her kissing you?" said the Archbold, clenching her teeth as if the word stung her, like the sight.

"She didn't, now," said Alfred; "it was I kissed her."

"And yet you pretend to love your Julia so truly?"

"This is no place for that sacred name, madam. But be sure I have no secrets from her. And this nobody will believe, I suppose?"

"She must be a very accommodating young lady."

At this insult Alfred rose pale with anger, and was about to defy his monitor mortally; but the quick-witted woman saw some indication in the one moment, before ever he could speak, she was a transformed creature, a penitent; she put her hands together supplicatingly, and murmured,

"I didn't mean it; I respect *her*; and your love for her touches me, Alfred; I am so unhappy, oh forgive me."

And behold she held his hand between her soft, burning palms, and looked up and said languidly on his shoulder, and the inevitable tears ran gently.

Mortals apart, it was glorious love-making.

"Bother the woman," thought Alfred.

"Promise me not to do it again," she murmured, "and the doctor shall go."

"Oh, Lord, yes, I promise; though I can't see what it matters to her."

"Not much, cruel boy, alas! But it matters to her. For—" She kissed Alfred's hand gently and rose to her full height, very pale, but at the second step turned her head sudden as a bird and finished her sentence—"if you kiss her before me, I shall kill you both."

Here was a fresh complication! The men had left off blistering, torturing, and bullying him; but his guardian angel had been all the time turning up their sleeves to pull caps over him, and plenty of the random scratches would fall on him. Mrs. Archbold's jealousy had put him more to be out of the horrid place this voluptuous prospect would. He hunted every where for Brown. But he was closeted with a patient. At night he lay awake for a long time, thinking how he should open the negotiation: he shrank from it. He felt a delicacy about bribing Beelzebub's servant to betray him.

At Hannah's request Brown, who thought he might very well ask her to do the dirty work of bribing Brown, and he would pay her for it; only in money, not kisses, Alfred was resolved he sank to sleep; and his spirit broke prison: he stood with Julia before the altar, and the priest made them one: and then he saw the end the company and daylight disappeared, and her own sweet low moving voice came whirling. "My own, own, own, own, own, own." I love you ten times more for all you have endured for me;" and with this her sweet lips settled like the dew on his.

Impartial sleep flies at the steps of the scaffold and the gate of Elysium: so Alfred awoke as the shoes. Hannah was standing by his side, with her heels, and her heart beat furiously on his shoulder. He stirred directly, and thought he was gone like the wind, with a rustle of flying petticoats, and he heard a door open gently: it closed with a catch-lock; his dastardly assistant had opened it with her key, and left it open to make good her retreat in case of discovery. And she was stealing what she came after. Alfred sat up in bed indignant, and somewhat flattered. He confessed her ingenuity in his heart. But she was no help for it; he grinned and bore it, as he had the blisters, and boluses, etc., rolled the clothes round his shoulders, and lay to the step of the just again. Not so the passionate hypocrite, who, maddened by a paroxysm of jealousy, had taken this cowardly means to wreak vengeance. She had sucked fresh poison from those honest lips, and filled her veins with molten fire. She tossed and turned and writhed about in a high fever of passion, nor were the cold chills wanting of shame and remorse at what she had done.

In the morning, Alfred remembered this substantial vision, and determined to find out which of those two it was. "I shall know by her looks," said he; "she won't be able to meet my eye." Well, the first he saw was Mrs. Archbold. She met his eye full with a mild and pensive dignity. "Come, it is not you," thought Alfred. Presently he fell in with Hannah. She wore a serene, inanimate face, the picture of unobtrusive modesty. Alfred was dumbfounded. "It's not this one, either," said he. "But, then, it must. Confound her impudence for looking so modest." However, he did not question her; he was looking out for a face that interested him far more: the weather-beaten countenance of Giles Brown. He saw him once or twice, but could not get him alone till the afternoon. He invited him into his room: and when he got him there, lost no time. "Just look me in the face, Brown," said he, quietly. Brown looked him in the face.

"Now, Sir, am I mad or sane?"

Brown turned his head away. Alfred laughed. "No, no, none of your tricks, old fellow: look me in the face while you answer."

The man colored. "I can't look a gentleman like you in the face, and tell him he is mad."

"I should think not. Well, now; what shall I give you to help me escape?"

Hush! drawing attention that, Sir; it's as much as my place is worth even to listen to you."

"Good! then I must give you as much as your place is worth. Please to calculate that, and name the figure."

"My place! I wouldn't lose it for a hundred pounds."

"Exactly. Then I'll give you a hundred guineas."

"And how am I to get my money, Sir?"

"The first time you are out, come to Albion Villa, in Barkington, and I'll have it all ready for you."

"And suppose you were to say 'No:' you didn't ought to have been confined?"

"I must trouble you to look in my face again, Mr. Brown. Now, do you see treason, bad faith, avarice, ingratitude in my face?"

"Not a grain of 'em," said Brown, with an accent of conviction. "Well, now, I'll tell you the truth; I'm in debt at this time: and I'm no more afeared for the money than if I had it in my hand. But ye see my stomach won't let me do it."

This was a sad disappointment: so sudden, too. "Is it your conscience?" said he, ruefully. "What do you mean?"

"Ay, my stomach. Wouldn't your stomach rise against taking the money that had been the worst turn one man can do another—been and robbed you of your sweet-heart?"

Alfred stared with some amazement.

Brown continued, and now with some emotion: "Hannah Blake and I were very good friends till you came, and I was thinking of asking her to name the day; but now she won't look at me. 'Don't come teasing me,' says she, 'I am mad for you.' 'Well,' says I, 'you that have turned the girl's head, Sir.'"

"Bother the women!" said Alfred, cordially. "Oh, what fools they are! And how unjust you are, to spite me for the fault of another. Can I help it? Is it my fault coming upon me? He reflected a moment, then burst out: "Brown, you are a duffer—a regular duffer. What, don't you see your way? Why, you out and out fool. If you do, in forty-eight hours I shall be married to my Julia, and that dumpling-faced girl will be cured. Then, if I don't make her, by God, Sir, I'll make hot love to your Hannah, boiling hot, hotter than ever was—out of the isles of Greece. Now, Sir, you are out, and I'll post the hundred pounds, and I'll give Hannah another hundred pounds, on condition she marries you: and, if she won't marry you, she shan't have a farthing, only a good hiding."

Brown was overpowered by his maniac's logic. "You have got the best of me," said he; "and I'll go in, if I die for it."

They now put their heads together over the means. Brown was to wait, and wait, for an opportunity. Alfred's was to make one this very night.

"But how can I?" said Brown. "I shan't have the key of your room. I am not on watch and patrol that night."

"Borrow Hannah's."

"Hannah's? She has got no key of the male patients' rooms."

"Oh yes, she has; of mine, at all events."

"What makes you think that, Sir?" said Brown, surprised.

Alfred didn't know what to say: he could not tell him why he felt sure she had a key.

"Just go and find out for me," he said at last; "don't tell her I sent you, now."

Brown obeyed, and returned in half an hour with the key. Alfred had observed that the hobbles and chains were hidden on arrival of the justices.

She tells me this is the only key she has of any room in this corridor. But dear heart, Sir, how you have frightened this poor woman. She said, says she, 'if it is to bring sorrowful true lovers together again, Giles, or the like of that, I'll run the risk.' Those were the words of Mrs. Archbold's bunch, though I get the sack for it," says she. 'I know she leaves them in the parlor all day,' says Hannah. She is a trump, you must allow."

Alfred colored up. He suspected he had been spied.

"She is a good, kind, single-hearted girl," said he, "and neither of you shall find me ungrateful."

It was evident by the alacrity Brown now showed that he had got his orders from Hannah.

It was agreed that Alfred should lie down at night in his cabinet, ready to seize the right moment; that Hannah should get the key, and watch the coast clear, and let him out into the corridor; and Brown get him down by a back stairs, and out on the lawn. There he would find a ladder close by the wall, and his own arms and legs must do the rest.

And now Alfred was a changed creature: his eye sparkled; he walked on air, and already sniffed the air of liberty.

After ten Brown brought in some newspapers, and made Alfred a signal, previously agreed on, that the ladder was quite close at hand. He went to bed early, put on his tweed shooting-jacket and trowsers, and lay listening to the clock with beating heart.

At first feet passed to and fro from time to time. These became less frequent as the night wore on.

Presently a light foot passed, stopped at the door, and made a sharp scratch on it with some metal instrument.

It was the key. The time was not ripe to use it, but good Hannah had taken this way to let him know she had got it.

This little scratch outside his door, oh it made his heart leap and thrill. One great difficulty was overcome. He waited, and waited, but with glowing, hopeful heart; and at last a foot came swiftly, the key turned, and Hannah opened the door. She had a bull's-eye lantern.

"Take your shoes in your hand," she whispered, "and follow me."

He followed her. She led him in and out, to the door of the public room belonging to the second-class patients. Then she drew her whistle, and breathed it softly. Brown answered as softly from the other end. He was waiting at the opposite door.

"All right," said she; "the dangerous part is over." She put a key into the door, and said, very softly, "Good-by."

"God bless you, Hannah," said Alfred, with deep emotion. "God in heaven bless you for this."

"He will, he does," said the single-hearted girl, and put her other hand to her breast with a quick, quiet gush of sensibility. "Good-by. "Good-by, dear. I shall never see you again."

"And so these two parted; for Hannah could not leave the house of Giles at this time. He was welcome to Alfred though, most welcome, and conducted him by devious ways to the kitchen, latter in limbo.

He opened the kitchen door softly, and saw two burley strangers seated at a table, eating with all their souls, and Mrs. Archbold standing before the fire, but looking toward him: for she had heard his footsteps even so far off.

The men looked up, and saw Alfred. They rose to their feet, and said, "This will be the gentleman, mum."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold.

"Your servant, Sir," said the men, very civilly. "If you are ready, we are."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE devote pages 644 and 645 to illustrations of the works on Morris Island, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. We will let Mr. Davis tell the story of his pictures, as follows:

GILLMORE'S BATTERIES.

"This mass of shot, shell, torpedoes, hand-grenades, Greek fire, etc., piled near General Gillmore's shed is daily subject to the concentrated fire of the many persons who 'have a word with the General.' Seeing this, the many readers of the *Weekly* will agree with me that the expression is a novel one, and I gladly pay it this little visit with them. The large spherical shell is a 15-inch, fired from Battery Gregg, and picked up in the trenches: this is the mortar shell; there the shot and shell for our big Parrotts and the Brooks projectile, grouped about with the hand-grenades and the little tin cylinders containing the Greek fire, about which we for some time joked its inventor, Levi Short, and which, we like to believe, have found to be no joke, and we a joke indeed; there are the torpedoes. Captain Gray, of the *M'Clellan*, brought these two of the latter, which were recovered from the steamer to his house by a crowd of the curious, and handed over with the King of Lightning Talk, Colonel E. S. Sanford, he gave the story of a telegraph operator who escaped from Richmond some months ago. At the time of the Dix-Hill cartel, upon Charleston a telegraph operator was placed in charge of an electric battery that was arranged to explode a torpedo containing three hundred pounds of powder, with instructions to blow up the *Ironsides* should she near the spot. During the engagement the whole ship, by accident or design, seemed at one time directly over it, and the officers in charge ordered the explosion of the torpedo. The loyal operator could not be induced to start the machine to work! Soon an order for the fire of every battery to concentrate upon the *Keokuk* was received to be fully complied with, the experiments would not work! These incidents occasioned so much fun that the minié ball which struck Islands that the operator was soon after imprisoned. Being released a short time since and sent to Richmond to resume his occupation, he was soon after sent to Winchester, Virginia, to procure some instruments. The visit to Winchester afforded him the much-desired opportunity to escape to our lines, where he now is—a man who seems to have done as much for our cause as any single person in the entire service.

OUR BLACK ISLAND BATTERIES.

"These and other batteries are soon to introduce themselves to the notice of the Confederates: they are unlike any batteries previously built. The range of the guns is over five miles. The construction of this work was under the charge of Colonel Serrell, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, the busy ones in the work being Captain Kenna and Lieutenant Parsons of the same corps. Captain M'Kenna is at this time hard at work, rendering Wagner a work of great strength, while Lieutenant Parsons is each night working away upon a battery of which I must not tell.

THE COVERED WAY.

Is a long trench with the dirt thrown toward the works of the enemy, and is used as a means of reaching exposed positions without endangering the lives of our men. The detectable scream of a coming shell is the signal for one to crowd and crouch under the covering bank. The shell bursts, the fragments fly over the trench, and off we start again, in almost perfect security."



THE ATTACK ON SABINE PASS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.—SKETCHED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

CUMBERLAND GAP.

We are indebted to the politeness of Sergeant Brennan, Company D, Eighth Michigan Cavalry, for the view of CUMBERLAND GAP, which we publish on this page. The Gap is one of the famous places of the war. It has been occupied and reoccupied both by Federals and rebels, and has seen more than one surrender. Last month General Burnside moved against it, and compelled the rebel commander, General Frazier, to surrender unconditionally. The following tells the story:

Before leaving Kentucky General Burnside ordered Colonel DeCourcy, with a brigade of infantry, to march upon Cumberland Gap by the direct route, through London and Barbourville. Learning on the 6th that the rebel force defending the Gap was strong, and likely to offer resist



GENERAL BURNSIDE'S ARMY OCCUPYING CUMBERLAND GAP.—SKETCHED BY SERGEANT BRENNAN, EIGHTH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SHARP-SHOOTER IMPROVISING A REST FOR HIS RIFLE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

ance, he dispatched General Shackelford, with his brigade, on the 5th, from Knoxville, with instructions to seize all avenues of escape to the South. He followed himself, with another body of infantry and cavalry, on the 7th, and arrived within four miles of the Gap on the 9th, after a forced march of sixty miles. De Courcy and Shackelford had both made demands for surrender, which General Frazier declined. Upon his arrival, General Burnside renewed it, when the rebel commander offered to surrender upon condition that his officers and men were paroled. An unconditional surrender being insisted upon, he yielded. His force consisted of the Second North Carolina, First Virginia, First Georgia regiments, and several companies of artillery. The Georgia regiment was eight hundred strong, and was once before captured by General Burnside, at Roanoke Island. The prisoners are now on their way North. In explanation of the extraordinary isolation General Frazier was left in, rebel officers asserted that General Bragg had peremptorily ordered him to remain. On the night of the 7th two companies of our troops stole their way through the rebel pickets and burned a mill that had supplied the rebels with meal in the very sight of the enemy's camp. This neat performance helped much to hasten the surrender.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BEDOUIN TENT.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

A NEW GAME.—Judge Whitley, of Hoboken, has published a game, which he calls "Whitley's Pantological Game of Chevy Chase," and which is designed to instruct and amuse the social circle. We have seen both the diagrams on which the game is played and the tablets, fifty-two in number, which are used in the game. A juvenile set is also prepared for the use of children. It is replete with instructions without being tiresome. Old and young, learned and unlearned, will be delighted with it, as it is susceptible of much innocent amusement and free from the possibility of fraud or gambling. The diagrams are strewn with extracts from eminent writers, and the original matter is in scholarly taste.

We may safely commend the Judge's ingenious invention to the public, and especially all families where card-playing is interdicted. The descriptive part, beginning with the mythological heroes of antiquity, descends through all periods, touching with brevity and clearness the great personages of different epochs. The game is so simple that children can play at it, and yet may be so learned that the man of study will seek it to refresh his memory of events.—*New York Post.*

CHEVY CHASE can be had at Horace Waters, 481 Broadway; Howe & Ferry's 76 Bowery; and by addressing Judge Whitley, Hoboken, N. J. Price from $1 00 to $2 50. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

HUBBARD BRO'S IMPORTERS of WATCHES NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

COMPOSITE

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Piece!

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected from the solid material by the most experienced judges. The material being alike all through, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $1 80; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our importations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. Their encomiums are emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered." —*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, Aug. 9.

"Elaborately and artistically finished." —*N. Y. Scottish American*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle*, July 27.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

☞ TERMS CASH; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
169 *Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.*

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just published:

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE SILVER LUTE,

For day schools, and Juvenile Singing Classes; by GEO. F. ROOT. There are two things that seem to assure us that this is a useful and popular book. The first is, its large sale, and the other is the strong voluntary expressions of approval (we have never solicited one) from some of the most successful teachers of music, and educational and other journals, both East and West. This little book contains

Two Hundred and Twenty Pieces!

Lessons, Songs, in one, two, three, and four parts, and a few Tunes, Hymns, and Chants, composed and arranged with reference to the pleasure and profit of both pupil and teacher, by one of the best teachers and singing school writers now living.

The "SILVER LUTE" has two new and important features, the first of which is

Progressive Song Lessons,

by means of which all the things necessary to a knowledge of notation are introduced for practice, one after another, in an unusually attractive manner. The other is

Songs of Exercise, Trades and Occupations,

in which physical exercise may be united with singing.

The "SILVER LUTE" has been adopted as the musical text and recreation book for the public schools in several large places East and West; and we have just received an account published in the Winona (Minn.) *Daily Republican*, of the proceedings of the STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, of the 26th and 27th ult., from which we make the following extract:

"A committee appointed to consider what singing-book was best adapted to the wants of our schools, reported unanimously in favor of 'The Silver Lute,' published by Root & Cady, which was therefore recommended by the Convention."

We print here the names of LESS THAN HALF the pieces in the book:

After the Battle,
All's Well,
All Together Again,
As a band of Brothers joined,
A swarm of Bees,
A welcome to Little Nell,
Battle-cry of Freedom,
Beautiful Sea,
Be careful of your Money.
Catch the Sunshine,
Cheer, Boys, Cheer,
Clap, Clap, Hurrah,
Come follow where we go,
Come, John, keep time,
Come, let's sing a Merry Round,
Come sing the Sixteenth Notes,
Don't you see me coming?
Doors open wide,
Down by the Crystal River's Side,
Farewell,
For a Season Called to Part,
Freedom and Union,
Gaily our Light Bark,
Give me the Spade,
Go forth to your place,
Hark, 'tis the Fairies' song,
Happy New Year,
Have you seen my Lillie?
Here are we all to learn of Singing,
How the Merry Wind Blows,
I can, yes, we know you can,
If a body find a Lesson,
I have no Mother now,
I'm glad I am a Farmer,
Joyful sing, the Summer's Coming,
Laughing May is here,
Let others sing of Sunny Lands,
Lightly my Boat I Row,
Lightly we're Tripping along,
Little Rose,
Make your Mark,
March, March, March,
Music Everywhere,
No mortal eye that Land hath Seen,
Nellie Lost and Found,
Never Forget the Dear Ones,
Never Idle,
Never say Fail,
O, we are Volunteers,
One Sweet Flower has Drooped,
Once more before we Part,
On the Heather,
Out on the Prairie,
Out on the River,
O, wrap the Flag around me, Boys,
Parting Hymn,
Persevere,
Sailor on the Trackless Ocean,
Sister thou wast mild and lovely,
Shut the Door,
Some one Comes,
Song of Exercise,
Sounds of the Summer night,
Stand up for Uncle Sam,
Strive and Wait,
Take Good Care,
Teacher, may I be your Pupil,
Temperance Rallying Song,
The Auctioneer,
The Echo,
'Tis in the Quiet Village Home,
The fine old Yankee Gentleman,
The Gentleman (Lady) Workers,
The Happy Meeting,
To Arms,
The Mountain Horn,
To my Brother,
There's a Bright Glorious Dawning,
The Wayside Well,
The Song of the Bob-o'-link,
The Watchman,
The Skaters,
They're Coming Home To-day,
The Song of the Cooper,
The Pilot,
The Union,
The Vacant Chair,
The Song of the Minutes,
There's Music in the Air,
The Seasons,
The Star Spangled Banner,
The Land beyound the River,
Up in the Morning so Early,
Wait, Wait, Wait,
Wake! 'tis Freedom's call,
When the joyous day is dawning,
Would you know how the Farmer,
We have come from various places,
What does Little Birdie say,
What I love and hate, John Brown.

All who are getting up juvenile singing classes, in or out of day-schools, will do well to take a look at the "SILVER LUTE."

Single Copies 35 Cents. $3 60 a dozen in Chicago. In all Eastern cities $4 00 a dozen.

ROOT & CADY,
95 Clark Street, Chicago.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, in Suites. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, No. 277 Canal St., N. Y.

Highly Important to old soldiers, conscripts and substitutes, and persons just going into camp. The greatest *Humbug* of the age. Send 25c. to "Old Soldier," Box 2588 P. O., N. Y. city, and obtain valuable information.

National Union League.

Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,
208 Broadway, New York.

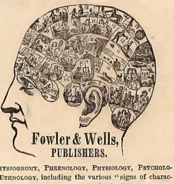
Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.



PHYSIOGNOMY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, including the various "signs of character," and how to read them, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. A new volume, 38, commenced in July. $1 50 a year. Sample Nos. sent by first post for 15 cents.

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.



DR. STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five feet four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

Mrs. L. A. BROWN, No. 498 Broadway, New York.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

For sale by all druggis s.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

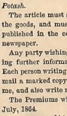
To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap*, *Saleratus*, or *Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the underisgned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864. B. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.



The "Star" No Chimney Burner for Kerosene Oil Lamps, Patented Aug. 11, 1863.

Gives a large, clear, and steady light without smoke or smell. An excellent portable or hall light. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. Superior to any other of the kind. Try it. Sample sent, post-paid, for 35 cents. Circulars free. Agents wanted. PETER ESSIG & CO., Manufacturers, No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.



WEDDING CARDS.

French Note Papers, Seals and Presses, Silver Plates, etc., at J. Everdell's, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St. For Specimens by mail, send 25 cents.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. $1

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 8 ct. stamp for circular.

Watches and Jewelry.

CHEAPEST AND BEST yet offered to the public. For list of Articles and Prices, address
PARKER COX & CO., N. Y.

WINDOW SHADES.

White,
Buff,
Green
and Blue Holland,
Gold
and Frescoed Shades.
Bray's,
Putnam's,
Bailey's,
and Judd's
Patent Fixtures,
At G. L. & J. B. KELTY'S,
Window Shade Manufacturers,
No. 359 Broadway, New York.

LACE CURTAINS, Nottingham Curtains, Brocatelle Curtains, Rep Curtains, Terry Curtains, Satin Delaine Curtains, — Wholesale and retail, at KELTY'S, 359 Broadway.

Attention, Soldiers!



In solid 18 k. gold, $3 50.

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Adress

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.





50,000 Agents Wanted.

One Agent wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, with a Circular giving full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Pin, or Guard Chain, or an Engraved Spring Locket, or a Seal Stone, California Diamond, or Chased Ring, or a fine Gold California Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Co., and Reg., handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kearney Cross in Gold Plate; and, for 50 cents, I will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS, male or female, SOLDIERS, and all having some time to spare, are particularly requested, as a FAVOR, to send us their address, and we will send in return, FREE, information for which they will be THANKFUL. We offer EXTRA INDUCEMENTS. From $6 to $15 per day ABOVE EXPENSES. We want addresses from EVERY COUNTY in the U. S., and from EVERY REGIMENT in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 3131, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 22, 32, and $43. Send for a Circular to the
LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.



495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The **Grover & Baker Machines** have taken the **First Premium** at the late State Fairs held in

NEW YORK,	ILLINOIS,	KENTUCKY,
NEW JERSEY,	MICHIGAN,	TENNESSEE,
PENNSYLVANIA,	IOWA,	VIRGINIA,
OHIO,	MISSOURI,	NORTH CAROLINA,
INDIANA.	ALABAMA,	CALIFORNIA.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
$500 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
$200 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
$500 "	2 00 to 5 00 each.
$300 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$300 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$600 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$600 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$800 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$800 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$800 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
$800 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
$100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
$600 Watch Keys	3 00 to 4 00 each.
$600 Fob and Ribbon Slides	3 00 to 4 00 each.
$600 Sets of Studs	3 00 to 4 00 each.
$600 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 4 00 each.
$600 Chain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
$600 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 4 00 each.
$600 Lockets	2 00 to 5 00 each.
$600 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
$1000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ed Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
$1000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed, and when ordered, are taken at random, and forwarded to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will know what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, the sum of 25 cents must be inclosed with each the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10, and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

$15 Sewing Machine Company

Now furnish the Exclusive Right of any County (not taken), and the machines,

1 Case, containing twelve (12)	$75
1 " " six (6)	$40

Single Machine for Canvassing $10

FIFTEEN DOLLAR S. M. CO., N. Y., Union Box 283 P. O.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ART ARTICLE required, on the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Percussion Caps, Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will Observe, on receipt of 20 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, FREMONT, BUTTERFIELD, BANKS, HOOKER, HALLECK, SIGOURNEY, SCHENCK; ADMIRALS FORTER, FOOTE, DUPONT, or any of the leading OFFICERS in the ARMY and NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PATENT IVORINE.—This excellent article, being tough, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive bone, will relieve the tedium of the Camp and the Hospital. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10,00.

SINGLE BADGES. 15 cents.

Send free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.

111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,

NEW YORK CITY.

Send free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by

S. D. WELLING, No. 507 Centre St., New York.

Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required—Needlework and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates. profit for 1-0 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars and circulars of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO, BROWN, No. 74 Dinckler Street, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.,

Have just Published:

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF

"AURORA FLOYD" AND "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

8vo, Paper, 50 Cents.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Fifty Cents.*

Office 429 Broadway.

The "Ridgewood" Patent Smoking Case.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe and Stem*, Matches and *Pipe Cleaner*, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by means of a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case*. Nothing can excel its *comfort and utility for Smokers*. It is of various styles, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $3 50, and $5 75, to $3 75 and $6 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. It is substantially made *for service*, and never what it promises for all *Smokers, at home or abroad*, in the ARMY or NAVY, *a Liberal Discount to Dealers*. *Single Cases* sent by mail or Express, *paid*, on receipt of price and 25 cents.

The Attention of Sutlers is particularly invited to these Goods.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,

Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs and Show Cards, with Pencils or Brush at low prices. Office 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 61 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents, and also by CLAGE & LEAVITT, 39 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.



French (Solitaire) Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, &c., and engraved with Solitaire Letters, Old English, &c. Complete set $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 493 Broadway, New York.

Agents and Dealers.

SOMETHING NEW.—Potent Apple and Vegetable Parer and Slicer combined, for Peeling, Coring, Work and Napkin Holder, and 29 more Novel Articles. Send stamp for Circular. D. W. RICH & CO., Boston, Mass.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.

The subscribers manufacture TYPE REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines, Bed and Platen

POWER PRESSES,

For Book, Job, and News Printing.

They would also call the attention of publishers of newspapers to their new

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS

and their Single

LARGE HAND CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, either of which is admirably adapted to supply newspapers of a moderate circulation with a cheap and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing quick and handsome job work of an cost of town offices. They are designed to run by hand, at a speed of 250 copies an hour, and at this rate will run without jar or noise.

Circulars of prices, with description, will be forwarded on application.

R. HOE & CO.,

Printers' and Binders' Warehouse,

No. 29 and 31 Gold Street,

Corner Broome, Sheriff, and Columbia Sts., New York,

And Foundry Street, Boston, Mass.

Publishers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement thirteen times in their weekly papers, with this notice pointing to January 1, 1864, and forward us a copy of paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials by purchasing four times the amount of their bill for this advertisement.

Deafness.—*Sound Magnifying Tubes.* Can be concealed, and enables deaf persons to hear at public assemblies. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to

E. HASLAM, 32 John St., New York.

$15 Per Day Easy $15 And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our tremendous *popular, successful, and valuable* extra large size FREE STAY-SUSPENDERS, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOVELTY PACKAGES, containing free Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writers, Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gold Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Receipts, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package only 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from $10 to $200 per cent. PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express to be ALL PAID at the Army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW CIRCULAR containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. B. C. RICKARDS & CO., 1023 NASSAU ST., New York. Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Soldiers' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver $1. Solid Silver, $1.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $3 50 each.

Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, $1 50.

Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1. Solid Silver, $1 50.





Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Terms Cash (a reference). Send for a Catalogue.

Address **J. G. PACKARD & CO.,**

261 Broadway, New York.

The Standard American Billiard Table.



Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1859. The best and only reliable billiard tables manufactured. Slate, Cushion and correct article relating to billiards, for sale by FRIELAN & COLLENDER, corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, New York.

Mr. Kice Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall Term opens Oct. 5th, 1863. For circulars address A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

TWO WORKS

Sent by mail.

No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Sick and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Preserving Health, &c. Price $1. Engravings. Price $1.

2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Diseases, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Dropsy, &c., with many Valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages. 6 engravings. Price $1 00. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, Cannon, Flags, &c., and you can play all the standard games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The trade supplied. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

465 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

A NEW STORY

By a great

American Authoress

Is now ready in the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

ENTITLED

The Calcraft Property,

By

Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield,

author of

Household of Bouverii.

The thousands of admirers of her great work HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERII, should not fail to read the opening chapters of

The Calcraft Property,

A Record of Kentucky.

Written expressly for the

NEW YORK WEEKLY.

For sale everywhere.

Incomparably the best Book about the War.—*Washington Chronicle.*

A faithful Picture of the Soldier's actual daily Life in the Camp, the Fight, and on the March.—*Christian Inquirer.*

THE BIVOUAC

AND

THE BATTLE-FIELD;

OR,

Campaign Sketches of Virginia and Maryland.

BY

Captain George F. Noyes.

12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send this work by mail postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 25.

Captain Noyes's Bivouac and Battle-field is a record of the personal experience of one of General Doubleday's first staff in Virginia, told to simply, nimbly, and graphically, that the reader will at once comprehend the daily routine of a soldier in active service. It is full of anecdote, of incident, of striking descriptions, and is a most delightful and instructive volume.

From the Christian Inquirer.

We have seen no account which conveys so faithful a picture of a soldier's actual daily life in the camp, the fight, and on the march.* * There is a general tone of cheerfulness and manliness in the record, and we cordially recommend it to those infected with despondency; and his resilience to seize the humorous side of campaign life and the book a sprightliness eminently calculated to make it pleasant reading.*

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The battle-pictures are very fine, and the philosophic comments admirable.

From the Portland Transcript.

His pictures of camp-life and of the battle-field are the most vivid and life-like we have seen. He evidently learns from the battle of South Mountain is a remarkable specimen of word-painting.

From the Washington Chronicle.

Incomparably the best book we have yet seen about the war and its varied scenes. We have read it with intense interest, and have learned more from it of what war is than we had thought it possible to learn even from books. So complete is the spell of the truthful narrative that one seems to accompany the author and see all that he saw, and almost feel all that he felt.**

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

The New Books of the Season

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.*

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By Miss BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan. With numerous Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain GEORGE F. NOYES. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By SHUTTLEWORTH KAY, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. HUTCHISON, Author of "Olive Blake's Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. *New and Second* ready. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00

Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Two Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

Back Numbers and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00

One Copy for Two Years 3 00

And an Extra Copy until be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for Ingtin, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



WANTED—AN ŒDIPUS.

THE SOUTHERN SPHINX. "NOW, MASSA CONFEDERATE, what are you gwine to do with me?"

FISK & HATCH.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities, AND AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN, No. 38 Wall Street.

Orders received for Five-Twenty Bonds at *Par*, interest to commence with date of payment.

U. S. 7.30 Treasury Notes.

" One Year Certificates.

" Six per Cent. Bonds of 1881.

And all other Government Securities bought, sold, and constantly on hand.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received on favorable terms.

Special attention given to the Collection of Government Vouchers, Quartermasters' Checks, and mustering Certificates of Indebtedness.

FISK & HATCH, 38 Wall Street.

Straightforward!

Read

Lincoln's Letters on National Questions.

I. To General McClellan.—II. To Horace Greeley.—III. To Fernando Wood.—IV. To the Albany Committee.—V. To Governor Seymour.—VI. To the Springfield Meeting.

A neat 12mo pamphlet. Price, post-paid, 3 cents; Two Copies, 10 cents. Stamps received. Sold by all News Agents.

H. H. LLOYD & CO., Publishers, 81 John St., N. Y.

From the N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10, 1863.

"One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered.

Magic Time OBSERVERS!

The Perfection of Mechanism

HUBBARD BROS. IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

DEDUCE A HUNDRED, OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH CONSISTED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty, of which we are the only consignees in this country! In this watch is not connected with its mechanism its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The case of this watch is composed of two metals, the exterior the color of fine 18 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time-piece. Its size is convenient, measuring but two inches across it. Price, expertly engraved, per case of half dozen, $264. Sample Watches, in neat Morocco Cases, $50. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

TERMS: CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers, *Iron Safes, cor. Courtlandt Street, N. Y.*



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N.Y.,

15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,

47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Stubbs' Ointment, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 30 cents. Address C. C. STUBBS, Troy, N. Y.

A Bad Breath—The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

H. T. PETTELER & CO., 21 and 35 Dey Street, N. Y., and for Sale by all Druggists.

American Enamelled Metallic Collar Co.,

No. 94 Pine Street, New York.

Are now manufacturing their splendid Collars, which for shape, appearance, and durability are FAR IN ADVANCE of anything heretofore produced.

They are the inventors and manufacturers of the only real "TURN-OVER" COLLAR ever offered.

These Collars are infinitely SUPERIOR TO STEEL, being more flexible, and the method by which they are manufactured BEING A NON-CONDUCTOR, renders them free from the objectionable feature of the steel collar, viz.: the courting of that dangerous element, electricity, in the shape of lightning. Unless it be a "Choker," for $1 50 for a genuine "half turn-over" collar, to the AMERICAN ENAMELLED METALLIC COLLAR COMPANY, Box No. 5173 New York City Post Office, and receive it by return mail.

They are the inventors and manufacturers of the only real "TURN-OVER" COLLAR ever offered.

These Collars are infinitely SUPERIOR TO STEEL, being more flexible, and the method by which they are manufactured BEING A NON-CONDUCTOR, renders them free from the objectionable feature of the steel collar, viz.: the courting of that dangerous element, electricity, in the shape of lightning. Unless it be a "Choker," for $1 50 for a genuine "half turn-over" collar, to the AMERICAN ENAMELLED METALLIC COLLAR COMPANY, Box No. 5173 New York City Post Office, and receive it by return mail.

PHYSIOGNOMY,

OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER, and "How to Read Them;" Physiology, the functions of the body; Phrenology, the organs of the brain; Ethnology, the races of man; and Pyrhology, the science of the soul, are given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Vol. 38 (now), commenced July. $1 50 a year. Single number, 15 cents, by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

EDWARD ALLEN 1846 IND. VOS

Annexed is a fac-simile design of the SOLDIER'S COMPANY PIN. The letter representing the COMPANY is in BOLD RELIEF, and very conspicuous.

The undersigned will forward to any soldier one of the above pins in solid silver, with name and regiment clearly engraved upon it, on receipt of **One Dollar.**

For CORPS BADGES, see inside.

Address J. G. PACKARD & CO., 293 Broadway, N. Y.

THE BEST CHANCE FOR AGENTS TO MAKE money is on Mrs. Stephens' Great Work, the Pictorial History of the War for the Union. It is the work for the people. It is meeting with an unprecedented success. For particulars and agency, address JOHN G. WELLS, 165 William Street, New York.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., are awarded a *first prize medal* at the late World's International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and ninety-one pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinways' endorsement by the Jurors is *emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.*"

A Splendid New Book for Boys!

"The Drummer Boy

Is a story of Marmaduke Bluewing's adventures in North Carolina—a boy's book—full of stirring adventure and rapid incident—of daring and enthusiasm of the young hero is painted in vivid colors."—New York Evening Post.

Elegantly illustrated. Price $1 66.

Just published by J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, and sold at all book-stores.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be sent, postage paid, for $2 50; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3 50. Address,

HENRY CRAIG,
315 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

BENJAMIN'S GOLD MEDAL TRUSS is deserving of, as it has always received, the highest premium. It retains the worst rupture with ease without pressure upon the cord or spine. Never rusts nor weakens from use. It cures all recent and many long standing cases. No. 1 Bareday Street, N. Y., opposite the Astor House, *formerly of 14 Eardsman Street.*

WATCHES FREE. $15 Per Day Easy $15

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to your friend in the Army. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can create a splendid business by it.* Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, and made money for. A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper, presented free to all agents.* Package in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. See "$15 per day Easy" on inside page.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 189 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Gold Pens and Cases,

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' Pens-	$ 75	Engrossing Pens	$2 00
Med. "	1 00	Union "	2 50
Large "	1 25	Mammoth "	3 00
Commercial Pens	1 50	Commercial Eureka	2 25
Large Eureka "	1 75	Mammoth Eureka	2 50

The above Pens are 14 carats fine, and warranted perfect in every respect for 1 year. A written guarantee accompanies each Pen. These Pens are well known in the mercantile community for the last (10) Ten years, and the subscriber believes, from the number of unsolicited testimonials given him, that they are the best Pen ever in use, or he would not be able to give them the guarantee he does. Send for a circular, before purchasing elsewhere, giving the exact sizes and prices of the various styles of Pens and Cases. Pens made to order to suit any hand or style of writing. Beware of the imitation Johnson Pens and Cases. Pens sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Pens reprinted on the receipt of 36 Cts.

E. S. JOHNSON,
Manufactory and Office, 15 Maiden Lane,
New York City.

Fish's Patent Lamp Heating APPARATUS.

Every Family should have One.

For descriptive circulars and Price List, address W. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 306 Pearl St., N. Y. Agents wanted.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.

Address

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BARNUM'S, Corner of Fulton and Nassau, New York.

NOW READY.
New Edition Revised.
U. S. ARMY REGULATIONS;

With an Appendix containing the Changes and Laws affecting Army Regulations and Articles of War to June 30, 1863. Official. One volume octavo, pages 594, price $1 50. For sale by Booksellers and Newsdealers everywhere. Sent free on receipt of price.

Address GEORGE W. CHILDS, Publisher,
628 & 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

N. B. The old edition is now obsolete.

$22 WATCHES. $22

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Coin Silver, heavy Hunting Case, *warranted*, for $22. Retail price $30.

Genuine Full Jewelled American Lever Watches, in 4 ounce Coin Silver Hunting Case, gold joint, for $30. Also every variety of good watches, at equally low rates. All orders from the army must be prepaid, as the express companies will not take Bills for Collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway New York.

How to Paint Photographs.

A NEW WORK.

Just published. Price 10 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists' supply-men, and Stock Dealers, and sent, post-paid, by the publisher.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil, Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Grapes, Peaches, &c., to be seen—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate—59 acre tracts of from $10 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good Schools and society. Good crops can be seen growing. Hundreds are settling. On account of extreme sickness of climate, it is highly beneficial to pulmonary complaints. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, F.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts in on almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

Patent Fountain Brush, for Marking Boxes, Bundles, &c. Size 3½ by 6. F. P. CLARK & CO., Northampton, Mass.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

STEEL COLLARS

AND CUFFS, ENAMELLED LILY WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, sent by Post to any part of the Union on receipt of $1.15.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 B'way, N. Y.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24. $30, $36, & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and large assortment of different styles of shirting and colors sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS,

the largest assortment in New York, $2 76, $3, $3 75 each; all cut one size full.

A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage must be enclosed—25 cents for each Shirt.

Send the size of your neck.

ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

$1, $1 25, $2 25, and $2 50.

SCOTCH LAMBS' WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

S. W. H. WARD, 387 Broadway, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF L.Y.D.S.
Lustrumous,

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,

Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body*, gives *Tone to the Nervous System*, and *Health to every Channel, Joint, and Limb.*

Over 100,000 bottles of this medicine cured.

Depot, 130 CHATHAM ST., N. Y. Sold 563 GRAND ST. Beware of IMITATIONS. YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Use no other. Established 1846. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

The Great Secret for soldiers. Mailed for 10 cents. Address WM. PUTTEN, Box 1945, Philadelphia, Pa.

IMMENSE PROFITS!

Can be made selling our New Large Stationery Prize Packets. A Splendid Premium given to all who act as Agents. Send for our New Circular.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 189 Beekman St., N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $10. Each watch sealed in the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 35 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. Those who want one that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all their engagements."

All kinds Sewing Machine Needles, at 25 cts. per dozen. J. BARTLETT'S,
The only GENERAL NEEDLE DEPOT, 643 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 355.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



RECEPTION OF THE COMMON COUNCIL COMMITTEE BY ADMIRAL LISOVSKI ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "ALEXANDER NEVSKI."—[SEE PAGE 662.]

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they can not fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequaled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign states, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed every where, except in the theatre of military conflict, while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

The needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people; I do, therefore, invite my fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth. Abraham Lincoln.

By the President:
William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 17, 1863.

A RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

THE fundamental principle of the foreign policy of the United States has always been to beware of entangling foreign alliances. It was Washington who laid down the principle, and Presidents and statesmen of all parties have uniformly adhered to it ever since. Of that principle the natural corollary was the Monroe doctrine, which, though it was not proclaimed till twenty years after Washington's time, has nevertheless taken as deep root as a part of our national policy as the parental doctrine from which it sprang.

We all dislike to see any principle of policy settled by the Father of the Country being brought into question; but still it is obvious that, as the world has kept on moving since Washington's time, there must be a great portion of his work which, though perfect enough in his day, has, by the advancement of civilization and the changes in the world's condition and circumstances, been rendered susceptible of improvement now. Is it not possible that this dread of "entangling foreign alliances" may have been wiser or more natural seventy years ago than it is now?

When Washington lived steam, telegraphs, and railroads were unknown, and the United States were thirty days' distant from the nearest part of Europe. An alliance offensive and defensive with a European nation might have obliged us to send fleets and armies to points forty, fifty, and sixty days' distance from home—a risk not to be encountered on any condition short of absolute necessity. Again, in Washington's time intelligence circulated slowly. One nation knew little of another; and peoples separated by an ocean were absolutely ignorant of the most common features of each other's idiosyncrasy. It is easy to understand why Washington sought to guard the nation he had so largely helped to create against alliances with strangers as ignorant of our views and purposes as we were of theirs. And again, in his time the United States were so far separated from the rest of the world that their very isolation was ample protection against foreign attack. No European nation could hope to carry on war against them, at a distance of 3000 or 4000 miles from their base, with any reasonable hope of substantial success. So protected, we needed no foreign allies, and had we entered into alliances, the gain would all have been on the side of our ally.

But three quarters of a century have changed all this. We are now within fifteen days of almost any part of the coast of Europe. During this war we have sent out naval expeditions on as long voyages as from here to Liverpool or Brest. It was further from London to Balaclava than from Liverpool to New York. Steam has placed Europe and America within easy striking distance of each other, and the ocean is no longer a protection against hostile attack. The telegraph and the spread of intelligence have, moreover, made us all familiar with the position, policy, views, and purposes of each other. We know precisely what a foreign alliance might involve. Furthermore, we are no longer isolated from the rest of the world. Our commerce, and our steadily increasing communication with all parts of the world, have made us part and parcel of the great civilized community of mankind; nothing which happens any where is now indifferent to us, and our transactions interest all the rest of the world.

It seems quite doubtful, under these circumstances, whether we can possibly much longer maintain the position of proud isolation which Washington coveted; and it is pretty certain, as things are now shaping, that if we do we shall lose as much as we gain by doing so.

The cardinal principle of the policy of the Western Powers of Europe is a steady offensive and defensive alliance. France and England—was Louis Napoleon's calculation—if heartily united, can rule the world. That alliance, formed by the Emperor, was maintained through the Crimean war and the Chinese war, and was more lately exemplified in the recognition of the Southern rebels by both Powers conjointly. If the Slave Confederacy is recognized the recognition will be simultaneous at London and Paris, the calculation being that the United States could not afford to make war on both the Western Powers. The alliance of the Western Powers is in fact, if not in name, a hostile combination against the United States.

What is our proper reply to this hostile combination? When Lee reinforced Bragg we replied by sending two corps of the Army of the Potomac to Rosecrans. Would it not be wise to meet the hostile alliance of the Western Powers of Europe by an alliance with Russia? France and England united can do and dare much against Russia alone or the United States alone; but against Russia and the United States combined what could they do?

The analogies between the American and the Russian peoples have too often been described to need further explanation here. Russia, like the United States, is a nation of the future. Its capabilities are only just being developed. Its national destiny is barely shaped. Its very institutions are in their cradle, and have yet to be modeled to fit advancing civilization and the spread of intelligence. Like the United States, Russia is in the agonies of a terrible transition: the Russian serfs, like the American negroes, are receiving their liberty; and the Russian boiars, like the Southern slave-owners, are mutinous at the loss of their property. When this great problem shall have been solved, and the Russian people shall consist of 100,000,000 of intelligent, educated human beings, it is possible that Russian institutions will have been welded by the force of civilization into a similarity with ours. At that period the United States will probably also contain 100,000,000 of educated, intelligent people. To two such peoples, firmly bound together by an alliance as well as by traditional sympathy and good feeling, what would be impossible? Certainly the least of the purposes which they could achieve would be to keep the peace of the world, and prevent the ambition of despots or the knavery of shopkeepers from embroiling nations in useless wars.

At the present time Russia and the United States occupy remarkably similar positions. A portion of the subjects of the Russian empire, residing in Poland, have attempted to secede and set up an independent national existence, just as our Southern slave-owners have tried to secede from the Union and set up a Slave Confederacy; and the Czar, like the Government of the Union, has undertaken to put down the insurrection by force of arms. In that undertaking, which every Government is bound to make under penalty of national suicide, Russia, like the United States, has been thwarted and annoyed by the interference of France and England. The Czar, like Mr. Lincoln, nevertheless perseveres in his purpose; and, being perfectly in earnest and determined, has sent a fleet into our waters, in order that, if war should occur, British and French commerce should not escape as cheaply as they did in the Crimean contest. We run no similar risk of being blockaded in the event of war with England and France, and need not send our squadrons away; but still we are preparing, in our way, by the construction of fast cruisers and heavy iron-clads.

An alliance between Russia and the United States at the present time would probably relieve both of us from all apprehensions of foreign interference. It is not likely that it would involve either nation in war. On the contrary, it would probably be the best possible guarantee against war. It would be highly popular in both countries, and it is hard to see what practical dangers it could involve.

The reception given last week in this city to Admiral Lisovski and his officers will create more apprehension at the Tuileries and at St. James than even the Parrott gun or the capture of the *Atlanta*. If it be followed up by diplomatic negotiations, with a view to an alliance with the Czar, it may prove an epoch of no mean importance in history

THE LOUNGER.

OUR PLATFORM.

New York, *September* 29, 1863.

Since its first issue myself and family have been constant readers of your valuable *Weekly*, and the general character of its illustrations, selected and original reading matter, have been unexceptionable; but I have noticed, within a recent period, that you begin to dabble in the dirty pool of partisan politics, and thus lower the high character your paper has attained, and render it unfit for a place upon the centre table, or to be read by those that assemble around the family altar. Sincerely believing this, I have been compelled to exclude it from my house more in sorrow than anger, for, until recently, it was there a welcome visitor.

I would not be understood as questioning your right to publish what you please. But I deny the right of a public journal, that boasts of its neutrality in matters political, under that guise to publish articles, in regard to men and things, utterly devoid of truth, and in language that would disgrace the lowest partisan political journal in the land. If you are to publish a political journal let it be known, and the public will know what they buy, and not under the guise of illustrations seek to force upon them sentiments political that are unpalatable to those who do not think as you may, and not in accordance with their views of principle and party.

Yours,
Henry E. Smith.

Dear Mr. Smith,—*Harper's Weekly* is issued every week, and sold for six cents a copy. The illustrations are always worth more than that money; and if any purchaser does not like the sentiments he finds here he can abstain from any future purchase. You, Mr. Smith, ought to understand that you confer no favor upon any body but yourself in buying the paper, and that no sentiments are "forced" upon any body "under the guise of illustrations" or in any way whatever.

You say that the paper, notwithstanding its professions, dabbles in party politics. The remark betrays your sympathies. The country is in mortal peril from a conspiracy to overthrow the Government and to perpetuate Slavery. The stability of that Government is the security of all the rights and property of the citizens. Its defense, therefore, is not only the instinct of patriotism and honor, but of individual interest. But the defense of the Government is in no sense a party measure, except as it tends to bring to grief the party of rebels, Copperheads, and foreign enemies. Instinctively, therefore, and with the consent of all our convictions and faculties, we support the Government. It is not because it is Democratic or Republican, but because it is the Constitutional Government of the United States. If General Dix, a life-long Democrat, were President, we should do exactly what we do when Abraham Lincoln, a life-long Whig, fills the chair. It is not a question of persons or of parties, but of principle and of national existence.

We support also every necessary measure of war. We are, indeed, most sincerely rejoiced that the war waged upon the Government to secure the supremacy of slavery offers the opportunity for settling the eternal vexation of our history, and the constant menace of our peace and permanence, by overthrowing slavery itself. Our conscience and common sense alike approve the emancipation policy. But we support it not as a party measure, for it is not one. There are plenty of the President's political friends who did not like it. We support it not as a Democratic or Republican policy, but as the policy of common sense happily authorized by the Constitution. And upon this ground we stand side by side with the most eminent Democrats, such as Generals Butler, Logan, Grant, Rosecrans, and Burnside, who know exactly what the war demands.

In thus supporting the Government and its policy, in the war of self-defense against the foulest rebellion, we are of course the enemies of all its enemies, whether they are rebels or Copperheads, Englishmen or Frenchmen. We especially denounce and pursue Horatio Seymour, because he is the chosen representative of the policy which aims to pinion the arms of the Government while the rebellion stabs it to the heart. We oppose him, earnestly and constantly, because, in a crisis when national danger should obliterate all party lines, he is a persistent and shameless political partisan. We oppose him because, in all this fierce and momentous struggle, no sincere word of sympathy for his country, or her defenders, or her cause has even by chance dropped from his lips or pen; because all his words justify treason and palliate rebellion, and all his acts perplex the Government and prolong the war; because he is openly counted by the rebel leaders and papers as one of their "friends;" and because the most disloyal, dangerous, and criminal of the population are called by him "friends" of his own. We oppose Horatio Seymour for precisely the same reasons that we do Jefferson Davis, because we believe him to be an enemy of the Government, and because he openly declares that he would rather see the Union dissolved than slavery destroyed. We do not oppose him as a Democrat any more than we oppose Judah Benjamin as a Democrat, but as we combat Vallandigham as an accessory to national dishonor and ruin. We do not oppose him as a Democrat, because John A. Dix, Joseph Holt, and Andrew Johnson are quite as good Democrats as Horatio Seymour, and we stand by them shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart.

What we say to you here, and now, has been said a hundred times in this paper. There is nothing equivocal in its position. It knows no party but the country, no politics but all measures necessary for its salvation.

Yours truly,
Dear Mr. Smith,
The Lounger.

STUDY FOR A COPPERHEAD EDITORIAL.

We have fallen upon evil times. We assist at the death-throes of the republic. From the moment when Abraham Lincoln haughtily refused to invite our outraged Southern brothers to state upon what terms they would consent to remain in the Union our doom has been sealed. *Carthago delenda est!* Not content with overrunning the fair fields of the South with an army which our Southern brothers, in their circumstances, may be pardoned for calling a Vandal horde—not satisfied with the effort, which history will fitly characterize, to plunge peaceful Southern society into the blackest gulf of massacre, rape, and fire, Abraham Lincoln, whom our naturally exasperated Southern brothers stigmatize with characteristic poetic fervor as a gorilla, has not hesitated to trample upon all law, all securities of social order, all the guaranteed rights of American citizens, turning the entire North into a huge Bastile, a colossal continental dungeon, which echoes and re-echoes continually with the moans and cries or the futile shouts of indignation of the oppressed but helpless people beneath his heel.

We have not failed in our duty. We have warned and again warned the American people in the most solemn manner that they were in mortal peril from this man whom our warm-blooded and excited Southern brothers have often picturesquely described as a drunken ape. But our advice to the country has been in vain. We have mourned to our fellow-citizens, and they have not wept. And now behold the result! The last sublime point of audacity has been scaled by the fanatical feet of him whom our brothers of the South, with startling emphasis, have, with what justice let time determine, denounced as the tyrant Lincoln.

The Confiscation Act, the atrocious, absurd, and inoperative Emancipation Act (alas for the delicate wives and daughters of the sunny South!), and the Habeas Corpus Suspension were blows under which this unhappy land still staggers—the recreant land, which sees a noble martyr and exile sighing upon the Canadian shore, and yet does not in thunder tones cry to him, "Come over and help us!"

But these were only the ring and the halter by which the country and our liberties were to be drawn down to receive the finishing blow. That has at last descended. America is discrowned among the nations. We are lost forever, unless under the leadership of tried statesmen, a Seymour, a Wood and his brother, a Vallandigham, and a Wickliffe, we strike a despairing blow and conquer the conqueror.

Details are useless. In the universal wreck why specify any single loss? But the final damning proof of the utter subserviency of the present imbecile Administration to the rankest Puritan fanaticism is the proclamation for Thanksgiving! What is Thanksgiving? It is a Yankee, Puritan, Roundhead, sniveling, snuffling, canting, hypocritical institution. It smells of baked beans, roast turkey, and Indian pudding, not to say pumpkin-pies and soft custards. Pah! We desire in all coolness to see the Constitutional warrant for such an appalling innovation upon national customs. We call for chapter and verse. It is an outrageous and illegal ebullition of that Roundhead spirit of Phariseeism which incessantly bloats New England conceit. Why, let us ask—why should we return thanks for the wasted fields and desolate homes of our Southern brothers? Why should we be glad that England stops the Confederate rams? Are we grown such caitiffs that we are unwilling to give fair play to an honorable antagonist? O tempora! O mores!

But is it possible that the despotism under which we live—or, rather, die—has so paralyzed our faculties that we do not see the claw in this smooth-seeming paw? Is not this Thanksgiving notoriously a *State institution?* Was it not always appointed by the Puritan Governors and their imitators? And shall we, without a murmur, see the Washington tyranny sweep this poor State-right away? Awake, freemen! Arise, ye oppressed! Let the imperial State of New York rally around her beloved and honored head. Let him take up the gauge so scornfully hurled at him and at our sovereignty, and say to Lincoln and his minions, in their teeth, that the people of the country have had enough of Yankee fanaticism, of Puritanism, and of cant, and are resolved to vindicate the majesty of State rights, and to appeal to the hearts of our betrayed Southern brothers, which yearn for the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is, and to insist upon their mentioning the terms of their submission. Could we but see Seymour President, Robert Toombs Secretary of State, General Lee in the War Department, and Fernando Wood in the Treasury, we should feel sure that the country was redeemed, and that we should have no more occasion for canting Thanksgiving proclamations.

THE FRENCH PAMPHLET.

The late French pamphlet by Michel Chevalier has been wisely translated and printed in the New York *Times*. It treats the United States as the Czar treated Turkey. Turkey was a mortally sick man upon whose estate Russia must administer. So, in Mr. Chevalier's view, speaking unquestionably what the Emperor wishes to have generally believed, the United States Government is virtually overthrown, and France must "consecrate final separation." It is impossible for any American but a rebel or a Copperhead to read this shameless pamphlet of one of Louis Napoleon's literary lackeys without a boiling of the blood. But we wish now, as briefly and coolly as possible, to state the substance of the work.

It is divided into four parts. The first begins by remarking that distant wars are always unpopular in France. Hence it is a second-rate colonial power. Frenchmen in war look to glory, and not to politics or business. When England and Spain withdrew from the treaty of Soledad, there was but one feeling of regret in France at the necessary war with Mexico. The active opponents

of the war said that France was going to impose a Government; and France, who was false to his oaths, and whose administration was deplorable, was represented as the choice of the Mexicans. It was said, too, that the Emperor was too adventurous, and the first ill-success at Puebla awoke the echoes of Napoleon Bourbon (Prince Napoleon's party), and endless calumnies were cast upon the project.

The war is more than justified by the wrongs of France. She aims to help the Mexicans choose a Government which pleases them. After the Puebla failure she resolved to have force enough to secure success. Others saw only glory in the plan, but Louis Napoleon had laid down a net policy. It his interference to Keep by that France wishes the United States well, but does not wish to see her the sole distributor of the products of the New World. She must oppose the absorption of the Southern by the Northern American States, and also the diminution of the Latin race upon the Western continent. The interest which carries France to Mexico has already given her sympathy to secession. The European army in Mexico is but the van-guard of a great commercial immigration. Napoleon III. has long planned what he is doing, and he will push it to its complete conclusion.

The second part of the pamphlet is devoted to a survey of the soil, climate, and resources of Mexico. Why are they not turned to better account by the Mexicans? Because anarchy is fomented by the leaders, and the people are too feeble in numbers for the territory; of these people, also, the Indians and Creoles are too lazy or tyrannical. The Mexican soil demands intelligent immigration and capital. Now the tranquillity and solidity of French institutions pushes away from us all these kinds of colonists. Give them protection, and they will go to Mexico. It is thus a national interest that takes France to Mexico; and whether the Mexican accepts or not, French influence will remain there. The French army carries to Mexico—1st, cohesion; 2d, order; 3d, industry; 4th, an army. At home the empire has utilized Socialism and conquered anarchy. It wishes to do this in Mexico: but it can not do it with profit and security until after the recognition of the Confederate States.

The third part opens by the remark that the war has shown Europe how much she was menaced by the power of the United States. At the same time she has learned how precarious is an industry which depends upon a single source of material, with all the vicissitudes which it is subject. France also has no particular interest in ending the war. She sees with satisfaction a great power destroying itself, and the fears for Canada, which, at the end of the war, the North might seize as compensation for the lost South. While the war lasts her commerce profits and she turns to her colonies. Peace is the time developing in India the cotton culture. She will not be the first to recognize the South. Her rejection by both the overtures of France to that and shows that. But France can only look to the South for cotton, which, for quality and abundance, is the best of all. This the Federals know, and the war is one of interest. Emancipation is a pretext to win the hands of Europe. If victorious, the Federals would not emancipate for fear of hurting the cotton culture. In Europe we understand their coarse and ferocious egotism. We see that the liberty they have at the North, and the Governor of Minnesota offers twenty-five dollars for an Indian scalp. If the Federals conquer, the Congress will suffer. The European power which first recognizes the Confederacy can exact conditions favorable to the blacks. If France be the first, humanity and progress are secure. Emancipation at some time will come from the alliance of cotton, France and the Confederates. Besides, slavery need be no bar to recognition. France has cordial relations with many slaveholding states, and the Northern States saw long ago this result of emancipation from the alliance of some foreign power with the South. Mr. Monroe declared that war but a policy of insurance against civilization.

The men of the North have destroyed every guarantee of liberty in order to hold the position which yield them a support. The model republic is gone. The men of the North' would never confess the magnitude of the rent of the South, for the latter have furnished the great statesmen and most of the Presidents. They are mere peddlers, and look for gain by its intelligence and would destroy the rampart against *Europeanism*, the North would even annihilate the Confederate States, that is the North which has supported Jeanre in Mexico. The war in America can serve France only if it ends in separation. *At first*, the Confederates will be our allies against the North; *second*, Mexico in our hands and the North kept off, will do all she can; *third*, our manufacturers will be sure of cotton.

The fourth part declares that the American question must be solved at once. There is no time possible in the reconstruction of the Union. The North is powerless in ideas, arms, and organization, and can not subdue the South. Consequently separation ends the war. While Europe believed that the United States were invincible, it was right not to do nothing. But the South has made out its policy, its programme, and its rights; the peculiar interest of France conforms to it; and the moment she recognizes the Confederate States their force is increased five-fold. The secondary commercial nations will follow, and if slavery had displeased them, they will be satisfied that humanity will be cared for when France leads. Spain, which owns Cuba, will follow. Austria, of Maximilian accept, will, of course, assent. And England will not refuse. The North will abandon the struggle, and in case of need the French military marine would support those diplomatic acts.

As a discussion of French Mexican and American policy this pamphlet, of which we have given a faithful analysis, is rather brilliant nor forcible. It is merely a painful special plea for a foregone conclusion. It suggests and sounds public sentiment in France. In no other way does it help Louis Napoleon to answer the question upon which depends the peace of the world, whether he will remain in Mexico. To say it is to imperil France. To go is to endanger himself.

A YEAR TOO LATE.

IT is hinted in the *Index*, the rebel organ in London, and by a newspaper correspondent from Baltimore, who seems to have had extensive conversations with the rebel managers, that it is not impossible that Davis will in some way try the experiment of overthrowing slavery. In a speech delivered two years ago Mr. Wendell Phillips said that Davis would certainly do it, and he urged it as a reason for our pushing the start of him. The rebels are already too late.

By such an act the entire theory of the rebellion falls. That theory is that slavery is the foundation of liberty; that the doctrine of the United States Government is impossible and false; and that in the Southern States no relation between whites and blacks is possible except that of slavery. Moreover, all the pretense of revolution disappears with such an act. The constitutional right of secession having been proved to be simply the constitutional right of anarchy, the only pretext left to the rebels was the right of revolution against an apprehended oppression, which was to consist in some undefined action on the subject of law. Then the rebels arm and free slaves, therefore, they confess that they can not build upon the corner-stone they have so vaunted, and that the key of the arch they do the very thing themselves the fear of which from others they allege as a justification of this bloody war.

Of course no considerations of logic or common sense would influence them in so momentous an act. They would do it for reasons, as we have seen, agree throws his tomahawk at a victorious foe.

But how many hands can they spare from their corn-fields? How much do the slaves know of the scope of the war? How far can they be trusted with arms in their hands? How much do they believe of a promise of freedom? Which army will they suppose to be their true friend? Whose victory would they most desire would secure their liberty? In a word, will they believe Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis? These are a few of the questions which the rebel chiefs must ask themselves, and quake as they ask. They are questions which only the experiment can answer. But the slaves know part of the answer to the first question. The rebel subterfuge of emancipation would come too late.

MASTERS AND LACKEYS.

THE peace party, which burns Orphan Asylums and murders unarmed citizens, women, children, and children, and then, by the mouth of its leader, Fernando Wood, talks about the Prince of Peace and the Golden Rule, and says that the arrest of the rebels whose bloody treason it is trying to serve, the 13th of September a resolution was introduced into the Virginia House of Delegates for inquiring into the tone and temper of the people of the United States upon the subject of peace. The House, *by a unanimous vote*, put its foot upon the resolution.

These rebel gentlemen can not make their Northern lackeys understand. They told them long ago that they were willing to use them, but in their own way. After eighteen months of war the conviction of slavery has been firmly planted, they have signified that it will still be their pleasure to trade with the North. Mr. Vallandigham, brother of Vallandigham, only upon condition of holding their noses. They no more wish a renewal of association with our Northern citizens than the negroes they wish to live in their own slave-pens. Until they were ready to accept the terms which, they were, in their estimation, good enough cattle, like their other "servants," for their purposes. But having failed there, they will not be allowed to them. And now when the vaccine herd, breathing pain branches and fraternity, propose to share their manner with the contented and indignant masters can not kick them away.

It is not the first job which the rebel gentlemen have undertaken and could do. It is not the first to be consoled. The loyal people of the country will manage a spurious "peace" party as they manage an open rebellion. They will only *build to conclude that, under the Constitution, no Remnant can lose a right to the free enjoyment of his religion.*" And do you not see that the Constitution is a prohibiting conclusion? Because, he says, the Constitution has made the free enjoyment of religion one of the supreme laws of the land! Of course it is incredible. But you will find it upon page 85 of the bishop's book, and you will find it there, also, as you read, what Mr. Squeers said when there was very little breakfast, and that very bad, "Here's plenty to begin with."

In a large part of this notable volume the Bishop explains, defends, justifies, and commends the system which whips women to force them to work without wages, and sells their children to pay the debts of the whipper. The substance of this part was published by the "Democratic State Central Committee" of Pennsylvania, and was widely circulated in that State as a Copperhead campaign document, in company with a speech of Judge Woodward, the Copperhead candidate for Governor, in which he takes the same ground as the Bishop. The fact shows that the merits of our great controversy are most rapidly coming to light. The friend of the rebels, for whose success they prayed, and for whom every Copperhead voted, appeared as the open advocate of slavery, supported by a Bishop. But let us not fail to mention that the Bishop of Pennsylvania and his leading clergy did not hesitate to protest, as men and Christians and citizens, against the infamous views set forth by the Vermont Diocesan. The Bishop and the Judge, speaking for slavery, and consequently for rebellion, encountered also another tremendous antagonist. While they were talking smoothly about the "divine sanction and" the "singularly love" of this fraternal system of barbarism and the dark ages, and while the Copperheads carefully spread their talk before the people of Pennsylvania, the loyal men of that State issued a pamphlet, in which the truth is left to its consequences, and the sophisms of the clergyman and the politician were utterly scattered and demolished.

The way in which printing a few extracts from the Bishop's letter or the Judge's speech, and then illustrating them by copious and thrilling passages from the terrible book of Mrs. Kemble, "A Residence on a Georgian Plantation." It was an argument which no man was so dull that he could not comprehend. Every fireside in every remote nook of Pennsylvania, who had been taught that Democracy consisted in "loving niggers," and who therefore lent a willing ear to the divine and the lawyer theorizing about slavery, suddenly saw and felt to the bottom of their souls what slavery is. In every honest man in the land see it and feel it also, and the rebellion, with its Copperhead bulwark, would be swept away like a leaf by the ocean.

The Union and Loyal Leagues of this State can do the great cause no better service than a universal distribution of this Pennsylvania pamphlet, or of a cheap edition of Mrs. Kemble's book. Meanwhile, if any sincere man is troubled for a moment by the sophistry of the Bishop Hopkins, that argument that babies should be bred for sale, let him read Galileo's reply to the objective reply to the question, "Does the Bible sanction American slavery?"

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN returned to his command at Vicksburg September 14, and had an enthusiastic reception.

General PRICE is reported to have been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the rebel service.

General BURNSIDE has issued an order relieving all their commands, and ordered to report at Indianapolis. The 18th and 23d Army Corps, formerly under those officers, are consolidated, called the 4th Army Corps, and placed under command of General D. S. Stanley. A Court of Inquiry is to inquire into the conduct of the deposed generals at the 4th Army Corps.

A movement is on foot in Massachusetts to procure an appointment for Colonel ROBERT GOULD SHAW as a special recognition of the taking of Fort Hudson.

Lieutenant A. H. GRAY, Assistant-Quarter-master, has been promoted to the rank of Captain and ordered to the Department of the Gulf.

Mr. HENRY HOWARD, of Boston, reported to have been killed at Chattanooga, is a prisoner, supposed to be at Richmond. He is on the staff of Brigadier-General under Brigadier-General JOHN H. KING.

Captain ALEXANDER has assumed the command of the privateer *Florida* in consequence of ill-health. Lieutenant MAURY was lately relieved from it.

Brigadier-General ROBERT ANDERSON, in response to an inquiry from the War Department, has stated that the ship which he hauled down from Sumter on the occasion of its surrender to the rebels is still in his possession, and can never left the captaincy.

In 1858 four officers in our regular army, three of whom belonged to what is now the rebel service, received from exactly alike in pattern and workmanship, for their own use. Two of these swords belong to ROBERT E. LEE and General LEE—are now in the rebel army, and the other two—COLONEL CROSMAN and Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE H. PORTER—are in the army of the Union.

Major-General HALLECK, in the new Military Governor of Norfolk, arrived in that city on 30th ult., and entered upon the duties of his office.

Colonel ULRIC DAHLGREN arrived at Washington last week. His wound is of a very painful and complicated character. It was received in the recent Peninsular affair. It sides several other operations; but the surgeon is now sanguine of his speedy recovery. Colonel DAHLGREN'S father has been for some time anticipated.

General FREMONT has left the present continue his duties as Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, Brigadier-General MARCY is extremely difficult to dispense with his services.

Colonel JOHN DAHLGREN, who only a few days ago resumed command of his brigade of cavalry, has been relieved from that duty by order of the President.

Major CHARLES J. HOEY, Paymaster of Volunteers, who was summarily dismissed service, by order, we suppose, of the late Secretary, ascertained that the dismissal was all a hasty blunder. Major HOEY has since called on the same charges made against him, and has had the satisfaction of hearing the charges declared false. His reputation for integrity and ability is unsullied, and the Secretary of the Navy has ordered Paymaster-General Gihon to satisfactory and correct as those of any paymaster in the service.

A Board of Medical officers, to consist of Surgeons J. J. B. MCCAUSLAND, U.S.A., and Surgeon-in-Chief, and Surgeon J. M. CUYLER, U.S.A., has been ordered to convene at New York City on the 15th inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the examination of candidates for appointment as Assistant-Surgeons in the Army, and such Assistant-Surgeons as may be brought before it for promotion as Surgeons.

Lieutenant-Colonel DELANEY, of Cone's Georgia Legion, died on Friday, 9th inst., at Washington on his 8th day of a wound received in a recent skirmish on the Rapidan.

Major-General ROSECRANS, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on 30th ult. on a ten days' leave of absence. Hoeft General Granger, commanding the army of the Maryland Department. There is no foundation for the report of his resignation.

Major F. N. CLARKE, Fifth United States Artillery, is under orders to proceed to Boston, Massachusetts, and report to Major-General Dix, Chief of Recruiting Service, and Chief Mustering and Disbursing Officer of the State. Major W. H. SIDNEY, Fifth United States Infantry, proceeds to Louisville, Kentucky, on similar duty.

General DIX has ordered a Union meeting in Philadelphia on 20th ult. He rapidly reviewed the events of the past and his successes, and predicted that it would not be long before all the armies of the Union would be victorious. The great principle of self-defense compelled the Government to engage in this war.

General DIX arrived and entered at Port Scott on Wednesday, September 23. He will be there until the 29th of October, to finish the remaining business, and receive final settlement of the claims of the Kansas brigade.

A St. Louis letter says that the Department of Kansas will be commanded by General M'NEIL. General CURTIS declined the honor of succeeding BLUNT, who, report says, is under arrest.

FIRST-LIEUTENANT ARTHUR F. SMALL, Adjutant Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, First-Lieutenant ORDAL McDONALD, First Company Andrew's Sharp-Shooters, Captain SAMUEL VOTHERS, and Second-Lieutenant TIMOTHY REED, Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, have been cashiered for conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen. Witnesses, and breach of arrest.

The evidence in the case of General MCLEOD has been reviewed by the Judge-Advocate-General and submitted to the President for his decision, which has not yet been promulgated.

Colonel LAIRD, 54th Virginia Regiment (Confederate), has been dismissed the service by order of the President. He was Provost Marshal General of Fredericksburg south of Washington last winter, and was charged with malfeasance in office and disobedience of orders, for which he was tried and honorably acquitted; but General HOOKER, remanding the judgment, disapproved the finding of the court, alleging that the evidence adduced showed that the charges were conclusively proven. The case was referred to the President, who ordered Colonel TATE to be dismissed.

Colonel RAMSAY has been appointed Brigadier-General, and assigned to the charge of the Ordnance Bureau, which he has filled since the retirement of General RENO.

Colonel GILMORE, recently captured by the rebels, was attached to Governor Pierpoint's staff. He was at once subjourning at the house of a relative several miles from Alexandria.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHATTANOOGA.

AT last accounts both armies were confronting each other, and Generals Rosecrans and Longstreet were busy in defense in front of the town, while General Bragg was on the same line fortifying Missionary Ridge. General Rosecrans's reinforcements reached him on 5d, and his force is now believed to be the largest one.

The Richmond *Examiner* admits that General Rosecrans's position is impregnable, and that the only hope of the rebel General Imboden to cut off the communication between Rosecrans and his reinforcements on the Tennessee and Ohio Railroad had proved a failure.

BURNSIDE'S POSITION.

The position of General BURNSIDE, at last accounts, is announced in a dispatch from Knoxville. His right wing is communicating with the army of the Cumberland. He holds the entire country south from Knoxville to Cumberland Gap, and the whole line of the Virginia Railroad as far as Greenville, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. He also holds possession of all the passes into North Carolina.

BRIDGE BURNED AT MURFREESBORO.

Accounts from Nashville of 5th state that the enemy once destroyed the large railroad bridge south of Murfreesboro, have burned one portion of it, and the other portion they had cut down.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Affairs remain unchanged in General MEADE'S army, and with the exception of some skirmishing between the pickets on either side of the Rapidan, and the firing of the rebel batteries occasionally on our foraging parties, there is nothing to disturb the repose which both Union and rebel soldiers are enjoying in the delicious weather which prevails in the vicinity of the Rapidan.

CHARLESTON.

We have news from Charleston to the 1st inst. Our forces have been engaged with the rebels at Morris and Sumter Island. The troops were in fine health and spirits. Official report of Admiral DAHLGREN'S operations have been received at the Navy Department to the effect that the land and naval forces are not idle in the harbor there. Our guns were making terrible havoc on Forts Sumter, Johnson, and Chatsworth. The enemy's batteries on Fort Moultrie replied briskly.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Dispatches from Cairo to the 8th state that over five thousand Arkansas Unionists have joined our army at Helena, and that the rebel newspapers in Texas referred to Little Rock, and that the railroad between Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock is in charge of Colonel WORTHINGTON, of General Meade, of the Army of the Potomac. The steamer *Robert Ingersoll*, from St. Louis for Vicksburg, was fired by incendiaries, near Milliken's Bend, on the 29th ult. The flames spread so rapidly that the passengers were forced to jump overboard before the boat could be run to shore. Over forty lives were lost, including several officers of the Federal army.

A RECONNOISSANCE AT MOBILE.

The rebel forts on Dauphin Island, Mobile Harbor and the rebel fort at GRENN'S PASS, near the entrance of Mobile Bay, in which the fort is believed to have been materially damaged, as well as a rebel iron-clad that for a brief thus participated in the engagement.

RUMORED CONSPIRACY AT THE WEST.

Several persons have been arrested and placed in irons in St. Louis, charged with a report that Southern rebels there to burn all the steamers in Western waters which may be of great use to the Government. The investigation is now on foot which will probably unravel the mystery of this desperate undertaking, if any such shoal be in contemplation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MASON WITHDRAWN FROM ENGLAND.

MR. MASON'S removal from the position of rebel envoy to England is announced. The *St. James's Chronicle* says that he ever enjoyed a diplomatic character. The writer say that the door of the Foreign Office was never open to universally closed against him in a "public" manner, and that the Government of England, in its "side" action, has not alter the neutral course of the Government, or entrap the Cabinet into a recognition. It was a "side" action.

FRANCE.

THE PIRATE AND OUR CRUISERS.

La France says a fleeter steamer than the *Kearsarge* had arrived at Brest from Madeira, having been seen, 18th of August, off the Canaries, in pursuit of the *Florida*. The *Florida* leaves Brest on the 23d, completely repaired, and provisioned for three months. She will not be overtaken, which is as Lisbon, and attack her before she can be joined by the *Alabama* at Brest, which is expected.

La France says the Federal corvette *Kearsarge* will be treated at Brest like the *Florida*. Both belligerents will enjoy the same rights and advantages.

RUSSIA.

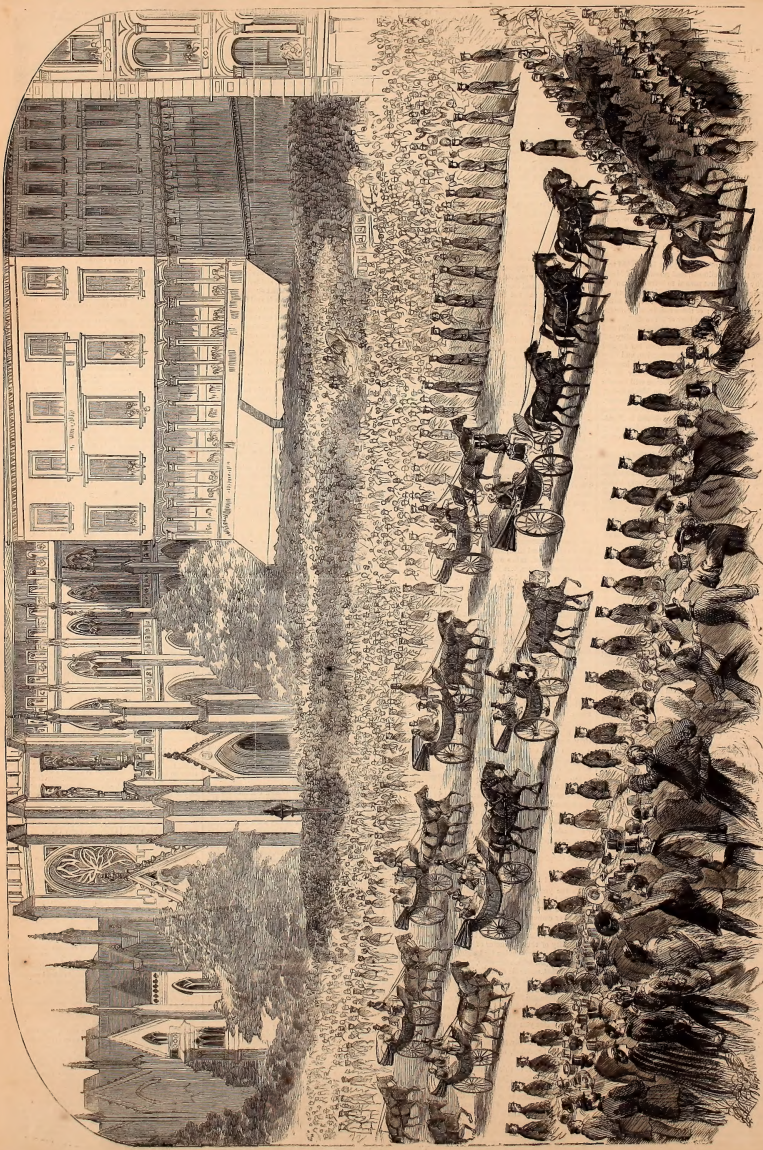
A BOLD STAND ON THE POLISH QUESTION.

Russia had replied to the French note on the Polish question. The State paper volunteers the information that the Emperor Alexander has rejected himself. Prince Gortschakoff stated that the Emperor's Government had declared to the note that the Emperors to which an international relations apply, being ever ailment to be the Three Powers, even "if incidentally" also a "friendly" manner.

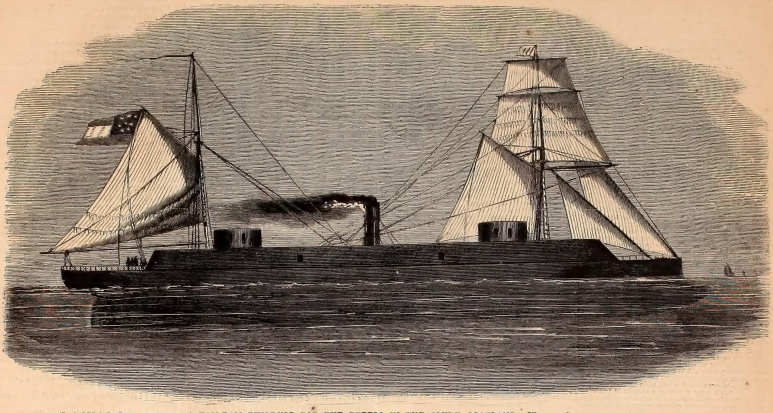
AUSTRIA.

MORE ROYAL ALLIANCES.

The Archduke LOUIS of Austria—brother of Maximilian—is to be married to the daughter, the only child of the Emperor of Brazil. The London *Post* regards the event of very high importance, as two thrones on the side of the Atlantic would be thereby made very nearly one. He died by members of the house of Hapsburg, who will mutually guarantee their rights. The London *Post* speaks of such a royal accomplishment with favor.



THE GRAND PROCESSION OF OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS THROUGH BROADWAY, UNDER ESCORT OF THE MILITIA AND POLICE.—[See Page 663.]



THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—STEAM-RAM BUILDING FOR THE REBELS IN THE CLYDE, SCOTLAND.—[From a Sketch by an American in England.]

THE ANGLO-REBEL RAMS.

The picture of one of Laird's Anglo-Rebel Rams, which we give below, is from a drawing obtained by some patriotic citizens who were lately in England. They smuggled an artist into the yard in which this unscrupulous knave, Laird, is building his pirates, and succeeded in getting a pretty thorough picture. Both vessels are alike. A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* thus describes them:

"In company with an intelligent and experienced shipmaster we crossed the "Tranmere Ferry," and arrived at the yard at 10½ A.M. The "ram" on the stocks was of the same dimensions as the one previously built. In length about two hundred and fifty feet, forty feet beam, and twenty feet depth of hold, as near as could be judged by the eye. The "stem" is of oiled iron, about six or eight inches thick and twelve or fifteen wide. The bottom is flat, with a slight keel, and the screw as usual, but protected in the conformation of the stern. The "ram" is a projection of solid steel, of the same thickness as the stem, and from six to eight feet beyond this perpendicular line, resembling more nearly in form an inverted nose. When the vessel floats this formidable appendage is below the water-line and invisible. As the clock struck eleven the last block was "knocked from under," and the vessel moved steadily and gracefully into the water. The English ensign was flying from a spar at the "stern-post," and as the hull left the shed the "French" colors were raised at the stem. The momentum acquired carried the vessel nearly across the Mersey, where it was taken in tow by steam-tugs and brought back, beside the first built. There were several ladies and gentlemen on the launch, friends of the builders, and shudders many representatives of the so-called "Confederacy," citizens and sympathizers. The other "ram" had her iron masts, spars, and rigging in place. The masts are tubular, and the topmasts intended to be lowered as a spy-glass. The forecastle and poop-deck are of boiler-iron, and are sidelighted and arranged for being shot away in action.

"The bulwarks are hung with heavy strap hinges, intended to be lowered in action, so as to give clean, flush decks, and to facilitate the boarding of an adversary. There are two turrets or towers, about twenty feet in diameter and ten in height. They are placed partly above and below decks; are pierced for two heavy guns each, entered below decks through six man-holes; they are built of very heavy bolter iron on the outside and inside, and to be filled in with a foot's thickness of wood or some more resisting material. They revolve on twenty-four wheels (similar to the small wheels of a locomotive, radiating from a centre), on outer of wrought iron, to the circle of the diameter of the turrets. The top of the turrets (and deck) is protected by thick iron. One of them is in the rear of the foremast, the other of the mainmast. Between the forward turret and smoke-funnel is the pilot-house, of an octagonal form (if as the model of wood in place), pierced with small sight-holes, and overlooking the turrets. What the arrangements may be for directing the movements of the vessel was not ascertained, as no one except workmen were allowed on board, and the small size of the pilot-house would hardly admit of a wheel on it. Each vessel has a powerful engine of between 300 and 400 horse-power. The bolt of the "ram" nearest completion is first of heavy iron 1 inch in thickness, then a planking of teak-wood 9 inches, and an outer covering of iron plating of 4½ inches thickness. But no writ finished in this work that there is no indication of the thickness or strength visible. The tonnage of each must be nearly two thousand tons, and the armament for the turrets was not the only ordnance to be carried on deck. These vessels are of no peculiar model and construction that I expressed confidently the opinion that under no subterfuge of reasoning or pretext could they be allowed to depart on their intended mission of destruction. The French and English colors were so "manthed" on this latter vessel also. It was stated that they were for the French Government, but a card from the French Consul denied the rumor. Afterward it was announced that the funds for their construction were furnished by M. Sangier, a French banker, who has a mortgage upon both vessels. The objection that they are unseaworthy seems futile, as the weight of the turrets and machinery is principally below decks. Such an objection certainly was not expressed by my very intelligent companion."

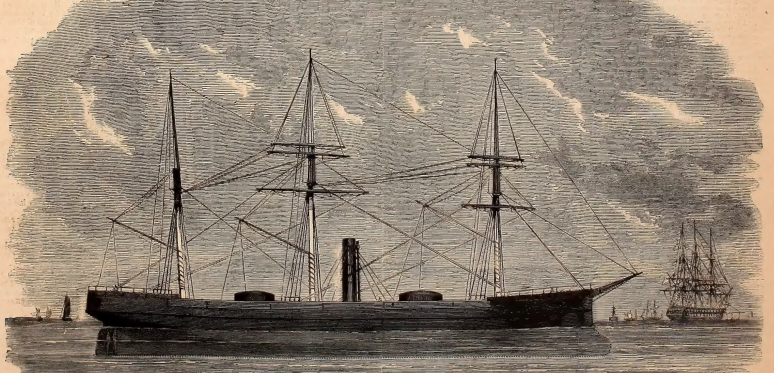
The picture above was likewise taken surreptitiously by an American, who brought it here. The vessel represented is building in the Clyde, and if she gets to sea will be very formidable.

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

We devote considerable space this week to illustrations of the grand reception given last week to our distinguished Russian visitors. The ceremony was intended to have, and had, a political significance. No notice whatever was taken of the fêtes of the British and French admirals lying in the Bay. But every citizen felt bound to do what in him lay to testify to the Russians our sense of gratitude for the friendly manner in which Russia has stood by us in our present struggle, while the Western Powers have done not a little to work our ruin. On pages 664 and 665 we give a general view of

LISOVSKI'S FLEET.

This consists of the flag-ship *Alexander Nevski*, screw frigate of 91 guns, 4500 tons, Captain Fedorovski; the screw frigate *Pewzet*, 48 guns, 3800 tons, Captain Kopytov; screw frigate *Oslaba*, 33



THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—ONE OF LAIRD'S STEAM-RAMS.—[From a Sketch by an American in England.]

guns, 2800 tons, Captain Boutakoff; screw sloop *Vitiaz*, 17 guns, 2100 tons, Captain Lund; and screw sloop *Variag*, 17 guns, 2100 tons, Captain Kremer. The following sketch of the squadron will be read with interest:

The two largest of the squadron, the frigates *Alexander Nevski* and *Peresvet*, are evidently vessels of modern build, and much about them would lead an unpracticed eye to think they were constructed in this country. The frigate *Osliaba* is unlike the other two; she has more the appearance of one of the first of the heavy screw ships built in the European dock-yards. Her bluff bows and full counter do not give evidence of great speed; but she is doubtless a fair goer and fine sea-boat. The two steam corvettes, or sloops, as we term them, *Variag* and *Vitiaz*, are apparently very superior vessels. They are fully equal in tonnage to the steamers in our service of the class of the *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, and others, and carry very serviceable batteries. They are evidently constructed for speed, and have engines of full power. All these vessels are ship rigged, and are heavily sparred, so much so that if their smoke-stacks were out of sight you would hardly suppose them to be propelled by steam. Their standing rigging appears to be very slight in comparison with our ships of the same class.

The batteries of these ships are of formidable character, although all smooth-bored guns. They are of one calibre, throwing a solid shot of sixty pounds' weight, and of two classes, the long and medium, weighing about sixty and eighty hundred weight. They are of a pattern peculiarly Russian, but are fitted in a similar manner to the broadside guns of our own vessels. The locks and sight are different from ours, but no doubt answer equally as good a purpose. The batteries appear to be in excellent condition, and ready for service at a moment's warning. The guns are polished like mirrors, and every thing goes to show that their crews take pride in keeping their "pets" in proper order, ready for service or inspection of visitors.

The instant you step foot over the gangways of these ships it becomes evident that they are in the hands of men who understand how to keep a ship in the most thorough order. The decks are as white as holy-stones and sand can make them, the paint work spotless, the brass and other bright work shining as if they were cleaned every five minutes; rigging neatly coiled down on deck or on the belaying pins—no ends of ropes hanging about—every thing hauled taut and properly belayed, in fact, every thing looks "ship-shape and Bristol fashion"—just as a sailor likes to see it. A lady with the most immaculate skirts and kid gloves can move any where, on deck or below, without danger of soiling either, so perfectly clean every thing about the ship is kept. The quarter-deck is entirely clear, with the exception of the battery; but on board the *Osliaba* the boats—between the fore and main masts—appear to crowd the decks, being stowed in a manner to leave but little space between them and the ship's bulwarks. The gun and berth decks are low in comparison with the heavy ships of our service.

On Thursday, 1st October, the city of New York gave the Russian officers a grand reception. The committee of the Common Council went off in the steamer *Andrews* to present the resolutions to the Admiral. We condense the following account of the

RECEPTION ON BOARD THE "NEVSKI"

(which is illustrated on page 657), from the *Herald*:

The scene was grand when the *Andrews* cast off her moorings and steamed down the bay, the band of the *North Carolina* regaling the ear with the performance of popular airs. The boat was gayly decorated with the American colors. She did not head right for the Russian fleet, but made a circuit south of Governor's Island, coming round on the west side of the British and French squadrons. As she passed the English line-of-battle ship the band struck up the first bars of "God Save the Queen," but did not play the whole air, probably because there was no sign of recognition or acknowledgment from the deck of the *Nile*. The French squadron was passed without even a note of the "Marseillaise," but when she neared the Russian squadron the band played the national hymn, "God save the Emperor," and the white flag with the blue cross was run up. The compliment was acknowledged by loud *vivas* from the Russian men-of-war. Soon their rigging was filled with white-capped sailors, the Stars and Stripes were given to the breeze, and hundreds of curious eyes peered over the bulwarks of the formidable-looking vessels. As the *Andrews* steamed up to the *Alexander Nevski*—the Russian flag-ship, lying almost on a line westward from Trinity Church—the musical compliment on our side was returned by the performance, on theirs, of "Yankee Doodle," which is regarded by them as our national hymn. The crews of all the vessels were by this time saluting us with loud cheers.

The *Andrews* had been provided with a splendid row boat, the *Waverley*, to convey the committee on board the flag-ship; but the Russian was too polite for that. His own boats were floating on the wave, all ready to take us on board. Captain Faunce hailed the Russian, and shouted, "I have the city authorities here, wishing to go on board." "Yes, Sir," was the response. The boats came alongside, and we had the pleasure of being conveyed to the *Nevski* in a sixteen-oared gig, manned by stout arms, that probably acquired sinew and muscle on the Steppes of Tartary; for the Russian sailors are not obtained from the sea-board, nor are they expected to have any particular aptitude for a sea-faring life. They are taken indiscriminately from the ranks of the peasants, just as the soldiers are; but they make very good seamen notwithstanding. Little barefooted middies or apprentices meet us at the foot of the gangway and at the several landings, and sailors present arms to us as we pass up.

Well, here we are, on board the *Alexander Nevski*, which looks, on deck, large enough to accommodate a fair-sized army, and with ordnance heavy enough to blow up Fort Sumter. The guns, we are told by an officer, are of American make, being cast at Pittsburg. They are modeled somewhat after the Dahlgren pattern. In the midst of the group formed by the Committee of Arrangements and accompanying gentlemen, the Admiral, a small, active, and extremely polite gentleman, wearing the full uniform of his rank, and many decorations and insignia of nobility, is talking with as much volubility as his knowledge of the English tongue permits, and moving about from one point to another, giving directions to his own officers, or saying complimentary things to our civilians. The principal officers of the fleet are near him, all in full dress uniform, and along the opposite bulwark the sailors are ranged as if on parade. Some who have muskets to their shoulders are performing the duties which in other navies are assigned to the marine corps, an organization which is not known in the Russian service.

Up to this time there had been no salute fired, and no official presentation made. Much caution was to be observed in having the small boats out of the range of the guns. At last all was ready. At a signal the sailors who had been standing in ranks on deck sprang up the rigging, not manning the yards, however, as our sailors do. Then the order is given to fire, and as gun after gun reverberates under our feet—the salute is fired from the lower deck—the sailors break out into loud cheers, the band striving hard to play "Yankee Doodle." And thus the salute of twenty-one guns is fired, to the satisfaction of every body, and to the proper observance of official etiquette.

The resolutions of the Common Council duly presented and responded to, the Admiral, his officers, and the Committee proceeded to the foot of Twenty-third Street, where they landed. There they were received by the city dignitaries and a division of militia, and escorted to the city. Our artist sketched the procession from Brady's windows, opposite Grace Church, and we reproduce his picture on page 660. The following from the *Times* report will give an additional idea of the scene:

After the procession had passed Union Square, and wheeling fairly into the vast current of Broadway, the scene became splendidly animated. The moving pageant rolled in a glittering stream down the broad thoroughfare between banks of upturned human faces, the trappings of the equipages, the gold and silver epaulets of the Muscovite guests and the sabres, helmets, and bayonets of the escort reflecting back in unnumbered dazzling lines the glory of the evening sun. The cavalcade advanced to the joyous time of exulting martial music like the van-guard of a conquering host returning to the metropolis of its power, and there was a proud and gratified feeling evidently in the hearts of the vast concourse assembled to greet it, that would have been befitting to the most important triumphs at home. Far as the eye could reach down the great central avenue of our imperial city, the sidewalks were packed with human beings, and the balconies and windows—nay, in some instances, the very roofs of the buildings above them—were beset with eager multitudes, the general surface of this animated border-work richly varied and enameled, as it were, throughout its length, with groups of richly-attired beauty. Above nearly every building gayly fluttered the Stars and Stripes, some in standards of immense size and others tricked off with scores of little Russian flags, waving and sporting in the breeze side by side with our own national colors. By-the-way it may be remarked that the great Autocracy and the great Republic had the scene all to themselves, no other nation being represented even in bunting—a significant incident of the ovation.

The demonstration on the part of the masses was not so noisy or boisterous as upon former similar occasions, but was none the less earnest and real, the people seeming to appreciate, with peculiar feelings of solemnity, the importance of a display which amounted to little less than an international demonstration. Shouting and cheering were not prevalent, but there was much clapping of hands, and the throngs of ladies in the windows most vigorously waved their 'kerchiefs, to the great delight of the Russian officers, who never left off bowing, smiling, and even uttering their thanks aloud, while they doffed their gold-laced chapeau. One of the Captains manifested almost child-like pleasure, and at almost every moment uttered, in sonorous Russ, his astonishment and admiration at the grace, loveliness, and animation, as well as the cordial courtesy of our fair dames and damsels. On the chill banks of the Neva, perhaps when far away on the boisterous billows of the Black Sea or the Caspian, he will recall, in his lonely midnight vigil, while he paces the storm-beaten deck, the sunny smiles that brightened the autumnal sunshine on the borders of the Hudson.

The Lafarge House, the Metropolitan, and the St. Nicholas Hotels, and several adjacent stores, were neatly adorned with American and Russian standards. The splendid establishment of Tiffany & Co., No. 550 Broadway, displayed in front, and pendent over the street, a Russian flag of huge dimensions, while, arranged crosswise in the shape of an X., and reaching from the coping of the roof to the pavement below, ran two huge blue stripes of bunting, which, against the white marble *façade*, gave to the latter the semblance of another monster Muscovite ensign. This decoration was repeated on the adjacent building, also occupied by the same firm.

MARGARET'S CROSS.

I.

The Nortonville Sewing Circle was convened at the house of Mrs. Deacon Parker. The ladies present were grouped as chance or choice dictated, and the sound of many voices, blending somewhat inharmoniously, floated out into the supper-room, where the mistress of the house was busily engaged in providing for appetites sharpened by labor. Apart from the other ladies sat one whose thoughts seemed self-centred and little cognizant of what was passing. The hum of conversation rippled about her, but she took no part in it. She was no longer young. Apparently she had passed by some years the half-way house of life. Her expression was thoughtful and grave, and afforded little encouragement to those who would have approached her with the light personal gossip which furnishes the main staple of conversation with commonplace minds. Little was known in Nortonville of her past history, though for ten years she had gone in and out among the people, and lived constantly among them. Just ten years since she had purchased the Holmes cottage with half an acre of land attached, and commenced the solitary occupation of it. Advances were made toward neighborly intercourse in the early part of her residence, but these were so indifferently responded to that the people, partly chilled, partly offended, drew off, and by common consent left Margaret Thorpe to the solitude which she so evidently preferred.

During her ten years' residence it is doubtful whether Margaret had ever been beyond the town limits. Indifferent as she was to every thing in the village, there seemed to be nothing in the great world beyond which specially interested her. Curious neighbors had never detected a visitor at her door save the butcher, the baker, and peripatetic merchants of their class. She seldom crossed another's threshold; yet when the widow Carver's son, a boy of ten, fell from a scaffolding and broke his leg, thus adding materially to the labors of a hard-working mother with a numerous family, Margaret Thorpe walked over to the small house and offered her services as nurse. These were gratefully accepted, not without surprise. Margaret proved faithful to her self-imposed task. Day after day she watched by the sick boy's bedside, evincing a rare tact in anticipating his wants, and furnishing at her own cost fruit and other delicacies such as the mother's scanty means would scarcely have supplied. The mother was deeply grateful, but the awe with which the silent nurse inspired her embarrassed her in the expression of her gratitude.

A softer expression came over Margaret's face as she listened to the mother's attempt to convey her sense of indebtedness. "Don't thank me, Mrs. Carver," she said. "If I have been of any service I ought to be thankful that the opportunity has been afforded me. I feel that the experience has done me good in drawing me for a time out of myself."

Mrs. Carver looked at her with a puzzled face. She was a worthy woman, brought up in a hard-working school, and had few ideas beyond the humble round of her everyday duties.

"She's a strange woman, and I don't understand her," she remarked to a neighbor; "but she's been very good to my George, and I sha'n't soon forget it. I don't know how I could have got along without her. If I knew of any way to thank her I would."

"You might invite her to drop in to tea some afternoon," suggested the neighbor.

"I don't think she would accept the invitation," said Mrs. Carver, doubtfully.

"At any rate you can try the experiment, and if you want some one to help you entertain her I shall be glad to come too."

The invitation, suggested by one whose curiosity sought an opportunity to learn something more of the mysterious resident, was gently but firmly declined, and as a matter of course was never repeated. But Margaret made the little lad whom she had attended in his sickness an exception to the general indifference with which she regarded her neighbors. Not unfrequently she called him as he was passing her door, and gave him some present either designed specially for himself or for his family at home, thus furnishing an illustration of the remark that benefits conferred lead to an interest in those benefited.

This was not a solitary instance of Margaret's kindness. A poor man who had struggled with poverty all his life lost a cow by disease. To him it was a severe loss, which he knew not how to repair. Great was his joy on receiving through the post-office an envelope containing a sum of money sufficient to purchase another animal in place of the one lost. There was nothing to indicate from whom the gift proceeded, but inquiries settled beyond a doubt that Margaret Thorpe was his benefactress. He called upon her and expressed his thanks in earnest words. She said little, but that little was kind. "Do not thank me," she said, "but rather thank Him who has given me the ability to make you happy with what is valueless to myself. If the amount which I sent you proves insufficient to replace your loss let me know."

It may excite surprise that Margaret Thorpe, with her distaste to society, should form one of the busy company convened at Mrs. Deacon Parker's on the present occasion. It was not an ordinary meeting, however, but assembled to sew for a company of soldiers about to leave the village to join our forces in Virginia. This was in the early days of the rebellion, when the lack of public system made such individual efforts more important and necessary than now. Early in the afternoon Margaret Thorpe had presented herself at the door of Mrs. Parker, and in a few words offered her services, if an extra needle could be made available. There being a press of work, which it was desirable to complete as soon as possible, Margaret's offer was not one to be slighted. Even had there been little need to accept it, the ladies would gladly have embraced this opportunity to become better acquainted with the mystery that enveloped their silent neighbor. But Margaret took a quiet seat in a corner, and made it evident by her manner that she had come to work, and not to talk. She appeared wrapt and unobservant, and it is doubtful if she heard a word that passed among her neighbors, no less busy with the tongue than the needle.

Kitty Parker and Jenny Reed watched her from the sofa opposite—watched her with the curiosity of impulsive seventeen. So watching her, Kitty formed the daring resolution to assail the fortress of her reserve and carry it by storm. Jenny, more timid, dared her to the attempt. With a half-laughing glance and a little inward trepidation, Kitty advanced and seated herself in a chair adjoining Miss Thorpe's.

"It is a pleasant afternoon, Miss Thorpe," she commenced, assuming more nonchalance than she felt.

Margaret Thorpe looked up in a little surprise. "Yes," she said, "it is pleasant;" then looked down again at her work.

"Don't you think this is a horrid war?" remarked Kitty, in her most sociable manner.

"All wars are terrible," returned Margaret, slowly; "and perhaps those which take place in the soul, and without outward show, are not less terrible than those of the field."

"I wonder what she means," thought Kitty, pretty but shallow. "Have you got any relations in the war, Miss Thorpe?" she asked, aloud.

"Relations!" repeated Margaret, with a sudden glance at her companion; "I have no near relations."

"Oh!" said Kitty, a little disconcerted by the glance. Then, after a pause, "I sometimes wish that I were a man, that I might go. Don't you, Miss Thorpe?"

The question slipped out before she was aware. After it had fairly passed her lips she looked a little frightened, lest it should seem too familiar.

Miss Thorpe took it in good part. "I don't know," said she. "If I were a man I should feel that it was the path of duty. But women have their duties also. I think I shall go."

"To the war?" inquired Kitty, in amazement.

"Yes," said Margaret, answering the question without a thought of the questioner.

Kitty was thoroughly mystified. Miss Thorpe going to the war! The thought of the grave spinster in regimentals crossed her bewildered mind, and the absurdity struck her so forcibly that she had much ado to stifle a convulsive burst of merriment. Fearful of another attack, she hastily retreated to her former position.

"What did she say?" questioned Jenny, eagerly.

"That she is going out as a soldier," returned Kitty, trying to preserve a sober face.

"How absurd! You are only laughing at me."

"It is true," said Kitty, earnestly.

"Did she say those very words?"

"Well," returned Kitty, thinking a little, "she said she was going to the war."

"As a nurse, of course."

"Well, perhaps it may be that. But the fact is, Jenny, when I was talking with her I felt so nervous that it's no wonder I understood her in such an absurd manner."

Margaret's intention was quickly whispered about among the company, and a few curious glances were directed toward her in consequence. But no one accosted her, and this was all the information which the members of the sewing circle gleaned that day concerning her plans.

II.

A fortnight later a lady introduced herself to the physician in charge of a large hospital in Washington.

"Miss Thorpe!" he repeated, glancing at the card which she placed in his hand.

Margaret inclined her head.

"I have come," she explained, "to offer my services wherever you can make them available. I have little experience in tending the sick, but I can follow directions."

The doctor let his eyes rest for a moment upon her grave, earnest face. Here was no youthful enthusiast, but a woman mature, self-poised, reliable—one who knew what she had undertaken, and would not shrink however painful the duties imposed upon her.

"Miss Thorpe," he said, "I am obliged daily to decline applications from persons whom I judge to be unsuitable. Unless my discernment is much at fault you will be of great assistance to me, and I gratefully accept your services."

Margaret did not acknowledge the compliment in words. She merely bowed, removed her bonnet and shawl, and said, briefly, "I am ready."

The grave face soon became well known in the hospital wards. More than one wounded sufferer followed with grateful glances her whose hand had cooled his fevered brow, and from whose lips grave words of encouragement had fallen. She devoted herself with special assiduity to those whose suffering was greatest. There was one poor fellow from Vermont, both whose legs had been amputated, who was waiting in the hospital the slow process of healing. Sometimes his courage failed him when he looked forward, and thought from how much his crippled state would cut him off.

"It might have been your life," suggested Margaret.

"Well, there isn't much use in a poor feller like me living, do you think so, Miss?" he said, looking up wistfully into her eyes.

"You have made the sacrifice for your country. Do you regret it?"

The face of the wounded soldier lighted up. "Never, Miss. I'd do it again."

"Then for your country's sake you will bear it bravely. When the war is over, and the Union is restored, in part through your exertions, you will feel repaid fully, will you not?"

"That I shall, Miss Thorpe," said the young man, proudly.

"And you will feel, as long as you live, that you are bearing a life-cross for your country's sake. It will not be easy, but when that thought comes you will not complain."

"Your words have done me good. You must come and talk to me again. I can bear my cross better."

"We all have crosses—some heavier, some lighter. Happy are they who have a compensation like yours."

The soldier looked after her as she glided rapidly from bed to bed in the crowded ward.

"She has her cross, too," he thought. "I wonder what it is."

This was one case—one of many. There are some who diffuse cheerfulness about them without an effort. Margaret Thorpe was not one of these. Her grave face never relaxed into a smile. Yet wherever she went she carried with her an atmosphere of trust and submission which stilled the murmurs of the querulous, raising them to a higher level of patience and a hopeful serenity which permitted Nature to work under more favorable conditions. Much of the effect which her words wrought might be traced to the impression which prevailed that she was one who had known sorrow and been acquainted with grief.

One day there was a large accession of patients. For a time all was bustle and confusion. At length order was restored. "Miss Thorpe," said the doctor, pausing as he met Margaret on the stairs, "there is one young man whom I have had removed to a room by himself. He is sick of a contagious fever. I find a difficulty in obtaining a nurse willing to undertake the charge of him. Yet the poor fellow ought not to be neglected."

"I will take charge of him if you think best," said Margaret, without hesitation.

"I ought to warn you that you will incur danger."

"In the discharge of my duty I shrink from no danger."

"I admire your courage and noble spirit," said the doctor, warmly. With a few necessary directions he left her.

She found her patient delirious. He was a young man, apparently not over twenty years of age. His abundant chestnut hair had been roughly clipped by the doctor's orders, and his face was much flushed. Intent upon her duties as nurse, Margaret did not at first examine his features closely. When she did so she started suddenly and turned quite white. She drew nearer and gazed earnestly in the youth's face. Though seen at disadvantage, it was evident that in health he must have been very handsome. The full blue eye, the fair skin, the open, frank expression of the face, recalled to Margaret another face known long before, and still too well remembered.

"It is very like," she murmured. "If it should be! How mysterious are the workings of Providence!"

Thenceforward she devoted herself with even more than her usual assiduity to the young man's recovery. Had the care been less it is doubtful if the disease would have yielded. With an anxiety which she could not conceal, and a new something in her eyes—was it hope?—Margaret watched for the first sign of a change. At length it came. One afternoon, as the sun was near its setting, her patient opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked, in bewilderment.

"You are in a hospital in Washington."

"Have I been sick?"

"Very sick."

"But you think I shall get well?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yesterday I should not have known what to say. To-day I have great hopes of your recovery."

"How long have I been here?"

"It is now ten days."

"And you have taken care of me all that time?"

"Yes; but I fear you are talking too much."

"How kind you have been!" said the young soldier, gratefully.

There was something in his voice and glance which affected Margaret strangely, but with an effort she suppressed all outward signs of emotion.

"Do you think I could write a letter?" he asked, the next day.

"You have not the strength to write yourself, but if you will dictate I will write for you."

Writing materials were brought, and Margaret seated herself at a small table by the bedside.

"It is to my father," the young man said.

The letter was commenced. After an account of his falling sick and being brought to the hospital, the young soldier turned to Margaret, and said, suddenly, "I have never told me your name. I shall wish to remember in after-years to whom I am indebted for my recovery."

"My name is Margaret Thorpe," was the answer somewhat hesitatingly given.

"I shall mention to my father how much I am indebted to you."

"No, no!" said Margaret, hastily.

The young man looked at her in some surprise.

"Promise me," she said, eagerly, "never to mention my name to your father."

"Why should you be unwilling?"

"Regard it as a whim, if you please; I can not explain it."

The letter was finished, and no further allusion was made to the subject. Only on the margin of the letter Herbert Wentworth—for it is time to give his name—contrived, unobserved by Margaret, to write, "Come."

Some days passed. The fever had turned, and Herbert was rapidly regaining his health. Margaret was seated by his bedside reading to him when steps were heard approaching. Supposing it to be the physician, she looked up, composedly. The next minute she had arisen from her seat, and with unearthly steps strove to leave the room.

"Margaret," said the new-comer in a low, clear, penetrating voice.

She turned, irresolutely. *e*

"Now that we have met after so many years, we would you leave me so soon?"

"Why should you wish me to remain, Henry? You have had good cause to forget me."

"But I have not forgotten you, Margaret, have never wished to forget you."

"Even when I wronged you most?"

"Not even then."

He came forward and took her hand. It trembled in his own.

"Ought I to take your hand? Am I worthy?" said Margaret, humbly.

"You have repented the wrong you did me—you have nursed my son back to life. You have sinned you have atoned also. I think you have suffered, Margaret." He said this gently, noting regretfully the changes which time and grief had wrought.

"If you have forgiven me, Henry, I shall live happier henceforth. Yet I wronged myself not less than you. No sooner had I uttered the bitter words that I parted us than I would have given worlds to recall them. But my unhappy pride prevented that. From that day we have not met. In solitude I have mourned over a hope which I myself had blighted. My punishment has been not less great than my sin."

"Let both be forgotten. When I go back to Wisconsin, Margaret, will you go with me?"

"Henry!"

"As my wife, Margaret."

"No, no, it can not be."

"Why? I tell you that it will promote my happiness—that I have a family of young children to whom you can be a second mother—will not that allure you?"

"Give me time to think—it is all so sudden. It is not right that so much happiness should fall to my lot."

Margaret's scruples were at length silenced. At the altar she plighted her faith to him who had so long possessed her heart. The ceremony which she had so long borne fell from her shoulders. A sweet and grateful peace softened the gravity of her face. When she returned to Norwood it to arrange her affairs previous to her transfer of residence, the villagers hardly recognized in her the cold, statue-like woman who had repelled all her advances. They knew not that the lost harmony had been restored to her soul, and that with her the way of duty had led into the path of peace.

SOMETHING LIKE CAMPAIGN-ING.

"I REMEMBER one evening near Westminster, Maryland, which stands out in my memory like an oasis in the desert. We were marching hard, during Stuart before us. Day and night, with hardly an interval, we had been at it steadily, and every body was in a chronic state of exhaustion. Early, therefore, fell into an uneasy slumber on horseback, and soon afterward his horse followed the example, while in the very act of stumbling. I heard a sudden shriek behind me, and, looking back, saw Thompson very white as the snake sticking his heels violently into his horse's side as the animal, with nodding head, was gently subsiding to the earth. Of course, there were no bones to break as the column straggled, or got too close. On one occasion, the whole battery, men and horses, who led into the line of march, got so fast asleep that they did not hear the troops ahead move on; and so we remained stationary for an hour or two, with no idea what could be the matter. Then men slid to the ground and lay on the road-side by their horses, and some of the officers followed their example. I, however, felt very wide awake, in a mood for supper and society. Just where we halted was one of those nice snug little villages of Northern Maryland, which are such a contrast to the desolation of houses called towns in Virginia. The house nearest to me was cheerful with lights, and had altogether a cozy, home look that was irresistible to a man who had been on rough service at the front for a couple of years. I did not attempt to resist the attraction but moved boldly forward, knocked at the door, and entered.

"Bright lights, soft carpets, pretty furniture, were all pleasant sights to one used to decay and devastation; and a table spread with a white tablecloth, covered with country fare neatly arranged, was by no means disagreeable to a hungry man. But there was something in the room which was more attractive than any of these. There were pretty faces smiling out of nice curled or braided hair, dainty forms clothed in fine muslin, sweet voices uttering hearty welcome from such charming lips, that my heart gave a bound and throb which made me for a moment feel quite appalled. I can not say exactly how many girls there were in that room; I only know that I was enfolded in a halo of muslin, my hands grasped by yielding palms, and myself escorted in triumph to the table. Some of them were old friends, and many there already, but I did not find time to speak to them. An angel in curls was asking me if I took sugar and milk, while an elderly lady with black cap-ribbons was heaping my plate with cold beef, ham, and pickles. Then a darling little creature, whose beauty did not suggest any thing but rose flesh and blood, was sitting by my side helping me to butter, and asking me with such a sympathizing expression, whether I was tired, and hungry, and hoping that my appetite came back with a vengeance, only disturbed by my desire to look at her and bring her eyes back to mine. Such eyes! my dear fellow! They did not sparkle or flash or any of that nonsense; but there was a soft, deep, pearly light in their blue depths that I would have fallen fatally in love then and there, if a pair of black orbs had not done me good service in the same way.

"Well, Sir, I made an uncommonly good supper; and after that was over, of course, I tired, or was tired of, whichever you choose to call it; the first is the proper form of words, the other is most accordant with the facts. And it was all right too. I am sure we all were thought to want some little attention; and it would have been very unkind to have left us to sit by ourselves from the home-keeping youths with very honest wits who were the usual recipients of their little delicate attentions. I am sure no more charming mischievous-looking damsel of seventeen who soon took possession of me. She sat down on a deer skin sofa by my side, and very soon found, asking me all sorts of questions about marching and fighting, fingering my sabre, and trying to draw it with little hands. Now she thought I knew when I told about Brandy Station; what a glow lit up her face as I described our charge; and how sadly she dropped a tear or two as I mentioned the sad night of our dead Major lying across a rebel corpse, his sabre still in his hand! Her head drooped so that I almost caught my cheek resting on her shoulder, and no place for my left arm except around her waist.

"There was a tall young gentleman in the room, who looked as civilians are apt to look on such occasions, as if he were out of place and knew it well. The young ladies neglected him; we did not want to talk with him; he had no sabre to play with, and no spurs to flash in the firelight; consequently he did not know what to do with his hands and feet or tongue, while he was not civilized enough to keep quiet. I felt sorry for the tall young gentleman, therefore, chose to occupy himself with me and my companion, and our proceedings did not appear to yield him much gratification. So, as I rose to take leave, he tried to interpose between us, with some whispered remonstrance to the girl, which I heard: 'Don't be catch a look!' And then the girl flashed out, 'You stay at home and make money, and have all your comforts about you, and then you have to be jealous of our feelings for those who are giving their lives for us, when we have only our comforts, and may hear of to-morrow as lying dead upon the battle-field!' I am not ashamed of what I feel then, Sir, when I say that I felt like a cad. A good-by! I kiss the sword which I know that you will use well for us, and I kiss you for doing so, as she said this, and I felt that my forehead was shoulder to lift her face to mine. It was not very hard to bring the two together. And then all the other girls came up and kissed us, for they were decidedly happy, with something to think about for the rest of the night. That girl gave me a new idea of the duty of the young lady to military officers; and though I did not require others to kiss my sabre, I always insisted on their saluting myself during the remainder of the campaign.

"I had about forgotten the tall young man by the next afternoon, when a rather dashing-looking fellow, in a sort of cavalry undress uniform, mounted on a very good horse, and well armed and equipped, came riding up to headquarters. As soon as he came to where I was he drew rein and addressed me. I then saw that it was the same person who had involuntarily done me such a favor the night before.

"'Major,' he said, 'I ain't much of a soldier or a fine-spoken man, but I can't help coming to the same little piece that was so smart last night. She got so set up about you fighting fellows that I don't expect to have much peace in the house. And as offer at the secesh on my own hook. I suppose it won't hurt you much to let me go along and see what's going on, will it?' It's only another man dead or alive, you know.'

"It was a queer sort of a proposition, and I took a good look at the fellow to see whether he was a fool or an sensible earnest; for a man of the former kind would have been a perfect nuisance, of course. The man stood my scrutiny well. By daylight, and on horseback, he looked active, vigorous, and intelligent; and there was a sort of cool daring and perfect self-reliance in his eye which assured me that, though no soldier, he would not be behindhand in a fight. So I told him that I was close to act as an orderly to me, he might do so, though, of course, I could not put him in the ranks. I could see, as he assented, that he had a sort of notion that he might enter into a sort of rivalry with me in the next fight, and that he intended to do something heroic at the first opportunity. Naturally amused by the fancy, I turned round to take a fresh look at him as he rode in his citizen fashion beside my other orderly, and I could hardly keep from laughing at the expression with which he and the soldier were contemplating one another. Each had such a perfect conviction of his own superiority, and each was so afraid that the other would not admit it; and at the same time they were each conscious of certain weaknesses in their hasty mental estimates.

"If I wanted to, I could employ half an hour in detailing the amusing circumstances attending which made me for a moment a cavalry officer, but they would be merely episodes, and in no way connected with the main incident of my story. So I shall hurry on to the fight at Gettysburg.

"We got on to the field for the second day's fight, and lay behind the right of the line. The rebels at one time had driven our cavalry from the crest of the hill above us, and we were deployed as skirmishers, dismounted to assist in checking them. I never feel at home or satisfied on foot, and so I kept the saddle; and though Thompson wished to dismount, I saw from the look of decency from his saddle while I remained in mine. The lines were only about two hundred yards apart, and the fellows were very hot, but on men, snugly ensconced behind a fence, and lying down, were perfectly safe, and managed to inflict considerable damage upon us. Now was the first time that Dan had ever heard the peculiar noise of a Minié ball, and you know the sensation produced by that sound. Now she is apparently unmoved; I heard a laugh from my men, in which the grim chuckle of Thompson was particularly distinguishable; now, perhaps, I saw Thompson's head in the air, while his head was descending toward his horse's mane. Here he had managed to twist himself into such an extraordinary attitude I do not know, but no circus rider could have struck in more perfectly graceful lines. Once a bullet passed the hill a particularly vicious discharge was sent from the opposing skirmishers. The balls came humming on. Some went over, then a ledge forward on his horse's neck; then, suddenly thinking that that brought him in closer range, he rapidly reversed his position, and accompanied by a plunge of the horse, brought him helpless over the animal's tail, which he clutched frantically, and with one foot still in the stirrup, the other flung around the horse's neck, he writhed in shame and agony. Thompson released him from his predicament, led him to the corner of the fence, and proceeded to give him good counsel as to the evil of indiscriminate laughing, and the way to accomplish the same with prudence and good judgment. In the mean time both parties kept popping away vigorously, and presently Thompson got a shot at an enemy, who had made him appear ridiculous, was exulted, and he began to pop away at them as fast as he could. He took off his cap, and cheered over the fence on the applause of the men by a quick shot and fatal aim. So ultimately he came out of the engagement a little the wiser as to his future prospects, but still without the crushing humiliation attending his first appearance.

"That, however, was mere play for the cavalry. It was the next day that our serious work began. At the extreme right of our position, beyond the Gettysburg road, between a large stone house and a small line of wood, occurred one of the sharpest cavalry fights ever witnessed, and yet so fierce was the main engagement that the combats of some fifteen or twenty thousand mounted men has been scarcely noticed. I myself had the honor, or of opening the ball, most of us dismounted as skirmishers, while a squadron, under Hart, was held mounted in reserve. The earliest mentioning I was with the skirmish line, and this time Simpson and Thompson both attended me. The men went up boldly, through a wood, and over a stone wall; but on rising the crest of a little hill they were saluted by such a storm of balls that they could not go further. We were lying down in the stone barn with sharp-shooters, who were, of course, completely protected from our fire. A battery was immediately brought up, unlimbered in the hole behind us, and opened on the barn. As we counted afterward, we were hit with twenty-five times, and though there were plenty of wooden buildings around it, not one of them was touched. I call that pretty accurate gunnery. The artillerists must evacuate those premises rapidly, and then our boys went forward with a rush. It is curious, but the moment one gets a little excited one becomes a prominent insensible to danger in this sort of skirmishing. Right on we pushed, driving the enemy before us from every position until we had almost made a gap in their lines. The Third Pennsylvania worked with us as skirmishers, and kept pace with us well. About the whole word are known to General that our ammunition was running short, and some other regiments were sent to relieve us. I was a curious fact that we could not be got up to the point where our men were standing. Their efforts formed a line about two hundred and fifty yards in our rear, and then we were ordered to fall back behind them. This gave the enemy a chance to see what was going on behind our lines, and as pushing across it, they stopped and commenced firing with their repeating rifles. The enemy came on inspite of their fire. The Michigan men (6 was either the Fifth or the Seventh) held their ground until they had got through the wall, and then turned, the enemy pressing on them hotly. Just then the First Michigan (old troops) charged. They broke the enemy completely, and drove them back pell-mell, suffering severely from the rifles of the other regiments. I had remained in that part of the field, allowing the skirmishers to go back under charge of a captain; and I had been made very indignant by the reluctance of the relieving regiments to advance; so when the charge took place I joined in. My little sorrel mare took me right over a six-barred fence, upon the heels of the rebels, close to where their guidon was. A few bounds more and I could have had it; but I had only my two orderlies with me, and the rebels clustered thick around it; so I had to draw in with the head of the Michigan. Dan all tried who could be first. And now Simpson had another chance to distinguish himself. His horse was very fresh, and the first thing that I knew he was dealing past me with a hurrah. Some of the rebels were just beginning to rally as our men tailed off in the pursuit; and at a gap in the wall, three rebs rode, waving his sabre high in air. Making for the foremost of them, he drew rein and dealt him a tremendous blow. Unfortunately he had not been drilled in the manual, and consequently instead of cutting, he merely *whacked* his opponent. The next thing I saw was the fellow's horse coming down upon Dan's, and rolling him in the dust. I was making as much haste as I could; but the rebel's sabre would have put an end to poor Simpson before I got there, had not Thompson fortunately put a bullet through him. The other two fellows had hesitated whether to run or fight. Before they had quite made up their minds I came thundering up, with the point of one of them as a passport. My weapon slipped into his throat with a sound that I shall never forget, and he fell, bleeding like a slaughtered bullock. A few more moments Simpson regained his feet, and sprang at the other one. The fellow threw up his arms and surrendered, and Dan, triumphant, [illegible] proudly conducted him to the rear.

"By this time the Second Brigade of the rebels was coming down at the charge, and General Custer was gathering his men to meet them. They outnumbered us very much, but went boldly at them. It was curious to see the two bodies approach. First came the steady trot; then each took the gallop gradually quickening as they approached. Then, as we got nearer and nearer, I could feel how our men closed together, and how, almost involuntarily, there was a touch of bridling of the horses. Then there was an evident check and wavering among the rebels. Instantly our fellows let out their horses at them, and the yanks in front of us broke and turned. At the same moment Hart with his few men dashed at their flank, as I had a right to suppose from him) and then the whole field was covered with their flying fugitives. There was no more fighting. All that we could overtake we took as unwounded prisoners, and we drew off just in time to avoid a charge of the Fourth Virginia.

"As I went back to hunt for the regiment I came upon Dan quietly sitting on the fence, with his prisoners near him.

"'Hallo, Sir!' said I, 'why have you not taken that man to the rear and given him up?'

"'Well, Major,' answered the cavalryman, 'I was thinkin' of taking this chap back home to show to Amandy. You see, she'll think then that I really did something after all. I don't know how I'm going to show for it, why I might as well have staid back.'

"I could not help laughing at the cool way in which he had regarded a rebel trophy merely as his own private property; but, much to his indignation, obliged him to resign his prize to the proper authorities.

"Immediately on the retreat of the rebels we were pushed in pursuit, and Simpson prepared to march with the rest, though he was still lame from which he had acquired. The last that I saw of him was when he was sidling along to Thompson, who made room for him on the crupper of his horse. Good-by!

"You see, my friend, you're a very nice young man at home; but you made a little mistake. Don't speak of your natural qualities as a good tackle, and your slight disinclination to attend to your horse. Maybe if I lay aside my sabre for you finding the ground less comfortable than a featherbed. But you thought you could come and be a soldier right off without any training, and that it was easy to stand fire without being used to it; and that fighting came natural to a man. I know you thought I was a coward when I left my boys and got behind a fence the other day; but you yourself found it wasn't pleasant to be on horseback. I don't like my boys to be left by Major, for he's an officer, and as such has to take a few more risks than we for the good of the regiment; but what was the use of your putting yourself up as a mark first, and making a fool of yourself afterward?

"Now you go home to that nice young woman that you talks about, and get married, and talk big up on your farm about what you have seen and done, and don't you come out soldiering any more until the nature of things you gets tired of her, and takes to it as the way of pleasure.

"With these words they parted, and we saw Simpson's face no more.

"A few days ago, however, I got a letter very prettily written, but with rather questionable spelling. It was signed 'Amanda Simpson,' and told me to understand that she had rewarded Dandelo's valor with her hand. She was still uncommonly shocked to hear that because he was a cad he got him to make me tell you about it. And he says that he's going to make the same bargain about the other one; and I say that he shan't. Here there was a big blot, and after it the explanations: 'That cussed pen has been and been ink-ing them beforehand; *but didn't I slap her over!*' I think Mr. Dan is going to have some trouble in enrolling his name in the list of Benedicts. Don't you? I hope, at any rate, that we will have another invasion of the North, for then there is really something like campaigning."



Vitiaz. Alexander Nevski.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL LISOVSK



I, NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 661.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

COULD any one have known what was passing in different places, he would have counted Alfred's deliverance a certainty; for Sampson's placard was on Barkington walls, and inside the asylum Alfred was softening hearts and buying consciences, so related; so, in fact, he had two strings to his bow.

But mark how strangely things turn; these two strings are entangled, and spoil all. His father, alarmed by the placard, called at the pawnbroker's shop, and told him he must move Alfred directly. As London pawnbroker Baker raised objections; Mr. Hardie crushed them with his purse, *i. e.*, with his son's and victim's sweetheart's fortune in money: so then, as Baker after all could not resist the project, but only postpone it for a day or two, he preferred to take a handsome present, and co-operate; he even connived at Mr. Hardie's signing the requisite name to the new estate. This the giddy world calls forgery; but, in these calm retreats, far from the public's inquisitive eye, it goes for nothing. Why, Mrs. Archbold had signed Baker's name, and Dr. Bailey's more than a hundred several times to orders, statements, and certificates, depriving Englishmen of their liberty and their property with a gesture of her taper fingers; and rewriting the conventional terms, "Aberration," "Occasional," "Depression," "Debility," "Paralysis," "Excitable," "Abnormal," as boldly and blindly as any man putting in the bulk.

On the very night then of Alfred's projected escape, two keepers came down from Dr. Wycherley's asylum to Silverton station: Baker met them, and drove them to Silverton House in his dog-cart. They were to take Alfred up by the night train—and, when he came into the kitchen with Brown, they suspected nothing, nor did Baker or Cooper, who presently emerged from the back kitchen. Brown was just recovered his wits partially. "Shall I go for his portmanteau, Sir?" stammered he, making a shrewd and fortunate guess at what was up. Baker assented; and soon after went out to get the horse harnessed. Mrs Archbold, pale, composed, dreadful, and silent hitherto, beckoned Alfred into the back kitchen, and there gave him his watch and his loose money. "Take care of them, sir, for you," said she; "for the like have often been stolen in this place. Put the money in your pocket; it is not full to you."

He thanked her somewhat sullenly; for his disappointment was so deep and bitter that small kindnesses made no dent in it.

She sighed. "It is cruel to be angry with me, she said: "I am not the cause of this; it is a heavier hand to us than to you. Sooner or later you will be free—and then you will not waste a thought on me, I fancy. I must remain in this odious prison without your eyes and your smile to lighten me, yet unable to forget you. Oh, Alfred, for mercy's sake whisper me one kind word at parting; give me one kind look to remember and dote upon."

She put both hands as eloquently as she spoke, and overpowered his prudence so far that he took her offered hands—they were as cold now as they were burning hot the last time—and pressed them, and said, "I shall be grateful to you while I live."

The pale woman snatched her hands away. "Gratitude is too cold for me," she cried; "I scorn even yours. Love me, or hate me."

He made no reply. And so they parted.

"What you have done for honor to make attempt at escape on the road?" asked the pawnbroker on his return.

"I'll see you d——d first," replied the prisoner. On this he was handcuffed, and helped into the dog-cart.

They went up to town by the midnight train but, to Alfred's astonishment and delight, did not take a carriage to themselves.

However, the station was passed, and nobody came into their carriage. At last they stopped at a larger station, and a good many people were on the platform. Alfred took the opportunity and appealed in gentle but moving terms to the fellow-feeling of intelligent face by side. "Sir," said he, "I implore your assistance.

"I am the victim of a conspiracy, Sir; they pretend I am mad: and are taking me by force to a mad-house, a living tomb."

"You certainly don't appear to be mad," said the gentleman.

The two keeper instantly showed him the order and a copy of the certificates.

"Don't look at *them*, Sir," cried Alfred, "they are signed by villains who are bribed to slay them. For God's sake, Sir, judge for yourself. Test my memory, my judgment, by any question you please. Use your own good sense; don't let those venal rogues judge for you."

The gentleman turned cold directly.

"I could not take on me to interfere," said he. The unworn affidavits had overpowered his senses. He retired with a frigid inclination. Alfred wrung his handcuffed hands, and the contracting chain rattled. The train moved on.

The man was complained of: his conduct was natural; and they knew their strength. At the next station he tested a snob's humanity instead of a gentleman's. He had heard they were more tender-hearted. The answer was a broad grin: repeated as intervals.

Being called mad was pretty much the same thing as being mad to a mind of this class: and Alfred had admitted he was called mad.

At the next station he implored a silvery haired old gentleman. Old age, he had heard, has known griefs, and learned pity.

The old gentleman received the petition very graciously. "Ah!" said Senex: "poor young man. Now don't agitate yourself. It is all for your good. Pray go quietly. Very painful, very painful." And he hobbled away as fast as he could. It is by striking the painful scene first to be silvery old.

Next he tried a policeman. Bobby listened to him erect as a dart.

The certificates were shown him.

He eyed them and said, sharply, "All right." Nor could Alfred's eloquence and appeals to common sense attract a word or even a look from him. Alfred cried, "Help! murder! If you are an Englishman, if you are Christians, help me."

The soon drew a crowd round him, listening to his fiery tale of wrong, and crying "Shame, Sam Let him go!" Some even pushed their heads, winked, and got out and showed the certificates; the crowd melted away like wax before the sun, and with evidence (unseen). The train moved on.

It was appalling. How could he ever get free? Between his mind and that of his fellows there lay a spiritual barrier more impassable than the walls of fortified cities.

Yet, at the next station, with characteristic tenacity of purpose, he tried again: for he saw a young sheuting man, a rough common woman of forty. Then he remembered that the Naked Eye was not yet an extinct institution among boys. He cried to the boy, and implored her to use her own eyes. She seemed struck, and did eye him far more closely than the men had; and told the keepers they ought to be ashamed of themselves; he was no madman, for she had seen madmen. They showed her the certificates.

"Oh, I am no scholar!" said she, contemptuously, "ye can't write my two eyes out of my head."

The keeper whipped off Alfred's cap and showed his shaven crown.

"Ah!" so he is," said she, lowering her tone. "dear heart, what a pity! And such a pretty young gentleman!" And after this she would not say only drew the dew of patient pity to her eyes.

The train went on, and left her standing there, a statue of compassion. Alfred saw her through. He felt how impotent he was. "I shall die in a mad-house," he said. He shivered in a corner, hiding man, and shaking fiend.

They reached Dr. Wycherley's early in the morning. Alfred was shown into a nice clean bedroom, and asked whether he would like a bathe or sleep. "Oh a bath," he said; and was allowed to bathe himself. He had not been long in the water when Dr. Wycherley himself made a distant tapped at the door, and then entered without further ceremony, and, approaching Alfred in a longish down on his chin, which, initiated early in the secrets of physiology, he was too knowing to shave off and so go backward, he proceeded to came in looking like a machine, with a notebook in his hand, and stood by the bath side looking notes to himself and jotting them down.

"Six contusions: two on the thorax, one on the abdomen, two on the right leg, one near the patella: turn, please." Alfred turned in the water. "A slight dorsal abrasion; also of the wrist; a severe excoriation of the ankle. Lock, lock, eh?"

"Yes."

"Iron leg-lock. Head shaved. Large blister. Good! Any other injuries external or internal under and system of bruising?"

"Yes, Sir, confined as a madman though sane, as you I am sure have the sense to see."

"Oh, never mind that. We are all sane here except the governor and I."

He whipped out and entered the condition of the sane patient's body with light, unprofessional ease in the case book. As for his mind, he made no inquiry into that; indeed he was little qualified for researches of the kind.

At breakfast Alfred sat with a number of mad ladies and gentlemen, who by firmness, kindness, and position, had acquired the excellent habits: the linen was clean and the food good. He made an excellent meal, and set about establishing with their new he could. Nobody interfered with him; but plenty of eyes watched him. This was a great many patients, and constant vigilance. Moreover, the doors were strong, the windows opened only eight inches, and that from the top; the bedsteads also were iron, painted like wood, etc. It was next to impossible to get into the yard at night; and then it should have companions to help further, for the house was encompassed by high walls.

He resigned all hope of escape without cominication. He sounded a keeper: the man fired at the first word. "Come, none of that, Sir; you should know better than tempt a poor man."

Alfred colored to the eyes; and sighed deeply. To have honor thrown in his face, and made the reason for imprisonment, was a fiendish subconscious conspiracy! But he took the reproof so sweetly, the man was touched, and, by-and-by, became his deeply devoted friend, and confidant.

"Don't be down on your luck, Sir. If you are really better, which you don't look to have much the matter now, why not write to the Commissioners and ask to be let out?"

"Because my letters will be intercepted."

"No, by your leave; but sent to the Commissioners of Lunacy. Not in this house, my boy."

"God bless you!" cried Alfred, impetuously. "You are my benefactor; you are an honest fellow; give me your hand."

"Well, why not? Only you mustn't excite yourself. Take it easy." (Formula.)

"Oh, no cant among friends!" said Alfred; "wouldn't you be excited at the hope of getting out of prison?"

"Well, I don't know but I might. Bound I am as sick of it as you are."

Alfred got paper and sketched the letter on which so much depended. It took him six hours. He tore up two; he cooled down the third, and condensed it severely: by this means, after much thought, he produced a close and telling composition: he also weeded it of every trait and every term he had observed in mad people's talk, or the letters they had shown him. There were no superlatives, no heat, no prolixity, no "spies," no "conspiracy," no italics. A simple, honest, earnest story, with bitter truth stamped on every line; a sober, strong appeal from a sore heart but hard head to the arbiters of his fate.

By the best of my belief no madman, however slightly touched, or however cunning, ever wrote a letter so gentle yet strong, so earnest yet calm, so telling and withal so lucid and clearly jointed as this was: and I am no contemptible judge: for I have accumulated during the last few years a large collection of letters from persons deranged in various degrees, and studied them profoundly, and curiously than most Psychologists study any thing but Pounds, Shillings, and Verbiage.

The letter was sent, and he hoped but scarcely expected an answer by return of post. It did not come. He said to his heart, "Be still;" and his heart obeyed him, and beat by, and another; it gnawed his heart, and waited: he pined, and waited on. The Secret Tribunal, which was all a mistake, deliberated, and left him, "took it easy." Secret Tribunals always do.

But, while the victim suitor longed and pined and languished for the word from the voice of Justice and Humanity, and while the Secret Tribunal, her ally, took its own time, and "took it easy," events occurred at Barkington that bade fair to throw open the prison doors, and bring father, son, wife, bride and bridegroom, together again under one roof.

But at what a price!

CHAPTER XL.

MR. HARDIE found his daughter lying asly pale on a little bed in the drawing-room of Albion Villa. She was now scarce conscious. The fatal blow had struck her, and looking very gravely and Julia kneeled over her beloved friend, pale as herself, with hands clasped convulsively, and a misery she had never felt.

That vivid young face, full of foreboding and woe, struck Mr. Hardie with the power it exerted; and knew his very heart: the strong man quivered and sunk slowly like a felled tree by the bedside; and when by the poor girl's, whose earthly happiness he had coldly destroyed, nearly met over his crushed daughter.

"Jane, my child," he gasped; "my poor little Jane!"

"Oh let me sleep," she moaned, feebly.

"Darling, it's your own papa," said Julia, softly.

"Poor papa," said she, turning rather to Julia than to him; "poor papa."

She was in a half lethargic state.

Mr. Hardie asked the doctor in an agitated whisper if she would ever be home. The doctor shook his head: "Not by my advice: her pulse is scarce perceptible. We must not move her, lest she die now; yet let her sink into lethargy. She is in great danger; very great."

As these words fell Mr. Hardie groaned aloud, and they all began to speak below the breath.

"Edward," murmured Mrs. Dodd, hurriedly, "run and tell him the station: put it off another: then go to the railway; nothing must come here to make a noise: and get straw put down directly. Quick, dear."

"You are kinder to me than I deserve," muttered Mr. Hardie, humbly, quite cowed by the blow that had fallen on him.

The words agitated Mrs. Dodd with many thoughts; but she whispered as calmly as she could, "Let us think of nothing now but this precious life."

Mr. Hardie begged to see the extent of the injury. The Dodd dissuaded him; but he persisted. Then the doctor showed her poor head.

At that the father uttered a scream and sat quivering. Julia buried her face in the bedclothes directly, and sobbed vehemently. It caused Isabel's pulse to be hounded and shuddering father, "How she loves my child; they all love her:" but the thought made little impression at the time: the mind was too full of terror and woe. The doctor now asked for brandy, in a whisper. Mrs. Dodd left the room with stealthy haste to get it. He asked for a quill. Julia went with swift, stealthy foot, and brought it. With adroit and tender hands they added the quill, forced trickled mixtures down her throat. Then sat like statues of grief about the bed; only every now and then eye met eye, and appealed to read what the other thought. Was there hope? Was there none? Alas! it was the style, so young is the mind, especially when the body is still, these statues began to thrill with thoughts of the past as well as the absorbing present.

Ay, here were met a strange party; a stranger, for its size, methinks never yet met on earth, to mingle their hearts together in one grief.

Just think! Of him who sat there with his face hidden in his hands, and his frame shuddering with deep-drawn sighs, the victim.

Yet the lady, whose husband he had robbed and plundered, pitied and sympathized with him, and he saw it: the lady, whom he had insulted at the altar and blighted her young heart and life, pitied and sympathized with him; the poor old doctor pitied and sympathized, and was more like an anxious father than a physician.

Even Jane was one of his victims; for she fell by the hand of a man he had dishonestly ruined and driven out of his senses.

Thinking of all he had done, and this the end of it, he was at once crushed and melted.

He saw with awe that a mightier hand than man's was upon him; it had tossed him and his daughter into the house and the scene of the injured Dodds, in defiance of all human calculation; and he felt himself a straw in that hand; so he was, and the great globe itself. Ah if Jane should die! the one creature he loved, the one creature, the sacred of whom he could get no joy even from riches.

What would he not give to recall the past, since all his schemes had but ended in this. Thus stricken by terror of the divine wrath, and touched by the goodness and kindness of those he had cruelly wronged, all the man was broken with remorse. Then he vowed to undo his own work as far as possible: he would do any thing, anything, if Heaven would spare him his child.

How it did so happen that these soulless, earnest and sincere but somewhat vague, were soon put to the test; and, as often occurs, what he was called on to do first was that which he would rather have done last. Thus it was: about five o'clock in the afternoon Jane Hardie opened her eyes and looked about her.

It was a moment of intense anxiety. They all made signals, but held their breath. She looked straight at Mr. Hardie, and said, "Papa! dear papa!"

There was great joy: silent on the part of Mrs. Dodd and Julia; but Mr. Hardie, who saw in this a good omen, Heaven recognizing his penitence, burst out: "She knows me; she knows me. Oh, my child! How good you are! Yes, my darling child, it is your own father. You will be brave and get well for my sake."

Jane did not seem to pay much heed to these words; she looked straight before her like one amazed with her own thoughts, and said, distinctly and solemnly, "Papa—send for Alfred."

It fell on all three like a clap of thunder, those gentle but decided tones, those simple natural words.

Mr. Hardie flushed into her mother's, and then sought the ground directly.

There was a dead silence.

Mr. Hardie was the one to speak. "Why for him, dear? Those who love you best are all here."

"For Heaven's sake don't thwart her, Sir," said the doctor, in alarm. "This is no time to refuse her any thing in your power. Sometimes the very expectation of a beloved person coming keeps them alive. Remember the powers."

Mr. Hardie was sore perplexed. He recoiled from the sudden exposure that might take place, if Alfred without any preparation or previous conciliatory measures were allowed to burst in upon them. And while his mind was whirling round upon him in doubt and perplexity, the doctor spoke again; but no longer calmly and connectedly: she was beginning to wander. Presently in her wandering she spoke of Edward; called him dear Edward. Mrs. Dodd rose hastily, and her first impulse was to ask both gentlemen to retire; so unbecoming did she feel a poor woman protect her own sex against the other. But, reflecting that this was the father, she made an excuse and retired herself followed by Julia. Julia, the doctor divined, and went to the window. The moment she left Mr. Hardie groaned, and his daughter loved Edward Dodd.

The time was gone by when this would have greatly pained him.

He sighed like one overmatched by fate; but said, "You shall have him, my darling; he is a good young man, he shall be your husband, you shall be happy. Only live for my sake, for all our sakes. She paid no attention and wandered on a little; but her mind gradually cleared, and by-and-by she asked quietly for a glass of water. Mr. Hardie gave it her. She sipped, and he took it from her. She looked at him close and said distinctly, "Have you sent for Alfred?"

"No, love, not yet?"

"Not yet! There is no time to lose," she said, gravely.

Mr. Hardie trembled. Then, being alone with her, the miserable man unable to say no, unwilling to say yes, tried to persuade her not to ask for Alfred. "My dear," he whispered, "I will not refuse you: but I have a secret to confide to you. Will you keep it?"

"Yes, papa, I will."

"Poor Alfred is not himself. He has delusions; he is partly insane. My brother Thomas has thought it best for us all to put him under gentle restraint for a time. It would retard his cure to have him down here and subject him to excitement."

"Papa," said Jane, as you receiving me, or not, to be depended upon? Answer truly. He is a falsehood. He came to me the night before the wedding that was to be. O my brother, my darling brother, how dare they put you in restraint! That letter you showed me then was a falsehood? O papa!"

"I fancy I do, Alfreden you," said Mr. Hardie, and hung his head.

"I see it all," she cried, "those wicked men with their dark words have imposed on you. Bring him to me that I may reconcile you all, and end all this misery ere I go hence and be no more seen."

"Oh, my child, don't talk so," cried Mr. Hardie, terrified at the thirst of your poor head.

"I do," she cried, "I do. Oh, papa, I lie here between two worlds, and see them both so clear. Trust to me: and, if you love me—"

"If I love you, Jane? better than all the world twice told."

"Then don't refuse me this one favor: the last, perhaps, I shall ever ask you. I want my brother here before it is too late. Tell him he must come to his little sister, who loves him dearly, and—is dying."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the agonized father, casting every thing to the winds. "I will. He shall be here in twelve hours. Only promise me to bear up. Have a strong will; have courage. You shall have Alfred, you shall have any thing you like on earth, any thing that money can get you? What am I saying? I have no money; it is all gone. But I have a father's heart. Madam, Mrs. Dodd!" She came directly.

"Can you give me paper? No, I won't trust to a letter. I'll send off a special messenger this moment. It is for my son, madam. He will be here to-morrow morning. God knows how it will all end. But how can I refuse my dying child? Oh, madam, you are good, kind, forgiving; keep my poor girl alive for me: keep telling her Alfred is coming; she cares more for him than for her poor heart-broken father."

And the miserable man rushed out, leaving Mrs. Dodd in tears for him.

He was no sooner gone than Julia came in; and clasped her mother, and trembled on her bosom. Then Mrs. Dodd knew she had overheard Mr. Hardie's last words.

Jane Hardie, too, though much exhausted by the scene with her father, put out her hand to Julia, and took hers, and said feebly, but with a sweet smile, "He is coming, love; all shall be well." Then to herself as it were, and looking up with a gentle rapture in her pale face:

"Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

On this thought she seemed to feed with innocent joy; but for a long time was too weak to speak again.

Mr. Hardie, rushing from the house, found Edward at work outside; he was crying undisguisedly, and with his coat off working harder at spreading the straw than both the two men together he had got to help him. Mr. Hardie took his hand and wrung it, but could not speak.

In half an hour a trusty agent he had often employed was at the station waiting for the up-train, nearly due.

He came back to Albion Villa. Julia met him on the stairs with her finger to her lips: "She is sleeping; the doctor has hopes. Oh, Sir, let us all pray for her day and night."

Mr. Hardie blessed her; it seemed the face of an angel, so earnest, so lovely, so pious. He went home: and at the door of his own house Peggy met him with anxious looks. He told her what he had done.

"Good Heavens!" said she: "have you forgotten? He says he will kill you the first day he gets out. You told me so yourself."

"Yes, Baker said so. I can't help it. I don't care what becomes of me; I care only for my child. Leave me, Peggy; there, go; go."

He was no sooner alone than he fell upon his knees, and offered the Great Author of life and death—a bargain. "O God," he cried, "I own my sins, and I repent them. Spare but my child, who never sinned against Thee, and I will undo all I have done amiss in Thy sight. I will refund that money on which Thy curse lies. I will throw myself on their mercy. I will set my son free. I will live on a pittance. I will part with Peggy. I will serve Mammon no more. I will attend Thine ordinances. I will live soberly, honestly, and godly all the remainder of my days; only do Thou spare my child. She is Thy servant, and does Thy work on earth, and there is nothing on earth I love but her."

And now the whistle sounded, the train moved, and his messenger was flying fast to London, with a note to Dr. Wycherley:

"Dear Sir,—My poor daughter lies dangerously wounded, and perhaps at the point of death. She cries for her brother. He must come down to us instantly, with the bearer of this. Send one of your people with him if you like. But it is not necessary. I inclose a blank check, signed, which please fill at your discretion.

"I am, with thanks,
"Yours in deep distress,
"Richard Hardie."

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

"Is Miss Bessie in?"

"Yes, Sir."

Without further question the speaker entered the house with the air of an accustomed visitor. The room into which he was ushered was furnished with a degree of elegance which betokened alike wealth and good taste. The young man threw himself upon a sofa, and taking from his pocket a telegram just received, read it with sparkling eyes. Certainly it must have contained good news, to judge by the expression of his face. He was interrupted in his occupation by a soft hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Mordaunt, I protest against your converting my drawing-room into an office. Is your letter, then, of absorbing interest?"

"I beg your pardon, Bessie," said the young man, coloring slightly; "you entered so softly that I did not hear you."

"Is that all you have to say to me?" inquired the young lady, playfully. "I begin to think it was scarcely worth while to come down."

"No, Bessie," said the young man, taking her hand, "it is not all I have to say to you. I have come to ask you to reconsider your decision postponing our marriage for six months. What good reason is there for it?"

"It is my guardian's wish, Frederic," said Bessie, more gravely. "He thinks I am so young that we can well afford to wait. After all it is but a short time. Six months will pass away very quickly."

"To you, perhaps," returned the lover, half reproachfully.

"And why not?" she retorted, playfully. "For think, Frederic, they are the last six months of my independence. From that time I am to be subject to the whims and caprices of a husband. I am afraid they are all sad tyrants. On second thoughts, it would perhaps be better to name a year."

"Would you have me commit suicide?"

"As if you were capable of it," she retorted, laughing merrily.

"You don't know what I am capable of," said young Mordaunt, shaking his head.

"Perhaps if I did know I should be unwilling to marry you at all," said Bessie, with a saucy smile.

Frederic Mordaunt's face flushed slightly, as if a sudden thought had crossed his mind, but a moment afterward he responded in the same vein.

Half an hour afterward the young man rose to go. Bessie Graham followed him to the door, and then with slow and meditative steps re-entered the drawing-room. As she passed the mirror a hasty glance was perhaps natural. Rarely has mirror reflected back a more pleasing face or more graceful figure. Neither perhaps was faultless, but the face had a wonderful power of expression. A smile fairly lighted it up, leaving it absolutely radiant. Yet there was something about the mouth that smiled so sweetly which would have assured a careful observer that Miss Bessie had a will of her own when she chose to exert it. The eyes were clear and truthful. Purity and sincerity were reflected in these mirrors of the soul. Frederic Mordaunt was not the only one who had been won by the charms of the young heiress. For Bessie was an heiress, and a wealthy one. Not that she thought of it. The two hundred thousand dollars which constituted her fortune were a poor substitute in her eyes for the tender love of her father, who had been snatched from her three years since by a sudden distemper.

Bessie was about to leave the room when her attention was suddenly drawn to a loose sheet of paper which lay on the carpet at the foot of the sofa on which her late visitor had been sitting. Picking it up, a glance informed her that it was a telegram, and dated at Halifax. Her eyes rested upon it a moment, and almost unconsciously she took in its contents. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and she exclaimed, impetuously, "Good Heavens! can Frederic have acted so base a part?"

The expression of her face was completely changed. There was a deep earnestness in her eyes, but lately sparkling with a merry light. "This must be inquired into without delay," she resolved. "If it be as I suspect, all is over between us. Yes," she repeated, in a slow and resolute tone, "henceforth and forever all is over between us."

She wrote two lines upon a sheet of note-paper, and ringing the bell hastily, said to the servant who answered her summons, "Do you know Mr. Mordaunt's office?"

"Yes, Miss Bessie."

"You will convey this note thither immediately, and place it in his own hand. If he is absent wait for him."

"Yes, Miss Bessie."

Mr. Mordaunt had walked quickly back to his office, having important business awaiting his attention. He was a young merchant who had the reputation of great shrewdness in business matters. Some said that he had never done a better stroke of business than in securing the affections of the young heiress. Perhaps he thought so himself. He had not been returned five minutes when Bessie's messenger arrived.

"A note from Miss Bessie."

"Indeed," said the young merchant, graciously. "Give it to me."

His face assumed a perplexed expression after he had read this brief missive:

"Will Mr. Mordaunt favor me with a call at his earliest convenience on a matter of great moment?

"B. G."

"What can this mean?" thought Mordaunt. "I left her but a moment ago as cordial as usual. Yet nothing can be colder than this strange note. Your mistress is well?" he inquired of the servant.

"Yes, Sir, quite well."

Not a little disturbed at this summons, which thoroughly mystified him, Frederic Mordaunt, leaving business to take care of itself, hastily returned to the house which he had just quitted. He was shown without delay into the presence of Bessie.

"Why, Bessie," he commenced, "you have fairly frightened me with the suddenness of your summons. What—"

A glance at the grave face of the young lady arrested the words upon his lips. "I hope you are not ill," he said, in a changed voice.

"You left something behind you," said Bessie, quietly, "which I thought might be of importance. I have therefore judged it best to send for you that I might return it in person."

She extended the telegram.

Frederic Mordaunt turned suddenly pale. He mechanically reached out his hand and took the paper.

"I have an apology to make," Bessie continued, in the same cold tone. "Not aware that it was of importance, I accidentally let my eye rest upon it."

The young man's paleness was succeeded by a crimson flush, but he still remained silent.

"Frederic!" Bessie burst forth, in a changed tone, "is this dreadful thing true? Have you really been false to your country, and deliberately engaged in furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy? I gather from this telegram that, through an agent in Halifax, you have fitted out cargoes to run the blockade. Is this so?"

The young man's eye quailed before her searching glance. "Forgive me, Bessie," he entreated, "and I will faithfully engage never again so to forget myself."

"Forgive you! It is not me you have offended, but your country."

"I will give half the proceeds to the Sanitary Commission—nay, the whole," said Frederic, deprecatingly.

"That can not repair the evil."

"You are hard upon me, Bessie," said the young man, a little resentfully. "I am not the only one who has engaged in this business. It is wrong, I admit, but it is not the worst thing a man can do."

"Very nearly," returned Bessie, gravely. "Listen, Frederic Mordaunt," she continued, rising, and looking down upon him like an accusing angel. "Three months ago word came to me that a cousin, who was my early play-fellow and always dear to me, fell upon the battle-field fighting bravely. Do you think, in my sorrow for him, that I have not remembered with indignation those who caused and who perpetuate this unhappy war? Yet I could almost envy him his fate. He never proved recreant to honor and false to his country. His memory will ever be held sacred in my heart. Think, Frederic Mordaunt, how many thousands have fallen like him—how many a heart has been made desolate—how many a fireside is wrapped in sadness."

"That is true; but am I responsible for all this?"

"Their blood is upon your hands, Frederic Mordaunt," said Bessie, sternly. "You, and such as you, who betray your country for a little paltry gain—who furnish the rebels with the means of prolonging their unrighteous contest—are guilty of all the extra bloodshed and suffering which must necessarily result. Shame on you, Frederic Mordaunt! And you call yourself loyal! I have more respect for an open enemy than for a secret traitor."

"Bessie," said the young man, thoroughly humiliated, "I will not seek to defend myself. I will make any reparation that you may require. Only do not be too hard upon me."

"I hope you will make such reparation as your conscience exacts. For me I will not venture to dictate. You are not responsible to me any farther than you are to all who have the welfare of their country at heart."

"Surely yes," said the young man, his heart sinking with a new apprehension. "The relation between us will justify you in any demand. You have only to express your wishes."

"The relation to which you refer has ceased," said Bessie, coldly. "I give you back your promise."

"You can not mean it," said young Mordaunt, in accents of earnest entreaty. "Say that you do not mean it."

"It is best so," said Bessie. "I was mistaken in you. I thought you a man of the strictest honor. I did not think— But what need to proceed? Providence has willed that my eyes should be opened. Let the past be forgotten."

"Do not cast me off without a moment's reflection," urged Frederic, more and more desperately. "Give me time, and I will satisfy you of my sincere repentance."

"I heartily hope you will, Frederic. The interest that I have felt in you will not permit me to say less. But if you have a thought that any change which time will bring will shake my resolution, put it away at once. Where I have once lost my respect I can no longer love. Within the last hour the whole plan of my life seems to have changed. My love for you has gone, never to return. It is best that you should know it. I sincerely hope that you may awake to a full sense of the disgrace in which you have involved yourself, and may seek as far as possible to repair it. Should such be the case, my good opinion of you may in time be restored. Do not seek for more."

Frederic Mordaunt took his hat slowly, and left the room. He felt that it would be useless to urge his suit further. There was that in the expression and tone of Bessie Graham which warned him that it would be in vain. Even in that hour, perhaps, the loss of the fortune which the heiress would have brought him was not the least bitter ingredient in his cup of humiliation. Yes, even in a pecuniary view his speculation had failed miserably. He had gained five thousand dollars and lost two hundred thousand.

As for Bessie, she did not grieve much for the lover she had dismissed. It was as she had said. All her love for him had passed away when she awoke to a sense of his unworthiness. She has firmly resolved that whenever her hand is given, it shall be to one who has devoted himself heart and hand to the service of his country.

THE PRISONS AT RICHMOND.

We reproduce on pages 668 and 669 several drawings by Captain Wrigley, of the Topographical Engineers, illustrating the Libey Prison at Richmond, and the Place of Confinement for Union Troops at Belle Isle. Captain Wrigley was several months in the Libey Prison, and had ample leisure to make drawings and observations. He also sends us (and we publish on the same pages) portraits of Captains Sawyer and Flynn, the two officers who were selected by Jeff Davis to be murdered in retaliation for the execution by General Burnside of two rebel spies. The despot of the Slave Confederacy has not yet carried his threat into execution; but the sentence of death still hangs over the two officers, and must be hard to bear. Captain Wrigley has written us the following account of his observations:

"The military prison at Richmond, Virginia, is situated on the corner of Twentieth and Cary streets, directly on the canal and James River. A fine view of the river, its beautiful islands, and the distant hills is obtained from the south and west windows. The tents on Belle Isle, where our soldiers are kept, just peer above the long railroad bridge leading to Petersburg. This bridge is nearly half a mile in length, and built of timber on stone piers. Two and four hundred yards this side are two other bridges, one for the Danville Road, the other for foot travel. Below them the river eddies furiously between huge rocks and hundreds of beautiful little islands, covered in every available inch with trees, bushes, small flowers, and verdure of all kinds. Just at the bend of the river, about a mile below the prison, is that part of Richmond known as the 'Rocketts'—formerly a village of that name, but now connected with the city by straggling tobacco factories, warehouses of all kinds, and tenements usually found in the suburbs.

"Richmond lies, as it were, in an amphitheatre of hills, facing the river, on whose bank is the prison, and from which a fine view of the town is obtained from the north and west windows. Far up on the hill stands the Confederate capitol—a plain, unpretending building, very similar to the ordinary American church, as seen in its full glory in some of our country villages. Comparatively few people are seen in the streets, an able-bodied man without a uniform being a *rara avis* of the first class; and the few ladies who walk out appear to be living, as it were, backwards on the finery and fashion of other days.

"The name Libey, generally spelled 'Libby,' which is applied to the military prison, is derived from the proprietors, Messrs. Libey & Son, ship-chandlers and grocers, who formerly carried on there an extensive business. It is really a row of three buildings, three stories high, and having each one room on a floor, each room being 105 feet in length and 45 feet wide, making nine rooms in all—three in each story. On the first floor, the west room contains the quarters of the Confederate officers and the offices connected with the place. It is in this room that the prisoner first enters; and from it he is ushered to his future dreary abode. The east rooms of the first and second floors form the hospital of the building; the three upper rooms, together with the west room of the second story, communicate and form the officers' quarters; the two remaining ones are used to receive temporarily, for the night, small squads of captured prisoners, previous to sending them over to Belle Isle. All these apartments have bare, unplastered, white-washed beams and walls.

"THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

"Two of the four rooms allotted to them are partly used as kitchens—a portion of the room being partitioned off, and large cooking stoves, of a huge, square pattern, set up in them. The cooking is all done by the officers themselves; they form messes of whoever may be agreeable to each other, and take their proper turns in preparing the meals. The tin plates and cups taken from our captured soldiers are given to them in sufficient quantity to allow two messes to eat at one time. Many, however, purchase their own dishes, and are more independent. Two bath-tubs are placed in these rooms, and five faucets supply all the water for bathing, cooking, and washing. The ration allowed is eighteen ounces of bread and a quarter of a pound of meat per day, together with a little rice; vinegar and salt at intervals.

"Although a hearty man would not perish with this amount of food, it is not sufficient—in point of quantity, quality, or variety—to prevent a gradual disorganization of the system, and consequent total unfitness for duty.

"Most all of the officers have money with them, and, if they desire, purchase in the markets, through the Confederate steward, vegetables, fruit, eggs, meat, and butter—all these commodities, nevertheless, being enormously high; this is compensated for, however, by the value of gold and United States notes, they being worth, respectively, 14 and 11 to 1 in Confederate money.

"A few bunks in the upper west room are occupied by the first-comers of the prison, the remainder of the officers sleeping on the floor in their blankets, only two of which are allowed to each man. There are 18,900 superficial feet of floor in all these rooms; deduct 2900 for kitchens, sinks, mess-tables, etc., and it leaves but twenty-six superficial feet per man. No outdoor exercise is allowed. The place is infested with vermin of all kinds, beyond all power to drive them off.

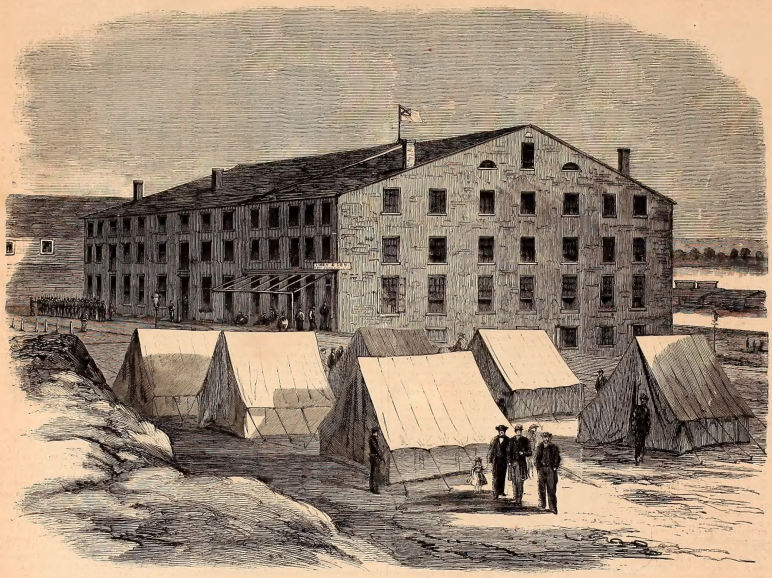
"Our officers, even in the face of these discouraging facts, keep up good heart; earnestly hoping, however, for a speedy release. Classes in Spanish and French, the study of the law, a debating-club, and a weekly paper—*The Libby Chronicle*—take up all spare moments, and the ability displayed by many in these matters is truly gratifying; and if the officers there are a fair sample of our army generally, we may well be proud of the effect of our republican institutions.

"The hospital is the best conducted part of the prison. It contains 120 beds—each a straw palliasse—and pillow, sheets, and comfortable, on a wooden cot. The fare is a shade better. The surgeons (three in number) are really skillful men, and do all in their power to alleviate the condition of the sick in their charge. Stimulants of all kinds are difficult to obtain, but are furnished by the Confederates to the fullest extent of their capability. They will not, however, allow our Sanitary Commission to send any thing of the kind.

"Gold or Confederate money will alone be received by the Commissioners and handed to the prisoners; all boxes of clothing, or delicacies of any kind, will also reach them in safety.

"The writer had the pleasure of a trip through the Confederacy, from Jackson, Mississippi—where he was captured some five months since—to Richmond. If the people of the Northern States could but know and appreciate the total exhaustion of the South in this struggle, they could not fail to bend every effort at this time to trample out the few remaining embers of the rebellion.

"Their railroads and rolling-stock are in the most dilapidated condition, and they are without the men to repair them. Eight miles an hour was the average of the mail-trains on which we traveled. Locomotives of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad we saw near Atlanta, Georgia; and rolling-stock also of other roads. The stations, however, were filled with engines, but slightly out of repair,



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE LIBEY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN HARRY E. WRIGLEY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.]

which they were unable to mend. Every bridge throughout the South was well guarded, especially so in North Carolina and Virginia; the principal manufactories of war materiel out of Richmond were in Georgia and Alabama, now within easy 'raiding' distance of our armies.

"The absence of not only luxuries, but even the conveniences of life, seems to have given the whole people a semi-barbarous air, and the almost total extinction of the genus citizen made this all the more apparent. We saw no slave who was not anxiously waiting to be free; no man whose interests would allow it who did not wish to be back in the old Union. Many would come and tell us, as we waited for the trains, how the wave that swept over the South in '61 carried them along with it, and how earnestly they would rejoice at peace. All this, too, at a time when their arms flourished, and they were exultant. Now they are downhearted beyond conception. Let not our Copperhead friends pour too much of their faith into the Confederate tub, for the bottom will be out of it ere they are aware."

Captain Wrigley is now at home.



ENCAMPMENT OF UNION PRISONERS AT BELLE ISLE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN HARRY E. WRIGLEY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF LIBEY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE QUARTERS OF THE UNION OFFICERS CONFINED THERE.—SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN HARRY E. WRIGLEY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.—[SEE PAGE 667.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two countrymen seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke of him. "Vot's that ere gemman?" "Vy, he's a naturalist." "Vot's that?" "Vy, vun who catches gnats, to be sure."

A gentleman in the West Indies, who had frequently promised his friends to leave off drinking without their discovering any improvement, was one morning called on early by an intimate friend, who met his negro boy at his door. "Well, Sambo," said he, "where is your master?" "Massa gone out, sure," was the reply. "And has he left off drinking rum?" rejoined the first. "Oh yes, sure," said Sambo, "massa leave off drinking—he leave off two, two time dis morning."

Antipathy to reading sermons in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kirkenbright, at an inauguration, an old woman on her pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "Reader!" replied the other woman, "reader! weel, I'se pit my han's till't." "I'm glad to hear it," said the first speaker; "I wish they were a' like."

Lateur Maufrey lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the other room. "Jean, Jean, Jack," said he, "none of your hypocritical tears, you dog; you know you are very glad to see I've still only lost one best to dance."

The late Dr. Thynne, so well known for his love of good eating, one day paid a visit to the eccentric Lord R——. He was shown into the dining-room, where the Scotch hospitality alone and engaged in eating a choice little dinner. After talking for some time, the Doctor, who was getting hungry at the sight, said, "My lord, I think it would be no great stretch of hospitality were your lordship to say, 'Doctor, pray do as I am doing.'" "Well, Doctor," said Lord R——, "pray do as I am doing—go home and eat your own dinner."

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on completing it with the inventor found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och, don't be troubled," said the latter; "I'm sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with."

At the recent examination of a farmer, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent: "How old are you?" said the lawyer. "Vell, you vish, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question." "Oh, yes, unless the gentleman's old eye aw," said the judge. "Well a week, I am fifty." "Are you not sure?" "Vell, I might be sixty." The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had hopes of getting married; to which she (now replied), "Well, Sir, I wunna surely tell a lie; I dinna lest hope yet." And she accordingly added, "I will na' miss marry you, for I an sick trash o' your palaver already."

Lord Norbury riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, and chancing to pass a gallows, asked, "what would you be, Purcell, if every man had his due?" "Alone in my carriage," was the reply.

"I'm bound to disturb your repose," as the storm said to the sea.

The last excuse for crinoline is, that the "*weaker vessels*" need ballast.

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil. "Oh, certainly," said the company, "we can have no objection to toast any of your lordship's friends!"

We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just been to tour through the mines conjugating, or rather cogitating thus—"Positive, mines; comparative, minar; superlative, minus!"

A DEAR YOUNG LADY.

A young lady has said
That she no man will wed
Who's worth less than six hundred a year,
One would fancy, to keep,
A white elephant cheap,
If compared to a damsel so dear.

Full one hundred: no less,
She much need upon dress,
Every year of her congugal life;
Only consider wise
Is as rich as a Jew
Could afford to maintain such a wife.

Oh, how lovely must she
Be! sweet as much, ha!
But who prizes mere beauty's a goose.
Like the glitter of money time,
'Tis brushed off in no time,
And how dear if your wife's of no use!

What can this girl, then, do?
Can she bake? Can she brew?
Can she wash? Can she cook? Can she mend?
Or is she nothing worth
Then let her find the earth
To consume, and a fortune expend?

A good story is told of one George Shaffer, who many years ago lived in Cumberland. He had one boon companion, and was coming home with his game-bag empty, and weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest. "There's a fine lot of ducks back here in this pond," said he, "and I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me your money, and you may fire." The money was paid, and, sure enough, he had gathered round, waxed back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised his gun, fired, and exclaimed, "Now, Sir, the game!" cried the toll-man. "I took the charge out of your gun." "Yes," said George, "I supposed you would. I always go double-charged."

DEFINITION.—A spare rib: a thin wife.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first relieves every care;
My second implies disdain;
But I would not be my whole for the world.
Friend-ship.

What letter in the alphabet is of most use to a deaf woman?

A, because it makes her, *hear*.

What is that which gives a cold, causes a cold, and pays the doctor's bill?

A draught of ale(s).

There is a thing that was three weeks old when Adam was young,
This thing it was but four weeks old when Adam was forsworn.
The moon.

Why are communities like monkeys?

They are fur-fetched and troublesome.

My first is what all mortals ought to do;
My second is what all mortals have done;
And my whole is the result of my first.
Learn-ing (learn).

Which is the heaviest bore in the world?

A tal bore (tabor).

State Fairs of 1863.

The award of the first premium over all competition to the Grover & Baker sewing machines at the Kentucky State Fair, held last week at Louisville, adds another to the many victories which these machines have achieved this year. Following the lead of the Ohio, New York State Fair, the Iowa State Fair, the Vermont State Fair, and the fairs held at Vergennes and Burlington in the latter state, the Kentucky State Fair awarded the Grover & Baker machines the highest premium for the best machine for family use, the best for manufacturing, and the best sewing machine work.—*Daily World.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.

The subscribers manufacture TYPE REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines, Bed and Platen

POWER PRESSES,

For Book, Job, and Card Printing.

They would also call the attention of publishers of newspapers to their new

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS

and their Single

LARGE HAND CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE,

either of which is especially designed to supply newspapers in a moderate manner with all the latest improvements in Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary jobwork of an ordinary job office. They are designed to run by hand, at a speed of 700 copies an hour, and at this rate will run without any fatigue.

Circular of prices, with description, will be forwarded on application.

R. HOE & CO.,

Printers' and Bookmakers' Warehouse,

Nos 29 and 31 Gold Street,

Corner Broome, Sheriff, and Columbia Sts., New York.

And Foundry Street, Boston, Mass.

Publishers of newspapers who will favor their advertisement thirteen times in their weekly papers, with this note, previous to January 1, 1864, and forward us a copy of paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials or purchasing four times the amount of their bill for this advertisement.

Brandreth's Pills.

This medicine often cures when all others have failed. They prevent apoplexy, they cure diseases of the heart and nervous diseases. They are a positive and reliable pill they have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions accompanying each box of New Style, they produce no pain, inconvenience, or change of diet, generally causing only the removal of vitiated matters, which have become useless or injurious, and securing, in their combination, all the directive principles to build sound healthy materials. Thus Brandreth's Pills cause an natural increase of life where it is most wanted in the human or animal body, and a consequent reaction of the death principle. Those who use them soon recover and enjoy a remarkable share of health.

DYSENTERY CURED.

Mr. J. C. Rappelye, of Monmouth County, New Jersey, writes, March 19, 1859: "I was troubled, in January last, with costiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I caught cold, however; at any rate, a severe diarrhœa set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength I was ill. Everything I passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. Geo. Lewis, fortunately called on me, and advised Brandreth Pills. I thought, in my weak condition, one pill would be enough: but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the soreness and pain disappeared. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite. You are at liberty to publish this."

CASE OF ROSCOE E. WATSON.

Troy Sieve, June 23, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH, New York:

SIR—I was a private in Company F, Seventeenth New York Volunteers. At the battle of Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, near Falmouth, I and many of the company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The army surgeon did not furnish us with any medicine, and he died. Among the company were quite a number of members who had worked in your laboratory at Sing Sing. They sent me sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. Their men prevailed upon me and others to use the pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our men used Brandreth's Pills for every ague fever, cold, or rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health. Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the whole company would sign. I am, respectfully yours,

ROSCOE K. WATSON.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box. Purchase only BRANDRETH'S PILLS, STAMPED with my private Stamp. See B. Brandreth in white letters. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all dealers. N. B.—Old stock cheerfully exchanged.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 13 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most rifle, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large ball (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled quite twice. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT & BROTHERS, 374 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of enameled Chamber Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, in Suites. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Palliasses. WARREN WARD, No. 371 Canal St., N. Y.

Cloaks and Mantillas.

BRODIE,

The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

Soldiers' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver $1. **Solid Silver, $1.**



Solid 18 k. Gold, $3 50 each.

Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, $1 50.

Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1 50. Enameled. **Solid Silver, $1 50.** Enameled.



Solid Gold, $6. **Solid Gold, $4.**

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enamelled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.

Address **J. G. PACKARD & CO.,**

938 Broadway, New York.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA



DR. STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; will thirty eradicate dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five inches long. I have also used it in several instances to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

MRS. L. A. BROWN, 408 Bleecker St., New York.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,

Depot No. 403 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

National Union League, Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish Enamelled Badges of Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

R. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,

No. 23 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera, and general* out-door day and night double magnifying glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 3 to 5 miles. Spectacles of the greatest magnifying power are invented on and improve the sight,

without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEDMOND'S, Opticians,

659 Broadway, New York.

DR. SAMUEL S. FITCH'S New and Improved TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, SHOULDER BRACES, INHALING TUBES, &c. They are patented in the UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, and SCOTLAND, and universally acknowledged to be the most perfect Instruments made. Persons requiring will do well to call and examine (or send for pamphlet) before purchasing elsewhere. 714 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $950.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market. They are the sole contingees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most perfect Watch. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest Watches for general use ever made, as the winding mechanism is all and connected with its machinery to one winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being the 16 carat gold. It has the best quality lever action lever movement, and is warranted as a correct timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case or half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $25. To be sent by mail, the postage is 25 cents; registering, 20 cents.

COMPOSITE

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Piece!

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES HAVE NO EQUAL.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected from the original by the best judges of second judges. The material being alike all through, it can not be exceedingly necessary for heavy engraving, and the quality is equal to silver, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, realizing, in many cases, from $25 to $35 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day by any one of ordinary business talent.

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! *In heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, and open face, with Dial and Hands, and in good running order,* by the half dozen, $95; postage, $1 80; registering, 20 cts. Sold only to the trade. Can be safely sent by mail.

Our jewelers are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country bears strong attest the superiority of our watches. Their encomiums are emphatic, extending directly to the point in a manner not to be misunderstood.

They are highly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's, Feb. 21.*

"Perfect in time, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10.*

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Philp. Army and Navy Gazette, May 9.*

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal, Aug. 8.*

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Sentinel, American Army Journ. (Government Organ, Aug. 29.*

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle, July 31.*

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ. (Government Organ, Aug. 29.*

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal, July 31.*

SEE TERMS CASH; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agencies supplied. Agents and deal directly with us. A manual is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders filled with the most full attention and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

169 *Broadway, cor. Cortlandt St., New York.*

S. M. WARD. Co. B 48th N.Y.Vols.

C. E. PACE Co. I 29 N.J.Vol.

50,000 Agents Wanted.

Are required to sell the new Patent Steam Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, rich Colored Steel Plate Full Instructions, and either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or a Medallion Cameo Pin, or a Watch Chain, or an Engraved Spring Locket, or a Seal Stone, California Diamond, or Stained Ring, or a Rose Cut Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Match Box, or other Army Cups, Silver Pencil Cases, &c., and Reg. handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kearney Cross in Gold Plate, and for 50 cents, will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,

Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, manned with energy and a desire of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 10 cents.)

H. A. MARSHALL & CO., Manufacturers of Printers' Rollers, **CARDBOARD** and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Twine, Bleaching Cord, Clothes Cord and Clothes Line, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed with nothing apprentice in a few hours. Type, $3, and $10. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 24, 35, and $45. Send for a Circular. Do not buy

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

MERCHANTS' AND MANUFACTURERS' PROMPTION and UNIVERSAL AGENCY, incorporated under Act of 1811.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Agents, Peddlers, and all others wishing to increase their business, should send a stamp for our Circular.

GOODWIN & CO.,

429 Broadway, N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..... 10 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " ..... 4 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Fan. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
1000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 8 00 each.
1000 Coral Sleeve Buttons..... 5 00 to 8 00 each.
1000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Felt and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Boom Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Silver Thimbles..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders 2 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one is worth, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, free, giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage on the same, and the usual sales, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent by Express for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their emolument amounts to one dollar. Agents will send 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great inducements will be made by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

269 Broadway, New York.



WEDDING CARDS.

French Note Papers, Seals and Presses. Silver Plates, etc., at J. Evans's, 308 Broadway, New York.
For Specimens by mail, send 10 cents.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.

METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order accompanied by cash, ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES. Photographs, Albums, Stereoscopes, Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Sutler Goods, or any other articles required by any one.

We will forward, on receipt of 20 cents each, Photographs of GENERALS MEADE, MCCLELLAN, HALLECK, SCOTT, BURNSIDES, SIGEL, BANKS, SHERMAN, HALPINE, SARGENT, BARNARD, ANDREAS, PARTON, PORTER, BUTLER, and many of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Premiums for the Million.



AMERICAN PAPER JEWELRY.—This excellent article, being neat, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds, will relieve the tedium of Jewelry Peddlers. Sent

by mail, free, on receipt of price. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.

PER HUNDRED, $10.00

SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

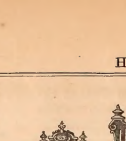
FOR INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c. — Manufactured only by

S. G. WELLING, No. 397 Centre St., New York.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No one who requires a capital them found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars, and a sample to work by, sent free, on the receipt of 50 cents. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR **$1**
PORTABLE COPYING PRESS
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest copying press ever sent by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & VAN ANDEN, No. 20 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.



A WORD

Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,

No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected materials, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. ALSO, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE. ☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Office 429 Broadway.

The "Ridgewood" Patent Smoking Case.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe and Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by means of a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case*. Nothing can excel its *comfort and utility for Smokers*. It is of various styles, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 75, to $5 75 and $6 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. It is substantially made *for service*, and secures what it promises for all *Smokers*, at Home or abroad, in the ARMY or NAVY, *style, comfort, and economy*. As a present to friends, nothing could be more acceptable. For the *Soldier*, in Camp or on the March, it is invaluable.

Also in stock

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior flavor*, and equal in style and quality to any granulated *Tobacco* in the market. Put up in packages to *fit the Pouch* (about a week's smoking), or in larger packages as desired, for the general Trade. *Cigarettes, Smokers, and Dealers*, are invited to call and examine these Goods. Circular sent if desired.

A *Liberal Discount to Dealers*. *Smoke Case* sent by mail or Express, paid, on receipt of price and 25 cents.

The Attention of Sutlers is particularly invited to these Goods.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

Portable

Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents, and 6 cents for CHASE & LEAVITT, 25 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



M'Clellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Burnside, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Porter, and Sigel. All are the same pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and date. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin. Plated back and front in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. *Agents wanted in each and the army.* The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and patent for selling it.

LOUIS PHILIP, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHION.—Brilliant and Valuable Novelties in the Fall number of Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashion. The Empress Eugenie and Her Maids of Honor. A large sheet of New Braid and Embroidery Patterns, extra-large Colored Fashion Plate, and five Full-size Patterns, with other valuable novelties. Now Ready. Single, 25 cents; yearly, $1, with valuable premiums. Address

MME. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, N. Y.



Exterminates Catarrh. Rest and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 613 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

Union Playing Cards.

Colored for *King*, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 emanicel cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can't tell which is which. Two packs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for circulars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
605 Broadway, N. Y., or 195 William Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to take orders for VICTOR'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, the acknowledged standard, indorsed by the President, Cabinet, Members of Congress, Governors, Generals, Statesmen, and by the press generally. Two volumes are now ready, cap 8vo illustrated with steel engravings. Sold by subscription only, and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address

EDWARD F. HOVEY, 13 Spruce Street, N. Y.

Watches and Jewelry.

CHEAPEST AND BEST yet offered to the public. For list of Articles and Prices, address

PARKER COX & CO., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 60 cents. Also retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by

T. S. WOLLOTT, 191 Chatham Square, N. Y.



French Solitaire Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, Blue, &c., engraved with Initial Letters, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 403 Broadway, New York.

Deafness—*Sound Magnifying Tubes*. Can be concealed in the ear; enables deaf persons to hear as public assemblies. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to

E. B. HASLAM, 20 Nassau St., New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just published:

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a Germ-an Physician. By Mrs. Eliot Bumer Lettice (Gwen Meredith). 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

MARTIN POLE. By Jane Saturess, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

KNAPP'S FRENCH READING-BOOK; CHRESTOMATHIE FRANÇAISE: Containing I. Selections from the best French Writers, with Grammatical References to the Author's French Grammar. II. The Master-Pieces of Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire; with Explanatory Notes, a Glossary of Idiomatic Phrases, and a Vocabulary. By William I. Knapp, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Madison University, N. Y. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. 8vo, Illustrated, Paper, 75 cents.

HEAD'S DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Daily Walk with Wise Men; or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and Especially Adapted, by Rev. Reuben Head. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K. C. B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain Charles D. Rhind, U. S. A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By Joseph Kay, LL. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. Heywood, Author of "Olive Blake's Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. New Edition. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, Mosilikatze, and Zambesi, &c., from 1853 to 1860. By William Charles Baldwin, F. R. G. S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations, and Portrait Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," and "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. A Novel. By John Saunders. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By Frances Anne Kemble. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 1 Copy for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
Terms for Advertising in HARPER'S WEEKLY, per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



PHYSIOGNOMY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, including the various "signs of character," and how to read them, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. A new volume, 28, commenced in July. $1 50 a year. Sample Nos. sent by first post for 15 cents.

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Horseshoe Puzzle, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. Circulars sent *Free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

THE PERFLEXED PIRATES.

LOUIS NAPOLEON *(a Corsair)*. "Vell, Meestare Jonnibull! vat you see eat time you peep round ze corners ze two beeg glass?"

JOHN BULL *(Another)*. "I see a werry suspicious looking cove a sittin' in the New York harbor, with arf-a-dozen big Roochian blood-hounds about him."

LOUIS NAPOLEON. "Hein?"

JOHN BULL. "Humph!"

Miss Kate Denin,

The celebrated actress, says: "I have used HENRY'S KALAGEN for many years and find it the most cleansing ale for keeping it in its full beauty and luxuriance that I have ever used. I can freely recommend it to every lady. It contains no oil, alcohol, or any other injurious ingredients, and is the most perfect hair-dressing in the world. Price 50 cents. Depot 46 Cliff Street, N. Y.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!

H. BROWN & CO. 1ST N.Y. ART. — CHESTON, 1ST L. ART. NYV. — CS. BUTTUM, 4TH R.I.V. — A.K. MILLER, Co. B. 5TH N.Y.

J.C. HENRY, 5TH N.Y.V. — L. ALLEN CO. 1ST N.Y. — W. JONES, 8TH N.H.V.

JOHN CRANE, 1ST N.H.V. — WILSON & CO. 1ST N.Y. — DAVIS & CO. 1ST N.Y.

All our Badges are 1¼ inches in diameter.

Solid Silver shield, with Name, Rank, and Regiment, $1 00 each. Star, Diamond, and Clover Leaf Corps Badges, with Name, Rank, and Regiment; enamelled Red, White, or Blue, $1 00 each. Circle, Cross, and Maltese Cross, enamelled Red, White, or Blue, with Name, Rank, and Regiment, made of Solid Silver, $1 25 each. Company Pins from A to L, made of Solid Silver, with Name, Rank, and Regiment, 25 00 per dozen. Silver plated Corps Badges, with Red, White, or Blue enamel, $8 00 per dozen. Send for a circular. Address DUNN & MOORE, Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

OR STUDS—Red, White, and Black, engraved with Initials. The pair, will be sent free on receipt of the price by mail. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory goods, 307 Canal Street 84, N. Y., and 19 Golden Elephant. A liberal discount to the trade.

ASSORTED in the family design of the SOLDIER'S COMPANY FUND. The letter representing the COMPANY is in BOLD RELIEF, and very conspicuous.

The under-signed will forward to any soldier one of the above pins in solid silver, with name and regiment clearly engraved upon it, on receipt of **One Dollar.**

For CORPS BADGES, see inside.

Address J. G. PACKARD & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

PHYSIOGNOMY,

OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER, and "How to Read Them." Physiology, the functions of the body; Pneumagy, the organs of the brain; Ethnology, the races of man; and Psychology, the science of the soul, are given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Vol. 38 commenced July 1st. Single number, 10 cents, by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Amalgam Bells.

Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. ROBINSON, late PRATT, ROBINSON & CO., 199 William St., N. Y.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens replated on receipt of 75 cents.

E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

A Beautiful Complexion free from **Tan,** Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "PALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of pain oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 105 and 107 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

The Diaphragm Filter,

Manufactured and sold by Alexander McKenzie, Plumber and Hydraulic Engineer, No. 346 4th Street, New York, is the kind of Force Filter to which I alluded in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the artificial sandstone which constitutes the filtering medium to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and requires to be covered occasionally to insure its action.—New York, April 25, 1862.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

From the **N. Y. Illustrated News,** Jan. 10, 1863.

"One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered."

Magic Time OBSERVERS!

The Perfection of Mechanism,

DEING a HUNTING, OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH CASE-BEARER, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty, of which we are the only consignees in this country! It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely superfluous. The case of this watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 15 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time-piece. Has one is convenient, measuring but two inches across it. Price, superbly engraved, and set of half dozen, $104. Beautiful Watches in neat Morocco boxes, $25. If sent by mail, the postage is 56 cents; registering, 20 cents.

THROP, CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH and ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane & 23 John Street, N.Y.

15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris.

47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Shuits' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent prepaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

"Get the Best."

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THISTLE & CO.'S ENTIRELY NEW 12 and 16c. FREE STATIONERY PACKAGES. They are the largest, best, and cheapest manufactured. Circular sent free. Greatest inducements to Agents. THISTLE & CO., 159 Nassau Street.

American Enamelled Metallic Collar Co.,

No. 94 Pine Street, New York,

Are now manufacturing their splendid Collars, which for shape, appearance, and durability are FAR IN ADVANCE of anything heretofore produced.

They are the inventors and manufacturers of the only real "TURN-OVER" COLLAR ever offered.

These Collars are infinitely SUPERIOR TO STEEL, being more pliable, and the material of which they are manufactured BEING A NON-CONDUCTOR, renders them free from the objectionable feature of the metal collar, viz.: the courting of that dangerous element, electricity, in the shape of lightning. Inclose $1 for a "Chelsea," or $1 50 for a genuine "half turn-over" collar, to the AMERICAN ENAMELLED METALLIC COLLAR COMPANY, Box No. 5173 New York City Post Office, and receive it by return mail.

$22 WATCHES. $22

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Coin Silver, heavy Hunting Case, *warranted*, for $22. Retail price $40.

Genuine Full Jewelled American Lever Watches, in 4 ounce Coin Silver Hunting Case, gold joint, the *best* watch for the money, *warranted* at equally low rates. All orders from the army must be prepaid, as the express companies will not take Bills for Collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches.
209 Broadway New York.

WATCHES FREE.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all the old style; containing All New Articles, and of first quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likeness of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth $1, for ONLY 25 cents. We send the watch for a present to *your friend in the Army.* No family should be without it. Packs immediately on quick. *Soldiers in camp can make Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, and other valuable and first-class Prizes presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Sample package sent through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA Inducements. Try us. Don't delay. Costs nothing on inside page.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 162 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Gift Package House in the World.

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street.

Orders received for Five-Twenty Bonds at *Par*, interest payable in the State of payment.

U. S. 7.30 Treasury Notes.

" One Year Certificates.

" Six per Cent. Bonds of 1881.

And all other Government Securities bought, sold, and constantly on hand.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received on favorable terms.

Special attention given to the Collection of Government Vouchers, Quartermasters' Checks, and maturing Certificates of Indebtedness.

FISK & HATCH, 38 Wall Street.

18 1 Doz. free by Mail for $1 25.

Beautiful Card Photographs for Card Photographs, to hang up or stand up. We call them the "*Improved* American Carte Parte."

Sold by all Booksellers, Fruit Dealers, or Fancy Goods Men

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

501 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

Photographic Albums, and

Stereoscopic Views.

"Most Laughable Thing on Earth."

A game that can be played by any number, and productive of Roars of Laughter. Just the thing for Social Parties, Public Halls at Home. A rare cure for Home-Sickness, Ennui, and the Blues. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents. ADAMS, 25 Cornhill, Boston.

Purify your Complexion—My prescription is a positive cure for freckles, tan, and pimples, in 4 weeks. Receipt sent post-paid in 1703 for 50c. Send to stamp address on receipt of 30 cts. WM. POTTER, *Box* 1253, Philadelphia.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Agents, male or female, Sutlers, Canvassers, and all having some time to spare, are particularly requested, as a FAVOR, to send us their address, as we will send in return, free, information for which they will be THANKFUL. We offer extraordinary inducements, by which we can make $5 to $15 per day. Address, We want addresses from EVERY COUNTY in the U. S. and EVERY Regiment in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 2151, N. Y.

WANTED! WANTED!

Do you want to know how to make Cogwood for Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches? We will send you Gentleman Jaggery's Secret, and our Receipt and our Guarantee for $2 00, postage free. Address

H. HUTCHINSON & CO., Drawer 111, Milwaukee, Wis.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at $1 for each article, consisting of a varied assortment of rich and valuable goods, worth from $5 to $300 each. Agents wanted. Send 3 cents for a circular. Address

ADDERSON & CO., 319 Bowery, P. O. Box 4586, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 25 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects 500 times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Photograph Albums!

SUPERB STYLES, in ARABESQUE and GOLD, at ANY PRICE from $1 50 to $20 00 each. Very Elegant Albums, French Style, for 50 pictures, sent for $5 00.

Catalogue and Price List sent on receipt of Five Cents.

W. LUCAS & CO., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever Skate Buckle.

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 105 Pearl Street, New York, 26 Kilby Street, Boston.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of information concerning Patents, rates, Specimens of the Paper, free.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Quadruple Movement*, and time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in Metallic case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $9. Each warranted to the SAINT LOUIS WATCH & CO., 32 Gaff Block, Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Sept. 26, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have established two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is borne in mind that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be great opportunity in all the affairs of life."

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin.

For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BANNISHIP'S, Cooper Institute, New York.

How to Paint Photographs.

A NEW WORK.

Just published. Price 10 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists' supply-men, and Stock Dealers, and sent, post-paid, by the publishers.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

VINELAND.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia, by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and thirty acre tracts, at from $10 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for MANUFACTURERS of Furniture, Shoes, Tobacco, and pottery. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing information and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

Patent Fountain Brush, for Marking Boxes, Bundles, &c. Man fd by E. P. CLARK & CO., Northampton, Mass.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED

In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

STEEL COLLARS

AND CUFFS, ENAMULED LILY WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are vastly cleaner in use than white with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, sent by Post to any part of the Union on receipt of $1.25.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 B'way, N. Y.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS

Made to Measure at $24. $30, $36, & $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS,

the largest assortment in the United States, $3 75 each; all cut one yard long.

Shirts sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage must be enclosed.—62 cents for each Shirt.

FRENCH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2 00, and $2 25.

SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

S. W. H. WARD, 387 Broadway, N. Y.

A Splendid New Book for Boys!

"The Drummer Boy

Is a story of Burnside's Expedition to North Carolina—a boy's book—full of stirring adventure and rapid incident. The life and enthusiasm of the young hero is painted in vivid colors."—New York Evening Post.

Elegantly illustrated. Price $1 00.

Just published by J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, and sold at all book-stores.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 356.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE—RECEPTION OF GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE UNIONISTS OF KNOXVILLE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE OLD FLAG IN EAST TENNESSEE.

On page 673 we illustrate one of the most interesting scenes of the recent campaign, namely, THE WELCOME TENDERED TO GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE UNIONISTS OF EAST TENNESSEE when he entered Knoxville. It seems to have almost overpowered our brave troops. The Albany *Evening Journal* publishes the following letter from a son of Senator Harris, who was with Burnside:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, *Sunday, September* 6, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Our troops entered this place on the 2d inst., without opposition on the part of the rebels, who fled at our approach. A rapid march of 250 miles over mountain roads, made with artillery, infantry, and cavalry, was deemed next to impossible by the rebel General Buckner, and before he was aware of it our columns were precipitating themselves down the southern slopes of the mountains, with trains of supplies following almost at a trot. It was the most beautiful march of the war. We were surprised at it—the rebels still more so—they did not know where to look for us, and as we came upon them by several different roads, they overestimated our force, magnifying it to an army of from 60,000 to 100,000 men, and, without the slightest attempt at resistance, retreated southward, crossed the Holsten River, and burned the London bridge, 1800 feet long, to prevent pursuit.

From time to time during our march I have written you about our ride through Kentucky, but it was not to be compared in interest to that which we made through East Tennessee. The country is wild and unsettled until you approach Knoxville. We marched from 25 to 30 miles a day, and slept at night sometimes under a tent, sometimes under a fly, and once we bivouacked in a rain that wet us all through. General Burnside had not so much as an over-coat, but with his saddle for a pillow he lay down and we followed suit. I was fortunate enough to have my horse-blanket and the cape of my over-coat. We were so tired that we slept like bricks, as we did every night, and the first thing I saw the next morning was the General making a fire and every one of the Staff still asleep around him.

As we approached the settled part of the country we were greeted every where with shouts for the Union, cheers for the old flag, and the most unmistakable evidences of loyalty. At every house the entire family would appear, often with buckets of fresh water and fruit for the welcome Yankees, and some of the people would scarcely ask for pay for the forage which we had seized to feed our animals, although the corn we had taken was all they had to look to for their winter's food. Sometimes the Stars and Stripes would be carried out to the gate of the door-yard by one of the girls, and the General and Staff would take off their hats, while the escort following gave three cheers. Old gray-haired men would come out and seize the General's hand, bidding him God-speed, and men would flock in at every halt to be armed and join us. The sufferings of these people have been terrible. I have seen them come from the caves of the mountains, where they have been hiding from the rebels for months.

I have seen widows and orphans whose husbands and brothers and fathers have been murdered because they were Union men—*no other crime* being alleged. All kinds of atrocities have been committed. Death in the most horrid forms has been visited upon every man who dared show himself, in this part of the country, unarmed in the rebel cause.

"Glory be to God, the Yankees have come!" "The Flag's come back to Tennessee!" Such were the welcomes all along the road, and as we entered Knoxville it was past all description. The people seemed frantic with joy. I never knew what the *Love of Liberty* was before. After two years of servitude under the most tyrannical despotism, they now hold up their heads and thank God they are free. The old flag has been hidden in mattresses and under carpets. It now floats to the breeze at every staff in East Tennessee. Ladies wear it—carry it—wave it! Little children clap their hands and kiss it.

Can you imagine the effect of this on me? Suppose you walked down street, after riding 250 miles on horseback, with a sabre on one side and a pistol on the other, and every man, woman, and child would bow to you with a glad smile of welcome, or shake hands with you and say God bless you? I could go on much longer, but I can't do justice to the subject. My heart is so full, and I am so thankful to Almighty God for this bloodless and yet glorious victory, that I will not attempt to say any more on the subject.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

THE scattering returns which have thus far come in from the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio render it probable that Governor Curtin has been re-elected over Woodward by some 10,000 to 15,000 majority, and that John Brough has been elected over Vallandigham by 50,000 to 75,000 majority. We think the full returns are rather calculated to increase than to diminish these figures.

The result is one upon which every true patriot may congratulate himself. There is no State Governor in the country whom the nation could worse spare at the present crisis than Andrew G. Curtin; and there is no man in the country or out of it whose election by a great State like Ohio to an office of power and trust, would have been so heavy a discouragement to loyal men as Clement L. Vallandigham. His defeat and Curtin's election will probably give the death-blow to Copperheadism, and will convince the ambitious demagogues of the "peace party" that they must try some other road to fortune if they desire popular favor.

An attempt was made at the last moment to relieve Judge Woodward from the charge of Copperheadism by no less a personage than Major-General George B. M'Clellan. That officer wrote a letter to be published on the morning of the election which contains the following paragraph:

I desire to state clearly and distinctly that, having some few days ago had a full conversation with Judge Woodward, I find that our views agree; and I regard his election as Governor of Pennsylvania called for by the interests of the nation.

I understand Judge Woodward to be in favor of the prosecution of the war with all the means at the command of the loyal States until the military power of the rebellion is destroyed. I understand him to be of the opinion that while the war is urged with all possible decision and energy, the policy directing it should be in consonance with the principles of humanity and civilization, working no injury to private rights and property, not demanded by military necessity and recognized by military law among civilized nations; and, finally, I understand him to agree with me in the opinion that the sole great objects of this war are the restoration of the unity of the nation, the preservation of the Constitution, and the supremacy of the laws of the country.

The people would feel obliged to General M'Clellan if he would be more definite in his charges, and specify those portions of the policy of Government which he deems not "in consonance with the principles of humanity and civilization;" and those acts which lead him to believe that the President has other "objects" in the prosecution of the war than "the restoration of the unity of the nation, the preservation of the Constitution, and the supremacy of the laws." For, in the absence of specific charges and statements of fact, the people regard these vague insinuations as a mere veil to hide hostility to the war itself. Hence, they vote Mr. Woodward out of Court pretty decisively, notwithstanding the indorsement of his military friend.

WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY.

THE papers say that every body has been growing rich out of the war. Certainly the display of wealth and fashion in the Central Park has never been equaled in this country, and compares favorably with similar scenes in the London Parks and the Champs Elysées of Paris. Houses have risen enormously in price; first-class mansions are not to be had; it is said there is not single house in the Fifth Avenue for sale or to let. Though prices of all articles of luxury have advanced from 50 to 150 per cent. within two years, the consumption of them was never so active as it is. Ball, Black, & Co. and Tiffany never sold so many diamonds and so much rich jewelry as this season; Stewart never sold so many silk dresses and laces; the great carriage-makers never built so many carriages, or the great upholsterers so much expensive furniture. Evidences of increasing wealth and increasing extravagance meet even the most unobserving eye at every turn; and it must be true, as the papers say, that some people, at all events, are growing rich out of the war.

Nor could it be otherwise. The Government of the United States has issued $400,000,000 of legal-tender money, which is in circulation, and is preparing to issue as much more. The Banks have increased their circulation likewise from $135,000,000 to probably $175,000,000, and new Banks are being authorized under Mr. Chase's Act, which will presently issue $300,000,000 more. This is besides $150,000,000 of three-year United States notes, bearing 7.30 interest; over $200,000,000 of 6 per cent. certificates of indebtedness, maturing in twelve months; nearly $100,000,000 of twenty-year 6 per cent. bonds; about $100,000,000 of 5 and 6 per cent. certificates of deposit; and about $275,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds payable in twenty years and redeemable in five. This latter class of securities, not being currency, can not fairly come under the head of paper-money; though, as they are really paper, deriving its value from the confidence reposed in its maker, they are in effect an addition of just so much as they sell for to the apparent wealth of the nation, and contribute perhaps not less than the actual legal-tender notes to the pending inflation, and to the general development of commerce, industry, and prosperity.

This development has not been without its drawback. Gold has risen to 156, and may go still higher. It is probable that the stock of gold in the country is being diminished by export, and it is certain that hoarding has very largely diminished the stock which is offered in market. Thus the money which people make in these days, under the influence of copious issues of paper, is not the money they used to make in the old times when gold was par, but an inferior article, now only worth 75 cents to the dollar in gold, and possibly destined to fall still lower. The memorable examples of the French assignats and our own Continental money, which became valueless, and of the Confederate currency, of which it now takes ten dollars to purchase one gold dollar in Richmond, warn us that this money which speculators are now coining so fast, and which is flowing so freely into the coffers of every merchant, manufacturer, and farmer, may, some time or other, prove a very different article from that which it is now presumed to be. There are excellent reasons—which have been heretofore mentioned in this column—for believing that the fate which overwhelmed the assignats and the Continental money will never overtake our legal tenders. Thus far, there is no more money afloat than is required for the transaction of the business of the country; and if the legal tenders were called in, commerce would of necessity be compelled to substitute in their place some other kind of paper wherewith to make exchanges. But a much larger difference than now divides gold from paper may fairly be feared—especially if the war lasts much longer. And, in this point of view, people who are making money in these days are anxiously inquiring what they shall do with it, in order to protect themselves against a heavy depreciation hereafter.

For some time past there has been throughout the country an active consumption of railway stocks and bonds. It was always possible, in the old times, for a shrewd man to buy these securities so as to get 8 or 9 per cent. on his investment. Now it is hardly possible to buy any safe railway property which will yield over six per cent. on the investment, so thoroughly has the market been swept of the best class of bonds and stocks, and so enormous has been the amount of money seeking investment. A man who invests money in a good railway stock or bond, at the present time, must be content with six per cent. interest, *that interest payable in paper-money*. The same remark will apply to sound City, County, and State Bonds.

Real estate will yield still less. In the large cities houses and lots have advanced materially of late, and speculation in land has again broken out at the West. Allowing for the heavy amount of taxation which this kind of property will have to bear hereafter, it is questionable whether, on the average, real estate bought at present will yield its owner net five per cent., *payable in paper-money*.

There are those who put their money in gold and hoard it. These persons are sure of not losing *all* they have made. If, when they make $1500, they buy $1000 in gold, they are sure of having at last two-thirds of their means safe, in any event. But they are pretty sure of losing the other third, besides the interest on their money, for gold hoards yield no income. Many of these holders of gold argue that when it rises to "the right point" they will sell. That is precisely their mistake. When it does rise to "the right point" they will be more eager to buy than ever. Many persons who could not be persuaded to buy gold at 110, eighteen months ago, could not be driven to sell it last March, when it was 172, and only thought of parting with it when it dropped to 122, sixty days ago. And this is human nature. The more gold rises the more tenaciously people who hoard will cling to it; it is only when it has fallen heavily, and looks as if it would never go up again, that these misers will consent to sell. Thus the chances are very great that the gold which is being bought now at 140 and 150, and hoarded, will be held through fluctuation after fluctuation, and finally sold out somewhere in the neighborhood of par; having thus, as we said, insured to the hoarder the safety of two-thirds of his money at the cost of the other third—a pretty high premium of insurance.

There is, however, one investment now offered in this market which promises both a suitable income and perfect security, that is, United States 6 per cent. bonds. These bonds, which are offered at the United States Sub-Treasuries and at the various Government agencies at par in currency, yield 6 per cent. per annum, PAYABLE IN GOLD. There were $500,000,000 of them authorized by Congress to be issued; of these, $275,000,000 have already been sold, leaving $225,000,000 yet to be disposed of. The gold for the payment of interest on these bonds is received from customs duties. At the present time the receipts from customs at this port alone will average $55,000,000, and from all the ports together probably over $75,000,000—which is the interest, at 6 per cent, on $1,250,000,000. The customs duties will, in the nature of things, continue to increase so long as the prosperity of the country endures. Thus the purchaser of these United States bonds insures himself against the depreciation of the currency without running the risk which is assumed by the buyer of gold—namely, the risk of a loss on the future fall in gold, and the loss of interest. If gold rises, the income of a United States bondholder increases simultaneously, while that of every other bond or shareholder diminishes. If gold falls, United States bonds rise, and the holder can make money by selling out at the advance, while a fall in gold naturally depresses all property and stocks, United States securities alone excepted. In either event, therefore, the creditor of the United States is in a safer position than the creditor of a shareholder in any private corporation, or the holder of real estate or gold.

It is these considerations which have led to the absorption of the five-twenty bonds at the rate of nearly a million a day for nine months, and which probably insure the sale of the whole issue by New Year.

THE LOUNGER.

NOTICE.

THE Lounger receives so many applications, in various ways, for notices in these columns, that it is only fair for him to state that he must certainly disappoint most of the applicants, for he speaks only of those books and things in general which, for some reason, especially interest him. He can not comment upon every thing sent him; nor can he explain why he speaks of one thing and not of another. He prints this little notice in the fond confidence of Sairey Gamp, who says what Miss Alcott most felicitously prefixes as a motto to her most racy and delightful "Hospital Sketches"—"which no names being mentioned, no offense could be took."

THE RUSSIANS.

THE Russian fleet in the harbor of New York is a pretty and significant sight. The welcome to the Russian officers was a striking and memorable event. John Bull in the omnibus and at windows and on the corners of streets laughed at the "splendor" of the spectacle. But its meaning was not to be measured by the quantity of gold lace on the military coats; it was to be apprehended by the mind's eye, John.

At this time there are also English and French ships riding at anchor in the harbor. And what the mind's eye sees as it looks is, that England and France are the quasi enemies of this country and of Russia; that England and France have recognized the belligerent rights of the rebels, and that Russia has not; that if an English pirate, like the *Florida* or *Alabama*, should appear off the bay, the English and French ships would treat her as a commissioned vessel of war, and the Russian ships would treat her as a pirate. These are little things visible to the mind's eye, whatever the excellent John Bull may think of the "splendor" of the civic reception.

John thinks that we are absurdly bamboozled by the Russian compliments, and laughs to see us deceived by the sympathy of Muscovy. If one of the Russian officers, he says, were to express in St. Petersburg a tithe of the regard for American institutions which Americans recklessly attribute to them he would soon be in Siberia. But we are not very much deceived. Americans understand that the sympathy of France in our Revolution was not from love of us, but from hatred of England. They know, as Washington long ago told them, that romantic friendship between nations is not to be expected. And if they had latterly expected it, England has utterly undeceived them. Americans do not suppose that Russia is upon the point of becoming a republic; but they observe that the English aristocracy and the French empire hate a republic quite as much as the Russian monarchy hates it; and they remark that while the French empire imports coolies into its colonies, and winks at slavery, and while the British Government cheers a political enterprise founded upon slavery, and by its chief organs defends the system, Russia emancipates her serfs.

There is not the least harm in observing these little facts. Russia, John Bull will remember, conducts herself as a friendly power. That is all. England and France have shown themselves to be unfriendly powers. And we do not forget it. Russia treats us in our civil war as we treated England in her Crimean and Indian wars. We have no "frenzy" of gratitude for it, but we have a very distinct and permanent perception of the fact. As to the gold lace and the splendor of the civic ovation, if they were inadequate, the Russians doubtless freely forgive the want of rings upon the hand in consideration of the warmth and sincerity of the pressure.

CONSERVATISM AND RESPECTABILITY.

IN the middle of last July Abraham Franklin, a young man of this city, quiet and inoffensive, and a member of Zion African Church, went to his mother to see if he could do any thing for her safety. She said that if God willed she must die she was ready. The son knelt by her and prayed God's protection for his mother, and had scarcely risen from his knees when the crowd broke down the door, seized him, beat him with clubs, and then hung him in the presence of his mother. The soldiers drove the mob away and cut down his body. They passed on, and the mob returning suspended it again, cutting it to pieces while it hung.

The sister of Sergeant Simmons, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, was at home with her children. The mob broke in, seized her boy of six or seven years old; asked him whether he preferred to be hung or have his throat cut; hung the poor child and dropped him two or three times, then ran away. The abused child lingered for a few days and died of the torture and terror.

Augustus Stuart was running to the arsenal for safety. The mob pursued him, knocked him down and beat him, and he died within a week.

In a little room in Twenty-eighth Street a poor woman lay in bed with an infant born three days before. The rioters broke through the door with pickaxes. A neighbor, who was in the room with her son, fled into the yard. Scarcely had she reached it when the little infant was thrown from the window above by the rioters, and was dashed to death. The yelling mob then poured into the yard. The mother with her son were escaping over the fence. Faint with terror she fell back into the yard. Her son besought the mob to save his mother if they killed him. "Well, we'll kill you," they answered. Two ruffians seized him and held his arms apart while a third struck him upon the head with a crow-bar, and felled him like a bullock to the ground. The boy died two days after.

And these rioters, whose prejudices and passions had been inflamed to this insane hate by the talk of Horatio Seymour and his party-papers and orators, smeared with the blood of innocent children and parents, and howling vengeance upon those who pitied and defended their victims, swarm into the Park where Horatio Seymour, solemnly sworn to execute the laws against all such ruffians, calls them "My friends," while his papers describe these crimes, for which language has no term, as "a popular uprising," "a procession of the people," etc.; and John Hughes looks at them and says, "I don't see a riotous face among you." Then Horatio Seymour and his papers turn to the citizens of the State of New York, and show to them a list of candidates for whom Seymour himself and Fernando Wood will vote, and every man who hung and felled the helpless children will vote, and all the conductors and owners of the papers that incited and excused those awful crimes will vote; and for whose success every rebel in arms and every foreign foe of this country prays, and Horatio Seymour and his mob of murderers and panders to murder commend their ticket to us as "respectable and conservative." The conservatism of Cain, and the respectability of infamy!

WHO IS WHO?

IN politics names are often things. The value of a name is shown in nothing more strongly than in the history of the Democratic party. For many years there has been always a party of that name,

while the opposition has been called by a score of names. Yet the "Democratic party" of to-day is no more like that of thirty years ago than Jefferson Davis is like Andrew Jackson, or Horatio Seymour like Silas Wright. The Democratic party has no single distinctive Democratic principle whatever; for the fundamental Democratic doctrine is equal rights, and the cardinal dogma of the present party of that name is privilege, and its whole policy is to deny to protect it.

The Copperhead faction in this country, upon whose success the rebels fondly count, has therefore no more right to the name of Democratic party than a toad has to the name of eagle. It was a serious error of the true Democrats, when they withdrew from the Convention in Baltimore fifteen years ago, that they did not carry the Democratic name as they did the Democratic fetish out of that Convention. When they retired they left only a congress of slaveholders and their dependents; and it was evident that they would succeed in appropriating the Government to themselves and their purposes forever, or that civil war would ensue. From that moment until the present, as the boldness of the "Democratic" mask has been detected, and in the degree that Democrats have discovered for themselves that the party retained nothing of Democracy but the name, they have been constant, by leaving it, until at length the faction which calls itself the Democratic party is merely a body of the rebellion. And even now the managers of the faction only retain some honest adherents by pretending an interest in the war for the Union against slavery.

But the great mass of loyal citizens are really bold to the fundamental Democratic doctrine of equal rights under the laws. They are therefore essentially Democrats, and Democrats are advancing the fair fame of their name from the efforts of rebels and rebel sympathizers and abettors. They are defeating the Government purpose that all wrongs can be most securely righted against those who wish to rear a new and unjust government upon its ruins. They are maintaining the Union against armed traitors, and traitors calling themselves peace men. They are defending American equality, freedom, and Democracy against Democrats. When the war is over they will rename their party name, and the great Democracy will then stand in three bitter and opposed factions: it was not Davis, nor Vallandigham, nor Shiddell, nor Fernando Wood, nor Yancey, nor Franklin Pierce, nor Buchanan, nor Judge Douglas, nor the Seymours who were true Democrats, but Lincoln, and Butler, and Dix, and Chase, and Logan, and Winter Davis, and John A. Andrew, and their friends.

KILLING OUT OF RULE.

Our domestic Jeffs and Copperheads and our foreign enemies affect to deprecate the bombardment of Charleston and General Gillmore as an atrocious possibility. What are the facts? For about three months operations have been conducted for the capture of that city, which is a strong and populous hold and port of entry. The approach of General Gillmore has been steady and irresistible. He has possessed himself of Morris Island, captured Fort Wagner and Gregg, and silenced Fort Sumter. He has summoned the city, and planted his siege-guns. Two or three months ago an obstructed channel in the harbor yet withstand him. For him, therefore, the question is simply whether he can most rapidly and surely effect his purpose of capturing the value of the place to the enemy by attacking and capturing the fort, and clearing the harbor, and thus assaulting the city, or by attacking the city at once.

It is purely a question of war. Humanity has no more to do with it than with all other warlike operations. If the people of that wretched town wish to save their lives, let them surrender. If they do not choose to surrender, let them not plead inhumanity against the military effort to compel them to surrender. Thackeray's Major O'Dowdy complained that in a certain duel somebody killed his opponent entirely out of rule. And Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* cries: "Mais tu me pousses en tierce avant que de me pousser en quarte, et tu n'as pas la patience de parer." You thrust out of rule, and I shall wait until I parry the blows.

General Gillmore and his soldiers have not gone to Charleston to satisfy General O'Gahagan Beauregard, nor to play a comedy. It is tragedy, for the rebellion and for rebels, upon which they are bent.

A NOMINATION "FIT TO BE MADE."

For some time since the duty of every citizen to nominate the best nominations was thundering the primary meetings. This has been done in one district of the State, in the Onondaga, where Andrew D. White is nominated for State Senator.

Mr. White, a citizen of Syracuse, and lately Professor of History in the Michigan University, is a man so unusually fitted by his character and training for public life, of such clear and strong convictions, such familiarity with our political history, and the character and wants of the State and country, and of such calm and judicial temper and maturity of mind, that his election, of which there can be little doubt, will be a benefit not only to his district but to the State and country.

THE SERGEANT'S MEMORIAL.

THIS is a beautiful biography of one of the young heroes in the war, of whom a comrade said, "He never said much but always did it." It is a modest glimpse of that rare and unsuspected manhood which the country and its ideas had trained without our knowledge. Another memorial of a pure, noble young soul spent for the life and liberty of the nation.

It is the memoir of Sergeant John H. Thompson of the One Hundred and Sixth New York Regiment, written by his father, Rev. J. P. Thompson of the Tabernacle Church. It is a portrait painted with pathetic tenderness and mournful grace. And yet no man more than the faithful father of this good soldier knows that if such a death touches us the home with sorrow that never passes away, it sheds upon it also a benediction which increases for ever and ever. It is a story for young men to ponder, and for all of us to read with a sacred pride that there are such children and such parents; and that the war which secures, with blood and treasure, the union of the States secures also the enduring union of sympathy in the thousand homes that have been smitten.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON AGAIN.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, who two years ago made a speech to the Herts County farmers in England, and told them that the United States were gone, and it was a great blessing, because it was too large and powerful a nation for the comfort of England, has had another talk with the same farmers, and he told them "a strange story" indeed.

He said that the noble cause of national freedom is bound up with the material prosperity and moral power of England. But Mr. Roebuck had already told us that "freedom" is not a political principle; "Whatever is for the good of England is for the good of the world." In both cases it is a naive confession that the ruin of the country and the creation of a new slaveholding nation are for the good of England. But Sir Edward knows his farming friends in delightful doubt as to how the cause of national freedom is subserved by the ruin of a nation in order to benefit England.

The mysterious Zanoni proceeds to remark that not the least remarkable feature of these changes is that they "do not affect social customs or the institutions they seek to establish; and explains that he means they reject absolute Despotism and municipal self-government, and says the cornerstone of the British system is Liberty, that of the Southern is Slavery. The form of the British Government is a republic, and the form of that of the South is a State Church. The form of "the Confederate Government" is a republic, with no social distinction among those who acknowledge the same religious beliefs, and with no State Church. That is to say, in form there is no resemblance between the two. Sir Edward means that in spirit the Slave Government is like the British he makes a stupid blunder. Because, in spite of the Russian czar, the aristocrated Oriental despotism, the power residing in an oligarchy, and not in a single person. It has no other resemblance to the British system than the governments which reject the American doctrine must have to each other, from England to the King of Dahomey; but Sir Edward knows that because a crocodile is not a hippopotamus it must therefore be an eagle.

He concludes with the remark that the century may perhaps close upon a world of constitutional monarchies like England. "But it would you say, by sinful brethren," and an old Democrat in the audience, "if you should wake up and find yourself in Jefferson Davis's power?" Then the curtain of the century fall upon British monarchies to lay slavery corner-stone about the world, there is a good deal of room for the Irish question to expand. "Perhaps" is a good word. The moon may be made of green cheese. But the chances are very much against it.

England has done, and does, great service in the world; and among the chief is that her test traditions and cherished faith are distinctly opposed to such fierce barbarism as is now striving to overrun part of this continent. But Sir Edward Lytton is far more unskilful and unwise for his civilizing faith than he represents in his stories the noblest and most significant life of English gentry.

MR. BLAIR UPON THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

MR. POSTMASTER-GENERAL BLAIR has made another speech in Maryland, and if he be correctly reported, he says that the President's policy of reelection consists simply in the restoration of the Government and the restoration of the loyal men in the rebel section to power. Of course any plan looks this. How is the rebellion to end if the rebels are left in power?

But Mr. Blair's intention, undoubtedly, is to intimate that the policy of the Administration need not be a bugbear in the border States. If by this he means that as Maryland is excepted from the proclamation she can not complain of any unjustly of executive interference, he is right. But he means also that the President recoils from his policy, and contemplates, in any form of settlement, the enslaving of persons freed by his proclamation, he is guilty of dishonest equivocation, and our forgetting the President's Springfield letter.

The Postmaster-General, we observe, is assumed to some quarter to profess for the President, with a foolish speech, which Mr. Blair made in the summer at Concord, New Hampshire, Mr. Wendell Phillips suggested that he was not the proper organ of the Cabinet. Possibly of some one in the Cabinet he may be. But we happen to know that the President knew nothing of his Postmaster's Concord speech until long after it was delivered, and it is only fair to conclude that Mr. Blair in Maryland spoke for himself alone. Indeed, if there is one thing proved, it is that the President avoids nobody's talk or pledge so much as Mr. Blair's; he has been published in a pamphlet by H. H. Lloyd & Co., and there is no better or more timely reading.

REBEL BULLETS AND COPPERHEAD BALLOTS.

IT is well for every voter to remember that the rebels count upon Copperhead successes at the polls as equal to "Confederate" successes in the field. It matters very little to the cause of the rebellion whether it prevails by friendly ballots at the North or bullets at the South. Thus, one of the most rabid rebel sheets, the *Atlanta Appeal*, speaking of Bragg's battle at Chattanooga, says: "We shall now be recognized. Our securities will rise. *Vallandigham will be elected.* This friends of Vallandigham in New York offer a ticket opposed to the unconditional Union ticket. Shall we give the rebel *Appeal* reason to record the result of the election here with as much joy as it describes the battle at Chattanooga?

ONE THING CERTAIN.

THE London *Times* says, with the solemnity of a wolf muffled in lamb's wool and trying to baa: "We are not prepared to say that keeping the public right and national honor." If the *Florida* did not afford sufficient proof of this great fact, the *Alabama* is certainly enough to put it beyond question.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL GRANT is able to move around.

GENERAL PARKER arrived at Cairo from below last week, *en route* for Washington.

GENERAL HERRON, in consequence of sickness, has been compelled to leave the command of the expedition, and is succeeded by General DANA. General HERRON arrived at New York last week in the *Evening Star*.

LIEUTENANT H. A. FERNALD, Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, has been honorably acquitted of the charges preferred against him.

It is reported from rebel sources that Lieutenant-General POLK and Major-General MAURY have been relieved of their commands by order of General BRAGG, for their disobedience of orders.

Rear-Admiral DU PONT, on 12th, visited the Russian fleet in our harbor, and was cordially received.

The command of a squadron of cavalry, proposed to be formed from the Fifth Regiment New Jersey, has been tendered to Major T. GAINES, the Judge Advocate, long associated with General DIX's staff.

Brigadier-General MERRITT, agent for the exchange of prisoners, arrived in Washington on 12th.

Colonel HOWARD, of General BURNSIDE'S staff, has gone northward on sick furlough.

General CRAWFORD, QUARTERMASTER, and wife, were in Nashville on 13th.

On 13th inst. a magnificent banquet was given to Brigadier-General ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE, Quartermaster in Fourteenth Street, by a number of our prominent citizens.

The Secretary of War has ordered that General WADSWORTH will take him to Mississippi. His functions will be of a purely military character.

General HARTSUFF has been relieved of the command of the Ninth Army Corps, and appointed to another command.

On Sunday, 11th, Admiral MILNE and suite, with Lord ALVA and his suite, visited the Capitol, attended by the Secretary of State and others, visited Mount Vernon, and had luncheon at Willard's Hotel.

Colonel PERRY WYKOFFAN, who only a few days ago received command of a regiment of cavalry, was, much to his surprise, has received an order relieving him from all military duty.

Judge-Advocate-General HOLT's review of the evidence in the Court-martial in the case of Commodore WILKINSON by General MILROY, subtly exonerates that officer from blame, and almost from indiscretion. His review in the matter to General SCHENCK, General MILROY's superior officer, and General SCHENCK's action, are unobjectionable.

The order recently issued sending Captain PARKER, of General MARTINDALE'S Staff, to report to General BANKS, has been revoked. Captain PARKER is assigned to duty at head-quarters of the Military Governor. Colonel DELAMATER, of the Third Virginia Cavalry, is assigned to the duty of examining prisoners at the Old Capitol.

General Grant has made an impromptu exhibit of much spirit at Pittsburg on 9th. He made a stirring, patriotic speech, and was followed by other gallant men.

Commodore STRINGHAM, detached from the command of the *Dacotah*, has been ordered to the command of the *Pontoosuc*.

Lieutenant-Commander DE KRAFFT has been ordered to the command of the *Dacotah* on commission.

Major-General HANCOCK, writing to a friend in Washington, expresses the hope that the army will move next week. He is put lame, and not able to ride horseback, but his wound is healing.

It is very probable that Major-General HENRY HEINTZELMAN will be immediately relieved from the command of the Department of Washington, and placed in command of that of Texas. He has been very well fitted by long experience for the position, and the rebels will find, if he goes there, it is understood that either General BANKS or General GRANT will be in command, and not merely in the command of the Department. It is urged that General BANKS is just about the proper person to take charge of his fortunes in the relative strength and value of all the fortifications, as he must have been familiar with them from his point of vision as the chief engineer of the defenses of Washington, and he necessarily knows more about them than any one else.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It is reported that the whole rebel army has crossed the Rapidan, and that General Lee has fallen back upon the north bank of the Rappahannock. When our forces reached the Rapidan they found the ford much deeper as well as be conveniently carried away, in order to prevent them fording the river at that point. The rebels had also said to have commenced the passage of the Rapidan on 8th, moving in the direction of Orange Court House, with the evident intention of turning General Meade's right wing. Heavy cannonading was heard on the 9th, and it was supposed the rebels, who are said to be holding all the gaps in the Bull Run Mountains in force, were skirmishing with the between the cavalry and some light batteries at or near the head of the Rappahannock. Thus far, the infantry has not been engaged on either side.

THE SEDITION OF 10TH.

On Friday night, 9th inst., the morning the rebels moved out of town in a northwardly direction. A detachment of fifteen hundred men of the Second brigade of cavalry were occasionally seen by our signal-men through openings in the forest, which prevented seeing the road. The object of the movement could not at that time be determined. A scout of Kilpatrick's cavalry brigade attempted a reconnoissance on the south side of Robertson's River, when they met by a large force of Stuart's rebel cavalry. A fight ensued, continuing an hour, when our troops fell back upon the infantry reserve. After another severe contest the infantry were compelled to give way, and a considerable number of them were captured. A detachment of our cavalry then dashed upon the enemy, retaking nearly all the prisoners. Our entire force was then pushed back toward Culpeper, skirmishing on the way, and losing a number of guns.

ROSECRANS'S ARMY.

It is stated on Washington authority from Chattanooga, that the communication of General Rosecrans are complete, that the rebels who have been attacking his outposts are all dispersed, and that the condition of the army is excellent.

On 8th General Crook, with a brigade of cavalry, came up with a portion of Wharton's rebel cavalry, near Rankin. Sharp fighting ensued, the result of which was one hundred and twenty-five rebels killed and wounded, three hundred taken prisoners, and four pieces of cannon captured. The rebels fled.

RETREAT AT WORK.

Dispatches from Knoxville, Tennessee, report a brisk engagement of General Burnside's corps, near Blue Springs, on 11th inst. The rebels were attacked and severely handled. The fight was renewed on 11th, when the rebels were driven from the field. Two hundred men killed and wounded.

CHARLESTON.

Our latest news from Charleston is to the effect that there is every probability that we shall obtain a vast army and naval forces will be in readiness on the 20th inst. to attack the city. All preparations were ready for such an event at last accounts, but had not been completed.

A TORPEDO.

Serious damage was inflicted by the frigate *New Ironsides* on the night of the 6th inst. by the explosion of a rebel torpedo. The vessel was anchored at the time off Fort Moultrie, and the infernal machine was set adrift with the ebb tide. The guard of Sullivan's Island, where it floated rapidly down on the ebb-tide, and many believe they could be removed after its discovery. The explosion is described as having been terrific, shaking the water in a heavy volume on the vessel, putting out all the fires. It is stated that the damage was so great that Admiral Dahlgren had it under advisement whether to send the vessel North for repairs. Unfortunately no other was killed by the explosion, and only two men wounded.

QUANTRELL AT WORK.

An attack upon the staff and body-guard of General Ewing, at Sedalia, Missouri, was made by the rebel guerrilla and his band of miscreants, and in the matter they did not succeed as fully as anticipated, but what they did not achieved by them at Lawrence. Assuming the uniform of Federal soldiers they hoisted their colors and so surprised General Blunt's small party and captured seventy-eight of the one hundred men composing it. The prisoners were afterward brutally murdered, all of them having been shot in the head, besides which General Ewing's body-guard escaped, and meeting reinforcements below Otter Creek, took command of them and went in pursuit of Quantrell.

GENERAL HERRON'S EXPEDITION.

Intelligence has been received from General Herron's Expedition against guerrillas, in the vicinity of Mompox, a few miles below Port Hudson. Upon reaching the Atchafalaya River, it was found the rebels were in a strong position, and it was necessary to dislodge them before a march. At the same time, a force of some 600, under Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, from Brashear City, was thrown forward five or six miles. The rebels secretly crossed the river, and attacked Colonel D. in the rear, and were handled fully, forcing a severe fight, which lasted half an hour, when cavalry charged and the rebels surrender. The main body was hurried up, but the rebels hurried off.

JEFF DAVIS ON A TORY.

The Petersburg (Virginia) *Express* of Wednesday says that President DAVIS passed through Petersburg the day previous, for some profit, South, remaining in the city about an hour, and but for the fact that he is so well known by the people of the Confederate States would have gone through entirely unobserved. He was looking well, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. It is not known whether he will leave us in his way to Charleston, Chattanooga, and Mobile, on a tour of inspection, or take a wider range, and visit Georgia at these points.

INCENDIARISM IN THE WEST.

Within the last two months Jeff Davis's rebel incendiaries have set on fire and destroyed fifteen first-class Mississippi steamboats, valued at fifteen millions of a million of dollars, and count the loss of twenty-eight lives.

OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

We have at the present time but few scattering returns of the elections. But enough has been received to render it pretty certain that Curtin has been elected over Woodward by a considerable majority, and that Brough has beaten Vallandigham by 90,000 or 95,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A SPEECH FROM EARL RUSSELL.

EARL RUSSELL had made an important speech on foreign affairs at Blair Athol, Scotland, on 8th inst. He said an considerable length to the American question. He justified England in recognizing the Confederate belligerents; and declared that the war was impelled on both sides by the people of the North, as well as by the Southern planters. He said that at the completion of the Southern war, which he thought would be soon, he had assured the Washington Government that England should look with the utmost severity on any attempt to make Canada pay the penalty of the war. He observed that the Government would be obliged to raise a large army and navy to carry on the war after the rebels, and explained the difficulties in the way of interference by England. He declared that the Confederate navy consisted for war purposes of steam rams, which he said were the most powerful ships afloat, and would be used without ever touching Confederate shores. He asserted that the Government was wrong in conveying the duties of neutrality required—every thing that is to give a friendly nation will be done by us, and will done to themselves; but would not yield one jot of right to the menaces of foreign powers. In conclusion the Federal Government and Mr. Seward upon the failures of this policy, have abandoned the ancient and wonted character but and there were others, including Senator Sumner, who had acted differently. He denounced the efforts of those who sought to create hostility between America and Europe; and, referring to the policy of Napoleon in Mexico, he thought that if the Mexicans approved of what was being done for them they should be allowed to do so.

THE BRITISH PIRATES.

The Cape of Good Hope mails contain some very important correspondence relative to the visits of the *Alexandra*, *Georgia*, and *Theodora*—formerly the bark Crenshaw—to Simon's Bay, and other ports of the coast. The Governor of the Cape Colony has sent his rebel friends eight of thousands of the colonists as she was running into Table Bay. The United States Consul protested against the seizure as having been made within a cannon-shot of the shore. He also claimed the restitution of the *Theodora*, as agent for her owners, on the ground that, not having been conveyed by the captors into a port of competent authority, her entry into a British port was a violation of the Queen's proclamation. The Governor has referred both these demands; wherupon the Consul protested in the name of the United States against the whole of the colonial corps of the Tuscaloosa had been sold to merchants at Cape Town, and that the cargo of the *Sea Bride* would be similarly disposed of. The *Alabama* and *Georgia* reported a great many captures and very profitable trips.

MEXICO.

MAXIMILIAN HAS NOT ACCEPTED.

The Archduke MAXIMILIAN has replied to the Mexican deputation that he has not accepted upon this with a direct offer of the throne, that he is willing to accept it, if sanctioned by the free, spontaneous, and unquestionable vote of the people, coupled with some guarantee for the integrity and independence of that country.



THE LIFE OF A SPY—IN NINE TABLEAUX.



SERVICE AND SHODDY—A PICTURE OF THE TIMES.

FORTIS ET FIDELIS.

THERE were loungers on the steps; and the autumn wind, sweeping freshly in from the shore, was blowing something like a gale. No time or place for sentiment! Besides, the parting was but for a season. Lina Drysdale would be the guest that winter of Robert's sister. Gay, too, would pass the season in New York; so a few laughing words to Lina, and a distant bow to that shy Agnes, already in the carriage, and then Robert March and Guy Drysdale, bound by a rare and subtle sympathy as fine as earthly hearts can bind, loving each other with a love passing that of woman, had shaken hands and gone on their respective ways, with just that subtle tinge of sadness that makes the hope of such partings all the sweeter.

But that winter proved dark with menace of the coming storm, and restless and anxious with the fierce discontent and plotting of South Carolina; and Guy Drysdale, in very virtue of high position and daring spirits, was drawn forward into the vortex of madness. And then boomed out the guns from Sumter, knelling in the war.

The parting had been with mirth and laughter; the meeting was amidst the horror of battle, late on in that stormy day at the Seven Pines. Like a wall had our brave fellows stood against the furious onward surge of the enemy, as column after column they hurled themselves on our solid, stubborn ranks. The river was our reserve, foaming and bridgeless; and all the night before the rebel camp had been deafened with the clash of hoofs, and the roll of artillery trains, and the steady tramp of regiments coming to the rescue; and the soldiers, stung by the reverse at Fair Oaks, and maddened by our battle-cry of "On to Richmond!" were no longer men, but things raging, fighting fiends, back, and to-let the work was done, stroke upon stroke, blow upon blow: regiment after regiment ordered up to Johnston to the attack, and thinned as fast as thinned; fresh men taking the place of tired ones; on and at them, again and again, with the Egyptian taskmaster, fiercer than at bay were heroes, but of flesh and blood, worn out with hours of fighting—fighting desperately, not hopefully,—more than half of their officers down, and the deadly bullets dropping them faster than the pestilence; and at last, in his rage and despair, Johnston was coming on in person, massing fresh colors flying, a great, roaring, angry wave, down upon them as the Red Sea might have swept upon the Egyptian chariots, forcing them from their brave stand, treading them under grinding hoofs, more merciful than Death itself.

All through that day had Robert March fought well and nobly; and now he stood, disdaining to run, but giving the meaning to still the line as much as possible, reviving the soldiers, who rushed upon him shouting, with a succession of rapid, flashing strokes, that presently cleared a space around him, and brought the trooper foremost in attack on guard. Then ensued one of those strange duels common in scenes of horror. The rebel officer, an Alabamian—was in raging earnest, and no mean swordsman; but Robert possessed the immeasurable advantage of self-control, and was ready, eye, foot, and hand, for the blows stormed down upon him; and presently the trooper brought the blood from the Alabamian's shoulder. The soldiers standing by began to murmur and pass on to cheer that; knives were already drawn, and one scowling fellow was drawing his pistol from his belt.

"Oh!" said Robert, coolly parrying a slashing down-stroke; "six on one! It is to be a murder then!"

Things were an ugly look, certainly; the pistol was already level with Robert's breast; but an officer who had been watching the affray dashed in among them like a storm, knocked up the revolver, and crying out,

"You villains! give the man fair play! This isn't a massacre!"

At the sound of his voice Robert, who had nevermore lost self-possession, started and turned hastily; perhaps in his reward for such prompt assistance, a cut on the cheek that brought the blood out redly over the face of dust, and left a gash, terrible, and worst of all, the Confederate uniform, that was Guy Drysdale.

"And look for me, dear Bob, that I stumbled on you!" was his first comment; "for Johnston is either dead or dying, and it has put the very devil in our fellows. I doubt if you would have gotten safe to Richmond to-night."

And so Captain March found himself not many miles from Richmond at the time of the danger was menacing it with its hosts, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis was packing up carpets and curtains in all haste to the shores of the Northern Lakes, a prudence indeed, but in the bosom of a South Carolinian family, and bound only by silken ties.

It had been no easy matter to win for him so much grace; but Guy's friendship was unflinching, his energy unrelenting, and his services of a nature not to be overlooked; and Guy had pledged himself for Robert, life for life, his honor on that of Captain March; and so the young Rebel officer was his guest, and stood leaning over the piano at which Lina was singing, with a blush and flutter of manner quite uncalled for, since Robert's eyes grazed her glossy braids, and were fixed with a curiosity in which we are no longer sure, her singing, on Agnes's figure, there beyond in the dress circle row. She had altered strangely since that morning when she shrank away in the carriage from Guy's good-by. In those gay days she had been a mask or a blank; and though, as a Drysdale, she had their regularity of feature and splendor of physique, the taper fingers and arched instep, it was the lively transparency without the light, the sweet poem without the key to the cipher in which it was written; and puzzled by the strange combination of red dark-gray eyes, black lashes, and high arched brows, with the heavy mass of bright golden hair, people were doubtful whether that "odd Miss Drysdale" should not rank before the pretty Drysdale." But with the war the smouldering flame in her heart had blazed up into clear, decisive speech—prompt, efficient action; and her present passionate energy, contrasting with her former inertness, proved, as Robert had suspected, that what the world charitably termed reserve, was in truth contempt for the small eating, drinking, and chattering of her daily life.

The change visited also her beauty; for the fair face at last, informed with the thoughts so long hidden, revived Lina's beauty of splendid contrasts—ripe color, and clear brine whiteness, pearl white teeth, and midnight blackness of eyes and hair, dewy scarlet lips, and dimpling saucy smile—to so much prettiness; the still figure in the black dress, that she had chosen to wear since the commencement of the war, made of Lina's lithe air and gay ribbon knots and bodice so much coquetry: her very self-controlled presence, seeing there, rapidly and meditatively, upon rough garments for hospital wear, swamped in oblivion Lina's grace and plain desire to please, and roused all Guy's March's curiosity, and a little pique, natural to a man not used to be coolly, sweetly, but decidedly, overlooked by charming girls; accepted, but with lady-like resignation, like any other inevitable nuisance—as the east wind, or a bore; though her endurance was less downpressed, and softened by a something of kindliness since the day they had driven to Richmond, a party of four; Guy, who had snatched a day at home, Agnes, and Robert, whom they had dressed in plain clothes.

Artillery was rattling through the streets, and bands of men hurrying to the front, shouting a gallant front as they marched by, drums beating, and torn banners flying, were crowding in to the help of beleaguered Richmond. Agnes's color rose as she watched their close array and growing numbers.

"They come barefoot and in tatters," she said, half glancing at March, "as once another army crossed the frozen Delaware on a bitter winter's night."

The taunt fell on unheeding ears. Robert's heart and mind were in the field with men then, not ten feet away, was the railway station; and filling its buildings, and piled on its platform in the broiling, sultry heat, were the sick and the hundreds, wounded and helpless, Federal blue and Confederate grey side by side. Among them ministering angels were at work to do, and angels passing the hated Federal uniforms with scorn or indifference; and Robert grew white to the lips as he saw the hospital stores, and the means of refreshing drink, and the wan faces grow more ghastly in their hopeless misery. Guy, who had himself had been wounded, and he remembered yet the fever and pain and misery of those long weeks, softened his tenderness into pity for them; and here were heat, and panting thirst, and loathing hate and scorn, added to racking pain, fever, and misery! Oh! if he could but send for his dead son and brother, lover and husband, to cry I will not let him go! But there were also sons, brothers, and husbands. In the field were the foes in arms and will not help us in this war, because of a thing called an Administration, to read lightly how these brave fellows suffered, and bled, and perished, and talk of exaggeration! But these be facts, though told in an idle tale, and Robert found it hard to look on. He trembled from head to foot, and glanced wildly this way and that, as if for some road to deliverance from out of this. Guy laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Keep cool, Bob! What would you have? There is not enough to go round already, and if there must be a choice, you can hardly expect that our men would be passed; and bad as it is, it is a little more wonderfully managed for effects and men are crowded three and four hundred in a room, and kept there night and day."

"And I only sent my wife so easily," muttered Robert, "and find my days pass pleasantly; and these men fought as well as I, and some of them deserve better of Heaven! Guy, I can't endure it; my place is among them. I must go and join them."

Then for the first time he saw that Agnes was looking at him, bending forward eagerly, her gray eyes shrinking, pleading.

"You would do that! you would really do that!" Guy laughed.

"Of course he would, and get you to pilot him there, where your romantic enthusiasm would receive a damper in a unanimous request from the four hundred to leave them and make room for oxygen in peace. Stay with us, Bob, if you love them!"

Robert's eyes rested gloomily on the wounded men.

"There are men out of my own company."

"Where?" asked Agnes quickly.

"There, just by that post."

Agnes looked as he pointed, but did not answer immediately: for she was busy with certain covered baskets stowed away under the seats, her basket-trimmings and her embroidery were all packed.

"You shall see," she said, low, as she got out of the carriage, "that Southern women have hearts."

Comprehension of her purpose came, but words to move to follow her; but again Guy held him back.

"There are some here who may know you. Do you stay with Lina and look as indifferent as you can, and I will go."

Look indifferent! As though that were possible, when he longed to kiss the very hem of her dress, as Agnes kneeled by the wounded prisoners, and gave them strawberries with her dainty fingers, or held the coffee to their dry lips. In a moment some soldier put her sleeve, and a shocked voice exclaimed at her elbow,

"My dear Agnes! do you know what you are doing?"

Agnes faced about, and brought her marvelous gray eyes to bear on the pretty questioner's disturbed face, answering severely,

"Yes, I think so, Elise."

"But—but," hesitated the young lady, "that is a miserable Yankee."

Agnes drew down her black brows, and the kindly sunshine was out of her face on the instant.

"Well, Miss Carey, what does that prove?"

The tone scarcely admitted of an answer, and with a shrug of her shoulders the girl turned away and joined a group of whispering ladies at the other end of the platform. Agnes went calmly on with her merciful work, seconded by Guy, whose dark face glowed red with shame and anger, as he glanced toward Robert within hearing of all this. Presently some one touched him—a man this time.

"I arrest you, Sir," he said, harshly.

Guy made no demonstration save for his revolver, but Agnes's soft firm hand was on his in an instant.

"Why and on whose authority?" she asked, calmly.

At the clear tone and steady authoritative glance the man gave back a little, but answered, sullenly:

"As for authority, I am a member of the secret police, and these are prisoners, Miss; and he has been tending them, and all the ladies are talking about it."

Contempt cooled the wrath in Guy's face.

"I am Captain Drysdale," he said, taking a cup of coffee from the servant and kneeling beside a Federal soldier. "When you want me, you can send to Drysdale House."

The official recoiled in dismay.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but you see you wasn't in uniform, and Miss Agnes—"

Guy's lips curled in a stern smile.

"Tell the *ladies*," he broke in, "that my mother taught us humanity, and my sisters and I practice it."

And so from that time, as we have said, Agnes's manner had grown something gentler, and Robert found himself looking at her with that sort of relief with which we turn from scarlet to deep-toned people; for Lina's gay talk and French songs jarred on him at times, and this was the first time he was now to sit down by Agnes, and though she made no move acknowledging his closer presence, no cross ticked on the reckoning, a book or color crept into her cheek, drawn there by his steady looking.

At his first coming she would not have done him so much grace, but from the beginning of the talk the Federal Captain in the man, and that done, was on the high road to liking him.

Lina was at the piano over the keys, tripped a bar or two, whirled herself about on the piano stool, and came over also, saying,

"Tell me, Bob, how personal pronoun refer ring to Agnes.) "You can't imagine, Captain March, what a genius she has for music, and it soils the fingers so." looking at her little dimpled hands. "I can't do it. You see (with the gravest face in the world) I've such a tendency to immediately begin to think how those poor Romans, and Celts, and Gauls, and what's their names, all the Latin wretches are suffering, and I find myself so distressed at thought of their unalleviated suffering that I am unable to go on. I have tried it many times."

"For how long?" asked Agnes, gravely.

"Ten consecutive minutes at the very least; now, Agnes, don't look so. That is the way in which you looked at Elise yesterday, and it isn't fair. I appeal to Captain March. She was inhuman; now I am not absurd, and I don't think it is justice to punish us both alike. You see, dear, I am not interested in Latin verbs like Agnes—and, by-the-by, I never can cease wondering at the discretion of Guy's choice, wisdom not being a Drysdale weakness; but I am a butterfly and a bubble, and it is useless trying to change my nature."

She looked as she spoke as if she hadn't the smallest desire to do so; very complacent and selfsatisfied in fact; but Robert was not thinking of her. Something had jarred him rudely He knew better of Guy's untrolled to the public assailant, in fact, it had always been understood; but he recoiled inexplicably at its mention. Agnes, too, she could hardly be satisfied with that mere morsel in her work, and yet there had come upon her a chill and a shadow. Lina's perceptions were not keen; she neither saw nor cared to felt the change, but came back to the staple of conversation, Agnes.

"I am a true daughter of the Confederacy," pursued the young lady, cutting off a piece of Agnes's work. "I am sure in those happy days when we had nothing to do (we didn't have any now) I dressed myself in our colors, though it was frightfully unbecoming; but I almost wish that Agnes would leave off her Captain Kidd's suit. It dismally patriotic. Not long since we were threatened with the company of General Floyd at dinner (I always like Floyd, because); and she would have she was positively angry because I hinted at locking up my diamonds? It was the more ungenerous as she has only a few, and I have a great deal to the cause long ago."

"Silence on you, Lina!" retorted her cousin vehemently. "General Floyd's conduct was fully justified by the exigencies of our cruel position, and he has proved himself an able general."

"At Carnifex Ferry, *par exemple*," put in Lina, rapidly, "with his cavalry and artillery on one side of the river, and the other, the citizens and their shoes lest Rosecrans should pounce upon them, while your hero stood bawling for boats, rafts, and hay to get him out of his ridiculous position, to his chief engineer, the ex-mechanist, who couldn't so much as rig a washing-tub to help them, and who actually had to call General Wise in charge of a man who could."

"And granting it were so," returned Agnes, looking at her work, and speaking fast and hot under her breath, "I can not see how Guy Drysdale's silence had given him an exposing our folly and weakness to the—enemy."

She hesitated a little at that last word, coloring swiftly at Robert's hasty look of reproach.

"I did not mean quite that," she amended, "but—"

"I understand," returned Robert, gently; "you have no need to excuse yourself."

A twinge of remorse visited Agnes. In fact, such twinges were her constant company. If Robert would but have been angry, or indifferent, or shown pique, or any thing but this unwavering gentle courtesy—the gentleness of manly power, of the stronger to the weaker, of the man who had leaded death coolly in the face and braved overwhelming numbers, to a peevish girl, for she had heard all that story from Guy, and dubbed him hero in her heart, and then found the notion of a Federal hero so monstrous that she thought of him constantly in trying to reconcile it, and to excuse herself to herself, and to escape such self-accusation, softened by unconscious lapses from her cold endurance down to civility; and at last, in the moment in it happened that Captain March's presence in the household was found to be a very pleasant thing.

He was Guy's friend, and now that Guy was gone formed an element of strength and reliability. In these distracted times, Northern though he was; served as a procuration, too, for all their pretty cousettes of toilet. Lina flashed out in the bright silks and quaint little bodices that she had been laid aside for wrappers since every one had gone to the war; and though Agnes never varied the black sweep of her dress, there were softer ruffles edging her snow-white neck, and an occasional gay gleam of color in a knot of ribbon at her throat, or fastened in her abundant hair.

On Robert's part, had Agnes proved as kind as Lina, he would have scarcely have vouchsafed to think of her, but her coldness being a novelty, startled him, and its continuance, which was unnatural to her, piqued, interested, and at last made he saw that she was gracious and gentle to all things besides, that piqued him, and he set himself to win her favor, and to be pleased he and so brought himself day by day in contact with a noble and lovely nature, and as a consequence discovered in her a kindred feeling to the needed the microcopes of time for finding.

Now when we see daily a thing lovable, we are apt to love it.

The time slipped by very pleasantly. Richmond and its hospitals were in comparative rage there, had long been no pleasant residence place and when the terror of M'Clellan's neighborhood was strong enough, Lina had persuaded his family to what he styled their mountain fastness, well pleased that he could leave them with such efficient protection as the presence of Captain March. Their living was Spartan in its simplicity, for one day Agnes had been seen to seat herself with a blush at a portrait of Indian meal, saying that she could not endure to live daintily while all about them suffered such privation, and Robert had received her at once, donning gayly his share of luxuries to the Federal prisoners, and so assisted in the sacrifice. Agnes got to know the soldiers better between them, for privations shared together are among the strongest links of love's chain.

Then about the time Robert found Lina in tears, Agnes standing by, and looking an odd mixture of sorrow and amusement. On seeing him, Lina pulled from some embroidery a little inches of cambric in the middle, styled by courtesy a handkerchief, and began to wipe her eyes, answering his inquiries,

"Oh, it's nothing; only girls' nonsense!"

Robert looked his skepticism. Agnes would never cry about so little as her self-command. Understanding his look, she smiled faintly.

"Do yourself justice, Lina. It is heroic to endure privations, but it is no undignified to be shoeless that we lose all the comfort of heroism; and we are fast coming to that condition, for the price of leather is fabulous, and workmen are not."

Robert's face sparkled at all over suddenly, and then relapsed into its former gravity, thinking that this hour he went about with care on his brow, and was subject to periodical fits of disappearance. He took also to petting the genial parlor-cat Ripper apiece from each of the girls; the consequences of all which was a very creditable pair of *bottes*, *à la Suwarrow*, for Lina, and Guy's boots; and after a little persuasion and much blushing consequent on being measured, indefinite slippers and boots, for Agnes's delicate feet. Finally, Mr. Drysdale, who had held aloof as incredulous, was convinced and measured, and presently received his slippers. It was found also that he could mend clocks, and door-latches, and bracelets—and, in short, be helpful in many unexpected resorts. He was always the general reassurance, and was looked upon as embodying the family stock of these qualities quite as necessary for a household's health as flour and wood.

The position was onerous, but it had its peculiar sweetness—its serious burning and adulation at the entire family; for when any thing masculine condescends also to be gracious and useful, straightway his feminine worshippers rise from their pedestal with roses, and drag his chariot themselves, out of the way of meaner strife, and there he will but let them; and there were long, still mornings, when Robert read aloud to the ladies at their work, and afternoons and evenings when they sang among the rocks; and Robert and Agnes never stopped to ask themselves what subtle flame it was that kindled at this quiet but distinct with such rare, half-unearthly happiness.

Every morning came their mails—letters from Southern friends, and sometimes a smuggled Northern one, brought in a bag to Robert; who, standing with it one fair morning in the hall, was dazed by a vision descending the staircase—a vision white robe and brocade train, lace ruffles at the rounded elbows and shading the white neck, a huge fan between from her eyes, and a great sun-drop dragging down the little ears, and tiny high-heeled shoes, with square silver buckles showing at every step.

"Calicoes are priceless, and so we are obliged to full back on brocades and our grandmother's wardrobe," said the vision, its gray eyes introus with merriment as it swept a courtesy to Robert, quite aside from the usual manner and the shedding of her sun-like dress.

Meanwhile Lina had crept behind him, and with sly fingers stoke the letters from the bag, seized

on one, and opened it. A sudden exclamation caused Robert and Agnes to turn sharp about.

"What now?"

"Oh!" cried Lina, with her eyes full of tears, "whatever shall we do without you?" Dear Robert, can't you turn reb—patriot, I mean? Those horrid men are going to exchange you. How could they go and tell them!" Here is a letter for you."

Robert tore open the envelope hastily. Guy congratulated him on his freedom. He could stay at once.

Agnes went, and sitting down tried to think, for she could feel nothing as yet but a wild relief that found for itself no name. Those sorrows treat us as in the vision Moses did poor Faithful—then no, and, when we are coming to, beat us down again. Lina ran to dismay her mother with the news, and Robert followed Agnes into the library.

She was sitting there by the window, in a kind of breathless stillness, never raising her eyes at his entrance: but keeping them on the floor, as if unconscious of his presence. At another time Robert might have felt indignation at this strange apathy, this unkind abstinence from all expression of sorrow; but in his deep and sudden distress, in which was an inexplicable horror of something darkening over him, he went straight to her, and tried to win from her some comfort.

"Agnes," he said, gently, "won't you say you are sorry?"

She glanced up at him and smiled, actually smiled; but with what wild eyes and quivering mouth! shuddered, and burst into a flood of tears, the more terrible because she would have died to keep them back; and such stormy sobs, wrenched from her strong self-control by an agony mightier than her pride, was horror and shame unbearable. Lower and lower sank the golden head in her self-abasement; and Robert, hitherto looking on in a strange silence, suddenly cried out, "Agnes, help me!" cried desperately, as men cry looking at walls crashing down upon them, or monstrous waves ingulfing them.

He had folded his arms tightly, he clenched his teeth, he was stamped in the vehemence of his resolve, but the thought dormant in his heart had sprung up with a giant's strength, and he was on his lips, and it must out, and before his lips could frame it it blazed in his eyes, and flamed up in his agitated face; and then he called on Agnes, from whose cheeks the shame-flush had faded away into a mortal pallor, for there was no strength left to struggle with the fell horror of a sudden illumination. It is so terrible to be alone, even in right, how much more in wrong doing! So they stood looking a moment at each other, and the stillness floated in a voice through the window—old Susan reading aloud under the oak near by:

"But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it."

The words sounded out clearly in that solemn stillness.

"Then," cried Agnes, passionately, "there is escape for us;" and she dropped on her knees, sobbing, looking up:

"O merciful Saviour! sorrow or dishonor is before us. Lead us in that way of sorrow where thou didst also walk: lead us, for we can not go ourselves, for thy promise's sake."

White as a corpse, Robert knelt beside her, and there came another solemn hush; and at last Agnes rose and gave him her hand; and he held it, and bent over it a moment, and went away, yet with a strange weetness in his despair, that truth and honor were saved, and that is the life of life; and looking back on Agnes, as she stood in her unsaid and splendid dress, inframed in the dark doorway, pale, yet bright with the light of heaven itself, he saw "as it were the face of an angel."

PRIED.

LIZZIE MERCUR went home early this evening. Little Fred had said good-by, after dining on great heavy eyes that followed him all the way to the bank, and kept reminding him of some they had once closed in death in that same neighborhood.

While was buried just three years ago to-morrow. The father went lightly up the stairs, straight on his way to the nursery: as he turned at the head of the staircase, Mrs. Mercur stepped out of her dressing-room door into the flood of the hall lights, elegantly arrayed for an evening party. She paused in surprise at seeing her husband home so early. Pretty and piquant was the wife before him, her delicate beauty, as soft and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite dispelled the stern expression on his face, and the reproach in his tones died down to simple surprise, as he asked:

"Are you going out to-night, Fanny?"

"Yes. Why not?" she inquired, in her flattering, girlish way.

"Your baby, dear," the husband said, in a sad reproving tone.

"Pshaw, Lisle, she's only a little unwell; and Lettie will sit by her. She says a child is full of her, and begs of me to go and enjoy myself. She is thoughtful for me," the young wife added, casting a reproachful glance at the earnest face, looking with sure, disappointed inquiry into hers. "She says I must not shut myself up like a nun."

"Do you think your French maid cares more for you than I do, Fanny?"

The man's hands worked uneasily, opening and shutting her fan. She was always lost when this strong soul love spoke to her for itself, and in no appealable way. So she ignorantly pushed aside the steadying hand that would have guided her into beautiful womanhood, and said, the least bit peevishly:

"Come, Lisle, don't be always making me solemn. Say good-night and kiss me, and tell me to go and be happy."

The husband bent over and kissed the red lips held up coaxingly to his, and encircling the slight waist for a moment with his arm, said in his deep, sad way:

"Go and be happy, Fanny."

She glided down the stairs and sprang into the carriage waiting for her at the door, but could not shake off the strange feeling that her husband's manner had inspired, until fairly launched into the brilliant whirl of giddy enjoyment at Mrs. Grange's. Lisle Mercur watched her graceful, retreating figure until it went out of sight. As the front door closed after her he turned heavily, with the great want his beautiful wife so lightly misunderstood, and walked to the nursery door. It stood slightly ajar. A little querulous voice kept repeating,

"No, no; Pet wants Flynn."

"Sh-sh; Lette's here. Lette's better than Flyn."

Pet turned on the pillow and looked at the fussy French girl with childish incredulity.

"Pet wants Flynn."

Lette was becoming annoyed at the child's persistency, and pushed her chair back impatiently.

Mr. Mercur was about to open the door and go in, when he heard a rustle at the foot of Pet's bed, and a pale, weary-faced woman glided in from a room adjoining the nursery, and stopped over the restless child. Her lips touched the hot cheek and two fat arms went round her neck; like long chains from an angel's hand the love was quiet now. She needed no hushing. The touch of Flynn's cool hand was always enough for her. Lette went busying stiffly about the room, with the face of the crib. After a while Flynn unlocked the fingers clasped about her neck, and holding them in her own, sat down by the bed, and looked at the head nestled on the dainty pillow. Her white, illegible face was partially turned toward Mrs. Mercur, whom Lisle Mercur stood with a father's pardonable curiosity. He had always regarded his young nurse's governess as a mere cog in the system, with soul enough for her position. To-night he caught a glimpse of something more. That strange power seemed to have left the sick child's instinctive, watched, unslumbering, self-guarded in her steady gaze; thrilled in the low sure utterance of her soothing words. A mood itself to be touched will touch. Lisle Mercur saw why *his* child wanted Flynn. She was one of those women who, when one once knows them, seem to have all the heavy elements, even though they shrink from talking or singing in. To such, it must not go through many hands, all delicate as the finest fingers. So she took to this fair child, and whispered her sweet thoughts to her. And they grew so quietly and naturally together, that even the close-sighted father never knew of the union, until this night when accident showed him Pet's companionship with the pretty wife flushed back in his face the truth, that as for spiritual communion he was alone.

Pet lay so still he thought she must be falling asleep. Then he heard her say, softly,

"Mamma's gone, Flynn."

Flynn smiled.

"Mamma was pretty."

"Mamma was very pretty," Flynn said.

"Why did God make mamma so pretty?"

"God knew," Flynn said, reverently; and the child raised her eyes as she did in prayer. They came back laughing again.

"Mamma wore beautiful flowers!"

"Where?" asked Flynn.

"Here." And the little hands went together over Pet's bosom.

"Pet's flowers flower."

The sweet face brightened with a mischievous smile.

"Wear yours where mamma wears hers."

Flynn understood. She gathered the little form up in her arms, and pressed it close to her loving woman's heart. This had always been nursing would open one day into Flynn's beautiful blossom—not mamma's.

She thought papa, as he waited outside the door, while the pale governess walked the nursery floor with the burden on her breast, and at last laid it down, sleeping, in the crib. Then she went back to his room and waited for mamma. She came home long after midnight, and Flynn met her in the morning. When she met her husband at dinner, she said in her childish way, quite excitingly,

"I knew Pet would be well enough off. Lette said she was quiet, and slept well."

The father thought of weary feet going to and fro inside the nursery door, and of Pet's head turned softly in his baby's ear. Thinking of the subtle music of this woman's voice, he forgot what manner of woman it was that she was there. So no revelations were made.

Mrs. Mercur grew feverishly fond of excitement and party-going. Her husband's remonstrances were unheeded; and at last, growing weary of her weak accusations, and insinuating comparisons of his constant fidelity, he gave up the attempt of restraining her, until he saw that her health was rapidly giving way. Then he pleaded with her tenderly but earnestly. She laughed at his fears, and turned to the pleasures she was madly pursuing with redoubled energy. Then he forced him to more decided action. He led her to her mirror one morning, after a night of dissipation, and bade her confront the sunken cheeks and great glassy eyes, staring back in her face like a solemn warning. She gazed for a moment like one transfixed, and then fainted forward. The attack was a long unconsciousness. She could not tear it. She turned fiercely toward him, and, with a wild gesture, almost shrieked, "Stop your idle prating. I will live while I do live."

The end of her race was reached at last, and she lay down to die. It was a grim place she was verging on. The phantoms and shadows were all passed. The real chasm, the genuine gloom, were just outside. Should she go back, seeking aid of the pleasure-haunters, through this place they had led her to? Ah! this was a darker place indeed.

"I am dying, Lisle," she whispered, hoarsely. She bowed his head over her pillow till his face touched her damp forehead; but they had no counfort for her here.

"Help me, my husband!"

He could have helped her once. He could only turn, in his deep distress, and groan now. A quick thought flashed through him hopefully. "Shall I call Flynn?"

The dying eyes looked up imploringly. She came in, white and marble-like, as she who has there in her last agony would be soon. Lisle could see no more, for which he longed to read if there were hope of comfort for his wife, the lids lay down so heavily on her cheeks.

Fanny turned to her, with a wild plea in every lineament of her suffering face.

"Help me, Flynn!"

"God must do that," said a firm, sustaining voice, close in her failing ear.

"Where is He?" gasped the whitening lips.

"Here, Fanny—closer than I can come to you."

"If I could see Him! if I could feel Him!" she cried, clinging, as if reaching out in the dark.

"Call Him as you call me. Ask Him to help you as you ask me. He loves you better than I. Fanny, look at me. Look at Him. He is right here. Can't you see Him? can't you feel Him?" said the low voice, in tones that thrilled one with the consciousness of an invisible presence.

The look of terror went from the ghastly face, and the faint shadow of a coming smile passed on to the lying lips that she had tried to say,

"I—see—"

She was gone where God could do no more for her.

Lisle Mercur left Pet with Flynn, and went abroad. Two years passed, and he did not return. Then came a letter, saying he would sail in two days more for home.

Toward the close of the summer, just at twilight one evening, they two sat alone in the window-seat of the nursery, looking out at the old light-house far up the beach on the Rocky Point.

"It looks ugly—don't it, Flynn?"

"Yes," said Flynn, slowly, thoughtfully. "It looks lonely, and bare, and grim, in the daylight; but how was it last night?"

The thunder-gust now the storm raged and the sea roared all night, and how she clung to Flynn, and what fear her nurse should ask home, was, no wise, he whirled together in terrible destruction. Then, shining in through the chamber window, streamed that solitary light from the old tower, and Flynn said,

"Look, child, what is it like?"

"Like a star, but it's big, Flynn?"

Flynn said, Yes, and hoped it might be such to those at sea. She did not whisper the dreadful fear she had for the vessel—that vessel, homeward bound, might go down that dismal night. She soothed the little heat that might be fatherless, and wore that in her own heart.

Later in the evening came a messenger saying the *Solitaire* had foundered in the storm the night before, and that the only survivor of all on board had perished. Almost within sight of home Flynn had learned to bear cruel tidings. So she saw him now she felt. The servants gathered, whispering, in the hall. She went out, and bade them hush, and in a low, steady voice, read to them. The lamps were not lighted, and they could not see her pallid face.

Then took the child to her chamber, and sat beside her until she was asleep. Then she moved like a statue down the stairs into the presence of the sweeping crape that two were waiting as if by instinct for her commands.

"We will have no lights to-night," she said, in a voice of unnatural darkness. "All of you but retire, and the house be quiet. To-morrow will be soon enough." There was no need to say for what they were waiting, and they went from her presence awe-stricken and oppressed with gloom. When they were all gone she went back to the nursery door, and, finding that she had been sitting with Pet, and kneeling down, buried her face in the bed. Then she arose, and one of the outstanding softly on the beach came in at the open window.

Lisle Mercur had sailed a week in advance of the *Solitaire*, contrary to his expectations when he wrote. When the news of that vessel's wreck reached him there was a sudden, overwhelming longing toward home. It was still comparatively early in the evening when he alighted from the coach in front of the house. He glanced at the nursery, it was closed and dark, he went around toward the back part of the premises, intending to arouse one of the servants by the kitchen door, when he paused, observed it was open, and springing to the low balcony, he was going in when something startled him and he stopped. Stooping over to examine more closely, he was startled by the sight of a human figure lying on the outstanding pallet-bed, and then the moon came from under a cloud, and shone full upon the object at which he stood gazing with such intensity. It was now that Flynn, in her half kneeling, half reclining, as if she had fallen asleep in the midst of prayer.

He called her softly by name, but she did not move. Then he spoke in a louder voice, almost roughly, but there came no response. He grew frightened. The strange, wearied, white face that raised her head nervously, tenderly, and laid it against his bosom, smoothing back the wavy, reddish hair, and gazing fondly in the face he had looked upon ignorantly, unappreciatingly, times without number. Ah! this was Flynn's spirit-face.

"I am dying, Lisle," she whispered, hoarsely. He gathered her cold hands in his own, but he could not remove the chill.

But this face with its passionate energy, this breast against which she was held so tightly, what did it mean? She would see what it meant; so she made a strong effort and sat upright. She had passed through a great agony, she had dreamed a short, sweet dream. It was over now, and she must go back to her self-contentment. In a moment of mutual silence she called up her old habitual calmness, and said, as firmly as her weakness would permit her to,

"We feared you were drowned."

"I knew you would, and hurried home on that account."

"The servants are horror-stricken; but, thank Heaven! Pet is spared what I feared she must know soon."

"Flynn"—the pale face turned so that the moonlight would not strike it so broadly—"did any one else grieve for me?"

She trembled visibly, and tried to say something varying close on propriety.

"Spare me this, Flynn," he said, pleadingly. "Come down from this distance at which I have viewed you, and tell me for once what I ask."

"How far would you have me come?" she asked with quiet significance that he understood at once.

"Not beyond the borders of female delicacy. I forgot in the intensity of the moment that I had cast you there with a broad reversal of my love—love such as men seldom give to women, Flynn."

She looked at him as if trembling in her mingling, and said, musingly:

"I have wandered so long I am lost now."

"Come home, Flynn," he said, reaching out his arms to her. "Let your heart whet it for helplessly a moment since. Trust me. Be mine."

Her head drooped where it was to rest henceforth.

"Tell me why you knelt here like one dead."

"For you," she said, shivering. "I thought you were dead."

"Then you loved me?"

"Oh, Lisle!" The fervor of her words thrilled through his soul.

"How long has this been, Flynn?"

"Since I came here as your sister's governess." He started suddenly.

"Before Fanny?"

"Yes," said a voice tinged with long-borne sorrow.

"Flynn, Flynn, you have suffered!"

She smiled a smile born of deep, soul struggles.

"It has not been in vain." The mask was all off now! Nature and her own self-imposed partial character shining through the face he held to his lips.

"You shall suffer no more alone, darling."

HORRORS OF THE DAY.

A POOR son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment at the establishment of a Broadway tailor, and the employer no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands." "Indeed," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that the reason you have no Irishmen? Sure I can be accommodated that I never died in the employ of any master I ever served."

A company of young ladies lately discussed this question—"What is the great duty of man?" One of them, more astute than the rest, said, "To get married." He was to pay milliners' bills. This was agreed to without a dissenting voice.

"WHAT," asked the schoolmaster, "is the term applied to the crime of possessing two wives at one time?"

"Please, sir," replied the boy, "I don't know."

"And if there be more than two, what should you call it?"

The scholar reflected a moment, then chancing to cast his eye upon a map of Utah that decorated the wall, he smiled, and confidently answered,

"Brigham Young."

A lawyer was once pleading a case in court before the full bench. The chief justice whispered in his neighbor's ear that he had enough to be heard by-and-by. "I'll wager he lies." The lawyer, not in the least discomfited, drew his conclusions to a full period, saying, as the bar exclaimed, "Put down your money—I take the bet!"

A young man, rather verdant and very sentimental, was accosted by a friend who found him in tears. He had evening by quoting from the poets, to the other choice and more attractive lines. "Why, you fool," said his friend, "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes, sir," was the reply. "Then," said another, "why don't you stay there?"

In Lady Morgan's Memoirs a story is told of a gentleman who had a remarkable habit of twisting his head with a violent philippic by declaring that his lordship was so much an observer of human nature that he could not look on Ash Wednesday?" "Of course he would," said a friend to his bishop; "of course he would, if it was a fast horse!"

A few years ago a little fellow was taken by his father to the theatre to hear the performance of the Siamese twins of the old times. In settling the business the master, who was a bachelor, asked the father, "Well, my boy, I suppose you can eat almost any thing, can't you? I always find that boys with large heads like yours." "Oh, I can enjoy thing but mutch and apple pieth," lisped the boy.

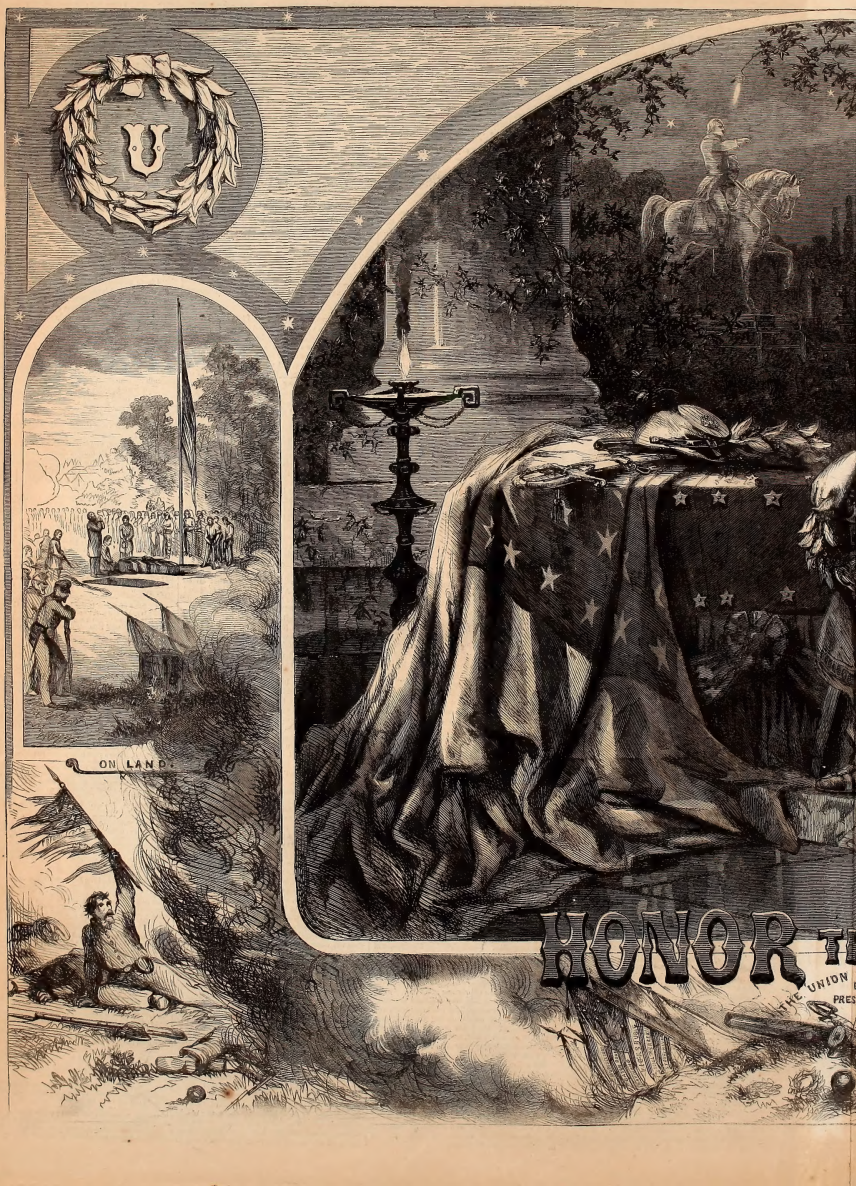
A West-end tradesman, who for two years had vainly tried to get the payment of a score of reverend debts, was suspected of living a little at the expense of confiding parishioners. He was met in the street one day by a "A dozen fancy satin pelisses." "What does this mean?" asked the fop. "What does it mean, indeed?" "They are doubtless your cravats," was the reply; "because they take a deal to hang themselves with."

In ancient Egypt a custom is said to have prevailed, which certainly appears to us rather a singular one—that the husband, on the marriage ceremony, used to present to his wife, instead of, with us, the wife to the husband. It was referred to this custom, perhaps, that the old remark was made by a wit, that he had often heard of Egyptian bondage, but never knew what it was before.

"Talk of rainine cats and dogs," said Dr. Spooner, in a late shower, as he made the fifth ineffectual attempt to keep his umbrella in the perpendicular.

Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not riding earlier. "I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but I can not make up my bed."

Cobbett, in one of his "Rural Rides," says, "I saw no more rooding in ricks; a thing I never saw before, and one would not have believed it had I not seen it." The unlucky wit have believed it had I not seen it." The unlucky wit would not have believed that the bull he had made, to-defiet sportsle never found out the bull he had made.


U
ON LAND
HONOR
THE UNION
PRES


S
AT SEA.
HE BRAVE.
MUST AND SHALL
BE
SERVED

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

DR. SHORT arrived, approved Dr. Phillips's treatment, and said the case was severe but not hopeless, and he would call again. A bed was prepared in the house for Mr. Hardie: but neither he nor any of the Dodds could be induced to sorrowful night.

About midnight, after a short slumber, the sufferer became uneasy, and begged to be left with Julia. Julia was sent for, and found her a good deal easier, but much inquired after than once if they were quite alone, and then asked for paper and a pencil. She wrote a few lines and made Julia put them in a cover and seal them.

"Now, dear friend," she said, "promise me not to open this, nor even to let your mother; it is not for your happiness that what I have written should be seen by her or you; no, no, much better not. Once; dear friend, pledge me your honor." Julia pledged her honor.

Then Jane wrote on the cover, "From a dying sister." Julia saw that; and kept sore.

Jane comforted her. "Do not weep for me, love: I am content to go, or stay. This is not my doing; as I know it must be for the best. He is leading me by a way that I know not. Oh my beloved friend, how sweet it is to lie in His hands, and know no will but His. Ay, I thank Him for crossing my will, and leading me to himself by His own good way, and not by poor blind, feeble, mine."

In this spirit of full resignation she abode constant, and consoled her weeping friends from time to time, and even now and then herself.

About daybreak, being alone with her father, she shed a few tears at his lonely condition.

"I fear you will miss me," said she. "Take my advice, dear; be reconciled with Alfred at once, and let Julia be your daughter, since I am leaving you. She is all humility and heart. Dying, I prize her and her affection more highly; I seem to see matters clearer, all things clearer, than I did before my summons came."

The miserable father tried to be playful and said her "fancy was free" to take me at death," he said. "Your bridal-day is to come first; I know all Edward Dodd has told me he loves you. He is a more noble fellow; you shall marry him: I wish it. Now, for his sake, summon all your courage to me, and make up your mind to live. Why, at your age, it needs but to say, 'I will live, I will. I will;' and when all the prospect is dark, and the world swallows you at the altar, and on every side! If you could leave your poor doting father, do not leave your lover: and here he is with his mother's prayer for you. Let me comfort him; let me tell him you will live for his sake and mine."

Even this failed to console the dying Christian. "Dear Edward," she said; "it is sweet to know he loves me. Ah, well, he is young; he must live on, and I become as a forgotten leaf, her memory of his youth. And oh, I pray for him that he may cherish the words I have spoken to him for his soul's good, for longer than he can remember these features that are hastening to decay."

At ten in the morning Mr. Hardie's messenger returned without Alfred, and with a note from Dr. Phillips, to the effect that the order for Alfred's admission into his asylum being signed by Mr. Thomas Hardie, he could not send him out even for a day except by Mr. Thomas Hardie's authority; it would be a violation of the law. Under the circumstances, however, he thought he might venture to receive that order by telegraph. If then Mr. Hardie would telegraph Thomas Hardie in Yorkshire to telegraph him (Phillips) to that effect, Alfred should with two keepers wherever Mr. T. Hardie should so direct.

Now Mr. Hardie had already repented of sending for Alfred at all. So, instead of telegraphing to Yorkshire, he remitted passion, and said suilenly to Mrs. Dodd, "Alfred can't come it seems."

This Routine kept the brother from his dying sister.

They told Jane, with aching hearts, there was reason to fear Alfred could not arrive that day.

The only gave a meaning look at Julia, shut the paper; and then she said with a little sigh, "God's will be done."

This was the last disappointment Heaven allowed Earth to inflict on her; and the shield of Faith turned its edge.

One hour's pain, another of delirium, and now the clouds that darken this mortal life seemed to part and pass, and Heaven to open full upon her. She spoke of forthcoming glory no longer with resignation; it was with rapture.

"Oh!" she said, "to think that from this very day I shall never sin again, shall never agonized Him by unholy thought, by un-Christ-like behavior!"

The strong and healthy wept and groaned aloud; but she they sorrowed for was all celestial blue. Her father and Julia had age and sorrow, or religious fervor; was not without fervors hours, cold misgivings and depression; but all these fled at that dread hour when the wicked are a prey to dark misgivings, or escape into apathy. This timid girl, that would have screamed at a scratch, met the King of Terrors with smiles and triumph. For her the grave was Jordan, and death was but the iron gate of life everlasting. Mors janua vitæ. Yet once or twice she took herself to task: but only to show she knew that the All-Pure had not given her. "I often was wanting in humility," she said. "I almost think that I

in this world of sin and sorrow I am leaving behind, I should grow a little in humility; for I know the ripe Christian is like the ripe corn, holds his head lower than when he was green; and the grave it seems to be ripening me. But what does it matter? since He who died for me is content to take me as I am. Come quickly, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly!" Believe Thy servant as the burden of the flesh, and of the sins and foibles that cling to it, and keep her these many years from Thee."

This prayer was granted, the body failed more and more; she could not swallow even a drop of wine; she could not even praise Her Redeemer; that is not to say, she could not speak. Yet she lay and triumphed. With hands put together in prayer, and eyes full of praise and joy unspeakable, she passed to her God. Then she so mounted in the spirit, her breath came at intervals unusually long, and all were sent for to see Death conquered by the soul conquered by the soul.

At last, after an unnaturally long interval, she drew a breath like a sigh. They waited for another; waited, waited in vain.

She had calmly ceased to live.

The old doctor laid down her head reverently, and said, "Lord, now lettest Thou now Thy servant with many tears, "Oh, may we all meet where she is now, and may I go to her the first!"

Richard Hardie was led from the room in a stupor.

Immediately after death all the disfiguring effect of pain retired, and the happy soul seemed to have stamped its own celestial rapture on the countenance at the moment of leaving it: a rapture as wonderful, as beautiful, as touching in its calm, irradiated the dead face. The good Christians she left behind her looked on and feared to weep, lest they should offend Him who had taken her to Himself, and set a visible seal upon the house of clay that had held her.

"O, mamma," cried Julia with fervor, "look! look! Can we, dare we, wish that angel back to this world of misery and sin?" And it was some hours before Julia could be brought to hang on Edward's neck and weep his loss and hers, as weep we mortals must, though the saints of Heaven are rejoicing.

Thus died in the flower of her youth, and by what we call a violent death, the one child Richard Hardie loved; member of a religious party whose dignity is to be superior to pain and to soul; but the root of the matter is in them; allowance made for those passions, foibles, and infirmities of which they and all the rest are entirely free from, they live fearing God; and die loving Him.

There was an inquest next day, followed in due course by a public trial of James Meakin. But these are matters of form. The facts were obvious and interesting, must be omitted, or touched hereafter and briefly.

The effect of Jane's death on Richard Hardie was deplorable. He saw the hand of Heaven; but did not bow to it: so it fell on him with rage, rebellion, and despair. He got his daughter away and hid himself in the room with her; remained secluded by night and by day; spoke to no one; he shunned the Dodds: he hated them. He said it was through visiting their house she had met her death: and so in one sense He would not let himself see it was he who had sent her there with his he loathed Alfred, calling him the cause of all.

He asked nobody to the funeral: and, when Edward begged permission to come, he gave a cruel like a wild beast at being baying him. But Edward *would* go: and at the grave side crying Heaven echoed the young fellow's shocking heart with tears. Alfred also had to be in that parched old man, who stood on its other side like the withered Archangel, his eyes gloomy and wild, his brow dry as stone. Then the bare and crime and anguish, his lofty figure moved by his deep sobs, and the sound of it sickening by turns, with hatred and rebellion, with desolation and despair.

He went home and made his will; for he felt life hang on him like lead, and that any moment he might kill himself to be rid of it. Strange to say, he left a sum of money to Alfred; but at the moments before, he didn't know he was going to do it: a moment after, he was half surprised he had done it, and would not undo it. But he could not take the trouble. He went up to London, and dashed into speculation of some in their despair take to drink. After for this man had not two passions; avarice, and his love for his daughter. Bereaved of her, he must either die or live for gain. He sought the very core of Mammon; he plunged into the Stock Exchange.

When Mr. Hardie said, "Alfred can't come it seems," Mrs. Dodd misunderstood him, naturally enough. She thought the lacerated old man had sent some excuse; had chosen to let his sister die neglected rather than face Julia: "As if she would have refused to see him! as if I was in my home," said Mrs. Dodd, with severe contempt. From this moment she conceived a horror of the young man. Edward shared it fully, and the pair always spoke of him under the title of "the Wretch:" this way when Julia was not by. In her presence he was never mentioned. By this means she would in time forget him, or else see him as they saw him.

And so, after all, they knew little to Mr. Hardie's disadvantage, except what had come out in "the Wretch's" mouth and as moreover Alfred learns was an undutiful son to the father by his brevity and his misery.

His behavior was grateful quite acquitted him of having robbed them, and felt sure the fourteen thousand pounds was at the bottom of the sea.

They were a little surprised that Mr. Hardie never spoke nor wrote to them again; but being high-minded, and sweet-tempered, they set it down to all-absorbing grief, and would not feel sore about it.

And now they must leave the little villa where they had been so happy, and so unhappy.

The scanty furniture went first; Mrs. Dodd followed, and arranged it in their apartments. Julia would stay behind to comfort Edward, inconsolable herself. The auction came off. Most of the things went for a trifle; little money compared to their value: and with the balance the and young pair came up to London, and were grouped in their lodgings by God. Tears were in her tender eyes. "It is a poor place to receive my reasons," she said: Edward looked round astonished; "It was a poor place," said he, "but you have made a little palace of it, somehow or another."

"My children's love can alone do that," reflied Mrs. Dodd, kissing them both again.

Next day they consulted together how they were to live. Edward wished to try and get his father into a public asylum; then his mother could have a balance to live upon out of her income. But Mrs. Dodd rejected this proposal with astonishment. In vain Edward cited the *Thor* final judgment, and the patterns of comfort, and cure twice as many patients as the privates ones do. She was deaf alike to the *Thor* and to Edward. "Do not argue me out of my common sense," said she. "My husband, your father, is in a public asylum, where any body can go and stare at my darling!"

She then informed them she had written to her Aunt Bourdillon of Exeter for information, and invited them to contribute something toward David's maintenance.

Edward was almost angry at this. "Fancy asking favors of *them*," said he.

"Oh, I must not sacrifice my family to false pride," said Mrs. Dodd; "besides, they are entitled to know."

While waiting for their answers, a word about the parties, plan, and prospects.

Our Mrs. Dodd, born Lucy Fountain, was left at nineteen to the care of two guardians: 1, her uncle Fountain, a rich bachelor, who loved comfort, pedigree, and his own way; 2, her Aunt Bourdillon, a managing, dressing, and match-making way: both charming people, when they got their own way; vexatious, when they didn't: and peremptory always.

From guardians they grew match-makers and rivals by proxy: Uncle schemed to grab Lucy for a son of Sir Thomas Bescut, except from a high stool, devoted her to Richard Hardie. An unlooked-for obstacle encountered both: Lucy was most amazingly, and indeed incredibly, obstinate and their spadewards; but there she stopped dead short. They persisted; and, while they pulled her to the left, and ruffled her uncle's calm, David Dodd, first mate of the Something or other, East Indiaman—brown cheek, honest speech, heart of gold—fell deep in love and worshiped her at a distance. His timidity and social insignificance were also harmless as poppyseed: Fountain had him in to dessert to spin yarns; egotist Bourdillon invited him to her house to tea with. And there place he found Richard and Talboys both courting Lucy; this drove him mad, and in his fury he popped. Lucy declined with sensibility and regret, but went away blessing her, with a manly sob or two. Lucy cried a little and took a feminine spite against his rivals, who remained in force. Now Talboys, spurred by uncle, had often all but popped: only some let, hindrance, or just impediment had still interposed. Now, at last, he was preparing at each effort he made toward Hymen; they to say the subtle virgin kept probing the brute with a pin. Sometimes him carcade and spill the treacle as fast as it came her way. However, away they floated to pop by sea. It was the element his ancestors had invaded fair England by; and on its tranquil bosom a lover is safe from pen-and-ink rivals, and the myriad antipops of terra firma. Miss Lucy consented to the water excursion demurely, designing to bring her sickly uncle round to them, and so get rid of him for ever and ever. Plot and counterplot were baffled by the elements: there came an ungodly gale of wind, and rounded Cape Cod. Talboys boated so skillfully that he and his intended would have been united without ceremony by Father Neptune, but for the folly of the British Channel, but for David Dodd, who was hovering near in quiet anguish and a cutter. He saved them both, but in the effort he missed his ship, and professional ruin faced him. Then good-hearted Lucy was touched, and, to accelerate the Hymeneal gette, and he managed somehow to get David made captain of the *Rajah*. The poor girl thought she had paved the way accurately to David; but he refused the ship unless she would go halves, and while her egotists bullied and cursed her, he wrought on upon her pity, and teased her so, that to get rid of his importunity she married him. In time she learned to love him ten times more than if she had begun all flames. Uncle and aunt cut her tolerably dead for some years; Uncle drummed round the first; some antiquarian showed him that Dodd was a much more ancient family than Talboys. "Why, Sir, they were lords of sixteen manors under the Heptarchy, and hold some of them to this day." Mrs. Bazalgette, too, had long corresponded with her periodically, and on friendly terms.

The answers came on the same day, curiously enough. Uncle Fountain, ruined by railway speculation, was living on an allowance from creditors; but his house was at their service if they liked to live with him—and board themselves.

Mrs. Bazalgette's was the letter of a smooth woman who has boarded imperishable spite. She reminded her niece after all these years that her marriage with David was an act of disobedience and ingratitude. She then enumerated her own heavy expenses, all but the £400 a year she spent in bedizening her carcass, and finally, amidst a multitude of petty insults, she offered to relieve Mrs. Dodd of—Julia. Now Poetry has reconciled us to an asp in a basket of figs; but she was a scorpion in a bundle of nettles. Poor Mrs. Dodd could not speak after reading it. She handed it to Edward, and laid her white forehead wearily in his breast. Edward put the letter in an envelope, and sent it back with a line in his own hand declining all correspondence with the writer.

"Now then, dears," said he, "don't be cast down. Dodd alleged, as warning to us never to ask favors of any body. Let us face the thing in the face; we must work or starve: and all the better for us. Hard work suits hearty hearts. Come, have you any plan?"

"To be sure we have," said Julia, eagerly. "I mess to go keep a governess, and then I shall cost mamma nothing, and besides I can send her the money the people give me."

"A pretty plan!" said Edward, sadly; "what! we three part company? Don't you feel lonely enough without that? I do, then. I'll be cast on the bare earth like a dog, if we are not to be all together to cheer one another along the weary road? What! are we to break up? Is that thought to be borne with?"

He could say no more for the emotion his own words caused him; he broke down altogether, and turn out of the room.

However, he came back in an hour with his eyes red, but his heart indomitable, determined to play a man's part for all their sakes. "Now ladies," said he, with something of his old gayety, and way that sounded so strange in the ears of his red eyes, and inspired a desire to hug him, "are full of talent, but empty of invention. Two months hence we are ruined, or in danger of thing, it is go for a governess, go for a companion, go here, go there, in search of what? Independence! Ay! Dependence, besides, all this *going* is bosh. Families are strong if they stick together, and if they go to pieces they are weak. I have found one bit of sense of that mass of folly they call antiquity, and that was the story of the old bloke with his twelve sons, and faggot to break. 'Break them over,' he said; and each son broke his stick as easy as playing with a straw. Now then, break it all together!' devil a bit could the duffers break it then. Now we are not twelve, we are but three: keep to them! We are two of a trade, and tied the lot together. No; nothing but death shall break this faggot, for nothing less shall part us three."

He stood like a colossus, and held out his hands to them; they clung round his neck in a moment, as to inharmonize his words—cling sight, and blessed him for standing so firm and forbidding them to part.

Mrs. Dodd sighed, after the first burst of enthusiastic affection, and said: "If he would only go a step further, and tell us what to do in company!"

"Ay, there it is," said Julia. "Begin with me. What shall I do?"

"Why, paint."

"What, to sell? Oh dear, my dauhs are not good enough for that."

"Stuff! Nothing is too bad to *sell*."

"I really think you might," said Mrs. Dodd; "and I will help you."

"No, so, mamma, I want you for something better than the fine arts. You must go in one of the great houses: Female servants are a must be a dress-maker; you are a genius at it."

"My mamma a dress-maker," cried Julia: "oh, Edward, how can you? how can you? poor, poor mamma!"

"Don't be so impertinent, dear. I think he is right: yes, I will. I am fit for. If ever there was a Heaven-born dress-maker, it's me."

"As for myself," said Edward, "I shall look out for some business in which physical strength goes further than intellectual attainments. Luckily there are many such. Mechanical stones is one. But I shall try a few others first."

It is easy to settle on a business, hard to get a footing in one. Edward soon discovered that dress-making was their best card, searched that mine of various knowledge, the *Times*, for an governess; but none came. Also he made enquiries among the shops. He was good to a fashionable dress-maker she had employed some years, and ask her advice. Perhaps Madame Blanch would find her something to do. "I never read such a thing in the *Times*," said Edward, clinging to his idol.

Mrs. Dodd found Madame Blanch occupied in trying to make one of those overwhelming idiots to whom dress is the one great thing, and all things else, sin included, the little ones. She had tried on a scarf three times; and it discontented her when on, and spoiled all else when off. Mrs. Dodd saw, and said obligingly, "Perhaps were I to put on you could judge better." Mrs. Dodd, you must know, had an admirable art of putting on a shawl or scarf. With apparent nonchalance she settled the scarf on her shapely shoulders so happily, that the fish hit, and the scarf went into its carriage; fury supreme, or no. Madame cast a rapid but ardent glance of gratitude Dodd-ward. The customer began to go, and after fidgeting to the door and back for twenty minutes actually went

somehow. Then madame turned round, and said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I am much obliged to you; you sold me that scarf: and it is a pity we couldn't put her on your bust and shoulders, ma'am, then perhaps a scarf might please her. What can I do for you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd blushed, and with subdued agitation told Madame Blanch that this time she was come not to purchase but to ask a favor. Misfortune was heavy on her; and, though not penniless, she was so reduced by her husband's illness and the loss of 4,000 by his bankruptcy, that she must employ what little talents she had to support her family.

The woman explored her from head to foot to find the change of fortune in some corner of her raiment: but her customer was as well, plainly, dressed as ever, and still looked an easygoing duchess.

"Could Madame Blanch find her employment in her own line? What talent I have," said Mrs. Dodd, humbly, "lies in that way. I could not eat as well as yourself, of course: but I think I can as well as some of your people."

"That I'll be bound you can," said Madame Blanch, dryly. "But dear, dear, to think of your having come down so. Have a glass of wine to cheer you a bit; do now, that is a good soul."

"Oh no, madam. I thank you; but wine can not cheer me: a little bit of good news to take back to my anxious children, will would cheer me, madam. *Will* you be so good?"

The dress-maker colored and hesitated; she felt the fascination of Dignity donning Humility, and speaking Music: but she rebuked. "It won't do, ma'am, I should be ruined by mistress in my own place. I couldn't drive you like I'm forced to do the rest; and then, I should be sure to favor you, being a real lady, which I'm not; and you always will be, rich or poor; and then all my ladies would be on the bite with jealousy."

"I, madam," sighed Mrs. Dodd, "am not quite one like a child; you give me sweetmeats, and refuse me food for my family."

"No, no," said the woman, hastily. "I don't say I mightn't send you out some work to do at home."

"Oh, thank you, madam." N.B. The dressmaker had dropped the Madam, so the lady used it now at every word.

"Nor stop a bit," said Madame Blanch. "I know a firm that's in want. Theirs is easy work by mine, and they cut up a piece of cotton into two or three days." She then wrote on one of her own cards Messrs. Cross, Fitchett, Copland, and Tyler, No. 13, and 14, Princess Lane, City.

"Say I recommend you. To tell the truth, an old hand of my own was to come here in very young about it, but she's taken a boy over time; so this will learn her business doesn't stand still for lie-abeds to catch it."

Mrs. Dodd put the card in her bosom and pressed the hand extended to her by Madame Claire Blanch; whose name was really White, minister. She went back to her children and showed them the card, and sank gracefully into a chair, exhausted as much by the excitement of asking favors as by the walk. "Cross, Fitchett, Copland? Why they were in the *Times* yesterday," said Edward: "look at this; a day lost by being wiser than the *Times*."

"I'll waste no more time," said Mrs. Dodd, rising quietly from the chair. "Her ladyship is to rest herself first. No, she would not. "I saw this lost by half an hour," said she. "Succeed or fail, I will have no remissness to reproach myself with." And she glided off in her quiet way, to encounter Cross, Fitchett, Copland, and Tyler, in the lane where a primrose was quietly growing—six hundred years ago. She declined Edward's company on her perquisite: "Keep me and comfort your sister," said she. But that was a blind; the truth was she could not bear her children to engage in what she was doing. No, her ambition was to ply the scissors and thimble vigorously, and so enable them to be ladies and gentlemen at large. Sir Joshua and Julia made a parcel of water-color drawings, and sallied forth all on fire to sell them. But, while she was dressing, Edward started on a fruitless search of employment. He failed entirely. They met in the evening. Mrs. Dodd resigned, Edward dogged, Julia ruder excited. "Now let us tell our adventures," she said. "As for me, shop after shop declined my poor sketches. They all wanted something about as good, only a little different: nobody complained of the grand fault, and that is their misfortune. At last, at one shop, a gentleman examined them, and oh! he was so fat; there, round. And he twisted his mouth so" (imitating), "and wiggled his eyebrows so: then I was full of hope; and said to myself, 'Dear mamma and Edward!' And so, when he ended by saying 'No,' like all the rest, I burst out crying like a goose."

"My poor girl," cried Mrs. Dodd, with the tears in her own eyes; "why expose yourself to these cruel rebuffs?"

"Oh, don't waste your pity, mamma; those great babyish tears were a happy thought: mine; he bought two directly to pacify me; and there's the money. Thirty shillings!" And she laid it proudly on the table.

"The old cheat," said Edward; "they were worth two guineas apiece I know."

"Not they; or why would not any body else give two-pence for them?"

"Because purses are a Drug."

He added that even talent was not salable unless it got into the Great Grooves; and then looked at Mrs. Dodd; she replied that unfortunately those Grooves were not always accessible. The City firm had received her stiffly, and squired for whom she had worked. "Children, my heart fell at that question. I was obliged to call myself an amateur and beg a trial. However, I gave Madame Blanch's card: but Mr. —I don't know which partner it was—said he was not acquainted with her: then he looked a little embarrassed, I thought, and said the Firm did not care to send its stuff to ladies not in the business; I might cut it to waste, or— He said no more; but I do really think he meant I might pinch it."

"Why wasn't I there to look him into the earth? Oh, mamma, that you should be subjected to all this!"

"Be quiet, child; I had only to put on my armor: and do you know what my armor is? Thinking of my children. So first on to my store, or and said quietly, we were not so poor but we could pay for a piece of cloth: and I be so unfortunate as to *spoil* it; and I offered in plain terms to deposit the price as security. But he turned as stiff at that as his yard measure; 'that was not Cross and Co.'s way of doing business,' he said. But is is unreasonable to be deposited as a repulse of my children and out of spirits; not much:" with this her gentle mouth smiled; and her patient eyes were moist.

The next day, just after breakfast, we announced a gentleman from the City. He made his bow and produced a parcel, which proved to be a pattern cloak. "Order, ladies," said he, briskly, "from Cross, Fitchett, and Co., Primrose Lane. Porter outside with the piece. You can come in, Sir." Enter porter with a box. "Please sign this, ma'am." Mrs. Dodd signed a receipt for the stuff, with an undertaking to deliver it in cloak at Primrose Lane in such a time. Porter retreated. The other side, "Our Mr. Fitchett requests me to observe this fall in the pattern. It is new."

"I will, Sir. Am I to trouble you with any money—for buttons, or the like?"

"No orders about it, ma'am. Ladies, your most obedient. Good-morning, Sir."

And he was out.

All this seemed like a click or two of City clock-work: followed by rural silence. Yet in that minute or two Mrs. Dodd's mind had a mental poverty, and left honest labor and modest income behind her.

Great was the thankfulness, strange and new the excitement. Edward was employed to set up a very long dark table, for another's use, so Julia to go and buy tailors' scissors. Calculations were made how to cut the stuff to advantage, and in due course the scissors were heard snick, snick, snicking all day long.

Julia pained zealously, and Edward, without saying a word to them, walked many miles a day hunting for a guinea a week, and finding it not. Not but what employment was often pushed before his eyes, but he could not stoop to swing it. At last he heard of a place peculiarly suited to him—a packing foreman's in a warehouse at Southwark: he went thence, and was referred to Mr. A.'s private house. Mr. A. was in the country for a day. Try Mr. B. Mr. B. was dining with Mr. C. Mr. C. was dressing, belated, he fell in with a fire, and said to say, he was in jeopardy: a little old man had run out at the first alarm, when there was no danger, and as soon as the fireas not had run in again for his celebrated snuff-box, he remembered he does put out some people's reason, clean. While he was rummaging madly the staircase caught, and the man cut off, and could not exit, and climbed up to a little staircase window at the side of the house. Here he stood, hoe in hand, screeching lustily and endeavoring to let the ladder had been brought; but it was a yard short; and the poor old man danced on the window-ledge and shook the house up to a gallant fireman who stood ready to receive him at great personal peril. In the midst of shrieks, and cries, and shouts of encouragement, the ladder practiced gymnast, saw a chance. He ran up the ladder like a cat, hugged fireman to death at it tight, then got on his shoulders and managed to grasp the window-sill: he could always draw his own weight up that way, so he soon had his knee on the sill, and presently stood erect. He then put his left arm inside the window, collared the old fellow with his right, with a powerful jerk, actually lowered him to the ladder with one Herculean arm amidst a roar that made the flames tremble. But such a strain could not long be endured; but the fireman speedily relieved him by seizing the old fellow's coat and directing Edward to let go. He did so, propping him by the waist, went down before him, and landed him safe. Edward waited till he was even down, then hugged him and took the ladder tight below; he hung from the ledge, got his eye with the ladder, descended, the ladder self quietly drop, and caught hold of it with hands of iron, and twisting round, came down the ladder on his hand over hand, without using his feet, a favorite gymnastic exercise of his, learned as the Modern Athene. He was warmly received by the crowd and by the fireman. "You should be one of us, Sir," said a fine young fellow who had cheered him and advised him to work. "I am," said he. "So I was," said Edward. The other thought he was joking, but laughed, and said, "Then you should talk to our head man about a vacancy, there is a vacancy, you know."

Edward saw the joke, and rode home on the engine. There he applied to the head man for the vacancy.

"You are a stranger to me, Sir," said the head man. "And I'm sure it is no place for you: you are a gentleman."

"Well; is there any thing ungentlemanly in saving people's lives and property?"

"Hear! hear!" said a comic fireman.

The compliment began to tell, though. Others put in their word. "Why, Mr. Baldwin, if a gentleman ain't ashamed of us, why should we be ashamed of him?"

"Where will ye get a better?" asked another; and added, "He is no stranger; we've seen him work."

"Stop a bit," said the comic fireman: "what does the dog say? Just call him, Sir, if you please; his name is Charlie."

Edward called the fine dog kindly; he came and fawned on him; then gravely snuffed him all round, and retired wagging his tail gently, as much as to say, "I was rather taken by surprise at first, but, on the whole, I see no reason to recall my judgment."

"It is all right," said the firemen in chorus; and one that had not yet spoken to Edward now whispered him mysteriously, "Ye see that there dog he knows more than we do."

After the dog, a biped oracle at head-quarters was communicated with, and late that very night Edward was actually enrolled a fireman, and went home warmer at heart than he had been for some time. They were all in bed; and when he came down in the morning Julia was reading out of the *Times* a spirited and magnificent description of the fire at Southwark, and of the heroism displayed by a young gentleman unknown, but whose name the writer hoped at no much line would never be allowed to pass into oblivion and be forgotten. In short, the *Times* paid him in one column for years of devotion. "Mamma, of course, was going to relate his adventure; but the journal told it so gloriously he hesitated to say, 'I' and all that." He just sat and heard, and ordered, and blushed, and grinned like an ass—pecile.

Edward's new duties escaped the Dodds' ease: "What is a packing for?" inquired Julia, reproachfully. "Is that sheepish face the thing to wear when a sister is reading out a heroic action? Oh, these are the things that make one long to be a man, to do them. What *are* you thinking about, Edward?"

"Well, I am thinking the *Times* is pitching it rather strong."

"My boy, what an expression!"

"Well, then, to be honest, I agree with you that it is a jolly thing to fight with fire and save men's lives: but I hope you are not going to fight; for now you will approve the step I have taken. Ladies, I have put myself in the way of doing the sort of thing every week of my life. I'm a fireman."

"You are jesting, I trust?" said Mrs. Dodd, anxiously.

"No, mamma. I got the place late last night, and I like it. I like my duties and put on the livery next Monday. Hurrah!"

Instantly the admirers of fiery heroes at a distance overflowed in grief and disenchantment, in the prospect of one in their own family. They could not speak at all at first: and when they did it was only to say, "Oh, Edward!" from Julia, and "Our humiliation is now complete," from Mrs. Dodd.

They soon dashed Edward's spirits, and made him unhappy; but they could not convince him he had done wrong. However, in the heat of remonstrance, he was at last thus they had just begun to hope by dint of scissors and patient brush to send him back to Oxford. He also defended, with a little hesitation, tender, loving, soothing, coaxing, and equivocating expressions, their idea of a lady's wife, a tall, strong, ornamental creature, whom the women were to cocker up, and pet, and slave for; and he rewarded by making, dear, soft, and in imperial smile on to her felt by their sovereign *protégé* from his armchair. And, in fact, good women have often demoralized their own to the dirt by this process; to be sure their idols were scarcely clay to begin.

Edward was any thing but flowery, so he paraded no manly sentiments in reply; he just plumply ridiculed the idea of his consenting to prey on them so. "Why, mamma," said he, "you I can't contribute as much to our living as you two can—the petticoats carry the brains in our family!—but I can contribute to your." Not if I know it."

"Pride! pride! pride!" objected Julia, lifting her grand violet orbs like a pensive Madonna.

"And such pride! The pride that falls into the low-lands, and sticks there," quoth Edward.

"That is cutting," said Edward: "but soyons de notre siècle: flunkyism is on the decline. I'll give you reasons for that in both your pipes:"

Honor and rank from no condition rise.
Act well thy part: in that the honor lies.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Dodd, "only first choose your part: and let your choice be reasonable."

"Mine was Hobson's; who never chooses ill. Come, come," said he, and appealed calmly to their reason: by which means he made a great impression at all. Then he happened to say, "Besides, I *must* do something: I own to you I am more conscious than I like to show. Mother, I feel like lead ever since she died." Now on this their fancy filled with sympathy directly. She encouraged him at once to say: "Now that I got my hand on that old duffer's collar, and hovered him to the ladder, and the fire shot roaring out of the window after him, and I got at them, and the crowd cheered the fireman and me, I did feel warm about the waistcoat, and, for the first time this ever so long, life seemed not quite ended: I felt there was a little bit of good left that even a poor dance like me could do, and she could approve: if she can look down and see me, as I hope she can."

"There, there," said Mrs. Dodd, tearfully, "I am disarmed. But, my darling, I do not know what you are talking about: stay; why Edward, sweet—I mean—pray note that the young gentleman in the paper: the one that risked his life so nobly; so foolishly if it was you."

"Why, mother, didn't I tell you it was me?" said Edward, coloring.

"No, that you did not," said Julia. "Was it? was it? oh do be quick and tell me. There, it was."

"Well it was: ah, I remember now; that splendiferous account shut me up. Oh I say, didn't the *Times* pitch it strong?"

"Not at all," cried Julia. "I believe every word, and ever so much more. Mamma, we have got a hero: and here he is at breakfast with us, like an ordinary mortal." She rose suddenly with a burst of her old fire and fell upon him, and kissed him, and said earnestly how proud she was of him: "and so is mamma; she may say what she likes."

"Proud of him! ah that I am; very proud and very unhappy. Heroes are my horror. How often and how earnestly have I prayed that my son might not be brave! Oh, Edward, but stay quietly at home out of harm's way."

Here remonstrance ended: the members of this family, happy by nature, were unhappy by accident, all knew when to yield to each other.

Unfortunately, in proportion as all these excitements, great and small, died, and her life became quiet and uniform, the sight of Julia's wound showed itself more and more. She never sang nor hummed, as she used to do, going about the house. She never laughed. She did burst out with fervid sentiments now and then, but very rarely; on the whole, a pensive language took the place of her lovely impetuosity. Tears rushed in a moment to her eyes with no visible cause. She often ran to the window, and looked all up and down the street: and, when she was out of doors, she looked down every side street she passed: and sometimes, when a quick light step came behind them, or she saw a tall young gentleman at a great distance, her hand trotted: it did not bound or run—trotted all it. And a sigh, when they came home, she lingered in a room, or at the door-step and looked all round before she went in.

At all these signs one half of Mrs. Dodd's heart used to sink with tenderness, and the other half melt with pity; for she saw her daughter was looking for "the Wretch." Indeed Mrs. Dodd began to fear she was losing her sympathy in ignoring "the Wretch;" Julia's thoughts dwelt on him none the less; indeed all the more, as it seemed; as the topic interdicted by tacit consent bade fair to become a barrier between her and Mrs. Dodd, hitherto her bosom friend as well as her mother. This was intolerable to poor Mrs. Dodd: and at last she said one day, "My darling, do you think I can see; rob me of your happy thoughts if you will, but of half of your sad ones."

Julia began to cry directly. "Oh no, mamma," she sobbed, "do not you encourage me in my folly. I know I have thrown away my affections on one who—who—I shall never see again: I shall I, mamma? Oh to think I can say those words, and yet go living on."

Mrs. Dodd sighed. "And if you saw him, would that mend the chain he has chosen to break?"

"I don't know; but if I could only see him, to part friends! It is cruel to hate him now he has lost his sister; and then I have got her message to give him. Oh, I am sure he is the man who he was afraid of me; why he could not tell me he had given her his hand, if he had not intended to have him against his will? Oh, mamma," said she, imploringly, "he seemed to love me; he seemed all truth. I am a poor unfortunate girl.

Mrs. Dodd had only caresses to soothe her with. She could not call on her son now.

One day Julia asked her, timidly, if she might be a district visitor. "My dear friend was: and advised me to be one too; but I was willful in those days, and chose to visit by fits and starts, and be independent. I am humbled now a little: may I, mamma, shun the world, and every word of hers seems a law to me."

Mrs. Dodd consented cordially, as she would to any thing else her wounded one had proposed.

This project brought Julia into communication with the poor cousin: and who would it prove to be but Mr. Hurd? At sight of him she turned white and red, and the whole scene in the church-yard took life in her. Mrs. Hurd showed considerable tact for so young a man; he spoke to her in secrets of deep respect, but confined his remarks chiefly to the weather in hand. She told her mother when she got home, and expressed her gratitude to Mr. Hurd, but said she would not call. Mrs. Dodd did the same parish with him. This feeling, however, wore off by degrees as her self-reproaching thought of her more and more into contact with him, and showed her his good qualities.

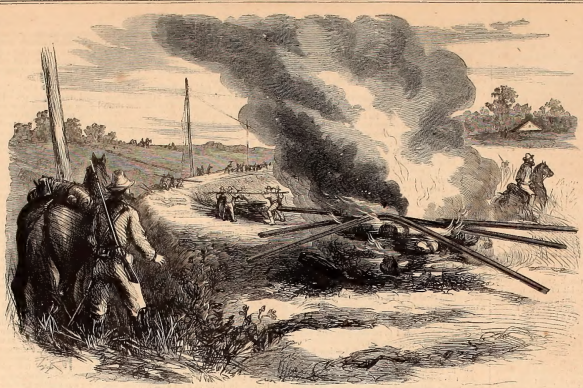
As for Mr. Hurd, he never understood her vivid emotion at sight of him; saw and pitied; not without wonder that so beautiful a creature should have been jilted. And from that he he marked his sense of Alfred's conduct by showing her a profound and chivalrous respect, which he did not bestow on other young ladies in his parish; on the contrary, he received kindness from them that bestowed it. By-and-by, from this segment of her side her own sorrow, and go sore-hearted day by day to comfort the poor and afflicted, he admired and almost worshiped her for this. He called often on Mrs. Dodd, and was welcome. She concealed her address on the present visit from her friends except Dr. Sampson; but Mr. Hurd had discovered her; and ladies do not snub the clergy. Moreover, Mr. Hurd was a gentleman, and connected to High Church. This she liked. He was very good-looking too, and quiet in his manners above all, he seemed to be doing her daughter good; for Julia and Mr. Hurd had one great sentiment in common. When the intimacy had continued some time on these easy terms, Mrs. Dodd saw that Mr. Hurd was falling in love with Julia, and that sort of love warm, but respectful, which soon leads to marriage, especially when the lover is a clergyman. This was more than Mrs. Dodd bargained for; she did not want to part with her daughter, and under other circumstances would have drawn in her

horns. But Mr. Hurd's undisguised homage gratified her maternal heart, coming so soon after that great insult to her daughter; and then she said to herself, "At any rate he will help me cure her of 'the Wretch.'" She was not easy in her mind, though; could not tell what would come of it all. So she watched her daughter's pensive face as only mothers watch, and saw a little of the old peach bloom creeping back.

That was irresistible: she let things go their own way, and hoped for the best.

DESTROYING RAILROADS.

ONE of our artists has shown us, in the picture we publish herewith, how the rebels destroy railroads. The rails are torn from the ties, and fires are lighted and kept going under them until the iron is bent and warped so as to be useless hereafter. When a rail has been subjected to this process, there is nothing to be done with it but to send it to the foundry as "scrap iron."



HOW THE REBELS DESTROY RAILROADS—TWISTING THE RAILS.

RICHMOND FROM THE LIBEY PRISON.

WE are indebted to Captain H. E. Wrigley for the view of RICHMOND FROM THE LIBEY PRISON which we publish herewith. Our poor fellows, shut up in the rebel dungeon, beguile the weary hours by watching and sketching the capital of Jeff Davis's empire, until every steeple and every chimney is as familiar to them as the scenes of their childhood. Let us hope it will not be long before our loyal troops get a better view of the spot, and our cannon command every house in the place.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE publish on page 685 two pictures, from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the present position of the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Waud writes:

"THE BLUE RIDGE.

"The back-bone of the State—the mountains of Virginia—now loom up in front of the right wing of the army, in a grand panorama of ever-changing beauty. From Stonehouse Mountain, near the tents of General Shaler and his staff, these hills are a grand spectacle. Sweeping up in many peaks, wooded to the tops, the whole range in view extends far below Madison Court House to the south, and northward beyond Front Royal. Right in front is Turkey-hole Mountain, a ragged hill, which rises in front of Thornton's Gap; while to the south is Thoroughfare Mountain, an uneven hill, Southwest Mountain, Clark's Mountain, Cedar Run and Slaughter Mountain, and Pony Mountain, rise, isolated hills, from a wilderness of woods, with apparently few clearings. These woods are mostly of thrifty oak and other hard woods, affording quite a welcome cover to the enemy's scouts and guerrillas.

"SOMERVILLE FORD.

"The rebels have now a continuous line of earthworks upon the Rapidan River, in front of our lines. In fact, there are now fortifications along the Rappahannock and Rapidan from Port Royal, twenty miles below Fredericksburg, up almost to the sources of the latter river. Every point available for a crossing is fortified, which makes the already formidable line of the river almost impregnable. The picture of the position at Somerville Ford is a good specimen of the work done by the secessionists to stay the onward progress of this army. Along the crests of the hills are rifle-pits commanding the approaches, and behind these earth-works for guns, in position to command the opposite country. Since firing has stopped on the picket line, the sentries go down to the banks of the river and indulge in a little talk occasionally; also in a little barter, trading coffee for tobacco, and the *Harper's* for the Richmond *Examiner*. At one of these friendly gatherings the rebel pickets wanted to know why we did not follow their example, and fortify to prevent troops crossing.

"Our soldiers could not see why they should do that, when all we desired was to have them come over and bring all their friends.

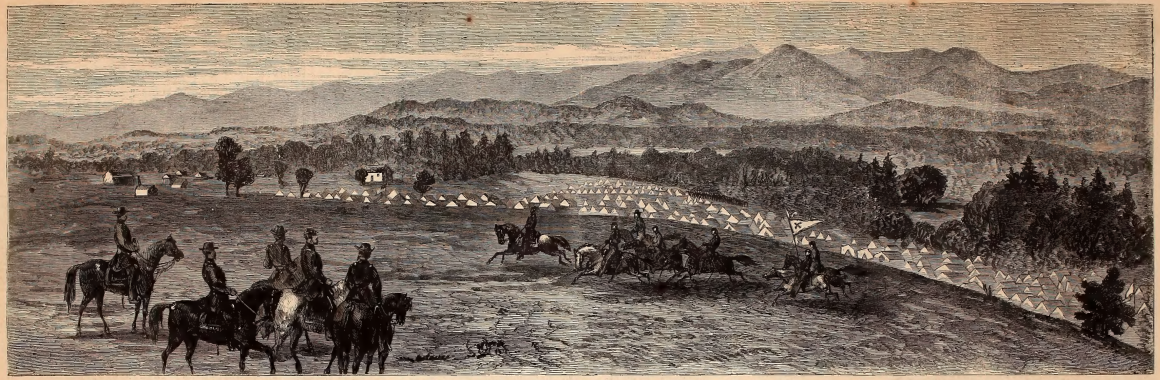
"The rebs acknowledged they were afraid we should attempt to cross the river, and therefore did all in their power to insure safety."

Since our correspondent wrote matters seem to have changed somewhat. On the night of 9th–10th a large body of rebels moved north from Madison Court House, with what purpose can only be conjectured. On the morning of 10th General Kilpatrick had a lively cavalry skirmish with a body of Stuart's cavalry, and seems, on the whole, to have rather got the worst of it. Whether Lee is moving north with a view to fight the Army of the Potomac in its present reduced position, or whether this movement is merely a feint to cover a retreat, time will show. Lee's army has been greatly reduced of late.

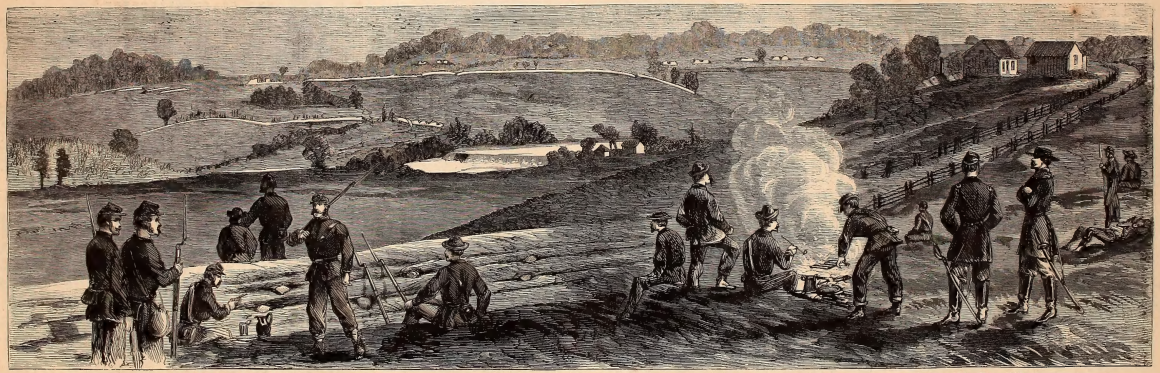


1. Confederate States Capitol.—2. Castle Thunder.—3. Castle Lightning.—4. Gallego Mills.—5. Belle Isle.—6. Long Bridge, Petersburg Railroad.—7. Confederate States Steamer "Torpedo."—8. Gun-works.

VIEW OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM THE LIBEY PRISON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN HENRY E. WRIGLEY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BLUE RIDGE, FROM GENERAL SHALER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SOMERVILLE FORD, ON THE RAPIDAN. SIXTY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, WEBB'S BRIGADE, ON PICKET.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the mildest dressing.
It remains longest in effect.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded, by all who have used it, to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers generally.

MERCHANTS' and MANUFACTURERS' Foot Protection and Universal Agency, Instituted under an Act of 1817.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Agents, Peddlers, and all others wishing to increase their business, should send a stamp for our Circular. GOODWIN & CO., 429 Broadway, New York.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Ornamented cards for Poker—Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed Free upon receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
450 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.



$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. $1
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & HOGG, 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL
Sent by mail.
No pay expected until received, read, and approved.
1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Scrofula and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Procuring Health. 300 pages, 12 mo. Price 50c.
2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Diseases, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, and many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. ☞ Are the only works that have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutters charged for rates.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Chamber Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, to be found. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Pillows. WARREN WARD, No. 377 Canal St., N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

LADIES OF DELICATE CONSTITUTION and uncertain health are strenuously advised to throw aside the tasteless and useless preparations of which they are accustomed to drug themselves, and test the hygiene, Body-and-Constitution-regulating virtues of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. In all the complaints and disabilities arising from sexual causes, they will find this cheering, refreshing, and invigorating preparation of extraordinary efficacy. Vegetating properties are wonderful, and as a remedy for the languor, nausea, tremors, nervousness, hysteria, &c., which often accompany the develop-ment of womanhood, it has no equal either among the prescriptions of the faculty or secret nostrums. For the many distressing feelings which usher in and often follow a period of maternity, and also for the painful and dangerous symptoms which sometimes accompany the change of life, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS are eminently recommended. No other restorative seems to be able to fit the constitution and the system so much for the roller car. In all cases of female debility, where there is a want of self-a ctivation, the BITTERS produce a most important change—relieving local weakness, and re-establishing the general health. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
Prepared and sold by
HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Depot for New York, 418 Broadway.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? My Organic oil force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face or upon the palm of the hand. Sent by mail, sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of $1 order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

United States Army and Navy Journal.

A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the interests of the Army and Navy, and to the discussion of coast defence.

Officers of the Army and Navy will find in this Journal the one paper in the United States that represents the interests of the United Service. Its articles are from the pens of the most military writers, and its special professional information is fuller, more accurate, and scientific than that of any periodical ever issued in this country. Its freedom from politics and partisanship, its full and accurate official and professional information, have already secured for it the approval of the most prominent officers of the Army and Navy, who accompany their subscriptions with letters similar to the following:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sept. 14, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—I have received several numbers of the Army and Navy Journal, and have noted with satisfaction the evidences they bear of the promise of usefulness of this journal. It will supply the sincere pleasure to aid my contribution to its maintenance, and I therefore herewith enclose the subscription. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. G. MEADE, Major-General Commanding.

Prof. H. Coppee, of the University of Pennsylvania, writes:

A good paper of this kind has long been needed. Every officer of sort within my knowledge has a future, but many promises to be a brilliant success. Its very unpretending publishment and official information—its excellent articles, scientific, new, and yet practical—its high tone and liberal spirit—are all that could be desired. The form, page, and type are admirable; and your own willingness to spend off your profits is the opposite with both efforts and men in our service.

The Journal is published in a large-sized quarto sheet of 16 page, convenient for binding, and printed in the best manner on fine paper.

Terms, $5 a year; $3 for six months. Specimen copies sent, gratuitously, for Ten Cents. W. C. CHURCH, Proprietor, 192 Broadway, New York.

H. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher.

Agents wanted for every regiment.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

The American Watch Company give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, as accurate and durable time-keepers, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting patterns, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Levers* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, Wm. Ellery, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

192 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,
Agents for the United States for the Celebrated
ALBERTINE
Extension Holders and Gold Pens,
Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $4 each.

Price, per dozen $40 00
" " ½ gross 75 00
" " gross 150 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Have you Played The Author's Game?



The only correct edition, with full instructions for playing, is published by

SAGE SONS & CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

GEORGE A. OLNEY
Stationer, 42 John Street, General Agent.

Photograph Albums,

Back-Gammon and Chess Boards.
Dice Chess Men's and Dominoes
Portfolios and Diaries for 1864.

Also, a large assortment of Foreign and Domestic Stationery, offered at

GEORGE A. OLNEY, 42 John St.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens Retailing at Jobbing Prices.

Medium	Pen $0 35, in Silver ext. case,	$0 75
Large	" 0 50	" "	1 00
Engrossing	" 0 75	" "	1 50
Commercial	" 1 25	" "	2 00
Mammoth	" 1 50	" "	2 50
Leviathan	" 2 00	" "	3 00

Send Pencils Free—the filling will write eight to fifteen hours. Genuine Goods. Send stamp for Circular.
GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer,
64 Nassau Street, New York.

"Vox Stellarum."

Just Published:

Future Fate
Foretold by the Stars:

Being the Nine Hundred Answers of Pythagoras to the Questions of Life and Destiny, derived from the Mystic Letters and Numbers of the Planets. Containing the Fundamental and Radical *Mood of Fortune and Fate*, beautifully colored. Also, the Moon's Good and Evil Influences on Mankind; and every existing Astrological Calculation of any known value. Compiled from the most Ancient Authorities. This book is the wonder of the times. Agents wanted.

Price *One Dollar*. Will be sent by mail on receipt of amount.

J. R. HAWLEY, Publisher,
164 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, or allow a large commission, to sell our *New Rotating Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Special Invitation.

BALL, BLACK & CO., Broadway, corner of Prince St.

The public are invited to the inspection of the most extensive importation of choice goods ever exhibited on this side of the Atlantic:—

71 cases from France and Belgium.
18 cases from England.
20 cases from Germany.

We would impress upon our patrons and all desirous of supplying their households with the works of true taste and elegance that the depressed state of the European markets affords all buyers the rare opportunity of purchasing a superior quality of goods at extraordinarily moderate prices. Purchasers will find no other sale advantageous. BALL, BLACK & CO.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS OF WATCHES
NEW YORK

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watch in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Watch, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most desirable watch for one of the present, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 18 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, expertly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Samples watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 59 cents.

COMPOSITE
Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Piece!

For accuracy of movement, beauty of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, these watches surpass all others.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected from the solid metal by the most experienced judges. The material being alike all through, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** ever in existence.

The sale of these watches to the army is a source of enormous profit. Retailing, as they readily do, at $16 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day—pay by return mail. Sent by express, C.O.D.

Ay Wholesale only! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, with enamel dials and fancy and hands, in neat receiving order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, 24 cts.; registering, 20 cts. Sold only by the case. Can be safely sent by mail.

Our importations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy to thickerpers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and at less price challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country volunteered utmost the superiority of our watches. Their encomiums are emphatic, speaking in favor of to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*French Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-piece ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Private Army and Navy Gazette*, May 2.

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, Aug. 8.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish Standard*, July 26.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa. Chronicle*, July 6.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ. Government organ*, July 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

☞ Terms Cash; Insurance in Advance. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk. Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
169 *Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.*

Watches and Jewelry.

CHEAPEST AND BEST yet offered to the public. For list of Articles and Prices, address
PARKER COX & CO., N. Y.

Sponsalia Millinery Rooms,

12 Waverley Place. N. Y. City.

Madame Bendix, from Rue de la Paix, Paris, has just commenced her Fall and Winter Fashionable Show-Room, replete with EVERY NOVELTY, for the Fall Season, comprising the various garments enumerated below:

IMPORTED BONNETS.
IMPORTED HATS.
IMPORTED CAPS.

IMPORTED HEAD-DRESSES and NETTS of the rarest and most elegant description.

RICH FRENCH FLOWERS.

The FLOWER department being a fresh branch of the business, Madame Bendix will offer to the trade at CITY PRICES.

The distinguishing characteristics of this Establishment are

EXQUISITE TASTE,
MODERATE CHARGES,
POLITE ATTENTION, and
PUNCTUALITY.

A separate department for MOURNING MILLINERY.

H. A. MARVIN, 94 Maiden Lane, N. Y., ☞ TWINES, Rope, Cordage, Oakum, Wool Sacks, Tarred Rope, Wick, CARPET WARP, Fish Lines, Blocking Cuts, Loom Harness, and Cotton Yarns, Winding and Wrapping PAPER, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Luce's Seamanship.

Seamanship, compiled from various authorities, and illustrated with numerous original and selected designs for the USE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY. By S. B. LUCE, United States Navy. In two parts. A new and greatly improved edition. With over three hundred illustrations. In one handsome octavo. Price $10. Just published by
D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, New York.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the mildest dressing.
It remains longest in effect.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded, by all who have used it, to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers generally.

MERCHANTS' and MANUFACTURERS' Foot Protection and Universal Agency, Instituted under an Act of 1817.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Agents, Peddlers, and all others wishing to increase their business, should send a stamp for our Circular. GOODWIN & CO., 429 Broadway, New York.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Ornamented cards for Poker—Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed Free upon receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
450 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. $1
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & HOGG, 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL
Sent by mail.
No pay expected until received, read, and approved.
1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Scrofula and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Procuring Health. 300 pages, 12 mo. Price 50c.
2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Diseases, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, and many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. ☞ Are the only works that have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutters charged for rates.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Chamber Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, to be found. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Pillows. WARREN WARD, No. 377 Canal St., N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

LADIES OF DELICATE CONSTITUTION and uncertain health are strenuously advised to throw aside the tasteless and useless preparations of which they are accustomed to drug themselves, and test the hygiene, Body-and-Constitution-regulating virtues of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. In all the complaints and disabilities arising from sexual causes, they will find this cheering, refreshing, and invigorating preparation of extraordinary efficacy. Vegetating properties are wonderful, and as a remedy for the languor, nausea, tremors, nervousness, hysteria, &c., which often accompany the develop-ment of womanhood, it has no equal either among the prescriptions of the faculty or secret nostrums. For the many distressing feelings which usher in and often follow a period of maternity, and also for the painful and dangerous symptoms which sometimes accompany the change of life, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS are eminently recommended. No other restorative seems to be able to fit the constitution and the system so much for the roller car. In all cases of female debility, where there is a want of self-a ctivation, the BITTERS produce a most important change—relieving local weakness, and re-establishing the general health. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
Prepared and sold by
HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Depot for New York, 418 Broadway.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? My Organic oil force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face or upon the palm of the hand. Sent by mail, sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of $1 order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

United States Army and Navy Journal.

A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the interests of the Army and Navy, and to the discussion of coast defence.

Officers of the Army and Navy will find in this Journal the one paper in the United States that represents the interests of the United Service. Its articles are from the pens of the most military writers, and its special professional information is fuller, more accurate, and scientific than that of any periodical ever issued in this country. Its freedom from politics and partisanship, its full and accurate official and professional information, have already secured for it the approval of the most prominent officers of the Army and Navy, who accompany their subscriptions with letters similar to the following:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sept. 14, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—I have received several numbers of the Army and Navy Journal, and have noted with satisfaction the evidences they bear of the promise of usefulness of this journal. It will supply the sincere pleasure to aid my contribution to its maintenance, and I therefore herewith enclose the subscription. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. G. MEADE, Major-General Commanding.

Prof. H. Coppee, of the University of Pennsylvania, writes:

A good paper of this kind has long been needed. Every officer of sort within my knowledge has a future, but many promises to be a brilliant success. Its very unpretending publishment and official information—its excellent articles, scientific, new, and yet practical—its high tone and liberal spirit—are all that could be desired. The form, page, and type are admirable; and your own willingness to spend off your profits is the opposite with both efforts and men in our service.

The Journal is published in a large-sized quarto sheet of 16 page, convenient for binding, and printed in the best manner on fine paper.

Terms, $5 a year; $3 for six months. Specimen copies sent, gratuitously, for Ten Cents. W. C. CHURCH, Proprietor, 192 Broadway, New York.

H. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher.

Agents wanted for every regiment.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Ornamented cards for Poker—Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed Free upon receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
450 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. $1
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & HOGG, 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL
Sent by mail.
No pay expected until received, read, and approved.
1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Scrofula and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Procuring Health. 300 pages, 12 mo. Price 50c.
2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Diseases, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, and many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. ☞ Are the only works that have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutters charged for rates.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Chamber Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, to be found. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Pillows. WARREN WARD, No. 377 Canal St., N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

LADIES OF DELICATE CONSTITUTION and uncertain health are strenuously advised to throw aside the tasteless and useless preparations of which they are accustomed to drug themselves, and test the hygiene, Body-and-Constitution-regulating virtues of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. In all the complaints and disabilities arising from sexual causes, they will find this cheering, refreshing, and invigorating preparation of extraordinary efficacy. Vegetating properties are wonderful, and as a remedy for the languor, nausea, tremors, nervousness, hysteria, &c., which often accompany the develop-ment of womanhood, it has no equal either among the prescriptions of the faculty or secret nostrums. For the many distressing feelings which usher in and often follow a period of maternity, and also for the painful and dangerous symptoms which sometimes accompany the change of life, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS are eminently recommended. No other restorative seems to be able to fit the constitution and the system so much for the roller car. In all cases of female debility, where there is a want of self-a ctivation, the BITTERS produce a most important change—relieving local weakness, and re-establishing the general health. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
Prepared and sold by
HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Depot for New York, 418 Broadway.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? My Organic oil force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face or upon the palm of the hand. Sent by mail, sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of $1 order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co., 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00 each.
5000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	2 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Gold Lockets	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Monnic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Monnic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Jet, and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3500 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sets of Room Studs	2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Gold Thimbles	2 50 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, that giving all an equal chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then if in at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided the remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
203 Broadway, New York.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

FOR INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by

S. G. WELLING, No. 707 Centre St., New York.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

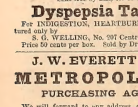
J. W. EVERETT & CO., METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Engravings, Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Caps Badges, or any or, ar articles procurable in the City.

We will forward, on receipt of 20 cents each, Photographs of GENERAL MEADE, MCCLELLAN, GRANT, HALLECK, BANKS, BURNSIDE, SIGEL, HOOKER, SHERMAN, HALLECK, SEWARD, GIDEON WELLES, ANDREW JOHNSON, and many of the leading OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PATENT IVORINE.—This excellent article, being nearly durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds, will relieve the tedium of the long confinement in the Hospital. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.

Union Badge.



PER HUNDRED, $10.00.

SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Not-hasters, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $4, $5, $8, and $10. Price of Job Office, with Press, $12, $20, $30, and $40. Send for a Circular to the

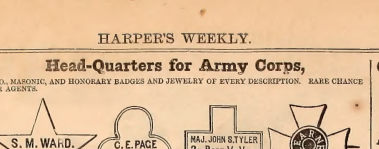
LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A LIBERAL AND PLEASANT WEEKLY INCOME, who would extend their means if known to many hundreds profit to $10 per week, dispersed through the country. Full particulars and a sample of the work by mail, on the receipt of 50 cents. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

Head-Quarters for Army Corps,

CO. MASONIC, AND HONORARY BADGES AND JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.



50,000 Agents Wanted.

Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, with a Circular giving full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Pin, or Guard Chain, or an Engraved Sprint Locket, or a Seal Stone, California Diamond, or Cluster Ring, or a fine Gold California Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Shield, or other Army Corps Pin, with name, Co. and Reg. handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kearney Crescent Gold Plate; and, for 50 cents, I will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.

Address R. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y. Box 4876.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 30,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our immensely popular, successful, and unheard-of-before large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Lady's Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions for Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writers' Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, and our Justly Celebrated Patent Self-Adjusting Skirt Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS each Package costs 25 cents. Wholesale rates to Agents only—for $100 we will forward 200 packages, all assorted. Our Packages make money in countless places where no competitors, and are valuable and reduced Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the trade for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c., can be sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the Army South, or Southwest. A SPLENDID SILVER WATCH, Handsome Pattern, and correct timepiece presented FREE to each person who will act as Agent. Send for a Circular containing Extra Premium Inducements, sent FREE. CAUTION.—BE SURE AND ADDRESS S. C. HALLETT & CO., 160 Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

The Standard American Billiard Table.



Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable billiard tables manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards. Sold by PHELAN & COLLENDER, corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, New York.



The "STAR" No Chimney Burner for Kerosene Oil Lamps, Patented Aug. 11, 1863.

Gives a brilliant and steady light without smoke or odor, and requires no chimney. An excellent portable or hall light. Can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. Superior to any burner for the kind. Agents wanted. Sample sent, post-paid, for 25 cts. Circulars free. A liberal discount to the trade.

PETER ESSIG & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 3 Platt Street, N. Y.

$200! $150! $100! $50! PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

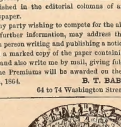
I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Substitute, or Concentrated Potash.*

The articles must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than one page, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will send a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

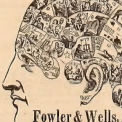


Fowler & Wells,

PUBLISHERS.

PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, including the various "Water Cures," and how to read them, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. A new volume, 38, commenced in July. $1 50 a year. Specimens free, read by and by 13 cents.

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.



National Union League, Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

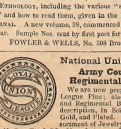
We are now prepared to furnish League Pins: also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges, of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Gilt, and have a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. TOUTE & CO., Manufacturing Jewelry,
203 Broadway, New York.

Soldiers' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver $1. Solid Silver, $1.





Solid $1 k. Gold, $3 50 each.

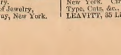
Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, **$1 50.**

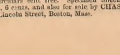
Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1 50. Enameled, $2.

Solid Silver, $1 50. Enameled, $2.





Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address **J. G. PACKARD & CO.,**
203 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



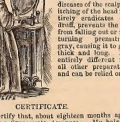
Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Theatre, Opera*, and general *out-door* day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 9 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent change. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists-Optician,
601 Broadway, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, for Bolton, Table Distribution, Bed 26x51. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA



DR. STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and bring of the most inveterately eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.



CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was thick, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, long, and glossy, and is free from dandruff. I have not been a day confined to the house. This is the result I attribute entirely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have enjoyed good health.

MR. L. A. BROWN, No. 408 Broadway, New York.
PRICE $1 00 PER BOTTLE, containing two bottles.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 402 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Types, Cuts, &c., 5 cents. Send for it. GOLD'S CHASE & LEAVITT, 85 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

Cloaks and Mantillas. BRODIE,

The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

$10 AGENTS WANTED. $10

To sell Soothing New. Send stamp for Circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Beard, Hair &c.

I am a discharged Indiana Volunteer. I will tell in a printed letter what I know of the short time or balsam with which a secret woman steamed the face of Chas. Schaffer, 18 years old, gassed by a sabre cut at the battle of Shiloh. With the healing power a thick Beard. It is a tasteless balsam, and has the remarkable power of causing the whiskers, hair, &c., to come forth quickly, fresh and strong, upon the smoothest face and the baldest head. Five small package, &c., given. ADDRESS JOHN RAWLINS, 767 Broadway, N. Y.

It is in the Beginning of Sickness you should Use

Brandreth's Pills.

One dose then of four or six pills is of greater service in curing you than many would be when the disease is further advanced.

After a few doses should you call in a doctor, your cure will be easy, compared with what it would have been had you not used BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Be wise in time; if you are out of sorts get them. A single dose often cures a serious Diarrhœa, and will certainly open the bowels in all cases of Constipation, call in Colds, Asthma, and Affections of the Lungs, they are unrivaled.

THEY ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE IN THE WORLD.

Pamphlets of cure gratis, at PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

294 CANAL STREET,

Also at No. 4, Astor House Square, New York, where the Pills are sold.

See B. Brandreth in White on Government Stamp.

Sold everywhere by Dealers. Price 25 cents. Send every soldier a box.

Close of the Twenty-Seventh Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For November, 1863.

CONTENTS:

PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.—I. LIFE IN THE CAPITAL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Evening Meal.—Japanese Bellery.—Swashbucklers.—"We won't go Home till Morning."—Slightly Elevated.—Saburai.—Japanese Greeting.—A Woman.—A Fashionable Street in Superior.—Norimon.—Cango.—Yatoshi on Service.—At Rest.—Musicians.—Music-Girl and Servant.—Carrying Handsome Cake.—A Student.—Japanese Dove.—Musikmal Minstrels.—Carrying Flowers.—Japanese Bed.—Carrying Refreshments and Meal.—Gentleman Dressing.—Hair-Dressing.—Lady in Full Dress.—Coiffure Morchant.—Ladies Shaving Head.—The Matorial Locust.—Ladies at Toilet.—The Discovered Treasure.—Lady Cooking Supper.—Parachutists.—In Summer and Winter.—Female Costumes.—Woman of Rank.—Lover Meets Servant in a Silk Shop.—A Short Scene.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—V. THE NORTHERN FRONTIER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—General Brown's Residence.—William Vaughan.—Isaac Chauncey.—Old Church at St. Regis.—Site of Old Fort Presentation.—Colonel M. Pike.—Remains of Old Fort Toronto.—Remains of the Western Battery.—Fort Niagara.—Fort Niagara as Henry Leland.—Jacob Brown.—Month of French Creek.—Lighthouse Kept by Johnson.—Remains of Fort Schlosser.—Junction of Big and Little Sandy.—Brown's Head-Quarters.—Fort Erie.—Fort Covington.

JOSEPHINE HERBERT.

OFF-HAND SKETCHES.

CAP-AND-BELLS.—A NOVEL IN TWO CHAPTERS.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT YALE.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVII. An Old Man's Complaint.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. Dr. Crofts is called in.

CHAPTER XXXIX. Dr. Crofts is treated badly.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Small House.—"Let me beg you to think over the Matter again."

MORAL UTILITY OF CHILDREN.

IN THE RANKS AT STONE RIVER.

A WOMAN'S WAR-CRY.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO SLAVE. (*Third Paper.*)

HALF-WAY.

MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

TRIED AND TRUE.

MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.—With Two Illustrations.

PISCATORIAL.—With Two Illustrations.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Promenade Dress and Girl's Fashion.—Shroud.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 5 Copies for $10 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 5 Copies for $10.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



SENSATION IN THE HAPPY FAMILY CAUSED BY THE RECEPTION OF THE RUSSIANS AT NEW YORK.

FISK & HATCH.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street.

Orders received for Five-Twenty Bonds at *Par*, interest to commence with date of payment.

U. S. 7.30 Treasury Notes.

Do. 1 Year Certificates.

Six per Cent. Bonds of 1881.

And all other Government Securities bought, sold, and constantly on hand.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received on favorable terms.

Special attention given to the Collection of Government Vouchers, Quartermasters' Checks, and maturing Certificates of Indebtedness.

FISK & HATCH, 38 Wall Street.

Miss Kate Denin,

The celebrated actress, says: "I have used Hyatt's KARAVITE for my hair, and find it the most pleasing article for keeping it in its full beauty and luxuriance that I have ever used. I can freely recommend it to every lady." It contains no oil, alcohol, or any other injurious ingredients, and is the most perfect hair-dressing in the world. Price 50 cents. Depot 46 Cliff Street, N. Y.

FISH'S PETENT LAMP HEATING APPARATUS

Boiling, Frying, Stewing—Steeping with the flame that lights the room.

Every Family should have One.

For description Pamphlet and Price List, address W. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 306 Pearl St., N. Y. Agents wanted.



Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Fleur Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens,

215 *Pearl Street, New York.*
58 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

A Splendid New Book for Boys!

The Drummer Boy

In a story of Burnside's Expedition to North Carolina—a boy's book—full of stirring adventure and rapid incident. The life and enthusiasm of the young hero is painted in vivid colors".—New York Evening Post.

Elegantly illustrated. Price $1 00.

Just published by J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, and sold at all book-stores.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift or Present, which can compare with the Craig Microscope and Mountain of Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $3 25; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $5; or with 24 objects, for $8.

Address, HENRY CRAIG,
335 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

VINELAND.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, productive large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for Mason-ary-Tyrkers and others, excellent schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 30 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** *times*. Five of different powers for $1 40. Mailed Free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 926, Boston, Mass.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BASSFORD'S, Cooper Institute, New York.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Diabetes.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Gravel Brick-dust Deposits.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Irritation of the Bladder.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Inflammation of the Kidneys.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Catarrh of the Bladder.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Diseases Arising from Exposure or Imprudence.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Nervous Diseases and Prostration of the System,

From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in either sex.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

Is safe and pleasant in Taste and Odor. Diseases of those organs require the aid of a Diuretic.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

Is the Great Diuretic.

Strengthening, Blood Purifying, and Invigorating.

Certificates from well-known persons in all parts of the country, in book form, giving the full descriptions, the cases and the mode of treatment, will be forwarded on receipt of 4 three-cent postage stamps.

It is a book of 100 pages.

Price of medicine $1 per bottle, or six for $5. Delivered to any address.

Direct letters to

HELMBOLD'S Medical Depot, No. 104 South 10th St., Philadelphia.

Sold by Druggists generally.

Beware of Counterfeits,

Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take no other.

Live Yankees

In all parts of the habitable globe will be glad to know of a sure thing by which they may do good and get rich! All of my Agents are doing good and getting rich.

If you have vim and spunk enough to go and do likewise, send four cents postage stamps and receive full particulars in return.

J. R. HAWLEY, 164 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

Photograph Albums!

SUPERB STYLES, in ARABESQUE and GOLD, at ANY PRICE from $1 00 to $35 00 each. Very Elegant Albums, French Styles, for 50 pictures, sent for $5 00.

Catalogue and Price List sent on receipt of Five Cents.

E. W. LUCAS & CO., 175 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$2 positively made from 20 cts.; urgently needed by every person. Call an' examine. Ten samples sent free by mail for 20 cts.; retails for $2. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

ROMAN SCARFS FOR LADIES & CENTS

3,000 dozen pure Roman Scarfs.

Made from the Purest and Softest Silk.

These are the most fashionable, elegant, and economical Scarfs ever imported, as they are reversible; one Scarf is as good as two.

They are much worn in Europe by both ladies and gentlemen. Can be worn with either pin or ring.

The whole lot will be retailed at

WHOLESALE PRICES!

1,000 doz. at $1 00 each; 2,000 doz. at $2 each. A single Scarf sent by mail on receipt of the above amount and six cents for postage. S. W. H. WARD,

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELED WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, sent by Post to any part of the Union on receipt of $1 25.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 B'way, N. Y.

FRENCH FLANNEL OVER SHIRTS.

the largest assortment in New York, $2 75, $3, $3 75 each; all cut one yard long.

A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage must be ensured—25 cents for each Shirt. Send the size of your neck.

ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2, $2 25, and $2 50.

SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

ALSO,

FINE WHITE SHIRTS

MADE TO MEASURE AT $24, $20, $18, AND $16 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

S. W. H. WARD, from London.

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

EDWARD ALLEN 729 IND. AVE. H

Annexed is a fac-simile design of the Solomon's Cornucopia. The letter representing the COMPANY is in BOLD RELIEF, and very conspicuous.

The Cornucopia will forward to any soldier one of the above Boxes, filled with silver, with name and regiment clearly engraved upon it, on receipt of **One Dollar.**

FOR CAMP USE ARE BADGES, see Ads.

Address J. G. PACKARD & CO., 208 Br'dway, N. Y.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

OR STUDS.—Red, White, and Black, engraved with initials. The per pair, will be sent free on receipt of the price by mail. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory Goods, 307 Canal St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant. A liberal discount to the trade.

Shults' Ongruent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$22 WATCHES. $22

Genuine American Lever Watches, in Coin Silver, heavy Hunting Case, *warranted*, for $22. Retail price $25.

Genuine Full Jewelled American Lever Watches, in 4 ounce Coin Silver Hunting Case, gold joint, for $35. Also every variety of good watches, at equally low rates. All orders from the army must be prepaid, as the express companies will not take Bills for Collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches, 208 Broadway New York.

WATCHES FREE.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

Agents in Towns, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW and WONDERFUL UNION PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNIQUE,ALES, and unlike all the old styles; containing all New Articles, and of fine quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Horses, Camp Companions (for the Army), fish gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for ONLY **25c.** They are just the thing for a present to *your friend in the Army*. No family should be without one. Profits immense, sales quick. *Soldiers in camp can act as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH, *warranted as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Package is endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW CIRCULAR for 1864, containing EXTRA Inducements. Sent "15 per day Easy" on limite page.

S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World.

How to Paint Photographs.

A NEW WORK.

Just published. Price 10 cents. Sold by all principal Booksellers, Artists' supply-men, and Stock Dealers, and sent, post-paid, by the publishers.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

☞ **1 Doz. free by Mail for $1 25.**

Beautiful chased metal frames for Card Photographs, to hang up or stand up. We call them the "*Improved* American Carte Forte."

For sale by all Booksellers, Frame Dealers, or Fancy Goods Men.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

501 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials, Photographic Albums, and Stereoscopic Views.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever Skate Buckle.

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 125 Pearl Street, New York, 63 Kilby Street, Boston.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of information concerning Patents, FREE. Specimens of the Paper, FREE.

From the **N. Y. Illustrated News,** Jan. 10, 1863.

"One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest time-piece for general and reliable use ever offered."



Magic Time OBSERVERS!

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, with OPEN FACE, or LADY'S or GENTLEMAN'S HUNTER CONVERTIBLE, with PATENT SELF-WINDING BARREL IMPROVEMENT.

A most pleasing novelty, of which we are the only importers in this country! It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being of fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted on accurate time-piece. Its size is convenient, measuring but two inches across it. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample Watches, in neat Morocco cases, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

TERMS, CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

HUBBARD BROS., Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, and every pen accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens repointed on receipt of 50 cts.

E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 58 & 60 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 357.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES WAGONS BY REBEL CAVALRY, OCT. 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—REBEL ATTACK UPON WAGONS IN ANDERSON'S GAP.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

We devote pages 689, 692, 696, and 697 to illustrations of the Army of the Cumberland. The pages 696 and 697 will be found a fine battle scene, which will convey an idea of the gallant stand made by General Thomas's heroes against the rebel advance at the battle of Chickamauga, when they saved the day and covered themselves and their leader with glory.

On pages 689 and 692 we reproduce three illustrations of the cavalry operations while in harness, the battle, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, who writes:

HEADQUARTERS MARSH-GENERAL GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, October 1, 1863.

Arriving at Bridgeport during a pelting rain-storm, and at night, I considered until morning under a railroad platform that seemed to comprise the town.

The morning came, and out I crawled, finding, after much inquiry, that "the way to reach Chattanooga was to walk, of course;" and "the distance by the safe route was only sixty miles." "But," quoth I, inquisitively, "General Wheeler, with all the cavalry of Bragg's army, is on that route now." My hunch-maker of the previous night there had only been a regiment under the pattern to have attacked any party and hard luck.

Very soon I learned that Colonel E. M. M'Cook, with a portion of his division of cavalry, would start at once to attack the raiders. Excellent! I at once volunteered my valuable services and those of a mule of which I unexpectedly found myself proprietor.

The combined force started at once, the rain pouring in torrents. We reached Jasper at midnight, and unwounded; which means, as far as our cause, to pour the water out of one's boots and crawl under a rail shanty. Dawn found us on the march, and when within a few miles of the enemy's Gap we saw a dense smoke, caused by the burning of a train of forage by the rebel cavalry.

At three o'clock we came up with the enemy, charging them at once. The Fourth Wisconsin, under Colonel De Grange, dashing down the road, while the Second Indiana, charged by a flank movement to the right, fighting Indian-fashion all their head. The while fore being under Colonel M'Cook.

The rebels soon broke and fled out of view. Then turned and ran, dropping their plunder as they went. Reaching a very strong position they again drew up in line of battle, only to break in disorder as our men came upon them in a naive charge.

At every commanding position they drew up in line only to stand for a moment—then skedaddle again and our men demoralizing in the extreme.

In one of these charges General Wheeler had a very narrow escape. Colonel La Grange had cut down one of Wheeler's staff, and the major's blade bending double, had dashed at Wheeler, when he had nearly reached, when the rebel jumped his horse over a fence, which left the horse of the gallant Colonel refused.

Just at this time Major Brodie had gotten so far in advance of his men that a number of the rebels had surrounded him, when, with a shout, his regiment rushed to the rescue, spilling on his way the pates of several of the rebel cavalry. During this charge Captain Hall, acting aide-de-camp of Colonel M'Cook's staff, was among the foremost in the fray. When, at last, the rebels had quite overpowered by questioning prisoners, of whom we had quite a number, that we had fought and whipped twice-as-many rebels as picked men with ten regiments, or less than half their number—as the prisoners reported from 11 different regiments.

The Fourth Indiana cavalry, under Major Lampson, had her some way up other men and bore herself as an old and earliest moment of daylight.

The next morning came, but with it a fog so dense that it was impossible to move, and eleven o'clock came before it was practicable to advance. Then after them we went, recapturing a large number of mules that they had stolen from our regiments, and again driving them.

Finding now that the continuance of my stay with the cavalry would only prevent my use for their correspondence, I returned to Anderson's Gap—finding as that place the brigades of Generals Mitchell and Turner. Near the Gap, and scattered for some distance along the road, were the immense stores and destruction of which I have given a full account. Over two hundred wagons had been destroyed and hundreds of mules. Some of the wagons had been fired without taking the mules from them.

THE NEW CALL FOR MEN.

By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The period of service of part of the volunteer force of the United States will expire during the coming year; and whereas, it is desirable to the main during the present draft, it is deemed expedient to call out three hundred thousand volunteers, to serve for three years or the war, unless sooner discharged, during three years.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby call upon the respective calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and to send into the United States service, for the various companies and regiments in the field from their respective States, their quotas of three hundred thousand men.

I further proclaim that all the volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted will receive advance pay, clothing, and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of States by the War Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, by special letters.

I further proclaim that all volunteers received under this call, as well as those who have not heretofore credited to be duly credited and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft.

I further proclaim that if any State shall fail to raise the quota assigned to it by the War Department under this call, then a draft for the deficiency in said quota shall be made in such States, or on the districts of said State, for their due proportion of such quota, and the draft shall commence on the 6th day of January, 1864.

And I further proclaim that nothing in this proclamation shall interfere with existing orders, or with those which may hereafter be issued during the present draft, under which it is now in progress or where it has not yet been commenced.

The quotas of the States and districts will be assigned by the War Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, due regard being had for the men heretofore furnished, whether by volunteering or drafting, and the recruiting shall be conducted in accordance with such instructions as have been or may be issued by that department.

In issuing this proclamation I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States, but also to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their cheerful, willing, and effective aid to this measure thus adopted, with a view to reinforce our victorious armies in the field, and bring our mournful military operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the fountains of sedition and civil war.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

THE REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.

GENERAL ROSECRANS has been removed from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and General Thomas, the hero of Chickamaugs, appointed in his place—General Grant taking the supreme command of all the armies on the Mississippi and in East and South-ern Tennessee. The announcement has taken every one by surprise. For two months, two months ago, the removal of a popular general from his command would have been a signal for a popular outcry, now even the Copperheads can barely get up a feeble hiss at the change; and the public at large, fully satisfied that the President knows what is required by the emergency, and is doing his duty faithfully, accept the event without murmur.

Whatever may have been the faults of General Rosecrans, it is encouraging to see that the President, when satisfied that he ought to be removed, had the courage to remove him, without hesitation or explanation to the public. We remember the time when the public safety absolutely required the removal of General Frémont, whose impolicy was jeoparding our cause in Missouri, and who was threatening to make us with a military despotism if their favorite were disturbed. If ever a head wanted amputation, it was his. Yet he was left unmolested for weeks, and months, and only ventured at last to strike the blow after the public of the West had been educated to distrust Frémont by the publication of Adjutant-General Thomas's famous report in the *Tribune*. Again, there can be no doubt but M'Clellan's removal ought to have been made months before it was, and as soon, in fact, as that General refused to obey orders from Washington, and to report to the Commander-in-Chief. The President hesitated and hesitated until a month of invaluable time was lost—fearing the effect of the removal of a commander who had won great personal popularity. But all of a sudden, he struck however, in these days; and Mr. Lincoln, perceiving that the Republicans did not throw down their arms and run away from the Democrats when M'Clellan retired to Jersey, now understand that the people, of whatever political party, are more devoted to the country than to any individual, and have not hesitated to remove Rosecrans. It was just this nerve and this courage which were required to insure the success of the draft.

There is a lesson to be learned by the people from this event, and that is, to beware of accepting the newspaper and popular estimate of generals as the true one. Up to the hour of Rosecrans's removal he was believed to be nearly perfection. He was called prudent, daring, invincible, lucky, the Napoleon, Jackson as a strategist, and always obedient to his superiors. He was contrasted with other generals, to their infinite disparagement, especially with those of Chicamauga, the Copperheads—whose implacable foe he had proved himself—threw the whole blame on Government, and entirely exonerated him. At one time loyal men clamored for his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and were only silenced when they were informed that the Army of the Cumberland had the more important duty of the two. Well, what if it should prove, when the truth comes out, that Rosecrans has been overpraised—that when he should have been daring, and rash when he should have been cautious; that the battle of Murfreesborough was lost by him, and afterward—when he has given his men up by his subordinates; that he should have taken Chattanooga weeks before he approached it, and should not have remained where he is beyond; that, by his advance, he disarranged the general plan of campaign determined at Washington, and thus lost the opportunity to aid and approval—and this seemingly from no other motive than a vain wish to win greater victories than Grant; that, so far from obeying the positive instructions of the President, he disregarded the commands of the President; and that, so far from being the chivalric soldier we painted him, he left the battle-field at Chicamauga in the middle of the fight, and was in bed at Chattanooga, sung and safe, when the gallant Thomas was left to furnish one who has the stemming the furious onset of the rebel army. If all this should be presently discovered to be the truth, what shall we then say of popular estimates of generals?

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA and Ohio have followed in the track of California and Maine, and Iowa and Indiana have not been behindhand. New York will fittingly close the quarterly campaign with a magnificent Union majority.

Last year honest citizens were deeply pained by a precisely opposite result. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio were carried by the opponents of the Government, and it seemed to superficial observers that the people of the North were about to be substantially divided, which in effect would have secured the triumph of the rebels. The chief European organ of the insurgents—animated by a simple wish to see the United States destroyed—chuckled over the defeats of the Administration candidates, and confidently predicted the collapse of the "Lincoln Despotism."

We have changed all this now, and good citizens may congratulate themselves on the restoration of confidence. Throughout the North the fact has been established that the war must be prosecuted until the entire territory of the United States is permanently replaced under the dominion of the flag. We hear no more daily or ninety-day prophecies in these times. No one is now willing to pledge himself to the capture of Charleston, or Atlanta, or Richmond within a given time. We have learned to respect our enemy, and to bide our time. It may take one year, or it may take four to complete the work of subjugating the rebels. The Administration is basing its calculations and its contracts upon the theory that it will take at least three years from this time. This is the reckoning of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, though both are wisely providing for a prolongation of the contest beyond the expiration of the period fixed in their estimates. The idea of every body, in and out of the Government, is that no further estimates as to time will be made, but that the war must be prosecuted steadily and perseveringly until the object sought has been attained.

In this view the overwhelming defeat of the Copperheads is a matter of decided congratulation. We learn from the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio that the masses of the people can be relied upon, and that they are not less resolutely fixed upon the vigorous prosecution of the war than their leaders. With such evidence of popular determination the ultimate result is not doubtful. It is, as we said, a mere question of time.

The Democratic has pilloried Benedict Arnold, will erect a still higher gallows for the mean sneaks who, in this darkest hour of their country's peril, wavered, and commended submission to the traitors of the South.

OUR RENEGADES.

THE Earl Russell, who made his reputation as a friend of liberty and democracy throughout the world, and who seriously damaged that reputation by espousing the cause of the slaveholding rebels against the United States, has lately won a fresh laurel, and in a speech delivered in Scotland protests that he wishes to be considered as much a friend of the North as ever. This is consistent with the course Secretary Seward is pursuing. He is endeavoring to conciliate ill-will between the two nations. The Earl entrusts Senator Sumner, with Mr. Seward, and compliments the latter, as a friend of peace, at the expense of the former.

People in this country are very much touched by the Earl's graceful allusions to the beauty of peace, and to our common tongue, our common origin, and so forth. We remembered these things when England was at war with Russia, and our authorities combined in an instant to prevent even the departure of an infinitesimal fraction of our military levies. Earl Russell forgot them when he let the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Georgia* go to sea to prey upon our defenceless commerce. They only occurred to him after he had heard of the capture of the *Atlanta* (a sister ship of the *Merrimac*) in fifteen minutes by the *Weehawken*, and of the perforation of Gilmore's Parrott guns at Charleston.

When a man has trampled on his enemy and done him all the harm he can do, and is beginning to apprehend that the foe who seems crushed may rise and retaliate, he is very apt to be in a hurry to make a later of war. The Earl Russell's recollection of our common origin would have been better timed if it had occurred to him before he let the *Alabama* go to sea, in spite of the earnest protests of our officials.

He thinks it horrid that Senator Sumner should, on the heels of the bloody fight at Chickamauga, utter words which may lead to bloody battles with British troops. It had never occurred to him, probably, when he made his famous Newcastle speech which encouraged our rebels at a time when the natural consequence of that speech would be bloody battlefields. We, like Earl Russell, dislike battles. But still it is natural for a man who has done more than any other individual to foster the resistance of the rebels, to turn on us now, and exclaim against the blood spilled in the war. Why did he not think of this before he pronounced the slaveholding insurgents a belligerent power?

Blood-letting, in war, is a shocking thing, no doubt. No nation loves peace more than the United States. But we have been driven into a desperate war, mainly through the acts and expressed opinions of Earl Russell and his colleagues; and they may now with justice call Senator Sumner, much more than Secretary Seward, expresses the views of the people on our relations with England, when he tells the English that their conduct during the present war has aroused a hostility to them in this country which will outlive this generation.

THE LOUNGER.

INTERPRETING ELECTIONS.

IT is amusing to see the different interpretations that are put upon the recent elections. One Copperhead paper finds that they mean merely that nobody wants peace at any price. Another of a lighter hue, discovers that they are a terrible rebuke of Mr. Lincoln for listening to radical advisers. Another thinks that they prove that loyal men are going to do exactly what the rebels want them to do. And so the doleful tale goes round, and the Copperheads console themselves with telling what would happen if only the sky would fall, and the trees were sawn off even with the ground.

One thing is clear amidst all the speculation. It is pretty evident that Ohio does not wish Vallandigham for Governor, nor Fernando Wood, Mayor. We can all agree that they prove so much. Then why did those States not wish such Governors? They are certainly the same in both States. The arguments were identical. And what were they? Simply that Vallandigham and Wood were not loyal heartily for the war. There might be shadowy differences of opinion between them. Vallandigham might be with peace and union by separation, looking to reconstruction; and Wood-ward might pronounce for war upon terms certain to secure the success of the rebellion. But the popular common sense sees that if the rebellion is to subdued, it must be done by cordially supporting and supplying the men and means for the war. The people knew that neither W. nor V. intended so to support and supply—and they therefore rejected them both.

The policy of the war is as clearly defined as the war itself. Fighting, confiscation, emancipation, suppression of the human corpse in order that public safety require it," and drafting, are all measures of that policy. Every vote for Seymour and Wood-ward is its prosecution by all honorable means of warfare. That has been plainly announced for a year. It went into practical operation on the first of January, 1863, and every popular election since has overwhelmingly approved it. Every man whose face is veiled from the sun supports it, and, of course, mean to say that he approved every detail and every person involved in the working out of that policy. He is therefore leaving the matter confiding in the good intention of the Government, and especially in the unquestioned honesty of the President, all loyal men know that to oppose and embarrass the operations of the war is to help the enemy. That is, therefore, in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, Iowa, and Maine, as well as in the smaller States of Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, declared for the war and the policy of the war. Does any body suppose that New York will falter?

REBEL FRANKNESS.

THERE is one great change in the policy of the rebels. They began by shouting that they would never submit to less than their unconditional and the vile Yankee North. Every Northern party and man excepting Vallandigham and Seymour were renegades. Then they would acknowledge their independence, and then, perhaps, hold their noses and trade with us.

Now comes the child of experience. They confess now that they need Northern co-operation. It is not enough that they have an army invincible in numbers. They have also a loyal Northern support. The Chattanooga *Rebel*, published in Atlanta, says plainly that all the rebels have to do is to "maintain themselves" in the Kentucky and East Tennessee, "retake the Valley of the Mississippi, *secure the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and bring to the fall*, and arrange the terms of treaty and independence." Here is a very pretty programme for the loss of its cardinal points of the aid of the Northern Copperheads. Now the rebels may be supposed to know their friends as well as we do. What they say that they need is not bullets and peace ballots, who does not see that to vote for the candidates they wish to see elected is as particularly to their use as to shoot in the ranks of Bragg's or Lee's army?

DEPOSE.

THE London *Times*, speaking of Mr. Channing's expression of the want of English sympathy with the wonder of wonders, says: "To make a complaint of such perpetual recurrence is unreasonable. It is not removed the plunge into national ruin is unreasonable almost to childishness."

If the word States had been suffered to set aside without opposition, and the Union and Government which we consecrated with our blood—if we have been any less national ruin? Where would then have been the nation known as the United States? Or if, after an unprecedented and peaceful constitutional election in which they took part, the rebels had offered, or had been solicited to offer, to submit upon which they would obey the laws, would the Government have been any the less overthrown, and could its usurpation, which is now about to be shot fired, for the sole purpose of perpetuating human slavery, have been any less national ruin?

The *Times* says further: "Whatever may rise out of the wreck, it will not be the old Federal Union of America." Very likely; and what then? Whatever arose out of the great rebellion of 1645 in England was not the old monarchy of England. Was the civil war consequently a process of "national ruin?" The nationality and the union of these States will be preserved under a better and more stringent form than ever. Is that ruin? A man finds the walls of his house cracking. He strengthens them with iron bands and stays. Is it ruin, in a certain sense, the old house that rises to its feet? Or is the old house ruined?

LOYAL SHOTS AND VOTES GO TOGETHER.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, who declares that he had rather see the Union destroyed than Slavery, and who insists that we had no business to discuss subjects which were disagreeable to our Southern masters, who are now trying to whip us in to obedience, last week filled the bill for allowing the soldiers to vote. Why? Because his instinct was just. Because he knew that the soldiers would inevitably vote for the Government to support which they were fighting. Their fire and their vote are equally true to their country and the Union. How correct he was the late military vote in Ohio shows. There are so few votes against the Union and the war for it that they are not worth counting. Seymour knows that his "friends" are not in the field fighting the rebels. They stay at home to burn orphan asylums to avoid merciless conscript and helpless men and children. Perhaps some one would like to insist that the rank and file of the army are Copperheads. It is as true as that any thing that the Army of the Potomac will fight under nobody but M'Clellan.

HOW'S THE WIND?

IF the great debate in the British Parliament last April upon the duty of England under her neutrality to Lord Palmerston in his many hearty tone declared, amidst the applause of the House, that no menace would induce the Government "to cease down to this Russian and proposed violation of the law." In his late speech at Blairgowrie, Lord Russell said that the Government were prepared to do every thing that the duty of neutrality required, even if it should be necessary "that the sanction of Parliament should be asked to further measures."

Lord Palmerston spoke when the rebellion seemed to be successful. Lord Russell, when it is pretty surely defeated. The two speeches are a fair representation of what the Government of Great Britain understands by neutrality. To abolition to ask a change of the law last April was exactly what it is now. That one party in the war is sure of the successful use not only of the attitude of a neutral power. War with England will doubtless be avoided by her action. But let us not deceive us as to the conscious character of action. It is not a change of heart—Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg, Charleston, those have been the "eye-openers" of Great Britain.

DUMBNESS IN LIBRARIES.

"A CONSTANT READER" writes that, having occasion recently to apply for a book at the Mercantile Library (in what city is not stated), he was requested, almost inaudibly, to write his name, address, etc., on a slip of paper, and, upon inquiry, was "curtly answered" that communication between the librarian and the reader was to be had by signs that there might be no noise of conversation. "Why, then, dear Lounger," asks the writer, "did the librarian's voice and lungsupply, if it was intended we should transact all the business of this worth by signs?" And he further remarks: "If this system is to be permanent, I would respectfully suggest that the library hire persons who are really deaf and dumb for librarians; in which case we should all be content, and it would be a fair employment to a class who do not often have the chance of making a living, and who could hand us the slips of paper and get us our books as well as those now in charge."

"A Constant Reader" is perhaps not aware that the slip of paper is a receipt for the book, is of great convenience for reference in case of loss, and saves murmuring in the library, where many students may be reading. And although, as he suggests, it is fair to presume that persons who have taste and culture enough to wish to visit a library will have sufficiently good manners not to disturb others, yet experience unfortunately shows that literature are a long way from all young and heedless persons who do not know the value of silence. Meanwhile, remember that in time of libraries, we do not understand that it is proposed to transact all the business of the world by signs or by slips of paper. It does not appear because the talk is not high at four o'clock that there will be a deluge at six. Does it?

A COMBINED MOVEMENT.

ON the 7th of September the Richmond *Inquirer* said: "The success of the Democratic [Copperhead] party would be no longer doubtful should General Lee once more advance upon Meade. Let him drive Meade from Washington, and it will again raise the spirits of the Democrats [Copperheads], confirm their timid, and give confidence to their wavering." Conformably with this plan General Lee did move upon Meade, but did not happen to drive him. At the same moment, and for the same purpose of raising the spirits of the Copperheads, General M'Clellan moved against the Government at Detroit with Lee. Lots of combined movement of Generals Lee and M'Clellan neither defeated the Government in the field nor at the polls. Another chief can be classed among the successful Generals.

THE LYCEUM.

THE Lyceum all over the country begins to arrange its winter courses of lectures. The demand for good lecturers was never greater, and some of the most eminent and popular, such as Mr. Beecher, Mr. Chapin, Mr. Bayard Taylor, return from their European absence refreshed and inspired. Inevitably and happily, the profound interest of the time will hardly suffer any speaker to wander far from some aspect of the condition of the country. Parties have disappeared. Politics are not now a question of partisan ascendency, but of national salvation. And hence we never was a time when the fullest public intelligence was more desirable, or there was never a better opportunity for the vigorous and frank discussion of the great fundamental social questions, to which our attention must be for a long time turned, than the Lyceum.

There will be a desire of variety, certainly, in the general range of topics, although there is little fear that the same subject will be treated in the same way by any of the chief lecturers. It is the treatment, no less than the topic, which is of the utmost importance. But for Lyceums which wish to have the current of public interests altogether, Mr. Taistro's and Mr. Vandenhoff's readings, Professor Youman's and Richard's scientific lectures, and the illustrated lectures of Mr. Oscanyan upon Turkish life, will be most attractive. The series of card-photographs illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's lectures are extremely interesting. They are valuable studies of Oriental costume, and Mr. Oscanyan is so fluent in the English language, with which he is entirely familiar, that his lectures, with their fabulous, will be a most agreeable variety.

LITERARY.

"MARTIN POLE" is the last issue in the Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is by John Saunders, the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," a writer who is fast gaining great popularity for his vigorous and powerful stories of modern domestic life.

The Harpers also issue "The Ring of Amasis," a tale "edited" by Owen Meredith, which is the production of Messrs. Lytton Bulwer, one of the novelist, and a poet of some repute. This story is grotesque and fanciful; a love story which will not fail to interest those who like the peculiarly intense poetry of the author.

"DOES the Bible sanction American Slavery?" is the title of the latest essay of Goldwin Smith, Professor of Modern History in Oxford, recently published by Severs and Francis of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is a brief, clear, and masterly exposition of the whole question. The author was at the South, who muddle their brains about the "Christianity" of slavery, could read and understand this short and unpretending book. Another accomplished scholar and noble Englishman, they would not fire another shot for the "divine" institution. This pamphlet of Professor Smith's we especially commend to our readers, because Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, in a letter to the Episcopalians of Pennsylvania, announces that he shall, within a few months, publish "a full demonstration of the truth wherein I stand"—namely, that the Bible sanctions Slaveryness to bred babies for sale. A pleasing truth for a Bishop to stand upon! Let the Bishop comprehend the feeling of the whole world. He proves to show that the Christian Church has always justified slavery, and his conclusion will be that Slavery is therefore a Christian institution. Now he knows the little work called "Slavery in Christendom," by Patrick Larrogue, formerly rector of the Academy of Lyons in France, in which the geography so profound and extensive a scholarship as the Bishop of Vermont's, that Slavery in Christendom Church has always approved slavery. But his conclusion is very different from the Bishop's. It is that it is not a true Church! He declares that slavery and "dogmatic Christianity" rise and fall together. And while he says plainly that Christ habitually associated with slaves, that in the utter condemnation of slavery, he asserts that those principles have never been practiced by the Church? It will be seen that the Bishop of Vermont spies a tolerably wide field. But to every simple Christian heart, which is more anxious to hear what Christ said than what men say that he said, Goldwin Smith's little pamphlet is conclusive.

"THE Union Generals," a work which G. W. Childs is preparing, will be the natural companion of every history of the war. It is to be written by distinguished literary gentlemen, most of whom have made the rebellion a subject of special study. With the description of each will be given, and in the most open form, the details of the heroes, with maps, plans, and wood-cuts, it must be a very important addition to the history of the war. The publisher, Mr. Childs, would be very glad to receive any facts or vertical incidents relative to the Generals or to the battles and sieges in which they may have been engaged.

"THE Student's Repository" is the title of a modest periodical published at Spartanburg, Indiana, which is devoted to the interests of the students and friends of the Union Literary Institute, a society of colored persons. It is to be issued quarterly, and if the spirit in which the interest of all Americans who wish that all men in this country should have fair play. Many of the articles in the first number are naturally crude and experimental, but the tone of the work is earnest and manly. As a brief paper by the editor, "What shall be done with the Negro?" written in 1860, is a very simple and conclusive statement of the wisdom of giving the colored man the free work with him. In the opening article a few remarks show a quiet good sense, which is worthy the careful consideration of every one. "We are not as a race ever become educated, elevated, and respected, we have got to do the work ourselves. No one else can do it for us. We must prove to the white man that we are as susceptible of improvement as he is."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LLOYD D. WOODRUFF, of the Eleventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, who served with distinction at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and was for a long time Chief of Staff for Major-General M'Pherson, has been officially announced as Provost Marshal of the Port of Vicksburg.

Brigadier-General JESSE REED KING has been reappointed Minister Resident to Bogota, and has resigned his position as the staff, to take effect immediately. The mission has been vacant since the appointment of Mr. Jones. General King formed the command of the Eighth Corps, Army of the Potomac over to General MAJOR-GENERAL COUCH.

MAJOR J. W. ADAMS of the Engineer corps has been announced upon the staff of Major-General GILMORE. He will have the department of records and topographical surveys under his control. MAJOR ADAMS is an old army officer, and served for a long time upon the staff of Major-General BANKS.

The well-earned star has been conferred upon Colonel J. W. TURNER. That officer is now a Brigadier-General, continuing, however, to serve as Chief of the Staff and Judge of Artillery.

COLONEL DICKINSON, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General to General HOOKER's staff, has been assigned to the command of the convalescent camp, vice Colonel GERRISH, moved.

LIEUTENANT DRINKWAT, Provost Marshal of Williamsburg, Virginia, was shot on 14th October by Private BOYLE, of the First New York Mounted Rifles; and a day or two after Private BLAKE stabbed Private RUSSOO, both of the same regiment.

COLONEL FAIRCHILD, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, who was severely wounded in the late battle, having received the effects of his wounds, received at Gettysburg, by which he lost an arm. He is now about to resign his commission and assume the duties of Secretary of State of Wisconsin, for which he is a candidate as a War Democrat.

COLONEL CORNAD BAKER, First Indiana Cavalry, and Colonel E. A. PARROTT, First Indiana Artillery, have been detailed to superintend the volunteer recruiting service in their respective States. Hitherto none but officers of the regular army have been assigned to this duty.

Colonel LOUIS FAIRCHILD, of the Second Wisconsin regiment, has been appointed a Brigadier-General, for gallantry in the battle of Gettysburg.

The friends of Colonel ELIPHALET HAMMOND say that there is no doubt that he will, on his return from his tour of inspection in New Orleans, be, perhaps other point in the West, resume his place at the head of the bureau.

Captains CUTTING and BENJAMIN, of General AUGUR's staff, have resigned their commissions and resumed their duties. The remainder of the General's staff are at New Orleans. General AUGUR has been made, temporarily, a Colonel in the Regular Army, and will, on the 1st of November, be assigned to a different field.

Major-General BANKS, who was recently ordered to the Department of the Gulf, remains in Washington, awaiting further instructions. It is rumored that he is to be assigned to a different field.

A court-martial, composed of thirteen officers, under medical treatment, but who are capable of performing the duties required of them, has been appointed for the trial of military offenders, at Nashville, of the One Hundred and Forty-second Regiment New York Volunteers, is President of the court. A similar court, of which Colonel CHARLES ZIEBER, of the Eighty-second Illinois Reserves, is President, has been appointed from the Invalid Corps.

The proceedings of the court-martial in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel BRADLEY, of the Fifth Kentucky, have been sent in, and are awaiting the action of the War Department. It is said that Colonel BRADLEY has received permission to return to Philadelphia to perfect his accounts as disbursing officer of the Fifth Kentucky.

General SCHENCK, though still suffering from his wound, is able to walk a little, and hopes to rejoin his brigade ere long: but the military authorities declined to send him to his home, believing that he can be more readily made liable of active service. He will, however, be ordered to New York, where he will remain as military court.

Last week Major-General AUGUR assumed command of the Department of Washington. It is reported that this change is owing to the difficulties caused by the illness of General HEINTZELMAN, and that the latter will resume command on recovering his health. General AUGUR will remain in the performance of their duties as head-quarters.

Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES LATE, of Colonel RAINES' Cavalry regiment, have been dismissed the service for drunkenness on duty.

Five officers were arrested at Washington on 17th for remaining in the city without authority, after their regiment had left. They were ordered to report under arrest to the Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, and to be released from arrest with such duties as were attached to, these officers were arrested in less than twenty-four hours after the order for their release was received.

Lieutenant-Commander BRADDLEE has been detached from special duty in New York, and ordered to the *Wabash*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THERE has been since our last number went to press a great deal of manœuvring, marching and countermarching by the various corps of the Potomac, and one small battle. It seems that Lee crossed the Rapidan, and encamped in the neighborhood of Culpepper Court-House, but was foiled by Meade's strategy. Meade fell back to and crossed the Rappahannock, and was followed by Lee. On a little rebel took place at Bristoe Station, in which the rebels were defeated, and Meade continued in the line of retreat to Centreville. Meade finally halted at or near Centreville. On 30th October it is said Lee was encamped in force on the Warrenton Turnpike, at the head of a powerful column of cavalry, with Stuart in command. Previously, Buford's division of cavalry was reported to be near Aldiegton, Virginia, one hundred and seven miles from Washington, and that Lee was to have fed on that region for a distance of over forty miles. The movement of General Lee by easier or shorter routes on the following day his retrograde movement toward Lynchburg was commenced. The troops in advance, under General Hill, were covered by an immense train of cars over Warrenton Junction on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad by way of Warrenton and Greenwich. Meade is now in pursuit.

THE BATTLE OF BRISTOE STATION.

THE following is the official report of the battle:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 3D DIVISION, 2D CORPS, OCT. 15, 1863.

The Major-General commanding announces to the army that the division, under command of the Second corps, was attacked yesterday, while marching on the Warrenton road, by the rebel forces under A. P. Hill, resulting in both sides, and the capture by the enemy of the guns, two colors, and 450 prisoners, of the Second brigade, Third division, Second corps. The gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the brigade, corps, are entitled to high commendation. By command of MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

BURNSIDE'S ADVANCE.

General Burnside is reported by the rebels to be advancing from New Orleans, with fourteen thousand cavalry, for the purpose of making a raid on the East Tennessee Railroad, and cutting off supplies from the destruction of the great salt-works near Abingdon. They acknowledge that he had engaged and driven their forces, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded, from Bible Ridge to Greenbrier, and that he was advancing on Abingdon. He is also said to have organized three regiments of Tennessee "renegades," and that 4000 refugees were following his army.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of the army:

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

CHATTANOOGA, OCT. 19, 1863.

The following dispatch has just been received from Brigadier-General George Crook, commanding the Second Cavalry division, dated Rogerville, Alabama, October 19, 1863.

"I have the honor to inform you that I have had three days' fight with the enemy, in which I have completely whipping him very badly each time. The last battle ended at Farmington, Mississippi, where I fought Wheeler's entire command with only two brigades. I cut his force in two, sundered his line of communication, captured his artillery, 1000 stand of cavalry arms, and 500 prisoners, besides the wounded. As I pushed on after the enemy immediately, I have not been able to ascertain the number of their killed and wounded, but it was very heavy. They were scattered over a distance of fifteen miles from this, and their retreat was a perfect rout, their men deserting and straggling over the country. I pursued them with great vigor, but their horses being better than mine, I was unable to come up with a couple of regiments at Bogue Creek, let to detain me. I made a charge on them, capturing some of their men, and scattering the remainder pell-mell in the creek. When within eight miles of the river I struck the gallop, and when I reached the river I found that Lee had crossed. He had some three miles above Stamp's Ferry, where they were crossing in force, and I suppose all night. I never saw troops demoralized than the were. I am satisfied that those who fled in this rail-way to Mississippi to rejoin their command. Their loss in killed and wounded will be considerably augmented by the following another rail soon. Signed, GEORGE CROOK, Brigadier-General commanding."

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.

General Rosecrans has been relieved from the command of the Army of the Cumberland; and Major-General Thomas, Grant takes command of that Department and of the Army of the Tennessee (Grant's old army), the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans's late army), and the Army of Kentucky (Burnside's). General Thomas, who fought so splendidly at Chickamauga, takes the immediate command vacated by General Rosecrans.

THE LOSSES AT CHICAMADOA.

Complete official returns from the infantry engaged in the battles of Chicamauga have been received, showing that the losses of officers will reach 1,000. The losses in the cavalry will swell the grand total to about 16,000. Of this number, 2,500 were wounded. Thirty-six pieces of artillery were lost and a few wagons.

SHELBY ROUTED.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 3D DIV., 4TH CAV. CORPS, *October 14, 1863.*

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Colonel Shelby has been badly whipped under Sledge to a decisive engagement yesterday. The fight was obstinately contested for four hours. The rebels were completely routed and scattered in all directions, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage and a large number killed, wounded and prisoners.

The exact number is killed and wounded is very large. Our troops are still pursuing the flying rebels.

J. M. SCHOFIELD, Major-General.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, Major Lord and Adam Badeau, who were sent recently to the cavalry will swell the grand total to about 16,000. Of this number, 2,500 were wounded. Thirty-six pieces of artillery were lost and a few wagons.

SHELBY ROUTED.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 3D DIV., 4TH CAV. CORPS, *October 14, 1863.*

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Colonel Shelby has been badly whipped under Sledge to a decisive engagement yesterday. The fight was obstinately contested for four hours. The rebels were completely routed and scattered in all directions, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage and a large number killed, wounded and prisoners.

The exact number is killed and wounded is very large. Our troops are still pursuing the flying rebels.

J. M. SCHOFIELD, Major-General.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, Major Lord and Adam Badeau have been sent recently in the cavalry fight on the Rappahannock last June, arrived at Washington on 19th from Richmond. The statements concerning the condition of the Union prisoners are of the most distressing character. They have applied to the Government to institute at once prompt measures for their relief. They are now confined with upward of three hundred officers and over ten thousand enlisted men. Many of the latter are without shelter, tents, mattresses, and coats, and sickness prevails to a fearful extent. Typhoid fever has set in, and the mortality is still increasing. Insufficiency of food and lack of clothing have prostrated many of the men with disease. The colored men are actually starved, and an officer who grew some portion of his own rations for his men in the room they occupying is through the floor, has been confined in a dungeon. Great agitation has been created among the prisoners owing to the apparent neglect, on the part of the Government, of the question of exchange. We have to say that a basis is our favor, and, if an exchange can not be effected, our officers and men will be in a very critical position, subjected to the same privations until the rebel authorities can provide for their release.

BRITISH CONSULS EXPELLED FROM THE SOUTH.

Jeff Davis has taken umbrage at the action of the British Consuls in the Confederate States in regard to the arrest of the rebel secretar, and has dismissed them all from the Confederate States. The following correspondence has occurred on the subject:

RICHMOND, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

SIR: I am instructed by the President to inform you that the conduct of the British Consuls in the Confederate States in regard to the arrest of Mr. Mason, a citizen of the Confederate States, and a fugitive from justice, has been such as to forfeit the confidence of this Government, and to render their presence in the country inadmissible. You will therefore communicate to the Consuls of your nation the fact that they are required to leave the Confederate States within ten days from the date of this communication.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

To JAMES MURRAY MASON, Commissioner, etc.

JEFF DAVIS has taken umbrage at the action of the British Consuls in the Confederate States in regard to the arrest of the rebel secretar, and has dismissed them all from the Confederate States. The following correspondence has occurred on the subject:

RICHMOND, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

SIR: I am instructed by the President to inform you that the conduct of the British Consuls in the Confederate States in regard to the arrest of Mr. Mason, a citizen of the Confederate States, and a fugitive from justice, has been such as to forfeit the confidence of this Government, and to render their presence in the country inadmissible. You will therefore communicate to the Consuls of your nation the fact that they are required to leave the Confederate States within ten days from the date of this communication.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

To JAMES MURRAY MASON, Commissioner, etc.

VOTE OF THE OHIO TROOPS.

Under date of Chattanooga, October 14, General J. A. Garfield sends the following to the *Ohio State Journal*:

Thirteen thousand of the Ohio soldiery infantry in this army gave 9454 for Brough and 3536 for Vallandigham. Seven regiments of cavalry and eight batteries not yet heard from. Over four regiments of cavalry did not vote, having been ordered away from their homes on the election days of Vallandigham's friends. Ohio may be proud of the votes at Chattanooga. We shall have to left great John Brough's letter. Give us the news from home."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SOUTHERN CLUBS.

THE "Southern Club" of England and the "United Association for the Recognition of the Southern States" have been formally organized at Manchester under the society under the title of The Southern Independence Association, with Mr. Wharcliffe, Member of Parliament, at a strong speech in favor of the recognition of the rebel states by England.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

England has again been visited by an earthquake. It took place on Tuesday, October 6, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, and was felt in many places. From Liverpool, Hereford, and numerous other places, we have accounts of the shock. Windows in the houses of towns to have been up upheaving of the earth from west to east, followed by a loud subterranean subsidence, after which a loud rumbling noise was heard.

THE GREEK KING IN ENGLAND.

The King of the Greeks has arrived in England from St. Petersburg. Having visited Queen Victoria he was to go to Paris, and proceed from Paris Tuileries to Athens.

AUSTRIA.

THE MEXICAN DEPUTATION.

The Mexican deputation reached Miramar, the seat of the Archduke Maximilian, in great state from Vienna. Señor de Estrada made the tender of the crown to the Emperor elect in a long and elaborate address. He proposed the toll of the votes of the Chamber of Notables of Mexico, plausibly expressed and backed by the will and the acquiescence of solid gold, manufactured by Mexican artists. The Archduke replied in a speech in which he accepted, as set forth the conditions on which he will accept the crown, declaring that a monarchy could not be satisfactorily established in Mexico without the spontaneous consent of the whole nation. Having regard also to certain "dangers" which threaten the integrity and independence of the country, he was assured by the "guarantees" and if both these conditions are fulfilled the Archduke intimates that he will accept the Mexican crown, relinquishing the rights of his brother, the Emperor of Austria. In the event of becoming monarch of Mexico, he declares the path of progress" by giving "a constitution" to the country of his election. He puts a compliment to the Emperor Napoleon.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CHARGE OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN AND SECOND INDIANA CAVALRY ON THE REBELS, OCTOBER 3, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]



THE SIOUX WAR.—CAVALRY CHARGE OF SULLY'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF WHITE STONE HILL, SEPTEMBER 3, 1863.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED.—[SEE PAGE 695.]

WHIFF.

Go back with me to an old New England village, as sleepy almost as a Dutch berg. I was about to describe it, but on the whole think I will not; perhaps you know the town, perhaps you were born here, or have uncles and cousins there. If you don't know any thing of the place, I doubt if I could wrest it away from time and distance, who now have it fast; yet some other day perhaps I will show it to you. I believe it is somewhere along the Sound, for it has a wharf, though not much use for that; the India trade never comes that way, and the whalers have gradually gone to other ports, so that the piles are green with slime and not even the rats of the warehouses mar by ever getting forlorn; but sometimes a vessel comes in, and then all the elders about the village have an excitement.

The time was a Sunday, after the second service. In Deacon Hodges's keeping-room sat Miss Mahala Stevens, talkative. She was given to the weakness of talking about every body, for if people stuck themselves up they must expect to be seen. She had dropped in now, full of something to tell; but of course she hung back—no use at all to hurry her. She sat, trotting one foot and swinging a large, aginary jacket, prickly and unyielding as any bur. No favors asked, large or small; you can't get on a day without me and I know it, was what she said to the world of the village—all the world the village knew or cared any thing about.

"You see, Miss Hodges, I slipped it right up here fast as my legs could carry me, fear somebody else'd tell it first; an' now what with the heat an' the sermon, an' my general flustrin', I do believe I've forgot what 't was."

"Yes?" suggested the Deacon's wife, the New England "yes," meaning any thing and every thing. Here it was a gentle stroke of Mahaly's plumage to go on.

"I guess it wasn't of very much consequence," smoothly remarked Dorr, the Deacon's pretty daughter. "If it wasn't a lie, you know, you wouldn't have forgot it."

Great spinsterly indignation. "That's you, Dorr Hodges, all over. That's right, keep your mentin', it'll come right handy bimby when you hev to keer for yourself, and when you're gray's them rocks in your lap you'll wish you had it. Them that snuffs when they're young allers snuffs when they're old," I tell 'em."

"Never mind Mahaly; Dorr was only in play."

"Well, well, it's no odds, but what's brat in the bone will come out on the skin, an' there ain't no young folks nowadays; they 're all afraid of their elders. I was just goin' to say something 'bout Frank Hawley, he that used to sheep round Dorr—what on earth was it now?"

Toss of the head on the part of the young lady. "Why, somebody'll show me how to my work, I 'spose," and she turned to sheep round Dorr—what on earth was it now?"

"Guess you never had any practice," said Sam, the "terrible" child that falsified for that house the saying about deacons' families.

"Sam!" said Mrs. Hodges, with some peculiar tone that meant a great deal.

"Well, Dorr, toss your head, but mind not toss once too many times. I heerd of a girl that got her a pail o' milk off her head once, an' 'tain't all straight sticks grows in the woods by a long sight, though like 's not what I was goin' to say 'bout Frank Handy—"

"You don't trouble yourself to say any thing at all about Frank Handy to me," retorted Dorr; "I don't want to see him or hear any thing about him."

"H'm," mirthed the sagacious Mahaly. "Well, I'spose you won't care to hear that the *Esmeralda*'s got backed—leastwise now that's just what I was goin' to say; I thought 'twas gone from me sure; Mr. Handy's aboard; but then, of course, he won't show himself here."

"You don't!" tersely remarked Mrs. Hodges.

"I do, though; the folks was a crowdin' down to the wharf to see him, and I first see him as he neared's jump, Sam; it's all over by this time. It's most to—half to, now, Mr. Handy. I mean—the folks doesn't want to see him, a'ter a two-years' v'yage. Well, good-day, sorry you're so spleeped, Dorr; I'm sure you're glad you're single for a livin', then folks 'll bar it of you when ye snap. What makes your cheeks so red, child? Got burnt in the sun? Should say so, if you weren't dark complect nat'rally."

Now, generally speaking, there is nothing very soothing in Mahaly's remarks or manner, but the air in the shutting of a door, especially if it happens to be shut rather spitefully; but I am mistaken if the slam of the door after Mahaly was not the pleasantest sound Dorr had heard that day. "Well, I don't care, now," said she, with an emphasis on the last word.

"I wouldn't mind it, dear," said Mrs. Hodges.

"Do you?" asked Dorr, with eyes, hair and lips both. (I don't know what she meant.)

"No, I guess not; cloth that's well combed always has the smoothest nap in the end. Never mind Mahaly, Dorr; yes vexed her or she wouldn't talked quite so bad. Nobody sets much by what she says, because she's always talking, you know."

"I'm going up stairs, mother," said Dorr. Mrs. Hodges took up a volume of "Discourses," as if she had not read enough that day, and it is to be supposed she read them, though who shall answer for the question?

Dorr retreated to her own room and flung herself into her chair that her own fingers had cushioned, but somehow the room didn't look pleasant. Every thing was in place just as she left to go to meeting—the "things" were not tossed about in disorderly evidence that there had been a toilet made there—yet it didn't seem quite right. Why the string of shells that hung over her little mirror had a different look, and swung back and forth in the wind as if they were alive. They were beckoning her attention. She looked at them, at them and held them still, but they went to swinging again as she let them go, as if they knew something bad got back, and suddenly remembered the swaying bosom of the sea; she set the chairs in order, pulled the curtains a little, shut the blinds a little more, and then sat down. It seemed as if she had gone into somebody else's room; so she glided down stairs to the keeping-room and got a spy-glass that was kept there—a rare treasure in those days—and ran back to it with the fast.

The garret window was an old look-out of hers where she used to knit in the afternoons, and where she did all her day-dreaming. A hill shut off the wharf from sight, but there was the top of a mast on it, looking as if it had sprouted out of the hill; and by leaning well out of the window Dorr could see just the stern of the vessel. Yes, that was the *Esmeralda*, then; the sails were furled, and of course they had all gone ashore before this time. How queer that that old ship had really been off so far, way out in the South Pacific, out on the edge of her map, where the islands were sprinkled about so thick that it must be hard to sail without running against some of them; it must spell spicy as well as greasy, and Dorr wondered. Did it go to Italy? Her name was Italian, Eudora, grandmother's fancy—no, that couldn't be. But the *Esmeralda* had been gone long enough, and she had been staying quietly at home helping mother do the work and keeping sunshine in the house all the time, and Frank had been off there, and up in that black box, sailing along day after day in the hot sun, never getting any word from home all the time. How glad he must be to get back; no wonder he hurried ashore as quick as he could. Then to think she said she didn't want to see him! Well, she didn't, but it was not to be as she had said to tell him so after being gone so long. Would Mahaly tell him of it? Yes to one she would; she was just like a keyhole, every thing went through her. She said Frank wouldn't come here. H'mph! He would.

And he did. Yes, he did. He came the very next afternoon, sunburnt, healthy, in his old with long strides, as if a kind of half-reluctance held him back. The clover-heads nodded a welcome to him, and the bees seemed to know every yellow; at least he would have thought so had not his handsome face been shaded with a wonder how he would be received. Clover and bees would come again next summer, but if the flower he had loved to think of did not bloom for him, what was all other fragrance? Dorr had not quite say—is it ever an easy thing?—

"Ah, she is not fair to me.

"Was what? how fair she be?"

What might not have happened in two years? They had seemed so long while they were going, and now they were gone there seemed but a little while; why he only went away yesterday, every thing looked so natural. He remembered his long acquaintance with Dorr, and how, after the first relief time and again until he generally took the first opportunity to go down to Deacon Hodges's station, and then they were better friends than ever. She had risen from the horizon of his life till now she filled him with her full orb—the sun, but possibly he had sunk out of sight with her. He had thought of her all the while and of this very day, and now at last he had come to see her, and she was not there, right present before him, and it made him tremulous and half shrinking to face it. How would she meet him? Why, she would probably be excited at knowing meanwhile that the other was alive! She must have changed a good deal in that time; what a deal of a change! It might be a new Dorr that it might be toward him, though there never was any thing between them. Two years ago she was young, only sixteen, and Dorr, when he thought this current of his thoughts to an abrupt stop. Hastily scanning the sea and the horizon for the afternoon, the locusts with their simmering notes in the air, the clouds that began to sink upon the west and feel gentle dew, all but the sea, and every thing he saw, were trembling with a kind of expectation, and all eagerly watching him. Dorr in the world? Dorr in the sea? Dorr in him—from crown to sole, through every nerve and fibre his heart throbbed and tingled as he moved.

But while he was thinking of her she was dead, and his bold feet carried his doubting heart up to the gate, which Dorr had left open for the poor dead learder than it used to; perhaps it did, but then he hadn't opened any gates for two years. He followed the path, and the door-knocker began to consider whether to knock. If he should go right in it might seem too bold; and if he knocked it might seem too much a stranger to come unannounced on shipboard: but he chose the former, and so waited on. It is such an excellent way to get at people's real character, the waiting of their gates.

Mrs. Hodges and Dorr were in the kitchen when he entered it. He did catch them, for Dorr was opening and the mother's back was to the door. Nevertheless it gave him a sudden pang to see Dorr so far from him. Yes, he had supposed I was coming here she would not have been ironing in the kitchen," and the thermometer fell in manner of Deacon Hodges's whipping. Somewhere that Dorr had expected him, and had been watching all the afternoon, and so had seen him marching that way, and a thousand tender and reassurances had felt it her duty to assist about the ironing. She was woman enough not to mean to let him think she was waiting for him.

Mrs. Hodges spoke first, and half put out a floury hand; then drew it back with a deprecatory gesture, and bent again over her work. Dorr had not heard what she said, however, but looked at Dorr, who started in spite of herself; then gave him her hand, which, albeit it was hot and red from the merciless flat-iron, he pressed as meaningly as he dared, and thought he had a little echo of a touch in return. "She didn't expect me, but her modest did," thought he, in which he had the thing exactly reversed, but then he knew Dorr was fooled by a *bi* I think *les femmes* have been very inventive, and have had their revenge all along by fooling *les hommes*.

"When did you get back?"

"Now pretend you don't know. Yesterday."

"Well, I *did* see a ship come in after meeting was out. Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"Very pleasant after I got into the home waters, so that I thought I could smell home in every breeze that came from this way."

Dorr raised her eyebrows and was going to whistle—an old trick she had. "How does home smell?"

"I can't tell you exactly till you go away from it; but it's good to think of after a hard day's work."

"Whaling *is* hard work, I do suppose," said Mrs. Hodges.

"It's the exercise. I see there is work to be done on shore too."

"Oh yes indeed," answered Dorr, enthusiastically; "here's my ironing, you see," taking a fresh iron from the fire. "I wish we didn't have ironing to do in the hot weather."

Mrs. Hodges turned her sponge, and had set it away to rise, and found she had work to do in another part of the house; so she went out, without hearing a look from Dorr, whose back was just then turned toward 'him."

"I thought you didn't expect to see me," he said by way of experiment.

"Why, did Mahaly tell you I said I didn't want to see you?" said Dorr, without thinking that she had made a slip.

"No, Mahaly didn't tell me; Miss Eudora Hodges told me; but I don't want to believe her, and I don't think I do."

Dorr made no answer, but her cheeks burned as the pleasantest kind of fire, and her eyes set a little while.

"What am I now?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Just before I went away you called me Mr. Handy. What am I now?"

"Well, you haven't had your name changed, I suppose. See there, how you are raveling my nice ironing-cloth, Mr. Handy."

"So I am. I beg pardon. I was thinking of some other things that are raveling to waste."

"I see you have become a sober as you used to be, and you talk just in the same way."

"And I am just as dull too, you would say."

"No, I didn't say that at all."

"But you thought it? I am sober, Dorr, because I don't see any thing to laugh at just now. And then I've been two years at sea, and haven't talked much in that time; and perhaps I've been a little moody, but I'm back; and now I am back we two are just as stiff as if we never met before."

"But—but you're grown, and look so different, I'm most afraid of you."

"Yes, but that isn't the way to get over it, to be afraid."

"You're the one that's stiff, I'm sure, with your long words and long face too," said Dorr, feeling quite vexed.

"But I hoped you would be r. little glad to see me after all this time."

"Well, I guess I said I wasn't glad."

"What was it you told me just now without meaning it?"

"Oh! but you said a minute ago you didn't believe that."

"I don't; but still you don't seem quite as I wished."

"I see you are bound to quarrel. I didn't know before that you had been made people so rough."

"I am scolding—forgive me; but we won't quarrel, Dorr. What do you suppose I have been thinking of all these days, while I have been counting the days and wondering if I should find—"

Here an interruption. Dorr had been casting about for an experiment, and she caught at the first and the worst coz. "Ah-h!" she cried, dancing back from the table and flirting her fingers in the air; then, stamping her foot, she wrenched the flatiron in a new place; but this time she really did burn her fingers, and sucked them over-hard, and so got her hold when she had lifted it fairly up. Down went the heavy iron thud upon the table, then pushed to the side, and Dorr sat while violently at it fell. No scream; but she gave a flush and a catch of her breath with the acute pain, and would have fallen if Frank had not caught her from the floor with equal strength and gentleness; and before she could utter a syllable he had started for the stairs with her, with her head cold on his breast that she did not remonstrate. He had not forgotten the way, and he carried her directly to her room, and put her down softly without a word; he just could not help touching her lips with his, in their nearness, and answered by a look and the whispered word he had been longing to hear—"Frank!" Then he left her and went away.

The ankle was slow at healing—far too slow for Dorr's patience; but she said to herself, "It's just good enough for me, I'll be cautious to be trying such a trick at all; and I should have known better than to try such a stupid one as that. Ache away: I deserve it for whipping." And the ankle kept giving repentant and monitory twinges.

Frank Handy walked away in a sort of glow. He call him Mr. Handy so abruptly, to be sure; but had he not held her a moment in his arms, that had been yearning for her over all the trackless miles of sea? Had he not carried him in his nurse? He almost wished the ankle never would get well, so that he might carry her in his arms forever; and then he was inclined to bless the knowing flat-iron, that had come in to take his part. Such a fairy-tale-like way Dorr was found out, that never can work with any thing less real than flat-irons and broomsticks—must have taken hold of it just that minute. Why, no indeed she did; and she was lying up stairs now with a bruised ankle! And then he accused himself of having caused it all by his unreasonable fears.

He was permitted to sit with Dorr much of the time, though it is questionable whether it gave him more pleasure than pain. She was very gracious now. She smiled on him, and said the last was not meant when it was, or he gave her a chance to be idle, and kept the neighbors from interrupting her; she heard him read to her by the hour, made him tell sea-yarns, and let him feed her with the jellies and other niceties which considerate friends sent in. It was impossible for him to understand it all. Strong, earnest, direct character that he was, he could not understand how any body could act any thing or hide any thing; and whether she really cared for him and enjoyed being with him, or was only doing it to please him, was the question he could not answer and only she could. But it was somehow not easy to ask it but then; whenever he began to skirt about the tender edges of his love Dorr took alarm, real or pretended. She would give him an appealing look as much as to say, "You can't take advantage of my helpless position here;" and then another look would threaten, "If you do I shall go to sleep;" and so the words got no further than his lips.

Several weeks slipped away. The wind had blown the spicy scents out of the *Esmeralda*, and the calaboz creaked her impatience at being tied to shore. The moderate cargo had been discharged, and supplies had taken their place in; and the owner were getting ready to say another good-by to the lasses they left on shore. One day Frank Handy went to the home fire, and sitting close down into through a piece of woods, and while in this he suddenly started to find that, while he was going to the house, Dorr had come over to meet him. She met Dorr picking her way along with a polished, cushioned, brass-ornamented crutch. On seeing him she stood quite too; but did not resist when he gently took the crutch away and somehow substituted his own arm for it.

"How could you thought you were coming this way?" said she. "Do you generally come so?"

Sometimes. But if I had been a little later I should have found my patient gone."

"And then the doctor would have caught it. I suppose mother'll scold now; but the afternoon was too lovely and I feel so strong."

"Love never did to see you; but I could almost find it in my heart to be sorry too, for I have seen more of you, and now I must go away again in a few days or two. How shall I think of you after I am gone?"

"I don't know I'm sure. Excuse me, there's a hop-yard a little farther on!"

He bent the vine over steadily, broke off the bulb and, giving Dorr a stem to play, began to plait them with a sailor's dexterity and expertness. There was a sort of creaminess in watching the motion of his fingers and the softer of Dorr's head, till the wreath was finished; then with a sudden toss he threw it over her head, and with the same motion caught both hands in his own.

"There is no use in trying to conceal the truth," he said; "you have seen in my eyes long ago what I am going to tell you with my lips. You know as well as I do that I love you, but you do not know how much and how long. You do not know that when I went away I left the better part of me here. You do not know how you have been in my thoughts till I can hardly see or hear any thing that does not remind me of you, and I do not suppose you know how much I mean when I tell you now that I love you. See, Dorr! I could hold your hands here if I chose; but I can not hold them through life without your consent. I let them go, then: will you put them in mine again?"

Her hands lay in her lap.

"Will you not?" Mine are waiting."

Her hands did not stir, and there was no sound except the wind rustling through the leaves.

"I am very sorry, but I can not be to you what you wish," she said.

What sword is so keen as cruel words? He even were stabbed from the cool of his flesh, but she felt a shiver through the strong arm that lay touching her waist.

"Dorr, Dorr, I am going away—that is certain; and also that you are to say how I shall go. I am somewhat changed, and even now I feel you without your love to soften and humanize me? There are temptations every where, and I have rules, which, in trifles or trifles will you make them stronger, or will you arm me with this hope to resist them with?" Will you make me doubt God, Dorr?—for I believe I am not that. Or never can forget all the times we have been together, or even to-day: shall I think of them all as part of the unpleasant duties we will yet have to fulfill against me with the stings of furies?"

"I have told you what I mean," she said, looking away again, and did not speak.

"I am older than you," he resumed, "and I am a man, as others are men generally are, but Dorr, now I am dependent on your will. Why do you suppose your sex has this power given them over ours?"

"I hope you may find some one who will use it as you wish. I must go back now."

"No, you shall not. You said just-to either of us. You injure me by only half believing what I say, and you injure yourself by doubting your own power. You have not deserved that, and will not put up with it."

Dorr began to look black. "I don't know why you should say such things to me."

"I have a right to say them. You know better than I know myself what I have meant by all the encouragement you have given me; and you know—I do not—whether you have not known of my love this great while. One of us has changed, for I do not recognize the girl I used to know. Will Have I waited all this time in vain, Dorr? Will you send me away quite empty? Think a little, and remember what you are deciding."

He waited. She leaned more cheerily: the trusts been hummed in their old way: all the sounds of the woods kept on as usual; and the careless squirrels skipped across the path and looked at them. Tick, tick, went the minutes on which he

had hung his hopes, and when he looked at her there was no change in her fixed expression—part indifference, part vexation.

"I see it now," said he, bitterly: "this is my first knowledge of coquetry, and your sex are welcome to it as their special prerogative. You have worn me till you were tired of me, and now you throw me away as you will that wreath when it has faded, and care as much for one as the other."

"You talk now as if you loved me, certainly."

"Talk so if I did not! I ask you honestly, and with all the love of my soul, to be my wife, and you come to upbraid me with such a taste that Sau stared and kept staring.

On the next day Sau came rushing into the house like a tornado that had just slipped its halter, bringing with him three things—a pair of unusually large and round eyes, a long black tail, and a lamentable face, and called on Dorr to go out and see what there was in the yard. Remonstrance on her part—she was busy—was disregarded. "Such an ugly little beauty!" he said, and so she went. In the grass close to the yard fence there was a cage in which was one of the grandest of parrots. Dorr went back to the house indignant. "Of all the screeching, hateful things in the world, a parrot's the worst!" And she would not let Sam move the cage or go near it; so there the unlucky bird staid all day, and bit and screamed to its heart's content.

But as nightfall I suppose she relented, for one by who—as the watch might have seen that the cage was brought into the house. A folded piece of paper was attached to it, and Dorr read this:

"Since yesterday I think I was harsh to you. Forgive me; but we hurt was sore.

"You once said to me that you should like a parrot. I came upon this one a number of months ago, and have brought him home with me, and now I leave him for you. His education has been sadly neglected, and he can say little more than—perhaps you can teach him. I might have sat his tongue with the help of a sixpence you gave me so long ago, but some reason I did not like to do this way. Keep him for my sake, but if you are very tired of him you will not mind that the bird is purchased for a sixpence of life.

"I fear I shall not be able to put you out of my heart, Dorr. It is sad and painful that you should forget, who have no need to, and I, who shall be tortured till I die, can not. If I have written in something like anger, remember, Forgive me, for bitterness will come sometimes, though not against you if I can help it. Good-by, and let me be your friend. FRANK."

At the same time that Dorr read this and dropped a tear on it, the impatient *Esmeralda* glided out of the barber and stood to sea.

The bird was soon duly domesticated, and Dorr came really to like him. He was "an ugly beauty," however, for he certainly was a beauty and his temper was vicious. He never was disposed to be talkative, and all that was ever comprehended in an odd mixture of two or three consonants which sounded more like "whiff" than any thing else; so that was given as his name.

Time went on month by month, the *Esmeralda* creeping on her venturesome course somewhere on the lower edge of the world, and Dorr and Sam quietly on with her old life. New England is even now very uniform in its domestic life from day to day, and we will suppose no in the old time. Nothing probably was content, or if she was not, she never hinted it or showed it, but went on with her duties, taking no idea of her strange position, and progress where Nature has made life appeal to the eye rather than to the ear; but sometimes she looked out at him she thought of his distant owner, and possibly felt a touch of some kind of regret.

One day there was an unusual noise in the board. The cat had made a demonstration against the cage, and when Dorr picked it up and replaced it on the hook there was a piece of feather floating on the floor. She was puzzled at first, as she recognized the writing; then she concluded it must have been hidden, accidentally or purposely, between the two boards of the bottom of the cage, and the fall had jolted it out. It read:

"I forgot to tell you that there is a way of magic about this parrot. Some one bestowed it on him—a Malay who, I believe, is the son of a chief. He was very grateful, and enough to say: and if you ever wish to get rid of him, about me, where I am, and what I am doing and thinking, if you talk him seriously to me, he will tell me. So do it when you really desire to know, and then believe that he will tell you the truth. Again, and for the last time. FRANK."

"Nonsense!" was Dorr's thought; and she put the note away. During the whole voyage she was thinking of it occasionally, however. She had an irresistible inclination to think over all she had thrown off or rejected lover in past years. How could he write her such a story as that and think she would believe it? Did going to sea make a man supernatural? Pshaw! Yet, indeed, *she would like* to know where he was, and it would be nice if the parrot could tell.

When it was coming dusk she found herself alone in the room; for her father and Sam had not come in from work, and her mother had stepped out for an hour. Perhaps the soft twilight influenced her, and she went up to the cage, which hung at the window. The bird had dozed, but she woke him up and looked at him, thinking it over. She sat down in the window and let him out, and he flew around for as he was accustomed to do, generally hit sin, he did want.

"Where is he?" cried she. "Does he think about me? Does he know how sorry I am I used him so, because I love him?"

The parrot did not answer a word. Of courses he couldn't; how foolish! He only flew round and round her. Finally he settled on her head; but he was rubbing her hair with his beak and claws in a very unusual way. The touch was strange, very strange; the bird was surely possessed. The pressure on her head changed, and changed, and the claws were transformed into a pair of hands that suddenly slid down over her ears to her waist, where they held her in a firm clasp, and—

"Yes!" said Frank Handy. "I did not go in the *Esmeralda*. Now, will you forgive?"

"Yes?" cried Dorr, with a blush and a start. Then sinking her head lower and lower, till it rested naturally on his shoulder and hid itself there, she murmured:

"Oh, Frank! I was only talking to Whiff!"

CHIAPA CHOCOLATE.

DON BERNARD DE SALAZAR, Bishop of Chiapa, Mexico, had the misfortune to live in a perpetual state of contest with the ladies of his flock, and the subject of dispute was chocolate. It was a brave struggle—bravely fought on both sides.

The prelate fulminated all the censures at his disposal in his ecclesiastical armory; the ladies, on their side, made use of all the devices and intrigues stored in their little heads.

Now the great subject of altercation was as follows. The ladies of Chiapa were addicted to the use of chocolate that they would neither hear low mass, much less high mass, nor a sermon, without drinking a cup of chocolate. Before and during preserves brought in on trays by servants during the performance of divine service; so that the voice of the preacher, or the chaunt of the priest, was drowned in the continual clatter of cups and clack of spoons; besides, the more precincts: a busy whisper circulated, then a hush ensued, and on one accord the ladies trooped off to the nearest refectory, and there was no congregation that day at the Minster.

The brethren of S. Dominic and of S. Francis were nothing loth to see their chapels crowded with all the rank and fashion of Chiapa; for with the ladies came money-offerings, and they blinked at the chocolate as a considerable evil. This was allowed to continue a few Sundays only . our friend the bishop was not going to be shelved thus, and a new regulation appeared, forbidding females from admitting parishioners to their chapels, and ordering the latter to frequent their churches.

The reply was a general "no entry" not so the ladies—they would go when they pleased, quotha! for a month and more not one of them went to church at all. The prelate was in sore trouble: he hoped that his froward charge would eventually return to the path of duty, but he hoped on from Sunday to Sunday in vain.

On Saturday evening the old bishop was more than usually moved: he paced up and down his library, meditating on the sermon he purposed preaching on the following morning—a fruitless task, for he knew that no one would be there but a few poor Mexicans. Sick at heart, he all but wished that he had yielded for peace' sake, but conscience told him that much evil would have been wrong; and the great feature in Salazar's character was his rigid sense of duty. He leaned on his elbows and looked out of a window which opened on a lane between the palace and the cathedral.

"Silly boy!" muttered the prelate. "Luis is always prattling with that girl. I thought better of the fair sex of Chiapa of late." He spoke words as his eyes caught his page, chattering at the door, with a dark-eyed Creole servant-maid of the De Alda family. Presently the bishop clapped his hands, and a domestic entered. "Send Luis to me."

"When the page came up, the old man greeted him with a half-smile.

"Well, my son, I wish my chocolate to be brought me. I will take it by her," said the bishop; "did you express to the maiden my thanks?"

Luis bowed.

"Then, child, you may prepare me a cup of this chocolate, and bring it me at once."

"The Donna de Solis's chocolate?"

"Yes, my son."

When the boy had left the room, the old man clasped his hands with an expression of thankfulness.

"They are going to yield! This is a sign that they are beginning to repentance!"

Next day the cathedral was thronged with ladies. The service proceeded as usual, but the bishop was not present.

"How is the Bishop?" was whispered from one lady to another, with conscious glances: till the query reached the ears of one of the canons who was at the door.

"His Holiness is very ill," he answered. "He has retired to the monastery of S. James."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is suffering from severe pains, internally."

"Has he seen a doctor?"

"Physicians have been sent for."

For eight days the good old prelate lingered in great suffering.

"Tell me," he asked, very feebly; "tell me truly, that is my opinion forgotten, how to pray: prayer they are unused to, for the highest act of worship. Absolution can offer is only regarded by them as an opportunity for the gratification of their appetites. You recommend me to yield to their wishes. A strange counsel would it be to who let his sheep lead him; a wonder-us captain who was dictated to by his soldiers! As for the cause of true religion being endangered, I judge differently. Religion is endangered; but it is by children's disobedience to their spiritual legislators, and by their own perversity. I am sorry for you, my sons, that you should have undertaken a fruitless office; but you may believe me that nothing shall induce me to swerve from the course which I deem advisable. My personal safety, you hint, is endangered; my life, I answer, is in my Master's hands, and I value it but as it may advance His glory."

When the bishop heard that their request had been refused, they treated the excommunication with the greatest contempt, scoffing at it publicly, and inditing chocolate (a church, "or principle, more than ever: "Just," says Gage, "drinking in church as a fish drinks in water."

But the bishop and priests were then stationed at the cathedral doors to stop the ingress of the servants with cups and chocolate-pots. They had received injunctions to remove the drinking and eating vessels, and suffer the servants to come empty-handed to church. A violent struggle ensued in the porch, and all the ladies within rushed in a body to the doors, to assist their domestics. The poor clerics were utterly overcome, and were in confusion down the steps, while, with that odious well-known clink, clink, the trays came in as before.

Another move was requisite, and on the following Sunday, when the ladies came to church, they found a band of soldiers drawn up in readiness to barricade the way against any inroad of chocolate; a stern determination was depicted on the faces of the soldiers, and the fair ones feared to enter the sacred edifice it should be over their purpose.

The foremost damsels halted, the matrons stood still, the crowd thickened, but not one of the pretty rogues would turn back. A consultation, precincts: a busy whisper circulated, then a hush ensued, and with one accord the ladies trooped off to the nearest refectory, and there was no congregation that day at the Minster.

The brethren of S. Dominic and of S. Francis were nothing loth to see their chapels crowded with all the rank and fashion of Chiapa; for with the ladies came money-offerings, and they blinked at the chocolate as a considerable evil. This was allowed to continue a few Sundays only . our friend the bishop was not going to be shelved thus, and a new regulation appeared, forbidding females from admitting parishioners to their chapels, and ordering the latter to frequent their churches.

The reply was a general "no entry" not so the ladies—they would go when they pleased, quotha! for a month and more not one of them went to church at all. The prelate was in sore trouble: he hoped that his froward charge would eventually return to the path of duty, but he hoped on from Sunday to Sunday in vain.

On Saturday evening the old bishop was more than usually moved: he paced up and down his library, meditating on the sermon he purposed preaching on the following morning—a fruitless task, for he knew that no one would be there but a few poor Mexicans. Sick at heart, he all but wished that he had yielded for peace' sake, but conscience told him that much evil would have been wrong; and the great feature in Salazar's character was his rigid sense of duty. He leaned on his elbows and looked out of a window which opened on a lane between the palace and the cathedral.

"Silly boy!" muttered the prelate. "Luis is always prattling with that girl. I thought better of the fair sex of Chiapa of late." He spoke words as his eyes caught his page, chattering at the door, with a dark-eyed Creole servant-maid of the De Alda family. Presently the bishop clapped his hands, and a domestic entered. "Send Luis to me."

"When the page came up, the old man greeted him with a half-smile.

"Well, my son, I wish my chocolate to be brought me. I will take it by her," said the bishop; "did you express to the maiden my thanks?"

Luis bowed.

"Then, child, you may prepare me a cup of this chocolate, and bring it me at once."

"The Donna de Solis's chocolate?"

"Yes, my son."

When the boy had left the room, the old man clasped his hands with an expression of thankfulness.

"They are going to yield! This is a sign that they are beginning to repentance!"

Next day the cathedral was thronged with ladies. The service proceeded as usual, but the bishop was not present.

"How is the Bishop?" was whispered from one lady to another, with conscious glances: till the query reached the ears of one of the canons who was at the door.

"His Holiness is very ill," he answered. "He has retired to the monastery of S. James."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is suffering from severe pains, internally."

"Has he seen a doctor?"

"Physicians have been sent for."

For eight days the good old prelate lingered in great suffering.

"Tell me," he asked, very feebly; "tell me truly, that is my opinion forgotten, how

"Your Holiness has been poisoned," replied the physician.

The Bishop turned his face to the wall. Some one whispered that he was dead, when he had been thus for some hours. The dying man turned his face round, and said,

"Hush! I am praying for my poor sheep! May God pardon them." Then, after a pause: "I forgive them for having caused my death, most heartily. Poor sheep!"

And he died.

Since then there has been a proverb prevalent in Mexico: "Beware of tasting Chiapa chocolate."

The cathedral presented the same scene before; the prelate had labored in vain, and chocolate was copiously drank at his funeral.

THE SIOUX WAR.

THE illustration which we give on page 693 shows us what, we trust, will prove the close of the Sioux War, viz., the surprise of the Indians by Sully's brigade on 30 September. The author of the sketch, an officer in the 6th Iowa Cavalry, one of the most gallant regiments in the service, writes us:

"FORT PIERRE, DACOTAH TERRITORY,
September 16, 1863.

"While public attention has been completely absorbed with the Rebellion and the splendid record made by the Federal troops in July, an expedition which started from Sioux City in June has been working its way against every adverse circumstance up to Dacotah to punish the savages for the massacres in Minnesota last year. The troops were General A. Sully's Brigade, and consisted of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Colonel D. S. Wilson; eight companies of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, Colonel R. W. Furnas; one company of the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry, Captain Millard, and one battery of six small brass pieces. General Sully's aids are his old Potomac officers, belonging to the immortal First Minnesota, viz.: Adjutant-General Captain J. H. Pell, Captain King, and Lieutenant Leverett. Against these accomplished Indians near White Stone Hill, about the centre of Dacotah Territory, on the 3d of September, and in a most bloody fight of about thirty minutes' duration sight set in, killed nearly two hundred savages, wounding nearly one hundred more, capturing one hundred and fifty-eight prisoners besides seizing immense supplies of buffalo meat which they had dried for the winter, destroying five hundred of their lodges, capturing a large Indian camp, and an immense stock of robes, furs, etc. The result of this fight will most certainly lead the savages to sue for peace. They never will attempt such a terrible blow. The left represents the Sixth Iowa Cavalry led by Colonel Wilson, who narrowly escaped, his horse being killed under him, and gallantly leading his regiment. The right represents the Second Nebraska Cavalry, commanded by Colonel R. W. Furnas, whose horse was wounded under him in the engagement. The whole brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Alfred Sully. He is a most gallant officer, having fought bravely in every battle on the Potomac from Bull Run to Chancellorsville. He is a West Pointer, and was selected because he was experienced in savage warfare. In this battle the number engaged was about twelve hundred against the same number of Indian warriors. He lost twelve men killed and twenty-three wounded. Few officers would have overcome all the obstacles that General Sully did in this trip. He deserves well at the hands of his countrymen. In every grade he has done his duty nobly. I refer you for more particulars of the battle to the Iowa papers."

CHARLESTON.

WE devote pages 700 and 701 to illustrations of the progress of the siege of Charleston.

The attempt to blow up the iron-clad steamer *New Ironsides*, on the evening of the 5th of October, is one of the most striking and thrilling incidents of the present war—a war full of brave deeds. Our artist has drawn the scene just at the moment of explosion, when one of the vessels was seen firing volleys of musketry at the unseen foe. The explosion was witnessed by him from the beach near Fort Wagner, and the scene which he has sketched immitably grand, notwithstanding the darkness of the night.

Our artist also sends us a sketch of the "cigar steamer" used in the attempt. It is drawn from the descriptions of the prisoners taken. Charleston is the frontier, as the commencement of the war, a lieutenant in the United States Navy. The steamer, it is a contemptuous name for the steamer, was only large enough to contain four or five men. The torpedo was attached to the forward end, and the enough under water in contact with the vessel's bottom to which it was directed. The man who steered was entirely exposed, sitting on top with his feet in the water. The fate of the man who fired the shot which is supposed to have mortally wounded the officer of the deck on the night of the 5th is unknown. The steamer of Fort Sumter by a small steamer, and from there started upon its perilous mission. The steamer accompanied by the small boat which our artist has thrown in the fore-ground of the picture on page 700.

On page 701 our artist has given a view of the bottom of the harbor on the very spot chosen as the resting-place of the *Ironsides*. It carried down with it the bodies of the brave men who fell.

Our other illustrations, from sketches by Mr. Otto Eng, show us the enemy's works on Sullivan's Island. He says the writes:

"The representation of Fort Moultrie shows the effects of the last bombardment by the Federals and Monitors. The effect of the shots is visible on the house standing in the centre of the fort; also on the outside of the ramparts or banks where you see men at work to mend the damages. Those square white patches resting on the embankment are piles of bales to be placed for defences, and have been erected since the last fight, giving to the fort a different appearance from what it had the week ago. Her sister works, Bee and Beauregard, are all on Sullivan's Island, and will in the next few days be the scene of a desperate fight."



THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA—THOMAS'S MEN REP



ULSING THE CHARGES OF THE REBELS.—[See Page 690.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE tenacity of a private lunatic asylum is unique. A little push behind your back and you slide into one; but to get out again is to scale a precipice with crumbling sides. Alfred, luckier than many, had twice nearly escaped; yet now he was tighter in than ever. His father at first meant to give him but a year or two of it, and let him out on terms, his spirit broken, and Julia married. But his sister's death was fatal to him. By Mrs. Hardie's settlement the portion of any child of hers dying a minor, or intestate and childless, was to go to the other children: so now the prisoner had inherited his sister's ten thousand pounds, and a good slice of his bereaved enemy's and father's income. But this doubled his father's bitterness—that he, the unloved one, should be enriched by the death of the adored one!—and also tempted his cupidity: and unfortunately shallow legislation conspired with that temptation. For, when an Englishman, sane or insane, is once pushed behind his back into a mad-house, those relatives who have hidden him from the public eye, i. e., from the eye of justice, can grab hold of his money behind his back, and they certified away his wits behind his back, and can administer it in the dark, and embezzle it, chanting "But for us the 'dear deranged' would waste it." Nor do the monstrous enactments, which confer this unconstitutional power on subjects, and shield its exercise from the light and safeguard of publicity, by one chance in a thousand detected. In Lunacy the extremes of intellect meet: the British senator plays at Satan; and tempts human frailty and cupidity beyond what they are able to bear.

So behold a man in twenty-one years of age devoted by a father to imprisonment for life. But step a moment into the mad statute, which is the threefold temptation of Facility, Obscurity, and Impunity, insure the occasional incarceration and torture and extinction of one but removed men, do provide, though feebly, for their bare liberation, provided they don't yield to the genius loci, and the direct effect of confinement plus anguish, by going mad, or dying. The Commissioners of Lunacy had power to liberate Alfred in spite of his relations. And this power, you know, he had soberly but earnestly implored them to exercise.

After a delay that seemed as strange to him as postponing a hand to a drowning man, he received an official letter from Whitehall. With bounding heart he broke the seal, and devoured the contents. They ran thus:

"SIR,—By order of the Commissioners of Lunacy I am directed to inform you that they are in the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, which will be laid before the board at their next meeting. I am, etc."

Alfred was bitterly disappointed at the small advance he had made. However, it was a great point to learn that his letters were allowed to go to the Commissioners at all, and would be attended to by degrees.

He waited and waited, and nothing had happened but in patience: at times his brain throbbed and his blood boiled, and he longed to kill the remorseless, kindless monsters who robbed him of his liberty, his rights as a man, and his Julia: but he knew this would not do; that when he was mad enough to gnaw his reason away, and then who could disprove that he had always been mad? Now he felt that brooding on his wrong would frustrate him: so he described his teeth, and vowed a solemn vow that nothing should drive him mad. By advice of a patient he wrote a letter to the Commissioners begging for a Special Commission to inquire into his case; and, this done, with rare stoicism, solid sense, and wisdom in one so young, he actually sat down to read hard for his first class. Now in this, he wanted the Bible, Thucydides, and Rhetoric of Aristotle, certain Dialogues of Plato, the Comedies of Aristophanes, the first-class Historians, Demosthenes, Juvenal, the Greek Testament, Wheeler's Analysis, Prideaux, Horne, and several books of reference, sacred and profane: but he could not get these books without Dr. Wycherley, and unfortunately he had cut the worthy dead in his own asylum.

The "Scornful Dog" had to eat some humble pudding and humble pie. He gulped these delicacies as he might; and Dr. Wycherley showed excellent appetite: he entered into his friend's humble studies with singular alacrity, supplied him with several classics from his own shelves, and bestowed the rest at the London Library. After did his seat stop there: he offered to read an hour a day with him, and avowed it would afford him the keenest gratification to turn out an Oxford first classman from his asylum. This remark puzzled Alfred, and set him thinking: it bore a subtle family resemblance to the observation he heard every day from the patients; it was so once-spred.

Soon Alfred became the Doctor's pet maniac. They were often closeted together in high discourse, and indeed discussed Psychology, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy with indefatigable zest, long after common sense would have packed them both off to bed, the donkeys. In fact, they got so thick that Alfred thought it only fair to say one day, "Mind, Doctor, all these pleasant fruitful hours we spend together so sweetly will not prevent my plotting you for a conspiracy as soon as I get out: it will rob the retrospect of half its relish though."

"Ah, my dear young friend and fellow-student," said the Doctor, blandly, "let us not sacrifice the delights of our profitable occupation of imbibing the sweets of intellectual intercourse to vague speculations as to our future destiny. During the course of a long and not, I trust, altogether unprofitable, career, it has not unfrequently been my lot to find myself on the verge of being indicted, sued, assassinated, hung. Yet here I sit, as yet unimmolated on the altar of phrenetic vengeance. This is ascribable to the fact that my friends and pupils always adopt a more favorable position of me long before I part with them; and ere many days (and this I divine by infallible indicia) your eyes will commence to moisten; and, in proportion as you progress in perfect restoration of the powers of judgment, you will grow to suspicion of the fact of being under a delusion—or rather I should say a very slight perversion and perturbation of the forces of your animadverting faculties and a proper subject for temporary seclusion. Indeed this consciousness of insanity is the one diagnostic of sanity that never deceives. On the other hand, an obstinate persistence in the hypothesis of perfect rationality demonstrates the fact that insanity yet lingers in the remotest recesses and recesses of the brain, and that it would not be humane as yet to cast the patient on a world in which he would inevitably be taken some unprecarious advantage of."

Alfred ventured to inquire whether this were not rather paradoxical.

"Certainly," said the ready Doctor; "and paradoxicality is an additional characteristic of truth in all matters beyond the comprehension of the vulgar."

"That *sounds* rational," said the maniac, very drily.

One afternoon, grinding hard for his degree, he was invited down to see the visitors.

At that word he found out how prison tries the nerves. He trembled with hope, and fear. It was but for a moment: he dried his face and hands to compose himself; made his toilet carefully, and went into the drawing-room, all on board. There he found Dr. Wycherley and two gentlemen; one was an ex-physician, the other an ex-barrister, who had thrown up his sinecures and brieflessness for a snug £1500 a year at Whitechall. After a momentary pressing they continued their conversation with Dr. Wycherley and scarcely noticed Alfred. They were therepro forma; a plausible lunatic had pestered the Board, and extorted a Special Commission. Alfred's blood boiled, but he knew it must not boil over. He contrived to throw a short, pertinent remark in every now and then. Then Dr. Wycherley politely, told, and at last Dr. Eskell, Commissioner of Lunacy, smiled and turned to him. "Allow me to put a few questions to you."

"The more the better, Sir," said Alfred.

Dr. Eskell then asked him to describe minute, by, and in order, the life he had led since seven o'clock that day. And he did it. Examined him as to books he had read, and how he read it. And, while he was applying these old-fashioned tests, Wycherley's face wore an expression of pity, that would have moved the brains a bit. Eskell had an itch for the classics: so he went on to say, "You have been a scholar, I hear."

"I am not quite enough to be a scholar, Sir," said Alfred; "but I am a student."

"Well, well; now can you tell me what follows this line?"

Jusque datum sceleri canimus populumque potentem."

"Why, not at the moment."

"Oh, surely you can, Sir," said Dr. Eskell, irritably. "It is a tolerably well-known passage. Come, try."

"Well, I'll try," said Alfred, sneering secretly. "Let me see:

Mum—mum—mum—populumque potentem,
In sea visited Scamander's mouth."

"Quite right; now go on, if you can."

Alfred, who was playing with his examiner all this time, pretended to search the brains a bit, then went on, and warmed involuntarily with the lines:

Cognatasque acies et rupto fœdere regni
Certatum totis concussi viribus orbis
In commune malum: tetigit quæ proxima signis,
Signa, pares aquilas, et pila minantia pilis."

"He seems to have a good memory," said the examiner, turning to Wycherley.

"Oh, that is nothing for him," observed Wycherley.

"He has Horace all by heart; you'd wonder: And mounts our Homer's Greek like thunder."

"Yes, Sir; that surely rather tumid. 'Thy whole forces of the shaken globe?' But little poets love big words."

"Yes, Sir; and surely rather tumid. 'Thy whole forces of the shaken globe?' But little poets love big words."

"Well, Sir, you were with Horace, that so great a work as an epic poem should open modestly, with an invocation."

"No, Sir," said Alfred. "I think that rather an arbitrary and peevish canon of friend Horace. The Æneis is a fine poem, and as he was an Epic ought not to begin; and the Æneid is the greatest Latin Epic. In the next place, the use of Modesty is to keep a man from writing an Epic Poem at all; but, if he will have that impudence, why then he had better have the courage to plunge into the Homeric stream, like Virgil and Lucan, not crawl in flunking and whining on by the Muse's apron-string. But—excuse my common bluntness—what can friend Horace do with this modest entry to the Epic?"

Mr. Abbott snorted contemptuously in support of the query. But Dr. Eskell smiled, and said: "Continue to answer me as intelligently, and you may find it has a great deal to do with it."

Alfred took this hint, and said, artfully, "Mine was a mere opinion, Sir, and I am not a gentleman of your experience can test the mind on any subject however trivial." He added, piteously, "Still, if you would but leave the poets, who are all half crazy themselves, and examine me in the philosophers, of Antiquity, surely it would be a higher criterion."

Dr. Wycherley explained in a patronizing whisper, "He labors under an abnormal contempt for poetry, dating from his attack. Previously to that he actually obtained a prize poem himself"

"Well, Doctor; and after that am I wrong to despise poetry?"

They might have comprehended this on paper, but spoken it was too keen for them all three. The visitors stared. Dr. Wycherley came to their aid: "You might examine my young friend for hours, and not detect the one crevice in the brilliancy of his mental armor."

The maniac made a face as of one that drinketh verjuice suddenly. "For pity's sake, Doctor, don't be so inaccurate: say a spot on the brilliancy, or a crevice in the armor: but not a crevice in the brilliancy. My good friend here, gentlemen, has taken no doctoral certificates and broken metaphors. He dislocates more tropes, to my sorrow, than even his friend Shakspeare, whom he thinks a greater philosopher than Aristotle, and who calls the murder of an individual sleeper the murder of sleep, confounding the concrete with the abstract, and then talks of taking arms against a sea of troubles; query, a cork jacket, and is he drowned?"

"Well, Mr. Hardie," said Dr. Eskell, rather feebly, "let me tell you those passages which so shock your *peculiar* notions are among the most applauded."

"Very likely, Sir," retorted the maniac, whose logic was at that moment clouded only in a mesh where the *floods* clap their hands every Sunday morning, and we all pray for peace, giving as our exquisite reason that we have got the God of hosts on our side in war."

Mr. Abbott, the other commissioner, here interposed a little, and said this very drily in a tone of weary indifference. He now said to Dr. Wycherley, "I wish to put you a question or two in private."

Alfred was hereby frightened: this was the very dodge that had ruined him at Silverton House. "Doctor, Doctor," he cried, imploringly. "Let me have fair play. You have given me no secret audience; then why give my accuser one? I am charged with a single delusion; for mercy's sake go to the point at once, and examine me on that head."

"Now you hear him," said Mr. Abbott; as if the previous topics had been chosen by Alfred.

"But that will excite him," objected Dr. Eskell: "it will be cruel to excite him."

"It excites the insane, but not the sane," said Alfred. "So there is another test: you shall observe whether I am sane or no." Then, before they could interrupt him, he glided on: "My supposed hallucination is this: I strongly suspect my father, Archbishop—and therefore dishonest—banker, of having somehow misappropriated a large sum of money belonging to which sum is known to have been brought from India by one Captain Dodd, and has disappeared."

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Abbott. "Who knows it, besides you?"

"The whole family of the Dodds. They will show you his letter from India, announcing his return with the money."

"Where is the letter?"

"Albion Villa, Barkington."

Mr. Abbott noted the address in his book, and Alfred, highly excited and encouraged by this sensible act, went on to describe the various indications, which, insufficient singly, had by their united force driven him to his conclusion. When he described David's appearance and words to his father, Mr. Abbott said, Wheelerly interrupted him, quietly: "Are you quite sure this was not a vision, a phantom of the mind haunted by your agitation, and your suspicions?"

Dr. Eskell nodded assent, knowing nothing about the matter.

"Pray, Doctor, was I the only person who saw this vision?" inquired Alfred, slyly.

"I cannot say, Mr. Hardie," said Dr. Wycherley, with an admirable smile.

"But why do you conclude so? because you are one of those who reason in a circle of assumptions. Now it happens that Captain Dodd was seen also, on that occasion by three persons besides myself."

"Name them," said Mr. Abbott, sharply.

"A gentleman named Reynolds, another policeman, whose name I don't know, and Miss Julia Dodd. The policemen helped me lift Captain Dodd off the floor; Miss Julia was close by, and we four carried Dr. Wycherley's phantom home together to Albion Villa."

Mr. Abbott wrote down all the names, and then turned to Dr. Wycherley. "What do you say to that?"

"I say it is a very important statement," said the Doctor, blandly; "and that I am sure my young friend will be glad to have it unless he was firmly persuaded of its reality."

"Much obliged, Doctor; and you would not contradict me so readily in a matter I know all about and you know nothing about, if it was not your fixed habit to found facts on theories instead of theories on facts."

"There, that is enough," said Mr. Abbott. "I have brought you both to an issue at last. I shall ask Barkington and examine the policeman and the Dodds."

"Oh, thank you, Sir," cried Alfred, with emotion. "If you once apply genuine tests like that to my case, I shall not be long in prison."

"Prison?" said Wycherley, reproachfully.

"Have you any complaint, then, to make of your treatment here?" inquired Dr. Eskell.

"Not of my treatment," said Alfred, warily. "Dr. Wycherley is the very soul of humanity. Here are no tortures, no handcuffs or leg-locks, no brutality, no insects that murder Sleep—without offense to Logic. In my last asylum the attendants inflicted violence; here they only allowed violence to endure it. And, gentlemen, I must tell you a noble trait in my enemy there. Nothing can make him angry with madmen; their lies, their groundless and narrow suspicions of him, their deplorable ingratitude to him, of which I see examples every day that he sees on his account; all these things seem to glide off him, baffled by the infinite kindness of his heart, and the incomparable sweetness of his temper; and he returns the duffers good for evil with scarcely an effort."

At this unexpected tribute the water stood in the Doctor's eyes. It was no more than the truth; but this was the first man he had met intelligent enough to see' his good qualities clearly and express them eloquently.

"In short," continued Alfred, "to be happy in his house all a man wants is to be insane. But, as I am not insane, I am miserable: so convict me, gentlemen, or else I am wretched as I am, gentlemen. And what is my crime?"

"Well, well," said Dr. Eskell, kindly, "I think it likely you will not be very long in confinement." They then civilly dismissed him: and on his departure asked Dr. Wycherley his candid opinion. Dr. Wycherley said he was now nearly cured; his ability to discuss his delusion without excitement was of itself a proof of that. But in another month he would be better still. The Doctor concluded his remarks thus:

"However, gentlemen, you have heard him: now judge for yourselves whether any body can be as clever as he is, without the presence of more or less abnormal excitement of the organs of intelligence."

It was a bright day for Alfred: he saw he had made an impression on two out of the Commissioners, and, as luck does not always come single, after many vain attempts to get a letter post, and to Julia, he found this very morning a nurse was going away next day. He offered her a guinea, and she agreed to post a letter. Oh the happiness to Julia, to the poor prisoner to write it, and unburden his heart and tell his wrongs.

He kept his manhood for his enemies; his tears fell on the paper, he sent it by the nurse bride. He had no misgivings of her truth: he judged her by himself, and knew her credit depended, but not for doubt. He concluded a long, ardent, tender letter by begging her to come and see him, and, by personal admission, establish his case in the newspapers, and employ a lawyer to proceed against all the parties concerned in his detention. The next day he waited in vain for answer to his letter; none came. Then he began to be sore perplexed, and torn with agonizing doubts. Was she false? her mind was poised not. What if she thought him mad? What if some misfortune had befallen her? What if she had received Julia's letter, and her head was broken? Hitherto he had seen his own trouble chiefly: but now he began to think day and night on hers; and though the ground on which he began not to waste time, and not to be driven mad, yet it was almost superhuman that misery sighs loosed from his laboring breast while his hard, indomitable brain labored away, all uphill, at Aristotle's Division and Definitions.

On the seventh day, the earliest the mad statute allowed, the two Commissioners returned, and this time Mr. Abbott took the lead, and told him that the policeman Reynolds had left the force, and the Dodds had left the town, and that he, Abbott, had their address not known.

At this Alfred was much agitated. She was alive, and perhaps near him.

"You have given a good deal of your story," said Mr. Abbott, "and, coupling it with what we have seen of you, we think you may have been treated you, and a young lady of whom every body speaks with respect—"

"God bless you for saying that! God bless you!"

"—treated you both, I say, with needless severity."

Dr. Eskell then told him the result of the Special Commission, now closed. "I believe you to be sane, Sir," said Dr. Eskell; "and, as some doubts whether you were ever positively insane. We shall lay your case before the Board at once, and the Board will write to the party who signed the order, and propose to him to discharge you at once."

At this moment project Alfred's countenance fell, and he stared with astonishment. "What! gentlemen, do you mean to do me justice, without soliciting Injustice to help you?"

"The Board has the power," said Dr. Eskell; "that for obvious reasons they use with prudence and reserve. Besides, it is only fair to those who have signed the order to give them the greatest facility for liberating a lunatic: it paves the way to reconciliation."

Up flies Alfred. The Commissioners, to keep up his spirits, promised to send him copies of their correspondence with the person who had signed the order—"That, Mr. Hardie," added, kindly, "you will see your case is not being neglected."

The following précis, though imperfect, will give some idea of the correspondence:

1. The Board wrote to Thomas Hardie, letting him know the result of the Special Commission, and requesting him to discharge his nephew.

Thomas quaked. Richard smiled, and advised Thomas to take no notice. By this time he was gained to Injustice, and lost to Justice.

2. The Board pointed out Thomas Hardie's inadvertence in not answering No. 1; inclosed copy of it, and pressed for a reply.

Thomas quaked, Richard smiled.

3. Thomas Hardie to the Board. From what he had heard, it would be premature to discharge Alfred. Should write in a week or two.

4. Alfred to Board warning them against this proposal. To postpone justice was to refuse justice, certainly for a time, probably forever.

5. The Board to Thomas Hardie, suggesting that if not released immediately he ought to have a trial—i. e., be allowed to go into the world with a keeper.

6. Alfred to the Board begging that Dr. Sampson, an honest independent physician, might be allowed to visit him and report to them.

7. The Board to Alfred declining this for the present as unadvisable, they being in correspondence with the person who had signed the order —with a view to his liberation.

8. T. Hardie to the Board shuffling, and requesting time to make further inquiries.

9. The Board suggesting there should be some reasonable limit to delay.

10. T. Hardie asking for a month to see about it.

11. The Board suggesting a week.

12. Alfred Hardie asking permission to be visited by a solicitor with a view to protection of his liberty and property.

13. The Board declining this, pending their correspondence with other parties; but adding him for the names and addresses of all his trustees.

14. Thomas Hardie informing the Board he had now learned Alfred had threatened to kill his father as soon as ever he should get out, and leaving the Board to discharge him on their own responsibility if they chose after this warning; but declining peremptorily to do so himself.

15, 16, 17. The Board, by advice of Mr. Abbott, to Alfred's trustees, warning them against any alienation of Alfred's money, and stating the notion that he was legally a lunatic: and saying that a public Inquiry appeared inevitable, owing to Mr. T. Hardie's unwillingness to enter into their views.

18. To Alfred, inquiring whether he wished to encounter the expense of Chancery proceedings to establish his sanity?

19. Alfred to the Board, imploring them to use their powers and discharge him without further delay, and assuring them he meditated no violence on his liberation, but should proceed against all parties under legal advice.

20. The Board to T. Hardie, warning him that he must in future pay Alfred's maintenance in Asylum out of his own pocket, and pressing him either to discharge the young man, or else to apply to the Lord Chancellor for a Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo, and inclosing copy of a letter from Wycherley saying the patient was harmless.

21. T. Hardie respectfully declining to do either, but reminding the Commissioners that the matter could be thrown into Chancery without his consent, only the expense, which would be tremendous, would fall on the lunatic's estate, which might hereafter be regretted by the party himself. He concluded by promising to come to town and visit Alfred with his family physician, and further in a week.

Having thus thrown dust in the eyes of the Board, Thomas Hardie and Bedwell proceeded with a notoriously unscrupulous mad-house keeper in the suburbs of London, and effected a master-stroke of wherewithal anon.

The correspondence had already occupied three months, and kept Alfred in a fever of the blind; of all the maddening things with which he had been harassed by the pretended curers of Insanity, this had tried him hardest. To see a dozen honest gentlemen waiting to do justice, able to do justice by one manly stroke of the pen, yet forego their vantage-ground, and pretend to count on a rude rogue to do their duty, and undo his own interest and rascality! To see a strong cause turned into a weak one by the timidity of champions clad by law in complete steel; and a rotten cause, against which Law and Power, as well as Truth and Justice, and Common Sense, had now declared, turned into a strong one by the pluck and cunning of his one enemy and enemy! The sensation resembled that the ingenious gods tortured Tantalus in hell by ever-present thirst, and water flowing to just the outside of his lips. A Briton does not live for liberty as hard as Tantalus or hunted deer can thirst for cooling springs: and this soul-grasping negotiative business brought liberty into manhood, and love, and happiness, to the lips of Alfred's burning, pining, aching heart, only to turn again, and again; then carried them away from him in mockery. Oh the sickening anguish of Hope deferred, and deferred!

The hell it is in suing long to bibs.

But indeed his hopes began to sicken for good when he found that the Board could not have any honest independent physician to visit him, or any solicitor to see him. At first, indeed, they refused it because Mr. Thomas Hardie was going to let him out: but when T. Hardie would not move at their request, then, on a fresh application, refused it, giving as their reason that they had already refused it. Yet in so keen a battle he could not throw away a weapon, and he determined to win Dr. Wycherley altogether by hook or by crook, and get a certificate of sanity from him. Now a single white lie, he knew, would do the trick. He had only to say that Hamlet was mad. And "Hamlet was mad" is easily said.

Dr. Wycherley, you see, was a collector of mad people, and collectors are always amateurs, and very seldom connoisseurs. His fine mind refused co-operating with his interests, led him to put down any man a lunatic whose intellect was manifestly superior to his own. Alfred Hardie, and one or two more contemporaries, had suffered by this humor of the good Doctor's. Nor did the dread escape him entirely. Pascal, according to Wycherley, was a madman with an illusion about a precipice; John Howard was mad lunatic in whom the affections were reversed; Saul a moping maniac with homicidal paroxysms and nocturnal visions; Paul an intellectual monster who in his writings flies off at a tangent, and who admits having once been the victim of a photopsic illusion in broad daylight; Nebuchadnezzar was a lycanthropical lunatic; Joan of Arc a thenomaine; Bobby Burton and Oliver Cromwell were melancholy maniacs; Napoleon was an ambitious maniac, in whose case the impossibility became gradually extinguished by visceral and cerebral derangement: Luther a phrenetic patient of the old demoniac breed, allayed by blasphemy:

One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold.
That is the madness.

But without any disrespect to any of these gentlemen, he assigned the golden crown of Insanity to Hamlet. To be sure this character tells his friends in the play he shall feign insanity, and swears them not to reveal the reason. And after this hint to his friends and the audience (it is notorious he was not written for readers) he keeps his word, and does it as cleverly as if his name were Bob Acres instead of Hamlet; indeed, like Edgar, he rather overdoes it, and so puzzles his enemies in the play, any one of them criticaster and English mad doctors in the closet, and does not puzzle his bosom friend in the play one bit, nor the pit for whom he was created. Add to this his sensibility, and his kindness to others, and his eloquent grief at the heart-rending situation, which his father's and mother's son was placed in, and had brains to realize, though his psychological critics, it seems, have not; and, to crown all, that the prodigious extent of his mind, his keen observation, his deep reflection, his brilliant fancy united for once in a way with his vast judgment, or judicial, intellect, that locks down and sees all the sides of every thing—and what can this rare intellectual compound be? The answer decided the question. Hamlet was too much greater in the world of mind than S. T. Coleridge and his German criticasters, to not have a higher, deeper, and broader than Esquirol, Tissot, Sauvages, Linnæus, Pagens, Pinel, Arnold, Rose, Burgery, Wycherley, and such small deer, to be any thing but a madman.

Now, in their midnight discussions, Dr. Wycherley more than once alluded to the insanity of Hamlet; and offered proofs. But Alfred declined the subject as being "a bore." "A man must exist before he can be insane," said the Oxonian philosopher, severe in youthful gravity. But when he found that Dr. Wycherley had buried in Denmark at the time, would have conferred cassinly with Hamlet's uncle, removed the latter by relations, disbelief in Hamlet's insanity, and signed the young gentleman away behind his back into a lunatic asylum, Alfred began to take a pathetic view of the posthumous victim of Psychological Science. "I believe the bloke was no murder than I am," said he. "I'll tell you. I've studied it afresh, compared the fiction with the legend, compared Hamlet humbugging his enemies and their tools, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, using his real mind to himself or his Horatio the very next moment; contrasted the real madness in the author's mind with the sane mind of Hamlet and Lear by the side of these extravagant imitations, to save, if possible, even dunces, and dreamers, and evidence-proof fools from being led by the latter; and at their next séance pitches into the Doctor's pet Chimera, and what with logic, fact, ridicule, and the author's lines knocked it to atoms double quick.

Now in their midnight discussions, Dr. Wycherley had always handled the question of Alfred Hardie's Sanity or Insanity with a philosophical coolness he could not command, and found it hard to emulate; but this philosophic calmness deserted him the moment Hamlet's insanity was questioned. Then his face was expressed, the redder, the angrier, the louder, the more confused the Psychological physician became; and Alfred, who had never yet had bored out of the antispasmodic or roundabout style, and called Alfred a d—d ungrateful, insolent puppy, and was astonished at the man's ire, and, finally, to the young man's horror, fell down in a fit of an Epileptic character, grinding his teeth and foaming at the mouth.

Alfred was filled with regret, and, though alarmed, had the presence of mind not to make assistance. The fit was a very mild one in reality, though horrible to look at. The Doctor recovered, and asked Alfred's pardon. Alfred got it him, and the Doctor, with a mixture of cunning and alarm in his eye, said he had fainted away in a fit. Alfred, very obsequiously, and looked sheepish. After this he took care never to libel Hamlet's intellect again by denying his insanity. Alfred, in his own mind, for what he had long half suspected, that the Doctor had a bee in his bonnet, and Alfred set to work and studied true insanity all this time, and knew how inhumane it is to oppose a monomaniac's theory, it only infuriates and worries him. No power can convince him.

But now he resolved to play on the Doctor's foible. It went against his conscience; but the temptation was so strong. He came to him with a long dog-story:

"Doctor," said he, "I have been thinking over your arguments, and I capitulate. If Hamlet ever existed, he was as mad as a March hare." And he blushed at this his first quibble.

Dr. Wycherley looked at him with affection.

"My young friend, this gives me sincere pleasure—not on my account, but on your own. There goes a man who will recover. Now tell me—the £14,000! Have you calmly reconsidered that too?"

Alfred hung his head, and looked guilter and guiltier.

"Why," said he, "that never amounted to any thing more than a strong suspicion. It has long ceased to occupy my mind in excess. However, should I ever be able to substantiate a charge, my liberty, I have no objection to collect the evidence about it, pro and con, and then make you the judge instead of myself." This he delivered with an admirable appearance of indifference.

"Very well, Sir," said the Doctor, dryly. "Then, now, I have a piece of good news for you."

"Oh, Doctor, what is that?"

"Your cure is complete; that is all! You are now a sane man, as sane as I am."

Alfred was a little disappointed at this piece of news; but, recovering himself, asked him to certify that, and handed him the certificate for the Board. Dr. Wycherley said he would, with pleasure.

"I'll bring it to you when I make my round," said he.

Alfred retired triumphant, and went to Plato with a good heart.

In about an hour Dr. Wycherley paid him the promised visit. But what brown was this brought forth? He came with mortification and regret in his face to tell Alfred that an order of transfer had been signed by the proper parties, and countersigned by two Commissioners, and he was to go to Dr. Wolf's asylum that day.

Alfred groaned.

"I knew my father would outwit my feeble friends somehow or other," said he. "What is his game? Do you know?"

"I suppose to obtain a delay, and meantime get you into an asylum where they will tell the Commissioners you are worse again, and perhaps do something to make their words good. Dr. Wolf, between ourselves, will say or do almost any thing for money. And his asylum is conducted on the old system, though he pretends not."

"My dear friend," said Alfred, "will you do me a favor?"

"How could I deny you any thing at this sorrowful moment?"

"Here is an advertisement I want inserted in the *Morning Advertiser*."

"Oh, I can't do that, I fear."

"Look at it before you break my heart by refusing me."

Dr. Wycherley looked at it, an' said it was innocent, being unintelligible, and he would insert it directly.

"Three insertions, dear Doctor," said Alfred. "Here is the money."

The Doctor then told him sorrowfully he must pack up his things. Dr. Wolf's keepers were waiting for him.

The moment of parting came. Then Alfred solemnly forgave him, Dr. Wycherley, for signing away his sanity, and thanked him for all his kindness and humanity. "We shall never meet again, I fear," said he; "I feel a weight of foreboding in my sad heart I never felt before; yet my trials have been many and great. I think the end is at hand." Dr. Wolf's keepers received him with some first act was a hundred him. The cold steel struck into him deeper than his wrist, and reminded him of Silverton Grove. He could not speak for a shudder. The carriage rolled all through London with him. He saw the Parks with grass, and they seemed rich silver by the eye like two prize-fighters. Dr. Wolf's eye fell under Alfred's, and the latter felt he was capable of any thing. He was a man of the old bull-necked breed, and contained the bulldog and the spaniel in his single nature. "I shall have to be comfortable here, Sir," said he, doggedly.

"I will try, Sir."

"The first-class patients dine in half an hour."

"I will be ready, Sir."

"Full dress in the evening; there are several ladies." Alfred assented by a bow. Dr. Wolf rang a bell and told a servant to show Mr. Hardie to his room.

He had just time to make his toilet when the bell rang for dinner.

As he was going a nurse met him, held up something white to him as she came, lowered it quickly, and tossed it at his feet in passing.

It was a billet-doux.

It was twisted into a pretty shape, scented, and addressed to Alfred, in a delicate Italian hand and in that pale ink which seems to reflect the charming timidity of the fair who use it.

He wondered, carried it into a recess, then opened it and read it.

It contained but this one line:

"*Drink nothing but water at dinner.*"

These words, in that delicate Italian hand, sent a chill through Alfred. What on earth was all this? Was he poisoned? Was his life insured at now instead of his reason? What was this mysterious drama prepared for him the very moment he was left in the place, perhaps before? A poisoner, and a friend! Both strangers. He went down to dinner, and contrived to abstain every half a quarter of an hour at table. But they were all strangers. Presently a servant filled his glass with beer. He looked at it, and was guarded from a small jug holding only his portion. Alfred took his ring off his finger, and holding the glass up dropped his ring in.

"What is that or?" inquired one or two.

"Oh, my ring has a peculiar virtue: it tells me what is good for me. Ah! what do I see? my ruby changes color. Fetch me a clean glass." A servant did with some from a carafe. "No, Sir, leave the beer. I'll analyze it in my room after dinner; I'm a chemist."

Dr. Wolf changed color, and was ill at ease. Here was a bold and ugly customer. However, he said nothing, and felt sure his morphia could not be detected in beer by any decomposer but the stomach. Still he was thoroughly mystified.

In the evening Alfred came down into the drawing-room, and found several gentlemen and ladies there. One of the ladies seemed to attract the lion's share of male homage. Her back was turned to Alfred; but it was a beautiful back, with great magnificent neck and shoulders, and a skin like satin; she was tall, but rounded and symmetrical; had a massive but long and shapely white arm, and perfect hand; and masses of thick black hair sat on her head in great coils like a raven on a marble pillar.

It was not easy to get near her; for the male gentlemen were all crowding on her all round, like Queen Elizabeth's courtiers.

However, Dr. Wolf, seeing Alfred standing alone, said, "Let me introduce you," and took him round to her. The courtiers fell back a little. The lady turned her stately head, and her dark eyes ran lightly all over Alfred in a moment.

He bowed, and blushed like a girl. She courtesied composedly and without a symptom of recognition—deep water runs still—and Dr. Wolf introduced them ceremoniously

"Mr. Hardie—Mrs. Archbold."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE DUKE OF H. had a son, a student at the Bonaparte Lyceum. At the distribution of honors the young nobleman bowed with a single cue, at which the duke was very angry. "Go, Sir," said he to him, "go to bed—go yourself up to your room, and don't show it to me."

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who sat next to him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

MODEST.

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way;
But of all her mistakes the most stupidest and oddest
Occurred when she called a French confidé modeste.

An old lady, who had a great aversion to ire in any form, says, "I think now they have got to making it into whisky she can take a little now and then."

SCHOOLMISTRESS (*pointing to the first letter of the alphabet*). "Now, Charley, what is that?"

CHILD. "I shan't tell you." (*Bursts out crying.*)

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "You won't? But you must! Come, now, what is it?"

CHILD. "Oh, what's tell you! I didn't come here to teach you, but for you to teach me."

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's legs for the sake of the dissection.

What pupil is the most to be pitied?—The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

A passenger, having hired a boat to take him across a rather rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if any body had ever been drowned in it. "Drowned!" said he; "nobody was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

The editor of a paper says he can generally manage, by hook or by crook, to get up a pretty good paper. Practice says he does it principally by hook.

Is there an English word that contains all the vowels?—Unquestionably. A teetotaller thinks that all "sensible people" would prefer them in their regular order—A facetiously.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailer.

A gentleman, now dead, being very poor, offered his hand and heart to a fair widow who had a large fortune and three children. "Sir," said she to him, "I cannot marry you," said the richly-endowed widow. He went home disconsolate and hard. Then he thought of it, sowed the gentleman a turn for certain labors undertaken and expected reward, and received condign thanks. The noble lord had won a seat in Parliament, and told him to ask. "Make me a lord," said he, "and you shall have and fortune. "No," replied the nobleman, "I can not do that." "Then," said he, "I will marry the widow and be a knighthood." Whereupon the gentleman consulted his barrister. "Will it make me a lord?" "No." "Then I say that will do." He returned to his patron and got his knighthood, and subsequently the lady and her fortune.

A man passing along the street with a looking-glass under his arm met a little boy, and thought to be witty at his expense. "Boy," said he, "do you know what I have got under my arm?" "Yes, Sir," said the boy, "I know what it always; you would have been better off if you had stood plain."

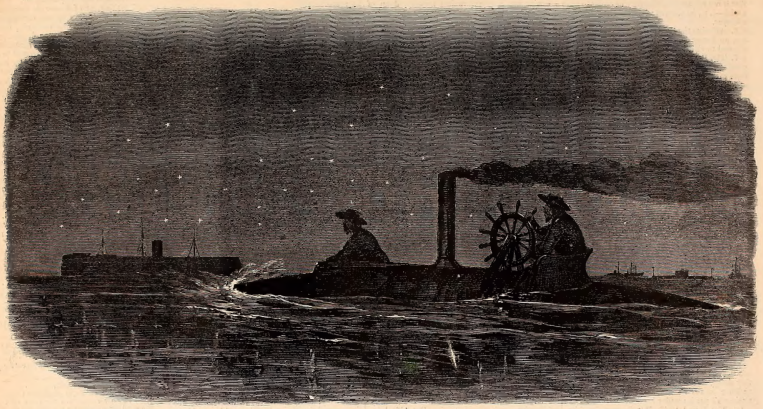
At a public meeting in a country town an eloquent officer of a benefit society thus addressed himself: "Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of charity. Here, for lack of knowledge for education, I should be to ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

TAKE TWO OR THREE.—A bashful youth was paying marked attention to a young lady, and was about to make the question of an interesting nature when the latter stopped him and said, "Stop, Sir, I shall only trying to serve herself to ask the terrible question." At this the little man entered the room, and straight struck him. Taking her on his knee, he asked, "Now, my darling, what is Tommy, dear, she knee, he asked, "Now, my darling, what is Tommy, dear, she you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred guineas for her." "Oh yes" said give you five hundred guineas for her." "Oh yes" said she little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand guineas, and take five of them?"

Women can keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

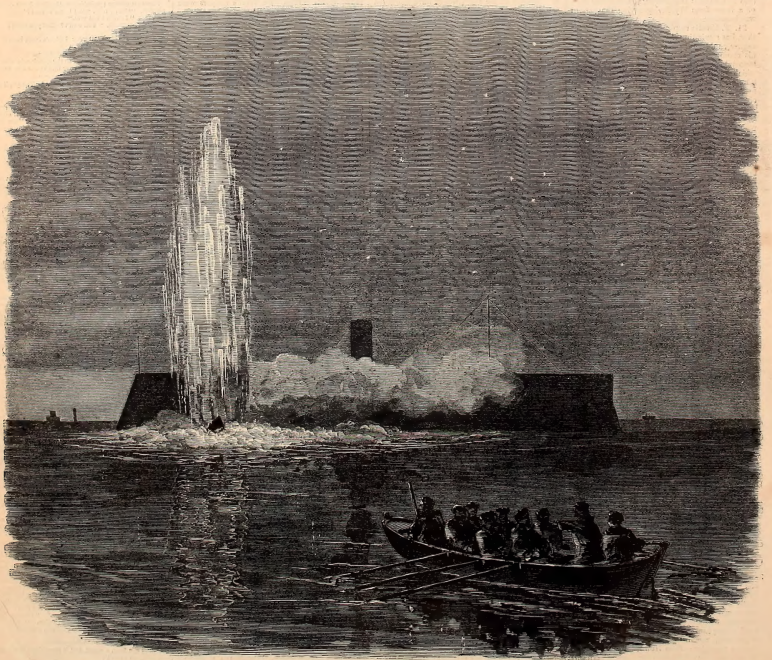
The paper containing many fine points—a paper of pins.

Pitchy darkness has been so improved as to read "illuminous obscurity."



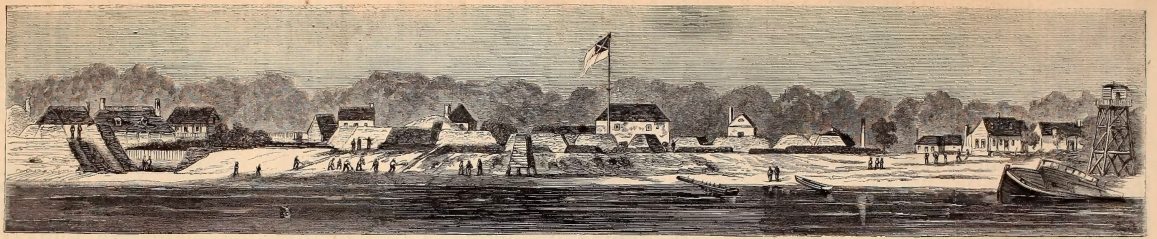
THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE "SEGAR STEAMER" WHICH PROPELLED THE REBEL TORPEDO.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

[SEE PAGE 695.]

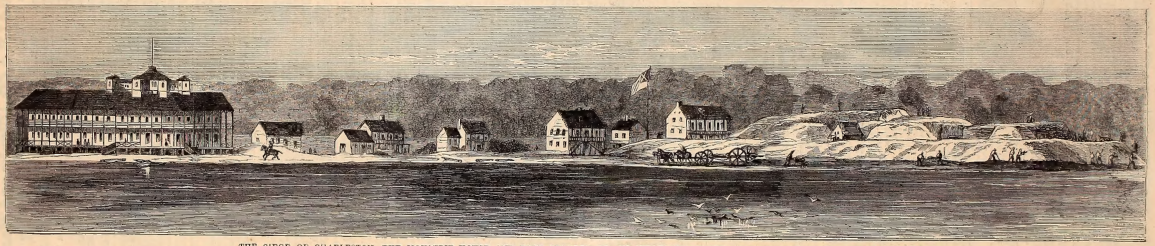


THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE "IRONSIDES" BY A REBEL TORPEDO.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

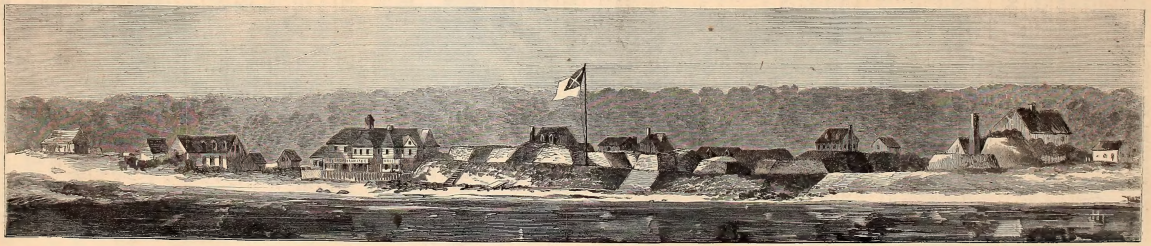
[SEE PAGE 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF FORT MOULTRIE.—Sketched by Mr. O. Enz.—[See Page 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE MOULTRIE HOUSE AND FORT BEAUREGARD, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—Sketched by Mr. O. Enz.—[See Page 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—BATTERY BEE, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—Sketched by Mr. O. Enz.—[See Page 695.]

THE ONLY SON.

TO MRS. ABRAM ROSSITER, RICHMOND, MASS.

Is the still New England autumn
The work of the year was done;
Has after were fields unsickled
Under the southern sun—
Fields to be reaped in battle—
Harvests by victory won.

The young men came from the hill-sides
A thousand strong and more,
At the call of a sterner duty
Than their souls had heard before;
And whose under-tone was deeper
Than the far-off cannon's roar.

From each house a living echo
Was given unto the call,
One from the stalled cottage,
One from ancestral hall;
In a home were three fair brothers,
And the mother gave them all.

They went, and the fields by the river
With their harvesting grew red;
And they came with the sheaves of triumph
Ere the leaves again were dead:
"Welcome, my son, mine *only*,"
Calmly the mother said.

On the lower Mississippi
The work of the year was done;
The deadly fields were sickled
Under the burning sun;
And the harvest-home was Joyful,
Though the mother welcomed one.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BURNETT'S

Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

Lemon,	Peach,	Rose,	Cloves,
Celery,	Orange,	Vanilla,	Ginger,
Nutmeg,	Cinnamon,	Nectarine,	Almond.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

We select the following Testimonials:

POPULAR HOTELS.

"*Pre-eminently superior* to all others for culinary use."
PARKER HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior to any* we have ever used."
REVERE HOUSE, Boston.

"Have used your Extracts for several years, and regard them *the best in the world*."
UNITED STATES HOTEL, NEW YORK.

"Our test has proved them very excellent."
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

"Have been found really superior by *thorough* and *accurate* use in our Establishment for years."
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Phila., Pa.

"Possess all the *rare qualities* claimed for them."
ESTAW HOUSE, Baltimore, Md.

"*For superior to any* in the market."
WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C.

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

BOSTON.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT

SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe and Stem*. Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the top of the case, without use of fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and portable as a Cigar Case. It is made for sending in all of various styles, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 75 each, and $5 and $6 per dozen. Sent by mail, postage paid. Nothing can excel its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers, at home or abroad, in the Army or Navy. Present to friends nothing could be more acceptable. Try it, either in camp or on the march, it is invaluable. Gen. CHARLES ANDERSON, of Ohio, using one, says: "Every patriot soldier should have one of these cases as a constant campaign companion." Also

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to *fill the Pouch* (about a week's smoking), or larger packages for the *general trade*. OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and DEALERS are invited to examine these Goods. SUTTLERS' ATTENDING particularly called to them. Circulars sent on order. A liberal discount to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail or express, *paid*, on receipt of *price* and 25 cts. All orders will receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

SOMETHING TO DO—"PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE." Good Books, ready sales, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

ARRANDALE & CO.,

Importers of Watches,

212 Broadway, N. Y.

Doubtless the great want of this age of progress *is a really good time keeping watch at a moderate price*. This desideratum has been at length supplied by ARRANDALE & CO., who spare no effort to combine in their watches the latest discoveries of science and the most moderate prices, as will be seen from the following

Price List.

Handsome Silver Watch, warranted..... $10 00
New Railway Timekeeper, silver composite hunting case, *with jewelled Time Indicator, is the watch to use in transits of opposing cars*. This novelty has been introduced for the convenience of our brave soldiers. Handsome and reliable, often sold for Thirty Dollars..... $15 50
Ladies' Gold Composite Watch, Engraved Hunting Cases, difficult to distinguish from real gold, very elegant and accurate, often sold for Fifty Dollars..... $19 00
Soldier's Own, Patent Lever, Sterling Silver Hunting Cases. An excellent timekeeper. Usually sold for Thirty Dollars..... $16 00
Genuine Patent Lever, Silver Cases; usually sold for Thirty-five Dollars..... $20 00
Army Watch, with Patent Solid Winding arrangement attached to Cap, strong Gold Plated Hunting Cases, an admirable watch for general campaigning, sold for Thirty-five Dollars..... $20 00
Fine Gold Watch, exact size, extra jewelled, Engraved Gold Cases, manufactured expressly for this house, *is a most gratifying accuracy to the day of the month*. Can be adjusted to all climates. The invention of the age! Just imported by Arrandale & Co..... $40 00
The New Watch contains Second Hand, and also the Thermometer! The cases are of heavy gold plate. This Watch, having the most perfect time balance, is not affected by change of climate, *but will work equally well in all countries*..... $40 00
Fine American Lever, Jewled, *Massive Fine Gold*, Hunting Cases, usually sold for One Hundred Dollars $65
Patent Detached English Lever, Chronometer Balance, Full Jewelled, Reserve Cases of Sterling Gold. In every fine, usually sold for One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars..... $70 00
A great variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watches, Chains, &c. Send for circular fully describing these and others. All Watches are sent out in good working order, properly regulated, sealed, free of any charges, and warranted for 12 months. A reduction on wholesale orders. Money sent as our risk if payment is not satisfactory. ARRANDALE & CO., 212 Broadway, Three Doors from Barnum's Museum, corner of Fulton Street, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Sure $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell the most useful, popular, unexcelled, and unparalleled large Patent Stationery Reference and Package Combination. Package Containing One Thousand Articles, such as Paper, Envelopes, Bronzed and Colored Initial Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Designs, Household Conjurations, Useful Explanations for Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Method for Removing Stains, &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only 25 cents retail. Wholesale Agents can clear very low, from **100 to 200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Package is sent by mail or express, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and most valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Package of all descriptions put up by the 100 gross. Address, Wholesale Dealers Only, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all PARTS of the army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER ANCHOR ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to agent who sends us the largest order. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, Terms, &c. J. G. BLAKESLEE & CO., 162 Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

DR. STERLING'S

AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and bring to the head its primitively exclusive dark color. It prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

Trade Mark.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was then thin, and rapidly falling out. I tried many of the Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is from four inches in length—when let down reaching to the waist. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

MRS. L. A. BROWN, No. 403 Broadway, New York.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOTTLE, containing Directions.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 403 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, cute, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.
ELLIOT ARMS CO., 323 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Ballmore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sold by HARLOW'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Suttlers charged low rates.

Cloaks and Mantillas.

BRODIE,

The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Elegance, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

10,000,000 GLEASON'S SAVED KEROSENE CRATER

Will warm food for the baby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or toilet, cook a few oysters, boil or fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other means known. Used on any lamp without obstructing the light. Price 25 cents; by mail, postage paid, 30 cents. Also a Patent Lighter, for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 10 cents. F. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 175 Mercer Street, New York.

Jobbing Agents of Manufacturer's Prices.

BRACKETT, WEBSTER & PALMER, Rochester, N. Y.
W. H. GLENNY, 161 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
RICE & BURNETT, 103 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
H. WITTBOLD & CO., Chicago, Ill.
HALE & CO., Milwaukie, Wisconsin.
GEO. G. FOOTE, 122 Chestnut Street, Chicago, Illinois.
BOWEN & CO., 85 Main Street, Dubuque, Iowa.
G. W. CURTIS & CO., 7 & 9 South Second St. Louis, Mo.
WM. STONE & CO., Bullitt Street, Louisville, Ky.
BAKER & VAN TUYL, 1 and 3 West 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
WILSON & KELLY, 164 Wood Street, Pittsburg, Penn.
ARMOUR & CHANDLER, Memphis, Mo.
And at most of the principal lamp houses in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

IMMENSE PROFITS

To be made selling the INVISIBLE SATCHEL POCKET.
Send for our New Circular.
G. S. HASKINS & CO.,
36 Bookman Street, N. Y.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for American Soldiers.

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. Those watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being mere manufactures sent by this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

In order to sell our Watch, which is OF THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in every respect RELIABLE, we have resolved, as nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Anchors* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELDRIDGE, BOSTON, MASS., which name will be found on the plate of every genuine American Watches, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases, and sold at prices to suit and keep in less quantities. They will retail for 50 cents.

Price, per dozen..... $0 75
" gross..... 5 00
" 100 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO., & CO., Providence, R. I.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens Retailing at Wholesale Prices.

Medium	Pen $0 38, in Silver ext. case, $0 75
Large	" 0 50 " " " 1 00
Engrossing	" 0 75 " " " 1 50
Commercial	" 1 25 " " " 2 00
Mammoth	" 1 50 " " " 2 50
Gentlemen's	" 2 00 " " " 3 00

Sent by mail to all parts of the country.

H. A. HARVEY, 91 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES.** Ropes, CORDAGE, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, CARPET CHAIN, Hay Lines, Blocking Cord, Log Cord and Sorgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping PAPER, Davenport, and Tarred Felt.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dys-ensia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by
S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

Insoles, Belts, and Armlets.

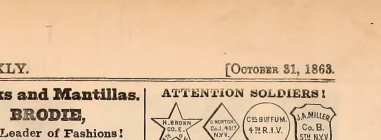
SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

These articles are purely Voltaic, and by the union of two metals producing a voltaic current, which is excited by the moisture of the feet and body, diffusing a healthy and copious action of electricity to the whole person of the wearer, being an effective cure for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, Gout, &c., and all nervous affections of the body.

METTAM & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Insoles, $1 60; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50; per mail, 20 cents additional. Office 439 Broadway. Send for circular.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!



All our Badges are 14 inches in Diameter.

Solid Silver Shield, with Name, Rank, and Regiment,	EACH $ 60
" Star "	1 00
" Clover Leaf "	1 00
" Diamond "	1 00
" Circle "	1 25
" Cross "	1 25
" Maltese Cross "	1 25

Either of the above styles enamaled in red, white, or blue, for $1 25 each, with Name, Rank, and Regiment engraved distinctly upon them.

Solid Silver Co. Pins, with Name, Rank, and Regiment neatly engraved on each, for $0 per dozen. Letters run from 1 to 6.

Silver Plated Corps Badges, enamaled red, white, or blue, $2 per dozen. Finest, Diamond, and Clover Leaf, $3 gold, $5 each; Circle, Cross, and Maltese Cross, 18 K. gold, $5 each; Crescent, in 18 k. gold, $5 each; Shield, 18 k., $3 50 each. Badges sent free on receipt of price mentioned.

Orders for 100 or 1000 at a liberal discount. We are constantly receiving new designs from our own Manufactory, and we are the Pioneer Army Badge Manufacturers, and are prepared to turn out patterns more liberally than any house in the trade. Terms, Cash in Advance. Address DROWNE'S MODEL, Badge Manufacturing Jeweler, 103 Broadway, New York.

A Splendid New

Mexican War Story

Is just commenced in the

New York Weekly,

Entitled,

The Light Dragoon;

OR, THE

Rancheros of the Poisoned Lance.

A TALE OF THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF MEXICO.

By Harry Hazel.

For sale everywhere. Price 5 cents per copy.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, in Suites, Single and Retail, at Manufacturers' wholesale Prices. KERNER WARD, No. 377 Canal St., N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, Sailors, Marines, unmanned and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 6, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel of Kitty, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Commanded cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Pack of 52 cards, handsomely put up, sent free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to trade. Address A. LOVEJOY, AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Doors, Signs, Transparencies, Gilding Signs and Show Cards, with frames, to order at low prices. Office 107 Fulton St., N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

AGENTS WANTED—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 30 cents, that retail for $5; wholesale, $2 per dozen. Address
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

DR. SAMUEL S. FITCH'S New and Improved TREATISE, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, SHOULDER BRACES, INHALING TUBES, &c. They are patented in the United States, ENGLAND, and SCOTLAND, and universally acknowledged to be the most perfect Instruments made. Persons requiring will do well to call and examine (or send for pamphlet) before purchasing. Office, 714 BROADWAY, N. Y.
PARKER COX & CO., N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both are sold everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

Watches and Jewelry.

CHEAPEST AND BEST yet offered to the public. For list of Articles and Prices, address
PARKER COX & CO., N. Y.

Barnard and Barry's Re, rt

Of the Engineer Military Operations of the Army of the Potomac, from its organization to the close of the Peninsular Campaign. By Brig.-Gen. BARNARD, Chief Engineer, and Brig.-Gen. BARRY, Chief of Artillery. Illustrated by 20 Maps and Plans. Octavo, cloth, $3 50. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. In 2 vols. 12mo, cloth. Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, $2 50.

KNAPP'S FRENCH READING-BOOK; CHRESTOMATHIE FRANÇAISE: Containing Selections from the best French Writers, with Copious References to the Author's French Grammar. By Dr. Charles Knapp. Molière, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire; with Explanatory Notes, Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Men, and a Vocabulary. By William L. Knapp, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Malden University, N. Y. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain Charles F. Noyes. 18mo, cloth, 50 cents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
100 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
100 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
5000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Hand Bracelets	5 00 to 8 00 each.
3000 "	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lamar Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sets of Boson Studs	2 50 to 4 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 4 00 each.
3000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 00 to 4 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, of which each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions with us, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittals amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
203 Broadway, New York.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOVELL IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving a MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Press: $7, $12, $18, and $27. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 25, 35, and $45. Send for a Circular.

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus, or Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be less than ten lines long. It will be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864. B. T. BABBITT.

64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.



National Union League, Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,
203 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Lemaire, Marine, Theatre's, Opera, and general out-door use.* Also, all other descriptive glasses, suitable for every purpose. Every shop in town or city has 5 to 6 inferior. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculist—Optician,
609½ Broadway, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,
No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate superintendence of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE. ☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Head-Quarters for Army Corps or Co. Fins.

Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, with a Circular giving full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Pin, or Guard Chain, or an Engraved Sering Locket, or a Seal Stone, California Diamond, or Cloud Stone, or a fine Gold, California Diamond Pin, or a new Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Shield, or other Army Corps, Division, or Company Pin, with your Name, Co. and Reg., handsomely engraved upon it, or a Keatney Cross in Gold Pin. Any article, for choice, I will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y. Box 4976.

EXTRA AND BEST

Inducements yet offered to Agents to sell our New Card Thermometers—Magic Tobacco Boxes—Venetian Barometers—Solitaire Smoking Pipes—Lucky Crystal Cosmetics—Ice strainers—Pocket Match Safes—Self-repairing Steam Fixtures—Shadetacy and Yankee Notion "Fits" Packages.

Send for New Circulars and be convinced. Address
RICHARDS & CO., Inventors and Manufacturers,
No. 5 Liberty Street, P. O. Box 3133, N. Y.

P. S. Parties wishing to purchase Shadetacy, Yankee Notions, Cheap Jewelry, &c., or to put up "Free Packages" themselves, we will furnish with three Goods at the lowest Wholesale Cash prices.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS OF WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and valuable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Handsome Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most desirable Watch for Travelers. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general use, that has ever offered. A Watch in which is and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being that of Gold, and the inner a peculiar fine action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. Price, handsomely engraved, per case of 3 cases, $20. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $25. If sent by mail, the postage is 10 cents; registering, 10 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material lining of two metals, the outer one fine quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting. "heavy metal," as it is not over an ounce and a half in weight, the solid resemblance of *Solid Silver* Watches.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing at their very cheapness, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day by any one of ordinary business tact.

At WHOLESALE ONLY! In *hunting cases, beveled, fully engraved, with dial, second hand, and fancy dial hands, in good running order,* by the half dozen, $60; postage, 40 cents. Sample watch, $12, sent only by the case. Can be safely sent by mail.

Our Agents have on novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and tastefully finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. Their uncommon sale on the American, equally as the public, in a manner not to be mistaken.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's, Feb. 21.*

"Perfect, neat, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10.*

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette, May 9.*

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal, Aug. 9.*

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scientific American, July 25.*

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle, July 20.*

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journal, Government organ, July 25.*

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal, July 31.*

☞ TERMS CASH; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed. Watches sent by express safely with an accuracy is sent or by express or mail in a registered letter, if it is preferred. Orders will receive the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

The Beard Harness.

I am a discharged Indiana Volunteer. I will tell in a printed letter what I know of the shrub juice or balsam with which a South woman steamed the face of Gen. Schaffer, 18 years old, gashed by a sabre cut at the battle of Stone River. With the same balsam a black fire-mark. It is a bitterish balsam, and has the remarkable power of making hair grow on bald heads, &c., to some forth coming fresh and strong, upon the smoothest face and the baldest head. For said package, &c. (God), address JOHN RAWLINS, 767 Broadway, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 81 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents, and also for sale by CHASE & LEAVITT, 35 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

$60 A MONTH.—We want Agents at $60 a month, Expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Gold Pens, Pencil Cases*, and other articles. Circulars sent free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Soldiers' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Every Co. from A to M Solid Silver, $1.
Soli. Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, **$1 50.**
Solid 18 k. GOLD, **$4 50.**

Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1 50. Enamled. **Solid Silver, $1 50.** Enamled.





Solid Gold, $5. **Solid Gold, $5.**

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

None but *perfect* Goods sent.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address **J. G. PACKARD & CO.,**
203 Broadway, New York.

Accordeons and Flutinas, NEW QUALITY, 8 keys $7 50; 11 keys $9; 13 keys $9 50; 8s keys (double) $8 to $11; 16½ keys (double) $5 to $9. Flutinas $8 to $25. *Music Books* 8% cents. Sent by express to any part of country. *Musical Instruments* repaired.
FREDERICK BLUME, 293 Bowery, N. Y.

$10 AGENTS WANTED. $10
To sell Something New. Send stamp for Circular. B. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. **$1**
Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S
Illuminated and Pictorial
BIBLE

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and panneled sides, $20 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $22 00; Full calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $15 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to chapters, Tailpieces, &c., are from new designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of *New York*. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by eminent French artists in France and Engaged to which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CORNMAN & SELLERS, Baltimore; DERBY, TAYLOR, Washington; ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODWORTH, Chicago; GEO. H. CO., Cleveland; HARPER & BROTHERS, Montreal.

☞ Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of Price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just published.

MARTIN POLE. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By MRS. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a Gentleman Physician. By ROBERT DEVEREUX LEVEUX (Cowel Merciful). 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Compiled, Translated, and specially Adapted, by REV. NELSON HEAD. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

And an Extra Copy gratis. Any person a Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

Back Numbers and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

Back Numbers and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

Postage.—Harper's Weekly will be delivered to subscribers in the United States, free of postage, for 26 cents per year, or 13 cents for six months, which must be paid quarterly or half-yearly in advance at the office where received. The postage on Harper's Weekly to Canada is 52 cents per year, which must be paid at the office where received. The postage on Harper's Weekly to California, Oregon, Washington Territory, or any part of the Pacific Republic, is 52 cents per year, which must be paid at the office where received.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



THE STATE ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA. "Friend Otto, I thought thee hadst got rid of this noxious weed, as I of mine; and yet I see an ugly Pumpkin growing upon thy land."

Otto. "Not upon my land, I guess! It's the VALLANDIGHAM PUMPKIN as I've tossed over into my neighbor's field, and he's bin and tuck root, you see, among the Canady thistles!"

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials.
501 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs.
Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over
FOUR THOUSAND
different subjects (to which additions are continually being made), consists of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

72 Major-Generals,	285 Statesmen,
100 Brigadier-Generals,	127 Divines,
25 Colonels,	116 Authors,
81 Lieut.-Colonels,	20 Artists,
207 Other Officers,	172 Stage,
40 Officers of the Navy,	40 Prominent Women,
147 Prominent Foreign Portraits.	

2,500 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART.
INCLUDING REPRODUCTIONS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, STATUES, ETC.
Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp.
An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on receipt of $1 00, and sent by mail, *free*.

Photographic Albums.
Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $30 each.
Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.
The smaller kinds can be sent safely by mail at a postage of six cents per oz.
The more expensive can be sent by express.

We also keep a large assortment of
Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views.
Our Catalogue of these will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS,
501 Broadway, New York.

Friends or relatives of prominent military men will confer a favor by sending us their likenesses to copy. They will be kept carefully, and returned uninjured.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER for Congregations to present to their Pastor, or for other purposes, with suitable inscriptions, &c.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Piles, External or Internal, L.Y.D.S.
Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHES'
YELLOW DOCK SYRUP,
Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body*, gives Tone to the *Nerves, Strength* to the *Muscles*, and *Health* to every *Channel, Limb*, and *Limb*.
One Dollar per Bottle (which often cures).
Depot, 130 CHATHAM ST., N. Y. Sold 500 GRAND ST.
Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1845. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

VINELAND.
LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for Mantua-makers and shoe, clothing, millinery, and general trade. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, *New Jersey*.
From Report of Silas Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the TRIBUNE.—"It is one of the most extensive fruit tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition—the pleasant feeling that we knew of this side of the Western prairies.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. The Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2·75; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.
Address HENRY CRAIG,
202 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to the trade.

FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
AND
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES
FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,
No. 38 Wall Street.

Miss Kate Denin,
The celebrated actress, says: "I have used HENRIN'S KAMALEON for my hair, and find it the most elegant article for keeping it in its full beauty and luxuriance that I have ever used. I can freely recommend it to every lady."
It contains no oil, alcohol, or any other injurious ingredients, and is the most perfect hair-dressing in the world.
Price 50 cents. Depot 46 Cliff Street, N. Y.

FISH'S PATENT LAMP HEATING APPARATUS
Boiling, Frying, Stewing—Steeping with the flame that lights the room.
Every Family should have One.
For descriptive Pamphlet and Price List, address W. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 996 Pearl St., N. Y. Agents wanted.

Pins for every Co. from A to M.
Annexed is a fac-simile design of the SOLDIER'S COMPANY PIN. The letter representing the COMPANY is in BOLD RELIEF, and very conspicuous.
The undersigned will forward to any soldier one of the above pins in solid silver, with name and regiment clearly engraved thereon, on receipt of **One Dollar.**
Address J. G. PACKARD & CO., 298 Broadway, N. Y.



FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.
UNRIVALED
In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material.
At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS
OR STUDS—Red, White, and Black, engraved with initials, 75c. per pair, will be sent free on receipt of the price. For sale by THE H. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory goods, 296 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant. A liberal discount to the trade.

LOOK OUT for the "GHOST OF WELL-DEAN."—The most exciting, mirth-provoking story of the age, just published by IRWIN P. BEADLE & CO., No. 137 William St., New York. This thrilling narrative is such a happy combination of the Tragical, Ludicrous, and Marvelous, that Artemus Ward will assuredly give up the Ghost from sheer envy after once reading it. For sale by all News Agents. Price 10 cents. Sent, postage paid, on receipt of price.

American Enamelled
Metallic Collar Co.,
No. 94 Pine Street, New York.
Are now manufacturing their splendid Collars, which for shape, appearance, and durability are FAR IN ADVANCE of anything heretofore produced.
They are the inventors and manufacturers of the only real "TURN-OVER" COLLAR ever offered.
These Collars are infinitely SUPERIOR TO STEEL, being more pliable, and the material of which they are manufactured BEING A NON-CONDUCTOR, renders them free from the objectionable feature of the steel collar, viz.: the exciting of that dangerous element, electricity, in the shape of lightning. Incase $1 for a "Choker," or $1 50 for a genuine "half turn-over" collar, to the AMERICAN ENAMELED METALLIC COLLAR COMPANY, Box No. 3178 New York City Post Office, and receive it by return mail.

$35 WATCHES. $35
Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.
Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates: All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches.
208 Broadway New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
DERMATOLOGIST,
49 Bond Street, New York,
Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Baldness. Also, removes Moth Patches, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin.
For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 26 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$7 WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated WATCH, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 26 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "CHAS. P. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. What it is better, is that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

MUNN & CO.,
Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,
And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of information concerning Patents, FREE. Specimens of the Paper, FREE.

WATCHES FREE.
$15 Per Day Easy $15
Agents in Town, and Soldiers in camp or discharged, are making easily $15 per day selling our GREAT NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOLD PRIZE GIFT ENTERPRISE PACKAGES, NOVEL AND UNEQUALED, and unlike all else on sight, containing all of New Articles, and of the quality. Writing Materials, Games, Useful and Fancy Articles, Likenesses of Heroes, Camp Companions (for the Army), rich gifts of Jewelry, &c., &c., altogether worth over $1, for only **25c.** They are just the thing to present to your friend in the Army. So finely should they sell. Credit immense, sales quick. *Gold watches among ones sent as Agents, and make money fast.* A SPLENDID WATCH *guaranteed as a perfect time-keeper*, presented *free* to all Agents. Packages in endless variety and at all prices. Agents wanted all through the country. Send for NEW Circulars for 1863, containing EXTRA inducements. See "15 per day" on inside page.
S. C. HICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, largest out-door Sale Dealers in the World.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.
Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens reported on receipt of 25 cents.
GEO. A. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, John B. Rossman, Isle Phila. Bell Foundry and Machine Co., 100 William St., N.Y.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For sharing it is unsurpassed. Removes all roughness of skin, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and also used for washing, rapid and certain, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.
The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 199 and 197 Chatahem Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.
Frederick Stevens,
215 *Park Street, New York.*
68 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For the Waistcoat Pocket, magnifying objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 60. Mailed free. Address F. U. BOWEN, Box 2520, Boston, Mass.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Diabetes.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Gravel Brick-dust Deposits.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Irritation of the Bladder.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Inflammation of the Kidneys.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Catarrh of the Bladder.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Diseases Arising from Exposure or Imprudence.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Cures Nervous Diseases and Prostration of the System,
From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in either sex.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu
Is safe and pleasant in Taste and Odor. Diseases of those organs require the aid of a Diuretic.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu,
Is the Great Diuretic
Strengthening, Blood Purifying, and Invigorating.
Certificates from well-known persons in all parts of the country, in book form, giving the full descriptions, the cases and the mode of treatment, will be forwarded on receipt of a three-cent postage stamps.
It is a book of 100 pages.
Price of medicine $1 per bottle, or six for $5. D. Ilreet to any address.
Direct letters to
HELMBOLD'S Medical Depot, No. 104 South 10th St., Philadelphia.
Sold by Druggists generally.
Beware of Counterfeits.
Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take no other.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



M'Clellan, Grant, Burnside, Meade, Gillmore, Barnside, Hooker, Foster, and Rosecrans. All are the same pattern as the cut, only differ in battle-grounds and date. Perfect photograph likenes in each pin. Plated in bronze and heat in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. *A gents wanted in and out the army.* The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and reward of gallant acts.
LOUIS PHILLIP, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

Something New!—*Every Family and every Soldier* must have it. Retail price $1. For an Agency address A. B. BALLOU & SON, HAVERHILL, MASS.
☞ Samples mailed to Agents for 50 cents

Stimson's Improved Checker Boards, with Instructions, Rules of the Game, &c. $2 00 per dozen; retails at 50 cents. For sale by
GEO. A. OLNEY, 46 John Street, N. Y.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever Stump Handle.
Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 215 Pearl Street, New York, 68 Kilby Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED.—$5 positively made from 20 sales. A urgently needed by every person. Call and examine. Ten samples sent free by mail for 20 cts.; retails for $2. H. L. WOLCOTT, 110 Chatham Square, N. Y.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at HASSOUIN'S, Cooper Institute, New York.

WANTED! WANTED!
Do you want Splendid Whiskers or Moustaches?
HUNTER'S ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, on any smooth face without fail, or no charge to the skin. Also on Bald Heads in ten weeks. Two Boxes for $1 00. Postage free. Address
C. HUNTER & CO., Box 674, Milwaukee, Wis.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 358.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—A TROOP TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE BIG CUT ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

THE GALLOP OF DEATH.

TANTARA, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
"Boots and saddles!—quick, quick! Now mount and away!
Look sharp and ride fast; that's the word. Hip, hurrah!
We must catch them asleep at the dawning of day!"

Now they noisily dash through the rippling stream,
Now silently gallop along the soft sand;
Then off with a bound through the woods, where no gleam
Of star-light shines through, rides the brave, gallant band!

"Now slowly and steadily. Hist!—not a word!"—
'Tis the sentinel sleepily passing his beat.
The murderous smile of a satire is heard,
And he falls with a groan at the first horse's feet.

"Draw rein! Now charge, boys! No powder to-night!"
Rings the voice of the chief, while the loud bugles blare
Mid the clashing of swords, striking flashes of light,
And the fiery wheel-horses, and the yells of despair.

'Twas a brave work done by that gallant band!
Let their deeds be sounded on every breath
Of wind that blows o'er our glorious land!
And this be the song of the Gallop of Death!

Tan-ta-ra-ta!

Hip, hip—hurrah!
'Tis the bugle's stirring call—
Mount, boys, mount,
And never count
What will be your chance to fall.
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Gleams on our flag, and the victor's won!

It matters not
If a rebel shot
Fat an end to our fleeting breath—
Ride, boys, ride,
And buck bridle
Those who ride the Gallop of Death!
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Gleams on our flag, and the victor's won!

With ringing clash,
And lightning flash,
We'll strike a righteous blow;
And let the shout
Ring loudly out,
As we smite the traitors low.
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Gleams on our flag, and the victor's won!

And when 'tis done,
And the victory won,
We'll gayly march to camp;
And joyous song,
As we ride along,
Keep time to our horses' tramp.
On, boys, on, till the morning sun
Will smile on us and the brave work done!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

FROM Washington comes once more the weary report that the campaign in Virginia is at an end. In November, say the strategists, Virginia mud is impracticable. The only episode of the fall campaign has been a rapid and successful attempt to outflank Meade or to force him to fight on the banks of the Rappahannock. Having failed in this, the rebel chief has fallen back to his old quarters, within easy reach of Richmond and Staunton, having lost in his brief enterprise about as many men as we did, and minus four or five guns, against which last loss he has no set-off. The Richmond editors do not seem well pleased with the result, on the whole, and we are not surprised at it. Whether, as is assumed at Washington, the campaign in Virginia is really over is not very certain to our mind. Virginia mud is no doubt very deep and very creative, but is it much more difficult to navigate than the swamps of the Mississippi, through which Grant and Banks marched their armies in victory? Of the progress of marching forward at once to give Lee battle where he is, the President and General Meade must be much better judges than we are. But one does not need to be much of a soldier to see that if Lee sends any considerable portion of his army to reinforce Bragg in the Southwest it will be possible for Meade to attack him in his position in Virginia, mud or no mud, and that he ought on no account to fail to do so.

So far as we have discerned, however, the true key, in a military sense, to the rebel position is in the Southwest. It is doubtful whether the conquest of all Virginia, including of course Richmond, would really impair the capacity of the rebels to continue the war, so long as they held the more southern States. To lose Richmond would be a very serious loss, both in a moral aspect, but likewise in view of the stores and work-shops established there. But it would not be fatal. Raleigh would answer every purpose of a Confederate capitol, and the rebels have shown that they can build foundries and cast shot and shell any where. Thus far, with the single exception of the capture of Vicksburg, it is questionable whether all our operations in Virginia from the commencement of the war to the present time, have yielded any permanent advantage to the Union cause.

Very different with our operations in the West. There, every blow struck has told. Every Union success has visibly weakened the capacity of the rebels for further resistance. The loss of New Orleans, the loss of Nashville, the loss of Vicksburg, the loss of the Mississippi, the loss of Chattanooga—these are losses to them irreparable, sending each of them directly to render it impossible for them to protract the war. A few more such successes will render this tendency imperative.

Our military policy in the West is very simple. We hold the river. That we must continue to hold, and are preparing to do so by a system of forts garrisoned mainly with negro troops, and connected together by gun-boats. Every bluff from Cairo to New Orleans is being fortified; gun-boats patrol the river from end to end, almost within sight of each other: so that, when the work is complete, it will be impossible to wrest it out of our hands, though guerrillas will of course continue to annoy unarmed vessels for a long time to come.

Then we hold Chattanooga and the two lines of communication therewith—one to Nashville through Tullahoma and Murfreesboro, the other to Memphis through Stevenson, Huntsville, Florence, and Corinth. These long lines we must keep. We must be prepared to bear almost daily attacks on them by rebel raiders, of bridges burned, trains captured, tracks torn up. These injuries we must patiently repair, and punish the raiders whenever we can catch them: bearing in mind, as a consolation, that however annoying these raids may be to us they are of no use to the rebels, and do not invalidate the fact that the two last the two central roads through the heart of the Confederacy, and are every day gradually, by our mere occupancy, crushing out its life.

This is, however, only the beginning of what we have to do. Chattanooga must become, by-and-by, the base of a new military operation into Georgia—the object of which will be a junction with the land army of Gilmore at or near Savannah or Charleston. Success in this operation presupposes the defeat of Bragg by Grant, and the capture of Charleston by Gilmore—both of them operations of great difficulty, as we have all learned by this time. But Gilmore and Grant will need more men than they have; more guns, and more supplies. But they are getting more men, guns, and supplies, and pretty soon the campaign will open. How soon it will end, or how many campaigns it will take to achieve the purpose, no one can tell, and few inquire: for every one knows that, no matter how long it takes, the work will be steadily prosecuted till it is completed. When Gilmore and Grant shall have joined hands in South Carolina, the second bisection of the Confederacy will be complete, and we shall then be glad to hear from the Richmond *Enquirer* on the subject of peace.

ONE POINT GAINED.

THE steady abuse which has been poured upon this country by the British press since the war began has conferred upon us an inestimable benefit. It has enfranchised us from the condition of quasi-colonial dependence—as to public opinion—in which we had previously existed. Before the war, abuse England and Englishmen as we might, we all secretly feared and respected British opinion. No matter how paper wielded as much power in our educated circles as the London *Times*. The articles of that journal were usually republished in our dailies, were eagerly read, and very generally accepted as a guide of conduct by intelligent Americans. And from the days of Canning to the greatest we were used to being led by England. When the London *Times* expressed a preference in a Presidential contest, its candidate's prospects rose instantly. When it denounced us from the mandates of the foreign journal; and the public scarcely dared receive a definitive verdict on a book, or a play, or a picture, until the great British papers had pronounced on the subject. Neither the War of Revolution nor the War of 1812 succeeded in emancipating us from the control of the Mother Country in matters of opinion, judgment, and taste.

It was reserved for the Slavery Rebellion to complete our intellectual freedom. We have confessed that it has done the work pretty thoroughly. Every American who reads any thing at all can now accurately estimate the London *Times* and most of the other British journals are, in the first place, so ignorant of this country that their opinions are valueless; and, secondly, so brutally hostile to our institutions that their counsels should be regarded as the sneers of an enemy. There is hardly a prediction that has been made by the leading London journals which has not been falsified. There is not a suggestion that has found place in them which we would not indignantly reject. They have learned by this time that the Potomac does not empty into the Mississippi, and that Vicksburg's not on the Hudson. But they have not learned not to hate us, and not to wish for our ruin.

The consequence is that we have at length achieved our independence, and are as indifferent to British opinion as we have always been to French or German opinion. No French or German criticism of our policy or our habits ever annoyed us. And now we care as little about British criticism. Our journals no longer publish the abusive articles of the London *Times*, for nobody cares to read them. It is taken for granted, that whatever is said about us in England will be false, mean, unjust, and ill-natured; and nobody cares about seeing the precise form of abuse adopted. Henceforth we shall pay no more attention to what the English think or say than we do to the views of the Dutch or the Spaniards.

This is a great point gained, and really lays us under obligations to the London press. Nothing was more injurious to the development of independent national thought than the craven, semi-colonial deference to British views which used to prevail in this country. We shall hear no more now of what the London *Times* says on this or that subject, or what the British Reviews have decided on this or that book, policy, picture, or play. We are going over to do our own thinking. For this great boon let us be duly thankful.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

THE steady advance in the price of manufactured goods imported from abroad should secure to our manufacturers an era of unexampled prosperity. All kinds of dry goods and hardware, for instance, imported from England, have advanced, since the war began, from 75 to 150 per cent. With the exception of cotton, there has been no corresponding advance in the cost of the raw material; and labor, though more valuable than it was, has not risen in an equal ratio. The fact is, the tariff was advanced at the commencement of the war from an average of 20 per cent. to an average of 30 per cent., and the duties being payable in gold, the actual duty has averaged 40 or 45 per cent.

If legislation and natural favors can develop manufacturing industry in this country, we ought now to become independent of the world. There is not a manufactured article used in any house in the United States which can not now be made cheaper in this country than it can be imported from abroad. Labor is not a tool, or an article of wearing apparel, which free trade can not produce at a lower price than it will cost to procure a similar article from Europe. If our manufacturers have the energy, they will now drive the foreigner out of our markets once and forever.

But there must be no mistake in the selection of a site for manufactures. New England is not destined to be the home of manufacturing industry, for the reason that it does not possess the coal which is the main-spring of manufactures. It is in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois—especially the latter—that the great fabrics of the United States will chiefly find their home. Illinois alone is capable of manufacturing every thing that is wanted in this country, from steam-engines to kid gloves: from threshing machines to bull tables. And now is the time to establish factories there. The great manufacturing establishments of England which have enriched Manchester, and Leeds, and Paisley, and Birmingham, date from the Napoleonic wars. If our capitalists are shrewd and enterprising, our great war will do as much for them, the great manufactures of the United States will now be established at the West, and Chicago will speedily become independent of Europe, but will, by-and-by, be prepared to send goods thither as well as produce.

THE LOUNGER.

OUR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

WE have all spoken with constant and just indignation of our friends in England; have we thought or said enough of our friends? We have always had them even there. Richard Burke, our British friend in the Revolution, did not justify the colonies. He said only that it was impolitic for Britain to exact the right she claimed. And therefore he would not ask whether she had it. But our friends in England now are unconditional. They clearly comprehend the origin and scope of the war, and they spare no effort to enlighten the public mind around them. In fact no country torn by a war ever had such intelligent, and such a steady of friends in another country as the United States now have in England. The acute absurdity of Lord Brougham, the hard dumbness of Sir Bulwer Lytton, the feeble flings of Carlyle, the thundering fierceness of the *Times*, the silliness of the sailing of the Rams was war—all these, with the passionate hatred of the Union, and manifest sympathy with the rebels to establish Southern rule which abound in the London clubs and English society, are not more remarkable than the faithful friendship of Richard Cobden, of Mill, of John Elliot Cairnes, of Goldwin Smith, of John Bright, and of the others whose names are familiar in our ears and our hearts.

With the beginning of the rebellion, and the declaration of equal belligerence by the British Government, these men began their work of active friendship. Mr. Mill's pamphlet upon the American contest was a clear and masterly statement of the situation. None more comprehensive and powerful has been made in this country. First issued in a magazine, it was subsequently published separately. It was followed by letters in the same spirit in answer to invitations to public meetings. An article of his upon the American question in the *Westminster Review* is unsurpassed for its wisdom, eminent sense, and manliness upon the whole struggle.

The work of which Mr. Mill's article was a review, "The Slave Power," by Professor Cairnes, republished here by Carleton and by a Boston house, is the most complete presentation of the subject ever made. The perfect familiarity of the author, not only with the political movements of the last thirty years in this country, but with their most secret spirit and bearing, and his calm and elaborate exposition of the social and industrial death which is, by the laws of political economy and of nature, engendered by slavery made this book the most valuable single work which the long and fierce debate in this country has produced. Professor Cairnes was at once attacked by all the English emissaries and agents of rebellious slavery. Its facts were denied, his arguments controverted, and his conclusions scouted. But the champion was worthy of the cause. He stripped for the fight, and in the columns of the London *Spectator* he absolutely demolished his antagonists. They were either Englishmen who did not understand the merits of the case at all, or the paid tools of opponent, or they were renegade Americans, who supposed that their mere dicta would prevail in an American question. But Mr. Cairnes cleared the field. His argument, his good-humor, his agility, his ample and detailed knowledge, were irresistible. A lecture upon the war delivered by him last winter in Dublin was printed and circulated as a tract, and his "Slave Power" was issued in a second and enlarged edition. It is a work indispensable to every man who would thoroughly comprehend the slavery question. In his conclusions the American reader may not agree. But nobody will deny the immense service it has rendered to the American cause.

Goldwin Smith, Professor of History at Oxford, was first generally introduced to the public of this country by his powerful able speech last spring at the meeting in Liverpool or Manchester to protest against the building of rebel pirates in English yards. The meeting was nearly unanimous with the debate in Parliament in which Mr. Laird, amidst the cheers of the friends of British lawgivers, flippantly announced that he intended to break the British laws. Mr. Goldwin Smith claimed that if he did so he would be punished. The law should be changed. Lord Palmerston sneered that the Government would not ask a change of the law. Six months afterward Lord Palmerston's colleague declared that they would. In April Goldwin Smith demanded that Great Britain should hold a certain course, because it was the only honorable and dignified one. In October the British Government unanimously says it intends to take it, because it is the only safe one. Which of course Goldwin Smith indignantly asks—which of us has dishonored and dignified England? His pamphlet, just republished here, upon the question whether the Black justifies American slavery, is the conclusive reply of a competent and learned scholar to the shallow traversing of reverend charlatans. At the moment when the *Times* and English public sentiment are trying to persuade themselves that slavery is, after all, a Christian institution, Professor Smith scatters the hope of success, and so knocks another prop from English sympathy with slavery as to leave it confessed against the peace and existence of a power friendly to England.

The speeches of Mr. Bright, of Mr. Forster, and of Mr. Colden, are familiar to our readers. Their noble words will not be forgotten till the last pigeon whatever befalls. And that nothing may be wanting to show the quality of our English friends, they have now begun the publication of a series of short monthly penny-tracts. The first, by Frances Power Cobbe, "The Red Flag in John Bull's eyes;" the second, by Ex. Ex., "Why the Federals Fight Slavery, extracted from Mrs. Kemble's Georgian Journal;" the third, "Who are the Casters?" by Professor Cairnes; the fourth, by Goldwin Smith, "Why will such friends do such work for our cause we have no right to speak of "England" as hostile. For they speak the thought of the leading mind of England. They forecast its future. And it is for their sake, for their tried and brave friendship that the mind of our American is bound to do all he can by temperate criticism and forbearance, not indeed spare the shapeless censure of the irresponsible mob of the British press, and the meanness of the British Government, to lessen the chances of war between America and England.

FROM A DIARY.

THE Lounger's friend, who keeps a diary has returned from his summer excursion, and we meet at the club, where he hears and sees a great many amusing things. It is with his consent that the younger readers have a glimpse of his diary.

Coming to the evening I found X—— laughing at the cool way in which the World cuts Vallandigham. "The representative from Lincoln Vallandigham," he called him. Then he turned to the *Express* of the previous evening, and laughed still more heartily.

"And so," I don't know," he answered, "but the mere sense of the paper reminded me of a certain M. C. for the days, and of a story I heard at the time, of characteristic posterday. I set next to the fierce Mrs. ——, when a gentleman, whom I did not know, came and spoke to me and said, 'I suppose you hate us like the rest.' 'My dear sir,' I answered, 'I hate nobody. I am a philosopher.'

"She was quite reassured, and prattled on in the most amusing way. 'Do you know,' said she, 'that I have been afraid to go into society ever since I have been in New York, for I have not had hear remarks offensive to Southern ears.'

"'Well, dear lady,' said I, 'New York is a very large place. You may choose your society, and you must be extremely unfortunate if you meet with Secessionists and Stolenmeches, I doubt not, find congenial companionship here. Why should a rebel despair, my dear Madame?' I said, smiling.

"'Oh!' she answered, 'I am quite elated. I called the other day at the house of one of your members of Congress, and there was a large company assembled; and I assure you, although public efforts were discussed, and I am the wife of a Confederate officer, I heard nothing that was not most agreeable to my feelings—nothing at all.'

"'When?' said I. 'And what did you say to that?'

"'I smiled, on principle, and I said, 'Why, my dear Madame, you might have been at the house of any of our city members, and your ears would have been perfectly secure.'

"Very well," said Madame, proudly, 'I can tell you that Mrs. Burnside, or Mrs. Grant, or Mrs. Foster, or Mrs. Gilmore, could not to at the house of any of our members without hearing what would be extremely disagreeable.'

"'Yes, Madame. May I offer you a bit of this pâté?'

"'Is she mad?' he said [illegible]. 'Mrs. Jefferson Davis would be the last person to find the first Copperhead circles here as in the rebel drawing-rooms of Richmond. But what then? There were Tories in the Revolution. The best wine will have lees."

Colonel Tom told me the last met of the President, whose good humor will be as famous as Talleyrand's. He was anxious to know who was really responsible for the surrender of Harper's Ferry last summer. So he asked Colonel Tom. The General did not know. "Very well," said the President, "then I will ask General Schenck." But Schenck merely knew that he was not to blame. The President sent for Milroy. Milroy averred that he was not guilty. Hooker was consulted. Finally Jay Joe hoped it was clear to His Excellency that he had nothing to do with it. "Perfectly clear," said the President. Abraham, smiling. So he assembled all the four Generals in his room. "Gentlemen," said he, "Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and none of you, then, were responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." He waited and bore down the room, while they looked there. Suddenly he stopped. "I have it," he said. "I know who's responsible." The General-in-Chief looked the President, each a little suspicious. "Who is it, who is it, Mr. President?" "Gentlemen," replied our uncle, with a twinkle in his eye, "I am the man."

Trimountain is here from Boston, and dined with me yesterday. He says that little Mrs. V—— is a tremendous Copperhead, because her husband can't get a place. The banker and the other day she went to the barber's to have her boy's hair cut. While the barber was busy a gentleman began to abuse the Government, the Administration, with the opprobrious of an Amazon Parker and the order of Liberty and Union. There was nothing to be said to be rebuked to it, and gentle was too mild a name for the angelic-eyed creature Lincoln. But, alas! the gentle species was the most to be denounced. Who is safe if coercion is to be admitted? What right has this Government to suppress Slavery States?

Little Mrs. V—— flatly trembled with delight, and at the first pause she turned all talk and attention to him.

"Excuse me, Sir, I am unknown to you; but my whole heart responds to your most just and generous sentiments. I am glad that some men are still enough men to protest against this tyrannical despotism. I thought myself in the home of the gallant and struggling Southron, whom the Government is wickedly endeavoring to coerce. From my heart I thank you."

The gentleman bowed, said that he was very happy that they had so much mutual sympathy, and wished her good morning. He went out, and the moment the door was closed little Mrs. V—— called, with enthusiasm, for the name of so patriotic a gentleman.

"Why, marm, excuse me, do you remember the man who ordered a shave and hair cut and half killed her, some years ago, and was sent to the State Prison?"

"Yes."

"Well, marm, this is the chap. He came back yesterday, and he says he's done quite enough."

Little Mrs. V—— did not tell the story, said Trimountain, but the barber did.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FRANCE.

BY-AND-BY, when the complications arising from the French conquest of Mexico plainly develop themselves, we shall wonder that we have been so long unwilling to see that our most subtle and dangerous foe from the beginning of our war was Louis Napoleon. We have raged against England, who is the most jealous and sordid of nominal allies. But how has it been with Emperor Louis?

He began, hand in hand with the British Government, by recognizing equal belligerence between the rebels and the nation. Then, in the wrath with England, our ancient foe, we overlooked the singular fact that France, our traditional friend, showed exactly the same disposition. Under plea of the recognition, and of her neutrality, and of her municipal law, the British Government shut its eyes as well as sick at home, while ships were built, rigged, armed, and manned in her yards, and sailed from her ports. Let the whole truth be stated. The British Parliament, representing at the stress of British public opinion declared against us, and the fact that pirate ships sailed under the British flag, and were sealed and victualed in British ports, without remonstrance from the British Government, unquestionably drove American ships from the ocean, and ruined that enormous commerce of our commercial activity. That is the indictment against England. It is black enough, and it has the substantial part of her offense in the policy of piracy. But this she has stopped, and by paying arrears of damage the mischief can be soon repaired.

How is it with Louis Napoleon? Beginning with England and recognizing the equal belligerent, he signed with England and Spain the treaty of Soleiad to secure the payment from Mexico of their common debt. But the moment that the troops were evidently transcended the agreement, and contemplated the conquest of the country, thereby establishing an interest which compelled him to be the active foe of this Government, England withdrew from the treaty. Have we done the same in the matter? The occupation of Mexico under plea of collecting a debt was a most specious pretense for entering the result of war which England was supposed to desire. But she refused, and Louis Napoleon pushed on alone.

But when he landed on Mexican soil he put his foot upon a cardinal and traditional point of the policy of the United States, and he did it because he thought us unable to resist. He subverted a republic, our neighbor. He scornfully flouted our established declaration that we could not, in the case of our own interest, see unconcerned a foreign European power forcibly dictating an internal policy to any of our neighbors. He did it confidently upon the success of the rebellion to found two rival states upon our late united domain, which would be a check upon each other, while the weakest, lying next to him, would depend upon his alliance. Mr. Slidell said openly in Paris within six months that the rebels would gladly become colonists of France rather than return to their old allegiance. In Mexico Louis Napoleon still remains. Every day necessarily commits him to a more hostile position to us, because the success of the rebellion was essential to his plans, and as that prospect fades he is forced upon the alternative of finally openly defying from Mexico, which is a confession both of infamy and failure, or of lending his aid to secure the success upon which he counted.

The blow Louis Napoleon aims at us is deep and mortal. England, even if she would gladly see us smitten, refuses the stroke. Nurse and clumsy John Bull must needs be, and he has never affected to be so. But Louis Napoleon in this war can be condoned, if not forgotten. While Louis Napoleon's France, which began to offend with him—which treats the *Florida* as a ship of war—and receives with confidence and respect the rebel emissary Slidell, whose confederate, Mason, is kicked out of England by the British Queen, which proposed to England to mediate, when mediation meant either humiliation or exasperation to the United States, as England then knew, and declines—where agent in Washington is a notorious sympathizer with the rebels—which, unless indeed, is building ships for the enemy—would, had she the still convenient ports, would have coaled and victualed those already long-equipped corsairs—Louis Napoleon's France, which, counting upon our destruction, has been swift to take steps that require our ruin for their success, is the most dangerous enemy of the United States which the war has revealed.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.

THE very ingenious explanation of General Burnside in Eastern Tennessee have hardly received their fair appreciation. Until his late dispatch announcing his march upon Cumberland Gap and secure line from Lynchburg, and redemption of the whole State, none of his official accounts have been published. What is the reason of this silence? Burnside's movement from the capture of Morgan and his horde, the passage of the Cumberland Gap to the valley of the Knoxville, and the occupation of East Tennessee, has been triumphant. From the beginning of the war it was all of—"Why go to East Tennessee? Why not seize and hold the most loyal part of the rebel section, and a military position of the utmost value?" Now, when it is done by one of the most gallant, heroic, and noble of our Generals, ought we not to take a little more care to wave a laurel wreath for the liberator of East Tennessee?

We have the dispatches of other Generals in full, by not Dispatches? Is it because General Burnside does not like him? And does General Halleck dislike him because Burnside recommended the removal as a military necessity which General Halleck remember the story of the pontoons at Fredericksburg?

Let us not harm in wanton allusions to disagreeable circumstances. But we must remember that General Burnside has been under a cloud more than once, and retained it only in obedience to the express wishes of the President, and, we may add, of the whole country, who believed that that resignation was in any degree the result of jealousy in other quarters and consequent injustice, the truth should be known. Burnside himself may judge the offenders. Meanwhile Burnside's name remains among the most cherished and illustrious of the war. His fame is his own, and will be matched by the skill and heroism of the soldier.

A LAST WORD.

On Tuesday, the 3d of November, the people of the State of New York are to decide whether the Empire State shall be given over to the rule of a base band of loyal communists to pronounce against the Union and Government, and the war for their preservation. And if any Democrat can suppose that it is not fair to say so, and insists that the Copperheads are equally zealous with loyal men for the Union and the Government, let him observe this fact, that at the Copperhead Metropolitan Ratification Meeting the motto selected for the inspiration of the speeches by the managers, and the sentiment of the audience was, that the question to be considered was not the difference between the Union and the rebellion. That there is a bloody conspiracy against the Government, that it seeks to destroy the unity of the Union, that to perplex and embarrass the Government in saving the Union is to play into the hands of its enemies, were facts ignored by the Copperhead orators who ask our votes for their ticket. But that the success of that ticket is counted upon by Jeff Davis and Beauregard is the strongest blow for their cause; that every foreign enemy of this country prays that it may triumph; that every true voter who encourages it does so to aid it in them, and every man who wishes to see the Government forced to negotiate with the rebel traitors, will vote for that ticket, is as well known as that Lincoln is honest and Davis a rebel.

You have to answer by your vote not whether you approve every measure of the war, but whether you think the country in more danger from our own Government than from the rebels in arms against it. If you think the latter, then vote as the rebels want you to vote. If you think our danger is not from ourselves but from our enemies, then vote as you will. The 8d of November in New York shall be a victory as the polls are significant as the great day of Gettysburg in the field.

WHAT MR. LINDSAY THINKS.

THERE is great harmony of sentiment between our Copperheads and the British friends of the rebels. Even the vagaries of Vallandigham, a quadruple disfranchised traitor, find a friend in Mr. W. S. Lindsay, a gentleman who came to this country before the war, to secure a monopoly of a certain California trade for English ships, and went home again wroth at his failure, informs us that he believes the "old republic" will be cut up not merely into two, but into four distinct States. This is Vallandigham's thunder. That martyr statesman proposed the same plan three or four years ago in Congress.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMING MAN.

A DAILY paper says: "He is going to take his stand upon the floor of Congress as an independent, individual statesman. As such he will rule the surging factions around him without joining them or compromising himself. He will be the only splendid prouvre to bear upon great national questions from new and unexpected points of approach. He will exert his mighty mind to preserve, consolidate, and support the country, and will yield to no mire isms or pestilent politicians."

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher returned? Is Jefferson alive? Are Hamilton, or King, or John Quincy Adams to sit in the next House? Have we a Calhoun, a Clay, a Webster among us? Not quite. This is to be the Hon. Fernando Wood's exalted station in the next Congress.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL SHERMAN and staff have left for the front, and indications of operations are apparent.

GENERAL RUFUS, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, has died, after a protracted illness.

GENERAL DODGE has returned from a leave of absence, and resumed command of the District of the Sixteenth Army Corps.

GENERAL SWEENEY'S command has been sent in pursuit of the rebels from Lagrange.

By order of the War Department, Assistant Surgeon-General Wood is assigned to duty as Medical Director in Canada, Missouri, to Louisville, Kentucky.

GENERAL LOGAN, with his command, has arrived at Stevenson, Alabama, on 39th, the one from Nashville, the other from Chattanooga. Our line of railroad is thus secured. Such a military gathering attracted much attention.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT has been called by the Secretary of the Navy that the Court of Inquiry in his case, ordered by the Navy Department, may have its assistance not properly of further proceedings."

The Treasury Department has recently sent to Memphis eighty thousand dollars in gold for the payment of troops.

His execution of Dr. Wenger, for the murder of Lieutenant Sanford, a paroled officer of Virginia, in 1862, an attempt was made by the culprit to escape by using the corpse of his victim as a shield to cover his flight.

The Counties of Hancock, Brooke, and Ohio, in West Virginia, have been constituted by the Department of the Monongahela, and added to the Department of W. Virginia, under General Benjamin F. Kelly.

Rear-Admiral DAHLGREN has thought proper to contradict, in the most authoritative manner, the absurd report that he resigned because General Gillmore would not commit his self not of a harmonious character. The report that Captain Percival Drayton succeeded Admiral Dahlgren is positively denied.

General WINFIELD HAYS, U.S.V., has taken his seat as President of the Court-martial from which Brigadier-General Robert Ogden Tyler, Captain R. C. Bowering, A.A.G., is detailed as member of the court in place of Brigadier-General Ruger, who is ordered to another field for duty on the staff of Brigadier-General Leggett, U.S.V.

General MIDDAY has received leave of absence for twenty days, and has left Washington.

Rear-Admiral PORTER reports the capture, by Acting Master Dillingham and Pilots Jones, of steamers and Mr. Moore, on the Red River, of two steamers performing important service for the rebels. It being impossible to get the vessels out into the Mississippi, they were destroyed.

Major-General MEADE was in Washington on 2d, and had a long interview with President and Secretary Halleck. He returned to the Army of the Potomac on 3d, passed off the cars at Bealton, and went to the camp notwithstanding.

Brigadier-General FOLK has arrived a prisoner at St. Louis, and will be sent to Johnson's fleet.

Colonel Ely Parker, Military Secretary of the Convalescent Camp in Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan have not been appointed Aids, and Colonel Duncan is still Chief Provost Marshal of the Department of Washington, and will remain there. Colonel Parker is busy abroad, and therefore could not have been relieved.

By direction of the President, the Secretary of War has written a letter to Governor Seymour, of New York, commanding a brigade under General Burnside, compliment ing him in the highest terms for his expeditious march from Knoxville to Cumberland, in the movement upon Cumberland Gap. The command marched the whole route in fifty-two hours.

Major-General FRENCH, while leading his column at Auburn, Virginia, during the recent charge on the front line of Army of the Potomac, received a bullet in his leg.

Brigadier-General ELLIOTT has been ordered from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of the Cumberland.

Brigadier-General CAIN has been assigned to the command of the Third Division, Third Army Corps, of the Army of the Potomac.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LEE has fallen back across the Rappahannock. Meade followed him closely, regarding the Orange and Alexandria railroad to the rear. Between these two lines the country between the cavalry reconnoitring parties; but he battle has been close. The impression prevails that the contest again in Virginia is at an end for the season.

THE ARMY OF THE WEST FIELD.

General Grant has issued an order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and announcing that his headquarters will be in the field.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

From Chattanooga we learn, by dispatches via Cincinnati, that a portion of the enemy's forces under General Buckner, Breckinridge and Marshall-Wheeler, left in front of General Rosecrans's army, have been moving in huge bodies to the left of our line, and it was reported that the enemy had left Atlanta and fiome in the rear. General Rosecrans's scouts, landed from Conton, Mississippi, on the 15th, taking 200 prisoners and occupying Florence. The rebels had been concentrated in detachments from the front, and the whole army movement in consequence of the advance of Rosecrans up the river.

EIGHT NEAR CORINTH.

General Ostrinan, in the advance from Corinth, eastward, on the 31st inst., encountered two brigades of rebel cavalry, under Generals Lee and Forrest, near Chewalla Station. The rebels were defeated, and retreated in confusion, driven back with serious loss. Our loss was seven killed and thirty-seven wounded.

EAST TENNESSEE.

The latest reports from General Burnside represent that he is reinforcing and occupying the East Tennessee, and has repeatedly driven back rebel reconnoitring parties.

CHARLESTON.

The siege is steadily progressing, and General Gillmore's batteries are nearly ready to open on the doomed city. We have a dispatch received in Richmond from Charleston, dated the 31st inst., which says that stormy times are expected.

AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.

The whole rebel force west of the Mississippi is reported not to exceed 20,000 men, and among them there is much dissatisfaction, leading to frequent desertions. On the 15th ult. Kirby Smith visited the rebel army at Arkadelphia, Arkansas, and issued a flaming address to the people. He therefore relieved Price and put Holmes in his place. This latter raised a new army, in which probably a majority are unfriendly to Holmes, and the confusion is described to have been terrible. Between Saturday morning and Friday, from 800 to 700 men deserted, and to save the rest pickets were given orders to shoot them. Price, and his Brutus, Kirby Smith's head-quarters are at Marshall. A strong Union sentiment is reported to prevail in Northeast Texas, and Morgan, the Union candidate for Congress in the First District, comprising nineteen counties, has been elected.

BOMBARDS AT HOME.

General Rosecrans arrived at Cincinnati on 30th, and was received in the Queen City with the usual demonstrations of citizens. He was enthusiastically welcomed together with the entire line of march.

Judge Storer introduced the General to the assemblage by saying his distinguished services which produced what he would be bad accomplished for his country, and he assured him of their undoubting confidence. While he had never dishonored his native State, his native State had never forgotten him. Although he resigned from the service of the Cumberland, Judge Storer said the people would receive the former General with that hearty welcome.

General Rosecrans returned thanks for the expression of sympathy and respect with this public reception. He said: While he felt flattered by it, he could not forget that the heart of the people did not go out to him individual alone. It was the principle for which we were contending, and the success of that little which produced such an ovation. He asked the people never to forget their duty to the Union, whatever might be the result of this crisis. The question as to how he had been used he desired to have left to the people to answer.

Some friends of mine in New York, he said, are very much troubled about my health. The Army of the Cumberland thinks I am well enough, and so do I. As for the Army of the Union I have taken, General Grant's command. New York and Washington papers have said that General Rosecrans and Major-General M'Cook disobeyed orders against me. They have assured me that they regret exceedingly that they have published so many falsehoods.

He said that since the battle of Chickamauga he had received a letter from a friend in Washington, which he took no less than chief; and whatever charges appeared in the Eastern papers against him, he was sure that the Government was in no way responsible for them. He expressed his confidence to do whatever the Government requires of him.

At the conclusion of his speech cheers were given for General Rosecrans and the Army of the Cumberland. The welcome throughout was universal and hearty.

OUR POOR FELLOWS AT RICHMOND.

The number of Yankee prisoners held in Richmond up to the 30th inst. is reported by the Richmond *Examiner* to be under twelve thousand. One of the prisoners, a member of the Seventh Connecticut, died on the 29th inst. by previous by a guard while attempting an escape, and was immediately buried.

THE NEW QUOTA OF NEW YORK.

By a dispatch received yesterday at the Executive Department, it appears that the new quota of New York is 17,000. It appears that the quota of volunteers which the State of New York is to furnish under the call of October 17 is one hundred and eight thousand and eighty-five.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S REBEL-LIKE TAKE.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says:

"Governor Seymour's views are accepted to peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather that yield an iota of the following principles:

Recognition by the enemy of the Independence of the Confederate States.

Withdrawal of the Yankee forces from every foot of Confederate territory, including Kentucky and Missouri.

Withdrawal of the Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until which time shall elapse after the war, no Yankee will be allowed in the old Union or ask admission into the Confederacy.

Consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederate States every slave who may at that flood at the time of secession, or to pay for the same.

Consent on the part of the North to allow the Federal Government to that portion of the old Territories which may be left to the Confederacy.

An equitable settlement on the basis of our absolute independence of the political rights, of the public and private debt and public lands, and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties.

FREE LABOR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The Commissioners for treating Government plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana have issued the first exchange of the paid labor system are decidedly successful and profitable. Another population exists in favor of the Union men to consent means for the re-establishment of civil government in those States.

THE MISSOURI QUESTION.

President Lincoln's reply to the Missouri delegation, his letter of instructions to General Schofield, and the order issued by the latter, have created a profound sensation.

In an address by Mr. Drake, in answer to the President's reply, he said in part:

The main points of the President's reply are as follows: The duty to the Union of the Missouri Convention and the troops and sufferings of the Union men are attributable to the action of General Schofield's order. The letter of, which he gives a vivid picture, referring to the conviction of the traitor under General Curtis, Governor Gamble, and Curtis, to sustain his position.

He does not think the measure at Lawrence proves inability on the part of General Schofield, as similar acts could not be prevented by military precautions.

He says the charge that General Schofield has purposely withheld protection from Union men, and facilitated the objects of the rebels, is altogether beyond the power of belief. With this charge he knows he declines to review General Schofield.

Regarding the enrollment of the militia, he says he shall not publish his letter to General Schofield on that issue in. In the mean time he declines to abandon it, and expresses the hope that General Schofield will modify or suspend it, thereby enabling him to strengthen General Curtis at the time reinforcements were imperatively needed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

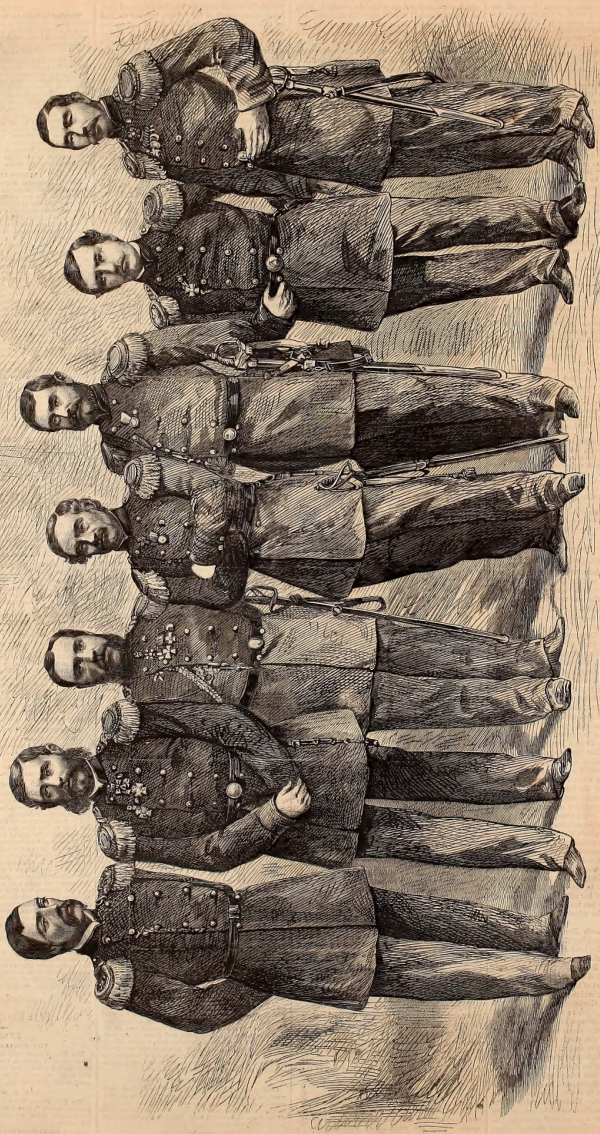
THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN RAMS.

THE Mersey correspondent of the London *Herald* says charge of a detachment of marines, and the London *Times* asserts that, though nothing had been detected in regard to them, yet, being suspected, they would not be allowed to slip away as the *Alabama* did.

REV. H. W. BEECHER.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has made another impressive speech in Liverpool. He was again successfully interrupted; but a riot, which had been expected, did not take place.

ENGLAND THREATENED WITH WAR IN INDIA. The London *Times* says that there has been a force 7000 men, headed by the sons of Dost Mohammed, who are thought to be merely the van-guard of a large force.



OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 711.]



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THE CONSCRIPT'S APPEAL.

"MARSHAL, revoke the stern decree!
Doctor, I can not go!
Though my disease you may not see,
I'm far from well, I know!

"What though my cheeks look florid now,
'Tis a deceptive glow;
The enemy's first fire, I vow,
Will turn them white as snow!

"And tho' my limbs seem strong and straight,
I know their old disease;
A 'charge' would find them, sure as Fate,
Uncertain in the knees!

"My heart, too, which just now you heard
Beating so calm and slow,
Would strangle me, upon my word,
Soon as I saw the foe!

"And lastly, Sirs, my appetite,
Though generally good,
Is dainty, and would fail me quite
Upon your soldier's food!

"Besides, think how I would be missed
By all the ladies here!
So, Marshal, strike me from your list:
Exempt me, Doctor, dear!"

Then spake the Marshal: "If 'tis true
What you have said, take thanks!
We want no popinjays like you
To mar our patriot ranks!

"So mark! you merely man in name,
Go, with what speed you can,
And for the glorious cause you shame
Provide a *real man!*"

The Conscript, like a beaten hound,
Slunk toward the open door,
But ere he crossed the threshold's bound
The lash fell yet once more.

A maid her brother's last embrace
Chanced in the hall to bide:
With kindling eye and glowing face,
"Foul slanderer!" she cried.

"Poor coward! no true woman's heart
A single throb would give
Wert thou to die. Indeed, thou art
Too abject *not* to *live!*

"Had I—" He waited not to hear
The indignant beauty's threat,
But fled as though the foe were near—
And may be fleeing yet.

C. D. G.

CASE FOR THE PRISONER.

AT six o'clock on Monday morning, the 29th of January, 1827, the Dover mail-coach, mud-bespattered and travel-stained, pulled up before the General Post-office in Lombard Street, and the official porters in attendance flung themselves upon it, and dragged from it the receptacle for letters (then containing correspondence from France, from foreign countries transmitting through France, and from Dover itself), which, in official language, was known as the mail-portmanteau. The guard, cold, stiff, and tired, tumbled off his perch, stamped his feet on the pavement, yawned, stretched himself, and literally "lent a hand" toward the removal of the mail-portmanteau by just touching it in its descent with his four fingers; the coachman, also cold, stiff, and tired, let his benumbed left hand give to the motion of the four jaded horses, which, dank and steaming, stretched their necks, and yawed about with their heads and shook their bodies, rattling their harness in a dismal manner. All the passengers had dismounted long ago, the guard had stepped inside the office to settle some little matter in connection with the way-bill, the few stragglers always waiting about to see the coaches come in had been cheaply edified and were moving off, the coachman had jerked the horses' heads into the air preparatory to walking them round to the stable, when a pale-faced clerk, with a pen behind his ear, came rushing out of the little side-door, tumbling over the guard, and exclaiming, "Hold hard, for God's sake! The mail has been robbed!"

When the two official porters carried the mail-portmanteau into the Foreign Office of the General Post-office, they placed it before the clerk waiting to receive it. There was little time to count, and sort, and dispatch the letters; the clerk knew that, in order to get through his work, he must have quick eyes and nimble fingers; and in a minute he had unbuckled the flaps of the square portmanteau and thrown them back, preparatory to opening the two compartments, when in each of the compartments he saw a long cut, as with a knife, large enough to admit of the inclosed bags being drawn out. Rather staggered at this, the clerk hastily turned all the bags out on to the floor, noticing as he did so that several of them were cut and frayed. Then he looked for the Paris letter-bill, which he found in due course, and read as follows: "No. 203. Direction Générale des Postes de France. Départ de Paris pour Londres. Ce Vendredi, 26 Janvier, Année 1827. Le contenue de votre dernière depêche du 24[me] a été exactement distribué, et ultérieurement expédié pour sa destination, l'administration vous demande le même soin pour le contenu de la présente du reçu, de laquelle vous voudrez bien lui donner avis." Then followed a list of the bags and their weights, from France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Germany, and Turkey. The clerk carefully compared the bill in his hand with the bags lying before him, and instantly found that the Italian bag, the heaviest, and probably, therefore, the most valuable, was missing.

The pale-faced clerk, rushing out and communicating this fact to the coachman and overturned guard (when he was picked up) of the Dover mail-coach, had the satisfaction of seeing their rubicund countenances turn to his own hue; but with that he was obliged to remain content, as they merely invoked different species of condemnation on various portions of their anatomy, if they knew any thing about it, or could tell how it occurred. So the Dover mail-coach went round to its stables. That night, when the return Dover mail left the Elephant and Castle, it had for one of its inside passengers the solicitor to the General Post-office: a man of clear head and prompt action, to whom the investigation of delicate matters connected with the postal service was confided. To him, comfortably installed at the Ship Hotel, came the postmaster of Calais and the captain of the *Henri Quatre*, the French packet by which the mail had been brought over. After a little consultation these gentlemen were clearly of opinion that the mail arrived intact at Calais, was sent thence and arrived intact at Dover, was sent thence intact, and was violated on the road to London. Tending to the proof of this was a special circumstance. When the mail arrived at Dover, it was so unusually heavy as to induce a custom-house officer who saw it landed to regard it with suspicion; so he accompanied the men who bore it from the French vessel to the packet-agent's office, that he might see it opened, and be satisfied that it contained nothing prohibited. The portmanteau was unbuckled and its compartments were thrown open in the presence of this officer, of Sir Thomas Coates the packet-agent, and of three other persons, all of whom were certain that the compartments of the bags were in a perfect state, and that the bags were then uncut.

So far so good. In such cases proving a negative is the next best thing to positive proof, because it shuts the gate and prevents your wandering in the wrong direction. So the solicitor to the Post-office, journeying back to London, and taking up the threads of his case on his way, stopped at Canterbury, made a few casual inquiries, pricked up his ears, opened a regular official investigation, and received what he believed to be very important information. For it appeared that on the Sunday night of the robbery four inside and three outside passengers left Dover by the mail-coach for London. The four insides were booked for London; one of the outsides was booked for Chatham; another for Canterbury, or as much further toward London as he pleased; the third outside intimated that he should only go as far as Canterbury. When the mail reached the Fountain Inn, Canterbury, the outside passenger who was booked as far toward London as he pleased got down and paid his fare, stating that he should go no further; the passenger who was booked for Canterbury alighted at the same time; and the two walked away from the coach together.

One of the mail-coach proprietors, who resided at Canterbury, happened to be looking at the mail while it was standing at the door on the evening in question, and observed two men, dressed as if they had just left the coach, crossing the street. They stood consulting together for a few minutes, and, after walking about fifty yards, stopped again, when a third man joined them. They all conversed for about a minute, and then separated; two of them went down the street on the road to London; the mail passed them; and almost immediately afterward they returned up the street in the direction of the Rose Hotel. The third man went into the coach-office, booked himself as an outside passenger for London, and went on by the mail. Shortly after the mail passed through Canterbury that night two strangers, coming from the direction in which the mail had gone, entered the Rose Hotel, and ordered a chaise to London. On being asked whether they would change horses at Ospringe or Sittingbourn, they said it was immaterial, so long as they got on quickly. The waiter who showed them into a sitting-room noticed that they had a small bag with them. They ordered some brandy and water, and shut themselves in—in the room, not the bag. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour the waiter, suddenly opening the door to say that the chaise was ready, perceived various letters (at least twenty or thirty), and several small paper packets, lying on the table; the men were feeling the letters, holding them up to the candles, and otherwise examining their contents. They appeared much confused when the waiter entered the room, crammed the letters into their pockets, paid their bill, got into the chaise, and at once set off for town.

The thieves were traced through different stages, until it was ascertained that they had been set down between six and seven o'clock on Monday morning near a watch-box in the Kent road, and that, having paid the post-boy, they then walked off toward Surrey Square.

So much notice was taken of the men at the Rose Hotel, and at the places where they stopped to change horses and take refreshment on the road to town, that a description of their persons was procured, and the police communicated with. On hearing the description, the police at once considered that it implicated one Tom Partridge, and one of his associates, who had been concerned in most of the coach robberies which had recently been committed; and private information having been obtained that these were really the men who had violated the mail, warrants were obtained, and Tom Partridge was "wanted." After a search of many weeks Tom Partridge was apprehended, and, on the examination which he underwent at Bow Street, was distinctly identified as one of the persons who booked an outside place at Dover by the mail of the evening in question, and as one of the men who were seen on the same evening at the Rose Hotel examining letters and packets which lay open before them. On this evidence Mr. Tom Partridge was fully committed for trial.

From March till August Mr. Tom Partridge lay in prison: immediately on his committal he had strongly denied his guilt, and had made application to be admitted to bail; but his request was refused. On the 21st of August, 1827, the assizes for the Home Circuit being then held in Maidstone, there was more than usual excitement round the old court-house of that town. Very many witnesses were to be examined on the part of the crown, among them some French gentlemen, clerks in the Paris Post-office, and officers of the packet, who had been staying at the principal hotel of Maidstone for some days, and at the expense of the prosecution: who had lived very freely, and had winked at the cherry-cheeked Kentish damsels in a manner which had caused some of those young girls to clench their fists and hint at giving "furriners" that dread blow known as a "smack o' th' face." And above all else productive of interest was the prevalent belief that the whole case was one of extraordinary circumstantial evidence; that it would turn upon the nicest question of personal identity; and that the prisoner intended bringing forward undeniable proofs of his innocence.

So the cramped little court was crowded from floor to ceiling when the learned judge took his seat on the bench. Immediately below him sat the Post-office solicitor, outwardly bland, but inwardly anxious: betraying his anxiety when there seemed any hitch in his case by repeated application to a massive gold snuff-box. From time to time he conferred with the crown counsel on his right hand, and occasionally answered questions put to him by two old gentlemen on his left, London merchants and bankers. More than the average number of counsel (none appearing for the prisoner though) at the little green table appropriated to them, and though sitting with wigs cocked awry and employing themselves generally in the mastication of quill pens, yet paying more than usual attention to a case in which they were not concerned. All round the court, wherever permissible, stood the eager public, stout broad-shouldered yeomen, buxom women, hostlers, and inn-yard loiterers, with occasionally among them the thin sallow face of a London "professional," probably a friend of the prisoner, contrasting strongly with the acres of broad healthy red cheeks by which it was surrounded. The prisoner himself in the dock fronting my lord the judge, a middle-sized stoutly-built man, with a queer humorous face, lighted by a twinkling arch blue eye. Not a bit daunted, but apparently rather pleased by the universal gaze, he stood leaning over the front of the dock, playing with the bits of herbs which custom still retained there, keenly observant of all that transpired, but apparently fully trusting in his own resources.

The judge settled himself in his seat, the usher demanded "Silence" at a moment when a pin might have been heard to drop, each juryman threw every scrap of intellect at his command into his countenance, the Post-office solicitor took an enormous pinch of snuff, and Mr. Sergeant Strongbow, retained on behalf of the crown, rose to address the court. He told the story briefly, pretty much as it has been here stated, and proceeded to call his witnesses. First came the French gentlemen. M. Etienne Bonheur, controller at the foreign office of the General Post-office, Paris, proved that he made up the mail for London on the evening of Friday, the 26th of January, that there was an Italian bag, that he handed them to M. Avier to dispatch. M. Avier, M. Gustave d'Ortell, postmaster of Calais, Captain Margot, of the *Henri Quatre* steamer, John Nash, the Custom-house officer at Dover, and Sir T. Coates, the packet-agent, all deposed to the dispatch and receipt of the mail in due course. Rather dull work this. So the judge thought, leaning back and biting his nails; so the jury thought, listening in bucolic wonder to the translation of the French witnesses's evidence by the interpreter, but bored when it came out in English a mere matter of formal routine connected with the transmission of a mail; so the prisoner thought, as he shifted from leg to leg, and smiled slightly once or twice, looking on with great unconcern. Booking-office keeper at Dover, mail coachman, coach proprietor at Canterbury, waiter and chambermaid at the Rose Hotel, waiters and hostlers all along the road, up they came one after the other, kissed the book, looked at the prisoner in the dock, and declared that he was the man who figured in their recollection as connected with the events of the night of the 28th of January. At the conclusion of this evidence the court adjourns for refreshment, judge goes out at a side-door, prisoner wipes his forehead and sits down by his guardian turnkey, Post-office solicitor takes a pinch of snuff and receives congratulations of London bankers on manner in which evidence had been got together, Sergeant Strongbow says, "Seems clear case," and commences sandwich.

After an interval of twenty minutes the court resumed, Sergeant Strongbow intimated that the case for the prosecution was concluded, and the prisoner, called upon for his defense, humbly prayed that a written paper which he had prepared might be read aloud. The court assenting, the paper was handed to an officer, and was read aloud, to the following effect: In the first place, the prisoner denied any participation in the crime of which he was accused, and stated that in the month of January last he was traveling with a person of the name of Trotter, on business, in the counties of Somerset and Devon. That on Monday, the 22d January, he and Trotter arrived at the George Inn, Glastonbury, kept by Mr. Booth. That they left the George the same day, and went to Mr. Baker's, who keeps an inn at Somerton, and thence in Mr. Baker's gig to Yeovil. That the prisoner, taking a fancy to the horse in this gig, sent word back to Mr. Baker that if he had a mind to sell it, he (prisoner) would meet him at the George Inn, Glastonbury, on the ball night, the Thursday following. That on this Thursday night the prisoner and Trotter duly arrived at the George, bought Baker's horse for twelve guineas twelve shillings, borrowing the silver money from Booth, tried it on the Friday morning, and left it with Booth to get it into better condition. That he (prisoner) and Trotter left Glastonbury at half past eleven on Saturday morning, the 27th, by the Exeter coach, which they quitted on the road about five miles from Tiverton, and walked on to that town. That at Tiverton they put up at the Three Tuns Hotel, and being cold, they called for and had some hot egg beer on their arrival, and that while at this hotel, having a wish to procure some clotted cream, they inquired of the waiter how they should carry it, when the waiter recommended them to have two tin cans for the purpose, which cans were procured and filled accordingly. That they staid at the Three Tuns during the Saturday, the 27th, and Sunday, the 28th, and left on Monday, the 29th, by the Bristol coach to Bridgewater.

This statement of the prisoner's having been read aloud, he was called upon to corroborate it by evidence. Thereupon he summoned and produced in the witness-box, one after the other, Booth, the landlord of the George at Glastonbury; Baker, of whom he bought the horse; Ellis, the waiter at the Three Tuns at Tiverton, who produced the book containing the entries of the refreshment had by the prisoner—among them the hot egg beer, the clotted cream, and the tins for carrying it; and the chambermaid at the same inn. All of these persons exactly corroborated the prisoner's statement, and all of them swore positively to his identity. After the evidence of the last witness the judge interposed, and asked the crown counsel whether he desired to press his case? Sergeant Strongbow turned to the Post-office solicitor, who, with a pinch of snuff suspended in the air, was gravely shaking his head, when several of the jury expressed themselves satisfied that the witnesses for the prosecution were mistaken, and that the prisoner was not one of the persons who had committed the robbery. Whereupon a verdict of acquittal was recorded, and with a smiling face and a bow to the court Mr. Tom Partridge walked out of the dock a free man.

Some two years after this trial, which gave rise to a vast amount of wonder as to how the Government could have been so mistaken as to prosecute an innocent man, the Post-office solicitor, wending his way quietly along Bishop-gate Street to catch the Norwood coach at the Flower-Pot Inn, was brushed against by a man going into a public house, and, looking up, saw that the man was Tom Partridge. Now, in Mr. Solicitor's leisure moments, which were few enough, he had often thought of Tom Partridge, and had puzzled his brain ineffectually for a solution of Tom Partridge's mystery. So now, having a few minutes to spare, he first satisfied himself that the man who had brushed against him was the veritable Tom, and then crossed the street and took a careful survey of the public house into which Tom had vanished. As he stood looking up at the house Tom came out of the street door, looked up, and called "Hi!" whereupon from an upper window of the house appeared the head and shoulders of another Tom, an exact reproduction of the original Tom, middle-sized, stoutly built, with a queer humorous face lighted by a twinkling arch blue eye. Mr. Solicitor rubbed his eyes and took a stinging pinch of snuff; but when he looked again there were the two Tom Partridges, exactly alike, one on the pavement in the street, the other looking out of the third floor window. Then both disappeared into the house, whence presently emerging both by the street door, one pointed to some distant object and the other started off up the street, the first returning into the public house, each so exactly like the other that, when they separated, they looked like halves of one body.

Mr. Solicitor took a short joyous pinch, rubbed his hands slowly, and went off to the Flower-Pot Inn. That evening he had several extra glasses of a peculiarly fine brown sherry which he only drank on special occasions, and Mrs. Solicitor remarked to the Misses Solicitor that she thought father must have had a very good case on somewhere, he was in such spirits. Next morning Mr. Solicitor was closeted for half an hour with one of the heads of the Post-office department who had the official conduct of criminal cases, and shortly afterward a confidential messenger was dispatched with a letter to William Lexden—otherwise known as Conkey Lexden, otherwise as Bill the Nobbler, otherwise as sundry and divers flash personages.

That evening Mr. La Trappe, of the General Post-office, sat in the study of his private house in Brunswick Square. On the desk before him stood his dispatch-box, a cutting from a newspaper, a lawyer's brief with some official tape-tied papers. A case-bottle of brandy, a tumbler, and a water-bottle, stood on the corner of the desk. As the clock struck eight the servant entered and announced "a man." The man being admitted, proved very velveteeny, slightly stably, and very bashful.

"Sit down, Lexden," said Mr. La Trappe, pointing to a chair. "I sent for you, because I discovered that the last time you were here you left something behind you—"

"The devil!" burst out Mr. Lexden.

"Oh, don't fear!" said Mr. La Trappe, smiling gently, and looking at him with a peculiar glance, "it was only this letter! You needn't open it; you'll find it all right."

Mr. Lexden took the letter with some misgiving; then a light gradually dawning on him he crumpled it softly in his palm; a responsive crinkling of crisp inclosure fell upon his ear, and he chuckled as he said, "All right, Sir! I'm fly!"

"Mix yourself a glass of grog, Lexden," said Mr. La Trappe, pointing to the case-bottle. "You've entirely left the profession, I believe?"

"Entirely, Sir."

"And are leading an honest life?"

"Reg'lar slap up 'spectable mechanic," said Lexden.

"I want a little information from you; it can't hurt any body, as the affair is by-gone and blown. Do you recollect the robbery of the Dover mail?"

"*I* should think so," said Lexden, grinning very much.

"Ah!" said Mr. La Trappe. "We tried a man named Tom Partridge for it, and he was acquitted on an alibi. He did it, of course?"

"Of course," said Lexden.

"Ah!" said Mr. La Trappe again, with perfect calmness; "he has a double who went into Somerset and Devon at the same time, and worked the trade for him?"

"Well! How *did* you find that out?"

"Never mind, Lexden, how I found it out. What I want to know is—who is the double?"

"Tom Partridge's brother—old Sam, one year older nor Tom, and as like him as two peas. He was the best rig o' the sort as ever was rigged. Old Sam had been out in Ameriky all his life, and when he came back, every one was talking about his likeness to Tom; you couldn't know 'em apart. Fid-by, the farce, thought-something might be made of this, and he planned the whole job—the egg-hot, and the cream, the tins, and the horse whit he bought. Tom's got that horse now, to drive in: is they-cart on Sundays, and he calls him 'Walker.'"

"Walker!" said Mr. La Trappe; "what does he call his Walker for?"

"Walker's a slang name for a postman," explained Mr. Lexden, in great delight. "Won't it per-cise?"

"Oh!" said Mr. La Trapps, with great gravity, "I perceive. One more question, Lexden; how was the robbery effected? The interior of the portmanteau could not have been cut unless it had been unbuckled and the compartments thrown open, and they could not possibly have done all that on the top of the coach. Besides, the guard stated he had fastened it on very peculiar straps at Dover, and that the fastenings were in exactly the same state when he opened it in London."

"Ah! That was the best game of the lot," said Mr. Lexden. "The job was done while the portmanteau was in the agent's office at Dover, where it lay from three o'clock on Sunday afternoon till between seven and eight in the evening. Tom Partridge and his pal only opened the street door with a skeleton key, there was no one there, and they had plenty of time to work it."

"And Tom Partridge's pal was——?"

"Ah, that I can't say," said Mr. Lexden, looking straight into the air. "I never heard tell o' *his* name."

"Thanks, Lexden, that'll do" said Mr. La Trappe, rising. "Good-night! You've done no harm. I shall know where to find you if ever I want you again."

About a twelvemonth afterward Tom Partridge was re-arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, was hanged for horse-stealing. Just before his execution he sent for Mr. La Trappe, and confessed that *he had been Tom Partridge's accomplice in the robbery of the Dover mail.* Mr. La Trappe thanked him for the information, but bore it like a man who could bear a surprise.

"NO CHANGE!"

'Tis standing by the little school,
Where I stood five long years ago—
Five years—ay, more! for then the snow
Lay gleaming in the light of yule.
The grey old church across the way
Still smiles-cliffs upon its gable—
The Parsonage, so bare to-day,
Was garlanded with holly-chains.

Ah! let me see, in this old room
That night there was a "fancy fair"—
Gay lights had eaten up the gloom—
That lined in cobweb'd corners there;
Gay stalls were planted on each side
Loaded with many curious things,
And Charity, the gentle-eyed,
Of course looked on with outspread wings!

I know that many a goddess seemed
That night behind the stalls to stand;
I know that while I looked I dreamed
It was the old, old fairy-land!
Though certainly it did seem strange
That goddesses should come to earth
To sell neat cups for their worth,
And, when you paid them, give no change!

I think the object of the thing
Was the extension of a wall,
Or building on the school a wing,
To shelter and to *form* the small.
I know, whate'er it was, 'twas good,
And when a sweet young curate came,
And led me on to where there stood
A lady whom "I dare not name,"

And tempted me, young curate-wise,
To buy a dress—a little one;
I turned and only saw her eyes—
She gave no "change"—I wanted none!
Oh! came with the sunny hair,
And looks so wickedly demure,
You could not guess what form should wear
The gentle garment, I am sure.

Was it her calm's electric touch
That thrilled me as I gave the gold—
So soft and velvety—as such
Young palms are ever? Was I bold
To glide behind the little stall,
And help to sell her dainty wares?
"Without reserve" we sold them all;
"The sacrifice," of course, in shares.

And when they brought a cup of tea,
'Twas her refreshment, and I was sure—
I took the cup, the saucer die:
'Twas Congou (bad), it seemed like wine.

Oh! dream of other days (ah! when
Shall *we not dream?*)—there stands a crowd
Of babbling imps where she stood then,
And cobwebs half the window shroud.

I've said the "cause" I can not tell
For which those pretty things were made,
For which white fingers worked so well,
In mysteries of beads and braid.
I know it *did not fail*—the toll
Young curate said so, for one,
Gained, at that dear old corner stall,
Love without change—I wanted none!

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

We publish on page 705 an illustration of the war in Southern Tennessee, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, which explains

A TROOP TRAIN IN THE BIG CUT IN THE ROCKS, ON THE NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD.

Mr. Davis writes:

"CHATTANOOGA, October 19.

"*En route* for the army, I found on reaching Louisville that no pass could be obtained to reach this place; and finding that Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. Thomas, who has had charge of the late transportation of troops, and who gave me a place upon a troop train, a more lengthy stay at Louisville would have been my lot.

"The scenery upon the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is very picturesque, and the sketch will give some idea of the magnitude of some of the cuts through rock and mountain.

"One regiment only of the second Brigade (the Thirty-third New Jersey) seemed to be a particularly jolly one, for as the train went slowly climbing among the mountains, they sang, laughed, and shouted. The favorite song seemed to be, 'Oh, Rosecrans, he is the man,' etc. I think they are right in nearly every particular. The road, the picket returning his thanks in a yell peculiar to our Western soldiers, and one to which the ears of many a rebel has tingled."

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

On page 708 we reproduce an admirable photograph by Brady, representing our Russian visitors, ADMIRAL LESOFFSKI AND THE CAPTAINS OF HIS FLEET. They are all hard-working men, perfect gentlemen, and as accomplished in letters and science as they are skillful in their profession. They are individually and as a public body very trying with such other to do them honor. For the noble attitude of Russia in abstaining from interference in our war we touched at least of every American and filled it with gratitude. Brady's photograph is, as usual, a success.

THE BLOCKADE AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

ON page 716 we give an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Rogers, of the navy, of the RESIDENT BATTERIES AT NEW INLET, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, which is now the principal point at which the blockade is being run. Mr. Rogers writes:

"CAMP OF THE 48TH REGIMENT, October 19, 1863.

Having recently returned in the United States steamship *Iroquois* from an eight days' blockade at New Inlet, North Carolina, I take the liberty of handing you herewith a few sketches, which, if worthy, I feebly should you deem them of sufficient interest, sketches of the rebel defenses at that place, and of the "Mound Battery" in its first and more advanced stage of construction.

The last remaining seaport of any note and navy at Charleston having turned the tide of blockade-runners from port to Wilmington, the latter place consequently become a point of much interest in the area of the great rebellion. This interest will doubtless be considerably increased upon the capture of Charleston, when it is to be hoped the attention of the blockading fleet directed to the reduction and occupation of Forts Caswell and Fisher, and ensuing our success.

No port on the Southern coast offers better facilities and protection to the blockade-runner than Wilmington, North Carolina. The two entrances—Western Bar, to the westward, and New Inlet, to the northward—the Cape Fear River combine a decided advantage in privilege of selection, and rather two blockading squadrons are necessary if there were no many widely-separated ports to guard. Though the direct distance from Fort Fisher to Fort Caswell is but seven miles, to reach one point from the other with a vessel it is necessary to steer a distance of about twenty miles around Smith's Island and Frying-Pan Shoals. The coast for some distance on either side of New Inlet forms nearly due north and south, and presents no curve to shorten and contract the sailing distance. The bar, which at most other points is two miles or more from the nearest shoals, is here but one mile from Fort Fisher, and within easy range of all the rebel guns. Deep water can be carried up to within a short distance of the bar, which the blockade-breakers usually run, in the shadow of the dense pine woods.

There are eight batteries at New Inlet, mounting in the aggregate about sixty-four, which completely cover the bar and its approaches. The guns are of the heaviest calibre and longest range, ranging from the famous 32-pounder Whitworth patent. In addition to the above there are several other batteries mounting from four to ten or eight miles along the coast to the northward of Fort Fisher.

The "Mound Battery" is eighty feet high, composed of sand, bushes, and timber, and connected at the top by an up an inclined railway by means of a stationary engine at the base. Its guns, which were taken from the fleet on the 24th ultimo, two heavy guns had been placed in position on the top, and preparations were going forward for mounting more. The object of this battery is evidently to bear plunging shot and shells of striking vessels to the Fisher is a strong and extensive earth-work on the side of the Cape Fisher-boats, mounting four guns to seaward and two landward.

The other batteries mount from two to four heavy guns each, and are composed of sand and provided with bomb-proofs.

A line of submarine obstructions, consisting of strike of heavy timber with bars of iron projecting at an outward angle and torpedoes, stretches across the channel opposite the "Mound Battery"; while another similar line submarine Cape Fear River, on the bend of the river and just below Fort St. Philip, a strong fortification on the west bank, some four or five miles above the bar.

The vessel engaged in violating the Wilmington blockade are fast or inclined to prize, and generally built for the purpose. They rise low on the water, have no yards, little or no rigging, and are provided with telescopic smoke-stacks and masts arranged with hinges, so as to lower upon the deck. They invariably select the darkest nights for running the guantlet of the blockaders.

Until recently the blockade of Western Bar and New Inlet has been intrusted to an average of eight vessels only, whose station was necessarily much farther apart than was desirable.

Notwithstanding the above adverse circumstances the record of the blockading fleet off Wilmington, from the early part of February last to the 24th ultimo, when a squadron of eight steamers and quite as many sailing vessels either captured or destroyed within its line of set of violating the blockade.

Within the past few weeks several fast and otherwise efficient steamers have been added to the fleet off Wilmington, and it is confidently hoped that the remainder of increased risk of capture will curtail to a great extent if not effectually put a stop to what has hitherto been so profitable to neutral Englishmen, and brought to much material aid and comfort to the rebels.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES S. ROGERS,
Late Sec. of New Inlet Division H. A. B. Squadron.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote considerable space this week to illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. On pages 712 and 713 we find a picture of the

BATTLE OF BRISTOE'S STATION.

Mr. Waud writes: "General Warren was attacked by the rebels, already in position on the hills on the south side of the railroad. The first attack was made on his flank, while marching in the rear of the army. The advantage thus gained by the rebels was of little use to them, as soon as Warren put his troops at once in the best position for a fight, the railroad embankment forming a perfect rifle-pit, and the fine rear Arnold's battery held a commanding position behind General Webb's brigade,—and the killing and wounding of 1200 men, besides the demoralizing influence of the affair on the minds of the men, who were led to expect a capture of our train at any rain. Our loss was about 200, a large proportion being wounded."

On the same pages we illustrate the BURNING OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK, and the STRUGGLE AT THE BRIDGE, after the bridge had been burnt. Mr. Waud writes:

"This bridge was destroyed on Tuesday, the 13th of October, to prevent the rebels crossing it for supplies by railroad after we evacuated the line of the Rappahannock River. Of course it could be rebuilt, but the work would be a great deal of labor. It was set on fire a number of straggliers came up, and had to wade over at the dam just above the bridge. It is astonishing how much still had in the rear of the army, and thereby risk a long and hungry march into Richmond, and a still longer and a loathsome captivity."

On page 716 will be found another illustration, which depicts the DESTRUCTION OF THE bridge over the Rappahannock. Mr. Waud writes:

"This point, alternately held by both armies, and the scene of many a skirmish and military movements, is again in our possession. Lee, foiled in his intended movement, has declined Meade's offer of battle, and after he has restored having torn up and destroyed the railroad track, to finish the destruction which we commenced by burning the Rappahannock Bridge, and the immense trestle-work of the bridge, under the crest of the hill. The fort on the other side of the river was built to defend it from attack in that direction. The rifle-pits on this side being crowned with similar works and a line of rifle-pits for some distance up and down the river. The whole length of which these fieldworks are made gives a gloomy aspect to them, in great contrast to the smiling autumn foliage in the woods they erect their frowning crests."

Some of the more humorous scenes of camp-life are portrayed on page 717. One of them, from a sketch made before the provost marshal's arrangements were as complete as they now are, shows us how the boys managed to get rid of paying office off duty. At one time it was the boast of the gamblers that they were more interested than any others in the success of the army; the boys themselves said off, as the bulk of the greenbacks, sooner or later, fell into their hands. The other picture is described on page 717.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WORTH TYING.—A dashing and fashionable widow says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, as they generally know to the amount she is worth.

Madness was always sparely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Monden was miserly in his habits. He had a handsome umbrella, which he carried in all weathers to parachute. After Monden had left the stage Mathews had a fine umbrella left behind.

"Ah, Monden," said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrance."

"Certainly, my boy," replied Joe Monden; "we'll exchange umbrellas."

Mathews was so taken by storm that Monden walked off with a new umbrella.

DROPPING THE VOICE.—During a rehearsal Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor, "Now, Tom, keep that place down, and when I come to the part, I'll give effect, I intend dropping my voice." "Do you, by the powers!" said Tom; "wherabouts? for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

He who has a heart for his lesson will soon have his lesson by heart.

"What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow?—One skims the milk, and the other skims the water.

THE RING.—Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a solemn betrothal; hence, perhaps, the slanted people may best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

TO CURSORY VISITORS.—Wanted, a key to open a lock of hair; a gun to fasten the tie of friendship; a cement for repairing broken vows; and a keeper for brightening clouded prospects.

Burton once went to a London theatre to see a new piece played for the first time, and, being "near-sighted," peered going into the pit, so made for that portion of the house. Perceiving, when in his entrance for his delight, he was nearly the first there he discovered several persons standing on the stage with their backs turned towards him. Shortly after the first act he went out, and on going into the box-keeper in the pit, said, him, "I've told on Fools the first who had paid!" "So you was," said the man, "Then, we are all gone, who was to keep the door while I went in?" added Burton. "Oh them," continued the matter-of-fact money-taker, "they did not pay, and never charges that bit nothink—they're the 'Applause' that always goes in free."

Jekyll was told that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. "Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking on his watery face."

In one of our Western towns they passed an ordinance forbidding lavarre to sell liquors on the Sabbath to any person except travelers. The next Sunday every man in the town was seen walking about with a portmanteau in one hand and a pair of night-caps in the other.

A celebrated comedian arranged with his green-grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer was in the habit of coming before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his visitor was doubtful, said: "I say, berry a pretty stuff, Berry you have got to be, to your bill, Berry, here it is for you." Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a Berry, Berry; but I shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry!"

Two ragged little urchins, whose parents paid more attention to the bottle than to the training of their children, were in the habit of seriously amusing their neighbors, who lived close by with their noise while at play in front of the house. One day they were both unusually noisy indeed, and told them to be quiet or go home immediately. "I'll go first, my dear," said one of the children to the other, "when us don't belong to she!"

They say there is truth in wine; but a drunken man can't be expected to tell the other truth.

People sometimes undertake to go ahead, and find that they have got a stage-fright.

QUERIES.—Somebody wants to know the names of the tunes which were played upon the feelings," and also if "the Rogue's March" was one of them? Also, what musician would like to know if "the light of other days" was ever played by the light of the moon? Also, whether a fiddle is not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by the exercise of fiddlesticks."

MR. NOGGS, speaking of a blind woodcarver, says, "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him carve."

A lady was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she, "I didn't know that," replied a gentleman; "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he's now seventy-seven." "Ah, but," said the lady, reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty by this time."

This is the style in which the fair ones in some parts of England convey the hint to bookcard evening: "Any of you gentlemen that can't ask a young lady home, can go to a bachelor friend, who was on a visit. "I have been asked for the last time to fetch one home, and I shall not be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "Then you haven't been down our way," was the triumphant rejoinder.

Madame Belvia for two years had widely tried to get her two dozen of crevats which Mr. L. a young fop, suspected of living a little at the expense of his friends, purchased, and had the cash in the coat he bill, couched in these terms: "Mr. L. to Madame Belvia, for value gave me." What does this mean?" asked Mr. L. "What are satin gravats?" "Why, sir," replied the milliner, with a curtsey, "it means that you have take a thief by the throat every morning."

When Cromwell first raised his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, said this inscription on one side, "God with us" on the other, "The commonwealth of England first," "well, he," said he, "God and the commonwealth are on different sides."

At Bristol a magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "Yes, your worship," was the reply. "Then," said the ship, amidst peals of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife."

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Dover to Calais, when a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed much disturbed, whereupon the wit thus addressed him: "Why," observed the wit, "that will suit your stomach to a T." "Sir," said the philosopher, "you know I am only for skimming the surface of things."

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many emblezzles, said he looked like an ox. "Sire," replied the courtier, "I would be glad to be so, but I know that I often had the honor to represent your Majesty."

A Dutchman's beast-reading colloquy is described thus: "She lofes Shon Mickle as petter as I, because he has cot a fine table-cloth on his face."

A sick cobbler must be regarded as being well when he begins to mend.

A BACHELOR'S IDEA OF WEDLOCK.—One of the casualties of life.

SEA-SIDE NOTE.—The desire for bathing is a very whitewashy sentiment.

There's no use in your ever taking a lazy man to task. He won't probably feel it a task.

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up?—A hint.

It is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the tan than any body else—because they are more likely to see sickness.

"I can't reconcile differences," said Septimus Harding. "For instance, there is nothing more natural in the country than a dead disagreement, and nothing less certain than disease."

Johnny remarked to his grandmother that old Mr. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, Johnny, reply upon my word," said the aunt, "you're a precocious child if you can tell that." "Why, I thought I noticed she walked a little lame lately."

The man who imagined himself wise because he detested, some correspondent errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of himself.

THE BEST THING OUT—Out of debt.

THE WORST THING OUT—Out of temper.



BURNING THE RAPPAHANNOCK RAILWAY BRIDGE, OCTOBER 13, 1863.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN REPELLING HETH'S ATTACK AT BRISTOE STATIO



STRAGGLING SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK ABOVE THE BURNED BRIDGE.



N—HAZARD'S RHODE ISLAND BATTERY IN THE FORE-GROUND.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 711.]

THREADS.

THE metal sleeps in its hidden vein,
The blue-eyed flax waves over the plain,
The silk-worm spins on the mulberry leaf,
Days are spinning their joy and grief.

Threads are a-twining, manifold,
Of flax, hemp, cotton, and silk, and gold;
For joyous Beauty, for Soldier proud,
For work-day, cable, halter, and shroud.

From fields of sense, and mines of thought,
Threads of life are twisted and wrought:
We are weaving Character, weaving Fate,
And Human History, little and great.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON Alfred's leaving Silverton, Mrs. Archbold was prostrated. It was a stunning blow to her young pretensions, and left her weary, desolate.

But she was too strong to lie helpless under disappointed longings. Two days she sat stupefied with the horror of it, after that she burst about her work in a fervor of half-crazy restlessness, and ungovernable irritability, quenched at times by fits of weeping. As she wept she cursed, but raged and tyrannized in public, she soon made Silverton and Overton Over, especially to those who had the luck to be of her sex. Toen Baker timidly remonstrated: at the first word she snapped him up and said a change would be good for both of them: he apologized; in vain: that very day she closed by letter with Dr. Wolf, who had often invited her to be his "Matron." Her motive, half hidden from herself, was to be any where near her favorite.

Installed at Drayton House, she waited some days, and coquetted woman-like with her own desires, then dressed neatly, but soberly, and called at Dr. Wycherley's in a new character, pleading who she was, with a bit of soft sawder, and asked to see Alfred.

She was politely but peremptorily refused. She felt this rebuff bitterly. She went home smug and thought over her cure. But Hannah's wholesome bo: offended pride now allied with strong good sense to wither a wild affection and, as it were, to cut off by the peremptory of its object, her wound healed, all but the occasional dull throbbing that precedes a perfect cure.

At this stage of her convalescence Dr. Wolf told her in an off-hand way that Mr. Hardie, a patient of distinction, in Overton Over, was coming to asylum, to be kept there by hook or by crook. (She was entrusted with Wolf's confidence, and he talked of these things to her in English.) The impenetrable creature assented outwardly, with no sign of emotion whatever, but one flash of the eye, and one heave of the bosom swiftly suppressed. She waited calmly and patiently till she was alone, then yielded to joy and triumph; they seemed to leap inside her. But this very thing alarmed her: "Better for me never to see him again," she thought. "His power over me is too terrible. Ah, good-by to the peace and comfort I have been building up! He will scatter them to the winds, like his."

She tried not to think of him too much. And, while she was struggling, Wolf let out that Alfred was to have morphia at dinner the first day; morphia, the accursed drug with which these dark souls in these dark places cure the reason away out of the head by degrees, or with a potent dose stupefy the victim, then act surprise, shrug a shoulder, and assume the ground for applying medical treatment to the doomed wretch. Edith Archbold knew the game, and at the word morphia Fry and Passion rose in her bosom irresistible. She smiled in Dr. Wolf's face, and thanked him, and secretly got herself up to be his him, and protect Alfred's reason, and win his heart through his gratitude.

She succeeded. I have related, to throw dust in Dr. Wolf's eyes: but she acted so admirably that some went into Alfred's. "Ah," thought he, "she is angry with herself for her amorous folly; and, with the justice of her sex, she means to spite poor me for it." He sighed; for he felt her tenderly would be fatal to him. To give her no fresh offense, he fell into her manner, and began with a world of distant respect. Then again, when she saw that he must have warned him against poison? Then again, if so, why had he not warned her? He cast his eyes one or two wistful glances at her; but the artful woman of thirty was impenetrable in public to the artless boy of twenty-one. Soon her passion could not put them on an equality.

That night he could not sleep. He lay wondering what would be the next foul practice, and how he should parry it.

He wrote next morning to the Commissioners that two of their number, unacquainted with the previous proceedings of the Board, had been surprised into making an order of transfer to an asylum bearing a very inferior character to Dr. Wycherley's; the object of this was clearly foul play. Accordingly, Dr. Wolf had already tried to poison his reason by drugging his beer at dinner. He added that Dr. Wycherley had now signed a certificate of his sanity, and implored the Board to inspect it, and discharge him at once, or else let a solicitor visit him at once, and take the requisite steps toward a public inquiry.

While waiting anxiously for the answer, it cost him all his philosophy to keep his heart from eating itself. But he fought the good fight of Reason: he invited the confidences of the quieter mad people, and established a little court, and heard their grievances, and by impartial decisions and good humor won the regard of the moderate patients, and of the attendants, all but three; Rooke, the head-keeper, a morose burly ruffian; Hayes, a bilious subordinate, Rooke's shadow; and Vulcan, a huge mastiff that would let nobody but Rooke touch him; he was kept in a large call, and formidable as a small lion, though nearly toothless with age. He was let loose in the yard at night, and was an element in the Restraint System; many a patient would have tried to escape but for Vulcan. He was also an invaluable howler at night, and so cooperated with Dr. Wolf's bugs and fleas to avert sleep, that vile foe to insanity and all our diseases, private asylums include.

Alfred treated Mrs. Archbold with a distant respect that cut her to the heart. But while woman wore sweetness and unobtrusive kindness, and bided her time. At last he gave her an opportunity, and it will be seen whether she took it.

In Drayton House the keepercess eclipsed the keepers in cruelty to poor patients. No men except Dr. Wolf and his assistant had a pass-key into their department, so there was nobody they could deceive, nobody to hold worth the trouble. In the absence of male critics they showed their real selves, and how wise it is in the asylum system to lock in the dark a defenseless female power females. With unflagging patience they applied the hourly torture of petty annoyance, needless humiliation, unprovoked insults, to the poor mad women; bored them with the poisoned gimlet, and made their hearts bleed. Their mis-inclinations. But anomaly and petty caprice were not enough for them, though these never fail to produce a terrible crop of misery, but with degrading and savage names. Billingsgate might have gone to school to Drayton House, found its vocabulary in love with a term that Othello hit upon; only they used it not once, but fifty times a day, and struck decent women with it on the face as with a scorpion's tail, and then the scalding tears were sure to run in torrents adown their silly, honest, burning cheeks. But as was not enough. They got a large tank in a flagged room, nominally for cleanliness and cure, but really for bane and torture. For the latest offense, when all other resources failed, they would drag a patient stark naked across the yard, and thrust her bodily under the cold water and again, and again, keep her down till almost gone with suffocation, and dismissing her more dead than alive to a corner, where the poor creature would, ranging in her ears, to get warm again in the cold. This my ladies called "tanking."

In the ordinary manner patients were never tanked without suffocating. But the immersion of the whole body in cold water was of itself a severe shock to strong constitutions, and in weak ones the circulation was weak; and, as medical treatment, hurtful and even dangerous. Finally these keepercesses, with diabolical ingenuity, were contriving to exhaust the twenty patients in this tank, and then make them drink that foul water for their supper.

"The dark places of the land are full of horrible cruelty."

One day they tanked so savagely that Nurse Eliza, after months of sickly disapproval, came to the new entered conclusion that it was wrong.

What was he to do? He seized the only chance of redress; he ran panting with indignation to Mrs. Archbold, and, bursting in on her imperiously, "Oh, Mrs. Archbold, you used to be kind-hearted—" and he could say no more for choking rising in his throat.

Mrs. Archbold smiled encouragingly on him, and said softly, "I am the same I always was—kind-hearted."

"Oh, thank you; then pray send for Nurse Eliza, and hear her complaint of the being done to the patients within a yard of us."

"You had better tell me yourself, if you want me to pay any attention to it."

"I can't. I don't know how to speak to a lady of such things as are done here. The nurse! the cowards! the devils! Oh, how I should like to kill them!"

Mrs. Archbold laughed a little at his enthusiasm (fancy laughing at what was done to a pack of women), and sent for Nurse Eliza. She came, and, in a homely manner, told a much worse story than she had Alfred. "And, ma'am," said she, whimpering, "they have just been taking one they had no business with at all, to a Mrs. Dale, her that is so close on her confinement. They tanked her cruel they did, and they her under water, and she is dead and gone. Ma'am, I saw the baby under her skin struggling at them using its poor mother so barbarous. It came into my mind, I couldn't bear it."

Alfred was walking about in a fury, and Nurse Eliza, in making this last revolving communication, turned her back on him. He saw it bear; but his senses were quick. I think he heard, by that, a movement quicker than them.

"Mrs. Archbold, you are strong and brave, for a woman; oh, do go in to them and take them by the wrist, and save this life out of them, the merciless, cowardly beasts! Oh that I could be a woman for an hour, or they would be men. I'd soon have my foot on some of the wretches."

Mrs. Archbold acted Ignition. "Come with me, both of you," she said, and led the way soon in the female department. Up came keepercesses civilly, smiling and courtesying to her, and pretending not to look at Adonis. "Which of you nurses tanked Mrs. Dale?" said she, sternly.

"Twasn't I, ma'am, twasn't I."

"Oh fie!" said Eliza to one, "you know you were at the head of it."

She pointed out two as the leaders. The Archbold instantly had them seized by the others—who, with treachery equal to their cowardice, turned eagerly against their fellow-culprits, to make friends with Power—and inviting all the sensible maniacs who had been tanked to assist or inspect, she bared her own statuesque arms, and, ably aided, soon plunged the offenders, screaming, crying, and whining, like spanked bitches whipped, under the dirty water. They swallowed some, and appreciated their own acts. Then she forced them to walk twice round the yard with their wet clothes clinging to them, hooted by the late victims.

"There," said Alfred, "let that teach you men will not own hyenas in petticoats for women."

Poor Alfred took all the credit of this performance; but, in fact, when the Archbold invited him to bear a hand he showed the white feather.

"I won't touch the blackguardesses," said he, haughtily, turning it off on the score of contempt. "You give them! Again! again! Brava!"

Signal retribution completed, Mrs. Archbold told the nurses if ever "tanking" recurred she would bundle the whole female staff into the street, and then have them indicted by the Commissioners.

These virtuous acts did Edith Archbold for love for a young man. Whether mad women or sane women, pregnant, or the reverse, were tanked or not, she cared at heart no more than about the sparrows that twitter on or in Ettrick's distant dale. She was retiring with a tender look at Alfred, and her pulse secretly unaccelerated by those scenes, when her self-love, when her grateful favorite appealed to her again.

"Dear Mrs. Archbold, shall we punish and comfort?" poor Mrs. Dale!"

The Archbold could have boxed his ears. "Dear boy," said she, "you shall study; you shall teach us all our duty." She visited the tanked one, found her in's cold room after it, shivering like ague, and her teeth chattering. Mrs. Archbold had her to the fire, and got her warm clothes, and a pint of wine, and probably saved her life and her child's—for love of a young man.

Why I think Mrs. Dale would otherwise have left this shifting scene, Mrs. Carey, the last woman in her condition they tanked and then turned into a flagged cell that only wanted one drop of water, to hold their room after motherhood, in which they bundled her out of the asylum to die. She died in a day or two, at home, but, unnoticed by the asylum; and they told the Commissioners she died through her friends taking her away from the asylum too soon. The Commissioners had nothing to do but believe this, and did believe it. Inspectors, who visit a temple of darkness, mercy, and hypocrisy, three times a year, know mighty little of what goes on there the odd three hundred and sixty-one days, five hours and a quarter, minus the Sundays.

"Now, Alfred," said Mrs. Archbold, "I can be a very wheedling, or know every thing; so you come to me when any thing grieves you; and let me be the agent of your charity."

She said this so charmingly he was surprised into kissing her fair hand; then blushed, and thanked her with his eyes. She established a chain between them. When he let too long elapse without appealing to her she would ask the advice about the case of this or that patient; and so she cajoled him by the two foibles she had discerned in him—his vanity and his humanity.

Besides Alfred, there were two patients in Drayton House who had never been insane; a young man, and a young woman; of whom anon. There were also three ladies and one gentleman, who had been insane, but had recovered years ago. This little incident, Recovery, is followed in a public asylum by instant discharge; but, in a private one, though not Sanity, is apt to enter the question of egress. The gentleman's case was scarce credible in the nineteenth century: years ago, being violently crazked, he had gone what Dr. Wycherley told Alfred was a sure sign of sanity; i.e. he had declared himself insane: and this being so reasonable as to assign his own order and certificates, and so imprison himself illegally, but with perfect ease; no consequences more than illegality from the guardians of the law! When he got what pain men call sane, he sent for your lunn, and, think your consols, and bury you in a pauper's shroud. As Mr. Aldridge was dead for those victims was to promise to try and get them out some day, D.V. But there was a weak-minded youth, Francis Beverley, who had the honor to be under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Now a lunatic or a Softy protected by that functionary is generally a lamb protected by a wolf, and that wolf ex-officio the cruelest, cunningest, old manager and fleecer of innocents in Christendom. Chancery lunatics are the richest class, yet numbers of them are flung among pauper and even criminal lunatics, at a few pounds a year, while their committees buy four-fifths of the money that has been assigned to keep the patient in comfort.

Unfortunately the protection of the Chancellor extends to Life and Reason, as well as Fleece; with the following result:

* Arithmetic of my boyhood. I bear the world revolves some minutes quicker now.

In private asylums about forty per cent. are said to be cured.

In private ones twenty-five per cent. are at least; most of them poorish.

Of Chancery Lunatics not five per cent.

Finally, one-third of all the Chancery Lunatics do every six years exchange the living tombs they are fleeced and bullied in for dead tombs, where they rest; and go from the sham protection of the Lord Chancellor of England to the real protection of their Creator and their Judge.

These statistics have been long before the world, and are mere figures to the Skimmer of things, but tell a dark tale to the Reader of things: so dark, that I pray Heaven to protect me, and all other weak intellectual beings, from the protection of my Lord Chancellor in this kind.

Beverley was so unfortunate as to exist before the date of the above petition; and suffered the consequences.

He was an aristocrat by birth, noble on both sides of his house, and unluckily had money. But for that he would have been a laboring man, and free. My Lord Protector committed him with six hundred pounds a year maintenance-money to the care of his committee, the Honorable Fynes Beverley.

Now this corporate, yet honorable, individual, to whom confidence was committed, and solemnly Lane called him in its own sweet French the Schoolboy's emblem, was a gentleman of birth, breeding, and intelligence. He undertook to take care of his simple cousin: and how did he take care of was himself.

THE SUB-LESSEE'S SWINDLE.

1. The Honorable Fynes Beverley, Anglo-French committee, or crown tenant, sub-let Scrit Francis for £300 a year, pocketed £300, and pocketed his hands of Frank.

2. Mr. Heselden, the sub-tenant, sub-let the Scrits and his rights for ever for £150, pocketed the money, and washed his hands of it.

3. The £150 man sub-let him to Dr. Wolf at £60 a year, pouched the surplus, and washed his hands of it.

And now what on earth was left for poor Dr. Wolf to do? Could he sub-embezzle a Highlander's breeks? Could he subsist more than her skin from off the singed cat? Could he suck the core out of a nutshell, and throw away a grated cheese rind? Could he flay a skinned flint? Could he fleece a bog just after Satan had shaved it and put on a tonsure to egg?

Let no man dare to limit genius; least of all the genius of extortion.

Dr. Wolf could, comparatively more out of young Frank than did any of the preceding screws. He turned him into a servant of all work and bore many more money pulls, £45 out of the £60, or three-fourths, whereas the others had only bagged one-half. But by this means he got a nice servant without wages, and on half a servant's food, clearing £22 and 10 in three-quarters.

Victim of our great national vice and foible, Vicariousness, this scion of a noble house, presented in theory by the crown, vicariously subprotected by the Chancellor, sub-vicariously subsham-protected by his kin, was really flung unprotected into the fleece market, and let be pen—at the end of the long chain of subs, pros, vices, locos, shams, shuffles, swindles, and lies reaching the carpets, making the Lord Chancellor, the waiting the water, sweeping the rooms, and scouring the sordid vessels, of thirty patients by twenty. Of these twenty, one of whom was his equal either in birth or wealth; and of four menials, who were all his masters and mates at once. His work was always doing, never done. He was not the least mad nor bad, but merely of feeble intellect all round. Fifty luckless gentlemen's families would have been glad of him at £300 a year, and made a son and a brother of him, and he was pocketed by proxy by the Lord Chancellor. Thin, half-starved, threadbare, cut at elbows, the universal butt, scoffed at by the very lunatics, and especially ill-used by the attendants whose work he did gratis, he was sworn at, jeered, insulted, cuffed, and kicked, very often by the hard, hard life. And yet he was a gentleman, though a soft one; his uncle, his father, his cousins, were gentlemen, and all an indefinable stamp of race. How had it outlived such crushing, degrading usage? I don't know. Perhaps; how does any one survive the iron roller? Alfred soon found him out, and, to every body's amazement, especially himself, unconstrained gently but resolutely and eloquently, and soon convinced the majority, sane and insane, that a creature so meek and timid should be treated with kindness, not cruelty. One keeper, The Robin, alias Tom Wales, an ex-prize fighter, was a very hard nut to crack at first. Among the maniacs only one held out, and said contemptuously he couldn't see it.

"Well," said Alfred, "I'll not trouble him after this, and I'll lay a hand on you, and aid your intellectual vision."

Rooke and Hayes treated remonstrance with open and galling contempt. Yet the tide of opinion changed so, they did not care to defy it openly: but Rooke bullied poor Beverley now and then on the sly, and he never told. He was too inoffensive for this world. But one day, as Alfred was sitting with his door ajar, writing a letter of earnest expostulation to the Commissioners, who had left his first unanswered, he heard Hayes at the head of the stairs call roughly to "Frank! Frank!"

"Sir," replied the soft little voice of young Beverley.

"Come, you quick young shaver."

"I'm coming, Sir," and up ran Beverley.

"Here take this tray down stairs."

"Yes, Sir."

"Stop, there's a bit of bread for you." And

Hayes checked him a crust, as one throws it to another man's dog.

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Beverley, stooping down for it, and being habitually as hungry as a rat-catcher's tyke, took an eager bite in that position.

"How dare you eat it there?" said Hayes, brutally: "take it to your own crib: come, mizzle. And with that lent him a contemptuous kick behind, which, owing to his position, sent him off his balance flat on the tray; a glass broke under him; poor young Mr. Beverley us'ered a cry of misery, for he knew Hayes would not own himself the cause; Hayes cursed him for an awkward idiot, and the oath were off into a howl, for Alfred ran out at him brimful of Moses, and with a savage kick on the rump and blow on the ear administered unmistakably barbed him head foremost down the stairs. Alighting on the seventh step, he turned a somersault, and bounded like a ball on to the landing below, and there lay stupefied. He picked himself up by slow degrees, and glared round with bewildered awe and amazement up at the human thunder-bolt that had shot out on him and sent him flying like a feather. He shook his head, and limped silently away all bruises and curses, to tell Rooke, and concert vengeance. Alfred, trembling still with the rook Beverley to his room (the boy was as white as a sheet), and encouraged him, and made him wash pretty well, brushed his hair, dressed him in a decent Tweed suit he had outgrown, and taking him under his arm, and walking with his own nose majestically in the air, paraded him up and down the asylum, to show them all the best man in the house respected the poor soft gentleman. And the second thing it is to be young Beverley clung to his protector too much like a girl, but walked gracefully and kept step, and every now and then looked up at Alfred with a loving adoration, that was sweet yet sad to see. Alfred marched him to Mrs. Archbold, and told his tale; for the moment Hayes would misrepresent it, and get him into trouble. She smiled on the pair; gently deplored the novice's impetuosity, protested him not to go fighting with that great monster Rooke, and charmed him by saying, "Well, and think is a gentleman, when he is dressed like one."

"Isn't he?" said Alfred, eagerly. "And when finit is it he is always dressed like one? Whose fault that here's an earl's nephew Book in Hell?"

"Nor yours, Alfred, nor mine," was the hon. eyed reply.

In vain did Mr. Hayes prefer his complaint to Dr. Wolf. The Archbold had been before him, and the answer was, "Served you right."

These and many other good deeds did Alfred Hardie in Drayton House. But, as the days rolled on, and no answer came from the Commissioners, his anxiety, grief, and dismay left him less and less able to sympathize with the material but smaller wrongs around him. He became silent, distrait.

At last he came to Mrs. Archbold, and said, sternly, his letters to the Commissioners were intercepted.

"I can't believe that," said she. "It is against the law."

So it was: but law and custom are two.

"I am sure of it," said he: "and may the eternal curse of Heaven light on the cowardly traitor and miscreant who has done it." And he stalked gloomily away.

When he left her she sighed at this imprecation from his lips; but did not repent. "I can't part with him," she said, despairingly; "and, if I did not pay to post dear letters, W. W. would!" and the amorous crocodile shed a tear, and persisted in her double-faced course.

By-and-by, when she saw him getting thinner and paler, and his bright face downcast and inexpressibly sad, she shared his misery; ay, shed scalding tears that as yet could not dry him up; for her will was as strong as the rest of her was supple: and hers was hot love, but not true love like Julia's.

Perhaps a very subtle observer seeing this man and woman every day and spiritless together, and one house might have divined her secret. Dr. Wolf then was no such observer, for she made him believe she had a rising penchant for him. He really had a strong one for her.

While Alfred's visible misery pulled at her heart-strings, and sometimes irritated, sometimes melted her, came curious complications; one of which requires preface.

Mrs. Ellis was not the wife to trust blindly where her poor husband was concerned; she probed to the last a keepership that gave a small asylum near London, and kept by a Mrs. Ellis. "Women are not cruel to men," said the sagacious Lady Mary.

But, alas! if women are not cruel where sex comes in and mimics that wider sentiment Humanity, women are quite unequal. Largely gifted with that household virtue, Mrs. Ellis kept too few servants, and, save conscientiously, kept the house, too many strait-jackets, hobbles, muffs, leg-locks, body-belts, etc., etc. Hence half her patients poorly and wretchedly kept and tortured by cruel restraints administered not out of hearty cruelty, but female parsimony. Mrs. and Miss Dodd owned the house one day when the fair economist was out, and found seven patients out of the twelve kept out of mischief thus: one in a restraint chair, two hobbled like asses, two chained like dogs, and two in strait-waistcoats, and fastened to beds by webbing and straps; among the latter David, though quiet as a lamb.

Mrs. Dodd cried over him as if her heart would break, and made Miss Dodd shift him to a free asylum, where I believe he was very well used.

But here those dreadful newspapers interfered; a spring into sweet secluded spots. They diversified Mrs. Dodd's breakfast by informing her that the doctor of this asylum had just killed a patient; the mode of execution bloodless and sure, as became fair science. It was a man between sixty and seventy; an age at which the heart can seldom stand very much shocking, or lowering, especially where the brain is diseased. So they placed him in a shower-bath, hot enough to scald a lobster, without the falling water, which of necessity drives out air. In short, a vertical box with holes all round the top.

Here the doctor ordered him a cold shower-bath of unparalleled duration and fall of hour. To be followed by an unprecedented dose of tartar emetic. This double-barrelled order given, the doctor went away to dinner.

The water was down to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Half an hour's nower-bath at that temperature in a roomy bath would kill the youngest and strongest man in her Majesty's dominions.

For eight-and-twenty mortal minutes the poor old man stood in this vertical coffin under this cold cascade. So much of the column of cold water were in that his last hour, his last half hour, discharged upon his devoted head and doomed body.

He had to be helped away from this death-torment he had walked into his high spirits, poor soul.

Even this change awakened no misgivings, no remorse; though you or I, or any man or woman picked at hazard out of the London world at once have seen that he was dying, he was duly dosed by the fire with four spoonfuls of antimonial tincture—enough to kill a horse. Even this "Destructive Art of Healing" can not slay the slain. The old man lived seven days after; before it could hurt him he died of the bath; and his body told its own sad tale: to use the words of a medical eye-witness, it was "a picture OF ALABASTER." The death-torment had driven the whole circulation from the surface.*

Mrs. Ellis, the lawful widow relict of Sampson's assurance that this was the asylum of all others they would not settle another patient in until the matter should be sifted, got, did Eve Dodd to write to Dr. Wolf, and offer £300 a year if he would take David at once, and treat him with special eye-sweet.

He showed this letter triumphantly to Mrs. Archbold, and she, blinded by the temptation of a big, diamond-set ring from receiving Captain Dodd. He stared at her. "What, turn away a couple of thousand pounds?"

"But they will come to visit him; and perhaps see *him*."

"No, that can be managed. You must be on your guard: and I'll warn Rooke. I can't turn away money—on a chance."

So that was settled: himself locked into his room. This was unusual: for, though they called him a lunatic in words, they called him sane by all their acts. Dr. Wolf reported to the Commissioners were in the house.

Had he known who really was in the house he would have beaten himself to pieces against the door.

At dinner there was a new patient, very mild and silent, with a beautiful large brown eye, like some gentle animal's.

Mrs. Archbold very much struck with this eye and contrived to say a kind word to him after dinner. Finding himself addressed by a gentle voice, the new-comer rose from his chair, and made a sea scrape, and announced himself as William Thompson; he added with simple pride, "Able Seaman." Then he sat down, and looked again, "Just come aboard, your honor." After this, which came off glibly, he was shy thus addressed a second time. Alfred therefore moved to extract from him that he was rather glad to leave his last ship, on account of having had to fix a high elm-tree in the court-yard. Alfred had half a mind not to interfere. "Who cares for my misery?" he said. But his better nature prevailed, and he told the Robin he was sure going a thingumjerry rigging would do Thompson very good this harbor.

On this the men reluctantly gave him a trial, and he went up the tree with a certain dexterity and agility, but evident caution. Still Alfred quaked when he crossed his thighs tight over a limb of the tree that was not above fifty feet high carefully and minutely through the whole process of furling imaginary sails. However, he came down with manifest soothed mind. This strange, and, singular phenomenon, he was quite cool; and it was the spectators on deck who perspired.

"And what a pleasant voice he has," said Alfred's sister, "and what a mind: he is much like a mad voice. It is like—I'm mad myself."

"And he has got a fiddle, and plays it like a harper, by a man's account I suggested her. He won't touch it but when he has a mind."

At night Alfred dreamed he heard Julia's sweet, mellow voice speaking to him; and he looked, and lo! it was the able seaman. He could sleep no more, but lay sighing.

Ere the able seaman had been there three days, Mrs. Dodd came unexpectedly to see him; and it was with the utmost difficulty Alfred was smuggled out of the way. Mrs. Archbold saw by her leaving anxiety there would be frequent, and, unless Alfred was kept constantly locked up, which was repugnant to her, they would meet some day. She knew there are men who ply the trade of spies, and where to find them; she set one of them to watch Mrs. Dodd's house, and follow her hacks, in hopes of getting some clew as to when she might be expected.

Now it so happened that looking for one thing she found another. This gave her great hopes and courage. And then the sight of Alfred's misery was a temptation, and then he was beginning half to suspect her of stopping his letters. Passion, impatience, pity, and calculation, all three had the same end, and led to an extraordinary scene, so impregnated with the genius of the mad-house—a place where the passions run out to the very end of their tether—that I feel little able to describe it; I will try and indicate it.

One fine Sunday afternoon then she asked Alfred languidly would he like to walk in the country.

"Would I like? Ah, don't trifle with a prisoner," said he, sorrowfully.

She shook her head. "No, no, it will not be a happy walk: Dodge, who hates you, is to follow us with that terrible mastiff, to pull you down if you run. You would not give Dr. Wolf to consent on any other terms; Alfred, let us give up the idea. I fear your rashness."

"No, no, I will be prudent, I promise you. I have not seen a blade of grass this six months."

The accomplished dissembler hesitated, yield-ed. Then she went through the yard and out at the back door, which Alfred had so often looked wistfully at; and by-and-by reached a delicious pasture; a little meadow basin streamed across it. Nature never seemed so sweet, so divine, to Alfred before; the sun as bright as mid-summer, though not so hot; and the air fresh, yet genial, and perfumed with Liberty and the smaller flowers of earth. He sprang gilded rustling by his side, and dark eyes subdued their native fire into softness whenever they turned on him; and scarce fifty yards from the house a bully and a man-stiff ready to tear him down if he should break away from hearty's light hand, that rested so kindly on his arm. A young, and stout-hearted, and relished his peep of liberty and nature, though blotted by Vulcan and Rooke. He chatted to her with a flow in good spirits. She answered briefly, and listlessly.

At last she stopped under a young chestnut tree as if overcome by a sudden reflection, and turning half away from him leaned her head and hand upon a bough and sighed. The attitude was not unnatural, but it was studied. He asked her with innocent concern what was the matter; then hastily, should it prove so, and was. All her answer was to press his hand with hers that was disengaged, and, instead of sighing, to cry.

The nerves of a woman were set himself to comfort her—in vain: to question her—in vain at first, but by degrees she allowed him to learn that it was for her sake she wept; and so that he proceeded on the old, old plan, the man extorting from the woman bit by bit just so much as she was willing to say, and what he knew, and poured in a stream if let quite alone.

He drew from his distressed friend that Dr. Wolf had spoken of his case, and made special inquiries about the Dodds; that she had fortunately the unfortunate habit of this, and had questioned the person employed, hoping to hear something that might comfort Alfred. "Instead of that," she said, "I find Miss Dodd is like most girls; out of sight is out of mind with her."

"What do you mean?" said Alfred, trembling suddenly.

"Do not ask me. What a weak fool I was to let you see I was unhappy for you."

"The truth is the truth," gasped Alfred: "tell me at once."

"Well, I am afraid you will hate me; for I should hate any one who told me your faults. Well, then—if I must—Miss Dodd has a beau."

"It is a lie!" cried Alfred, furiously.

"I wish it was. But, alas! it is in fact, both of them clergymen: however, one seems the favorite; at least they are engaged to be married; and I fear, from what I have seen, she is not true to him. By what I hear she is one of the religious ones: so perhaps that has brought the pair to an understanding."

At these words a cold sickness rushed all over Alfred, beginning at his heart. He stood white and trembling, and shocked them, in the anguish of his heart, broke out into a great and terrible cry, like that of a young lion wounded with a poisoned shaft.

Then he was silent, and stood stock-still, like petrified despair.

Mrs. Archbold was prepared for an outburst; but not of this kind. His anguish was so unlike a woman's that it staggered her. He grew red and bad angels, to use an expressive though somewhat too poetical phrase, battled for her. She had a fine opportunity for his gratitude for life, to let him out of the asylum ere Julia should be Mrs. Hurd, and even liberty came too late for true love. She looked again at the statue of grief by her side: and burst out crying in earnest.

This was unfortunate. Shallow pity exuding in salt-water leaves not enough behind to guilt with its golden hue.

She only tried to undo her own work in part; to comfort him a little with commonplaces: she told him in a soothing whisper there were other women in the world besides this inconstant girl, others who could love him as he deserved.

He made no answer to all she could say, but just waved his hand once impatiently. Petty consolation seemed to sting him.

Then she began to feel impatient, angry. "How he clings to that fickle girl!" she said. "I might as well make love to a stone."

Then they stood both of them apart in sombre silence a while.

Her mood changed; she moved noiselessly toward him, and, standing half behind him, laid her hand softly on his shoulder, and poured her passion in his ear. "Alfred," she murmured, "we are both unhappy; let us comfort one another. I had pity on you at Silverton House, I pity you now; pity me a little in return. Help me out of this dreadful house, out of this revolting life, and let me be with you. Let me be your housekeeper, your servant, your slave. This news that has shocked you so has torn the veil from my eyes. I thought I had cooled my love down to friendship and tender esteem; but no, now I see you as unhappy as myself, now I can speak and wrong on one, I own I—oh Alfred, my heart burns for you, bleeds for you, yearns for you, sickens for you, dies for you."

"Oh, hush! hush! Mrs. Archbold. You are saying things you will blush for the next moment."

"I blush now, but can not hush; I have gone too far. And your happiness as well as mine is at stake. My young girl can understand as well as a man a man's love are: but I, like you, have suffered; I, like you, am constant; I, like you, am worthy of a lover: at my age a woman's love is bliss to him who can gain it; and I love you with all my soul, Alfred; I worship the ground you walk on, my sweet, sweet boy. Say you the word, dearest, and I will bribe the servants, and get the keys, and sacrifice my profession and my character for you! (see how sweet the open face of nature is, sweeter than any thing on earth, but love!); and all I ask is a little, little of your gratitude in return. Come, Alfred, to make you mine forever; and, if I fail, treat me as I shall deserve: desert me at once; and you will find me a generous enemy. I'll only ask for you; as I have lived for you ever since I first saw your beautiful face."

The passionate woman paused at last, but her hot cheek and heaving bosom and tender convulsive hand betrayed the agitation of her soul.

I am afraid few men of her own age would have resisted her, for voice and speech and all were full of pleading, and strange excitement, and, so reasonable, lads; she did not stipulate for constancy.

But Alfred turned round to her blushing and sorrowful: "For shame!" he said; "this is not love: you abuse that sacred word. Indeed, if you are unhappy, Mrs. Archbold, you have pitied me and Julia long ago, and respected our love; and sooner by giving me my liberty than any gain. I am not a fool: do you think I don't know that you are my jailer, and the cunningest and most remorseless I ever met all?"

"You ungrateful wretch," she sobbed.

"No; I am not ungrateful either," said he, more gently. "You have always come between me and that kind of torture which most terrifies vulgar souls; and I thank you for it. Only, if you could but feel the dreadful misery of my heart, I should thank you more still. As it is, I forgive you for the share you have had in that: you have been kind to me for life, and surely will ever know what you have been mad enough in an unguided moment to say; and for pity's sake talk no more of love: we mock my misery."

Mrs. Archbold was white with ire long before he had done this sentence. "You insolent creature," said she; "you spurn my love; you shall feel my hate."

"So I conclude," said he, coldly: "such love as yours is hard by hate."

"It is," said she: "and I know how I'll combine the two. You shall feel my hate, and you spurned me; ere long you shall love me, and I'll despise you; and not spurn you."

"Your conversation," said Alfred, feelingly, "is unintelligible."

"What," said she, "don't you see how the superior mind can fascinate the inferior? Look at Frank Beverley; how he follows you about and worships you, like a little dog."

"I prefer his sort of affection to yours."

"A gentleman and a man would have kept that to himself: but you are neither one nor the other; or you would have taken my offer, and then run away from me the next day, you fool. Now you shall see what a woman's hate is here. Ah, you nimbre Frank's affection; well, you shall imitate it. You couldn't love me like a man, you shall love me like a cur."

"How will you manage that, pray?" he inquired, quite mad.

"I'll drive you mad."

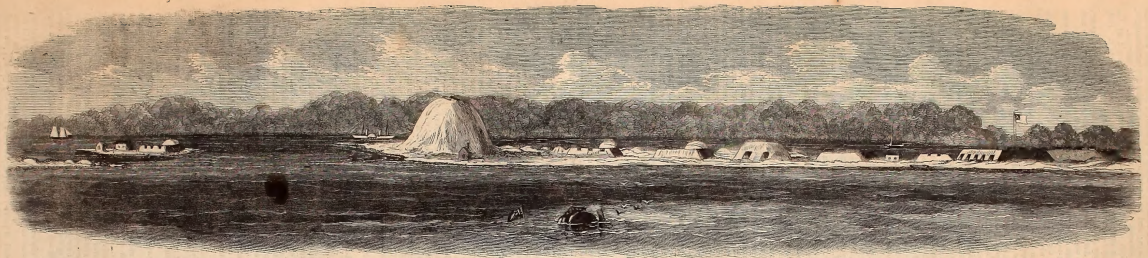
She kissed this fiendish threat out between her white teeth.

"Ay, Sir," she said, "hitherto your reason has only encountered men. You shall see now what an insulted woman can do. A brute you shall be ere long, and then I'll make you love me, dote on me, follow me about for a kennel, and think I'll leave off hating you, and love you once more, but not the way I did five minutes ago."

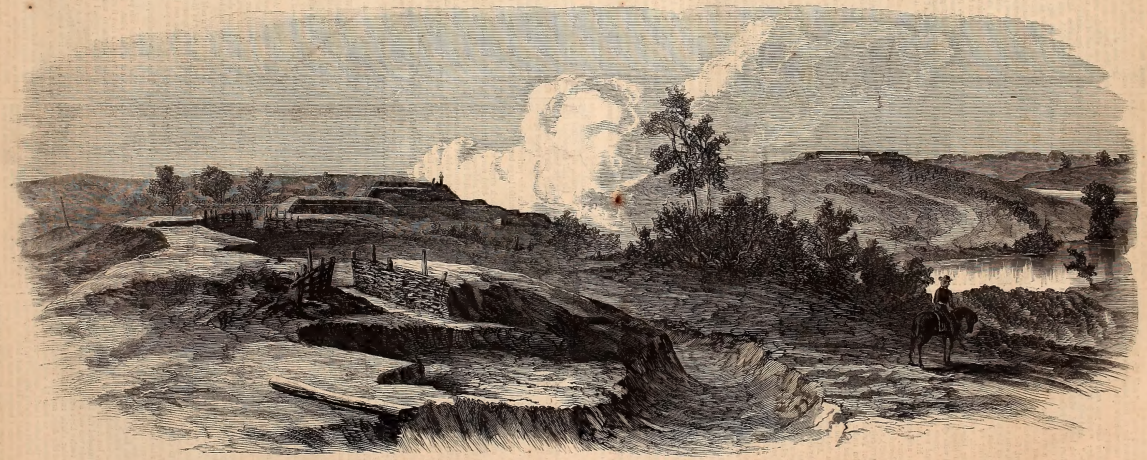
Then she depraved threat Alfred ground his teeth, and said: "Then I give you my honor that the moment I see my reason the least shaken, I'll kill you: and so save myself from the degradation of being your lover on any terms."

"Threaten your own sex with that," said the Archbold, contemptuously; "you may kill me between your hands: and the sooner the better. Only, if you don't do it very quickly, you shall be my property; my brain-sick, love-sick slave."

* The mode of execution is well known in the United States. They settle refractory prisoners with it periodically. But half an hour is not needed; twenty minutes will do the trick. *Harper's Weekly*, a year or two ago, contained an admirable wood-cut of a negro's execution by water. In this remarkable picture you see the poor darkey seated *pour-ing*, kneeling and pouring his life away under the sturdy cascade: and there stands the stalid torrent, *pour-ing* forward, stiff as a ramrod, pulling steadily string with a sort of drill exercise air, and no more compunction or affection about it than a mechanical engineer would have to pull strings or triggers on his own string being pulled by butler or fool. A picture well studied, and worth study.



REBEL BATTERIES AT NEW INLET, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, AS SEEN FROM THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP "IROQUOIS."—[SEE PAGE 711.]



WORKS THROWN UP NEAR THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 711.]



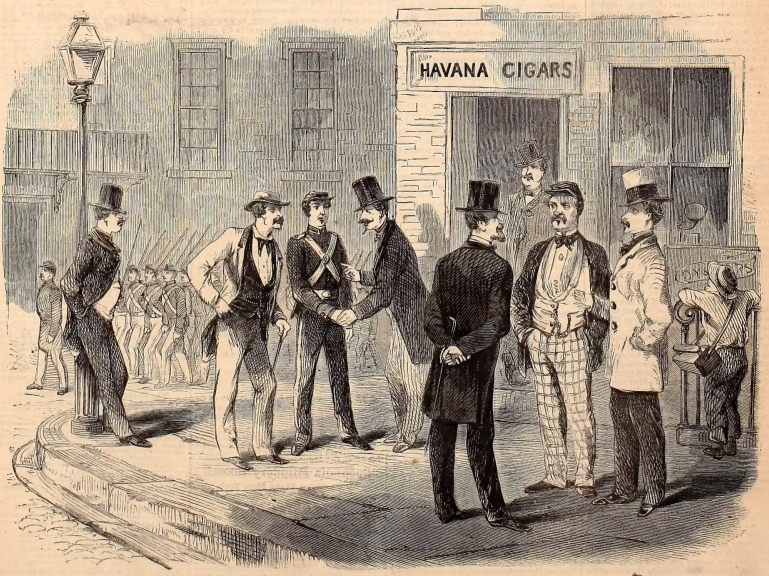
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GAMBLERS AT THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

GAMBLERS IN THE ARMY.

How General Patrick deals with gambling we discover from the picture above.

Mr. Waud writes: "Some inveterate players, belonging to the Ninety-third New York, were provided with a table, dice, and a tin cup for a dice-box, and, under charge of a guard, were kept at their favorite amusement all day, playing for beans, with boards slung on their shoulders with the word GAMBLER written on them. They did not seem to enjoy it, an attempt to make the most of their time and play for greenbacks being nipped in the bud. Dinner was also denied them, on the plea that gamblers have no time for meals. Much harm, no doubt, results from gambling; but it is useless to punish the men while it is so prevalent a vice with the officers."

Gambling has always been more or less prevalent in armies.



GAMBLERS, THIEVES, AND VAGABONDS—A SCENE IN WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

A most wonderful death-in-life experience is that of Francois de Civille, who, to use his own words, was "thrice dead, three interred, and thrice, by the grace of God, restored to life." The mother of this gentleman, having died during pregnancy, was buried in her husband's absence without any attempt being made to save her offspring; but upon the return of the good man immediately afterward he caused her to be disinterred, when, by means of the Cæsarean operation, a living child rewarded his pious care. This child was five-and-twenty years old, and a captain in Rouen, when that story was taken by Charles IX. Being dreadfully wounded, and having fallen from the rampart into the ditch, some pioneers threw him, with another body, into a hole, and there covered him with a little earth. Here he lay for seven hours, until his faithful servant came at dusk and dug him up, when, finding some signs of life, he was removed to his own home, where he lay for five days and nights insensible and speechless. The city being taken by assault, the Seigneur de Civille, quiet his apartment for their own uses, threw him out of window upon a dunghill: and from this couch, which seems to have possessed more of these disadvantageous qualities which modern science ascribes to it, he was rescued after a few days by a relative, who removed him to a place of safety, where he obtained a perfect cure. Extraordinary as this story appears, it seems to have gained considerable foundation; nor was François de Civille a Gascon, as may be supposed, but a gentleman of Normandy.

An undoubtedly true experience of resuscitation is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburgh, who was hanged at Edinburgh for child-murder in 1728. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offense of which she was charged; and therefore her wonderful escape is a satisfactory one strange. At the place of execution, while owning to many sins, she avowed her innocence even of the crime in question, and her husband—who had much to forgive—implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time, it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped for drink at a public house on the way, and while they were refreshing themselves Mrs. Dixon gave indications to the ex-a-mi-ner in the shed of life's return. She was unbewishing, or, at all events, to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but on seeing the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By Scottish custom, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed can not suffer a second time, while the sentence of the law remains in force; and been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the King's Advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in High Court of Judiciary against the unfortunate sheriff for omitting to fulfill the law, which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived was married again privately within a few days of her resuscitation, and she was living as late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Captain Gronow's *Recollections*, just published, there is a curious anachronism of escape from premature interment.

In the retreat of the French army he tells us that General Oronau, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Countess Walewska, and a distant relation of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse and several soldier who were near him. The General's aid-de-camp, on looking round, observed Oronau lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aid-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was hard, owing to the terrific cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After the army passed the aid-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss that the army had sustained in General Oronau, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The Emperor, who was very fond of the General, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed:

"Pour follow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!" and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound of the deceased his death. The orderly, in order to satisfy himself upon this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and on looking at the wound observed that the body was still warm. Turn and flannels were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter and taken to head quarters. After much labor and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of his friends, and to the whole army.

"General Oronau," concludes Captain Gronow, "is now (1863) a Marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer."

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in *La Causes Célèbres*, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and the trellis work of many a mother tale, from the days of Scheherazade down to the present. It is the story of Gaspard, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Accord of Formosa*.

Two tradesmen of the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one a son and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to thus uniting their two "establishments" with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their adjacent estates by the union of the young squire and the heiress. But the latter are more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon, their offspring were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, each banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won golden opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous promises and contracts notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance after all, and that carpet-expertise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The dutiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition; but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker buried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman as she was, she had made a vow that she would not seem to present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred, and given up to her husband, he thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its interment. He went and did look at it the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a prolonged trance, which gave him a scintillation of hope that he might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having procured the night to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. His astonishment was, therefore, not unaccompanied was of course extreme, but we do not hear so much about her sorrow; and yielding to the many plausible arguments he urged in favor of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, during which time they had a child, and feeling convinced that nobody would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and with the aid of a false beard, which became suddenly upon the bereaved banker in the public street, the very man who had buried her, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower into the belief that he had risen from her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away.

The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value on her while she was his own, was transported with the desire of repossessing her, and laid his claim to her person as a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length upon both sides. The advocate for the lover argued that, but for the fact of her having been put to existence, would have been dead, and neither the life of the husband nor any body else's; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights to interring her, and even that he might think himself lucky in not having been called to account for consigning her to a living tomb. But although the spirit of the law might be with husband No. 2, the letter was against him, and the judge of the court was inclined to favor his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where he and his wife have remained until the banker died. How the law of Great Britain would decide so extraordinary a matter, I am not aware; but I should think there is little chance of a husband who is now in existence being allowed to marry a second time. Dixon's case, besides that a resuscitated malefactor is no longer answerable for his crime seems to be the merest assumption; the sentence having been that he be hanged by the neck until he be *dead*; and if he be not dead, it is clear that the sentence has not been carried out, and that he is still subject to the law of the forfeit. The crown, of course, would be able to remit the penalty, but only by a free pardon, as it might have died in the first execution; and, indeed, there is a case in point.

In 1850, a criminal, named Walter Wyburhone, was hanged at Leicester, and having been cut down after the lapse of the usual period, was found to be yet alive. Some were for recommencing the execution, but the more humane took him to sanctuary, in the church of St. Sepulchre in that town, and the will was not further heard of; for, as Shakespeare says (God hath given thee life, and we will give thee pardon).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Human Hair.

How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with *pomades* that look as shabby for the wash, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, &c., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair —is really absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own home. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent free, on receipt of two stamps. Address E. MUNRO BRIGGS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 25 cents, that retail for $2, specially needed by every person, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 160 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colored for Kings, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 50 emblazoned cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Price 75 cents by mail, postage free. Sold by all dealers. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
450 Broadway, N. Y., or 166 William Street, N. Y.

A Supposed Incurable Disease Cured.

READ! REFLECT!

Annexed cure of BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS is yet another triumph of the healing virtues of Brandreth's Pills. They have cured hundreds of just such cases, as well as Rheumatism; heavy weight about the heart and upper portion of the bowels; heavy pain about the head and neck; Headache; Neuralgia; Forgetfulness; Fighty or Nervous Apoplexy; Epilepsy; Pimples and Skin Diseases; Sore Throat, even ulcerated; Smallpox; Scarlet Fevers, even Yellow, Nervous, Bilious, and Typhoid; also, Bilious Colic; Jaundice; Pains of the Back, in the Bones; Bilious Diseases, and, in fact, all sickness whose cure can be reached through the organs of the stomach and bowels, or through the circulating blood, which BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify and equalize.

Wonderful cures are being effected every day; but how few persons will benefit their neighbors to be said! Invalids are indebted to Mr. Van Wart for this public acknowledgment of the merits of Brandreth's Pills. These pills will soon be in every home; they are the best aids to the consciousness of sickness, while the vital powers are strong, for that is the time to derive the most advantages from their use. When we have long been oppressed by vesting disease, and a medicine restores our health, it may prove its goodness, but how much better to have used it in the early stages, thereby gaining the medicine a better opportunity, and saving the patient months of suffering.

CASE.

Sing Sing, Oct. 14, 1861.

DR. BRANDRETH:

My Dear Sir:—I was taken sick two years ago with a severe severe pain in the region of the kidneys. Dr. A. M. Hoffman, of this place, pronounced it neuralgia. He treated me for some time, but getting no better, advised electricity: I consented, but the shock nearly killed me, and I received no benefit whatever. After this my legs became numb and paralyzed and my back and kidneys were tormented with most intense and continual pain. Drs. A. K. Koffman and G. F. Fisher told me I had Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. They treated me for a long time, but my sufferings were only more hopeless. Other eminent physicians then treated me, but did me no good, and gave my friends to understand that my case was incurable. So at length I gave up all hope, and never half or if I thought being totally paralyzed and much swollen; and I suffered terrible pain in the upper part of my body. My bowels were completely worn out from the purging, and no medicine produced a passage, and my urine was full of albumen. This was my condition five months ago, when my wife's sister, Mrs. Van Wart, induced me to take BRANDRETH'S PILLS, as she had used them herself and in her family many years with the best effect. Induced by her and my wife's entreaties I took the Brandreth Pills. They operated twelve hours afterward slightly. I continued taking nine every day for several weeks, their operation constantly increasing. I then took eighteen a day, a dose better, I diminished the dose one pill a day until I got to five. One afternoon, at three o'clock, about three months ago, I felt relief in my back, and my urine commenced operating vigorously. Suddenly I felt as if something gave way inside, and the stools were like egg and water mixed, several pieces of tissue away, of a most dark disagreeable color. The next day I felt very faint, and my neighbors came to see me die; but as soon as the faintness passed, I was much better, and for the first time in nearly two years, I was able to move, and stand upon my legs. I continued taking the pills, and in a very few days was able to walk across our room, and now am able to walk quite a distance. I have taken, altogether, nineteen boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and now, one pill a day is all I require. My health is nearly restored, my appetite is good, and I suffer hardly any pain anywhere, and every day I grow stronger. My neighbors look upon me as one risen from the dead, and I desire yet to publish my case, that those suffering from paralysis and kidney diseases may know how easily they may be cured by Brandreth's Pills.

ABRAM VAN WART.

We, neighbors and relatives, certify that the foregoing statement of Abram Van Wart is true.

A. B. REYNOLDS, Supervisor of Town of Ossining.
DAVID MCCORD, Ex-Loss Commissioner.
J. MALCOLM SMITH, Justice, and Clerk of Board of Supervisors.
ABRAM HYATT, U. S. Assessor, Tenth District.
JAS. NICHOLS, Loss Commissioner.

RACHEL COPPER,	LETITIA VAN VART,
RACHEL ANN SLATER,	SARAH A. CYPHER,
WILBUR F. VAN WART.	WILLIAM SMITH.

The whole Methodist Society would sign, as they know that the above is a true statement.

REV. RANDOLPH FOSTER, Pastor of the said church at Sing Sing.

Principal Office, No. 294 Canal Street; also No. 4 Union Square.

See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters on the Government Stamp, to counterfeit which is Felony!

Sold by all dealers in medicine at 25 cts. per box, with full directions.

WANTED—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

Sponsalia Millinery Rooms,

12 Waverley Place, New York.

Madame Benedict, from the Rue de la Paix, begs to inform her customers and patrons she has just received direct from her House in PARIS a varied assortment of the highest novelties in Bonnets, Hats, Caps, Head Dresses, Neck Fixtures, and all articles appertaining to first CLASS MILLINERY.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 25 Broadway. Circulars issued by low rates.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Knitting Machine. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to
J. WORTH & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

Our Best Choirs are Using

The HARP OF JUDAH, by *L. O. Emerson*, author of "*The Golden Wreath*," &c. A new collection of Music for Choirs, Musical Conventions, Singing Schools, and Singers' Clubs. Contains Anthems, Hymns, Quartets, &c., adapted to all grades of singers. Ten thousand copies have already been sold! 160 pages, Original Music and Arrangements, and Singing Schools are using it. Specimen pages (20 pieces) sent free. Price, boards, 35 cents; cloth, $3 50 per dozen. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE with HIS NAME and REGIMENT DISTINCTLY upon it. The subscribers have a badge for any soldier in the Army & Navy, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above can be worn in place and style of Badge furnished by us. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DOWD & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 509 Broadway, New York.
N. B.—All kinds of Corps and Co. Plate, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the dozen, 100, or 1000.



THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Meerschaum Tobacco Pipe*, Cigar Case, Matches, and Tobacco Stopper, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe in a variety without any of the disgusts of waste of Tobacco, the whole steering freedom from all odor, and portable as a Cigar Case. It is made in every variety of Morocco, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $2 75 to $5 75 and $6 00; also two inner leather Pouch Cases, which are found to excel its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers, at the same prices. To the Army or Navy, it is a desirable friends nothing could be more acceptable. Sent to any part of the country, free of charge. Obtainable of Cos. CHARLES ANDERSON & SONS, sailing cuts, says: "I have purchased some articles here, but this is the greatest and most convenient campaign acquisition." Ridgewood, New York.

The Wood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to *fit the Ridgewood Case*, and for making, of larger packages for the *general trade*. Official Smokers, and Dealers are invited to examine these Goods. Supreme Excellence particularly called to them. Circulars sent on order. A liberal discount to Dealers. Single Cases sent by mail or express, paid, on receipt of price and 25 cts. All orders will receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 294 Canal Street, New York, and Ridgewood, N. J.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in three different cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen	$10 25
" 5 gross	55 00
" 10 "	100 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS in every County, Town, and Street. Sample by mail free: all pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and get 50 page particulars. DURHAM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches.....	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	25 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches...	15 00 each.
1000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "....	3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches...	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Km. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops ...	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
2000 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Solid Gold Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Pairs Cuff Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Plate, Silver Wtd Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can be had for, will be put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; and one hundred for $15, and a hundred for $15.

Agents can make selling as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. A copy of our list of prizes for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

National Union League, Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOTHE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150! $100! $50! PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus, or Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good fat-lily newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the first day of July, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT,

64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Furniture, in all the desirable styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamented, in Suites. Also, Bedding Retail. Also, Mattresses and Palliasses. WARREN WARD, No. 377 Canal St., N. Y.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded 58 Premium Medals. Amateurs, Druggists, and others can do printing or MAKING MONEY by using these Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., for the trade, at trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 19, and $25. Price of Office, with Press, $15, 25, 35, and $45. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of money order. B. G. GRAHAM, No. 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.

H. A. HARVEY, 94 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES, Bags, CORDAGE,** and YARN, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Lasso and Sagamore Tow, Wrining and Wrapping **PAPER**, Cotton Batting, and Paper Bags.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, Expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 21 other articles. Circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

MEEKS' CABINET FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,

No. 699 BROADWAY,

AND

333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

THE BEST BOOK TO SELL—

Agents and Newsmen will find a ready sale for HOW TO WRITE; HOW TO TALK; HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. Complete in one large gilt volume. Send for first post, for $2. Canvassing wanted. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

ATTENTION, Officers and Soldiers.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ARMY CORPS, DIVISION, COMPANY, AND MASONIC FIRE.

Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, Room No. 1.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you either an Army Corps, Division, or Co. Fin, enameled Red, White, or Blue, with your Name, Regiment, and Co., handsomely engraved upon it, or a Keystone Cross Pin, or Gen. Hooker's Old Division Pin, or Gen. Sedgwick's Badge Pin, or Gen. Grant's Vicksburgh Pin. Honorary Badges and Masonic Marks of every Description made to order promptly. Also Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of Jewelry. Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and Vessel.

American Watches for Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately leased a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at prices as low as a poor article can be bought, named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, BOSTON, MASS., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders only will be executed by

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens Retailing at Wholesale Prices.

Medium	Fox $2 25, in Silver ext. case, $3 75
Large	3 00 " " " " 4 50
Engrossing	3 75 " " " " 5 50
Commercial	4 50 " " " " 7 00
Mammoth	5 50 " " " " 9 50
Leviathan	7 00 " " " " 12 00

Also, Fountain Pens—one filling will write eight to fifteen hours. Gumless Goods. Send stamps for Circular.

GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer,

54 Nassau Street, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 39x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Cloaks and Mantillas.

BRODIE

The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

HUBBARD BRO'S IMPORTERS of WATCHES NEW YORK

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! They are the sole employees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty!—One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine gold, and the inner, it has the improved rapid action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Every warranty given, per case of half dozen, $250. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $25. If sold by mail, 50 cents extra for registering, 25 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES HAVE NEVER BEEN

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by mail examination, by the public generally, being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one Improved Gold, can not be recognized by visiting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the exact resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The rush of business men in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! *In Sunny Hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial, and fancy gilt hands,* a good watch for the money, Gold dozen, $36; package, $3 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be sent by mail or express.

Our imprortions are novelties produced by no other house, combining accuracy at time-keeping with the more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. The investment is emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's Gazette.*

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Aug. 10.

"Exceed other manufacturers in point of accuracy and cheapness."—*Public Ledger, Daily Gazette, May 9.*

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for travelers."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, Aug. 9.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish American*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle*, July 27.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 30.

"One of the cheapest and most reliable lesson in economy."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

☞ Canvassing Lecturers Agents wanted. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent to be expressed and is registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY FINS.

Constantly on hand and Registered to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Every Co. from A to M Solid Silver, $1.

Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, **$1 50.**

Solid 18 K. GOLD, **$4 50.**

Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1 50. Solid Plate, $1 00.

Enameled,

Solid Gold, $5. Solid Gold, $5.

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Name but plainly written.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.

Address **J. G. PACKARD & CO.,**

208 Broadway, New York.

☞ "INDISPENSABLE."—No Correspondent, Gentleman, Lady, Public Speaker, Teacher, nor Man of Business, will be without this New Hand-Book. HOW TO WRITE; HOW TO TALK; HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. A handy volume of 600 pages, for ready reference. Sent by first post, for $2. Agents wanted. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at $1 for each article, consisting of a variety of rich and valuable goods—worth from $5 to $10 each. On receipt of ten cents for Terms Address ANDREWS & CO., 105 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY; or, THE DUTIES OF MAN CONSIDERED IN HIS INDIVIDUAL, DOMESTIC, AND SOCIAL CAPACITIES. By GEORGE COMBE. Reprinted from the Edinburgh edition, with the Author's latest Corrections. Large 12mo, price $1 25. New York: FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway. A stereotyped copy.

"This book is a treasure. It is the only American edition of the Moral Philosophy containing the author's latest revisions. It should be in the library of every lover of humanity. Health, happiness, progression, come from the study of this stamp, and we heartily commend it to the world."

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S

Illuminated and Pictorial

BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, consisting of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispiece, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides, $28 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $20 50; Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $16 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the Authorized Version, and contains Biographical References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, Geographical Table, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispiece, Plates from the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the Chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished Artists of this City, France and England; to which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; PARMELEE, TAYLOR, WINGATE; ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & CO., Chicago; JACKSON & BURGESS, Buffalo, &c., &c.

☞ Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of Price.

THE INDISPENSABLE HAND-BOOK.

HOW TO WRITE,	HOW TO BEHAVE,
HOW TO TALK,	HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

Is the handsome volume of 600 pages, for ready reference, sent by first post, for $2. Agents wanted. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Opera, and Theatre Glasses*, for out-door day and night double observation. They are confidently offered as a person to know what he is looking at, and the spectacles of the most transparent power to exaggerate, or improve the sight,

without the distressing result of frequent changing. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculist—Optician,

609½ Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK, *have just published*

MARTIN POLE. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By MRS. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Aurora Floyd," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a Germ-cure for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Adapted, and specially Adapted, by REV. NELSON HEAD. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Life for a Life," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. JEAFFRESON, Author of "Live Hard or Die Hard," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. *New Illustrated Edition.* 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, Author of "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. With a Sketch of the History of the Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I. 12mo, Vol. I. just ready. Price $1 50.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30 00.	
Back Numbers and Volumes can be supplied.	

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of	
Ten Subscribers at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $30.	

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—Seventy-five cents per line for inside, and *One dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



SHUTTING UP SHOP.

UNCLE SAMUEL. "What! shutting up shop, eh!"

MANAGING MAN OF THE COPPERHEAD HOUSE. "Yes! 'taint no use. Since the news from Ohio and Pennsylvania, we haint seen a customer, and the boss says to shut up quickly before New York ruins us outright."

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Pins for every Co. from A to M.

Answering for similar design of the Founder's Courage. The letter representing the Company is in Bold Relief, and very conspicuous.

The undersigned will forward to any solicitor one of the above pins in solid silver, with name and regiment clearly engraved upon it, on receipt of **One Dollar.**

For Union Badges, see our inside advertisement.

Address J. G. PACKARD & CO., 203 Br'dway, N. Y.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALLED

In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material.

At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

OF STUDS—Bed, White, and Black, engraved with initials, Fac per pair, will be sent free, on receipt of the price by mail. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory goods, No. 478 Canal St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant. Also Patent Compressed IVORY BILLIARD BALLS, 2 and 2¼ in., at $10 per set, 7 in. BAGATELLE, $8 00, 1¼ in., $6 00.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane & 23 John Street, N.Y., & 27 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,

47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Shults' Ointment, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 30 cents. Address G. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$1500 Young men, local and traveling agents, soldiers, &c., desiring connection with a business that will pay them for their spare time from $200 to $1500 per year, and no capital required. Can address P. Box 5074, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 50 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects 500 times. Five of different power for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

A Bad Breath.—*The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to.* How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is so delicate that no person should suffer from it, and you are ignorant of the remedy. Here is radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and blotches, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 39 and 37 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

IMMENSE PROFITS

To be made selling our

STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS.

Send for our New Circular.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

FISH'S PATENT LAMP HEATING APPARATUS

Boiling, Frying, Stewing—Steeping with the flame that lights the room.

Every Family should have One.

For descriptive Pamphlet and Price List, address W. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 266 Pearl St., N. Y. Agents wanted.

SOMETHING NEW.

The REBELLION as it was, and as it is. A WAR MAP in Sections showing LOYAL STATES, REBEL STATES, and territory taken from Rebels. All BATTLE-FIELDS to blood-red lines. Price **20** cents. GREAT COUNTY MAP of the UNITED STATES, in sheets. Send for terms. MAP AGENTS should send for terms.

H. H. LLOYD & Co., No. **81** John Street, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

501 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs.

Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over

FOUR THOUSAND

different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

72 Major-Generals,	123 Statesmen,
190 Brigadier-Generals,	127 Divines,
250 Colonels,	176 Authors,
84 Lieut.-Colonels,	30 Artists,
397 Other Officers,	172 Singe.
40 Officers of the Navy,	46 Foreign&Women.
141 Prominent Foreign Patriots.	

2,500 STYLES OF VIEWS OF ART.

INCLUDING REPRODUCTIONS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, STATUES, &c.

Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp.

An order for the Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on receipt of $1 80, and sent by mail, *Free.*

Photographic Albums.

Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each.

Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.

The smaller kinds can be sent safely by mail at a postage of one cent per oz.

The more expensive can be sent by express.

We also keep a large assortment of

Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views.

Our Catalogue of these will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

501 Broadway, New York.

Friends or relatives of gentlemanly solitary men will confer a favor by sending their address to empty. They will be very acceptable. Box 5074, Brooklyn, L. I.

IF ZINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER for Contemporaries to present to their Pastor, or for other purposes, with suitable inscriptions, &c.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of information concerning Patents, FREE. Specimens of the PAPER, FREE.

$35 WATCHES. $35

Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches, 208 Broadway New York.

BENJAMIN'S GOLD MEDAL TRUSS is deserving of, as it has always received, the highest premium. It retains the worst rupture with ease without pressure upon the seat of rupture. Never rusts nor weakens from use. It cures all recent and many long standing cases. No. 2 Barclay Street, N. Y., opposite the Astor House, *formerly of 13 Beekman Street.*

IF YOU WANT TO BE CURED OF Debility, L.Y.D.S.

Spring is the time to use DR. LEATHE'S

YELLOW DOCK SYRUP.

Which *Purifies the Blood, Invigorates the Body, gives Tone to the Nerves, Strength to the Muscles, and Health to every Channel, Joint, and Limb.*

One Dollar per Bottle. Sold by all other agents.

Depot, 120 CHATHAM Sq., N. Y. Sold 903 GRAND St.

Ask for LEATHE'S YELLOW DOCK SYRUP. Take no other. Established 1848. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

VINELAND.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for Mason's, Farmers and others. Churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Reports containing reports and giving full information sent to all who desire. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Major Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—"Vineland has a most extensive fertile tract, a most desirable position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift or Present which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, pre-paid, for $2 25; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.

HENRY CRAIG,

337 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for Circular. Agents wanted. Liberal discount to the trade. Address C. JOHNSON, 35 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

**Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate. Hard Rubber Rollers. Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 214 *Pearl Street, New York.* 68 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

Something New!—*Every Family and every Soldier must have it.* Retail price $1. For an Agency address A. B. BALLOU & SON, Haverhill, Mass. ☞ Samples mailed to Agents for 30 cents.

EXTRA AND BEST

Inducements yet offered to Agents to sell our New Card Photographs—Rebel Traitors, Rebel Rogues, Vanities, Horse-racers—Soldiers' Smoking Pipes—Union Crystal Cement—Ice Strikers—Pocket Match Safes—Self-regulating Studs Fixtures—Stationery and Yankee Notion ☞ Price Packages.

Send for New Circulars and be convinced. Address RICHARDS & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, 58 Liberty Street, P. O. Box 2131, N. Y.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever Skate Buckle.

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 315 Pearl Street, New York, 68 Kilby Street, Boston.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at HASKINS' Variety Store, 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

Wheeler & Wilson's

Sewing Machines.

Have received Premiums at all the important State and Mechanical Fairs where exhibited this season. Foote's Patent Umbrella Lock Stands. 505 Broadway.

SONGS FREE.

A choice collection of new songs will be sent to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp to pay return postage. Address

J. L. CLAYTON, Georgetown, Ohio.

Central Park in the Stereoscope.

150 New Views, just published by

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

501 Broadway, N. Y.

Also, **Life in China**, a new and very interesting series.

The Soldier's Gift To the Loved One at Home.

We will *deliver Free*, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., any of our beautiful Albums of the value of $5 or upon, that may be ordered by members of the Army or Navy of the United States as Presents to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles at *all prices* to $25, and higher.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

Manufacturers and Importers,

501 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York.

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.

For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

American Enamelled

Metallic Collar Co.,

No. 94 Pine Street, New York.

Are now manufacturing their splendid Collars, which for shape, appearance, and durability are FAR IN ADVANCE of anything heretofore produced.

They are the inventors and manufacturers of the only real "TURN-OVER" COLLAR ever offered.

These Collars are infinitely SUPERIOR TO STEEL, being more pliable, and the material of which they are manufactured BEING A NON-CONDUCTOR, renders them free from the objectionable feature of the rust collar, viz.: the courting of that dangerous element, electricity, in the shape of lightning. Inclose $1 for a "Clincher," or $1 50 for a genuine "half turn-over" collar, to the AMERICAN ENAMELLED METALLIC COLLAR COMPANY, Box No. 5173 New York City Post Office, and receive it by return mail.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Corrugated Brass or other Metals. Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldier's price, $50; Civilian's, $75. Send for a Circular. J. W. WESTON, Agt., 491 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$2 positively made from 20 cts.; urgently needed by every person. Call and examine our new articles, or send 20 cts. (silver) for sample, worth $2. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Miss Kate Denin,

The celebrated actress, says: "I have used HEGEMAN'S KARAKOLE for my hair, and find it the most elegant article for keeping it in full beauty and luxuriance that I have ever used. I can freely recommend it to every lady." Hegeman's Karakole is the most elegant hair dressing in use. Price 50 cents. Depot 66 CHATHAM St., N. Y.

Alcock's Japan.

Bivouac and Battle-Field.

Knapp's French Reader.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Have Just Published:

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain GEORGE F. NORTON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

KNAPP'S FRENCH READING-BOOK; CHRESTOMATHIE FRANÇAISE: Containing I. Selections from the best French Writers, with Copious References to the Author's French Grammar. II. The Plaster-Pieces of Molière, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire; with Explanatory Notes, a Glossary of Idiomatic Phrases, and a Vocabulary. By WILLIAM I. KNAPP, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Madison University, N. Y. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have also Published:

HEADS DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Daily Walk with Wise Men; or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and especially Adapted, by Rev. NELSON HEAD. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe. By JOSEPH KAY, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By Mrs. GASKELL. Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By Miss BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY. Camp and Outpost Duty. With Exercises for Drilling Officers. Extracts from the Revised Regulations for the Army, Rules for Health, Maxims for Soldiers, and Duties of Citizens. By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Major-Gen. Vols., U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Hooker. *Approved by the War Department.* 12mo, Flexible Cloth, 60 cents.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morale of May Fair," "Creeds," "The World's Verdicts," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HOOKER'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Science for the School and Family. Part I. Natural Philosophy. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, Author of "The Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," "First Book in Chemistry," &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 359.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CONSCRIPT.

He pinned to his coat the fiery badge,
Red, like the blood of those who had gone
When first our country called for aid,
And he said he would follow on.
He would go to the battle-field;
Like them he would proudly meet the foe,
Never to falter, never to yield,
Until treason were laid low.

"But there are many," he said, "would be
Glad in your place to be enrolled."
But he cried, "When the land asks life from me,
Can I pay the debt with gold?
You starry flag in the air—
Beneath its folds I could even die!—
Who should fight to maintain it there,
If you held back such as I?"

"Once," he said, "in my school-boy days,
Reading of all our fathers braved,
When they dared to face a tyrant's wrath
To set free a land enslaved,

I wished I had lived just then,
When men had such gallant work to do;
And, now the chance has come round again,
I must make my dreams come true!"

So he left us all to fulfill his word—
The word once uttered in boyish glee—
"If foes should threaten *my* native land,
She may look for help to me!"
And he stands in the conscript ranks,
With a lofty a step and bearing high
As becomes a man who has grasped the sword
To maintain his rights or die.

And I thank God one is left us yet,
One honest man, valiant and strong,
To stifle down all selfish fear,
And *himself* try to conquer wrong.
Thank God for one freeman more,
Steadfast, and calm, and resolute,
Who would die in his country's cause before
He would call for a "substitute!"

THE NEGRO TROOPS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

We illustrate on this page a most interesting scene, namely, the address of Adjutant-General Thomas to the negro troops and the contrabands generally at Goodrich's Landing, Louisiana, on 4th October, 1863. Goodrich's Landing, sixty-five miles north of Vicksburg on the west bank of the river, is the head-quarters of General J. P. Hawkins, commanding the district of Northeast Louisiana and the colored troops there stationed, and of Mr. W. R. Field, President of the Board of Commissioners for the leasing of Government plantations. On Sunday, October 4, Adjutant-General Thomas requested the soldiers, officers, planters, and working hands to the Goodrich House, and addressed them on the various duties devolving upon them. The utmost attention was given by the entire audience; and it may safely be said that no so singular and impressive scene has ever been enacted during the war as the Adjutant-General of the United States Army addressing negro soldiers, civilians, and women and children, on the duties and responsibilities of freedom, and that in the most southern of all the Slave States. Our artist has drawn the scene from photographs taken on the spot.

The public will be interested to learn from Secretary Stanton's report, which will be laid before Congress next month, what progress has been made in the equipment and organization of negro troops. It is generally though vaguely understood that not less than 25,000 negroes are already in arms, on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, in South Carolina, and in Virginia. Some weeks since an official connected with the War Department stated that we should have 100,000 negroes in the field by New Year 1864. Now that no one but the most incurable Copperheads objects to the employment of negro soldiers, it is to be hoped that the officers who have the work of recruiting them in hand are prosecuting their task with energy. And it is also to be hoped that the President will lose no time in repairing one injustice of which they are the victims. They are not paid as much as white troops. This is all wrong. If they are expected to work and fight as bravely as their white comrades, they deserve to be paid as well. Thus far they have done excellently well. At Port Hudson, Helena, on Morris Island, and in other battle-fields they have proved, what no man of sense ever doubted, that



THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.—ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS ADDRESSING THE NEGROES IN LOUISIANA ON THE DUTIES OF FREEDOM.—[From Photographs.]

under proper leadership they will fight as well as the men of any other race.

If Adjutant-General Thomas achieves his present purpose he will secure a most respectable name in history.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

THE ELECTION.

NEW YORK has followed in the footsteps of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and gone for the Government by twenty thousand majority. The Legislature is strongly Union, and the State ticket is elected throughout. It is only a year that the election for members of Congressmen had not taken place this year: the State would have not then been disgraced by a Copperhead delegation at Washington, and a hulking, semi-loyal, semi-disloyal Governor at Albany. However, for what we have received let us all be duly thankful.

It was noticeable that, contrary to common experience, that class of persons who in other countries would be known as "the better class," *i.e.*, men of education and means, abstained invariably voted the Union ticket. In former times as many merchants voted the Democratic ticket as any other. Now there seem to be no Democrats among the fancy buyers. The riots appear to have drawn a broad line of demarkation between loyal and disloyal men, and every one who has any thing to lose hastens to take his place in the ranks of those who are opposed to arson and murder. It looks as though the Copperheads were killing the old Democracy about as thoroughly as the "blue light" worthies killed the old Federalists.

The Government has now been fairly and squarely endorsed by the people of every Northern State—except New Jersey, which does not count. And it only remains for Mr. Lincoln to prosecute the war he has begun in with the same energy and perseverance which have thus far characterized his Administration, and all, in God's appointed time, will be well with the country.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

THERE are a number of articles in use in this country which can not be dispensed with. We consume a great deal more sugar than Louisiana and Texas could produce, even under the most favorable circumstances. Our people consume large quantities of tea and coffee, spices and hides, which can not possibly be produced in this country. We require likewise drugs, dyes, and various other minor articles of which the cost is moderate, all of which must come from abroad. Of these commodities the consumption is not likely to decrease, and the supply will be derived, hereafter as heretofore, from foreign parts.

But the aggregate of all these articles, which can not be obtained except from abroad, is very small in comparison with the export of food from this country. It might be expressed by the numeral 1, if our food exports, which are absolutely required by Europe, were expressed by the figure 2. If our imports of manufactures ceased altogether we should export three dollars for every dollar we imported, and the course of exchange throughout the world would run in favor of the United States.

No one who has studied trade on great general principles, and has realized the resources and progressive development of this country, can have failed to perceive that at some day, sooner or later, the focus of commerce and finance was destined to be removed from London, Frankfort, and Paris to New York, and the great clearing-house of the commercial operations of the business world was to be established finally in this city. This would have been at some time accomplished, even without political or revolutionary accidents, through the simple agency of the Asiatic trade, which, in the ordinary course of events, under the influence of steam and telegraph, must naturally centre at New York instead of London. But the slaveholders' rebellion has precipitated matters, and the prospect now is that we are going to largely increase our consumption of European manufactures, and increase our exports on a very brief period of time what is vulgarly known as the balance of trade will turn permanently in our favor, and New York will be the general mart for the exchanges of the world.

To descend to details. Every manufactured article imported from Europe now pays an average duty of 30 per cent., payable in gold. The present premium on gold makes that duty equivalent to 45 per cent. If gold should rise to 160 or 170, as it did last January, the duty would be 60 per cent. And the enhancement of the importer is not limited by the premium on coin. To do business safely he must watch the gold market hour by hour. If he sells goods he must instantly buy his exchange, or run the risk of seeing his profits swept away by a fluctuation caused by the speculative schemes of the Jews of William Street. If he buys his bills when he receives his goods a fall in gold may compel him to sell them at a heavy loss. So that really there is no business in this country, except faro banking, which is so purely speculative and gambling in its nature as importing foreign goods.

The remedy is simply in home manufacturing. Within a year quite a number of German importers have turned their attention to manufacturing in this country. They have imported the raw material, where it could not be produced here, and they have employed the workmen. Examples of all kinds have been established in this city and in the neighborhood, and the articles produced have realized handsome profits for the manufacturer. There is no earthly reason why we should not make all the hardware, all the dry goods, and all the articles of luxury and use which are required even by the most fastidious of the rich.

On such subjects appeals to patriotic feeling always fall dead. But interest appeals to all classes. And the fact that now, and hereafter for some years, we can and shall be able to make every manufactured article in this country cheaper than it can be imported from abroad, will pretty surely lead to a manufacturing furor among our people. This is one of those popular notions which can be encouraged by any man who undertakes, seriously and energetically, to manufacture here the articles we have heretofore imported from abroad, with a reasonable profit per centage, and will furthermore have the satisfaction of having done his share toward emancipating his country from dependence on foreign nations.

BRADY'S GALLERY.

THERE are very few establishments in the city better worth visiting than the Photographic Gallery of M. B. Brady, to whom this journal is indebted for nine-tenths of the portraits it publishes. Nowhere else can so extensive and in one sense so valuable a collection of art treasures be witnessed. For the last twenty years there has hardly been a celebrity in this country who has not been photographed here; and when the history of American photography comes to be written Brady's more than any other man, will be entitled to rank as its Father.

Many? As an still remember the old gallery at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, where Mr. Brady first began to telegraph interesting characters for the sake of more fame. People used to stroll in there in those days to see what new celebrity had been added to the collection, and "the last new portrait at Brady's" was a standing topic of conversation. Pretty soon the city became too large and small, and Brady moved to the well-known rooms in 359 Broadway, where he made his reputation. There, by great exertion and labor, he managed to collect the likenesses of all the prominently unrivaled in the world. The Presidents and Secretaries during aive or six consecutive administrations; Senators and Congressmen compiled to an equal period of time; soldiers, sailors, diviues, editors, lecturers, authors, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Jenny Lind, Sontag; every body, male or female American or foreign, who had any claim to distinction, was sooner or later inveigled by the indefatigable Brady into his parlor, and left his or her head there. The consequence was, as we said, an accumulation of portraits of the most interesting and constituting materials for history of the very highest value. What would we not give now for a set of portraits of the Cæsars and Pompeys?

When the war broke out Brady attempted higher aims. With a camera he accompanied the army on the battle-fields of Bull Run. He photographed and seized, with mathematical accuracy and artistic skill, scenes that will live forever. Further camera went from his house to Charleston, and it will presently show us the effect of Gilmore's Greek fire on the cradle of secession. This revelation from the old track has not, however, diminished Brady's eagerness for portraits. The Prince of Wales and suite, the Russian Admiral and staff, the French and British Admirals, and a host of other celebrities, native and foreign, have been added to his collection since he moved to the corner of Tenth Street.

If any man deserves credit for accumulating materials for history, that man is M. B. Brady.

THE LOUNGER.

THE OLD GAG.

WHY all over Mr. Beecher our gratitude for the pleasant and effective way in which he silenced the mob in Liverpool, Manchester, and London. His perfect self-possession, his readiness, his jokes and his pluck won him the victory throughout. Another orator might have withered the mob with sarcasm, but he had only to open his mouth to make them laugh against them. He parried their blows, and at the same time struck home. There is no public speaker in this country who is fitted to do what he has done as Mr. Beecher, and the work he has begun in England will doubtless be continued by others. It is a profound and salutary impression as much upon British conceit as sense.

It is serpicious many that Mr. Beecher had to contront the mob in England, since he and all men of this views can now speak freely here at home. But the spirit against which he speaks, and against which the people of this country fight, is always and every where the same. Whether it is hanging a man in Georgia for saying that God made all men free, or burning a slave in Carolina because he is trying to seize his liberty, or murdering a man or child in New York because of their color, or "pitching into" rable mob" stilling discussion in Boston, or trying to stifle it in Liverpool, Manchester, or London, Slavery is the same old tyrant, to whom free speech is as dangerous as a match to gunpowder, and which always seeks victory by brute force.

In this country we have had enough of this kind of tyranny. Under the Constitution we have discovered that no one man's opinions are any more sacred than another's. If Southerners like slavery, they may say so. If Northerners hate it, they may say so; and the Constitution protects each in the expression of his views. In the celebrated Union-at-la-was, which it seems we are going to have again at the Vice-President, it was quite the other way. But in the Union-as-it-is we have got the gag out of our mouths. Nor does it look as if it were likely to be put into any body's mouth in British soil! Of course, every man knows that it is the American pimps and panders of slavery in England who, warning at the natives of their own kind, endeavored to stop, by threats and open riot, the meetings which Mr. Beecher addressed. The old serpent dies hard. But its head being under the heel of civilization, religion, common sense, and common humanity, whether it dart its poison in a great rebellion, or wriggle in a riot, or hiss in Copperhead speeches at home, and brawling interruption at public meetings abroad, its convulsions are but the throes of death.

THE THING TO BE DONE.

"WHY should Jefferson Davis' butler himself about the future?" cries a wiseacre. "Isn't it plain that the thing to be done is to fight?" Yes; but the question is, how to fight? Does Lincoln himself about the range of his guns? Isn't it plain that the thing to be done is to reduce Charleston? Is fighting all he has now to do? If Lee were defeated in Virginia and Bragg routed in Georgia, is then the work over, and our only duty to summon the troops home? If General Gilmore can not calculate the range of his guns, how can he take Charleston? If Lincoln, Stanton, and Halleck do not consider how they can secure peace, of what use is fighting?

Does any body seriously suppose that, when the two rebel armies are defeated, Davis & Company are going to say that they give it up, or that elections are to be held peacefully in Georgia or Virginia without the supervision of the national authorities? Yet if fighting is all, when fighting stops the war is over, and there is peace. Or take Tennessee at this moment. Thanks to its loyal men and the army of the Cumberland, with that at Burnside, the military forces of the rebels are expelled. Must Andrew Johnson, therefore, be regarded as back in the State of Tennessee, which has been always at least half loyal, a Governor must be maintained by the appointment of the United States, if there is not a milder treatment will answer for any wholly disloyal State? Or is Andrew Johnson a usurper and the rebel Governor of Tennessee still the lawful chief magistrate of that State?

Is a man every foolish if he considers the plan of his house when he begins to dig the cellar? Do you tell him that it is absurd to talk of his library and the size and shape of the dining-room, and the bow-window here, and the hot closet there, when the foundations of the cellar are not laid? Do you constantly say to him that the business is to lay the cellar and let the library and dining-room take care of themselves? Not unless you have lost your common sense. Why, it is exactly the same thing with the war? When the fighting is over, then what? Is that the end? When the cellar is laid, is there nothing more to be done?

There is a great deal more to be done. The Government of the country is to be settled upon principles of true democracy: and the sooner our minds consider what those foundations are the sooner peace will come. There is no plainer axiom of politics than the constant discussion of the significance of the war—its causes, its origin, its objects. Every man in the country may acquire some adequate advantage for the tremendous struggle. Does any body think that we have understood the teaching of Jefferson Davis? Does he not now return into the Senate of the United States? And yet how soon is he likely to be convicted of treason? Is not treason where it was consumed? The Constitution, according to the Copperhead papal, is sufficient to secure the success of a rebellion, but not to punish the rebels or authority. Is the chief Copperheads in New York claim that they are better Union men than Unionists men themselves, because they go for fighting and conciliation. By their own confession, then, there is something more than fighting to be done. But if we are right, the Copperheads may consider what they will do after fighting, why is General Butler so culpable that he also claims upon men shall do after the fighting? The gentle Copperheads ought not to forget that the time is past in this country when it was "convenient" for Jeff Davis and his political allies North and South to say and do exactly what they chose, and "unconstitutional" for their opponents to utter a word in the same. We may avow and, thanks to Jeff Davis, that, though his rebellion does not destroy the Union, it does destroy the despotism which nullified the Constitution and used the Union-as-it-was for its tool.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Interesting non silent artes. The fine arts are still eloquent amidst the roar of cannon and through the thick smoke of battle-fields slowly and steadily the rich and well-proportioned building, the new Academy of Design, rises. The corner-stone was laid upon a day of general gloom. Men eminent in art, in letters, in oratory, spoke their cheering and consecrating words. It was, as Mr. Vice-President Gray remarked, the first temple of art upon this continent built and directed by the artists themselves. Nor was the time ill-chosen; for, as Mr. Godwin eloquently declared, the great civil strifes among nations have been the tempestuous spring which has ushered in the golden summer of all manner of intellectual fruits.

The subscription of the fund for the Academy building has been one of the most remarkable events of this memorable year. More than a hundred thousand dollars were subscribed within a few months or weeks, and this amidst the constant strain of the vast private subscriptions for the war. It is a fact too significant for Americans to forget, and too significant for foreigners to mention. It is very doubtful if Mr. Charles Mackay, who found plenty of time to say last summer that it was generally conceded the Union was hopelessly gone, found a moment to state that the men who were giving their children to fight and their money to support the war were also wise enough, as well as staunch, to be taking care that the future of the country which they intended to redeem should abound in every influence of beauty and truth. The readiness of the subscription to the Academy fund was the answer of the entire confidence of New York in the maintenance of the Union. The future will own its grateful debt to the artists of to-day in New York, that they have remembered it and their countrymen so well that they chose this hour as the one in which to begin their work.

And, indeed, as the temple rises into graceful completion, who shall say that its developing strength and symmetry are dedicated to the service of the purest beauty, do not fitly symbolize that vaster structure of Union and Liberty, which, with steady strokes and toil and blood, the brave hearts and hands of the people are building? The event was more significant than the newspapers made it. But History, looking for the proofs of the national purpose and faith and spirit, will not forget it.

KNOWING WHAT YOU WANT, BUT NOT HOW TO GET IT.

"I CAN see," lately said a cynic, "that in the next Senate are two parties: one knowing exactly what it wants, and the other ignorantly exactly ignorant or what it wants."

It is pretty true. There are but two parties, and they are well described by the critic. One wants the maintenance of the Union. Its policy is therefore perfectly clear. It distinctly asserts every measure which will secure and confirm that result. The other wants political power, and it doesn't see exactly how to get it. That explains its conflicting assertions and contradictory action. In Ohio it declared for peace at any price. Ohio voted its record from the lake to the river. In Iowa therefore it declared for the war, and against the conduct of the war. That also was of no use. In New York it declared itself the strongest war party. Its success, therefore, in New York would make every thing else sluggish and feeble, and reveal the fact that it had no principle whatever in regard to the Union and the country, and was every where ready to do nothing except to discover how it might return to power. In the State of New York the ticket of this party was supported by men who radically and utterly disagree upon the question of the war, or who, at least, profess to disagree. The M'Clellan wing and the Ben Wood wing have supported the nominations. But in Manager Wood's war policy that of General M'Clellan's' and, like Ohio, which wing has controlled?

The party calling itself "the Democracy" professes to be the strong war party. Yet a great deal of the Union arms would have helped their ticket. They claim to be the true Union party. Yet Jefferson Davis and every rebel leader wishes their success. Which are the dupes or the deceivers, the Copperhead leaders or the rebel chiefs? A party, therefore, which sees that the steady and victorious prosecution of the war must annihilate it, yet which has no hope of securing power but by seeming to favor the war, will inevitably prevent the success which the cynical critic deserved, of not knowing what it wants.

Let it be so. But not by the means, of which it is ignorant. It wants political power at any price. Nor is it too harsh to say that if it could procure that consummation by favoring immediate peace, upon the basis of compromise or separation, looking to future reconstruction, it would not hesitate to adopt that policy. The only security that is afforded by virtue of its alliance with a system which permanently paralyzed the Constitution, and is now seeking to destroy it. That system and its rebellious effort are equally doomed. And as they go, so go their props and appendages. As slavery sinks, so Democracy forever—a party which called itself democratic to serve slavery, and consequently repudiated every democratic principle whatever.

A scorpion girt with fire knows what it wants, but not how to get it. A confused scorpion knows not how to get it. It wants life; but how shall it pass through the fire?

THE AGRICULTURAL BUREAU.

WHILE we have been engaged in this engrossing war a new Department of the Government has been established, and has risen to be the highest practical value. Its operations are necessarily so quiet that they do not startle words and sensation, but have been properly estimated. Establishing the most trusty relations with every part of the country, and receiving the most accurate and faithful accounts of the variety, extent, progress, and result of all the crops in the country, it sends every month into the hands of every farmer in the land, it he chooses to take it and read it, a full description of the precise condition of the agriculture of the whole country, and thus destroys speculation in food. It shows what the crop is, and inferentially what the price ought to be. It distributes flowers, and seeds, and vegetables, and grain, and trees. It supervises the experiments which single cultivators might feel themselves to be too humble to make, and disseminates the results. Its machinery gives it facilities which no private farmer can command; and the great benefit which France has always derived from its agricultural bureau will be renewed and surpassed in the United States.

No jubilee could be more advantageous to the farmer, and none deserves from him a more cordial and effective sympathy. Every farming

club and horticultural or pomological society which has not established relations with it is the loser by the delay.

AS YOU WERE.

THE gentleman who calls mad rioters and assassins his friends, lately said in a public speech that spite of the Vice-President we will have the Union as it was. His friends responded with "tremendous applause." But in one or two little things, perhaps, the Union will not be so much as it was in the palmy days of Buchanan as in those of Washington.

For instance, in the Union as it was ten years ago Mr. Horatio Seymour, of New York, could go into Carolina or Georgia and say what he pleased of public affairs, and Mr. William H. Seward, of New York, his equal fellow-citizen, could not. In the Union as it will be, and as it was when it was made, Mr. Horatio Seymour will have no privileges which Mr. Seward has not.

Then in the Union as it was two years ago chattel slavery existed in several of the States. But in the Union as it was meant to be by the fathers, but in the Union as it will be, there will be no chattel slavery in those States.

Again, in the Union as it was when Mr. Seymour was for the first time Governor of New York, and again when Murray Victorius lady of large those charming views of the delights of slavery which she reproduced in her book, it was enough to secure great reputation as a "national statesman, that a man should become the nimble lackey of slavery. In the Union as it will be the test of nationality will be devotion to liberty and human rights, and not to the interest of an aristocratic party.

The Union as it was in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, was made by men who believed that Slavery was only a curse. The Union as it was in the days of Buchanan, Toucey, Cass, Floyd, and Thompson, was officered by men who were resolved that slavery should live and grow. *That* is the Union which our worthy Governor says he desires to have. The Union as it was and as it will be not Vice-President Johnson's pronounce. Do we mean not think that the country will have Vallandi, Bond, Seymour, and Fernando Wood, or Washington, Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln?

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

THE second book of this most universally popular and admirably compiled anthology of the year has just appeared. Like the first book, it owes nothing to elaborate advertising or vigorous puffing. Indeed it is a remarkable fact in the history of the literature, that the first part was quietly issued and apparently quietly ignored by the press, but gradually widely read and loved and duly appreciated upon every newspaper stand, and was intimately known to every circle in the country. The actual service it was doing for the good cause of peace at the time. Like the pamphlets of Defoe, it is not about the easy encouragement and delight of pleasant people, who love to trenchant liberty in countries the admirable of the most intelligent public. Our political satire writers have been governed by the best contempt or above general comprehension. The true wit and power of some of them have commended them themselves to the purely literary classes, but they have not commanded the interest and laughing assent of the great busy crowd of the country. The sale of the first book of Mr. Nasby-Locad is already prodigious, and that of the second will doubtless be like unto it. It treats events of the day in verse. It even adopts the practice of the editorials of the New Gospel as seen in the standard New York in July. The chaos of novelty is naturally wanting, but it seems to us not less racy that the earlier part.

The authorship remains a secret. Claims are now asserted for some source beyond Albany, possibly among the fastnesses of the Hudson. The work has been attributed to a score of literary gentlemen in the city. But the author and the publisher guard their secret well; and whoever he may be the writer of "The New Gospel of Peace" has secured his place in the memorabilia of the war.

THE CASTILIAN.

THE Archduke Maximilian of Austria is an accomplished one of the cleverest princes in Europe. That may or may not be a praise. That he should, and the Mexican adventure allaying in the comprising. For to can not wear the crown at home and to be emperor and representative of a nation—for, of course, his must be his own proposition—is a chance which he can not willingly forego. He says, indeed, that he must have a popular call to the throne. But his next friend of France under stands exactly how popular calls to the throne are managed, and that all look to the wanting. The call must have guarantees. But guarantee is a strong word. He only doubtless accepts in recognition. Yet it seems hardly possible that he would have gone so far long it upon a Mexican throne sustained by French bayonets.

If it is asked whether every nation is not interested in having a permanent and peaceable government in Mexico, the answer is every nation is. But if then it be asked whether every nation is not much more interested in the maintenance of the principle that revolution shall mingle in the internal affairs for itself, is the answer any less plain? If Louis Napoleon could add that the Mexican Government could then would not secure the friendship, and therefore the means to occupy a port and pay himself, the pleading would have been unfortunate, but he could have had some reason. But to occupy a foreign country which is on more over threaten the peace or power of France, is an assertion as any view of Gheugis Khan's, and is an act which threaten the peace of the world by subverting existing principle of international equity.

It will scarcely compensate for so gross an offence that the ambitious of Almonte & Co. "received the highest pitch" upon occasion of their introduction to Maximilian: "for on leaving the presence one of them declared that the very sight of this incomparable Princess would be worth to her august husband an army of forty thousand men; and that there was not a single partisan of Juarez who, at the aspect of the Archduchess Charlotte, would not become an enthusiastic Imperialist." She spoke to them "in the purest Castilian." So if an emissary of Juarez should offer a throne and Kingdom to any Prince or Duke in Europe we should all be charmed, should we not, if his wife should address him in the purest English? The Mexican conquest, thus far, is—excepting the lives it has cost—a comedy. But it may become a tragedy at any moment from which the present Castilian could not extricate the loveliest Princess.

THE OPERA.

THE Opera goes bravely on. As we supposed, *Roberto Devereux* was a failure; but *Jone* is the most magical success of a new opera since the *Puritans*. It seems hard to persuade managers that it is not enough that a work should be new to the natural public. It must be new to the artistic public to success. True to his vocation as an enterprising manager, however, Mr. Maretzek offers us still another new and very famous work—the *Favorita*—with one of the most delightful of the older operas, *Lucrezia Borgia*. For Medori there could not be a better part. Her quavery and tragic style is peculiarly fit her for Lucrezia; while Mazzoleni's passionate tenderness give to Gennaro a newer charm.

The Opera is so evanescent a pleasure in the city that it is necessary to bring it back again from time to time when they can hear the finest operas most adequately sung at the Academy. That time is now.

CARLYLE.

SINCE the melancholy glibe of Carlyle at this country we have heard little of him until we have this picture of him by Mr. M. D. Conway. He is still at work upon his Frederick:

"The scene of Work, Carlyle, remains in his room, grimly facing the grim phantom of the Old King—neither of them disposed to rest. You may see him sometimes with a wide-awake hat going out on horseback, generally toward Croydon, which Johnson's life has made one of his Meccas; but the rule seems to have little exception in it. Carlyle has in his study nineteen different portraits of Frederick, and more are hoped for. Among the latest acquisitions which hour upon the life he is writing. Every other person connected with the subject seems to be long excluded from his study. The spiritualists, of which there are not a few in London, say that he is possessed by the spirit of Frederick, and that his own personality in all things he writes now about slavery or any thing else, and that when the life is completed he will be free to write of spell, and be clothed and in his right mind. The grief of both wife and husband that the publication was not over the late will utterance of Carlyle is terrible. They regard it as the result of a very morbid state of mind and body, and it is probable that the publication will be delayed until in future relieve to allow such melancholy exposures as this will appear. Those in the house who can best sympathize with Carlyle who know him well; for he is utterly unable to suppress his feelings, and the most sympathetic who think him as mean and selfish as themselves are sure to get, if they approach him, a fearful snubbing."

ADVERTISEMENTS

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

By direction of the President of the United States, Major-General B. F. BUTLER, United States Volunteers, has been appointed to command the Department of North Carolina, and the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Major-General JOHN A. DIX, United States Volunteers, Major-General BUTLER, will report in person for orders to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

CHARLES R. ELLET, commanding the Mississippi Marine Brigade, died suddenly on 19th ult., at Bunker's Hill, Illinois.

Lieutenant MORRIS S. SHUTTERAW, executive officer of the *Ironsides*, has been promoted to the rank and ordered to the iron-clad *Weehawken*, vice Lieutenant-Commander WILLIAM GAMBLE, assigned to the command of the *Patapsco*.

There is no probability now that General HEINTZELMAN will resume command of the Department of the South—work having elapsed since he reported for duty.

Admiral DAHLGREN has issued a congratulatory handbill, and is guzzling in fresh and spirits. He expresses great confidence in the success of the land and naval military operations against Charleston, and that at no distant day.

Major-General HUNTER has left Washington on an inspecting tour to the army's outer line of defences.

General ANGER will in a few days be relieved from duty in the Department, and proceed to his home in Detroit, Michigan.

Colonel D. T. CHANDLER, formerly of the old regular army, and recently colonel of the 44th New York, is now in while attempting to make his way into Virginia, has received from several Southern men as a state prisoner, and is held for exchange.

General H. H. CRITTENDEN arrived in Springfield, Illinois, on 9th inst., from his home at Frankfort, Kentucky. He spent a few days in Chicago, and thence came to his command.

Major-General BANKS's army and navy friends in Massachusetts will be glad to learn that he is improving in health.

Major-General HALLECK has issued an order for the muster out of service of the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, Missouri Volunteers, now at Alexandria on September 30, and then had its organization and discipline broken up by the re-grouping it in chalk on a dead-wall in town, over his own signature.

An effort is making to gather the remains of those who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg, and to give them a proper burial-ground, as is to be done at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

A court-martial, of which Colonel GRAY, 85th Michigan Volunteers, is President, has been appointed for the trial of military offences.

Captain BENJAMIN F. SANDS has been detached from the *Dacotah*, and ordered to the command of the *Fort Jackson*.

Captain JAMES ALDEN has been ordered to the command of the *Powhatan*.

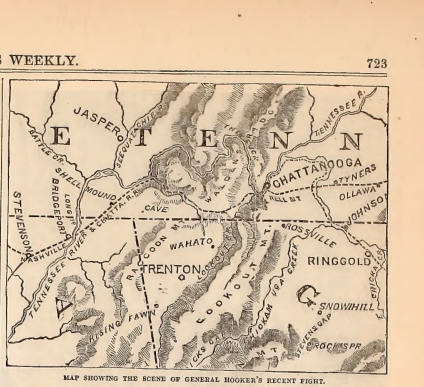
Lieutenant RODERICK PERRYMAN has been ordered to the *Ino*.

Lieutenant S. D. GROSSMAN has been ordered on special duty to NEW YORK.

Lieutenant-Commander WM. D. WHITING, commanding the *Octorara*, has been detached from her and ordered North for a new and larger command. Lieutenant-Commander S. LIVINGSTON BREESE will succeed him.

Commander PETER CROSBY has been detached as Fleet Captain of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and ordered to command the *Florida*.

We were in error in stating lately that private ELIAS Hoffman, of Company A, 7th Army of the Potomac, belonged to Onkelonk's Mounted Rifles. Both Private Hoffman and the members of Onkelonk's Cavalry Onkelonk's Mounted Rifles are one of the finest best-ordered regiments in the service.



MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL HOOKER'S RECENT FIGHT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FIGHT NEAR BRIDGEPORT.

THE following has been received of the battle:

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 19, 1863.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief:

SIR,—In the fight of last night the enemy attacked General Geary's division, posted at Wauhatchie, on three sides, and broke his camp at one point, but was driven back in short order, leaving in the hands of the latter the remainder being held in reserve.

General Howard, while marching to Geary's relief, was attacked in the flank, the enemy occupying in force two commanding points on the road to Trenton.

General Howard immediately threw forward two of his regiments, and took both at the point of the bayonet, driving the enemy from his breast-works and across Lookout Creek.

In this brilliant success over their old adversary, the conduct of the officers and men of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps is entitled to the highest praise.

GEORGE H. THOMAS, Major-General.

THE RESULTS.

The following has also received:

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 21—11.30 P.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Since the fight of the night of the 28th the enemy has not disturbed us.

General Hooker took many prisoners, among whom were four officers and one colonel and three are. He also captured nearly a thousand Enfield rifles. His loss was also heavy. Our killed, officers and men, both and wounded.

G. H. THOMAS, Major-General.

GENERAL GRANT TAKES THE COMMAND.

HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, NASHVILLE, KENTUCKY, Oct. 18, 1863.

In compliance with General Order No. 337, of date Washington, D. C., October 16, 1863, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the "Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing the Departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee."

The headquarters of the Military Division of the Mississippi will be in the field. All reports and returns required by army regulations and existing orders will be made.

THOMAS SUPERSEDES ROSECRANS.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 342.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 19, 1863.

In obedience to the orders of the President of the United States, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the Army of the Cumberland.

In assuming the control of this army, so long and ably commanded by Major-General ROSECRANS, the undersigned confidently relies upon the hearty co-operation of every officer and soldier of the Army of the Cumberland to enable him to perform the responsible duties devolved upon him.

The officers on duty in the various departments of the staff at these head-quarters will continue in their respective places.

All orders heretofore published for the government of the army will remain in force until further orders.

GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Major-General United States Volunteers.

ROSECRANS'S FAREWELL.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 341.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 19, 1863.

The General Commanding announces to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland that he leaves them under orders from the President.

Major-General THOMAS succeeds him, in compliance with orders, will assume the command of this army and department.

The chiefs of all the staff departments will report to him.

In taking leave of you, his brothers in arms, officers and soldiers, the General wishes you that your new commander comes not to you, as he did, a stranger. General Thomas has been identified with the army from its first organization. He has led you often in battle. He has shown prudence, discretion, courage, and true patriotism you may look with confidence that under God he will lead you to victory.

The General Commanding doubts not you will be as true to yourselves and your country in the future as you have been in the past.

To the officers and brigade commanders he tenders his cordial thanks for their valuable and hearty co-operation at all times in his command.

To the chiefs of the staff departments and their subordinates, whose duties have been so onerous, he owes a debt of gratitude for their fidelity and untiring devotion to duty.

Commanding officers will see that soldiers, farewell, and may God bless you.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

THE ATTACK FROM CHARLESTON.

The latest news we have from Charleston is taken from the Richmond *Sentinel* of the 21st, three days later than we have had before. It states that the bombardment of Fort Sumter was renewed on the evening previous, but has yet taken place. From sundown on Wednesday until sundown on Thursday one thousand two hundred shots from fifteen-inch mortars and three hundred pounder Parrotts have been thrown against the fort. The rebel loss is severe wounded. On the evening of the 20th, General Gilmore's forces opened fire from the mortar battery at Cummings's Point upon the northeast angle of the fort. The batteries opposite Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, the centre battery and Cummings's Point battery, with the addition of the monsters "Swamp Angel" and "Lucy Somler," says the *Whig*, "still goes on, but this fire is much slower. Our batteries fire slowly and deliberately. The enemy at present pays no attention to them.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The news from Washington indicates approaching active operations in General Meade's army. All the available troops under the command of General Martindale, the Military Governor of the capital, have been ordered from duty and sent to the field. They will be supplied by the Invalid Corps. The One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania has already been ordered, and left on 20. It appears that recent information concerning the movements and strength of the enemy will enable General Meade to take some decisive measures at once.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

The troops under General Banks are moving through Western Louisiana, as is supposed, with the ultimate object of recovering Texas from the rebels. At last accounts, the Nineteenth Army Corps, under General Franklin, had passed Carrevel to Opelousas, eighty miles and ten on 22d of October, without meeting a great deal of resistance, notwithstanding the fact that the enemy in large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery attempted to make a stand about five miles from the town. Carrying out the order, however, which has actuated them in all their movements so far during the campaign, they quickly routed the rebel rear advance, and are reported to have gone to Alexandria. The head-quarters of the Thirteenth Army Corps Alabama Army Corps are still at Vermillionville, and all the troops are in fine health and well supplied. At New Orleans an expedition, under General Dana, composed of veteran troops, was being fitted out. Its precise destination is, of course, not divulged, but the general opinion is, that it is intended for some point on the Texas coast. The enlistment of colored soldiers was going on rapidly in the city, and Port Hudson had been the scene recently of the destruction of rail-works, tanneries, and other rebel property across Lake Pontchartrain to Mississippi.

A DROLL COPPERHEAD PLOT.

A curious Copperhead plot in Ohio has come to light. The plan for effecting the release of imprisoned rebels in Camp was as follows: When the prisoners are a banquet, which they were to be given on the day they take leave. The prison guard was to be shot by outside parties, and were were to be thrown over the walls to the prisoners. The prisoners once out with their axes were to break open arms, and then they were to storm the penitentiary, release John Morgan and other Confederate officers, and the whole party were then to storm for the Ohio River and cause near Maysville. Cathcart was to go along and receive a commission in the rebel army as a reward for his services. Cathcart was arrested at the house of the Rev. Sabin Heath, through the arrested Heath, whom Mr. Valandigham wrote to the year 1861, that the United were honestly divided."

SUFFERINGS OF UNION PRISONERS.

The arrival of a boat-load of sick Union soldiers at Annapolis from Richmond reveals a most horrible tale of starvation on the part of the rebels to the unfortunate Union prisoners. Those who survived living were mere skeletons, of whom one-third will probably die, and eight had died, at Annapolis on the way from Richmond.

CONSCRIPTION FRAUDS.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 17th inform, on the question of the Confederate currency, says: "The condition of the currency is now as alarming as ever. Its issues since has risen even above the excitement of military movements. Every new quarter of a million increases the schemes, expedients, and remedies are daily centers; Rossini over the country, and suggestions of every character and description are urged. One thing is certain and indisputable, that the present financial management is an utter and absolute failure, rendered so not by Mr. Memminger, but by the people themselves. The funding scheme of Mr. M. could succeed only by the prompt and prohibiting co-operation of the people, by courage ward and continuing to convert the currency into bonds. It is not succeeding for the reason that is why the people have failed. The fact that they have not and will not voluntarily do so currency is an important matter for legislative consideration."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE BRUTALITY.

Two other members of the Hibernia Volunteers, the Secretary of War and the Solicitor-General, have made speeches on the American war. Both have been the source of much pursuit by the Government, and the cause of much sensibility.

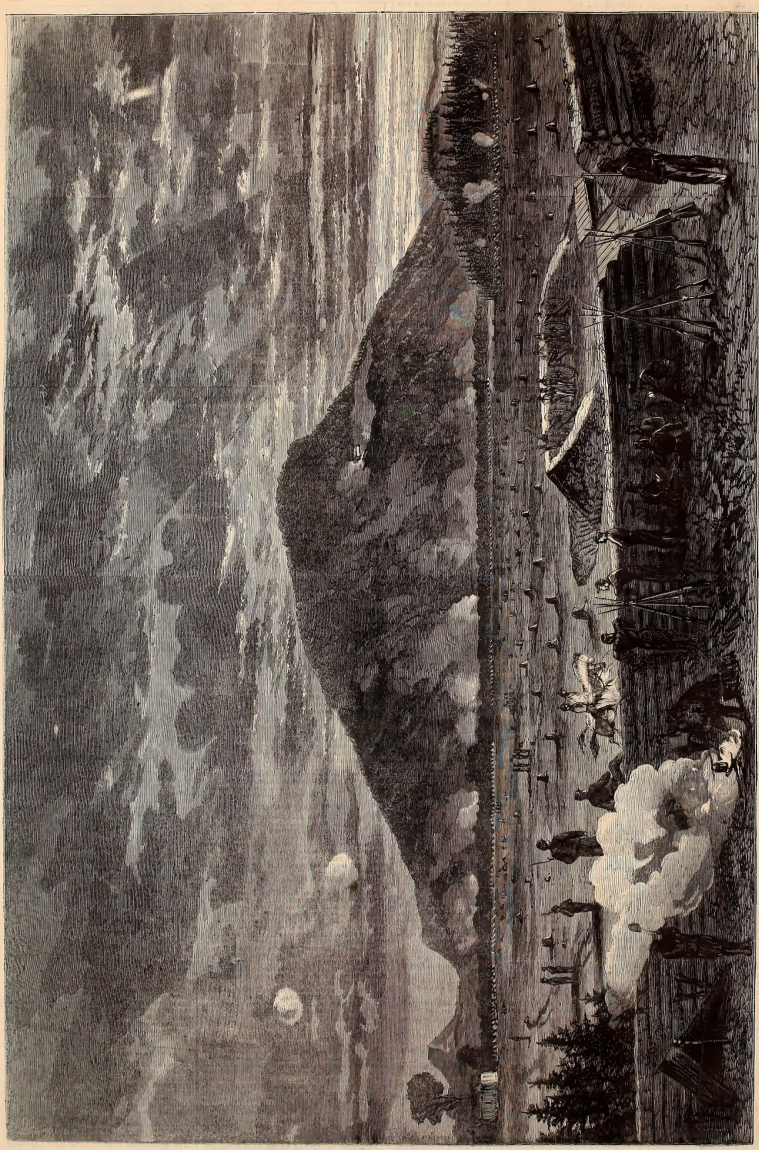
MR. BEECHER AT EXETER HALL.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture on the American war at Exeter Hall, London, on the 20th of October. The hall was crammed to overflowing, and outside crowds were unable to obtain admission. He was carried into the hall on the shoulders of policemen, being totally unable to make his way through the crowd. The lecture was a perfect success.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE PIRATES AND THE "VANDERBILT."

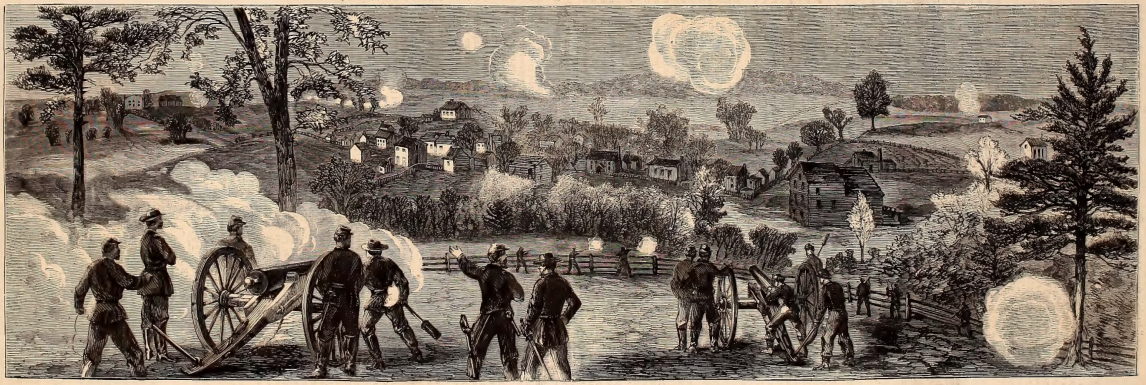
Journals from the Cape of Good Hope, dated to the middle of September, contain some very interesting reports of the movements of the rebel privateer Sea to Sea Mason's Boy and off the coast. The *Vanderbilt* having reached Simon's Bay, Captain Semmes evidently took off his cruiser to avoid her. After this the American traders commenced to move about more freely, still keeping near to shore, however. The South African pilot who took the Alabama out of Table Bay reports Semmes on the receipt of his renunciation, and formed a very poor opinion of his liberality of the treatment of the vessels under his consequence. The writers at the Cape describe the *Alabama* as a fine vessel. The *Vanderbilt* towed a disabled Dutch vessel into port.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS FROM OUR WORKS ON CHATTANOOGA CREEK.—THE REBELS SHELLING OUR CAMPS.—[SEE PAGE 727.]



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 727.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BUCKLAND, SCENE OF A CAVALRY SKIRMISH WITH STUART.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

VERY CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

After a delirious but bitter and deadly Alfred naturally drew away from his inamorata. But she, boiling with love and hate, said bitterly, "We need not talk Mr. Rodds into our secrets. Come, Sir, your arm!"

He stuck it out ungraciously, and averted his head; she took it, suppressed with difficulty a pesty desire to pinch, and so walked by his side; he was as much at his ease as if promenading Jaughes with a panther. She felt him quiver with repugnance under her soft hand; and prolonged the irritating contact. She walked very slowly, and told him with much meaning she was waiting for a signal. "Till then," said she, "we will keep one another company." Biting this word with her teeth as it went out.

By-and-by a window was opened in the asylum and a white cloth hung out. Mrs. Archbold pointed it out to Alfred; he stared at it; and after that she walked him rapidly home in silence. But, as soon as the door was double-locked on him, she whispered triumphantly in his ear:

"Your mother-in-law was expected. That is that signal was to let me know she was gone."

"My mother-in-law!" cried the young man, and tried in vain to conceal his surprise and agitation.

"Ay; your mother-in-law, that shall never be: Mrs. Dodd."

"Mrs. Dodd here!" said Alfred, clasping his hands. Then he reflected, and said, coolly: "It is false; what could she come here for?"

"To see your father-in-law."

"My father-in-law? What, is he here too?" said Alfred, with an incredulous sneer.

"Yes, the raving maniac that calls himself Thompson, and that you took to from the first. he is your precious father-in-law—that shall never be."

Alfred was now utterly amazed, and bewildered. Mrs. Archbold eyed him in silent scorn.

"Poor man," said he, at last; and hung his head, sorrowfully. "No wonder the sight of me went so to my heart. How strange it all is? and how will it all end?"

"In your ruin, a madman instead of an insolent fool," hissed the viper.

At this moment Beverley appeared at the end of the yard. Mrs. Archbold whistled him to her like a dog. He came running zealously. "Who was that chap? and what I was out?" he inquired.

"A polite lady, madam: she said Sir to me and thanked me."

"That sounds like Mrs. Dodd," said the Archbold, quietly.

"Ah, but," continued Frank, "there was another with her: a beautiful young lady; oh, so beautiful!"

"Miss Julia Dodd," said the Archbold, grimly.

Alfred panted, and his eyes roved wildly in search of a place to escape and follow her; at last could not be far off.

"Any body else, Frank?" inquired Mrs. Archbold.

"No more ladies, madam; but there was a young gentleman all in black; I think he was in clergyman; or a butler."

"Ah, that was her husband that is to be; that was Mr. Hurd. She can go nowhere without him, not even to see her old boss."

At these words, every one of them an adder, Alfred turned on her furiously, and his long arm shot out of its own accord, and the fingers clenched like an eagle's claw. She saw, and understood, but never flinched. Her vindictive eye met his dilating flashing orbs unflinchingly.

"You pass for a woman," he said, "and I am two wretch—I mean men." He turned away with a deep convulsive sob, and, almost staggering, leaned his brow against the wall of the house.

She had done what no man had as yet succeeded in; she had broken his spirit. And here a man would have left him alone. But this subjected beauty put her lips to his ear, and whispered into it: "This is only the beginning." Then she left him, and went to his room and stole all his paper, and pens, and ink, and his very almanac; he was to have no communication now, except to brood, and brood, and brood.

As for Alfred, he sat down upon a bench in the yard, a broken man: up to this moment he had hoped his Julia was as constant as himself. But no; either she had heard he was mad, and, with the unhesitating cruelty that belongs to her sex, hops, not hearing from him at all, believed herself forsaken: and was consoling herself with a clergyman. Jealousy did not at first infuriate Alfred. Its first effect resembled that of a heavy blow. Little Beverley found him seated on a bench, and ran to the Robin. The ex-prize-fighter brought him a thimbleful of brandy: but he would not take it. "Ah, no, my friend," he said, "that can not cure me; it is not my stomach: it is my heart. Broken! broken!"

The Robin sneered muttering. Little Beverley kneeled down beside him, and kissed his hand with a humble devotion that savored of the canine.

Yet it was tender, and the sinking heart clung to it. "Oh, Frank!" he cried, "my Julia believes me mad, or thinks me false, or something, and she will marry another before I can get out, to tell her all I have endured was for loving her. What shall I do? God protect my reason! What will become of me?"

He moaned, and young Frank sorrowed over him, till the harsh voice of Rooke summoned him on some sanitary duty. This dismissed, he came running back; and sat on the bench beside his crushed benefactor without saying a word. At last he delivered this sapient speech: "I see. You want to get out of this place."

Alfred only sighed hopelessly.

"Then I must try and get out," said Frank, stoutly.

Alfred shook his head.

"Just let me think," said Frank, solemnly; and sat in silent looking like a young owl: for thinking soon puzzled him, and elicited his intellectual weakness; whereas in a couple of minutes his cunning, unquilty as half the world, and but for his official, officious Protector, might just as well have been sentinel at the Swan, at Keele and Chambermaid at the Wolf.

So now force and cunning had declared war on Alfred, and feebleness in person enlisted in his defence. His adversary lost no time: that afternoon Rooke told him he was henceforth to occupy a double-bedded room with another patient.

"If he should be violent in the middle of the night, sing out, and we will come, if we hear you," said the keeper with a malicious smile.

The patient turned out to be the able seaman. Here Mrs. Archbold aimed a double stroke; to make Alfred's misery acute, and show him how very mad his proposed father-in-law was. She thought that, if he could once be forced to realize this, it might reconcile him to not marrying the daughter.

The first night David did quiet and paraded an imaginary deck for four mortal hours. Alfred's sleep was broken; but he said nothing; and David turned in again, his watch ended.

Not a day passed now but a blow was struck. Nor was the victim passive: debarred writing materials, he set down his thoughts on copies of the *Times*, and secreted them: then catching sight of some ink-blots on the back of Frank's clothes-basket, he practised secretly off, melted them in a very little water, and with a toothpick scrawled his wrongs to the Commissioners; he rolled the slip of paper, sealed it, and wrote outside, "Good Christian, keep this half-crown, and take the writing to the Lunacy Commissioners at Whitehall, for pity's sake." This could be watched, and when nobody was looking flung his letter, so weighted, over the gates: he heard it fall on the public road.

Another day he secreted a spoonful of black stewed prune-juice, diluted it with a little wine, and wrote a letter, and threw it into the road as before: another day, hearing the Robin express disgust at the black for which Mrs. Archbold injected, he drew him apart, and offered him a hundred pounds to get him out. Now the ex-prize-fighter was not to be bought; indeed fallen, and a great detester of foul play. What he saw made him now side heartily with Alfred; and all he wanted, now to be indemnified for his loss.

He looked down and said, "You see, Sir, I have a wife and six to think of."

Alfred offered him a thousand pounds.

"That is more than enough, Sir," said the Robin; "but as you see I have like a weakness, the contrast chairs, and all the paraphernalia, were not to be had for the asking, and disposed upon at once if found, they would look like things scorned and dismissed from service: for Wolfe, mind you, professed to have escaped from them."

Alfred asked what was up, and found all this was in preparation for the quarterly visit of the Commissioners: he learned, too, from the Robin that Drayton House always knew when they were coming, and the very nonces of the two thunderers that they ought to suspect.

Mrs. Archbold communicated her knowledge to off-hand terms. "It is only two old women, Richard and Mary."

The gentleman thus flatteringly heralded arrived next day. This is only the beginning." With a grand benevolent head, bald front and silver hair, and the gold-headed cane of his youth, now a signifier of age. He was not the ordinary looking little chap enough: with this merit, he was what he looked. They had a long interview with Mrs. Archbold first, for fear they should carry a naked eye into the asylum; Mr. Bartlett, acting on instructions, very soon entered about Alfred. Mrs. Archbold's face put on friendly concern directly. "I am sorry to say he is worse than he was when you last saw him: he nearly so well. We have given him walks in the country, too; but I regret to say they did him no real good: he is more violent than ever, and now he shuns the other patients, which he used not to do." In short, she gave them the impression that Alfred was a moping melancholiac.

"Well, I had better see him," said Mr. Bartlett, "just as a matter of form, you know."

Alfred was accordingly sent for, and naked with an indifferent air how he was.

He said he was very well in health, but in sore distress of mind at his letters to the Commissioners being intercepted by Mrs. Archbold or Dr. Wolf.

Mrs. Archbold smiled, pityingly. Mr. Bartlett caught her glance, and concluded this was one of the patient's delusions. (Formula.)

Alfred surprised the glances, and said, "You can hardly believe this, because the act is illegal. But a great many illegal acts, that you never detect, are done in asylums. However, it is not a question of surmise: I sent four letters in the regular way since I came. Here are their several dates. Pray make a note to inquire whether they have reached Whitehall or not."

"Oh, certainly, to oblige you," said Mr. Bartlett, and made the note.

Mrs. Archbold looked rather discomposed at that.

"Also now, gentlemen," said Alfred, "since Mrs. Archbold has had a private interview, which I see she has abused to poison your mind against me, I claim a simple justice a private interview to disabuse you."

"You are the first patient ever told me to walk out and leave the room-groom," said Mrs. Archbold, rising white with ire and apprehension, and sweeping out of the room.

By the time she reached the gentlemen she gave the enemy a point in the game; for, if she had insisted on staying, Mr. Bartlett was far too weak to have refused her. As it was, he felt shocked at Alfred's rudeness, and so small a thing as justice did not in his idea counterbalance so great a thing as discourtesy; so he listened to Alfred's tale with the deadly apathy of an unwilling hearer. "Pour on: I will endure," as poor Lear says.

As for Dr. Terry, he was pictorial, but mild: effaced, emptied of brains by all-scraping Time. If he had been detained that day at Drayton House, and Frank Beverley sent back in his place, Alfred would have had no small hope attached to him, less to the nation, and nothing to mankind.

At last Mr. Bartlett gave Alfred some hopes he was taking in the truth; for he tore a leaf out of his memorandum book, wrote on it, and passed it to Dr. Terry. The ancient took it with a smile, and seemed to make an effort to write; but his hand dropped simultaneously from his finger and his mind.

Not a question was put to Alfred; so he was fain to withdraw, and his withdrawer addressed, and caught Mrs. Archbold at the keyhole. "Noble adversary!" said he, and stalked away. Mrs. Archbold was in a rage, and no sooner did the inspectors come out, and leave the coast clear, than he darted in and looked for the paper Mr. Bartlett had given to Dr. Terry.

He found it on the floor, and took it eagerly up; and full of hope and expectation, read these words:

"WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE STUFF THE MATRON GIVES YOU? I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY MRS. BARTLETT ONE LIKE IT.

Alfred stood and read this again, and again. he smiled, and his eye rested on symbolical meaning in the words. High-minded, and deeply impressed with his own wrongs, he could not conceive a respectable person, and fifteen hundred a year to spy out wrongs, being so heartless hard as to write this single comment during the inspection of a man being so gigantic an his. Poor Alfred learned this to his cost, that to put small men into great places is to create monsters. When he replaced the bitter truth, he put the story-hearted paper in his pocket, crept into the yard, and, for all the world, for all he could do, scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

"Homunculi quanti sunt!" he sobbed. "Homunculi quanti sunt!"

Presently he saw Dr. Terry come wandering toward him alone. The Archbold had not dared to leave the room safe; sanctimule had done that. Alfred, all heart-sick as he was, went to the old gentleman out of veneration for the outside of his office, and for Shakspeare—and pity for his bodily infirmity, and offered him an arm. The doctor thanked him sweetly, and said, "Very young man, I have no way thing to communicate?"

Alfred said that the ancient man had already forgotten his face, and so looking at him with that rare instrument of official inspection, he asked only, "Is there room sane; and consequently taken him for a keeper.

How swiftly the mind can roam, and from what a distance it can gather materials of a thought! Flashed like lightning through Alfred's mind this line from one of his pets, the Greek philosophers:

Και γαρ ο μεγιστος των κακων αρχη τοις τε καλοις.

And this is the greatest stroke of art, to turn an evil into a good.*

Now the feebleness of this aged Inspector was an evil: that feebleness was to turn it into a good. Shade of Plato, behold how thy disciple worked then! "Sir," said he, sinking his voice very much, "I am sorry I had I am a poor man, you won't say I told you: it's as much as my place is worth."

"Of course, strict confidence," replied Nestor, very gravely for his note-book: he extracted at at last like a loose tooth, fumbled with it, and dropped it: it was received up fuming inwardly.

The ancient went to write, but his fingers were weak and hesitating, and by this time he had half forgotten what he was going to say. Alfred's voice quavered with impatience; but he fought it down, and offered as coolly as he could to write it for him: the offer was accepted, and he wrote down in a feigned hand, very clear,

"DRAYTON HOUSE, Oct. 5. A sane patient, Alfred Hardie, confined here from interested motives. Has written four letters to the Commissioners, all intended to intercept. Has communicated to me in confidence by an attendant in the house. Refer to the party himself, and his correspondence with the Commissioners from Dr. Wycherley's: also to Thomas Wales, assistant attendant: and to Dr. Wycherley: also to Dr. Eskell, and Mr. Abbott, Commissioners of Lunacy."

After this stroke of address Alfred took the first opportunity of leaving him, and sent Frank Beverley to him.

Thus Alfred, alarmed by the hatred of Mrs. Archbold, and dismayed with jealousy, assured all his intelligence and played many cards for liberty. One he kept in reserve; and a trump card too. That, having written to the Commissioners, he did not hesitate, but out pocketed, up sleeve, and drew blood from his arm, and with it wrote once more to the Commissioners, but kept this letter hidden for an ingenious purpose. What that was my reader shall divine.

CHAPTER XLV.

We left Julia Dodd a district visitor. Visiting in a dense parish she learned the depths of human misery, bodily and mental.

She visited an honest widow, so poor that she could not afford a farthing dip, but sat in the dark. When friends visited her they sometimes brought a candle to talk by.

She visited a cripple who often thanked God sincerely for having her the use of one thumb.

She visited a poor creature who for sixteen years had been afflicted with a tumor in the neck, and had lain all those years on her back with her head in a plate; the heat of a pillow would have killed it, Julia found her hanging by one and yet content to stay: and praising God in all the lulls of that pain, which was her companion day and night.

But were I to enumerate the ghastly sights, the stifling loathsome odors, the vulgar horrors of a single district, the young lady from the view of my readers would endure on paper for love of truth, what she endured in the love of God and of Him whose servant she aspired to be.

Probably such sacrifices of selfish ease and comfort are never quite in vain; they tend in many ways to heal our own wounds: I won't say this suffering is more than atonement, but it is realized far more vividly by a spectator. The grim heart-breaking sights she saw wrayed Julia's conscience against her pretty life: the more so when she found some of her most afflicted ones resigned, and even grateful. "What," said she, "have they all that I have not? suffering, bow so cheerfully to the will of Heaven, and have I the wickedness, the impudence, to repine?"

And then, happier than most district visitors, she was not always obliged to go to the poor: she had a confine her consolations to good words. Mrs. Dodd was getting on famously in her business: Julia had taken a partnership in it, and Co., and was inspecting eighty ladies, as well as working: her salary and profits together were not less than fifteen hundred a year, and her one luxury was charity, and Julia its minister. She carried a good honest basket, and those you might see her Bible-wedged in with wine, and meat, and tea and sugar: and still, as these melted in her round, a little spark of something warm would sometimes glow in her own sick heart. Thus by degrees she was attaining, not earthly happiness, but a grave and pensive cheerfulness.

Yet across it gusts of earthly grief came sweeping to time; but these she hid till she was herself again.

To her mother and brother she was kinder, sweeter, more thoughtful than ever. They looked on her as a saint; but she knew better; and used to blush with honest shame when they called her so. "Oh dear, pray don't," she would say, with unaffected pain. "Love me as if I was an angel; but do not praise me, that makes me so proud and stuck up in my own world. I am not a Christian yet, nor any thing like one."

Returning one day from her district, she sat down to take off her bonnet in her own room, and presently heard snatches of an argument, that went on in the next room—and little ears of hers that could almost hear through a wall. The two concluding sentences were sufficiently typical of the whole discussion.

"Why disturb her?" said Mrs. Dodd. "She is getting better of 'the wretch;' and my advice is say nothing about it, and keep her so."

"But then it is so unfair, so ungenerous, to keep any thing from the poor girl that may concern her."

At this moment Julia came softly into the room with a curiosity hidden under an air of angelic composure.

Her mother asked After Mrs. Beecher, to draw her attention elsewhere. She replied, that Mrs. Beecher was no better, but very thankful for the wine Mrs. Dodd had sent her. This answered its purpose without any suspicion: Harry sat and by Edward, and fixed two loving imploring eyes on him in silence. Edward read. This feeble creature was the scab, and make him talk ungenerously. It did. She was close to him, and remained at the end of the room.

"Look here, Jo," said he, putting his hands in his pockets, "we two have always been friends as well as brothers, and I want your opinion: it does not seem like a friend to keep things dark?" then to Mrs. Dodd: "She is not a child, mother, after all; and how can it be wrong to tell her the truth, or right to suppress the truth? Well then, Jo, there's an advertisement in the *Times*, and it's a regular riddle. Now mind, I don't really think there is any thing in it; but it is a droll coincidence, very droll; if it won't there are ladies present, and one of them a district visitor. I would say, d—d droll. So droll," continued he, turning to Julia, "that I should like to punch the advertiser's head."

* And this is the greatest stroke of art, to turn an evil into a good.

"Let me see it, dear," said Julia. "I dare say it is nothing worth punching about."

"There," said Edward. "I've marked it."

Julia took the paper, and her eye fell on this short advertisement:

ALLEEN ARGON.—DISTRUST APPEARANCES.

Looking at her with some anxiety, they saw the paper give one sharp rustle in her hands, and then quiver a little. She forced her head over it, and strug scemed to swim. But she never moved; they could neither of them see her face, she defended herself with the printed sheet. Letters cleared again, and, still hiding her face, she studied, and studied the advertisement.

"Come, tell us what you think of it," said Edward. "Is it any thing? or a mero coincidence?"

"It is a pure coincidence," said Mrs. Dodd, with an admirable imitation of cool confidence.

Julia said nothing; but she now rose and put both arms round Edward's neck, and kissed him fervidly again and again, holding the newspaper tight all the time.

"There," said Mrs. Dodd: "see what you have done."

"Oh, it is all right," said Edward, cheerfully. "The British firemen is getting hugged no end. Why what is the matter? have you got the hiccough, Jy?"

"No; no! You are a true brother. I knew all along that he would explain all if he was alive: and he is alive," kissing the "Times" violently more than once; this done, she fluttered away with it to her own room, ashamed to show her joy, and yet not able to hide it.

Mrs. Dodd shook her head, sorrowfully: and Edward began to look a trifle old and downcast as he had done wisely. I omit the discussion that followed. But the next time his duties permitted him a visit there, Mrs. Dodd showed him the "Times" in her turn, and with her pretty white taper finger pointed grimly to the following advertisement:

ALLEEN ARGON.—I do DISTRUST APPEARANCES. But if you ever loved me explain them at once. I am expecting for you from you 4-day since.

"Poor simple girl," said Mrs. Dodd; "not to see that, if he could explain at all, he *would* explain, not go adding on one enigma after another to mystification. And to think of my innocent dove putting in that she had something for him from his sister; a mighty temptation to make a wretch!"

"It was wonderfully silly," said Edward; "and such a clever girl, too; but you ladies can't stick to one thing at a time; begging your pardon, mamma."

Mrs. Dodd took no notice of this remark.

"To see her lower herself so!" she said, "O, my son, I am ashamed." And Mrs. Dodd kissed her check against Edward's, and sighed.

"Now don't you cry, mammy," said he, sorrowfully. "I can't break every bone in his skin for your comfort."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Dodd, anxiously. "What, are you not aware she would hate you?"

"Hate me! her brother!"

"She would hate us all, if we laid a finger on that wretch. Pray interfere no more, love's foolish child, talking to me about women, and how to plain you the working of their hearts: and a good thing *for you*." She then put on maternal authority (nobody could do it more easily) and solemnly forbade all violence.

He did not venture to contradict her now: but cherished his resolution all the more, and longed for the hour when he might take "the wretch" by the throat, and chastise him, the more pointedly the better.

Now, the above incident then revealed Julia's real heart, which she had been hiding more or less all this time from those who could not sympathize with her, took eventually a turn unfavorable to "the wretch." So he might well be excited. Her quiet and settled love had always been that Alfred was dead. Under the immediate influence of his father's example, the belief for a moment believed he was false; but so true and loving a heart could not rest in that opinion. In true love as long as there is any shadow of uncertainty, there is a world of faith and credulous ingenuity. Now, as Alfred had never been seen about town, nobody could say he was married so another, there was a grain of uncertainty as to his unfaithfulness, and this her true heart magnified to the mountain.

But now matters were another face. She was sure he had written to the advertisement, and possibly care for that old hero, and what appearances to explain away? and who but he knew they took in the *Morning Intelligencer*? She would wait for the explanation she had invited. She read the advertising column every day over and over.

Not a word came.

Then her womanly pride was deeply wounded. What, had she coaxed an explanation where most ladies would have listened to none; and coaxed it in vain!

Her high spirit revolted. Her heart swelled against the repeated insults she had received: this last one filled the bitter cup too high.

And then her mother came in and assured her he had only inserted that advertisement to keep her in his power. He feared you are receiving, and that you are admired by others more worthy of your esteem.

Julia cried bitterly at these arguments, for she could no longer combat them.

And Mr. Hurd was very attentive and kind. And when he spoke to Julia, and Julia turned away, her eye was sure to meet Mrs. Dodd's eye imploring her secretly not to discourage the young man too much. And so she was gently pulled by one, and gently thrust by another, away from her first lover and toward his successor.

It is an old, old story. Fate seems to exhaust its malice on our first love. For the second the road is smoother. Matters went on so some weeks, and it was perfectly true that Mr. Hurd escorted both ladies one day to Drayton House, as Julia's request, and not Mrs. Dodd's. Indeed, the latter lady was secretly hurt at his being allowed to come with them.

One Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Dodd went alone to Drayton House, by appointment. David was at his bank. Julia had received no knowledge of her. Mrs. Archbold told her a quiet, intelligent patient had taken a country house for a month or two, and this was adding much to his happiness. "May I see him to thank him?" asked Mrs. Dodd. "Certainly," said Mrs. Archbold. "I'll inquire for him." She went out, but soon returned, saying, "He is gone out for a walk with the invalid, and is not quite such a match for his and amusement as we can; we hope soon to send him out altogether, cured." "Truly kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Dodd. And very soon, she kissed Mrs. Archbold, and pressed a valuable brooch upon her: and then took leave. How sorry, at this gate she encountered Mr. Hurd. Mrs. Archbold said she would go back for it. Mrs. Dodd did not hesitate. Mrs. Archbold had insisted, and settled the question by going. She was no sooner in the house than young Frank Bevery came running to Mrs. Dodd, and put the missing parcel officiously into her hand. "Oh, thank you, Sir," said she; "will you be so kind as to tell Mrs. Archbold I have it." And with this they parted, and the porter opened the gate to her, and she got into her hired cab. And, as she drove off, she let a loud sound, was lost in the sorrowful thoughts of what had been, and what now was. Four wks, each visit to Drayton House opened her wound afresh. On reaching the stones there was a turnpike. On this occasion she had counted out the purse and paid it. As she drew back to her seat, she saw out of the tail of her feminine eye the edge of something white under the cushion. She took up the parcel, and found a written paper pinned on to it: she detached this paper, and examined it with a sort of mechanical curiosity. It consisted of a long slip about an inch and a quarter broad, rolled like tape, and tied with pink ribbon. This ribbon had not tied inside, of course, but she read the superscription: it was firmly but clearly written, in red ink, and ran upward.

Of the words I shall only say at present that they were strange and startling, and struck direct on the wife's intelligence and tender heart of Mrs. Dodd was overpowering. They knocked at her heart; they drove her from it again; they grew more eloquent than a thousand speeches: and the next moment she felt a little faint; for she knew now the appeal was not to her, but to her sister, being very fit to pass between the heart of woe and the heart of pity. She smelt at her salts, and soon recovered. She was a woman of nerve, and womanly bosom swelled so with the milk of human kindness that her breath came short. After this, though she guessed what was in it, "Ah, that I will, poor soul; this very moment." Now, by this time she was close to the house.

She stopped the cab at the door, and asked the driver if his horse was fresh enough to carry her to the board of Admiralty in Whitehall, Sir," said she. "Lord bless you, ma'am," said the cabman, "Whitehall? why my mare would buy you there and brought back in an hour, let alone Whitehall."

Reassured on that point Mrs. Dodd went in to get a few necessaries for her visit, but, as she stood in the passage, she heard her children's voices, and also a friend's; the genial, angry voice of Sampson Dodd, senior.

She thought, "Oh, I *must* just show them all the paper, before I go with it!" and so she put little bits of things with things with Sarah, mounted the stairs, and arrived among them singularly apropos, as it happened.

Mrs Like Sampson, who make many foes, do also make many friends, and these are of the old school, and faithful friends themselves. The boisterous doctor had stuck to the Dodds in all their distresses: he had not only given them his money, it certainly was not his fault: for almost his first word, when he found them in a lodging, was, "Now, Dodd, let me have that little purse, pen and ink, and I'll just draw ye one; for a hundred." This he finished politely to Mrs. Dodd, he expostulated. "Come clear—Msdam, how on arith can ye go on in such a place as that without money?" he said.

He returned to the charge at his next visit, and scolded her well for her pride. "Who ever heard of letting your own flesh and blood starve, chick, from an old friend like me? Come now, behave! Just a woe chick: I'll let y' off for fifty."

"Give us your company and your friendship," said Mrs. Dodd; "we value them above gold: we will not rob you dear child whom we have as many fingers on our hands as other people."

On the present occasion Dr. Sampson, whose affectionate respect for the leading London physicians has already been manifested, was lavishing specially against certain specialists, whom, in the rapidity of his lusty eloquence, he called the Mad Ox. He favored Julia and Edward with a full account of the manifold enormities he had detected them in during thirty years' practice; and so descended to his present grievance. A lady, an old friend of his, was being seen in a certain street, by one of these beasts, because she had got money and relations, and had once been delirious. "And why was she delirious? because she had a brain-fever: she got well in a fortnight." This lady had thrown a letter over the wall addressed to him; somebody had posted it: he had asked the Commissioners to let him visit her; they had declined for the present. "Yon Board always sides with the strong against the weak," said he. So now he had bribed the gardener, and make a midnight assignation with the patient; and was going to it with six stout fellows to carry her off by force. "This is my recipe for alleged Insanity," said he. "The business will be more like a medieval knight carrying off a courteous nun out of a convent, than a good physician saving a pashient from the Mad Ox. However, Mrs. Sampson's in the secret; I daresay she will approves it; for she doesn't. She says, 'Go quietly to the Board of Commissioners, Sir.' 'My dear, Board's no sort of cattle that go too slow for Sampson, and no match at all for the Mad Ox.'"

At this critical moment, or soon after, Mrs. Dodd came in with her paper in her hand, a little flurried for once, and, after a hasty courtesy, said,

"Oh, Dr. Sampson, oh, my dears, what wickedness there is in the world! I'm going to Whitehall this moment; only look at what was pinned on my parasol at Drayton House."

The writing passed from hand to hand, and left the readers looking very gravely at one another. Julia was quite pale, and her lip quivered. Ali were too deeply moved, and even shocked, to make any comments; whilst the doctor, in a low voice, read like a cry from the writer's heart to their hearts.

> *"If you are a Christian, if you are human, pity a sore distress, and help a friend, and take this to the heart of Lassage at Lincoln's Inn. Say by treachery from her I love, who intercepted the first paragraph, pens and paper kept from me, I write this in the dark, with a fork and my blood on a rim of the Prince. Say she is dead direct if to some one who has authority, and can feel for another's agony."*

Dr. Sampson was the first to speak. "There, said he, "I told you so." "didn't I tell you? This man is sane. There's sanity in every line."

"Well, but," said Edward, "do you mean to say that is a madman's letter?"

"Mai—dear—Sirr. Mankind niver changes. Whatever the muscles of man can do in the light, the mind and soul can feel of man will consent to do in the dark."

This said—it was a word.

Mrs. Dodd, too, was for action, not for talk. She bade them all a hasty adieu, and went on her good work.

Ere she got to the street door she heard a swift rustle behind her; and it was Julia flying down to her, with flushed and sparkling eyes and quick impetuosity, that had seemed dead forever. "No, no," she cried, panting with generous emotion; "it is not to be sent. I am torn from him I love, and by some treachery I dare say: and I have suffered, oh you shall never know what I have suffered. Yet it is me, oh pray, pray, let pray give it see. *I'll* take it to Whitehall."

CHATTANOOGA.

On page 724 we reproduce a picture drawn by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing Chattanooga, Tennessee, close to Chattanooga. On 18th Mr. Davis wrote:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, October 18.

"For some time after the fight at Chicamauga Lookout Mountain was considered as a signal-station by Captain Cole and Lieutenant Howgate, with a small party, who one day received notice to quit from General Longstreet in the valley. Rope had then been for some time signaling over the heads of the rebels camped below.

"Since the rebels have taken possession they have built fortifications on the opposing where the seminary is situated, half-way up the mountain, into which they 'can occasionally shell our camps.'

Since the above was written an important change has taken place, and Lookout Mountain has once more passed into our hands. A dispatch from Chattanooga, dated the 24th, says: "A division, main under Colonel Stanley, of the Eleventh Ohio regiment, floated fifty pontoons down the river in the dead darkness of the morning, and, after a short ferry, and surprised and drove the rebels from the ridge on the south side, opening communication with the refugees. The rebels are flanked, and must evacuate Lookout Mountain."

A second dispatch says, "General Hazen, with two brigades of General Palmer's division, attacked the enemy on Lookout Mountain and drove him from his position."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On page 725 we publish a view of BUCKLAND, Virginia, the scene of a recent cavalry skirmish, from a sketch by A. R. Waud. Mr. Waud writes:

"Buckland is a Warrenton place, where the Broad Run crosses the road. It contains about two dozen houses, a wooden factory, and a dilapidated mill, and is a very picturesque, although an unpicturesque place. The Run is very pretty, having all the characteristics of a mountain stream. On Monday with this October, Kilpatrick's command met the rebels under Stuart. Davies's brigade had crossed the river, and proceeded along this pike to reconnoitre, when a heavy force was discovered moving upon our left flank. Before this General Custer's brigade had to give way, recrossing the river, and taking position on the hill to the east of it. The rebels divided, Hampton on following Davies as he retreated up the Run to find a crossing, and Stuart engaging Custer with overwhelming forces, pressing him back upon Gainesville. General Davies succeeded in getting his men over the river at a most unpromising place; looking at it next day, it seemed almost impossible for guns to get across as they did. Considering the entire surprise of our troops, the rebels did not make much out of it, about 200, principally mere prisoners, being our loss.

"Mr. Hunton's family, consisting of his wife, three daughters, and some servants, took refuge in the cellar. Hampton's battery planted itself on both sides of the house, and the sharp-shooters behind its corners and the trees and fences, all which throw scars from the round bullets. No one was hurt."

THE "DUNDERBERG."

We devote pages 728 and 729 to a large illustration of the great steam ram *Dunderberg*, which William H. Webb is building for the Government. She will be, when launched and armed, the most powerful man-of-war afloat. She is 578 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 32 feet deep. The armor on the side is 6½ feet thick of timber and 4½ inches thick of iron; on the casemate it is 3 feet of wood and 3½ inches of iron. She will have two turrets, with two guns in each turret, and 4 in each. She will have six broadside and two pivot guns in the casemate. Her hull will be bulkheaded, with yards and sails. The forward part of the vessel, for 50 feet of solid timber and iron, constitutes the ram. The engines are 6000 horse-power, which will give her probably 16 miles an hour. It is not likely that the *Dunderberg* will be ready for service for a year, the magnitude of her proportions requiring immense time and labor.

In contrast with the *Dunderberg* we reproduce, from a French paper, a picture of the leading vessels of the Imperial iron-clad fleet. The vessels are two-deckers, armed on the old style, and differ in rig from the modern vessels of the navy simply in being clad with iron and armed with a ram. The iron mail is about 4½ inches thick. This squadron set sail from Cherbourg on 27th September for an experimental cruise. While at sea, some distance from Brest, it encountered a severe gale, which seems to have astonished the captains. The vessels slipped so much water that the officers' quarters were deranged, and sea-sick men were washed overboard. On the morning after the storm the squadron was dispersed, only one vessel remaining in sight of the flag-ship. It is evident that these vessels could not be trusted to cross the ocean.

THE LATE GENERAL LYTLE.

We publish on page 732 a portrait of the late GENERAL WILLIAM H. LYTLE, who fell, gallantly leading his men to the attack, at the battle of Chickamauga, on 20th September last.

William H. Lytle was the son of a gallant soldier distinguished even by Robert Lytle, and was born at Cincinnati in the year 1837. He entered the army young, and served in the Mexican war as captain. At the close of the war he studied law, and served several terms in the Ohio State Legislature. At the outset of the present war he commanded the Ohio militia at Camp Harrison, and subsequently accepted the Colonelcy of the Tenth Ohio Volunteers. At Carnifex Ferry he commanded a brigade, and largely contributed to drive Floyd and Wise out of that part of Virginia. It was there he received his first wound. In the battle on the troops stood firm under the enemy's fire, when he gave the command to "charge." When they had crossed just half the distance to the rebel works their gallant leader fell. The impetus was gone. His men, with a sense of duty, refused to leave the work for some time, neither advancing nor retreating, but at last fell back to the woods. The enemy, finding themselves unable to assault this portion, recrossed Carnifex, and abandoned this strong-hold. When scarcely recovered from this injury Lytle returned to the field, first to the command of the Bardstown Camp of Instruction, and then of the Seventeenth Brigade, under General O. M. Mitchel. In the battles just out of the range of the battle of Carnifex, Lytle was again wounded, at Perryville, by a musket-ball in the thigh, which kept him a week's captivity, was exchanged. It was here that the gallant conduct of the young hero wrung unstinted praise from all, and won the love and admiration of his own people. In the spring of 1863 his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers passed the Senate. At that time up to his death he served with General Rosecrans. Thus in each successive autumn of the war Lytle was wounded, at Carnifex Ferry, at Perryville, and then on the brilliant career of the young General closed on the bloody field of Chickamauga.

We have spoken of Lytle the soldier; in conclusion we may say a few words of Lytle the poet. His fame will be grasped by general publicity to his writings, and consequently but few of his productions have found their way into the public journals. We have one of his best in the poems, in which "he, being dead, yet speaketh," and speaks to the gay votary of pleasure, saying, "Arise, go forth, and be likewise!":

> "Ye not the time for dalliance soft
> In gentle ladies' bowers?
> Again the Roman eagle's wing aloft,
> And dares to trail its towers.
> Again the sons of our fathers were
> Silent in their exultant rage,
> And we with all the strength of years,
> When marching forth to battle.
>
> From every wooded mountain-side,
> From every dingled valley,
> Our hunters, with their rifles wide,
> Invite the brave to rally.
> And far to East, and far to West,
> Our iron line advances,
> While Freedom's fire, by freemen blessed,
> In glory o'er us dances.
>
> But when the birds of morning sing,
> And all the wars are over,
> Our barrels at your feet we'll fling,
> And kiss our forts of clover.
> We'll sit we say 'tis time to rest,
> As gayly drums shall rattle,
> Before our conquering colonies head,
> When marching home from battle.



THE "DUNDERBERG," THE GREATEST MAN-OF-WAR IN THE WORLD, A



AS SHE NOW APPEARS IN WILLIAM H. WEBB'S SHIP-YARD.—[See Page 727.]

THE NEW BATTLE-CALL.

Unroll our flag beat the long roll once more!
Call up the North as you called her before.
Up from the work-shop, the office, the plow—
She responded before, she will answer you now!
In Freedom's warfare what freeman can lag?
Beat the old battle-call under the flag!

Call the young men, in the prime of their life,
Call their mothers, their sisters, their wives, for they
Blessed if they live, and revered if they fall,
They who respond unto Liberty's call.
Where the air thickens with Copperhead brag,
Beat the old battle-call under the flag!

Hoist up the flag to its stout staff again,
Swearing that treason shall leave there no stain;
Soon will it float in a vigorous gale—
Bear up its folds with unwavering clasp;
Where our tired soldiers their weary feet drag,
Beat the old battle-call—beat for the flag!

On to the fields where our brothers have gone—
Side by side, under the flag we'll press on.
Charging the foe in the place of the slain,
Fight till old glory shall triumph again!
Our country calls us, what freeman can lag,
While the old battle-call beats for the flag?

DAISY'S DUTY.

I.

My mother finished Dora's letter, reading quite to the end before she spoke, wiping her spectacles carefully and replacing them in their case with a hand somewhat tremulous.

"Well, Daisy, it appears to me to be your duty to go to Rose a while. The child is not happy, and I am afraid there are still wrong somehow. This paper is blotted with tears, the writing is unsteady, and it is dated at midnight. All this makes me think that Harry is not what he should be, and she is so young; and rash that she must have some one to teach her how to be wise and patient, and how to bear the lot I fear is hers. Read it, Daisy, and tell me if it is not so."

Forest little golden-haired child-wife—dear little sister Rose—our Rose, unhappy? Ah, how can it be? Mother must be mistaken.

So I read the letter over two-light sketchy paragraphs of things and people she had seen, and places she had been, yet all ending with the incidental remark, "I wish you had all been with me, Daisy."

"Tired, Rose tired? who used to race over the hills and dales like a deer and laugh at fatigue."

Then an allusion to the concert where she was not present, "because Harry had an engagement with some gentleman—she thought about last night, and how it lived her so well and truly, and how much company its prattle would be when she was all alone—ah, poor Rose—that mother's gift, and Rose is lonely had unhappy! I seem to see her dark-blue eyes looking inquiringly into mine while I read her letter. "Come to me, Daisy;" "I long to lay my head on your shoulder and rest."

"Rest?" Is the child weary? Has the stout arm failed her on which the fruit of Eden trusted to ashes on her lips, leaving only bitter memory there? I must go and see.

So mother and I sat with clasped hands until the sun had set. I listening to her wise counsels as to my course in the unenviable position I was about to take, when I must bear in mind the words "Blessed are the peace-makers." But I could not speak to her how! I was so glad to go to the great town of Carmichrook where Rose lived—could not even in the coming twilight tell her how sensible it is but lately grown as dear sweet there as well as Rose, for it was all so strange and new yet that Dr. Arnot cared a little bit for me—for me, no longer young; not pretty, nor bright; or wise, only a quiet, pale, gray-eyed woman of twenty-eight, one of his nurses. I could not tell her this summer time, that had slipped away and hidden behind the shadow of the passing year, was bright for me, a summer summer time to me, because a tall, dark man with wondrous eyes and winning voice was by my side whenever I walked or rode or when he brought what will forever be to a point as truly as I might their tints, who listened while I sang homely simple songs, and then told me of the old romantic and dutiful legends of Germany, where three years of his life had been passed. And that was the cause of the calling upon before he was Dr. Arnot, only Tyrrell Arnot, Rose's little beau, and we were all merry children together. I was not jealous in the slightest as we walked so fairly Rose, and how he loved her in those pleasant days, for I thought the one love of his lifetime had come to him as it had to me this summer, when wandering by brook and woodside I found life suddenly grown so bright. Ah me! and yet I remember, with a turn of sadness, an incident as trifling as to be hardly worth recording, that haunts me yet.

We had wandered off, Tyrrell and I, down the glen, over the stones and by the falls, until we reached a deep pool where the little stream turned abruptly around a rock and whirled down a slight descent on the other side, and then went singing off quite out of sight. It very likewise we set our tiny craft afloat in a miniature harbor just above us, two gay leaves (the scarlet one was Tyrrell and the golden one mine), and a silk in their quiet haven and soon moved out on the swift current. Down we went through the quiet shore while scarlet hovered near. Then on the same ripple they were borne over the curving wave to dash down with the bubbles. Away went the scarlet sometimes dancing here and there, but in the shadow of the fall the yellow taken stopped forever, only now and then upborne by the swell of the wave beyond its haven. Still I watched the gay red leaf till it flung itself ashore, where the thorn of a wild rose held it until the evening wave snatched it from all torn and tattered, a worthless thing.

I could but sigh as this childish trial was going on, but Tyrrell's gay laugh, as he said, "A false, unfaithful emblem," banished the thoughts that came unbidden. I threw no more autumn leaves on the shining water.

And now that Tyrrell's summer holiday is over and he is on his rounds again among the sick and suffering in Carmelcrook, I smile and turn my face away with a strange gladness as mother says, "I must do my duty." Ah, if duty ever always so pleasant. I will cheer and comfort Rose if she is sorry. I will nurse her if she is sick. I will try to calm the tempest that may be fraying out, and teach the child her patient devotion my win a recreant back; yet through all this there will run the tune of the song that I shall sing, that I shall grasp his hand and hear his pleasant voice as he greets "Little Daisy" once more.

"Little Daisy!" How glorious it will sound, and how good he is to pick up a faded daisy to wear on his heart, instead of the blushing blooms of spring-time.

II.

CARMELBROOK, *November* 10.

I OPENED my eyes on Rose—my own weak age in this pleasant town, an inmate of Harry Dale's fine house, a guest of sister Rose. I find her looking very thin and at times haggard, but the least flush sends the blood to her beautiful cheek and she is blooming as the rose itself.

It was evening when I arrived, and Harry met me at the train, very cordial, as is his wont to greet a stranger. To my inquiry for his wife he answered, "Oh, Rose is well enough—a little nervous now and then. You must try and cure her of that," and then he spoke of the concerts the season promised with the anticipation of a boy.

I asked, "Does Rose like so much going out?"

"Ah, well, not very much, I think—like the same set of people that I do. I hope she will learn to adopt herself to my tastes by-and-by; but she is a little country girl yet, and has not the people "fast" whom I consider very nice people to know. We have some charming friends in town that you don't fancy them." And thus he rattled off, while I grew very quiet, and wondered if I should like the "capital fellows of our club" any better than Rose did.

How bright and happy the dear child looked as she opened the door for us, and how she showers her caress as she laid her golden head on my shoulder and clasped me close, saying meantime, "What a darling Daisy's love seems to be now." Then followed questions and answers about mother and home, and the horses and cows, the flowers and trees at Greenbrier Farm. Ah, how the remembrance of the little housewife did the horors of her table right gracefully, after which my welcome was a visitation to the nursery to see baby Claude in his rich asleep.

Harry called after us, "I am going out a while with Tyrrell Arnot, dear; I shall be back soon."

Rose said, "Very well," in a disappointed little weak voice; but instantly rallied, and stepped lightly up before me to show me the pretty nest and lovely a creature as ever nestled in a mother's arms. We sat by the nursery fire and chatted until 12 when Harry came, and Rose, with a little yawn, sighed and she turned away to go, I saw for the first time that weary, weary look of sadness that became too distressing to me, and involuntarily I breathed aloud a petition, added to my silent prayer, "O God help her!"

I could not sleep, and it was not until after the old church-clock had tolled out "two" that I heard a clumsy step following the sharp click of another door-latch, and I knew that Harry had come home.

The next morning Rose was very pale and quiet, and apologized for her "nervousness" at breakfast, saying that he had a bad headache. Whether she knew that I must guess the truth or not I know not; but I felt that the kind-hearted little woman never spoke one word to tell the tale, but with true woman's tact secured the negligence and want of attention that I saw she was well at once. Night after night a different plea, or none, accounts for his absence, until at last I cease to look for his interest in the home concerned his own hearth or household. With all this Harry Dale is not a bad man, but a thoughtless one now and when "capital fellows of our club" claim such a man, he finds it easier to stifle the reproach of conscience for slighting home and wife than stand the temptation to wine and cards, to song and midnight mirth, and pleasant praises from applauding lips.

And Rose? I shrink from telling it to her, clinging close to my side; and sometimes, as I hold her head on my shoulder, she cries silently, and I kiss her forehead, and wipe her tears away; and though we speak no word, she knows right well how sorry I feel for her. Sometimes I fear to better than: a wife may speak no word to shame the man who should be what he is not, until the pain and grief of a cold and broken vow shall free her or lay her in the grave.

And Tyrrell—Dr. Arnot? I have seen him twice. He comes with a cheery voice; and I think his agreeable chat and musical talents divert Rose more than any thing else can do. She is an exceedingly brilliant performer on the piano of great sweetness; and I listen enchanted as Tyrrell's voice and hers are united in melody. We listen for his coming eagerly, and, when here, how swiftly the evenings speed away! and yet I seem to feel as though it were "Tyrrell" and "Daisy" only "Dr. Arnot." He calls me "Little Daisy," and tells me I am growing handsome, every day bidding me look in the glass and see if I don't; my eye is glancing, and how my cheek is flushed with bloom. Dear Tyrrell—I tremble to think that I have been false to well; that I have allowed this late autumn passion to run riot as though I were a romantic school-girl. Already I feel a dull pain when he forgets to take my hand at parting, or when I find that my poor songs are better left unsung, while Rose shall trill her bird-like notes. 'Tis an old story—"Who loves, suffers." I am glad I have said no word to Rose or mother about this thing; for if—

November 20.

I have had such a horrid dream, and, waking, it haunts me yet.

I thought that I saw a traveler on a tortuous path, where cliff, and crag, and dark ravine were clothed in flowers. Haunting leaves and shining blossoms crept over ledges whence slimy snakes looked forth and hissed as he passed, and yet he only smiled and wandered gayly on, catching at the gay sprays that straightway withered in his grasp; slipping sometimes, but always going down, down—a dizzy chasm, dim, and peopled with nameless horror. Faces, heavy with debauch and stained with the blood of murder, and hands dripping with red wine held up bright goblets to his lips. But as he stooped to quaff it a creature—woman, and yet appalling in her white trailing wings—struck it from his grasp. Twice she foiled; but again, with loving persistence, she touched him with one little hand, and with the other she shielded the poison-draught.

Maddened, he struck her backward until she reeled and fell; and then I saw the face of Rose, all torn and bleeding, as she clasped the chasm's brink the traveler turned. 'Twas Harry Dale who clutched the air as, faltering, he fell. But who was it that stooped over me but sister Rose—that gathered her up and bore her drooping weight—and why did the gay flowers grow dim in his arms? Dim not long; they brightened, they bore her up, they waited her heavenward among the pure.

Dreams—a fancy, nothing, but why could I not see the third one's face? The brown locks and flowing beard mesthinks I know.

December 12.

I am thinking about home to-night. I feel uneasy. I long to see mother, who loves me so truly, I know. I fancy how she will look by the cozy fire now, with ready Judy Pip beside her—Pip loves me too, or did. I wonder if he will forget me. I am thinking of Pip, and remembering still —Rose and Tyr—I mean Dr. Arnot. Claude has been very ill with fever, but is out of danger now. It is not strange that I should be so grateful to Dr. Arnot, who, under God, has saved her boy. Nay, it was not strange that, when the crisis had passed through which Tyrrell had watched him, while Harry, with rough words about a woman's nervousness, had joined the gay party at the club, Rose, with breaking heart and heart full of passionate thanks, should stoop and kiss the hand that had given back her child.

But why should he turn pale, and drop his eyes, and walk away, as though he were unmanned? I could not speak to him in my duty. Rose is young and fair, alone and slighted by the heart that should be her home. She turns to the voice that listened to her sorrow in the sun.

Still the tremulous chord of music thrills through the house, and still my weary heart goes back to Harry, dear mother, I must go home; and yet I may not leave the child, but, faithful to my trust, I must try to keep her right. I can speak no word of warning, may give birth to that which now I only guess or dread. I dare not tell Harry to guard the heart that he has held so lonely; for he is so fiery and impatient none can tell the consequence; and to Tyrrell I may not, must not breathe a word. It is not that I love them both, but I must guard the child from herself and the recoil of a love unpriced. Still I will not be suspicious or cruel. I will go down to-night, and laugh, and chat, and say good-night with a pleasant smile, and never sigh when I miss the parting words that always fall to my ear—if I can. The scarlet leaf is floating on, and the golden waif is close inshore.

III.

GREENBRIER FARM, *June* 6.

HARRY has gone to the war. There has been sad work—a long debauch, a bitter quarrel when Rose's outraged spirit rose against a blow—ay, a blow on her white shoulder, and she has come home to me. I know how I tried to do my part to win Harry back. I plead with him by all that I thought might move him to pause in his mad career—by his mother's grave, by his baby boy and injured wife, to stop the headlong race toward the fiery chasm—but in vain. Let with passionate oath and angry word he has gone to the battlefield—perhaps to death.

I am on a battle-field, too, though there are no cannons here, no sounding drums, nor waving flags in sight. Rose tells me to-day that Dr. Arnot is coming here to see Claude a moment, and as she tells me she turns her face away from mine, and a pink flush steals up her white cheek to her brow.

I must speak. I must warn the child. She can not, she must not creep toward the dizzy verge from which Harry has retreat; she must not sell the wings of her soul, and mine must be the hand to fling her back. She does not see the precipice, poor child! but it is none the less there.

June 10.

With both arms twined around her, with her face hid on my shoulder, I whispered the fearful word of warning to little Rose. She spoke no word at first, but the single exclamation, "Oh, Daisy!" told me how the arrow quivered in the eye of truth.

After a while she raised her head and kissed me, saying, "Forgive me, Daisy, I was so lonely, and so longed for a kind voice, I didn't think. You don't know, Daisy, how hard it is to love as I loved Harry, and have to show one's love thrown back." And I, Daisy, gave no answer back.

IV.

August 8.

IT was a year ago yesterday since Tyr—since Dr. Arnot and I set bright leaves voyaging on the stream that flows through the glen, and I was weak enough to go there yesterday. Two months ago I wrote to Dr. Arnot as a sister might for a younger sister's sake, telling him, with no harsh word or vain reproach, how ill report might condemn this visit, for already gossip grabbed of the handsome doctor who had once been between Harry Dale and his wife. And that though we knew the demon that had been the real cause was intemperance, yet a woman's name must not be coupled thus with his. It was a hard thing for me to do; but neither father nor brother were left to us, and I would now throw this shadow on the few years mother yet might live. And so he came no more, nor sent a line or message, and the weary past began to look shadowy and unreal.

I wandered off with Claude in the solemn stillness of the summer afternoon. Rose had gone I knew not whither. The post that day had brought her the first letter that had come from Harry. She showed it to me not, but quietly laid it on the great wood-fire in the kitchen, and with only a gipsy flit over her sunny head had rumbled off. I suppose it was bitter and unforgiving. If it were kind, I, who knew how she had watched and waited for it, would have seen the pleasant knowledge in her face.

The birds were singing as merrily as they did a year ago; I heard the same stream just as gladly—but ah! they bore no charm. Claude chattered as we walked, and clasped my hand lovingly, and the childish touch somehow gave me comfort and strength. After a while we stopped to gather flowers, and Claude flew about like a butterfly, I moved on a step further to catch a glimpse of the spot where I had dreamed so sweet a dream beside the great rock when: the water whirled around so swiftly.

There was a flutter of a ribbon—a glimpse of a white dress. I held my breath, and twining my arm around a bending sapling I saw there—yes, there. On an old moss-covered tree trunk, her hat, with its blue ribbons, thrown backward, sat Rose. Her face was turned away and covered with one hand, while the other was held tight within Tyrrell Arnot's own, and the doctor's voice was inaudibly saying, "Forgive me—pity me, Rose, dear Rose."

I was so strong as I had thought, for a mist not born of the waterfall came over my eyes, and, with the appearance of the nightmare, I tried to speak and could not. My grasp relaxed—I fell; and then it must have been that I cried out; for I knew nothing more until I found myself in Tyrrell's arms, still faint and bleeding. Not so faint but that I could rise and writhe myself from out his clasp, and, with a cry that I know must pierce the scarlet leaf should drift farther on." And then I relapsed into dreams again. But I saved her—yes, I saved her from my young Rose; the white wings are untainted yet; the pure heart has vowed to me and to her God that not a stain shall come on the name of Claude Dale's mother, though she be Harry Dale's forsaken wife. O God! I thank thee. And now I must sleep and rest; and by-and-by, when Tyrrell Arnot is forever away from her, I'll pray that God may send him peace.

October 20.

I have been sick—a sickness full of weary visions and troubled dreams, of restless nights and wailing days; a sickness out of which I woke with arms and joy for but one only one Rose—dear mother's. Pale and worn I ask for Rose, and they tell me she is ill. I catch a glimpse of Claude, and find Rose in his room in his crib—and in my persistent inquiry they tell me how Harry Dale came back to die with fever, and how Rose is lying ill in the room over your head, Daisy dearie! How strange it seems that Time would not wait for me at all! I shall get up soon and see Rose.

November 5.

They told me last night that I might see her, and so in many wrappings I journeyed to her room. O God, open my eyes that I may see! In this low, a worthless wayside daisy flung down in the dust; but raise her up, the fair bright Rose that used to be a flower for the angels! Clasp my poor hands in prayer. I try to say "Thy will be done!" but the cry dies on my lips, the petition falters on my tongue. I look at an angel, she looked with an unearthly loveliness as, holding my hand in her own, she spoke those peaceful words—as the call to her she wandered had come home to die on her breast; to bless her for her efforts to win him back to love and purity; to implore pardon for one as she asked it of her God, for the bitter sorrow he had brought to her; to pray the prayer He will never disregard—"Lead me not into temptation but deliver me." "And Daisy," and she pulled me closer, "dear Daisy, I am so glad you were faithful to your duty! Your good angel will be saved you when I shall not."

There was a hush, a silent moment, and she whispered, "Claude." She clasped him close, and laid his cold cheek beside her own. Tyrrell and said, feebly, "I give him to you, Daisy—to you and mother." Then, holding both our hands together, she tried to sing the old hymn we had sung in Sunday-school so long ago:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

and even as the last sweet, faint, unsteady notes died out the Rose was transplanted to His breast, in bloom forever more.

And now in Greenbrier cottage only mother and I are alone again. Nay, not alone, for a golden-haired boy like a sunbeam in the quaint and quiet house, and the music of childish laughter wakes the echoes that have been silent so long. And I—am patient; a little sad—but calm if yes, but happy when dear mother says, in her pleasant way, "Dear Daisy always does her duty."

January 7.

Thirty-two—an old maid in truth. How long ago it seems since I heard words of love, and now I shall never hear them again. I can go now down to the glen without that bitter pain that used to bear me company. It can do no harm now to sit and dream of what I might have been when some one far away clasped Little Daisy to his heart, and left a kiss on her pale cheek before he went away. How handsome he was! and spite of all the sin and weakness that came after, how good! I wonder if he will ever marry—if he will ever come back—I wonder. And so "the old maid" sat on the gray rock by the river all alone, and wondered where the scarlet leaf had gone ashore. She did not look up when footsteps came nearer; she only sat with her two hands laid lightly together across her knee, and watched the foaming

water. By-and-by on the current there floated by two autumn leaves, of gold and scarlet pinned together with a thorn. Ah, how she flushed and started then, and how evermore there sounded above the din of falling water a few low words, "Daisy, may't they float together now?"

Beside her, with outstretched arms and longing eyes, stood Dr. Tyrrell; but she, not proud to give a word or sign, although the heart within her breast gave a great leap, and shot the hot blood through her face, would not be pleaded still:

"Oh, Daisy, I have been mad, and blind, and wicked, I know, but I have asked forgiveness on the Master, and surely you will not be more unkind than He has been! I am a way-worn, weary man. I have never known rest since we sat here together. Oh, take me, Daisy, to your pure heart once more; and though the thorn has pierced your breast and mine, still let it bind us to each other for all time to come. Won't you, Little Daisy?"

It was the pleading tones of the only man I ever loved; it was the eyes whose light had stirred my spirit to its depths; it was an arm, beloved still, that waited to enfold me; and slowly unclasping my locked hands, I laid them both in his, and looked once more in the dear face grown so sad and worn.

And now I shall be Tyrrell's happy wife, and Claude and mother will be with us always. Every summer, when we go to Greenbrier church-yard, we will see to it that the wild rose thrives and blooms above two silent graves; and a peaceful life lies stretching out—how far I know not—for the Doctor's wife. And when that life is ended, may she hear the echo of her mother's words—"Little Daisy has done her duty!"

OUR COUNTRY

It is all ours:—
Ours from the placid western sea
To the emerald eastern slopes;
Ours by our fathers' history,
Ours by our children's hopes.

It is all ours:—
Ours from the ranch hikes' crystal waves
To the silver southern foam;
Ours by the changeless right of graves,
Ours by the tides to come.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the homes that deck the land,
Ours by the pathways trod;
Ours by the aged stars demand,
Ours by the gift of God.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the patriot's holy love,
Ours by his deathly throe;
Ours by the starry flag above,
Ours by the blood below.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the freeman's sacred creed,
Ours for humanity.

NEST.

SIRE had turned the dress inside out and upside down; she had sponged the breadths, and pressed and relined them, and gored the skirt by way of amendment to the fashion; and having finally gotten on the bottom braid, discovered a spot, a large, conspicuous, unfathomable, unshakable spot. Victoria, as usual, rose superior to the emergency, and proposed "*plaiting*" (horrible word! suggestive of pinions), so as to be applied to the spot; and Nest, being a domestic coward, and exactly fitted by nature to tear her elder sister's yoke, began, with secret delight, to rip her lady's maid's gown, out of which the *plaitings* were to come forth, pinwise, in the same spot that she would have set about a century of stitch fashion, had Victoria ordered them to be applied.

Fingers and scissors only being required for ripping, thought Nest, free to go where they liked—back a year, to a day as fair as this was scowling, and as cool as but only September, with all the hints of summer in its sky, but a deeper peace, and for flowers, an occasional scarlet flare or yellow bough showing in the green hillsides, and for the last languid plash of the low brook, the cool, swift rush of the clear water making strongly over the stony bottom of the stream, and only an occasional butterfly, or dancing wing of some brown or yellow butterfly, for the flirt, and drone, and buzz, and humming of the thousand living, happy things, of a summer day; and through all, and a part of its peace, a something unspeakably strange and tender, that made you sure of the autumn presence.

Dale Hawthorne and Nest had taken the road to the water. Nothing could be lovelier or sweeter, unless it were Nest herself: a little girl, hardly coming well up to Dale's shoulder, white, rosepink, with the whiteness of a milk lily, thick brown hair, that rippled where she would let it loose from round braids, very lovely brown eyes, and a faculty of being beautiful—a glow of her whole face that was neither color nor sparkle, but something more expressive—a certain subtle charm of femininity in all she touched and all she wore, from her soft flowing dress to her little slippers, and a dependence of manner unconsciously declaring to masculine strength. Dale Hawthorne was wise in his generation, and all that summer had tried to win this shy thing by a tender, thoughtful tact, and a perception quick for all her needs and likings, rather than by blunt admiration. It was easier and surer to make himself indispensable than to track this nature, wild as a forest bird, through the thousand surprises and feints and evasions that but for him, as for all others, cause the time when self-control should be off guard, and catching! and suddenly he told her, almost in spite of himself, that he loved her.

She grew away from his grasp like a pettish child.

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Hawthorne. We came to hunt leaves, and there is a lovely one, only it hangs so high. Can you get it for me?"

Hawthorne looked earnestly into her face. It was flushed and pouting, nothing more; feeling, if there were any, was resolutely ignored. And when she had neither heart nor soul, but he had hurried fortune, and so vexed that fickle dame. He had spoken while concealment was yet possible, and Nest had defended herself with the natural girlish instinct. So, blanching himself, he swung from the bank by a lower bough, reaching toward the branch she had shown him, and in his vexation taking little or no precaution, the treacherous support, a cold, dreary walk, she found Dale waiting for her at the gate. He laid aside her cloak, vet with the drizzling rain that had just set in, and drew her into the library with a quiet resolution that she could by no means oppose, saying,

"Nest, you must hear me, Nest."

She glanced up at him as she stood before the fire, holding up her little *bodygrow* to the blaze, and hastily looked away again. He came closer and took her hand.

"I think Nest was unfair the other morning," he commenced, somewhat tremblingly, "and I am sorry for it, Nest. But I have a right to something—to the truth, unquestionably. And an answer. You have not told me whether or no you can love me. It is not very much to ask."

Nest drew herself hastily away from him and the fire, and steadily toward the door, which he could barely see the tip of one small ear and her burning cheek.

"The answer, Nest," he repeated.

Still she would not speak. It seemed no words for him. If he could not divine, she would not help him. He leaned forward to look in her averted face, and saw that she was trembling violently, and scarcely able to support herself. With a sudden move he caught her, drew her close to him.

"If you will not speak, I shall take such answer as suits me best."

And this time she did not hid him let her go.

At all this she looked back now, across a year of absence and a civil war, with a sort of foreboding, as at some happy vision remembered. For months she had heard nothing from Dale, who had been ordered by his chief to join the Federal army on the outbreak of the war. All around her were bitter against the Union. They themselves had suffered bitterly from her elder sister, her only relative, was never done bemoaning their losses, and reminding her that they had a neighbor at the "Oaks," whose loyalty needed such severe testing, or, when every evening Geoffrey Fenwick rode in at their gates. Her fingers delayed over their work, that the three might be worn at his house. She hated all this shallow pretense. She would have been glad to have staid at home with her sorrow, that the three might be worn at his house. She hated all this shallow pretense. She would have been glad to have staid at home with her sorrow, and feared that evening a cold and cheerless face to the "Oaks."

The sky, that all day had lowered, now began to shrink and to shiver, and the wild wind, that stripped the trees by armfuls, and whirled the brown leaves fiercely along the sodden paths; but Mrs. Hall glowed in the substantial comfort and splendor—a pleasant contrast to the gloom without. The great hall breathed a summer-like warmth, and the drawing-room and broad winding staircase showed dimly in the early twilight, through which came resting Bessie Brent's fresh, bright face and golden hair, a pretty vision, to admire Nest's *plaitings*.

"You haven't seen them in the light," answered Nest, bluntly. "The velvet is not new, and the silk is that old purple one. It was Victoria's thought. I don't like it as it was."

On this hint that great creature took Bessie in hand with innumerable learned details; and while Miss Fenwick was at the feet of this Gamaliel, Nest slipped away to the drawing-room. It was unlighted, except by the gleam of the fire on the brass knobs of the grate and there she espied a glance of a mirror, and the scent of violets met her like a friend. She went to the fire and sat down before it, and nestled in her lap, and looking absently into the blaze. She had fallen into a despair of every thing. She had parted with Dale, if not from him. He could have written her if he had chosen—if he would, if he had cared; but he had not written, and now, on the eve of battle, she was tired of contention. Geoffrey Fenwick's persistency gave her no respite, and given the fact of his liking, Nest's theoria made of him such a sordid, pitiful thing; and these old walls, if they could not shut out unhappiness, might at least keep it from her sight and memories. Could he but know it, Geoffrey Fenwick's chance had never been so fair as on that night when, coming in from his stormy ride he found her sitting there by his

"Nest, you *don't* tell me I was wrong again. I am fully conscious that I played both brute and fool with beautiful impartiality. The question is, not what I said, but how I said."

"Place *her* in the wrong?"

"That is, relinquish the pursuit."

"Not at all, Nest. Case you. I am sure of that; how I know it, my secret; but her pride is her tyrant, and now that it is backed by a consciousness of right, is too strong for both her and you. You must divide the enemy; make her conscience your ally!"

"I, how?"

"I have shown you the road, and told you the weak point in the fortress. A soldier asks no more."

On that Dale smoked his cigar and matured his plan of action; first patience, second patience, third patience, actively carried out. Nest begun to relent and doubt herself, and then in a flight, lest it should be suspected, went from coldness to positive insolence. Dale smiled at that (he saw now the excellence of being in the right), and went on with his quiet patience and unyielding care and courtesy till Nest began to soften. Then Dale let her feel a subtle something in his calm kindness that would make her further trifling; self-respect ready for reconciliation, but refusing further abasement; and in the light of this his changed manner it occurred to Nest that she was treating him very ill, and for small cause playing an unworthy and unlovely part; yet how to amend she knew not, and so tossed about between doubts and pride, behold her divided against herself. It was in this stage, the pendulum back one evening from a cold, dreary walk, she found Dale waiting for her at the gate. He laid aside her cloak, vet with the drizzling rain that had just set in, and drew her into the library with a quiet resolution that she could by no means oppose, saying,

"Nest, you must hear me, Nest."

She glanced up at him as she stood before the fire, holding up her little *bodygrow* to the blaze, and hastily looked away again. He came closer and took her hand.

"I think Nest was unfair the other morning," he commenced, somewhat tremblingly, "and I am sorry for it, Nest. But I have a right to something—to the truth, unquestionably. And an answer. You have not told me whether or no you can love me. It is not very much to ask."

Nest drew herself hastily away from him and the fire, and steadily toward the door, which he could barely see the tip of one small ear and her burning cheek.

"The answer, Nest," he repeated.

Still she would not speak. It seemed no words for him. If he could not divine, she would not help him. He leaned forward to look in her averted face, and saw that she was trembling violently, and scarcely able to support herself. With a sudden move he caught her, drew her close to him.

"If you will not speak, I shall take such answer as suits me best."

And this time she did not hid him let her go.

At all this she looked back now, across a year of absence and a civil war, with a sort of foreboding, as at some happy vision remembered. For months she had heard nothing from Dale, who had been ordered by his chief to join the Federal army on the outbreak of the war. All around her were bitter against the Union. They themselves had suffered bitterly from her elder sister, her only relative, was never done bemoaning their losses, and reminding her that they had a neighbor at the "Oaks," whose loyalty needed such severe testing, or, when every evening Geoffrey Fenwick rode in at their gates. Her fingers delayed over their work, that the three might be worn at his house. She hated all this shallow pretense. She would have been glad to have staid at home with her sorrow, that the three might be worn at his house. She hated all this shallow pretense. She would have been glad to have staid at home with her sorrow, and feared that evening a cold and cheerless face to the "Oaks."

The sky, that all day had lowered, now began to shrink and to shiver, and the wild wind, that stripped the trees by armfuls, and whirled the brown leaves fiercely along the sodden paths; but Mrs. Hall glowed in the substantial comfort and splendor—a pleasant contrast to the gloom without. The great hall breathed a summer-like warmth, and the drawing-room and broad winding staircase showed dimly in the early twilight, through which came resting Bessie Brent's fresh, bright face and golden hair, a pretty vision, to admire Nest's *plaitings*.

"You haven't seen them in the light," answered Nest, bluntly. "The velvet is not new, and the silk is that old purple one. It was Victoria's thought. I don't like it as it was."

On this hint that great creature took Bessie in hand with innumerable learned details; and while Miss Fenwick was at the feet of this Gamaliel, Nest slipped away to the drawing-room. It was unlighted, except by the gleam of the fire on the brass knobs of the grate and there she espied a glance of a mirror, and the scent of violets met her like a friend. She went to the fire and sat down before it, and nestled in her lap, and looking absently into the blaze. She had fallen into a despair of every thing. She had parted with Dale, if not from him. He could have written her if he had chosen—if he would, if he had cared; but he had not written, and now, on the eve of battle, she was tired of contention. Geoffrey Fenwick's persistency gave her no respite, and given the fact of his liking, Nest's theoria made of him such a sordid, pitiful thing; and these old walls, if they could not shut out unhappiness, might at least keep it from her sight and memories. Could he but know it, Geoffrey Fenwick's chance had never been so fair as on that night when, coming in from his stormy ride he found her sitting there by his

"Nest, you *don't* tell me I was wrong again. I am fully conscious that I played both brute and fool with beautiful impartiality. The question is, not what I said, but how I said."

"Place *her* in the wrong?"

"That is, relinquish the pursuit."

"Not at all, Nest. Case you. I am sure of that; how I know it, my secret; but her pride is her tyrant, and now that it is backed by a consciousness of right, is too strong for both her and you. You must divide the enemy; make her conscience your ally!"

"I, how?"

"I have shown you the road, and told you the weak point in the fortress. A soldier asks no more."

On that Dale smoked his cigar and matured his

my pride thus that a boy should push me from it with its little dimpled hands. I have found yet no opposing circumstance in my life that I could not break by force of my resolve, and I have no fear of failure now. I care more for you than for all the other objects of my life, and I am willing to bestow on you more time, more endurance; but believe me, child, it is only the days or years that are doubtful; the result is inevitable."

Nest looked him up at a ring flashing on her hand—a diamond cross on a shield of black enamel. Geoffrey caught the glance.

"He will not return to you. He has forgotten you. Why had I been in Sahara you should have heard from me. I would have come to you, another kiss, if I had been certain of being shot as a spy the next moment."

A little color had deserted Dale herself; but Geoffrey's taunt roused her to contradiction.

"He is true," she cried out, passionately. "My life on his honor! Geoffrey Fenwick, I am weary of all this, to the very death. Give me six months of rest. Help me your honor that for that time I shall have rescite from your persecution. In that time I shall hear from him—or—he shall be dead—I—"

She had not time to conclude when Geoffrey seized her hand and covered it with kisses. She pulled it from him quickly.

"Six months of rest," she said, emphatically. "I am his yet."

"As you will," returned Geoffrey, coldly; "six months will soon be past."

She shivered at that. Why had she given her self so little a time? Why had she bound herself at all? She would have given ten years of her life to have undone her work. She wrote at once to Dale telling him what she had done, asking him to come and save her, "if he thought her worth it." She made no answer for herself. If his love was not strong enough for that, she would stand condemned. That done, she set herself to wait—a thing so easy to write of, so cruelly hard to do. She counted the days, at first confidently, then with a dull terror. She never once thought that he was dead; for, though she did not even say it to herself, she felt in her heart that his spirit must have burst even the bonds of death to find her out; and he would answer surely; he *must* write now; when—she could not face the rest of the sentence. She never even flushed it to herself. Geoffrey kept faith with her honor. He counted the weeks, but till the time was past he never once spoke to Nest of his love, and Victoria and every acquaintance might have done; but when they were past he claimed her almost savagely. He would listen to no delay of claim. Nest, cut off by her own folly from the possibility of further opposition, sat down in a tony quiescence, while Bessie and Victoria, the trousseau and the wedding-feast, and the day, hastened madly and hopelessly on to her wedding day.

They had agreed out her wedding dress where it should first meet her opening eyes; heavy silk, and priceless lace, and filmy veil—a hateful spectre that she had tried in vain to banish by force and weakness: there were diamonds flashing through half open cases, and wreath, and gloves, and handkerchief in their boxes; and old Judith come to awaken her. It was no wretched dream as she had half hoped. Another miserable day gone, however. The crisis had wakened her to that miraculous quickness of thought and perception that seems the special property of such times, and she almost detected something unusual in the old woman's look, a strange solemn exultation. She raised herself among the pillows. "Well, Judith?" she asked, eagerly.

"There like we hab no weddin' to-day, Miss Nest. Massa Johnston and he men, dey all run away in de night, and de Linkum men comin' fast as ebber dey can, and de Yankees killed all de men at de fort, and de white folks dey all scare, and run for dey libes. Never seen such scratin' times since I was born. Dey men run dis way, and dat, scream, pull, haul; 'clare to massy, of it don't make de wood stan' on end! De carriage folks, dey all run away, too, and de Yankees, dey come in a big diffy dollar for de doleenst old hack; never put eyes on such no count bosses!"

Not one word of this but had Nest heard.

"The Union army coming," she repeated. "Oh, Judith! the Union army!"

"Laws yes, honey! Don't 'spec' I raise such bullabaloo as dis yer for nothin', do yer? Seen de Linkum army and dey eyes; it stonds all still, and de streets dey am just a show, wid de piles ob boxes, and passels, and trunks dat's in 'em. Tell ye, I hain't nuffin gathered for my own *Sabbaths*' like mad, tellin' every one to make tracks. All de folks am gone 'cep' de niggas. 'Spec' dey'll stay. Yes see for dem."

Nest sprang up and began to dress herself, saying to herself all the while that Dale must be dead, and cried it in her own not, it was the only possible that he was in Grant's army, and granting that, he still could not be free for her; but that he had hoped, and she went down stairs with a smiling face, and took all Victoria's bewailings serenely, and answered all Geoffrey's fastidious care at her hair of the color that Dale liked. Soldiers began to file through the city, and Nest's face went down to the river. They were Floyd's troops, the men who had cut their way through Grant's forces, and escaped from the beleaguered Fort Donelson. Nashville resumed its business doings, and the Secessionists brought out their stores and feasted these invincible heroes, and then they extolled as their future saviours, till on a sudden the men again took up their onward march. Beaten already, they had no mind to face the exulting foe.

Then whatever was left in Nashville betook itself to flight, if it could, and whatever was evil came forth. It was like Geoffrey Fenwick to come to them then, walking unarmed through the distracted streets.

"There is no danger," he said, coldly, to Victoria, "except from our own scoundrels, who are bent on stealing; and the Federal troops will soop

put an end to these disorders. The Rev. Mr. Davis has taken refuge with me, and this afternoon I shall bring him and Bessie over. The only misfortune is that we must defer our tour, as I must remain to protect my property."

He was speaking to Victoria, but at this last he looked toward Nest. She sat motionless. He hardly knew if she had heard. All past, all future time, eternity itself, were centred in these few hours between now and her marriage. Geoffrey had come, bringing the clergyman and Bessie. They were urging her to dress; they made her go up stairs, where she sat passive under their hands, turning and moving as they told her: a woman of marble might have been dressed as was Nest Grainger for her wedding.

Dale *had* written to Nest over and again. The letters had not reached her for the best of reasons. Geoffrey, who always brought them their mails, had recognized post-mark and handwriting, and quietly destroyed those of Dale's; put them out of the way just as he did his honor when it interfered with his will. Close on that, Dale was wounded and spent three months in the hospital, and several more at home, in recruiting his health. The first letter that he got on joining his regiment was that in which she told him of her promise to Geoffrey. He wrote at once, and Geoffrey burned that like the rest. Leave of absence was not to be hoped for; but Dale kept up courage, for they were ordered on to Tennessee. Fort Henry fell, and they planted themselves before Fort Donelson. The Confederate Generals were fully alive to the importance of the post and poured in reinforcements. The garrison worked manfully, and at night constructed batteries as if by magic. Dale was mad with impatience. These walls stood between him and Nest; and if the siege were prolonged till Johnston were reinforced affairs might wear an ugly aspect: ankle-deep in mud and water he worked foremost among our gallant men. The iron-clads stormed away at the fort, the rebel guns answered stoutly. End as it would, the contest was plainly to be short or easy one. Then could be but have fancied himself a match for Johnston's army, I think Dale might have forgotten military duty and run away—so intolerable was his anxiety.

On the third night the beleaguered garrison made a sortie. They had hoped to surprise the hostile camp; but General Grant, making a reconnoissance in person, espied them even in the storm and darkness. Came then a short, sharp struggle; it was too cold to reload the rifles, and they fought with bayonet and bowie-knife, struggling soundlessly in the snow. The garrison were driven back, and Dale got a cut in the arm that did him good: gave him less time to think about Nest. *Ed*

The siege dragged on two weary days, then Floyd and Pillow cut their way out and Buckner surrendered. Terms of capitulation—surrender—all took time. Dale's uneasiness rose to positive



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYTLE, KILLED AT CHICAMAUGA.—(See Page 737.)

agony. He asked and obtained leave to precede the Federal advance on Nashville; but even there difficulties beset him. He knew nothing of Nest's whereabouts, and in the general confusion and terror found it almost impossible to obtain information. He rode from street to street like a madman—was misdirected; and when at last he stumbled on the old Grainger place it was deserted. Nest had gone to Oak Hall. Then more questioning, more fruitless searching, and a ride of several miles without the city before he reached the "Oaks."

Geoffrey Fenwick himself answered his eager, imperative knock, and had no need of the Federal uniform to divine who stood before him. He stepped back.

"You will find Nest there, Mr. Hawthorne," he said, with a strange smile.

Dale scanned him hastily. Nest had no brother; besides his instinct taught him that this was a foe. This, then, was the "Geoffrey" of whom she had written. He did what he had never done in battle, turned white, and stood trembling, unable to advance a step. Geoffrey stood silent, surveying him with a cold and cruel look. Then a low murmur in the drawing-room rose into a sudden, passionate exclamation, and with a swift rush and rustle, as though she had broken from some detaining grasp, Nest came to the doorway. Her eyes rested first on Geoffrey, and from him went to that other still figure facing him. She did not cry out, but grew so mortally pale that Geoffrey thought her fainting, and moved hastily toward her; but without looking at him she went straight to Dale.

"So you came," she said, low. "You were true, after all. Bless you for that! though it is too late."

"On the contrary," observed Geoffrey, "Mr. Hawthorne is just in time—to congratulate you."

"The misery that I have wrought," went on Nest, looking no more at her husband than if he had been the stone hound over the doorway, "will recoil chiefly on myself, as it should. You can, you must, forget the woman who would not prefer your memory, dead, or even false, to this man's devotion."

Dale put his hand to his head like one stunned.

"Why should you think me false, Nest? I wrote you, again and again."

"I never received a line," she answered, growing whiter yet, if that were possible. "Yet I might have known! Oh! feel that I was! Small use now, however, to blame or question. Here is your ring. Give it to some woman worthier to wear it; and when you tell her of me, speak as gently as you can. Say she was weak, very weak, but I believe she honestly loved me."

The last words came out falteringly, and even as she spoke she threw up her hands and staggered blindly. Dale sprang forward, caught her, kissed her despite of Geoffrey; and then, relinquishing her to the frightened women, went sighing away, before her merciful unconsciousness should be over.

Nest lives to the outward world as Geoffrey's wife; but between her and him she has built a wall of separation that he may never hope to pass; and Bessie and Victoria whisper fearfully to each other that she seldom speaks, and never of her own accord.

Dale is fighting on, and courts Death in the front of every battle, who sends him honors instead, at which he smiles grimly.



A SUCCESSFUL FORAGING PARTY AT THE WEST.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We publish herewith a portrait of one of the greatest living preachers, and one of the best men of our time—the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. All England is ringing with his eloquent appeals in favor of our cause; and even LIVERPOOL, solden in pro-slavery corruption, listens to his speeches. The following account of his life was written five years ago by one who knows and loves him:

"The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the many children (thirteen, we believe, in number) of the Rev. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1834, and studied Theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he preached for two years, and then removed to Indianapolis, where he remained until he was called by the orthodox Congregational society of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, where his ministry commenced in 1847, and still continues. Mr. Beecher was one of the founders of *The Independent* newspaper, to which he is still an occasional contributor, over the signature of a star. His works—if they may be so called—consist of a volume of 'Lectures to Young Men'—The Plymouth Collection of Hymns'—a collection of some of his articles in *The Independent*, called 'The Star Papers,' and a volume entitled 'Life-Thoughts,' made up of striking passages from his discourses, reported by an admiring hearer.

"Probably no man in the country is more generally known, or regarded with a more personal affection and enthusiasm. Wherever and whenever he speaks, vast crowds assemble; and he is the only orator for whom all the halls and all the churches every where are too small. There are American orators more polished, more elegant, more scholarly, more graceful, more rhetorical, but there is no one who improves his hearers with a deeper sense of his own sincerity and manliness—no one whose sympathy with suffering and sinful men of all conditions is felt to be sweeter or more ennobling—no one whose affluent imagination so illuminates, and whose tender Christian heart so purifies, the subject he discusses.

"Mr Beecher is identified with various causes; but his independence remains untouched, and he works in his own way. He is a temperance man, but something more. He is an anti-slavery man, but something more. He is an orthodox Congregationalist, but something more. 'God works by the Church just as far as he can,' said he, in one of his discourses, 'but the stream of his working overflows and runs in a hundred ducts besides.' In like manner his chief sympathy and hope are for man, and they run in a thousand rills of speech and action. Whatever hedges, cramps, confines, or in any manner thwarts human development, is the enemy with which he deals, and the combat is jubilant and triumphant. He rejoices in his strength and in his work. He sends his words for the right, ringing home like the anvil strokes of a blithe blacksmith singing at his forge.

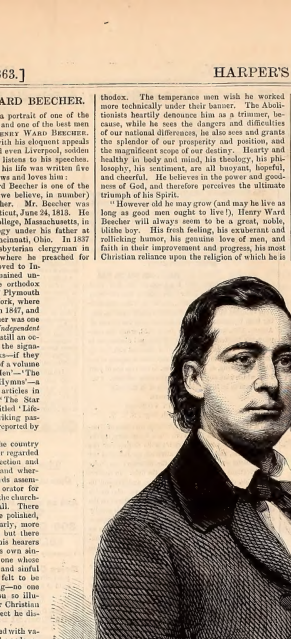
"When he rises to speak his face is full of a lambent light—humorous, and sly, and sweet—a kind of happy, boyish innocence and confidence, which directly win sympathy and interest—so that the orator is eloquent before he has spoken. His discourses are generally prepared, but as the tide of feeling rises it overbears the limits of the preparation; his imagination floats and soars beyond the course marked out, and, like a strong bird dipping and wheeling, and darting in the summer air, with the lights of heaven and the colors of earth glancing and glittering upon his plumage, his mind decorates his thoughts with an infinite of exquisite illustration drawn from every department of nature—so felicitous, and charming, and novel, that the happy hearer believes, with Cicero, that a great orator is truly a rarer triumph of nature than a great poet.

"Mr. Beecher's voice is not especially musical, nor of great range; his action is vehement and dramatic rather than graceful; and the violent contrasts of effect—the sharp, loud cry and muscular movement, followed by a relaxed frame and ordinary conversational tone—are sometimes unpleasantly suggestive of a poor style of clerical declamation. But the next moment some gush of humor lights like a sunbeam upon the level of the discourse, or some lovely sentiment touches it with tender pathos, and thousands of eyes, bright alternately with smiles and tears, proclaim the power which is not to be described or criticised—the magnetic sympathy and persuasion, without which grace and elegance, and music and learning, and wit and fervor, do not suffice for eloquence.

"The secret of Mr. Beecher's influence and success with all kinds of minds lies in his broad and sweet humanity. It is both sweet and wise. Liberal Christian, as they are usually called, wonder why he remains within the limits of a creed so orthodox. The temperance men wish he worked more technically under their banner. The Abolitionists heartily denounce him as a trimmer, because, while he sees the dangers and difficulties of our national differences, he also sees and grants the splendor of our prosperity and position, and the magnificent scope of our destiny. Hearty and healthy in body and mind, his theology, his philosophy, his sentiment, are all buoyant, hopeful, and cheerful. He believes in the power and goodness of God, and therefore perceives the ultimate triumph of his Spirit.

"However old he may grow (and may he live as long as good men ought to live!), Henry Ward Beecher will always seem to be a great, noble, lolitle boy. His fresh feeling, his exuberant and rollicking humor, his genuine love of men, and faith in their improvement and progress, his most Christian reliance upon the religion of which he is essefully tried. To this end he welcomes the ever-increasing immigration, for whose labor the untracted Western wilds are waiting. He cheers the ship that he sees from his study window, sparkling on the bay, and rich with those who shall be developed into citizens and the parents of citizens. Every Sunday three thousand people in the morning, and three thousand in the evening, hear him expound the Gospel of Christ in this humane and catholic spirit. Every night in every week, except during his summer rest, somewhere and in some way, either at prayer-meetings—at revival meetings—at lyceums—in halls—in school-houses —in theatres—under the trees—from the steps of public buildings—he is preaching, with a text or without a text; and the substance of his discourse is the song of the angels, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men!'

"Yes—but 'Sharp's rifles,' and laying corner-



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

a teacher, will always keep the bloom of youth upon his heart, and its fire in his soul, however Time may brush the hue from his cheek and quench the light in his eye. His youthful appearance is such, that, upon first coming to this neighborhood to preach, he went one Sunday to the church, and, seating himself quietly in the pulpit, was presently warned off by the sexton. 'What do you mean?' said Beecher. 'Why, we don't allow boys up here,' sternly replied the sexton. But Beecher allows boys. No man has a livelier love for children, and more sympathetic intelligence of their tastes, and wishes, and habits. Some of the most striking and beautiful passages of his lectures and sermons are thoughts and illustrations of childhood and youth; and his eye would moisten with hope, and admiration, and longing over a leave boy or a happy girl, as it would, with sorrow and prayerful earnesty, over a sinful fellow-man.

"He is an American in the best and truest sense. There is nothing mean, or narrow, or sectional in his fraternal and national feeling. He believes that this republic was founded for the great experiment, and that it will be fully, fairly, and successfully tried. To this end he welcomes the ever-increasing immigration, for whose labor the untracted Western wilds are waiting. He cheers the ship that he sees from his study window, sparkling on the bay, and rich with those who shall be developed into citizens and the parents of citizens. Every Sunday three thousand people in the morning, and three thousand in the evening, hear him expound the Gospel of Christ in this humane and catholic spirit. Every night in every week, except during his summer rest, somewhere and in some way, either at prayer-meetings—at revival meetings—at lyceums—in halls—in school-houses —in theatres—under the trees—from the steps of public buildings—he is preaching, with a text or without a text; and the substance of his discourse is the song of the angels, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men!'

"Yes—but 'Sharp's rifles,' and laying corner-stones of armories, and addresses to military companies, how about all these things?

"His answer would be short and simple: Holman meant for human ends. Because we are to love men, we are not, therefore, to let them murder our children, nor lay waste society. Mr. Beecher does not take a position without understanding it and himself. He rolls up his sleeves and stands to his guns, and whoever attacks it must expect no fair-weather fighting. He occasionally explodes a false rumor about himself with a witticism, sometimes pours in sparkling satire and severe truth-telling; and whoever interrupts him in a speech or a lecture, or in conversation, either playfully or seriously, will find that he has but burnished and sharpened the weapon he opposed.

"Mr. Beecher is of medium height, with a florid complexion, and large, soft, humorous blue eyes. His mouth is full and firm, and free poetic than the general character of his face. His bodily appearance is heightened by the hair brushed behind his ears. His dress is always simple and half negligent, like his manner. One very warm Sunday in the dog-days, when he was fresh from the West, he preached in a light linen coat. But he does nothing eccentric for the sake of eccentricity. He is discreet and thoughtful. He fights substances, and not shadows. No man is more liked by his opponents, because no man is more generous to them. A characteristic American, large-hearted, large-handed, large-minded, more learned in men than in books, clear-sighted and loyal and self-confident, he has already written his name upon the times and upon the hearts of his countrymen."

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Beecher threw himself into it with his accustomed energy, spoke and wrote on the loyal side, and came at last into the field. Last spring he went to Europe, and within a few weeks he has been speaking in England on the subject. In many places he has been well received; in others the influence of the aristocracy and the Southerners has proved too far to be interrupted and insulted. At Liverpool his lecture was a scene of the most shameful disloyalty and riot. It would give us great pleasure to have space to republish his speeches; but we can only find room for a couple of striking extracts from the address delivered at Manchester. Speaking of the probable duration of the war, he said:

> The question of war, under the circumstances in which war is now carried on in our country, is simply a question of time. [Cheers.] The population is with the North. The wealth is with the North. [Cheers.] The education is with the North. [Cheers.] The right doctrines of civil government are with the North. [Cheers, and a voice, "Where's the justice?"] It will not be long before one thing more will be with the North—victory. [Loud and enthusiastic cries of cheers.] Men on this side are impatient at the long delay; but if we can bear it, can't you? [Laughter.] You are quite at ease ("Not yet"); we are not. We are not materially affected in any such degree as many parts of our own land are now. [Cheers.] But if the day shall come in one year, in two years, in ten years hence, when the old Stars and Stripes shall float over every State of America— [Loud cheers, and some disturbance from one or two.] Oh, let him (the chief disturber) have a chance. [Laughter.] We will take a turn about; I will say the sentence, and you shall make the response. [Laughter.] I am a Congregationalist, but I can make a very good Episcopal minister too. [Loud laughter.] I was saying, when interrupted by that sound from the other side of the house, that if the day shall come, in one, or five, or ten years, in which the old honored and historic banner shall float again over every State of the South; if the day shall come when that which was the accursed cause of treason and darkness and destruction shall be dead and gone (cheers); if the day shall come when from the Gulf States there shall be liberty of speech as there never has been (cheers); if the day shall come when there shall be liberty of the Press, as there never has been; if the day shall come when men shall have common schools to send their children to, which they never have had in the South; if the day shall come when the land shall not be parceled in gigantic plantations, in the hands of a few rich oligarchs [loud cheers], but shall be parceled out to honest freemen, every man owning his little [renewed cheers]; in short, if the day shall come when the simple ordinances, the fruition and privileges of civil liberty, shall prevail in every part of the United States, it will be worth all the dreadful blood, and tears, and woe. [Loud cheers.] You are impatient; and yet God dwelleth in eternity, and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the last impulsence of those who are but children of a day, and can not wait or linger for long, but according to the infinite circle on which He measures time and events. He expedites or retards as it pleases Him; and if He heard our cries or prayers, not this world would the months revolve but peace would come. But the strong crying and prayers of millions have not brought peace, but only thickening war. We accept the Providence: the duty is plain. [Cheers and interruption.]

In answer to some queries put for the purpose of embarrassing him by a pro-slavery Englishman with regard to the recognition of slavery in the Constitution, he observed:

> All the slave States stand on the radical principle that a slave is not for purposes of law any longer to be ranked in the category of human beings, but that he is a piece of property, and to be treated to all intents and purposes as a piece of property; and the law did not blush, nor do the judges blush nowadays who interpret that law. [Hear.] But how is it that the Constitution of the United States, when it begins to speak of these very same slaves, names them? Does it call them "slaves?" Does it speak of them as to "property?" Is little itself up as if consciously inspired with the grandeur of the thought and dignity of man, and says, "Persons held to service." [Hear and cheers.] Go to South Carolina, and ask what she calls slaves, and it says "things:" and the old Capitol of Washington ridiculously reverberates, "No, persons!" [Laughter.] Go to South Carolina, and her fundamental article says she looks upon slaves as "things;" and the Constitution says "No persons!" [Hear.] Go to the charter of Louisiana, or to the common State laws, their Constitution, and still that doctrine of devils is enacted—that slaves are "things." Legislatures upon three for whom Christ felt mortal anguish in Gethsemane, and redeemed on the death on the cross, have law call them still "things" and "chattels;" and still in spite of the clause in the Constitution of the United States says "persons." [Cheers.] What was it then, when the country was advanced so far beyond recognition in the period of our national formation, that stopped that word "persons" from being recognized as property? It was the wonderful dexterity of cotton throughout the world, which, by its commercial value, is arising from the invention of the cotton gin, had become a power of value. Slaves that before had been worth from $200 to $300 a piece rose to $500, $600, and $700 any one-third of our adherence to the world law. Then whispered they because words $700, and half the law went [cheers and laughter]: then $800 or $900, and then there was no end of doing so until law [cheers and laughter]: then $1000 or $1200, and slavery became one of the institutions on the Mount. [Cheers and laughter.] When Moses wrote his laws, delivered by the Highest, he wrote them on tables of stone; but when the devil, though his mission, wrote his laws, he wrote them on silver. [Cheers and laughter.] When Christ spoke his holy Mount stood [cheers and laughter]: they are the lineal descendants of those men who before trembled the golden calf. [Cheers.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CELEBRATED physician once said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than becomes the gravity of his profession, "You know, after sixty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The honest scribe replied, in an insinuating voice, "Perhaps he may be both, doctor."

MRS. PARTINGTON says she prefers the Venus de Medicine to any statue she knows of.

"WE have a gentleman in our town," writes a correspondent, "who is fond of using high-flown language. He sometimes makes very laughable mistakes, as witness the following: He had the head of grandma in the Sunday school celebration in our neighborhood not long since, and after one of the speeches, he addressed the audience, telling them that they would now have some social noose on the brass band."

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Distant Relations—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and insult you if you are poor.

Bottle—A beautiful, but useless insect, without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Hermaphrodite—An accident rot, said to have been fashionable among young gals and wives, but now entirely out of use, practiced only by the lower orders.

Editor—A poor wretch who every day empties his head into his mouth, and his mouth into the world.

An old Scottish woman, wishing to cross the river Forth, hesitated to enter the ferry-boat, because a storm was brewing. The boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "No, no," said she, "I will no trust in Providence as long as there is a bridge at Stirling."

"THERE'S sweet music in dreams," said an old gentleman. "Yes, there may be," said his wife; "but I hear nothing of it, among a snore."

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

"THE Pilgrim of a desert will
Should never let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat
The sand which is around him.
"It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did we not know the sons of Ham
Were fond and unalloyed lovers."

If you want to be a "swell" of the first water, get the dropsy.

"PRAY keep your seat," as the cockney sportsman said to the wild turkey.

A certain Scotch friend of ours, who is not a member of the temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, gravely answered, "To tell you the truth, Sir, I canna say I've very fond of rum: for if I do take the rum inadvertent, it's very apt to give a body the headache!"

YOUR LIKENESS OR YOUR LIFE!

Aspirants for fame in a photographic frame
Have a passion so morbid to hang in the street,
That the study of nature yields the crown of the town
Rebuke famous the mortal whom fare you don't meet.

When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, "What rebels do we neglect?" to which he answered, with much simplicity, "Poor relations, Sir."

THE EDITOR'S REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent, answering to our address,
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
The editor in bitter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z.

A few mornings since we were relating to our family the fact of a friend having retired upon his decision a fine little male infant, whom he adopted, when one of the obtuse brunettes observed,—"Po, dear, will he his stepson, won't it?" We thought it would, decidedly.

Miss Jemima Wilhelmina, when her parents refuse to allow her to go to a ball, is said to nail bas a fool at home.

It is a paradox that loose habits stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind, and, in fact, that tight people very often wear them.

"YOU'LL break my heart," as the cake said to the hatchet.

If you want to get into a fat office hire yourself to a soap-boiler.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

Why is an attorney like a minister?—Because he studies the law and the profits.

A DRAWN BET.—Queen Elizabeth's portrait.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

MR. MAIR, a Scotch minister, was rather short-tempered, and had a wife, named Rebecca, whom, for brevity's sake, he called Bess or Becky. He kept a dog, too, and among other curries this one was very frequent: "Becky and I had a terrible quarrel, and I deserve to be hanged, for much she had been on a visit to the minister went to Edinburgh, and told the story to a minister and his wife there, who said, very politely, "Well, he must have been an excellent husband to Mair. My husband and I sometimes, too, have a 'tiff,' but each time after it he's ever humble!"

A Yorkshire jockey had occasion to go to France. When he arrived at the custom-house he was surprised to hear the men speaking French, the women speaking French, and indeed the children jabbering away in the same strange tongue. In the height of the perplexity which the circumstance had involved him in, he was awakened to his senses by the cock crowing, whereupon he burst into a wild exclamation of thanksgiving and praise, and exclaimed, "Thank goodness, there's English at last!"

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR COLDS.—Rub them over with tanned cloves, and let your foot hang out of bed one night or two, and the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the cough will be sufficient.

DR. WISE, writing to Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expresses his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees. "Sir," says he, "replied Mr. Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

A certain writer boasts that he directs all his shots at error. It is all that he has to shoot at, for he never gets within gunshot of the truth.

An officer on a field-day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground said to a friend who came to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have *fallen off*."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Many persons write poetry (?) and keep it, and send them to an office to be corrected—if in editor's office vote a "house of correction."

Old birds are not caught with chaff; young women are often caught with nothing else.

The purpose of an unmarried woman is generally like herself—single.

Our griefs are no doubt deeply interesting to ourselves; they are great bores to our friends.

To what class of periodical literature do soldiers contribute?—To reviews.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BURNETT'S

Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

Lemon,	Peach,	Rose,	Cloves,
Celery,	Orange,	Vanilla,	Ginger,
Nutmeg,	Cinnamon,	Nectarine,	Almond.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

We select the following Testimonials:

POPULAR HOTELS.

"*Pre-eminently superior* to all others for culinary use."
FARREN HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior to any* we have ever used."
REVERE HOUSE, Boston.

"Have used your Extracts for several years, and regard them *the best in the world*."
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, New York.

"Our test has proved them *unrivaled*."
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

"Have been found *really superior by thorough* and *exclusive* use in our Establishment for years."
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Phila., Pa.

"Possess all the *rare qualities* claimed for them."
EUTAW HOUSE, Baltimore, Md.

"*Far superior* to any in the market."
WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C.

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.

BOSTON.

Books by return Post to any Post Office in the U. S.
GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.—We send all Books prepaid by return of FIRST MAIL, at publishers' prices. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

THE SOLDIER'S SAFEGUARD.—This is the title bestowed upon HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS by an officer of the United States Army, writing from the Valley of Virginia. He says in a letter to the proprietors—"Since I have been in the army many doctors have come over. Your Bitters have been regularly and systematically, as a preventive against the bilious fevers so common and so destructive here, they have stopped the desired end, and you may therefore claim for your celebrated Tonic the favorable designation of the 'Soldier's SAFEGUARD."—Wherever it has been tried in the army, the results has been the same. The soldiers themselves are clamorous to have it substituted for the pernicious liquors now used as stimulants in the military hospitals. Its well-known basis, Spirits of Rye, the purest stimulant, in the opinion of chemists, that can be produced from any substance by any process, and this medicine improved by medication with a combination of the finest tonic, anti-bilious, and corrective herbs, barks, gums, roots, &c., known to modern pharmacy. Hence HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—the best and only preventative in malarious districts and the most powerful of all recuperants in cases of debility and utter physical prostration—should be in every army hospital and convalescent camp, and should form a portion of the medicine stores of every regiment in the field. Given promptly to the wounded, it would save the lives of thousands who must otherwise die of exhaustion on the battle-field.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Depot for New York, 482 Broadway.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Bellknap, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Knitting Machine. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED—Call and examine, or send stamp for circular, to Wheeler & Wilson, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person.
E. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

How the United States
CAN SAVE
50,000,000
DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

The Importance of BRANDRETH'S PILLS as a remedial Agent is become more and more known. There is now no doubt but if used by all classes when sick, the sum of disease would be greatly reduced. But if adopted by Medical Authority in the Army of the United States, a clear saving of FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS would be made, by securing the health and lives of our brave soldiers.

MORE TESTIMONY.

BRANDRETH HOUSE, New York, Oct. 29, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH—Sir: I noticed, in the *New York Herald* of this date, a letter from some of the surviving members of Co. F, 25th Regt., N. Y. S. Vols., extolling your valuable Pills, which I fully and freely endorse, having been in command of the company from the 1st day of August, 1861, until the 3d of June, 1863, when the company was mustered out of the service, and discharged in this city. The percentage of men reported sick during that time was much less than in any other company of the Regiment, owing, as I fully believe, to the free use of your Pills, which were not supplied to the other soldiers. I believe them to be invaluable, as a family or in the field.
Respectfully yours,
JOHN VICKERS
Co. F, 25th Regt., N. Y. S. V.

We, the undersigned, some surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we used BRANDRETH'S Pills during our two years service, and do hereby attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, dysentery, intermittent fever, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without our having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no danger of dying, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Troy, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every officer was supplied with this medicine the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves it is our sole remedy, knowing all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

SING SING, Oct. 24, 1863.

J. D. SMITH, Captain.
WILLIAM LEE.
THEODORE CROFUT.
G. H. DEARING.
FRANCIS J. JENNINGS.
LEWIS B. COX.
WM. W. CAMPBELL.
W. J. CHARLTON.
ELLIS JONES.
WILLIAM VAN WART.
ALBERT WESLEY.
REF. WILSON WESCOTT
BENJAMIN F. BROWN.
DENNIS SHAY.
JOHN W. GRIFFIN
JAMES B. CROFUT.
WILLIAM HOLMES
BORGE R. WATSON.
W. W. RYDER.
FREDERICK HART.

T. B. LACY, First Lieutenant, 38th New York Vols.
M. C. EARLE, First Sergt. Co. D, 176th Regt. N. Y. V.
CALEB S. FRISBIE, Co. B, 5th New York Vols.
WM. KEPPEL, Co. B, Berdan's Sharpshooters.
CASSIUS BISHOP, Co. E, 19th New York Vols.
WM. KNIGHT, Co. I, 6th New York Artillery.
ABRAHAM BUTLER, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
MILLARD F. LANNING, Musician, 1st N. Y. Vols.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 294 Canal Street.
Also sold at No. 4 Union Square, and by all dealers.
See B. BRANDRETH in white letters in on the Government stamp, which secures the genuine.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time after they were ready, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jumping* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of our most substantial manufacture, as accurate and reliable TIME-KEEPERS, and Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, as nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Aurora* and *Leginna* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Jr., Model, which name will be found on the dial plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 32x51. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S
Illuminated and Pictorial
BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, engraved and engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Framed Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.
PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and panelled sides, $22 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $23 00. Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $9 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, but contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Tables, List of Proper Names, General Index, Tables of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the Chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAM & CO., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CORNISH & HALSEY, Baltimore; FRANCK TAYLOR, Washington; ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODS, St. Louis; E. GRIGGS & CO., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

Cloaks and Mantillas.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,
And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.
300 Canal Street, New York.

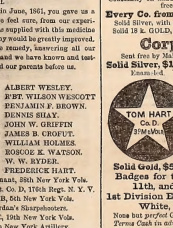
SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Every Co. from A to M Sold Silver, $1.
Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Initial, **$1 50.**
Solid 18 k. GOLD, **$4 50.**

Corps Badges

Sent Free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.
Solid Silver, $1 50. Solid Silver, $1 50.
Enamel-1-4 Enamelled.



Solid Gold, $5. Solid Gold, $5.
Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.
1st Division Red, 2d Division Blue, 3d Division White, 3d Division Blue.
None but *perfect* Goods sent.
Terms Cash or Satisfactory. Send for a Catalogue.
Address **C. L. EALCH & CO.,**
209 Broadway, New York.
Successors to
J. G. PACKARD & CO.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES,** Brass and Iron Wire Cloth and Yarn, Steam Pumps, Wells, **CARPET WARP,** Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Lasts, Twine and Netting, Seines, Nets, and Wrapping **PAPER.** Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens Retailing at Wholesale Prices.

Medium	Fan $0 85, in Silver ext. case,	$0 75
Large	" 0 75	" 1 50
Engraving	" 0 75	" 1 50
Commercial	" 1 00	" 1 50
Hunter's	" 1 00	" 2 00
Admiral	" 1 00	" 2 50

Also, Fountain Pens.—one filling will write eight to fifteen hours. Sent free by mail. Address
GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer,
64 Nassau Street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own house. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand staple as Flour. Full particulars free. Address with stamp,
Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Have just published

MARTIN POLE. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By MISS BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and Adapted, Principally, for Boy. REUBEN HEADS. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a Germ-ician. By the Author of "Uncle Ralph." Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaigning in Virginia and the Siege of Yorktown. By Captain GEORGE F. NOYES. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

J. H. Winslow & Co., 100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Pens, with Gold Pencils	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000	5 00 to 8 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
1000 Coral and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cornel, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 50 to 4 00 each.
5000 Tooth and Shell Combs	2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Sets of Room Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 5 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mtcl Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one will have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, the party giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business. No Certificate will be sent to inform where the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, twenty-three for $3, and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—These setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents can sell them 12 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great inducements are offered by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
105 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150! $100! $50!
PREMIUMS.
To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above named amounts for the best four articles on either my Soaps, Saleratus, or Concentrated Potash.

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each party writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT.
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Decorated, in Suites. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Palliasses. WARREN WARE, No. 317 Canal St., N. Y.

Printing Office for $12.
Every Man his own Printer.

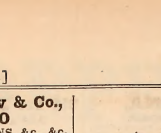
THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others can save money by MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed in a trifling expense. Prices of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $28. Type of any Office, with Press, $12, 20, 35, and 45. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA
DR. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
is a stimulating, purifying extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure diseases of the scalp and belching of the head; positively eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely difficult from all other preparations, and can be relied on. Dr. STERLING'S AMBROSIA, containing two bottles, for sale by all Druggists.
Prepared by
DR. STERLING,
No. 5 Tremont Row, Boston.

DR. R. GOODALE'S
CATARRH REMEDY.
Kat. embalmeth Catarrh, heedeth not Breath, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 619 Broadway, N.Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

THE BEST BOOK TO SELL.—Agents and Newsmen will find a ready sale for HOW TO WRITE; HOW TO TALK; HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. Complete in one handsome volume. Sent by first post, for $1. Address Wanted—Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.



Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,
No. 609 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

New and elegant Designs, of superior Workmanship, at reasonable prices, manufactured of the very best well-seasoned and selected materials, and—for the supervision of this, where reputation has been established seventy years. Every description of Furniture manufactured to order and executed promptly.
Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Attention Officers and Soldiers!
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ARMY CORPS, DIVISION, COMPANY, AND MASONIC FUR.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 203 Broadway, Room No. 1.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, coin-silver Red, White, or Blue, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kinsley Coon Pin, or Each Holder's Oil Division Pin, or Gen. Sickles's Emblematic Pin, or Gen. Grant's Vicksburgh Pin, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a New Style Locket and Vest Chain, or Seal Stone, California Diamond or Chased Ring. Masonic Emblems and Masonic Marks of every Description made to order promptly. Also Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of Jewelry. Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and Vessel.

Attention Officers and Soldiers!
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ARMY CORPS, DIVISION, COMPANY, AND MASONIC PINS.
B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 203 Broadway, Room No. 1.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, coin-silver Red, White, or Blue, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kinsley Coon Pin, or Each Holder's Oil Division Pin, or Gen. Sickles's Emblematic Pin, or Gen. Grant's Vicksburgh Pin, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a New Style Locket and Vest Chain, or Seal Stone, California Diamond or Chased Ring. Masonic Emblems and Masonic Marks of every Description made to order promptly. Also Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of Jewelry. Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and Vessel.

DEAF? DEAF?
Deafness.—Sound Improved by Tubes. Can be concealed, and enables deaf persons to hear at public assemblies. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to
J. HASLAM, Cor. of John and Nassau St., New York.

SOMETHING TO LET! PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE! Good Trade, ready made, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Insoles, Belts, and Armlets.
SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

These articles are purely Vulcanized Rubber, and are designed to prevent perspiration, which is excited by the moisture of the feet and body, diffusing a healthy and curative influence over the whole person of the wearer, being an effective cure for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, Gout, &c., and all nervous and chronic diseases.
METTAM & CO., PROPRIETORS.
Insoles, $1 00; Belts, Armlets, $1 00; per pair, 50 cents additional. Office 429 Broadway. Send for circular.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Catalogues sent by mail. Beds for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED
LABRETTINE
Extension Holders and Gold Pens.

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in elegant cases, and sold at prices to suit all, which in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Per dozen	$18 00
" gross	50 00
" 5 gross	100 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO., & CO., Manufacturers, 8 I.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS —two very recent, and of great value to families; all in great demand. Send 4 stamps and get 80 pages particulars. EUREKA BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

HORSES AT AUCTION.—The most valuable collection of TROTTING STOCK ever offered will be sold at public auction on the afternoon of Thursday, Nov. 19, Long Island, on THURSDAY, November 19, 1863, commencing at 10 o'clock, consisting of TELEVOTO CHIEF, the EUREKA MARE, SONTAG (a foal), and three of her colts by CHIEF.

A superior lot of Broad Mares in foal, and colts at their side, and yearlings; two-year-old, and three-year-old stallions and fillies, all sired by TELEVOTO CHIEF.

Also a few Road Horses, and the fine Jersey Bull POINT LOOKOUT (three years old), bred by SAMUEL THORNE, Esq.

Catalogues sent by mail on application to
JAMES M. MILLER, Auctioneer,
28 Pine Street, New York.

Attention, Soldiers!
Every soldier should have
A MOSQUITO NETTING WITH HIS NAME MARKED ON IT.
CIRCULARS SENT FREE.
Subscribers will forward to any soldier the full size of the solid Silver Badge, with his name engraved thereon, on receipt enclosed upon it, on receipt of $1 00. The above cut represents size of badge and style engraved. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, Providence, R.I.
N.B.—All kinds of Corps and Co. Pins, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, on hand and made to order.

THE INDISPENSABLE HAND-BOOK.
HOW TO WRITE, HOW TO BEHAVE,
HOW TO TALK, HOW TO DO BUSINESS.
Is one handsome volume of 600 pages, 12mo. Sent by first post, for $1. Agents wanted. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

"INDISPENSABLE."—No Correspondent, Gentlemen, Lady, Public Speaker, Teacher, or Man of Business, should be without this New Hand-Book. HOW TO WRITE; HOW TO TALK; HOW TO BEHAVE; and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. A handy volume of 600 pages, 12mo. Sent by first post, for $1. Agents wanted. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Powerfully combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Theatrical, Opera*, and general use—not day and night double perspective glasses, all these distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest known magnifying power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.
SEMMONDS, Opticians—Opticians,
609 Broadway, New York.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe and Stem*. Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and portable as a *Cigar Case*. It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $2 75 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter richly plated and engraved. Nothing can excel its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers. As a Present to friends nothing could be more acceptable. *For the Soldier* it is invaluable. Also

The Ridgewood Sterling Tobacco.

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in package of various sizes. A liberal discount to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *post*, on receipt of *price* and 25 cts.
RIDGEWOOD TOBACCO CURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

BUSINESS AGENCY.
The best Pianos, Melodeons, Sewing Machines, &c., furnished at less than usual prices. Also Books and Stationery, and

Articles for Soldier's Use.
Address GEO. G. SAXE, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Refer, by permission, to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., Carlton & Porter, and others.



Just what every Family wants. Patent Self-Adjusting Lamp Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Only $2 Extra $6., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for Circular. Sample sent free for $2. American Inspirator awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

Union Playing Cards.
Cabinet for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars and Stripes, Flags, and Arms of the United States for pips. Two packs, in case, mailed, free on receipt of $1. Liberal Discount to Trade. Send for a Circular, &c.
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
257 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

$75 50 PAYS Board, Washing, Fuel, and Tuition in common English, at Hedden Street Institute, Claverack, Columbia, Co., N. Y., for half a year, from Nov. 9 to April 8. Superior advantages for young Ladies in Music, Painting, and Oil Painting. Recreation Rooms, Chapel, Gymnasium, and Bowling Saloon under one roof. Six merited Premiums and their families live in the institution, and board with the pupils. For catalogue address the Rev. ALVAH PLACE, A.M.

Sponsalia Millinery Rooms,
12 Waverley Place, New York.

Madame Bradley, from Rue de la Paix, Paris, hopes to inform her numerous Patrons she has just received direct from her House in PARIS a varied assortment of the highest novelties in Bonnets, Hats, Caps, Head Dress, Nets, Flowers, and all articles appertaining to first class Millinery.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, or allow a large commission, to sell our *Encyclopedia of Useful Arts, Celestial Barometer*, and 12 other articles. 12 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and salable Watches in the American market! They use the sole escapement in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most valuable invention, by which the most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary, the cause of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being like 18 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timekeeper. Every Watch carefully examined, per case of 12, $204. Sample watches in a neat morocco boxes, $18. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 50 cents.

Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES ARE NOT EXCELLED.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION
An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one fine quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best substitute for Solid Sterling Silver in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day by any one of ordinary business tact!

A WORD WHISPERED IN YOUR EAR.—*Agents, homestricken and unable, write a manuel start, and future and bonds, to good reasons why* by the Rev. Dana, 1866 pages, $3 38; registering, 50 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be sent by express.

Our inspections are novelties produced by no other house, combining the most active and reliable agents, by more elaborate and artistically finished, and offered at prices ridiculously low compared with their value.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. No American watch was capable, seeking directly to the public, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, Oct. 31.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Oct. 31.

"Exceed other manufacturers in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Boston Post and New Yorker, May 9.*

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for military men."—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal*, Aug. 9.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Sunday Atheneum*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle*, July 27.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

Hubbard Bro's will be sent, on application only, to St. Louis, Cairo, Louisville, Washington, and all places North of these cities, with the full discretion as follows: If you can not send South of these points, as the Expresses prefer not making collections on such uncertain localities, as that it will be necessary for buyers in the United States to send a voucher for every watch, that in all instances, requires an advance remittance of two dollars or more as proof of sincerity. Those residing in the army, quarter-d at or near those cities, can make purchases without any fear whatever, as they can keep their goods before payment is required. Those in the interior of rebeldom will be sent to send payment in advance, will please send by Express, when practicable; if not, send by mail in a registered letter; if you are a Negro citizen, send us an order in any letter, not marking in any manner as to cross or authority. No information whatever will be made from our prices, neither will Watches be sold in any less quantities than as specified above. To Agents employed. Buyers must deal directly with us!

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

The Solicitor to his Mother. Bulwin to Pulwer, a sequel to "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night." Onnitos, 700 tunes, for Flute or Violin, $1. "Union Selection," for Flute or Violin, $1. "Union Selection," for Flute and Six Violin Strings, 75 c., mailed. Musical Instruments repaired. Prospectus Free. Address as above.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY; or, THE DUTIES OF MAN CONSIDERED IN HIS INDIVIDUAL, DOMESTIC, AND SOCIAL CAPACITIES. By GEORGE COMBE. Reprinted from the Edinburgh edition, with the Author's last improvements. Complete in one large volume, price $2 50. New York: FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway. A colemporary says:

"This book is a treasure. It is the only American edition of the Moral Philosophy published. Its author's latest revisions. It should be in the library of every lover of humanity. Philosophy, Psychology, and Science from the works of this stamp, and we heartily commend it to the world."

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force a heavy growth in six weeks, even upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, free. Address with stamp, Box 4444 Boston Post Office. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $35 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 200,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 14 Copies for $35.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seven cents Cash per line for inside, and One dollar per line for outside Advertisements.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



ADVANTAGE OF "FAMINE PRICES."

SICK BOY. "I know one thing—I wish I was in Dixie."

NURSE. "And why do you wish you was in Dixie, you wicked boy?"

SICK BOY. "Because I read that quinine is worth one hundred and fifty dollars an ounce there; and if it was that here you wouldn't pitch it into me so!"

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Just Published and for sale by News Agents generally.

"The Hunters."

An Indian Tale of intense interest and excitement. Also Ten Cent Song Book No. 5.—"THE YANKEE SAILOR'S SONG BOOK, containing a remarkably choice collection of songs. Also "THE GHOST OF WELL DEAN." Price of each 10 cents.

IRWIN P. BEADLE & CO.,
137 William Street, N. Y.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $3 75; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $5; or with 24 objects, for $8.

Address, HENRY CRAIG,
335 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.

BILLIARD BALLS.

Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 2¼ and 2⅜ in., $16 per set. 1¾ in. Bagatelle, $6 per set. 1¼ in. Bagatelle, $4 per set, will be sent on receipt of the price. Manufactured and for sale by J. M. WELLING, 307 Canal St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

Also, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Pins for every Co. from A to M.



Annexed is a fac-simile design of the Sonnets Company Pin. The letter representing the Company is in Bold Relief and very conspicuous.

The undersigned will forward to any soldier one of the above pins in solid silver, with name and regiment clearly engraved upon it, on receipt of **One Dollar.**

For Cooks Badges, send our list to side advertisement.

Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 305 Broadway, N. Y.
Successors to J. S. PACKARD & CO.

WANTED! WANTED!

Do you want Splendid Whiskers or Moustaches?

HUNTER'S ONQUENT will force them to grow luxuriantly in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Also on Bald Heads in ten weeks. Two Boxes for $1 in. Postage free. Address

C. HUNTER & CO., Box 674, Milwaukie, Wis.

IMMENSE PROFITS

To be made selling our

STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS.

SEND FOR OUR NEW CIRCULAR.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 30 Beekman Street, N. Y.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of pure oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 39 and 197 Chatham Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. ULLAS, D. BOSTON & CO., 37 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

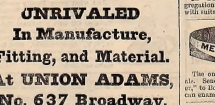
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 29, says: "Messrs. BOSTON & CO. have assembled very desirable things in a watch — cheapness and reliability. Turn it in what way for $7 a person can have a excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Foster, and Sigel. All are the same pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin. Plated back and front in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. *Agents wanted in every and the army.* The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts.

LOUIS PHILLIP, 160 Broadway, N. Y.



FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALLED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. AT UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Shults' Onguent. warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less weight. Over 10 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturers, John B. Henderson, late PRATT, ROBINSON & CO., 109 William St., N.Y.

The Soldier's Gift
To the Loved One at Home.

We will deliver free, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., any of our beautiful Albums of the value of $5 or more, that may be ordered by members of the Army or Navy of the United States or Prussia to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles of all prices to $75, and higher.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers and Importers,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

CHLOASMA,
OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complection, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly in blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove such patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great improvement in modern science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, having for many years made a specialty of treating diseases of the skin, will guarantee to remove Moth Patches and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars enclose stamp for circular. No charge for consultation. DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

$35 WATCHES. $35

Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates.

All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
266 Broadway New York.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y., Supplies all information concerning Patents, free. Specimens of the Paper, free.

Central Park in the Stereoscope.

150 New Views, just published by
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

Also, **Life in China**, a new and very interesting series.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs.

Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over

FOUR THOUSAND

different subjects, to which additions are continually being made of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

71 Major-Generals,	137 Divines,
193 Brigadier-Generals,	116 Authors
220 Colonels,	39 Artists,
84 Lieut.-Colonels,	123 Singers,
597 Other Officers,	46 Prominent Women,
60 Officers of the Navy,	147 Prominent Foreign Portraits.

2,500 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART.

Including a representation of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c.

Catalogues sent on receipt of 10cents.

An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on receipt of $1 00, and sent by mail, *free.*

Photographic Albums.

Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each.

Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in durability to those of any other make.

The smaller kinds can be sent safely by mail at a postage of *twenty cents each.*

The more expensive can be sent by express.

We also keep a large assortment of

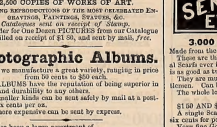
Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views.

Our Catalogue of Views will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY.
MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS,
501 Broadway. New York.

Friends or relatives of prominent military men will confer a favor by sending us their likenesses to copy. They will be kept carefully and returned unharmed.

$5 FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER for Companies or Regiments, at Publication Price, or for other purposes, with suitable inscriptions, &c.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metal. Send $1 50 for a "Turn-over" or $1 for a "Choker," to Box 6713, and they will be sent by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$2 positively made from 20 cts.; the regular retail price of every person. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20 cts.; retail for $2, by J. L. WU. GIFT, 109 Chatham Square, N. Y.

The Beard.

If over 18, and your Beard, Moustaches, &c., is of feeble, scanty, retarded growth, the use for a short time of the Tonic Swamp Sharsh Balsam will stimulate them thereby to a very fine and vigorous growth. Has been thoroughly tried and found infallible. 50 cts., $1, and $2 each sealed, and postpaid. Particulars of the Discovery at Shiloh, April, 1862, of this remarkable Balsam, in a sealed paper, free. Address JOHN RAWLINS, 197 Broadway, N. Y.

Wheeler & Wilson's



Sewing Machines.

Have won the Highest Premiums at all the important State and Mechanical Fairs where exhibited this season. Forte's Patent Umbrella Lock Stands. 505 Broadway.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, recently-enrolled,* and splendid cash Income PIKE STATIONERY, ENGRAVER, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Engravings, Fashion Plates, Designs for Comic Valentines, Cottage Keepers, Home Ornaments, Camping Out Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Prescriptions, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, Yankee Notions of All Kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry,* Rare Recipes, Gaming, and Many Advts., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand sun or even, alone, and alone all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sellers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the army South or Southwest. A SILVERED SIDED SILVER WATCH, EVERLAST MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepieces,* presented free to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circular, containing *Extra Premium Inducements,* and free. S. C. HICKARDS & CO., **102** NASSAU ST., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Price Package House in the World.

VINELAND

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and forty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for MANUFACTURERS and others, churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Pamphlets containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Seton Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune: "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 00, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens repointed on receipt of 25 cents.

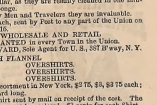
E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens. 215 *Pearl Street, New York.* **63** *Kilby Street, Boston.*



A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 30 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. A set of different powers, $1 00. A fine Microscope, $5 00. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 2939, Boston, Mass.



3,000 dozen pure Roman Scarfs.

Made from the Finest and Most Costly Silk.

These are the most fashionable, elegant, and economical Scarfs ever imported, as they never ravel, one Scarf is as good as two.

They are much worn in Europe by both ladies and gentlemen. Can be worn with either pin or ring.

The whole lot will be retailed at

WHOLESALE PRICES!

$1 50 AND $2 EACH.

A single Scarf sent by mail on receipt of the cash, and 25 cents for postage.

Very fine Gold Plated Scarf Pins or Rings

At $1 25 each.

S. W. H. WARD,
No. 397 Broadway, New York.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELED WHITE.

Having the appearances and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, sent by mail to any part of the Union on receipt of $1 10.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 397 *Broadway, N. Y.*

FRENCH FLANNEL

OVERSHIRTS

DRAWERSHIRTS.

OVERSHIRTS,

the largest assortment of any house, $2 75, $3, $3 75 each; all cut one yard long.

A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage must be enclosed, or each Shirt will be sent by express, collect on delivery.

ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

$2, $2 25, and $2 50.

SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS

ALSO,

FINE WHITE SHIRTS

MADE TO MEASURE AT $3, $3½, $36, AND $40 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed blanks for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free to every one.

S. W. H. WARD, from London.

No. 397 Broadway, New York.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever SKATE BUCKLE,

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 218 Pearl St., New York, 63 Kilby St., Boston.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BASSFORD'S, Cooper Institute, New York.

$10 made Daily by all who send stamp to J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 360.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE RUSSIAN BALL—IN THE SUPPER-ROOM.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

SOLDIERS' MARCHING SONG.

STEADILY we march along,
Join we in the marching song,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Bearing each a soldier's part;
Come what will beneath the sun,
We are soldiers marching on;
'Neath the old flag, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Timing step to marching song;
What though roads be wet or dry,
Though be bright or dark the sky,
We are soldiers bound to win,
Marching on through thick and thin;
'Neath our banners, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Ringing out the marching song:
What though rough be soldiers' fare,
We are all our country's care—
All its hope and all its love;
And its flag is bright above,
Flying stainless, flying free,
As we march to victory.

Steadily we march along
To the soldiers' marching song:
Little care we, nothing fear,
If our country's foe be near;
We are ready for the fight,
For the battle of the right,
'Neath the old flag flying free,
Starry sign of victory.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

A QUESTION OF ENDURANCE.

THE war has now reached a point at which the continued resistance of the rebels is a mere question of endurance. They are suffering privations as severe as were ever borne by a belligerent people. Their currency is depreciated in the ratio of 12 to 1, and while the soldiers and civil employés of Government are paid in this depreciated currency on the scale which was fair when that currency was at or near par, provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life have adjusted themselves to the depreciation, so that it takes a soldier's wages for a month to support his family for a day. Of manufactured articles—boots, shoes, dry goods, hardware of all kinds, agricultural implements, etc.—the stock has fallen so low that fabulous prices are asked and obtained by its fortunate possessors. The capture of Morris Island has nearly closed the port of Charleston, and within a month the blockade of Wilmington—the only port at which any considerable blockade running is now done—will also be sealed. When this happens, no more foreign goods will enter the Confederacy till the peace. On the other hand, the loss of the Mississippi Valley has cut off the chief supply of beef, as the advance of Burnside has curtailed the supply of cereals, and the occupation of Chattanooga has deprived the rebel foundries of the coal which was essential to their existence. Famine is so imminent at Richmond that the rebel journals confess their inability to feed the Union prisoners, and it is seriously proposed that our Government should send them beef and bread from Washington. The Governor of Georgia admits that the stock of provisions in that once opulent State is insufficient for the wants of the population; and General Bragg proposes a general seizure of all the lands in the Confederacy with a view to their being exclusively used to raise food for the army.

This picture is not exaggerated. Yet it is hardly possible to conceive a more complete aggregate of wretchedness. Without food, without clothes, without coal, without hope of succor from abroad, and with the ever-present Federal anaconda tightening its grip round them week by week and month by month, sometimes moving fast, sometimes slowly, but never losing an inch of ground once occupied, can it be possible to conceive a people in more cruel straits than the rebels? How long can they endure such a complication of miseries? To which side shall they look for relief?

Not to Europe, for there the rebel rams have just been seized, and public opinion seems to be once more turning against them. Not to General Lee, for his second attempt to invade the North and menace Washington has proved only less disastrous than his first, and he is now barely able to cover Richmond by making more fertile acres in Virginia a barren desert. Not to Bragg, for he, notwithstanding the victory of Chicamauga, has been unable to wrest the key of the Southwest—Chattanooga—from the grasp of Grant, and he knows full well that the next move in the game will be a resistless "unconditional surrender" movement on Atlanta. Not to cavalry raids and guerrillas, for they—though annoying to us—do no good to the rebels, and, on the whole, are probably more troublesome to Southern planters than to Northern armies. Not to the Peace Democrats of the North, for the fall elections have squelched them out pretty thoroughly. There is not a man, or a principle, or a point in the horizon to which these despairing rebels can look with the least hope of aid, comfort, or succor in their hour of misery.

They may burn a few trains, "gobble up" a few commissaries, surprise a few helpless detachments of Union troops—nay, even win a pitched battle or two here or there; but what then? In the truthful language of the Richmond *Examiner*, "Our [rebel] victories are somehow always fruitless and unproductive of results; they leave the great question of the war where they found it." How long will the rebels continue to struggle under such privations, against such odds, in so hopeless a cause?

The time has not come yet for an honest Northerner to express his opinion of the courage and fortitude which the rebels have displayed in this wretched contest. So long as the red hand of battle is uplifted they are our enemies, whom it is our duty to destroy—nothing more. When the time does come—as come it must—that failure and disappointment and privation and despair compel these poor people to abandon the struggle into which a blind and brutal oligarchy precipitated them, they may rely upon it that, in the words of that great and good man, Henry Ward Beecher, they will find the fatted calf ready for them throughout the North, and none more ready to relieve their wants than the very soldiers who are now crushing in the sides of the pasteboard Confederacy.

THE RUSSIAN BALL.

THE Ball is over, the music is hushed, the dances ended, the wine drunk, the costly laces and diamonds put back into their places. And now that the sounds of the revel are dying out it occurs to us that we have a headache, and we are saying wisely to each other that the ball was not, after all, so very sensible a thing; and that, when our brothers and our sons are dying on battle-fields, and thousands of brave Union soldiers, prisoners at Richmond, are being starved to death by the Southern chivalry, it is hardly decent for us here to be dancing, and making merry, and throwing away fortunes on diamonds. There is something in the idea. Should this number of *Harper's Weekly* fall into the hands of some poor wounded fellow at Chattanooga, or some half-starved Union prisoner at Richmond, the contrast between his own condition and that of the scented and perfumed dancers who figure in the ball picture may not improve his temper. "They are fiddling while I am dying," is the remark which would not unnaturally occur to him, and it would leave a bitter taste behind.

"What then?" says Shoddy. "Are we all to put on sackcloth and ashes for the war? Are Mrs. and the Misses Shoddy not to have an opportunity of displaying their beauty—to say nothing of the splendid dresses and the magnificent diamonds which I bought them with the proceeds of paper-money—simply because we are engaged in a war? The notion is monstrous! I pay for the war: taxes on my income, taxes on my clothing, taxes on my house, horses, carriages, silver, and every thing that I've got; I send my blood relations to the war to fight and die; I give money for bounties and money to the Sanitary Commission; I vote to support the Government. Having done all this, I submit that my duty is fulfilled, and that I may, if I choose, get up balls for Mrs. and the Misses Shoddy, and that they may enjoy them as becomes their age, their means, and their spirits. Dancing and balls are not bad things by any means. It is good that young people should enjoy themselves while they can. They will all find sorrow enough in life by-and-by. Besides, our Russian Ball had a political significance, and may render good aid to the Union cause."

Thus much Shoddy. And though his reasoning is likely to seem very shallow and very selfish to the brave suffering men on Belle Isle or in Castle Thunder, it must fairly be admitted that, in past time, balls and battles have often jostled each other, and the dying sounds of the dance have often mingled with the blast of the bugle. "There was a sound of revelry by night" within a few hours of the battle of Waterloo, and the dance was never more popular in Europe than during the Napoleonic wars. The Preacher gives the key to the apparent paradox when he says, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; *for to-morrow we die.*"

And now—good Shoddy, fair Mrs. Shoddy, and sweet daughters of the Shoddy house—that you have had your dance, and flirted with your Cossack, and flashed your diamonds in a thousand envious eyes; now that you have spent—so they say—over a million of dollars for one night's enjoyment, have you time and do you care to think of a suggestion by which your pleasure and our suffering heroes' needs may both be satisfied?"

There was a time, not many years ago, when a commercial crisis precipitated the poor of New York into great suffering. At that time large-minded men and women gave their thoughts to the subject, and while soup-kitchens were established by A. T. Stewart and others, fashionable ladies gave a series of calico balls, the rule of which was that every lady present donated the dress she wore to the poor. By this means thousands of poor girls and women, who would otherwise have gone half clad that bitter winter, were furnished with clothing. What say you now, ladies, to a

DIAMOND BALL,

the jewels worn to be given after the ball to the Sanitary Commission, which has our wounded soldiers in charge?

If, as is stated, a million of dollars' worth of diamonds were worn at the Russian Ball, a million of dollars might be procured by such a Diamond Ball as we suggest—enough money to secure every comfort required by our wounded soldiers, and probably to save hundreds of lives which are now sacrificed for want of suitable attendance, clothing, and food. Could the jewels be put to a nobler use? Would not their radiance, in such a case, flash not only from wall to wall of the ball-room, but down through the vale of time to the most distant age, lighting the fame of New York women, and proving that they were worthy wives and daughters of the brave men who are dying for their country?

THE LOUNGER.

THE SANITARY FAIRS.

THE work of the Sanitary Commission is the great episode of the war. It is not a less remarkable popular rising and persistence than the armies and the fighting. When you think of the hands and brains and hearts all over the land that are working, thinking, and feeling all day long and every day for this great work, you feel only more profoundly than ever that any task whatever to which an intelligent people addressed itself, as the Free States have given themselves to this war, is sure of its triumph.

Behind the army in the field there is this supporting army twenty times larger. It is the vast reserve, constantly indicating its presence and cooperation. It is no reflection upon the sanitary zeal or method of the regular service, but it is a necessary supplement to the regular system. So sudden and tremendous a war, calling for armies to be improvised, called also for a sanitary care which should be as voluntary and extensive. And it has had it. The details of the operations of the Commission are amazing. Nor does the work cease or pause. Its organization is admirable. Its managers are zealous. Its hold upon the heart and purse of the country is firm. If any body has any thing to give for the relief or comfort of the soldiers, however small, it is received with thanks, and the facilities of the Commission cause it to be put exactly where it is most wanted.

The new event in its career is the fairs which are held all over the country. We hear of a most successful one in Portland, Maine, while that of the Northwest at Chicago is truly Northwestern in its scope, duration, and results. The whole country has contributed; and among its treasures is the paper which is only of secondary interest to the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence—the Emancipation Proclamation. The President's letter accompanying it to the Committee is one of the simple and earnest touches that have so deeply endeared him to the heart of the American people. It will be deposited in the archives of some Historical Society, richer by that sole possession than all the others in the country.

Meanwhile New England does not falter. For many months in all New England homes the busy preparation has been going on, and in December, we believe, the great Sanitary Fair will begin in Boston. Nobler work has not been done by any city than by Boston; and that no proof of its fidelity should be wanting, it has this year put its foot upon a false "democracy," and given its hand to that true Democrat, Governor Andrew. Boston fairs (for who dare speak of the Boston fair?) are famous. The Blind Fair and the Anti-Slavery fairs were the most successful ever known in the country. The fair of the Sanitary Commission will doubtless surpass them all.

TRUMPET-BLOWING.

IT is interesting to see that we can still blow our own trumpet, notwithstanding the war. One of the patriotic reporters of the Russian ball mentions the pleasing fact that, upon being told that all the decorations in the Academy had been put up since the close of the performance on the previous evening, the polite Admiral remarked that "only a people like the American could do that." It was very courteous in the Admiral, and there was really nothing else for him to say. But if we soberly suppose that we can make imposing fêtes in that way we ought to undeceive ourselves.

We take our pleasure sadly, as old Froissart described our ancestors. We are a grave people, not a gay; but it is the gay who make fêtes. Paris is transformed in a few hours, and restored again. On the Emperor's last fête day, the 15th August, the decorations of the city were superb, and every trace of them had vanished by noon of the next day. And the brilliant draperies hung from balcony and window in Rome, or in any Italian city, have a picturesque effect for which we are not yet bold enough. Then, too, there are the marvelous fire-works, the festal pyrotechny of Italy and France. Whoever has seen St. Peter's outlined in fire against the night sky will be grateful for our own displays; but he will hardly select them in comparison as heights upon which to crow the national Yankee-doodle-doo. It is not in that way that our genius most naturally or happily expresses itself. We spend plenty of money, and we employ all the taste we can. But a pretty and imposing festival of any kind results from the co-operation of a population, each individual of which has a taste for the picturesque.

We like to make money stand for every thing. But there are so many things that money will not buy. "All the ladies had diamonds on," says one enthusiastic reporter. But if a Roman woman, a Trasteveran, with her Junonine head and shoulders, and the glittering pins fastened in her coal-black hair, had entered the theatre, or a woman in Rachel's Thisbe costume, the broad, splendid effect would have been memorable. Picturesqueness, for instance, can not be bought easily.

We are a very great and good people undoubtedly, but there are some things we have not yet acquired. An ancient history, for example; or a great school of art—statues, pictures, cathedrals; and also a taste for the picturesque. We can fight, talk, make money, educate our children, go to church, spend money nobly and profusely, appreciate whatever is good, and hopeful, and true; but we can not make so pretty a fête as some other people who have not half the reasons for contentment and happiness that we have. Meanwhile we do the best we can, and neither Shakespeare nor Napoleon did more.

THE BALL.

THE strictly Lounging event of the week, of course, was the Russian ball at the Academy, which was as brilliant as the most ardent votary of the dance could desire. The theatre was resplendent, the toilets gorgeous, the crowd immense, the supper profuse, the music delightful; and the very crush, of which every body complained, gave every body a profounder sense of the great success in which they were sharing. It was a finer fête than that to the Japanese and to the Prince of Wales; but it had no profounder political significance than those glittering evenings. As to the crowd, it is always unavoidable upon such occasions. Choker, that remarkable young man, who has danced at every court and with all the princesses in the world, assures the Lounger upon his honor that he has been at balls at Willis's Rooms in London, "Almack's, you know—very cream of very cream—where you saw all the family jewels in England hung across the broad bosoms of ladies of historic name; and, 'pon my honor, you had to stand in one spot with your partner and merely jump up and down. Depend upon it, at a public ball where there is room to dance there is a sense of failure and desolation."

If any body wishes to appeal from that decision, he may. But the Lounger is content with it, and doubtless so also were the Russian officers. Whether in the fact that the *menu*, or, in the vulgar, bill of fare, was printed upon satin slips representing partly the American and partly the Russian flags, the officers detected a shadowy suggestion of an Americo-Russian alliance, who shall say? Yet he was doubtless the wiser man who read upon it only the fine French names for pies, cakes, and oysters. Cousin John over the water will, of course, have another explosion of sneers at the affection of the two great powers lying under the ban of civilization. But Cousin John has been hospitable to Russians in his time too. Why, here, in the very last English paper we chanced to be reading, of so late a date as October 25, are these very extraordinary words: "When Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias, was in London, a heart-and-soul tyrant, and the born enemy of all useful intellectual progress in the world, he was fondled by duchesses and countesses as the man among men. His victims were rotting in Siberian mines—the noble, the just, and the innocent; and he was waltzing in the honored palaces of the British aristocracy." Did ever a poor fellow with an unhappy disposition to throw stones live in such a brittle glass house as Cousin John Bull?

London was courteous to Nicholas, and New York is courteous to the Russian admiral. London may have had reason; New York certainly has. For Russia as a power has been positively friendly to us in our trouble. Has Cousin John, as a power, been so? Let him be reasonable. We have given the Japanese Princes, the Prince of Wales, and the Russian officers a pretty ball. Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'! May we never be compelled to give either of them any other kind of ball than the Terpsichorean!

TO H. S., JERSEY CITY.

THE best investment for a working-man who has three or four thousand dollars for the purpose, and who must leave the country for a certain time, is in the United States five-twenties, the interest at 6 per cent., payable in gold, and the principal at the discretion of the Government. Deposit your money at the Sub-Treasury, where, in a few days, you will receive bonds and coupons. Deposit these with a Trust Company, and make the interest payable to any order you may choose.

HONESTY IN POLITICS.

AT a time when one of the most disagreeably notorious men in the country says that he must have a Judge in the city of New York, and has him, it is pleasant to find an instance of manly dignity and self-respect in a political candidate. Every honest voter will enjoy, as we do, the following letter written upon the eve of the late election by William Nicoll, candidate for State Senator in the First District. He was defeated, but the people of the district are not likely to forget him:

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, *October* 31, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of 27th inst. is just received. My answer can be of little service to you *now*, but yet I cheerfully give it.

If elected to the Senate, I shall go there *entirely free* to act for the best interests of the inhabitants of the district, and under no pledge or promise to any man, or association of men, to carry out or advocate any measures which shall appear to me, on full investigation, prejudicial to the public interests.

If your bill is right, and the best which can be, I should go for it. Unquestionably I should be in favor of giving to the people of Staten Island all the increased ferry facilities for which they ask; but I must know what they want before I can promise to aid them.

Certainly I shall make no promise, and imply no pledge, for the sake of securing the votes of any man who may be

interested. Rather than that I much prefer my personal freedom of thought and action at home.

Very humbly and respectfully yours, etc.,

W. WOOD.

We advise every voter in Richmond, Queens, and Suffolk counties to cut out that letter and keep it, against the time when the district is looking for an able and faithful public servant.

FRENCH RAMS

THERE are six steam rams building in France for the rebels. It will be interesting to see if they become of them. But whether they sail or whether they are detained they will certainly render us no service. They will enable no one to say distinctly that we have been willing to admit, that Louis Napoleon's France is quite as hostile to us as the British governing class. There seems to be no reason to suppose that Louis Napoleon will do differently from his ally. If it is worth while for England to stop the rams, it will hardly seem to Napoleon, upon general grounds, desirable to let them go. But if he be resolved to remain in Mexico, the probability is that he will not detain them. Because to stay in Mexico securely he must do all that he can to keep this country distracted and divided. He will, of course, consider the risk of war and reprisals. But he has a trained army in Mexico—nearly of not less than fifty thousand men—a fleet cruising in the Gulf and on the coast, and the same army will be practically his ships. He will, therefore, have capital enough already here to begin the war upon. His army in Mexico will not be followed if he chooses to retire across the frontier, and it would be a weighty reinforcement to the rebels.

Would England allow him to account? That is a question which Louis Napoleon will gravely ponder before he resolves. But all his plans—the Mexican concept, the rams, and the open aid to the rebels—hang together. If his Mexican project be not determined, it betokens small wisdom all the rest, and a American policy. Our military situation, and the elections of the year, considered as a necessity for the Government and the war, can not but have great influence upon his decision, and it is not impossible that he may believe a reunited Union to be the surest and perfect right tax the resources of the nation for so long a time that he may, without fear of interference from us, establish and consolidate his power in Mexico. In that case he will detain the rams, awaiting any immediate occasion for war and relying upon the chances of the future.

TO A DYSPEPTIC PATRIOT

YOU say that you are for the Union of course but oh dear! the Union is gone. You declare that you are for the fighting it out; but oh dear! how comfortable it is to be four or five years off. You insist that all the money should be supplied to the Government; but oh dear! what reactions, and panics, and poverty are coming together. You will stand by the Government, of course, but oh dear! the age of statesmen has gone by.

How fortunate that Washington was not a dyspeptic, nor William of Orange, nor Lord Nelson. Fancy Nelson sailing in to the bay at Aboukir to engage the French fleet, and whining upon the quarter-deck, "I go for my country, of course, but oh dear! I wish I had had to begin by Jervis. I shall fight it out, but oh dear! how nice it was when was comfortably on shore. England expects every man to do his duty; but oh dear! my poor head legs and arms are going to be shot off. I stand by England, of course, but there's nobody fit to govern her! Oh dear! his have been sleepless nights! Would't De Brogs have trembled had he heard it? Would't the hearts of Ask and the wooden walls of England have felt themselves become like iron under such an impetus?

You are a dead dog upon the spirit with which alone this or any great war can be prosecuted. You give as much groaning as gold to the war, and while the gold furnishes arms to the soldiers the groan draws the charge. Why should any brave fellow fight for such a whining fellow-citizen as you? A nation of such whingeers and wan cynics would drive the earth off its axis.

When men go into battle, good friend, they do not march to the dead march in Saul, but to Yankee Doodle, or *Mourir pour la patrie!*

THE SOLDIER'S AID.

THAT the soldiers may know how many and how constant are the works of patriotic women in their behalf, the Lounger gather as extract from a letter lately received: "Can you find room in your columns for a notice of our little journal, its aims and objects? They are clearly expressed in the title—'The Soldier's Aid.' We feel that our armies are fighting for us, for our lives, our safety, and our freedom; and that we ask in the privilege of caring for and help those who suffer in our behalf, until the rebellion is crushed and the cause of order and freedom is victorious."

The little paper is issued by the Young Ladies' Aid Society of Rochester; and although the copy promised him has not reached the Lounger, he knows in advance, and gladly says, that its object and spirit are most timely and generous.

A NEW POLICY.

A RECENT Richmond *Examiner* contains a very important statement, which we wonder has not been made public by authority at Washington. "The Yankee Commissioner Mercdith," the Commissioner Robert Ould that Secretary Stanton had been opposed to any exchange of prisoners during the war, and that his policy had come to be the policy of his Government. Had it been earlier the practice of his Government it is pretty clear that the rebel army would be much weaker than it is, for there is no question that the paroled prisoners of each army are mustered into the rebel ranks. It is not surprising. It is but another proof of the curious dishonor of their conduct. It is not surprising, for an insurrection headed by Davis, Mason, Toombs, and the rest, who did not hesitate to receive the money of the government they were plotting to overthrow, must be tainted throughout with their dishonor. The only way to meet the conduct of the rebels in arming our paroled prisoners against us is to refuse to parole them. In the hard for those of our army who are captured, but such a course is the only hearty speak of the policy approve it most heartily.

COLOR-PRINTS

AMONG new and beautiful things we have seen nothing more delicate and interesting than the albums prepared by Goupil, Vibert & Co. These albums are of the usual card-photograph size, and represent birds, flowers, autumn leaves, mosses, butterflies, and moths, humming birds, little landscapes, and figures of children. A friend of the Lounger's, and an expert in all such dainty matters of printing, says that in this region, and he is master of the subject, "They are the best specimens of color-printing ever done in this country upon so small a scale." It may be believed it, and believe also that a man who has done so well will, as Mr. Frank says of himself, do better as fast as his machinery improves. The prints are neatly enveloped, and not dear, and the Lounger sincerely commends them as a most charming service for the album.

LITERARY.

"OUR Old Home" (Ticknor and Fields) is a collection of Mr. Hawthorne's writings drawn upon England. Their pure, sinewy, racy, idiomatic style is unsurpassed by the greatest masters of English literature. Their observation and subtle humor is delightful. Their sincerity is startling. The author unveils his mind with the confiding naïveté of Charles Lamb. But the tone of doubt and indifference, occasionally insinuated, as in the present volume, is a singular and unpleasant barium which convulses his country, is so painful, that the reader is in danger of believing invincible. We feel, as the author says, a dull, disheartening compassion who should prove to have no objection to infanticide. That the great English authors should read and study carefully our war is intelligible upon the assumption of their ignorance; but that one of the most gifted and fascinating of American writers should do so, is to care for, the very point of our contest is monstrous.

"The Social Condition and Education of the People in England," by Joseph Kay, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, England (Harpers), is a book written by a most careful observer, himself an Englishman, at which John Bull may well stare aghast. We can not recommend it; but it is a work of permanent instruction, which should be pondered by every man who is deeply interested in the progress of civilization. It is a curious companion to "Our Old Home" of Hawthorne or Irving's "Sketch Book."

GONE.

"I'm only a short little poem,
Yet tender and threaded with woe;
And my heart knows the bond that hath summoned
These eastern days long ago.

Oh! hand lying cold on the bosom,
One clasp of forgiveness I crave:
To the kiss of the lips on the cheekless
Thy wrongs with the sod on thy grave.

But this, oh, how like an echo
It springs from the depths of years;
The wail of a young life crushed, burdened
By hopeless repinings and tears.

He died that his hopes. 'Twas at Charleston,
He fought well for the cause he loved well.
He was earnest and true to his country
As he had been to love. He fell.

His comrades—a few were beside him,
Companions in arms; they
Heard as he his last accents
With prayer breathed a name—it was mine!

They knew not his whole heart's sad story
Until, when they laid him to rest,
From his bosom they found they that fattened
My picture close over his breast.

The picture was old, worn and faded
By time, and by many a tear-drop that's hot;
But the love of the heart it had covered
Could change it, could never by years.

Oh! here in Life and in Death,
Fame may not thy glory record;
Thou hast won the true crown in the struggle,
And He shall give thee thy reward.

Oh, blest one! made perfect through suffering
And purified, thou canst behold,
Unclouded by passion, the Godhead,
The truths that here could not be told.

Oh, spirit so patient and loving!
Oh, heart beating still on the breast,
Oh, life worn with struggles and doubting!
All, all is now ended in rest.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

MAJOR-GEN. FOSTER and his staff arrived at this port on 5th, on board the French frigate *Panama*, bound for France. The Marshal the French Empire, the Duke of Pechin, and marched with his victorious army into Mexico.

Captain John Rodgers has been ordered to the command of the *Wachusett*, and Commander Clark to the *Iosaiah*.

The Secretary of the Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of $6,000, in the proceeds of a concert given in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Bravo, the celebrated actress.

It is reported that General Burnside's resignation has been accepted, and it is probable that General Foreya will succeed him in command of the Army of East Tennessee.

Lieutenant-Colonel LOOMIS, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, Germantown, Tennessee, was fatally shot by Major HERON, of the same regiment, on the 2d inst., in the course of an altercation at the supper-table. The immediate of the soldiers against HERON was so great that with difficulty they were prevented lynching him.

Captain JOHN M. WILSON, United States Corps of Engineers, a young officer distinguished for gallantry and skill in the Peninsular campaign, and brother-in-law of Major-General GRANT, is now in charge of the defenses of Vicksburg.

Captain RICHARD H. LEE, late of the Sixth New Jersey Volunteers, has been appointed Postmaster for Camden, in that State.

Lieut.-Colonel L. CARL, of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, for some time past upon duty in the Provost-Marshal-General's Bureau at Washington, has been relieved from duty and ordered to join his regiment in the field. Major GEN. FRANK P. BLAIR, and has evinced signal executive ability in administering the affairs of a difficult and exacting post.

Major-General WOOL, U.S.A., is at present enjoying retirement at his home in Troy, upon the Troy. In consideration with a gentleman a few days since, who remarked that in his opinion Washington would be in the first rank in this particular Junction of the war," the General replied sternly, "Sir, I am a soldier of the old school vigor, "They don't want me. They think me too old."

Surgeon JAMES BIDDLE, of Philadelphia, now on a short leave, is ordered to Washington from a severe attack of bilious continent fever contracted during the memorable siege of Vicksburg. Dr. Biddle was on duty on Gen. GRANT'S staff from April to September, including the sickly season of the Lower Mississippi, and expects to be able to return to service in a short time in a Northern department.

Colonel JOHN MCNEIL, Second Regt. of Iowa, late of General GRANT'S army, has been appointed commercial agent of the Treasury Department at Memphis.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER has been reinstated in the United States military service, with permission to remain in its complement his old Irish Brigade.

Captain HERMAN, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Major-General DOUBLEDAY, has been appointed a member of the Board of Examination of which General LEE is President.

Colonel RICHARD H. RUSH, Assistant Provost Marshal, has been relieved from duty at the Invalid Corps Depot and Lieutenant-General CAHILL, his assistant, is left temporarily in charge.

Major FREDERICK TOWNSEND, Eighteenth United States Infantry, has been ordered to duty as Superintendent of Volunteer Recruiting Service at Albany, New York, and Major WILLIAM MAXWELL, Fifth United States, on the late Superintendent, has been ordered to join his regiment in the field.

The amount of work now progressing at the Brooklyn Navy-yard for the Government is very large. Ships are in the stream and on the stocks, preparing for sea as rapidly as possible. There are about 3,000 men on the pay-rolls of the different departments, and their monthly wages are not less than $150,000.

Lieutenant E. F. DAVENPORT has been ordered to duty at the Naval Academy.

Lieutenant BRET WILSON has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy.

Lieutenant PETER, recently appointed by his wife, Colonel GRIFFIN, and Captain HADGENTY and PEPPER, left Washington for Fortress Monroe on 10th to relieve General FOSTER.

Captain THOMAS and James WATSON, of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, were arrested on the 1st inst. on information near Portsmouth, Virginia.

Captain JOSEPH MCCLELLAND, Pennsylvania heavy artillery, was found dead in his bed last week, having retired the previous night in perfect health and spirits.

Lieutenant JOSEPH M. FEE, commanding the brevetor section of the Fifth United States Cavalry at Camp Pleasonton Newbern, North Carolina, was recently presented, at three parades, with a handsome sword and sash by his command.

Major-General B. M. PRENTISS, who, while a Brigadier-General, was taken prisoner by the rebels with his entire force at Shiloh, and who, after his return from captivity, formed one of the Fifth Army Corps, has received a well-earned promotion to a Major-Generalship soon after the rendering of the decision by which he was reinducted his resignation to the War Department, and it has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel TOWNES, Provost Marshal of Alexandria, has been relieved of his command by an order from the War Department, and Captain GWYNN, Medical Inspector, General Sanitary Staff, has been appointed to the office.

General GRANGER, who was recently elected Governor of Mississippi is the name who was so seriously wounded and taken prisoner in the battle at Baton Rouge some months ago. He was formerly an Old Line Whig.

Lieutenant-Commander WORDEN'S resume has been detached from the Philadelphia Navy-yard as ordnance officer, and assigned to the command of the *Canonicus*.

Lieutenant-Commander PAUL SHIRLEY has been promoted to the grade of Commander.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, after a long period of ease, is commencing to move forward again, and its advance has been heralded with victory. The division of General Prince held the south-bank of the river on the banks of the Pamunkanock—the former at Kelly's Ford and the latter at Rappahannock Station—Brandy Station, and drove them across the river, capturing eighteen hundred of the rebels, four guns, and many rebels with a number of guns. The loss of the enemy is killed and wounded is reported by Prince at one hundred, the loss of which is all—killed, wounded, and missing—is set down at from three hundred to four hundred. The Union loss is reported the Union loss is reported at from

Upon the lifting of the fog on the morning of the 8th, our forces were crossing the river and found little resistance in front. At four P.M. Sedgwick's advance had pursued the enemy to Culpeper Court-House, and Gregg's cavalry crossed the Rappahannock at Sulphur Springs to cover the right flank of the column above Brandy Station, and to operate on the Orange and Fitzgerald Railroad below Kelly's Ford to cover the left flank. Although there was a rain in the effect that General Kilpatrick occupied the city and heights of Fredericksburg on the 10th, in addition to hold them until the infantry could reach him.

MEADE' REPORTS

Of the Movements of the Army since the Potomac.

Saturday, Nov. 7—8:30 P.M.

Major-General Sedgwick advanced to the railroad crossing, where he drove the enemy to the river, assaulted and carried two redoubts with artillery, with his skirmishing a number of prisoners.

Major-General French advanced to Kelly's Ford, driving the enemy in small from across the river, and captured several hundred prisoners at the Ford.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

SECOND DISPATCH.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
Saturday, Nov. 7—11 P.M.

General Sedgwick reports capturing this p.m. in his operations, four colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, many other officers, and over 600 men, together with four instruments.

General French captured over 400 prisoners, officers and men.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

LEE ON THE DEFENSIVE.

General Lee, it seems, declines to take up the gauge of battle which General Meade has suggested to him upon his acceptance. The Army of Virginia, excepting its rear-guard, have again ensconced themselves within their strong fortifications on the south bank of the Rapidan, or are making swift time toward Richmond. The Army of the Potomac, therefore, must bear with what grace it may the disappointment of its desire to bring about a decisive engagement.

CHARLESTON.

The firing Sumter is being continued both from Fort Gregg and Wagner and the Monitors. The bombardment is described by the Richmond *Examiner* as furious and incessant. The fire of the monitors on Sunday was of unusual fierceness, and replaced: but the old flag was so cut to pieces that the halyards of the Twelfth Georgia regiment was raised instead. On this ult. at four o'clock A.M., a portion of the new sea-wall fell in, burying a large division of the garrison. Over one thousand two hundred men were at work on it. Of these, fifty were freed at the time of the report.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The rebel papers report that our advance has reached Rutherford's Mill, and our forces are consulting terrible depredations near Huntsville. The telegram maintains the same gallant, impictorial advantages, and that, unless the movements of our troops, which are now in progress, are interfered by the Union army at Chattanooga will be placed beyond doubt.

IS BRAGG FALLING BACK?

A dispatch from Chattanooga, of 10th instant, says that refugees from the rebel army report General Bragg to be evacuating his position in front of Chattanooga, and falling back to Rome or Atlanta. General Longstreet was said to be preparing a force for a raid on our line of communication at Bridgport.

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Knoxville, dated the 6th instant, says that East Tennessee is once more clear of rebels, with the exception of guerrillas, who hover around our wagon trains and infest our mail routes above. The fight at Rose's gorge resulted in the rout of the rebels. The loss was trifling, killed and fifty-two wounded. Colonel Garrard pursued the rebels beyond Kingsport.

BURNSIDE CHECKED.

The Siege of this city now:

"The New York Herald Grant has telegraphed hither that two of the most advanced positions of General Burnside have been captured by the rebels. Besides this, the rebels prisoners of half of two regiments that were holding them at the front.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Late advices from Arkansas state that General Steele now occupies the Arkansas, the reverse of the rebels, the rebel General Price, and over seven hundred Arkansans have come in and taken the oath of allegiance to Governor Johnson.

GENERAL BLENT IN DANGER.

Dispatches from Leavenworth, Kansas, say that the rebels under General Shelby, having escaped from our troops, crossed the Arkansas River at the mouth of nine thousand men, and were then marching on General Blunt, who had only a force of two thousand men, and could not, they say, withstand the attack as he is a heavy supply train behind for Fort Smith. General Blunt had received the number of his train, and was putting his force in a position to resist the enemy.

UNION MEETING AT LITTLE ROCK.

At the Union meeting held at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 30th ultimo, resolutions were passed expressive of cordial support to the Union and the Administration, pledging the utmost support to uphold the supremacy of the Government, the full number of spirited and loyal addresses were made, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and report for the Central Union Club.

SKIRMISH IN WEST VIRGINIA.

CLARKSBURG, *Nov. 8, 1863.*

To Governor Boreman:

General Averill attacked Jackson's forces at Mill Point, Pocahontas County, on the 6th inst., driving the rebels from his position with trifling loss. Jackson fell back to the summit of Droop Mountain, where he was reinforced by General Echols with Patton's brigade and one regiment from Jenkins' command. The position in Mountain a strong one, and was strengthened by breast-works commanding the road. General Averill turned the enemy's left with his infantry, and attacked him in front with cavalry dismounted.

The victory was decisive, and the enemy's retreat became a rout. Our forces followed them with their arms and scattering in every direction.

The casualties fell chiefly, capturing many prisoners and a large quantity of arms, ammunition, etc.

We have captured Jackson's train, with his private wagons. Our loss in killed and wounded is about one hundred.

B. F. KELLEY, Major-General.

A NEW CAMPAIGN ON THE GULF.

An active campaign is now in progress in the Department of the Gulf. The naval expedition under General Banks was at Southwest Pass on the 30th ult., with the Commanding General on board the flagship Hartford. The fleet consists of sixteen steamships, and a large number of schooners and brigs as tenders. The list of war—the *Monongahela*, *Oneaco*, and *Virginia*—accompany the steamers.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Robson, who was captured in the vicinity of Occoquan last October, and taken prisoner to Richmond, and in Alexandria, has, among other things, stated that Castle Thunder is the only room in Richmond where prisoners are allowed to purchase any thing. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg, the rebel authorities in Richmond issued an order forbidding the sale of provisions to Union soldiers, all to a famishing and starving condition. They were ten days on the road between the two places, and all they had to eat during that time was four hard crackers and a piece of bacon. On the cars they were taken to the Libby prison, where they lay two days longer without having their rations issued, and therefore from the time they had not a mouthful to eat. Some of them, who were fortunate enough to have a little money, paid as high as five dollars for a loaf of bread, but the officer in charge would not let it be carried them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE REBEL RAMS STOPPED.

A DISPATCH from Washington, authorized by the Secretary of State, announces that the iron-clad vessels now building at Nantes and Bordeaux, for the service of the rebels, have been promptly arrested by the French Government, at the instance of Minister DAYTON.

THE MEXICAN DELEGATION.

The Paris *Moniteur* reports the reception of the Mexican deputation by Napoleon. The Emperor did not allude to Maximilian in any manner. It was thought the French Legislature would refuse to guarantee Maximilian's loan.

CHINA.

THE AMERICAN LEGION.

The accession of General FORREST brought his American legion, to the cause of the Chinese rebel leader, is treated by the British papers as an event fraught with serious consequences to the cause of the Emperor and the future government of the empire.

JAPAN.

THE KNOW-NOTHING MOVEMENT.

Accounts from Hakodadi, Japan, up to the 15th ult., state that the Ghief Minister of State, and three other Cabinet officers, had been murdered because of their advocacy of peace with Christian nations. All foreigners were ordered to leave Nagasaki, and refused to do so, whereupon the "Japanese government resigned."



TRAPPING REBEL GUERRILLAS IN THE WEST.



THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE—DRAWING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS—[See Page 742.]

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

WE illustrate on page 741 a common incident of the war in East Tennessee—HAULING CANNON UP A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN BAD WEATHER. The *Herald* correspondent, writing from London, Tennessee, on 26th ult., thus describes the scene:

On Thursday last the reinforcements and down here from this reserve which are always in readiness at Knoxville to go mute up or down the line of railroad got orders to be prepared to take the march at any moment. The first orders came at night, and the immediate column of infantry, cavalry, artillery, wagons, and ambulances would have been seen wending their way by the light of the blue brilliant moon from their camp in the woods, esplanade, and groves to take position along the Loudon road. A great portion of the infantry was luckily spared what afterward proved to be a severe march, and was transported by rail to within a short distance of the scene of future operations. By ten o'clock it is the column got in motion, and while the cloth beneath our feet was still in our ears, the rain began to fall, and the mud which had been the road was gradually gilded into a thick, tenacious paste of mud and swamp, and the wagons mired and stuck fast to the great discomfort of mule flesh. The mules showed no impressive reserve by the pale light of the moon. Interjections so herculean, strong, sinewy, that the road rang and mingled here and there with the rumbling cannon and caissons, and the long line of baggage trains, whose white covers stood out like a ghostly ghost against the dark night, with all these—with impaired an air of mystery and awe to the whole scene, which seemed to pervade every one, and was broken only when some regiment was called halted with the indications of a halt. Silence. So silently, indeed, was the march effected that but few of the isolated along the road were aware that an army had passed.

Toward the gray dawn of morning that portion of the cavalcade which was not imperatively ordered to proceed directly through to Loudon halted by the wayside at the inviting house stood near to welcome us within its portals; in tent was pitched beneath whose canopy to shelter the wearied limbs; so performance we had need of making use of the best means at hand. Accordingly I have the tent in which embraced Lieutenant Keyes, of the Second Division Staff, and the writer, with all its economy, might shelter. We made a farm shed, and there, disposing ourselves upon the straw and rubbish which littered the floor, we slept the sleep raw and chilly—we were soon buried in "balmy sleep, tired Nature's" etc.

Morning came, and with it one of the most disagreeable days it his been my misfortune to experience. A heavy rain commenced at daylight, and fell in unceasing torrents until mid at night. The roads, as fluid as they could be before, became now almost impassable. Wagons sank to their bows in the liquid mud, mules fell down, and their fences and gave up the ghost; while drivers, teamsters, and artillerists became so covered with mud and mortar that it was difficult to distinguish them from the surrounding soil. However, by this time the inspiriting energy which characterizes the Yankee soldier, all obstacles were overcome, and by night the head of the column had reached its camping-ground with the main body of the Potomac.

At latest dates the rebels were concentrating their forces against Burnside, and his outposts have already been attacked. Col. Byrd, it is however, as the soldiers call him, has thus far shown himself capable of taking care of himself, and Meade will not give Lee too easy a task to do at home, so that we can rely upon it that no more troops can be spared from the rebel Army of the Potomac.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IF we could always know at the time what we are doing!

Two ladies carried a paper to Whitehall out of charity to a stranger.

Therefore the whole sex was benefactress to a man she never spoke of but as "the wretch;" the younger held her truant bridegroom's heart, I may say, in her hand all the time, and was his protectress. Neither recognized the handwriting: for no man can write his own hand with a tooth-pick.

They reached Whitehall, and were conducted up stairs to a handsome room of spacious size and powerful brow, seated in a wilderness of letters. He waved his hand, and a clerk set them chairs: he soon after sat down to his pen, and went gravely forward to hear their business. They saw they must waste no time: Julia looked at her mother, and she took Alfred's petition off his desk, and handed it him with one of her eloquent looks, grave and pitiful. He seemed struck by her beauty and her manner.

"It was pinned on my parasol, Sir, by a poor prisoner of the Queen's Bench House," said Julia.

"Oh, indeed," said the gentleman, and began to read the superscription with a cold and wary look. But a beautiful visible to be read, he opened the missive, and ran his eye over it. The perusal moved him not a little: a generous flush mounted to his face: he rang the bell sharply. A clerk answered it; the gentleman wrote on a slip of paper, and said, curtly, "Bring me every letter that is signed with the name of Alfred all our correspondence about him."

He then turned to Mrs. Dodd, and put her a few questions, which drew out the main facts I have just related. The papers were now brought in. "Excuse me, madam," said he, and bent over them. "I believe the man is sane," said he, "and that you will have enabled us to baffle a conspiracy, a heartless conspiracy."

"We do hope he will be set free, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, piteously.

"He shall, madam, if it is as I suspect. I will stay here all night but I will master this case, and lay it before the Board myself without delay."

Julia looked at her mother, and then asked if it would be wrong to inquire "the poor gentleman's name."

"Humph!" said the official; "I ought not to reveal that without his consent. But stay! he will owe you much, and it really seems a pity he should not have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude. Perhaps you will favor me with your address; and trust to my di cretion: of course, if he does not turn out as sane as he seems, I shall never let him know it."

Mrs. Dodd then gave her address; and she and Julia went home with a glow about the heart selfish people, thank Heaven, never know.

Unconsciously these two had dealt their enemy and Alfred's a heavy blow; had set the train to a mine. Their friend at the office was a man of another stamp. His absent Hall had fallen in with.

Meantime Alfred was subjected to homely mortifications and irritations. He guessed the motive, and tried to baffle it by calm self-possession. But this was a great ordeal to which he was before, because his temper was now exacerbated and his fibre irritated by broken sleep (of this Bedlam had a great contempt), by a hard pillow, flannel and poisoned by that cruel, that corroding passion, jealousy.

To crown that, while he was in prison a rival was ever at his Julia's ear, making more and more progress in her heart. This rival was now in the Queen's Bench one day and night; and perhaps all the maddeners human cunning could have invented were put in force by him. He had temples beat and his blood run boiling poison. Indeed, there were times when he was so distempered by passion that he could almost put in act of justice, and suicide a legitimate relief. For who could go on forever carrying Hell in his bosom, and not be a fiend in form? He began to go alone: to turn impatiently from the petty troubles and fathomless egotism of those companions who had been his friends, and his sure heart to pity. Pale, thin, and wobegone, he would creep about the Queen's Bench prison like Hall of Ebliis, whose hearts were a devouring fire. Even an inspector with a naked eye would see the change in Alfred. Another eye, that cold from a lunatic of the unhappiest class, the metaphysician:

"Ice hain a fur like a woman seeond."

Rooke had a hint to provoke Alfred to violence such as would put him in the power of the popular a patient to bodily restraint, composing draughts, and other quick maddeners. Rooke entered into the game with the two motives; he was devoted to Mrs. Dodd, and he hated Alfred, who had openly defied him and publicly insulted him about Julia Beverley.

One Saturday Alfred was ordered out to walk with Rooke in the prison yard. He made no objection; suspected, felt homicidal, suppressed the impulse, and by this self-command he got near to give that letter to Beverley with instructions.

But, all the walk, he was saying to himself that Julia was in the house, and he was kept away from her, and a rival with her; this made him sicken and rage by turns. He came back in a state verging on frenzy.

On entering the yard poor Beverley, who had done his bit of cunning, and by reasons now reposed more simplicity, came running, and said, "I've done it; she has got it."

"What have you done? Who has got what?"

"Don't tell, Frank."

"If you don't I'll shake your life out, you savage blackguard!" and he did shake him, and throttling him till he was black in the face.

Alfred's long-pent fury broke out: he brushed his teeth and shook his fists in Rooke's face.

Rooke bellowed with pain and anger, and, rushing at him incautiously, received a stinger that staggered him, and a second that laid him right eye. He took the hint, and put himself in a posture that showed he was not to be taken at a half-defense. He stopped two blows neatly, and returned a heavy one upon the ribs. Alfred staggered back and recovered himself: Rooke had, as Rooke pushed in too hastily to improve his advantage, caught him heavily on the other eye, but lost his own guard. Alfred, with his enfeebled Rooke to close; then came a sharp, short rally of re-arching blows, and Rooke, not to be outdone in that style of work, let out a terrific bout ensued, in which, Alfred being somewhat weakened by much exercise and rest, Rooke's great weight and strength enabled him after a severe struggle to fall with his antagonist under him, and knock his head about on the hard pavement. Then Hayes, who had stood prependently aloof, came in and helped handcuff him; they could not work up and down for the fiend Robin, who stood by with a professional air to see fair play.

"Ah, could iron is your best chance," he said, satirically. "Never you mind, Sir; you hit quick and well: I'll have at long odds in my bag: both his pepyers are in mourning." He added, "A cow can beat a man kneeling."

When Alfred was handcuffed they turned him loose. It soon transpired, however, that he was not a dangerous madman (Formula), and to be confined in the noisy ward.

On hearing this he saw the trap he had fallen into, and trembled; he asked himself what on earth he should do; and presently the saying came back to him, "Do the best you can under stroke of art to turn evil into good." He argued thus: Wolf's love of money is my great evil: he will destroy that money, do any thing for money. Then suppose I offer him money to be honest. He begged an interview with Dr. Wolf on business. This was accorded at once. He asked the doctor plump whether he received a large sum to detain him under pretense of insanity.

"Not v-r, considering the trouble you sometimes give, Mr. Alfred," said the doctor, dryly.

"Well, then, justice shall outbid rascality for once. I am a sane man, and you know it; a man of my word, and you know it. I'll give you a thousand pounds to let me out of this place."

Dr. Wolf's eyes sparkled.

"You shall have any bond or security you l ve; and the money within a week of my de l rance."

Dr. Wolf said he should be delighted to do it, if e could conscientiously.

At this piece of hypocrisy Alfred's cheek reddened, and he could not speak.

"Well, well, I do see a great change in you for the better," said Dr. Wolf. "If, as I suspect, you are a sane man, I will part with you without a thousand pounds or a thousand pence."

Alfred could not but hesitate in his reply.

"I'll tell you what, though," said the smooth doctor. "I have got two pictures, one by Raphael, one by Rembrandt."

"I know them," said the quick-witted Alfred; "they are worth more than a thousand pounds."

"Of course they are, but I would take a thousand pounds from you."

"Throw me in my liberty, and I'll make it guineas."

"We will see about that." And with this understanding the men of business parted. Dr. Wolf called Mr. Archbold then and there.

"Impossible," said she; "the law would dishonor such a bargain, and you would be exposed and ruined."

"But a thousand pounds!" said the poor doctor.

"Oh, he offered me more than that," said Mrs. Archbold.

"You don't mean to say so; when was that?"

"Do you remember one Sunday that I walked him out to keep clear of Mrs. Dodd? Have you not observed that he has not repeated the experiment?"

"Yes. But I really don't know why."

"Will you promise me faithfully not to take any notice if I tell you?"

The doctor promised.

Then she owned to him with manifest reluctance that Alfred had taken advantage of her kindness, had made love to her, had asked her for him, and made passionate love to her. "He offered me not a thousand pounds," said she, "but his whole fortune and his heart, if I would fly with him from these odious walls; that was his expression."

Dr. Wolf swung out of a corner of her eye that the doctor was turning almost green with jealousy: his artist proceeded to describe the scene across between her and Alfred, with feigned hesitation, yet minute detail; only she inverted the parts: Alfred in her narrative made the love to her; she listened abashed, confused, and tried all she could think of to bring him to better sentiments. She concluded this picture of history inverted with a sigh, and said, "So now he hates me, I believe, poor fellow."

"Do you regret your refusal?" asked Dr. Wolf, uneasily.

"Oh no, my dear friend. Of course my sentiment was that the woman at my age and in my position would have refused. But we poor women are tender slaves to our judgments." And the tender look done at the doctor's feet.

In short, she worked on him so, that he left Alfred at large unsuspected, and was no sooner gone to his other asylum six miles off than the calumniated was conducted by Hayes and Rooke through passages, doors, passages, and door after door, to a wing of the building connected with the main part only by a covered way. As they neared it, strange sounds became audible. Faint at first, they got louder and louder. Singing, roaring, howling like wolves. Alfred's flesh began to creep. He looked at the covered way: he would have fought to his last gasp sooner than go into it; but he was in their hands. He appealed to the keepers: but he had used them both too roughly; they snarled and forces him through the door and into the covered way. At the main part only by a covered way. As they neared it, strange sounds became audible. Faint at first, they got louder and louder. Singing, roaring, howling like wolves. Alfred's flesh began to creep. He looked at the covered way: he would have fought to his last gasp sooner than go into it; but he was in their hands. He appealed to the keepers: but he had used them both too roughly; they snarled and forces him through the door and into the covered way. At the end of this was a door with a grated wicket in it, with a fifty truckle-bed in it, and all the vessels of gotts-perche. Here he was surrounded by the desperate wretches he had left in the yard, scarcely knew but by report. Throughout that awful night he could never close his eyes for those gibbering fiends that assailed him. Singing, swearing, howling like wild beasts! His right hand, always reasonable and kind, he and works, ending each pious argument with a sudden rhapsody of oaths, and never slept a wink. Rooke and his neighbor alternately prayed and shouted, "Cain was a murderer, Cain was a murderer;" and howled like a wolf, making the night hideous. The opposite neighbor had an audience, and every now and then delivered, in a high strain key, "Let us curse and pray;" and then he would begin: "Brethren, let us work double tides." And then he would deliver a fiery fervent prayer, and forget it up immediately with a volley of blasphemy as terrific that coming in such a contrast they made Alfred's blood run cold. Sometimes he hear a poor creature so defy his Creator. No rest, no peace. When it was still the place was like the grave; and about noon, foul, shady, somebodious, burst a thunder-clap of curses, and set those poor demented creatures all yelling again like fiends. Then he would beat the iron ring. And a clock-like intervals a harmless but dirty idiot, who was allowed to range the ward, came and chanted through the keyhole, "Every thing is nothing, and nothing is every thing."

This was the only observation he had made for many years.

His ears assailed with horrors, of which you have literally no conception, or shadow of a conception, his nose poisoned with ammoniacal vapors, and the peculiar wild-beast smell that marks the true maniac, Alfred ran wildly about his cell trying to stop his ears and trembling for his own reason. When the fearful night-effect gave way, and morning broke, and he stood on his truckle-bed and see God's hoar-frost on a square yard of grass level with his prison bars, it refreshed his very soul, and affected him almost to tears. He was then, to his surprise, taken out, and allowed to have a warm bath and his breakfast with David and the rest: but suspect it was done to watch the effect of t l trial he had been submitted to. After breakfast he was taken to a place to go, be up on a bench and there exhausted nature overpowered him and he fell fast asleep.

Mrs. Archbold came by on purpose, and saw him. He looked very pale and peaceful. Ther. was a cut on his forehead due to Rooke's knuckles. Mrs. Archbold was struck with the young figure and haughty face seemed so unresisting and peaceful as he slept, indeed. That did not, however, prevent her setting her female spies to watch him more closely than ever.

He awoke and but refreshed, and found little Beverley standing by him with wet eyes. Alfred smiled and held out his hand like a captive monarch to his humble friend. "Jack, you'll be with you in the noisy ward again," sobbed Frank. "This is your last night here."

"Hey, Frank, you make my boots!" roared Rooke from an open window.

"Coming, Sir—coming!"

Alfred's next visitor was the Robin. He came, whispering, "It is all right with Garrett, Sir, and he has got a key of the door, but I'm not sure must get back to your old room, or we can't work."

"Would to Heaven I could, Robin; another night or two in the noisy ward will drive me mad, I think."

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you what you do: which we all have to do it at odd times: hold a candle to the devil: here she comes: I think she is very where she is, Sir," said the Robin. This then sauntered away, affecting nonchalance: and Alfred presently saw Mrs. Archbold and was affected. "Mrs. Archbold," said he, timidly, rising from his seat at her approach.

"Sir," said she, haughtily, and affecting surprise.

"I have a favor to ask you, madam. Would you be so kind as to let me go back to my room?"

"What, you have found I am not so powerless as you thought?"

"I find myself so weak, and you so powerful, that—you can afford to be generous."

"I have no more power over you than you have over me."

"I wish it was so."

"I'll prove it," said she. "Who has got the key of your room? Hayes?" She whistled, and said Hayes, and gave him a curt and imperious order before Alfred. Alfred thanked her mysteriously.

She smiled, and went away disposed to change her tactics, and, having shown him how she could torment, try soothing means, and open his heart by gratitude.

But presently looking out of her window she saw the Robin and him together; and somehow they seemed to be in close confidence, as to be plotting. The very suspicion was fatal to that effect. His discharge was a foregone thing. Meantime she set her spies to watch him, and tell her if they saw or heard any thing.

This could be done that very night: he was to get Thompson to go to bed early; and, instead of taking off his clothes, was to sit in readiness. "We have been plying Hayes already," said the Robin, "and, as soon as she is off, we shall begin upon Thompson the key: you and I will have it all larking in the drawing-room, off you go to Merrimashes."

"Thank you dear Robin! You have taken my breath away. But how about Vulcan?"

"Oh, we know how to make him amiable: a dog-fancier, a friend of mine, has provided the confectionery, and he has got a bottle of the confectionery, and he has got a bottle of the cordiable where dogs is concerned, which it is where: whereby Garrett draws the varmint into the scullery, and shuts him in, while I get the key from the table. *It's All right.*"

"Ah, Robin," said Alfred, "it sounds too good to be true. What? this my last day here?"

"Yes, unless you prefer to creep very slowly till eight o'clock came. Then he easily persuaded David to go to bed; Hayes went up and undressed the dog and then: Hayes went up and undressed the dog and then: Hayes went up and locked. Hayes was drunk, but full of discipline. Alfred then put on the patient's clothes and her clothes; so Alfred made up a bundle for his portmanteau, and threw it out. Hayes eyed it suspiciously, but was afraid to interfere and inspect it closer; for his drunken instinct told him he would pitch on his head that moment: so he retired grumbling and dandling his dog.

At the end of the corridor he met Mrs. Archbold full dressed, and with a candle in her hand. She stopped him and asked what he expected him; and a little conversation followed that sobered Mr. Hayes for a minute or two.

Mrs. Archbold was no sooner gone to her little tea-party than all the first-class ladies and gentlemen were put to bed by the good sheep for the good of their health, and the keepers and keepresses took their place and romped, and made such a row sleep was not easy within hearing of them. They sat on the piano, they sang songs to a drum accompaniment played on the table, they danced, drank, flirted, and enjoyed themselves like school-boys. Hayes alone was glum: he sat in a corner and drank, and Garrett consoled him, drank with him, and soothed him with the balm of insensibility: in which condi-

tion they removed him under charitable pretences, and searched his pockets in the passage for the key of Alfred's room.

To their infinite surprise and disappointment it was not upon him.

The fact is, Mrs. Archbold had snatched it from him in her wrath, and put it in her own pocket. How far her suspicions went, how much her spies had discovered, I really don't know; but somehow or other not one word was in her mind, and, seeing Hayes in such a state, she would not trust him during her absence, but took the key away with her.

The Robin and Garrett knew nothing of this, and were all abroad; but they thought Rooke must have the key; so they proceeded to drink with him, and were just about to administer a really irritating soporific in his grog when they and all the merry party were suddenly startled by violent ringing at the bell, and thundering and kicking at the hall-door. The key jumped to their feet and balanced themselves, and looked half wild, half stupid. The women sat, and began to scream: for they had heard a story that has terrors for us all; peculiar terrors for them.

This alarm was due to a personage hitherto underrated in the establishment.

Mr. Francis Beverley had been TOOTSIED. So now, finding all the patients locked up, and their attendants romping in the drawing-room, he lighted seven fires, skilfully on the whole, for practice makes perfect; but, unaccustomed, he omitted one essential ingredient in a fire, and that was the grate.

To be plain, Mr. Francis made seven bonfires of bed-curtains, chairs, and other combustibles in the servants' garrets, lighted them contemporaneously, and retired to the basement, where he had taken the utmost means to deliver his friend out of Archbold House; and with a modesty, not of candor that characterizes the weak, proceeded to black his other bad masters' shoes with singular assiduity.

There was no wind to blow the flame; but it was a clear frost; and soon fiery tongues shot out of those seven-windows into the night, and lurid gleams burnished four more, and the old house was burning merrily overhead, and ringing with bells from the first floor.

But the neighbors saw, pointed, wondered, comprehended, shouted, rang, knocked, and surged round the iron gate. "Fire! fire! fire!" and "Fire!" went down the road, and men on horseback galloped for engines; and the terror-stricken porter opened and the people rushed in and hammered at the hall doors, and, when Rooke was drunk and opened, "Fire!" was the word that met him from a score of eager throats and glittering eyes.

"Fire! fire! Fire?" he cried.

"Where! Why, you are on fire. Blazing!"

He ran out and looked up at the tongues of flame and wisps of smoke. "Mother!" he roared. "Call the police. Fire! fire!" And he came back, and called to the man on sow. He ascended hastily to the third floor. Now the third floor of that wing was occupied principally by servants. In fact, the only patient was that one were Dodd and Alfred. Rooke called to the men below to send Hayes up to No. 75 with his key directly: he then ran down to the next floor, of which he had keys; and opened all the doors, and called to the inmates with a gleeful attempt at cheerfulness, belied by his shaking voice, "Get up, gentlemen; there is a ball and supper going on below." He was unable to utter the word "fire" to them. The other keepers were as rapid, each on his beat, and soon the more intrepid patients took the alarm and were persuaded or driven out half dressed into the yard, where they covered together in extremity of fear; but the fire began to rage, and shed like a lion and lighted up the whole interior red and bright. All was screaming and confusion; and then came a struggle to get the inmates out from the basement story. There was no time to handcuff them. The keepers resorted to the terror of the scene to cow them, and so opened the doors and got them out anyhow. Wild, weird faces, with glaring eyes and matted hair, leaped out and ran into the hall, and laughed, and danced, and cursed in the lurid reflection of the fire above. Hell seemed to disgorge its demons. Men recoiled from them. And would they did! They knew the asylum exploded, and the pieces fell tinkling on the marble hall fast as hail. The crowd recoiled and ran; but those awful phantasmal figures that had been so packed up the burning glass and ground it in his hands that bled directly: but he felt neither burn nor cut. The keepers rushed up to with draw them from so dangerous a place: all but one object still sudden lameness: that one struggled and yelled like a demon. The building of which fearful contest came a sudden thundering at a door in the third floor.

"Christ! What is that?" cried Rooke.

"It is Mr. Hardie," screamed the Robin. "You have him locked in."

"I told Hayes to let him out long ago."

"But Hayes hasn't got the key. You've got it."

"No, no. I tell you Hayes has got it."

"No, no! Murder! murder! Help!" one dead men. Run for Mrs. Archbold, somebody. Run! Here, hammers, hammers! for God's sake come and help me break the door. Oh, Rooke, Rooke!"

"As I'm a man Hayes has got the key," cried Rooke, stamping on the ground, and white with terror.

By this time Garrett had got a hammer, and he and Wales rushed wildly up the stairs to batter in the strong door if they could. They got to the third floor, but with difficulty, the smoke began to blind them and choke them, and fiery showers fell on them, and drove them back, smarting and choking. Garrett sank down gasping at the stair-foot. Wales ran into the yard uttering pitiful cries, and pointing wildly upward; but before he got there a hand had broken through the glass of a window up in the third floor, the pane white hand of a perishing prisoner, and clutched at the frame-work and tore at it.

At this hand a thousand white faces were now upturned amidst groans and wails. Some such as only multitudes can utter. Suddenly those anxious faces and gibbering eyes were turned like one, for an attempt, wild and unintelligible, but still an attempt, was about to be made to save that hand and its owner out of the very jaws of death.

Now among the spectators was one whose life and future were at stake on that attempt.

Mrs. Dodd was nursing a homesweet on this very neighborhood when the fire broke out. Her son Edward was coming at nine o'clock to tea, and, better still, to sleep. He was leaving the fire brigade. It had disappointed him; he found the fire-escape men saved the lives, the firemen only the property. He had gone into the business earnestly too; he had invented a thing like a treble pouch book, which could be fastened in a moment to the belt of a fireman, and thrown into the window, and would cling to the bare wall, if there was nothing better, and enable him to go up and help himself. But he had never got a chance to try it: and, per contra, he was on the engine when they were called up over a woman and baby in arm and collarbone in the Blackfriars road: and also when they were saving over a child in a cradle, and crippled him. All this seemed out of character, and shocked Edward: and then his mother could not get over it.

In a quarter of an hour he was to take off the obnoxious jacket forever, and was now lounging in the smoking-room, and quite glad of a run galloped up crying "Fire!"

"All right!" said Edward, giving a shout of "Where?"

"Lunatic Asylum. Drayton House."

Guess how long before the engine went to, and the engine tearing at a gallop down the road, and the firemen shouting "Fire! fire!" to clear the way, and Edward on the box with them.

When the report of fire swept townward past Mrs. Dodd, she turned: and saw the glow.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said she, "that must be somewhere near Drayton House." And full of the tender fears that fill such bosoms as hers for those they love, she left the tea-table: but she had ascertained that it was not Drayton House. Moreover, Edward's was the nearest station, so that little hope fled to her heart, and to tea. She sighed, and retraced her steps, and made timid inquiries, but could get no satisfactory information. Presently she heard galloping behind her, and the fireman's wild sharp cry of fire. An engine dashed past, and presently other horses came furiously, all on fire itself with red paint and polished steel gleaming in the lights: helmeted men sat erect, and the sight of one of those helmets looked a face like a fighting lion's, the eyes so dilated, the countenance in such towering excitement, that Mrs. Dodd thought fire sent as though galloping was too slow and he wanted to fly. In two minutes the engines, in one sought sight of one another as the engine thundered by, and he gave her a solemn ardent look and passed on. Before he had got the meaning look and eloquent gesture she knew it was something more than a common fire. She trembled and could not walk. Then, with a temporary weakness was followed by an influx of wild vigor: she forgot her forty-two years, and flew to lower road in the direction of Drayton water. Unfortunately she was too late to get any nearer than the road outside the asylum. She could see nothing, could hear, while her pale face and anxious eyes, the eyes of a wife and a mother, were bent on that awful roof. She saw with horror swiftly up behind her, and there she was wedged in. She was allowed her foot of ground to stand and look like the rest. Presently, from the midst of a mass of panting humanity, hers was one of the thousands of upturned faces lurid in the light of the now blazing roof. She saw with horror the hand break the window and clutch the frame: she gasped with the crowd at that moment when the fire caught, and her heart panted for her fellow-creature in sore peril. But what is this? The mob inside made a wide roar of hope: the crowd outside strain every eye.

A gleaming helmet overtops the outer wall. It is a fireman mounting a ladder to rescue in the mad-house yard. The crowd inside burst in a cheer. He had a rope round his loins; his face was to the men. He was seen to descend like a cat; higher, and higher, and higher, till he reached a branch about twenty feet above the window and so much apart from it laterally: the crowd cheered him lustily. But Mrs. Dodd, half distracted, was shrieking to Edward, "Go, to encourage him. "It is my child!" she cried, despairingly; "my poor reckless darling! Come down, Edward; for your poor mother's sake, come down."

"Dear heart," said a woman, "it's the lady's son. Poor thing!"

"Stand on my knee, ma'am," said a coachbuilder.

"Oh no, Sir, no. I could not look at him for the world. I can only pray for him. Oh, good people, pray for us!" And she covered her face, and prayed and trembled and sobbed hysterically. A few yards behind was another woman, who had arrived later, yet like her was weighed immovable. This woman was more terrorstricken than Mrs. Dodd: and well she might, for her lover who was hanging by his hands over the woman's name was Edith Archbold. The man who was now swinging by his hands and surging up toward heaven in waves of fire six feet high. Edward, scorched and half-blinded, managed to fasten his rope to the bough, and, calculating the distances vertical and lateral he had to deal with, took up rope accordingly, and launched himself into the air.

The crowd drew their breath so hard it sounded like a murmur. To their horror he missed the window, and went swinging back.

There was a cry of dismay. But Edward had never heard of failure. He tried the window; he went swinging by the rope back to the main stem of the tree, gave a fierce spurn with his feet, and by this means and a powerful gesture of his herculean loins got an inch nearer the window: back again, and with the same gesture and so he went swinging to and fro over a wider and wider space; and, by letting out an inch of cord each swing, his feet came at last within the window-ledge, then a little higher, then higher still, and now, oh sight strange and glorious—as this helmeted hero, with grim clenched and great eyes that stared unflinching at the surging flames and glowed supernaturally white in them and outward fire, swung to and fro on his frail support still making for the window—the heads of all the living fearing, admiring, panting crowd went surging and waving to and fro beneath; so did not their hearts only but their agitated bodies follow the motion of this hero as it rocked to and fro faster and faster through the hot air starred with snow-flakes and hail of fire. And those his fellow-firemen that had been frenzied made this supernatural effort, did they know their desperate danger? Were they afraid? No. One little hour ago Alfred sat on the bed, full of hope. Every minute he expected to hear the Robin put a key in the door. Then he was ready, and his money in his pocket. Alas! his liberator came not: some screw loose again. Presently he heard shouts of a great conflagration in the house. Feet ran up and down. Then came a smell of burning. The elm-tree outside was illuminated. He was glad of that, for it was in spite against the place. But soon he became alarmed, and hammered at the door and tried to force it. Impossible. "Fire" rang from men's voices. Fire crackled above his head. The elm-boughs began like a wild creature. He sprang up at the window and dashed his hand through, but fell back. He sprang again and tore his hand to more of the lights and work: he drew himself up nearly to the window, and then the wood gave way and he fell to the ground, and striking his head in his fall, nearly stunned himself; the flames roared fearfully now; and at this David, who had hitherto sat unconcerned, started up, and in a sentorian voice ordered order upon order to fuel every rag of suit and bring the rug to the door. His despair was a new aspect.

"Oh hush! hush!" cried Alfred, in vain. A beam fell from the roof to the floor, precursor of the rest. The flames, baffled within, burst outshore, and shouted a fresh set of orders proper to the occasion, so terribly alike are the angry voices of the commanders. Then Alfred implored him, and got him to kneel down with him, and held his hand, and prayed.

And, even as they knelt, Alfred and Alfred prayed, Death and Life met and fought for them. Under the door, Alfred's door, a thin stream of keyhole smuggled a hot stifling smoke, merciful destroyer running before fire: and the shadow of a gigantic fireman was seen to darken the door outside, and to come and go upon the wall. Alfred did not know what that was, but it gave him a ray of hope. Then the door grew gray for only for their bodies. (The crowd heard him and hushed itself breathless.)

The smoke increased faster, blinding and stifling; the giant shadow came and went. But now the greater part of the door was gray. Then suddenly the flaming timbers thundered down to the basement with endless clatter of red-hot dust, and the wall-paper fell off, revealing belched skyward a thousand jets of fire like a bouquet of rockets; and then a cloud of smoke. Alfred grew sick and faint, and muttered, "Oh, Crash! as if discharged from a cannon, came bursting through the window with the roar of an unleashed tempest, and with it a human figure, scream, a helmeted figure rope in hand, and alighted erect and commanding on the floor, amidst a shower of splinters and tinkling glass.

"Up men for your lives!" roared this fire warrior, clutching Alfred in a line to fireman Jackson plantedi express below, and in another moment was shooting up and down with the double burden, getting on it and holding his own rope by way of baloster cried "Now men, quick, for your lives." And, with the cry, he leaped through the ship, and downward, till Alfred assured him the captain had ordered it. He then descended directly, touched the outlook to Edward, whom he took for that officer, and went down the ladder; Alfred following.

Now the moment those two figures emerged from the burning pile, Mrs. Dodd, already half dead with grief for her son, and now for her husband: for all about him it was as light as day.

What terror! what joy! what gratitude! what pride! what a tempest of emotions!

But her fears were not ended; Edward, not to overweight the ladder, went dangling by his hands along the rope toward the tree. And his mother's eyes stared fearfully from him to the other, and her body trembled on her knees in mad descending cautiously, and then on his preserver, her son, who was dangling along by the hands with the rope between them. Her husband him royally, but she screamed and hid her face again. At last both her darlings were safe, and then the lusty cheers made her thrill with pride and joy, till all of a sudden they seemed to die away and the terrible fire to go out; and the sore-tried wife and mother drooped her head, and swooned away, wedged in and kept from falling by the crowd.

Inside, the mob parted and made two rushes, one on the rescued men, one on the gallant fireman. Edward, bewildered by the sudden change of curiosity and sympathy. They had to shake off hundred hands: and he was still pressing on, hurried then nearly off their feet.

"Gently, good friends, don't part us," said Alfred.

"He is the keeper," said one of the crowd.

"Yes, I'm his keeper: and I want to get him quietly away. This excitement will do him harm else: good friends, help me out by that door."

"All right," was the cry, and they rushed with him to the back door. Unfortunately this was about twenty yards off, and was subject this inconvenient. He fought his way and struggled after Alfred in silence. Presently, to his surprise, Alfred opened the gate and whipped out with David, leaving the door open. Rooke shouted and bellowed: "Stop him! he is escaping!" and struggled madly to the door: now another crowd had been waiting at the back, and seeing the door opened they rushed in and the doorway was jammed directly. In the confusion Alfred drew David after him, and they got off and had time to stay quiet, bolted behind an outhouse, and then ran across country for the first time.

To his horror David followed him, and with a madman's agility soon caught him.

He snorted like a frightened horse, and shouted cheerily. "Go ahead messmate; I smell blue water."

"Come on then," cried Alfred, half mad himself with excitement, and the pair ran furiously, and dashed through hedges and ditches, torn, bleeding, splashed, triumphant; behind them the burning mad-house, above them the spangled sky, the fresh free air of liberty blowing in their nostrils, and rushing past their ears.

Alfred's chest expanded, he laughed for joy, he sang for joy, he shouted for joy, he did not care where he went. David took the command, and kept snuffing the air, and shaping his course for the water. And so they rushed along the livelong night.

Free.

THE BRIDGE ACCIDENT AT CHICAGO.

On page 748 we illustrate the falling of the Rush Street bridge at Chicago, an accident which took place on March 1, 1903. The illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Alschuler. A Chicago paper thus describes the event:

A few minutes before the accident but evening the Iron bridge across the river at Rush Street broke in two while turning, and plunged a dozen horses, a street car and about fifty cattle into the river. Several were drowned. Owing to the fact that it was growing dark at the time of the accident, and to the hasty and confusion incident to the scene, it is impossible to obtain the exact number of the catastrophe. The following is all that could be ascertained:

A herd of fat cattle, numbering about one hundred and fifty, was being driven across the bridge, on the southern section, at a quarter before five o'clock. About sixty of these were on the bridge when the draw began to swing over, when the tug *Friendville*, having two small vessels in tow, approached from the south, and the bridge tender let it a signal to open the bridge. A minute afterward, and before they had time to stop their momentum, the engineer saw the cattle crowding over, and immediately reversed his engine, signalling the bridge tender to do the same thing. But it was too late. The bridge-tender saw the danger, and, with the presence of a collision, he commenced to swing the bridge, the north end of which was covered with cattle, and succeeded in being nearly. Of course this gave an immense preponderance to the south end of the bridge, and it broke in the middle of the bearings at the abutments: then the north end descended. It rode about twenty feet, and it had dropped about fifty feet, and then the whole weight of the structure being applied on the north end, the iron bridge broke in the middle with a tremendous crash, precipitating every thing into the river. The cattle were all thrown into the water, and, one on each side, and leaving but one narrow space through the middle.

There were on the bridge at the time Mr. James H. Dole, one of the oldest residents of the south side; James B. Dole, a minor—no relation to the former—and Mrs. Dole, wife of the latter, and four other persons. The two Mrs. Dole immediately ran to the north end of the bridge, and, passing among the broken material, being horribly mutilated, and escaped. Mr. James Dole still had charge of the team, and things were struggling in the water, shrieking for help, and all around were the unfortunate cattle. Looking about, and threatening mischief to their human companions, were the horses. The driver of the car was not injured at the time, and her exploits. Lewis Berry, sent off the first boat on the scene, and the first person taken off. She was quickly dispatched to the scene, and then the work of rescue began. This was not entirely successful, as animals were very thick in the water, and it was almost impossible to get anywhere near a drowning man during the first passengers. In consequence of this, and the rapidly increasing darkness, the rescuers were unable to the number of those in peril. The following is believed to be a correct estimate of the casualties:

The bridge-tender leaped from the platform overhead to the east bank. The engineer, who was in charge of one of the splinters, and escaped with only a few bruises received in falling. Mr. Dole was drowned, and his body

Mr. Dole escaped almost by a miracle, falling into the water unconscious, but was rescued by a passing steamer. The horse and buggy were lost. The animal was a rather valuable one—worth two hundred dollars.

One elderly gentleman secured one of the planks which had been thrown into the river by the breaking of the bridge, and three other men were picked up by the boats. The boy was also saved. He said there were seven children alongside him when the bridge broke. Nothing was seen of the rest. The boy's statement, however, is believed, as it is feared that both drivers were lost, nothing having been seen of them since the accident. Investigations are now going about the streets of the North Division, with no encouraging news of the disaster.

The horse car which fell into the river was taken to the Rush Street boat-house and hoisted on the deck thereof. He was rescued and taken away. In attempting to get him ashore the plank slipped and he again fell into the river. This task of effecting a second operation was much more difficult than the first. The animal was nearly drowned.

The majority of the cows swam to the dock without aid, and were picked up one by by the crowd. Of the others, two were seen to drown, and five others were killed or disappeared. The fact that the bridge was in the middle of the river to render recovery impossible. Several other remained unaccounted for, and at the time their nonsinge being plainly heard to a late hour last evening.



THE GREAT RUSSIAN BALL AT THE ACADEM



Y OF MUSIC, NOVEMBER 5, 1863.—[See Page 746.]

THE GREAT RUSSIAN BALL.

On pages 737, 744, and 745 we publish illustrations of the event of last week. THE GREAT RUSSIAN BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. It was undoubtedly the greatest ball ever given in this country, without excepting the ball to the Prince of Wales. Whether it was a success or not appears to be a matter of some uncertainty. We condense from the *Herald* report the following account of the decorations of

THE SALOON.

Inside the door a pleasant change in the Academy was perceptible at the very first step. Instead of the ordinary barrenness of the vestibule, and the comfortable crimness of furniture about it, and, instead of a gas-jet here and there in the foot lift only on an urgent occasion, a heavy ridge, delivered your ticket, and suffered your footfall at every step of the way, and when you passed on to the second story you were met by a group in the brilliant light, a lobby in which the gas was in triple place.

Even this was but the door of the *foyer*, where the lady leaves her cloak, and where the gentleman leaves his lady, while he passes down to the end of the lobby and deposits his overcoat, cap, etc. No surgery to pay—no charges by the hair-dresser—no charges at all. Returned to the lady in the same place she left it, with the same sort of very orderly confusion and very quiet, and mentally kept the lady to pay ready. More help is not necessary when there is plenty there, and help with needle and thread, too, to cover accidents. Let us every where have the spirit of life, and just as men and women go to Italy to commune with the spirits of antiquity in their monuments, so women come and wait all night to put a stitch here and there and feel amply repaid in the opportunity to study the dresses.

From the *foyer* one descried not as you came, but down the stairs at the other side, up the south stairs, and down the north. The work of all was done, one might suppose, and yet, simple as the idea was, it was a very considerable contribution to the general success. Red carpet down the stairs all on one soft Magenta-colored cloth; we turn to the left, and we are in the parquet, and are in the lobby.

Down the lobby, to the left, two elegant little retiring rooms were thrown open, and further down was the door of a quiet little temple for the especial delectation of those admitted to the cup that cheers but not inebriates. Here, as the said cup be filled with a decoction of the Arabian berry or the Chinese leaf. This is one of those delightful ideas that need only to be suggested; and in future no ball will be perfect without this very agreeable feature. It would be impossible to overpraise the quiet taste with which this feature was arranged. It was the perfection with which its object was carried out by Delmonico.

We could not but contrast between these rooms at once and those of the Academy, and each of whom holds up his flambeau before the eyes of his rendezvous, as if he meant to see it out. We pass down the two or three steps that are between the *foyer* and the floor, and find the floor in a state of softened light drawn by the line of the boxes. To the right and left of the centre of each, carried by very graceful vases of flowers, and in front, shutting out all the peripheries of the floor, and softening the whole into a space that the circle of the noblemen accurately makes, as it reaches the last box on the stage, we see immense lace curtains, with which the object was carried out by Delmonico.

We could not but contrast between these curtains at once and those of the Academy, and each of whom holds up his flambeau before the eyes of his rendezvous, as if he meant to see it out. We pass down the two or three steps that are between the *foyer* and the floor, and find the floor in a state of softened light drawn by the line of the boxes. To the right and left of the centre of each, carried by very graceful vases of flowers, and in front, shutting out all the peripheries of the floor, and softening the whole into a space that the circle of the noblemen accurately makes, as it reaches the last box on the stage, we see immense lace curtains, with which he object was carried out by Delmonico.

At the first and by a large, beyond which was seen, as from an open window, the stage, and which, on the other side this hall was repeated in mirrors, the white Superior appeared in full circle. It is circular in form, and as the floor is gaily lighted, and the boxes are filled with the beauty and fashion of the city, which here the bewilderment of the Academy is lost, and the lights and the mirrors from the hall we have described, the auditorium of the Academy, and around the room from the stage to the entrance. All else will have been repainted, all the gold regilt, and the whole, as in the front of the parquet, will imitate the boxes, which were formerly of a dingy red, but have received a delicate green. A richness of effect is produced in fe-tones of flowers, amidst the whole amphitheatre, and a very fine effect between the pillars on the stage, which are festooned in reality; and at the centre of each of these spaces were suspended basket-like baskets of flowers, of great fancy grouping fondicts, etc.

At the end of the stage the regent proscenium boxes were draped in Russian and American flags, and at the centre of the first tier was suspended a private box, the private box of the ship *General Admiral*, bearing at her mizzen the Russian flag, and at the fore the Stars and Stripes.

Even before the doors were thrown open crowds had assembled outside, and these, immediately upon the opening of the doors, began to stream in incessantly, seriously, promenade in earnest, in very full possible mode, magnificent and varied—ladies in silks and satins, of pink, pearl, white, blue, of all the possible varieties. Gold and silver lace, and from indigo till it melted into white; silks of green, crimson, purple, and yellow; silks ornamented and silks plain. And silks were not all, for there were ladies in velvet, and ladies in laces, and ladies in furs, in lace, in velvet, in hoods—ladies in head-dresses, and ladies with their plain little heads all alone with their own beautiful hair. Every body had diamonds on.

THE DANCING.

The order of dancing was as follows:

IN HONOR OF

THE OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

GRAND BALL,

AT THE

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

November 5, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

Overture to "William Tell"..... Rossini.
Selection from "Norma"..... Bellini.
Russian and American National Airs.

ORDER OF DANCING.

1. Lancers, "Ethiqe"..... Helmesmuller.
Airs from "Dinorah"..... Meyerbeer.
2. Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"..... Strauss.
March, from the "Huguenots"..... Gerfulin.
3. Galop, "Fidelio"..... Hermannsdorf.
Airs, "Die Foecut"..... Verdi.
4. Quadrille, "Les Huguenots"..... Meyerbeer.
Selection from "Robert"..... Meyerbeer.
5. Polka Mazurka, "Sweetheart"..... Hermannsdorf.
Airs, from "Martha"..... Flotow.
6. Lancers, "Les Mousquetaires"..... Meyerbeer.
March, "L'Etoile du Nord"..... Meyerbeer.
7. Waltz, "Fleurette"..... Gerfulin.
Airs, "Traviata"..... Verdi.
8. Galop, "Le Postillon Joyeuse"..... Helmesmuller.
Duet, "Pollitori"..... Donizetti.
9. Quadrille, "Les Huguenots"..... Meyerbeer.
Ballad, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother"..... Tucker.
10. Polka, "Fleurette"..... Bergmann.
March..... Gerfulin.
11. Waltz, "Russian Linder"..... Strauss.
Airs, "Traviata"..... Verdi.
12. Lancers, "Les Mousquetaires"..... Meyerbeer.
Duet, "Soulevinde"..... Rossini.
13. Polka, "Le Petit Gerdete"..... Gerfulin.
Airs, "Traviata"..... Verdi.
14. Galop, "Jose"..... Hermannsdorf.
Airs, "Traviata"..... Verdi.
15. Quadrille, "Melodie"..... Verdi.
Airs, "Die Foecta Glocken"..... Donizetti.
16. Polka Redowa, "Frolic"..... Bergmann.
Ballad, "No One to Love"..... Tucker.
17. Lancers, "Orphee aux Enfers"..... Helmesmuller.
Airs, "Traviata"..... Verdi.
18. Waltz, "Wahlstimmen"..... Strauss.
March, "Flag of the Free"..... Gerfulin.
19. Galop, "Ergeleyen"..... Helmesmuller.
Airs, "Don Pasquale"..... Donizetti.
20. Waltz, "Schoben"..... Welenburn.
March, "Finale"..... Verdi.
21. Galop, "Uprising"..... Hermannsdorf.
Finale, "Adieu"..... Schubert.

The *Herald* reporter says:

Immediately after the Russians arrived the dance began. We call it a dance out of respect to conventional and popular prejudice. In truth it was a very wonderful and indescribable phantasmagoria of humanity. The frantic face struggling against the determined and desperate many. Had one chanced to know several persons present, it is not to be supposed that he might have been able to pick them out, but in the absence of any such circumstance and personal knowledge, it was mere nonsense to suppose that there was any particular person there. It was more man and more matter. As for a dance it was a mere array of crude materials, more in the shape of a huge tidal, but not a dance.

Order for the Russians. It is known, or should be, that these Scholz heroes are not the very largest of the human race—that they are small and wiry, and that it is to become of small men in such a jam? Lastly in the night—indeed, very early one after the morning—the rest of them in the embrace of great nebulous masses of music, and crushing, and pressing, and pushing, and the terrible torment, their eyes aglare, their hair blown out, and their very coats distended with the pressure, presented a condition in the endeavor to escape. What became of them we can not tell.

THE TOILETS.

The *World* reporter made a careful survey of the ladies' toilets, and reports as follows:

Among the most brilliant and striking costumes was a superb white moire antique, with border of scarlet velvet, covered with flounces of point lace. The corsage had velvets, diamond dew-drops, and humming-bird of green and gold.

Another was of black velvet, with garniture of lace and diamonds, the long trains of the dress being elaborately trimmed up, with diamond spray head-dress to correspond.

A very full dress of white Mechlin illusion was ornamented with a set of black lace, forming wide scarf, berthe, and long scarf sash upon the skirt. Garniture of pomegranate blossoms, composing half wreaths, and branches of the white and orange.

A superb dress was of lavender velvet, with ornaments of pink lace, diamonds, and ostrich feathers.

A crimson velvet dress was also very striking, with its garniture of gold Valenciennes lace and pearls.

A charming dress consisted of blue tarlatan, in wide plaits, with an open overdress of white illusion, bordered with black barbe lace; garniture of blue forget-me-nots and white roses.

A very striking costume consisted of white puffed illusion with a short train of rose-colored velvet, lined with lavender-silk with slender lace berthe; coiffure of narrow rosebuds, with long lappets of white lace and rose-colored.

A rich white moire antique was trimmed with deep double flounces, headed with a fall of white Honiton lace, roses, diamond and emeralds.

A robe of white moire antique was ornamented with immense medallions, which extended the entire length of the skirt, separated by wide bands of white satin and roses. A full wreath of the same flowers, and a coquet of a diamond aigrette, completed the costume.

A rich dress of gold-colored satin was completed by rich and massive gold ornaments, and a head-dress of gold and a golden butterfly.

A white moire antique was trimmed across the side in shaded clusters of pink lace, finished with dilet tassels; coiffure of pink and white flowers, with diamond orbits, with diamond pendants.

A bride was lovely in a dress of white corded silk, with long, slender sleeves, a high corsage, a veil, and ornaments of white auricles.

The beautiful dress attracted attention was of white pink moire, with flounces of white point d'Angleterre and garniture of pink roses, with diamond ornaments to corder.

A leading actress was also attired as usual in a rich robe of moire satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of point applique, looped up with bouquets of white camellias, and diamond cluster—cornelian set in violets, and diamond aigrette, ornaments to match.

Two very full dresses of white illusion, trimmed with a profusion of white gauffed silk and white satin ribbons, were embroidered with gold, and bunches of white hyacinths and scarlet geraniums.

A dress of rose-colored moire antique was elegantly trimmed with gold points and flounces, and on the front of the skirt, the spaces occupied with bunches of white and crimson roses.

A beautiful blonde wore a dress of dark maroon velvet, with an immense flounce of white lace. The body was finely ornamented with a bow and long ends of narrow velvet, the short sleeves, also, were finished with the same, rose high up over the arm; diamond ornaments.

A rich dress of white gauffed silk was ornamented with puffings of illusion over bands of rose-colored silk, surmounted by silk rosettes. Beautiful scarf of rose-colored silk crossed low down upon the back of the skirt, with a bow and ends and a small bunches of roses, and the toilet completed the costume.

The supper was of a novelty, and was strikingly exhibited in rich crimson velvet, edged with full illusion ruches upon a rich white satin ground. The corsage had a head-dress of crimson natins and white blossoms.

Nearly all the ladies appeared to have never have seen so magnificent a display except upon the occasion of the visits of Prince Napoleon.

THE SUPPER.

The *Herald* reporter says:

A covered passage, which had been erected in a few hours, led from Academy of Music to Irving Hall, where Delmonico had prepared the supper. This passage was also a work of considerable labor. Over the roof, from the ceiling, while the sides were draped in white muslin dotted with golden bees. Below, the floor was carpeted about, and rich carpets covered the floors. The passage connected at the hall with a grand staircase. The entrance was beautifully decorated. Statues, lights, and flowers were arranged in the most tasteful manner, while through the opened doors was seen the beautiful Delmonico hall in its most splendid array. The walls were draped with festoons of white muslin, and the pillars were wreathed with evergreens and flowers. Each side of the Hall were placed two broad Union shields. The effect was very beautiful and delicate, and reflected no little credit upon the proprietor of Irving Hall, under whose direction every thing was arranged. The supper place is beautiful; it is spacious and highly ornamented in every detail as compared with last night's supper.

The supp d'ord from the gallery was most effective. Long tables were arranged through the length of the immense Hall. These tables, under the charge of Delmonico, were set in the most elegant manner. Napkins, folded in every person, were in abundance, while the bright crystals and bouquets were arranged in the most elegant and most tasteful manner. On the table fronting the entrance were placed the Russian and American flags, tastefully draped. Interspersed among these were to be seen Alexander II. and President Lincoln. On pedestals of variegated carpet were the statues of Peter the Great and our immortal Washington. There were designs for fountains, statues of triumph, the rotunda of Athens, corruscopes of glory, devices rare and ingenious, all sweetly worked out. In fact, the table was a triumphant proof of the ability of our great caterer, and, indeed, of the whole establishment of his kind. As for the cuisines of the viands and the wines it is needless to say a word of praise. The name of Delmonico is a guarantee for excellence in these departments.

Throughout the supper the music was of the choicest kind, and rendered the most animated, most brilliant appearance. The beautiful toilets of the ladies, the glitter of their diamonds, the gay uniforms of the officers, all blended into a harmonious ensemble, which but added to the magnificent appearance of the Hall. Above the laughter of the guests and the loud popping of the Widow Cliquot Champagne were heard the strains of music, the odor of flowers and of the paten also mingled; and we must assert that if the Academy, with its waltzes, its quadrilles and polkas, surmount the guests, Irving Hall, with its splendid table and rich wines, was no less patronized. The correct passages we have constantly cited, and we observed that more than a necessary amount of care was taken by the guests to avoid intoxication, to repeat their visits to the Hall. We suppose its brilliant appearance was the attraction.

The bill of fare read as follows:

"SOIREE RUSSE."

Le 5 Novembre, 1863.

MENU.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Huitres a la poulette : Huitres en marinade : Boucines de gibier : Canapes de Foie d'ortolans : Smis-nitch a la Russe.

CROS POTEUR.

Sommons au beurre de Montpellier :
Filete de bouf a la Mazarin :
Galantine de cochon de lait garat de betelets :
Jambons de Westphalie a la moderne.
Truites a la Regence :
Pates de canvas back ducks :
Pates de gibier de toutes sortes :
Galantines de dindes aux truffes.

ENTREES.

Salades de volaille a la Russe :
Colelettes de pigeons en Macedoine :
Chaudfroid de filets de Bouvreuil :
Pain de gibier a la royale :
Timbales a la Strasbourg.

Canntones a la remoulade :
Boudins a la Richelieu en demi-deuil :
Aspics de filets de soles a la Victoria :
Timbales a la Conde :
Becassines a la Geoffroy.

ROTIS.

Cailles aux feuilles de vigne : Becasses bardees :
Faisane piquee : Grouses.

ENTREMETS, SUCRES ET DESSERT.

Savarins au Marasquin : Gateaux Genoise Monmorin :
Gateaux de mille-feuilles : Babins glacee au rhum :
Chocolat Meunier : Chantilly Nesselrode : Nesselrode Parfait Vanilla :
Meringues pannaches et Vanilloes.
Gelee Marasquin au vin de Champagne :
Gelees d'antrick Ordinaire :
Gelees de poires a la marechale :
Gelees au madere.
Paine d'abricots a la Parisienne :
Blanc manger rubanes au chocolat :
Gelees de fruits.
Gateaux : assortis : Biscuits glaces a la rose.
Corbeilles : Compotes : Fruits.

PIECES MONTEES ET GLACES.

Pierre le Grand : Washington :
Alexander II. : Lincoln :
La berceau des poblisters : La retende d'Athenes :
Le Temple de Neptune : Jerusalem a la Moderne :
L'arc de triomphe : Corbe jumelles d'obsadones :
Buttues a la parisienne : Le pavillon des sujets.

L'eight Americaine : Le canapa sur cuclo : Pouding :
Nesselrode : La bonne :
Colombes : Nesselrode Americaine : Les Dampbins :
Dinner : Madelaines : Meringues aux nouvelles :
Bombes spongadas : Cyclaus au cafe :
Chocolat : Citrons et Frises.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

The *World* reporter gives the following account of the edibles :

These viands and ornamental pieces did not appear in their native state; their pieces were connected with combinations of jellies, meats, vegetables, doves, and ornamental canopies. For a slice of bonnet turkey you had to partake an aigrette, or a fricassee, some cross evergreen, or remove an abutment or turret of congealed maple. Carving was thus attended with, and in fact suspended the knife. As the oration and ball is one which many have in trance on anticipation to see, we give, for the sake of history, an account of the principal edibles used, viz.:

Twelve thousand pounds of Russian poulette and 2000 pickled.

Twelve monster salmon—30 lbs. each.

Twelve hundred game birds.

Two hundred pounds of grapes.

Four hundred chickens.

One thousand pounds of tenderloin.

One hundred pyramids of pastry.

One thousand lobsters.

Three thousand five hundred bottles of wine.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

WHEN the President ordered the army to be called up by requisition, and the first regiment on the peaceful moneyed men of the North were roused to protect their persons by draining their pockets, it was marvelous how the militancy of adventure, and three hundred dollars, to offer myself as a recruit in the — Cavalry Regiment. So, under the protection of a strong body of artillery, I preserve us upon into single rank, march!" and as I obeyed the Order I saw our skirmishers slowly falling back through the wood and formed in front of our extreme left and in our rear. Then there was a pause. Presently a dull rumbling among the trees, and could discern a mass of men clustering together just upon their edge. With a thrill, I knew that the enemy was upon us. Another and very sensation was merged in a frantic desire to shoot, while every nerve within my body was shaking with excitement. Then I heard Major's voice, steady and cheerful, sounded along the line, with some sympathetic power calming my shaking nerves and making me conscious of myself. "Steady! Aim low! Front rank men, fire!" A blaze of light, also along our line, then a great sheet of explosion, and a blinding smoke, through which I could hear the bullets of the enemy as they whistled past. I could see nothing, but could the voice of the Captain from my right command, "Rear rank men, fire!" and as our second volley crashed forth, I heard the cheer, "Load and fire at will." And now it was pop! pop! pop! as fast as we could get the cartridges into our pieces, shouting and cheering as we did so, in answer to the rebel oateries. At length our cries met no response, I heard the officers command "Cease firing," the smoke swept away, and I found it was black night, through which I could just discern that I was one of about forty men, the remnant of the squadron; could hear a few slowly trotting back to the rear; could notice others on foot crossing the gallop beyond, and could discern a mass of dead horses and one or two dead men still lying at my feet.

For a few minutes the Captain let us remove the corpses and destroy the equipments of the dead animals, and then we withdrew triumphantly to our comrades, the Captain telling us once that we had done well, and then bewailing his fate that he commanded men who did not know how to wheel by fours. That was my first acquaintance with rebel bullets, and even the old soldiers said that it was the closest affair in which they had ever been engaged.

Two days afterward I heard, for the first time, the sound of a shell; and I might as well make a clean breast of it, once for all, by describing my sensations connected with that.

We were in the rear of the army as it fell back upon Centreville—not the line of skirmishers, but what they call the reserve, formed in line a little behind them. The rest of the cavalry had moved on after the infantry, leaving us to hold a hill from which the enemy might have annoyed them with artillery. We sat there without seeing any thing in particular, and wondering why the rebels did not come out of the woods beyond us; when suddenly there was a big puff of smoke at the edge of the trees, a loud bang, and a tremendous screech in the air above our heads, so close that the sound almost took my head off. I looked at the Captain, expecting to hear him say, "By fours, do something or other;" but, confound it! he only said, "Steady!" as there was another puff, another bang, and another screech, as a big black mass of iron struck the ground ten yards in front of us, bounded over our heads, and burst almost above us. It gave such a shock to my nerves that I could not do any thing but shake, and I felt as if I should have much preferred being under the ground to being above it. Those rebels banged away at us for half a dozen rounds, each time striking close to us, before I saw our skirmish-line come riding back at a walk, and heard the Captain give the order, "By fours, march! Right countermarch!" and back we started. Two files in front of me marched Dan E——, one of those fellows who always has his retort ready. I heard the man next to him scolding at Dan's crowding him out of place: "Why the deuce can't you follow your file-leader?" "Hang the file-leader!" answered Dan, pushing him harder yet; "they've got range on him." And as he spoke sure enough a shell came down and buried itself in the earth just where he would have been if he had kept in his place. I can tell you we all rather obliqued after that, and pretty soon we got safely out of fire.

Now I know what artillery and musketry are both like; and though I shall not shirk from my place, I sincerely hope that we will not be in it very soon again.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

"THERE'LL be a bitin' black frost on the hills to-night, *I* tell ye!" said Moses Atterly, as he threw an armful of oak logs, fringed with silver-gray moss, upon the stone hearth, and rubbed his hands cheerily before the red, roaring blaze that encircled the rude iron fire-dogs in drifts of ruby sparks.

He was a tall, wiry-looking old man, with mild hazel eyes, and a skin well-nigh as brown as the basket of butter-nuts that stood in the corner—a man whom you might easily fancy to have grown up among those rock-bound, wind-swept wildernesses, as one of the giant pines on the steep cliffs above had grown—stalwart, sturdy, and true to the very heart's core. The room was very plain, with no curtains at the narrow-paned windows, and no carpet save the odd zigzag veins in the hickory boards that formed the floor; yet there was an air of comfort in the splint-bottomed chairs, with their red moreen cushions, and the round table, neatly spread for the evening meal. Over the fire an apoplectic black tea-kettle kept up a dreamy song, and Moses Atterly's only child sat, with folded hands, in the chimney corner, watching the vaporous wreaths curling from the spout—a pretty, soft-eyed girl, with a late rose in her braids of glossy chestnut-brown hair, and straight, clearly-cut features—now in shadow, now all irradiated by the capricious torches of flame that played at hide-and-seek in and out among the crevices of the great bubbling, singing logs.

"Have you been to the post-office to-night, father?" said she, suddenly looking up as Moses gave the smouldering back log a sort of remonstrating kick.

"No; but I met Jim Grayling down by the hemlock hollow, and he said he was goin' straight there; so I told him to ask if there was any thing for our folks. He'll be here directly, I calculate, for it must be all of two hours ago."

"I am sorry," said Bessie, almost petulantly. "Father, I detest the very sight of that man!"

"My daughter!" remonstrated Moses, "that ain't accordin' to either sense or Gospel."

"Well, I can't help it, father," coaxed Bessie, stealing her soft, dimpled hand into the rough palm that lay on Moses Atterly's knee. "He always seemed to me like—"

She stopped suddenly—so suddenly that the late rose fell out of her hair and lay on the stone hearth—for, as she turned her head, she saw James Grayling standing beside them, unfolding a coarse white-and-red worsted comforter from about his neck. He stooped, without a word, and picked up the rose for her.

"Why, Jim!" said Farmer Atterly, "where on airth did you drop down from? I didn't hear you come in."

"Didn't you? I am sure I knocked loud enough," said Grayling, with a deep red flush slowly fading away from his cheek. "Pretty well to-night, Bessie?"

"I'm well enough," pouted Bessie, without looking at him, and tossing her recovered rose in among the glowing cinders. Somehow it had lost its charm after having lain in James Grayling's hand a second.

"Set down, Jim, set down," said the farmer, heartily. "Any mails for us to-night?"

"Nothing."

What a strange smile passed over his face as he saw the sudden downward droop of Bessie Atterly's eyelashes—the quiver around her mouth!

"Nothin'! That's queer. You see our Bessie's feelin' kind o' worried 'cause she don't hear nothin' from Henry Ives."

"I got a long letter to-night from my cousin, who is in the same company, you know. He says—"

James Grayling paused, a little maliciously, to note the eager sparkle in Bessie's eyes as she leaned forward with reddening cheeks and intent look.

"*What* does he say?" she gasped.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll feel badly about it; but he says Harry Ives was captured, with half a dozen others, by a skirmishing party about a week before he wrote."

"Captured!"

"Yes; and that isn't all. He says they didn't half believe Harry Ives cared whether he was carried down South or not; for he had taken a great notion to some pretty girl down in Virginia—a planter's darter—and—"

"I don't believe it, James Grayling," said Bessie, springing to her feet, with flashing eyes and passion-crimsoned forehead; "I don't believe a word of it. You are repeating some vile falsehood."

"I knew you'd feel bad," said Grayling, with provoking mildness, "but I thought you ought to know how matters stood. I can show you Sam's letter, if that will be any more satisfactory. I never had much faith in Harry Ives—a careless, dashing fellow, who—"

"Hush! I will not listen to another word," ejaculated Bessie, angrily, and with a certain strange dignity in her girl-face and slender form.

"Mr. Atterly," said Grayling, still with aggravating moderation and calmness, "how long is it since your daughter received a letter from Harry Ives?"

"Well, it's a pretty consid'able spell," said the old farmer; "but letters *do* take time to reach us, you know."

"Yes, particularly when they are never sent," sneered Grayling.

"Father, don't listen to him," sobbed Bessie, passionately. "If the whole world were to tell me Harry Ives was untrue I would not believe them."

And Bessie fainted quietly away, with her chestnut braids of hair drooping over her father's knee.

Poor child! Could she but have foreseen the weary months of waiting for the letter which never came from the far-off Southern hills, the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, that were in store for her, she might have been sorry that she had not died, then and there, holding fast to that firm faith in Harry Ives's fidelity.

James Grayling, a crafty, patient man, bided his time. It came at last when the tender green of the hill-sides shriveled and grew brown under the starry, silent frosts of the bitter December nights, and the keen wind rushed with thunderous swell through the lonely pine-forests in these wild solitudes.

"Daughter, it's the dearest wish of my heart," said Farmer Atterly, solemnly, as he sat with Bessie in the old, silent room. "I'm gettin' well on in years; and if I could but see you married to some good and true man before I am taken away, I should rest easier in my grave. James Grayling has been almost a son to me these months of trial and trouble. He is coming for his final answer to-night. Let it be *Yes!*"

Bessie shuddered. That year of sick, wistful grief had changed her into a pale, fragile girl, with large, frightened eyes, ever roving from side to side, as if vainly seeking something which never came.

"Wait, father," she murmured, eagerly, as if pleading for sweet life itself: "wait a little longer—only a little longer!"

"I *have* waited, Bessie. It is a year and over since Henry Ives has sent you either word or message. He may be dead—better dead than a scoundrel!—but James Grayling has been as true as steel to me all this time. He deserves you, Bessie; and when you're once married you'll learn to love him. Shall we say this day month for your wedding, daughter?"

That night Bessie laid her cold hand in James Grayling's eager palm, and said "Yes," dreamily, to whatever he proposed. What had life left for her? As well be James Grayling's wife as any thing else, since God willed that she should live and suffer on, and the dreary path of years lay spread out before her listless feet!

The old smoke-stained walls were wreathed with feathery garlands of cedar and pine, with the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash glowing here and there; the great fire roared up the chimney with festive sound, and all the neighbors were gathered round Farmer Atterly's hearth-stone; for pretty Bessie was to be married that night.

"She don't look as a bride ought to, somehow," whispered Mrs. Deacon Jennings to her companion, Mahala Bird. "She seems to me jest like one o' them white snow-wreaths lyin' down in the holler yonder."

"Maybe it's that white dress," said Mahala; "but she *does* look like a corpse. Land o' Goshen! what be I a-sayin'? It ain't good luck to talk about corpses on a weddin'-night."

For the pretty bridemaids had just led Bessie in, robed in pure sheeny silk, with snowy geraniums in her hair, and not a vestige of color in her cheek.

"There! don't she look sweet?" said Susy Jennings. "Is it time to go into the parlor yet?"

"Massy, no, child!" said Mrs. Jennings; "not for an hour. Why, Jim Grayling hasn't come yet!"

So Bessie sat down in the midst of the assembled maids and matrons, and played with the white flowers in her bouquet, thinking, who knows of what? Perhaps a lonely grave under the cruel Southern stars—perhaps the fair face of the woman who had wiled her lover's heart away.

Somebody spoke to her; she looked up, and all of a sudden her frightened eyes traced a figure beyond the open door opposite to which she sat—a figure hurriedly pressing through the crowd.

"Where is she? I *will* see Bessie, wedding or no wedding! Who has a better right than I?"

The next moment the pale, white-robed bride lay like a fair, still statue in Henry Ives's arms.

"Stand off, I say!" he cried, fiercely. "Let no one come between me and the woman I love. I have earned her to be my wife—earned her by long months of pain and suffering—earned her by wounds upon the battle-field of the country she loved! Do you say she is to be married to James Grayling? What has James Grayling done with the letters I sent to his care?—with all the messages I intrusted to him? She had better be in her grave than married to James Grayling. Mr. Atterly, you are a just and a good man—judge between me and the treacherous fox I fancied was my *friend*."

"Harry, Harry!" faltered the old man, "I never dreamed o' this. Tell us about it, my boy, for my old head swims."

And Harry Ives, still holding Bessie to his heart, revealed the story of his own truth and James Grayling's duplicity. When he had finished the impassioned recital, Moses Atterly clasped the brown, strong hand between his own horny palms, and said, solemnly:

"My boy, I ask your pardon for every doubt that ever crossed my mind, and I thank the merciful Providence that has spared Bessie from being Jim Grayling's wife. We were calculatin' to have a weddin' here to-night, and it isn't too late yet, if Harry hasn't no objections to bein' married in his soldier clothes!"

"Father!" interposed Lessie, rosy as a whole bouquet of carnations blended into one, but Harry took her hands into his, whispering,

"Love! I shall not feel secure until I can call you *wife*," and the remonstrance died away upon her lips.

"Are you all ready, Elder Wilkins?" said Moses, "'cause I b'lieve the young couple is!"

Ah! she looked like a bride *now*, with the hazel light burning in soft fires under her long curled lashes, and the carmine dyes coming and going upon her cheek, like a proud and happy bride.

The ceremony was scarcely over before the silver chime of sleigh-bells sounded at the door, and James Grayling's voice was heard exclaiming:

"I'm afraid I am a little late, but the horse sprained his leg, and I had to change him at Squire Warrenton's. However—"

"Yes, Jim Grayling, you *are* a little late," said Moses Atterly, taking a prodigious pinch of snuff; "for my darter's married already."

"Married!" ejaculated Grayling, as if half uncertain whether his intended father-in-law were not a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum.

"Yes—to Harry Ives!"

As James Grayling's bewildered eye caught sight in the brilliantly lighted rooms beyond of the young soldier bending his tall head to listen to some whispered word from Bessie, he turned a dull, dead yellow, and a chill dew broke out around his mouth.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means, Jim Grayling, that you're a scoundrel!" said the old man, with sudden fire flashing in his eyes. "There's the open door—leave this house before Harry Ives sets eyes on you, for he's a spirited lad, and mischief might come of it! And hark ye—never let me see your villainous face again!"

Silently, and like a wounded snake, James Grayling crept out into the chill darkness of the tempestuous night, a detected, disappointed man. And so effectually did he take Moses Atterly's advice, that the little village in the hollow knew his name and presence no more.

And Bessie Ives, the happiest little wife in the whole world, sings softly over her work, counting the days until, "when this cruel war is over," she shall welcome her soldier-husband back to the grand old pine forests of Maine once more.

THE FOURTEENTH AT GETTYSBURG.*

"COME, Fred, tell me all about that glorious fight which, you know, it was just my ill-luck to miss. If it had been such another whipping as we had at Fredericksburg, the Fates would probably have let me be there. I have heard several accounts, and know the regiment did nobly; but the boys all get so excited telling about it that I have not yet a clear idea of the fight."

"Here goes, then," said the Adjutant, lighting a fresh cigar. "It will serve to pass away time, which hangs so heavy on our hands in this dreary hospital."

"We were not engaged on the first day of the fight, July 1, 1863, but were on the march for Gettysburg that day. All the afternoon we heard the cannonading growing more and more distinct as we approached the town, and as we came on the field at night learned that the First and Eleventh corps had fought hard, suffered much, and been driven back outside the town with the loss of Major-General Reynolds, who, it was generally said, brought on an engagement too hastily with Lee's whole army. We bivouacked on the field that night.

"About nine o'clock the next morning we moved up to the front, and by ten o'clock the enemy's shells were falling around us. Captain Coit had a narrow escape here. We had just stacked arms and were resting, when a runaway horse, frightened by the shelling, came full tilt at him; 'twas 'heavy cavalry' against 'light infantry;' but Coit had presence of mind enough to draw his sword, and bringing it to a point it entered the animal's belly. The shock knocked Coit over, and he was picked up senseless with a terribly battered face, and carried to the rear."

"By-the-way, Fred, is it not singular that he should have recovered so quickly and completely from such a severe blow?"

"Indeed it is. He is as handsome as ever; but to go on. At four o'clock in the afternoon we moved up to support a battery, and here we lay all night. About dark Captain Broatch went out with the pickets. Though under artillery fire all day we were not really engaged, as we did not fire a gun. Some of our pickets, unfortunately going too far to the front, were taken prisoners during the night.

"At about five o'clock on the morning of the 3d Captain Townsend went out with companies B and D and relieved Broatch. As soon as he got out Townsend advanced his men as skirmishers some three hundred yards beyond the regiment, which moved up to the impromptu rifle-pits, which were formed partially by a stone-wall and partially by a rail fence. Just as soon as our skirmishers were posted they began firing at the rebel skirmishers, and kept it up all day, until the grand attack in the afternoon. Before they had been out twenty minutes, Corporal Huxham, of Company B, was instantly killed by a rebel bullet. It was not discovered until another of our skirmishers, getting out of ammunition, went up to him, saying, 'Sam, let me have some cartridges?' Receiving no answer, he stooped down and discovered that a bullet had entered the poor fellow's mouth and gone out at the back of his head, killing the brave, Chancellorsville-scarred, corporal so quickly that he never knew what hurt him. Presently Captain Moore was ordered down with four companies into a lot near by, to drive the rebel sharp-shooters out of a house and barn from whence they were constantly picking off our men. Moore went down on a double-quick, and, as usual, ahead of his men; he was first man in the barn, and as he entered the Butternuts were already jumping out. Moore and his men soon cleared the barn and then started for the house. Here that big sergeant in Company J (Norton) sprang in at the front door just in time to catch a bullet in his thigh, from a reb watching at the back; but that reb did not live long to brag of it, one of our boys taking him 'on the wing.' Moore soon cleared the house out and went back with his men. Later in the day the rebs again occupied the house, and Major Ellis took the regiment and drove them out, burning the house, so as not to be bothered by any more concealed sharp-shooters in it."

"Yes, I know the Major don't like to do a thing but once, so he always does it thoroughly the first time."

"It was in these charges for the possession of that house we lost more officers and men than in all the rest of the fight.

"About one o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had been silent so long that the boys were cooking coffee, smoking, sleeping, etc., suddenly opened all their batteries of reserve artillery upon the position held by our corps (the Second). First one great gun spoke, then, as if it had been the signal for the commencement of an artillery conversation, the whole hundred and twenty or more opened their mouths at once and poured out their thunder. A perfect storm of shot and shell rained around and among us. The boys quickly jumped to their rifles and lay down behind the wall and rail barricade. For two hours this storm of shot and shell continued, and seemed to increase in fury. Good God! I never heard any thing like it, and our regiment has been under fire 'somewhat,' as you know. The ground trembled like an aspen leaf; the air was full of small fragments of lead and iron from the shells. Then the sounds—there was the peculiar '*whoo?—whoo?—whoo-oo?*' of the round shot; the '*which-one?*'—'*which-one?*' of that fiendish Whitworth projectile, and the demoniac shriek of shells. It seemed as if all the devils in hell were holding high carnival. But, strange as it may seem, it was like many other 'sensation doings,' 'great cry and little wool,' as our regiment, and, in fact, the whole corps lost very few men by it, the missiles passing over beyond our position, save the Whitworth projectiles which did not quite reach us, as their single gun of that description was two miles off. Had the enemy had better artillerists at their guns, or a better view of our position, I can not say what would have been the final result; but certain it is, nothing mortal could have stood that fire long, had it been better directed, and if our corps had broken that day, Gettysburg would have been a lost battle, and General Lee, instead of Heintzelman, the commanding officer in this District of Columbia to-day.

"About three P.M. the enemy's fire slackened, died away, and the smoke lifted to disclose a corps of the rebel 'Grand Army of Northern Virginia,' advancing across the long level plain in our front, in three magnificent lines of battle, with the troops massed in close column by division on both flanks. How splendidly they looked! Our skirmishers, who had staid at their posts through all, gave them volley after volley as they came on, until Captain Townsend was ordered to bring his men in, which he did in admirable order; his men, loading and firing all the way, came in steadily and coolly—all that were left of them, for a good half of them were killed or wounded before they reached the regiment.

"On, on came the rebels, with colors flying and bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, keeping their lines as straight as if on parade: over fences and ditches they come, but still their lines never break, and still they come. For a moment all is hush along our lines, as we gaze in silent admiration at these brave rebs; then our division commander,

* REBEL BATTLE-FLAGS CAPTURED.

First Tennessee, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Fourteenth Tennessee, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Battle-flag, State not given, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3.

Battle-flag, State not given, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

'Aleck Hayes,' rides up, and, pointing to the last fence the enemy must cross before reaching us, says, 'Don't fire till they get to that fence; then let 'em have.'

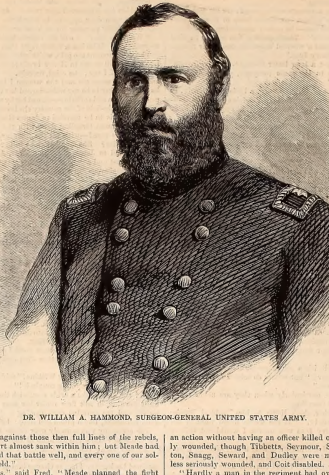
"On, on, come the rebs, till we can see the whites of their eyes, and hear their officers command, 'Steady, boys, steady!' They reach the fence, some hundred yards in front of us, when suddenly the command 'Fire!' rings down our line; and, rising as one man, the rifles of the old Second Army Corps ring a death-knell for many a brave heart, in butternut dress, worthy of a better cause—a knell that will ring in the hearts of many mothers, sisters, and wives, on many a plantation in the sunny South, where there will be weeping and wailing for the soldier who never returns, who sleeps at Gettysburg. 'Load and fire at will!' Oh Heaven! how we poured our fire into them then—a merciless hail of lead! Their first line wavers, breaks, and runs; some of their color sergeants halt and plant their standards firmly in the ground; they are too well disciplined to have their colors yet. But they stop only for a moment; then fall back, colors and all. They fall back, but rally, and dress on the other line, under a tremendous fire from our advancing rifles: rally, and come on again to meet their death. Line after line of rebels come up, deliver their fire, one volley, and they are mown down like the grass of the field. They fall back, form, and come up again, with their battle-flags still waving; but again they are driven back.

"On our right is a break in the line, where a battery has been in position, but, falling short of ammunition, and unable to move it off under such a heavy fire, the gunners have abandoned it to its fate. Some of the rebels gain a footing here. One daring fellow leaps upon the gun, and waves his rebel flag. In an instant a right oblique fire from 'ours,' and a left oblique from the regiment on the left of the position, rolls the ragged rebel and rebel rag in the dust, rolls the determined force back from the gun, and it is ours.

"By-and-by the enemy's lines come up smaller and thinner, break quicker, and are longer in forming. Our boys are wild with excitement, and grow reckless. Lieutenant John Tibbetts stands up yelling like mad. 'Give it to 'em! give it to 'em!' A bullet enters his arm—that same arm in which he caught two bullets at Antietam: Johnny's gone now from his side: he turns quickly to his First Lieutenant, saying, 'I have got another bullet in the same old arm, but I don't care a d——n!' Heaven forgive Johnny! rebel lead will sometimes bring rebel words with it. All of 'Orse' are carried away with excitement; the Sergeant-Major leaps a wall, dashes down among the rebs, and brings back a battle-flag; others follow our Sergeant-Major: and before the enemy's repulse becomes a rout we of the Fourteenth have six of their battle-flags.

"Prisoners are brought in by hundreds, officers and men. We pay no attention to them, being too busy sending our lusties messengers after the now flying hosts. One of our prisoners, a rebel officer, turns to me, saying, 'Where are the men we've been fighting?' 'Here,' I answer, pointing down our short thin line. 'Good God!' says he, 'is that all? I wish I could get back.'

"Yes," I interrupted," Townsend told me that when he fell back with his skirmishers and saw the whole length of our one small, thin, little line



DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

pitted against those then full lines of the rebels, his heart almost sank within him; but Meade had planned that battle well, and every one of our soldiers told."

"Yes," said Fred, "Meade planned the fight well, and Hancock, Hayes, and in fact all of them fought it well. All through the fight General Hancock might be seen galloping up and down the lines of our bully corps, regardless of the leaden hail all about him; and when finally severely wounded in the hip he was carried a little to the rear, where he lay on his stretcher and still gave his orders.

"The fight was now about over; there was only an occasional shot exchanged between the retreating rebel sharp-shooters and our own men, and I looked about me and took an account of stock. We had lost about seventy killed and wounded and taken prisoner, leaving only a hundred men fit for duty. We had killed treble that number, and taken nearly a brigade of prisoners; six stands of colors, and guns, swords, and pistols without number. For the first time we had been through an action without having an officer killed or fatally wounded, though Tibbetts, Seymour, Stoughton, Snagg, Seward, and Dudley were more or less seriously wounded, and Coit disabled.

"Hardly a man in the regiment had over two or three cartridges left. Dead and wounded rebels were piled up in heaps in front of us, especially in front of Companies A and B, where Sharpe's rifles had done effective work.

"It was a great victory. 'Fredericksburg on the other leg,' as the boys said. The rebel prisoners told us their leaders assured them that they would only meet the Pennsylvania militia; but when they saw that d—d ace of clubs (the trefoil badge of the Second Corps), a cry went through their lines—'the Army of the Potomac, by Heaven!'

"So ended the battle of Gettysburg, and the sun sank to rest that night on a battle-field that had proved that the Army of the Potomac could and would save the people of the North from invasion whenever and wherever they may be assailed.

"'Long shall the tale be told,
Yes, when our babes are old.'"

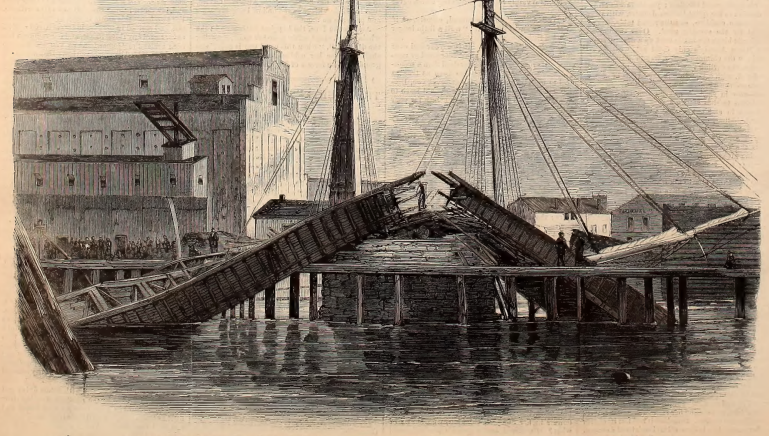
"Pshaw, Fred! you are getting sentimental. Let's go out in the air and have another cigar."

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,

SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, the present Surgeon-General of the United States Army, whose portrait we give herewith, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1828, and with his parents removed to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1832. At the age of sixteen he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. E. N. Roberts, of Harrisburg, and afterward attended lectures and graduated at the University of New York, in 1848. He then went to Philadelphia, and was engaged at the Pennsylvania Hospital until June 29, 1849, when he entered into the army. Ordered immediately upon duty to Santa Fe, New Mexico, he staid there three years, seeing much hard service and consequent exposure in the Indian wars, which brought on a functional disorder of the heart, and obliged him to retire from active service for a brief period. Upon his restoration to health he was sent to Florida for six months, then to West Point, from thence to Kansas and Fort Riley, where he remained for four years. As Medical Director he was on the Sioux Expedition, and in the same capacity on Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Returning East with a somewhat disordered constitution, he nevertheless applied himself to severe study, but was eventually forced to take a trip to Europe for the recovery of his health. While in Europe he studied the army medical systems, visited laboratories, hospitals, museums, military camps and posts, thus unconsciously preparing himself for his present position, and upon his return with recovered health, after a year spent at Mackinaw in the service, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Maryland, at Baltimore, and also officiated as Surgeon at Baltimore Infirmary, and Lecturer on Clinical Surgery. Resigning his commission in the army, he remained in the University for about six months, when the rebellion having broken out he promptly offered his services to the Government, and accepted a subordinate position for below that to which his eminent abilities justly entitled him. Again in active service with General Patterson at Hagerstown, he was placed in charge of the General Hospital, afterward at Fredericksburg, and Baltimore with General Banks: at the latter place he organized an admirable hospital, and from thence he was sent to Wheeling, Virginia, as Medical Purveyor, and Inspector of Hospitals for Generals Rosecrans and Fremont. While here he made a capital report, and submitted plans for field hospitals which brought him prominently before the Government, and upon the dismissal of Surgeon-General Finley, he was selected to fill that important post upon the 25th of April, 1862, although the eightieth on the list of medical officers.

Dr. Hammond's contributions to Medical literature have been extensive and varied, and have procured for him a high stand among his professional brethren. Too numerous to notice in the brief space allotted us, many of them were the results of actual experiment upon himself.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE RUSH STREET BRIDGE, CHICAGO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALSCHUTZ.—[SEE PAGE 783.]



THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST—GUERILLAS HUNTING UNION MEN WITH BLOOD-HOUNDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BATTLE OF BRISTOE STATION.

CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VIRGINIA, Oct. 31, 1863.

The Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In *Harper's Weekly* of November 7, 1863, is a representation of the battle of Bristoe Station. Your correspondent, Mr. Waud, says: "On a hill in his rear (Warren's) *staff* [Meade's] and accompanying troops behind General Webb's Brigade—seen beyond the wind-mill pump, in front of a deserted cause."

That position was held by Ricketts's (Penn. rivals) Battery, Captain Arnold being over half a mile further down the railroad, and with the First Division, which brought up the rear. At the time of the position taken the enemy's lines were broken.

Your correspondent doubtless did not intend to misrepresent the facts of the case, but has done evident injustice to Captain Ricketts.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

C. B. BRIDEWAY,
First Lieutenant, Battery F, *First Artillery, P. R. C.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I now's me," said Mrs. Partington, as the cane bore from school and threw his books into one chair, and his jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal—"I now's me you needn't tell me you didn't get the medal, for certainly a more meddlesome boy I never knew in my natur, when the adversary comes round again you will get it."

Cardinal Aberrod had a large quantity of silver plate; and among other articles he possessed some table-cutlery, wrought in the form of different animals. A friend of his ecclesiastic received a salt-cellar made in the shape of a tiger, but forgot to return it for some time. At length, after the lapse of one or seven months, he sent it back, receiving at the same time the loan of another in the shape of a camel. The Cardinal declined to see the person who had brought the messages. "You are neat," said he, "if you agree to borrow one of my monsters." "Yes, your eminence; I am his steward. "You will be good enough to tell your master, then, that I lent him one in the form of a tiger, which is one of the swiftest animals on the earth, and he has sent me back a camel which is a turning; were I to lend him the tortoise, which is the type of the poor?" Not so—the labor of the poor make the pride of the rich.

A gentleman who had married a second time indulged in carrying on his sons in contrast to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, Madam," said he, "I am a little absent-minded sometimes for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can not hardly believe that I am so sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

SENSITIVE.—A gentleman shaved an urchin who had a large slice of watermelon in his hand, and who was crying very bitterly. "My son," he exclaimed, "what are you crying about? Has your father whipped you?" "No sir—but he ain't on my brend—boo-hoo-o-o!" "Oh, is that all?" said the gentleman, very much relieved, "cry up your tater-trap. "It ain't so much the butter," retorted the little urchin; "it's the principle of the thing I'm mad."

"How is Europe bonded?" said a teacher to one of his little pupils. "I thou, he, she, it," was the reply. "For shame, dunce! Try again." "Oh, please, Sir, I remember now; that is the answer to one of my grammar questions, and I thought I was to be heard my grammar first."

"You say, Mr. Jay, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house. Was he in a hurry?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not certain; but I think it was the fact that I had a writ of attachment on his heels with." "That will do, Mr. Jay. Clerk, call the next witness."

"I'll take the shine out of you," as the eclipse said to the moon.

"You be hanged," as the washer-woman said to the clothes.

"I am transported to see you," as the convict said to the kangaroo.

"We pray for meats," as the fates remarked when they jumped into the frying-pan.

"What blessings children are!" as the registrar observed when he took the fees for registering them.

A judge in India is reported to have thus addressed a prisoner convicted of theft: "Man, prior to your existence," Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing sucks."

Women should remember that men would often ring their unable bells sooner by using their tongues.

It is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention is better than cure.

Two batmen were talking at Brighton the other day, when one said to the other "whether the Prince of Wales ever went to church. "Lord bless you" said he, "what should he go there for? We never goes to church unless to pray for ourselves, but there are enough to pray for him."

Joanna Sotten, being in company with Charles the Bald, King of France, that monarch merrily said, "What is the difference between a hen and a bishop?" "The one sat upon the King, said, "Only the breadth of the table."

A person who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors, recently complained in M. Aubert's presence how hard it was to get on among grow old. "Stand at it," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to be the only means you discovered of enjoying long life."

A Yankee has invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powder snuff. The animal jerks his head off at the third attempt.

"Why don't you wheel the barrow of coals, Ned?" said a master to one of his sons. "It's not a very hard job; there's an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah!" replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work; "the plane may be inclined but I am not."

What commodity is always offended at coal?—The lee.

In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays?—Straitened circumstances.

The young fellow who makes engagements with the feline only to break them off is a beau of promise.

A LEGAL OPINION.—It is not libelous to call a man who has kicked you a coward, if his unmanliness was most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices."

A gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee and then complain," said the landlady.

If a man has but one eye, let him put a wife, and she will be his other I.

ADVERTISEMEN'. I'S.

Baldness.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 24, 1859.

Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocosine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

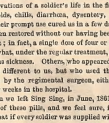
The top of my household urged me to try your Cocosine, which I did, to please them, not having, myself, any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocosine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and grateful servant,

D. T. MERWIN.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Every large bale (No. 32 cartridges), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—weight, five inches—four barrels—each rifled grain to bit. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 99 Broadway, N. Y.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Every Co. from A to M Sold Silver. $1.
Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, **$1 50.**
Solid 18 k. GOLD, **$3 50.**

Corps Badges

Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.
Solid Silver, $1 50. Enameled. **Solid Silver, $1 50.** Enameled.



Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.
Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.
1st Division Enameled. 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.
Name but *perfect* Goods sent.
Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address **C. L. BABCK & CO.,**
99 Broadway, New York.

Successors to **J. G. PACKARD & CO.**

Watches! Watches!

The Cheapest and Best.

ARBANDALE & CO., 219 Broadway, invite attention to their globular watches. The astronomical of London Watch not only tells the time of day, but also motion, on a beautifully dial, a hand pointing only *sufficiency precision* to the day of the month! It has massive fine gold plate hunting case, full jewelled movements, Chronometer balance, and all the recent improvements. Everybody should have one $40 00

The Officer's Watch, a great favorite in the Army, has the prized movements, and is made in the handsome cases of sterling silver, beautifully engraved, containing the *Patent Key Watch*. Warranted to be correct, and the hour may be ascertained without opening the case. *Patent Lever Watch*, Silver $20 00

Send for circular describing all our Watches. We want agents in every Regiment and every one can supply liberal terms. *All Watches sent out in good working order, properly regulated, warranted, and sent free of charge.*

ARBANDALE & CO., 219 Broadway, New York.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES,** Boxes, **CORDAGE,** and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP,** Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Lamp Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER.** Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

NEW WORK FOR CANVASSERS.—Send for circulars of the "GEM OF CANVASSING BOOKS." Agents wanted for every county. Address E. P. HOYEY, No. 13 Spruce Street, New York.

How the United States

CAN, SAVE

50,000,000 DOLLARS

PER ANNUM.

The Importance of BRANDRETH'S PILLS as a remedial Agent is becoming more and more known. There is now no doubt but if used by all classes when sick, the sum of disease would be greatly reduced. But if adopted by Medical Authority in the Army of the United States, a clear saving of Fifty Millions of Dollars would be made, by securing the health and lives of our brave soldiers.

MORE TESTIMONY.

New York, Oct. 29, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH—SIR: I noticed, in the *New York Herald* of this date, a letter from some of the surviving members of Co. F, 17th Regt., N. Y. S. Vols., extolling your valuable Pills, which I fully and freely endorse, having been in command of the company from the 1st day of August, 1861, until the 2d of June, 1863, when the company was mustered out of the service, and discharged in this city. The percentage of men reported sick during that time was much less than in any other company of the Regiment, owing, as I fully believe, to the free use of your Pills, which were supplied to the other soldiers. I believe them to be invaluable in camp or in the field.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN VICKERS
Captain Co. F, 17th Regt., N. Y. V.

We, the undersigned, some surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we used Brandreth's Pills during our two years service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions in the main, the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In contiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever, they prompt use acted in a few days. Our health was often restored without our having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the old treatment, would subject us to a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these pills, and I am sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with the medicine the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, in the ever-moving, unwearying toil of our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

Sing Sing, Oct. 26, 1863.

JOHN VICKERS, Capt.
J. L. BENNETT, 1st Lieut.
WILLIAM SEE, 1st Sergeant.
G H. DEARING, 2d Sergeant.
DENNIS LANG, 3d Sergeant.
ALBERT LANG, 4th Sergeant.
BENJ. F. BROWN, 1st Corporal.
WILLIAM HAMILTON, 2d Corporal.
NOAH W. MILLER, 3d Corporal.
THEO. CROFUT, Drummer.
GEO. B. COR, Drummer.

FRANCIS J. JENNINGS.
LEWIS B. COX.
WM. W. CAMPBELL.
WM. J. CHARLTON.
ELLIS JONES.
ALBERT WESLEY.
WM. VAN WART.
JOHN W. GRIFFIN.
JAMES B. CROFUT.
WILLIAM HOLMES.
ROSCOE K. WATSON.
WILLIAM W. HOLMES.
FREDERICK HUNT.
MARTIN SEE.
LEGIAH TUTTLE.
GEO. ACKERLEY.
JOTHOM CARPENTER.
ISAAM BEADLE.
CHAS. WRIGHT.
ALFRED WILKINS.
SANDFORD OLMSTEAD.
WILLIAM GRIFFIN.
FULLER CARPENTER.
GEO. AYLES.
JAMES BENTLEY.
WILLIAM J. P. HEWETT.
ROBERT W. WESTCOTT.
JNO. L. BREDENBURGH.
JACOB H. DYCKMAN.
THOMAS A. BARLOW.
JOHN W BODINE.
HENRY HANNAH.
JAMES M. DENNIS.
WILLIAM WALDRON.
EDGAR WALDRON.
JOHN CONOVER.
WARREN WRIGHT.
JACOB BAKER.
DAVID BAKER.

T. B. LANE, 1st Lt. 38th N. Y. Vols.
M. C. EARLE, 1st Sergt. Co. D. 176th N. Y. Vols.
WM. KNIGHT, Co. K, 1st N. Y. Art'y.
ABRAM H. MILLER, Co. I. 4th N. Y. Art'y.
MILLARD F. LANNING, Musician, 1st N. Y. Vols.
WILLIAM HOLMES, Co. F, Heavy's Sharpshoot.
CASSUS BISHOP, Co. E. 99th N. Y. Vols.
ELLIOT SEE, Co. B. 88th N. Y. Vols.
DANIEL GILLIS, Co. B. 124 M. N. Y. Vols.
CALEB S. FRISBIE, Co. B. 5th N. Y. Vols.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 294 Canal Street.
Also sold at No. 4 Union Square, and by all dealers.
See B. BRANDRETH in white letters in the Government stamp, which secure the genuine.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway, New York, the largest low rates.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Knitting Machine. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

A magnificent Photograph of
The Russian Admiral Lisovski
Commanding the Russian Fleet in New York Harbor,
Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Address
DAVIS ADAMS, Broadway P. O., New York.

"Moustaches and Whiskers in 42 Days."
Don't be bamboozled with QUACKERY. The "GREAT SECRET" explained in the "Book of Wonders." 32,000 sold. 12mo, cloth, 75c.; 8 for $1, post-paid. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

Cloaks and Mantillas.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst,
And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.
300 Canal Street, New York.
The Greatest Little Books
Of Modern Times.
Now Ready the
First and Second Books
OF THE
New Gospel of Peace
According to St. Benjamin.
These little books have caused more talk and created a greater sensation than anything of the kind ever printed. Northern Peace Advocates are shown up in the most peculiar style. Price of each book 15 cents. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 18 cents. Liberal terms to dealers.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 Nassau St., New York.

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.
HARPER'S
Illuminated and Pictorial
BIBLE.
Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illustrations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a gorgeous Folio Volume.
Paper.—Medium, gilt edges, beveled and panel sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $32 50; Full calf, marbled edges, blank antiques, $40 00; Full Turkey, marbled edges, $76 00.
Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c., &c. Large Type, Pearl Pica. Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, drawn on wood by the artists, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings in the text, by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full index is given.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N— ork.
For sale by A. WHELAN & CO., Boston; CHARLES DE SILVER & SON, Philadelphia; CUSHING & BAILEY, Baltimore; FRANCE TAYLOR, Washington; HENRY CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; PETERS & WILSON, Louisville; R. S. GRAVES & CO., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

RICH LACES,

Just received by MILLER & GRANT, No. 768 Broadway, Mack, Chantilly Barbes, Point Applique Collars, Point Gaze Collars, Point Applique Sleeves, &c., guaranteed of high quality, and which are worthy the attention of purchasers.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed Goods for sale at $1 25 cash apiece. Also, a large assortment of fine and valuable goods worth from 75 cents to $200 each. Any person sending 25 cents, with the number wanted, will have what article they will receive. For other inducements send 3 cents for circular. Address
ANDREWS & CO., 108 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

The Printer's Devil. a handsome Illustration of Early and Miscellaneous Literature, will be sent six months on *Trial* for 25 cents. Send and get it. Puzzles, Prize Tales, and Valuable Prizes to Subscribers.
"Printer's Devil, 113 Fulton St., New York."

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have just published:
MARTIN POLE. A Novel. By Percival Sandreen, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By Miss Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and specially Adapted, by Rev. Nelson Head. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a German Physician. By Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith). 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain George F. Noyes. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

KNAPP'S FRENCH READING-BOOK; CHRESTOMATHIE FRANÇAISE; Consisting of Selections from the best French Writers, with Copious References to the Author's Grammar. By Charles Knapp, Professor of Modern Ancient Literature in Madison University, N. Y. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

SEA-KINGS AND NAVAL HEROES. A Book for Youth. By John G. Edgar, Author of "History for Boys," "Boyhood of Great Men," "Footprints of Famous Men," "Wars of the Roses," &c., &c. Illustrated by 12 Steel Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150! $100! $50!
PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap*, *Saleratus*, or *Concentrated Potash*.

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the underisgned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864. B. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, in Suites. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, No. 277 Canal St., N. Y.



DR. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

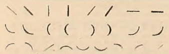
PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles. DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor, Depot No. 493 Broadway. For sale by all druggists.

HORSES AT AUCTION.—The most valuable collection of TROTTING STOCK ever offered will be sold at public auction on the farm of Mr. BOWNE, Flushing, Long Island, on THURSDAY, November 19, 1863—about 50 in number—consisting of TORONTO CHIEF, the EUREKA MARE, SONTAG (in foal), and three of her colts by CHIEF.

A superior lot of Brood Mares (in foal), and colts at their foot. Also yearlings, two-year-old, and three-year-old stallions and fillies, all sired by TORONTO CHIEF.

Also a few Road Horses, and the fine Durham Bull FOREST KING (three years old), bred by SAMUEL THORNE, Esq.

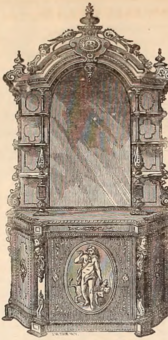
Catalogues sent by mail. Apply to
JAMES M. MILLER, Auctioneer,
28 Pine Street, New York.



All interested in the Art should send for the PHONOGRAPHIC VISITOR, No. 1, 7 cents, post-paid. Nos. 1 and 2, 12 cents. No. 2 explains the Phonographic Alphabet, given above, and all the more general principles of the Art. ANDREW J. GRAHAM, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand staple as Flour. Full particulars sent free, on receipt of *two* stamps. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.



MEEKS' CABINET
FURNITURE
WAREROOMS,
No. 699 BROADWAY,
AND
333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Attention, Soldiers!

In solid 18 k. gold, $3 50.



Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

N.B.—All kinds of Corps and Co. Pins, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the one, 100, or 1000.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

The American Watch Company give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, Wm. Ellery, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

Something to Do—"pleasant and profitable." Good Books, ready sales, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp, Fowler and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case*. It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $2 75 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter richly plated and engraved. Nothing can excel its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers. As a Present to friends nothing could be more acceptable. For *the Soldier* it is invaluable. Also

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages of various sizes. A liberal discount to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *paid*, on receipt of *price* and 25 cts.
RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

BUSINESS AGENCY.

The best Pianos, Melodeons, Sewing Machines, &c., furnished at less than usual prices. Also Books and Stationery, and

Articles for Soldier's Use.

Address GEO. G. SAXE, 37 Park Row, N. Y. References, Harper & Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., Carlton & Porter, and others.



Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS—two very recent, and of great value to families; all pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and get 80 pages particulars. Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field*, *Marine*, *Tourists'*, *Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

Books by return Post to any Post-Office in the U. S.
GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.—We send all Books prepaid by return of FIRST MAIL, at publishers' prices. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.



HOSTETTER S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

FEVER AND AGUE EXTINGUISHED.—Martyrs to intermittent fever, a word with you. The responsibility for your sufferings rests upon yourselves. Just as surely as you shake to-day, or will shake to-morrow, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS will extinguish the disease under which you labor. Had you taken this genial tonic as a preventive, you would have no need of it as a cure, for it renders the system impervious to all miasmatic fevers. But since you neglected the precaution, rid yourselves without delay of the complaint by resorting to the only reliable remedy. Break the chills with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and they will return no more. This is the experience of thousands, and it will be yours. Quinine is a slow means of relief; it is nauseous to the last degree; it is more dangerous than the malady itself; in many cases it utterly fails. How different is the effect of the BITTERS. Their curative action is rapid; they are agreeable to the palate; they are not only entirely harmless, but tend inevitably to strengthen the constitution and prolong life; they *never have failed*, and it is confidently assumed that they *never can fail* in any case of fever and ague, however inveterate in its character. To be without HOSTETTER'S BITTERS in any region infested with intermittent or remittent fever, is simply to reject safety and court disease.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

Prepared and sold by
HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Depot for New York, 476 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

At Wholesale only! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our importations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. Their encomiums are emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette*, May 9.

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal*, Aug. 9.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish American*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle*, July 27.

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

☞ Watches will be sent, by express only, to St. Louis, Cairo, Louisville, Washington, and all places North of those cities, with bill for collection on delivery. We can not send South of those points, as the Expresses peremptorily refuse making collections on such precarious localities, so that it will be necessary for buyers in the disloyal States to send payment in advance. We shall, in all instances, require an advance remittance of two dollars or more as proof of sincerity. Thus our friends in the army, quartered at or near those cities, can make purchases without any fear whatever of loss, receiving their goods before payment is required. Those in the interior of rebeldom, who have to send payment in advance, will please send by Express, when practicable; if not, send by mail in a registered letter; if even that is impossible, send an ordinary letter, not marking in any manner so as to excite curiosity. No deduction whatever will be made from our prices, neither will Watches be sold in any less quantities than explicitly stated. No Agents employed. Buyers must deal directly with us!

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

The Soldier to his Mother. Babylon is Fallen; sequel to "Kingdom Coming," each 25 c. Musician's Omnibus, 700 tunes, for Flute or Violin, $1. "Union Collection," 50 duets for Violin and Piano, 50 c. Italian and Silk Violin Strings, 25 c., mailed. Musical Instruments repaired. Frederick Blume, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

Good Music for Winter Evenings.

The "Home Circle," a collection of choice Piano Music, 2 vols. "Silver Chord," a collection of Popular Songs, Ballads, &c. "Shower of Pearls," a collection of favorite Vocal Duets, with Piano Accompaniments;—one or all. Price of each, in cloth, $2 25; plain, $2 00. Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils*, *Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

Terms to Advertisers.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



JOHN BULL and LOUIS NAPOLEON descry upon the horizon a cloud about the size (and shape) of two Big Men's hands, and are frightened nearly out of their boots by the phenomenon.

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mosaic of Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $3 25; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $5; or with 24 objects, for $5. Address, HENRY CRAIG, 125 Broadway, New York. A liberal discount to the trade.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

501 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs.

Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over

FOUR THOUSAND

different subjects in which editions are continually being made of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

73 Major-Generals, 525 Statesmen,
190 Brigadier-Generals, 137 Divines,
239 Colonels, 176 Authors,
84 Lieut.-Colonels, 39 Artists,
207 Other Officers, 112 Stage,
60 Officers of the Navy, 46 Prominent Women,
147 Prominent Foreign Portraits.

2,500 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART.

INCLUDING MISCELLANEOUS OR THE MOST CELEBRATED ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, STATUES, &c.

Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp.

An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on receipt of $1 00, and sent by mail, *Free*.

Photographic Albums.

Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each.

Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.

The smaller kinds can be sent safely by mail at a postage of six cents per oz.

The more expensive can be sent by express.

We also keep a large assortment of

Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views.

Our Catalogue of these will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

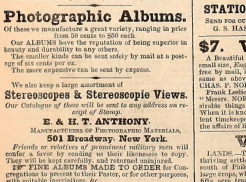
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS,

501 Broadway, New York.

Friends or relatives of prominent military men will confer a favor by sending us their likenesses to copy. They will be kept carefully, and returned undefaced.

FOR FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER for Congregations to present to their Pastor, or for other purposes, with suitable inscription, &c.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FANCY GOODS.

ALSO, a full assortment of

Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,

15 Rue d'Enghien, Paris,

47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Shults' Ongent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

A Bad Breath.—*The Greatest Curse the human* family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is a delicate one, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as described, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents, of all druggists. Sold by all druggists. The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 165 and 167 Chambers street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Corrugated Brass or other Metals. Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldier's price, $50; Civilian's, $75. Send for a Circular. C. WESTON, Act. of Secretary, N. Y.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALLED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

IMMENSE PROFITS

To be made selling our

STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS.

SEND FOR OUR NEW CIRCULAR.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Bookman Street, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Warranted a correct time-keeper*. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $9, specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 28 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of July 25, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—Cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there is no apology particularly in all the affairs of life."

VINELAND.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, healthy and moral. Only 40 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which command ready sale. Terms of sale fully sets forth, as from $15 to $20 per acre, payable in annual payments. Good business opening for mechanics and others, churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

The Soldier's Gift

To the Loved One at Home.

We will deliver *Free* of freight charge, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., one of our beautiful Albums of the value of $5 or more, that may be ordered by members of the Army or Navy of the United States or Presents to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles of all prices to $25, and higher.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

Manufacturers and Importers,

501 Broadway, N. Y.

A Household Word.—BUY your Housekeeping Articles at BASSFORD'S, Cooper Institute, New York.



THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD TRAVERSES THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE STATE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND LAKE MICHIGAN TO THE OHIO.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY

HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 Acres of the Most Beautiful Prairie Lands in the State,

IN FARMS OF

40. 80. 160. AND 240 ACRES AND UPWARD.

LYING ALONG

The Whole Line of the Illinois Central Railroad,

AT FROM

$8, $10, to $12 PER ACRE, ON LONG CREDIT.

☞ These RICH FARMING LANDS are situated near Markets, Schools, Churches, and all the Blessings of Civilization.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT:

80 *Acres at* $10.00 *per Acre, with Interest at* 6 *per cent. annually, upon the following terms:*

Cash Payment,	$48 00	Payment in 4 years,	$256 00
Payment in 1 year,	48 00	" in 5 years,	232 00
" in 2 years,	48 00	" in 6 years,	216 00
" in 3 years,	48 00	" in 7 years,	200 00

40 *Acres at* $10.00 *per Acre, with Interest at* 6 *per cent. annually, upon the following terms:*

Cash Payment,	$24 00	Payment in 4 years,	$128 00
Payment in 1 year,	24 00	" in 5 years,	116 00
" in 2 years,	24 00	" in 6 years,	108 00
" in 3 years,	24 00	" in 7 years,	100 00

Those desirous of securing for themselves and families A COMPETENCY AND A HOME *which they can call their own*, will address

LAND COMMISSIONER, Ill. Cen. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

$35 WATCHES. $35

Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of *good* Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be prepaid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,

208 Broadway New York.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 or 50 c. "Sample Collar" or $1 for a Chaser," to Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. Address enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$2 positively made in 20 cts.; urgently needed by every person. Call and examine, or ten samples sent by mail for 20 cts.; retails for $2, by R. I. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of Information concerning Patents, FREE. Specimens of the PAPER, FREE.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever

SKATE BUCKLE,

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 215 Pearl St., New York. 68 Kilby St., Boston.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate. Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 215 *Pearl Street, New York.* **68** *Kilby Street, Boston.*

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

Portable one, powerful, magnifying small objects **500** times. Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unequalled*, and valuable extra large size PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS, and VALUABLE NOVELTY PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Pens, Pencils, Penholders, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Game Compositions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, Valuable Secrets of Life, *Rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Designs, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions up to $100 sent by Express. Publishers, Office Managers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the United States. Our Pamphlet, A DESIRED SUM WITHOUT WATCH, ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP, and *correct timepiece*, presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

DR. B. C. PERRY, DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 23 Bulfinch Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Patches, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultation free.

For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

OR STUDS.—Red, White, and Black, engraved with initials. The pair will be sent free on receipt of the price by mail. Also of Pearl, $1 00 per set each. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory goods, 207 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year. Original, Largest, and Oldest Price List published on receipt of 20 cents.

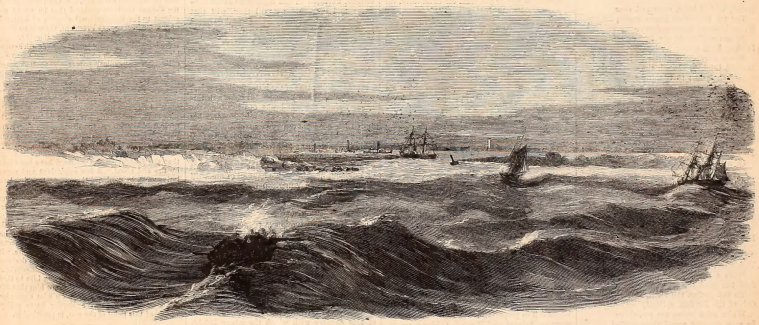
F. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 361.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



LANDING OF GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION ON BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, ON NOVEMBER 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY A STAFF OFFICER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—BRIDGING THE TENNESSEE UNDER A REBEL FIRE FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 764.]

TO MEN.

MEN, the time draws on to action—
Draws, with sternest-voiced demand;
Who would bear its strain and traction
Must be strong in heart and hand:
Who shall grapple double-handed
With it shall have manhood's name;
Who shall falter shall be branded
With unchanging mark of shame.

Toil, oh! Forgemen, damp and sooty,
At the shapes that, one by one,
Grow, wherewith the iron duty
Of the season shall be done:
Toil; the time is hard with clamor,
And it striketh palm with thee,
Is the ringing of thy hammer,
For the god that is to be.

Speed, oh! Plowman; let not thistles
Profit out from the loosed wain:
On fall many a field there bristles
Crop of steel instead of grain:
Speed; the soldier's orphan children,
Who in mercy shall not see
Where their father's grave is filled in,
Turn their hungry eyes to thee.

Strike, oh! Soldier, once and ever
For the right that crowns the earth
Of the cypress, grown diviner
Now upon the brow of death:
And thy nation's revelation—
Let it upward rise and roll
To the heights of aspiration
Of a nation's lifted soul.

Pray, oh! Christian: God is nearer
In the strong hour in the storm;
And His will is growing clearer:
Pray His waiting will be done—
Done triumphant, as when Moses
Wielded through night and death to see
Fair in Sharon's vale the roses
Waiting ages for the free.

Toil, fight, sing, pray, men unshrinking,
With a high, heroic will;
And the glorious time is thinking
To the perfect orb shall fill—
Orb of life for feet uplifted,
While earth-pangs are yet above
In new sunlight round them drifted
By the winds of broader love.

THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

WE publish on page 753 an illustration of the LANDING OF GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION ON BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, on 2d November, from a sketch by a staff officer. The expedition is destined to restore Texas to the Union, and put an end to the continued traffic which has been carried on at Matamoros. The *Herald* correspondent, writing on 30 November, says:

At an early hour this morning the bar was examined and casks laid down as buoys. Nine feet of water was found upon the bar, and this was over, when we came in easy.

We accordingly commenced preparing to enter the harbor, and the steam-propeller-steamer GENERAL BANKS, with the Nineteenth Iowa on board, got under way, and was soon aground. She then sealed the fleet of large boats ever lost so she steamed gallantly on and crossed the bar in the calm, deep water. Next came three heavy steamers, which were lashed on the flag-ship and answered by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

She crossed the bar at precisely twelve o'clock noon, and from that moment the colors were seen floating over the yacht-boat—the little steamer *Texas*—followed, and also were a dozen other boats in a frisky young regatta of sailing, bounding over the bar like a cork.

The Eighth, with the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Maine regiments on board, was the third to cross, and it was her good fortune to be the first to debouch her troops, the soldiers of the Fifteenth Maine first touching Texas soil. The next steamer had the flag of this regiment, followed by that of the Nineteenth Iowa, was raised.

Thus has been made the extreme southern point of the Union were the first to raise the flag of America over the soil of the detested secession rebels, and this was the work so gallantly begun, of planting the banner of freedom in the land of Texas, which, ere long, will be within the State and Union but a word for some time to come.

On landing on Brazos Island, the Fifteenth Maine, Colonel Dwight, commanding, the Eighth Iowa, Colonel Bissell's staff, started for Boca Chica, took possession of the fort, and hoisted the stars, stripes and victories.

No resistance whatever was offered, and no human being here to oppose us. Here on the island of Brazos, all to accept the repulse of two companies of cavalry by the guns of the *E. A. Ford*, Colonel Wilkins, which anchored off the mouth of Boca Chica this morning, and opened upon the rebels who had attempted to cross.

The same transport the night previous anchored off the mouth of the Rio Grande, and succeeded by keeping up an almost constant fire upon the Mexican vessels crossing the river, preventing

The old salt was a few miles wrong in his reckoning; for he all the more pleased that he "dropped in" on a passing song at the demanded regale in Boca Chica instead of the harbor Mexicana of the Rio Grande, and that he had still probably have to make an apology for the slight variation of fifteen miles. Their vessels navigated up the Rio Brabond trade with the rebels on the Texas shore.

Those of the *Ford* readers who have ever visited Ship Island can have a good idea of this barren, inhospitable place.

BRAZOS, as well as all the islands along the Texan coast, is a sandy desert. One house (formerly) stands to our right, and a mile or so further toward the interior are two high-houses, one on each side.

Cleared ruins show that three buildings were destroyed by rebel torch-fire. Nothing but the chimneys remain standing.

The foundations of the buildings used by General Taylor for stores are pointed out to us; but no other vestige remains. Sand and sand-hills meet the eye in every direction; and for miles there is no covering than the tops of the burning sun by day, nor the heavy chilly dews by night.

Four wells were discovered by our soldiers; but the water is brackish and unpalatable. Around these were collected from thirty to forty head of poor cattle. They were suffering terribly from thirst, and drank with avidity the miserable water that our men gave out to them from the wells.

The few inhabitants who lived on this desert probably fled as soon as our fleet anchored off the shore; for, as I have before stated, not a human being was to be seen.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

PROCLAMATION:

BY HORATIO SEYMOUR,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

In accordance with the Customs and Laws of this State, I, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby designate Thursday, the 26th instant, to be a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and I hereby declare the same to be a Legal Holiday.

In the midst of calamities, brought upon our country by the wickedness, folly, and crimes of men, we have reasons to be thankful to Almighty God for abundant Harvests, for exemption from Pestilence, and for the preservation of our State from the devastations of War which afflict other sections of our land. Let us offer fervent prayers that Rebellion may be put down, our Union saved, our Liberties preserved, and our Government established on distant and durable fields of glory, by showing sympathy and kindness toward their families who are left in want and sorrow.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Privy Seal of the State, at the City of Albany, this tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

By the Governor,

DANIEL F. TYLER, Private Secretary.

THE SITUATION.

OUR armies seem once more at a stand-still. The November mud appears to have driven both Meade and Lee into winter-quarters; and cavalry raids and guerrilla and outpost skirmishes are likely to be the only movements of consequence on the Potomac for some weeks to come. At Chattanooga all is quiet, and our correspondents write that no active operations are expected in that army for some time. Grant will have enough to do to hold and secure his communications, and feed his army at Chattanooga; while, on the other hand, Bragg will have his hands full in preparing for the blockade movement on Atlanta and Rome. Gilmore continues to thunder away at Fort Sumter and the other outer defenses of Charleston. But these far he seems to be making but little impression, and the belief gains ground that Charleston can only be reduced by a land attack, and regular approaches against Moultrie. General Burnside, late of Fredericksburg, and there may be more promise of an invasion of Texas than can now and here be discerned.

But altogether the prospect is that our armies will not see much fighting, at all events, on this side of Christmas. With the early spring Meade and Rosecrans, and Grant and Gilmore may pursue his victorious career; but till then we may not have much exciting news to chronicle.

Meanwhile it devolves upon the country to devote its whole energies to the work of recruiting the army. Three hundred thousand more men are wanted by January 1st, and are not obtained by volunteering, they will be procured by the draft. Congress, when it reassembles, will pass the Conscription Act by striking out the $300 clause, so as to leave substitutes free to command their own price. Every man who volunteers, and does so especially in view of the active demand for labor which exists every where, it is quite probable will be exempt from the draft to a figure which may render it impossible for the government, or the individuals drafted to escape service. People who do not want to run the risk of the draft had better, therefore, lose no time in volunteering a volunteer movement. In this, and one or two other localities, the injudicious haste with which fifteen months' men were discharged, and from the draft, last summer, has naturally chilled patriotic ardor, and lulled cowards into a false security. Hence, the call for 300,000—peremptory and without escape—is seemingly inevitable. But there are many parts of the country where, with proper energy on the part of influential men, and suitable provisions for the families of volunteers, the quota may be filled without a draft.

There are two other important movements which are going on day by day. One is the recruiting of negro troops: the other, the colonization and culture by free labor of abandoned plantations. Both are essential to the final completion of the work we have in hand. The promise we have made to the negroes, which, in the President's words, "must be kept," can only be secured by giving men of color the power to protect themselves. They must be made the armed guardians both of their own liberty and of the dominion of the United States. All the Southern fleet and military lines which, throughout the lifetime of the present generation, it will be necessary to garrison must be garrisoned by negro troops. And all the plantations which the Southern chivalry have abandoned or forfeited must be worked by free labor. It devolves upon us to show the world that the negro will work as well for the hope of reward as from the dread of punishment, and that sugar and cotton can be raised as profitably at the South without the lash as with it. Both of these were with them. The reports of the commission which has in charge the letting of Government plantations are very encouraging. This year, the profits realized by parties who hired from Government abandoned estates, and worked them with free labor, have been in many instances enormous. We must line the Mississippi Valley with a new race of settlers, nurtured in the wholesome air of freedom; and then, but not till then, will that glorious country be secured to the Union, and in a condition to yield the fruits which it was God's ordinance it should produce.

BRITISH JOURNALISM.

ONE leading cause of the bitter feeling against England which has pervaded all classes in this country during the past year, and which has been the ceaseless stream of abuse and misrepresentation which has been poured upon us and our cause by the British journals. Not only has the *Times* steadily traduced us and falsified our aims and prospects, but almost every minor journal, whether published in London or in the rural districts of England, has done the same in a handful of mud, till it appeared to an American observer that the British public were almost universally our enemies.

This impression may have been erroneous. The small papers may have spoken merely for themselves, but for the public. We remember a letter which was published a year or more since in the Mobile *Register*, condemning the Confederate Government for the selection it had made of advocates and agents in Europe, and stating that it was far simpler and surer to hire Englishmen to write up the rebels than to employ Southerners for the work. The writer tended to create the impression that the articles abusive of this country with which the Mobile British press was filled were "a paid puffs" of the rebel cause—*reclames*, as the French call them, expressing no man's opinion. This impression is confirmed by the publication of the intercepted letters of Mr. Slidell, rebel agent in Paris, to Jeff Davis and his Secretary Benjamin. He alludes more than once to his successful efforts to create public opinion in England by the aid of the press. After drawing attention to Earl Russell's speech at Blairgowrie, he observes, in a letter to his chief employer:

"The sympathy of the British people for us is growing stronger every day, and in the same ratio as their antipathy for the Yankees. To favor and increase them favorable dispositions I have caused various publications to be made in England on the topics of cotton, slavery, the acts of blockades, &c., &c., pamphlets, and keep up a running fire through the English press. Some of these publications shall be sent you at the first opportunity which presents for sending packages."

So it seems it is to Monsieur de Leon, of South Carolina, that we may thank Palmerston, that we are indebted for the vituperation we find in so many British papers. The discovery will not please the editor of British Journalism in American opinion. But it will render us much less sensitive to what these upright journalists may say of us hereafter.

THE LUNGER.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

A LATE London *Spectator* denounces the conduct of Mr. Lirel in building the ships which are preying upon American commerce so that the Government is obliged to station war ships for that purpose, as a most unprecedented resolution upon the part of a Government. The *Spectator* declares that no one was merely to gratify his own cupidity. In the same vein "Historicus," Mr. Vernon Harcourt, shows in the London *Times* that no rebels are privileged to make England the base of their hostile operations against a friendly power, and have therefore rendered themselves amenable to the British Statutes. "Historicus" suggests that Mason left England because Lirel refused to let the rams escape, and that he would be in a very doubtful position toward the Government. Add to this that the Governor-General of Canada and Lord Lyons have taken the proper authorities of the Lake plot, and it is pretty clear that Great Britain means to avoid all occasion of trouble with this country.

We need not be in haste to ascribe this conduct to any profounder admiration of our system, nor to suppose that she has any romantic friendship for us, as we certainly have not for her. But at least it is another indication which the general tone of the British press and the sneers of the officers of the Government during the first years of the war naturally produced; nor ought any fair Englishman who read the stuff that Mackay wrote from New York for the *Times*, and who was familiar with the leaders and speeches of men and papers in England, to be surprised that we were indignant. We can each rejoice that the air is clearer, and each resolve to keep it so.

MISSOURI.

GOVERNOR GAMBLE, of Missouri, has lately expelled from the State two officers of the United States army, holding commissions from Lincoln. General Thomas to recruit colored soldiers. They were expelled for that reason, and not for misconduct. This may be very conservative, but it is radically wrong. It is part of that remarkable policy which in Missouri has withstood the policy of the National Government, and which the President has not rebuked. The difficulty in Missouri is very simple. It is that the influence of the National Government is thrown upon the side upreasle to the rebels. Here, in New York, it was reason enough for voting against the "Order" of Governor Seymour, that the rebels wished them to be elected. Ought it not to be enough in Missouri that to favor the Gamble policy is to please the enemy?

Certainly many of the loyal Missourians feel so strongly that they are betrayed into saying what they certainly do not mean. When the speaker at the Cooper Institute declared that he could not submit to the constitutional election of Vallandigham, for instance, as President, there is no doubt that the vehemence of expression led him on. But there is equally no doubt that such a remark harmed his cause more than he imagined. So when one of the Governor's radical papers advises Congress to protect the Government against the Administration, it seems the silliest verberbeat on him. The true anti-slavery men of Missouri ought to remember that at a time like this, when we are fighting a labored battle which may decide the principles of the orator, and a reaction which takes the ground of the paper—the cause of the orator and paper, so defended and stated, repels the very sympathy they invoke.

On the other hand, no sensible man will forget that the faithful men of Missouri have been tried by fire and blood. A few expletives and superlatives may be pardoned them. In utter, implacable determination that slavery, the monster that has spawned civil war, shall be ended and forever, is only natural to them. They feel it during every moment, and they can not choose fine phrases. And they are not unjust. The Missouri *Democrat*, the radical organ, says that President Lincoln has made a tragical mistake, but it does not accuse him of the least ill intent. That, we are sure, will presently appear. President Lincoln, by his declared policy, belongs with the radical loyal Missourians. A few months more of war will bring him to their side. A few months more will show him that Mr. Postmaster-General Blair is not a wise counselor, and does not represent the true Lincoln policy, which, at this point of the war, is practicable.

A CONTRAST.

THE dainty "kill of fare" at the Russian ball, printed in French upon colored satin, contrasts curiously with another "bill of fare" on which that hauding is boldly printed, and which has a historic interest. It is a strip of stout paper, about seven inches long and two or three broad, with the head, "FORT LAFAYETTE, 1824," printed in full. It is dated Wednesday, September 8, 1824. Bill of Fare." It was the collation given to General Lafayette upon his last visit to this country.

It is in the kitchen, according to some dinner philosophers, that the progress of civilization is most truly indicated. For all such, who may have preserved the bill of the Russian supper, this of the French table of thirty years ago will be a fit companion. The two or three little errors of spelling are preserved:

"Chicken, Turkeys, Hams, Tongues, Pigeons, Ducks, Turkey a la Francaise. Snipe, Woodcock, Plover, Wild Ducks, Partridges, Pheasants, Pies, Blancmange, Langues d'Algneau in Jelly. Anchovies, Crabs, Lobsters. Tartlets, Cheese cakes, Puffs, Jellies, Bistemange, Oranges, Peaches, Pears, Apples, Grapes, Nuts, &c. &c. Port, Claret, White Hermitage, Madeira, Champagne."

The present bill of fare at Fort Lafayette is understood to be different from this.

CIVILIZED NEIGHBORS.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* says that it prefers to have Yankees rather than English as its "next-door neighbor" beyond the Potomac. There is no reason to doubt this preference upon the part of the *Enquirer*. The reason it alleges is that the Yankees are "ignorant and semi-barbarous enough to be loyal South." And it is not to be remarkable that a chivalrous people, who build their State upon the maintenance of slavery, should prefer a breed civilized even for sale, should prefer that their "next-door neighbors" should be ignorant and semi-barbarous. The New England Dahomey could be the less conceivable neighbor for them.

But as for having enemies "fit for ogres" upon the Potomac, the *Enquirer* must be borrowing trouble of the future enormously. We are engaged in a war in which they will conquer if we shall not conquer them. They are owning to the Lakes, or we are going to the Gulf. The victory on one side or the other must be complete and final. It will be a social as well as a military victory. It will be like that of the Normans in England. That lost not left equal enemies, nor will ours. The *Enquirer* may take heart. If the rebellion succeeds slavery will debauch the North, and make it more than semi-barbarous—it will barbarize it as thoroughly as it has the South itself. If the Government triumphs liberty will radically reform the social system of the South, and fully civilize it. This result is in the very nature of the contest. It is shown by the whole utterances of the *Enquirer*, as it is every expression, and the whole conduct of the rebellion. Now has barbarism ever obliterated

civilization upon a large scale? No. Why do the rebels so nervously denounce us as barbarians and extol themselves as highly civilized? Because they know this truth. Unless, then, they can prove slavery to be the sign of an advanced and advancing civilization, they forecast their own doom.

PAYING COLORED SOLDIERS.

In his late Message to the special session of the Massachusetts Legislature, Governor Andrew recommends that the State pay its colored regiments the difference between their present wages and those of other United States soldiers. His argument is conclusive. There is no law of the United States by which any discrimination in payment of military service can be made by reason of color. In truth, we may say that those who are blinded by the stupid prejudices of slavery would for a moment think it compatible with national honor to invite men to offer themselves to the defence of the country, and then pay some of them lower wages because they were of a different complexion. But in the case of the Massachusetts regiments the men were expressly told that they were to receive the same pay as other soldiers, so that it is a special injustice to them.

Governor Andrew presumes that Congress will correct the unwise and dishonorable discrimination. For nothing is more plainly established than the bravery, fidelity, and docility of the colored troops. Their present employment is the most dangerous policy of the war, and unless it be also part of that policy to prevent all enlistment and destroy the morale of the army, this foolish reluctance to a frank acknowledgment of the services of every good soldier will disappear. When it is remembered how splendidly these men behaved upon the Mississippi and at Morris Island—that, wounded and upon his knees, the color-sergeant of the 54th Massachusetts held up the flag, and brought it still flying out of the fiery storm—and how ardent and profound is the attachment to the cause which they cause it stands for, it is incredible that any man, under a rebel or a Copperhead, should for a moment doubt what ought to be done.

THE VICTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1832-3.

The Loyal Publication Society have lately issued a very interesting paper by Judge William Whiting, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts. It is a full account of the Nullification Controversy of 1832-3, and is intended to show that South Carolina, and not General Jackson, was the aggressor. And the document shows what he intends, as appears from a very simple statement.

On the 1st of November, 1832, the South Carolina Convention passed the Nullification Ordinance, making it the duty of the Legislature to arrest the operation of the tariff of 1832 after the 1st of February, after the 1st of February, 1833. The Convention also issued an address to the other sovereign States, stating that, in its desire to remain in the Union, South Carolina would make certain concessions—which were, in substance, not to ask or allow Congress to pass a revenue but not a protective tariff. This address was sent to the President and to the Governors. Judge Whiting quotes the replies of seventeen of the twenty-three States, which, with the exception of that of Virginia, vehemently denounced South Carolina's conduct. The other six are Rhode Island, Vermont, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana. Of their action he has no record at hand.

The Act of Nullification reached President Jackson early in December. He submitted it, with a reply on the 10th, in the famous proclamation written by Edward Livingston. But in his annual Message of the 4th, after the Legislature of South Carolina had been openly made, he recommended that the tariff be reduced to the revenue standard. On the 12th of February, 1833, Mr. Clay's compromise bill was introduced, which was intended to raise no more revenue than was "necessary for the economical administration of the Government." This bill, incarnate nullification, immediately approved by Mr. Calhoun, "absolutely repealed" nullification, and, "We offer her [South Carolina] this bill, not to renounce this power [of nullification], but to refrain from its exercise in reference to this precedent is to govern, where is the security for the stability of the Union I can not see." Mr. Olowin, of Tennessee, said, "I consider your nullification . . . by just promptly granting . . . all it demands."

Meanwhile troops were raising in South Carolina; and Congress passed the "Force Bill," while it was hastening to yield the point at issue. After that was yielded, on the 11th of March, the South Carolina Convention met again. It contemplated both its attitude of nullification and the Government, by which it had procured a modification of the tariff of 1832, even before it took effect. The Convention therefore repealed its Nullification Act, which had achieved its purpose. It declared the "Force Bill" null and void within the State; and that act of nullification also never repealed, revoked, or modified.

Thus, according to Judge Whiting, who supports his point by ample historical citations, the tariff of 1832 was modified by Congress under a threat from South Carolina. That the Government was authorized to compel the execution of the laws is of no importance, in view of the fact that the attitude of nullification had been assumed and maintained for revolt to legion. Under such circumstances to change a law is to surrender the dignity, the honor, and the power of the Government. If the present Administration had abandoned Sumter before the 12th of April, 1861, it would have done exactly what the Admini-tration of 1832 did. Both said to South Carolina, "You will fire at your peril." But the one hastened to do what Carolina wanted before she had a chance to fire; the other calmly did its own duty, and thus turned the traitorous fire of South Carolina against her own head. There has been a great deal of sighing for General Jackson since the war began. General Jackson was a resolute soldier, but the war demanded a wise man.

NEW PICTURES.

No American picture is better known than "Mercy's Dream," by Daniel Huntington, the President of the National Academy. It was first exhibited in 1841, and the impression it then made of grace, tenderness, refinement, and beauty has been deepened most widely extended by a print which suggested, if it did not reproduce, the painting. Seventeen years afterward Mr. Huntington, naturally anxious that a work, the fruit of his earlier powers, which had been so successful should be made as perfect as possible, painted another copy in a more masterly manner, which he intrusted to the care of the same engraver, Mr. Alexander Hay-Barlow, whose work is familiar to all of us in his exquisite "Huguenot Lovers." The artist does not, mature work which he exhibited with the consent under the auspices of Mr. M'Clure at Goupil's Gallery.

It is a picture of great brilliancy and beauty. The angel, lightly poised, is just placing the radiant crown upon the heart of Mercy, which is raised toward it with trembling tenderness. The scene is a wood, and at the right of the spectator a deep, rich vista of landscape nobly completes the work. It is remarkable for its grandeur, freedom, and simplicity, and the face of Mercy has a touching loveliness which haunts the memory. The picture has also an interest of curiosity in its remodelling of the topics of the time, and from the "sensational" effect, which is as popular yet as in literature, has drawn largely upon the intrinsic beauty of the theme and the treatment, and they are of the kind which last forever.

In another gallery at Goupil's is Mr. James Hart's Memory of Berkshire Scenery—a large landscape, belonging to Mr. Augustus Schell. It is a fine characteristic portrait of the Berkshire landscape, although there is a sameness in the long ranges of hills covered with the same luxuriant growth as scarcely enough felt in the open, sunny rurality of this scene. But the brawling brook, the interwoods, the noble hill-side, the deep valley, the delicious reach of summer perspective, with the white church, and the tranquil, cultivated, rolling hills, are very beautiful. "Think of sitting at your winter breakfast," said a friend, "and seeing among your steaks and chops a picture like this!" describes its magic. It is the painter's memory of a summer made real and permanent.

IN EXTREMIS.

THERE can be little doubt that the rebellion is sorely pinched. Simultaneously with the confessions of want which appear in the Southern papers comes the appeal of two of the rebel Governors for succors. It remains only that Wilmington should be seized up, and the privateers and blockade-runners of the Confederacy feared. Last April will be felt by every ill-starred rebel in the South. As was said in the editorial comment upon the first brief news of victory which we do not know how to use; that appeals to magnanimity will be forcibly made to those who have no idea of mercy.

The one thing that every man who really understands the war will bear in mind is that the end through the rebel armies may be defeated, the rebel mind will remain the same. The war is only the beginning and not the end of a social controversy which will generate upon war just so long as it continues. If an early New England settler, living in the edge of the forest, should see his wife captured peace and safety because he held driven the wolf that threatened his farm into the woods, he was mistaken. The wolf lived the settler still was the danger. While the wolf lived the settler could not lay his gun aside; but when he had killed the wolf he could.

We may drive the rebel armies before us, but if we leave their spirit and purpose unbroken, they retire only to recuperate. If the men who have led the rebellion return to the Union under the oath of allegiance, the institutions of Slavery and Liberty will stimulate them to new plotting and treason. Some may abandon hope, but the chief men will never. And we do not know that it would begin the education of a new generation.

GENERAL GANTT'S LETTER.

It is a natural question whether the letter of General Gantt addressed to the loyal people of the South may be considered to be the expression of any very general feeling. Is it likely that the leaders of forces in the rebellion will be induced by its supporters to acquiesce in the profound social change and destruction of sectional traditions which the victory of the Government involves? Will suffering and loss and discomfiture, inflicted by men and a part of the country they have been taught to despise, induce them to give up resolute resistance to the Government, and to submit calmly and unconvinced, although subdued?

That there will be very many like General Gantt can not be doubted. Whatever the long social and political convictions of a section like the South be is uprooted by the fortune of a brief war? Is it at all safe to count upon the final submission of sectarians, that so noble, sincere, and unreserved a patriot as Andrew Johnson has come to see that colored soldiers ought to be employed, and that slaves should be emancipated? And how many authoritative and imposing manifestations have we had from Union men in Louisiana, for instance, which we have so long held in part, and in which the slavery system has been demoralized, that they are willing to let it go, and combine heartily to try the Northern experiment of free labor? Why in Missouri, which was so wedded by the war and scourged with fire, even the loyal vote is almost equally divided between a policy of liberty and slavery.

Such facts should be pondered, that we may not expect hearty sympathy with the emancipation policy even among Union men at the South, nor suppose that when the win the final battle we have reached the end of the struggle. As we say elsewhere in these columns, let us be ready to use our victory when it comes by previously understanding exactly what it demands of us. Let us reflect that the foundation of peace is not the capture of rebel arms, but the destruction of rebel principles and systems.

LITERARY.

As the holidays approach the publishers are busy with their new books. The latest is a volume by Mr. Mitchell's (Ik Marvel's) new book, "My Farm of Edgewood," which is a delightful record of the farming experience of a scholar who sees and enjoys all the poetry of his rural life, while he perfectly understands that to make his story valuable to farmers he must study and farming is profitable as well as pleasant. It is very interesting to remark the shrewd Yankee faculty under the dainty elegance of the book's surface, whose "Reverie" by the fire have given place to these clear, open air, open-eyed, and open-hearted sketches of the experience of a practical farmer. There is the same twinkling humor, tenderness, grace, and pathos, with the happy combination of polish of the man of the world, in this book that are so well known in Mr. Mitchell's earlier works, "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," while Mr. Mitchell has now leased in beautiful form. Few prettier gift books will be found, and few more warmly prized by readers and minds. Yet we can not part with "My Farm" without regretting the tone of self-denial in which the times are sometimes mentioned, as when the author says: "The American eagle is (or was) a noble bird." Is he any less noble because he is wounded? Is he not dearer to us on him? Does the mere fact of civil war, irrespective of its cause or probable consequence, seem to our friend, the author of Edgewood, as to the gentler friend, Monsieur Aubepine, of Concord, merely a bore? If the war had been avoided by surrender to the South, or compromise of principle, would the American eagle still be a noble bird?

The utmost resources of the typographical art are to be lavished upon the "Life of Prescott," by Professor Ticknor, now preparing for Ticknor & Fields. It is to be a quarto, and as superb a book as can be made in the country.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL DIX arrived at Buffalo on 18th, and is engaged in conferring with the authorities concerning proper means for defense, and in ferreting out the parties, if any, that have been engaged in the late riots in that locality.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTTERFIELD, who has been temporarily in charge with the Army of the Cumberland, during General Hooker, is to be recalled and assigned to a new command elsewhere.

There are good grounds for the belief that General M'DOWELL will soon be assigned to an important command.

GENERAL BUTLER has arrived at Fortress Monroe and assumed the command of the new department. General FOSTER, upon leaving, issued a farewell order to his troops.

GENERAL REMELS, of the Sixth Army Corps, arrived in Washington last week, and proceeded to the War Department the rebel flags recently captured by his brigade on the Rappahannock.

CAPTAIN SHAW, aid to Major-General AUGUR, has been relieved from New Orleans to the bend-quarters at Washington.

Lieutenant-Colonel GREEN has been relieved from duty at the headquarters of the Twelfth Corps, under Hooker, and will be assigned to another field.

Brigadier-General CHARLES GRAHAM has been relieved, by order of the Secretary of War, from his command in the Army of the Potomac, and ordered to report to General BUTLER.

Command of LEVENSON has been detached from the command of the *Minnesota*, and is awaiting orders.

Lieutenant-Colonel LAWTON, Inspector-General of Gen. Hooker's command, has been relieved and ordered West.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 326.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, November 5, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, Major-General JOHN A. DIX, Colonel United States Army, is hereby dishonorably dismissed the service for disloyalty, and for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, by the President of the United States.

By order of the SECRETARY OF WAR.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Rev. H. M. TURNER, pastor of the Israel Bethel church, in Washington, has been appointed chaplain of the First regiment of United States colored troops, now in South Carolina. He is the first colored minister who has been commissioned in the army.

Brigadier-General GEORGE J. STANNARD, who has resigned his commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, in response, should the situation of affairs at the front permit, to the call for the Governors of the loyal States to meet at Gettysburg on the 19th inst., and that the Army of the Potomac may be consulted on their action concerning the settlement of the difficulties of the army engaged in that region.

Recent advices from Pensacola state that Lieutenant FLUSH, of the United States Marines, died on the 13th ult. He was from Wisconsin. The fever, which was unusually fatal, has abated. Of three hundred cases more than seventy failed to recover. The Marine Guard lost one lieutenant and thirteen privates.

Commodore WILLIAM D. PORTER has been ordered before the Naval Retiring Board, which, after a recess, begin convened. Commodore PORTER is a brother of DAVID PORTER, the most important actor in the capture of the Mississippi. He some time since designed a plan of a new ironclad vessel of war, which, however, was not adopted by the Government.

Captain G. H. SCOTT has been ordered to the command of the *De Soto*; Commander STANLEY to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron; Commander LEWIS to the *Ft. Henry*; and Lieutenant-Commander QUIRK to the *Wyalusing*.

General CURTIS has been assigned to the command of the Conscript Camp at Cleveland, Ohio—his wound, received at Gettysburg, still preventing him from entering the field.

Surgeon-General HAMMOND has returned from his extended Southern tour of inspection.

The rebel General FITZHUGH LEE is on his way to Fort Lafayette.

Lieutenant-Colonel FREDERICK has been placed in command of the Twenty-second brigade, vice Colonel WARNER, appointed chief of that bureau.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHATTANOOGA.

A DISPATCH from Athens, Georgia, on the 13th, says that a fight between the rebel Wheeler and Burnside's cavalry from Chattanooga continued briskly up to that time, and that the Federals had made a decided advance. The fight, with a view probably to attack Lookout Mountain, or, it may be, to send troops to reinforce General BURNSIDE.

SHERMAN'S COLUMN.

Major-General SHERMAN was at General Thomas's headquarters on the 16th, and may make a junction, with his entire corps, with the right of General Grant's army at Chattanooga.

CHARLESTON.

The latest news from Charleston is by way of Richmond to the 14th instant. On the 13th the firing from our batteries was heavier than for two days or more previous. At night, and continued with greater rapidity next day. The casualties were very few. Not a man was wounded.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Every thing is quiet on the Rappahannock and Rapidan. General Meade has not changed his camping-ground, although considerable was heard on 16th in the vicinity of Stevensburg, and a reconnoissance in force, and continued for some an hour. It was renewed between eleven and twelve next day, when the rebels, in full force, began to advance, and so the train passed that point. It was supposed that Kilpatrick, who had been at Stevensburg, had engaged in reconnoitering force of the enemy.

A PLOT IN CANADA.

Buffalo, Detroit, and other localities were much frightened last week by rumors of an intended attack from Canada. The Montreal correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"An expedition was fitted out, consisting of thirty-six men, under the command of Captone, who had already distinguished in similar daring enterprises, and these hundred men. They crossed over to Vermont, Williamsburg, at the residents steamer *Robert E. Lee*, and landed at Halifax. Their movements, however, were closely watched, and they were sold to furnish the funds required, amounting to \$25,000. They were to seize the Federal steamer on the States in small parties to the general rendezvous. The intention was to capture the Federal steamer, run down to Long Island, liberate the prisoners, convey them to Canada in vessels provided for that purpose, and forward them to Halifax to Nassau or Bermuda; the greater part of the funds being generously devoted by the Southern people to one of these points."

Unlikely for them the Governor-General of Canada communicated the plot to our Government, and measures were taken to frustrate it. The whole affair is a bubble. All is quiet at Sandusky and Johnson's Island.

DISEASE AT FORTRESS MONROE.

The recent attack on General Burnside's outposts, in which six hundred of his men and four cannon were captured by the rebels, was at Blain's Cross-Roads, Grainger County, Tennessee, fifteen miles from Knoxville, and situated on the northern route of the branch of the Virginia and Virginia Railroad. This fact is communicated in a despatch from Washington, and from which it will be seen that his main army is in an impregnable position and in a good condition to take care of itself for the winter.

SUFFERINGS OF OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

A returned prisoner from Richmond, Rev. H. C. Trumbull, of the Connecticut regiment, writes that on the day he left the Libby prison at Richmond on Wednesday, the 11th inst. there were in the prison 1,200 prisoners, with but of a pound of bread and some water for two days previous, and that the rations were no more than half that size. The Quarter-master explained to the prisoners that he had no provisions to give them, and that himself for starving and living fabulously on his part. He stated that on the same day he had received a supply for a month, but that he had to do with any thing whatever, and that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could get fuel to cook the hospitals. It is evident from these facts that the only way to relieve the Union prisoners is to take possession of Richmond and release them from misery, which it would appear the very existence of the rebellion depends upon their holding.

FOOD SENT THEM FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

The following articles were received from Fort Monroe: sugar, rice, potatoes, coffee, and bread were shipped from Fortress Monroe on the 14th by the transport *Atlantic*, addressed to the authorities starving Union prisoners at Richmond. Provisions were also sent to Annapolis, but were forwarded, and it remains to be seen whether the prisoners will receive them.

COST OF BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

The attempt at blockade-running into Wilmington, which was frustrated by the destruction of the *Hebe* on a few days past five large steamers have been captured, as we have stated, by which we have obtained valuable cargoes and considerable quantities of arms and munitions of war. The steamers were also successful ones from the rebel agents in Europe, which has been published in the papers.

MARRIAGE OF MISS CHASE.

The nuptials of Governor Sprague and Miss Kate Chase took place on the 14th at the private residence of Governor Mrs. Lincoln, the several heads of departments, and a brilliant array of the Union Generals were present. Among the guests at the reception were a number of the most distinguished men and women of the country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ANGLO-CHINESE AFFRAYS.

The case of the suspected rebel gun-boat *Alexandra* has been again up in the Court of Exchequer, London, and it seems probable that the Attorney-General's motion for a new trial on the ground of raising of a point of law will be granted, and that the ruling now had will decide the case of the *Alexandra*.

THE "PRINCE CONSORT."

The British iron-clad frigate *Prince Consort* was very badly damaged in a collision during Plymouth Ferryboat to look after the Laird rams. She put into Kingsbury harbor half full of water and is making leaky.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The session of the French Legislature was opened by Napoleon in person. His speech was of a pacific character. He made only a passing allusion to American affairs, expressed the hope that Maximilian's arrival in Mexico would prove advantageous to the country, and recommended the appointment of a French prince regent to the Polish question. The Emperor acknowledged that the financial estimates did not meet the expectations. Reforms are promised in favor of the French people.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—GENERAL HAZEN'S BRIGADE DESCENDING THE TENNESSEE TO OCCUPY LOOKOUT VALLEY.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 764.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—HAZEN'S BRIGADE LANDING BELOW LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN ON THE MORNING OF OCT. 28.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 764.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CAPTURE OF REBEL RIFLE-PITS IN LOOKOUT VALLEY BY THE THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS AND SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS, ON OCT. 28, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 756.]

MEAVE, SCHOOLMISTRESS.

PERCHED on a crooked pine trunk, striking out a thousand feet above the plain, sat Meave Gilchrist, weaving a laurel wreath with her fingers and pleasant speculations with her brain. Opposite, a mountain threw its mighty shadow into the valley beneath. Miles away a bright gleam told of the river, and still beyond showed the shadowy hills of Vermont. The air was not here a thin grey vapor, but a quivering golden atmosphere of delight, on which lived sweet wild-wood odors, and little fragments of shining cloud floated about at will. The girl and mountain, warmed to its very core with the summer heat, seemed to hold her on its breast with a human kindliness, and to lift her into the purer air, up to the very gates of heaven; and being a lonely thing, Meave rejoiced even in this grim companionship. Her foot rested on from its ascetic self-communing look, and bloomed out into the sparkle and gayety proper to twenty-one, when glee, fluffy and morally healthy. The light in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks deepened, and half unawares she chanted as if to herself:

"La suit soutre,
De son ombre,
Couvre le manide."

A pleasant tenor voice, a little way down the hill, took up the refrain, "Oh, Leonore!" and a young man, wearing a port-folio slung across his shoulder, and apparently a knapsack, came up the steep ascent, bearing a little carefully balanced cup.

"Here it is at last. The spring was further than I thought."

"You have not been long away."

"I found it out of sight, but perhaps you enchanted the ground. How can I tell what spells you are weaving this very moment?"

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you know that your quaint name was that of the Erse fairy queen? And I have observed that you have the peculiar face-off the rich brown bonny been of eyes, as if you spied things beyond the ken of common mortals."

"If I know any, it is because I give me some of that water for which I am so thirsty."

"Drink, then."

"Give me the cup."

"No; I have earned the privilege of holding it."

Meave with a glance at the twenty-pound rock bending over her, colored swiftly, and dropping her long lashes drank without more ado, and with a cool laughing air, and without asking leave of him, went on with her wreath. Paul threw away the cup and stretched himself at her feet with a little, panther-like sort of movement special to him, crushing the thick shining laurel leaves between his restless fingers, and watching her as he listened, out of a pair of keen eyes varying perpetually from a cold grayish-blue to intensest black, and shaded by shadows almost womanish in length.

"What ever sent you here?" he asked, on a sudden.

"Dr. Foolish," answered Meave, promptly.

It was not the answer he wished, so he looked unenlightened.

"No long ago," explained Meave, "I entertained a general impression that the world got up at six, wearied out with sleeping; that it was divided into tasteless, labor-some hours, meant to, *dare, dari, dabimus*, and the inspiriting exercise of lifting bodily such sentences as, 'Meave you the honor to request the intellectick of the brother of my uncle?' from one language to the other; that the afternoon signified history and a bugaw teacher; and the evening an involuntary disbelief in the possibility of any nobility or heroism, any clear cut or original thinking, any telling but of the endurance of negative distresses. Dr. Foolick is my Mentor, also my physician; and went to him with my sensations, and he called them agitations, and others I made me a dose of nature. Fortunately it was close on my vacation, or I could not have left my school, as we style it."

Paul winced at that word school, which she brought out with such pitiless clearness. It disturbed certain theories that he found pleasant; reminded him that somewhere beyond this rustling, shining, singing, golden mountain, and the sleeping country that stretched away from it, rested, into billows of grain and meadow-land, for miles and miles toward the glittering river, certain practical trail bills, was throned, amidst war and tumult, the thing he called Society; a thing that took no note of feet (those, at least, he had and adapted for dancing from under the short bright skirt near him), that walked in the ways of toil, and with whom soft tones and the nuances of delicate manners had were as dust in the balance, and altogether lighter than vanity in the scales with pedigrees and rent-rolls. The remembrance of which he would not even guess sounded nevertheless in his tone, and jarred on her in her mood.

"I wonder if it goes on still" (with an outward motion of the hand)—" all that buying and selling, lying, cheating, sinning, marrying, and giving in marriage! I had almost forgotten it."

"Why not do so quite?" answered Meave. "Why must we always be thinking of those money-changers into the very temple itself? trail your worldly, everyday thinking through these holy retreats, where Nature herself puts away the worldly colors, her bursts of flowers, and light waving of trees, to come hushed and reverent into this solemn mountain presence."

"That is for you," retorted Paul, lightly, "who are privileged to see the mystery and poetry of existence' all in one, when you bend your brows at me as you do just now; but for everyday, worthless mortals like myself, mountains are simply fortifiers, climate tempers, charming alternatives for cool-liver oil, admirable excuses for love and book making, nothing more. For us your violet-colored talk is so much lovely nonsense. We lack your spiritual vision, though, for that matter, it is well enough in a woman; keeps her from being so sharp on her neighbor's bonnet."

"You talk sacrilege," exclaimed Meave, springing up and commencing to descend the path. "I will not listen to you."

"But you will wait for me, won't you? Have a care there! It is more than steep."

The girl made no answer, but striking her long alpenstock on the loose stones lying thick on the path, went steadily down till she had passed the great rock jutting half across the road, and was hidden from sight. Half vexed, half surprised, Paul followed.

"Who could have dreamed of her taking fire at that?" quoth he, coming after her on the double-quick. "What an incomprehensible creature!"

Over the incomprehensible creature specially referred to, from the moment that she found herself safely behind the rock, had commenced to loiter, for, notwithstanding her haste, she had the small-est intention of making the descent alone; and when she heard him coming registered the fact by a sudden increase of rush of her feet down the path and back to her heart, and a little joyful tingle to her very finger-ends; for she was a woman, and afraid less to be afraid made him ruly indignant. And then, to cheat herself doubtless, I don't know but she, unmeasured to herself, her going calmly walking fast and carelessly, stepped on a loose stone that turned even under her light weight, and twisted her ankle she said to the ground with a little cry of pain. Paul saw, and made but a bound of it to where she lay; but she put him on one side with a wave of the hand and an angry flush.

"It is nothing. I can get on very well by myself," and rising to her feet she took a few steps forward, turned pale, staggered, and would have fallen but for his quick grip.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I shall not listen to you, but make you hear reason. You poor little thing, see how you have hurt yourself by your perversity!"

"It is only my ankle," she answered, faintly trying to free herself from him. "I am a mere sprain; and I used it too carelessly. I can walk alone."

"Witness the notable example you have just afforded us," said Paul, coolly. "Really I am very sorry, since you so choose to misunderstand me; but I have no remedy. You can not get down the hill alone."

Meave looked hopelessly along the rugged path.

"Pleasant, this! I wonder if ever any one was so intolerably careless and absurd before?"

"Is it really so dreadful, then?" asked Paul, softly.

"What?"

"The thought that I shall be of some small service to you."

"I was not speaking of you, but of my own awkwardness."

"Pardon me, but isn't that an evasion? Don't the rights of the matter lie in the fact that you must now lean on me?"

Meave colored to the very temples.

"You don't understand."

"I think I do. I could, at least, under ordinary circumstances; but I can hardly tell why you should find these weights with me. Why not accept my help lovingly, as it is given—now and always?"

Meave was silent, perhaps from pain; but there is a silence more eloquent than words; and the blush that followed it, and was assuredly not a tone of anger as they commenced their wearisome journey homeward. Wearisome, for though Paul half hung the girl entirely on her arm, grace and tenderness as he could, over the rough way, the pain of motion was intense, forcing her at short intervals to rest and sit down, and filled the veins of a necessity unavoidable, causing her keenest distress, though she heroically kept back its expression. So the afternoon sun fell cold upon the distant hills, with their velvety mass of trees, changed first to purple and then to burning amethystine splendor as the sun went down; the shadows grew longer, and wove themselves together, and covered all the valley, and the mountain remained; the cows came lazily along the cool roads, bowing and tinkling their little bells; and the people staying at the hotel, who were lounging about the grounds in that expectant state that marks the close bordering on the supper hour, as Paul and Meave passed by. He glanced mischievously at his pale companion.

"Why should I? Are you assured you are not one of anger as they commenced their wearisome journey homeward. Wearisome, for though Paul half hung the girl entirely on her arm, grace and tenderness as he could, over the rough way, the pain of motion was intense, forcing her at short intervals to rest and sit down, and filled the veins of a necessity unavoidable, causing her keenest distress, though she heroically kept back its expression. So the afternoon sun fell cold upon the distant hills, with their velvety mass of trees, changed first to purple and then to burning amethystine splendor as the sun went down; the shadows grew longer, and wove themselves together, and covered all the valley, and the mountain remained; the cows came lazily along the cool roads, bowing and tinkling their little bells; and the people staying at the hotel, who were lounging about the grounds in that expectant state that marks the close bordering on the supper hour, as Paul and Meave passed by. He glanced mischievously at his pale companion.

"Are you ready to run the gauntlet?"

"Laugh if you like, but you must confess that this is hardly pleasant."

"Nay, if you think I can were not suffering. I should call this one of the most delightful moments of my life."

As he spoke he swung back the gate, and lifting Meave up the steps, brought himself and her face to face with a slender fair-haired girl leaning against one of the trees, and looking at them with an ironical smile. Involuntarily he half withdrew his arm from about Meave's slight waist.

"Lute! Miss Lute!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Aymar. Quite a surprise for us both."

The lady's cold blue eyes were bright with a not too pleasant meaning; the curves about her compressed mouth were unmistakably cruel. Her clear tone was sharp-edged with scorn. Meave looked and knew an antipathy and a foe. Instinctively she tightened her grasp on Paul's arm, and that timid pressure roused in him a novel emotion—a generous indignation. Meeting the cold blue eyes, with a steady composure, and without in their scornful look, he bent over Meave, saying, in a low, distinct, clearest tone, every word honey-sweet, but barbed:

"Poor little child! you are fainting with pain, and I have been unpardonable to listen to you so long. I shall carry you."

And lifting her in his arms he bore her into the house.

Quintus Curtius or Horatius did nothing more heroic, only such according to his nature and capacity. Miss Miller pronounced him a Social Sa-

SAYS Emile Souvestre: "It is astonishing what a small habitation contents Happiness, and how little she requires for furniture!" The following morning found Meave radiant, though her ankle was not a little painful; and for the present mountain-paths and wild-wood odors must be exchanged for a sofa and a quiet room; but then Paul loved her, and he was so good, so noble, so fearless, so deft, so graceful, for there is no such alchemist as a woman in love! In short, here was matter for a week's thinking in the conclescension of this demigod who was pleased to love her; not to mention the remembrance of various little matters, very foolish telling, but pleasant thinking, as when she struck her little foot and cried out spite of herself with the pain, and he held her closer and whispered—it doesn't matter what, but it made her blush and smile even to recall it as she lay there alone; and then the demi-god came early to see her and made his voice morning bright! In truth he was charmed by the sweet face looking out at him from the pillows, and the soft hand resting so trustingly in his own, and would there basin where he had intended one: and even at that Meave saw him go with a little sigh, but instantly checked herself for selfishness, and then thought of him all the afternoon, and dreamed of him all night.

Five enchanted days slipped away after this fashion, and helped Meave comfortably half-way down the ladder from her Eden without her guessing at it.

A note and a bouquet commenced the other half.

"Paul sends you these, but he could not altogether neglect Miss Mellen, who was so anxious for a scramble to High Rocks."

The next day Meave regularly forced to go with a party to High Peak," and so on till one morning came no Paul, no note, no flowers, and Meave was not conscious of the fact that among the facts with the door of her Paradise shut fast behind her—slammed at that! Paul had small notion of softening the blow by an intuition in fact as to all that it needed softening. The thing was getting to be a bore, and he was off. Voilà tout.

Meave waited. Fancied twenty times a day that she heard him coming, and pulled out the folds of her dress and straightened her little pet Mrs. Hutton or Derby: sneered at herself, coined excuses for him, did every thing but guess at the reason of his absence; for she was so reasoned, if there was to be a parting, for very shame's sake, for honor's sake, Paul must at least say farewell. Oh, wise Meave!

At last she got leave from her ankle to come down stairs, and one day made her appearance at Mrs. Hutton's sitting-room, just about twilight, and sank down wearily in a fauteuil by the window. It had been a terribly hot day, and the evening, as prophesied rain, even where the heavy masses of cloud broke away, showing only gleams of watery brightness. The air was glanced coldly, creeping low over its stony bed; the mountains looked blackish purple; the cleared hills dull and ghastly, with their stumps among the meadows, looked lonesome and unlively; the wind sounded eerie and hollow. Altogether, this fire-and-a-fire was needed on such a day—had smouldered almost into blackness, and the room was quite deserted, save of that gaze, which, even about whom the shadows gathered and lowered, as if they had been her thoughts taking form.

Into this solitude she meanted, came Paul and Miss Mellen from some mountain wanderings. She swung her hat by its elastic band and pouted; he carried her Alpenstock. A quarrel was in progress between them.

"It is enough that *I* like it, Sir," exclaimed Miss Mellen, with a stamp by the hearth.

"Oh, pardon me! I never suspected you of any such weakness as caring for my opinion."

"Why should I? Hat is for your protégée."

Paul flushed redly.

"May I ask what that is?"

"She—the young person with whom I saw you the first night of my arrival. I don't know her name. She is the object or something of the sort."

"I can not see the connection."

"Only that she is one of your adorers."

"The question is of your adorers, not mine."

"Explain."

"I think you were talking of me."

Miss Mellen tossed her shoulders.

"That is an evasion. You can not deny that it was a question."

"What would you have? One must pass the time. You can't be always doing nature. You take those things as you do your summer clothes, and slip them as you would an old shooting-jacket at the end of the season."

"I shall remember that."

"As you like. But is it not absurd in us to quarrel?"

Meave could see that he had taken her hand and was bending over it; but Lute snatched it from him hastily.

"Some one is coming."

"I hear no one."

"It is Miss Hutton. I know her step. I shall not stay to be bored;" and, catching up her hat, she fled by way of the dining-room as Mrs. Hutton came in at the usual entrance. Paul had time for escape; but he sat so quietly that the worthy soul might not have spied him in the dusk; and he had the satisfaction over him as we gloried about the hearth. At that she recoiled with a scream.

"Mr. Aymar! Bless me!"

"Are you serious, Mrs. Hutton?" asked Paul, gravely. "I should hardly think my benediction worth very much."

"Sakes! how you frightened me! I didn't know as you was back."

"Miss Mellen was fatigued, and the day was so dreary, that we went no further than that last cleared rock."

"A few years ago, and there wasn't such a thing as a cleared place any where," observed Mrs. Hutton, smugly, sitting down before the fire; "and it seems half a pity now to think of all those noble trees laid low: oaks and pines, older than I be by years enough! Still, there's always a pleasant thought for me in a field like that, ugly as it looks; for I say to myself, There, that's the way God deals with my heart, and with the heart of all them he loves. He burns away in the fires of his afflictions all the hopes and loves that stunt Him out from us, and lays in ashes the shabby weeds we have pride, and the strength on which we leaned; and then our lives look hateful to us, with nothing left but the thinking and the wishing that had been, just like them stumps; and when they take deep root, and seem unwilling like to quit the soil, why, then He comes and lays the axe to them, and burns, till He has burned them fairly out; and then the plants his precious seed, and we bring forth fruit to His glory, and the sun shines just as the grain and grass cover the blackened ground and the charred stumps."

"Quite likely. I dare say you are right," said Paul, indifferently, sauntering to the window by way of closing the argument. It was the window in which Meave sat; and as he stood there looking out at the dark, his fingers chancing to rest on the fauteuil, encountered a little hand lying on its arm. He started, and looked down.

"Meave! it isn't possible! I didn't think that you were here."

"You need hardly tell me that."

"You mean you were here—when—"

"Miss Mellen came in with you? Yes."

She spoke calmly, only with a strained clearness, in which the tone likewise might have detected a tremble, sooner or later to break down in sobs.

Paul stood an instant stunned. He could just see the pale face against the dark cushion, the listless figure lying wearily back. She stirred, and he caught the violet odor of which she was so fond. The fire burned up, and Meave's quiet little figure perched on the old pine trunk, of the white hand that clung to him, of the dark deep eyes looking up into his as he helped her down the mountain road. The old love and tenderness came back on him like a flood. He bent over her, murmuring,

"Meave, listen: don't condemn me yet."

But she would be on his knees against her breath, but every word clear and unmistakable.

"Paul, don't you see that, even were you the same, I could never think of you as I did once? I never knew you till now."

Mrs. Hutton caught the last words and recognized the voice.

"Miss Gilchrist! you there! Why, when did you come back? I never was so glad in all my life!"

"If you will be so good, Mrs. Hutton. It is so stupid when you can neither see nor slir about."

Still Meave protested, seeing on Mrs. Hutton's temporary absence.

"You have not heard me. Is it justice to condemn me unheard?"

She pushed him from her with something like abhorrence.

"Is not bad enough as it is. Don't make me quite hate you!"

Mrs. Hutton came back with candles.

"Mrs. Hutton," asked Meave, faintly, "isn't there something in the Bible like this—" Woe unto it for the world because of; for the shadows of the evening are stretched out?"

"Jeremiah, sixth, fourth," answered the old lady, promptly.

"I should like to have that on my tombstone, then," continued the young girl, turning her head wearily on the pillows.

"The Lord preserve us!" and Mrs. Hutton stood staring.

The door from the hall opened, not too gently, and a wave of joking, laughing, flowing skirts and talk, with one or two shawl-capped heads appearing hopelessly in their midst, rolled in upon them—half a dozen people, in fact, talking all together; and foremost of the party was Miss Mellen, holding in her hand a pretty girl in traveling-dress, Vivia Barclay, one of the new-comers.

"But I want to see Meave, Meave Gilchrist," cries this last, in a pretty despair. "I came here because she—Why there she is now! Meave, you darling, why didn't you speak?" and flying across the room she kissed her vigorously on cheeks and lips, a proceeding which Miss Mellen inspected through her glass.

"Lute, come here," called Vivia; "you must know Meave. How have you come to make a certain stranger? Oh, that ankle has kept you prisoner. How did you sprain it, dear? Is it very painful now?"

Here a gentleman disentangled himself from the group at the door, and came up to the fauteuil, smiling.

Meave looked at him doubtfully.

"Is it your brother, Vivia?"

"Yes—and Paul. I do know you already through my report. Do you find us alike? Gérard, you can sit here, but remember I am not special grace. I am to do the talking; you may look, however."

Gérard smiled slightly, holding out his hand, but the languid fingers on the arm of the fauteuil made no move to meet them. At that he darted a keen, inquiring look at the face, fair, and round, and baby-like, with all the bright hair drawn away from it under the little lace cap, but now, with gravity sweetness and indifference—nothing more.

All this time Miss Mellen was sitting with them, had not at once partially turned away toward a little table on which she had scattered her furs, and keeping haughty silence as she sorted them. Some one stepped through the long open window and joined her thus sitting there—some one in whose dark bright face was neither weariness nor sadness, but bearing himself with an elastic grace, and after a half-sauntered, half-appealing fashion, whose charm was well and listlessly remembered by her. Paul silent, and Meave, in the spite of herself. Their talk was inaudible, but sound was not needed for its translation, for from under his long lashes his eyes

shone at their interment, fall into Lute's cold face that drooped before him, blushing, disturbed, and unable to tear his look; and his fingers had found and taken possession of her hand, not in the shadow but in clear open light; and Meave must endure it as the worshipers of Dagon the night of their prostrate god, the votaries of Greek jackets, Alexandra curls, and a thousand stolider fooleries, making a horrible meaningless noise in Meave's tortured ears. She looked wildly about for way of escape, and glancing at Gérard met his steady, intelligent look. Now there are some extremities of the soul, when hard bested and pressed down out of measure, electric intuition seizes the veins and forces the blood, nerves quicken to sense and muscles into sudden action, leaving swift thought far behind; and as it thundered out to this stranger, this acquaintance of a day, he gave her, she turned, and bundling out her hands, formed with her lips the words, "Help me!" words and gesture alike scarcely noticeable, but Gérard comprehended. He turned to his sister:

"Miss Gilchrist is tired with all this talking, and you are yet in your travelling dress. I will take her in my charge. Miss Gilchrist, I am sure this light is distressing you;" and without more ado he wheeled her chair, so as to face the window, made of the curtains a tolerably effective screen, and sat down beside her as sentinel.

"Is that better?" he asked, softly.

Meave looked up at him with grateful eyes. She was wondering at the quickness with which he had understood and answered her appeal, at her own daring in making it, and looking at him for the clew. He was not ugly, for in repose his features her specially handsome; simply a well-bred gentleman, with a quiet of manner, full of rest and strength, that unconsciously enough seemed to surround her with an atmosphere of peace, in the fair, cool asleep. Gérard looked gravely into the fair clearing face.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured, "some day she shall tell me all about it;" and left her nonsensically.

The windows of the Pagoda looked directly on the shore, hard white beach and gray sea stretching away under the low sky, all in full view; and gazing out on it a few days later and in close, moulding in her thought Mrs. Hutton's words—"He burns away in the fires of his affections the lives and hopes that are dear to us," Lucy in ashes the shade in which we took pride, the strength in which we trusted. Pain had come to Meave, and though finding no bud. The old dreariness and loneliness were back upon her, and doubled. Was there a God who cared to be in all this? She could not tell; she stretched out her hands into an abyss of dark and cold when she thought of him. Of one thing she was certain, that nothing human should again win her to trust and belief. The smart of betrayal was too bitter she thought, listening to the soothing sea and roll of the water.

At the window opposite sat Vivia, traces of deep care on her fresh face.

"If you can only not such an impracticable love," she said, presently.

Meave roused herself.

"What?"

"I was saying, dear, that your tulle specter was quite fresh (you have never even worn it, have you?), and it needs only a little Valenciennes with a velvet rim through the beading; and I have scenes of tulle for the skirt, and we two can make it up in a day and a half. We couldn't trust any of these sewing women here, you know, and I always did so long to see you in a tulle dress! It seems your specialty; pure, and floating, and mistlike—you would look like a lily and a cloud."

"If you would only tell me what this is all about?" put in Meave, resignedly.

"The dress that you are to wear to-morrow evening."

"This, my dear; no other, I assure you. I am not going to wear absurd suits."

"And why not?"

"I am not in the humor."

But Gérard thinks it will benefit you."

Vivia was an unwise general there. She emptied her arsenal of her last and strongest argument, and in vain.

Meave smiled in sweet scorn.

"Gérard is very kind, but I could not imagine myself in such a place."

Vivia commenced to pout.

"That is too bad, when I had planned all your dress so nicely. You could not bring up your dreadful consistency and talk wise and proper about duty and service, for it would absolutely not-you nothing—but to be obliging; I am truly disappointed. I did so long to go."

"You will go."

Vivia saw her advantage and seized it.

"Not a step without you."

"Vivia, that wave could go as well as I."

Vivia pouted and went to look for her brother.

"Gérard, she won't go."

"How do you know?"

"She says so."

"Oh! is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"All things earthly are subject to change, even a lady's whim."

"But don't you see (with an impatient shrug of the shoulders), even if she should recollect—and then that is the extent of hope as to that, for she is perfect rock, quite as bad as you are—it would be too late?"

Gérard patted the velvet cheek, and smiled into the tragic eyes.

"Why, Pussy?"

"The dress, you dear old stupid—her dress! It is all a thing of the future as yet. It has to be made."

"Set a woman at work on it."

"My dear Gérard, there isn't a soul here who can do such a thing."

"Well, commence it then yourself, and say nothing to her about it. She will go."

"Gérard, you don't know her. I never saw such obstinacy in my life."

"If she don't go, I will give you—"

"An India shawl?" interrupted Vivia, breathless.

"If you prefer that."

"And remember, I am to select it. Oh! I am quite sure of it! I know she won't go."

"We shall see. You go and commence your mauve-making."

At that Vivia flew back to her room, and commenced a furious rummaging in drawers and boxes, and Gérard's knock sounded on Meave's door.

"Will you ride this afternoon?"

Meave assented cordially enough, for with Gérard she found neither loneliness nor weariness. He possessed a rare gift—that of timely silence, directly intuitively when words were best, and still, by a subtle power of active sympathy, so keeping pace with her thought, and even answering it by look and smile, that she had always a pleasant sense of companionship, of feeling, keenest of all delights.

So now with a sense of perfect rest she gave herself to the pleasure of their swift bowling over the beach, breeze blowing, clouds flying, dragging blood bounding faster and faster, sad lips parting in smiles, eyes beginning to brighten. On a sudden Gérard pulled up, and, leaving the Pagoda far behind, out of sight, so also the few straggling houses neighboring it. The sea stretched away on their right, pale and shining, the flat country on their left, desolate but for the golden glamour of that soft afternoon, still as if forgotten of life.

She sighed softly.

"That is a sad habit," said Gérard.

"Sighing! I can not help it."

"How unfortunate! You must be deplorably low, and yet you look at the very vigor of health."

Meave laughed in spite of herself.

"I am not always happy."

"I have known certain atheroic people who took a lazy delight in their misery," pursued Gérard, without seeming to notice that interjection. "Some, indeed, They had not courage for the probing and dressing of their wounds, and went about refusing proper remedies and assistance, and half had grown positively wedded to their wretchedness."

"Are not some wounds incurable?" asked Meave, softly.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small."

Meave was silent, and Gérard, turning the horses' heads toward home, was silent also till within sight of the Pagoda, and then—

"I have to ask a favor, and you will go with Vivia to-morrow evening?" he said.

"I should like a quiet evening vastly better."

"Doubtless; but instead I ask a peasant, but this is a favor to me."

"That makes going a necessity."

Gérard smiled his triumph and his thanks as he sprang out to help her from the wagon. Meave was half pleased, half vexed, and went up to Vivia with a very old face indeed.

"Vivia, I have decided to go if that unfortunate shirt can be finished in time."

Vivia looked out, wonder-stricken, from the floating mass in which she was half buried.

"After the ball?"

"What?"

"Nothing, dear; only this is your skirt, and it is more than half done. I have been busy over it all the afternoon, and Guy Peyntz is in despair. You know I promised to ride with him?"

"Why, this morning I said that I should not go."

"Oh! but Gérard said that you would."

That was her revenge for the shawl and Guy Peyntz. Meave grew scarlet.

"Really—"

"He always brings about events to his liking," pursued Vivia, carelessly. "It is my belief that he wears a fairy ring, or carries Aladdin's lamp in his pocket."

"And he told you that I would go?"

"Certainly, or I should hardly have spent my afternoon with this instead of Guy Peyntz."

At that Meave tossed aside her hat, and seizing a thimble, began to sew. That afternoon's work, and the sacrificed Guy Peyntz, weighed down the scales. Spite of indignant pride she must go. To bring all that labor to naught and make of Guy a useless victim was manifestly impossible; but the tulle over which she had sighed so long and the things she looked at as she sat there, revolving how best to be adamant where she had been wax. Being a woman for all that, she looked at them occasionally thought how all this mist might become her, though, when it was quite finished, and, for the first time, she made open confession. Rolls, puffs, rats, mice, cataracts, braids, she would have none of; vowed that she would be Diaphanie and beauties of that order. The pyramids, or skulls of stone, might safely bear about those mighty masses of frizzing, but not mere mortal heads. Feathers she scoffed at, and cut of the flowers sent her by Gérard those but one; but when the wedding was done, and Vivia reduced to dumb despair, she brushed away the hair from her forehead, and called it in bright and simple knots and braids over her cloud-like dress, pinned a broad white lily on her breast, and floated in on Vivia like a fair morning.

That young lady, still at her frizzing, uttered a scream of delight, and was running to embrace her, when she was checked by Meave. "Take care, dear! you will rumple it."

Then Gérard came, and looked shyly, for he already knew the drooping, sorrowful girl through all this white splendor. Something of the kind he said, and she smiled at him in answer—a smile in which lurked a subtle dame of wrath.

"What have I done now?" thought Gérard, perplexed, and standing aside he watched her a while—a calm, clear-eyed Aurora, a snow-glean among the flushed dancers. When the Lava Strome began to sound he went to her. She showed him her tablets, in a gay despair, full to the end.

"I shall not dance them, you know," she said, kindly; "I but give your name in not them. The common look, the proud smile, were clear enough; she was asserting her freedom; punishing him for having prevented her flight away with Guy Peyntz, that, to dance with people whom he had not displeased, but still watching her as she glanced in an occasional look of wrath among the dancers, to serve as a pretext for much promenading in corridors and talking in recesses and moonlit windows.

Fortune is a fickle woman; beholding Gérard's bold front she tossed him the chance for which other men might have labored in vain. He had hardly finished with Guy Peyntz, and looking across the room saw the gentleman in question standing with Meave beside one of the long windows. He went over to them at once.

"Mr. Peyntz, there is a lady in despair about her shawl and skirt. You have been seen with them. If you will aid her in the search I will take Miss Gilchrist in charge."

Meave shook her head, and wrapped her fleecy shawl more closely about her and rested on the piazza; and the moonlight was every where about them, flinging the leaves and pinching the vines and clustering through the thickly-leaved branches, making every thing look like fairyland, filling all the air with a quivering golden enchantment; and the music came in long, delirious bursts through the open windows. Gérard's very handsome face as Meave's slender wrists vainly clashed reproach, as they gazed endlessly up and down, till Vivia came to look for them, and she shawled and hooded. Every one was going, or gone.

Having a better guess at the workings of her little heart than Meave had, Gérard in the course looked for war; but Meave met him sweetly smiling, and he was at a loss, till he reflected that all this making over had not the dazzle and glint of the armor under which she held herself cool and invulnerable. Then he began to see that every thing they had been very much in the habit of using as a sort of boudoir, the girls idling over lovely embroidered and thing-nacks they picked from each Gérard reading; Vivia, who was as restless as a humming-bird, fidgeting secretly, and sharply wishing each other somewhere, interrupting, and found it. It was the bathing hour; every one was going to the beach. Meave bent a little closer over her work: "I am busy, Gérard, I am very busy," and argued. Gérard kept careful silence. Meave did not fail to note this silence, and hastened herself and her retreat, and was rewarded in no such verdict of company! When they had all gone the morning-room resigned silence to Meave.

To get rid of herself Meave wandered into the drawing-room, where she seldom showed herself, and was immediately driven from the door. There were two sorts of bores, one a shade less exceptionable to a woman than the other. In the midst of your torment you could see upon the face of the bore some useful hint respecting the cut of a waist or somebody's character; but the male bore talks slavery or dabbles in love but when he addresses, and when he had gone away came Julia Creighton, and quite filled the room with her smile. Meave, from behind her shoulders high and her elbows stiffly, was pinched in at the waist, and angled all over with little sharp points of crystal and steel, was sweet on Gérard—ergo, was held in abomination of Vivia and Meave. Alas for the softness of human nature! Meave—Miss Creighton was of the gushing order. When Gérard came into the drawing-room she received him as if from the jaws of death.

"And you really are not afraid? But then you gentlemen have so much courage! Now I should die with fear. I wonder at Vivia's courage; she is a daring creature; but there is danger—you will not deny that! There is danger."

Gérard did deny it utterly—then the Creighton again;

"But you see it requires faith and trust. Now I can not believe that it is actually *perfectly* safe. I have such a skeptical nature!"

"Mr. Barcuele will remodel your nature," put in Meave, curling her handsome lips. "He is an adept."

Miss Creighton opened her languid eyes.

"Oh! ah! how droll you are!"

"I assure you I am serious."

"You speak of Mr. Barcuele as a person?"

"Certainly," answered Meave, coolly, but flushing in spite of herself.

"But I should have seen her before," said Gérard, with perfect gravity, "you would be surprised at the improvement."

"There is no improving," pursued Meave, irritated by his composure; "perfect submission. Mr. Barcuele is a veritable tyrant—a perfect despot."

The Creighton uttered a little giggle.

"You are too severe, Miss Gilchrist. How can you say such shocking things?"

"Shocking! it is quite natural. He prefers a small list of accomplishments and capabilities such as have been given him on things weak enough to own such influence."

Not even Gérard, jesting this, but sharp current—spoken with eye and cheek aflame and bitter tone! Miss Creighton looked from one to another, and when all Gérard's face lightened with some emotion that was gone on the instant; while Meave sat in that savage hush that comes at such times, her own words ringing mercilessly in her ears. At last way of escape came. Gérard found even that for her, and she stole away as miserable a thing as ever went down a garden-path. She was ashamed to look at Vivia, she had so very much the better of having stabbed in the good little thing, who quite adored her brother; and to think that since she came into this house of all malicious, spiteful things could choose no other witness than Miss Creighton! His must hate her, and despise her, too, and that thought was intolerable, because she deserved it. She would at least have tried to atone herself above his contempt by making such reparation as was possible; but if he chose that she should feel a quenching of distance and division between them that she could by no means pass, what remained but to sink down quietly with this tangled skein of her own spinning? Nothing, for a weaker kind and courage; but she, choosing to find him one day on the beach, went to him, and sat sweeping on one side, and coming up to him said, resolutely,

"Mr. Barcuele, I have something to say to you."

He looked down at her curiously. There was such an odd mixture of shamefacedness and daring about her.

"I am sorry that I spoke to you as I did before Miss Creighton," went on Meave, hurriedly, for she felt her courage going.

"And I, also, should have troubled yourself with an apology. It needed none."

Meave put that aside with a peremptory wave of the hand.

"That is conventional. Please don't. I am going to be sincere. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. That was a lie at the outset. I don't think that you are a tyrant, and I don't believe my—that other, that Vivia knows about your capabilities. Don't laugh. I am in earnest. It was unpardonable and unladylike, and cowardly and mean to speak of you, because I knew that a gentleman you could not defend yourself, and if I could strike one down, my own self-love and acquaintances I would do so with pleasure; and I don't blame you for being displeased as you were."

"How little you know me," he said, and looked, but pained. You spoke with such earnestness that I fancied that, after all, you hated me."

Meave's downcast eyes filled with tears—tears that the waves had brought in almost to their feet.

"When I look at this," she said, "I shall remember that I am a fool, and a flying spray, and pleasant salt-odors."

"You are going to-morrow?"

"I need at least five days before the opening of my school."

Then they sauntered lazily home with talk as idle as the free wind blowing about them, and the next morning she went away.

Meave possessed considerable administrative talent. She took a certain pleasure in the ordering of her school, in the nice working of its systems, in the strange power it gave her with which to hold its power; and now she threw herself with double zeal into its details, working as if she were really afraid of leisure, and of thought, and of pain. The bitterness of her pain was gone; and when she recalled Mr. Barcuele's words, it was only with a sense of consciousness that she charred and blackened field of her life was unspringing with a new and tender growth, and that it was stronger, braver, better for her fiery trial. She grew a little thin, however, perhaps from the unrest sparring her sometimes at night, and the fact that she reached to see her on her return, deplored the change feelingly.

"You were getting so well! If you could but have staid with us! It was lovely, though Gérard was so disconcerted. I really never thought him unreasonable before."

Meave smiled faintly.

"Did he come with you?"

"Only to the city. He has gone West."

Then the conversation branched off, and the downfall of poor Vivia's skirt. Could it have been for that Meave cried an hour when Vivia had gone?

The days went on, until Meave, coming one evening into her library with a sigh of relief, found some one sitting there quietly in the dim light—Gérard.

"I have been home three hours," was his salutation, "and my first visit is here."

"That is kind—rather than I expected."

"You put small faith in any child of man."

"Why should I?"

"It is so much more comfortable."

"Yes, if there were no future."

"A discussion of it would be out of place? I think we should stop to quarrel."

"If you choose, I will agree with all you say."

"Promise me that."

Meave looked up, surprised.

"You would not like me?"

"For the next half hour."

She made an impatient gesture.

"I never did like you."

"Shall I speak plainly?"

And he had, for of all her assumed indifference, she was getting half afraid of the meaning in his eyes, of the deepening and thrilling in his voice.

"Remember you are to play echo. So then—I have missed you intolerably, and I trust you have done so: words which, from the first time I heard them, I watched your sleeping, suffering face in the deep window of Mrs. Hutton's room till that day on the sands, when you turned it toward me, smiling, saucy, and defiant, I have loved you. Dear echo, say, I have loved you."

Blushing scarlet, between anger and surprise, Meave sprang to her feet, exclaiming,

"This is unpardonable—it is just, and unworthy of you, Sir;" but Gérard seized her hand and drew her back beside him, and gathered her close to him.

"Oh, Meave! there is no jesting. Are you so blind, or are you willful? Child, since I have known you every purpose of my heart has been centred in that one intent to win you."

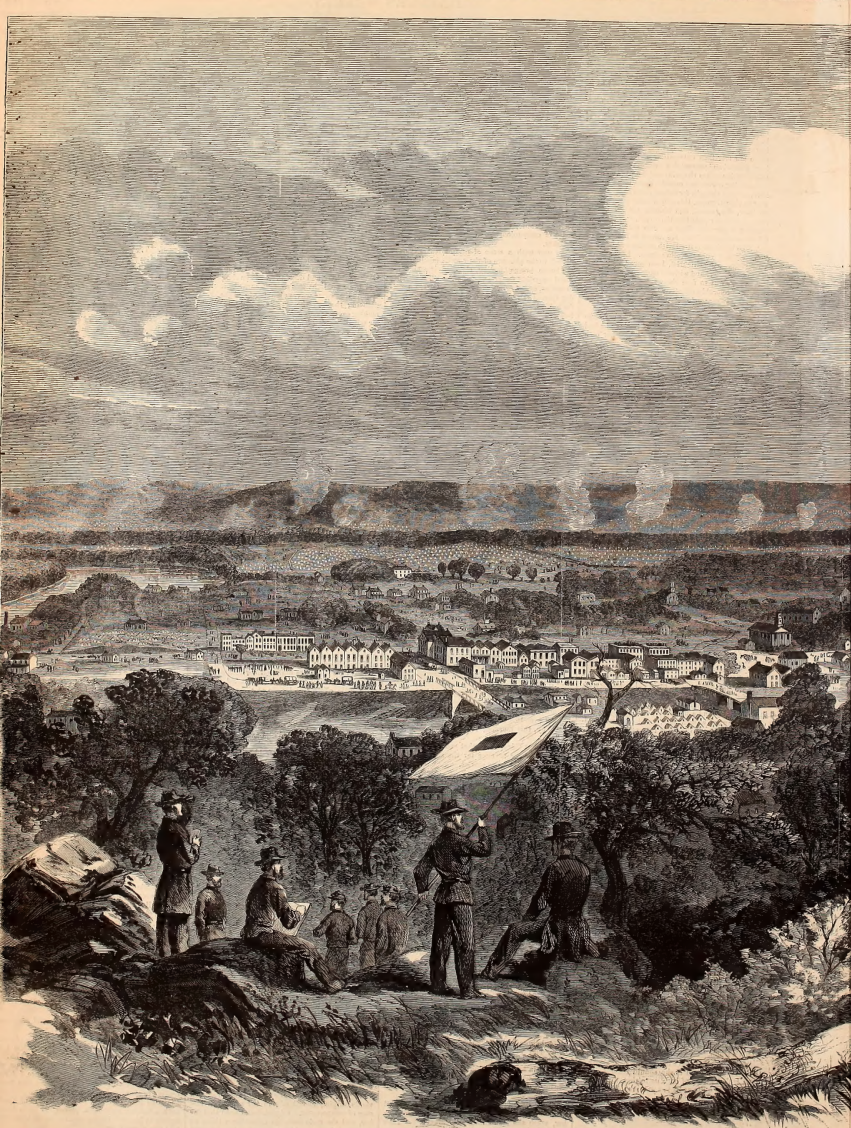
Meave glanced round at him shyly, and then, with a sudden movement, placed her little hand lightly in his, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, told him about Paul.

"I know all that," he answered, softly, "and I feared lest you would find it hard to trust me."

"But I do trust you."

"Wholly?"

"Entirely."



GENERAL VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA AND UNION ENCAMPMENTS—REBEL ARMY BEYOND BR



LT OF TIMBER—FROM OUR SIGNAL STATION.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.

VERY HARD CASH

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A REPORT came round that the asylum was open in the rear. A rush was made thither from the front; and this limited the crowd considerably: so then Mrs. Dodd was got out by the help of some humane persons, and carried into the nearest house, more dead than alive. There she found Mrs. Archbold in a pitiable state. That lady had been looking on the fire, with the key in her pocket, by taking which she was like to be a murderess: her terror and remorse were distracted, and the room had thrown her into violent hysterics. Mrs. Dodd plucked up a little strength, and characteristically enough tottered to her assistance, and called for the best remedies, and then took her hand and pressed it, and whispered soothingly that both were safe, meaning David and Edward. Mrs. Archbold thought she meant Alfred and David: this new shock was as good for her as cold water: she became quiet, and presently gulped out, "You saw them? you knew them (jump) all that way off?"

"Yes!" (Jump.) Mrs. Dodd, "why one was my husband, and the other my son." Mrs. Archbold gave a sigh of relief. "Oh, madam," continued Mrs. Dodd, "the young fireman, who went and saved my husband, was my own son, my Edward, my darling, oh, I am a happy wife, a proud mother:" she could say no more for tears of joy, and while she wept deliciously, Mrs. Archbold cried also, and so invigorated and refreshed her cunning, and presently she perked up and told Mrs. Dodd boldly that Edward had been seduced, but that he was gone home to his better fellow him, or he would be anxious. "But my poor husband!" objected Mrs. Dodd.

"He is safe," said the other; "I saw him (jump) with an attendant."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dodd, with meaning, "that other my son rescued was an attendant, was he?"

"Yes." (Jump.)

She then promised to take David under her especial care, and Mrs. Dodd consented, though reluctantly, to go home.

To her surprise Edward had not yet arrived, and Julia was sitting up, very anxious; and flew at her with a shriek, and kissed her copiously; and then, drawing back her head, searched the matronly eyes for news. "Oh, Mrs. Dodd, you may well look," said Mrs. Dodd. "Oh my child! what a night this has been;" and she took into a chair, and sobbed up her story. Julia settled down in them directly, and in that position Mrs. Dodd told all the night's work, told it under a most unfavorable summary of pale, embellished and interrupted, the strange tale was hardly ended when a manly step came up the stairs, and both ladies pressed each other and were still as mice, and in walked a fireman with a wet lover, and a blackened head with sandals. She flew at him with a gurgle of the first degree, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed both his blackened cheeks and his head again, crying, "Oh, my own, my precious, my sweet, brave darling; kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, you are a hero, a Christian hero, like Paul's, like Paul's!" Mrs. Dodd checked her impetuous career by asking pitcously if his mother was not to have him. To his shame, Edward had to drop his head, and soak with him at Mrs. Dodd's knees, and she held him at arm's length and looked at him, and then drew him close and enfolded him, and thanked God for him; and then they both embraced him at once, and interwoven hair leaves knows how, and poured the wealth of their wowmly hearts out on him in a torrent and nearly made him sea-sick. But presently something in his face struck Mrs. Dodd, accustomed to read her children. "Is there any thing the matter, love?" she inquired, anxiously. He looked down and said, "I am dead sleepy, mamma, for one."

"Of course he is, poor child," said Julia, doing the sub-maternal; "wait till I see every thing is comfortable." And she left and turned suddenly at the door with "Oh, you darling! and up to his bedroom, and put more coals on his fire, and turned everybody out of it.

Mrs. Dodd seized the opportunity. "Edward, there is something amiss."

"Alfred is safe," said he, dryly. "But I thought if I told you before her you might scold me."

"Scold you, love? Never. Hush! I'll come to you soon by-and-by."

Soon after they all bade each other good-night; and pres. Mrs. Dodd came and tapped softly at her son's door, and found him with his vest and coat off and a helmet standing on the table reflecting a red coal; he was seated by the fire in a brown study, smoking. She apologized not effectually for her intrusion, and was going away. "No, no," said she, suppressing a cough, "not if it does you good."

"Well, mother, when you are in a fix smoke is a soother, you know; and I'm in a regular fix."

"A fix!" sighed Mrs. Dodd, resignedly: and waited patiently, all ears.

"Mamma," said the fire-warrior, becoming speculative under the dreamy influence of the weed, "I wonder whether such a muddle ever was before. When a man is grappling with fire, what with the heat, and what with the excitement, his wits are all in a hundred and one, and his brain all in a whirl, and he scarce knows what he is doing till after it is done. But I've been thinking of it all since. (Puff.) There was my poor little mamma in the mob; I double myself up for my spring, and I go at the window, and through it; now on this side of it I hear my mother cry, 'Edward! come down;' on the other side I fall on two men perishing in an oven: one is my own father, and the other is, how do you think? Why, Mr. Wreech."

Mrs. Dodd held up her hands in mute amazement.

"I had promised to break every bone in his skin at our first meeting; and I kept my promise by saving his skin and bones, and life and all." (Puff.)

Mrs. Dodd groaned aloud. "I half suspected it," she said, feebly. "That will screw, that bangs the grate? But no; you are mistaken, Mrs. Archbold told me positively he was an attendant."

"Then she told you a cracker. It was not an attendant, but a madman, and that madman was Alfred Hardie, upon my soul! Our Julia's amusing bridegroom."

He smoked on in profound silence, waiting for his mother to ask him the key in her chirrupiest mute and all relaxed, as if the news had knocked her down.

"Come, now," said Edward, at last; "what is to be done? May I tell Julia? that is the question."

"Not for the world," said Mrs. Dodd, shocked into energy. "Would you blight her young life forever in such a way? why? You must please him that, if Alfred's sad state came to Julia's ears, all her love for him would revive, and she would break with Mr. Hardie, and never more marry all her life. I see no end to her misery," continued Mrs. Dodd, with a deep sigh; "and I had set my heart on her marrying a man from a mad-house (why this exact lunatic-house every day); she would be always going to see him, and trying to nurse her duty and her unhappy love. No, no; let me be a widow with a living husband, if it is God's will, but keep her my happy days. But my child she shall not be so withered in the flower of her days for any man than ever breathed. Oh, if I can, I can." The mother could utter no more for emotion.

"Well," said Edward, "you know best, generally speaking; but a widow! I disobey you. But concealments are bad things too. We used to go with our hearts open. Ah!" (Puff.)

"Edward," said Mrs. Dodd, after due consideration, "the best thing is to marry her to Mr. Hurd at once. He has spoken to me for me, and I consulted her."

"Has he? Well, and what did she say?"

"She said she would not marry at all, but live and die with me. Then I pressed her a little, you know. Then she did say she could never marry but a man who knew and had lost her poor Alfred. And then I told her I thought Mr. Hurd could make her happy, and she would make him happy if she could esteem him, and marry him."

"Well, mamma, and so she could."

"Why then your child gave me a look that haunts me still—a look of unutterable love, and reproach, and resignation, and despair, and burst into tears so piteously I could say no more. Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

"Don't you cry, mammy dear," said Edward. "Ah, I remember when a tear was a wonder in our house." And the fire-warrior sucked at his cigar to stop a sigh.

"And n-now n-not a d--day without them," sighed Mrs. Dodd. "But you have cost me more, my precious boy."

"I'm waiting my time. (Puff.) Mamma, take my advice; don't you fidget so. Just things will go very hurry here, and very sorry, Mr. Hurd, or any body? Look here; I'll keep dark to please you, if you'll keep quiet to please me."

At breakfast-time came a messenger with a line from Mrs. Archbold. Mrs. Archbold had escaped from Drayton House, in company with another dangerous maniac.

Mrs. Dodd received the blow with a kind of desperate resignation. She rose quietly from the table without a word, and went to put on her bonnet, leaving her daughter in the house; for she did not at once see all that was implied in the communication, and that was a flight on foot to Drayton House. The firemen have saved one half of that building: the rest was a black shell. Mrs. Archbold came to Mrs. Dodd's lodgings, and told them two keepers were already scouring the country, and an advertisement sent to all the journals.

"Oh, madam!" said Mrs. Dodd, "if the other should hurt him, or lead him somewhere to his death!"

Mrs. Archbold said she might dismiss this fear. Patient in question was a gentle lunatic, and though horribly dangerous when thwarted in that, was most intelligent in a general way, and much attached to Mr. Dodd; they were always together.

A strange expression shot into Mrs. Dodd's eye, she pinched Edward's arm to keep him quiet, and said with feigned indifference:

"Then it was the one who was in such danger with my husband, was it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold, off her guard. It had cost her a great deal to get this handsome, fashionably-dressed young gentleman to be a fireman of last night. She saw her mistake, though, the moment she said, blandly, "Why you told my mother it was an attendant."

"Did I, madam?" asked Mrs. Archbold, mighty innocently: "I suppose I thought so. Well, I was mistaken, unfortunately."

Mrs. Dodd was silent a moment, then, somewhat faintly, Mrs. Archbold thought. She told the captain to drive to an old acquaintance of ours, Dr. Outerey. Once with that detective on his own account. He was not at his office, but in. They put their heads together, and Green closed down the asylum with a myrmidon, while Mrs. Dodd went into the City to obtain leave of absence from Cross and Co. This was politely declined at first, but on Mrs. Dodd showing symptoms of leaving them altogether, it was conceded. She returned home with Edward, and there was Mr. Green; he had actually traced the fugitives by broken fences, and occasional footsteps in the side-clay of ditches, so far as to have no doubt they had got upon the great south-eastern road. Then Mrs. Dodd had a female inspiration. "The Dover road! ah! my husband will make for the sea!"

"I shouldn't wonder, being a sailor," said Green: "it is a pleasure to work with a lady like you, that puts in a good hint. Know any thing about the other one, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd looked puzzled at this off-hand question. But it was a natural one for Green to ask.

She said, gravely, "I do. To my cost."

Green's eye sparkled, and he took out his note-book. "Now where is *he* like to make for?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed to wince at the question, and then turned her eyes inward to divine. The result was given a downright shudder, and she said, evasively, "Being with David, I hope and pray he will be in safe custody."

"No, no," said Green, "it won't do to count on that altogether. How do we know which of the two will lead the way? You must please to put Mr. Dodd out of the question, ma'am, for a moment. Now we'll say No. 2 is escaped alone: where is he likely to ruffle?"

Mrs. Dodd thus pressed, turned her eyes more and more inward, and said at last in a very low tone, and full of concentrated horror,

"He will come to my house."

Mr. Green said, quite eagerly. The lady's emotion was nothing to him; the hint was invaluable, the combination interesting. "Well, ma'am, that's right. I'll post a good man in sight of your door: and I'll take the Dover road directly with my drag. My teeth weren't strong enough for the nut you gave me to crack: let us try this one. Tom Green isn't often beat twice running."

"I will go with you, Mr. Green."

"Honored and proud, ma'am. But a lady like you in my dog-cart along o' me and my mate!"

Mrs. Dodd waived this objection almost contemptuously, and was ready to go now.

It was agreed that Green should drive round for her in an hour. He departed for the present, and Edward went off to lie in the dog-cart too, but she told him no; she wanted him at home to guard his sister.

"Guard her! Against what?"

"Can you ask me that? Why, against 'the Wretch.'" Then seeing him look puzzled, "Consider, love," she said, "he is not like poor poor father: he has not forgotten. That advertisement, Aileen Aroon, it was from him, you know. Now they dote he attach himself so to poor papa? Don't you see it is because he is Julia's father. The wretch loves her still."

Edward from puzzled looked very grave. "What a hand you have for reasons! He said" I should never have seen all this, yet it's plain enough now, as you put it."

"Yes it is plain. Julia darling is betrothed to a maniac; that maniac loves her; and much I fear she loves him. Some new calamity is impending. Oh, my son, I feel it already heavy on my heart. What is it to be? Is your father to be the destruction, or will that furious wretch burst in upon your sister, and kill her, or perhaps kill Mr. Hurd, if he catches them together. Edward, you must happen now! I'll very air seems to me swarming with calamities."

"Oh I'll take care of all that," said Edward. And he comforted her a little by promising faithfully not to let Julia go out of his sight till her return.

She put on a plain traveling-dress. The dogcart came. She slipped fifty sovereigns into the principal of her purses, and off they went at a slapping pace. The horse was a great help to them in point of endurance, and his long stride and powerful action raised poor Mrs. Dodd's hopes, and the rushing air did her good. Green kept on him. Sometimes he put inquiries for some miles on the Dover road; but he explained to her that the parties they were after had probably kept off night. "They don't tire, that sort," said Mr. Green.

At Dartford they got a doubtful intimation, on the strength of which he pushed on to Rochester. There he pulled up, deposited Mrs. Dodd at the principal inn, still morning, and scoured the town for intelligence.

He inquired of all the policemen; described the two fugitives, and added out of his intelligence, "Both splashed and dirty."

No, the Bobbies had not seen them.

Then he walked out to the side of the town nearest London, and examined all the dealers in food. At last he found a baker who, early that morning, had two customers, and the one he told mention that hats, "and splashed fearful;" he added, "I thought they had been broken pious; but the other one was quieter: they paid for the bread right enough."

On learning that he entered Rochester hastes, the shrewd Mr. Green made direct to the very nearest stop-shop, and his sagacity was rewarded; the shop-keeper was a chatter-box, and told him yes, two cents out on a frolic had bought a couple of hats of him, and a whole set of shirts, and a lot of other little very respectables, too; but nothing else would satisfy him, but the young one he honored him, and bought them. He took the old ones in exchange.

At that Green offered a sovereign for the old clothes blindfold. The trader instantly asked two pounds, and took thirty shillings.

Green now set the police to scour the town for a gentleman and a common sailor in company, offered a handsome reward, and went to bed in a small inn, with David's clothes by the kitchen fire. Early in the morning he went to Mrs. Dodd's hotel with David's clothes parcelled, and told her his tale. She knew the clothes directly, kissed them, and cried over them: then gave him her hand with a world of gratitude and grace: "What an able man! Sir, you inspire me with great confidence."

"And you me with zeal, ma'am," said the delighted Green. "Why I'd go through fire and water for a lady like you, that pays well, and doesn't grudge a fellow a bit of praise. Now you must eat a bit, ma'am, if it's ever so little, and then we'll take the road; and I'm quite think the parties have left the town, and by their night's work they must be good travelers."

The dog-cart took the road, and the ex-lunatic stepped out thirteen miles an hour.

Now at this moment Alfred and David were bowling along ahead with a perfect sense of security. All that first night, the grandest of his life, Alfred walked on air, and drank the glorious exhilirating breath of Freedom. But when the sun dawned on them, his intoxicating joy began to be dashed with apprehension; baffles and bemired, might they not be suspected and detained by some officious authority?

But the sun broke set that all night. He took a double-bedded room in The Bear, locked the door, put the key under his pillow, and slept till eleven. At noon they were on the road again, and as they swung lustily along in the frosty but kindly air, Alfred's chest expanded, his spirits rose, and he felt a man all over. Unfettered by freedom, youth, and motion, and a little inflated by nervous vanity, his heart, buoyant at his foot, now began to taste aspiring projects: he would indict his own father, and the doctors, and inundate them on the other side of justice, and publicly wipe off the stigma they had cast on him, and meantime he would cure David and restore him to his family.

He loved this harmless companion of his cell, his danger, and his flight; loved him for Julia's sake, loved him for his self. Youth and vanity whispered, "I know more about madness than the doctors; I have seen it closer." It struck him David's raging for him would be one of those unerring instincts that sometimes guide the sick to their cure. And then as the law permits the lunatic to choose his own legist—without a fresh order or certificates—within fourteen days of his escape or detection, he did not think it prudent to show himself in London till that time should have elapsed; so, all things considered, why not hide a few days with David in some insignificant sea-port, and revel in liberty and blue water with him all day long, and in the evening teach him to read and write, and pasted so for his natural element. Alfred hummed him, and an hour after sunset they reached the town of Canterbury. Here Alfred took the same precautions as before, and slept till nine o'clock.

When he awoke, he found David walking to and fro impatiently. "All right, mesmate," said Alfred, "we shall soon be in blue water." He made all haste, and they were on the road again by ten, walking at a gallant pace.

But the night was already falling along about thirty miles behind them. Green inquired at all the turnpikes and vehicles; the scent was cold at last, and he came by chance at Alfred at Canterbury. Green just bolted his gallant horse, and started on foot with just as little delay: entered the town of Folkestone, their pursuers came up to the cross-roads, not five miles behind them.

Alfred went to a good inn in Folkestone, and ordered a steak, then strolled with David by the beach, and gloried in the water with him. Afterdinner dinner was a long time coming, as well," said he. "See there's a nice boat, riding at anchor there."

David snuffed the breeze and his eye sparkled, and he said, "Wind dine east, mesmates." And this remark, slight as it was, was metrical and gave Alfred great delight: strengthened his growing conviction that not for nothing had this change been forced upon him. Was he not the one to cure his own father: for Julia's father was his: he had no other now. "All right," said he, gayly. "we'll soon be on blue water: but first we'll have our dinner, old boy, for I am starving." David said nothing, and went rather doggedly to the inn with him.

The steak was on the table. Alfred told the waiter to open another and David to help as he just ran up stairs to wash his hands. He came down in less than two minutes; but David was gone, and the waiter standing there erect and apathetic like a wooden sentinel.

"Why where is he?" said Alfred.

"Gent's gone out," was the reply.

"And you stood there and let him? you born idiot. Which way is he gone?"

"Don't know," said the waiter, angrily, "I ain't a plicuman. Nose but respectable gents comes here, as does gen's wash something." Alfred darted out and scoured the town; he asked every body if they had seen a tall gentleman dressed like a common sailor: nobody could tell him: there were so many sailors about the port; that which in an inland town would have betrayed the truant concealed him here. A cold perspiration began to gather on Alfred's brow, as he ran wildly all over the place.

He could not find him, nor any trace of him. At last it struck him that he had originally proposed to go to Dover, and spoken of that town to David, though he had now glanced aside, making for the smaller ports on the south

coast: he hired a horse directly, and galloped furiously to Dover. He rode down to the pier, gave his horse to a boy to hold, and ran about inquiring for David. He could not find him: but at last he found a policeman, who told him he thought there was another party on the same lay as himself: "No," said Bobby, correcting himself, "it was two they were after, a gentleman and a sailor. Perhaps you are his mate."

Alfred's blood ran cold. "Pursued! and so hotly!"

"No, no," he stammered; "I suspect I am on the same business." Then he said cunningly (for asylums teach the frankest natures cunning), "Come and have a glass of grog and tell me all about it." Bobby consented, and under its influence described Mrs. Dodd and her companions to him.

But not every body can describe minutely. In the bare outlines, which were all this artist could furnish him, Alfred recognized at once whom do you think? Mrs. Archbold, Dr. Wolf, and his arch-enemy Rooke, the keeper. Doubtless his own mind, seizing on so vague a description, adapted it rather hastily to what seemed probable. Mrs. Dodd never occurred to him, nor that David was the sole, or even the main, object of the pursuit. He was thoroughly puzzled what to do. However, as his pursuers had clearly scoured Dover, and would have found David if there, he made use of their labors and galloped back toward Folkestone. But he took the precaution to inquire at the first turnpike, and there he learned a lady and two men had passed through about an hour before in a dog-cart; it was a wonder he had missed them. Alfred gnashed his teeth. "Curse you," he muttered. "Well, do my work in Folkestone, I'll find him yet, and baffle you." He turned his horse's head westward and rode after David. Convinced that his lost friend would not go inland, he took care to keep near the cliffs, and had ever an eye on the beach when the road came near enough.

About eight miles west of Folkestone he saw a dog-cart going down a hill before him: but there was only a single person in it. However, he increased his pace and got close behind it as it mounted the succeeding hill, which was a high one. Walking leisurely behind it his quick eye caught sight of a lady's veil wrapped round the iron of the seat.

That made him instantly suspect this might be the dog-cart after all. But, if so, how came a stranger in it? He despised a single foe, and resolved to pump this one and learn where the others were.

While he was thinking how he should begin the dog-cart stopped at the top of the hill, and the driver looked seaward at some object that appeared to interest him.

It was a glorious scene. Viewed from so great a height the sea expanded like ocean, and its light-blue waters sparkled and laughed innumerable in the breeze. "A beautiful sight, Sir," said the escaped prisoner; "you may well stop to look at it." The man touched his hat and chuckled. "I don't think you know what I am looking at, Sir," he said politely.

"I thought it was the lovely sea view; so bright, so broad, so *free*."

"No, Sir; not but what I can enjoy that a bit, too: but what I'm looking at is an 'unt. Do you see that little boat? Sailing right down the coast about eight miles off? Well, Sir, what do you think there is in that boat? But you'll never guess. A madman."

"Ah!"

"Curious, Sir, isn't it? a respectable gentleman too he is, and sails well; only stark, staring mad. There was two of 'em in company: but it seems they can't keep together long. *Our* one steals a fisherman's boat, and there he goes, down channel. And now look here, Sir; see this steam-tug smoking along right in front of us, she's after him, and see there's my governor aboard standing by the wheel with a Bobby, and a lady: and if ever there was a lady she's one;" here he lowered his voice. "She's that mad gentleman's wife, Sir, as I am a living sinner."

They both looked down on the strange chase in silence. "Will they catch her?" asked Alfred, at last, under his breath.

"How can we be off it? steam against sails. And if he runs ashore, I shall be there to nab him." Alfred looked, and looked: the water came into his eyes. "It's the best thing that can befall him now," he murmured. He gave the man half-a-crown, and then turned his horse's head and walked him down the hill toward Folkestone. On his arrival there he paid for his horse and his untasted dinner, and took the first train to London, a little dispirited, and a good deal mortified, for he hated to be beat: but David was in good hands, that was one comfort: and he had glorious work on hand, love and justice. He went to an out-of-the-way inn in the suburbs, and, when he had bought a carpet-bag and some linen and other necessaries, he had but one sovereign left.

His heart urged him vehemently to go at once and find his Julia: but alas! he did not even know where she lived; and he dared not at present make public inquiries: that would draw attention to himself, and be his destruction; for Wolf stood well with the police, and nearly always recaptured his truant patients by their aid before the fourteen days had elapsed. He determined to go first to a solicitor, and launch him against his enemies, while compelled to shirk them in his own person. Curious position! Now among his father's creditors was Mr. Compton a solicitor, known for an eccentric, but honorable man, and for success in litigation. Mr. Compton used to do his own business in Barkington, and employ an agent in London: but Alfred remembered to have heard just before his incarceration that he had reversed the parts, and now lived in London. Alfred found him out by the Directory, and called at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn-fields. He had to wait some time in the outer office listening to a fluent earnest client preaching within: but presently a sharp voice broke in upon the drone, and, after a few sentences, Mr. Compton ushered out a client with these remarkable words: "And as for your invention, it has been invented four times before you invented it, and never was worth inventing at all. And you have borrowed two hundred pounds of me in ninety loans, each of which cost me an hour's invaluable time: I hold ninety acknowledgments in your handwriting; and I'll put them all in force for my protection:" with this he turned to his head clerk; "Mr. Colls, take out a writ against this client; what is your Christian name, Sir? I forget."

"Simon," said the gaping client, off his guard.

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Compton with sudden politeness: then resuming hostilities. "A writ in the Common Pleas against Simon Macfarlane: keep it in your drawer, Colls, and if ever the said Macfarlane does me the honor to call on me again, serve him with it on the spot; and if not, not. Good-morning, Sir." And with this he bolted into his own room and slammed its door. The clerks opened the outer door to Mr. Macfarlane with significant grins, and he went out bewildered sorely, yea even like one that walketh abroad in his sleep. "Now, Sir," said Mr. Colls cheerfully to Alfred. But the new client naturally hesitated now: he put on his most fascinating smile, and said: "Well, Mr. Colls, what do you advise? Is this a moment to beard the lion in his den?"

At Alfred's smile and address Colls fell in love with him directly, and assured him, sotto voce, and with friendly familiarity, that now was his time. "Why, he'll be as sweet as honey now he has got rid of a *client*." With this he took Alfred's name, and ushered him into a room piled with japanned tin boxes, where Mr. Compton sat, looking all complacency, at a large desk table, on which briefs, and drafts, and letters lay in profusion and seeming confusion. He rose, and with a benignant courtesy invited Alfred to sit down and explain his business.

The reader is aware our Oxonian could make a close and luminous statement. He began at the beginning, but soon disposed of preliminaries and came to his capture at Silverton. Then Mr. Compton quietly rang the bell, and with a slight apology to Alfred requested Colls to search for the draft of Mrs. Holloway's will. Alfred continued. Mr. Compton listened keenly, noted the salient points on a sheet of brief-paper, and demanded the exact dates of every important event related.

The story finished, the attorney turned to Colls, and said, mighty coolly, "You may go. The will is in my pocket: but I made sure he was a madman. They generally are, these ill-used clients." (Exit Colls.) "Got a copy of the settlement, Sir, under which you take this ten thousand pounds?"

"No, Sir."

"Any lawyer seen it?"

"Oh yes; Mr. Crauford down at Barkington."

"Good! Friend of mine. I'll write to him. Names and addresses of your trustees?"

Alfred gave them.

"You have brought the order on which you were confined, and the two certificates?"

"Not I," said Alfred. "I have begged and prayed for a sight of them, and never could get one. That is one of the galling iniquities of the system—I call it 'THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.' Just bring your mind to bear on this, Sir: The prisoner whose wits and liberty have been signed away behind his back is not allowed to see the order and certificate on which he is confined—until *after* his release: that release he is to obtain by combating the statements in the order and certificates. So to get out he must first see and contradict the lies that put him in; but to see the lies that put him in, he must first get out. So runs the circle of iniquity. Now, is that the injustice of Earth, or the injustice of Hell?"

Mr. Compton asked a moment to consider: "Well, I think it is of the earth, earthy. There's a mixture of Idiocy in it the Devil might fairly repudiate. Young gentleman, the English Statutes of Lunacy are famous monuments of legislatorial incapacity: and indeed, as a general rule, if you want justice and wisdom, don't you go to Acts of Parliament, but to the Common Law of England."

Alfred did not appreciate this observation: he made no reply to it, but inquired, with some heat, "what he could do to punish the whole gang—his father, the certifying doctors, and the mad-house keepers?"

"Humph! You might indict them all for a conspiracy," said Mr. Compton; "but you would be defeated. As a rule, avoid criminal proceedings where you have a civil remedy. A jury will give a verdict and damages where they would not convict on the same evidence. Yours is just one of those cases where Temper says, 'indict!' but Prudence says, 'sue!' and Law, through John Compton, its oracle in this square, says, sue the defendant and no other. Now, who is the true defendant here, or party liable in law?"

"The keeper of the asylum, for one."

"No. If I remember right, all proceedings against him are expressly barred by a provision in the last statute. Let us see."

He took down the statutes of the realm, and showed Alfred the clause, which raises the proprietor of a mad-house above the civic level of a Prince Royal. "Curse the law," said Alfred, bitterly.

"No, don't curse the Law. Curse the Act if you like; but we can't get on without the Law, neither of us. Try again."

"The certifying doctor, Sir?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Compton, knitting his brows: "a jury might give you a verdict. But it would probably be set aside by the full court, or else by a court of error. For, unless you could prove informality, barefaced negligence, or mala fides, what does it come to? A professional man, bound to give medical opinion to all comers, is consulted about you, and says he thinks you are insane; you turn out sane. Well then he was mistaken: but not more than he is in most of his professional opinions. We lawyers know what guess-work Medicine is, we see it in the witness-box. I hate suing opinions: it is like firing cannon at snipes in a wind. Try again."

Alfred groaned. "Why there is nobody left but the rogue who signed the order."

"And if you were a lawyer that alone would tell you he is the defendant. Where a legal wrong has been committed by A. B. and C., and there is no remedy against A. or B., there must either be one against C., or none at all: but this Law abhors as Nature does a vacuum. Besides this defendant has *done* the wrong complained of. In his person you sue an act, not an opinion. But of course you are not cool enough to see all this just at first."

"Cool, Sir," said Alfred, despairingly; "I am frozen with your remorseless law. What, of all these villains, may I only attack one, and can't I imprison even him, as he has me? Such narrow law encourages men to violence who burn under wrongs like mine."

Mr. Compton looked keenly at his agitated, mortified client, but made no concession. He gave him a minute to digest the law's first bitter pill: and then said, "If I am to act for you, you had better write a line to the Commissioners of Lunacy requesting them to hand me copies of the order and certificates." Alfred wrote it.

"And now," said Mr. Compton, thoughtfully, "I don't think they will venture to recapture you during the fourteen days. But still they might: and we attorneys are wary animals. So please give me at once a full authority to act under advice of counsel for your protection."

Alfred wrote as requested, and Mr. Compton put the paper in his drawer, remarking, "With this I can proceed by law or equity, even should you get into the asylum again." He then dismissed Alfred somewhat abruptly, but with an invitation to call again after three clear days. Like most ardent suitors after their *first* interview with passionless law, he went away sadly chilled, and so home to his cheerless lodging, to count the hours till he could see Julia, and learn his fate from her lips.

This very morning a hasty note came to Edward from Folkestone, worded thus:

"Oh, Edward: my worst misgivings! The two have parted. Poor papa has taken a man's boat and is in sight. We shall follow directly in a steamboat. But the other! You know my fears; you must be father and mother to that poor child till I come home.

"Your sad mother,

"Lucy Dodd."

Julia held out her hand for the note. Edward put it in his pocket.

"What is that for?" said the young lady.

"Why surely I may put my own property in my pocket."

"Oh, certainly. I only want to look at it."

"Excuse me."

"Are you in earnest, Edward? Not let me see dear mamma's letter!" and the eloquent face looked piteously surprised.

"Oh, I'll tell you the contents. Papa had got to Folkestone and taken a boat, and gone to sea: then mamma took a steamboat and after him: so she will soon catch him, and is not that a comfort?"

"Oh yes," cried Julia, and was for some time too interested and excited to think of any thing else. But presently she returned to the charge. "Any thing else, dear?"

"Humph! Well, not of equal importance."

"Oh, if it is of no importance, there can be no reason for not telling me. What was it?"

Edward colored but said nothing. He thought, however: and thus ran his thoughts: "She's my intellectual superior; and I've got to deceive her; and a nice mess I shall make of it."

"It *is* of importance," said Julia, eying him. "You have told a story: and you don't love your sister." This fulminated, she drew herself up proudly and was silent. A minute afterward stealing a look at her he saw her eyes suddenly fill with tears, apropos of nothing tangible.

"Now this is nice," said he to himself.

At noon she put on her bonnet to visit her district. He put on his hat directly, and accompanied her. Great was her innocent pleasure at that; it was the first time he had done her the honor. She took him to her poor people, and showed him off with innocent pride.

"Hannah, this is my brother." Then in a whisper, "Isn't he beautiful?" Presently she saw him looking pale; unheard of phenomenon! "There now, you are ill," said she. "Come home directly, and be nursed."

"No, no," said he. "I only want a little fresh air. What horrid places! what horrid sights and smells! I say you must have no end of pluck to face them."

"No, no, no. Dearest, I pray for strength: that is how I manage. And oh, Edward, you used to think the poor were not to be pitied. But now you see."

"Yes, I see, and smell, and all. You are a brave, good girl. Got any salts about you?"

"Yes, of course. There. But fancy a young lion smelling salts!"

"A young duffer, you mean; that has passed for game through the thing not being looked into close."

"Oh, you can be close enough, where I want you to be open."

No answer.

The next day he accompanied her again, but remained at the stair-foot while she went in to her patients; and, when she came down, asked her, Could no good Christian be found to knock that poor woman on the head who live in a plate?

"No good Heathen, you mean," said Julia.

"Why yes," said he; "the savages manage these things better."

He also accompanied her shopping, and smoked phlegmatically outside the shops; nor could she exhaust his patience. Then the quick girl put this and that together. When they were at home again and her bonnet off, she looked him in the face and said, sweetly, "I have got a watch-dog." He smiled, and said nothing. "Why don't you answer?" said Julia, impetuously.

"Because least said is soonest mended. Besides, I'm down upon you: you decoy me into a friendly conversation, and then you say biting things directly."

"If I bite you, you sting me. Such want of confidence! Oh how cruel! how cruel! Why can you not trust me? Am I a child? No one is young who has suffered what I have suffered. Secrets disunite a family: and we were so united. And then you are so stupid. *You* keep a secret? Yes, like a dog in a chain. You can't hide it one bit. You have undertaken a task you are not fit for, Sir; to hide a secret you must be able to tell fibs: and you can't: not for want of badness, but cleverness to tell them smoothly; you know it, you know it; and so out of your abominable slyness you won't say a word. There, it is no use my trying to provoke him. I wish you were not so good-tempered; so apathetic I mean, of course." Then, with one of her old rapid transitions, she began to caress him and fawn on him: she seated him in an arm-chair and herself on a foot-stool, and suddenly curling round his neck, murmured, "Dear, dear brother, have pity on a poor girl, and tell her is there any news that I have a right to hear, only mamma has given you your orders not to tell me: tell me, love!" This last in an exquisite whisper.

"Let me alone, you little fascinating demon," said he, angrily. "Ask mamma. I won't tell you a word."

"Thank you!" she cried, bounding to her feet; "you *have* told me. He is alive. He loves me still. He was bewitched, seduced, deluded. He has come to himself. Mamma has seen him. He wants to come and beg my pardon. But you are all afraid I shall forgive him. But I will not, for at the first word I'll stop his mouth, and say, 'If you were happy away from me, I suppose you would not have come back.'" And instantly she burst out singing, with inspired eloquence and defiance,

"Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star.
Aileen aroon."

But, unable to sustain it, the poor Impetuosity drooped as quickly as she had mounted, and out went her arm on the table and her forehead sank on her arm, and the tears began to run silently down the sweet face, so brave for a moment.

"W-will y-you allow me to light a cigar?" faltered Edward. "I'm wretched and miserable; you Tempest in petticoats, you!"

She made him a sign of assent with the hand that was dangling languidly, but she did not speak; nor did she appeal to him any more. Alienation was commencing. But, what was worse than speaking her mind, she was forever at the window now, looking up and down the street; and walking with her he felt her arm often tremble, and sometimes jerk. The secret was agitating her nerves, and destroying her tranquillity as much, or perhaps more than if she had known all.

Mrs. Dodd wrote from Portsmouth, whereof anon.

Mr. Peterson called, and soon after him Mr. Hurd. Edward was glad to see them, especially the latter, whose visits seemed always to do Julia good.

Moreover, as Peterson and Hurd were rivals, it afforded Edward an innocent amusement to see their ill-concealed aversion to one another, and the admirable address and delicacy with which his sister conducted herself between them.

However, this pastime was cut short by Sarah coming in and saying, "There's a young man wants to see you, Sir."

Julia looked up and changed color.

"I think he is a fireman," said Sarah. She knew very well he was a fireman, and also one of her followers. Edward went out and found one of his late brethren, who told him a young gentleman had just been inquiring for him at the station.

"What was he like?"

"Why I was a good ways off, but I saw he was a tall one."

"Six feet?"

"Full that."

"Give you his name?"

"No. I didn't speak to him: it was Andrew. Andrew says he asked if there was a fireman called Dodd, so Andrew said you had left; then the swell asked where you lived, and Andrew couldn't tell him any more than it was in Pembroke Street. So I told him, says I, 'Why couldn't you call me? It is number sixty-six,' says I. 'Oh, he is coming back,' says Andrew. However, I thought I'd come and tell you.' (And so get a word with Sarah, you sly dog.)

Edward thanked him, and put on his hat directly, for he could not disguise from himself that this visitor might be Alfred Hardie. Indeed, what more likely?

Messrs. Hurd and Peterson always tried to stay one another out whenever they met at 69 Pembroke Street. However, to make sure of not leaving Julia alone, Edward went in and asked them both to luncheon, at which time he said he should be back.

As he walked rapidly to the station he grew more and more convinced that it was Alfred Hardie. And his reflections ran like this: "What a hood-piece mamma has! But it did not strike her he would come to me first. Yet how plain that looks now: for of course I'm the duffer's only clew to Julia. These muddlers are no fools though. And how quiet he was that night! And he made papa go down the ladder first: that was the old Alfred Hardie. He was always generous: vain, overbearing, savvy, but noble with it all. I liked him: he was a man that shoved you his worst, and let you find his best out by degrees. He hated to be beat: but that's no crime. He was a beautiful oar: and handled his mawkeys uncommon: he quarrel with all the prize-fighters that came to Oxford, and took punishment better than you would think; and a wonderful quick hitter; Alec Reid owned that. Poor Taff Hardie! And when I think that God has overthrown his powerful mind, and left me mine, such as it is! But the worst is my having gone on calling him 'the Wretch' all this time: and nothing too bad for him. I ought to be ashamed of myself. It grieves me very much. 'When found make a note on;' never judge a fellow behind his back again."

Arrived at the station, he inquired whether his friend had called again, and was answered in the negative. He waited a few minutes, and then, with the superintendent's permission, wrote a note to Alfred, inviting him to dine at Simpson's at six, and left it with the firemen. This done, he was about to return home, when another thought struck him. He got a messenger, and sent off a single line to Dr. Wolf, to tell him Alfred Hardie would be at Simpson's at seven o'clock.

But when the messenger was gone, he regretted what he had done. He had done it for Alfred's good; but still it was treason. He felt unhappy, and wended his way homeward disconsolately, ruminating more and more that he had not brains for the difficulties imposed upon him.

On entering Pembroke Street he heard a buzz.

He looked up, and saw a considerable crowd collected in a semicircle. "Why that is near our house," he said, and quickened his steps.

When he got near to his house he saw that all the people's eyes were bent on No. 66.

He dashed into the crowd. "What on earth is the matter?" he cried.

"The matter? Plenty's the matter, young man," cried one.

"Murder's the matter," said another.

At that he turned pale as death. An intelligent man saw his violent agitation, and asked him hurriedly if he belonged to the house.

"Yes. For God's sake what is it?"

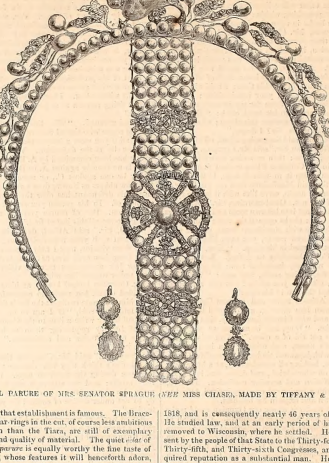
"Make way there!" shouted the man. "He belongs. Sir, a madman has broke loose and got into your house. And I'm sorry to say he has just killed two men."

"With a pistol," cried two, speaking together.

MISS CHASE'S WEDDING JEWELS.

SINCE the famous Diamond Wedding of the Cuban Oviedo in this city, some three years since, no similar event has created so lively a sensation in the fashionable world as that upon which the beautiful ornaments illustrated in the accompanying cut were worn—the marriage of Senator and ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, to Miss Kate, eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. The articles engraved are the Tiara, Bracelet, and Ear-rings of the bridal *parure*. The material of which they were composed is pearls and diamonds, and the gold work is so delicately wrought that the eye catches little else, at a cursory view, than these precious jewels. The Tiara, it will be observed, is especially rich and artistic—a combination of intrinsic and æsthetic features not invariably attained. In addition to such desirable qualities it has likewise a curiously-achieved adaptedness which is not obvious from the sketch. The reader will note the base line of rare pearls; but he does not know, until advised of the fact, that this Orient stream can be diverted from its golden strand and made to encircle the fair neck of its possessor. The exquisite spray of orange leaves and blossoms on each frontal has likewise a ticket of leave, whenever occasion requires its service as a distinct head ornament; and, finally, the zenith itself—the true lover's knot of brilliants supporting the mammoth, arrow-riven, heart-shaped pearl—only retains its place at the will of the wearer; the cunning mechanism of the goldsmith having so established its relations to the hidden frame-work, that at the word *presto* it is detached, and, by the addition of a pin and catch, changed into an unique Brooch. Thus this beautiful Tiara is either available upon especially grand occasions as an entirety almost unequaled for gracefulness and value—or in each and all of its minor offices as necklace, hair-pins, and brooch.

The subjects of the illustration (as, in fact, the entire detail of jeweled ornaments for Miss Chase) were furnished by Tiffany & Co., of New York. The splendid pearl that constitutes the very front of the Tiara, larger perhaps than any in the country, and in symmetry and rare brilliancy quite warranting the old Latin term *Unio*, has been for some time one of those treasures for the garnering



BRIDAL PARURE OF MRS. SENATOR SPRAGUE (*NEE* MISS CHASE), MADE BY TIFFANY & CO.

of which that establishment is famous. The bracelet and Ear-rings in the cut, of course less ambitious in design than the Tiara, are still of exemplary beauty and quality of material. The quiet color of this fine *parure* is equally worthy the fine taste of the lady, whose features it will henceforth adorn, and of the appreciating artist to whom its production has been with such good result intrusted.

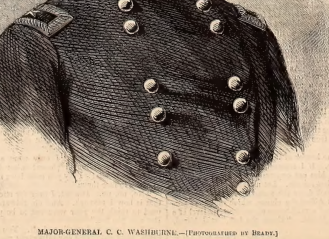
MAJOR-GENERAL WASHBURNE.

WE publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL C. C. WASHBURNE, who commands a division in General Banks's army of the Gulf, and is distinguishing himself in the work of restoring Western Louisiana and Texas to the Union.

General Washburne is one of that great family of Washburnes which has furnished so many good and great men to the country in the present age. He was born at Livermore, Maine, on April 22, 1818, and is consequently nearly 46 years of age. He studied law, and at an early period of his life removed to Wisconsin, where he settled. He was sent by the people of that State to the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, and Thirty-sixth Congresses, and acquired reputation as a substantial man. He was less prominent than his brother from Illinois, but was not less esteemed by his fellow-members and his constituents.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, Mr. Washburne offered his services to the Government, and was appointed to a command on 16th July, 1862. He served with distinction under Grant, and was present at many of the battles of the Western campaign. On 29th November, 1862, he was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers, and soon afterward assumed the command he at present holds in Louisiana.

General Washburne is a fine soldier, and we shall doubtless hear more of him as the campaign in the far South progresses.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. C. WASHBURNE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ON page 765 we publish an illustration of the CAPTURE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK NEAR THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, by 37th Jon-General Sedgwick. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. The affair was very neat and brilliant. The rebels were surprised, and a large number of prisoners taken, as well as the forts, from under General Lee's nose. General Meade's operations of late have been remarkably successful, and entitle him to high praise as a commander. When the President heard of the operations on the Rappahannock he sent a telegraphic dispatch to General Meade to these terms:

"I have heard of your operations on the Rappahannock, and wish to say, Well done! A. LINCOLN."

This characteristic dispatch was communicated to the troops in an order of the day, and created the greatest enthusiasm among our brave boys.

At Richmond, on the contrary, the defeats of the rebel forces on the Rappahannock have created much annoyance. The papers which were full of eulogies of Lee a few weeks since are now sneer at or abuse him. The *Enquirer* publishes a long list of Confederate surrenders, ending with the recent affairs on the Rappahannock, and draws therefrom inferences any thing but complimentary to the valor and endurance of the chivalry.

CHATTANOOGA.

WE devote considerable space this week to republishing sketches sent us from Chattanooga by our special artist, Mr. Theo. R. Davis. They will be found to convey a pretty complete view of the situation in that part of the country, as well as of the recent events which have taken place. We subjoin Mr. Davis's letters:

"THE SITUATION AT CHATTANOOGA.—SKETCHED FROM THE SIGNAL-STATION ON CAMERON'S HILL.

"CHATTANOOGA, *Oct.* 28, 1863.

"The difficulty of showing you about surrounded position in a sketch for a time puzzled me. And when I was one day told by my friends of the Signal Corps 'that from Cameron's Hill Station I could see the whole,' I started for that place, under guidance of Lieutenants Ayres and Bachtell, and obtained the sketch now presented—which shows the river above and below us, and the distant ranges of the hills all around, as well as a complete view of the town.

"THE CHARGE OF THE THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS AND SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO REGIMENTS.

"HEAD-QUARTERS COLONEL WILLIAM G. JONES, LOOKOUT VALLEY, *Oct.* 30, 1863.

"On the night of the 28th of October the troops of General Hooker occupied a position at Lookout Valley. Shortly after midnight it was discovered that the rebels had occupied a strong point which placed our troops in a very uncomfortable, if not untenable, position. General Hooker at once ordered the Thirty-third Massachusetts and Seventy-third Ohio to storm and carry the place with the bayonet. This they did in the most gallant manner. In many cases the brave fellows had to drag themselves up by grasping shrubs and roots.

"When they reached the top of the ridge the explosions of musketry burned the contending troops. The captured rebels say that it was a disgrace to them that the place was taken, but they could not help it; for, said they, 'you kept coming, and the next we knew you were right among us.'

"THE OPENING OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, *Oct.* 30.

"The evacuation of Lookout Mountain, some weeks since, by order of General Rosecrans, gave to the rebels complete command of the river between this place and Bridgeport.

"General Grant, in taking command, found that the river could be opened to within a short distance of this place; safe to accomplish this was his first work. A portion of our forces crossed at Bridgeport, and came up the south bank of the river. Other troops were sent at night to a point on the north bank of the river below the intended crossing-place.

"The brigade of General Hazen was placed in pontoons and floated at night to a point below, and out of the range of the rebel batteries upon Lookout Mountain, where they arrived just after dawn. A number of the boats landed at a point just below the place where the bridge now is, and at a rebel picket-station. The pickets ran off, shouting, '*Yanks! Yanks!! Yanks!!*' their guns being accelerated by a number of musket-balls from the before-mentioned Yanks.

"The building of the bridge was accomplished most successfully, though for some time our men worked under a severe fire from the rebel batteries.

"The bridge is the best work of the kind that has been constructed by the army at this point, and was built by Brigadier-General Granger, under the supervision of Captains Fox and Drasser. Captain D. is a West Point officer, and while at the Academy was Captain of Cadets, the present General Kilpatrick being one of the other captains. He is now upon the staff of General Smith, Chief Engineer of this Department.

"THE STEAMER 'POINT ROCK' RUNNING DOWN THE TENNESSEE RIVER TO BRIDGEPORT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, *Oct.* 31, 1863.

"The entire impracticability of supplying the army at this point by means of wagons, rendered it an absolute necessity to open the river from Bridgeport to a point as near this place as practicable.

"This has now been accomplished, and the boats are bringing us each day a supply to which we have hitherto been strangers.

"The *Point Rock*, on her trip down the river, was made a target for hundreds of rebel rifles, the balls from which did no damage. Other steamboats are to be placed upon the river at the earliest moment."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTURE BY SEDGWICK'S CORPS OF THE REBEL WORKS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, NEAR THE RAILWAY BRIDGE—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 764.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CIGARETTES

Ir the story told is true,
It is very wrong of you,
Young Cuquettes,
Smoking, when Mamma's away,
Cr the lawn or by the spray,
Cigarettes.

'Twon't improve a ruddy mouth,
Odor, leaving as the South,
Heretofore:
And the grooves which encircle—
Chewing vilainous pastilles—
Is a bore.

Ladies fair, with due respect,
For one reason I object,
Which is this:
Sure young breath is sweet to me,
And a maiden's lips should be
Fit to kiss.

At Ballston, New York, on Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long journey, a wagoner, while he was on Jacob, drew his team into a barn, and determined to pass the Sabbath in enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village. When the time for worship arrived John was sent to watch the team while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the corner of the body slip; just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, assuming the old man, who, but half awake, threw his arm around her waist, and cried, pathetically, "Whoa, Henry! Whoa, Henry! Here, John," calling on his son, "cut the belly-band and loosen the breechen wiolck, or she'll tear every thing to pieces!"

A JOKE BEFORE DINNER.

A. "Have some of these American bitters; they'll give you an appetite as sharp as a saw."

B. "Good thing, indeed, since I've my beard found me."

EPIGRAM ON SOCIETY AND INDIVIDUALS.
BY A CYNIC.

'The many go absurdly wrong	
In common with their kind;	
Not for in self-esteem are strong	
As they are weak of mind.	
Thus, for example, to produce	
A case of either class,	
There's Tomkins, a gregarious goose—	
Brown, an egregious ass.	

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen by the following sentence: "The lawyer set up a bench, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a dispute, framed an indictment, empannelled a jury, put them into a box, bailed a witness, hammered a large, and hired a work-shop, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

THE SUICIDE.

A man was seen, in meditative mood,
Walk by a river, which murmur'd through a wood;
His face was pale, his eyebrows dark and low,
His head was bald, and on the shore was strewn
His clothes, in shape as he had ceased to find
Within the body any further mind.
Then slowly, by the edge of the stream he went,
Then, stood a moment at his side,
Where there was much more of soil than sand;
Off went a hat as if on eagle's wings;
For out of sight the hatter still view'd it,
They now return—they with a watchman come;
A shade was seen, which sure disturbed the deep;
They came and found—that he had unpaid his fare!

On one occasion the senior Stephenson accidentally met a gentleman and his wife at an inn in Doncaster, whom he entertained for some time with his shrewd observations and playful satire. At length the lady requested to know the name of the remarkable stranger. "Why, madam," said he, "they used once to call me Geordie Stephenson; now I am called Georgius Stephinson, *Esquire*, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And further, let me say, that I have dined with princes, and peers, and commoners, with persons of all classes, from the highest to the humblest. I have made my dinner off a red herring at a hedge bottom, and good jollification, too, amount ordinary; I have sometimes walked in all his glories, and the conclusion I have arrived at is, that, if wits are all stripped, there's not much difference."

FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of grated beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberry nice,
Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all homemade,
Jars of cordial, home-made wine,
Jars of cherry, superfine:
Would the only jars were these
That occur in families!

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G; that the two which contain neither are M T; that the most universal vocal corpulence, O B C T; that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate a considerable motion, S X Z W; and that neither our teeth, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good smart conversation, are J Q.

The following is a literal copy, as near as type can make it, of a notice posted on a tree in front of a barn on Sandisk Avenue. A neighbor had badly cured hay for sale, and he here copied it, so that the "is Trick" would be exposed: "Ef i do ef enny one who ask the "is Trick" does not spectly "I Love it Back," he must be a hard ones indeed."

A man in the Rue des Deux Ponts Orlot had a most shrivelin little 6 inch ft away if he dost. Bring it Ink I Will send a officers of to him twee person

now. him I think it is. A low Trik if he do not Love. If Bolk i tell him take ink an up and take it away

Patience has at last been defined as a stammering lawyer examining a stuttering witness before a deaf judge.

A Boston correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* is responsible for the following: I heard the other day a boy test mode by Longfellow the poet. Young Mr. Longworth, from your city, being introduced to him, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Fogo's line will apply:

"Words mean more than one, and want of it the *fellow*."

The following hit at Southern army contractors appears in the Chattanooga *Rebel*. It will answer for more northern latitudes:

"To rob the country two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum!
Which is the greater, if you can, explain,
A rogue in spirit, or a thief in grain?"

AN UNPOETICAL SIMILE.—Adolphus Scatterbrain remarks that "the parting glory of a summer's eve" would be all very fine as a simile, only that it always unpleasantly reminds us fellers of expiring bills, by being so closely allied to falling due.

An old bachelor says a woman may be married, astonished, taken all aback, but never dumbfounded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BURNETT'S

Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

Lemon,	Peach,	Rose,	Cloves,
Celery,	Orange,	Vanilla,	Ginger,
Nutmeg,	Cinnamon,	Nectarine,	Almond.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

We orient the following Testimonials:

"*Pre-eminently superior* to all others for culinary use."
FARMER HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior to any* we have ever used."
REVERE HOUSE, Boston.

"Have used your Extracts for several years, and regard them *the best in the world*."
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, New York.

"Our test has proved them very excellent."
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

"Have been found *very superior* for *economy* and *excellence* use in our Establishment for years."
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Phila., Pa.

"Possess all the *rare qualities* claimed for them."
BARNUM'S HOTEL, Baltimore, Md.

"*Par superior* to any in the market."
WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C.

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
BOSTON.

BUY the POPULAR WORK entitled
HUMBUG.
Being an Exposition of all the Humbugs of the Day. E. MCWOOD, Publisher, No. 77 Nassau-street, Room Leam, N. Y. City. Price 25 cents, postage free. 12mo Send for a circular.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED
ALBERTINE
Extension Holders and Gold Pens,
Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Extra Size	$10 25
"	8 50
Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address	

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe and Stem*, Matches and Screw Cases and with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without any loose ends of tobacco to drop out, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and portable as a Cigar Case. It is made for pipes of various styles, at $1 50, $1 80, $2 25, $2 50, and $2 75 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter plated with Gold. Every Smoker can discard its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers. As a Present to friends nothing could be more acceptable. For the Soldier it is invaluable. Also

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages of various sizes. A liberal discount to Dealers. Sample Cases sent by mail, *prid*. on receipt of *price* and 25 cts.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

A Rare Chance to make a Fortune.—Town rights under a valuable patent for 3 of 6 dollars. Sale of one machine more than pay cost of right. Take your choice of getting New York or a smaller town. Send stamp for a circular. Address

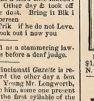
S. T. McDOUGALL, 474 Broadway, N. Y.

DR R. GOODALE'S
CATARRH
REMEDY.

Extirminates Catarrh, Sore and Bleeding Throat, Fever Sores, &c. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot 613 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power for *Military Drill, Tourists', Opera*, and general outdoor day and night use; perspective glasses, will show distinctly a mile and a half. Sent to any part of the country on receipt of price. Specimens of the greatest transparent powers accepted in lieu of improved the sight, without the depressing needs of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Opticist—Optician,
620 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no instance had his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one call on A. MORTON, No. 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamp for circular.

BRANDRETH'S
PILLS.

Brandreth's Pills produce great purity of the blood, and the system generally; all the humors are removed, securing, in the reconstruction of diseased parts, only sound materials.

They are warranted the best purgative in the world.

Principal Office, BRANDRETH HOUSE, Wholesale and Retail.

Sold at No. 4 UNION SQUARE and by all dealers.

Observe B. BRANDRETH, in White, on the Government Stamp.

Cloaks and Mantillas.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday,
9th inst.,
And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.
300 Canal Street, New York.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS.
Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent by mail on receipt of Price.

Every Co. from A to M Sold Silver, $1 ea.
Sold Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, $1 50.
Sold in 18 K GOLD, $2 50.

Corps Badges
Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.
Sold Silver, $1 50. Sold Silver, $1 50.
Enamelled.



Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.
Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, 12th, Army Corps.
1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.
None but genuine Pins sent.
Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address C. L. BLACK & CO.,
598 Broadway, New York.
Successors to J. G. PACKARD & CO.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., TWINES, Rope, CORDAGE, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, CARPET WARP, Fish Lines, Hemp Cord, Lead Cord and Sorgeuse Tow, Writing and Wrapping PAPER, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Books by return Post to any Post-Office in the U. S.
GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.—We send all Books prepaid by return of FIRST MAIL, at publishers' prices. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.



Elliot's New Repeaters
Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, and cheap Repeaters ever made. Carry your load (No. 28 cartridges), are rapidly loaded and fired—consequently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled grain twist. The Trade supplied.
ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have also Published:

HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By Isaac V. D. HEARD. With Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Adventures of Philip," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

MARY LYNDSAY. A Novel. By the Lady Fatty Fossoway, Author of "The Discipline of Life." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S
ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED
BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, bevelled and panelled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $32 50; Full calf, marbled edges, bands raised, $35 00; Full calf, antique, marbled edges, $18 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, Concordance, Chronology of the Holy Bible, Tables of Weights and Measures, Tables of Weights, Coins, and Measures of Scripture, Explanatory Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, and Historical Illustrations, and a Letter to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, and executed for this edition by F. O. C. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous Engravings from designs by the most distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; HENRY T. COATES & CO., Pittsburgh; ALFRED MARTIEN & CO., Cincinnati; GEO. S. WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & CO., Chicago; DARNELL & HARRISON, Richmond.

Commencement of the Twenty-Eighth Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1863.

CONTENTS:

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.
With an Illustration.
TWILIGHT AND LATER.
With an Illustration.
SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—VI. THE WAR ON THE COAST.
Lundy's Lane.—New London in 1813.—Fort Norfolk.—Landing-Place at Havre de Grace.—John O'Neil's Brevet.—The Frog Mountain.—Sack and Capture of Havre de Grace.—Craney Island.—James Faulkner.—Plan of Operations at Craney Island.—Attack upon Craney.—Magazine on Craney Island.—Cockburn's Quarters.—Hocking Hogs.—Craney Island Reinforced.—Sham New London.
PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.—II. RURAL LIFE.
Illustrations.—Japan Scenery.—Japan Rice-Fields.—Japanese Child-Scene.—Village Aqueduct.—Peasants on Passing Bridge.—Japanese Farmer's House.—Digging and Shaping Manuring a Field.—Rolling in Seed.—Keeping off Birds.—Ripening Rice Grain.—Separating the Grain.—Threshing.—Preparing Cotton.—Reeling Cotton.—The Peasant's Cot.—Interior of a Peasant's House.—Tea Plantations.—Village Life in Japan.—The Castle of Osaca.—Carrying the Mail.
CAF-AND-BELLS.—A NOVEL, IN TEN CHAPTERS.
WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.
THE FELLING TREASURE.
LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS.
AN EARLY FRIEND.
OVERLAND FROM ST. PAUL TO LAKE SUPERIOR.
With Illustrations.
THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.
CHAPTER XLI. Prospects for the Wedding.
CHAPTER XLII. Domestic Troubles.
CHAPTER XLIII. Life's Battles.
Illustrations.—The Garden.—"That might do."
THE GULF.
WHAT'S IN A NAME?
MY FRIEND CHARLEMORPE AGAIN.
THE ETHICS OF LOVE.
THE REV. MR. ALLONBY.
OUR WORST CHRISTMAS.
A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
Illustrations.—Filial Affection.—Artillery Practice.—A Rude Gentleman.—Fashions for December.
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.
Illustrations.—Opera Cloak.—Morning Reception Toilet.

With the present Number is commenced the Twenty-Eighth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It has been the aim of the Publishers from the outset to furnish a periodical combining the highest degree of literature in every department of literature, presented in a form so attractive, and at a price so reasonable, as to render it indispensable to every cultivated American reader. The result of the enterprise has exceeded their warmest anticipations. The Magazine gained at once the foremost place among American periodicals in point of circulation has exceeded, as it now exceeds, that of all other periodicals of the class issued in the United States. No effort or cost will be spared by the Publishers to insure that the Magazine shall maintain the position which it has won.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Two Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.
Postage is to be prepaid by the quarter at the office for Harper's Weekly, *and Postage on* Harper's Magazine *is 24 cents per year, payable at the office where the Magazine is received.*
Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.
The Volumes of the Weekly commence with the first Number for January and July of each year. When no time is specified, the Subscription will commence with the Number next after the receipt of the order.
Specimen Numbers will be sent gratis to any part of the United States.
Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid the risk of losses by counterfeit or miscarriage.
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co., 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c. Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

"LEGEND LIST"!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
500 Ladies' Gold Watches	50 00 each.
500 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000	5 00 to 7 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Gold Lockets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5,000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 3 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 3 00 each.
2000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Sets of Boom Studs	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Sets of Buttons	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Plain Rings	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Stone Rings	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Jack-Knives	2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Pencil Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various letters will be well shaken out, one box, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and when they are ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article sent.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forward. ing the Certificates, packing and mailing the Goods, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $20.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on any Certificates ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus,* or *Concentrated Fruit.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write my mail address in full plain.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

R. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enamelled Furniture, in all colors and styles, Wholesale and Chamberset, Plain and Decorated Suites. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Feathers. WARREN WARD, No. 372 Canal Street.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enamelled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Stripes on the backs, and true spots for all the usual games. Two packs, in case, mailed free on receipt of $1. The trade supplied on liberal terms. Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
655 Broadway, N. Y., or 105 Williams Street, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices,

For the use of the Army and Navy, Merchants, Druggists, and Business Men generally. Circular sent free. Specimen of Small Type, Office, &c., &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York, or CHASE & LEAVY, 15 Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

A Double Number at Single Price.

The Dec. No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains "Lots of Good Things," including Archbishop Whately's MAN and WOMAN, differences; Mr. STARR, Portrait and Biography; Location and the U. S. A.; Railways, Mountains, Old Age and Decay. The Human Hair Trade. Crazy Hermits. Wonders of Arithmetic. Physiognomy, Ethnology, Psychology, Phrenology, &c. By first post, only 15 cents, or $1 50 a year. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Great National Work.

EIGHTY YEARS PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES. From the Revolution to the Great Rebellion.

Twelve parts of the first literary talent have been employed on this great work. Time accepted in its execution, merely four years. Among the list of persons who have recommended it, are nineteen Presidents of Colleges. Agents wanted. Address, to canvass all large Towns. Only Hermetic Sealed Steel Engravings. Supplies will be kept at central points in most of the States. Address L. STEBBINS, Worcester, Mass.



Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Gas Fixtures. Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 262 Fulton St., N.Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. B. G. GRAHAM, No. 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

J. H. HAYWARD'S

Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,

No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

New and elegant Designs, of superior Workmanship, at reasonable prices, manufactured of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, under the supervision of the firm, whose reputation has been established seventy years. Furniture of Fashionable Patterns manufactured to order and carefully packed.

Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Immense Sale of Jewelry for Presents for the NEXT 60 DAYS.

Extra Inducements to Agents.

The cheapest wholesale Cash Jewelry House in the U. S. J. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y. The Emporium for Army Corps, Masonic, Union, and Emblem Pins of every description. Any one wishing to become an Agent, or wishing to purchase any thing in the Jewelry or Gold Pen and Pencil lines, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale circular with full instructions and Premiums to Agents either a fine Gold Pen, with Extension Case and Pencil, or fine enamel Locket or Bracelet, or Cadenas Diamond Seal Stone Ring, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of *Jewelry.* Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, or the Kearney Cross Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately leased a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactured cast to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, an accurate and durable time-keeper, and in having Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fraudulent *Ameres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, Wm. Elder, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—MUSHROOM IMITATIONS.—Success is the "prevalent credo" of industrious humbugs. No sooner had HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS made their mark in the world, than an opaque, villainous compound, in the form of the great restorative grew and spread, the pestiferous crop of poisonous mushrooms blossomed. But the true medicine has lived them down. One by one they have disappeared, like the fabulous puffery, which kept them alive. The genuine article, with its reputation, reared to bloom, they ceased to live, and their fragrance to come and go. Meanwhile, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, the great protective and remedial tonic of the age, has increased in popularity with each succeeding year. Their success as a means of preventing and curing the diseases resulting from malaria, unwholesome water, and all unhealthy climatic influences, has been boundless; and as a remedy for dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, general weakness and debility, and all complaints originating in indigestion, they are now admitted to be superior to any other preparation ever advertised or prescribed. From the home market, to which a few years ago they were confined, their sale has been extended into every State in this Union, over the whole of South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, China and Japan. Home and foreign testimony is abundant to show that HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the most remarkable tonic and invigorant ever before the world.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 60 Wall Street.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent by mail for 25 cents. Circulars free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, BOOK and Job Printers.
The subscribers offer for sale
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, with sheet-fyer. Size of bed, 34x54.
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, with sheet-fyer. Size of bed, 32x54.
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, with sheet-fyer. Size of bed, 31x46.
1 SECOND-HAND TWO-REVOLUTION Flyer, 38x46.
The above are all SECOND-HAND MACHINES, are warranted in first-rate order, having been thoroughly repaired. Will be sold on application to
R. HOE & CO.,
Nos. 29 and 31 Gold St., N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE DEAD IS THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 9 Astor House, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S

IMPORTERS OF WATCHES

NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market. They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the greatest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. The Watch in it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, producing an entirely novel movement. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being like 18 carat gold. It has the finest and truly action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Open, simple and strong, and sent by U. S. Express, $30. Sample watches in a neat morocco box, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 30 cents; registering, 25 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, QUALITY OF CASES, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES ARE UNRIVALED.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. It is composed of five metals, the outer one best quality silver and the inner one German silver, it can not be surpassed by existing or heavy engraving, making it so only in appearance, but in durability, for it is composed entirely of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The case is of the same size as the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very easily do at $25 and upward. Being now insisted upon as a single-pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact.

"One of the most useful."—"Is being received favorably *universally, where every other* humbug has failed, in most instances *per-fect*, by the half dozens."—*Spirit*, p. 38; *registering*, 70 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our inspections are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as to time-keeping, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at much lower rates than any other in the market.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. Unsolicited testimonials emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and engineers."—*French Lecturer*, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Aug. 29.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Tribune*, *Army and Navy Journal*, Aug. 29.

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and lived under for railroad men."—*N. Y. Times*, *Evening Mail*, Aug. 29.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Sentinel American*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle*, July 17.

"We very justly call double watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 29

"One of the most useful inventions of the times."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

EF Mark, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

History of West Point,

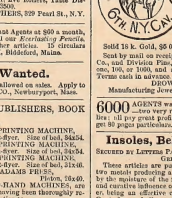
WITH THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

Military Academy.

By Capt. EDWARD C. BOYNTON, U.S.A., Adjutant of the Academy. In one large octavo volume, beautifully illustrated with Steel and Line Engravings, chiefly from Photographs taken on the spot by the author. Bound in blue cloth, beveled boards, Price, $5. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Cavalry and Artillery.

Solid Silver, $1 75. Solid Silver, $1 75.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $6 00. Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00.

Sent by mail on receipt of Price. Also all Kinds Corps, Co., and Division Plate, engraved to order, by the single letter, 100, or 1000, and Name in any part of the country. Terms cash in advance. Send for a circular. Address

EDWIN C. MOORE,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, New York.

$60 A MONTH: We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils.* Sample sent free. Address FOWLER & CO., Cleveland, O. Circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $2500.

Apply to TAYLOR & BURDICK, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

$60 A MONTH: We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils.* Sample sent free. Address FOWLER & CO., Cleveland, O. Circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Insoles, Belts, and Armlets.

SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

These articles are purely Voltaic, and by the union of the most powerful curative agents curreys, which are used by the moisture of the feet and body, diffusing a healthy action of the entire interior of the system, and the wearer being an effective cure for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, Gout, &c., and all nervous and chronic diseases.

METTAM & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Insoles, $1 00; Belts, $1 87; Armlets, $1 50; per mail, 20 c. additional. Office 429 Broadway. Send for circular.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own home. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand staple as flour. Full particulars sent free, on receipt of two stamps.

Address C. MURRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the greatest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. The Watch in it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, producing an entirely novel movement. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being like 18 carat gold. It has the finest and truly action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Open, simple and strong, and sent by U. S. Express, $30. Sample watches in a neat morocco box, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 30 cents; registering, 25 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, QUALITY OF CASES, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES ARE UNRIVALED.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. It is composed of five metals, the outer one best quality silver and the inner one German silver, it can not be surpassed by existing or heavy engraving, making it so only in appearance, but in durability, for it is composed entirely of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The case is of the same size as the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very easily do at $25 and upward. Being now insisted upon as a single-pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact.

"One of the most useful."—"Is being received favorably *universally, where every other* humbug has failed, in most instances *per-fect*, by the half dozens."—*Spirit*, p. 38; *registering*, 70 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our inspections are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as to time-keeping, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at much lower rates than any other in the market.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. Unsolicited testimonials emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and engineers."—*French Lecturer*, Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Aug. 29.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Tribune*, *Army and Navy Journal*, Aug. 29.

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and lived under for railroad men."—*N. Y. Times*, *Evening Mail*, Aug. 29.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Sentinel American*, July 30.

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle*, July 17.

"We very justly call double watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 29

"One of the most useful inventions of the times."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal*, July 31.

EF Mark, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

On the Field of Battle Mother. Babyhood | Fallen; | sweet to Mingles | memory, each O. Mud | ster's Omnibus, 700 tunes, for Flute or Violin, $1. "Dining Collations," 30 duets for Violin and Piano. The Indian and Silk Violin Strings, 75 c., mailed. Musical Instrumente repaired. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA

DR. STERLING'S **AMBROSIA** is a refreshing and dressing of root, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and falling of the hair, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow upon bald heads. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on. PRICE: $1 00 PER BOOK, containing directions. DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor, Post Office Box 493 Brooklyn. For sale by all druggists.

The Greatest Little Books

Of Modern Times.

Now Ready the

First and Second Books

OF THE

New Gospel of Peace

According to St. Benjamin.

These little books have created a sensation and created a greater sensation than anything of the kind ever printed. Northern Peace Advocates are shown up in the most peculiar style. Price of each book 15 cents. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 18 cents. Liberal terms to dealers.

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 Nassau St., New York.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new chop Family Sewing Machines. Address

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.



DRAWING THINGS TO A HEAD.

Dr. Lincoln (*to Smart Boy of the Shop*). "Mild applications of Russian Salve for our *friends* over the way, and heavy doses—and plenty of it—for our Southern patient!!"

FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
AND
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES
FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
There is no Gift or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2 25; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.
Address, HENRY CRAIG,
335 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to the trade.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.
UNRIVALED
In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material.
At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

VINELAND.
LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for Manufacturers and others, churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.
From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

STAMMERING
Cured by Bates' Patent Appliance. For Pamphlets, &c., describing the same, address
H. C. L. MEARS, 277 W. 23d Street, N. Y.

BILLIARD BALLS.
Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 2½ and 2⅝ in., $10 per set. 2 in. Bagatelle, $8 per set. 1¾ in. Bagatelle, $6 per set, will be sent on receipt of the price. Manufactured and for sale by WM. M. WELLING, 207 Centre St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

The Soldier's Gift
To the Loved One at Home.
We will *deliver free* of freight charge, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., any of our beautiful Albums of the *value of* $5 *or more*, that may be ordered by members of the Army or Navy of the United States as Presents to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles *at all prices* to $25, and higher.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers and Importers,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

A Beautiful Complexion, free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For shaving it is unsurpassed. It is composed of palm oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.
The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 105 and 107 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

IMMENSE PROFITS
To be made selling our
STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS.
Send for our New Circular.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

$7. WATCHES. $7.
A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

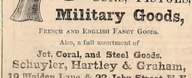
A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BASSFORD'S, Cooper Institute, New York.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gilmore, Burnside, Hooker, Foster, and Sigel. All are the same pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and date. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin. Plated back and front in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. *Agents wanted in and out the army.* The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts.
LOUIS PHILIP, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

MUNN & CO.,
Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,
And Publishers of the Illustrated Scientific American, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of information concerning Patents, free. Specimens of the Paper, free.



GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,
French and English Fancy Goods.
Also, a full assortment of
Jet, Coral, and Steel Goods.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street, N. Y.,
15 Rue d'Enghein, Paris,
47 Hampton St., Birmingham, Eng.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 15 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, John B. Robinson, late Peatt, Robinson & Co., 190 William St., N.Y.

$35 WATCHES. $35
Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.
Also every variety of *good* Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
208 Broadway New York.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs.
Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over
FOUR THOUSAND
different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

72 Major-Generals,	525 Statesmen,
190 Brigadier-Generals,	127 Divines,
259 Colonels,	116 Authors,
84 Lieut.-Colonels,	30 Artists,
207 Other Officers,	112 Stage,
60 Officers of the Navy,	46 Prominent Women,

147 Prominent Foreign Portraits.
2,500 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART.
Including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c.
Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp.
An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on receipt of $1 80, and sent by mail, *free.*

Photographic Albums.
Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each.
Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.
The smaller kinds can be sent safely by mail at a postage of six cents per oz.
The more expensive can be sent by express.

We also keep a large assortment of
Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views.
Our Catalogue of these will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 Broadway, New York.
Friends or relatives of prominent military men will confer a favor by sending us their likenesses to copy. They will be kept carefully, and returned uninjured.
☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER for Congregations to present to their Pastor, or for other purposes, with suitable inscriptions, &c.



Musical Boxes, playing 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes, and costing from $2 75 to $450 00. A beautiful article for holiday presents. My stock of Musical Boxes is the only complete one to be found in this country. M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, No. 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE
For 30 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** *times.* Five of different powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever
SKATE BUCKLE,
Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 215 Pearl St., New York, 68 Kilby St., Boston.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.
Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unexcelled*, and *valuable* extra large size Prize Stationery, Recipes, and Yankee Notion Packages, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, Yankee Notions of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c, the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** per cent. profit allowed. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the army South or Southwest. A Splendid Solid Silver Watch, English Movements, and *correct timepiece*, presented free to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
DERMATOLOGIST,
49 Bond Street, New York,.
Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free:
For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

AGENTS WANTED.—$2 positively made from 20 cts.; urgently needed by every person. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20 cts.; retails for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

ROMAN SCARFS SENT BY MAIL EVERYWHERE
3,000 dozen pure Roman Scarfs,
Made from the Purest and Softest Silk.
These are the most fashionable, elegant, and economical Scarfs ever imported, as they are reversible; one Scarf is as good as two.
They are much worn in Europe by both ladies and gentlemen. Can be worn with either pin or ring.
The whole lot will be retailed at
WHOLESALE PRICES!
$1 50 AND $2 EACH.
A single Scarf sent by mail on receipt of the cash, and six cents for postage.
Very fine Gold Plated Scarf Pins or Rings
At $1 50 each.
S. W. H. WARD,
No. 387 Broadway, New York.

STEEL COLLARS
ENAMELED WHITE,
Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.
To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.
Price $1 each, sent by Post to any part of the Union on receipt of $1 15.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.
S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 B'way, N. Y.
FRENCH FLANNEL
OVERSHIRTS.
OVERSHIRTS.
OVERSHIRTS.
the largest assortment in New York, $2 75, $3, $3 75 each; all cut one yard long.
A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage must be enclosed—63 cents for each Shirt.
Send the size of your neck.
ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2, $2 25, and $2 50.
SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.
ALSO,
FINE WHITE SHIRTS
MADE TO MEASURE AT $24, $30, $36, AND $42 PER DOZEN.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.
The Cash can be paid to Express company on receipt of goods.
S. W. H. WARD, from London.
No. 387 Broadway, New York.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.
Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens repointed on receipt of 35 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.
Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES
BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office ... Broadway, N. Y. Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for circular.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VII.—No. 362.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

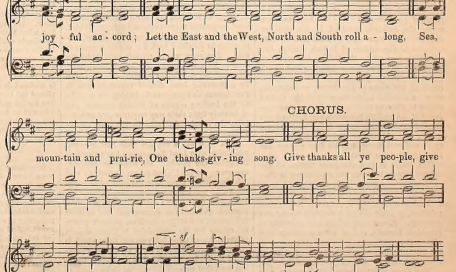
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE President's Hymn.

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

With Spirit.





THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN, COMPOSED BY REV. DR. MUHLENBERG.—[PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF MR. A. D. RANDOLPH, 683 BROADWAY.]

Give Thanks, all ye People.

1. Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Chorus after each verse.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord.

2. For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health:
Give thanks—

3. For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks—

4. In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow:
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His Ocean domains chant His Name with the gales.
Give thanks—

5. Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him Whose the silver and gold.
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks—

6. Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars in your weft victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

7. Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

8. In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

9. Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore.
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land,
And the Banner of Union, etc.
Give thanks—

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

WHY ENGLAND KEEPS STILL.

THE most reliable exposition we have of British feeling toward this country is to be found in the speech which Mr. Beecher made to his friends on his return home. That speech, which was in marked contrast—in point of manner, method, and tone—to any of Mr. Beecher's previous performances, may be said to have solved the problem involved in the singular divergence between the written and spoken opinions of the leaders of British society, and the policy pursued by the British Government. There is hardly a public man in England—with a few bright exceptions—who has not either espoused the cause of the South, or expressed an utter disbelief in the capacity of the United States to preserve their nationality; a vast majority of the leading newspapers of England are arrayed against us; and yet the Government arrests the *Alexandra* and the Laird pirate rams, and steadfastly sets its face against the recognition of the South.

The secret is that the great masses of the British people, who are not represented in Parliament, in the Press, or in the Clubs, are on our side. They believe that ours is the cause of freedom against slavery, of democracy against privilege, of labor against hereditary capital and property. Hence their unions vote addresses to President Lincoln, and at mass meetings they almost invariably overpower the champions of the Slave Confederacy, and pass resolutions of sympathy with the United States.

Now these great unrepresented masses, who have no newspaper to express their views, and who elect no man in Parliament to speak for them, constitute nevertheless a most important section of the British people. They are Great Britain's dangerous class. They can not vote, or help make the laws which govern them. But they can make revolutions, and, if goaded too far, the presumption is that they would do so. If they ever did, the throne and aristocracy of England would crumble in an afternoon. Hence the politic caution of the Government of England in dealing with questions on which this dangerous class formed an opinion.

It has long been believed by sound thinkers, both in Europe and in this country, that the Constitution of Great Britain was obsolete, and that a new and sweeping reform—which should recognize the rights of mere manhood as contradistinguished from the rights of mere property —would not be delayed for many years. Accidents have postponed the fulfillment of these expectations. The Chartist follies, the potato rebellion in Ireland, and the disasters end of the Continental movements of 1848, gave Privilege an extension of its lease, and threw Democracy in England back for nearly a generation. But great truths, though kept under for ever so long, will eventually assert themselves. The working population of England, kept poor by aristocratic laws, denied representation in Parliament, and persistently hidden out of sight by the leading organs of British opinion, will ultimately push their way to power just as surely as the people of France fought their way in 1789.

It is to avoid a rupture with this working population that Lord Palmerston has refused to recognize the rebels. He doubtless honestly expects to see the United States destroyed; and he calculates that this fearful catastrophe will occure, he will crush out democracy in England. We think differently; believing that we shall succeed, and that our success will lead to more systematic, and at the same time, we trust, peaceful efforts for the recognition in Great Britain of the rights of labor. Time will show which is right. Meanwhile it is right we should understand that it is to the dread of the British working-men that we owe the present forbearance of the British Government.

KENTUCKY LOYALTY.

TWENTY months have elapsed since we had occasion in this journal to comment pretty severely on the article which was then known as "Kentucky loyalty," which was a composite mixture of sympathy with rebellion, lukewarm regard for the United States, chronic aversion to being plundered, and vague hopes of maintaining neutrality when every other State in the Union was plunged into war.

On that occasion Kentucky scoffed at the counsels of those who, like ourselves, urged her to take sides manfully. A Kentucky loyalist, in May, 1861, was of the same stripe as a New York Copperhead in December, 1863. The loyalty of the best of the Kentuckians was so slim that it couldn't be trusted in the open air on a windy day.

Twenty months have passed, and Kentucky has been pretty thoroughly ravaged. Three-fourths of the State have been overrun by hostile armies. Whole counties have been depopulated. Fences, houses, barns, and whole villages have disappeared. Opulent families have been reduced to poverty. The State has been a battle-ground, and has suffered as much as Tennessee or Virginia.

But the suffering has proved wholesome, and has borne good fruit. We know of no public address which has a truer ring than the recently-published letter of Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, to a malcontent slaveholder, who complained that the war was prosecuted not for the restoration of the Union, but for the abolition of slavery. No one has more effectually squelched the Copperhead slang about the violation of the Constitution by Mr. Lincoln; no one has more clearly set forth the true duty of an American citizen at the present crisis in the nation's fate.

First save the nation, says Governor Bramlette: we'll talk about slavery afterward. If the slave-owners had not rebelled the institution would have been safe. They have taken up the sword: they and their institution must now abide the issue; and if slavery perishes in the conflict, it is easy to see that the Governor of Kentucky will not be the last man to say Amen. Under the leadership of such men Kentuckians will resume their old place among the statesmen of the nation.

THE LOUNGER.

GETTYSBURG.

THE solemn ceremony at Gettysburg is one of the most striking events of the war. There are grave-yards enough in the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery?—and the brave who have died for us in this farce war consecrate the soil from the ocean to the Mississippi. But there is peculiar significance in the field of Gettysburg, for there "thus far" was thundered to the rebellion. This it is which separates it from all the other battle-fields of the war. There the men in the main line have fought as nobly, and their officers have directed as bravely; but here their valor stayed the flood of barbarism, and like the precious shield that the highest storm-tides strew upon the beach, showing how far the waters came, so the dead heroes of Gettysburg mark the highest tide of the war. Therefore shall their graves be peculiarly honored, and their memory especially sacred; and all that living men can bring of pomp and solemnity and significance to hallow their resting-place shall not be wanting.

The President and the Cabinet were there, with famous soldiers and civilians. The oration by Mr. Everett was splendid in its cold. Delivered, doubtless, with his accustomed graces, it yet wanted one stirring thought, one vivid picture, one thrilling line.

The few words of the President were from the heart of the heart, and no one can read, even without kindling emotion. "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken.

Perhaps the Governors present was Horatio Seymour. He came to honor the dead of Gettysburg. Did he come to honor by lying he stood in Albany? Did he sneeringly asking where was the victory promised for the Fourth of July? These men were winning that victory, and they, for us all, and now he mourns, *ex officio*, over their graves.

When the war is over and the verdict of history is rendered, the Governor who has most grossly perplexed the Government in every way—those who first incited and then palliated massacre and riot—will be found to be the friends of the soldiers, but those whose faith was firmest in the darkest hours, and who did not falter though the fox were at the door.

A BISHOP BASTED.

SOMEBODY has written a brief and capital satire upon Bishop Hopkins's Letter defending slavery and the rebellion. After the substitution of the word Polygamy for Slavery, the exact value of the Bishop's argument is exposed. For if slavery be a good thing because Jewish patriarchs had slaves, polygamy is equally lovely because they had harems. And if slavery be tolerable because Christ and the Apostles found it, polygamy must be desirable because he did not even allude to it at all.

In fact, what is left of the Bible arguments reserves only such treatment as the ridicule, the contempt, and the sarcasm which are so delicately dealt it by this little squib. If we are to excuse our sins by those of the Jewish patriarchs, and if the whole spirit and tendency of Christ's teaching are to go for naught because he did not chance to specify some offense, there is no absurdity that may not be defended, and no crime that may not be justified.

The slave party treats the Bible exactly as it does the Constitution. The whole meaning and scope are ignored, in order to make a fight upon a doubtful word or phrase. Does Bishop Hopkins seriously wish to see the United States the polity and civilization of the ancient tribes in Judea? Does he propose, since he gives his right hand to Calhoun, to insist upon Brigham Young's taking his left? Solomon was called the wisest of men. Does the Bishop think it logically follows that a man grows in wisdom as he increases his harems, and that perfect wisdom requires a man to have, like Solomon, seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines?

It is just as logical to say that as to say that a man may rightfully buy and sell human beings, and tear children from parents, and wives from husbands, and scourge them to work without wages, and deny them all mental light, and doom them to abject submission to a despotic will, because the Jewish patriarchs had slaves. Nor can we see the force of the argument which commends slavery to a Christian because Abraham had slaves, when Christ had none. To say that he did not forbid it is to quibble, because verbally he condemned very few sins. Did he condemn burning a neighbor's barn? No. Is arson therefore condemned enslaving him. But he bade us love our neighbor as ourselves; and he told us that all men were our neighbors.

The Bishop of Vermont announces a book in which he proposes to establish the right of slavery from the Bible. Let him be entreated. He is judged in advance. The Eastern criminal did not know until he moved that his head had been sliced off, so smoothly had the sharp sword cut it. Does the good Bishop not know that he has been taken for a tunning-fork and scorched at the fire of common-sense?

FREEDMEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ONE of the chief works to which the country will henceforth have to devote itself is the care of the colored race. General Grant and Chaplain Fiske, of the Fourth Minnesota Volunteers, to lay before the public the condition and wants of the black refugees in the Department, and from Mr. Fiske's account it appears that there are forty or fifty thousand between Helena and Natchez, upon the Mississippi, who need immediate aid. As our armies advance, and the blacks are able to reach our lines, the capable men enter the service as soldiers, teamsters, or otherwise. But the women, the children, and the infirm are sorely pinched. They come from deserted plantations, and bring only their children and the clothes upon their backs. The Government gives them scanty rations, as it does to all loyal refugees, but these people need shelter and clothing. They must have them, or they will perish by hundreds during the winter.

Nobody need fear that this is a great mass of worthless paupers. In Genesee County, Department, in South Carolina, the colored people, not yet two years free, are nearly self-supporting, and only ask aid for their schools and churches. The colony on Roanoke Island, under charge of Rev. Horace James, is rapidly advancing toward self-support; while General Thomas shows that the leased plantations have been worked to a profit under very disadvantageous circumstances.

Nobody supposed that a system of slavery, which has plunged the country into so terrible a war, absorbed the whole energies of the struggle, could disappear without imposing enormous suffering upon the slaves and vast responsibility upon the country. Upon the innocent and debasedness people, to perpetuate whose slavery the war is waged by the rebels, falls the sharp pang inseparable from their liberation. It is the call in these days of the more stirring to every loyal soul in the land to do what he can to lighten the burden. It is not the nature and character of the colored man, but of the white man, that has made the negro so fruitful a source of woe to the country. We all pay the penalty of the wrong to which we all consented. And having resolved that the national flag shall not float over the system of slavery and not of slavery; that no brave hand shall be repelled because of its color; that all faithful human hearts shall be welcomed for the weapons of the Union, which is the sole hope of peace and liberty—we shall not refuse to succor the woman, and child in which something may be at once and effectively done.

The area of land which they can cultivate can be provided for the freed people along the Mississippi, and secured from rebel raids, the contraband camps will vanish, and their self-supporting will take care of themselves. But until then, during this bitter winter, they need help. Send it to Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co., No. 1 Mercer Street, and money to Joseph B. Collins, 40 Wall Street; or, if preferred, to Chaplain Fiske, care of F. G. Shaw, 86 Trinity Building, New York.

STARVATION.

THE Government is anxiously considering what shall be done to relieve the suffering of our men in the hands of the rebels. That they are pinched for food is proving there can be no doubt. It is the duty of the Government to succor them in equally clear. How shall it be done?

Starvation in kind is impossible. We can not torture prisoners to death. If we were fighting Indians, we could not scalp nor roast the captives whom we took, although our captured friends would be tormented; nor, fighting with other barbarians, could we refuse to exchange because they starve theirs. They do not do it intentionally, perhaps, but that does not help the matter. It would be no excuse for murdering our men that the rebels had not jails enough to contain them. If they can not keep prisoners decently, they have no right to hold them.

It seems possible and practicable for the Government to ascertain exactly the condition of the mass of our captured men. Should it prove to be what is to universally represented, that the rebel authorities are not damned of the rebel authorities fair treatment

for the prisoners upon pain of retaliation, and announces that a certain number of rebel prisoners in our hands were held as hostages for that good treatment, failing which they were to be shot? We are surely not obliged to tolerate the torture of Union prisoners because we wage the war so strictly that the rebel supplies fail. Every soldier liable to be captured must be assured by the action of the Government that he shall not be starved, or hung, or roasted, without instant vengeance upon the tormentors. If, as I say very likely, the case of Texas comes even more savage as it becomes desperate, but it understand that it will be held to the strictest account for every wanton crime.

"ONE GRAVE."

We marched across the stormy isle of strife strong and fearless then tread,
Though worn with toil and slumber supplied with warfare furnished blood that burned our sufferings nere to the dead.

Following with joy our youthful child to Freedom or the grave,
The poet of honor he had claimed—that poet for us had won.
To lead the van at Death's right hand, where bloodiest deeds are done;
Foremost to pay Oppression's debt—ages of lash and chains,
With the fierce cross of bayonet, the musket's deadly rain.

Six hundred yards from Wagner's fort the storming party—
Rich courage kindling every eye and arming every breast.
"Now, men, strike!" our Colonel cried, "and show your manhood's worth;
Follow my path through life or death! Forward the Fifty-fourth!"

Then poured from the dauntless heads of our advanced band
A fire more dread than rained of yore on Sodom's fated land—
From Sumter's sorrier-making throat, from Wagner's death-fraught hold,
From batteries near and points remote the iron deluge rolled!

Sulphurous flames from countless guns illumed the grim night sky,
So fitful flash, but blazing on with one continuous glare!
We staggered—some halted but for moment—wounded fitted dead—
Through storming shell and blazing shot fast toward the foe we sped.

"Onward, my boys!" our leader's voice rings stately over all—
"We'll gain the parapet, and there your shattered ranks reform!"
Onward, my friends, my banner, come, for every human life
Is lifted, surely, here!
For kindred, country, hearth and home, honor and fame's dear light!"

Rushing, as lions spring through fire, we gain the parapet,
In view of all, we reel over the sharp fatal sword.
"Now, hand to hand!" our leader cries, "what though some bleed?
Above their grave that flag shall wave which frees and guards us!"

"Onward!" Ah me! I saw him lie beside me where I fell,
While hollowing o'er us shrieked and roared the thunderbolts of hell!
From Sumter's wasson-isolated walls, from Wagner's sandbuilt hold,
Through that red tide of living, piles of dead, the fiery tempest rolled!

Ill strive to grasp his pallant hand—to raise it but once more—
"Onward!" That word had cleared his way to the eternal shore.
What hopes must down with him! But yet no step we backward gave;
Our blood was pledged to him—with him—for freedom or the grave!

Around him drew the rebel crew with curse and gibe and jeer—
That Yankee dog!—we'll bury him beneath his negroes choir!
Well dig a pit for twenty-one, and him the bravest lay,
A score of blacks above his head to keep him down for aye.

O! glorious grave! what monument of marble rich and rare
Can with that wealth of loyal blood and faithful hearts compare?
Ære perennius!—sacrum sit! No tomb beneath the soil
Shall true men honor more than that which holds the "Twenty-one!"

Ære perennius!" They shall live in many a deathless song;
Renown shall lift their names from out the unnamed heroic throng;
Embalmed with their devoted chief in everlasting fame,
What rebel retiling place then Ass could taint or here claim?

Ære perennius!" Monuments rock-sculptured fade away;
But there are deeds whose praise shall live through heaven-sung poet's lay;
Martyrs for Truth and Right Divine! to God your souls we give,
And pledged your blood—and hold the pledge—for freedom or the grave.

A. S.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

A FRENCHMAN of distinction wrote some time since that the best thing the United States Government would give Louis Napoleon time to reflect, and decide calmly what to do in Mexico. It was an unnecessary wish, for the Government of the Emperor has given the whole world the opportunity of seeing that it means to maintain our case, and that we shall not be swift to fight with any other nation.

Louis Napoleon has stopped the rams, and he alludes only casually to our affairs in his speech. He hopes that the rule of Maximilian may be beneficial to Mexico. But what Louis Napoleon means to do he does not state. Probably he does not know. He is a very cautious man, and a very clever, by events. Very possibly, also, he wishes that he had not gone to Mexico. Can he seat Maximilian and then withdraw his army? Will Maximilian, if the French army remains, be more than a satrap of Louis Napoleon's? Will the United States consent to the permanent establishment of France upon its least secure frontier? These are questions that every man asks and no man answers.

The *Westminster Review* sees in the Mexican expedition a conspiracy against Protestantism and the peace of the world. The United States Government can see in it nothing but a movement which assumed its own destruction. None of us can see in the permanent French occupation any thing but a constant menace. True, Mexico is not our country. True, it is desirable that a strong, steady Government should be established there. But if it were wise for us forty years ago to declare that Europe could not interfere in the private affairs of Mexico without endangering our peace, is it any less true or wise now? Where is the difference between the principle which forbids the French to give Mexico a proper government and the interference of Louis Napoleon to do the same thing, especially at a time when his influence neighbored within our borders are now alienated from their Government, and openly declare that they will seek the protection of France rather than submit?

If what is known as the Monroe Doctrine be still fundamental upon this point, the position of this continent of the great modern principle that nations must be allowed to settle their own internal quarrels—is certainly by no less true now and here than it has always been. It is a principle which seems to pour out its blessings upon the advantage of foreign aid only at their own request and by peaceful negotiation. It is a principle which we have the right to demand and to insist upon. It is a principle which combines the great civilized powers to guard all against the excesses of any. So the ultimate interests of the world and the French conquest of Mexico threatens the world.

GENERAL DIX.

GENERAL BURNSIDE is still in the field, although the *Providence Journal* announces that he is coming home, and it is stated, with continuance, that he had asked to be relieved. If it be true, all loyal hearts will hear it with sorrow, and follow him from the retirement which he has earned with the warmest prayers and good wishes. From the moment that the country first saw him upon the battle-field at Bull Run, through the long and weary the glorious campaign in North Carolina, in the fiery storm at Fredericksburg, at the head of the column which relieved Knoxville, to the field which hearts among the Tennessee mountains, and in all scenes and events, wherever he has appeared, he has served, it has seen the same single-hearted devotion, the same bravery, the same soldierly skill, the same purity, fervor, and honesty which are the benediction, which history will delight to repeat and prolong—"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

What thwarting jealousies and official hostility he has had to encounter none of us can say. The fact is that Burnside has been in the field all the time. Yet when the story of that day shall be faithfully written, we do not believe that the name of Burnside will be found guilty. Like all leaders, however, he know that he was to be judged by success, and when his personal sense of honor urged him to fall in the weather he did not hesitate to ask to be relieved. He has had no party to portray him as a martyr, but his character and conduct are sufficient witness to his firm we owe the historic proof that a popular Government, in the stress of actual war, may stop the mouth of an enemy of free speech itself without dangering the great principles of free speech itself. We have the highest confidence that the country intended to resent a blow at a fundamental right, was merely the cry of a faction disappointed in their hope of destroying very fundamental right whatever.

The tried and true soldier goes home. Home to his family, to his friends, to the little State in which he lives, and which loves and honors him. The little State has the proud effort of claiming some of our greatest names as hers. But no name calls the roll on which those of Greene and Perry and Dix will not forget the later burns of that of Burnside.

LITERARY.

A VERY beautiful, legible, and complete family Bible is the Pictorial Bible issued by the Harpers. It is most copiously and judiciously edited, and richly and illustrated. It has the concordance, chronologies, tables, lists, and records which belong to such a work. It is the best family Bible we know, and the publishers put forth their prettiest works, this in the edition of the Book of Books will not be forgotten.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of the war which has excited comparatively little attention, as the earthquake "rested unheedfully away," during the battle at Lake Pontchartrain, is "*The Sioux War and Massacres of* 1862 and 1863. The History of this outbreak has just been published by the Harpers. It is by Isaac V. D. Heard, who was engaged in General Sibley's expedition, and acted as Recorder of the Military Commission which tried some four hundred of the offenders. The work is a brief but complete and startling history. It gives the causes and progress of this fearful outbreak, finding the real cause mainly in our bad faith and eternal fraud toward the Indian. It is very grim tale, and instructive, we and well told.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS

THE appointment by the authorities at Washington of Major-General JOHN A. LOGAN to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps gives great satisfaction to the Army of the Mississippi and all Union-loving citizens. He is a brave and gallant officer, and Washington, in placing him at the head of so many has been solid we.

Colonel WILLIAM MYERS, Aid-de-Camp and Assistant-Quarter-master of the United States Army, is announced as the chief Quartermaster at Washington, in place of General ALLEN. It is supposed the entire quarter-master-ship of the Army of the Potomac will be given to Colonel Myers. Large quantities of stores are being shipped to the frontier for the equipment of Kansas men now entering the army.

The citizens of Troy on 18th November presented Colonel WILLIAM R. TRINGALI, commanding the Twenty-first Regiment New York Volunteer (Griswold) Cavalry, with a magnificent sword. The presentation took place at the residence of Hon. JOHN G. GRISWOLD, member of Congress elect from the Rensselaer and Washington district, and was witnessed by Major-General JOHN E. WOOL, United States Army, and a large number of the influential citizens of Troy and vicinity. In the presentation speech complimentary allusion was made to the gallantry of Colonel TRAINO, who, as Captain and Major in the old Second New York Cavalry, behaved most brilliantly throughout the two years' service as New Market Bridge, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Commander HARRIS has been detached from the command of the Iroquois, and ordered to the command of the *Chickopee*.

Lieutenant-Commander MILTON HOTTON has been ordered to the command of the *Marblehead*.

Lieutenant-Commander HENRY ERBEN, JR., has been detached from special duty at New York city, and ordered on board the *Niagara*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN G. BARNES has been detached from the *Niagara*, and ordered as fleet captain of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

The Sixth Army Corps, Major-General SEDGWICK commanding, has been reviewed by General Reynolds and his staff.

Admiral SAMUEL FAIL suddenly ill on 30th November, and before any, excepting his most intimate friends, were aware of it, he was announced as a serious sport. Under the treatment of his physicians he has rallied, and is now progressing favorably. Admiral DUPONT is in good care. He entered the navy in 1800, and, though on the retired list by any majority of the law of 1861, he has been constantly in active service, and is now President of the Light-house Board.

By a recent order from the Quarter-master-General of the United States Army, Brigadier-General MONTGOMERY C. MEIGS, late military chief of the Quarter-master Department at Washington, has been removed to Louisville to establish an office there.

Major PETER CARMEIN, Paymaster United States Army, and one of the oldest officers in the Army, Captain CHARLES NELSON HOE, First United States Artillery; Captain J. H. CARLETON, Mounted Rifles, and Captain JOHN C. ROBERTS, lately Assistant-Quarter-master, Volunteer Service, have been retired from active service, and are now on the list of officers subject to be physically disabled for duty, have been retired from active service, and his resignation has approved by the President.

General MARCELLUS, having recovered from his injuries received at the battle of Lookout Mountain, has joined his division of the First corps on 16th ult., and General CUTLER returns to his brigade.

The rebel Brigadier-General H. R. BURGY was tried before a court-martial at Shreveport, Louisiana, during September last, for disobedience of orders and unofficer-like conduct. The charges against him were sustained, and although he was acquitted of the charges of actual cowardice, still he was severely censured by the Court for want of diligence in the cause he represented.

Brigadier-General JAMES B. STEEDMAN, commanding Reserve Corps, has been assigned to duty at Cincinnati, Ohio, relieving Brigadier-General JOSEPH DARR, JR., who is relieved from duty in that city, and will report to Major-General THOMAS, in Kentucky, for ordering him to the command of a district in the Department of the Ohio will probably be tendered him shortly for active operations.

The Secretary of the Navy has made the following appointments:

Acting Master JOHN A. JOHNSON, of the *Octorara*, to be Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, to date from 6th October, and ordering the English blockade-runner *John Wilkinson*.

Acting Master's Mate JOHN L. SMITH, of the *Octorara*, to the same position, for skill and vigilance in capturing the blockade-runner *Mac*.

Acting Ensign GUSTAVUS P. WILLIAMS to Acting Master, for gallantry in the late action.

The court-martial of which Colonel TRACY has lately acted as President, and Major Andrew Judge Advocate, which was dissolved a day or two since, has been reconvened, and is now in session again. Its officers are unchanged. The case of Colonel MCPHERSON will be the first one to come before it.

Doubts having been expressed in regard to the truth of the statement that General BURNSIDE was to be relieved from command, and return, it may be well to state that the order for the change was issued on the 16th inst., and that General BURNSIDE ordered to report to the Adjutant General in Washington.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

GENERAL LONGSTREET crossed the Tennessee River on 14th inst. with seven brigades of his late Virginia forces, who, being inferior in numbers, fell back to Lenoir. The enemy appear to have pressed their attack during 15th and 16th. Burnside fell back to Campbell's Station, where, being outflanked, he made a stand, and repulsed under cover of his batteries, and by their well-directed fire drove the enemy back. The Confederates, however, were reinforced and harassed by the enemy, General Burnside fell back on Knoxville on the night of 16th inst.

The Washington papers of 20th inst. say for the relief of General Burnside, and the ability to hold the city until the arrival of General SHERMAN, who, since the junction of Sherman's with Thomas's force, has ample means at his disposal for so doing. Burnside has notified the people of Knoxville that he intends to hold the place.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There is no change in the Army of the Potomac. The different corps occupy the same positions which they did ten days ago. They are working like beavers on their defenses at the Rapidan. Meade's troops are in splendid health and spirits. On 26th inst. Sedgwick made a dash on a party of our cavalry near Bealton Station on Flin, and carried off three commissary wagons. They were rescued as far as Thoroughfare Gap, and five of these wagons were brought into the lines of the Army of the Potomac which are not yet confirmed.

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

The occupation of Brownsville, Texas, which is now held by General BANKS, appears to have been dictated by some very urgent reasons. An attempt to revolutionize the district of Tamaulipas, which includes Matamoras and the mouth of the Rio Grande, by the Mexican chief Cortinas, was handing it over to the French, was frustrated by the prompt movement of General BANKS. The expedition of Union troops drove General Cobos, the ally of Miramon, from Matamoras. The latter, however, he fell into the hands of Cortinas, who defeated him, and shot him as a traitor. These revolutionary events took week on the Mexican frontier of the Rio Grande in the regular Mexican fashion; but the position which General Banks now occupies secures to the United States the port of Matamoras without bloodshed. The fall of Brownsville and the capture of the Tamaulipas country had been handed over to Banks.

CHARLESTON.

The sea-wall of Fort Sumter is entirely destroyed, and the rebels are constructing bomb-proofs within and on the parapet. The fire on the fort was steady for several dates. During the night of 23d the Monitor *Lehigh*, while on picket duty off Sumter, got aground. Daylight discovered her position to the enemy, who at once began a furious fire upon her, which was returned by Sumter and Island. Three other Monitors—the *Montauk*, *Patapsco*, and *Nahant*—came to her assistance, and got her off without Dahlgren. The Admiral boarded the *Nahant*, and called Commodore Rodgers to a harvest by the side of Du. Of the number who offered themselves, the surgeon and two soldiers were selected. Rodgers dressed on their approach, also under a tremendous fire. After three attempts they succeeded in getting a line to the *Lehigh*, and by the assistance of this the *Nahant* towed her off. Admiral DUPONT speaks in the highest terms of the coolness and gallantry of petty officers. Commander Bryson, of the *Lehigh*, and the petty officer, Johnson, of the *Nahant*, were both wounded.

CARE FOR THE PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Large quantities of provisions and medical stores have been sent to Richmond for the use of our prisoners, and no anxiety need be entertained as regards their condition so far as the rebel Government can relieve the necessities of the supplies among them. There has been some delay in the delivery of the stores, owing to the unwillingness from City Point to the rebel capital; but this difficulty we are assured has been overcome.

HOW MANY PRISONERS HAVE WE?

It is stated semi-officially from Washington that we have thirty-four thousand rebel prisoners in our possession.

A KNAVE PUNISHED.

John K. Stettler, in violation of honesty and his sworn obligations as a clerk in the Post-office Department at his office, undertook to make a fortune at the cost of private letters. Instead of forfeiting a large amount of the compound, which would neither stand the test of human conscience nor the scrutiny of the clearest analysis. The Government, upon the discovery of the shameful knavery, ordered the latter to be arrested, and the case being been submitted to the summary arbitrament of a court-martial, he was sentenced to be sent to the prisoner to five years' imprisonment at Albany, New York.

ELECTION IN DELAWARE.

Nathaniel B. Smithers, Democrat, of Dover, has been elected to Congress by the State of Delaware. All passed off quietly. The Democratic majority is reported at 1,200. That little Delaware takes her place in the line of Loyal States.

NEGROES IN SERVICE.

There have been, up to the present time, forty thousand negroes armed and entered into the service of the Government.

SOUTHERN PRICES.

Southern papers say that 1863 is not considered too high a price for a barrel of flour which sold for \$16 in 1861 and \$150: while coal beats our famine prices, two tons selling for \$1,000.

MR. BUCHER AT HOME.

On Sunday evening, 22d inst., Rev. Ward Beecher preached his first sermon since his return from Europe in his church. The occasion was filled to overflow, and even further than the speaker's voice could be heard, were crowded with people who could not obtain seats. An hour for services to begin were obliged to go away, unable to obtain admission.

DESERTERS FROM BRAGG'S ARMY.

We learn from Chattanoogs that deserters from the rebel army are now more numerous than at any time since the expulsion of Bragg from Middle Tennessee. The demoralization in the rebel ranks appears to be the ultimate, General Grant's troops are in splendid spirits. Reinforcements from the Potomac army are in readiness that was expected, and it is said on good authority that not less than 30,000 men of the entire force will re-enter the army for the new term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A SPEECH BY LORD PALMERSTON.

LORD LYONS and Admiral Dundas made a speech at Mayor's banquet, in the course of which he asserted that England had maintained her neutrality in the war, and felt the belief that it would have been in vain. Enclosed insults will be suffered, but strictly neutral. Mr. Phillips, a leading supporter of the Cabinet, made a speech in behalf of the Federal Government.

THE PIRATE "ALEXANDRA."

The Attorney-General, on November 5, applied to the Court of Exchequer for a new trial in the case of the Alexandra case. He asked for it on the ground of misdirection, or, at least, misconception of the evidence of the Judge, and that the verdict was against the weight of the evidence. It was ordered that the case should before the argument that the bill of exceptions should be abandoned, that the judge's remarks to the jury in the direction be received, and that no appeal should be made from the decision of the court except on the bill of exceptions. The Attorney-General accepted these conditions, and the case stood for a rule being granted. The court has needed to the application.

FRANCE.

THE PROPOSED CONGRESS.

Napoleon's proposed European Congress absorbed universal attention, and it was supposed that it would be generally held in Paris. Fifteen Powers have been invited to participate in the deliberations.

AUSTRIA.

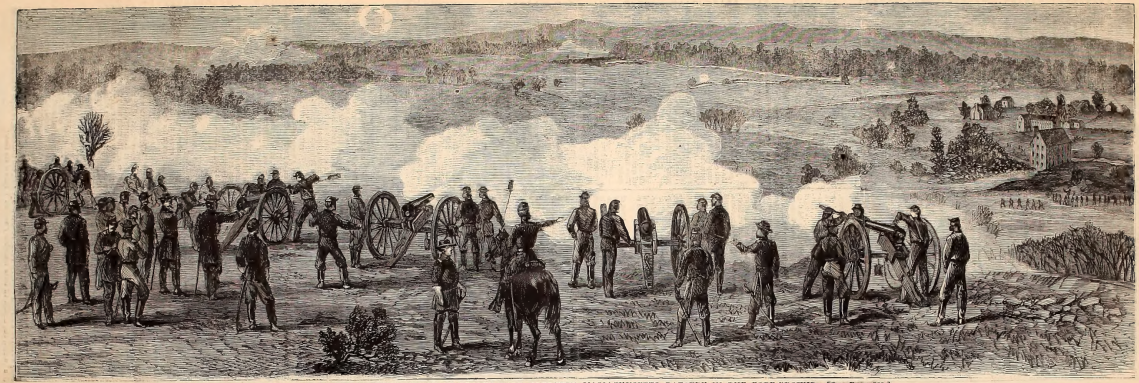
MAXIMILIAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Emperor-elect of Mexico will set out for Mexico City about February, 1864. Two Austrian war vessels have been ordered to Trieste, to be in readiness, and it was supposed they were to convey Maximilian, the Archduchess Charlotte, and their suite to their future dominions. The Archduke is to retain his former command of the Austrian navy by way of a farewell.

GREECE.

THE NEW KING.

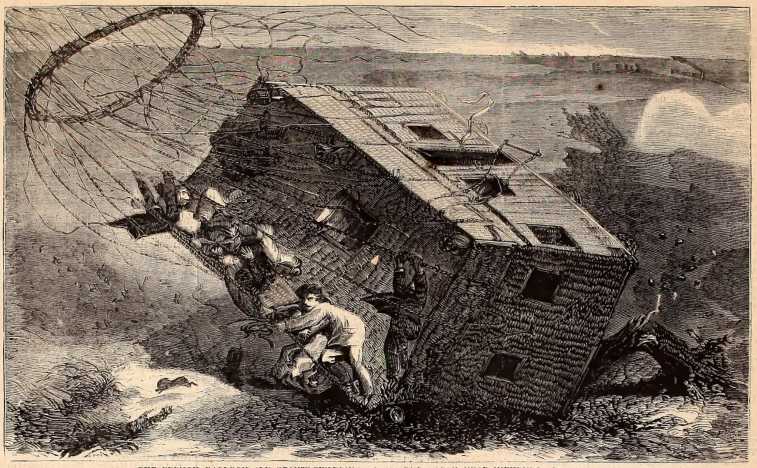
The young King of the Greeks immediately on arriving in his new capital issued a proclamation. He declares that he brings no special ability and no trained intelligence to the task of governing the country, but that he has a conscience, and that he will endeavor to surround himself with the best advisers entirely irrespective of parties, and that he will strictly observe the Constitution. He then seated, and thus setting, he hope to make Greece "the model State of the East."



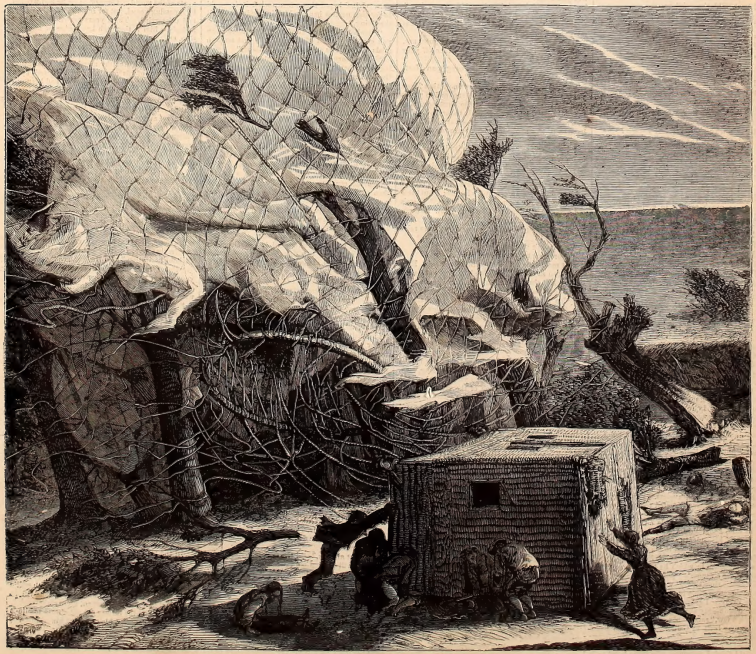
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—FIGHT AT KELLY'S FORD, SLEEPER'S MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY IN THE FORE-GROUND.—[See Page 780.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CHARGE OF GENERAL WARD'S TROOPS THROUGH KELLY'S FORD UPON THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 780.]



THE FRENCH BALLOON "LE GEANT" SWEEPING ALONG THE EARTH NEAR NIENBURG.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



THE BALLOON CAUGHT IN A FOREST—ATTEMPTS OF THE AERONAUTS TO ESCAPE.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

THE FRENCH BALLOON "LE GEANT."

We devote page 773 to illustrations of the recent perilous balloon adventure of M. Nadar, the French aeronaut, who has made himself famous by his ascents in his balloon *Le Géant*. He had already made a voyage of several hundred miles in his balloon, and landed his party, consisting of twelve men and one lady—the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne—safely in Germany. On this latter occasion he was accompanied by several gentlemen, and his wife, Madame Nadar. While crossing the line into Germany, at an altitude of 1000 yards, a storm struck the balloon and drove it forward at the rate of 200 miles an hour. The aeronauts tried to descend, but the balloon's course could not be checked. It knocked down chimneys, trees, what ever it encountered in its headlong course, and it seemed certain that death would be the fate of the intrepid voyagers. Sometimes it struck the ground, then, springing upward, it would rise into the clouds, with the utmost velocity of a rocket, dashing its occupants from side to side with fearful force. At length, near Newburg in Hanover, the gas had escaped sufficiently to enable the travelers to grapple some trees in a forest against which their vehicle had been driven. Every one, with the exception of some violent flapping from side to side, it remained stationary long enough to let the travelers descend by means of the cordage. During the process the car upset, and caught Madame Nadar under one of its edges. She was with difficulty rescued from this perilous situation, and the wounded, almost crippled travelers, were at length enabled to go home—wiser and sorer people.

We all remember the balloon mania in this country—the ascents of Wise, Lamountain, and others; and just now are not inclined to further experiments in that line.

I'D LIKE TO AID THE SOLDIERS.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
Yes, I'd like to knit and sew—
But in the army's rank and file
There's nobody I know,
There's nobody I know;
For Willie Warner got exempt,
And Peter wouldn't go.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
But I have no time at all;
For what is left of other things
Is to economize small—
'Tis too exceeding small
To do the soldiers any good,
And then—I want it all.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
But there's nothing I can spare;
I've things that might make dressing-gowns.
But nothing I can't wear,
So—nothing I can't wear;
And pray what could I fret myself?
I have nobody there.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
But my purse is very lean;
And with all my furbelows to buy—
You'd know what I mean,
You'd know just what I mean;
It costs so much to live in style,
And dress can be seen.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
If I could as well as not;
And I'm willing every body else
Should give them all they've got—
Yes, give them all they've got;
And I'd send them my good wishes—
'Tis really all I ought.

FARMER HAYDEN'S THANKS-GIVING-DAY.

THE cars stopped at a little station on the Vermont Central Railroad. Twenty or more persons stepped out upon the platform, and proceeded to fill the single omnibus drawn up just behind the depôt. As the latter was the only building in sight, the road to it winding among forest trees that stretched their great limbs, despoiled of summer foliage, so as in some instances to form an arch over the narrow avenue, it was only natural to wonder how the depôt came to be located in such an out-of-the-way place. On this point it on only to say that railroad corporations are occasionally guilty of little eccentricities, and like to accommodate the public in their own way.

Among the twenty odd passengers there was one who stood apart from the rest—a stout, sun-burnt young man—who appeared to have no acquaintance among the fellow-travelers. Occasionally a glance of curiosity was directed toward him, but no one seemed to know him.

"I think I'll get up and ride on the seat with you," he said, addressing Abner, the driver.

"All right, Sir—plenty of room," was the reply. The young man mounted to his elevated seat.

"Ever been this way before?" asked Abner, with a side-glance at which he took a mental inventory of the stranger's "points."

"Yes, some time since," was the brief reply.

"Know many people in Carleton?"

"Not many. I suppose there have been some changes within—say the last half-dozen years."

"Well, a few," said Abner, reflectively. "Sam Hastings has been to California and come home with a pile of money."

"Indeed!" commented the young man, indifferently. "I think I remember him. He lived near Farmer Hayden's, didn't he?"

"Yes; and speaking of changes, there's been changes in that family."

"Eh?" said the young man, sharply. Then, in a more moderate tone, "What changes do you refer to?

"Well, he's lost his property, for one thing."

"Doesn't he still live on the farm?" demanded the passenger, hastily.

"Yes; but he don't like to live on it long."

"How is that?"

"Oh, it's a long story, but the upshot of it is that he signed for his brother-in-law and had to pay. So he was obliged to mortgage the farm. Sam Hastings came home from California with plenty of cash, and came forward very generously, as every body thought, and offered to lend the money on mortgage, provided he let it stand as long as Farmer Hayden liked. His offer was very thankfully accepted. A little while after Sam began to pay attentions to Mary Hayden—the sweetest girl in all Carleton, as every body knows."

"How did Mary—I mean Miss Hayden—receive his attentions?" asked the young man.

"She would not receive them at all. She never liked Sam, and though she didn't say so outright, she gave him to understand it in plenty of other ways."

"How did he take it?"

"Badly enough. If you ever knew Sam, you know he's got plenty of 'grit:' and he no sooner found that Mary wouldn't have any thing to say to him than he made up his mind that she should not had an advantage over her in the hold he had upon her father."

"I see there any particular reason for Miss Hayden's not liking young Hastings?"

"I surmise there was, though I'm not sure. You see there used to be a young man in Carleton that she took a notion to."

"Indeed!"

"His name was John Patten. I remember him as a bright boy, but full of mischief. He used to help Farmer Hayden on the farm. I guess he never liked farming; and one day he packed up his things and left the village, saying that he was going to sea. I don't think he's been heard of since. Most likely he got shipwrecked on some foreign coast and lost his life."

"And that reason have you for thinking that Miss Hayden liked him?"

"She was about sixteen when he went off; he about two years older. Let me see—it must be five years ago. After he left she seemed sort of lonely, and I took it for granted that was the reason."

"She hasn't heard from him during that time," repeated the young man, in a low tone—"that is strange?"

"She may have heard from him, but I guess not. Look out for that limb, Sir, or it'll take off your hat!"

"You were speaking of this young man Hastings—how he took her coldness."

"Oh ave. Well, he no sooner found that Mary would not marry him than he determined to persecute her father by foreclosing the mortgage. To make it worse, he means to do it to-morrow—that is, Thanksgiving-day. So unless Farmer Hayden has the money ready for him to-morrow he must leave the farm."

"Isn't there any one willing to lend the amount to an old man," exclaimed the passenger, indignantly, "and thus aid in frustrating this scoundrel's knavery?"

"Well, there's many that would like to do it," I said the driver, whipping up his horses; "but there isn't much money to spare in our village. There's old Slack is able enough, but you know he's nothing but a miser."

"Then Farmer Hayden has been unable to raise this money?"

"He hadn't this morning."

"How does he bear it?"

"It makes the old man sorrowful enough. He's even been so far as to implore Hastings to be merciful. But the man stood out like a flint. Says it will be a sad day for the whole village when the Hayden farm falls into his hands. Then, you see, Sir! That's the spire of the orthodox church rising above the trees. Where will you stop?"

I shall stop at the tavern. I feel quite interested in your story. So the mortgage is to be foreclosed to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sir."

With a flourish of his whip Abner drew up the team in front of the tavern. It was a long, two-story building, with a piazza extending along the front. Half the population of the village seemed to be standing in the street, among the latter those whose regular arrival with the mail was the great event of the day. The near approach of Thanksgiving, with its accompanying sports, made the assemblage to-night larger than usual.

Abner took the mail-bag from a nest of trunks and bandboxes on the top of the stage, and dropped it into the hands of a small boy who was waiting to receive it. The passengers, cramped by their ride, got out and stretched their limbs. Hearty greetings were exchanged with friends who were present to meet them. Trunks and bandboxes were transferred to waiting carriages; and one party after another disappeared to find a hospitable welcome in some another of the neat but unpretending dwellings of Carleton.

But for the young man in whom we feel the greatest interest there was no welcome. He had his luggage conveyed to a quiet chamber in the tavern, and after a short interval came down to supper. He said little, and dropped out of the business which called him to Carleton at a season when most persons like to spend among friends and relatives.

Three quarters of a mile from the tavern was the Hayden farm. It comprised about fifty acres, a part only being arable land. The wants of the occupants being few and simple, Farmer Hayden had been able to make a comfortable living from it till compelled to raise money on mortgage. Though fifteen hundred dollars may seem a small sum to many the interest was felt as a heavy burden by the farmer, and compelled him to the closest economy. As for laying up money to pay it off that was out of the question. But he had hoped that something might turn up to enable him to retain possession of the homestead in which he and his father before him had first opened their eyes to the light.

It was a sorrowful group that gathered about the fireside on the family room on Thanksgiving-eve. Farmer Hayden sat in a straight-backed chair deep in thought, his eyes fixed mournfully upon the logs that crackled in the wide fire-place. He was a tall man of sixty, but so bowed with a life of labor that he looked older. His hair had whitened rapidly since his troubles commenced, and this too added to his apparent age. At the opposite side of the hearth sat his wife, gentle Martha Hayden, with her mild benevolent face. To-night, indeed, a shadow reflected from her husband's face dimmed the light that beamed from her serious eyes. She was "toeing off" a stocking for her husband, but it was easy to see that her knitting was mechanical, and her heart was not in her work.

Mary Hayden sat at the white deal table that stood in the centre of the room, with her head resting upon her hand. She too was occupied with sorrowful thoughts. She was a trim comely maiden with a clear complexion and cheeks like a peach. There was not a rustic bean within ten miles that did not admire her fresh beauty, and would not have accounted himself a fortunate man had her choice fallen upon him.

None of the trio seemed inclined to speak. At length Farmer Hayden lifted up his head wearily, and said, "This will be a sad Thanksgiving-day for us, Martha."

"Sad indeed, Benjamin," returned the wife; "I can hardly realize that this is the last day we are to spend in the old house."

"I've lived in it more and boy sixty-one years come next August," said the farmer, meditatively. "We were very happy here till—till the trouble came."

"It's the Lord's will, Benjamin; we must try to receive it with submissive hearts."

"Yes, Martha, I know it will be a hard trial. Thirty-two years ago I brought you here. Here all our children have been born. Here, too, they have all died—all but Mary."

The girl at the table sobbed convulsively.

"No other place will seem like home to us. In our old age we must undergo the many ties that bind us to the dear old homestead, and go forth as strangers. But it is well for us when we left it, it won't be for that narrow house which is appointed for all the living."

"Don't think of it, Benjamin, any more than you can help," said Martha. "He that sendeth trials will send us strength to bear them."

Slowly Mary rose from her seat, and approaching her father, said, with an uncertain voice, "Father, till to-night I did not know how hard it would be to leave you. Perhaps I have no right to exact such a sacrifice from you. All the memories of a lifetime cluster for you beneath this roof. Ought I to pluck them up, and send forth homeless into the cold world those who from my infancy have sheltered and cherished me?"

"What do you mean, Mary?" asked Farmer Hayden, lifting his head quickly and bending a questioning look upon his daughter.

Mary paused a moment to recover resolution. "I mean this, father, that if Mr. Hastings will not forego his claim—will not, on any other condition than that I become his wife, I am ready to consent."

The temptation was a strong one. For a moment reviving hope lighted up the old man's eye, and for a moment only.

"No, Mary, not with my consent. Better that we wander homeless but united in affection than that you sac rifice your self to us. The thought that you had sacrificed yourself to him would embitter my existence. No, much as I value the old homestead, let it go. I can't keep my child."

He was not a demonstrative man. It is the New England fashion to keep the impulses of family affection under strict control. Time it is only when a great joy or a great sorrow throws down the barriers of custom that we have revealed all in its intensity the deep affection which lies concealed under a reserved exterior. Farmer Hayden had never offered to kiss his daughter since she was on an age to sit on his knee, but to-night a great affection unsealed the fountains of his love, and he opened his arms, with a low cry Mary sprang into his embrace, and leaning her head against his shoulder, gave vent to her tears. But not for long. They were interrupted by a loud summons struck by the old-fashioned knocker, which for many a year had hung, a formidable appendage, upon the outer door.

The farmer gently put Mary away, and, rising, took the lamp from the mantel-shelf, and with one hand lest a current of air should extinguish it, walked to the front door. When it was opened he was somewhat surprised at seeing a stranger. In obedience to the dictates of politeness he invited him in. As the room was a fire only in the family room, he at once led him into the presence of his wife and daughter. These he introduced simply. The visitor said—

"I am afraid, Mr. Hayden," he said, turning toward the farmer, "I you must look upon my visit as an intrusion."

"Not at all, Sir," said the farmer, politely.

"You will pardon me for asking—I have only reached the village this evening—whether it is true, as I have heard, that you are about to be ejected from the farm which you have so long occupied?"

"I have lived here always, Sir. Yes, it is unhappily true. This is the last night we shall pass in the old house."

"And where shall you go?"

"I—to be sure not made our arrangements. A neighbor has kindly offered to accommodate us for a few days till we have time to look around a little. It was come upon us all very suddenly, so that we are hardly determined upon our plans for the future."

"It must be a great grief to you all. Is there no way of averting this calamity?"

"None. None, at least, that is practicable."

"It is the foreclosure of a mortgage, is it not? May I ask for what amount?"

"For fifteen hundred dollars. Besides this there is accrued interest to the amount of forty-five dollars."

"And for the lack of this you are to be ejected? Have you no friend who will lend you the money?"

"There are many who have the will, but not the power. We country farmers do not often have much money, Sir."

"I think I have come to your rescue. Mr. Hayden, you need be under no further concern about this matter. I will lend you the money to cancel the mortgage, and you will remain, for many years I trust, in possession of the old Hayden farm."

Mrs. Hayden and Mary fixed their eyes in grateful surprise on the visitor. The farmer hardly credit his ears.

"Do I understand you?" he said, slowly. "Do you mean that you will lend me the money to redeem my farm?"

"I will, Mr. Hayden," said the young man, quietly. "I have the money with me; and if you will be good enough to write a note for the amount, I will place it in your hands at once."

Farmer Hayden rose and grasped the stranger's hand. "How can I thank you sufficiently?" he said, in a tone tremulous with deep emotion. "You have given me new life and hope. How could I expect such kindness from an utter stranger?"

"Am I an utter stranger?" asked the young man, fixing his eyes upon the farmer's face. "Have you wholly forgotten the boy who for three years worked at your side and ate at your table?"

Mary started, half rising, looked eagerly at the visitor's face. The old man drew him hastily into the full light. "Yes, yes, it is John Patten!" he exclaimed. "Welcome home, John! I always liked you, and now I like you better than ever."

There were but few more words spoken. Farmer Hayden, heartily. Mary turned red and white by turns, and shyly drew her hand away from his fervent pressure.

"But why haven't you written to us, John?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

He briefly his story. He had embarked on board a merchant-ship, in which he visited various parts of the world. Once or twice he had written by a passing vessel, but for some reason the letters had miscarried. Three years passed in this way had given him a thorough knowledge of seamanship, but put little money into his purse. To remedy this, however, on a voyage to China he had the good fortune to be the life of an only child, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. The father, in testimony of his gratitude, had pressed upon him a large sum in money, which he had been able to refuse. He landed at New York, determined to come at once to Carleton to visit his old friends. But the rebellion had already broken out. The great and rapid enlargement of the navy created a demand for competent officers. To John Patten the path of duty was clear. He offered his services to the Government, and was at once appointed midshipman of a new gun-boat just ready for sea. Since then he had been on constant service in the blockading squadron, during which he had become entitled to a large amount of prize-money. At present injuries to the vessel to which he was attached had brought it to the Charlestown Navy-yard for repairs; and, for the first time since he entered the service, he was allowed a furlough. Here he had intended to stay only one week. As to the money which he had offered, he had twice as much more, and could spare it easily.

In that case, I will accept your generous offer without hesitation," said the farmer.

"But I must make one condition," said the young man. "You must have a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, and invite me to sit down with you."

"You shall be heartily welcome," returned the farmer. "Have you made any preparations for Thanksgiving, Martha?"

"No, Benjamin; you know we didn't expect to stay here."

"Then there is no time to be lost. Early in the morning I will ride over to the village, and get a turkey and every thing you will need."

"And the apples for the pies shall be pared to-night," said Mary, briskly.

"Right, daughter!" said the farmer, approvingly. "The time is short; but we'll have a merry Thanksgiving dinner yet. You'll stay with us to-night, John?"

"No, Mr. Hayden. I have engaged a bed at the tavern. By-the-way, when will Mr. Hastings come for his money?"

"At eleven o'clock."

"Then I should like to be within hearing. I will walk up quietly just before."

The next day was a busy one at Hayden Farm. Mrs. Hayden and Mary were up before light, engaged in those multifarious culinary preparations which Thanksgiving-day brings in its train. By noon a row of pies, crisp and tempting, stood on the dresser. A delightful odor from the turkey roasting before the fire filled the room, and the pudding in the oven was baking beautifully.

In the midst of these culinary preparations Mr. Hastings knocked at the door, and entered into the parlor, where Farmer Hayden awaited his coming. In the next room, with the door ajar, sat John Patten.

Farmer Hayden greeted his visitor with polite composure. The latter, however, seemed ill at ease, and became each moment more embarrassed, perceiving that the farmer did not choose to allude first to the business which brought him thither.

"I suppose, Mr. Hayden," he said, at last, awkwardly enough, "you know my errand."

"You come to foreclose the mortgage, and eject me from the farm."

"You are aware that this is your resolution, and not mine."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hastings?"

"You understand well enough," said the other, biting his lip. "Give me your daughter in marriage, and the mortgage shall never trouble you."

"I have no desire, even if I had the right, to force my daughter's inclinations," said the farmer, coldly.

"You mean that she do, 'like me. That is only a girl's fancy. Hasn't she considerations enough for her family to consent to the only course which will save her from ruin?"

"It is a sacrifice which I shall neither require nor accept at her hands. To be plain with you, Mr. Hastings, I do not think you would make a suitable husband for my daughter. Even if she were willing to marry you, knowing—as at present I do, I should use whatever influence I may possess with her to dissuade her from a step which I am convinced she will but rarely contemplate."

The young man turned pale to the lips with anger.

"By Heavens, Sir," he exclaimed, impetuously, "you shall rue this; you and your daughter too! I foreclose the mortgage, Mr. Hayden; and if give you warning, Sir, that if you do not leave the premises before sundown I shall call in the assistance of the law to eject you."

"So be it, Mr. Hastings," said Farmer Hayden, calmly. "I will trouble you to adhere to the law. The mortgage can not be foreclosed unless I fail to extend it."

"But that you can not do," was the quick reply.

"You are mistaken. I have the money here, and shall lose no time in severing all business relations with you."

He produced a roll of bills, and counted out the amount of the mortgage.

Samuel Hastings was speechless with surprise, anger, and mortification. "Where did you raise this money?" he asked.

"That does not concern you," said the farmer. "Is the amount correct?"

There was a curt reply, and putting the bank notes in his pocket, the fair-faced farmer withdrew. With him the shadow passed from Farmer Hayden's household. At one stroke the happy group gathered around the table laden with the substantial delicacies which no one better than a New England farmer knows how to provide. In fact, nothing words Farmer Hayden craved a blessing, and in the hearts of all there was a deep sense of gratitude to God, who had made this indeed a day worthy of thanksgiving.

Later in the day John Pattes and Mary Hayden sat before the fire alone. Her eyes were downcast, her hand, a willing captive, pressed in his. He was telling her how, during his long absence, the thought of her had been always with him, stimulating him to exertion, giving him courage in the midst of danger, that he had never given up all the hope that she would some day consent to be his, and walk hand in hand with him the journey of life, whether short or shorter in God willed; would be the happier for their joint companionship. That hope he asked her now to ratify. I can not give Mary's answer. I only know that a fortnight later, just before John Patten's furlough expired, they stood before the altar and were united, in presence of the whole village, every man, woman, and child turning out to witness the ceremony.

THE BROKEN SWORD

HER soul caught up Hope's shining shield
Against the dark assaults of Doubt;
She bade him bravely to the field
Where Death holds Glory's standard out.

She girt the good steel on his thigh,
And, "Rumor's random shafts," she said,
"Fall oft and poisoned with a lie
That strikes the unwitting heart dead.

"If you—God give me strength!—should bleed,
Yet stanch life's current ere it fall:
Send me this scabbard! I will heed
No thing, tongue, nor tale!

"If captive, in the rebel host
Some youth, heart-mated, there must be,
Who for her sake, or loved, or lost,
Will count your ransomed blade to me.

"If—if—I can not speak the word—
Pray some true comrade—at the worst—
In pity hither bear the sword;
But bid, oh! bid him break it first!"

Time sped. And Rumor still forbore
To vex her with its venomed dart;
Hope's buckler, still undimmed, she wore,
A constant Ægis, on her heart!

Till—surely 'twas a love divine
That answered her soul with daily prayer—
A soldier found her at the shrine,
And laid a broken falchion there!

"You broke the blade at *his* command?"
She flashed on him. "Nay, true love, not so!
'Twas shivered, in his good right hand,
Full on the forehead of his foe!"

"To the just cause I freely gave
My better life," she said, and pressed
To her pale lips the shattered glaive:
"To God I dedicate the rest!

"Yet is my mission here to do;
I hear *his* stricken brethren groan;
Many their pangs, their sorrows few;
Be they my bounds to the Throne?"

Soft-sowed, to wounds and death, she bears
Her Master's healing and His word;
But ever at her side she wears
For rosary, the broken sword!

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE chill November sunshine lay with mocking brightness on the velvet violets of the carpet; the wind howled sharply past the windows, as if furious that its keen touch could not blast the cream-white roses and fire-hearted geraniums whose delicate fragrance filled the room with an atmosphere of June. Without, people hurried shuddering by, with blue noses and frost-nipped fingers; within, there was summer warmth and tropic bloom.

Cecile Gore was sitting at her little *papier-maché* desk, writing delicate scented notes of invitation, with an apparently interminable list of names. On one side and a bronze card-receiver on the other. And Maurice Kennett was lazily scoring the cardboard with the stump of cork with which he had, during innumerable comments—that is, he was busied in this manner when he was not watching the graceful upturning of curls on the white neck and the blue, down-dropping eyes, and the pretty hand with the diamond betrothal-ring upon its forefinger. Don't blame Major Maurice Kennett for being a little careless about the cards, and knocking over the alabaster inkstand with a real old-fashioned festival of it; just such as his grandfather used to have!

"Dear, before pleasure, *ears mia!*" responds the Major, lifting his black eyebrows. "*My* Thanksgiving is usually invisible to the naked eye, a mere Spencer Dyatt—aren't you going to ask him?"

"Nonsense!—no."

"Why not? I'm sure he'd like to come."

"Very possibly," said Cecile, biting a little yawn behind the diamond ring. "But he always stays an hour after he has waltzes, and on their dresses when he don't waltz."

"Poor fellow! And so he is to be excluded from everything that annoys him?"

"From my parties—yes!" laughed Cecile. "Don't look disconsolate, Maurice, I'll give it to me."

"You are not going to invite Spencer Dyatt?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Maurice Kennett rose with a disturbed countenance, and looked gravely down at Cecile's bright face.

"I had rather you wouldn't, Cecile!"

"How ridiculous, Maurice, when Mr. Verde goes in the best society!"

"Mr. Verde is the best society then. But if you remember, Cecile, this is not the first time I have spoken to you on the subject."

"I shall invite and dance with Spencer Dyatt," said Cecile, coldly and emphatically.

"I do remember, Major Kennett, that you have attempted to control my every action, and soon not, receive at my house. It is useless. Mr. Verde is a general favorite, and I shall ask him to this party. Give me the pen, if you please."

But Kennett still withheld it.

"Cecile, he is not a man with whom I would wish either wife or sister to be brought into social contact."

"I am not your sister, Sir, nor am I sure that I shall ever be your wife if this is a foretaste of the authority you intend to exercise over me."

The fiery crimson mounted to Kennett's brow; he bit his lip, and strove to control himself.

"Cecile, my dearest, do not let us quarrel over such a mere trifle as this."

"It is no trifle to find myself subject to such galling control as this. You have no right, Major Kennett, to act thus."

"I do not wish to be and myself subject to such galling control as this. You have no right, Major Kennett, to act thus."

He held out his hand to her—a hand cold as ice.

"Good-by, Cecile; it has been a pleasant dream, but it is ended now."

"Good-by, Major Kennett."

And so they parted. The two young lovers, standing in the stormy gold of the November sunbeams with the wind whistling a voiceless reproach, and the draught of unshut doors growing at their hearts.

Major Maurice Kennett's regiment marched that night, and when Cecile, tossing on her restless couch, heard the steam-shriek of the "midnight express," and knew it was bearing him away, she wept the bitterest tears that perhaps had ever dimmed the eyes Maurice had likened to blue forget-me-nots. Poor little forget-me-nots! it was a chill rain and a sad; poor little blue blooms!

Sleep! she could not sleep, and when the morning of Thanksgiving penciled the east with gold she rose up, heavy-eyed and silent. She had heard of broken hearts—could it be that she was wayward, willful, yet loving heart was breaking?

"I say, Cecy, there's such a turkey down stairs! splendid fat! Master Alexander Gore confidentially called.

"Alec" Gore, rushing into the room like a small whirlwind, as Cecile sat by the register with an unopened letter in her hand. "It's all a follow can do to lift him! Ain't he stuffed nicely, though? and ain't Hannah crosser than two sticks? There's some tall currant jelly, too, and I just took a pop into the oven when cook's back was turned. Such pies! and a pudding, big enough to get into, like Sir Sonckody What'shimass in English history, you know. What a jolly old cove papa's grandfather must have been if he kept Thanksgiving this way every year!"

"Alexander!" reproved Mrs. Gore, trying not to smile.

"Well, it's a fact, mother. Who's coming to dinner? Aunt Hannah and the two old sixty? If that ain't a shame! Oh! look here!" exclaimed Alec, rushing precipitately from one subject to another, "I've just come from down town, and every body's talking about the great accident!"

"What accident?—Alexander, I wish you would learn not to crack nuts with your teeth."

"Women never hear any thing," said Alec, patronizingly, aiming a nut-shell at the canary bird's cage. "Why the railroad accident, to be sure. Express train knocked into smash, locomotive, tender, baggage, and nobody to blame. And there was a regiment of soldiers on board, too, all killed. 'Frightful loss of life!' the bulletin says, four—"

Alec checked himself suddenly, for a low cry had burst from his mother's white lips; she sprung to her feet with wild, fixed eyes, and a cheek paler than the carved marble of the mantle against which it leaned.

"Killed!" she repeated, in strangely syllabled tones—"killed! O God! and *I* live on!"

Alexander whispered, in awe-stricken accents, as Mrs. Gore leaned over her daughter—prostrate there, pallid with soft womanly offices—was that Maurice's regiment? Is Cecy dead?"

She has only fainted, my son—she will be better soon. Run for your father, Alec, and ask him to hasten down to the telegraph office, and learn what particulars have transpired. Perhaps there is some mistake. Run, my poor, poor child!"

"Leave me alone a little while, mother," said Cecile, sadly, an hour or two later in the day. "Perhaps I can pray for dear mamma, only—"

Her head sank on her hands. Mrs. Gore knew that solitude is sometimes the best medicine for a sick heart, and left her with her hand lovingly on Cecile's fair curls, and quietly stole out of the room.

Alone—alone with the dim twilight and her own sorrowful fancies! Was it strange that Cecile Gore felt as if life were a burden too great for endurance?

"Dead!" she murmured, gazing into the dusk with dilated, expressionless eyes. "And I shall never see him again to ask for his victim! How many years must I live through before I meet him in that other world whose shores we know not of? How many sad seasons must I count before I can tell him how dearly I loved him, even when I was most willful and cruel? O, memory! if I could shadow your keen pangs! I should go mad if I thought over that parting again!"

So Cecile mused on. She had yet to learn how heavy a burden the heart will bear ere Reason quits its throne, and mercifully shuts out the past.

Like a blessing from the starry darkness of the Thanksgiving-night came down over the freezing world.

"Where is she? where is Cecile?"

She clasped her hands over her heart with a low, wailing sob as the words fell on her ear.

"I shall die, mother, I shall die!" was the voice—as it used to sound. I shall dream he is with me once more. Give me time—his voice—he is dead. 'Tis not his footstep on the stairs; it is only the once phantasy of my over-tired brain. *He* is dead. *He* has found his reward in Heaven. *I* am left to—to—"

The door opened. Instinctively she raised her heavy eyes.

Twilight—darkness—what were they to her? Would she not have known him if the shadows of Styx rolled between? Would she not have recognized the flash of his eyes through the blackness of eternal midnight? She could not speak; she could not stir nor put her aside from arms and sob out strange inarticulate sounds, like a babe washed from some frightful dream.

"So—so—you are not dead, Cecile? Poor little Cecile!" murmured Maurice, folding her to his breast as if she had indeed been a babe. "Oh, my love, God is kinder than we deserve. Let us never set His mercy at defiance again. Yes," he said, answering the mute question of her eyes, "there was a mistake, and some of our men were hurt, and as we can not go on until to-night I came back for the kiss I was too proud to take yesterday. Are we true lovers now, darling?"

Yes—once more and forever!

"It's a mercy the dinner isn't spoiled, waiting for you lazy people!" quoth Master Alec, with one eye directed reproachfully at Major Kennett and Cecile, and the other riveted upon the turkey, whose brown sides rose, a mountain of unctuous delight, from the centre of the festive board. "I say, father, I'll take a big slice of the breast, if you please, and a bit of the drumstick!"

"I think it is, Alec," replied Kennett.

Cecile, shyly radiant at her lover's side, looked down on the dark wonder of his eyes and thought that *her* Thanksgiving would last forever.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SARCASTIC.—Young ——, son of Her Majesty's printer, who has the patent for printing Bibles in England, went to Russia lately in Edinburgh, her accredited agent, turned up with gold lace. This gay attire attracted universal attention. At one court ball Lady Westmorland said to him: "It's only young Bible," replied her Ladyship, "bound in red and gilt, but not lettered."

QUESTION IN CHORNETT.—Given, a riverse as a base, what figure does a fisherman's rod and line form in conjunction with the Man-of-Straw? Indefinitely.

THE BEST PROOF FOR FURNISHING LOVE.—Kate was talking glowingly about "love-apples." "That's strange!" exclaimed Uncle Jack, her accepted lover. "Why should I love be associated with apples? On the contrary, I always thought that love was to pare." Kate smiled approvingly.

"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said a speaker, in a hoarse voice, and perceptible fruity, "I can only say that I wish I had a window in my breast, that you might see the emotions of my heart." "The newspaper printed the speech leaving the "n" out of "window."

What is the principal difference between the smaller and the larger oyster? The fact that two small oysters does not make a summer," but one can can make a spring.

An old lady looking at the curiosities in a museum, was shown a couple of large skulls, and after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag, who stood near, if they were human. "No, Madam," replied he, "not now; their bark is on the sea."

A WELL-READ SOLDIER.—Private information.

When is a widow like a star?—When it's a skylight.

What is the difference between a mischievous monkey and a beautiful young lady?—One harms the cheese, the other charms the lo'es.

"WON'T you cut open a penny for me, papa?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day. "Cut open a penny, child! What do you mean by that?" "Why, ma'am," said the little girl, "our teacher says that the penny tests are for failings, and I want to see them."

FOND.—Said one day to Richmond. When the landlord produced the bill, Richmond thought it very moderate, and asked his house. "Pretty fair, ain't please you," replied the landlord. "Pretty fair, indeed," said Richmond, "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your bill!"

MRS. Robson, where's your husband?" "Why, he's dead, sir, and I don't wish any body to disturb him." A very considerate woman that.

"They don't me be as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old nut, as the chestnut a woman's eye, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked in.

A pedestrian travelling in Ireland met a man, and asked him rather gruffly why the miles were so long, when Sir Hibernian replied, "Because your Honor's legs are not in very good condition, so we give very good measure."

A famous musician, who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "Permit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest."

"Are you fond of tongue, Sir?" asked a lady. "I was always fond of tongue, Madam," was the reply, "and like it still."

What were the last words the trumpeter said when he was going to the wild bull?—"How he roars!"

MRS. Partington wants to know why captains don't have their ships properly nailed in port, instead of waiting to get them out.

It is better to be ready and not go than go and not be ready.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, for I am afraid I shall be in danger of this," replied Sally, "you are too green to burn!"

Two country farmers lately parading the Stock Exchange stopped to look at a specimen of the wonders of coin's wing. The gentlemen to whom these men addressed themselves asked them if they were Dollars for real estate, who, having lost their reason, imagined they were transformed into bills and notes, and acted accordingly. "Pay me," said one of the countrymen, "must we see 'em?" "No," answered the gentlemen, and, after persuading the farmers to the door, he desired them to walk in. Now, directly the door was put in their faces the first one said to the other, "Zeeus, Dicky, let us get off—those must be the sort of folks we shall have to deal with, for fear as their legs could carry them, and went home full of the notion of the mad menhouse and their Bedlam near the Change.

THE Russians in a smart engagement were gallantly assisted by Turkish fire. Firing in platoons, with one, two, numbering the guns, noticed that it was very hot. "A Turk, Sir!" said one of the men, "I'll be hanged if he don't, we'd letter stop fire' a little." "Divil a bit," replied the Turk, "I'll get the cartridges in the river where you took an' rape it cool."

A man in the habit of traveling, complaining to a friend that he had often been robbed, and was afraid of getting abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journeys. "Why, I have pistols," replied the farce: "the thieves would rob me of them also!"

A new method of shop-lifting has been discovered in Paris. An elegant lady enters a store, accompanied by a nurse, carrying a baby dressed in rich embroidery. On leaving they are supposed to have taken linen, jewelry, &c., as the case may be, and are detected. An examination proves that the baby has a wax face, and a hollow body packed with, silver ware as a hiding-place for stolen articles.

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured, which being done, the farrier sent to pay him.—"No," said the farrier; "we doctors never take the money out of a dead horse."

WE are repeatedly told that "Love laughs at locksmiths." It is true to a limit; for there are instances on the legal record where Cupid has been taken by the locksmith, but actually taking his pick of all the wards in the trade.

SIR George Grey spoke with extraordinary volubility. On one occasion, as others his argument, he made use of a simile. "If," he said, "a portion of the fire in a kettle of gunpowder we all know there will be a dreadful explosion; but we may there a touching torch upon a turnpike-road, and the probability is that it will expire harmlessly." The incongruous simile was received with cheers, as the blazing torch on the turnpike-road; but he could not make out why the explosion of the kettle of gunpowder should be the result, but as it was all in the dark.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

On page 780 we reproduce a sketch, by Mr. Davis, representing one of the most famous and popular of the army transports on the Tennessee, the *Chesterman*. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE STEAMER 'CHATTANOOGA' ON HER WAY UP THE TENNESSEE WITH ARMY STORES.

"HEAD-QUARTER GENERAL W. S. SMITH, BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA.

"This little steamer was built at Bridgeport by my troops. The Michigan Engineers. I say I think, did the principal part of the work, have more like her under way, so that we all have a pet name quite a fleet on the line—under line the reba call it. The party rejoicing in the dignity of commanding the craft is Captain Arthur Edwards. This is, I think, the first boat that has been built by the soldiers for their own use, though it seems as if they had done every thing else in the Southwest.



THANKSGIVING-DAY, NOVEMBER 26. 1863.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE ARMY

THE NAVY

LINCOLN

PRESIDENT-ELECT

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALFRED HARDIE spent three days writhing in his little lodging. His stratum had been sudden, but never more irritating. By night possessor of thousands, yet in fact reduced to one suit, two shirts, and a purse a rich in intellect, yet hunted as a madman: affianced to the loveliest girl in England, yet afraid to go near her for fear of being torn from her again, and forever. All this could last but one week more; but a week, three centuries was not too little to contemplate, with a rival at his Julia's ear all the time. Suppose she should have been faithful all those months, for in this last week should be worn out and give herself to another: such things had been known. He went to Lincoln's Inn with this irritating fear tearing him like a vulture. Mr. Compton received him cheerfully, and told him he had been operations before his versus Hardie: had written to Thomas Hardie two days ago, and inquired his Lordon solicitor, and whether that gentleman would accept service of the writ in Hardie versus Hardie.

"To Thomas Hardie? Why what has he to do with it?" asked Alfred.

"He is the defendant in the suit." Then seeing amazement and incredulity on Alfred's face, he explained that the Commissioners of Lunacy had treated him with great courtesy; had at once furnished him with copies, not only of their order and certificate, but of other valuable documents. "And there," said he, "lies the order; signed by Thomas Hardie, of Clare Court, Yorkshire."

"Curse his impudence," cried Alfred, in a fury: "why, Sir, he is next door to an idiot himself."

"What does that matter? Ah, now, if I had gone in a sane and indicted him, there would be a defense directly; no malice, defendant being non compos. Whereas, by your own showing, using him, even if he was a lunatic we would make him or his estate pay a round sum for falsely imprisoning a fellow-fiction. By-the-by, here is counsel's opinion on your case," and he handed him a short opinion of a distinguished Queen's Counsel, the concluding words of which were these:

3. If the certificates and order are in legal form, you have made out a primâ facie case: no action lies for the capture or detention of Mr. Hardie.

"Why is he dead against me," said Alfred. "There goes the one rotten reed you had left me."

"Singularly dead," said the attorney, coolly: "he does not even say 'I am of opinion.' He is in great practice, and hard-worked: has no time; no, thank you; our rights are sometimes older, and more respectable, by good bulk, the statutes of the realm are silent; now they are all silent about incarcerating sane men. Besides, he gives no reason. What is an opinion without a precedent? a lawyer's guess. I thought so little of his opinion that I sent the case to a clever junior who has got time to think before he writes." Colls entered soon after with the said junior's opinion. Mr. Compton opened it, and saying, "I hope he was wide awake," read it to Alfred. It ran thus:

"There can be no right of action under the common law: and it has been exercised. *Anderdon* v. *Brothers*; *Futernoster* v. *Futernoster*, &c. Such a right can only be annulled by the express terms of a statute: now the 8 and 9 Victoria, cap. 100, sect. 99, so annuls it, as against the madhouse keeper only. That, therefore, is the statutory exception, and tends to confirm the common right. If the facts are as represented (and, of course, I can form no opinion), Mr. Hardie can safely sue the person who signed the order for his alleged false imprisonment.

"I agree with you that the usual course by proving the fact of Chancery for a Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo is timorous, and resting on prejudice. Pit, if successful, is saddled with his costs, and is sometimes with Bill to set aside obtains no compensation. It seems clear that a jury sitting at Nisi Prius can deal as well with the main fact as can a jury sitting by the order of the Chancellor: and I need not say the costs will go with the verdict. So any question of the damages, which may be heavy. On the other hand, an indictment is hazardous; and I think you can see that by beginning at the end. By having a short-hand writer at the trial, you may collect materials for an indictment, and also feel the pulse of the court; you can then confer upon the evidence with some counsel better versed in criminal law than myself. *My* advice is to sue Thomas Hardie: and declare in Tort.

(Signed) "BARROW.

"N.B.—I have been thus particular, because Hardie *v.* Hardie (if carried to a verdict) will probably be a leading case."

"Who shall decide when counsel disagree?" inquired Alfred, satirically.

"That depends on where they do it. If in court, the judge. If here, the attorney."

"You appear sanguine, Mr. Compton," said Alfred: "perhaps you would not mind advancing me a little money. I've only a half a crown."

"It is all ready for you in this drawer," said Compton, cheerfully. "See, thirty sovereigns. Then you must not go to a bank."

"What, you thought I should borrow?"

"Don't all my clients begin by begging me? It is the rule of this office."

"Then why don't you give up business?"

"Because I don't: the opposite system's clint a little more than my own bleeds me."

He then made Alfred sign a promissory note for the thirty pounds: advised him to keep away for one week more, and promised to write to him in two days, and send Thomas Hardie's answer. Alfred left his address, and went from Mr. Compton a lighter man. Convinced of his courage and patience, he almost began to share his own shoulders: and thought of love alone.

But, strange as it may appear, two cares are sometimes better for a man than one. Alfred, having now no worry to divert him from his deeper anxiety, was all love and jealousy; and quite overrated the power he had left Julia: that was so strong it overpowered alike his patience and his prudence. He jumped into a cab, and drove to all the fireworks shops on the north side of the river, inquiring for Edward. At last he hit upon the right one, and found Edward in full play in Pembroke Street: number unknown. He drove home to his lodgings: sought some ready-made clothes: and dressed himself: then proceeded the cabman to drive to Pembroke Street. He knew he was acting imprudently; but he could not help it. Mr. Mr. Compton had now written to his uncle, and begun the attack: that would surely intimidate his enemies, and turn their thoughts to the defense, not to fresh offense. However, catching sight of a gunsmith's shop on the way, he suddenly resolved to arm himself. Edward on the back of an attack. He stopped the cab: went in and bought a double-barreled gun, with powder-flask, bullets, wads, and caps, complete. This he loaded in the cab, and felt quite prudent after it. The prudence of youth.

He paid off the cab in Pembroke Street, and set about the task of discovering Julia. He inquired at several houses. No answer successful. Then he walked slowly all down the street, looking up at all the windows. And I think, had not Julia been there before, he might have seen her, or she him; she was so often at the window to and fro. Yet then she had company to keep her in order.

He was unlucky in another respect. Edward came out of the house at the other end, where he himself was going down it not so very many yards off. If Alfred's face had only been turned the other way he would have seen Edward, and all would have gone differently.

The stoutest hearts have their moments of weakness and fear. Few things are more certain, and less realized by ordinary men, than this: from Falsey Fighting which Roomed to Layard disinheriting a city, not a thing is so.

Unable to find Julia in the very street she inhabited, Alfred began to fear. He said to himself, "If I find her, I shall perhaps wish I had never sought her."

In his hour of gloom this stern reason would be heard, and asked him whether all Mrs. Archbold had said could be pure invention. It was not inconsistent with that was too unlikely. Then he felt so sick at heart he was half minded to turn and fly from it. There was now a large yard close by him, entered by a broad and lofty gateway cut through one of the houses. The yard belonged to a wine-vault. There were empty wagons were there, but no men visible, being their dinner-time. Alfred slipped in here, and sat down on the shaft of a cart to recruit his courage once. He sighed, and sighed, and feared to know his fate. And so he sat with his head in his hands.

Presently a strain of music broke on his ear. It seemed to come from the sky. He raised his head to listen. He colored, his eyes sparkled, he stole out on tip-toe with wondering, inquiring face into the street. There, on the broad spell-bound, thrilling from his heart, that seemed now on fire, to his fingers' ends. For a heavenly voice was singing to the piano just above his head; singing in earnest, making the very street ring. Already listeners were gathering, and a woman of the people, with a child, was singing without a body." Amazing good things are said in the streets. The voice was a contralto, rich. The song was Aileen Aroon; the hymn of constancy. So sudden and full was the bliss which poured into Alfred's heart that the danger at this sudden answer to his fears that tears of joy trembled in his eyes. "Wretch that I was to doubt her!" he said, and stood there with his longing, unable to wait and listen even to that which had changed his grief and doubts into happiness. So was the door in a moment. A servant opened it; "Miss Dodd?" he said, or else guessed: "you need not announce me. I am an old acquaintance." He could not hear any one should see the meeting between him and his love. He ran up the wide and narrow stair, guided by the hymn of constancy.

He stopped at the door, his heart was beating so violently.

Then he turned the handle softly, and stepped into the drawing-room: it was a double room. He took two steps forward, and looked, and almost at Julia's back.

Two young strangers were bending decently over each of her; it was to them she was singing the hymn of constancy.

Alfred started back as if he had been stung, and the music stopped dead short.

For she had heard his step, and, woman-like, was looking into her companions' eyes first, to see if her ear had deceived her. What she saw there brought her slowly round with a wild look. Her hands rose toward her face, and she shrank away sideways from him as if he was a serpent, and her dilated eyes looked over her cringing shoulder at him, and she was pale and red, and pale and red a dozen times in as many seconds.

He eyed her sorrowfully and sternly, taking for shame that strange mixture of emotions which possessed her. And so they met.

Strange meeting for two true lovers, who had parted last upon their wedding-eve.

No doubt, if they had been alone, one or other would have spoken directly: but the situation was complicated by the presence of two rivals, and this tied their tongues, I think. They stationed themselves with their eyes in silence. Only Julia rose slowly to her feet, and began to tremble from head to foot, as she looked.

"Is this intrusion agreeable to you, Miss Dodd?" said Mr. Hurd, respectfully, by way of counting his fire. "You made no reply: but only looked wildly at him still, and quivered visibly.

"Pray, Sir," said Alfred, turning on Mr. Hurd, "have you any right to interfere between us two?"

"None whatever," said Julia, hastily. "Mr. Hurd, I need no one: I will permit no one to say a word to him. Mr. Hardie knows he can not enter a house where I am—without an explanation."

"What, before a couple of curates?"

"Do not be insolent to my friends, Sir," said Julia, panting.

This wounded Alfred deeply. "Oh, as you please," said he. "Only if you put me on my defense before strangers, I shall, perhaps, put you to the blush before them."

"Why do you call me Miss, Sir?" said Julia, not deigning to notice his threat.

"To see you change it."

"Oh, indeed! Then why have you postponed your visit so long?"

"I was in prison, Julia."

"In prison, Alfred?"

"In the worst of all prisons: where I was put because I had been true to you. Julia, I suspected because I persisted in loving you, you faithless, inconstant girl."

He checked at these words; she smiled; a faint, uncertain smile. It died away, and she shook her head sadly, and said, sadly:

"Defend yourself, and then call me as many names as you like. Where was this prison?"

"It was a asylum: a mad-house."

The girl stared at him bewildered. He put his hand into his pocket, and took Peggy's letter. "Read this, Julia," said he. She held it in her hand, and looked him in the face to divine the contents. "Read it," said he, almost fiercely.

"But why?" said she. She held it shaking in her hands, and stared at it. I don't know whether she read it or not.

He went on: "My own villain who defrauded your father of his money, robbed me of my wife and child, and me of my Blisworth House was a lunatic asylum, and ever since then (oh, Julia, the agony of that day!) I have been confined in one of those dens of horror, among the mad; till Drayton House took fire, and I escaped, for what, to be put on my defense by you! Well, I am not to be driven from my position, compared with the manifold anguish I have endured, there is nothing you can say to me, jured and constant of mankind like this, you, who have had your liberty all this time, and have wasted yourself for my absence with a couple of curates!"

"For shame!" said Julia, blushin hand, ashamed for a way her own, not understand.

"Miss Dodd, will you put up with these insults?" said Mr. Hurd.

"Ay, and a thousand more," cried Julia, radiant, "and thank Heaven for them: they prove his sincerity. You, who have thought proper to stay and hear us insult my betrothed, and put me on my defense, you know how I receive his just rebuke: dear, cruelly used, Alfred, I never doubted you in my heart, no not for a moment: but you were wrong you to clear yourself; you who were always the soul of truth and honor. Forgive me. I too have suffered; for I thought my Alfred was dead. Forgive me."

And with this she was sinking slowly to her knees with the most touching grace, all blushes, tears, penitence, happiness, and love: but he caught her in time. "Oh! God forbid," he cried; and in a moment her head was on his shoulder, and they mingled their tears together.

It was Julia who recovered herself first, and shrank from him a little, and murmured, "We are not alone."

The weeping came rather late: and they were alone.

The other gentlemen had comprehended at last that it was indelicate to remain: they had melted quietly away; and Peterson rushed down the street; but the two abscondees about in the very entry where Alfred had just desponded before him.

"Sit by me, my poor darling, and tell me all," said Julia.

He began: but ere he had told her about his first day at his first asylum, she moaned and turned faint at the recital, and her lovely head sank on his shoulder. He kissed her, and tried to comfort her, and said he would not tell her more. But she said somewhat clamorously, indicatively. "I insist on your telling me all: all. It will kill me." Which did not seem to Alfred a cogent reason for continuing his narrative. He varied it by telling her that through all his misery the thought of her had sustained him.

A rough voice was heard in the passage inquiring for Mr. Hardie. Alfred started up in dismay: for it was Rooke's voice. "I am undone," he cried. "They are coming to take me again; and, if they do, they will drug me; I am a dead man."

"Fly!" cried Julia, "fly! up stairs! the leads."

He darted to the door, and out on the landing.

It was too late. Rooke had just turned the corner of the stairs, and saw him. He whistled and rushed after Alfred. Alfred bounded up the next flight of stairs; but, even as he went, his fighting blood got up: he remembered his pistol: he drew it, turned on the upper landing, and leveled the weapon full at Rooke's forehead. The man recoiled with a yell, and got to a respectful distance on the second landing. There he began to parley. "Put down that gun, Sir," said he, "that is past a joke: would you murder a party?"

"It's no murder to kill an assassin in defense of life or liberty: and I'll kill you, Rooke, as I would kill a wasp, if you lay a finger on me."

"Do you hear that?" shouted Rooke to some one below.

"Ay, I hear," replied the voice of Hayes.

"Then loose him. And run in after him."

There was a terrible silence; then a scratching was heard below: and, almost, the deadly click of the pistol-hammers brought to full cock.

And then there was a heavy pattering rush, and Vulcan came charging up the stairs like a lion. He was half-muzzled; but that Alfred did not know: he stepped forward and fired at the tremendous brute somewhat unsteadily, and missed him by an inch: the bullet glanced off the stairs and entered the wall within a yard of Rooke's head: ere Alfred could fire again, the huge brute leaped on him, and knocked him down like a child. And made a grab at his throat: Alfred, with admirable presence of mind, seized a bolster, and, drawing himself up, put the pistol to Vulcan's ear, and fired the other barrel just as Rooke rushed up the stairs to secure the prisoner: the pistol-barrel shot the air and fell over dead with shattered skull, leaving Alfred bespattered with blood and brains, and half deafened: but he struggled up, and tore the bolster out in doing so, just as a heavy body fell forward at his feet: it was Rooke tumbling upon Vulcan's carcass unexpectedly thrown in his path: Alfred cleared his eyes with his hand, and as Rooke struggled up, lifted the bolster high over his head, and, with his long sinewy arm and elastic body, discharged it with tremendous force at the youth, strength, skill, and hate all swelled, and rose, and struck together in that one furious gesture. If the weak fell, he said, the task was not done. As it was, the bolster broke over the man's head (and one half went spinning up to the ceiling), the other head crashed under the bolster like a glass bottle; and Rooke lay flat and mute, with the blood running from his nose and ears. Alfred hurled the remnant of the bolster down at Hayes and the others, and darted into a room (it was Julia's bedroom), and was heard to open the window and fetch drag furniture to the door and barricade it. This done, he went to look at Rooke, which he thought he had slipped into his pocket after felling Rooke. He found to his dismay it was not there. Then he was at his wit's end. Pistol in pocket and fallen down.

During all this a shrill shriek spun inward from the drawing-room. But now all was still. On the stairs by Vulcan dead, Rooke senseless below, John Hayes dead faint. And all in little more than a minute.

Dr. Wolf arrived with the police and two more keepers, and was at the door of Walker and Gorrett discharged; and urged them to break into the bedroom and capture the maniac: but first he was compelled to send to set two of the men to watch the back of the house. "There," he said, "where that load of hay is going in; that is the way to go. Mind the hand you see there, and watch."

This last mandate was readily complied with; for there was not much to be feared on the stones below from a maniac self-imprisoned on the second story. But the London cops thought Rooke-ism was quite another thing. The stairs were like a shambles already, a chilling sight to the eyes of unpractised police.

Rooke was but just sensible: the others hung back. But presently the pistol was found sticking in the pocket of Rooke's coat. Two men ran for the matter; and Dr. Wolf himself showed the qualities of a commander. He sent every sword to his seminels in the yard to be prepared for any attempt on Alfred's part, however desperate: and he sent a constable, and a well-known gentleman who was sitting anxious in lodgings over the way, after bribing high and low, giving out money like water, to secure the services of a man who was first called his unnatural son's vengeance: for he knew him to be by no means bold and vindictive like himself. After these preliminaries, Doctor Wolf headed his remaining forces, to wit, two keepers, and two policemen, and thundered at the bedroom-door, and summoned Alfred to surrender.

Now among the spectators who watched and listened with bated breath, was one to whom this scene had an interest of its own. Mr. Hurd, determined by Alfred's sudden reappearance, and the lovers' reconciliation, had hung about the entry very miserable: for he was sincerely attached to Julia. But while he was in this stupor came the posse to recapture Alfred, and he heard them say so. Then the shots were fired within, then Wolf and his men got in, and Mr. Hurd, who was now at the door, got in with them, to protect Julia, as he thought dangerous and inconvenient character disposed of. He was looking decurately on at a safish distance, when his late triumphant rival was summoned to surrender.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf coaxed.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf told him he had police as well as keepers, and resistance would be idle.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf ordered his men to break in the door. After some little delay, one of the keepers

applied a chisel, while a policeman held his truncheon ready to defend the operator. The lock gave way. But the door could not open for furniture.

After some further delay they took it off its hinges, and the room stood revealed.

To their surprise no rush was made at them.

The maniac was not even in sight.

"He is down upon his back," whispered one of the new keepers; "we shall find him crouched somewhere." They looked under the bed. He was not there. They opened a cupboard: three or four dresses hung from wooden pegs; they searched the gowns most minutely: but found no maniac hid in their ample folds. Presently some one—it was Dr. Wood lying on the floor; and it was in the bed he had gone up the chimney.

On inspection the opening appeared almost too narrow. Then Dr. Wood questioned his sentinels in the yard. "Have you been there all the time?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Seen nothing?"

"No, Sir. And our eyes have never been off the window and the leads."

Here was a mystery: and not a clew to its solution. The window was open: but five-and-twenty feet above the paved yard: had he leaped down he must have been dashed to pieces.

Many tongues began to go at once: in the midst of which Edward burst in, and found the two dead forms of contemporary history consisted of a dead dog and a stunned man, who, having a head like a bullet, was now come to himself and vowing vengeance. He found only very pale, supported and consoled by Mr. Hurd. He was congratulating her on her escape from a dangerous lunatic.

She rose and tottered away from him to her brother and kissed him. But, as Edward still could to encourage her, then deposited her in an arm-chair and went up stairs; he soon satisfied himself Alfred was not in the house. On this he requested Dr. Wolf and his men to leave the premises. The doctor demurred. Edward insisted, and challenged him to show a magistrate's warrant for entering a private house. The doctor was obliged to own he had none. Edward then told the policemen they were engaged in an illegal act; the police were forbidden by Act of Parliament to enter private houses unless. Now the police knew that very well: but, being handsomely bribed, they had presumed, and not for the first time, upon that ignorance of law of which is deemed an essential part of a private citizen's accomplishments in modern days. In a word, by temper and by law, and a number of law gathered from the omniscient *Times*, Edward cleared his castle of the lawless crew. He then paroled the street, and watched the yard till dusk, when its proprietor ran rusty and turned them out.

Julia sat between Edward and Mr. Hurd, with her head thrown back and her eyes closed: and received in silence their congratulations on her escape. She was thinking of his. When they had quite done, she opened her eyes and said, "Send Dr. Johnson. Nobody else knows any thing. Oh pray, pray, pray send for Dr. Sampson."

Mr. Hurd said he would go for Dr. Sampson.

She thanked him warmly.

Then she crept closer to her bedroom, and locked herself in, and sat on the hearth-rug, and thought, and thought, and recalled every word and tone of her dear's conquering tongue old and new.

Dr. Sampson was a few miles out of town, visiting a patient. It was nine o'clock in the evening when he got Julia's note; but he came on to Russell Square at once. Mr. Hurd and his men had retired, leaving a sentinel in the street, on the bare chance of Alfred returning. Dr. Sampson found his brother and sister sitting sadly, but lovingly, together. Julia rose upon his entrance. "Oh, Doctor Sampson! Now is he—what? Not dead, I hope, sir?"

"How can I tell, till I see 'm?" objected the doctor.

"But you know they call people mad who are nothing of the kind: for you said so."

Sampson looked perverted. He said, "Why it was but last year a surgin came to me with one Jackson, a tailor, and said, 'Just sign a certificate for this man's wife's wife's sake.' 'Let me see her,' said I. 'What for,' sis he, 'when her own husband applies.' 'Excuse me,' sai I, 'I'm not a bat, I'm a Sampson.' I would not see her: she was nuivous and excited; 'Oh I know what you come about,' said she. 'But you are mistaken.' I questioned her kindly, and found in me her husband was a great trile t' her nuives. I refused to sign: on this diasi he sulked and hanged himself in the canal nixt day He was the madman; and she knew it all the time; but wouldn't tell me: that's woman all over."

"Well then," said Julia, hopefully.

"Ay but," said Sampson, "these cases are exceptions, sure, and the common rule runs to one he's mad. Dawn't you remember that was one of the questions I offered you when he lavanted on his wedding-day?"

He added, satirically, "And couldn't all that logic keep in a little cousin?"

This cynical speech struck Julia to the heart: she could not bear it: and retired to her own room.

Then Dr. Sampson saw his mistake, and said to Edward, with some concern, "Mairey on us, she is not in love with him still, is she? I thought that young parson was the man now."

Edward shook his head: but declined to go much into a topic so delicate as his sister's affections: and just then an alarming letter was delivered from Mrs. Dodd. She wrote to the effect that David, favored by the wind, had run into Portsmouth Harbor before their eyes, and had disappeared, hidden, it was thought, by one of those low publicans, who provide bad ships with sailors, receiving a commission. On this an earnest conversation between Sampson and Edward.

It was interrupted in its turn.

Julia burst suddenly into the room, pale and violently excited, clasping her hands and crying, "He is *there*. His voice is like a child's. Oh, help me! He is hurt. He is dying."

ZENAS CAREY'S REWARD.

RUN and sullen, like the eye of some baleful demon, the low sun glowed between the tangled depths of the November woods, casting bloody lines of light across the fallen trees, whose mossy trunks were half hidden in drifts of dead yellow leaves, and evoking faint, sweet scents, like Orient sandal-wood and teak, from a thousand forest ones, hidden away, who knows how or where. And above that line of dull flaming fire the sky deepened—a brighter, more delicate purple as the weather-wise could tell you, with snow-flakes sufficient to turn that broken forest into a fairy grove of pearl and silver. On the left the daylight was ebbing away from this Thanksgiving-eve.

"Now I wonder where I am!" said John Sidd-dons, pausing abruptly in the scarcely visible footpath that wound among the trees. "As complete-ly 'turned round' as though I stood in the deserts of Egypt! I wish I had been sensible enough to keep to the high-road: those short cuts generally turn out very long ones. Well, never say I keep straight ahead, I must inevitably emerge from these woods somewhere."

He sat down on a mossy stump, leaning his head carelessly on one hand, while the other played unconsciously with the worn brim of his blue soldier's cap—a slender, graceful hand, sun-burnt, with gray-blue eyes, and dark hair thrown back from a forehead freckled, like his cheeks, through the fiery arrows of many a Southern sun in lonely swamps, and along the fever-reeking shores of Salkin river.

"Houseless—homeless!" he murmured to himself. "I don't know how many others are saying the same thing this Thanksgiving-eve. I know that I should fight through the campaign unhurt, and return with an honorable discharge in my pocket to a place where I could earn my own living; and I'm alive or dead, while so many brave fellows were shot down at my side, or left behind me to die through a score of hearts at home, carrying sharper pangs than death has to give! It's a queer thing to have a conscience, I'm afraid, and be a total stranger. If I find this second-cousin of my father he'll probably kick me out of doors on a thanksgiving-day, considering I'm a beggar, it a man can't live alone like a tortoise in its shell. I remember wondering, when I was a boy, why the Maiden Lady's cabbage-rose bushes reached out their green tendrils, and seemed to grope through the darkness for something to cling to. I think I understand it now."

He rose up and walked on through the russet leaves that rustled beneath his tread, with a low, still musing—musing; trying to study out the unknown quantities in life's great equation, while the sun went down, and the twilight fell around, and the child night wind began to sigh sorrowfully in the tree-tops. And among the sturdy woods tapered off into a silver-stemmed thicket of white birches, and the white birches fringed a lonely country road, with a little log-house beyond, whose windows were aglow with fire-light, and whose door-yard was full of the peculiar perfume of white and maroon-flowered autumn chrysanthemums.

Zenas Carey was leaning over the gate, surveying the stormy sunset with critical eyes.

"It will Malter so!" remarked the man, apparently addressing himself to the crooked apple-tree by the gate-post. "It will Malter before hours—a good old-fashioned fall of snow to keep Thanksgivin' with. I smelt it in the air this mornin', but women don't know nothin' much until it comes to pass right under their noses, for—"

This rather obscure sentences was nipped in the bud by a footfall on the path. The woman turned abruptly to reconnoitre the new arrival.

"Will you be kind enough to give me a glass of water, Sir?" said John Siddons, politely.

"Sartin, Sir!" said Zenas. "So you're a soldier, hey?"

"A returned soldier," said Siddons, draining the cool element from the cocoa-nut shell that always lay close to the well-curb in front of the house.

"Goin' home to keep Thanksgivin'?" questioned Zenas.

"Home! Sir, I *have* no home."

Siddons had spoken sharply, as if the thought were bitter to him. Zenas put out his brown booted hand, and touched the soldier gently on the arm.

"My boy!" he said, with kindly abruptness, "you're a soldier, and to tell by your looks I should guess you were about the age of him that's buried at Gettysburg—my son! I love that blue uniform for Davie's sake, and if there's a soldier in the world that hasn't a home to go to on Thanksgivin' he's welcome to mine, for Zenas Carey's freside. Come in, Sir! come in! You're as welcome as flowers in May!"

John looked into the man's eyes and working face of the old farmer an instant, and accepted his invitation without speaking.

What a cheerful change it was, from the frosty air and chill twilight of the lonely road to that bright kitchen with its ruddy fire and dark and fire of resinous pine logs! And when Melinda Carey drew a bump-backed rocking-chair to the hearth for him, and spoke a word or two of welcome, John Siddons wondered if the eyes of the mother, who died when he was a babe, had not beamed upon him just so!

"I told mother so this very mornin'," said Zenas, with a triumphant flourish of his hand, as he stirred up the logs to a waving, glorious sheet of flame. "Says I, 'Melindy, we'll kill the biggest turkey, we'll pile all the pumpkin-pies we possess in the barn floor.' And says she, 'What for, Zenas, when there's only us two to eat 'em?' and, says I, 'Mother,' says I, 'Davie was here with us last Thanksgivin' with his new uniform, as brave and handsome as you'll often see.'—Now, mother, don't cry."

Zenas interrupted himself to stroke his wife's gray hair with a strangely tender touch, and went on:

"Says I, 'He's gone where it's Thanksgivin' all the year round now, my poor boy—my brave boy!' 'but,' says I, 'we'll make somebody welcome for Davie's sake; won't we, mother?' And now, Sir, you'll spend to-morrow with us, and tell me about the battle of Gettysburg, where Davie died, crying out with his last breath not to let the flag be trampled on."

Zenas's voice died out into a choking, gasping sob. John Siddons laid his hand softly on the rough, kindly-hearted hand of the farmer, with a pang of envy shot through his heart. Ah! it was almost worth while being shot down in battle to be missed and lamented like dead David Carey!

"Oh, wife!" wailed Zenas, when John Siddons had fallen asleep in the little corner room that had been the lost boy's, "it is almost like having Davie back again! Wife, I fight my great sorrow down every night, but every morning it rises up again more strong than ever! God help us—God help every parent whose home is made desolate by the field of battle!"

Thanksgiving dawned through a white whirlwind of driving snow that eddied among the grizzled locks of the apple-trees in mad frolics, and edged the old stone-wall with dazzling ermine. And the Mary spirits murmuring swiftly as Zenas Carey's wife chimney met the steadily falling snow half-way and gave battle, while the hearth glowed with ruddy brightness as if it knew all about the Governor's Proclamation and approved of it.

"You have a cozy little farm here, Mr. Carey," said John, as he looked through the snow window to the church, whose spire nestled among the everlasting hills beyond.

"If I was the owner of it, Sir," said Zenas, with a sigh. "But I've been hard put to it to get along these hard times. Taxes and such like are heavy on poor men, and I've had a run o' ill luck, so that the place is mortgaged to its full value, and to a hard man, Sir, who was glad to get the home you've been born and brought up in as soon as eat his breakfast, so he can make money by it. It will be a black day for me when I have to turn out and leave the Rock Farm; but it must come soon, and I don't much care what becomes of me arterward. I'm old, Sir, and even a man has lived to my age under one roof-tree he don't take very kindly to new roofs. Men are like forest trees, Sir, you can take a young 'un and do as you please with it, but if you transplant an old 'un it dies. Let's talk o' something else, Sir. Siddons. I ought'n't complain Thanksgivin'-day."

John looked with a feeling of actual reverence at the bowed head, whose gray locs were waving on the round table when John and Zenas returned thanks before dinner. The farmer brought out his best "flowing blue" plates and her choicest old-time silver spoons in honor of their guest. There was no lavish display of wealth. But never have the shores of Java, and a pitcher of cold, sparkling cider; but Champagne could not have been more cordially drunk than that cider; and Mrs. Carey's smiling kindness gave a flavor to the chicken-ee pie that is sometimes lacking in egg-shell china."

The table was cleared away, and there was a ring round the fire, when the door was opened and Deacon Peters appeared, bringing a small snowdrift on the shoulders of his shaggy overcoat.

"Well, I am beat!" quoth Zenas. "Take a cheer, Deacon. Let me hang your coat afore the fire to dry."

"Can't stay," said the Deacon, giving himself a shake, like a black water-dog on its bind-legs. "I thought you'd like to hear the news, so I just dropped in on my way to my darter's Thanksgivin' dinner."

"News! what news?" exclaimed Zenas, while his wife dropped her knitting-work.

"Do tell! then you hain't heerd?"

"I hain't heerd nothin' but the wind a-howlin' down the chimbly and Mrs. Smith's sow-critters bein' mornin'," said Zenas, a little impatiently.

"The Squire's dead, up to the gret house?"

"Dead! You don't tell me so! That's the man I was a speakin' of as holds my mortgage!" explained Zenas Carey to John Siddons. "And when did it happen, Deacon?"

"Died last night, Sir, just about nightfall, as quiet as a lamb. Nobody was't nobody with him but the old housekeeper—folks didn't a'pose he was dangerous. And Lawyer Ovid says there's a regular will, and he left all his property to—to—to—his fellow nevy, Sir!" said Peters, with a wink. "Lawyer Ovid says he's fell heir to all Squire Peter Allesford's property, and that's a pretty consid'able windfall!"

"Was the Squire's children?" asked the soldier, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in silence.

"That's it!" said the Deacon, giving his knee a sounding slap.

"Peter Allesford was my father's cousin," said the young man, quietly.

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated Deacon Peters with growing excitement. "Be the heir to the old Squire's' money. "Now really! that's kind o' providential, ain't it! To think that you should be right here on the spot!"

"I was in search of Mr. Allesford's house when I met you, Sir," said Siddons. "I knew of Squire—" but as I was unaware what sort of reception I might get, your kind invitation decided me to wait a day or two."

In vain the Deacon tried to "pump" the young soldier. John Siddons was civilly uncommunicative, and the conversation took leave, burning to unfold his budget of news elsewhere.

"I hope, Sir," said Carey, uneasily, when they were once more alone, "you won't be hard about that mortgage. I'm a poor man, and—"

"Mr. Carey," said John, quietly, "you shall burn that mortgage on this hearth the very day I come into possession of my relative's papers. No thanks, Sir, I have not forgotten that I was a stranger, and you took me in. Do you suppose I shall ever cease to remember the welcome of this Thanksgiving hearth? I never knew either father or mother; but to-day I have fancied what their kindness might have been."

"It was for Davie's sake!" sobbed Mrs. Carey, fairly overcome.

"Then for your dead son's sake will you let me fill his place toward you? Last night with tresh from me the only one in the world to whom I was tied by ties of blood; do not turn me from your hearts!"

"The Lord bless thee—the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, my second son!" said the old man, solemnly.

Slowly the dusk gathered athwart the hills, with rolling winds and whirling drifts of snow—slowly the darkness wrapped them round; but in Zenas Carey's sheltered soul the light of an eternal Thanksgiving was burning: and for his own tearful eyes, mused upon her dead soldier boys—one dead at Gettysburg, the other sitting at her side!

UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

WE illustrate on page 781 the condition of our poor fellows who are so unfortunate as to be prisoners of the rebels at Richmond, Virginia. While the rebel government in our hands supplies with food in such abundance that they can not consume it all, with clothing, and even regular rations of tobacco, our brave soldiers, to the number of fifteen to eighteen thousand, are shivering and starving to death in the Libby Island. The first intimation we had of their suffering was the receipt of a boat-load of sick and wounded at City Point, on 25th September. All their appearance an eye-witness spoke as follows:

The men landed at five A.M. in the chilly dawn, and it seemed a fitting hour for the sad procession. They numbered 180 men, brought from Belle Island, near Richmond. Many of them unable to walk were carried to the hospital. Those that could walk must have presented a ghastly appearance to the fellow-soldiers who met them. Pale not only stripped them of socks, shoes, and blankets, but took from them their shirts and pantaloons, except where the rags could scarce hold together. Men came without hats or caps, and many were without head bands *here to the waist*, their nakedness and bleeding feet covered only by the remnants of their shirts and left them, not from mercy, but because they were too filthy to keep. Their hair was long, matted, through which seems to be a barren waste, without any protection against the cold except what their own nakedness constructed. They had lain on the sand, which was to be before the Libby prisoners, without food or fuel, with all extremes of heat and cold, without clothes, without and covered with the filth of the most revolting kinds, for weeks and months, many having been taken prisoners on or before the 20th of August last. Their utter shrinking from what are called *sand-sores*, and the surgeons in some straggling cases perform operations with the knife, the cuticle in many instances *seemingly dried on the bone* and muscles.

Within a day or two a returned prisoner from Richmond, Rev. R. C. Treveskis, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, has stated that when he left the Libby prison at Richmond on Wednesday, the Union officers confined there had only received one-third of a pound of bread and some water for two days previous, and for several days no meat had been served out. The rebel authorities had explained to the prisoners that he had no provisions to give them, and excused himself for the seeming inhumanity on that fact. He stated that on the same day he was unable to supply the prisoners in Belle Island there by cheap transportation, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he could procure a little meat for the hospitals.

De Witt C. Wilcox, an Indiana scout, equal to Leatherstocking, captured just before Chicamauga, and paroled with three hundred and fifty other Union prisoners, arrived at Washington last week, and stated, among other things of absorbing interest, that the average number of deaths among our men in Richmond hospitals is forty-three a day, and that most of them get their death-warrants on Belle Island. That most desert in despair, pine, swept with winds, and wrapped in fogs. Our men are without blankets, and but one-third of them sheltered under wood-and-cloth tents. Many have taken insanity, and run down with frightful rapidity. Four days, ennized to the Island during the twenty-four hours also confined there, were greedily cooked and joyfully ate. In the hospital to which he was confined, the dead were daily carried, made up without sack. Not a beef animal has come to Richmond in twelve days.

Five thousand Union prisoners are now on their way to Lynchburg and Danville, for easier access to such food as can be reached. Walters's picture of scenes there on a visit to the city is sufficient to entice the more confiding one of four fat pups from a slat market-basket inside a fence, which every man on Belle Island, to trot under it and be ate up, in one of ghastly humor, and a sure measure of sufferers to our friends so speedily succumb in that Golgotha.

The following from the Richmond *Examiner* of 9th instant, will serve to help explain our picture:

On last Wednesday night a "spy," from Lieutenant Y. Boozier's squad, was caught in the act of communicating the prisoners through the Yankee prisoners, overheard one of the prisoners to say, "Well, we're going to be exchanged on Saturday to-morrow, and all who don't want to stay here can come to death this other man walks a letter to-night."

The "spy" immediately sped to Lieutenant Boozier with the information he had obtained. The latter communicated the alarm to the guard, threw the sentries forward, and sent to the barracks for one hundred additional men.

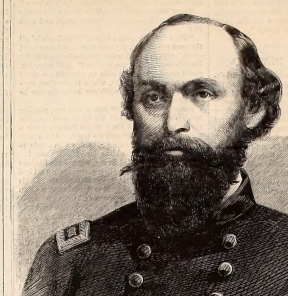
No attempt to break the lines was made, and it was said that if any was contemplated it was checked by the demonstration of the guard.

Five pieces of artillery now planted in position bearing on the prisoner's camp at short range, and any demonstration on their part, it is said, will result in the obtaining out of their number amazingly.

GENERAL GORDON GRANGER.

On this page we publish a portrait, from a photograph taken at Chattanooga, of GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, who now commands General THOMAS'S late corps in the Army of the Cumberland.

Gordon Granger was born in this State about the year 1820, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age. He entered West Point in 1843, and graduated in 1845, entering the Second Infantry. In July of the following year he was transferred to the Mounted Rifles. When the war with Mexico broke out he accompanied General Scott on his campaign; and distinguished himself so highly at Contreras and Churrubusco that he was brevetted First Lieutenant. Again, at Chapultepec, he won honors, and was brevetted Captain. At the close of the war he was transferred to the cavalry arm of the service; and was in the Third Cavalry when the Southern rebellion again compelled his country to call upon him for assistance. Resignations of traitors made room for his advance to a Captaincy in that regiment. He was one of the first regular army officers who was allowed to accept a commission as Colonel of Volunteers. His services being too valuable to be wasted on a single regiment, he was, on 17th September, 1862, commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and attached to the Army of the Cumberland. The country heard of him from time to time, as the war progressed in the West—now in a battle, now in a brilliant cavalry raid—and the report always was that he was doing his duty nobly and steadfastly. At last came the battle of Chicamauga. Of his fortunate nearness to the support of Thomas on that occasion the following brief extract from the *Herald* correspondence may give some idea:



GEN. GORDON GRANGER, OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—(PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHATTANOOGA.)

General Thomas, near the centre of the army, was engaged, about one o'clock, sitting on his horse in the hollow of a ridge in an open field behind Hacker's Brigade, busy watching a heavy cloud of dust in his rear, in such a direction that it might be General Granger with reinforcements, or it might be the enemy. It rent a cloud over his spirits which was plainly visible to one who observed him, as I confess I did that day, with ever-increasing solicitude. The truth is, that General Thomas at one o'clock was, on the last day of their battle, had no disposition to fight any more, and feared the result of the next rebel attack. And to be watched with natural anxiety the development of the cloud of dust, which was then no more than a mile distant. If it dissolved to reveal friends, then they would be welcome; for at this hour fresh friends were all that was needed. If it disclosed the enemy, then the day was lost, and it became the duty of those who formed the "last square" on this battle-field to throw into the teeth of the victorious enemy a defiance as grandly contemptuous as that of Cambronne, and die. There was no escape if the troops moving were the cavalry of the enemy.

"Take my glass, some one of you whose horse stands steady. Tell me what you see."

In the dust that emerged, thick as the clouds that precede the storm, nothing could be distinguished but a moving mass of men. But it was soon that they were infantry. This information made Thomas breathe more freely. If infantry, it was much more likely to be Granger than the enemy. At this moment a tall officer, with the yellow stripe of a captain of cavalry, presented himself to General Thomas:

"General," he said, "I am ordered from General Negley, and can not find him. I beg leave to report to you for duty, Sir, of my character."

"Captain Johnston," said the General to the speaker (Captain Johnston, Second Indian Cavalry, Inspector-General on General Negley's Staff), "ride over there, and report to me who and what that force is."

In an instant Johnston was gone—gone upon a mission which proved itself to be a more dangerous one than any of us supposed. As he emerged slowly from a dense foliage of willows growing about a narrow stream to the rear we heard the report of several rifles, and saw him halt for a second, and then, dashing spurs to his horse, disappear in a thick wood in the direction of the coming mass of troops still enveloped in clouds of dust. In a few minutes he again emerged from this timber, and following him came the red, white, and blue crescent-shaped battle-flag of Gordon Granger. We had wished for night, and it was Bluecher who had come to us. At a quarter past one Steadman first, and Gordon Granger afterward, had swung the hand of the statue Thomas, who had gone all through the terrible scenes of the last two days' battle to be matched and moved at this hour. As Granger came up I felt that from the face of the heavens a great cloud had passed, and the sun was shining once more upon us as with the same benignant rays of former victories.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

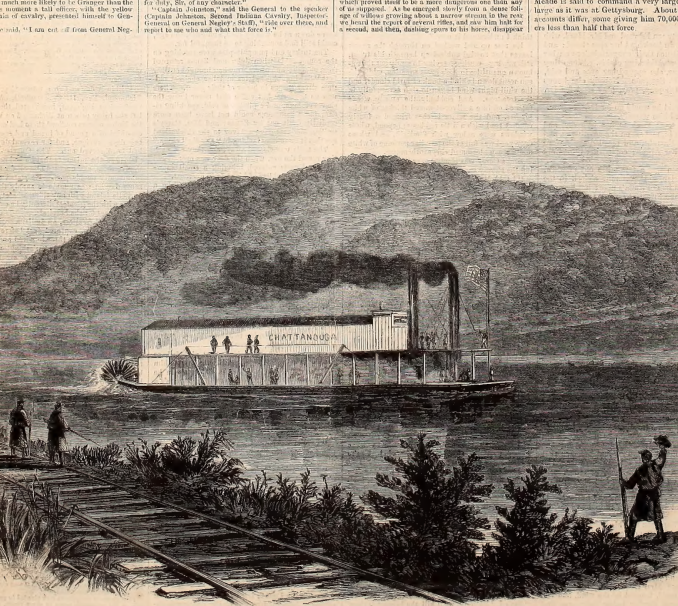
On page 772 we reproduce two pictures by Mr. Waud, illustrating the recent skirmishing in Virginia. Mr. Waud writes:

"THE RECENT FIGHTING AT KELLY'S FORD.

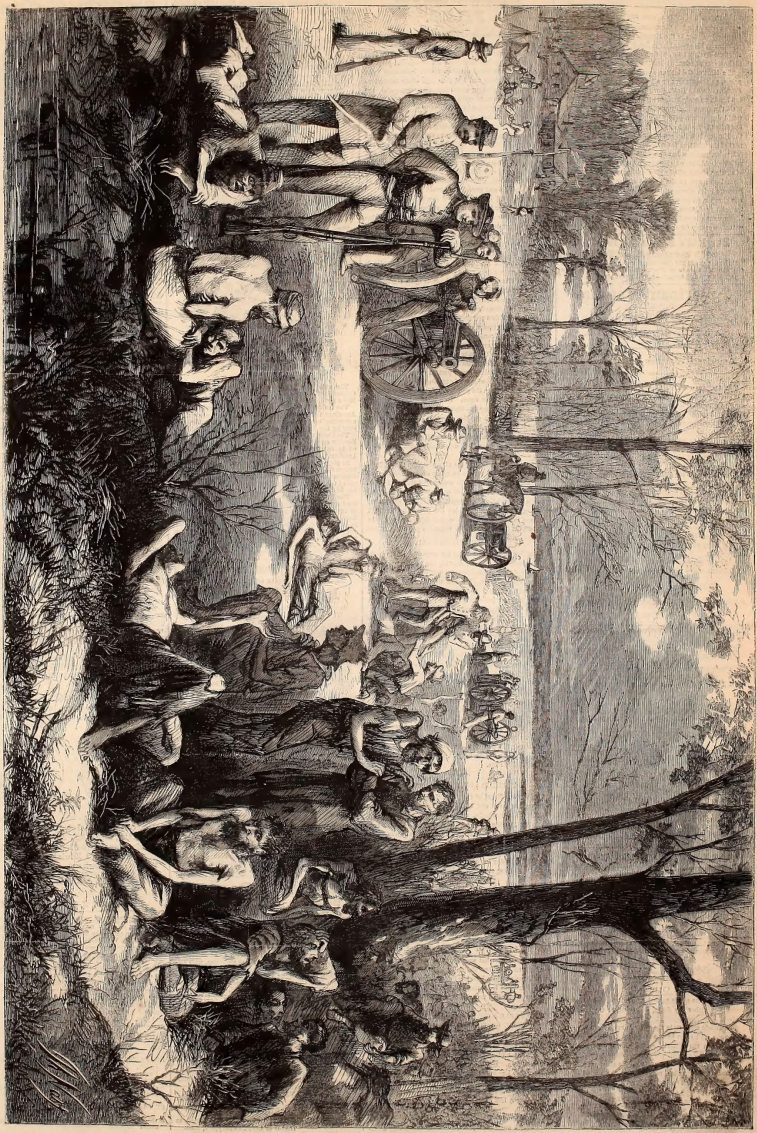
"While General Sedgwick, with the right wing of the army, was advancing upon Rappahannock Station, General French, with a command of three corps, moved for a crossing at Kellysville. Here he found the ford protected by some rifle-pits upon the opposite bank, and beyond by other field-works, for guns as well as men. Upon these our guns opened with telling effect—Randolph's battery giving them shell, canister, and case in front, while Sleeper's battery enfiladed them from a height to the left, near Mount Holly Church—General French's head-quarters. Another 3-inch gun battery, near Randolph's light twelves, also joined in the cannonade, as well as some 44-inch pieces on the hill. After a short action the accuracy of our fire caused the rebels to take to the woods in confusion, leaving a number of men in the rifle-pits. At these, wading middle-deep through the cold river, General Hobart Ward directed one of his regiments to charge. Once on the opposite shore, the advance dashed up the low ridge of earth which formed the defense, and the garrison was captured. The sketch presents a view from the island, after the deepest portion of the river was crossed.

"The more extended picture shows the same thing from another point—the houses, mill, etc., called Kellysville, beyond the ford; still further, the rifle-pits and pine woods, where the enemy found refuge. The houses in Kellysville, also Brown's, on the left, were riddled. Sleeper's battery, on the authority of some prisoners, is said to have taken off the legs of some of the rebel staff officers. Their horses were killed, and left upon the ground, to show the severity of the fire. A whole brigade ran away, leaving their muskets stacked, and then came out in small squads to get them again."

At latest dates the Army of the Potomac was once more "stuck in the mud"—in which unhappy state it has spent a large portion of its existence. Meade is said to command a very large army—as large as it was at Gettysburg. About Lee's force accounts differ, some giving him 70,000 men, others less than half that force.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE "CHATTANOOGA," A STEAMER BUILT BY THE SOLDIERS.—[SEE PAGE 775.]



THE PRISONS AT RICHMOND—UNION TROOPS PRISONERS AT BELLE ISLE.—[See Page 779.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and strictly with the Trade.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, tenderly adapted to your hand and habit of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World.

If you want one call on A. MORTON, No. 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamp for circular.

Bartlett's Burnished Needles,
442 Broadway, New York.

"There is no article of domestic use in which improvement ever others for Haste of Machine Sewing. They possess a peculiar eye and form."—MRS. DEGENEF.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.
American Watches for American Soldiers.

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are made of the best of the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to last more than when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *bankrupting* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most essential value, reliable, of accurate and reliable time-keeper, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting patent, at merely a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Levers* and *Lepines* of foreign Watches, above referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, BOOK and JOB PRINTERS.
The subscribers offer for sale
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE,
Second-hand—Cylinders—Size of Bed, 34x54
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE,
Second-hand—Cylinder—Size of bed, 31x46
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE,
Second-hand—Cylinder—Size of bed, 31x46
1 SECOND-HAND ADAMS PRESS,
Size of Platen, 26x40.
The above are all SECOND-HAND MACHINES, are warranted in first-rate order, having been thoroughly repaired. Will be sold on application to
R. HOE & CO.,
Nos. 29 and 31 Gold St., N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices!
For the Army and Navy
Hospitals, Merchants,
Druggists, and all who
wish to print neatly,
cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., at sight. ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 PARK ROW, N. Y., and 22 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED
ALBERINE
Extension Holders and Gold Pens.
Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in fine fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $8 each.
Price, per dozen $10 25
" gross 55 00
" box 60 00
Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO., & CO., Providence, R. I.

$200! $150! $100! $50!
PREMIUMS.
To Editors and Others!
I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus,* or *Concentrated Potash.*
The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must not be less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.
Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also subscribe for mail, giving full address.
The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.
R. T. BARRETT.
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

BRANDRETH PILLS.
It is scarcely necessary for Dr. Brandreth to assure his friends that he continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to be so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a discerning public.
The numerous cases in which these pills have been used, where they have restored the failing embers of life to their former brilliancy, entitles them to the appellation of the "*Universal Medicine of Life*" for they cleanse and purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the nerves, and regulate the digestive organs in the most perfect manner, and prevent the creation of those humors to which we are sycophsies, scurvy, gout, and those "slimy dregs out of which the stone and gravel are formed within us."
It is now well understood how much disorders of the mind depend for their cure upon a due attention to the body. It is now understood how much of the maladies which will remove morbid accumulations without weakening the bodily power. It is now understood that there is a reciprocal influence between the mind and the body. It is now understood that purging with the Brandreth Pills will remove melancholy, and that even insanity is cured by copious purging using them. It is now understood how much domestic happiness depends upon the healthy condition of the digestive organs.
It is now well known that the BRANDRETH PILLS have cured thousands of hopeless and helpless persons, even when the first physicians had pronounced them beyond all human means of relief. It is now not only well known that the Brandreth Pills *do cure*, but it is also understood *how they cure*—by their purifying effect on the blood, they restore the body to health.
This principle of cure has no longer to contend with the blind prejudices of the greater portion of the public; it is only with those few who are determined to be "killed according to rule," like the people of old, who "would have to reign over them. Now, however, the more universal circulation of newspapers—thanks to the general diffusion of knowledge, which enables nineteen-twentieths of the PEOPLE" to read and think for themselves—are the high lower nelley in swallowing that deadly mineral, Mercury, professing to cure, but universally leaving us in a worse condition than it finds us.
We no longer believe in the absurd notion that inflammations of any kind can be cured by abstracting our life blood—a thing we do in bleeding—instead of by inflammation is a wise ordinance of nature—a signal that requires the assistance of purgative medicine to ease her of the unnatural load. Then when all cause for the high fever and the strong pulse, is wanted to be removed, in other words, the body calls for vegetable cleansing.

LET THE AILING READ.

A gentleman had been ailing for many weeks; his stools had become light colored, showing the bile was retained in the blood, and rendering an attack of Jaundice or Typhoid Fever probable. He was nervous and irritable; sleep confused; acid stomach; dizzy; absent-minded; memory failing; pains in the limbs; bowels costive. At length a severe diarrhœa set in which lasted for two days. When this stopped severe pains of the bowels came on—"dry gripes" as he called it. Up to this time he had done nothing but eat and then taking a single Brandreth Pill, but now he understood that the case admitted of no delay, and he at once took five Brandreth's Pills, and partook plentifully of oatmeal gruel. The Pills were retained an hour, operated well, and he thought the difficulty removed. He was not so, for in less than two hours the pains in the bowels returned with great violence, accompanied with a shaking feeling, and he thought he was going to die. He immediately swallowed two more pills and some warm broth. The pain was checked, he slept for several hours. The pills brought away pitchy looking stools, and he had no more severe pain in his bowels. For three more days he took five pills at night, and his digestion became natural, and his health fully restored by less than a box of Brandreth's Pills.

TYPHOID FEVER PREVENTED.

One of the officers of the Tyro, the packet which runs between Augusta and Ciudad Bolivar, was taken with violent fever, headache, and diarrhœa. He was about supplying his place with a substitute, when a friend told him to take eight Brandreth Pills, one each morning then night and morning for a few days, and he would have, perhaps, no need of a substitute. This advice he followed, and the third day he was cured. His diet was oatmeal gruel for the first twenty-four hours.

CURE OF DROPSY OF THE PERICARDIA.

A lady in Fourth Avenue, in New York City, was severely afflicted with disease of the heart. For two years she thought every day would be her last, for she had a constant heavy pressure on the heart and great difficulty in breathing. The doctor called it

DROPSY OF THE PERICARDIA.

She was under what was supposed the best treatment the City afforded, but the daily became worse, until, at length, she concluded to try Brandreth's Pills, which affforded her relief the first night, and in three months they cured her, and now she is in perfect health.

REMARKABLE CASE IN WHICH FIFTY-TWO PILLS WERE USED BEFORE THE BOWELS WERE OPENED.

A man, aged 32, of robust constitution, from a severe wreach, was laid up. His back pained him as if the muscles were torn. His bowels, kidneys, and bladder seemed paralyzed. For seven days nothing passed his bowels, spite of all the remedies administered by his three doctors, who told his poor wife they could do no more. She was advised, as a last effort to save him, to try Brandreth's Pills. So she procured a box, and gave him four pills every four hours. She rubbed the pills down to powder under a knife on a plate, and then mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses. She continued this treatment until she had administered *fifty-two* pills, when they operated, and the man's life was saved.
All cases published will be certified when required.
Principal Office, Brandreth's Building, New York. At Retail, No. 4 Union Square, and of all Druggists.
See my private Stamp upon each box, by permission of the Honorable Commissioner of Stamps. Observe B. Brandreth on stamp, which insures the genuine pills.

American Card Company's
New Union Playing Cards.
National Emblems.



Ace of Eagles
The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of Knave. Goddess of Liberty for Queen. *Major for Jack.*
The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine National Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.
The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.
In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and so the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first occasion as cards bearing Foreign emblems.
The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome dozen boxes for the trade.
Two Sample Packs in Card Cases, sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1. Address
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
405 Broadway, or 365 William St., N. Y.

H. Dexter, Hamilton & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Books, Magazines,
AND
Newspapers,
No. 113 Nassau Street, New York.
Harper & Brothers' Periodicals and Novels supplied to the trade, and kept always on hand.

ECONOMY, DURABILITY, AND CONVENIENCE.—The "*Star*" *No Chimney* Burner, for Kerosene Oil Lamps, patented Aug. 11th, '63, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. The lamps and screw-bridged the best invention of the kind. Warranted at all times. Sample sent, postpaid, for 35 cents. Circulars free. Agents wanted.
PETER ESSIG & CO., Manufacturers, No. 3 Platt Street, N. Y.

Holiday Gifts.



Engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Complete set in box for mail. Trade supplies.
JOHN F. FIELDS & CO., 499 Broadway, N. Y.

Presents! Presents!
Soldier's Head-Quarters.
Rare Chance for AGENTS.
Head-Quarters for Army Corps Pins.
Any one wishing to become my Agent, or wishing to purchase my Army Corps Pins, Gold Pens and Pencils, Gilt Pins, I will send on receipt of 3c. to the receipt of $1, together with my Wholesale circular with full instructions and Premiums to Agents either a fine Gold Pen, with Extension Case and Pencil, a fine engraved Spring Locket or Bracelet, or California Diamond Seal Stone Ring, or a new style Vest Chain of Gilt Links, or a beautiful set of Jewelry. Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Diamond Cut, Pin, or the Knox or Grant Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it. I want a Salesman Agents on Corps Pins.
B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Elegant Christmas Presents.
Splendid Gold Composition Watches, small size for Ladies and medium for Gents, beautifully engraved Hunting Cases, full jeweled. *Sent free* on receipt of $16.
Watches sent for inspection before payment. Agents wanted in every County and every Regiment on unusually liberal terms. Send for circular.
CLENDALE & CO., 213 Broadway.

Salesmen Wanted.
$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Brewsters, Troy, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASK.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*; Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome Tobacco Pouch attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without any of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and portability of a *Cane Case*. It is made for any of the various styles, at $4 50, $6, $7 50, $9 50, and $12 00 to $15 and up to the two latter richly plated and decorated. Nothing can excel its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers. As a Present to friends nothing could be more acceptable. For the *Soldier* it is invaluable. Also

For the Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,
Of superior quality and flavor, in packages of various sizes. A liberal discount to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price and 15 cts.
RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 693 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES,** **CORDAGE,** and Yarn, Stone Packing, Web, **CARPET WARP,** Fifth Lines, Bleaching Cord, Lead, and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER.** Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Books by return Post to any Post-Office in the U. S.
GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.—We send all Books prepaid by return of FIRST MAIL at publishers' prices. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Cloaks and Mantillas.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,
And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.
300 Canal Street, New York.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE.



THE MOST RELIABLE HAIR RESTORER IN THE WORLD.
WARREN WARD, of 377 Canal Street, says, "I never had any thing in my family which suswers so perfectly the purpose of a hair dressing."
MISS FANNY SEPTON, the beautiful and talented actress, says, "I have used Kendall's Amboline for my hair, and find it to be a superior article. I have no hesitation in recommending it to every lady who desires a full and luxuriant head of hair."
KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is put up in boxes containing two bottles, price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Depot 308 Broadway, N. Y.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS.
Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.
Every Co. from A to W Solid Silver, $1.
Solid Silver, with Letter in GOLD Relief, **$1 50.**
Solid 18 k. GOLD, **$3 50.**

Corps Badges
Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.
Solid Silver, $1 50. Solid Silver, $1 50.
Enamelled. Enamelled.



Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.
Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 6th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.
1st Division Enamelled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.
None but *perfect* Goods sent.
Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address **C. L. BALCH & CO.,**
Successors to 203 Broadway, New York.
J. G. PACKARD & CO.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent by mail, prepaid, for $1. Liberal and profitable, and well adapted to every person, by
N. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.
One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N. Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Excelsior Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. Circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:
DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York: Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 to 200 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 to 100 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	50 to 60 each.
500 Lockets and Gent's Silver Watches	15 to 50 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	4 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Pins	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Opal Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Ena. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Ena., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 4 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 4 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 4 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 4 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	4 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted	4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Gentlemen and Ladies, in order to realize what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are then sent without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, packing, postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided the remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—MUSHROOM IMITATIONS.—Surely as the "primrose by the river" of innumerable humbugs. No sooner had HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS made their astonishing world, than up sprang a host of imitations, and as the fame of the genuine article increased, and spread, the pestiferous crop of poisonous mockeries thickened. But the true medicine has lived them down. One by one they have disappeared. When the hollow of puffery, which kept alive the feeble flame of their brief reputation, exploded, as they all they caused its live, and thus they continue to come and go. Meanwhile, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, the great protective and remedial tonic of the age, have progressed in popularity with ever increasing rapidity, and have become as a means of preventing and curing the diseases resulting from malaria, unwholesome water, and all unhealthy climatic influence, has been boundless; and as a remedy for dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, general weakness and debility, and all complaints originating in disfigurements of face, none admitted to be superior to any other preparation ever advertised or prescribed. From the Southern States, where its virtues were more severely tested, their sale has been extended into every State in this Union, over the whole of South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, the Sandwich Islands, California, Canada and Japan. Home and foreign testimony similar to that which HOSTETTER'S BITTERS has received is remarkable tonic and invigorant now before the world.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 470 BROADWAY.



Eagle Gas Stoves.

Heating and Cooking.

WARRANTED

Free from Smoke or Smell.

CHEAPER THAN COAL OR WOOD.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

H. D. BLAKE,

474 Broadway, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for VISITOR'S new work, "History of American Conspiracies" from 1760 to 1801; one of the most novel and attractive books yet offered to canvassers. Now is the time. 700 pages, superbly illustrated with steel engravings. Hever pre-catalogue for agents. Sent free. Sole terms by subscription, and liberal terms given. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address

EDWARD P. ROOT, No. 13 Spruce Street, N. Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S



NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and reliable Watches in the American market! They are the sole contingence in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-Winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and withal the best and cheapest time-keepers for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its mainspring a self-winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved roby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate time piece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $264. Sample watch, by express, accurate boxed, $55. If sent by mail, the postage is 56 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND ARTISTIC FINISH, UNEXCELLED IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST ENDEAR

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation of watches that is can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of the metals, the outer case of fine silver and the inner one German Silver, is cast not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it but easy to engrave case, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver Cases.**

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit to dealers, since they very readily sell at and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day of soldiers, with little exertion.

As WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, full jewelled movement dials, and finger case, in good running order*, by the half dozen, $60; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our imputations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and selling at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press of the whole country commends without the superiority of our watches. Their encomiums are emphatic, rendering further praise in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*French Lexicle's, Feb. 21.*

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10.*

"Exceed other manufactures in a point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Press and Nany Gazette, May 9.*

An improvement on many timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal, Aug. 1.*

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scientific American, July 25.*

"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle, July 27.*

"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journal*, commend themselves to every officer.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal, July 31.*

Watches will be sent, by express, to any part of the country, with the privilege to the person to whom they are sent, with full permission to examine on delivery. You can not send South of those points, as the Express per. pagnity refuses to handle collections on such packages. Localities, so that it will be necessary for buyers in the disloyal States to send Currency or advance. We shall, in all instances, require an advance remittance of two dollars on every watch ordered. Thus our friends in the army, quartered at or near those cities, can make purchases without any fear of being cheated, receiving their goods before payment is required. Those in the interior of rebeldom, who wish to send payments in advance, will please send by Express, when practicable; if not, send by mail in a registered letter. Even this is impossible, send, as an ordinary letter, not masking in any manner so as to excite suspicion. The collection whatever will be made from our prices, neither will Watches be sold in any less quantities than a half dozen. Each watch carefully employed. Buyers must deal directly with us!

HUBBARD BRO'S, Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Omega will cause them to grow in a few weeks. It is perfectly harmless, as it acts without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—by mail, 25 cents. Address, with stamp, for circular, &c. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

"STOP AND READ."

A DOUBLE NUMBER! RIDE IN VARIETY AND INSTRUCTION.—MAN AND WOMAN.—Their Dispositions, Functions, Illustrated. Cure Sick Headache. Phrenological Character of England, Russia, Norway. Divorce.—Criminal.—Tea and Tea Tables. Hereditary Descent. Hair Dye. Gray Hair.—The Races.—Mixture and Amalgamation.—Doom of the Indian. Phrenological Busts.—Self-Culture.—Perfect Character and Customs.—The Two Great Empires of Russia and America. Phrenological Character of Celebrities. Lectures, and Biographies of Archbishop Whately and Mr. Sumner, in the Dominion Phrenological Journal. Sent by first post for 13 cents. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Tro-Bond-ine.

For sealed papers (free) in regard to the Swamp Diluvian, which healed a sabre-cut on the face of a young soldier at Shiloh, April, 1862, and restored a fine head to grow, address JOHN RAWLINS, 701 Broadway, N. Y.

EVERY SOLDIER in the army ought to have *Boyle's Life Pills*. They cure the worst cases of Diarrhœa in from **30** *min.* per box. Send by mail on receipt of price. Address BOYD & CO., 134 South 4th St., Philadelphia.



Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hard Coal and Lasteline, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Offers 999 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand single as Flour. Full particulars sent free, on receipt of *two stamps*. Address at once, DANIEL ADAMS & CO., 18 Bleecker St., N. Y.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS in every family. Sales from one to two dollars each. Profits large: all pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and get 60 pages particulars. RICHARD BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Cavalry and Artillery.

Solid Silver, $1 25. Solid Silver, $1 75.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00. Solid 18 k. Gold, $6 00.

Sent by mail on receipt of Price. Also all kinds Corps, Co., and Division Pins, engraved to order, by the single one. All, or any, sent and Agent to any part of the country. Terms cash in advance. Send for a circular. Address DROWNE & MOORE,

Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S

Illuminated and Pictorial

BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispiece, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The work forming a complete Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $32 50; Full Calf, marbled edges, Hinds & Sturgis, $35 00; Full Calf, marbled edges, $36 00.

HARPER'S Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispiece, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, made expressly for this edition. By F. O. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., BOSTON; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CUSHING & BAILEY, Baltimore; FRANCIS TAYLOR, Washington; ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODS, Louisville; S. C. GRIGGS & CO., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just published:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1863, commencing a new Vol. 25 cents a Number, $3 00 a year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, $5 00 a year.

HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By ISAAC V. D. HEARD. With Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Adventures of Philip," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

MARY LYNDSAY. A Novel. By the Lady FAITH POWERSCOURT, Author of "The Discipline of Life." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

MARTIN POLE. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and specially adapted, by REV. NELSON HEAD. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain GEORGE F. NORTON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a German Physician. By ELIZABETH C. GRUMMAN. Edited by Owen Meredith. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Ladies. By J. C. HARTWOOD, Author of "Abel Drake's Good Work," "Isabel; or, the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the Poor in England. By JOSEPH KAY, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister at Law and Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE HON. THEO. FRELINGHUYSEN, LL.D. By Rev. TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, D.D. With Portrait on Steel. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Commencement of the Twenty-Eighth Volume.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For December, 1863.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Single Copies Six Cents

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



IN THE COUNTRY.

FISK & HATCH.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities, AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Great National Work.

EIGHTY YEARS PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Revolution to the Great Rebellion

Twelve men of the first literary talent have been employed on this great work. Time occupied in its execution, nearly four years. Among the long list of parties who have recommended it, are nineteen Presidents of Colleges. Agents wanted to canvass all parts of the country. Supplies will be kept at central points in most of the States. Address L. STEBBINS, Worcester, Mass.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALLED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Shultz' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, by 20 cents. Address C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

OR STUDS.—Red, White, and Black, engraved with Initials, for 50c. per pair, will be sent free on receipt of the price by mail. Also of Pearl, $1 00 per set each. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory goods, 169 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate. Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 215 Pearl Street, New York. 63 Milk Street, Boston.

A GOLD OR SILVER WATCH
And a Gold Chain Free.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE PACKAGE for the Holidays, now out. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to AGENTS. Send for our New Circular.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

A Bad Breath.—*The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to.* Never until now have it been regarded—how many friends forever parted. The subject is so delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 195 and 197 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Corrugated Brass or other Metals. Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldier's price, $50 ; Civilian's, $75. Send for a Circular. J. W. WILSON, Agt., 691 Broadway, N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 30 cts. (coin received), magnifying small objects 500 times; five of different powers for 75 cts. Mailed free. Address P. C. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

Lands. To all Wanting Farms.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and increasing settlements, and best lands in the United States, south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which now are very growing. Terms easy. Fifty acres, or more, at from $5 to $20 per acre, payable in one, two, three, four, and five years. Churches, Schools, Academies, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The honest will find the place to laid out in unsurpassed. Letters answered. Pamphlets containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Colon Solomon, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—"I am of the same opinion as before, that, in its almost level position and suitable condition for intensive farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

Opera and Field-Glasses

Of great power, from $2 50 to $25. Spectacles and $10 Gloves of every description.

B. H. HORN,
Manufacturing Optician,
Salesroom, 212 Broadway, up stairs. Send for circular.

The Soldier's Gift
To the Loved One at Home.

We will deliver *Free* of freight charge, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., any of our beautiful Albums of the value of $5 or more, that may be ordered by members of the Army or Navy of the United States or Friends to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles of all prices to $25, and upwards.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers and Importers,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BA SHFORD'S, Cooper Institute, New York.

ARMS and LEGS.

Selpho's Patent embedded 74 joints. The cheapest and substitutes for lost limbs can be had only of
WM. SELPHO & SON, 916 Broadway, N. Y.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane AND 22 John Street,
31 Rue du Chateau d'Eau, Paris, Sands St., Birmingham, England.

French and English Fancy Goods.

PORCELAIN VASES. MANTEL ORNAMENTS. MARBLE CLOCKS. BRONZES. CARD RECEIVERS. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. ORDER AND DISPATCH CASES. CARTON PIERRE WORK-BOXES. LIQUOR CASES. OPERA GLASSES. FANS. LEATHER BAGS. AND FINE AND COARSE JEWELRY.
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, &c.
MILITARY GOODS.—SWORDS.—PISTOLS.—CUTLERY, &c.
FINE ENGLISH SKATES.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *Patent Movement*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 33 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Fresh Vanilla Ice Cream is prepared, of Aug. 28, with "Messrs. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 338 Broadway, N. Y. Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for circular.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year; guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens repointed on receipt of 25 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MUNN & CO.

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of information concerning Patents, free. Specimens of the Paper, free.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Craig Microscope and Mountet Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. This Microscope will be sent, postpaid, to any part of the U. S., or with 4 beautiful mounted objects, for $2 50. Address HENRY CRAIG,
335 Broadway, New York.
A liberal discount to the trade.

A New Source of Consolation.

HEAVEN OUR HOME. We have no Saviour but Jesus and no Home but Heaven. Second Edition. Price 75 cts.
This new religious work is having a large sale. The author holds to the comforting belief of the Restoration of Friends in Heaven, which to him is a Home, with a good, and happy, and loving family in it. The whole tone of the work is calculated to cheer and support the weary and afflicted Sojourner on Earth. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers. Agents wanted.
ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GOLD MEDAL GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS are now considered the best in Europe, as well as this country, having received the first prize at the late World's Fair Exhibition in London, 1862.
The principal reason why the Steinway Pianos are so much superior to all others is, that the firm is composed of four practical piano-forte makers (father and four sons), who invent all their own improvements, and under whose personal supervision every part of the instrument is manufactured. Warerooms, No. 82 & 84 Walker Street, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 Broadway, New York.

Card Photographs.

Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over

FOUR THOUSAND

different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

12 Major-Generals,	153 Statesmen,
109 Brigadier-Generals,	154 Authors,
150 Colonels,	116 Artists,
92 Other officers,	39 Actors,
30 Officers of the Navy,	27 Singers,
46 Prominent Foreign Officers,	46 Prominent Women,
147 Prominent Foreign Portraits.	

2,500 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART

INCLUDING REPRODUCTIONS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, STATUARY, &c.

Catalogue sent on receipt of Stamp.

An assortment of PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS of Card size will be filled on receipt of $1 00, and sent by mail, *Free*.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS,
501 Broadway, New York.

Friends or relations of prominent military men will confer a favor by sending us their likenesses to copy. They will be returned in uninjured condition.

EF FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER for Contributions to promote local Fairs, or for other purposes, with suitable inscriptions, &c.

The only unmasked "Patent-ee" Collar made in America. Send 3 cts. for Pattern, or 75 cents for a "Quicker," by Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. American enamelled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unparalleled,* and valuable extra Inducian Paint Stationery, Knives, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Pens, Pencils, Portfolios, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Initial, Landscape, Indian Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Sketches, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Pattern of Ornaments, Letter Writer, Guide, Medical Preparations, Receipts, &c., &c., &c., the Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gems, Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, and many *Useful and Fashionable articles*, Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **$50** to **$500** the CASH required ALWAYS. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to any Army of the Army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece*, presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

AGENTS WANTED.—$2 positively made from 30 cts., or urgently needed by every person. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 30 cts ; retails for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

$35 WATCHES. $35
Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on odds.
J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches, 208 Broadway New York.

Remington's

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

ROMAN SCARFS SENT BY MAIL EVERYWHERE

3.000 dozen pure Roman Scarfs.

Made from the Purest and Softest Silk.

These are the most elegant, convenient, and economical Scarfs ever imported, as they are reversible; one Scarf is worth two.

They are much worn in Europe by both ladies and gentlemen. Can be worn in the bosom, sash, or ring.

The whole lot to be retailed at

WHOLESALE PRICES!

Only $1 EACH.

A single Scarf sent by mail on receipt of the cash, and six cents for postage.

Very fine Gold Plated Scarf Pins or Rings

At $1 00 each.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELLED WHITE,

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 a piece, or $10 each, sent by Post to the Union on receipt of $1 15.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 Broadway, N. Y.

FRENCH FLANNEL

OVERSHIRTS,

the largest assortment in New York, $2 75, $3, $3 75 each; all sizes kept long.

A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cut of measure will be required, and the Collar Size.

Send the size of your neck.

ENGLISH MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2, $2 25, and $2 50. SCOTCH LAMBS' WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS. ALPACA FINE WHITE SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE AT $3d, $3d, $3d, AND $4 PER HALF DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

The Cash to be paid to Express company on receipt of goods.

S. W. H. WARD,

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever SKATE BUCKLE,

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 213 Pearl St., New York, 86 Kilby St., Boston.

MUSICAL BOXES. Only 25g 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 24, and 36 tunes, and costing from $1 75 to $400 00. A beautiful article for mercantile purposes. Sent by Express or Mail on receipt of the money. Catalogues can be found in the country. Mr. J. PALLIARD, Importer, No. 21 Maiden Lane up stairs, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 363.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



GUERRILLA WARFARE.—RESCUE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER FROM A BAND OF GUERRILLAS.

CHATTANOOGA.

We reproduce on pages 792 and 793 some more of Mr. Davis's sketches, which he describes as follows:

"THE COURIER LINE.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GRANGER, November 14, 1863.

"In many places where the signal officer can not work the excellent arrangement known as 'the courier line' is invaluable.

"Lieutenant Kelly, of the Fourth cavalry, is chief of couriers, and is unceasing in his efforts to render his lines as perfect as may be.

"The stations are distant from each other five miles. In many places the line is a mere trace or trail through the forest. At each station a fresh courier is ever ready to mount as the arriving one is seen approaching, and taking his dispatches he dashes off at a gallop to the next station. In this way we have constant communication with Generals Burnside, Hooker, and Sherman.

"TRAIN OF PACK-MULES ON ITS WAY OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"The mule is *par excellence* the animal for this country. Up and down the steep mountain-sides he goes with certain step, where to take a horse would be almost impossible.

"The mail comes to us by pack-mules; so also do a large quantity of stores. The rebels call this arrangement of theirs the 'cracker line.' My sketch shows a train at a point on Walcron's Ridge at sunrise. From this point is obtained an extended and pleasant view of mountain and valley. At the high point a number of birds are ever on the wing, and seeing, as one sees them constantly sailing near the mass of rock, to be on guard.

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA.

"At this place the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is crossed by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The town is unlike Bridgeport, as it has houses in it; so that one does not domicile under the railroad platform, but in a hotel; and such a hotel! The room that one sleeps in has crowded into it every mortal that it can by any possibility be made to contain, besides divers other inhabitants of an enlivening nature.

"I think that space could be found for a sketch of the 'Dive for Grub.' Words fail to give any idea of it. Stevenson is an important place for many reasons; it is strongly fortified and held by General Knipe's division."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

THE WORK BEFORE CONGRESS.

BEFORE another number of this Journal is in print Congress will have met and been organized. It will be the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

The work this Congress will have to do will take rank in history, and, if it be well done, will elevate the fame of the body to a level with that of the most distinguished legislative assemblies of the past. But upon it will devolve, in all probability, the readjustment of the political system of the United States, which has been thrown out of gear by the rebellion.

This work, however, can not be commenced on any considerable scale until our armies have made further progress yet. The time has not arrived for attempts to reconstitute State Governments even in Tennessee or Louisiana; and the chances are that, if premature experiments of the kind are made, the rebel sympathizers in those States will contrive to turn them to the advantage of the traitors. Possibly before the assignment of the session which begins next week, the progress of our arms may have been such as to justify appeals to Southern voters. But it would be very unsafe to lay any such experiments just now. So long as the planters of Louisiana and Tennessee can reasonably see reason for hope, however remote, of the success of the rebellion, they can not be expected to use the suffrage against the cause in which their property and churches are involved. When every one, South as well as North, sees that the rebellion is crushed, it will be safe to call upon the Southerners to reconstruct the State governments which they destroyed, and to restore their connection with the General Government. And it will probably devolve upon the Thirty-eighth Congress to determine the conditions upon which this reconstruction and this restoration can be effected. But not just now.

For the present, the most important work of Congress will be amending and readjusting the great measures of the last session. As was natural, experience has developed imperfections in all those measures—though, with one exception, perhaps, all of them are in the main approved by the people.

The financial measures of last session have proved emphatically a success. Government has set about $400,000,000 of paper, and sold nearly $400,000,000 of six per cent. bonds at par. It is doubtful whether this system of finance can be improved; and if the war goes on for another year Mr. Chase will probably pay his way half by fresh issues of paper, and half by loans. It would not do to rely exclusively upon loans, as in a very short time the capacity of the people to absorb bonds would be reached, and they would cease to sell. Nor would it be safe to rely exclusively upon paper issues, as unlimited issues would depreciate indefinitely, and would precipitate the nation into bankruptcy. But by judiciously combining the two a very large amount of bonds can be sold at a fair price, and a very large amount of paper floated without leading to excessive depreciation. No one can yet determine with certainty what is to be the effect of the new interest-bearing legal-tender currency—whether it will facilitate the sale of bonds more than the old kind of legal tender or less. We are rather inclined to think that such issues will not be so readily converted into long bonds as the present currency, which bears no interest. If this view be correct it would probably be prudent to give the Secretary authority to issue more of the legal tenders, whenever, in his discretion, he found that the sale of his long bonds—which is the great desideratum—was retarded by a scarcity of money.

Owing to delays at the Treasury Department, the national currency has not yet been set afloat, and nothing has yet been practically ascertained with regard to the working of the new Banking Law. How it will conflict with existing State laws, how it will affect the money-market, whether it will give any, and if any, what assistance to the Government in the present crisis, are still undetermined problems, on which financiers differ widely. The act of last session will need modification in some important particulars.

On the subject of the army, one or two rather important changes are required. If we are to have black soldiers, and to pay white officers for them, they should be paid as much as white ones. It has been suggested that any Northern State should be allowed to fill its quota with escaped Southern slaves, so as to give to the latter the bounties offered in all Northern States. At present, the Confiscation Act for the benefit of the services of black soldiers escaping from slavery without paying them bounties or even soldier's wages. This is unjust and unreasonable, must be remedied, and will soon have a black army. It is probable that the Conscription Act will be altered, and the price of substitutes reduced to something like the $300 clause has not worked well. Cities, counties, and municipalities, under the lead of terrified demagogues, have in their panic-stricken stepped forward and paid the money for their whole quota. Thus the Government has been compelled to order another draft, and a large draft is short of conscripts. If the $300 clause is retained, it seems likely that a draft may be needed every three months.

New legislation is required on the subject of trade with the States in insurrection. This year that trade has been pretty much under the control of army commanders, supposed to have charge of a cotton-bearing district, and gross frauds and mischief have been the consequence. It would seem desirable to completely stop all trade with the South until the war ends. Of the Confiscation Act the general opinion is that it was a gross mistake and should be repealed. It has not accomplished its object, has enriched the Government to the extent of a dollar; and every useful purpose which it was expected to achieve can be attained by a simple act protecting the rights of squatters on abandoned estates.

Many minor matters will require revision. Some change must be made in the law regulating enlistments for the navy. The exchange of prisoners must be placed on a fixed and permanent basis, and power given to the President to retaliate when our soldiers, prisoners in rebel hands, are maltreated. The case of the vessels burned by Semmes fitted out in foreign countries to prey on our commerce might incidentally be the subject of legislation. The Internal Revenue act will need to be, and likewise require a good deal of alteration, and will give the Committee of Ways and Means no little anxiety.

THE WAR IN JAPAN.

IF we except the blowing of Indian prisoners of war from the mouths of cannon by British soldiers in 1858 and 1859, nothing more atrocious has occurred in the history of our time than the recent bombardment of the town of Kagosima, in Japan, by the British fleet under Admiral Kuper.

The excuse for this outrage was the murder of an Englishman who, with the arrogance of his race, had undertaken to violate one of the regulations of the Japanese, and who paid the penalty of his folly with his life. By way of retribution, the British fleet extorted a large sum of money from the Japanese Government, and, having got this, proceeded to bombard a town as large as Boston, without warning to the women or children. The only excuse which even the British vessels on this occasion actually fabricated himself and his Government on his belief that "at least half the town had been set in flames." And these are the Pecksniffs who abuse Gilmore for using Greek fire against a place from which all women and children had been warned a month before!

It seems likely that the English will find they have an elephant on their hands in Japan. Their relations with the Japanese is to sell them British manufactures. They will discover that they can not bombard them into buying British goods as easily as they bombarded the Chinese Government into repealing the prohibition on imports of opium. The Japanese will fight. The English may destroy half a town here and there, and put to death numbers of helpless women and children, but the population of the Japanese islands, led by the Daimios, will not give up the contest. And we are much mistaken if the Japanese sailors, who are brave and enterprising, do not presently carry the war outside of their own waters.

Bombarding a flourishing sea-port without notice is a very grand achievement, no doubt. But the Gulf of Yeddo is open to sea-port atrocities, and they seldom lead to any thing but disaster.

THE LOUNGER.

A QUESTION TO BE PONDERED AT LEISURE.

THE speech lately delivered by Mr. Fernando Wood at Bergen, in New Jersey, is a good illustration of the marvelous strength of our Government. In the midst of a fierce civil war directed against the very existence of the Government, an orator under its protection deliberately defends the cause of those who are trying to overthrow it; justifies the terrible massacre of loyal citizens, the desolation of their homes, the sufferings occasioned by the rebellion; appeals to the basest prejudices and passions of his hearers as before the bloody riots of the last summer in New York; calmly declares that effort of the Government of the people to maintain itself is simply carnage and fanaticism; and then down attacks the impulse of the united people of the Republic and of the loyal States, which has been so powerful as to call forth all citizens, who maintain their own Government even in tolerating his talk.

Mr. Fernando Wood is the Magnus Apollo of the faction which through the mouths of such friends of law and order as Mr. Chauncey Burr and Mr. Andrews of Virginia, now of Fort La Fayette, and through the newspapers which are their organs, incessantly declare that the Government has destroyed every constitutional right, and has become a military despotism. All any honorable man who has the least sensitive pride in his origin can say about no Government whatever, ancient or modern, has ever passed through such mortal peril with such an absolute respect for every right whatever? Even in its darkest hour, at a time when the most arbitrary action is justified by the nature of the course, the conduct of the Government was less panic-stricken, and more reasonable in the exercise of power, than was ever known. There has not been a moment during the war when any honest and intelligent American has really feared for the liberty of the citizen. The assertion of such danger has been confined entirely to political aspirants out of power like Horatio Seymour, to demagogues like Fernando Wood, to rival Pecksniffers like Mr. Andrews of Virginia. These gentlemen and their newspaper organs represent neither the faith nor the feeling of the loyal people. Before yielding to any policy whatever which they favor, let every man ask himself what would have been the conduct of his own party if it were secure would our liberties, our honor, and our Government have been, had they been intrusted to the guardianship of Andrews, Seymour, Wood, Burr, and Barney?

THE CITY.

IF the city of New York could be taken as a test, there is no man who would not frankly own that the popular system of government is a hollow mockery. The liberty in the world which makes the citizens pay so much and get so little. There is certainly no city in the world where intelligent and decent people suffer more under the hand of knaves with such good humor as in New York. It has now gone so far that no man has any hope of prevailing against the corrupt and vicious, but men pray that corruption may become so flagrant that revolted common sense will rise and succor the city.

The popular system fails here because its success presupposes a certain degree of popular intelligence and conscience. But the most miserable and ignorant of other countries are shut into New York like rivers; they become the willing victims of the word Democracy; they are led by the demagogues who depend upon their votes for success; they are driven to the polls to purchase by their own excesses, and hope to purchase safety by the spell of "fellow-Democrats"; and the result is that the mass of honest, intelligent, and substantial citizens are overborne by those who have no political share or responsible interest in the city, who control the police for his own purposes, the liberty and security of the citizens were really in his power.

When the Democracy came to the success this magistrate of course rebelled, and there was a display of military force before he yielded. Since then the peace of the city has been maintained by the State police, who showed their bravery and capacity in the days of July and the reign of riot produced by the machinations of the former Mayor and his accomplices. If by any chance the police should again fall under the tools of a magistrate elected and bound as the Mayor of New York is, the failure of the police system in the city will be seen even more plainly than it is now.

THE ERIE RAILWAY.

WHILE the great battle rages against the present management of the Central Railroad in this State, the chief practical consideration of the traveler is, how safely, rapidly, comfortably, and cheaply he is transported. If those conditions are satisfied he will be an eminently conservative friend of the present management. But the warmest and the most conservative friend can not widen the gauge of the track, and therefore, for the through traveler to the West, the Erie Railway is the most comfortable.

The poor Erie has had a hard time of it since that famous opening when the President and his Secretaries—Daniel Webster was Secretary of State —and the statesmen—Seward was there and Douglas—all filled the cars and went open-handing through the wilds of Southwestern New York. The poor road has been a by-word at certain times when those days until at last it has lost its old distinctive title and reappears as the Erie Railway.

The change of name in this case beckons a change of nature. The trains now run promptly and safely. The long delays and one or two fearful accidents of extremely chilled night journeys, and, once lost, it is with great difficulty regained. But the new, spacious, well-ventilated, comfortable cars are now unsurpassed upon any road in the country. The officers of the train are quiet and polite, nor are the cars too crowded. The route lies through the noblest scenery, opening at last into the great forests toward Lake Erie. It is somewhat solitary but very grand. You may take the word of an old traveler who has much experience of railroad traveling, that you will not take a more comfortable journey than that upon the Erie Railway.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

THE daily papers are very justly attacking the nuisance of oversteered street cars. The various companies which make so much money amass a fair share of it by swindling the public. A man who pays three cents buys so much ride. If he does not get it they have defrauded him. He buys not only transport but accommodation—and although the company may fill him out of the cars, it breaks his part of the contract, the company goes unpunished if it breaks its own part. Here Legislature man wishes his name to smell sweet in the streets of New York—where nothing else does—let him introduce a law to punish these companies, or the companies to obey their charters. Of course he will be confronted by another law. But let him quickly try conclusions and depend upon the gratitude of the public.

It is vain to say that no such law can be enforced; that the rebellious cars are sure to be overcrowded. When there is a law the way will appear. We are all inflexibly punitive enough in the matter; and while every man is, or should be, willing to give his place to a woman, the remedy is in his own hands. It is a cause in which the most corrupted conservative will be willing to agitate.

ABOUT THE BACK-ZONE.

THE events of the last few weeks, glorious and inspiring, have brought out upon the merchant mossy remark that the back of the rebellion is broken. That depends not upon the victories in the field, but upon the spirit of the people. If we suppose that the war was a freak or a burst of illtemper, we shall say, "There, be a good boy and lie down!" But if we believe it a fierce conflict of causes long and deep, we shall be wise let the enemy see how he is doing. If he is in the field should outwit us in council. It will be very easy to surrender the victory and call it magnanimity; to betray the cause of the Government and call it conciliation; to plaster over the cancer and call it peace.

Any use of the triumph of our arms which proceeds upon the assumption that the back of treason is the rebellion will be merely a truce. The laws of human nature are as absolute as those of gravity and the Rebellion. When Cæsar crossed Rubicon to his father's throne the bonfires blazed, the streets were wine, but the return was only a few short seven years long. If slavery should return, modest and deferential, we may cry Peace, peace; but the ghost of Freedom Liberty would answer, never!

Happily slavery in all the chief Slave States is abolished; nor is there any power on earth, except military force, that can restore it. But a period beyond the control of the people of those States, for the freedmen are free by the national authority—can not be extended in illegal. If any State should assume to deprive any part of its citizens of their personal liberty the national power would not forget that the Constitution secures a republican form of government to every State. There is an amusing and dangerous delusion about that the Proclamation is a lull against the Comet, because any State can re-enact a slave system. We should like to see them. They would promptly appear that a single vote of the majority is enough to deprive any portion of the citizens of a State of their natural rights? Of their eyes, for instance, or ears, or of their life or liberty, without crime?

The part of wisdom, therefore, is of course, is to understand the change that has taken place, and adjust ourselves to it. The party at the South and North which has no other principle than the inviolability of slavery—Governor Seymour, for instance, who declares that the Union can not be maintained but by abolishing slavery it had better be destroyed—will make a desperate stand for it in some form. Executive clemency is natural. Let these gentlemen understand that it is not an open question. The rebels must submit to the Government. The lives of their young men, the happiness of their homes, the property, and the slaves which they have sacrificed in the vain hope of slavery are restored. If that is our resolution, the back of the rebellion is exceedingly strained. If not, they are as near victory as ever.

THE LONDON SCANDAL.

THE London loungers, and indeed the world of clubmen and gossip, have a fruitful topic in the scandal about Lord Palmerston. He is Prime Minister of Great Britain, and eighty-four years old, and a lady, whose only wrong was to avoid a "chyster," produces a criminal charge

against him of the most disreputable kind. Now so far as appears there is not the slightest foundation whatever for the assertion. It could more easily be the result of a very simple, very common and very obvious conspiracy than be true! No thing is so easy for a shameless husband and wife—and several such are to be found in London —as to conspire in defamation of any conspicuous man of fine life and manners in the hope of reaping money as the price of silence. The mere idle charge, under such circumstances, is a damaging blow. It is a blow, also, to which every public man is exposed. And as the world of clubs and drawing-rooms likes to speculate upon human frailty, there is no escape for the victim, however innocent he may be.

It may be safely said that every chance whatever is against the truth of this charge against Lord Palmerston. He has been a gay man, indeed, but he is eighty-four years old; and he has been for nearly fifty years a prominent figure in European history. Should he be proved guilty, his career ends in public ridicule and a burst of genuine British cant. Is a man of great common sense, peculiarly sensitive to public opinion, perfectly versed in the ways of the world and knowing the exact cost of every step, likely, in his extreme age, to make so silly a surrender of his reputation by putting it in any woman's power? Lord Palmerston is not Mark Antony, nor is Mrs. O'Kane Cleopatra. It is one of the cases in which character and probability must tell even against a direct oath. How they tell with the Queen and with all of London we have already seen. For Palmerston has been a guest at Windsor Castle, and warmly greeted at a civic banquet since the charge was published. No one can really wish him ill. The Jaunty Premier is not a great man. We shall be very loth to believe him a silly son.

LITERARY.

As the holiday season approaches books multiply; and they are for the most part the old annuals. The Longmer does not attempt to mention many new books, and acknowledges no edition by name, even when it is sent. Indeed, there are so kind as to send them to him. But every true Longmer keeps pace a little with current literature.

"Excursions by Henry D. Thoreau" (Ticknor & Fields), for instance, is a very remarkable and delightful book. Mr. Thoreau was a scholar and naturalist before the Concord, Massachusetts, he believed in Concord, in the Indians, and in himself. He had doubts whether, upon the whole, the race had not descended by civilization from a far more profound admiration for the red men as for those who knew the primeval resurrection and much more intimately than any savant. His life and his books are an airy protest against science and civilization, which, after all, but made man one of the best results of each. His observation of the phenomena of nature was most thorough, sympathetic, and penetrating, with a description at once the best in literature. Indeed, in what is called real literature, he is unsurpassed by the writer of shrewd insight, quaint, pure, and vigorous thought, and a delightful play of humor over all, shimmering, cool, and sparkling, like the summer sea-wave. He had no love of moral precedents or religious traditions. The world of to-day he thought as good as Paradise, and God as near to Concord as to Sion. A fresh, sweet, sturdy, noble man. He lived known to a few only, but being dead he speaks to all of us. In "Excursions" he is at his best. The book we have lately had, as well as the most valuable record of exact observation of nature.

Bayard Taylor's "Hannah Thurston" (Putnam) has a very large size in print. It sure to be very eagerly sought, for Mr. Taylor has unquestionably written his name upon the popular heart. His novel writing is of the descriptive order of romance-narrative, and is written in a simple, easy style, which leads the reader pleasantly along, and prevents the undue stress of prominence in the author's thought. Is there any thing sensational or sentimental in the story. The character of Hannah Thurston is one of true womanly delicacy and her position is not venerable Quakeress," is a pathetic and lovely picture. The book is, in Wordsworth's phrase, sensible, shrewd American, precisely the man to show Hannah the relation of theory to life. And yet we shall not be sure of our friend Taylor until the point of the personages of his tale being peculiarly or representatively American. That the tendency of our national life is toward the marvelously called "Reform" is true. It would be tragical if it were not so. But if a writer would depict that tendency in its truly representative types must he not seek further than the Sath Watties, the wives, daughters, and sisters who are swept along upon every great movement like drift-wood and dry leaves upon a stream? If an author will be American, to paint a true American picture of English life during the civil war, could he find any one so grossly Anglo-Saxondom and Fifth Monarchy men? Would an English Briton who knew that the development of British liberty was not such as that, be justified in declare that they were excrescences and not fruits; and that they were in no other sense characteristic than eruptions which show the existence of a foul. Such persons do not explain the great mental and moral movements upon which they are borne wards and wens upon a sturdy giant. So if the object be to draw a truly characteristic picture of American reform-er, to use a pleasanter phrase, the tendency of American civilization—must not the personages exploit its phenomena by their own characters? Instead of Seth Watties and a sonavith free-lover the novelist must attempt the portrait of men like Emerson, Parker, Beecher, Phillips, because these men are truly representative of the forces that control American progress. We can but indicate our feeling upon this point, not elaborate it.

Then, again, is the moral of the story quite clear? Allowing that a recluse, thoughtful semi-Quakeress like Hannah Thurston would hold many crude convictions, still is not the substance of her little speech in the earlier part of the tale exactly what she might have said when the curtain falls upon her happy home? Is it any less proper and womanly for Jenny Lind to sing to the world when its unmarried woman, heartily inspired by her gifts and her powers, than it is to sing to her infant when she is in mother's arms? Is it wrong? This is the author seems to evade, and yet this is the point of the matter. That women ought not to try to do what they can not do, will be readily granted on all sides. That their sex and structure have peculiar adaptations is equally clear. That they ought not to insist upon doing what they can do well is also clear, but no clearer than it is of men. But the question asked by Hannah Thurston is whether women ought to refrain from what God has given them capacity to do, and which neither circumstances nor the consciousness of peculiarities of reason and progress, the movements they so often promote, can justify? Is there in any true American villages the canvas is of a Dutch fidelity; but as a picture of American life "Hannah Thurston" seems to us inadequate, with all its excellences of detail.

Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" (Harpers) is as characteristic a little volume as he has ever written. Its terse, racy, vigorous, and simple English is a worthy setting for the quaint, shrewd, acute thoughts and sympathies of the author. The essays are upon every-day topics and persons. They are full of the sparkling satire upon our daily absurdities and indiscretions, which abound in all Thackeray's books. But the most delightful of the pages is the undercurrent of quick and generous sympathy more evident. They are the windowseat chat of a man who has had his full interest in life, with the freshness of his enthusiasm, but who warms and praises with all his heart whatever is kindly, honest, and lovely. The old subject of his "cynicism" we shall not open here. But does any man interpret believe that Thackeray underestimated for old times and friends, the simple sympathy with boyhood, the genial delight in honorable endeavor which beams through all his writings? Surely these are consonant with the emotions of a literary ogre or gorilla? There is undoubtedly a little mockery in the tone of the "Round-about" at times, some. The texts are not for naught, the sermons flow from his lips. But the author earnestly cries "Forgive us, miserable sinners!"

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Surgeon-General Hammond has left Washington, with instructions to proceed to Chattanooga and inspect the hospitals and camps generally in that vicinity. He expects to go to Nashville, and there await further orders.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, daughter of Gen. Jackson, was married in Baltimore, with her daughter, and both have been held in custody since the charge was preferred by the United States Surgeon of West Building Hospital, to whom they sent a basket of wine during the battle. The mother of General Winder has also been arrested, which, however, was a mistake, and released on Friday, and has been paroled not to correspond with her friends in the South.

General Michael Corcoran was in Washington last week.

The Boston *Traveler* states that Lieutenant Coleman and twenty privates colonized, captured in Louisiana recently, were taken to the charge of Major-General Ullman's brigade, and were captured on a reconnoissance to Abbeville, on the 3d inst., by Confederate cavalry.

There can be no longer any doubt of the death of General Sam Houston, of Texas. A letter from an army correspondent at Houston confirms the report. The General is certainly dead. He died at Huntsville, Texas: I am told in a similar way to the death of Gen. Pierce. Pierce Butler and another have administered on his estate."

Captain Casey, formerly a secret agent of the War Department, has been ordered to report to Gen. Dix at Boston Capitol.

Colonel Gibbon has been ordered from Cleveland to the command of the conscript depot at Philadelphia.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of Columbia, New York Harbor, September 30, 1863, Lieutenant-General Cornelius Vanderbilt, United States Navy, was unanimously elected to be dismissed the service, upon the charges of inciting to mutiny and treason, and of disobedience of standing orders, and striking his superior officer. The finding and sentence was approved; but, upon the recommendation of a majority of the court, and of the Brigadier and Chief Engineer of the Department of Virginia, it was ordered the sentence to suspension of pay for two months from the 1st of September.

First Lieutenant W. G. Fitch, Second United States Infantry, has been placed on the retired list on account of disabilities resulting from long and faithful service in the field. He has been assigned to duty with Brigadier-General Hoyt, at Sandusky, Sandusky.

Jefferson Davis was at Orange Court House on Tuesday last. He was the guest of Mr. Barbour.

Major-General Thomas has issued general orders discharging Brigadier-General Negley, Colonel Miller, Colonel Parkhurst, and Colonel Stanley, from the service of the United States, for the following reasons, namely, neglecting duty, disobeying orders, repeated drunkenness, eloping with a married woman, permitting men to plunder, misbehavior in face of the enemy, shameful cowardice, grossly disobeying, dishonest practices, and conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen.

Robert B. Mitchell, commanding the First Cavalry Division, has been ordered to report to Adjutant-General Thomas, at Washington, for duty.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.—FIRST REPORT.

Chattanooga, *Nov.* 25—7.30 P.M.

To Major-General Halleck:

I assume the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening. I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg.

Lookout Mountain top, all the ridge to the Rossville in Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge, entire, have been carried, and are now held by us.

U. S. Grant, Major-General.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Chattanooga, *Nov.* 25—*Midnight.*

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The operations of to-day have been more successful than yesterday, having carried Missionary Ridge from near Rossville to the railroad tunnel with a comparatively small loss on our side, capturing about forty pieces of artillery, a large quantity of small-arms, camp and garrison equipage, and about 6,000 prisoners in the hands of guards.

We captured two thousand prisoners, of whom two hundred were officers, on Lookout Mountain.

We will pursue the enemy in the morning.

The country is full of artillery and horses, so every thing that could be expected.

Missionary Ridge was carried simultaneously at six different points.

George H. Thomas, Major-General.

A COMPLETE VICTORY.

Chattanooga, *Nov.* 25—10 P.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

I am just in from the front. The rout of the enemy is most complete. Abandoned wagons, caissons, and occasional pieces of artillery are to be met with at every turn.

I think Bragg's force will fully reach sixty pieces of artillery. Many pieces of the enemy's batteries have fallen into our hands. The pursuit will continue to Red Clay in the morning, for which point I shall start in a few hours.

U. S. Grant, Major-General.

GENERAL ORDERS REPORTED.

The report of Quarter-master-General Meigs of the late battle near Chattanooga is published. In it a vast army is sprung upon the enemy, our troops moving upon Missionary Ridge in front, while others took the rebels left in reverse, and the whole was regarded the movement as a dress parade. Full details of the battle are given by General Meigs, who declares that as well directed and so well ordered a battle has not been fought during the war.

LATEST REPORTS.

A dispatch dated Chattanooga, November 30, says:

There has been no fighting in Northern Georgia for the last two days. The enemy are beyond Dalton. The campaign is probably ended. The fruits of the battles are six thousand and two prisoners, forty-eight pieces of artillery, and seven thousand stand of arms. Our casualties will not exceed four thousand. General Hooker has executed Bragg's.

AFFAIRS AT KNOXVILLE.

The last accounts from Knoxville report that a portion of the south part of the town has been burned, including the depôt. The portions burned are supposed to have been those in the lower end of it, occupied by rebel shanghookers, which were destroyed by our shells. General Longstreet is said to have left Knoxville, pursued by forces from Bragg. General Burnside has ample provisions, and can well subsist on the country until General Grant, General Longstreet, however, is probably taken in a trap by the movement of a column of troops in cutting the railroad, and may be compelled, as a desperate resort, to attack Knoxville; but it is said more probable that he must leave his way out, or that his army will be scattered or captured.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Army of the Potomac advanced on 26th, and secured the commanding heights with Washington, around the Rapidan in three columns. On 27th General Kilpatrick's cavalry skirmished with the enemy's cavalry, and on the fire of the rebel batteries, but were driven back after a brief struggle. The army is now in different position since 26th, at which time the enemy had fallen back from and evacuate the line of the Rapidan and Rappahannock. Our line of battle appears to have been formed on the road leading from Culpeper to Orange Court House, Warren, and Rixeys had pretty strumishing with the enemy, but to-day our skirmishers drove them back and maintained their own position. General French, with the Third Corps, moved from Rixeys, and now held the ground, but captured nine hundred of the rebels, the Fifth Corps, under General Sedgwick, supported him. The Fifth Corps' train was attacked in flank by the rebel cavalry on the plank road, who destroyed fifteen or twenty wagons. General Gregg's cavalry, on the left, had a severe fight with the rebel cavalry, and drove them back over their infantry, and then fell back upon the Fifth Corps, who, in turn, drove the rebel infantry back.

WAITING FOR THE BATTLE.

On Monday evening the two armies were separated by Mine Run, a sluggish stream, which crosses the Fredericksburg plank-road two miles from Orange Court House. The rebels had fortified themselves there, and were supposed to make a firm resistance. The dispatches of correspondence indicate that an assault on the enemy's works at Mine Run by our infantry, under cover of artillery, took place on Tuesday, the 1st inst. The rebels were reported the enemy's position were ordered to open, and officers and men to charge. The enemy finally gave way, and no attack was ordered. General Warren pushed on, and found the rebels in possession of the entire stronger than was anticipated, and passed for further instructions. The rebels had fallen back behind their cheeks, and all fight for the day. This is the latest story we have from the Army of the Potomac. The mail arrived on Sunday say that the two armies were then confronting each other, a fearful fight could not be long postponed.

ESCAPE OF JOHN MORGAN.

General John Morgan and six of his officers—viz.: Captains Bennett, Taylor, Sheldon, Haynes, Hockersmith, and Hines—escaped from the Columbus Penitentiary on Friday by digging through the floor of their cell to a sewer leading to the river. The prisoners were originally charged with his brother Dick from the top cell to the lower tier. The floor of the lower cell is two and a half inches thick, in which a hole was cut, under the bed, leading down into a hole and a half feet sewer, running to the river, and to the Penitentiary. This wall was cut under, and the entry escaped into the open country. The night was dark with heavy rain. All efforts are being made by the authorities for his recapture.

The fugitives have arrived safely at Toronto, Canada.

THE CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.

Corpus Christi was captured on the 16th ult. by General Banks and Dana, who marched upon that place overland from Brownsville. Aransas City was attacked, and taken after a very brief resistance. One hundred prisoners and three guns were taken. The British brig *Alexandria* Were was captured by the gun-boat *New London* off the Rio Grande, with a cargo consisting of seventy thousand dollars in gold and a large quantity of clothing and medicines intended for the rebels.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

The surgeons who have just been released from the horrors of the Richmond prisons have been with a delegation from the Sanitary Commission to the Government, of the cruel treatment to which our captives are subjected. It is a shocking chapter of human suffering and unmitigated barbarism.

HOW WE TREAT REBEL PRISONERS.

Commissary-General Hoffman has returned from his tour of inspection in the West. He visited Johnson's Island, Camp Chase, Indiana, Alton, and other rebel prisons in the West where rebel prisoners are confined. He reports that the rebel prisoners are in excellent condition, well clothed, well fed, in good quarters, and enjoying every comfort that they could desire—considering the nature of the condition of our prisoners in Richmond.

Lieut.-Colonel Hoffman, has been also being erected for the accommodation of such of the Southern chivalry as may be captured in the future. The buildingsare designed to accommodate 50,000 men.

STORES FOR OUR POOR FELLOWS AT RICHMOND.

The following appeals has been issued by George H. Stuart, President of the Christian Commission:

To George H. Stuart, Chairman of the Christian Commission:

Dear Sir,—I have every reason to believe that the goods sent by individuals and the Sanitary and Christian Commissions are delivered to our prisoners.

I would suggest that you send as much as possible.

S. A. Meredith, Brigadier-General.

THE PRESS AT MEMPHIS.

General Hurlbut has issued an order (at Memphis) warning the newspapers published there that they "must cease the publication of reports, anonymous or otherwise, of rations or movements of troops within the Department. No discussion of the policy or measures of the Government will be tolerated, and the editors and publishers of newspapers will be held accountable for the character of articles published from Northern papers. Neither officers nor troops without this command will be the subject of either praise or censure through the newspapers, as neither editors nor correspondents have the right or liberty to give praise where deserved, or to withhold it where deserved."

PRICES HERE AND THERE.

The following table compares the Richmond and Cincinnati prices for a few leading articles of food, in greenbacks and the former in Confederate scrip:

	Cincinnati.	Richmond.
Gold, 1% dollar	$1 45	$15 00
Wheat, 1 bushel	1 20	15 00
Corn, 1 bushel	1 10	12 00
Oats, 1 bushel	70	10 00
Potatoes, 1 bushel	1 00	15 00
Coffee, 1 lb	34	10 00
Sugar, 1 lb	15	4 00
Molasses, 1 gal	60	15 00
Whisky, 1 gal	75	25 00
Prunes Brandy, 1 gal	2 00	100 00
Butter, 1 lb	30	8 00
Eggs, 1 dozen	25	5 00
Potatoes, 1 bushel	1 00	15 00
Beef, 1 lb	12	1 50

MAYORALTY ELECTION.

On December 1 election in Cincinnati was elected Mayor of New York by a plurality of 6000 over Rosie and Blunt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

England has replied to Napoleon's invitation to attend a European congress. The Queen does not give an unqualified acceptance, but asks for further information as to the precise points to be proposed for discussion. A similar correspondence between the two Powers on the subject of Poland.

The Papal Government accepts the invitation to attend the congress.

It is thought that most of the other Powers would ask for further communications respecting the bases of the debate in the congress.

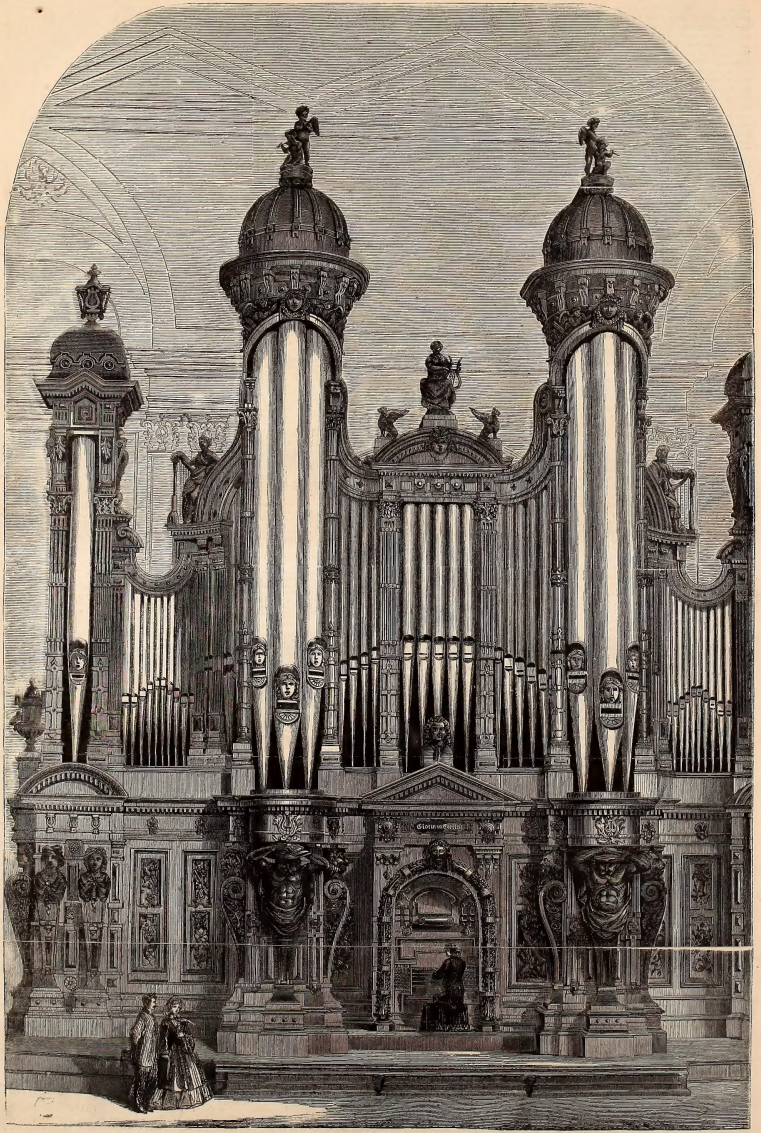
THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The steamship *Great Eastern* has been advertised for sale at auction on the 4th of January, by order of the mortgagees.

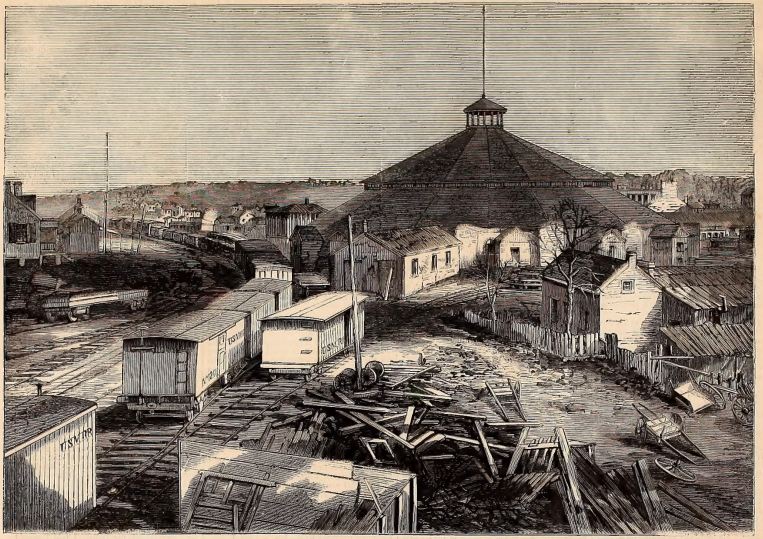
FRANCE.

THE COST OF THE MEXICAN FOLLY.

The Government has submitted to the Corps Legislatif a supplementary credit of ninety-one millions of francs, to assist expenses in Mexico.



THE GREAT ORGAN IN THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.—[See Page 795.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE GREAT DEPOT OF SUPPLIES ON THE RAILROAD.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN—PRESENT APPEARANCE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Julia, as I have said, went to her own room, wounded unintentionally by a chance speech: she sat down sick at heart; and presently opened her window and looked out upon the starry night, and wondered where Alfred was now; that Alfred for whom nobody else had a human heart, it seemed. "Alfred! my poor Alfred!" and sighed, and half-expected to hear him reply. Then she said to herself, "They all called you false but me; yet I was right: and now they all call you mad; but not I: I believe nothing against you. You are my own Alfred still. Where have the wretches driven you to?" At this her feelings carried her away, and she cried aloud on him despairingly, and leaned upon the window-sill, and the tears ran fast for him.

Presently out of the silence of the night seemed to struggle a faint but clear voice:

"Julia!"

She started, and a muffled scream came from her. Then she listened, all trembling. Again the voice sighed, faintly but clear, "Julia!"

"Alfred?" said she, quavering.

"Yes. Pray be cautious; give no alarm. The house is watched; bring Edward."

She flew down stairs, and electrified Edward and Sampson with the news. "Oh, promise me not to betray him!" she cried.

"Hut!" said the doctor, starting to his feet, "what should we betray him for? I'll cure him for you. I can cure any lunatic that has lucid intervals. Where is he?"

"Follow me," gasped Julia. "Stay. I'll get rid of the servants first. I'll not play the fool, and betray him to his enemies." She sent Sarah eastward, and Jane westward, and then led the way through the kitchen door into the yard.

They all searched about, and found nothing. Then Julia begged them to be silent. She whispered, "Alfred!" And instantly a faint voice issued from the top of a wagon laden with hay and covered with a tarpaulin. "Julia!"

They all stood staring.

"Who are those with you?" asked Alfred, uneasily.

"Only friends, dear! Edward and Dr. Sampson."

"Ned, old fellow!" groaned Alfred, "you pulled me out of the fire; won't you help me out of this? I think my leg is broken."

At this Julia wrung her hands, and Edward ran into the house for his rope and threw it over the wagon. He told Julia and Sampson to hold on by one end, and seizing the other was up on the wagon in a moment. He felt about till he came to a protuberance; and that was Alfred under the tarpaulin, in which he had cut breathing-holes with his pen-knife. Edward sent Julia in for a carving-knife, and soon made an enormous slit: through this a well-known figure emerged into the moonlight, and seemed wonderfully tall to have been so hidden. His hands being uninjured, he easily descended the rope, and stood on one leg holding it. Then Sampson and Edward put each an arm under his, and helped him into the house.

After the body the mind. That is the rule throughout creation. They examined, not his reason, but his leg. Julia stood by with clasped hands, and a face beaming with pity and anxiety that repaid his pain. Sampson announced there were no bones broken, but a bad sprain, and the limb very red and swollen. "Now," inquired he briskly of the company, "what is the practice in sprains? Why, leeches and cold water."

Edward offered at once to run and get them.

"Are ye mad?" was the reply. "Daun't I tell ye that is the *practice?* And isn't the practice sure to be th' opposite of the remedy? So get water as hot as he can bear it, and no leeches."

Julia remonstrated angrily. "Is this a case for jesting?"

"Deevil a jest in it," replied the doctor. "Well, then, if ye must know, th' opera-dancers apply hot water to sprains: now what is their interest? t' expedite the cure. And the faculty apply cold water: and what is their interest? to procrastinate the cure, and make a long job of it. So just hold your tongues, and ring for hot water."

Julia did not ring; she beckoned Edward, and they flew out and soon brought a foot-pan of hot water. Edward then removed Alfred's shoes and stockings, and Julia bared her lovely arms, and blushed like a rose.

Alfred divined her intention. "Dear Julia," he said, "I won't let you: that is too high an honor. Sarah can do that."

But Julia's blood was up. "Sarah?" said she, contemptuously; "she is too heavy handed: and—hold your tongue; I don't take my orders from you;" then more humbly to the doctor, "I am a district visitor: I nurse all manner of strangers, and he says I must leave his poor suffering leg to the servants."

"Unnatural young monster," said the doctor, affecting horror. "G'im a good nip."

Julia followed this advice by handling Alfred's swollen ankle with a tenderness so exquisite, and pressing it with the full sponge so softly, that her divine touch soothed him as much or more than the water. After nursing him into the skies a minute or two, she looked up blushing in his face, and said, coaxingly, "Are you mad, dear Alfred? Don't be afraid to tell us the truth! The madder you are the more you need me to take care of you, you know."

Alfred smiled at this sapient discourse, and said he was not the least mad, and hoped to take care of her as soon as his ankle was well enough. This closed that sweet mouth of hers exceeding tight, and her face was seen no more for a while, but hid by bending earnestly over her work; only as her creamy poll turned pink the color of that hidden face was not hard to divine.

Then Edward asked Alfred how in the world he had escaped and got into that wagon. The thing was incredible. "Mirawculous," said Dr. Sampson in assent.

"No," said Alfred, "it looks stranger to you than it is. The moment I found my pistol was gone I determined to run. I looked down and saw a spout with a great ornamental mouth, almost big enough to sit on; and, while I was looking greedily at it, three horses came into the yard drawing a load of hay. The wagoner was busy clearing the pavement with his wheel, and the wagon almost stopped a moment right under me. There was a lot of loose hay on the top. I let myself down, and hung by the spout a moment, and then leaped on to the loose hay. Unfortunately there were the hard trusses beneath it, and so I got my sprain. Oh, I say, didn't it hurt? However, I crept under the hay and hid myself, and saw Wolf's men come into the yard. By-and-by a few drops of rain fell, and some fellows chucked down a tarpaulin from the loft, and nearly smothered me: so I cut a few air-holes with my pen-knife. And there I lay, Heaven knows how long: it seemed two days. At last I saw an angel at a window; I called her by the name she bears on earth: to my joy she answered, and here I am, as happy as a prince among you all, and devilish hungry."

"What a muff I was not to think of that," said Edward, and made for the larder.

"Dear doctor," said Julia, lifting a Madonna-like face with swimming eyes, "I see no change in him: he is very brave, and daring, and saucy. But so he always was. To be sure he says extravagant things, and stares one out of countenance with his eyes: well and so he always did —ever since *I* knew him."

"Mayn't I even *look* my gratitude?" whined Alfred.

"Yes, but you need not stare it."

"It's your own fault, Miss Julee," said Sampson. "While ye're fomenting his sprain the creature's fomenting his own insensate passion. Break every bone in a puppy's body, and it's a puppy still; and it doesn't do to spoil puppies: as ye're spoiling this one. Nlist me, ye vagabin. Take your eyes off the lady; and look me in the face—if ye can; and tell me how you came to leave us all in the lurch on your wedding morn."

Julia fired up. "It was not his fault, poor thing: he was decoyed away after that miserable money. Ah, you may laugh at me for hating money; but have I not good reason to hate it?"

Whist, whist, y' impetuous cracter; and let him tell his own tale."

Alfred, thus invited, delivered one of his calm, luminous statements; which had hitherto been listened to so coldly by one official after another. But the effect was mighty different, falling now on folk not paid to pity. As for Dr. Sampson, he bounced up very early in the narrative, and went striding up and down the room; he was pale with indignation; and his voice trembled with emotion, and every now and then he broke in on the well-governed narrative with oaths and curses, and observations of this kind: "Why dinnt ye kill um? I'd have killed um. I'd just have taken the first knife and killed um. Man, our Liberty is our Life. Dith to whoever attacks it!"

And so Edward, coming in with Alfred's dinner on a tray, found the soi-disant maniac delivering his wrongs with the lofty serenity of an ancient philosopher discussing the wrongs of another, Julia crying furtively into the tub, and the good physician trampling and raving about the room, like what the stoical narrator was accused of being. Edward stopped and looked at them all over the tray. "Well," said he, "if there's a madman in the room, it is not Hardie. Ahem."

"Madman? ye young ijjit," roared the doctor; "he is no madder than I am."

"Heaven forbid," said Alfred, dryly.

"No madder than *you* are, ye young Pump." This to Edward. "That's an ungenerous skit on his profession," said the maniac.

"Be quite now, chattering," said the excited doctor; "I tell ye ye niver were mad, and niver will be. It's just the most heartless imposture, the most rascally fraud, I've ever caught the Mad Ox out in. I'll expose it. Gimme pninkpapr. Man, they'll take y' again if we don't mind. But I'll stop that: these ineequities can only be done in the dark. I'll shed the light of day on 'em. Eat your dinner, and hold your tongue a minute—if ye can." The doctor had always a high sense of Alfred's volubility.

He went to work, and soon produced a letter headed 'PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES." In this he related pithily Alfred's incarceration, and the present attempt to recapture him, with the particulars of his escape. "That will interest th' enemy," said he, dryly. He vouched for Alfred's sanity at both dates, and pledged himself to swear to it in a court of law. He then inquired what it availed to have sent one king to Phalaris and another to Versailles in defense of our Liberty, since after all that liberty lies groveling at the mercy of Dr. Pill-box and Mr. Sawbones, and a single designing relative. Then he drew a strong picture of this free-born British citizen skulking and hiding at this moment from a gang of rogues and conspirators, who, in France and other civilized countries that brag less of liberty than we do, would be themselves flying as criminals from the officers of justice; and he wound up with a strong appeal to the press to cast its shield over the victim of bad laws and foul practices. "In England," said he, "Justice is the daughter of Publicity. Throughout the world deeds of villainy are done every day in kid gloves: but, with us, at all events, they have to be done on the sly: here lies our true moral eminence as a nation. Butter then your 'fiat lux.' Cast the full light of publicity on this dark villainy, and behold it will wither, and your oppressed and injured fellow-citizen be safe from that very hour."

He signed and read it out to them, or rather roared it. But he had written it so well he could not make it bad by delivery. Indeed, he was a masterly writer of English you must know. Julia was delighted; but Alfred shook his head. "The editor will not put it in."

"Th' editor! D'ye think I'm so green as to trust t' any one editor? D'ye think I have lived all these years and not learned what poor cowardly things men are? Moral courage! where can you find it? Except in the dickshiunary? Few to the world their honest thoughts avow; the groveler, policy, robs justice now,

> And none but Sampson dares to lift a hand
> Against the d—d corruption of *the* land.

Now, lad, I'm off to my printer with this. They are working night and day just now: there will be two hundred copies printed in half an hour."

"And me, doctor!" said Julia. "Am poor I to have no hand in it? How cruel of you. Oh pray, pray, pray let me help a little."

"Put on your bonnet, then, this minute," said he: "in war never lose a minute."

"But I am so afraid they may be lying in wait for him outside."

"Then we'll give them a good hiding: there are three of us; all good men and stanch," said the indomitable doctor.

"No, no," said the pugnacious Alfred. "Julia does not like fighting; I heard her screaming all the time I was defending myself on the stairs: let us be prudent: let us throw dust in their eyes. Put me on a bonnet and cloak."

"And a nice little woman you'll make, ye fathom."

"Oh, I can stoop—to conquer."

Julia welcomed this plan almost with glee, and she and Edward very soon made a handsome, brazen-looking trollop six feet high. Then it had to stoop, and Edward and Julia helped it out to the carriage, under the very noses of a policeman and a keeper, who were watching for Alfred: seeing which—oh frailty of woman!—the district visitor addressed it aloud as her aunt, and begged it to take care: which she afterward observed was acting a falsehood, and "where was her Christianity?"

Alfred was actually not recognized: the carriage bowled away to the great printing-house; it was on that side the water. The foreman entered into the thing with spirit, and divided the copy, small as it was, among two or three compositors: so a rough proof was ready in an incredibly short time: the doctor corrected it; and soon they began to work off the copies. The foreman found them Mitchell's newspaper list, and envelopes by the hundred, and while the copies were pouring in, all hands were folding and addressing them to the London and provincial editors. The office lent the stamps. The doctor drove Alfred to his own lodgings, and forbade him to reappear in Pembroke Street until the letter should come out in the London journals.

That night the letters were all posted, and at daybreak were flying north, south, east, and west. In the afternoon the letter came out in four London evening papers, and the next morning the metropolis and the whole kingdom were ringing with them, and the full blaze of publicity burst upon this dark deed.

Ay, stout Sampson, well you knew mankind, and well you knew the nation you lived in. Richard Hardie, in the very act of setting detectives to find Alfred's lurking-place, ran his nose against this letter in the *Globe.* He collapsed at the sight of it; and wrote directly to Dr. Wolf inclosing it, and saying that it would be unadvisable to make any fresh attempt. His letter was crossed by one from Dr. Wolf, containing Sampson's thunder-bolt extracted from the *Sun*, and saying that no earthly consideration should induce him to meddle with Alfred *now.* Richard Hardie flung himself into the train, and went down to his brother at Clare Court.

He was ill at ease. He felt like some great general, who has launched many attacks against the foe, very successful at first, then less successful, then repulsed with difficulty, then repulsed with ease, till at last the foe stands before him impregnable. Then he feels that ere long that iron enemy will attack him in turn, and that he, exhausted by his own onslaughts, must defend himself how he can. Yet there was a pause; he passed a whole quiet peaceful day with his brother, assuring him that the affair would go no farther on either side; but in his secret soul he felt this quiet day was but the ominous pause between two great battles; one of the father against the son, the other of the son against the father.

And he was right: the very next day the late defender attacked, and in earnest. But for certain reasons I prefer to let another relate it:

Hardie v. *Hardie.*

"Dear Sir,—If you had been in my office when I received your favor of yesterday relating deft.'s ruffian-like assault, you would have seen the most ridiculous sight in nature, videlicet, an attorney in a passion. I threw professional courtesy to the winds, and sent Colls off to Clare Court to serve the writ personally. Next day he found the deft. walking in his garden with Mr. Richard Hardie. Having learned from the servant which was his man, he stepped up and served copy of the writ in the usual way. Deft. turned pale, and his knees knocked together, and Colls thinks he mistook himself for a felon, and was going to ask for mercy, but Mr. Richard stopped him, and said his attorney was Messrs. Heathfield, in Chancery Lane; and was this the way Mr. Compton did business? serving a writ personally on a gentleman in weak health. So Colls, who can sneer in his quiet way, told him 'No,' but the invalid had declined to answer my letter, and the invalid had made a violent attack upon our client's person, avoiding his attorney, 'so, as his proceedings are summary, we meet him in kind,' says little Colls. 'Oho,' says Mr. Richard, 'you are a wit, are you? Come and have some luncheon.' This was to get him away from the weaker brother, I take it. He gave Colls an excellent luncheon, and some admirable conversation on policy and finance: and, when he was going, says this agreeable host, 'Well, Mr. ——, you have had your bellyful of chicken and Madeira; and your client shall have his bellyful of law.' And this Colls considers emphatic but coarse.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"John Compton.

"P.S.—Colls elicited that no further attempt will be made to capture you. It seems some injudicious friend of yours has been writing to the newspapers. Pray stop that."

On receiving this letter, Alfred bought another double pistol, loaded it, hired a body-guard of two prize-fighters, and with these at his heels, repaired to 66 Pembroke Street. No enemy was near: the press had swept the street alike of keepers and police with one Briarean gesture. He found Julia and Edward in great anxiety about their father. The immediate cause was a letter from Mrs. Dodd, which Edward gave him to read: but not till he had first congratulated him heartily on the ægis of the press being thrown over him. "The '*Tiser* has a leader on it," said he.

Mrs. Dodd's letter ran thus:

"My dear dear Children,—I am coming home to you heart-broken, without your poor father. I saw an East Indian ship go to sea, and some instinct whispered, suppose he should be on board that ship! But, foolishly, I did not utter my thoughts: because they call these instincts women's fancies. But now even Mr. Green thinks he is gone to sea, as the town has been ransacked, and no trace of him can we find. I met my cousin, Captain Bazalgette, here, and he is promoted to the *Vulture* frigate, and sails to-day. I have told him all our misfortunes, and he has promised to overhaul that merchant ship if he comes up with her: but I can see by the way his eye shuns mine he has no real hopes. His ship is the swifter, but he may pass her in the night. And then he is bound for New Zealand, not India. I told Reginald my poor husband's expression of face is altered by his affliction, and that he takes himself for a common sailor, and has his medal still round his neck. Our cousin is very kind, and will do all he can. God can protect my darling at sea, as he has ashore: and in his power alone have I any trust. Any further stay here is vain: my heart, too, yearns for my other treasures, and dreads lest while I am here, and because I am here, some evil should befall you too. Expect me soon after this letter, and let us try and comfort one another under this the heaviest of all our many troubles.

"With sad heart, I am,

"Both my darlings' loving mother and friend,

"Lucy Dodd."

In the discussion of this letter Alfred betrayed a slight defect of character. He pooh-poohed the calamity: said David had now a chance, and a good one, of being cured: whereas confinement was one of the common causes of insanity even in sane persons. And he stoutly maintained that David's going to sea was a happy inspiration. Edward colored, but deigned no reply. Julia was less patient, and though she was too loving and too womanly to tell Alfred to his face he was deceiving himself and arguing thus indirectly to justify himself in taking her father out of the asylum at all, yet she saw it, and it imparted a certain coldness into her replies. Alfred noticed this, and became less confident and louder, and prodigiously logical.

He was still flowing on with high imperious voice, which I suppose overpowered the sound of Mrs. Dodd's foot, when she entered suddenly, pale and weary, in her traveling-dress.

Alfred stopped, and they all started to their feet.

At sight of Alfred she stood dumbfoundered a single moment; then uttered a faint shriek; and looked at him with unutterable terror.

He stood disconcerted.

Julia ran, and throwing her arms round Mrs. Dodd's neck, entreated her not to be afraid of him: he was not mad; Dr. Sampson said so. Edward confirmed her words; and then Julia poured out the story of his wrongs with great gushes of natural eloquence that might have melted a rock, and, as anti-climax is part of a true woman, ended innocently by begging her mother not to look so unkindly at him; and his ankle so sprained, and him in such pain. For the first time in her life Mrs. Dodd was deaf to her daughter's natural eloquence; it was remarkable how little her countenance changed while Julia appealed; she stood looking askant with horror at Alfred all through that gentle eloquent appeal. But nevertheless her conduct showed she had heard every word: as soon as ever her daughter's voice stopped she seemed to dilate bodily, and moved toward Alfred pale and lowering. Yes, for once this gentle quiet lady looked terrible. She confronted Alfred. "Is this true, Sir," said she, in a low stern voice. "Are you not insane? Have you *never* been bereft of your reason?"

"No, Mrs. Dodd, I have not."

"THEN WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY HUSBAND, SIR?"

CHAPTER L.

It was a thunder-bolt. Alfred hung his head, and said humbly, "I did but go up stairs for one moment to wash my hands for dinner; and he was gone."

Mrs. Dodd went on in her low stern voice, almost as if he had not answered her at all: "By what right did you assume the charge of him? Did I authorize you to take him from the place where he was safe, and under my eye?"

Alfred replied soberly: "He was not very safe, for he was almost burned to death. The fire liberated him, not I. After the fire I ran away from him: he followed me; and then what could I do? I took the best of it: and I took up my own desires to try and cure him. He longed for the sea: I tried to indulge him: I hoped to bring him back to you sane: but fate was against me. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Mr. Hardie," said Mrs. Dodd, "what you have done was the act of a madman; and, if I believed you to be any thing but a madman, the sight of you would be intolerable to me; for you have made me a widow, and my children orphans."

With this she gave a great shudder, and retired in tears.

Alfred rose, pale and defiant. "That is *her* notion of justice," said he, bitterly; "pray it is yours, you two?"

"Well, since you ask my opinion," said Edward, "I think it was very presumptuous of you to undertake the cure of my father. You had undertaken it, you ought not to have left him a moment out of your sight."

"Oh, that is your opinion, is it? And you, dear Julia?"

Julia made no reply, but hid her face in her hands and sighed deeply.

"I see," said Alfred, sorrowfully. "Even you are against me. Young judge by first impressions not the motive. There is no justice in this world for me. I'm sick of life. I have no right to keep the secret of the house on fire from my room: there, I'll go: my heart is broken. No it is not, and never shall be, by any thing that breakhs. Mr. Edward Raven, I have got one friend left in this bitter world: and I'll make her the judge whether I have deserved this last injustice. I'll go to my sister."

He jumped up and hobbled slowly across the room, while Julia and Edward sat with their faces done by those five little words, so simple, so natural, yet so incredible, and to the hearers so awful. They heard, they understood, they apprehended, staring at him, while he hobbled across the room to go to his sister.

As he opened the door to go out he heard stout Edward groan and Julia utter a low wail. But of course he had no idea what it meant. He hobbled down a floor or two. But, no: he had gone far, there was a hasty whispering in the drawing-room. Mr. Edward jumped up with a great agitation, and begged him to return; Julia must speak with him. He turned; and his face brightened, Edward saw that, and sparkled in his own face away and stammered out, "Forget what I said to you. I am your friend, and always must be for her sake. No, no, I can not come in there with you; I'll go and comfort mamma. Hardie, old fellow, we are very unhappy, all of us: We are too unhappy to quarrel."

These kind words soothed Alfred's sore heart. He brightened up and entered the drawing-room. He found Julia standing in the middle of it, the color of ashes. Alfred was alarmed. "You are unwell, dearest," he cried; "you will faint. What have I done with my ungoverned temper?" He moved toward her with a face full of concern.

"No, Alfred," said she, solemnly, "I am not ill. It is serious, deep sorrow for one I love better than my own world. Sit down, and hear my poor Alfred; and oh God help me to speak to him!"

Alfred began to feel dire misgivings.

"Yes," said she, "I love you too well to let any hand but mine wound you." And here she took his sinewy hand with her soft palm. "I want to soften it in the telling: and ah, how can I? Oh, why is not throw upon me? Alfred, soul between you and all trouble, all sorrow?"

"My Julia," said Alfred, gravely, "something has happened to Jim."

"Yes, Alfred. She met with a terrible accident."

"Ah!"

"She was struck by an unfortunate man; he was not in his right mind."

"Struck? My sister struck. What, was there no man by?"

"No. Edward nearly killed the man afterward."

"God bless him."

"Oh, Alfred, be patient. It was too late."

"What, is she hurt seriously? Is she disfigured?"

"No, Alfred," said Julia, solemnly; "she is not disfigured: oh, far from that."

"Julia, you torture me. This comes of shutting her brother up. May Heaven's eternal curse light on those who did it. My poor little sister! How can weep, Julia! My heart is lead."

"I weep for you, darling; not for her."

"Ah, that is how they talk when those we love are— One word: I shall never see my poor little Jenny again; shall I?"

"Yes, Alfred: if you will but follow her steps and believe in Him who soothed her last hour, and made her face shine with joy like an angel's while we all wept around; oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, he *said* he had but one true friend in the world. Alas! it is so; you have but no now, who pity you and love you more than heart can utter; my own, my beloved, my bereaved."

What could soften such a shock as this? It fell, and his anguish was frightful, all the more so that he ascribed the calamity to his imprisonment, and mingled curses and threats of vengeance with his bursts of grief. He spurned the consolations of religion: he said heaven was as empty as earth, as cruel as hell.

She cried out, and stopped his mouth with her hand: she implored him to remember his mother, and prayed aloud for him: and when at last his agony found vent in tears, she put her innocent arms round his neck and wept with him.

Every now and then the poor fellow would almost shriek with remorse. "Oh, if I had only been kinder to her! if I had but been kinder to her!"

"You were kind to her," said Julia, softly, but firmly.

"No, no: I was always sneering at her. And why? I know myself better than you do: but my little mind fixed on a few phrases she had picked up from others, and I— He could say no more, but groaned with anguish: and let his remorse be a caution to us all. Bereaved we all must be, who live on and on: but this, bereavement bitterest pang, who can bear it?

"Alfred," said Julia, "do not torment yourself. We girls are little about a few sarcasms; it is the cold heart that wounds. You love her, Jane, and she knew it well, and joyed in it. You were always kind to her child, and that loving thoughts were for you. It was for she asked, and made your father send for you. And, hoped your prayer. And, Alfred, her last act was to write a few words to you, and trust them to her who she knew loved you better than herself, and who, I know, is in her wish, let us try and read them together, the last words of a saint (I have never seen them), and, if they do not soothe your grief, they will lift you think you were not a good brother to her you and I, and poor, poor Edward have hurt."

He made a sad sign of assent; and Julia rose and got the paper from her desk. The two fond ten words reappeared on the scene in a somewhat remarkable way, I will only say here, that when these poor creatures came to read them, and to turn burst out sobbing, so that they could not: so they held the paper, and tried to see the words in it through streaming eyes. And these two mourners had the room to themselves till midnight; for even Mrs. Dodd's humble respect for Alfred that, as soon as Julia, she was one of those who rise with the occasion: she took his wife and angel from heaven to her bereaved lover through all those bitter hours.

CHAPTER LI.

No life was ever yet a play: I mean an unbroken sequence of dramatic incidents. Calms will come, unfortunately for the novelist, in the best of plays. And I remember seeing it objected to novelists, by a young gentleman just putting his foot into the world, that "Critic-cism," that the writers aforesaid suppress the small intermediate matters which lie, and which come by the score between each brilliant event, and so present the ordinary and the extraordinary parts of life in fair proportion. Perhaps it is this remark had been offered by way of contrast between events themselves and all mortal attempts to reproduce them: for, on the stage, it would have been philosophized; but it is was a strange error to denounce the practice as destructive of probability. Probability is the last one trait the novelist and dramatist have in common with the evangelist. Those pupils skip fifteen years of the most interesting life Christ ever has witnessed, relating Christ's birth in full, and starting from his boyhood to his manhood every events of his thirtieth and subsequent years. And all the inspired histories do much the same thing. The truth is, that between dramatic, historic, chronicles, reports of trials at law, in a word, all narratives true or fictitious, except those which true or fictitious, the nobody's abridge the uninteresting facts as Nature never did, and dwell as Nature never did on the interesting ones.

Can nothing, however, be done to restore, in the reader's judgment, the proportion of the "sensational" and "the soporific," which all writers, that have readers, distort? Nothing I know without a hint my own manner, which something with it. And, therefore, I throw myself on the intelligence of my readers; and ask them to quick realize, by imagination, and no measure of time, and that to a year big with strange events, on which I have therefore dilated in this story, succeeded a year in which the brilliant things happened to the personages of this tale: in short, a year to be skimmed by as chronicler or novelist, and yet (mind you) a year of three hundred and sixty-five days six hours, or thereabouts, and as long as any other year. Into obtrusive troubles of our friends' hearts, especially the female hearts, their doubts, divisions, distresses, did not enter. Nothing of the kind this year I propose to divide into topics, and so to go by logical, rather than natural sequence of events.

The Lovers.

Alfred came every day to see Julia, and Mrs. Dodd invariably left the room at his knock.

At last Julia proposed to Alfred not to come to the house for the present; but to accompany her on her rounds as district visitor. "To see and soothe the bitter calamities of the poor had done her own heart good in its worst distress, and she desired to apply the same medicine to her beloved, who needed it: that was one thing: and then another was, that Mrs. Dodd was always rising when her mother left the room at that beloved knock: and to be angry with her poor widowed mother was a sin. "She is as unfortunate as I am happy," thought Julia; "I have got *mine* back."

Alfred assented to this arrangement with rather an ill grace. He misunderstood Julia, and thought she was sacrificing him to what he called her mother's injustice. This indeed was the interpretation any mean would have been pretty sure to put on it. His soreness, however, did not go very far; because she was so kind and good to him when they were together. He used to escort her back to the door of 66: and look imploringly; but she never asked him in. He thought her hard for this. He did not see the tears that flowed for that mute look of his the moment the door was closed; tears she innocently ministered to the sight of them would make him as unhappy as his imploring look made her. Manvis called! She should have called on Alfred. Oh, we men are very unjust, we like our sweet-hearts to be unhappier; that exercises us.

But when this had gone on nearly a month, and no change, Alfred lost patience: so he implored one day at the door to make a request. He asked Julia to marry him; and so put an end to this state of things.

"Marry you, child!" cried Julia, blushing like a rose with surprise and pleasure. "Oh, for shame!"

But the first thrill, she appealed to his candor whether that would not be miserably selfish of her to leave her poor mother in her present distressed condition. "Oh, Alfred, as pale, as spiritless, and inconsolable! My poor, poor mother!"

"You will have to decide between us two one day."

"Heaven forbid!" said Julia, turning pale at the very idea. But he repeated doggedly that it must come to that, sooner or later. Then he reminded her of her solemn engagement, and put it to her whether it was a moral proceeding in her to go back from her plighted troth? What had he done to justify her in thus turning back from her word? "I admit," said he, "that I have suffered plenty for your sake: but what have I done?"

Undeterred by the fear of immorality, the monotonous plea was the one reply to his many form reasons: "This is no time for me to abandon my mother."

"Julia, it is her you love; you don't care for me," snapped Alfred.

"Don't, dear Alfred?" murmured Julia.

"Forgive me! I'm a ruffian, a wretch."

"You are my Alfred. But oh, have a little patience, dear love."

"A little patience? I have the patience of Job." But even his went at last.

[I ought to say that they were in the passage now. The encroaching youth had gained an entrance by agitating her so at the door that she had to open it to hide her eyes (shame from the public.] She now gently reminded him how much happier they were than they had been a few months ago. "Ah, but then," said she, "I am almost happy: happier than I ought to be; but he quite so, but that I see you disconsented."

"Ah, you have so many about you that you love: I have only you."

"And that is true, my poor Alfred."

This softened him a little; and then she interwove her fingers with his, and so put back palms softly on his shoulder (you never saw a male do that, and never will), and implored him to be patient, and to trust her. "Oh," said she, "if you knew the distress it gives me to refuse to you my thing on earth, you would be generous, and not make me, by your hasty words, put out my lips sweet say 'no.'"

This touched him altogether, and he said he would not torment her any more.

But he went away discontented with himself for having given way. Lord did not smile at "yielding," but "being defeated." And as he was not only very deep in love, but by nature masterful, he, in the course of the afternoon, No. 66, and made hot love to her, as hot as if the attachment was just forming. Her mother could not go out that day, so the door directly: she could not go out he was at her heels. This passed but of Alfred thrilled her through the sense of sweet and hot pursuit: but, by-and-by, situated as she was between him and her mother, it worried her a little at times, and made her nervous. She spoke a little sharply to him now and then. And that it was new. It came to her notice that he did not like it. And so she used him to go back to Oxford. "I shall be the ruin of your mind if we go on like this," said she, wisely.

"What, leave the field to my rivals? No, no, love."

"What rivals, Sir?" asked Julia, drawing up.

"Your mother, your brother, your curates that would come after the moment I left your sick people, who back on your smiles and your sweet voice till I envy them; Sarah, whom you permit to be much more lovely than the gave you play on, the air you deign to breathe and brighten, every body and every thing that is near you. No: stay at home, Julia; and shall I resign you to them, and leave myself desolate? I'm not such a fool."

She smiled, and could not help feeling it was sweet to be pestered. So she said with matronizing dignity, and she and Julia consistently, "You are a foolish, impetuous boy. You are the plague of my life: and the sun of my existence." That passed off charmingly. But presently his evil genius prompted Alfred to endeavor to soften Mrs. Dodd by letter, and induce her to consent to his marriage with her daughter.

He received her answer at breakfast-time. It was a wonderful production, and cold: a well designed unmixed surprise at the proposal, and said that insanity being unfortunately in her own family, and the suspicion of insanity resting on himself, such a union was not to be thought of; and therefore, notwithstanding her respect for his many good qualities, she must decline with thanks the honor he offered her. She inserted a poisoned sting by way of postscript. "When you succeed in publicly renouncing the impression your own relations share with me, and when my husband owes his restoration to you, instead of his destruction, of course you will receive a very different answer to your proposal—which, even then I think you cannot with your dignity to renew it."

As hostile testimonies used to leave the disinherited one shilling, not out of a shilling's worth of kindly feeling, but that he might not be able to say he was wholly omitted through inadvertency, so Mrs. Dodd inserted this postscript merely to clench the nail and tantalize her enemy. It was the master-piece of feminine spite.

She would have been not a little surprised could she have seen how Alfred received her missive.

He sat in a cold stupor of dejection for a good half hour.

Then he lifted up his head, and said, quietly, "I'll get the trial over, and my sanity established, as soon as possible: and then I'll buy a yacht and hunt her husband till I find him."

Having settled this little plan he looked out for Julia, whose sympathy he felt in need of after such a stern blow.

She came out much later than usual that day, for she had been with her mother for the second time to show her Alfred's letter, and her answer.

"Ah, mamma," said poor Julia, "you don't love me as she does."

Mrs. Dodd sighed at this reproach, but said she did not doubt it. The mother in her senses would consent to such a match.

Julia bowed her head submissively and went to her darling. Alfred was waiting for her: he opened-mouthed to complain of her mother's cruelty, she stopped him at once, and asked him if he was willing to go and visit Jim, unreasonable letter. Why had he not consulted her first? He was subjected yourself to a rebuff, said she, angrily. "I could not think I should have saved you. It is nothing that concerns you. Let us go and see poor darling, and spending hours together? Do you think she does no violence to her own wishes here? and is she to meet with no return?"

"What, are you against me too?" said poor Alfred.

"No, it is you, who are our enemy with your unreasonable impatience."

"I am not so cold-blooded as you are, certainly."

"Humility and penitence would become you better than to retort on me: I am not the one to stray God on my knees to show me how to do my duty to both."

"Then it is you are not single-hearted like me. You want to please all the world, and reconcile the irreconcilable. It won't do: you will have to choose between your mother and me at last."

"Then of course I should choose my mother."

"I'll stay?"

"Because she claims my duty as well as my love; because she will be bowed down with sorrow, and needs her daughter just now more than you do; because you are my other self, and we must stay by ourselves."

"We have no more right to be unjust to ourselves than to any body else: injustice is injustice."

"Alfred, you are a high-minded Heathen, and talk Morality. Morality is a snare. What does it lead to? Why, nothing but a bear-leader was, and to deny myself; and you make it, oh, so difficult."

"But I suppose it will end in turning out your heathen and then taking your curate. Your moral sense would commend to that course."

"Alfred," said Julia, with dignity, "these words are harsh, and, forgive me for saying so, they are coarse. Such words as these insult us two, without my mother, if I were to hear many of them; for they take the bloom off affection and leave only the aspect without the grace. A gentleman and lady could be blessed in holy wedlock."

Alfred was staggered and mortified too: they walked on in silence now.

"Alfred," said Julia, at last, "do not think me behind you in affection, but wiser, for once, and our best friend. I do think we had better not see each other for a time. Pray, pray for Alfred."

"And why for a time? why not forever?"

"If your heart draws no distinction, why not, indeed?"

"Thank you for that, dear Alfred: may you find some one who can love you more than I do."

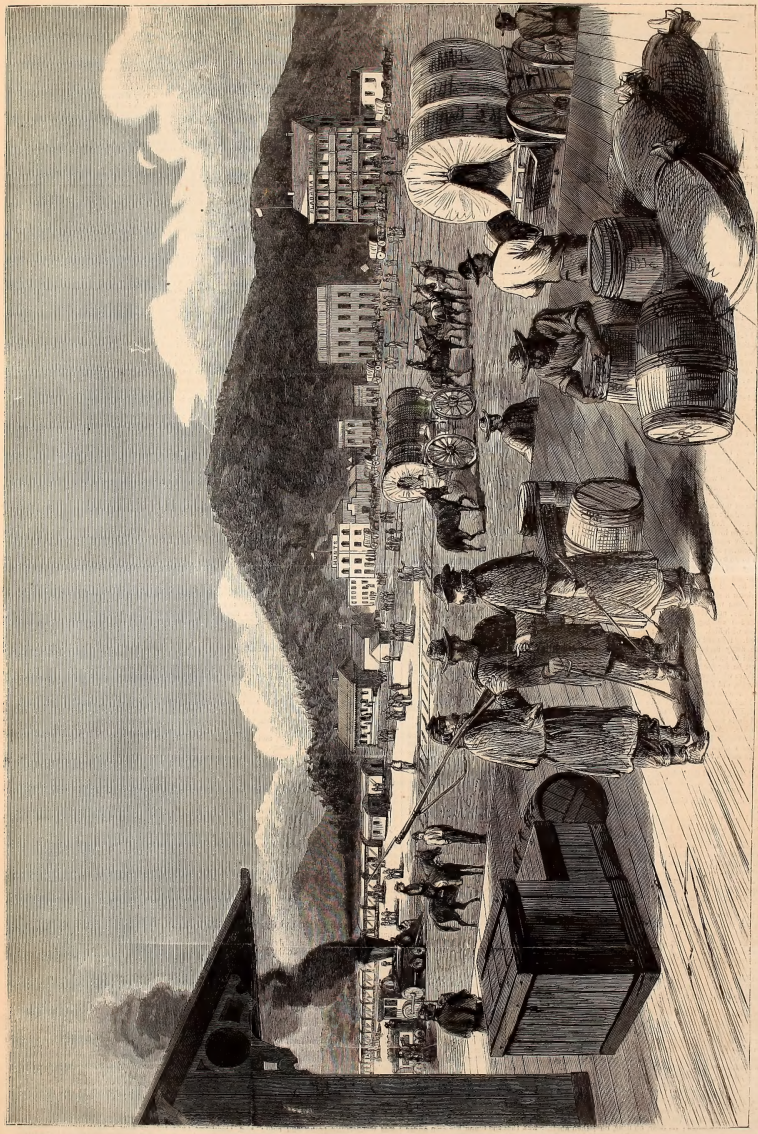
The words choked her. But he was stronger, because in a passion. He reproached her bitterly. "If I had been as weak and inconstant as you are, I might have been cured of Drayton House long before I did escape. But I was faithful to my one love. I have some right to think Alfred knows you have been. You are no angel of beauty and goodness: you will go to Heaven, and I shall go to the devil now for want of you. But then you have no consistency nor true fidelity: so that has parted us, and now nothing in left me but to try and hate you."

The forced furiously on his heel.

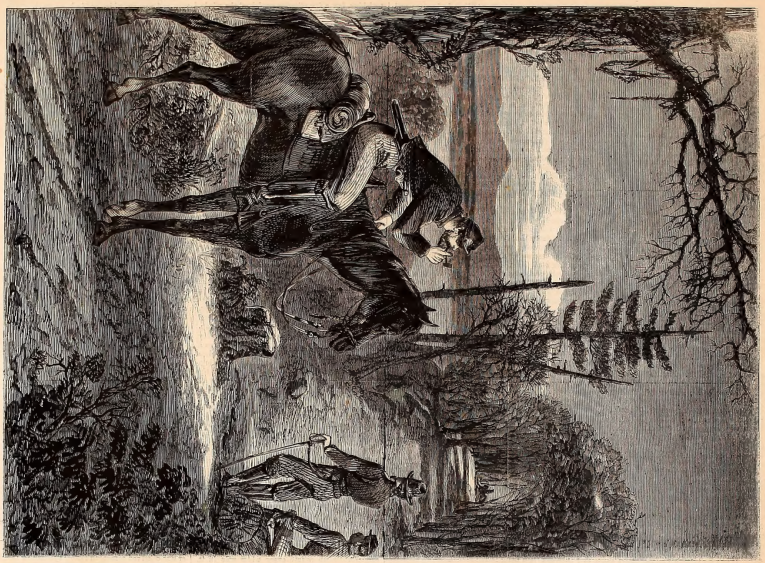
"God bless you, go where you will," faltered Julia.

He replied with a fierce ejaculation of despair, and dashed away.

Then pride and sexual misunderstanding triumphed, after so many strange and bitter trials had failed.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—STEVENSON, ALABAMA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 786.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE COURIER LINE—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS—[SEE PAGE 796.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—PACK-MULES IN THE MOUNTAINS—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 796.]

BLOCKADE-RUNNING EXPERIENCES.

In the winter of 1860-'61 I was a resident of a Southern city on the Atlantic coast. I had resided there for nearly fifteen years, except during the very warm months and an occasional business trip to Europe. My business was "commission-agency;" that is, I generally bought the great staple and shipped it to Liverpool, or elsewhere, on order, for the usual charges. Occasionally I purchased on my own account, sometimes realizing large profits, and sometimes suffering large losses. On the whole, my business career was reasonably successful. In the fall of '60 I was in the full tide of prosperity, and felt that a year or two more "as of like fish" would give me enough on which to live handsomely without business for the remainder of my days. Such hopes were, however, soon and violently blasted.

I have good reasons for feeling that my particular case has been a very hard one. I am a Northerner, and was sent South by a Liverpool house, all my family connections residing in Great Britain. I never "declared my intentions" to become a citizen of the United States; never voted in my life, nor took any special interest in political affairs; neither did I ever have any direct connection with the "peculiar institution." I came to the United States simply to do business, and did it. Consequently, when "my State" went out of the Union in company with several "sisters," I found my property unexpectedly suspected, and my entire business and connections threatened with destruction. In the brief two or three weeks that elapsed between the time I received the letter and was notified, and that we should go on again as before. But when that time arrived I was equally disappointed in hope, and felt that so far as business was concerned the sooner my affairs were closed the better. I therefore commenced all my available assets in cotton, and shipped it. Just before the blockade was established against our port I took passage, and sailed for Europe, having labored under, I suppose, and some South by a Liverpool house, all my family connections residing in Great Britain. I never "declared my intentions" to become a citizen of the United States; never voted in my life, nor took any special interest in political affairs; neither did I ever have any direct connection with the "peculiar institution." I came to the United States simply to do business, and did it. Consequently, when "my State" went out of the Union in company with several "sisters," I found my property unexpectedly suspected, and my entire business and connections threatened with destruction. In the brief two or three weeks that elapsed between the time I received the letter and was notified, and that we should go on again as before. But when that time arrived I was equally disappointed in hope, and felt that so far as business was concerned the sooner my affairs were closed the better. I therefore commenced all my available assets in cotton, and shipped it. Just before the blockade was established against our port I took passage, and sailed for Europe, having labored under, I suppose, and some South by a Liverpool house, all my family connections residing in Great Britain. I never "declared my intentions" to become a citizen of the United States; never voted in my life, nor took any special interest in political affairs; neither did I ever have any direct connection with the "peculiar institution." I came to the United States simply to do business, and did it. Consequently, when "my State" went out of the Union in company with several "sisters," I found my property unexpectedly suspected, and my entire business and connections threatened with destruction. In the brief two or three weeks that elapsed between the time I received the letter and was notified, and that we should go on again as before. But when that time arrived I was equally disappointed in hope, and felt that so far as business was concerned the sooner my affairs were closed the better. I therefore commenced all my available assets in cotton, and shipped it. Just before the blockade was established against our port I took passage, and sailed for Europe, having labored under, I suppose, and some

The warning I received of outward intentions induced me to hasten my departure. In forty-eight hours from the time of receiving the hint I was quietly reposing in my hotel in the city of New York. My attempt to run the land blockade was a miserable failure.

In New York I took passage in the British steamship *Cerasus*, for Nassau, New Providence. Before leaving the dock at Jersey City the custom-house officers were numerous and vigilant, putting their eyes on every package, trunk, and person going on board. Some packages were pronounced contraband of war, and taken ashore again. The owners (passengers) were very indignant. Only indignant, but I do not think the officials exceeded their duty in the least. When a passenger attempts to get surgical instruments and morphine on board, as part of his baggage, it is all very well if he succeeds, but if caught, he has much ground for complaint if the property only is taken possession of.

The ship was east loose and adieus were made. I looked around among my fellow-passengers. The scene reminded me strongly of the *Anglo-Saxon* case. Some fifteen men were there, all told, but scarcely two passengers were standing together. No one seemed desirous of speaking to or recognizing a neighbor. Somehow or other a feeling of nervous constraint crept over me. We were passed the Fort-walls of Fort Lafayette, and Sandy Hook appeared, and was soon left behind. The engines stopped and our pilot was discharged.

Presto! Instantly the passengers were clasped in each other's arms. Long-parted friends. A great weight seemed to have been lifted off from every man. Hurrah! we were out of the United States, on a foreign flag, and perfectly secure from capture. Most of the rejoicing over, I think, mainly related at what they called their escape, for, with perhaps one exception, I do not think the Government would have taken the trouble to detain them. However, I was seized upon by one of a group, and peremptorily invited to go and "take a drink." I did not require much persuasion to induce me to join the party. All restraint had vanished. Before half an hour each knew where the other belonged, and nearly all had become more or less high spirits at the prospect of soon reaching their homes.

Three or four days' sailing brought us in sight of the Bahama group of islands, and finally we made the harbor of Nassau, New Providence. This Island is about thirty miles in circumference, and is bounded on the northwest by a narrow channel, on the north by a bank about half a mile distant. The space between the two forms an excellent and secure harbor for vessels of moderate draught. The town of Nassau is situated near the west end of this channel or harbor, and vessels can pass in and out from either end, as they can from Long Island Sound.

Having received a friendly hint that by expeditious reaching the shore I might save my trunk, I was running a town, I found myself among the first arrivals from the steamer, and my only chance was to row the boat myself. The consequence was that some of the guests would probably take passage in the *Cerasus* for Havana. Immediately my registering name was called correctly. That I was surrounded by men who eagerly inquired the news. A few copies of the latest New York papers were in my hands, and I began to read, to dull hour.

Very few among our passengers secured accommodations at the hotel, and many of them had the utmost difficulty in finding a resting-place about the town of the most miserable description.

On finding myself settled, my first inquiries were as to the means of accomplishing the object for which I came and was detained. The *Fingal* and *Globe*, and almost immediately I ascertained that there was no possible chance of my being able to get away before December. The steamers themselves and pilots were, it seemed, very particular about their times of sailing. Lovers, it is said, date on moonlight nights, and seamen do not care to be out therein. Whether blockade runners have as fond recollections of moonlight nights as lovers are supposed to have, I am not prepared to say; but certain it is, they have a great respect for, and are largely, my almost constant companions, at all events. It was the first time in my life that I found my actions regulated by her ladyship. However, there was no help for it. I could learn if I desired whatever to do except to wait, I endeavored to pick up some information about the business of blockade running.

There were several steamers in the harbor—all of them in "for repairs"—and a very large commodular history. There lay the *Indiana* close in to the wharf. She had nearly discharged her cargo, which was chiefly arms, and was in excellent condition. She seemed very dirty, my filthy, but was a great favorite nevertheless, because she had been very successful, having run the blockade in and out some twenty times. During her last trip she was aground on the north point of the inner channel from the time they left Charleston or Wilmington, I forget which, until within a few miles of Nassau! I fear I would be drawing too largely on the credulity of the reader to state even the lowest estimate given me of the amount of money she had made by her success. It was positively fabulous. A little way out, at anchor in the channel, was the *Ella*, which had made three trips, and had been shot at nearly every time in running in or out. There were four or five tolerably neat patches on her deck, where the shot of the blockaders struck her. She had received nearly all of her cargo, and was almost ready. Her bottom was being scraped, to free her of every impediment possible retarding her speed. This scraping, by-the-way, is done in a very primitive manner.

On reaching the *Mary Jane* I found her surrounded by mud. Her bottom was being scraped, the negro fitting in each one. The sight was somewhat astonishing, but a few minutes explained the whole operation. Two negroes were attached to each boat. One dived with a scraper in his hand, and worked away at the bottom of the vessel as long as his breath lasted (a most agonizing length of time!), and then, as soon as he came up, his mate took the weapon, and he dived down. The *Mary Jane* was careened a little, so that when I got on board I was enabled to see perfectly all that was done in the water on one side. It was really astonishing how these colored men could perform so much work under such apparently disadvantageous circumstances.

Other steamers, screw and side-wheel, were lying in the harbor—some at the wharves and some at anchor. Most of them were ready for service to start, but nearly all were in waiting for a favorable conjuncture of circumstances.

The business of conveying goods to and from the Confederate States, *as a business*, seems to be conducted to some extent, or rather associations of the great factors of Charleston, Wilmington, and Savannah, nearly all of which is finally concentrated in the house of Fraser, Trenholm, & Co., of Liverpool. With them it is reduced to a regular system. Their vessels are swift, and their pilots and captains are the best and most experienced that money can secure. It has been a comparatively rare thing for them to miss getting in or out. Most of the captures of steamers hitherto made have been owned by parties who have been, for having made a profitable venture in the regular runners," embarked outside capital in a steamer of their own; and the result, so far, has generally been that she was, or at most two trips, they have fallen victims to the blockading fleet. Many of them have been captured on the first run.

Although it is not successful, as very great, yet it is a very expensive business to run a steamer. I was very well informed that a first-class pilot alone received four thousand pounds sterling, or say twenty thousand dollars in gold, for the round trip. The chief engineer, and in fact all hands, were paid extravagant prices. Yet, with all this, if a run is once made to and fro with good success, the loss, or very little, if captured on the second attempt. Sometimes these regular runners would take passengers and freight, sometimes not a single cent. When they did, the charge for a passenger was one hundred dollars in gold, and two hundred and fifty dollars per ton for freight, paid in advance. Since the commencement of the siege of Charleston I have been informed that these rates have been materially reduced. My steamer takes from five to twenty passengers each way, and as much freight as offers from Nassau; but the latter business is almost exclusively in the hands of the Frasers of Charleston. However great the competition may be in merchandise and the introduction of efficiency, there is little or none allowed in that which comes out of it.

A couple of days' sojourn at the hotel made me familiar with everything in the Island town, in it. The American portion, which was largely in the preponderance, I knew immediately. They were divided into two classes—secession. So much, indeed, that my person sojourning there with any feeling in favor of the Union" feeling, would not have been any thing else than uncomfortable. For myself, I was known by many there to be from a port which I represented perfectly that I was a foreigner, an Englishman, and never had taken any part whatever in the deadly quarrel between the States, and that I only understood me to be fed, and I believed my Government did and does, strictly neutral. Consequently I was not regarded with suspicion when I fraternized with the very few Union men around.

There are in Nassau some five or six what are called auction and commission houses. It is not necessary to mention their names, although some of them have a world-wide reputation as fashionable Correspondence for 1862. These men or firms have been frequently stigmatized in the North and sensational press as "Yankee pedlers" and such epithets of the rebels. It is true that nearly all the business done there passes through one or other of these commission houses, although I have no personal acquaintance with either of them, I have had a thorough appreciation in regard for the gentlemanly commissions are much greater and stronger than for the cause; and if it had so happe ed that the southern interest had been in northern people could have used that port to advantage, they would have been quite as ready to have done business for them, for a consideration, as for us. I could learn I think the permanent white inhabitants of the Bahamas are to a man intensely loyal to the *powers that be*, a great and terrible struggle now going on in the United States. The rebellion took away from them a large, and, I believe, the only source of revenue, namely, the wrecking business, and Providence (they think) has compensated them for that loss by sending them the blockade-running business. It is a mere question of "bread and butter," or dollars and cents, with them.

Time passed, and I was busily occupied with everything. There were generals, colonels, adjutants, quartermasters, engineers, surgeons, and in fact almost every grade of rank from the Confederate army. I saw men there fresh from my own home, who were able to inform me about nearly every thing that had occurred since my leaving it. Representatives of or from every Southern State of the Union assembled there. Arrivals from foreign ports had not to express a desire to know about this or that in particular about any one, because one would be produced in a very short space able to communicate the ultimest information—provided always that the inquirer was a known Southerner.

Every body knows that the negroes in the Bahamas, as well as in all of the other British West Indies, were made free somewhere about 1832. At all events, the colored population in Nassau, which is at least ten to one of the whites, are free. Now, I am not prepared to say a black man, if he is behaved himself, was not entitled to as much courtesy as a white man, consequently, while in Nassau, I, as well as nearly all strangers, gave every man and woman, white or black, as much of the sidewalk on meeting as would be yielded in New York or London. But some of the newly-arrived "Southern boys" had different ideas. Their notion was, that a "nigger was a nigger, anyhow;" and so, forgetting that they were under a "strong government," would sometimes set toward the colored people as they saw fit—the same as toward slaves in my own State. It became a noticeable fact, however, that the same individual never committed an offense a second time. One fellow, anxious, perhaps, to uphold the dignity of the white race, or the rights of the Confederacy, was walking along Bay Street. He met a very black negro, who yielded to him as much of the sidewalk as a white man would have done on Broadway or Broadway. It was not enough. He should have stood entirely aside. The Southern *gentleman* considered the negro's conduct insolent in the extreme, and knocked him down without ceremony. The result was that he was arrested by a squad of policemen (who are all negroes) and conveyed at once to the police station. Next morning, after what I regarded as a very fair hearing, the chivalric individual was fined fifteen pounds (seventy-five dollars), or so many days' imprisonment. Having no money, he went to the latter. I heard him declaiming that there was no justice on that island, except for the nigger against the white man.

The two weeks were laugnily and gradually away. I had selected my steamer, and paid my hundred dollars passage-money. Captain Ryan was considered one of the lucky ones. He told me about a day beforehand just when to be on board, and left exactly, which I was very glad of, that he would land me in Charleston in four days from the hour he was speaking. On the last night of my sojourn at the hotel I was in the public front out on the gallery which surrounds it, looking out upon the ocean. It was a very clear weather is magnificent. With a good glass a sail could have been seen many miles from port. The street was dimly lighted by occasional gas-lamps, few rods below. On that evening, when "darkness was upon the face of the waters," I took a powerful field-glass and looked out upon the ocean. The small bum-boats, schooners, brigs, and sailing craft generally, were clearly and distinctly visible, and as I looked upon them as a remarkable circumstance that I could not see a single blockade-running steamer, which I knew had several were there. This, I ascertained, was entirely owing to the particular color in which they were painted—a sort of dark-olive green—not white. The effect is remarkable. On a dark night, on the ocean, it seemed to me, from my limited experience, that the sharper you could see them, the thoroughly invisible they were. I was a hundred yards, when the same craft, if painted black, or any other color, could at the same time be seen for a mile distant. I have been told that the effect is not so apparent in daylight.

It happened while I was in Nassau that a steamer was about coming in loaded with cotton from Charleston or Wilmington. When about twelve miles from port she was discovered by the blockaders. These professing to know said it was the *Rhode Island*. Of course the cruiser made chase and gained on her at a fast sailer, compelled to go in between the runner and the land. The guests generally, of the hotel, and many others, rushed out to the public front. The two vessels soon became distinctly visible to the naked eye. The gun-boat appeared to be rapidly approaching her prey, but guns were opened on it. I could see the puff of smoke on the guns, and shot after shot was thrown in, but all in vain. Little *Anna Smith*, it was the first and only time I had ever seen and heard shots fired in anger, and I, as well as many others, ladies and gentlemen, felt with excitement. I could not help throwing all my sympathies in favor of the hunted craft. She had no power to resist her pursuer, and would not have done so if she was it if she had; her only defense was in her heels. At one moment it was feared that she had been struck. There was a terrible shower of shot, and another it was seen that she still held her course and was fairly leaving her pursuer behind. Probably where—so as to get away from her pursuer. At length she succeeded in getting within the jurisdiction of the fort, or rather that of Nassau, when pursuit was of course abandoned. The *Anna Ella* sailed into the harbor triumphantly with flying colors, and was received to me, with cheers.

But it became time to leave the place, and I did so without regret. My steamer had got all her cargo on board. She was a fine, high, full bark, her anchorage, and was lying outside of the bar and light-house. I was informed that her steamer was different from the custom-house. Officially speaking we were bound for St. John, New Brunswick; but I, who was a passenger, knew that we would make for Charleston direct. I found myself on deck at nine A.M. one fine morning, and was delighted at the prospect before me of reaching my old scene of operations within four days. From all I had heard recently I had come to regard my chances of capture as very small—scarcely worth thinking about. Had not this very morning's paper announced that I was not the captain one of the "lucky" ones? Had he not told me himself, confidentially, that this was his last trip, that when he got through this time his "pile," which he had made in this business, would then be large enough to satisfy him for life, and that he would then go to live by the side on the whole southern coast? To look at him was to gather confidence, so cool and self-possessed was he. Pooh! I thought. There was no more danger really than in going from Holyhead to Dublin. Of course I was in good spirits. Why should I not have been when so near the goal of my efforts and wishes for weary months?

The bell was rung, the anchor moved, and I could see that we were gliding through the water. I turned my glass toward the *Royal Victoria*, and saw that the hotel people, male and female, on the galleries waving handkerchiefs and watching us as we passed out to sea.

Almost from the moment of our starting the at-

most vigilance was maintained. The whole expanse before and around us was scanned continuously with the greatest care. To the lookout's rumor every thing on the ocean, except the water, itself, is suspicious; we would have run away from a harmless bird if he exchanger if only the tops of her masts had been sighted. A glance at the map will show that the Bahama Islands stretch northward from one hundred and fifty miles to within sight from New-Providence. Consequently for that distance we were comparatively safe, provided we kept near enough to them to land. My captain, I believe, is a canon of international law, that the jurisdiction of every maritime power extends three miles from the low-water mark of any of the flag protects every vessel within this limit. Therefore, while we were in the neighborhood of these islands all was safe. Of course, I refer to get within the three miles of land, and so be in British water—the same in law, I suppose, as if we were riding in the Mersey or the Thames.

When about two hours under way, and nothing in Nassau was visible, a faint line of smoke was discovered in the sky. Our course was at once changed toward the land, but before another half hour had elapsed we were thrown into the greatest state of alarm by seeing a steamer bear swiftly down upon us, apparently regardless of every international law. We got close in to the land, and had serious notions of running on the beach, when to our great *joy* (not unmixed) relief, it was discovered that the highly suspicious craft was nothing less than the *Margaret and Jessie*, Captain Wilson, of *Snaily Jo*'s fame, from Charleston, bound to a sister in fact, who on seeing us made for the land with all possible speed. Each had been running from danger apprehended from the other. The first impression our vessel as quite a joke immediately afterward, but it was none to me at the time.

There was no attempt whatever paid to the cleanliness of the steamer; nay, she was absolutely filthy. Accommodation for many passengers there was literally none, as it was not *the* business of the vessel to carry them. Nearly every available foot of space was occupied with bales of mess beef, pork, and bread, the regular manifest, nearly every man, from cook and coal-heaver up to the passengers, had some private venture of his own. I believe that I was the only person on board who had nothing but his wardrobe, if I may except a couple of lady passengers, who I at once think had any of "paying expenses" by the sale of the contents of their trunks on reaching Dixie. While I and these ladies and passengers were left to shift for ourselves on deck, in a very cramped and uncomfortable way, the accommodations of the vessel were made as ample and agreeable as the circumstances could possibly admit of. Indeed, they had the entire cabin, not occupied with cargo, to themselves. From the moment I set foot on the deck until I finally left the vessel, I did not go below once. In fact, neither I nor any of the rest of the passengers, or any of the officers or crew, except the cook or waiter, was permitted to enter the cabin. As for the captain, I do not think he ever ate or slept during the entire time I saw him on board.

One of the greatest difficulties of the steam blockade runner is the want of a good quality of anthracite coal, such, for instance, as is used by the coasting and inland steamers plying to and from New York city—a kind of coal that does not emit from the chimneys any visible smoke. The coal shipped in Nassau is known as a semi-anthracite, but sometimes, when the fires are new, its smoke will be visible. Now, when a steamer comes down at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, with a gentle breeze abaft, as the sailors say, the smoke from the chimneys will float in the air for many miles, thus frequently betraying to a cruiser or blockader that a steamer of some sort is in her vicinity, even before she can be seen by sight or the source of the smoke, and, if successful, a chase ensues, which in a few hours ends in capture or escape. In the very recent examination by the United States steamer *Fulton*, while on her way to New York, captured the *Margaret and Jessie* on her second trip in the business. The first that was seen of her was the smoke. She was burning *soft* coal.

After the vessel had started on her outward voyage a fine rate all that day and night, without seeing or being disturbed with any thing. Next day we were out on the Gulf Stream Atlantic, and in the track of passing vessels. The friendly land we left behind us. All danger for that day we considered at an end, as it was not likely any chance in a thousand that a Federal vessel would sight us. The only danger now to be considered (which was not small) was that in running through the blockading fleet and entering the harbor. I continued in good spirits, and would have been highly happy but for the cold, wet, warm and dirty. It was almost a dead calm. The sea was like glass. The sun was terribly powerful, and the heat from the water and deck was almost beyond endurance. There was no shade whatever. I endeavored, as the day advanced, to get allotted to me, with the least possible amount of clothing—in fact, with only trowsers, dunnel undershirt, and slippers. I never suffered so much in my life. The coal dust sometimes rained upon me, and adhered to my face and hands. I became as black and dirty as if at work in a coal mine. Mosquitoes—possibly dirtier. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that my fellow-passengers and in fact every man on board, myself, was in no better condition than myself. The ladies, I am glad to say, were under their appropriate cabin.

We had now been nearly sixty hours at sea, and it was quite dark, in fact, very dark. Every man on board felt that the most critical period was approaching, if not actually upon us. Although still quite confident of getting in all safe, I could not resist a feeling of nervous anxiety that had crept over me. The blockading fleet was close to us, or rather, we were close upon it. Perhaps it was all around us. We knew of having just passed one suspicious-looking object. Our rate of speed became slow; then slower still, until finally we were apparently only drifting along. In half an hour, if all went well, the engines would be driven to their utmost capacity, and we should make a dash for port. Every eye on board was peering anxiously, piercingly into the dark expanse. We were still moving slowly, slowly and silently, but steadily toward our haven of rest and security. There was not a shadow of a light on board, and the darkness of the night could almost be felt. I could not see the mate, who I knew was not ten feet from me on the quarter-deck. All had a terrible interest in our progress, in getting through safely. If captured some would lose all, and all be in the wretched hold in captivity for an unknown length of time. Minutes seemed to turn into hours. I, who had no financial interest in the line, being a foreigner, with my passport secure about my person, became almost breathless with excitement and suspense. The darkness was such it were, concentrated in my eyes. I gazed out into the black darkness with such terrible eagerness that my eyeballs ached. I have had the most horrible fear crept over me that I had become blind!

Hark! some one near me whispered. I crawled, feeling my way toward the voice, and on reaching it, found my pilot and engineer standing. I stood close to me pointed outward, and a low voice uttered "Look there." I turned my eyes in the direction indicated, and with a sudden thumping sensation at my heart, barely saw for a second or two a dark mass upon the waters. It was a steamer, and evidently a blockader. Our progress was suspended; in another moment we would be run down and buried in the waters, and that was the end of the matter. I closed my eyes, and tried to cease thinking, but the inevitable crash-collision had penetrated my brain, and I could see myself in England and home. As it happened, however, I was much more frightened than hurt. The officers were on the alert, the danger was seen instantly altered, and in a few moments the black darkness hid us from every thing. Our back was turned on the blockader, and we were free to make the attempt again, a few miles further up, and I breathed more freely as I realized the fact that narrow escape from a blockader. But three glorious black blockade-running hours were thus lost, and those hours were precious. Another attempt success was diminished so much. However, the trial had to be renewed, and when the proper time arrived, our bow was turned toward the hostile land. Again was the same care exercised in passing through the fleet. How agonizingly slow we did move. I was nearly wild with the delay and danger, and asked the captain why he did not put on all speed and make a run for it. He answered that he feared any such step, as the noise created by fast running would have betrayed him. A few minutes more passed, when a shout of joy, irrepressibly ceased speaking when a hushed alarm was given. *Light* its meaning. Hope almost died within me, and I began to fear that finally we were really a great deal of danger in reaching the Confederacy by sea as well as by land. At that moment I heard the captain talk to the pilot of New York, or even in Louisville. The cause of the alarm was the same as before. There was a light on the bow, but one quite distinctly a steamer. I did not see it that time, because I suppose I was paralyzed with terror, and expected to feel such long and terrible straining as they had so recently experienced. The same course of conduct was pursued as before. We went on as well and as quietly as we could, and were, unfortunately, as the sequel proved, successful in getting out to sea again. The fact that I was on board on another attempt that night, consequently there was nothing left for us to do but put off and on out of sight until the following evening.

It lacked an hour or two of dawn when we came to a halt. The engines were kept going, that I thought the sun would never rise again. At length, however, he did appear, and we could see within either quarter the blockading vessels looking faces I never saw before. All of them had been on the same if not a greater ruck of excitement and anxiety than we had. We were left to our own fort each other, but with very sorry results. As for the officers, there was nothing unusual in their conduct. They had been in similar scrapes before, and had been successful notwithstanding. There was some comfort in knowing this.

The day had fairly broken over the face of the ocean the horizon was carefully scanned with telescopes, but nothing could be seen. All seemed as long as his glass was kept moving. Apparently his observations were satisfactory, as he was now in sight of land. The engines were to be soon one waiting, when all at once his gaze became fixed and steady. I turned my own field-glass in that direction in time to observe the mate with a heavy heart saw the masts and smoke-pipe of a large steamer. It was a Federal cruiser.

Now was the time to see what we did for, for she made chase almost immediately.

Our captain had a great deal of confidence in the speed of his vessel; consequently, when the chase began, he deliberately allowed the pursuer to get within a certain distance before he opened his full throttle-valves. It was deemed necessary to accustain just how fast she could go, as it was fair to presume that she would be very hard upon his pursuit. I did not like the experiment at all, but it was soon found that we could travel, with a little to spare, at a very much greater rate than she could. Our minds were, therefore, soon at ease about being captured by her. The only question was as to the chase. It was not our object to run clean away, because we might have gone so far off as to preclude us from running in that night, and the captain was determined on making the attempt. Only a moderate rate of speed was therefore maintained, so as to give hope to our pursuer, and draw her away a reasonable distance from the vicinity of our harbor, and thus decrease the danger of running in. This was managed admirably; for when it was considered that we had gone nearly far enough, our speed was increased, and the chaser was soon out of sight. We then doubled back toward the place where the chase commenced.

Night again covered us with her mantle, and we bowled along finely, anticipating no further trouble about getting in. We had effectually disposed of one stumbling-block in our way—the frigate that had chased us. My spirits began to revive. Nothing now seemed to be in the way of a prosperous voyage. On approaching the vicinity of where the blockading fleet ought to have been our speed was decreased, until we were apparently merely drifting along. We flew through the channels in the fleet. We flew through the water. Fort Sumter, according to some, was clearly visible, when *thump, thud, thud* was heard and felt by every man on board, and the engines ceased to work. My first thought was that the entire machinery had fallen through the bottom, and that we would sink in a few minutes. It was not quite so bad as that, but it might as well have been, so far as the present was concerned. A short examination proved that some vital part of the machinery had got broken or twisted. It did not know which, neither did any one. The fact that such an accident had occurred was enough. The wind had risen to a gale, and we were pitching and tossing on the trough of the pilot and perfectly helpless. I became utterly indifferent to my fate, and lay down in the quietest corner of the deck and slept soundly. Meantime every available hand had been called down to the engine-room. The work to do was beyond the power of human effort to do that in a few hours the damage was patched up, and we were again in motion. There was time given then to get in, if the machinery could only stand to us. Vain hope for those who entertained one! For once on this voyage I was not disappointed. We had not made more than an miles when the wounded part of the engine gave way, and we were again brought to a dead halt when within half an hour's sail from port. Every effort was however made to repair somehow and get going again; but the damage proved to be more than at the first accident. It was the work of hours, and daylight would be upon us before she could possibly have been put in motion.

Daylight did come, very much too quickly, and we were laboring heavily and helplessly on the same very spot we had been the night before. The wind had driven us many miles away from the fleet; and it did. But as soon as we could see around us we found that we were miles distant, our pursuer of the day before, returning from what she had considered a fruitless chase.

Yes, there was in good condition, and we utterly helpless, a mere hulk, pitching and tossing—now on the crest of huge waves, and now grinding in the trough of the sea. What could we have done? Nothing, except to quietly surrender, unable, of course, to resist. I preferred the fleet, as running away was impossible. In a very short space of time our enemy bore down upon us, apparently—as she had every way reason regarding her speed underwent considerable modification from the day previous. When within about a quarter of a mile of us she sent a boat full of armed men was quickly lowered into the boiling sea, and in five minutes reached our side. Four officers and a crew of twelve men, who were all that could be had enough of my steamer, and was very anxious to make a change as quickly as possible. On reaching the deck they were all very polite indeed, that the ladies were transferred to the landing-stage, owing to the violent tossing of the little boat after the steamer. The big one, but so much so that it was accomplished the rest of us were peremptorily ordered to follow, and we did. I, being a foreigner, had no idea of going back if I could possibly avoid it; and watching my opportunity jumped on the stage with the ladies, where my small hand was a hundred yards off. They could not help taking me in then, and when I reached the deck I must have looked the subject to look at. I was hungry, very dirty, more than half drowned, and not half clad. On informing the officers that I was a foreigner, I was allowed to go forward (I went into the ward-room (the officers' quarters), and furnished with all the material to look and feel like a gentleman again. To be once more clean, clothed, in comfortable quarters, and agreeable society, was indescribable. But my happiness at present was very bitter, nevertheless, at finding myself at last under the protecting guns of the Federal Government, after having at that time in Charleston, as I had anticipated.

It may be as well to mention here as elsewhere that, had not the accident to the machinery of our machinery, it was ascertained that, from our position, there was nothing in the way to prevent us from getting into Charleston on the night previous to our capture; but the most mortifying discovery was in learning that we were within two or three miles of the fleet, but having met with no other accident she went in safely early on the following night. But for the accident to the engine, both would have been in Charleston, without any hindrance, in less than three days from Nassau. Such are the chances and incidents to the *trade*, have occurred, and will occur frequently, much to the profits of the blockade fleet. It might be asked why the runners did not have also signals by which they could recognize each other. Indeed, I should have mentioned that they would while in Nassau. The answer was simple and conclusive. A signal, to be good for any thing, must be addressed, that is to be good for any thing, must be addressed to the eye or ear, and a colored light, a series of lights, or a gun, and a watchful blockader can see or hear these quite as readily as a runner. No, such runner is and must be a sort of Ishmael, going on the principle that if his own hand is not against every man every man's hand is against him.

The boarding party from the frigate took possession of every thing and every body as soon as they came on board. The officer in command, as soon as he ascertained the cause of so easy a capture, had the engine fires put out, and his thorough examination of her hold made as circumstances would permit. He was much relieved to find that there was no unusual quantity of water in the hold; that the captured vessel was not scuttled. A great deal had to be done in the way of transferring crew, passengers, clothes-bags, and other things to the captor, and in the communication between the two was rapid and frequent. The prize boat's crew had, however, to be sent nearly each trip, because the returning men were, almost to a man, excessively drunk—fully—many of them, at first, of some of the naval officers. Many, in fact nearly all of the crew of our steamer, had their watches, and part of them, in which my lady, which was stowed away in every available corner or hiding-place of the vessel, when the jolly tars got on board, their brethren of the sea had, I suppose, a friendly feeling for them. There was a tap in their stores on deck and below, wherever every where, except directly in the face of the officer. Those who were inclined got all they wanted, and more than they were aware of, I believe. These incidents were, however, soon over. The capture was made complete, a crew put on board, and she was taken in tow. I then fully realized that I was a prisoner.

I remained in the frigate some eight or ten days on the "Station," and must say that during that time I was treated with very great kindness; and when orders came to have me transferred to a Government vessel going North with the prize, I parted from my kind messmates in the ward-room with regret.

A few days more and the harbor of New York was reached. We, the prisoners, were all transferred to another ship and there detained and I was huddled in among the entire crew and passengers. I was in a state of high nervous excitement, tivity, and informed, after a very brief examination, that I was free to go where I pleased, provided I gave my parole not to attempt to leave Washington Court on Friday, and on other days when requested. I cheerfully accepted the conditions, bade adieu to my fellow-prisoners, and was left to fortunate, and soon found myself again comfortably settled in a hotel, almost a freeman.

It has not been evidently known to me dangerous to reach the Confederacy than even before. My friends, however, has grown so much more thick there notwithstanding all I have gone through. I can not wait until the Federal force: get possession of my town, though this may happen any day. I can not even await the next trip of the steamer *Cornica*, as she sailed only three days ago, and she will not sail again for nearly four weeks. There is a schooner up and nearly loaded for Bermuda, and I have very serious notions of taking passage in her, and thus get my fortune from that island. At all events I shall sail either for there or Nassau before the week is out, and fervently hope that I shall have "better luck next time."

THE GREAT BOSTON ORGAN.

WE publish on page 786 an illustration (taken from the description in the transactions of the Institute, Gustave Herter & Brother, of this city) of the great Boston organ, regarding which public curiosity has been excited.

Our space will not permit us to give more than extracts from the writer's description, accompanying the instrument itself with its house and the different parts; but these will be sufficient, with the illustration, to convey a just idea of the general proportions of this truly wonderful achievement in mechanism and art. The originator of the great work has justly earned the title of the Liszt in the history of the great organs. We extract from Professor Holmes's fine tribute to him:

It is made to the perfection of a single individual that our community is indebted for the privileges to see enjoy the possession of this noble and supreme order such as make cities illustrious by their presence. It is to him that the lover of all can wrong the highest susceptibilities to tell in print; and when we say that Boston owes the great organ chiefly to the personal efforts of Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the statement is only for the information of distant readers.

The result of two voyages to Europe, undertaken by Dr. Upham, chiefly with the object of examining the most famous organs and organ-factories of Germany, England, France, Belgium, and Great Britain, was the contract with Frederick Walcker of Ludwigsberg, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, for the building of the organ for the soloist experiments of these instruments; for building the great instrument which has been completed and built upon and listened to on the night of November 3.

The following description will be read with interest:

The great organ is a choir of nearly 6000 vocal throats. Its largest voice is an 32 foot open wood pipe, and its smallest creeps through them. Its finest tubes are too small for the eye to see. Its keys are moved by various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable, from the great roll of thunder to the loudest chorus, in which all its groups of voices have their part, to the tone of a single flute, or violoncello, or *hand key-boards*, and two pedals, or *foot key-boards*, command these varied combinations. Besides the familiar effects, for which the organ is incomparable, the crescendo and diminuendo of the gradations of sound from the lowest murmur to the loudest blast, and the dying fall by which it ends a piece, it has also the disturbing element, so to speak, of harmony, are not only provided for in the swell organ, but may be obtained by the combination of the various systems of pipes upon the entire instrument. In order to understand how to compass the Music Hall instrument, the student is there set to studying how the organ reaches among the various parts of its compass, and in what manner the perfection of all its parts, and in all its wide arrangement, is to be accomplished. In no way is the whole arrangement more the object of study than in the upper portion of the case, where the different divisions of the organ are known as the swell organ, the great organ, the choir organ, the solo organ, with all its curious contrivances for lightening the touch, swelling and diminishing the sound, and for the combination of sounds from different organs, from a single action to the full force of them all; such an instrument as not to be put into a case, but, being built up

Digitized by Google

in the great proportions of a temple, it has its house built around it. In a noble instance like the present, where an artistic inspiration, a unity of idea, a sense of vital correspondence of the inward and outward presides over and pervades all, the house or outward temple seems rather to have grown up with that which it both hides and reveals, to have risen in its symmetry and grandeur to the music chosen by a true inner sense of the organ soul. Nor does the term house do sufficient justice to the beautiful design before us. It is in some sense the body of the organ, the outward visible embodiment of its interiors. Not, to be sure, like the animal or human body, itself composed of organs; but the body of the idea of the organ, the shadowing forth by correspondence of its co-working inner parts and uses, the typifying of all its history and prophecy, as music itself typifies the whole course and prophecy of life.

The structure is of black walnut, and is covered with carved statues, busts, masks, and figures in the boldest relief. In the centre a richly ornamented arch contains the niche for the key-boards and stops. A colossal mask of a singing woman looks from over its summit. The pedestal under it is surrounded by the host of Johann Sebastian Bach. Behind this rises the lofty central division containing pipes; and crowning it is a beautiful standing statue of St. Cecilia, holding her lyre. On each side of her a griffin sits as a guardian. This centre is connected by harp-shaped compartments filled with pipes to the two great round towers, on one side called Faith and on the other Fidelity. These magnificent towers each contain a lofty pedestal dome; and this ornamented on each side by two chorubs, whose heads almost touch the lofty ceiling. This whole portion of the sculpture is of eminent beauty. All the reliefs that run around the lower portion of the dome are of singular richness.

The whole base of the instrument, in the intervals of the figures described, is also covered with elaborate carvings. Groups of musical instruments, standing out almost detached from the back-ground, occupy the panels. Ancient and modern, clustered with careless grace and quaint variety, from the violin down to a string of sleigh-bells, they roll up all the echoes of forgotten music, such as the thousand-tongued organ blends together in one grand harmony. As we return to the impression produced by the grand whole, we are more and more struck with the subtle art displayed in its adaptations and symbolisms. Never did any structure we have looked upon so fully justify the fiat-name de Stael's definition of architecture,—"frozen music."

The outermost towers, their pillars and domes, are all square; their outlines thus passing almost by a single transition from the simple square figures of the central building, up through the square of the walls of Music Hall, to the round central part of the instrument, where a smoother harmony of outline is predominant. For in the great towers, which step forward, as it were, to represent the meaning of the entire structure, the lines are all curved, so that the slight discords which give sharpness and variety to its less vital portions were all resolved as we approach its throbbing heart. And again, the half-fantastic repetition of musical forms in the principal outlines —the lyre-like shape of the lower of the great towers, the harp-like figure of the connecting wings, the clustering trunk of the columns—fill the mind with musical suggestions, and deepen the wondering spectator to become the entranced listener.

Dr. Upham thus officially reports of the organ-house and its artist-builders:

In regard to the architectural form and enshrinement of the instrument I have time to say but a word. This part of the work the directors approached with no little difficulty and doubt.

No precedent of the kind that could be found for the upper end to meet the somewhat anomalous position that was to be occupied. It was only after months and years of patient effort and trial that the present fitting habitation for so noble an instrument could be obtained. The form of the structure is a design by Hammatt Billings. His were the outlines of general form and proportion. But to its present embodiment, if we except the cherubs on the top of the high towers, the germ alone remains. The finally adopted plan, in all its artistic and elaborate beauty and grandeur, belongs to that Indian Genius and Christian Heritor, of New York, whose designs, when submitted to Mr. Billings, were pronounced by him, with characteristic frankness and unselfishness, to be superior to his own, and urged upon the acceptance of the committee. It is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise of the care, attention, and conscientious application on the part of Mr. Herter himself and all in his employ to the work during the two years and more of its construction.—Be it the artist (who in the person of Christian Herter is with us to-night), from whose brain leaped forth, Minerva-like, the finest forms of human and ideal things, or the sculptor by whose cunning those were stiffened into shape and fixed in the willing wood—the moulders in clay and plaster—the carvers, engravers, and finishers—all labored with one mind toward the perfect result.

The inauguration of the great organ was a most impressing ceremonial.



REV. H. M. TURNER, CHAPLAIN FIRST UNITED STATES COLORED REGIMENT.

REV. H. M. TURNER.

We publish herewith a portrait of Rev. H. M. TURNER, the first man of color ever commissioned a chaplain in the United States service.

The Rev. H. M. Turner is a native of South Carolina, and is now near thirty-one years of age. He was born in the vicinity of Newberry Court House, grew up to a good-sized boy on the cotton fields with the slaves, and learned to tend by his own efforts. His mother, marrying in Abbeville village, carried him there, where he waited on some lawyers, who became so much impressed with his talent, that, in defiance of the prohibition of the law, they took pleasure in instructing him. He would listen to them talk and speak, and then go in the woods and repeat what he had heard. Thus his mind developed, and in his seventeenth year he became a member of the Methodist church. He was licensed to preach in his twentieth year, and displayed such intelligence in his first sermon that he made quite a sensation. From this time forth he attracted great crowds wherever he went.

Everywhere he came he became so well known that white churches were often thrown open to him of all denominations—a circumstance almost unknown, for the law of South Carolina strictly forbids colored men preaching. He traveled through Savannah (Georgia), Montgomery (Alabama), and Mobile, where he was known as the "boy preacher," and every one, white and colored, was rife to see and hear him. After visiting nearly all the great Southern cities, he settled at St. Louis, Missouri, and joined the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Payne sent him to Baltimore city. In April, 1862, Bishop Payne again sent him to Washington city, to take charge of the large colored church known as the Israel Bethel Church. Here his reputation soon rose, and it was nothing strange last winter to see on Sunday evenings several Congressmen sitting about in the church. In August, 1862, he delivered a sermon on the policy of organizing colored soldiers, which was published in the Washington *Republican*, and created some stir, and at first considerable opposition. He persevered, however, all his acts and speeches tending to the move were allowed to commence to recruit the regiment of which he is now chaplain. He was commissioned chaplain on the 10th of last September, entered upon active service a few days afterward, and is now with his regiment on his way to Texas to reinforce the gallant army which is led by General Banks.

Mr. Turner is a man of great personal courage: he fears no man and nothing. In large assemblies he can command attention when few others could. His size is ordinary, with yellow complexion and very sharp features.

THE SWAMP ANGEL.

ANGELS of good and ill are every where:
They haunt the city and the cottage lone;
They hover on unseen pinnions thin air,
And feels the stir of every laugh or moan.

And frequent the good angels are the bane
Of evil men, the name them evil things;
And darken ministers of death and pain
Oft bear the angel light upon their wings.

So are they changed. The angel of the wind,
That speeds the sailor swiftly o'er the flood,
In the sea storm of the crew behind,
Whose hands are eager for the stain of blood.

And many a mother has the angel blessed
Of the dark swamp, as, with convulsive smile,
She clasps her wondering infant to her breast,
While baffled blood-hounds lick their chops in vain.

Before the wicked city's traitor hold
Stands a swamp angel all smeared wise;
Perhaps some bondman's prayer has made it bold,
Thus to put fire to old and unseen guise.

And in sands back the hounds disappointed tone
Full with the message of rebounding ill:
And the pale hunters curse it with a groan,
For the swamp angel is a demon still.



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN KNOXVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA.



THE THEATRE OF GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS, SHOWING THE COUNTRY BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND CHARLESTON.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Love generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest sometimes makes a fool act like a wise man.

"How do you like me, now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sallied into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

"Your wife's fat, but she's not handsome, Smith." "Well, Jones, that's expressing your opinion plump and plain, my friend." "You are right, Smith, that's exactly my notion; she is very plump and very plain!"

SENSATION NOVELS.—*The Ghost and How to Lay Him.* Published in white muslin and a spirit wrapper in shutting rice boundary. Also, *The Skeleton Scullery Maid and the Spectral Cook.* Boudoirs, 33, Red Lion's-yard. *The Mysteries of the Dark Forest, or, the Bloody Spot upon the Black Hood.* By Frightful Horror, Esq.

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the street is the centre of one.

What are the points of difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald head, and a gorilla? The Prince of Wales is heir apparent; an orphan has ne'er a parent; a bald head has no hair apparent; and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

An alderman lately lost his appetite, and the unlucky finder, being a poor man with a large family, was ruined in less than a fortnight.

Quin told Lady Berkeley that she looked blooming as spring; but, assuming that the season was not over so early promising, he added, "Would to Heaven the spring would look like your ladyship!"

"Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that some folks will go to concerts."

In a country church-yard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife: and underneath this text—"Their warfare is accomplished!"

Many seek solace for their troubles in the gay French capital. They think the best plaster for their wounds is the plaster of Paris.

A CURIOSITY.—In the window of a shop in London a violin is exhibited for a low price, being "the property of a gentleman in fine condition."

If the art gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on Gold. 37 Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great monitors sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in one thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, quality and style accepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly better than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the time spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one sold on A. MORTON, No. 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamp for circular.

MR. PARTON'S NEW WORK IS READY.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

A History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf to the close of 1862, with an account of the Origin of New Orleans, and a sketch of the previous career of the General, Civil and military. By James Parton, author of "Life of Jackson," "Life of Burr," "Life of Aaron Burr Jackson," &c. One vol. 12mo, with steel portrait and Maps. 600 pp. Price, in cloth, $1 50; full gilt extra, or antique, $2 50. When the extraordinary interest of the subject of this volume, and the rare ability of the author to clothe his relations of events with fascination are considered, it is evidently probable this book will prove no more interesting volume than this. Pub lished by

MASON BROTHERS
5 & 7 Mercer Street, N. Y.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portables combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Terrestr'l, Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show distinctly a person to know him at from 5 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparency power to magnify and improve the sight,

without the distressing result of frequent change. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Gifts.



Engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, by mail. Trade supplied.
JOHN F. PHELPS & CO., 620 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS. No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX new inventions Cards very rapid sellers. Send stamp for circular, &c. Address: sal pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and $3 paper particulars. EVERETT BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Kirk's Charles the Bold.
Will be Published early in Dec.:
HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK.
Two volumes.....8vo.....With Portrait.

Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose intimate relation with the late Wm. H. Prescott, the historian, has just completed Vols. I. and II. of his History of Charles the Bold, and the Publishers take pleasure of announcing that this important contribution to our historical literature will be ready for publication early in December.

The remarkable epoch treated by Mr. Kirk is full of grand historical figures, and by his narrative an entirely new light is thrown on some of the most important events in Charles's career. His position as the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages" is fully sustained, and the influence he traced both of the ambition and of his fall upon the destinies of the principal European States.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

"We have no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Kirk's most fascinating narrative a place with the great achievements of genius in the department he has chosen to fill. His admirable industry and historical tact is welcomed the world over."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

Family Medicine.

By having the BRANDRETH PILLS on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness occur, they can be given at once and this will have effected a cure before the physician arrives.

As a Bilious remedy, and for costiveness, they have no equal.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street.
Sold also at No. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by dealers.



Kirk's Charles the Bold.
Will be Published early in Dec.:
HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK.
Two volumes.....8vo.....With Portrait.

Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose intimate relation with the late Wm. H. Prescott, the historian, has just completed Vols. I. and II. of his History of Charles the Bold, and the Publishers take pleasure of announcing that this important contribution to our historical literature will be ready for publication early in December.

The remarkable epoch treated by Mr. Kirk is full of grand historical figures, and by his narrative an entirely new light is thrown on some of the most important events in Charles's career. His position as the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages" is fully sustained, and the influence is traced both of the ambition and of his fall upon the destinies of the principal European States.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

"We have no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Kirk's most fascinating narrative a place with the great achievements of genius in the department he has chosen to fill. His admirable industry and historical tact is welcomed the world over."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

Family Medicine.

By having the BRANDRETH PILLS on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness occur, they can be given at once and this will have effected a cure before the physician arrives.

As a Bilious remedy, and for costiveness, they have no equal.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street.
Sold also at No. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by dealers.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove such patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, having devoted his whole time to the treatment of diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove all Moth Patches and other discolorations from the skin, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other cases of Cutaneous Disease, is unparalleled. DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR.—If attended to in time, baldness in every case is EVER CURED. For particulars enclose stamp for circular. No charge for consultation. DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

American Watches For Soldiers AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, especially designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the low-priced, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which never expected to keep time when they were made, being a reckless manufacture sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, an accurate and durable time-keeper, for $20. Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, as nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Aurora* and *Lepinas* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, Wm. Eaton, Boggs, Mann and Adams. They will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards.
National Emblems.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION—HOW TO EFFECT A CURE—PAIN AND PERMANENT COSTIVENESS.—Perhaps of all the prodigious to contrivances, especially those which allow but little exercise, to counteract that unfortunate habit of body, under such circumstances, might possibly be found in changing their sedentary employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means feasible. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. None can be more injurious than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first relieve, but soon almost paralyze the bowels, rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines are in effect required. In this, as in most other diseases, a gentle stimulus, in the true remedy; and a stimulation in the happiest proportion, of these ingredients, is found in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This famous stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while quietly removing from its convolutions all impediment to a free passage through them. No mere purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Cases of constipation, abandoned as hopeless by distinguished medical men, have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. To those who have tried all the medicines of the day without a cure, we say this irresistible stimulant and aperient. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the commonest of ordinary habits. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, by supplying the vegetable bowel-strengthening tonic from exercise, will in all cases enable the system to perform its necessary functions regularly and healthily. Few persons can make proper allowances for the excitement in some cases, and the depression in others, produced in others, which are frequently the accompaniments of the diseases of females. The truth is, the ladies afflicted with these visitations often make heroic efforts to conquer them, and fail for the want of just such a stimulant and corrective as the "Bitters" afford. If the true nature of women's constitution were better understood, it would be seen that no blame attaches to her for these aberrations, but on the contrary, they should render her the object of a tender sympathy and a fonder care.

Sold by all Druggists and Country Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 676 BROADWAY.

All interested in Shorthand should send for the PHONOGRAPHIC VISITOR, No. 1, 7 cents; Nos. 1 and 2, 13 cents. For explanation Circular and Specimen, address as above, and all the more general principles of the Art. Address J. GRAHAM, No. 681 Broadway, N. Y.

W. FORSYTH & CO.,

42 & 44 NASSAU ST., N. Y. *(adjoining the P. O.)*

Watches, Jewelry, Gold Pens
And Pencil Cases, of every description, for ONE DOLLAR. We defy competition in this branch of business. Please send for circular giving full particulars. Agents or those willing to act as such, the most liberal inducements are offered.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents. Expenses paid, to sell our *Ex. ting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 12 other articles. 36 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and see, or send 10 stamps for 30 sample, to Box 5,963, P. O. $5 to $10 a day. *Agents* wanted *everywhere*. Address W.M. MILLS & CO., No. 658 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Cloaks and Mantillas.

BRODIE

The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Meerschaum Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, *Matches* and *Pipe Cleaner*, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without the use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole carrying freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case*. This is made for service, of various styles, at $1 25, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved*. Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility, and Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a Present to friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY, in *Cutlery or on the Marble*, IT IS INVALUABLE. In the ARMY *large Orders* and commendations from all points daily attest this fact.

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the Pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and AGENTS invited to call and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *post*, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.
OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

H. A. HARVEY, 34 Maiden Lane, N. Y. **TWINES, Rope, CORDAGE,** and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP,** Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Lowe Mat and Spun Yarn, Tow, Wrtting and Wrapping PAPER, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Presents! Presents!
Soldier's Head-Quarters.
Rare Chance for AGENTS.
Head-Quarters for Army Corps Pins.

Any one wishing to become an agent, or wishing to purchase any thing in the Jewelry or Gold Pen and Pencil line, I will send a sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale circular with full instructions and Premium to agents either a Fine Gold Pen, with Pen Extension Case and Pencil, or a fine engraved Spring Locket for Brooch, or Gold Spring Ring, or Gold Charm, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewelry. Also a Solid Silver Shield, or Gilded Army Corps, Division, or Co Pin, or the Kearney Cross Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it. 15 per ct. allowed Agents on Corps Pins.

H. P. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

THE NICEST AND CHEAPEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Young Ladys' Picture Books, No. 1, 25 c.; No. 2, 50 c., containing 8 and 15 fine Steel engravings. Sent by mail. Also fine French Photograph Albums. ELLW. BEILER'S Foreign Bookstore, St. Louis, Mo.

Portable Printing Press.

For the Army and Navy
For 1 pr 1 in., Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Consists of Cases, Sticks of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 16 Lindell Row, St. Louis.



TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, BOOK and JOB PRINTERS.
The subscribers offer for sale, new:
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, with sheet-flyer, 31x54.
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, with sheet-flyer. Size of bed, 31x46.
1 DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, with sheet-flyer. Size of bed, 31x46.
1 SECOND-HAND ADAMS PRESS, 30x40.
The above are all SECOND-HAND MACHINES, are warranted in first-rate order, having been thoroughly repaired. Will be sold on application to
R. HOE & CO.,
Nos. 29 and 31 Gold St., N. Y.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED
ALBERT PEN.
Extension Holders and Gold Pens,
Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy patterns. Sold at our desks and at very low rates quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen.....$10 25
" 1 gross.....55 00
" 5 gross.....260 00
Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Salesmen Wanted.
$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have just published:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1863, commencing a new Vol. 25 cents a Number, $3 00 a year.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, $5 00 a year.

HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By ISAAC HEARD. 12mo. Illustrated with Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	75 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	50 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	20 00 each.
1000 Vest Gold Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Enamel Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Enamel, and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Studs	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Small Ribbon Slides	1 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Steam Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 20 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10, and a hundred for $15.

Agents, those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Also, one for every 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution will be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
599 Broadway, New York.

King on Steam.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.
LESSONS IN PRACTICAL MECHANICS AND STEAM, the STEAM ENGINE, PROPELLERS, etc., etc.
FOR YOUNG ENGINEERS, STUDENTS AND OTHERS.
By the late W. H. KING, U.S.N.
Revised by Chief-Engineer J. W. KING, U.S.N.
EIGHTH EDITION, Revised and Enlarged, with Illustrations. In one vol., octavo, $2. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Published by
D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, New York.

A Rare Chance to make a Fortune.—Town Rights sold, and State patent for $2 per acre. Sale of one machine more than pay cost of right. Take your chance of getting New York or a smaller town. Send stamp for a circular. Address
S. T. MACCLELLAN, 474 Broadway, N. Y.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.
Every Co. Fitted A 1 in Solid Silver, $1.
Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, **$1 50.**
Solid 18 k. GOLD, **$2 50.**

Corps Badges
Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.
Solid Silver. $1 50. Solid Silver, $1 50.
Enamelled. Enamelled.



Solid Gold, $4. Solid Gold, $4.
Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th and 12th Army Corps.
1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.
None but *perfect* Goods sold.
Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address **C. L. BALCH & Co.**
Successors to 208 Broadway, New York.
J. G. PACKARD & CO.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x54. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should wear a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscriber will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents one style of Badge furnished. It can be inclosed to any garment. Address
DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.
N. B.—All kinds of Corps and Co. Fits, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the one, 100, or 1000.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at 25 per cent. certain, consisting of a variety of rich and valuable goods worth from 75 cents to $300 each. Agents wanted. Send 3 cents for Circular and Terms.
ANDREWS & CO.,
168 Sudbury St., Boston,
Mass.



The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE.

☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Insoles, Belts, and Armlets.

SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

These articles are purely Voltaic, and by the union of Metals produce a Voltaic current, which is excited by the moisture of the feet and body, diffusing a healthy and curative influence over the whole system. For Debility, being an effective cure for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, Gout, &c., and all nervous and chronic diseases.

METTAM & CO., PROPRIETORS
Insoles, $1 00; Belts, $2 00; Armlets, $2 00; sent by mail 30 c. additional. Office 429 Broadway. Send for circular.



Exterminates Catarrh, lost sense of Smell, and Hearing forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 619 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.



If over 13, and your Board, Mosstache, &c., is of scanty, retarded growth, the use, for a short time, of the Vivia Swamp Shrub Balsam will stimulate them (harmlessly) to a very fine and vigorous growth. It has been thoroughly tried and found infallible. A small sample box of this remarkable Balsam, and the history of its discovery at Moloh, April 7, 1862, will be sent, sealed, on receipt of return postage. Address JOHN RAWLINS, 97 Broadway, N.Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Agents, sale or female, Soldiers, and all having some time to spare, are particularly requested to write to us, to send us their address, and we will send in return, free information for which they will be thankful. We offer extra inducements. From $5 to $10 per day and expenses. We want addresses from every county in the U. S., and from every regiment in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Box 8181, N. Y.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of young herbs, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; stimulate healthy, beautiful growth to the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is unsurpassed for all other preparations, and can be relied on.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOTTLE.

Manufactured by DR. STERLING, 201 Canal St., New York. Depot No. 420 Broadway. For sale by all druggists.

"STOP AND READ."

A DOUBLE NUISANCE! BEES IN VARIETY AND INSTRUCTION.—MAN AND WOMAN.—Their Disputations, Functions. Illustrated. OUR SOCIAL RELATIONS.—Marriage Customs of England, Russia, Norway.—Divorces.—Crinoline.—The Hair Trade.—Shaving the Girls.—Fair Hair and Dark Hair.—The Races.—Mixture and Amalgamation.—Doom of the Red Man.—Woman Slaves in Russia.—Gheria.—Chinese Character and Customs.—The Two Great Empires of Russia and America.—Interesting Statistical Memoranda. Characters, and Biographies of Archbishop Whately and Mr. N. Sraing, in the December HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL. Sent by first post for 15 cents. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

SPLENDID
HOLIDAY
PRESENTS.



Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their chapness.—*N. Y. Weekly, July 25th.*

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Forest Leaflet, Feb. 21.*

Perfect, best and cheapest time-pieces ever offered.—*N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 10.*

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and durable of the many improvements sought for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its mechanism a new winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The watch winds itself by the movement of the pocket in walking or one being has 15 carat gold, it has the improved fully action lever movement, and is warranted a reliable timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, and the case richly chased, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 50 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ALSO, ALL ESSENTIALS IN PERFECT TIME-KEEPERS, THESE WATCHES HAVE NO EQUAL.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of the metals, like unto the precious, Silver and the other one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, unless it be used only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** is claimed.

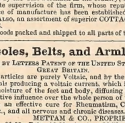
The sale of these watches in the army is a source of profitable business, retailing, as they very readily do, at sight and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day in any camp where the regiments lie!

AT WHOLESALE only! In heavy *hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dials, and fancy or plain*, in good *running order*, by the half dozen, $65; postage, $2 50; registering, 20 cts. each; by the case. Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, invariably in advance. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent in any other way, we will not be responsible if it is or risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Nos. 208 and 210 Broadway, Cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Sent to any part of the world, post free, to any address, on receipt of no order. A. G. GRAHAM. No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are simply loaded and fired—nothing to be recently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—carefully rifled, bored. The Trade supplied by ELLIOT ARMS CO., 404 Broadway, N. Y.

$200! $150! $100! $50!
PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus, or Concentrated Lye.*

The articles must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and each article not less than six pages, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

E. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.



Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Offers 100 Patterns, No. 6, Queensware, Glass, &c. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute Awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

EMPLOYMENT.

At your own home. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand single as Flour. Sample and secret worth $5. Sent on receipt of five stamps. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 78 Brewster St., N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S
Illuminated and Pictorial
BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, bevelled and panelled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $32 50; Full Calf, marbled edges, plain stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $16 00.

The Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, Apocrypha, the Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispiece, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston; Smith, Englesh & Co., Philadelphia; Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore; Francis Taylor, Washington; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati; Beers & Howe, St. Louis; J. W. Geddes & Co., Chicago; Dawson & Brothers, Montreal.

Beautiful Gift-Books
FOR
THE HOLIDAYS.

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D. With over 1,000 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $11 25; Half Calf, $12 50; Morocco, Extra, $15 00.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By William M. Thomson, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Syria and Palestine. With Two Elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several hundred Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Habits, Customs, Costumes, &c., of the People. Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 00; Half Morocco, $6 00.

MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN. By Paul De Musset. Translated from the French by Lucy Hooper; by Emily Makepeace. Beautifully Illustrated by Charles Bennett. Square 4to. Cloth.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOKS. Square 4to, about 200 pages each, beautifully printed on tinted paper, embellished with many Engravings. Cloth gilt, $1 00 a volume; or, the Series complete in neat box, $5 00.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE-BOOK. With Sixty-One Engravings by Harvey. Cloth gilt, $1 00.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF SCENERY. With Sixty Engravings by Harvey.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. With Sixty Engravings by Harrison Weir.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Selected and Edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. With English and American Additions, arranged by Ernest A. Duyckinck. Uniform with "Poets of American Literature." Illustrated with 120 Engravings drawn by American and English Artists, including Birket Foster, W. Harvey, Harrison Weir, J. E. Millais, J. Mahoney, W. Hunting, C. Stanfield, J. Gilbert, F. Pickersgill, J. Tenniel, T. Dalziel, J. H. Hill, J. W. Cauliez, F. O. C. Darley, and others. In elegant small 4to form, printed on Superfine Tinted Paper, richly bound in Cloth Beveled, gilt edges, $4 00; Full Turkey Morocco, $8 50.

ABBOTT'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORIES. The Volumes of this Series are printed and bound uniformly, and are adorned with richly Illuminated Title-pages and numerous Engravings. 18mo, Cloth, 75 cents per Volume. The Volumes may be obtained separately; or the set complete in box, $13.

Henry III.	Mary Queen of Scots.
Darius the Great.	Queen Elizabeth.
Xerxes.	Charles I.
Alexander the Great.	Cromwell.
Hannibal.	Josephine.
Cleopatra.	Maria Antoinette.
Julius Cæsar.	Madame Roland.
Queen Anne.	Henry IV.
Nero.	Margaret of Anjou.
Alfred the Great.	Peter the Great.
Wm. the Conqueror.	Genghis Khan.
Richard I.	Tamerlane.
Richard II.	Hernando Cortez.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage-free, on receipt of price.*

Commencement of the Twenty-Eighth Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1863.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.
Terms to Clubs for Advertising, $1 50 a line per time, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



IRONICAL.

MRS. COLUMBIA. "There! Perhaps I hav'nt taken the Rebel Kink out of the Old Flag with this BIGGEST INOS of mine!"

Davis Collamore & Co.,
479 Broadway, below Broome Street.

Are now Opening HOLIDAY GOODS in great VARIETY and of very beautiful styles.

ALSO DIADEMS, TEA, and TOILET SETS. GLASS WARE, ENGRAVED with CREST or INITIAL.

RICH CANTON COFFEE CUPS, &c., &c.

CHICKERS EGG DISHES.

Musical Boxes,



Playing 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 15, 16, 24, and 36 tunes, and costing from $6 75 to $450 00. A beautiful article for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. My stock of Musical Boxes is the ONLY complete one now found in this country. M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, No. 51 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $9. Specially adapted to the ARMY. CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "MESSRS. NORTON & CO. have combined two very desirable things in a watch — cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

STAMMERING!

Cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. For Descriptive Pamphlets, &c., address

H. T. L. MEARS, 217 W. 23d Street, N. Y.

The Soldier's Gift

To the Loved One at Home.

We will deliver *Free* of freight charge, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., any of our beautiful Albums of the value of $25 or more, that may be ordered by members of the Army or Navy of the United States as Presents to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles of all prices to $15, and higher.

E. H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers and Importers,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

Lands. To all Wanting Farms.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Both soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable with in four years. Good business opening for MANUFACTURERS and MECHANICS; schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are now settling and building. The large crops of the past season is laid out in town-ground lots, and sold at low prices, payable in small monthly payments. Prices full information will be forwarded. Address CHAS. E. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From the Editor of Rebel Robbery, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in the vicinity of a level position and suitable condition to please, and we know of this side of the West-ern prairies.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 215 *Third Street, New York.* **68** *Kilby Street, Boston.*

A GOLD OR SILVER WATCH
And a Gold Chain Free.

NEW STATIONERY FREE PACKETS for the Holidays. NEW and USEFUL INDUCEMENTS to AGENTS. Send for our New Circular.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 58 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Shults' Ongwent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan, Pimples and Freckles, may easily be procured by using the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For shaving it is unequaled. It is composed of pure oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by which operation the skin is rendered soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 105 and 107 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

Amalgam Bells.



Cheapest and best for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, &c. Equal in tone and durability to any other metal, and two-thirds less in price, or 12 cts. per lb. Send for a circular to the manufacturer, JOHN B. ROGERS, 128 PRATT, BETWEEN 4th & 5th, 199 Water St., N. Y.

Strange Stories of a Detective; or,

Curiosities of Crime.

BY A RETIRED MEMBER OF THE DETECTIVE POLICE.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Published by DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. 18 ANN Street, N. Y.

Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

The Romance of Western Life.
American Tales, No. 1.
62 Double-Column Octavo Pages.

On the Plains;
OR,
A Race for Life.

A Story of Adventure among the Black Hills.

Price Ten Cents. Complete.

This fine romance, by one of the most eminent and widely popular authors, is overrunning with the excitement and novel incidents of hunters' and trappers' experience, and of Indian life and warfare. It is also full of the drollest humor, and has enough of a love story in it to give it a well-ad interest.

☞ So much never before has been given for the price of a cents. Single copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. For sale by all Booksellers.

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, Publishers' Agent,
No. 121 Nassau Street, New York.

THE

Atlantic Monthly

COMMENCES ITS TWENTIETH VOLUME with the JANUARY number. Its regular contributors are LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, AGASSIZ, LOWELL, EMERSON, WHITTIER, HOLMES, and other of the

LEADING AMERICAN WRITERS,

and it aims to give its readers each month

☞ *The Best Literature* ☜

which American talent can furnish.

Subscription, $3 00 per year, postage paid. Liberal Reduction to Clubs. Specimen numbers sent on receipt of four cents postage. Address TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Of great power, from $3 50 to $25. Spectacles and Eye Glasses of every description.

B. H. HOES,
Manufacturing Optician,
Salesroom, 278 Broadway, up stairs. Send for circular.

ARMS and LEGS.

Selpho's Patent (established 24 years). These celebrated substitutes for lost limbs can be had only of WM. SELPHO & SON, 810 Broadway, N. Y.

FURS.
C. G. GUNTHER & SONS.
FUR WAREHOUSE,
46 Maiden Lane. New York.
Importers Manufacturers and Shippers
of Raw Furs and Skins.

Invite attention to their extensive Assortment of Ladies' Furs now on hand.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
19 Maiden Lane AND **22 John Street,**
31 Rue du Chateau D'Eau, Paris, Sands St., Birmingham, England.

French and English Fancy Goods.

PORCELAIN VASES. MANTEL ORNAMENTS. MARBLE CLOCKS. BRONZE STATUETTES. OPERA GLASSES. PORTEMONNAIES. OBJETS AND DESSKING CASES. CARVED WOOD WORK-BOXES. LADIES' CARDS. OPERA GLASSES. FANS. LEATHER BAGS. ALSO JET AND CORAL JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES, &c.

MILITARY GOODS—GUNS—PISTOLS—CUTLERY, &c.

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY & GRAHAM.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

OIL STUDS—Red, White, and Black, engraved with Initials, 75c. per pair, will be sent free on receipt of the price by mail. Nine of Each, $1 50 per set; cash. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of Ivory goods, 397 Canal St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE

For 30 cts. (coin preferred), magnifying small objects **500** times. FIVE DIFFERENT powers for $1 00. Mailed free. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 926, Boston, Mass.

(A CARD.)

The Rev. CHARLES E. KING, formerly Secretary to the London Evangelical Alliance, and recently connected, as resident Minister and Physician, with the Venezuelan Mission, will visit **Free of Cost** *on the Prescription* with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, upward of *one hundred cases of* **CONSUMPTION** *in the first, second, and third stages.*

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of **Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis** and all affections of the **Lungs, Throat** and **Air-Passages;** while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled Nervous System, and energizes the prostrated functions of the **Stomach, Liver,** and **Bowels.**

Permission is given to refer to the Presidents and Professors of the two Medical Colleges of the City, and to the Rev. MESSRS. ADAMS, POTTER, SAYRES, and VAN BUREN.

Address, with stamp,
Rev. CHARLES E. KING,
Station D, Bible House,
New York.

P. S.—I wish publicly to acknowledge the generosity of those publishers who, from a sense of humanity, have given this advertisement gratuitous insertion. Religious papers are earnestly requested to copy.

ROMAN SCARFS SENT BY MAIL EVERYWHERE

3.000 dozen pure Roman Scarfs.

Made from the Purest and Softest Silk.

These are the most beautiful, elegant, and economical Scarfs ever imported, as they are reversible, one Scarf is as good as two.

They are much worn in Europe by both ladies and gentlemen. Can be worn with either pin or ring.

The whole Scarf is sent at

WHOLESALE PRICES!

$1 50 AND $2 EACH.

A single Scarf sent by mail on receipt of the cash, and six cents for postage.

Very fine Gold Plated Scarf Pins or Rings
Worth $2, sent by mail, $1 00 each.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELLED WHITE,

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Price $1 each, sent by mail to any part of the Union on receipt of $1 15.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, N. Y.

FRENCH FLANNEL

OVERSHIRTS

the largest assortment in New York. $2 75, $3, $3 75 each; all cut one pattern.

A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of the measure to enclose—35 cents for each Shirt.

Give the size of your neck.

ENGLISH MEDIUM UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2, $2 25, and $2 50. SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS. ALSO, FINE WHITE SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE AT $24, $30, $36, AND $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

The Cash to be paid to Express company on receipt of goods.

S. W. H. WARD,
No. 387 Broadway, New York.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever SKATE BUCKLE,

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 510 Pearl St., New York, 68 Kilby St., Boston.

BILLIARD BALLS.

Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 2¼ and 2⅝ in., $16 per set. 2⅜ in. Bagatelle, $6 per set. 1¾ in. Bagatelle, $4 per set, with best assortment of Billiard Supplies. Manufactured and for sale by WM. M. WELLING, 397 Canal St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.

FISK & HATCH.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

$15 Per Day Easy $15
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unequaled,* and saleable extra large size FREE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing SIX WHOLE REAMS of paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, 50 Miscellaneous articles, Parlor, Ladies' Fancy Work, Designs for needlework, Cottage Interior, Household Companion, Copy Conglomerate the Soldiers, Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer a Guide, Married Physician, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1864, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Reasonable Jewelry,* Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, many dollars. Price each Package ONLY **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand unique as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all description put up by the 100 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the Army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SILVER HUNTING WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece,* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW CIRCULARS, containing *Extra Premium Inducements,* and Specimen Pkg. S. C. BEARDS & CO., **102** MASON ST., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package Home in the World.

$35 WATCHES. $35
Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of *good* Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection or collect.

J. L. FERGUSON, Watch Maker,
206 Broadway New York.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Remington's

ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Sold by Dealers Everywhere. Sold by the Trade generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee exchanging each Pen. Send for a circular. Fine Pencils, $1 00 per dozen.

E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Twenty-six years' experience in procuring Patents, rare. Specimens of the Paper, rare.

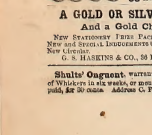


PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the USEFUL HOUSEHOLD and MEDICAL Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. The Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2 25; or with 6 beautiful mounted objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.

Address, HENRY CLARK,
335 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.



The only enamelled "Turn-over" Collar made in sections. Send 6f for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Stickup" to Box 3124, and receive it by return mail. A American enamelled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$9 positively made from 50 cts.! A singularly modest fly every article. Call and examine, or six samples sent free by mail for 50 cts.; retails for $15, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 161 Fulton Street, N. Y.

A Household Word.—Buy your Thanksgiving Turkey at BAILEY'S, Corner Division, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

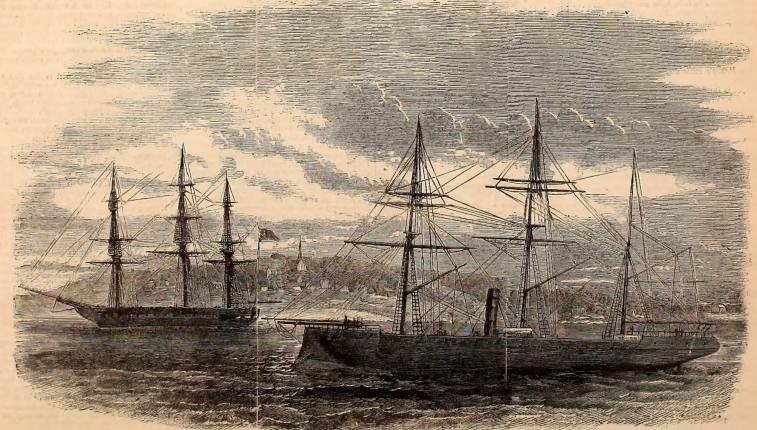
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 364.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

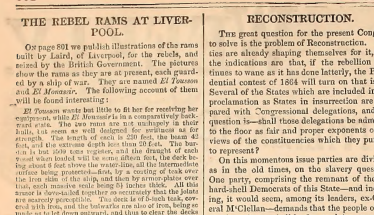


THE LAIRD RAM "EL MONASSIR," SEIZED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE LAIRD RAM "EL TOUSSON" SEIZED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE REBEL RAMS AT NEW ORLEANS.



POOL.

On page 801 we publish illustrations of the rams built by Laird, of Liverpool, for the rebels, and seized by the British Government. The pictures show the rams as they are at present, each guarded by a ship of war. They are named *El Tousson* and *El Monassir*. The following account of them will be found interesting:

El Tousson waste but little to fit her for receiving her engines, while *El Monassir* is in a comparatively forward state. The two rams are not uniformly in their build, but are both designed for service abroad or for draught. The length of each is 220 feet, the beam 45 feet, and the depth of hold less than 20 feet. The beam is but 360 tons register, and the draught of each is not much more than nine and one fifth feet. Reckoning about 6 feet above the water-line, all the intermediate surface between the ends is built by a system which uses the iron skin of the ship, and then by arrow-plates over that, each inclined to the vertical at 30 degrees. All this armor is three-inched together so accurately that the joints are scarcely perceptible. The deck is of 6-inch iron, covered with iron, and the bulwarks are also of iron, being so much as to form armor-guard, and thus protect the deck during action. Two retracting cylindrical turrets, on the principles invented by Captain Coles, are apportioned to each ship, one turret being before and the other abaft her superstructure. There is also a pilot-house, constructed of teak, and iron-plated. Each turret carries two guns, placed in the opposite way, so that they can be brought to bear nearly in the same direction at one time. The walls of the turret is a series of circular spaces, like that of an 8-shilling, and of these iron cells are to be filled by with teak, making one solid and uniform mass, which is to be again strengthened and rendered well-nigh impregnable by armor-plates. Each ship is furnished with a propeller and sharp iron prow or beak projecting from the bow, but under the water-line, to enable the vessel to run down, ironsram, and so damage an antagonist, somewhat in the way, but in a more powerful style, than the steam-ram from Virginia destroyed the *Cumberland* in the James River. The ships will be fitted in their construction with the name of "rams" but being driven to the vessels. At each side of the vessel is raised deck, forming a passage-way connection quarters for officers and men; and the fore-castle is said to carry one or two heavy guns, and to be fortified. In the captain's cabin are port-holes, out of the President; and there is no capacity for a 100 tons of coal. The machinery, as a matter of course, is all below the water-line. Their steering will be so formed as to protect the screw and rudder from shot or collision.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863.

THE ARMIES.

ANOTHER period of inaction appears to be upon us. The battle of Chattanooga secured Grant's position at that point, enabled him to obtain supplies freely and abundantly, and to accumulate them there for a fresh advance into Georgia. But some time must necessarily elapse before that advance can be commenced. Soldiers say that it will take sixty days to make Chattanooga a proper base for an offensive movement against Rome and Atlanta. During all this time, therefore, it will be safe to look for dullness in the army of the Cumberland —quarrelling, sickness, the destruction of supply-trains, captures of bushwhackers, etc., are likely to be the most prominent events in the history of the army during the months of December and January.

The armies in Virginia are notoriously going into winter-quarters. Whether the winter advance of Meade was intended to provoke a battle with Lee, or merely to prevent the rebel army from being weakened by sending a large batch of reinforcements to Longstreet or Harder, certain it is that all thought of active operations appears to have been abandoned on both sides for the present. Neither General is a tumultuous of advancing into what may now be properly termed the Great Virginian desert, or of leaving his base unshielded in Fairfax and Loudoun. Until February, we presume, we shall hear nothing more exciting from Northern Virginia than Mosby's raids and Kilpatrick's reconnoissances.

Nor is it probable that Burnside will attempt anything more than to hold his position in East Tennessee, and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. To advance on Abingdon by the route Longstreet took in retreating will be a very proper course for a season when Grant and Meade are ready to move from their respective bases. As an independent operation it could yield no fruits that would compensate for the risk it would involve.

So at Charleston and on the Rio Grande. It is to us not to indulge sanguine hopes of any striking news from there for some time to come. It is difficult to see what Gilmore can do—in addition to what he has done already—without large reinforcements. Banks seems to have completed his work for the present by the capture of Brownsville, and the occupation of the line of the Rio Grande.

On the whole, the prospect of a couple of months of comparative dullness may be considered fair. In February next our armies will have swelled by a conscription of 300,000 fresh men, will be in a condition to move simultaneously and vigorously on the various points in the rebel States which they now menace. Grant from Chattanooga, Gilmore from Morris Island, Meade from Manassas, Burnside from Knoxville, and perhaps Butler from Norfolk, will advance with the prestige of past victory and present strength. They ought to be successful. The bulk of their armies will be veteran. They will be superior to the enemy in numbers, equipment, and morale. They will be under Generals whom they and the nation can trust. They ought to crush out the rebellion before Congress adjourns.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE great question for the present Congress to solve is the problem of Reconstruction. Parties are already shaping themselves for it, and the indications are that, if the rebellion continues to wane as it has done latterly, the Presidential contest of 1864 will turn on that issue. Several of the States which are included in the proclamation of the President have already prepared with Congressional delegations, and the question is—shall those delegations be admitted to the floor as fair and proper exponents of the views of the constituencies which they purport to represent?

On this momentous issue parties are divided, as by a chasm, on the slavery question. One party, comprising the remnant of the old hard-shell Democrats of this State—and including, it would seem, among its leaders, ex-General McClellan—demands that the people of the Southern States shall be free to claim representation in Congress at any time they please without regard to the social institutions which they favor for their respective States. This party is understood to be patronized by Mr. Montgomery Blair of the Cabinet, and to be represented by the so-called delegation from Louisiana. Another party, at least as numerous and as influential as the first, declares that the whole object of the war having been slavery no State shall be readmitted to the Union until it shall have rooted out that institution. This party is represented in the Cabinet by Secretary Chase, and has for its Congressional exponents the leading members of the Republican majority.

It is between these two parties that the great battle of the Congress of 1863–4 will be waged. It needs no sagacity to foresee that the Democrats—Republicans of New England will side with the latter the peace men will espouse the cause of the former.

On both sides the common sense there is one point to be made. It is due to the country that Congress should admit to its floor no sham delegations, whatever latitude it may do. If an individual, or several individuals, present themselves as representatives of this or that constituency, and no man of loyalty can be misled by a fair majority of the ordinary and legitimate members of that constituency, it is clear that they ought not to be admitted. Men are ready to claim admission to Congress from States in insurrection, and their claim is chiefly based on their hostility to slavery. Now that hostility is, in some view, a very proper sentiment. But it does not constitute a warrant for a seat in Congress. On the other hand, some semi-rebels in Louisiana appear to be desirous to send some of their property from the wreck by sending certain persons to Washington as members of Congress, having previously sent their slaves to Cuba to keep an Asylum for them prior to Richmond as members of the rebel Congress. It is not pretended that these persons received a fair majority of the suffrages of the legally-qualified voters in the constituencies which they claim to represent. It is notorious that a majority of those were in the rebel army. Under these circumstances Congress would seem to have a very simple duty to perform in excluding these pseudo-representatives.

When a State like Missouri, whose population has not been diminished to any material extent by the war, elects representatives by the usual or nearly the usual vote, there is every good reason for excluding them, whether they are Abolitionists or Copperheads. Their opinions are their affair, not the nation's. But where individuals claim to represent Louisiana or North Carolina, and it is demonstrable that at their election not above a tithe of the legally-constituted voters deposited their suffrages, it would be a fraud to admit them to Congress as legally elected members.

There is no reason to be in a hurry to solve the problem of reconstruction. It will be time enough to do that when the rebel armies of Lee and Bragg are scattered, and present the only safe rule is the old rule of truth and honesty—to admit no man to Congress who can not show that he has been fairly elected by the votes of legally-constituted voters; and to refuse no man a seat, whatever his opinions may be, who can show such an election.

THE WAR.

THE TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

THE following letter comes to the Lounger from an officer of one of the New York regiments in the Army of the Gulf. The revelation of the suffering of faithful American citizens under the fierce terrorism of the rebellion is startling. The rebel General Orders which our correspondent inclosee, and which follow his letter, were found upon an officer of the rebel General Mouton's brigade, captured by a detachment of Major-General Washburn's division, near St Martinsville, south of the Red River. They show how desperate is the resistance made by Southern men against the "Confederate Government," and how earnest their hate of the "liberty and independence" proffered them by a slaveholding oligarchy:

CAMP AT VERMILION BAYOU, LOUISIANA, *November*, 1863.

To the Lounger in the Library:

The circular which I inclose will tell you its own story, and will be allowed, I hope, to find a response in that sympathies and daith of a hundred thousand loyal men and women. Were there no other evidence existing of loyalty in rebellious Louisiana—of true, tried, unwavering loyalty, which love and lies be being, even though hunted, persecuted, and measured by such incarnations of traitorous hate and cruelty as Sterling Price, Richard Taylor, and Alfred Mouton—this circular would nevertheless triumphantly prove the fact.

ARE there, Mr. Lounger, among the worthy people whom you visit weekly, some who have never felt the burdens of the war, save in the tax-gatherer has knocked now loudly at their doors, and who have never felt the bitter bitterness of the loss to which they have mourned the decline of gold, and yet who have complained loudly of its hardships? Are there among them persons who think the old Union ship must yet outride the storm has wavered, and whose hearts have grown captious, even beneath the graceful shadow of the Old Flag? If such there be, let me ask them to read and learn how the Wittingtons, the Thrasers, the Lewis, the Hebbards, the Robertsons, have been made the victims of a relentless and cold-blooded persecution! Learn how their homes are rooms and trades of their State; proscribed, outlawed, murdered in secret, because—and I would that it might be blazoned in characters of fire before Copperheads' eyes—*because they could not [lift the traitor's hand against their beloved country!* Here, then, is evidence of the true patriot spirits! The soul of all the Army of the Gulf cries out to them in sympathy and encouragement.

This circular has probably been prepared for distribution to the people of the State, and has, undoubtedly, the authority of our Generals in this Department.

Yours in loyalty,

GENERAL ORDERS.—No. 1.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORCES SOUTH OF RED RIVER, VERMILION BAYOU, *November* 14, 1863.

Information has been received that there are bands of robbers, deserters, marauders, and stragglers from the army above Houston, on the Colcasieu River, in the parish of Rapides, down to the lower parishes, extending into the parishes of Lafayette and St. Mary, on the Bayou Teche, which are committing depredations, robberies, and incendiarism, and who are encouraging others to desert and join the bands in their hands. Such men can only be considered as outlaws, traitors, and deserters.

In consequence:

1. You will proceed with your battalion up to the Calcasieu River, and in the vicinity of Hineston, in the parish of Rapides, and from that point scour the whole country up to the settlements in Natchitoches Parish, if necessary, to the Bayou Teche, in search of these outlaws, highwaymen, and traitors. All such bands, beyond the pale of society, must be exterminated, especially the leaders; and every man found with arms for the purpose of resisting the operations of the Confederate laws, or against whom satisfactory evidence may be given, must be executed on the spot.

No prisoners should be taken. Such as are not sufficiently implicated for immediate execution must be liberated, and, if convicts, ordered to report forthwith. Men by the men and women by women. Negroes, Carrizo, Huddleston, have been designated as some of the ringleaders.

By order of Brigadier-General ALFRED MOUTON:

LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant-General.

To Major O. A. FRANKLIN, Fifteenth Texas Infantry.

These instructions are to be kept secret, and no one is allowed to know the objects of your movements except yourself.

True copy:

LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant G. J. DESLAND, Acting Adjutant.

AN ANTI-IMPERIAL VIEW IN FRANCE.

A LATE number of the *Correspondant*, a monthly Parisian review, contains an article upon French policy in Mexico, from the pen of M. Rio, which is interesting and valuable as an anti-Imperial view of the subject. There is no longer any doubt of the loyalty of the Emperor to the United States. There is no question that he has constantly besought Great Britain to join him in recognition of the independence of the "Confederacy." His conquest of Mexico proceeded upon the expectation of the ruin of the Government and country. Whatever else he may be he is no friend of ours; and he is a more dangerous enemy than Great Britain because he is more subtle.

The article in the *Correspondant* begins by the proposition that the sympathy of France belongs to the cause of civil organization in this war of anarchy as in all others. It sketches our political history since the adoption of the Constitution, and the great fidelity and knowledge, showing, what no one competent to speak now denies, that the invasion has no other object than the perpetuity of slavery. What affinity then, asks M. Moreau, exists between France and the rebel States? Is the community of political religion, as some pretend? A few words prick that bubble, and lead to the conclusion that "liberal, conservative, and Catholic France has nothing in common with the cause of the South, which is merely slavery."

The article shows that the interests of France imperiously demand the maintenance of the Union upon the great, traditional, general ground that the prosperity of Britain must be balanced by another maritime state of the first class. The reasons which originally recommended this policy to France are of course stronger. The Emperor opposes ours other than it agrees with it," is the judgment of M. Moreau; and he does not find for any possible expansion whether any danger so threatening as that flowing from our destruction here. His article, which we can only commend to the thoughtful consideration of the reader, concludes in these words:

Does it therefore follow (from the recent exercises of the Government) that the end of the civil war is as near as we should wish? We do not venture to affirm it. The rebel Generals of the South may yet substitute themselves upon the defensive for a long time, and even signally check their adversaries. Their numerous attacker, dearly bought, as a victor whose armies are recruited with difficulty. If the rebel Government can continue to support its armies, and armies within an ever narrower circle, the Southern people, weary of their sufferings and resultless war, will force peace upon leaders who have deceived them. In a future article we shall consider whether France has bartered or hindered this result."

WORDS AND THINGS.

IN a Rifle speech at Gettysburg Mr. Seward speaks of the rebels as our "misguided brethren." It is true in a certain sense that all sinners are our brothers. Morrissey, Arnold, Hyer, Benjamin, murdered his wife and two children in a London cab a few weeks since, are all in a certain sense misguided. But is it not very superfluous to use those words as if they covered the case? The rebels at the South know exactly what they are fighting for, what they mean to accomplish if they can. They are sagacious and desperate; and while Mr. Seward does well in reminding us that those are many who are deluded, and while we know, as the letter from Louisiana which we publish elsewhere in these columns shows, that there are hundreds of brave hearts still beating faithful to the country, yet it is no less undeniable that any policy in treating the rebels from the idea that they are to be conciliated would be as futile as for the Parliament of England to have regarded Laud, Strafford, and the King as misguided brethren.

In fact this country could not be engaged in a war in which the enemy would have the humanity as the rebels. They are stout, resolute, irreconcilable. They are men to conquer or to be conquered. They have shown their pluck, their skill, their endurance. Now fine words butter no parsnips. Open enemies must not be treated as friends by saying "We are sorry to be so counted, they are to be conquered. If we clearly understand that, we are as safe in victory as in battle. If we deceive ourselves, we shall lose the victory even if we win the battle.

RESULTS.

THE London *Spectator*, one of our ablest and generally most intelligent friends in England, says that the only satisfactory aspect of the war is under series of conflicts equally without result—the North is not suffering much because the South is not; and its loss; the South not suffering much, because its laboring class is not in the field." When the *Spectator* sees the speech of Mr. Lincoln it will change its opinion. Meanwhile what does it mean by "equally without result?" Has there been as yet no result? Is the opening of the Mississippi, the holding of Chattanooga, and the marching upon Rome in Virginia no result? Is the unbroken will fields of victory, no result? In the clear exhaustion of emancipation as an integral part of the policy of the war is there no result? Is the universal unanimous support of the Government by States that have opposed it, no result? Or is nothing a "result" but a final and complete overthrow of the Rebellion?

If the editor of the London *Spectator*, upon his way home from his office at night, were only going a hundred yards, a friend who said "Tut! tut! still walking home, and only made a hundred yards? Why, my dear editor, it seems to me that the only visible prospect for you is another series of steps, equally without result." What would the learned editor say? Certainly in his shrewd way he would answer: "My good fellow, it is only by a series of steps that I get on at all; and if I can make every hundred yards with the same result as the last hundred, I shall soon be at home and happy to see you."

A MELANCHOLY EVENT.

THE gentleman who call themselves a Conservative Union Committee, and who lately met in Cincinnati to consider whether General McClellan should be held as a candidate for President or Vice-President, are remarkable for never representing any public or popular movement whatever. They are the ruins of the old Whig party. The Lords here have once had office and years for it still; and they revenge their disdain for being unable to return the signs of the times by separate hats of those who are wiser. They are the gentlemen who nominated Mr. Fillmore in 1856, and in 1860, professing a peculiar and exclusive veneration for the Union and the Constitution, they nominated Mr. John Bell. The present statesmen, upon the first opportunity, became a rebel; and his late supporters, who, if they could learn any thing, would know that Mr. Bell was the only perfect "gentleman" present the "conservation" which is simply unquestioning submission to slavery, now propose the name of General M'Clellan as their candidate for some office not specified.

His enemies, of course, will rejoice that his chances are destroyed before the campaign begins. Any party which should take a candidate from the hands of such politicians as Mr. Ward, Mr. Mr. Leslie Combs, and Mr. Washington Hunt—all of them gentlemen with an unerring genius for defeat and unequaled in their wonderful simplicity—but it expected to lose. And they touch their candidate not merely to make him ridiculous. "Everybody," they say, "is his name was mentioned for the Presidency; now it is suggested for the Vice-Presidency. People will think that he is the most estimable elephant on our hands? shall we put him in the front parlor or under the stairs? Let us adjourn and think it over."

When a man remembers the vital importance at this great crisis, that the principle upon which he has been elected and the interests of civilization themselves, are at stake; that the solution of the question requires the most profound study in the human liberty and the people; and that it can be reached only as the people revolve wisely and justly, and then see the foolish of lack politicians offering to be leaders and saviors, he can not but wonder at the singular fortunes of a General once so universally trusted and honored, but now a worn a hundred fold more unfortunate in his friends than in his enemies.

EUROPE AT HOME.

A KING has just died in Denmark who never wished to be king. He heartily disliked his throne, and was always willing to abdicate. His political principles were republican; and within the last few weeks, when the independence of Denmark has been threatened by Russia, he said plainly that if he were pushed to the wall he would declare a republic in Denmark, call upon the people, lead them, and leave Europe to the consequences of that proceeding.

This was King Frederick Seventh of Denmark. He had two royal wives, from each of which he

was separated, and married, at last, Louis Rameau, a pretty ballet-dancer, who proved to be his most devoted and, as he insisted, most valuable friend. Once, when he was coldly received in the Southern Danish provinces, he said at a banquet that, although he was a king, he did not mean to lose his privilege as a man to marry the woman he loved best. Such frankness seldom hurts a king, and he is thought to have been the best monarch that Denmark has had for a hundred years.

His death complicates European politics. It makes the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question necessary. The same will be recognized by all who remember the war of fifty years ago, which ended, nothing; for it is precisely the same disputed point which is now raised, whether Germany or Denmark shall govern the Duchies. The question is one of those which Louis Napoleon's Congress might determine, if his Congress could ever meet, or agree, or enforce its agreements. In any case it is another European trouble. We may relieve ourselves from it by not forcing it upon the Powers. The European Powers will have their hands full at home. Our struggle will be decided by American hands and heads upon American soil; and the peace which Europe has not reached, after centuries of war, because it always awaits a very radical settlement, we shall establish upon immutable foundations.

LITERARY.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is now the most popular of English novelists after Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, although doubtless he has much less value in the market. His works are the result of sturdy British resolution and industry; and the secret of their charm is that they contain common sense—the faithful pictures of the life around him. Average human character in its various aspects of love-making, and sister, starting, Intrigue, wilfulness, weakness, bravery, thriftiness, amiability, and good sense, is the material upon which he works. There are no high lights of imaginative color upon his pictures. There is nothing inspiring and haunting in his effects. He is a careful observer, an unexaggerating delineator; and he has such humor and sense and good heart that every thing he writes is graphic, entertaining, and instructive. His last story, "Rachel Ray" (Harpers), is not below the best he has written. In fact it is among the very best of recent novels.

The very opposite to Mr. Trollope is Miss Braddon, who has written, "John Marchmont's Legacy," is also issued by the Harpers. Miss Braddon has always a story to tell involving passion, crime, and mystery. In this story she has the readers off without a case of bigamy or even murder, though there is enough of villainy of other sorts to make up for the plot of a good half dozen thrilling sensation stories. Tastes differ in respect to novels as well as other things. Miss Braddon's novels are not to our taste; and they are to that of an immense class of readers, who will pronounce "John Marchmont's Legacy" quite equal to "Aurora Floyd."

"Peculiar" is the title of a novel by Epes Sargent (Carleton). Its sale is already very large—a fact which shows the interest it has excited. The story is exceedingly characteristic tale of American life; for it has born with unsparing hand all the interior and inveterable social horrors of the system which has plunged the country into war. That is the object of the book. It is a slow fire, the good-natured pride fire of the most wretched of men and women. As a tale it is in some parts almost too painful, too tragical. But it will remain to the household horror of every one else as a picture of actual life in America in the nineteenth century.

The Christmas books, if not very many, are to be very beautiful. The Harpers announce their Illustrated Bible in a noble gift, the "Book of the Nineteenth Century," copiously and richly illustrated, and a delightful book with Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution," one of the most interesting chronicles ever published.—Putnam announces illustrated a small quarto of "Child's Book." It is as fine a volume as our publishing resources can produce, and the best of our artists have contributed to it. The book-trade is always as charming as a Christmas carol, and brings the holidays with it; and although the copies of this issue have been rapidly taken, the purchasers of Christmas shops and all epicures in books should at least look at them.—Schreiber (Tickner & Fields) is of Prescott" the historian (Tickner & Fields) is e Co. have a new edition of Dr. Holland's poem "Bitter-Sweet," arranged in gorgeous holiday attire. Its typographical apotheosis is a proof of its popularity.—Shelden & Company announce a reprint edition of the Works of Charles Dickens. We believe, nearly completed. The latest volumes contain "Hard Times" and a delightful edition of Christmas Stories.

In every respect this is by far the most beautiful edition of Dickens published either in America or England. The paper and typographical editions by Darley are not among the least of its attractions.

Among all the beautiful books, old and new, which appear with the season, there is also promise of the speedy publication, by Lippincott of Philadelphia, of the "History of Charles the Bold," by John Foster Kirk, the amanuensis and reader of the historian Prescott. We have carefully read a large part of the work in sheets, and feel very sure that our impression will be confirmed by the public. The subject is fortunate for a writer who makes his first essay at this time and in this country. It is the story of the struggle between the King of France, Louis XI., and his great Burgundian vassal, for the establishment of the French nation. It is the conflict between Feudalism and the modern spirit. Mr. Kirk is obviously amply accomplished for his task. He is familiar not only with the chronicles, published and unpublished, of the period, but with the general literature which throws upon his work all the side-lights that illustrate and interpret the times of which he writes. His style is remarkably simple, pure, and vigorous. It is only five years since, therefore, that, for a time, apparently too subdued and level, it rises with occasion into a picturesque energy. It is bowing of the head. Simple, and we own is more pleasing to us than that of Prescott, which if clear, and polished, and careful, is neither simple nor picturesque.

Mr. Kirk's work is quite sure to take rank with our best histories, and to secure to him, in public recognition, the worthy reward of his long and faithful labor.

We must mention in a line the republication by Leypoldt, of Philadelphia (who publishes Mr. Lowell's marvelous translations of Heine's "Grenadiers," and more recently his "Book of Songs"), of Matthew Arnold's masterly essay upon Henry Heine, one of the acutest and most delicate criticisms of the time.

"Mr. Wind and Madame Rain," translated from the French of Paul de Musset, and quaintly illustrated by Oscar artist Chaffard, is one of the most thoroughly delightful juveniles of the season. It has just that amount of half allegorical, half humorous fancy which affords every child pleasure to the rising generation. (Harpers.)

"The Life of Toulouinet L'Ouverture" (Redpath) is the biography of a man whose name has been vaguely known through the world since 1791. Madame Elizabeth reported of "The Hour and the Man," and whom Mr. Phillips's historical lecture has drawn in fragments from the dim recesses of all his hearers. This is Toulouinet's biography by Dr. Beard, and his autobiography. At this time it is of the greatest interest. The life of the black saint was born a black African slave, and he died the victim of the jealousy and fatality of Napoleon Bonaparte, who sent him to a French prison out of "the horrors of St. Domingo." Whoever would know exactly what those horrors were should read this book; and he will learn, as no well-informed student longer doubts, that they sprang from the slaveries and atrocities of the Old World, and from the savage blood-thirstiness of the blacks. A more instructive and tragical tale was never told. We commend it to every thoughtful American citizen.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

WASHINGTON going hints at the removal of General MEADE, and points to the appointment in his place of General BANKS.

Lieutenant BARTH, of Company F, of the Second Rhode Island Cavalry, and Lieutenant HOWARD, of the Second Rhode Island Artillery, have been sentenced, the former to be hard labor on Fort Jefferson for three years, and the latter to imprisonment for six months, for plundering from a planter while out on a foraging expedition.

The Assistant Surgeon's examination for promotion is favorably. He is now permitted to receive the visits of his friends.

Captain JEROME B. TAFT, formerly of the Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, was executed as a spy by the rebels, residing on the Fountaine River, Illinois, before the last rebel incursion into that section.

It is stated that General GRANT has captured, since his departure for Chattanooga, four companies of rebel cavalry, dressed and seventy-two canons and ninety thousand prisoners from the enemy.

Colonel TYLER, of the Sixty-fifth Pennsylvania, Captain O'BRIEN, of the Sixty-third New York, and Colonel WOOD, of the Thirty-second U. S. Colored Troops, New Hampshire, having satisfactorily defended themselves before a Court of Inquiry, have been restored to their positions in the army.

Captain Asa G. HUGHES, Second New York State Militia Eighty-second United States Volunteers, who was discharged the service about the 1st of May, 1862, on account of his sanitated to his command, by order of the President, as the instance of Judge-Advocate-General HOLT, and with the present month, on account of meritorious services in the field, during the seven days' battles and subsequent retreat before which Captain HUGHES was arraigned and honorably acquitted, and reinstate their wishes.

The statement that General FOSTER of the French Minister, Count MONTHOLON, had been ordered to leave Mexico at Secretary Seward's instance, is false. Mr. SEWARD has no power to dictate to any of the foreign Ministers in Mexico, or other information procurable by the Department, that would warrant such a measure. Neither General FOSTER, nor the French Ministry, have any information now which was not known at the time of his interview.

Lieutenant-General WILLIAM H. HOEARS, whose brilliant charge on the enemy at Orange Grove has been repeatedly mentioned in the most favorable terms by General Meade, and Tarbox's the entire of this brigade's movements commanding the Second Corps.

Captain R. CHAMBERS, formerly of General KEOGH'S Staff, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the cavalry contraband of the defenses north of the Potomac.

Captain FREEMAN, First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, has been appointed Assistant Commissary of the Nineteenth Regiment colored troops.

In connection with the Army of the Potomac states that General THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER was captured during the late engagement, and is now a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He was not on duty, but was visiting the army in Virginia's dress.

The rebel General PEARSON, with his Staff, has left for the Confederate capital, having been duly exchanged for the head-quarters of his brigade. Being cut off from Tennessee, he is expected to take command in the field of operations.

Rear-Admiral THOMAS had assumed the duties of Quarter-master-General, in the absence of General MEIGS, who was expected that command would be duly conducted to the delivery of troops through Quarter-masters at Alexandria, Washington, and Baltimore, and transportation distributed, discovered that immense frauds had been practiced upon the Government by the connivance of contractors and Quarter-masters, amounting to several millions of dollars. Several of the Quarter-masters, Brevet-Major and Brevet-Colonel have been sent to the Old Capitol Prison.

The Secretary of the Navy has promoted Engine Driver of the monitor *Lehigh*, to the grade of Acting Master in the volunteer service, for distinguished gallantry under a severe fire of the enemy from Fort Moultrie.

Major-General BUTLER has appointed Major General W. CLARK, Third New York Cavalry, Cavalry Inspector in his Department.

Brevet-Major-General BURNS, when QUANTRELL had killed in the rebel papers several times during the month of October, is still alive and well at Fort Smith, Ark., on the 24 of December.

The rebel Lieutenant-General POLK and Staff were in Montgomery, November 15, on their way to their new field of duty in Mississippi.

Major PITCHFORK, of the Second Michigan, has been heard from. His wounded leg has been amputated, and he is doing well. The most singular part of his capture is that he fell into the hands of a brother in the rebel ranks.

Rumors, generally credited, but unconfirmed, are in circulation that General PEMBERTON has been appointed to the command of the forces in South Carolina.

It is reported that General SHOWMAN and Staff, and Colonel CAMPBELL, have been ordered to Kansas, but that they declined to accept the appointment.

The following promotions in the volunteer service have been appointed: ROBERT PITCHFIRE, LEONARD B. SWAIN, A. S. HOLLIS, JOHN C. MCCLELLAN, and JOHN C. MCCLELLAN, JR., to be M. HOUGHTON, and JAMES H. THOMPSON.

The Secretary of the Navy has appointed the captains in the attack and capture of the south side of Morris Island, the Secretary of the Navy has appointed Acting Captain WILLIAM KRAFT to the grade of Acting Master in the volunteer service.

A pamphlet containing charges and specifications preferred by Brigadier-General A. L. HOUGHTON, U.S. Volunteers commanding First Division, Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, against Chief of Staff to General Meade, by Jacob G. FRICK, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, has been distributed among the members of the Senate. The charges are the following: "1. Drunkenness on duty. 2. Habitual and unreasonable sentiments," "violation of fifth Article of War." "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," "disciplina, and tending to mutiny and sedition," "promised that he would be responsible for making an officer and a gentleman," and "drunkenness." He is alleged that these charges were in the hands of Brigadier-General HOUGHTON, and subsequently forwarded to the President, General HALLECK, and General HUNT, Chief of Artillery. The object seems to be to revoke himself.

An specimen of the charges we give the specification of the first charge:

In that—Staff, on the Brigadier-General A. A. HOUGHTON, commanding, etc., did say, "I'll G—d—d I with none our staff and he can report to me in person to-day (alluding to McCLELLAN) to Washington, and that the whole d—d Staff can go to Washington and be d—d," or words to the like tenor and effect. I believe the army would willingly see the last of McCLELLAN and his Staff." Dated at Camp, 27th day of November, A.D. 1863.

General Grenfell has been appointed a member of a court-martial to try the cases of civilians accused of certain offenses.

Dr. SWAIM, Medical Inspector of the Sanitary Commission, left Washington last week for Harrison's Ferry, Centre County, Pa., to examine the sites for the location of the new hospitals in that quarter, in connection with the commission.

Captain RUTHERFURD has been appointed Chief Quartermaster of the cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, vice Colonel BECKWITH, promoted.

Captain WHITTAKER has been appointed Assistant Quartermaster, and assigned to duty at the head-quarters of the Department of Washington.

Steps are to be taken by Congress at an early date for mustering out of service a large number of negro and white troops, who have been recruited that about forty will be then weeded out from the army.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 14, the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States met for the first time in the Capitol at Washington. Both branches of the national legislature were organized by the choice of Hon. GALUSHA A. GRIMES, of Iowa, President Hamlin, and the House under the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX. The Rev. Mr. SUMDERLAND, Chaplain of the Senate, opened the proceedings with appropriate prayers. The Hon. JOHN W. FORNEY was elected Speaker on the 8th right of the Senators from West Virginia to take their seats. The election of Senators for the State of Missouri, was also brought up, but was not voted upon. A bill to increase the pay of officers was introduced by Senator LANE, to which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Clerk read the roll of members-elect, and the States of Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Oregon, Missouri, and California alone responded to their names. The first ballot for nomination for Speaker sent to the Clerk's desk, and the following result was announced. The Speaker elect delivered a brief but satisfactory address. The oath was administered to the members, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 15, the Senate, in session, the Hon. Mr. WILSON, of Massachusetts, submitted a resolution to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Secretary to sell the Cherokee Indian lands, and to apply the proceeds to the payment of the Cherokee claims. Senator CLARK introduced a bill to grant a pension to John Brown, the keeper of the Lighthouse on Sand Island. Bills were introduced by Senator DAVIS, of Kentucky, declaring, in effect, that the rebels are not to be discharged either from the soldiers and their white officers should not prevent the escape of any slave from his master, and soldiers are just reward. The resolution was laid over. A discussion occurred upon the bill to increase the pay of officers, after which the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX was re-elected Speaker, and W. A. HALL, of Indiana, Clerk. Mr. COLFAX then addressed the House. A joint resolution was offered by Mr. WADSWORTH, of New York, declaring that the election of General GRANT and his officers and soldiers, and ordering a medal to be struck in honor of the recent victory by the United States. The resolution received the emphatic endorsement of the House, and was unanimously adopted after a debate. A resolution was offered by Mr. COX, of Ohio, requesting the President to open negotiations with a view to the exchange of our prisoners in the hands of the rebels, and to the Secretary of War to report to the House Department on the subject. The resolution elicited some discussion, and was finally adopted. Mr. ARNOLD, of Illinois, introduced a bill to prevent rebels from holding offices in the United States. The bill was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. A bill was introduced to increase the pay of officers, and extending this so be of high national consequence, I have determined to call upon you, as upon each of the other Governors, assemble at their places of worship, and return special thanks to Almighty God for the great achievement of the national cause.

A. LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT'S DISPATCH

TO GENERAL THOMAS, DATED NASHVILLE, DEC. 9, 1863

To Major-General Rosecrans, Chattanooga:

Longstreet is in full retreat up the valley. Your orders about following with cavalry shall be carried out.

My division of cavalry attacked the enemy's cavalry in one of the passes of the Clinch Mountains yesterday morning, and are pushing them vigorously.

Couriers from Knoxville arrived last night. The road is clear.

Sherman arrived here yesterday.

J. G. FOSTER, Major-General.

SHERMAN'S DISPATCH.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs under date of Knoxville, December 5: The siege of Knoxville is raised, and Longstreet, with his army, is in full retreat toward Virginia. It virtually terminated yesterday, when, at noon to-day, the advance guard of our reconnoitering, under General Sherman, arrived here.

LONGSTREET'S LAST ATTACK.

On the night of 28th ult., Longstreet made a fierce attack on Knoxville, which continued nearly all night. In the following morning the rebels charged on General Ferrero's position at Fort Saunders, and were carefully received, with a heavy shower of musketry, hundred men, leading two bands 3 and thirty-four prisoners. Our loss was only twenty-five killed and wounded. On the same day, and Longstreet occupied a cross until seven o'clock in the evening to take away their wounded and dead.

CHATTANOOGA.

We have nothing further from our side at Chattanooga. The following telegram speaks in the Southern papers:

Chattanooga, Dec. 8, 1863.

General Cooper, Richmond:

The enemy has driven back across the Chattanooga-Dalton road, including the rail road bridge at Tunnel Hill. They have also fallen back on our rear-guard, under General Clayton.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

HARDEE FALLING BACK.

The news from Chattanooga reports General Hardee as falling back with the rebel army in the direction of Dalton. He represents the enemy as in the command. The impression is that Tennessee are said to be filled with deserters from the rebel army.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

All is calm in the army of the Potomac. So says the best dispatch from that quarter. General Lee is getting his troops into winter quarters in the old position on the south side of the Rapidan. General Meade will not begin the work of crossing the river until the question of difference between pickets or guerrillas, we need hardly expect much fighting of a decisive character from the armies of either head or until the winter begins to break up.

CHARLESTON.

The latest news from Charleston states that General Gillmore was then shelling the city, throwing twenty shells in the direction of Sumter every hour. The Confederate had been removed to the rear of the city, the fire having, it is supposed, destroyed it. The Circular Church steeple had been dismembered, but Fort Johnson and the Battery Bulkhead, on the south side of the harbor, were still free from our batteries. The rebel flag which has been removed from the Moultrie House is no longer visible, it probably on account of its being torn from the ruins. The rebels are constructing a new section of the Charleston and Northern, under cover of a hospital flag, which they keep flying over the cars. Rations, and the supply of forage for our forces, in accordance with the usages of war, have been cut down to half. The rebels in the city have been down a few days ago, and revealed a formidable force of rebels, who were captured by the rebels. The firing on the part of the secret hospital flag.

TEXAS.

The following has been received from General Banks, dated Brownsville, Texas, November 25:

To His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

I am in occupation of Brazos Island, Point Isabel, and Brownsville. My most sanguine expectations are more than realized. Every movement has been successful. The mission effecting the Government of Texasalipas. The first is to enforce the interests of Mexico and the United States. Every thing is now so favorable as could be desired. N. P. BANKS, Major-General.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

The condition of our ingrieved soldiers at Richmond is constantly improving by the weight of the measures rewarded to them. During the past week three hundred and thirty-five prisoners, consisting of a number of officers, officers for the sick, clothing, reading matter, and subsistence stores, have been sent to Richmond under the Libor Prison, Belle Island, Castle Thunder, and the to have vacationists.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Assistant Surgeon C. O. Wright, of the Thirty-fifth Ohio, who has been for some time confined in Libby Prison, and arrived at Washington on the 7th inst., has furnished the following statement: He received through other sources, it is ascertained that the rebels have not been in the habit of starving prisoners to death, and that their condition has been much alleviated thereby. Only two or three of the prisoners who have been guilty of brutality to the prisoners have been punished, and these have been appointed in their places. The prisoners are taken to their rooms in the prison, and given to the sandwiches, while the rats on the street is from twelve to fifteen cents each. Fresh meat twice per week, and rice in gobs. Persons sending supplies for the prisoners by the rebels are charged only the transportation. All substantial food, as delicacies, except for the sick, are not permitted, and the rebel clothing is limited and allowed to the sumer to forward actual necessaries. The Richmond papers are complaining that the supply of forage in the hospitals, the bulk of their consignments being sent to the prisoners. The arrangements for the distribution of the supplies forwarded are said to be very good and the distribution, as a general thing, made in good faith.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR BRADLEY.

The Message of Governor Bradley was published on 7th. He represents the financial condition of the State as satisfactory, and says it complies with the requisitions of the militia for home defense from guerrillas and robbers, and that it is the province of privileged citizens. A majority of the people has met the efforts to place sufficient force in the field for the protection of the State in a prompt and better guarded than at any time heretofore since the rebellion. In the same way he recommends legislation into the Secretary of War, the thorough organization of militia and volunteer forces for the protection of the people, and security will again brighten the decadent house of our border people. He also recommends the action of the State to the defense of the Government. Kentucky's relations to the Government he says, are fully known and defined, but no new position is taken. It is conceded that every loyal citizen should be willing to make any sacrifice for the Union, but that the Union is; and this is a step in advance to Kentucky.

FREE NEGRO LABOR.

Adjutant-General Thomas has issued a tour of inspection of the Government plantations, and has given much attention to the subject of free labor. He says the success of the free labor system has been such that it has elicited the highest commendation from the Government, and he expresses himself to the effect that what he saw of the working of the system convinced him that the question of employing negro labor had passed from an enigma to a fact.

UNION FEELING IN ARKANSAS.

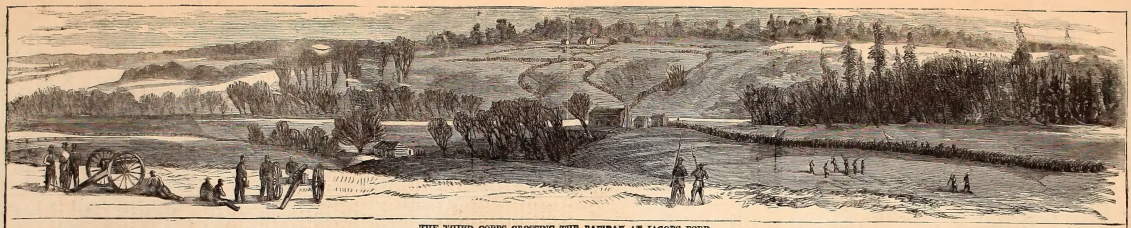
The Union feeling gains strength in Arkansas. The people are taking the side of allegiance by hundreds. At a convention held at Fort Smith, which was most patriotic in the sentiments expressed, Colonel Johnson, of the Fifty-fourth Arkansas Infantry, presided. The object of the meeting was to reveal that Arkansas should be a free State after the war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A NEW ANGLO PIRATE SPEED.

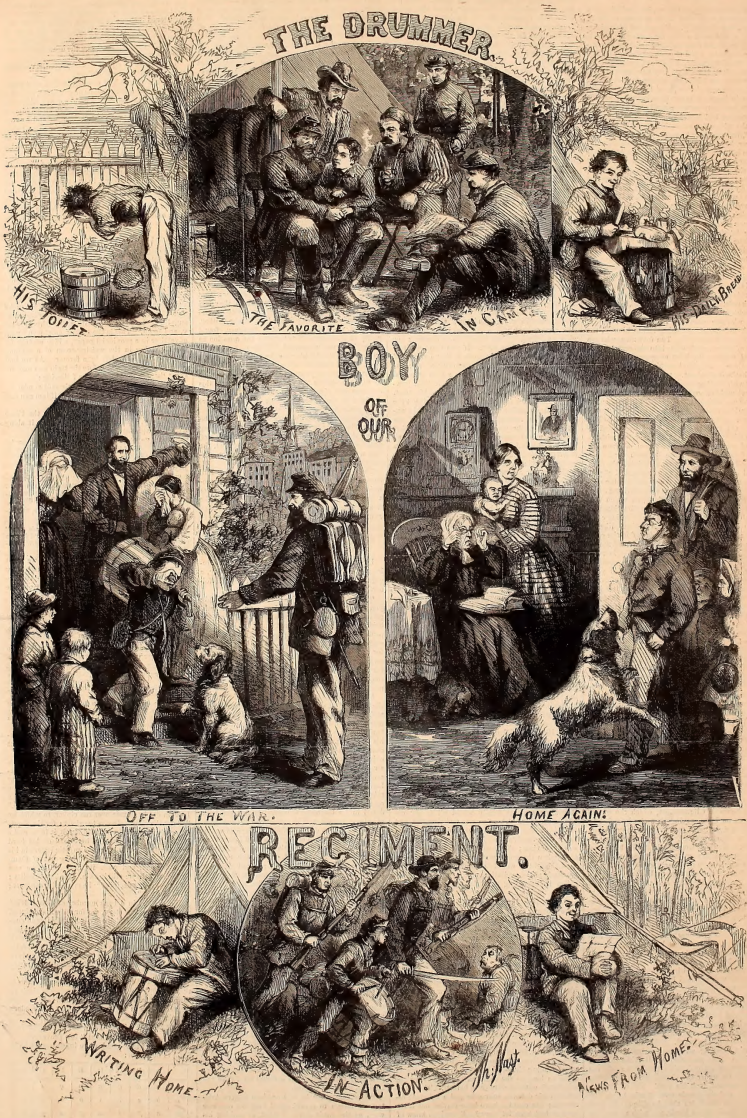
The Government has decided to stop the *Pampero* on the Clyde. The owner alleges that she does not defy, but say as she, from the numerous merchant ships regularly trading to the Clyde, and that she is not to be satisfied with the statement, and had a gun-boat moon close to the *Pampero* to prevent her escape.



THE THIRD CORPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT JACOBS FORD



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BROOKS'S BRIGADE OF WARREN'S CORPS CROSSING GERMANIA MILLS FORD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



THE DRUMMER BOY OF OUR REGIMENT—EIGHT WAR SCENES.

THE CIGNANCOURT MYSTERY.

ONE fine morning in October, 1811, a little party set out for an excursion to the suburbs of Paris, from the Rue de Bondy. It consisted of Madame Morin, a widow of about forty, buxom, weather-beaded, active, always engaged in some speculation or another; a girl of about sixteen, with her head full of romances, Angélique Delaporte, the daughter of Madame Morin by her first husband, from whom she had also divorced, and Adolphe Raguoleau, a shrewd, hard lawyer, whose numerous dealings with the widow in her house speculations had by no means turned out ill for him.

Raguoleau had had an invitation to breakfast from the widow for some time past; it had been put off, for various reasons, till Sunday enough, however, he refuses breakfast, but the widow insists on his going with her and her daughter to see a country-house she is thinking of buying, and of which she wants his opinion. The man of business consents; a cab is called, and they all three get in. "By the barrier of Rochechouart, coachman!" says the widow. What on earth makes Raguoleau start and turn uneasily in his seat? Muttering something about the road being up, he tells the coachman that he can't go that way; he must go by the barrier de la Villette. Off they start, Angélique, whom no one may suppose to be the life of the little party, looking perhaps, as she often always does, some theatrical scene in which her admirers declared she had no rival on the stage, or describing to her bewildered mother some dramatic scene in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or some of the novels of that kind, which the girl always had to her hand. The hour is reached, but the house just looks inside and then gives a word to three others who are standing ready; the cab is stopped, and Raguoleau is left to himself, the two women are arrested. The four men, who are agents of police, take them into the nearest dwelling, and without the least compunction begin to search them. They find nothing, but Angélique asks what is all about. "We were spying," the girl says, "with M. Raguoleau to see a house that my mother thought of buying." The commissionaires seem roguish, for the entries in her book of the bankerchief that does not look quite right, and writes a word to it, when out falls a folded piece of paper. On examination this roll was found to contain fifteen drafts payable to order, but without name of payee, drawn by fourteen of them for 50,000 francs each, and the fifteenth for 10,000 francs, all on stamped paper, and dated the 30th of April last. Each draft on examination by them which seemed to have served as a copy for the others; three letters in Raguoleau's handwriting; and a paper containing the envelopes, on which were written "Unseal and read." This direction was followed by the agents, who found the following composition in the handwriting of Angélique, like all the rest: "*If ever in my life a day of justice come for me, you shall be the first to whom I will confess it.*" This is what you said to me in the Louvre, when we met there, three days before I consented to give up to you voluntarily that which you since took from me by force, in the sight of every one who knows you. There useless to enter into the details of horrors which even you can not but shudder. How could nature vomit such a monster as you are! Here, then, it is settled between us a day of justice—or my day of vengeance. Ah! what luxury for the oppressed! In my power as my slaves have been. Cringe! double! crawl! return to me that which is mine, and thank my children for the choice I give you. If I only existed, would I not have force enough with all the liberty required by the horrible monstrosities dictated by you against me! Two hundred thousand francs is the amount of the drafts that you will sign. You will write on each draft, 'Good for the sum of' the same value received in cash, and you will sign. I shall compare your writing, and take care that I find it like. I give you a quarter of an hour to choose. If you prefer vengeance, on the instant I myself will execute it.

"You conceive that it can only be the affair of half a second to denounce you to ordain. As I am without fear prolong the pleasure—here would be a case for the most complete every kind of barbarity which imagination could suggest."

On the arrest of the women the police had sent off to a house in Cignancourt, which the two had taken on lease, saying that she intended to establish a dairy. It was a small house in the middle of a large garden. Here, suddenly, the servants, a man and woman whom they had hired for the purpose, the two women began the preparations which were necessary before the presentation of the above address to Raguoleau. Besmearing to the house were two small cellars and one large one. These were lighted from the windows above by two large openings. The first step was to have the large one completely blocked up. Before then was secured the subterranean vault, without which no melodrama of that day was complete. A door in the next cellar could likewise be ground at the further end of the cellars. To this was fastened a chair, and to this again a padlocked chain. Before all was placed a table, on which were arranged writing materials. A slight iron stove was replaced by two candles in iron candlesticks.

The widow and her daughter had bought a pair of neat pistols, and the man-servant, who was now charged to give lessons in shooting to Angélique, while the anxious mother listened up above to the girl's practicing, whether any noise escaped in the cellar could be heard. Not a sound; screams, cries, and shooting all passed unheard. Every thing being thus prepared, a full rehearsal took place; but, as Raguoleau's appearance could not be looked for under the circumstances, Lefèvre, the man-servant, took his part. The widow, her daughter, and the female servant seized him, and placed him in the chair, then Angélique advanced with the pistols in her hands, and with a menacing gesture ordered the bound man the document we have given above.

And it was to fill this part that Raguoleau had been invited to the country excursion. The police, who had gone to the house, found that every thing was prepared for the final representation. Lefèvre and Jacotin, the two servants, were on the look-out for the arrival of the party. Rest, table, chair, chain, and pistols—all were there; the candles had been kept alight constantly for three days past. While the police were interrogating the servants, the mother and daughter were brought in. They confessed that all these preparations were for Raguoleau, who had swindled them, they declared, but in such a way that he could not be laid hold of; and that their object was to compel by force a restitution which the law would not afford. Drafts to the amount of nearly £200,000 francs) had been prepared that they might reject those which should seem to have been signed under constraint. They had succeeded in getting more than frightening him into signing the drafts.

A noose of silk cord had been found in the cellar.

"What did you want that for?" they were asked; "the pistols were enough to frighten him."

"If he had thought that the noise of the pistols would stop us," said Angélique, "the noose would have shown him another object."

"And suppose Raguoleau had resisted?"

"Oh, then," she said, "it would not have been a murder, but a duel."

All four, mother, daughter, and servants, were committed to prison.

And now all the police got knowledge of the attempt to be made on Raguoleau's life or purse? But is not the latter always attacked by affairs. Toward the end of September, Raguoleau had gone to the police with a little invitation addressed to him by the widow Morin, begging him to dine with her always keep your word, and I require you to give me a mark of your friendship by choosing five minutes this evening to see me. I live so far off, I shall send to order ten of the best that I can get." There seemed nothing very dreadful in this; but the lawyer declared that the widow had managed long ago by the women to get him into their power. A woman—a friend, of course—had come to him a long time back they had sworn this, and that the day of the breakfast was the one chosen for the execution of an agreement which, when they had examined by the police, and declared that what Raguoleau had stated was quite true. Madame Morin had also been in the habit of writing letters down on their luck and ready for any thing, or two escaped convicts who would undertake Raguoleau's settlement for a consideration. Lefèvre, Jacotin, and the widow had afterward found Lefebvre and Jacotin hesitate, and had threatened Lefebvre with the pistols, and when he had signed the drafts, they were to strangle him with the noose, and then to put his body up in a sack and throw it by night into the Seine.

The acquaintance of the widow with Jonard had been about a fortnight.

Every one of our readers who has been to Paris must have noticed the large Hôtel de Saint-Phar, in the Boulevard Montmartre. In 1808 there was for sale a large house occupying this same site and known by the same name. The widow determined to buy it, intending to furnish it and let it out. Raguoleau happened to be after the house himself; but, knowing that the widow's purse was more insistent for the purchase, and foreseeing an advantage to himself, he withdrew from competition, and recommended the widow at once accepted, giving in payment an annuity contingent on the lives of Raguoleau, his wife, and their two children. There is no need to say how much more which Madame Morin got deeper and deeper into the debt of the shrewd lawyer, into whose hands the property, of course, fell. Madame Morin died in April, 1811, that with a sorrowful heart the widow gave up the keys to Raguoleau. Some days all her pecuniary troubles one body had sustained her. Her chief difficulty was to pay the annuity to Raguoleau; but she had found a friend in Jonard, whom she had consulted at the time of the purchase. This woman, hiding her real calling by ostentatious display, had succeeded in getting out at by the police in consideration of her giving them any news that she thought might be of use to them. In her lodgings in the Rue Montmartre, she, a bard, after cutting the cards, had declared that Raguoleau would be dead before the year was within the year. There was no resisting this, and the widow signed the contract, and, although her dupes were deceived, her faith in Jonard's powers was not shaken; she consulted her till, as we have seen, when the game was getting dangerous, Jonard thought it would be prudent to withdraw the gratitude of the capitalist and the protection of the police by revealing the criminal designs of her clients.

On the 10th January, 1812, the four prisoners were brought up for trial. Mother and daughter were charged with a joint attempt at extortion by signatures by violence, and an attempted homicide; the servants were charged as their accomplices. The attention of the audience was concentrated on Angélique her youth, and the singular part she had played in affair, made her the object of the popular interest. Raguoleau's position was not a pleasant one: he had published a justification of his dealings in the widow's property, and was forced to make it appear that he did not in any way take advantage of his position as a confidential friend. The very, too, in which he had played into the hands of the police was one that he tried very hard to extenuate; but, from the evidence, it appeared very clear that the two women—the mother, by all accounts, weak, foolish, and looking up to her daughter as a goddess; the daughter a silly, sentimental, novel-reading girl—had been led on by the fortune-teller as long as she could extract money for her witchcraft without danger to herself. The counsel, in their defense, acknowledged a criminal intention; but could it have been carried out? Two women had been let alone? Raguoleau knew of their intended crime, but makes himself an accomplice at the instigation of the police. Fearing to give them time for reflection, he hurries them off, knowing that the police are waiting in ambush for them. So long as the act remained undone, who could say that it would have taken place? The whole gravity of the case was in the evidence of Jonard, a wretch in the pay of the police, and utterly unworthy of credit. Angélique reads her own defense—composed for her, no doubt, but put in her mouth that her talent for declamation and her youth might have due weight with the jury. She declared that Jonard had worked upon her affection for her mother whom she saw in difficulties, the cause of which she already knew. Jonard had suggested to her the idea of killing Raguoleau—an idea she had always refused to entertain; she had never sought to do more than to get back some of her mother's consent to her plan only by prayers and tears. Sometimes Raguoleau had refused to sign, why have killed him? All traces of the attempt would have been destroyed, and his accusation would have been considered as that of proof; and why kill him if he signed? To do so would be certain ruin. The drafts would be traced if put in circulation; the handwriting on them, the same on all, would be recognized, their origin would be known; it would be asked how persons so recently his debtors could have the means for so large an amount, and the crime would infallibly be discovered. "Barrera, if Jonard had been set at liberty, as was intended, either he would have remained silent, knowing that he had done no more than was said (his share in the conspiracy would have besides prevented him from making complaints), or, if he did this, it would only be necessary to destroy the drafts. The jury, convinced by declaring that already, before the arrival of Raguoleau, they had begun to be frightened at their own actions, and by deploring the fate in store for the mother.

Mother and daughter were, however, found guilty of an attempted extortion; the question as to homicide was negatived. Their sentence was ex ea not help thinking, as the public did at that time, one of extraordinary severity. They were condemned to twenty years of hard labor and to public exposure before the Palais de Justice, and this sentence was immediately carried out. They were confined in the prison of Saint Lazare, and bore their punishment with exemplary resignation.

Lefèvre and Jacotin were at first found to be accomplices of the attempt, but without having begun the execution of the crimes—a distinction of great weight in the French law. On appeal, the case was sent for fresh trial, when they were condemned to five years of hard labor.

Thus the attempt of a foolish girl and a still more foolish woman to set a chopper out of a seemingly impossible position, a trial which illustrates a knotty question in French law—where does the commencement of execution of a premeditated crime of this kind actually take place?

CURIOSITIES OF CIPHER.

In 1680, when M. de Louvois was French Minister of War, he summoned before him, one day, a gentleman named Chamilly, and gave him the following instructions:

"Start this evening for Basle, in Switzerland; you will reach it in three days; on the fourth, constantly at the window, station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with a port-folio, ink, and a pen. Watch all that takes place, and make a memorandum of whatever you see. Continue doing so for two hours; have a carriage and post-horses awaiting you; and, at four precisely mount and travel night and day till you reach Paris. Be on the instant of your arrival hastes to me with your notes."

At Chamilly obeyed; he reached Basle, and on the day, and at the hour appointed, stationed himself, pen in hand, on the bridge. Presently a market-cart drives by, then an old woman with a basket of fruit passes; anon a little urchin trundles a hoop by; then a well-dressed gentleman in blue top coat jogs past on his gray mare. Three o'clock chimes from the cathedral tower. Just at the last quarter a tall Franciscan friar, cowled and tonsured, saunters up, goes to the middle of the bridge, lounges over the parapet, looks at the water; then he takes a step back, and strikes three hearty blows on the footway with his staff. Down goes every thing and in five minutes not a soul is to be seen of release sounds, and he jumps into his carriage. Shortly before midnight, after two days of ceaseless travelling, Chamilly presented himself before the minister, feeling rather ashamed at having such trifles to record. M. de Louvois took the port-folio with eagerness, and glanced over the notes. As his eye caught the mention of the yelping horse-dealer a gleam of joy flashed across his countenance. He rushed to the king, roused him from sleep, spoke in private with him for a few moments, and then, while he who had been called held in readiness since five on the preceding evening were dispatched with haste. Eight days after the news of Strasbourg was hastily surrounded by French troops, and summoned to surrender: it capitulated, and the open gates on the 30th September, 1681. Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the fellow in yellow costume, at a appointed moment, were the signal of the success of an intrigue concerted between M. de Louvois and the magistrates of Strasbourg, and the man who has seemed to the spectator as ignorant of the motive as was M. de Chamilly of the motive of his.

Now this is a specimen of the safest of all secret communications—one which can only be resorted to on certain rare occasions. When a lengthy dispatch is required to be forwarded, and when such means as those given above are not at hand, then some other method must be employed. Herodotus gives us a story to the point; it is found also, with variations, in Aulus Gellius.

"Histiæus, when he was anxious to give Aristagoras notice to revolt, could find out no other way, as the roads were guarded, of making his wishes known: which was by taking the trustiest of his slaves, shaving all the hair from off his head, and then pricking letters upon the skin, and waiting till the hair grew again. This accordingly he did; and, as soon as ever the hair was grown, he dispatched the man to Miletus, giving him no other message than this: 'When thou art come to Miletus bid Aristagoras shave thy head, and look thereon.' Now the marks on the head were a command to revolt." (B. v. 35.)

In this case no cipher was employed. We shall come now to the use of ciphers.

When a dispatch or communication runs great risk of falling into the hands of an enemy, it is necessary that its contents should be so veiled that the possession of the document may afford him no information whatever. Julius Cæsar and Augustus Cæsar, the two great kings of ancient history in policy, as they consisted merely in placing D in the place of A; E in that of B, and so on; or else in writing B for A, C for B, etc.

Secret characters were used at the Council of Trent; and Rabanus Maurus, Abbot of Fulda, and archbishop of Mayence, in the ninth century, has left us an example of two ciphers, the key to which was discovered by the Benedictines. It is only a wonder that any one could have failed to unravel them at the first glance. This is a specimen of the first:

Nq.q wrm-ss Bnn.fc. .trsk. ghrmn.q-.mmrt.rs

The clew to this is the suppression of the vowels, and the filling of their places by dots—one for a, two for e, three for i, four for o, and five for u. In the second example the same sentence would run—Knckpkk rtxxs Bpnfkcfckk, etc., the vowels being filled up by the consonants following in A, p, q, r. By changing every letter in the alphabet we make a vast improvement on this last; thus, for instance, we might write the letter of a with a b, with c with v, and so on. This is the system employed by an advertiser in a provincial paper, which we took up by chance in the waiting-room of a dentist, where it had been left by a farmer. As we had nothing better to spare before the tooth was due, we spent them in deciphering the following:

Jp Sjdsljch rxa rsdd ci sljar, Bsiw rsdd xr mbt and the answers were read: "If William can call or write, Mary will be glad."

A correspondence was carried on in the *Times* during May, 1857, in cipher. We give it along with the explanation:

WWS...Zy Ejfpdsj Tj tpmf t vpsegs ez mlgyq qse fjf Ejfpdsj. Tj tpmf t vpsegs jf ftw wfsz mfuufst. Ujol tfdsfu typf. Tj xjmm tfoe zpv t xsjuuf vpsegs—Tz xt xtjdm e-p. Hfqf zpv mf. Xsjuuf vpsegs jg xyvq ez wsse fc jsf.—May 8.

The means—"On Tuesday I sent a letter to Byrne for you. May I speak fully on all matters at the interview? Direct to me, Post-office. I want to say here, invisible. When may I go to Canterbury, if only to look at you?"

A couple of days later Byrne advertises, slightly varying the cipher:

WWS—Szlidzlu bshtwvsr "Tuwwzjdlu sxst" Wdy wdgyqzq hsxsdtsxc. Qdwdtr—Tj. Discover something *Eschelon-like* for another advertisement.—Byrne.

This gentleman is rather mysterious: we must leave our readers to conjecture what he means by "Eschilion-like." On Wednesday came two advertisements from the lady, and from the lover. WWS. herself seems rather sensible:

TYDEPLO ez ystyr ez slqyqec-sli. T ssyw jsf ofo ebte ez ftfsz. Tj ssyw jsf ofo ebte ez ftfsz.—May 16.

"Instead of going to Canterbury, I think you had much better stay at home and mind your business."

Excellent advice; but how far likely to be taken by a lady from any advertising sheet?

WWS—Fuwe jefz qlsqe Jqdpcd T hzye ldv jsf ez ssryq jsf ez ssryq. Jqdpcd ytue hr qsp ssryqe slgy I dcsyr qcxe qsp hfqm qse wpeqpd. Tq jzi lep ftfsz ez ssryq jsf ez ssryq. Ro nzzqze jsf slcsyqe lzqp.

"Glad your father answers. I want to ask you to prove you have me. Tuesday night at one o'clock have a cab from the window for letters. If you are not able at one I will wait for you. Ever, my darling wife."

Only a very simple Romeo and Juliet could expect to preserve secrecy by so slight a displacement of the alphabet.

When the Chevalier de Rohan was in the Bastille, he contrived to contrive to convey to his intelligence that his accomplice was dead without having confessed. They did so by passing the following shirt into the dungeon—there was a shirt: "Mg dulhxcgkug glgj yxuj; lm ct elgz ah." In vain did he puzzle over the cipher; in vain he rang for counsel. It was too short; for the shorter a cipher letter, the more difficult it is to make out. The light dawned, and he turned on his hard bed, sheepishly revolving the mystic letters in his brain; but he could make nothing out of them. Day dawned, and with its first glance he was boring over them: still in vain. He pleaded guilty; for he could not decipher "Le prisonnier est mort; il n'a rien dit."

We noticed in a back number of *Once a Week* some cases, or, we are sorry, we forget, Colonel Aulic Nestave. Did the writer really intend concealing her name by simply inverting it? It was rather a clever idea, and she might, for all we know, have signed in the way of ordinary humdrum folk. If, however, you invert a message, and then turn it into cipher, the difficulty of reading it is greatly enhanced.

Another method of veiling a communication is that of employing numbers or arbitrary signs in the place of letters, and this admits of many refinements.

Here is an example to set the reader's ingenuity:

1 4 5 11 15 2-2 +4 31 +61 ÷ 81 72 8-2 : 28 45 3-1 9 +7 =-1-

We just give the hint that it is a proverb.

The following is much more ingenious, and difficult of detection:

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
A	a	d	g	l	n	q	t	x
B	b	f	h	m	o	r	u	y
C	c	j	i	p	s	v	w	z

Now suppose that I want to write *England*; I

look among the small letters in the foregoing table for *e*, and find that it is in a horizontal line with *n*, and vertical line with *n*, so I write down *En*; *n* is in line with *a* and *n*, so I put down *An*; continue this, and England will be represented by *Enaackdonsnh*. Two letters to represent one is not overfetious; but the scheme devised by Lord Bacon is clumsy enough. He represented every letter by permutations of *a* and *b*; for instance,

A was written *aaaaa*, B was written *aaaab*,
C was written *aaaba*, D was written *aaabb*,

and so through the alphabet. Which would thus be transformed into *aabba, aaaaa, baaaa, abaaa, baaab*. Conceive the labor of composing a whole dispatch like this, and the great likelihood of making blunders in writing it!

A much simpler method is the following. The sender and receiver of the communication must be agreed upon a certain book of a specified edition.

The dispatch begins with a number; this indicates the page to which the reader is to turn. He must then count the letters from the top of the page, and give them their value respectively according to the order in which they come; omitting those which are repeated. By these numbers he reads his dispatch. As an example, let us take the beginning of this article: then, *I*=1, *n*=2, *s*=3, *t*=4, *e*=5, *m*=6, *d*=7, *l*=8, *a*=9, *r*=10, *o*=11, omitting to count the letters which are repeated. In the middle of the communication the page may be varied, and consequently the numerical significance of each letter altered. Even this could be read with a little trouble; and the word "impossible" can hardly be said to apply to the deciphering of cryptographs.

A curious instance of this occurred at the close of the sixteenth century, when the Jesuits were endeavoring to establish relations between the scattered branches of their vast monarchy, which at that period embraced a large portion of Italy, the Low Countries, the Philippines, and enormous districts in the New World. They accordingly invented a plan, which they varied from time to time, in order to disconcert those who might attempt to pry into the mysteries of their correspondence. The cipher, composed of fifty signs, was of great value to them through all the troubles of the "League," and was even then thought unbreakable. Some of their dispatches having been intercepted, Henry IV. handed them over to a clever mathematician, Viete, with the request that he would find the clew. He did so, and was able also to follow it as it varied, and France profited by the discovery by his discovery. The court of Spain, disconcerted at this, accused Viete before the Roman court as a sorcerer and in league with the devil. This highpreceding only gave rise to laughter and ridicule.

A still more remarkable instance is that of a German philosopher, Hermann, who, about 1674, that he had discovered a cryptograph absolutely incapable of being deciphered, without the clew being placed in his hands; and defied all the acute and learned societies of Europe to discover the key. However, a French refugee, named Bonneau, encouraged, after eight days' study, to read it. This cipher—though we have the rules upon which it is formed before us—is no perfect cryptograph either. It is grounded on some changes of numbers and symbols; numbers vary, being at one time multiplied, at another added, and between every number that the letter *e*, which occurs nine times in the paragraph, is represented in eight different ways; *s* is used eight times, and has seven various signs. Indeed the same letter is scarcely ever represented by the same figure. But this is not all; the alphabet which appears in the place of *i* takes that of *u* shortly after; another symbol for *u* stands also for *i*. How any one could have solved the mystery of this cipher is astonishing.

Now let us recommend a far simpler system, and one which is very difficult of detection. It consists of a combination of numbers and letters. Both parties must be agreed on a key-arrangement such as that in the second line below, for on it all depends

```
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
4 7 3 9 1 0 5 8 6 2
```

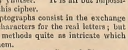
Now in turning a sentence such as "The army must retire" into cipher, you count the letters which make the sentence, and find that *t* is the first, *h* the second, *e* the third, *a* the fourth, *r* the fifth, and so on. Then look at the table. *t* is the first letter; 4 answers to 1; therefore write the fourth letter in the place of *t*; that is *r*. *h* is the 2; for *h* is the second, put the seventh, which is 9; for *e*, take the second, 8. The sentence will stand "4*r*9 1*s* 8*e* 3*y* 5*r*6*e*." Any key is of course possible to discover this cipher.

All these cryptographs consist in the exchange of numbers or characters for the real letters; but there are other methods quite as intricate which dispense with figures.

The mysterious cards of the Count de Vergennes are as instance. De Vergennes was Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI., and made use of cards of a peculiar nature in his relations with the diplomatic agents of France. These cards were used in letters of recommendation or passports which were given to strangers about to enter France as they were intended to furnish information without the knowledge of the bearers. This was the system. The card given to a man contained only a few words, such as:

ALPHONSE D'ANGEHIA.
Recommandé à Monsieur
le Comte de Vergennes, par le Marquis de Paysegue,
Ambassadeur de France à la Cour de Lisbonne.

The card told more tales than the words written on it. It first indicated the nation of the stranger. Yellow showed him to be English; red, Spanish; white, Portuguese; green, Dutch; red and white, Italian; red and green, Swiss; green and white, Russian; etc. The person's age was expressed by the shape of the card. If it were circular, he was under 25; oval, between 25 and 30; octagonal, between 30 and 45; hexagonal, between 40 and 50; square, between 50 and 60. Baldness showed that he was over 60. Two lines placed below the name of the bearer indicated his build. If he were tall and lean, the lines were waving and parallel; tall and, stout, they converged; and so on. The expression of his face was shown by a flower in the border. A rose designated an open and amiable countenance, while a tulip marked a pensive and spiritualistic appearance. A thistle round the border, according to its length, told whether the man were bachelor, married, or widower. Dots gave information as to his political and religious. A full stop after his name showed that he was a Catholic; a semicolon, that he was a Lutheran; a comma, that he was a Calvinist; a dash, that he was a Jew; no stop indicated his as an Atheist. So also his morals and character were pointed out by a pattern in the angles of the card, such as one of these



So, at one glance the minister could tell all about his man, whether he were a gamester or a debtor; what was his purpose in visiting France; whether he were a spy or else to claim a legacy; what was his profession—that of physician, lawyer, or man of letters; whether he were to be put under surveillance or allowed to go his way unmolested.

We come now to a class of cipher which requires a certain amount of literary dexterity to conceal the clew.

During the Great Rebellion, Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were shot in cold blood after surrendering to "malignants:" and Trevanion has every reason for expecting a similar fate. He is allowed to receive visitors, though in a hearty curse in round cavalier terms at the canting, crop-eared scoundrels who hold him in durance vile, and muttering a threat to be laid by the sword in hand, facing the foe, he is startled by the entrance of the jailer who hands him a letter:

"May't do thee good, Sir John," says he; "it has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to thee."

Sir John takes the letter, and the jailer leaves him his lamp by which to read it:

"Worthy Sir John,—Having got the best comfort of it affirmed, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That which you have to do, you must do for yourself. It will require that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. Do not mend me—do but what I say, and I shall be more I ville. I know that, if debte curse, if ordinary hour fear it, it shall not reach you. Remember, it is a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may have time to repent you of your sins, and that you will grudge any sufferings: only if he submission unto you can have you to be a member of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you think have due. Your servant, that pray back on Wednesday. Rettinge your servant to command.

R. T.

Now this letter was written according to a prearranged cipher. The following is the method it was to tell. In this way, Sir John made out—

"Panel at east end of chapel will be found to be loose. Having pray, the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a false key, which unlocked the door, when the hour had expired the chapel was empty—the bird had flown.

An excellent plan of indicating the *telling* letter or word is through the heading of the letter. "Sir," would signify that every third letter was to be taken; "Dear Sir," every fourth letter. "My dear Sir," that every ninth was to be selected. A system, very easy of detection, is that of having pierced cards, through the holes of which the communication was written. The card was then removed, and the blank spaces filled up. As for example:

MY DEAR X.—The lines I now send you are forwarded by the kindness of Mr. Y., who will also be able to tell you the message delivered yet [to] my brother? [He] quick answer, that I have all means, through that you would act with discretion and dispatch.

Yours ever, Z.

Put your card over the note, and through the piercings you will read: "The bearer is not to be trusted."

The following letter will give two totally distinct meanings, according as it is read, straight through, or only by alternate words:

MADEMOISELLE,—
Je m'empresse de vous écrire pour vous déclarer que vous vous trompez beaucoup si vous croyez que vous me ferez jouer le rôle de dupe. Il est bien vrai que pour vous éprouver, je vous ai fait croire que j'étais amoureux de vous très devenue l'objet de ma raillerie. Ainsi ne doutez plus de ma flamme vue dit et écrit qui n'a eu que de l'aversion pour vous, et qui aimerait mieux mourir que de vous voir obligé de vous épouser, et de changer le nom de Mlle. en celui de Mme. Je suis toute sa vie, bien bon de vous aimer, comme je vous le dis et vous le prouve dessinée, croyez-moi; et si vous êtes encore Comtesse et persuadée que vous êtes encore vous serez encore plus exposée à la rigie du tout le monde, et particulièrement de celui qui n'a jamais été et ne sera jamais

M. N.

We must not omit to mention Chronograms. These are verses which contain within them the date of the composition. So at Graz, on the musical occasion of the Emperor Ferdinand's coming-by:

FerDInanDVs seCVnDVs pIe VIXit pIo obIIt:

that is, 1637.

A very curious one was written by Charles de Bovelles: we adopt and explain it:

The heads of 9 monks and five cells ..... M.DCCCC
Add one the tail of a bull I
Form, the four legs of a rat IIII
And you have my date in full ..... M.DCCCCLXIIII.
(1864.)

It is now high time that we show the reader how to find the clew to a cipher. And as illustration is always better than precept, we shall exemplify from our own experience. With permission, too, we shall drop the plural for the singular.

We—I! My friend Matthew Fletcher once lent a property some years ago, bequeathed to him by a great-uncle. The old gentleman had been notorious for his parsimonious habits, and was only known through the county by the nickname of Miser Tom. Of course every one believed that he was vastly rich, and that Mat Fletcher would come in for a mint of money. But, somehow, my friend did not find the stores of coin on which he had calculated, hidden in worsted stockings or cracked pots; and the savings of the old man which he did light upon consisted of lost trifling sums. Fletcher became firmly persuaded that the money was hidden *somewhere*; where he could not tell, and he often came to consult me on the best expedient for discovering it. It is all through my intervention that a search was put down the whole house, from his ears, tear up every floor, and root up every flower or tree throughout the garden, in his search after the precious hoard. One day he burst into my room with radiant face.

"My dear fellow!" he gasped forth, "I have found it!"

"Found what?—the treasure?"

"All but—I want your help now"; and he flung himself excitedly into an arm-chair.

I took it up, and saw that it was covered with writing in cipher.

"I readed it out of a secret drawer in Uncle Tom's bureau!" he exclaimed; "I have no doubt of it's purport. It indicates the spot where all his savings are secreted."

"You have not deciphered it yet, have you?"

"No. I want your help; I want another head besides mo' tails of the screwl, though I sat up all night studying it."

"Come along," said I, "I wish you joy of your treasure. I'll read the cipher if you give me time."

So we set down together to work to find the slip of paper before us. Here is the inscription:

```
                    D
+A5B32D,9D,A3,57J+J59D6S8T+3=3—5+9 X 10—29—
                    A
J*B8,8,A 1A6B1,*9,*9 X+I—7—9*,*9—7—9—3,46J18—
                    B
=8,*19,852—8D6S8D,8S,8B2B3,9,D4,2J3+8,9A=A59J
IA7=—+—=8B1A,*9D—+2.
```

"Now," said I, "the order of precedence among the letters, according to the frequency of occurrence, is this, *e o i u t h y r c g l m w k p q x z*. This, however, is their order, according to the number of words begun by each, respectively, *t o a w b h i f m d s*. The most frequent compounds are *th, ng, ee, ll, nn, tt, dd, an*. Pray, Matthew, do you see any one sign repeated oftener than others in this cryptograph?"

"Yes; 8; it is repeated 23 times," said Fletcher, after a pause.

"Then you may be perfectly satisfied that it stands for *e*, which is used far oftener than any other letter in English. Next, look along the lines, and see what letters most frequently accompany it."

"2 is undoubtedly; 6 follows 8 in several places, and 3 and 9 also, but in others. In the second line we have 2 § 8—8 2 §—2 §; and in the third, 2 § 8 again."

"Then we may fairly assume that 2§8 stands for *the*."

"*The*, to be sure," burst forth Fletcher. "Now the next word will be money. No! it can't be, the o will not suit; perhaps it is treasure, gold, silver, diamonds."

"Wait a little bit," I interposed. "Now look what letters are doubled."

"88 and 33," said my friend Mat.

"And please observe," I continued, "that where 3 draw a line and 9 follows it, 3 and 9 are double 6, then *a* again. Probably this is the middle of a word, and as we have already supposed 9 to stand for *e*, 3 must be *n*, making a very likely combination. We may be sure of the t now. Near the end of the second line there is a remarkable group—that in which three letters of *the* know recur continually. Let us write *the* out, leaving blanks for the letters we do not know, and placing the known letters above their figure of double symbols. Then it stands—eytheeth—beyhe—the—. Now, here 9 has been a repeated letter lines, and from its position it must be a consonant. I will put in its place one consonant after another. You see *r* is the only one that forms three words. Letters into words. —*ertherefth—here. here the*—sure-ly some of these should stand out distinctly separated—*here. here. here the*. Look! I can see at once what letters are wanting; *th*— between there and here must be *thro*, and then *here* is—must be—*there*. Now we have found these letters.

```
Sun, rock, lash, spirit, —=a, +=n, 6=e
```

and I can confirm the 3 as *y* by taking the portion marked A—*after*. Here we get an end of an adjective in the comparative degree; I think it must be *fairer*.

"Let us next take a group of ciphers higher up; I will pencil over it D. I take this group because it contains some of the letters we have found out—*lath*. Earth must be the end of a word, for none begin with *th* in English. Now what letters will suit *eath*? Possibly *h*, probably *d*."

"Yes!" exclaimed Fletcher, "*death*, to be sure. I can guess at the rest. Uncle Tom evidently did feel that a solemn duty devolves upon me, namely, that of acquainting Matthew Fletcher, my heir, with the spot where I have hidden my wealth! Go on, go on."

"All in good time, friend," I laughed. "You observe, we can confirm our guess as to the sign 9 being used for *d*, by comparing the passage 29—9D—9—. Here we have *and*—*d*—*and*—. But *t*, *and letter* is awkward: you can not make 9 into *a*; *s* to *hand*, would be no sense."

"Of course not," burst forth Fletcher. "Don't you see it all? *I had better* let my excellent nephew know where I have deposited—"

"*I shall not*," interrupted I. "You are right, I believe. *I* is the signification of 9. Let us begin the whole cryptograph now: *I. th. di. t. re. end. s.*"

"*Demand us!*" cried Fletcher.

"You have it again," said I. "Now we obtain an additional letter, namely, *m*, for *s*, *demand us* is certainly *to remind me*. We must begin again: *Note this. to remind me.*"

"*This is,*" called out my excited friend, whose eyes were sparkling with delight and expectation.

"Go on; you are a trump!"

"These, then, are our additional letters: 3=*i*, 7=*m*, 8=*s*, 9=*i*, 5=*o*. *To remind me is. t. s. e. m. death m. a. f. o. m. death*, I read my death, and *t. s. e. m.* I guess to be, if I feel. So it stands thus: 'Note. —This is to remind me, if I feel my death nigh, that I had better—'"

I worked on now in silence; Fletcher, leaning his chin on his hands, and his elbows resting into his eyes with breathless anxiety. Presently I exclaimed,

"Hatres. Mat! I think you said hatres!"

"I—I—I—hy very dear fellow, I—"

A very excellent man was your uncle; a most economical!

"All right, I know that," said Fletcher, cutting me short. "To read the paper: I have a spade and axe on my library floor, all ready to go to work the moment I know where to begin."

"Then this is what I read," said I, taking up my new transcription:

"*Note.—This is to remind me, if I feel my death nigh, that I had better move to Birmingham, as hardware is a good investment. Signed, Thomas Tom, the treasurer of the Necropolis Company are translators.*"

Fletcher bounded from his seat. "The old shiner! mine! secure!"

"A very estimable and thrifty man, your great-uncle."

"Confounded old stingy —," and he slammed the door upon himself and the substantive which designated his uncle.

And now the very best advice we can give to our readers, is to set to work at once on the simple cipher we have given the commencement of this paper, and to find it out.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

ON ANCIENTE JESTS.

THE Kynge with a prodelic compasse redynge thereof thynge coste hyr equalle wythe thy woman and he asked me why she was so angry? Lord Mayor, answered I, she is angry because she is not angry with you. Sir, said he, if it could please his humanitie, and his Majestie, to know the cause of her angre, I am sure he would not be angry with her. Sir, yt semeth now since it not XXX, but XLmt since, at which time I was Sheriff, upon the occasion of Kynge Henry VIII. coming to wedd the Lord Mayr if he will have that woman to be his wife? Sir, I have not seen her these 3 years, and then there is a proverbe 'Wide out, warne not!' which signifieth that the Kynge is known to the Lord Mayr as a dygge by a pylgrim, and caused him to fall off of his horse. Sir, I have not seen her these 3 years, and then ye Comedyens came that Sir Tommas de Maddelone was the only Man I ever saw made 3 Jests, and then ye Citizens of London is famous for its witties and not for its wit.

SUE, Ay ye place, which now, while ok ax you this is the best seat in the house, and I will not give it up. If you rush now, if ye want the last month for a lie, what'ut it be the 1st of April?

When is a ship-owner like an omnibus in Broadway? When it's block'-in!

A TRYING MOMENT.—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

AN IRISH CAPTAIN.—A son of Erin enlisted the public against bankruptcy. He was a Captain in the Purse-Regt on his account, as he is not married to her.

When the late Mr. Nash, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of Sheriff of London, a Jew Rabbi objected to his election that a Jew would thus come to have the appointment of the Ordinary of Christians, indeed," replied Nash, "no need hanging!"

Every body has heard of the famous letters that passed between the celebrated Mrs. Partington and Dr. Byron, the most laconic correspondence in history:

"Pay me no tribute, or if you don't."

"O Donnell."

"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—"

"O'Neill."

THE LAST.—"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Why, send him to a reformatory, child!" was the reply. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" inquired the anxious parent. "Why, it would, at least, be the way of keeping him in check."

The judge interrupted Carson in the midst of his speech, when the latter was about to leave the court by saying: "One at a time, Mr. Carson, if you please." Presently the judge left the court, and Carson was heard to say to a brother barrister, "Did you ever hear a judge have a translation given to him?"

At dinner one day Mr. Rogers related a story of a nervous gentleman who kept a fire-escape—a kind of cord, to be used in case of conflagration, by means of which he suddenly descended one night by the stand, and breakfast, ing on the sidewalk. Presently a man came by, and seeing him breakfasting at the door, he descended in his cash in great haste, and cried out, "Fire! fire!" "Fire!" said the man who had been to the opera) out of her earrings.

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office he took a moment to consult a friend, who had occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed at the presence of his predecessor's sign, and asked him if he could get rid of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "Is Mr. Brady within?" he asked. "I should think he had," tartly responded the cobbler, "for he has been in the office for the last six months." The Irishman looked around at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blackberries?" he exclaimed, "I'll not have any of them. I'm sure he must be doing a mighty fine business—ye ain't got but one left."

Punch says he is never cold on that Canada was of much benefit to England; for all the mother country ever got from those regions was wars, and Fenians, and taxes to pay the Canadian bankrupt, and even that commences—"Bore, brothers, now."

A sculptor of talent was engaged to give his testimony. "There was a vast crowd gittin' about him, him and said the lawyer, 'Now, Mr. Sculptor,' and he handed said the same, 'Read I hatchlined, with a loud voice, 'Hit tis, man is killed why don't you stand back hand give 'im a little room?'"



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE FOURTH CORPS, UNDER GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, STO



ORMING MISSIONARY RIDGE.—Sketched from the Left of the Line by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 812.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

Born the parted lovers were wretched. Julia never complained, but drooped, and read the Psalms, and Edward devised plans for her in tears over them. He questioned her and obtained a lame account: then he began to bend on screening Alfred than on telling the truth.

So he called on the other; and found him dissolute, and cruel, and—a heathen philosopher for comfort, and finding none. Edward questioned him, and he was reserved, and even sulky. Sir Imperthalion Impudent was sulky, and he upbraided, and out came his wrongs. Edward said he was a pretty fellow: and wanted it all his own way. "Suppose my mother, with her present feeling," was to take a leaf out of your book, and use all the influence she possesses over me? Come, old fellow, I know what love is, and one of us *shall* have the girl he loves, unless any harm should come to my poor old mother, and your blunder—oh, that would put it out of the question, I feel—but let us hope better. I pulled you out of the fire, and somehow I seem to like you better than ever after that; let me pull you out of this now."

"Pull away," cried the impetuous youth. "I'll trust you with my life: ay, with more than my life, with my love; for you are the man for me: reason is always uppermost with you.

Give me the man that is not passion's slave . . .

And I tell you it is in hearts ease, sir,—"

"Oh, bother that. If you are in earnest, don't quote, but put on your hat and come over."

He assented; but in the middle of putting on his coat made this little observation: "Now I see how wise the ancients were: yes, friendship is better than love, more constant, free from the heats and chills of that impetuous passion: its pure bosom is ruffled by none of love's jealousies and storms. Solem e mundo tollunt qui tollunt amicitiam."

"Oh, bother quoting; come and shed hands with Julia." They were soon at Mrs. Dodd's and in the City. Edward sobered in Alfred, saying, "Here is the other Impetuosity;" and sagely referred for a little while to them he came for: they were sitting hand in hand, he gazing on her, with inspiration for copy. "That is all right," said Edward, dryly: "now the next thing is, you must go back to Oxford directly, and read for your first class."

The proposal fell like a blight upon the reconciled lovers. But Edward gave potent reasons. The defeat of law were cruel: Alfred's love, Edward had already obtained one postponement of the trial on frivolous grounds. Now the Oxford examination and Doncaster races came on at a fixed date, by a Law of Nature, and admit of no "postponement and relief." "You know my words, you will get your class before you will get your trial, and it won't hurt you to go into court a first-class man. Then, if you should have to quarrel by letter, you two, I know. Come, will you do what I tell you? or is friendship but a name?" Oh, Brutus!" He ended with great though quiet force: "Come, you two, which is better, to pass like the scissors, or part like the thread?"

Similes are no arguments; and perhaps that is why they convince people so. Alfred compared to the scissors and thread; and only asked with abnormal humility to be allowed to taste the joys of reconciliation by one visit: the third found him at Oxford; he called on the head of his college to explain what had prevented his return for Easter: in the Christian twelve months ago, and asked for rooms. Instead of siding with a man of his own college so cruelly injured, the dignitary was amazed by the bare assertion, and said he must consider. Insanity was a terrible thing.

"So is false accusation, and so is false imprisonment," said Hardie, bitterly.

"Unquestionably. But I have at present no means of deciding how far those words apply." In short, he could give no answer; must consult the other officers, and begged to convey his reply by letter.

Alfred's pride was deeply mortified, not less by a certain cold repugnant manner than by the words. And there came over his heart a sickening feeling that he was now in the eyes of men an intellectual leper.

He went to another college directly, and applied to the tutor there. The vice-president sent him with a letter to the dean; the dean invited Alfred to call, and told him hesitatingly the college was full; he might put his name down, and perhaps get in next year. Alfred retired, and learned from the porter that the college was not full. He sighed deeply, and the sickening feeling grew on him; an incradicable stigma rested upon him. Mr. Reade Dodd was no worse than the rest of the world, then; every mother in England would approve her resolution. He wandered about the streets of his intellectual triumphs. He stood in the great square of the Radcliffe, a place where he often picked out, but with somewhat grand and inspiring, especially to scholars who have fought their keen, though bloodless, battles there. He looked at the wide dome and gilt inscription of the Schola Metaphysices, in which he had met the scholars of his day and defeated them for the Ireland. He wandered into the theatre, and eyed the rostrum, where he had not mumbled, but recited, his Greek prize poem with more than one thunder of academic applause: thunder compared with which Drury Lane is a mere cracker. Those places were unchanged; but he, sad scholar, wandered among them as if he was a ghost, and all them were stony phantoms of antediluvial past, never, never to return.

He telegraphed Sampson and Edward to furnish him with certificates that he had never been insane, but the victim of a foul conspiracy; and, when he received them, he went with them to St. Margaret's Hall; for he had heedlessly hinted that the new principal was a first-rate man, and had openly vowed he would raise that "refuge for the destitute" to a place of learning.

Hardie called, sent in his card, and was admitted to the principal. He was about to explain who he was, when the doctor interrupted him, and told him politely he knew him by reputation. Hardie, encouraged by this, shrewdly, "to what I owe this application from an undergraduate so distinguished as Mr. Hardie?"

Then Alfred began to quake, and, instead of replying, put a hand suddenly before his face and one courage by one ebbed away.

"Come, Mr. Hardie," said the principal, "don't be discomposed: a fault once owned is half atoned; and I am not disposed to be hard on the errors of youth: I mean where there is merit to balance them."

"Sir," said Alfred, sadly, "it is not a fault I have to acknowledge, but a misfortune."

"Tell me all about it," said Dr. Alder, guardedly.

He told it, omitting nothing essential that could touch the heart or excite the ironical humor of an academician.

"Well! your case is more wonderful than fiction," said the doctor. And I conclude the leaders of this tale are all of the doctor's opinion: so record of it is sent out.

Alfred offered his certificates.

Now Dr. Alder had been asking himself in that plain phrase of his, what to do with young genius, who was sane now, but of course had been mad, only had forgotten the circumstance. But the Irish testimonials to Ireland's honor into his Hall suddenly overpowered him. The probabilities that he might win first-class for Ireland was too enticing; nothing venture, nothing have. He determined to venture.

Mr. Reade Dodd of the Close house shall always be open to good morals and good scholarship while I preside over it, and it shall be open to them all of every creed. Mrs. Dodd was dignified and made sacred by 'unmerited calumny.'"

Once this fine speech, like Minerva herself, came from the head: Alfred was overcome by it in tears. The doctor was touched, and even began to fancy it had originated that noble speech.

It was no easy thing things by halves, so Dr. Alder gave Alfred a delightful set of rooms, and made the Hall pleasant to him. He was treated by a growing connection in the Hall made an excellent acquisition. This opinion, however, was any thing but universal: and Alfred, finding himself in the Hall, shunned and crowed about him, and betted on him for the schools as freely as he would a colt the Hall was going to enter for the Derby.

He read hard, and judiciously, but without his old enthusiasm. His mind seemed to have died out; he had seen so many first-rate men just miss a first class. The brilliant creature analyzed all his Aristotelian treatises, and wrote the synopses clear with marginal references on some plausible system. Alfred could not see or kept the whole subject before his eye, till he obtained a singular mastery. Same system with the Thucydides and Tacitus and Livy and the third period inks. Then the brilliant creature drew lists of all the hard words he encountered in his reading, copied them in the twelve months, and read these lists till mastered. The stake was singularly heavy in his case, so he guarded every point.

And at this period he was not so unhappy as he expected. The laborious days were sweetly, and twice a week at least came a letter from Julia. Oh how his grave academic room with oaken panels and carved chair and table shone on the table! It was opened, and seemed written with sunbeams. No quarrels on paper! Although weeks had elapsed, Julia enabled in her hand: Haret lateri lethalis arundo! She trembled at herself: she felt a savage passion had been touched in her, and she prayed day and night against jealousy.

But I must now, to justify my heading, skip some months, and relate a remarkable incident that befell her in the said character. On the first of August in the year of good Christian woman, one of her patients, asked her to call on Dr. Barkington, that lodged above. "He is a queer body, and very different from you and me, I think his complaint is, he don't get quite enough to eat."

"Barkington!" said Julia, and put her hand to her bosom. She went and tapped at his door.

"Come in," said a childish voice.

She entered, and found a wizzened old man seated, mending his own coat.

He rose, and she saw that he was a district visitor. He said he had heard of her; they called her the beautiful lady in that court. This was news to her, and made her blush. She said she came to read a chapter to him; he listened as to some gentle memory of childhood. She prescribed him a glass of port-wine, and dispensed it on the instant. Thus physicked, her patient became communicative, and chattered on about his native place—but did not name it—and talked about the people there. Now our district visitor was, if the truth must be told, a compound.

She would permit her pupils to talk about earthly affairs, on condition they would listen to heavenly matter for double the worth. So she let this old man run on, and he told her he had been a banker's clerk all his life, and saved a thousand pounds, and come up to London to make his fortune on the Stock Exchange; and there he was sometimes a bull, and sometimes a bear, and, whichever he was, certain foxes called brokers and jobbers got the profit and he the loss. "It's all the same as a gambling table," said he. "The jobbers and brokers have got the same odds the bank has at Rouge et Noir, and the little system I had got me is doomed beforehand." Then he told her that there was a crossing-sweeper near the Exchange who came from his native place, and had started as a sweeper, and come down to that, only he called it rising, and used to speak with a shudder of when he called in the funds: and often told him to look out and get a crossing. And lo! one day when his was cleaned out and desperate, and beginning with the other ghosts of little capitalists about the tomb of their money, he saw his countryman full, and the broom by dint of his hearty sweeping he made a rush, and so did a wooden legged sailor; but he got first to the broom, and began to sweep while others picked up his crossings, and who proved dead as a herring; and he succeeded to his broom, and it made money for him. By change, though he never could: still, by degrees he picked up a pocket-book in that neighborhood, with a lump of money, which he kept very wary advertised in—no newspapers. And now Julia thought it time to interpose the eighth commandment, the golden rule, and worth 'a cycle of learning.

He became a favorite of hers: he used always to say: she even thought she had seen his face before: but she could not tell where. She gave him good advice and treats, and—one day, as he plowed his heart with her sweet voice, and sowed the good seed in the furrows—seed which, like the parable of seeds, often seems lost but not die, but comes out green after many days.

One Saturday she invited him to dine with the servants' hall. He came about the church time, and went away in the afternoon while she was with her mother. But she asked Sarah, who served her, to talk about him, and he was a rum customer; kep asking questions all dinner-time. "Well," says I, 'you go to your company, you are; be you a lawyer? for you examines us; but you don't tell us nothing.' Yes sez he, 'I am a lawyer, and also simple; she says it by every thing, and about Mr. Alfred's lawsuit with his father and all."

"Then that was indiscreet; but after all what did it matter?

"Who knows, miss?" Sarah replied; "lawyer said it would be expedient. If you please, miss, who is he? Where does he bide? Where does he come from? Where does he know Hardies?"

"I should think not. Why?"

"Because I'm much mistaken if he doesn't." Then pulled out a solid lock, she asked, "D'e a he know your papa?"

"Oh no, Sarah! How should he?"

"Then why," said Sarah: "I don't know, you are all in the dark about this old man: I'll tell you something; I took him out of the way of Jane's sweetheart when a drinking a dish of tea; I had him into the police a minute; and in course there was a search into the affairs of your papa loving sir. Miss, if you'll believe me, the moment he claps eyes on them there picture, he hallows out, and shakes his fingers and hands like fits here. 'It's him!' says he; 'it's him!' and stares at the picture like a stuck pig. Forgot I was close behind him, I do suppose." She's *his* daughter," says he, in a whisper, a curious whisper; seemed to come out of his stomach. What's the matter with Mary J., just so. He gave a great start, as if my speaking had wakened him from a trance, and says he, 'Nothing,' as quiet as a lamb. 'Nothing isn't much,' says I, just so. "It useth't to be any thing at all when I was your age, sir,' says he, quarrin. But I paid him in good coin; says I, 'Old man, where you comes from do the folks use to start and halla when they sees a fit, and that? So he laughed" and fling their two arms abroad like a wind-mill in March, and all for—nothing?' So at that he changed colour, as my uncle would call all of a tremble. However, at dinner he perks up, and drew from me more simple Jane our cook too. But he didn't look toward me much, which I set opposite to watch my lord."

"Sarah," said Julia, "this is really curious mysterious; you are a good, watchful, faithful girl; and to tell the truth, I sometimes fancy I have seen the Barkington's face; however, I will solve this little mystery to-morrow; for I will ask him: thank you, Sarah."

On Monday she called on Mr. Barkington to solve the mystery. But instead of solving her curiosity she excited it. Mr. Barkington was gone, bag and baggage. When Edward was told of this business he thought it remarkable, and repeated that he had not seen the man.

So do I; for it is my fourth time Edward have recognized him.

DAVID DODD.

The history of a man is the history of his mind. And that is why you have heard so little of late about the simplest, noblest, and most unfortunate of my fellow-passengers. Insanity is various as eccentricity; I have spared the kind-hearted reader some of David's vagaries; however, when I left him at Naples, he had settled down into strange phase of lunacy, in which the distant past seems nearly obliterated, and memory exists, but revolves in a narrow round of things present: this was accompanied with a positive illusion, to wit, a fixed idea that he was an able seaman, and, as usual, what mental power he retained came out strongest in support of this idea. All this was marked by a bodily agility somewhat more than natural in a man of his age. Owing to the wind astern he was enabled to run into Constantinople with all steam-tug came up with him: and he did run into port, not because he

feared pursuit, but because he was desperately hungry; and he had no suicidal tendencies whatever.

He made for a public house, and called for some bread and cheese and beer; they were supplied, and then lo! he had no money to pay for them. "I'll owe you till I come back from sea, my bobo," said he, coolly. On this the landlord collared him, and David shook him off into the road, much as a terrier throws a rat from him; then there was a row, and a naval officer, who was crossing about the bands, came up and asked it. There was nothing at all unseamanlike in David's conduct, and the gentleman took a favorable view of it, and paid the small demand; but not with unlevanted motives; he was the second lieutenant of H. M. Frigate *Vulture*, as she had a bad name, thanks to her last captain, and was short of hands; he took David aside and asked him would he like to ship on board the *Vulture*.

David said yes, and suggested the foretop. "Oh yes," growled the officer, "I dare say all want to be there." He then gagged this Jacky Tar's intellects; asked him latter also how he send a frigate's foretop-gallant-yard down upon deck; and, to show how seamanship sticks in the brain when once it gets there, David answered told him. "You are rather old," said the lieutenant, "but you are a seaman;" and so took him on board the *Vulture* at Spithead, before Green began to search the town in earnest. Nobody acts his part better than some demented persons do; and David made a very fair lunatic, notwithstanding his forty-five years: and the sea did him good within certain limits, between him and the past lay some intellectual or cerebral barrier as impenetrable as the great wall of China; but on the other side of it he had all his faculties improved. Of course the crew soon found out the gap in his poor brain, and called him Soft Dick, and played on him a little; but by degrees he won their affection; he was so wonderfully sweet-tempered: and besides, his mind being in an abnormal state, he took neither grog, and gave his allowance to his mess-mates. One day he showed an unexpected art. He and were lying becalmed in southern latitudes, and, time hanging heavy, each whiled it how he might; one fiddled, another wrote to his friends, some fished for sharks, another whistled for a wind, scores fell into the form of meditation without the reality, and one got a pen and ink and some amused himself killing flies on the bulwark. Now this shocked poor Billy: he put out his long arm and with one snapped a dead fly. "Was the row?" said the operator.

"You mustn't," said Billy, solemnly, looking into his face with great dreamy eyes.

"You be ——," said the other, and lent him a tap on the cheek with the open hand, that did not seem to mind this; his skin had little sensibility, owing to his disorder.

Jack recommenced on his flies, and the bystanders laughed. They alway laughed now at every thing Billy said, as Society used to laugh when the late Theodore Hook could get the mustard at dinner; and would have laughed if he had said, "Yes see me sad, I have just lost my poor father."

David stood looking on at the slaughter with he helpless gravity air.

At last he seemed to have an idea, he caught Jack up by the throat and knee, lifted him with gigantic strength above his head, and was just going to hurl him shrieking into the sea, when a dozen strong hands interfered, and saved the man. Then they were going to bind Billy hand and foot; but he was discovered to be perfectly calm; as they remonstrated instead, and presently Billy's commander-in-chief, a boy called George White, shoved in and asked him in a shrill inquiring voice how he could be such a "My dear," said Billy, with great humility and placidity, "I was killing God's creatures, no ullowance:* so, ye see, to save their lives, I was *obliged*."

At this piece of reasoning, and the simplicity and gentle manner with which it was delivered, there was a roar. It subsided, and a doubt arose whether he was altogether in the wrong.

"Well," said one, "I don't say he'll ——— in the little creatures, if they could speak their mind."

"I've known a ship founder in a fair breeze all along of killing 'em," said one old salt.

Finally, one Bill Bird, a Yorkshire seaman, remarked that "it served the lobber right for not listening to reason."

"Reason!" And, indeed, methinks it was lovely and touching that the divine in the human heart and superior reason should have shot from his heart or from Heaven across that poor benighted brain.

But it must be owned his mode of showing his humanity was somewhat unusual, not to say normal, and smacked of lunacy. After this, however, the affection of his mess-mates was not so contemptuous.

Now the captain of the *Vulture* was Billy's cousin by marriage, Reginald Bazalgette. Twenty years ago, when the captain was a boy, they were great friends; of late Bazalgette had seen less of him; still it seems strange he did not recognize him in his own ship. But one or two causes co-operated to prevent that. In the first place the man had been turned in and out from not so sharp in another; and Captain Bazalgette had been told to look for David in a merchant ship bound for the East Indies. In the next place insanity alters the expression of the face wonderfully, and the captain of a frigate sees his eye over four hundred sailors at muster, a hundred at work, not to examine their features, but their dress and bearing at the one, and their handiness at the other. The worst place of luck was that Mrs. Dodd did not know David called himself William Thompson. So there stood "William Thompson" large as life on the ship's books, and nobody the wiser. Captain Bazalgette had a warm regard and affection for Mrs. Dodd, and did all he could. Indeed, he took great liberties: he stopped and overhauled several merchant ships for the truant; and, by-the-by, on one occasion William Thompson was one of the boat's crew that manned a midshipman from the *Vulture* alongside a merchant ship to search for David Dodd: it turned out the man had somehow slipped aboard in the boat, but the very name was new to him. He examined it, but clearly from that time he was told his loving tyrant, George White, they had been overhauling a merchant ship and looking for one David Dodd.

It was about mid-summer the *Vulture* anchored off one of the South Sea islands, and sent a boat ashore for fruit. Billy and his friend, another little tyrant, George White, were among the crew. Off goes George to land, and Billy sits down on the bulwark to lavish eye upon him. The water was calm: but the boy with the headlessness of youth and in search of fruit, dived, was seized with cramp and screamed to his comrades. They ran, but they were half a mile from the boat. Billy dashed into the water and came up with George just as he was sinking for the last time; the boy gripped him; but by his great strength he dragged George down with him, and would have drowned both, and swam for the shore. Meantime the sailors got into the boat, and rowed them off to the frigate.

Now Billy was undressed and his head under the main-deck scuttle, when the surgeon, who had helped strangle him by gripping his neck with both arms. Anyway, by the boy's account, just as they were undressing him, he revived. Billy gave a great shriek and turned over on his back; and George paddled with his hands, but Billy soon after laid the dead body with him in the boat was yet fifty yards off. And George screamed and pointed to the place, and the boat's crew saw that he was right. But the surgeon was so clear the sailors saw Billy lie motionless at the bottom, and thought he was feigning, and drew him up: but his face came up alongside a deadly white, with staring eyes, and they shuddered and let him sink again.

They took him into a house and stripped him, and rubbed him, and wrapped him in blankets, and put him by the fire, but he was dead as a herring.

Then having dried his clothes, they dressed the body again and laid him in the boat, and sent the Union Jack over the dead boy's shoulders and unwillingly back to the ship, George sobbing and moaning over the body, and not a dry eye in the boat.

The body was carried up the side, and uncovered, just as it had been taken from the water. The surgeon was sent for and examined the body: and then the grim routine of a man-of-war's deck swept him from the captain to the boy.

The captain read the service, the captain gave the stereotyped order to bury him at noon next day, and the usual preparations were made: he sewed up in his hammock with a portion of his clothes and bedding to conceal the outline of the corpse, and then covered with the Union Jack, and the poor skipper was laid out for burial, and covered by the Union Jack.

I don't know whether any of my young readers are directly interested in the proceedings of the just related. If not, I will just remind them that even Edward Dodd was prepared to oppose the marriage of Alfred and Ada, if any reason for it should befall his father at sea, owing to Alfred's imprudent interference in rescuing him from Drayton House.

CHAPTER LIII.

MINUTE study of my fellow-creatures has revealed to me that there are many intelligent persons who think that a suit at law commences at once. This is not so. Many writs are signed and decided by the special pleaders, and no newspaper notices such, and, as a stiff encounter of this kind actually took place in Hardie v. Hardie, a word of prefatory explanation may be proper. Suitors come into court to try by an issue: an issue is a mutual lie direct: and toward this both parties are driven upon paper by the laws of pleading, which may be briefly described as: Every statement of the adversary must either be contradicted by a counter-statement and avoided: "Avoided" means neutralized by fresh matter. 2. Nothing must be advanced by plaintiff which does not disclose a cause of action in point of law. Nothing advanced by defendant, which, if true, would not be a defense to the action. These rules exclude a vast number of palpable cheats and vices that mark all the unprofessional arguments one ever hears; for on a breach of any one of the said rules, the opposite party demurs—the demurrer is argued before the judges in banco, and, if successful, the faulty plaint, or faulty plea, is dismissed, and often of course the cause won or lost thereby, and the country saved that trouble, and the suitors the expense, of trying an issue.

So the writ being served by Pit's attorney, and his appearance put in by Deff.'s, the paper battle began by Alfred Hardie, through his attorney, serving on Deff.'s attorney "THE DECLARATION." This was drawn by his junior counsel, Garrow, and ran thus, after specifying the count and the date:

1. The Deft. by Joseph Heathfield his attorney says he is not guilty.

2. And for a further plea the Deft. says that before and at the time of the alleged imprisonment Plt. was a person of unsound mind and incompetent to take care of himself and a proper person to be taken care of and detained and it was unfit unsafe improper and dangerous that he should be at large thereupon the Deft. being the uncle of the Plt. and a proper person to cause the Plt. to be taken charge of and to produce care and treatment in that behalf did cause the Plt. to be so taken charge of and detained under due care and treatment, etc. etc.

The first plea was the stinger, but too long to cite verbatim. It put the plain issue, Is the plaintiff, at and before the time, etc., had conducted himself like a person of unsound mind, and of course that he was not? The second plea was so clear the sailors saw Billy lie motionless at the bottom, and thought he was feigning, and drew him up: but his face came up alongside a deadly white, with staring eyes, and they shuddered and let him sink again.

They took him into a house and stripped him, and rubbed him, and wrapped him in blankets, and put him by the fire, but he was dead as a herring.

Then having dried his clothes, they dressed the body again and laid him in the boat, and sent the Union Jack over the dead boy's shoulders and unwillingly back to the ship, George sobbing and moaning over the body, and not a dry eye in the boat.

The body was carried up the side, and uncovered, just as it had been taken from the water. The surgeon was sent for and examined the body: and then the grim routine of a man-of-war's deck swept him from the captain to the boy.

The captain read the service, the captain gave the stereotyped order to bury him at noon next day, and the usual preparations were made: he sewed up in his hammock with a portion of his clothes and bedding to conceal the outline of the corpse, and then covered with the Union Jack, and the poor skipper was laid out for burial, and covered by the Union Jack.

I don't know whether any of my young readers are directly interested in the proceedings of the just related. If not, I will just remind them that even Edward Dodd was prepared to oppose the marriage of Alfred and Ada, if any reason for it should befall his father at sea, owing to Alfred's imprudent interference in rescuing him from Drayton House.

CHAPTER LIII.

MINUTE study of my fellow-creatures has revealed to me that there are many intelligent persons who think that a suit at law commences at once. This is not so. Many writs are signed and decided by the special pleaders, and no newspaper notices such, and, as a stiff encounter of this kind actually took place in Hardie v. Hardie, a word of prefatory explanation may be proper. Suitors come into court to try by an issue: an issue is a mutual lie direct: and toward this both parties are driven upon paper by the laws of pleading, which may be briefly described as: Every statement of the adversary must either be contradicted by a counter-statement and avoided. "Avoided" means neutralized by fresh matter. 2. Nothing must be advanced by plaintiff which does not disclose a cause of action in point of law. Nothing advanced by defendant, which, if true, would not be a defense to the action. These rules exclude a vast number of palpable cheats and vices that mark all the unprofessional arguments one ever hears; for on a breach of any one of the said rules, the opposite party demurs—the demurrer is argued before the judges in banco, and, if successful, the faulty plaint, or faulty plea, is dismissed, and often of course the cause won or lost thereby, and the country saved that trouble, and the suitors the expense, of trying an issue.

So the writ being served by Pit's attorney, and his appearance put in by Deff.'s, the paper battle began by Alfred Hardie, through his attorney, serving on Deff.'s attorney "THE DECLARATION." This was drawn by his junior counsel, Garrow, and ran thus, after specifying the count and the date:

By statute 4 & 5 Vic. c. 99, s. 108.

1. The Deft. by Joseph Heathfield his attorney says he is not guilty.

2. And for a further plea the Deft. says that before and at the time of the alleged imprisonment Plt. was a person of unsound mind and incompetent to take care of himself and a proper person to be taken care of and detained and it was unfit unsafe improper and dangerous that he should be at large thereupon the Deft. being the uncle of the Plt. and a proper person to cause the Plt. to be taken charge of and to produce care and treatment in that behalf did cause the Plt. to be so taken charge of and detained under due care and treatment, etc. etc.

The first plea was a mere form of pleas, under the statute.

The second raised the very issue at common law the plaintiff would try.

The third made John Compton knit his brows with perplexity. "This is a very nasty plea," said he to Alfred, in a confidential way. "If we join issue on it we must be defeated; for how can we deny the certificates were in form; and oft have I heard you say the lease enough to be declared to Colls, who drew these pleas for them?"

"Mr. Colvin, Sir."

"Make a note to employ him in our next staff pleading."

Alfred was staggered. He had thought to ride rough-shod over defendant: a common practice with young counsel and solicitors. Lawyers fight hard. The pleas were taken to Garrow; he said there was but one course: to demur. Then the plaintiff joined issue on all the defendant's pleas, and as to the last plea the plaintiff said the same was bad in substance." Defendant rejoined that the same was good in substance, and thus Hardie v. Hardie was brought to the two pleas, a question of law for the judges, and an issue for the mixed tribunal loosely called a jury. And I heard hardly any one but should the plaintiff win one of the pleas and the defendant the other, the cause would be won by the defendant.

Postponing the history of the legal question, I shall show how Messrs. Heathfield fought off the issue, and cooled the ardent Alfred and sickened him of law.

In theory every Englishman has a right to be tried by his peers, and in fact there are many gentlemen in every court, each of whom has by precedent the power to refuse him a jury, by simply pronouncing in set terms after the writ, until the death of one of the parties, when the action, if a personal one, dies too: and, by a singular anomaly, which may be found in practice, if a slippery Deft. can't persuade A. or B., judges of the common law court, to connive at what I venture to call

THE POSTPONEMENT SWINDLE,

he can actually go to C. D. and E., one after another, and obtain rejected application, and at the previous refusal of the other judges to delay and baffle justice goes for little or nothing; so that the postponing swindler has five to one in his favor.

Messrs. Heathfield began this game unluckily. They applied to a judge in chambers for a month to plead. Mr. Compton opposed in person, and showed that this was absurd. The judge thought so too, and gave but days to plead. Issue being joined, Mr. Compton pushed on for trial, and the cause was entered for the November term. Toward the end of the term Messrs. Heathfield applied to one of the puisné judges for a postponement, on the ground that a principal witness could not attend. Application was supported by the attorney's affidavit to the effect that Mr. Spence was in Boulogne, and had written to him to say that he had met with a railway accident, and feared he could not possibly come to England in less than a month. A respectable French doctor confirmed this by certificate. Compton opposed, but the judge would hardly hear him, and postponed the trial as a matter of course: this carried it over the sittings into next term. Alfred groaned, but bore it patiently; not so Doctor Sampson: he raged against acres tribunals.* See how men deteriorate the moment they get out of the full light of publicity. What English judge, sitting in the light of Short-hand, would admit Jack swears that Gill says' for legal evidence. Speers has sworn to no facks. Heathfield has sworn to no facks but th' existence of Speers's hearsay. They are a couple o lyres. I'll bet ye two pounds t' a shilling Speers is as well as I'm."

Mr. Compton quietly reminded him there was a direct statement—the French doctor's certificate.

"A medical certificent!" shrieked Sampson, amazed. "Mai—dear—Sir, a medical certificent is but an article in commerce—like an attorney's conscience. Gimme a guinea, and I'll get you sworn sick, diseased, disabled, or dead this minute, whichever you like best."

"Come, doctor, don't fly off: you said you'd bet ten pounds to a shilling Speers is not on invalid at all. I say done."

"Done."

"How will you find out?"

"How? I'll write to the chief-takers on 'em, to be sure."

He wrote off to the prefect of police at Boulogne, and in four days received an answer headed, "Information in the interest of families." The prefect informed him there had been no railway accident: but that the Sieur Speers, English subject, had really hurt his leg getting out of a railway carriage six weeks ago, and had kept his room some days; but he had been cured some weeks, and going about his business, and was an excellent walker to Paris.

On this Compton offered him the shilling. But he declined to take it. "The lie was self-evident," said he, "and here's a judge who couldn't see't, and an attorney couldn't. Been all their business to deceive too. Oh the darkness of the professional mind!"

The next term came. Mr. Compton delivered the brief, the judges, sitting in chambers, etc., and Alfred came up with a good heart to get his stigma removed by twelve honest men in a jury box. But in the first case called out of its order and put before him, then another, till term wore near an end. Then Messrs. Heathfield applied to another judge of the court for a postponement. Mr. Richard Hardie, plaintiff's father, a most respectable man, and a Lord Mayor's Court. Medical certificate and letter herewith.

Compton opposed. Now this judge was a keen and learned lawyer, and had had long years of all professional tricks. He heard the two attorneys, and delivered himself to this effect, in spite of counsel and solicitors, who, I shall make up order. The defendant has been here before on a doubtful affidavit. You know, Mr. Heathfield, that I have refused to grant the plaintiff's evidence, and his conduct under cross-examination confirmed me. I think I should not be just nor humane to keep this plaintiff in suspense, and civilizer mortium, any longer. You can take out a commission to examine Richard Hardie."

To this Mr. Compton pulled him, but the commission was issued in time; and now the opening, Mr. Heathfield went to another judge with another disabled witness; Peggy Black. That judge was humane, was unwilling to interfere in a ster's children—in an affidavit: and they had been examined by commission in the interval. Mr. Compton opposed, and pointed out the blot. "You don't want the children in the witness-box," said he, "and you can't get at the evidence of our trial because one of your witnesses prefers nursing other people's children to facing the witness-box."

The judge nodded assent. "I make no order," said he.

Mr. Heathfield went out from his presence and sent a message by telegraph to Peggy Black. "If you must have them examined, telegraph the same at once, certificate by ——."

The accommodating maiden telegraphed back that she unfortunately had the measles, and if the children: medical certificate to follow by post. Four judges out of the five were now applied to in vain. But Mr. Heathfield thickened the hole in his face affidavit with Peggy's telegram, and slipped down to Westminster to the chief judge of the court, who, I think, had no opportunity of watching the growth and dissemination of this imposition. Mr. Compton's opposition fought this time by counsel and with a powerful affidavit. But luck was against him. The judge had not seen the case in original standing; Compton's counsel was feeble; did not feel the wrong: how could he? lawyers fatten by delays, and nobody physicked a fever by force. The postponement was granted.

Alfred cursed them all, and his own folly in believing that the alleged lunatic would be allowed fair play at Westminster or any where else. Garrow said, "Don't be discouraged: suspended to the press again. He wrote a long letter exposing with fearless irony the postponement swindle as it had been played on Hardie v. Hardie: and wound up with this fiery peroration:

"This Englishman sues not merely for damages, but to recover lost rights dearer far than money, of which he says he has been unjustly robbed; his right to walk in daylight on the soil of his native land without being seized, and tied up for life like a nigger or a dog; his footing in society; a chance to earn his bread; and a place among mankind: ay, among mankind! for it lacks but a few years of the full age of society's, and an alleged lunatic is a lunatic till a jury clears him.

"Now, you, gentlemen, is not such a suitor acred in all wise and good men's minds? Is he not defendant as well as plaintiff? Why his stake is enormous compared with the nominal defendant's; and, if I know right from wrong, to postpone his trial a fourth time would be to insult Divine justice, and trifle with human misery, and shock the common sense of mankind."

The doctor's pen neither clipped the words nor minced the matter you see. Reading this

* Nautical phrase, meaning without stink or limb, or flagrantly advanceurement; as there is of grog.

Plaintiff Alfred Hardie by John Compton to wit. his attorney sues Thomas Hardie For that the Deft. assaulted Plt.

the water came into Alfred's eyes: "Ah, stanch friend," he said, "how few are like you! To the intellectual dwarfs who conspire with my oppressors, Hardie v. Hardie is but a family squabble. *Parvis omnia parva.*" Mr. Compton read it too; and said from the bottom of his heart, "Heaven defend us from our friends! This is enough to make the courts decline to try the case at all."

And, indeed, it did not cure the evil: for next term another malade affidavitaire was set up. Speers to wit. This gentleman deposed to having come over on purpose to attend the trial; but, having inadvertently stepped aside as far as *Wades*, he lay there stricken with a mysterious malady, and had just strength to forward medical certificate. On this the judge, in spite of remonstrance, adjourned Hardie v. Hardie to the summer term. Summer came, the evil day drew nigh: Mr. Heathfield got the venue changed from Westminster to London, which was the fifth postponement. At last the cause came on, the parties and witnesses were all in court, with two whole days to try it in.

Dr. Sampson rushed in furious. "There is some deviltry afloat," said he. "I was in the House of Commons last night, and there I saw the defendant's counsel carwigging the judge."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Compton, "such suspicions are ridiculous. Do you think they can talk of nothing but Hardie v. Hardie?"

"Mad—dearest Sirr—my son met one of Heathfield's clerks at dinner, and he let out that the trib was not to come off. Put this and that together now."

"I will come off," said Mr. Compton, "and in five minutes at farthest."

In less than that time the learned judge came in, and before taking his seat made this extraordinary speech.

"I hear this cause will take three days to try; and we have only two days before us. It would be inconvenient to have it unfinished; and I must proceed on circuit the day after to-morrow. It must be a remanet; no man can do more than time allows."

Plaintiff's counsel made a feeble remonstrance; then yielded. And the crier with sonorous voice called on the case of Bread v. Cheese, in which there were pounds at stake but no principle. Oh, with what zest they all went into it; being small men escaping from a great thing to a small one. Never hopped frogs into a ditch with more sincerity. Alfred left the court and hid himself; and the scalding tears forced their way down his cheeks at this heartless proceeding: to let all the witnesses come into court at a vast expense to the parties: and raise the cup of justice to the lips of the oppressed, and then pretend he knew a trial would last more than two days, and so shirk it. "I'd have made that a reason for sitting till midnight," said poor Alfred, "not for prolonging a poor injured man's agony four mortal months." He then prayed God earnestly for this great postponer's death as the only event that could give him back an Englishman's right of being tried by his peers, and so went down to Oxford heart-heavy.

As for Sampson he was most indignant, and said a public man had no business with a private car: and wanted to appeal to the press again; but the doughty doctor had a gentle but powerful ruler at home, as fiery horses are best ruled by a gentle hand. Mrs. Sampson requested him to write no more, but look round for an M.P. to draw those repeated defeats of justice to the notice of the House. Now there was one Mr. Bite, who had taken a prominent and honorable part in lunacy questions; headed committees and so on: this seemed the man. Dr. Sampson sent him a letter saying there was a flagrant case of a sane man falsely imprisoned, who had now been near a year applying for a jury, and jiggled out of this constitutional right by arbitrary and unreasonable postponements: would Mr. Bite give him (Dr. Sampson) ten minutes and no more, when he would explain the case and have documentary evidence behind him for Mr. Bite to test his statement. The philanthropical M.P. replied promptly in these exact words:

"Mr. Bite presents his compliments to Dr. Sampson to state that it is impossible for him to go into his case, nor to give him the time he requests to do so."

Sampson was a little indignant at the man's insolence; but far more at having been duped by the public assumption of philanthropy. "The little pragmatical impostor!" he roared. "Write what a sense of relief it caused Bugs off the mask of humanity when there is no easy éclat to be gained by putting t on." He sent the philanthropical Bite's revelation of his private self to Alfred, who returned it with this single remark: "Hounscull quanti sunt!"

Dishonest suitors all try to postpone; but they do not gain unmixed good thereby. These delays give time for more evidence to come in; and this slow coming, and chance, evidence is singularly adverse to the unjust suitor. Of this came a notable example in October next, and made Richard Hardie determine to precipitate the trial, and even regret he had not fought it out long ago.

He had just returned from consulting Messrs. Heathfield, and sat down to a nice little dinner in his apartments (Sackville Street), when a visitor was announced; and in came the slouching little figure of Mr. Barkington alias Noah Skinner.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Mr. Hardie suppressed a start, and said nothing. Skinner bowed low with a mixture of his old cringing way, and a certain sly triumphant leer, so that his body seemed to say one thing, and his face the opposite. Mr. Hardie eyed him and saw that his coat was rusty, and his hat napless; then Mr. Hardie smelt a beggar, and prepared to parry all attempts upon his purse.

"I hope I see my old master well," said Skinner, cringing.

"Pretty well in body, Skinner; thank you."

"I had a deal of trouble to find you, Sir. But I heard of the great lawsuit between Mr. Alfred and you, and I knew Mr. Heathfield was your solicitor. So I watched at his place day after day: and at last you came. Oh, I was so pleased when I saw your noble figure; but I wouldn't speak to you in the street, for fear of disgracing you; I'm such a poor little guy to be addressing a gentleman like you."

Now this sounded well on the surface, but below there was a subtle something Mr. Hardie did not like at all: but he took the cue, and said, "My poor Skinner, do you think I would turn my back on a faithful old servant like you? have a glass of wine with me, and tell me how you have been getting on." He went behind a screen and opened a door, and soon returned with a decanter, leaving the door opened: now in the next room sat, unbeknown to Skinner, a young woman with wire eye-lashes, sewing buttons on Mr. Hardie's shirts. That nature gentleman gave her instructions, and important ones too, with a silent gesture; then reopened and filled the bumper high to his faithful servant. They drank on another's healths with great cordiality, real or apparent. Mr. Hardie then asked Skinner carelessly, if he could do anything for him. Skinner said, "Well, Sir, I am very poor."

"So am I between you and me," said Mr. Hardie, confidentially: "I don't mind telling you; these confounded Commissioners of Lunacy wrote to Alfred's trustees, and I have been forced to replace a loan of five thousand pounds. That Board always sides with the insane. That crippled me, and drove me to the Exchange; and now what I have left is all invested in timebargains. A month settles my fate: a little fortune, or absolute beggary."

"You'll be lucky, Sir, you'll be lucky," said Skinner, cheerfully; "you have such a long head: not like poor little me. The Exchange soon burnt my cravings. Not a shilling left of the thousand pounds, Sir, you were so good as to give me for my faithful services. But you will give me another chance, Sir, I know; I'll take better care this time." Mr. Hardie shook his head sorrowfully, and said it was impossible. Skinner eyed him askant, and remarked, quietly, and half aside, "*Of course I could go to the other party*: but I shouldn't like to do that. They would come down handsome."

"What other party?"

"La, Sir, what other party? why Mrs. Dodd's, or Mr. Alfred's; here's the trial coming on, you know, and of course if they could get me to go on the box and tell all I know, or half what I know, why the judge and jury would say backing Mr. Alfred up for mad was a conspiracy."

Mr. Hardie quaked internally; but he hid it grandly, and once more was a Spartan gnawed beneath his robe by this little fox: "Whist," said he, sternly, "after all I and mine have done for you and yours, would you be so base as to go and sell yourself to my enemies?"

"Never, Sir," shouted Skinner, zealously; then in a whisper, "not if you'll make a bid for me."

"How much do you demand?"

"Only another thousand, Sir."

"A thousand pounds!"

"Why, what is that to you, Sir: you are rich enough to buy the eighth commandment out of the tables of ten per cent.: and then the lawsuit, Hardie versus Hardie!"

"You have spoken plainly at last," said Mr. Hardie, grimly. "This is extortion money he threats. Do you know that nothing is more criminal, nor more easy to punish? I can take you before a magistrate, and imprison you on the instant for this attempt. I will, too."

"Try it," said Skinner, coolly. "Where's your witness?"

"Behind that screen."

Peggy came forward directly, with a pen in her hand. Skinner was manifestly startled and disconcerted. "I have taken all your words down, Mr. Skinner," said Peggy, softly: then to her master, "Shall I go for a policeman, Sir?"

Mr. Hardie reflected. "Yes," said he, sternly: "there's no other course with such a lump of treachery and ingratitude as this."

Peggy whipped on her bonnet.

"What a hurry you are in!" whined Skinner; "a policeman ought to be the last argument for old friends to run to." Then, fawning spitefully, "Don't talk of indicting me, Sir," said he; "it makes me shiver: why how will you look when I up and tell them all how Captain Dodd was took with apoplexy in our office, and how you nailed fourteen thousand pound's off his senseless body, and forgot to put them down in your balance-sheet, so they are not whitewashed off like the rest."

"Any witnesses to all this, Skinner?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who?"

"Well; your own conscience, *for one*," said Skinner.

"He is mad, Peggy," said Mr. Hardie, shrugging his shoulders. He then lolled himself full in the face, and said, "Nobody was ever seized with apoplexy in my office. Nobody ever gave me £14,000, and if this is the probable tale with which you come here to break the law and extort money, leave my house this instant: and if ever you dare to utter this absurd and malicious slander, you shall lie within four stone walls, and learn what it is for a shabby vagabond to come without a witness to his back, and libel a man of property and honor."

Skinner let him run on in this lond, triumphant strain till he had quite done; then put out a brown skinny finger, and poked him lightly in the ribs, and said, quite quietly, and oh, so dryly, with a knowing wink,

"I've—got—THE RECEIPT."

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

We devote pages 808 and 809 to an illustration of a scene in the great battle of Chattanooga, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE STORMING OF MISSIONARY RIDGE, NOVEMBER 25, 1863, BY THE FOURTH CORPS.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, NOV. 27.

"On Wednesday afternoon the Fourth Corps was ordered to carry the rifle-pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. After the carrying of these works it was discovered that they were so commanded by the guns upon the ridge that, in order to hold the works, the rides itself must be taken. Which

THE CAPTURE OF ORCHARD KNOB, CHATTANOOGA, BY HAZEN'S AND WILLICH'S BRIGADES, DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS, NOVEMBER 23, 1863.

SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 813.]

was done. How, would take more space than I can give.

"The color-sergeant of the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Henry C. Lawrence, carried his colors far in advance of his regiment, which was the first to commence the ascent. The whole army are admiring him.

"Such a quantity of prisoners came into the keeping of the provost marshal of the corps, Captain Kaldenbaugh, that it was thought at one time another corps would have to be ordered up to take them in hand."

On page 812 we give

THE CAPTURE OF ORCHARD KNOB.

Mr. Davis writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, Dec. 27, 1863.

"On Monday afternoon, the 23d inst., the division of General Wood was ordered to make a reconnoissance toward Orchard Knob—a commanding position held by the rebels within range of the guns of Fort Wood. The division formed outside of our fortifications, General Harker on the right, Willich in the centre, and General Beatty on the left. The division advanced with the Fifth Kentucky, Ninety-third Ohio, Eighth Kansas, and Eighty-ninth Illinois as skirmishers. These carried this important position with splendid gallantry."

THE LOSS OF THE "ISAAC NEWTON."

We illustrate on this page the burning of the Hudson River steamer *Isaac Newton*, which took place on the night of 5th inst., off Fort Washington. The following account of the catastrophe is condensed from the *Herald* report:

It appears that the *Isaac Newton*—one of the finest steamboats running on the Hudson River, between this city and Albany—left her wharf, at the foot of Cortlandt Street, about six o'clock on Saturday evening, under the command of Captain Peck. She had between 150 and 200 passengers on board at the time, besides the usual quantity of freight and her ordinary complement of firemen, deck hands, etc. She went along very smoothly and quietly for about an hour, when suddenly a tremendous explosion occurred on board, and in an instant all was confusion and alarm. The large boiler had exploded, scattering an unlimited amount of pent-up steam and boiling water into every exposed portion of the vessel. The furnaces, which were in close proximity to the boiler, were blown into pieces by the tremendous force of the explosion, and the red-hot coals and burning wood were in consequence cast about the steamboat, setting fire to it, and thereby adding tenfold to the horror of the situation. The luckless vessel was in a few minutes under the full control of the fiery elements, and to attempt to describe the scene would be impossible.

Fortunately very few of the passengers were on the open decks, where they would have been exposed to the horrible dangers of death by scalding or burning. It was just about the time when most of the passengers were at their supper, or preparing for a comfortable nap in their berths, expecting to wake up all safe and sound in Albany. The lady passengers were easily settled in the cabin, and the men were either in the after portion of the vessel smoking, or, as stated above, eating their suppers in the refectory.

In the mean time the signals of distress were answered from the shore at each side. A propeller, called the *Jennie P. Miller*, and the tow-boat *Herald* soon got near the burning steamer and took off most of the passengers—half dead from fear and excitement. Several canal-boats also came up in good time, and did good service in rescuing the passengers. A number of row-boats put out from the shore, and it is said a few of the passengers availed themselves of these light barks to reach the friendly land once more.

Four person are known to have been killed and fifteen others injured perhaps fatally.



CHARLES C. GUNTHER, THE MAYOR ELECT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE MAYOR ELECT.

HON. CHARLES GODFREY GUNTHER was born in New York, on 7th April, 1822, and with his father and one of his brothers carries on a large fur business there. Before he was of age to vote he was an active working member of the Democratic party, and subsequently became a member of the Young Men's Democratic General Committee, of which body he was several times chairman. In 1855 he was elected a Governor of the Alms-house, and became afterward President of the Board. In 1861 he ran unsuccessfully for Mayor, Mr. Opdyke winning the day. On the 1st of the month he ran a second time, and was elected over the Republican candidate, Mr. Blunt, on the one hand, and over the nominee of Mozart and Tammany, Mr. Boole, on the other.

Mr. Gunther is greatly respected as a high-toned, honorable merchant. In politics he has hitherto been a Hard-shell Democrat. We believe, however, that he has been unjustly classed with the peace party

THE SOWING OF THE AGES.

STEADILY the Ages sow
Ever-living seeds—
Many-germed seeds;
And the flowers come and go,
Though the blinded generations
Scorn them as the weeds.

Seeds of truth and seeds of right—
Strong perennial seeds—
Ever-growing seeds;
And the harvests ripen bright
Though the generations count them
Not among their needs.

They are beaten down in wrath—
Madly beaten down—
Vainly beaten down;
And they spring up in the path,
Prickly, of the generations
That their growth disown.

Sharper leaves from tougher roots,
Growing bloodless fast—
Growing earless fast;
Till a crop of steel upshoots,
Spearing through the generations
Prone upon it cast.

And this last crop of the seeds
Surely must be good—
Must be wondrous good;
Precious crop for sorest needs,
For the prostrate generations
Water it with blood.



DESTRUCTION OF THE HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT "ISAAC NEWTON" BY FIRE, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

ADVERTISEMENTS

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit as strictly such as the Trade.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part, of the world, at the same price, promptly executed.

Reader, you can have as enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which, "like your writing, rarely changes than your face; and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to "value spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one call on A. MORTON, No. 5 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamp for circular.

Sixth Thousand Ready Next Week.
Bayard Taylor's Novel.
HANNAH THURSTON.

A
Story of American Life.

The critics of the press are nearly unanimous in its praise. From various and modern we extract the following:

From the N. Y. Independent.
"Mr. Taylor has written a good novel."
From the N. Y. Daily Times.
"There is life and individuality about his portraits."
From the Boston Transcript.
"To us its signal merits is its truth."
From the Boston Gazette.
"Will meet the commendation of thinking women."
From the Albany Evening Journal.
"Hannah Thurston will be eagerly read."
From the Springfield Republican Daily Press.
"Will greatly increase the author's fame."
From the Lackawanna Register.
"The book is one of marked and powerful character."
From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.
"Eminently successful as a novel—full."
From the Albion Weekly.
"He has written a book on the popular heart."
From the Boston Daily Traveller.
"The cleverest such as we must every day."
From the Philadelphia City Item.
"An original, witty, delightful, refreshing novel."
From the Albany Journal. (Second Notice.)
"A book of great power. Better than a notice."
From the Norfolk Journal.
"A mode of graceful and correct English."
From the Boston Post.
"Full of intellect, energy, love, of the same genus."
From the N. Y. Tribune.
"Graphic and suggestive pictures with which it abounds."

From the Home Journal.
"Like all that has gone before, glowing and graphic."
From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.
"Many new admirers will read it with pleasure."
From the Rev. Bedford Mercury.
"It is one of the books to be bought."
Price $1.50.

C. P. PUTNAM, Publisher, No. 441 Broadway, N. Y.
. Copies sent by mail.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,
METROPOLITAN
PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order accompanied by cash, ANY ARTICLES required by the Army, the Navy, or the Pocket, in the LOWEST Prices, JEWELRY, BOOKS, ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPHS, PLAYING CARDS, MUSIC, PUBLICATIONS, etc. etc. We will forward GAME OFFICIAL ORDERS—4 cts. of any of the Prominent Officers of the Army and Navy, Stationery, Envelopes, Foreign Embellished, &c., at 10 cents each, six for $1, or a dozen for $1 60, free by mail.

Dominoes for the Million.



AMERICAN PATENT DOMINOES—Ivory Enameled Blocks, being neat, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds. Single sets, 15 cents, by mail; per doz., $1 60; per 100, $10. Address as above.



Union Badge.
PER HUNDRED,
$100—$8 00.
SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.
Sent free by express or Mail.
Address
J. W. EVERETT & CO.,
111 Fulton Street
or P. O. Box 2014,
New York City.

Send for Circular.

$50 for $20.

For $20 we will forward by mail or express, pre-paid, the following: One Fine Gold-Toned Hunting-Case Watch, 12 Gent's Soi Rings, 3 Gold Pens and Extension Holders, 1 Set Studs, 1 Fancy Watch Keys, 1 Jeweled or Scarf Pins, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 3 Sets and Gleus for Studs, 1 Double-Glass Lockets, and 3 Chester-field Shirt Pins. Address THOMAS CAFFERTEY & CO., Providence, R. I.

Portable Printing Offices.



For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Shoots of Type, Cuts, &c., at very low rates. Adams Press Co., 21 Park Row, N. Y., and 25 Lincoln St., Boston.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at 81 per cent. below cost; consists of a variety of gold and silver goods; worth from 75 cents to $3 00 each. Any person sending 25 cents, we will forward, by return mail, a sample article they will receive. For other inducements, send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address

ANDREWS & CO., 208 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Family Medicine.

By having the BRANDRETH PILLS on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness occur, they can be given at once, and often will have effected a cure before the physician arrives.

As a Bilious remedy, and for costiveness, they have no equal.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street.
Sold also at No. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by dealers.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE.



AMBOLINE
FOR THE
HAIR

Kendall's Amboline for the Hair is a purely vegetable compound. It will restore the hair from falling out or turning grey. Gives dandruff as and as a dressing superior to all other preparations.

MISS FANNY STOKES, the beautiful and talented actress, says, "I have used Kendall's Amboline for my hair, and find it a very superior article. I have no hesitation in recommending it to every lady who desires a full and luxuriant head of hair"

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is put up in boxes containing two bottles, price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Depot 500 Broadway, N. Y.

Cavalry and Artillery.

Sold Silver, $1 25. Sold Silver, $1 25.



Sold 18 k. Gold, $5 00. Sold 18 k. Gold, $5 00.

Send for cut in receipt of Price. Also all Arms Corps, Co., and Division Pins, engraved to order, by the single one, 100, or 1000, and sent to any part of this country. Terms cash in advance. Send for a circular. Address

BROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

$153 a year pays Board and Tuition at Hudson River Institute, Claverack, N. Y. Superior English, Normal, Classical, French, Musical, Painting, Military and Commercial Branches. Sixth quarter Jan. 5. Terms open. Commercial Departments thoroughly practical. 18 Instructors. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal.

American Card Company's
New Union Playing Cards
National Emblems.



Goddess of Liberty 🜆 Eagles

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Knave.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American cards ever published, and as the time of their occurring to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Cards in the United States.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the emblems represent, and so the emblems are as familiar as household words everything among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the best cornbeef as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever issued. They are printed in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and them in handsome dozen boxes for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases, sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, or 165 William St., N. Y.

ECONOMY, DURABILITY, and CONVENIENCE.—The "Empire" No Chimney Burner, for Kerosene Oil Lamps, patented Aug. 11th, '63, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. The latest and acknowledged the best burner in use. Liberal terms to the trade. Sample sent, post-paid, for 75 cents. Circulars free. Agents wanted.

PETER EESIG & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

When the Boys Come Home. "Mother would comfort Me." Two new songs by composer of "When this Cruel War is over," "Rally round the Flag, Boys!" "Call," 50 new instrumental songs and quartettes, 50 c. Silk and Indian Rubber corsages, $2, mailed.

FREDERICK BLUME, 705 Bowery, N. Y.

Cloaks and Mantillas.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 5th inst.,
And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.
300 Canal Street, New York.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufacture sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases. Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the funny-named *Anores* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLIOT, BOSTON, MASS., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE



A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Meerschaum Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole arranging themselves from all other portable and a *Cigar Case*. It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 75, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $15 and $20 00; the two *latter richly plated and engraved*. Nothing can excel in Comfort, Convenience, and Elegance. The Patent at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. Sold by Jewelers and to Friends. As a Holiday Present it will be found to be more acceptable. FOR THE SOLDIER OR SAILOR, it is the *Companion of Hours, it is* INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points in the Army, daily solicited.

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of superior quality and flavor, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking), $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SAMPLES, DEALERS, will Outlets invited to call and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *post*, on receipt of *prices* and *stamps*.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. HOWARD STREET, N. Y.

H. A. HARVEY, 34 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarns, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Lemon Twine, Hammocks, Wadding and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Presents! Presents!
Soldier's Head-Quarters.
Rare Chance for AGENTS.
Head-Quarters for Army Corps Pins.

Any one wishing to buy, sell, exchange, or wishing to purchase any thing in the Jewelry or Gold Pin and Fancy Line, will send us a postal card on the receipt of it, together with my wholesale circular with full instructions how to proceed, and we will send them a fine Gold Pen, with Extension Case and Pencil, or a fine engraved Spring Locket or Bracelet, or California Diamond Seal Stone Ring, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewelry. Also a Gold Silver Shield, or Silver Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, or the Kearney Cross Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it. 15 per ct. allowed Agents on Corps Pins.

E. V. HAVILAND,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with power in a pocket field glass, called *Tourists', Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 3 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen an old sharpsighted eye without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by mail on receipt of stamp.

SEMMONDS, Oculists—Opticians,
691 Broadway, New York.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.—HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.—Some acceptance of life predispose to costiveness, especially those which allow but little exercise. Persons who contract this unfortunate habit of body, under these circumstances, might possibly be relieved by changing their sedentary employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means certain. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more *injurious* than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels—rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy; and a combination in the happiest proportion, of these ingredients, is found in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This famous stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while quietly removing from its convolutions all those elements to a free passage through them. No mere purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Cases of constipation, demanded as hopeless by distinguished medical men, have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. To those who have tried all the medicines of the dispensary in vain, we say try this irresistible stimulant and aperient. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the concomitant of sedentary habits. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, by supplying the whole with blood will likewise be relieved from excessive fullness. In these cases enable the system to perform its necessary functions without the aid of drugs. In a word, they never make permanent weakness for the excitement in some case, and the same ultimate result in every case. Invalids, who frequently suffer from habitual costiveness, are the victims of diseases of females. The truth is, that bodies affected with these villainous ailments baffle heroic efforts to recover them, and fall for the want of just such a stimulant and correction as the "Bitters" afford. If the true state of woman's constitution were better appreciated, it would be seen that no female ought to bear her sufferings otherwise than that, on the contrary, they should render her the object of a tender sympathy and a fonder care.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 695 BROADWAY.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Pencil-Tips, and Pens*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, at 19 Ann Street, or by mail for 75 cents, that retail for $3, unparalleled for every purpose. Address
E. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Kirk's Charles the Bold.

Will be Published early in Dec.:

HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

By JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

Two volumes.....8vo.....With Portrait.

Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose intimate relations with the late Wm. H. Prescott are well known, has just completed Vols. I. and II. of the History of Charles the Bold, and the Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that this important contribution to our historical literature will be ready for publication early in December.

The remarkable epoch treated by Mr. Kirk is full of grand historical figures, and by his narrative an entirely new interest is thrown on some of the most important events in Charles's career. His position as the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages" is fully indicated, and the influence he traced both of the ambitious and of the fall upon the destinies of the principal European States.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

"We have no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Kirk's most fascinating narrative a place with the great achievements of genius in the department for his element to fix. An advent among the historians will be welcomed the world over."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

—SIDE A JACK HORNER. The old nursery rhyme never considered that the rider would have to pay for the hurry of the boy that put Cantering Coin into his hand. A child sway from before the horse's head. These wonderful Sheets are born for role by S. W. SMITH, No. 169 Broadway. Call for the little folks, and take a ride, or send stamp for illustrated circular.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, direct to HARPER'S WEEKLY EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS—Sewing Machines, Cooking Stoves, Washing Machines, all pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and get 50 paper pictures. Freeman Brown, Lowell, Mass.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have just published:

HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By ISAAC V. D. HEARD. With Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain GEORGE F. NORTON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
200 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Onyx and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Pea., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Scarf Pins	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Sleeve Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
4000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
4000 Lockets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put in envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to kind, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business. No certificate, which must be inclosed for the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents who make selling as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Any person will collect Certificates for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
295 Broadway, New York.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS And Corps Badges.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Every Co. From A. to Z., solid Silver	$1 00
Solid Silver Letters in Gold Relief	1 50
Solid 18 K. Gold	3 00
Solid Silver Corps Badges (plain)	1 00
" " " (enameled)	1 50
" Gold " "	3 00

Cavalry Badges

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Self Inker, $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA

DR. STERLING'S **AMBROSIA** is a scientific and healing extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will stop any disorder of the scalp and itching of the head, and gradually eradicate dandruff, prevent the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long, and entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

Price 75 CENTS PER BOX, containing two bottles. DR. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor, Depot No. 482 Broadway. For sale by all druggists.

DESIRABLE VALUABLE GIFTS!

1st ARTOMATIC SELF-SEWER for $1. Adapted for all the Sewing Machines. Guides the work without the hand; Tucks, Hems, Seams, Cords, Binds. Sent any where, with printed directions, free, on receipt of One Dollar.

2d SHOEMEN WORK, TWO STRANDS, for Machines..... 10c.
3d Silvered Hemmers and Shield..... 15c.
4th Needle Book and 100 Barbed's Needles..... 25c.
Needle Contents and 50 " ..... 35c.
Illustrating Gazette for Machines.
Address BARTLETT'S NEEDLE AND SEWING Machine Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Of great power, from **$3 50** to **$25**. Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Also HOLIDAY GOODS in Great Variety. B. H. HOON, Manufacturing Optician, 319 Broadway, up stairs. Send for circular.

$75 a MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

Cavalry and Artillery Fine in Fine Silver, with Name. Samples sent to Sol diers on receipt of $1 25; also Army Corps Badges for $1 00. Liberal discount made to agents.
E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150 $100! $50!
PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus, or Concentrated Potash.*

The articles must be awaded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,
No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

New and elegant Designs, of superior Workmanship, at reasonable prices, manufactured of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, under the supervision of the firm, whose reputation has been established several years. Every description of Furniture manufactured to order and executed promptly.
Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

SPLENDID HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their chronometer.—*N. Y. Weekly, July 25.*

Particularly valuable for fitness in the survey, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's, Feb. 21.*

Prettiest, best and cheapest watch in the market.—*N. Y. Illustrated News, Jan. 16.*

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted a accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Single watches and movements can be had. If sent by mail, the postage is 26 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, BOTH, FOR CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of fine metals, the outer one fine quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by coloring or damp engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** to imitation.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, running, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, with enamel dial, and figure or beads, in good running order,* by the half dozen, $66; pocket, $8 50; registering, $9 50. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—Secured before them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. S. C. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

The Printer's Devil.

This large bandsome, and beautifully illustrated literary and miscellaneous family journal will be sent six months on trial for only Twenty-five Cents. This gives all an opportunity to secure a really good paper for a small sum. Now is the time to give it a trial. Published at *Printer's Devil* Building, 125 Fulton Street, New York." Sold by all newsdealers.

The Bound Boy.

If over 15, and your Beard, Moustache, &c., is of scanty, retarded growth, the use for a short time of the Tonsorine Sea-Sponge Steam Bandage will stimulate them to a speedy fine and vigorous growth. Has been thoroughly tried and found reliable. Is a small sample box and an account of the discovery of this remarkable Balsam at Shiloh, April, 1862, will be forwarded on receipt of postage. Address John Rawlins, 797 Broadway, New York.

Do you want to make yourself

KNOW THE FUTURE!!!?—Go

See the PRINTER'S DEVIL for Dec. 1, at all Newsdealers in the U. S.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen..... $ 0 25
Or 3 dozen for..... 0 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO., & CO., Providence, R. I.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, efficient, sure, and reliable Revolvers ever made. Five shots (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—consequently carried in the vest—while loaded are five-shooting four barrels—each rifled quite to the breech. The Trade supplied.
ELLIOT ARMS CO., 404 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
DERMATOLOGIST,
49 Bond Street, New York.

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Bleaching: Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultation free.
For pamphlet containing testimonials for Circulars.

A Sewing Machine for $5.

Unequaled for
COMMON HAND NEEDLES,
And all kinds of
Makes—
Common Hand Stitch.

GATHERS, HEMMING, SEAMS, TUCKS, RUNS up Braiding; each Machine is put up in a highly ORNAMENTAL WORK-BOX, with full directions, 50 of BARTLETT'S ADJUSTABLE NEEDLES, and sent anywhere ordered on receipt of Five Dollars, addressed to the BARTLETT'S NEEDLE AND SEWING MACHINE furnishing Depot, 482 Broadway, N.Y.
Machines sent to any address..... $5
..... $24

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S Illuminated and Pictorial BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c., the whole forming a sumptuous and Rich Vol'e.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, bevelled and panel'd sides, $20 00; Morocco, antique, gilt edges, $18 00; Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $12 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance Chronological Table, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the Books, Chapters, Commencement of Psalms, are from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, N. A. The Family Bible is illustrated in which there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished Artists, intended to illustrate the Scripture text which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Auburn; PEASE TAYLOR, Washington; ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; DERBY, MILLER & DERBY, St. Louis; J. CLEMAN & CO., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

Beautiful Gift-Books
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of Men, Places, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Over 1000 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $11 25; Half Calf, $12 50; Morocco, gilt edges, $18 00.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Thirteen Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With Two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several *Hundred Engravings*, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Customs, Manners, and Habits of the People. Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 00; Half Morocco, $6 50.

MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN. By LOUIS DE MURSIER. Translated, with Permission of the Author, by JOHN ALBERTSON. Beautifully Illustrated by GUSTAVE RENOUTE. Square 4to, Cloth.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOKS. Square 4to, about 300 pages each, beautifully printed on tinted paper, and illustrated with many Engravings. In Cloth gilt, $1 50 a volume; or, the Series complete in neat box, $6 00.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE with Sixty-One Engravings by Eighty Engravings, from Designs by Harvey, Overbeck, Weir, Schmolz, &c.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER-BOOK, containing the Morning and Evening Prayer, with Sixty Illustrations by Harvey and Weir.

THE CHILDREN'S PSALTER. With Sixty Illustrations by Harvey and Weir.

THE CHILDREN'S PROVERBS. With Sixty Illustrations by Harvey and Weir.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Selected and Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT. With English and American Additions, arranged by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. Edition of "Victorian and American Literature." Illustrated with 120 Engravings drawn by American and English Artists, including Birket Foster, W. Harvey, Harrison Weir, J. E. Millais, H. Melville, W. Mulready, C. Stanfield, J. Gilbert, F. R. Pickersgill, J. Tenniel, T. Dalziel, J. H. Hill, J. W. Archer, G. Thomas, and Whymper, and elegantly modified to form, printed on Superfine Tinted Paper, richly bound in extra Cloth beveled, gilt edges, $4 00; Full Turkey Morocco, $8 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Sent by mail, postage-free, on receipt of price.

Commencement of the Twenty-Eighth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For December, 1863.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 11 Copies for $35 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS will receive Subscriptions, together, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, *New York.*

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Five Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

And an extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.
Postage to Subscribers in the United States, Free of Charge, and One Dollar per Year for outside Advertisements.
HARPER & BROTHERS, *New York.*



ANOTHER "STRIKE."

GRANDMA. "Well, Father; I wish you would give us your advice! CLARA and GEORGE have tried every thing—but Children say they positively will not go to school till their pocket-money is raised to FIVE CENTS a day."

FISK & HATCH.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

FOR

Holiday Presents,

SEE

J. H. Winslow & Co.'s

Advertisement on page 815.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane AND **22 John Street,**

81 Rue du Chateau d'Eau, Paris, Sands St., Birmingham, England.

French and English Fancy Goods.

PORCELAIN VASES. MANTEL ORNAMENTS. MARBLE CLOCKS. BRONZES. CLOCK REGULATORS. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. CHESS AND DRESSING CASES. CARVED WOOD WORK-BOXES. ARTISTS CASES. OPERA GLASSES. FANS. LEATHER GOODS. ALSO JET AND CORAL JEWELLERY. DIAMONDS, WATCHES, &c.

MILITARY GOODS—GUNS—PISTOLS—CUTLERY, &c.

FINE ENGLISH SKATES.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying small objects 500 times. MAILED FREE everywhere for **50** CENTS. Five of different powers for $1 00. Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

FURS.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS.

FUR WAREHOUSE.

45 Maiden Lane New York.

Importers Manufacturers and Shippers of Raw Furs and Skins.

Invite attention to the extensive Assortment of Ladies' Furs now on hand.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.



McClellan, Grant, Hooker, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Franklin, and Sigel. All are the same pattern as the cut, only a little larger. The battle-ground and date are on the reverse. Each likeness is taken from life, and from its size and finish is fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail, securely sealed in one of the army. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts.

LUCIUS PHILLIP, 179 Broadway, N. Y.

Metallic Artificial Legs.

Made of Corrugated Brass or other Metals.

Patented Jan. 6th, 1863, by the Universal Joint and Artificial Limb Co.

Weight only Four Pounds.

Soldiers' price, $80 ; civilian's, $75. Send for a Circular. J. W. WESTON, Agt., 691 Broadway, N. Y.

A GOLD OR SILVER WATCH

And a Gold Chain Free.

NEW STATIONERY IN 32D2 PACKETS for the Holidays. New and Special Inducements to Agents. Sold for cent. New Circular.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 28 Beekman Street, N. Y.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles of HOUSEKEEPERS, a Copper Emblem New York

A Bad Breath.—*The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to.* How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is so delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 165 and 167 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

Davis Collamore & Co.,

479 Broadway, below Broome Street.

Are now Opening HOLIDAY GOODS in great VARIETY and of very beautiful styles.

ALSO DRESSING, TEA, AND TOILET SETS. GLASS WARE, ENGRAVED WITH CREST OR INITIAL.

BLUE CANTON COPPER URNS, &c., &c.

CHICKEN EGG DISHES.

The Soldier's Gift

To the Loved One at Home.

We will deliver *Free* of freight charge, at any Express Office East of St. Joseph, Mo., any of our beautiful Albums of the size of **35** or more, that may be ordered by members of the Army of the United States or Navies and Presents to friends at home. We manufacture elegant styles at all prices to $25, and higher.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,

Manufacturers and Importers,

501 Broadway, N. Y.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate.



Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.

Frederick Stevens,

215 *Pearl Street, New York.*

628 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

Musical Boxes,



Playing 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 30 tunes, and cost only $7. A Solid Silver one as above, $7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. H. E. BONTON & CO., 58 & 60 John Street, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of Aug. 22, says: "Messrs. BONTON & CO. have received the first consignments of this kind that have arrived in a state—cheapness and reliability. Being a branch of the old established and well known jewelry house, there will be greater punctuality in all the affairs of life."

STEINWAY & SONS'



GOLD MEDAL GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS are now considered the best in Europe, as well as this country, having received the first Prize Medal at the World's Exhibition in London, 1862.

The principal reason why the Steinway Pianos are superior to all others is, that the firm is composed of five practical pianoforte makers (father and four sons), who devote all their energies to improvements, and under whose personal supervision every part of the instrument is manufactured. Warerooms, Nos 82 & 84 Walker Street, N. Y.

$35 WATCHES. $35

Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be prepaid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on delivery.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches, 208 Broadway, New York.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, successful, and saleable* extra large size FREE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Initiators, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Conveniences, Comp Comprehensive Soldiers', Parlor and Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Money Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Great Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package ONLY **25** cents retail. Wholesale rate to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** per cent. profit allowed. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above the competition, and have long since achieved the title of the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Full and explicit descriptions put up by the 1000 for orders. Full directions all parts of the country. Goods sent by EXPRESS, C. O. D. to all parts of the army South and Southwest. A SPLENDID GOLD SILVER WATCH, warranted MOVEMENTS, and correct *timepiece*, with a chain free to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, free. S. C. HICKADS & CO., **102** NASSAU ST., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Price Package House in the World.



EVERY SUFFERER should supply himself with a remedy to counteract, all the ills, diseases, scratches, and bruises that is to be subjected to on his tour some numbers, and unluckily some more than others. Davis' Pain Killer is the remedy sold by all dealers in medicines.

For Holiday Presents

Be sure and read R. T. HAYWARD'S Notice on page 814.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALLED In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material. At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,

Ilion N.Y.

ROMAN SCARFS SENT BY MAIL EVERYWHERE

3.000 dozen pure Roman Scarfs.

Made from the Purest and Softest Silk.

These are the most fashionable, elegant, and economical Scarfs ever imported, as they are reversible; one Scarf will do for two ways.

They are much worn in Europe by both ladies and gentlemen. Can be worn with either pin or ring.

The whole lot will be retailed by mail at

PRICES!

$1 50 AND $2 EACH.

Sent to any part of the U. S. by mail on receipt of the cash, and six cents for postage.

Very fine Gold Plated Scarf Pins or Rings

$1 00 each.

S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELLED WHITE.

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been in use during the past few years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travelers they are invaluable.

Sent to any part of the U. S. by mail, post paid, on receipt of $1 25.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD, Sole Agent for U. S., 387 B'way, N. Y.

FRENCH FLANNEL

SHIRTS AND EXHIBITERS.

the largest assortment in New York. $9 75, $8, $8 75 each; all cut one very full.

A fit warranted or sent by mail on receipt of the cost. The cost of postage on shirts, 24 cents each. Directions for self-measurement sent free.

Also a large assortment of UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, $2, $2 25, and $2 50. SCOTCH LAMBS WOOL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS. ALSO, FINE WHITE SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE AT $24, $30, $36, AND $42 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

The cash can be paid to Express company on receipt of goods.

S. W. H. WARD,

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

PRESENTATION

SWORDS

Military and Masonic Goods.

Emerson & Silver,

Office No. 447 Broome Street, second door west of Broadway, N. Y., Factory, Trenton, N. J.

Manufacturers of rich presentation and Masonic regulation swords, fine spurs, belts, jewels, flags, banners, &c., at which our facilities are unsurpassed. We make every part within our own establishment, and are constantly getting up new and *unique designs*.

OVER **30,000** SWORDS made for United States Government since the War.

Agents Wanted.

To sell the most interesting and popular BOOK on the War yet published. "GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS: A Full Account of the Capture of New Orleans, and Gen. Butler's Administration There," with much other interesting matter. By JAMES PARTON, author of those most interesting of American Biographies, "Life of Andrew Jackson," "Life of Aaron Burr," &c., &c. Everybody wants to read Mr. Parton's new book. Agents can do finely with it. Retail price $2. Apply to the Publishers.

MASON BROTHERS, Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer St., N. Y.

Fogg's Double-Action Patent Lever

SKATE BUCKLE,

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 310 Pearl St., New York, 63 Kilby St., Boston.

BILLIARD BALLS.

Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 2¼ and 2⅜ in., $10 per set. 2⅝ in. Bagnelles, $8 per set. 1¾ in. Bagnelles, $6 per set. 19 Dail Pool, $30 set. THOS. W. H. WELLING, 577 Centre St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

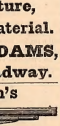
Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 ct. Gold Pen, Gold Silver case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a circular. Pens repointed on receipt of 50 cents.

E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Pamphlets of Information concerning Patents, free. Specimens of the Paper, free.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift or Present, which combines so much Utility and Beauty as Mounted Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unequaled. This Microscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2 50, or with 3 lenses and mounted objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.

HENRY CRAIG,

205 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metal. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Stand-er." Do Not Buy, and receive it by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co. 34 Union Sq., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED — 93 positively made from 59 cts.; urgently needed by every person. Call and examine, or an sample sent free by mail for 60 cts. retail. 78 Nassau St., WOLCOTT, 179 Chatham Square, N. Y.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

For Ladies.

Prang's Album Pictures, in Oil Colors, ought to grace the Photograph Album of every Lady. 100 subjects, such as

Autumn Leaves, Flowers,

Fruits, Birds-Eggs,

Views on the Hudson and of Central Park, &c., &c., are now ready.

For Children.

Little Red Riding Hood, the prettiest, most original book published this season. In the shape of a paper doll, and gives the old tale of Little Red Riding Hood in verses, with **36** *Illustrations in Oil Colors*.

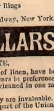
For sale at all Booksellers.

Published by

L. PRANG & CO.,

Boston, Mass.

Beware the Northeaster.



Totally exclude Wind, Rain, Snow, and Dust from the most exposed doors and windows, without the sacrificing of the free use of the same for ventilating purposes. They take up but little room, keep the rattling of the sashes, and are deadeners of sound from the street or otherwise. For circulars with references to thousands of our most respectable citizens, address, THE PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIP COMPANY, 544 Broadway, corner Bleecker Street, over the Manhattan Savings Bank.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

Engraved with initials, The, per pair, sent free on receipt of the price. Pearl, $1 50 per set each. WM. M. WELLING, manufacturer of fancy goods, 577 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

The Best Writers in America

Contribute each month to the

Atlantic Monthly

Subscription Price Three Dollars per year. 1600 pages of literature, reading which Americans look on figuratively. A liberal reduction to Clubs. Send Four Cents for Specimen number, or ten times postage stamps for Bound Volume. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 365.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

THE NEW SPEAKER.

We give on this page a Portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX, who has just been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. COLFAX was born in New York City on the 23d of March, 1823, and is descended from General SCHUYLER and Captain COLFAX, both of whom fought in the Revolution. At thirteen years of age he removed to Indiana, where he soon began life as a printer, in which humble capacity he rose to a position of influence and honor. About twenty years ago he became the proprietor of *The South Bend Register*, and as a necessity of his position became connected with the politics of his State. His political connection was with the Whig party, so long as it retained its organization, after which he became an earnest Republican.

Mr. COLFAX has now been a member of Congress for nearly ten years. He was elected Representative from Indiana in 1854, and has held the office ever since. In the thirty-fifth Congress he was chosen Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads, and for one or two years past he has been one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

In his personal appearance he is a little below the medium height, has dark eyes and hair, and a large forehead. He is a fluent speaker, distinct in his utterance, and impressive. He is very bland and courteous in demeanor, and kind and affable in all his social relations. On the 7th of December, 1863, he was elected Speaker of the House. Although the position was never of greater moment than in the present session, yet only a single ballot was cast, the result of which was the election of Mr. COLFAX by a vote of 101 to 81. This decided vote settles at once all doubt as to the firm purpose of the House to support the Administration.



HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX, THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

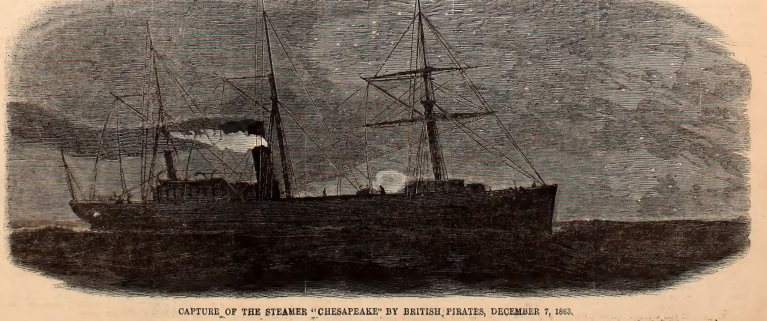
CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER "CHESAPEAKE."

ON Wednesday, December 9, H. B. Cromwell & Co., of this city, received a telegraphic dispatch from the Mayor of Portland stating that the steamer *Chesapeake*, owned by them, had been captured twenty miles northeast-by-east from Cape Cod, at half past one o'clock, Monday morning, by British pirates, who had started from New York as passengers. The *Chesapeake*, of which we publish a sketch on this page, was on her way to Portland, Maine.

From statements made by Captain Willett, who commanded the steamer, we learn that the piratical party consisted of fifteen persons, headed by a Mr. Osborne, a court jester from St. John, New Brunswick. The whole party concerned in the perpetration of this daring outrage—an outrage which did not stop short of cold-blooded murder—was made up of British subjects, residents of St. John and Carleton, New Brunswick. The seizure took place in the following manner:

The Captain had retired for the night. The second engineer (Owen Shaffer) had charge of the engine, and the chief mate (Charles Johnson) held the watch. At a quarter past one the pirates were up and doing. The first notification of their presence was given in the deliberate and unnecessary murder of Shaffer, who had just returned from oiling the engine when he received a mortal wound in the neck. Johnson, the mate, was going to the pantry, and witnessed the deed. On his way to the captain's room he was himself fired at, and received two wounds, one in the arm and another in the knee. He succeeded in arousing the captain, who, soon after his arrival on deck, was put in irons, having been fired at fifteen or twenty times, but, strange to say, without injury. The chief engineer (James Johnson) also was wounded. In all these cases of firing at the officers of the *Chesapeake* there was no attempt at parley, no warning of any sort; the pirates were sheer onwards. The officers being all secured—one of them killed, two wounded, and the others put in irons—the helmsman and third engineer alone being left at their posts, Osborne took charge of the vessel, and all was quiet again. After the seizure the prisoners were treated with great consideration, and the *bona fide* passengers, five in number, were left at their liberty, on condition of their non-interference. These five passengers were all old sea-captains. All the ordinary operations usual on shipboard went on as usual until Tuesday morning, when the vessel was brought to anchor in Seal Harbor, off the island of Grand Manan. Thence she was brought up the bay toward St. John, having received on board a new captain, viz., John Parker, of the privateer *Retribution*. At Dipper Harbor, twelve miles from St. John, the captives were allowed just ten minutes to transfer themselves and their baggage to the pilot-boat, which was towed up to within seven miles of St. John by the *Chesapeake*, when the latter cast off low and returned down the bay, picking up on the way a schooner supposed to have had guns, ammunition, coal, etc., on board for the new pirate.

These pirates gave Captain Willett a copy of "Orders from the Confederate Government," which is without official seal—a mere fabrication, which will not save the rogues from hanging if they are caught. Similar plots, it is believed, have been formed against other vessels. The *Chesapeake* was built in 1852, by J. A. Westervelt, and is 450 tons burden.



CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER "CHESAPEAKE" BY BRITISH PIRATES, DECEMBER 7, 1863.

CHRISTMAS, 1863.

Is the first grand days of the prophets
God stood with His armèd men;
In the last grand days of the Christians
He standeth with them again.

His presence then won the battle
That was for the Christ to be;
And His presence now is conquest
For the Christ that made men free.

And the early strife was holy,
By the peace it ushered in;
And the later is God's command ment,
By the peace it hath to win.

For the peace of Christ hath millions
Accepted the battle trust;
And yet, till His peace is perfect,
Shall war for the right be just:

War for the right unshaken,
To partake not of a sin;
War with its outward horrors,
And the heavenly peace within.

The right is the peace eternal:—
And thus is this Christmas morn
Rich in that day's fruition
When she Prince of Peace was born.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of this year is the most important document ever submitted by the Executive to Congress and the country. Elsewhere in our columns we give an abstract of its important points, and in the President's own words, because a concise and clear statement is not possible. There has been occasionally some sharp criticism of his "style," but there are few state papers more direct and incisive than his. He knows exactly what he means to say, and says exactly how to say it. And when his Messages and letters are compared with those of our Chief Magistrate for every year, the true American ring, their manly faith in human rights and the people, are as unprecedented as they are inspiring.

The President's plan of reconstruction is familiar to all our readers. It is simple and radical; it is also inevitable. For either the rebels must be left to overcome when the Union lays their arms and rush back to the Union to secure political power, or they must understand that their chiefs can be excepted from pardon, and that the system for which they took up arms having ceased legally to exist, all hope of its restoration must be abandoned. The former is the Copperhead plan. It proposes that whenever a rebel chooses to say that he returns to his allegiance he may resume all his political rights. The President's plan proposes that he shall resume his political rights, not when he says that he is sorry, but when he says that he is sorry in such a manner that he can reasonably be believed.

That something more than an oath to the Constitution is necessary to secure the peace of the Union is clear enough from the fact that Jefferson Davis himself does not allow that he has violated his oath. In his view secession is consistent with the Constitution. Resistance to coercion is not, according to him and the State Rights school, rebellion. Simple repetition of such an oath, therefore, would be merely the first step to another conspiracy, because it leaves the object of the conspiracy untouched. Now the paramount duty of the Government is not merely to punish, but to prevent rebellion. But it is clear that when the rebel guns are silenced the Union is not necessarily restored. The initiation of political action in the States which rebellion will leave sullen and passive must proceed from the National Government. And how more simply and wisely than as the Message suggests?

The President has been often accused of tardily following instead of leading public opinion. But it is his great merit that he exactly saw this to be a war in which the people must save themselves. If they were unequal to the task, a popular government was a failure. And therefore he has sought only to be the executive magistrate of their will, which he has divined with more sagacity than any public man in our history. It is that sagacity which now admonishes him to put into clear and simple form the settlement to which the national common-sense irresistibly tends. He has done it. Not as an advocate, or partisan, or fanatic, but with the sane wisdom and passionless equity which has marked his official career from the moment he commended himself to the prayers of his old friends and neighbors at Springfield, and set forth to undertake as vast a duty as was ever committed to man.

THE REBEL MESSAGE.

As the Message of the President of the United States is evidently a simple appeal to the intelligence of a great free people, so that of Jefferson Davis is an elaborate effort at imposition upon a mass of ignorant and deluded followers, whom he and the other rebel chiefs have always controlled, first by keeping them ignorant, and then by inflaming their passions. Had these men ever allowed the truth to be spoken in the Slave States, had they not always nullified the cardinal provision of the Constitution protecting the freedom of speech, they could never have "organized" the Southern people into rebellion. The leaders hold their victims now as they always held them, by means of ignorance maintained by terror.

The Message of Davis is the last word of haughty desperation. Many of its statements are plainly false; and its reasoning manifestly feeble, as when he speaks of the United States as a power which might end the war by division. Pray, where and what are the United States after disunion? The baffled conspirator shakes his impotent fist at Great Britain because it would not directly help to found a nation devoted to slavery upon the ruins of a friendly ally loving liberty. He fawns upon France in saying that if the people of Mexico choose to change their form of government it is a right which we (the rebels) have exercised and can not deny to another people. It is well said, for the people of Mexico have been heard upon the question of the Empire in the same way that the Southern people were heard upon that of the Confederacy. The rebel chief finds the most gloomy reverses of the rebellion "inexplicable." The currency of the Confederacy, he says, is three times too large for its business, and the glimpses he gives of the bankruptcy of part of the rebel States are enough to occasion still more "inexplicable" disasters. As he approaches the end of his discourse all the rancor of his hate breaks forth in denunciation of abuse of our generals and of our conduct of the war; and with pitiful inconsequence this defeated traitor, defeated and further utterly by has been beaten in the field, and how hollow are all his resources and hopes for the future, complains that the Government he has defied will not concede him to be victorious!

The judgment of the world can not mistake the significance of this Message. It is not the strain of a man who "has founded a nation," it is the fierce cry of rage and despair.

A NEW BUREAU.

Now that the policy of the Government is matured settled, it is clear that one of the chief questions of the immediate future will be the care of the freedmen. In ordinary times, when emancipation is enforced by law, as in the case of the British colonies, and especially in those, as the rage and pride of the planters prevent a fair trial of the experiment. They refuse to treat honestly as a laborer those whom they have been used to drive as cattle, and the inevitable consequence is that the great plantations fall into ruin, and the laborers take to the bush. Nothing is surer than that if the planters of Jamaica had been as equal to the new condition introduced by emancipation as the slaves were, the prosperity of the island would never have been disturbed.

The condition of our emancipated slaves is such as to require that most faithful and intelligent care. The operation of the act is to attract them to our lines. They come in groups of utterly destitute men, women, and children. The most unfortunate of these human beings, they yet do not find corresponding sympathy. Even the Government which has freed them, and which invites them to enlist as soldiers, does not treat them honorably, and pays them not the wages of the white soldiers, with whom they bravely fight and share the peril. They are left often a month allowed by the law for the general employment of contrabands. Homeless, almost friendless, utterly destitute and dependent, this rapidly-increasing class of our population demand a peculiar care. It is idle to say that no particular class of persons can be provided for, but they must all take their chance, because to recognize that common-sense is the basis of statesmanship when we establish a Bureau of Indian Affairs and a Department of Agriculture. Indians and farmers are the two classes directly interested; but does any body quarrel with the bureaus for such reasons?

The sagacity of the President will undoubtedly lead him to make some proposition to Congress for establishing a Bureau of Freedmen, charged with the care of this exceptional class. Davis says in his Message, with a sly leer at Europe, "By the Northern man, on whose ignorant prejudices he kindly restraining influence is exercised, they [the negroes] are treated with aversion and neglect." But the reluctance to handle the subject, and the prejudice against the word Abolitionism, the dull slang about "one idea," must give way to plain practical common-sense, or the country will be dishonored.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

OUGHT it not to be a merry Christmas? Even with all the sorrow that hangs, and will forever hang, over so many households; even while the war still rages, even while these various questions yet to be settled—ought it not to be, and is it not, a merry Christmas?

How well the time has seized the spirit of the great festival in the elaborate and beautiful picture which we publish this week! The central scene is the home of the soldier and his Christmas welcome from wife and darlings, for just that is the central scene of our American holidays this year. It is the soldier who has saved us our homes and filled our holidays with joy. It is the soldier who is lifting the dark winter-cloud beyond which smiles the bright spring of national regeneration. It is the soldier who is securing the peace that will make the life of children sleeping together in the crib, and over whom the dear old bear, Santa Claus, is bending, a long and happy holiday.

Next year let us hope that the delicate, and thoughtful, and forcible pencil of our friend Nast may draw a picture of the National reunion, of the return of the prodigal who has been living on husks and with harlots, the rebel soldier returning to his country and his fellowmen, the soldier who does not know that in fighting the brave man whom we see in the picture of to-day, he was fighting his true friend, as well as honor and liberty. Peace on earth is the Christmas benediction. Blessed then the brave men upon the Rio Grande, in Louisiana, along the Mississippi, in the mountains of Chattanooga, in the Valley of Knoxville, upon the Potomac and the Rappahannock, and the James River; among the North Carolina barrens and the South Carolina Islands, with the great army of sailors upon the rivers and the sea—to all, whether on sea or land, heroes of the good cause, honor and blessing: for their stout hands and hearts, with the supporting sympathy and faith of the whole people, are the peacemakers of the nation.

UNMASKING.

THE Richmond *Whig* says that it really looks as if the South might be overrun. On another day it declares that the rebellion can only retrieve its misfortunes by imitating the methods adopted by the Yankees in retrieving theirs; and it calls for a "self-reliant General at a great army to be put in the path of General Grant in three weeks. It says again that the rebels would be a race of cowards if they should ever suppose that the possibility of ever yielding to a foe so contemptible, so cruel, so loathed and abhorred as the Yankees, if they are the race they have believed themselves to be they will not give way to despondency, but nerve themselves for a final struggle for their last fatal sacrifices. In fact, they will die in the last ditch.

This strain of remark is a fit accompaniment to the melancholy Message of Davis. It is the unmusical whistling of boys in the grave-yard, announcing not their courage but their foreboding. In these articles, as in the Messages of Davis, there is, on the part of the rebels, the same travesty of noble sentiment and heroic resolve which, in the case of a well-organized and suffering people striving for relief are solemn and touching, but which in the merely factitious and contemptible in the months of men who deliberately undertake a bloody revolution with no other purpose than the perpetuity of slavery.

The British aristocracy has tried hard to depict these rebellious American citizens as worthy of sympathy, like the Poles or the Greeks. But the statement labored to paint them as a small band of noble gentlemen struggling for their liberties against the mob and democratic tyranny. This wretched effort has also failed. All the masks begin to fall. The rebel leaders are appearing. The conspiracy of slaveholders is at last seen to be as base and inhuman as that of St. Bartholomew's Day against the Huguenots. That too was loudly commended. Muretus called it a great victory of the true faith. And if Slavery had prevailed in this contest, as Europe did in France, the aristocracy, which fears popular rights, would have hailed it, in the spirit of Muretus, as a signal triumph of the true faith.

LITERARY.

DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER'S "Science for the School and Family" (Harpers) is one of his clear and simple expositions, containing, as he says, only what every child ought to know. Of the singular competency of Dr. Hooker to the treatment of the subjects he selects for his text-books we have evidence in that of Miss Peabody, the experienced head of the Boston Kindergarten. She says of the "Child's Book of Nature," Dr. Hooker, that "it will be a great help to our object-teacher," and is the very best introduction of children to flowers."

It is in her "Kindergarten Guide" (T. O. H. P. Burnham), just published in Boston, that Miss Peabody speaks of Dr. Hooker. She and her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, whose admirable "Moral Culture of Infancy" is included in the second volume, have had long and extensive experience as teachers, and the first Kindergarten upon a great and scientific basis was that of Miss Peabody. Now, as she says, they are springing up in all our cities, and the necessity of a "Guide" is apparent. The theory of the Kindergarten is simply experience and common-sense applied to the teaching of children. It requires that the most clumsy thing shall not be considered competent to the most delicate work, and that to teach so as not to make knowledge distasteable to the child and medicine demands a tenderness and thoughtfulness which are no more universal than other rare qualities. The Kindergarten interesting and fascinating to all who have little folks to teach or to be taught.

Charles Dickens's Christmas story for the year is entitled "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings." It tells how Mrs. L. carried on the business; how the First Floor did this, and the Side Room did that; how the Second Floor kept a dog, and the Third Floor knew the Potteries; with details of the proceedings at the Police Office and the Parlors. What Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings were, several personages can be ascertained at the small charge of ten cents. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

The holidays will bring no more fascinating book for boys than Henry Mayhew's "Boyhood of Martin Luther" (Harpers), and parents will not enjoy it less than the children. It is a fresh story to almost every body but scholars; for although one of the greatest of men historically, Martin Luther's life is not as familiar to boys as that of many an old Greek and Roman. Mr. Mayhew has worked with his heart as well as his head, and has made a truly delightful book, even retaining a quaint old German flavor, which is an added charm.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL MEADE has demanded that a court of inquiry shall be held in reference to his late movements. It is said that the result of this inquiry will decide the question of his future career.

DESERTERS from the rebel lines state that a large number of soldiers in the Southern armies will take advantage of the amnesty offered in the President's Proclamation, as soon as they can become acquainted with its provisions. The Richmond *Sentinel*, speaking of this amnesty, regards it as a measure similar to that tried in Europe.

FURLOUGHS are at present being freely given both to the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac.

THE British schooner *Maria Alberta* was captured, on the 6th of November, while attempting to run the blockade into Bay Port, by the schooner *Two Sisters*. She had arrived from Havana for Matamoras.

JEFF DAVIS has just been denounced in the rebel Congress as the author of the late defeat at Chattanooga.

General LONGSTREET in his retreat from Knoxville lost four thousand prisoners and nearly all his cannon and trains.

The President writes a letter to General GRANT, congratulating him in the following terms:

"MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT,—Understanding that your battles at Chattanooga and Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you, and all under your command, my more than thanks—even my profoundest gratitude—for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over every difficulty, have conducted the operations which God bless you all! A. LINCOLN."

The rebel General, the guerrilla, who last year was in a buggy with a female masking for DIXIE, and closely pursued by Federal detectives.

Within the last three weeks nearly three hundred men have died of wounds or disease in the Chattanooga hospitals.

Rebel guerrillas have been collecting in considerable force about the mouth of the Mississippi, and capturing at the mouth of Red River. Their purpose seems to have been to capture vessels and load with them cotton for the to reinforce General BRAGG. We very much fear that these vessels will be thrown rather late in the day.

Guerrillas also are reported as very active between Memphis and Little Rock.

The Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment has been ordered home from Fort Wool on furlough, having re-enlisted as veteran volunteers.

The next day after the United States steamer *Commodore Barney* left the Eastern Bar Charleston, she captured the celebrated blockade-runner *Minna*, which prize was one of the finest of the vessels that have run to Galveston Mouth Bar Sound.

The rumor that Bragg was out among the prisoners of war in the hands of the Confederate authorities at Belle Isle and Libby prison, is proven to be entirely without foundation, but sent a gentleman of veracity and responsibility, to make personal persons.

The orders under which the steamer *Chesapeake* was captured were issued from a Judge ADVOCATE GENERAL, and not from the privateer *Retribution*, but now, until caught, remains of the steamer *Chesapeake*.

Mr. CLEMENT C. BARCLAY, of Philadelphia, has gone to Washington to present to the Secretary of War a petition to visit Richmond, as a member of the Sanitary Commission, to render its services in relieving to our suffering soldiers in Libby Prison and elsewhere.

Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY S. RUSSELL, Second Massachusetts Cavalry, has resigned and left for Fresh Pond. Major-Chassells Cavalry, the first mounted colored regiment that has been raised.

Major-General LEW WALLACE is at Poughkeepsie awaiting orders.

General F. P. BLAIR, of General GRANT'S staff, has returned to Washington.

The prize steamship *Jupiter*, captured while trying to run the blockade from Wilmington, was sold on Wednesday at Philadelphia for twenty-nine thousand dollars.

The Corps d'Afrique, under General G. L. AGASSIZ, has been ordered from Fort Hudson to Baton Rouge last July.

The command of Matagorda Bay gives us substantially the control of Central and Western Texas, and of all the cotton which can be exported from that region.

The Indians soldiers in hospital, in and around Washington, Alexandria, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, are to be removed to Indianapolis.

The Federal force is now firmly planted in every rebel State.

The success of our arms during the last year has enabled the Government to make a reduction of over two hundred millions of dollars in the war estimates for the ensuing fiscal year.

JOSHUA C. CRESWELL, an influential citizen of Fairfax County, and the personal friend of Governor PEIRPOINT, of Virginia, has received permission from the War Department to return to his home. He was compelled during the retreat of several Union men in Castle Thunder, captured by Mosby's guerrillas in that County.

Since March 1, 1861, the naval bureau has been obliged to purchase 1,000 vessels, of which 418 vessels has been promptly furnished by the Messrs. DU PONT of Wilmington, and the Messrs. HARRIS, Brandywine Powder Mills, Powder compositor. The above mills supply the necessities of the navy of the United States, and compelled to ask no supply from a foreign market.

The rebel ram is watched, and missing in the steps of Knoxville falls short of 1600.

Admiral FARRAGUT has already made arrangements with Mr. WHITNEY, who is raising the monitor *Keokuk* at Charleston Harbor, also to raise the *Housatonic*.

The *Chesapeake* left Shelburne, NOVA SCOTIA, on Saturday last, with only a small amount of coals. She was supposed to be gone about for them.

The rebel Congress has passed a bill prohibiting the employment of negroes in the army.

Senator FOOTE, of Tennessee (rebel), adverting to the proclamation of amnesty, says he does not apprehend it. Richmond, admits that the poor fellows had been reduced to starvation, but the blame rests upon Secretary of the rebel Commissary.

The *Louisiana Herald* is advised from Richmond "that the month of December is regarded as the most trying one of the whole war, as the entire future and success of the rebellion depending in a very great measure upon the issue."

According to a dispatch received December 12th from General BANKS, the rebel authorities decline to receive any more packages or provisions for the Union prisoners, or any more money, as an explanation of this refusal, says, One of their papers, as an explanation of this refusal, says, that the entire capture of these supplies is a claim upon the part of the South.

The new gun-boat *Kansas* is said to be ready to sail from Boston harbors in pursuit of the *Chesapeake*.

The Mobile *Register* says that the war has been practically carried into Africa, and that, viz., the sending of negroes in the Gulf States, on account of so many slaves being driven South.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 9. Mr. Foster presented resolutions of the General Assembly of Connecticut for modifying the Enlistment Act, so that town organizations should be credited for men raised under former calls. Mr. Lane gave notice of bill indemnifying citizens of Lawrence for damages by Quantrell's raid. The President's Message was read. Joint resolutions from the House proposing thanks to General Grant received and laid over for consideration. —*December* 10. After transacting informal business the Senate adjourned to Monday, the 13th, to allow time to arrange the committees.—*December* 14. Mr. Dixon presented petition of Assessors for increase of compensation, and gave notice of bill exempting clergymen from conscription. Standing Committees were elected, the following being chosen Chairmen of the most important: Foreign Relations, Sumner; Finance, Fessenden; Commerce, Chandler; Agriculture, Sherman; Military Affairs, Wilson; Naval Affairs, Hale; Judiciary, Trumbull; Post-office, Collamer; Public Lands, Harlan; Indian Affairs, Doolittle; Pensions, Foster; Claims, Clark; District of Columbia, Grimes; Territories, Wade. Mr. Wilson introduced resolutions thanking Generals Hooker and Meade, and the Army of the Potomac, for their conduct at Gettysburg, and General Banks and his army for the capture of Port Hudson; referred to Military Committee, as was the joint resolution offering thanks and a gold medal to General Grant. Mr. Lane introduced bill striking out the $300 commutation clause in the enrollment act, and increasing the pay of soldiers. Mr. Wilson presented resolutions from the Massachusetts Legislature for an increase of pay of soldiers. Mr. Hale received unanimous permission to introduce bill for more effectually repressing the rebellion by prohibiting the holding of any person in servitude except by contract. Mr. Wilkinson introduced bill granting pensions to persons wounded in the Indian wars in Minnesota. Mr. Wilson introduced bill to increase the bounty to volunteers.—*December* 15. Mr. Wilson presented memorials from paymasters' clerks, hospital stewards, and inspectors of customs in Boston, asking for an increase of salary. Mr. Henderson presented a memorial relative to a new railway line between New York and Washington. Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced a bill to prevent speculative traffic in gold, silver, and foreign exchange. It prohibits, under penalty of a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $10,000, and imprisonment for not less than one month or more than twelve months, the sale of gold, silver, or foreign exchange by any banker or broker except at his regular place of business, and prohibits the sale of these articles unless actually delivered and paid for on delivery. Mr. Foote introduced a bill granting public lands to the People's Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Line. Mr. Sumner submitted resolutions directing the Judiciary Committee to consider the expediency of appointing commissioners to revise, simplify, correct, and arrange the public statutes of the United States; laid over. Mr. Anthony offered a resolution of thanks to General Burnside and the officers and soldiers of his army. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, introduced a bill amending the act defining conspiracies, and that for enrolling and calling out the national forces. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, called up the resolutions relating to the exchange of prisoners, and argued against the policy of refusing to exchange white prisoners because the rebels refused to exchange negro captives. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, replied, urging the continuance of the exchange, and that Southern prisoners equal in number to the colored prisoners in the hands of the enemy should be retained. He maintained that our colored soldiers must be protected. Mr. Davis rejoined, condemning the policy of the Administration in carrying on the war. The debate was continued by Messrs. Hale and Lane. The resolution was referred to the Military Committee. The Senate then went into executive session.

HOUSE.—*December* 9. Invitation of the Russian Admiral to visit his vessels accepted. Notices of the following bills presented: By Mr. Hubbard, to equalize enrollments and subdivisions of districts; by Mr. Stevens, to fix the time for election of members of Congress; to place colored soldiers on the same footing with whites in regard to pay, bounty, and pensions; to authorize the construction of the Pacific Railroad; to repeal the fugitive slave laws of 1793 and 1850; to repeal the joint resolution of July 17, 1862, explanatory of the act for suppressing the insurrection. Mr. Cox's resolution urging the President to take measures for the exchange of prisoners came up; Mr. Washburne presented a substitute approving the efforts of the Administration, and recommending their continuance; the substitute was agreed to by 94 to 73, and the resolution passed by 106 to 46. Mr. Julian gave notice of a bill to amend the fugitive slave acts so as to prevent the return of fugitives. The President's Message was received, read, and 50,000 extra copies ordered to be printed.—*December* 10. Mr. Pendleton gave notice of a bill to admit members of the Cabinet to the floor of the House, with the privilege of debating upon matters belonging to their departments. Rev. W. H. Channing was elected chaplain, receiving 86 votes to 55 given for Bishop Hopkins. The House adjourned to Monday, the 14th.—*December* 14. The Speaker announced the Standing Committees, the following being the Chairmen of the principal ones: Elections, Dawes; Ways and Means, Stevens; Claims, Hale; Commerce, Washburne; Public Lands, Julian; Post-office, Alley; District of Columbia, Lovejoy; Judiciary, Wilson; Manufactures, Moorhead; Agriculture, Clay; Military Affairs, Schenck; Naval Affairs, Rice; Foreign Affairs, Davis, of Maryland; Territories, Ashley; Expenditures of War Department, Deming; Expenditures of Navy Department, Baxter. Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a resolution reciting that the President had declared that the Union cause had gained important advantages, and that we could now "offer to the insurgents an opportunity to return to the Union without imposing upon them degrading or destructive conditions; therefore Resolved, that the President be requested to appoint three Commissioners who shall be empowered to open negotiations with the authorities at Richmond to the end that this bloody, destructive, and inhuman war shall cease, and the Union be restored upon terms of equity, fraternity, and equality under the Constitution." The resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 98 to 59. The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pay of privates in the army to $25 per month, and increasing the pay of officers and musicians 40 per cent; and also to inquire into the expediency of paying for losses of property occasioned by Morgan's raid into Ohio and Indiana. The Committee on Agriculture was instructed to report on the expediency of establishing an Emigrant Bureau, in connection with the Department of the Interior. A joint resolution was passed directing the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish semi-monthly to Congress a statement of receipts and disbursements, the other Secretaries to furnish him with a weekly statement of their disbursements. Mr. Julian's resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill repealing and modifying sections of the fugitive slave laws, was laid on the table by a vote of 82 to 74.—Resolutions to the following effect were presented; but debate arising, they were laid over under the rules: By Mr. Wadsworth, that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people, and that the Executive can not interfere with their exercise by the people; by Mr. Cox, that the Secretary of War be directed to communicate to the House the report of General M'Clellan concerning his operations as Commander-in-Chief, and Commander of the Army of the Potomac; by Mr. Harding, that whenever rebellion in any State has been put down, such State shall be restored to all its rights including that of regulating its domestic institutions, free from all Congressional or Executive control or dictation; by Mr. Finch, that the Federal Government has power to use the army and navy to put down resistance to the authority of the United States, but not to reduce the States to the condition of Territories; and that the war should not be waged to overthrow the institutions of any of the States, but only to maintain the Constitution and preserve the Union and the rights of the States, and that when these objects are attained the war ought to cease. Mr. Holman offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the doctrine that insurrectionary States should be reduced to the condition of Territories, and governed by the will of Congress or the Executive, is wrong; that the war ought to be waged only to put down the armed insurrection; not to interfere with the rights of the States; that when the people of these States submit to the Constitution they should be restored to all their rights; and that Congress should make all necessary appropriations to carry on the war in order that "through a vigorous prosecution of the war peace on the basis of the Union of the States and the supremacy of the Constitution may be most speedily obtained." These resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 82 to 74. Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of placing into any bills which they may report a provision putting all soldiers without distinction of color upon the same footing as to pay. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table, but the motion was not agreed to, and the resolution passed. On motion of Mr. Arnold a resolution was passed instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the British Provinces, and to suggest any alterations which may make it more beneficial to both parties.—*December* 15. A message was received from the President, recommending a vote of thanks to Captain John Rogers, the captor of the ram *Fingal*, this preliminary being required by law in order that he may be raised to a higher rank in the navy. Mr. Stevens introduced a resolution referring the different portions of the President's Message to proper Committees—that relating to the condition of the rebellious States to a select Committee of nine. Mr. Davis of Maryland offered a substitute that the portion which relates to the duty of the United States to guarantee a republican form of government to the States be referred to a select Committee of nine, who should draw up the necessary bill. Mr. Brooks of New York was opposed to any instructions being given to the Committee; but if such were given, he would be disposed to add that they should inquire also "whether republican government has not been abrogated and overthrown in the North as well as the South since the revolution began." Mr. Davis's substitute was adopted by a vote of 89 to 80, and the remainder of Mr. Stevens's resolutions were adopted. On motion of Mr. Cox, it was resolved that seven additional committees be appointed to examine into and report upon the accounts and expenditures of the different Departments, these committees to have all the powers of Committees of Investigation. Mr. Cox's resolution calling for the Report of General M'Clellan was adopted.

THE MESSAGE.

The President's Message and the Reports from the Heads of the Departments give the main events in the history of the year. We present the leading points:

Foreign Relations.

We remain in peace and friendship with foreign powers. The efforts of disloyal citizens of the United States to involve us in foreign wars, to aid an inexcusable insurrection, have been unavailing. Her Britannic Majesty's Government, as was justly expected, have exercised their authority to prevent the departure of new hostile expeditions from British ports. The Emperor of France has, by a like proceeding, promptly vindicated the neutrality which he proclaimed at the beginning of the contest. Questions of great intricacy and importance have arisen out of the blockade, and other belligerent operations, between the Government and several of the maritime powers, but they have been discussed, and, as far as was possible, accommodated in a spirit of frankness, justice, and mutual good-will. It is especially gratifying that our prize courts, by the impartiality of their adjudications, have commanded the respect and confidence of maritime powers.

Finances.

The receipts during the year from all sources, including loans and the balance in the treasury at its commencement were $901,125,674 86, and the aggregate disbursements $895,796,620 65, leaving a balance on the 1st July, 1863, of $5,329,044 21. Of the receipts there were derived from customs, $69,059,642 40; from internal revenue, $37,640,787 95; from direct tax, $1,485,103 61; from lands, $167,617 17; from miscellaneous sources, $3,046,615 35; and from loans, $776,682,361 57; making the aggregate $901,125,674 86. Of the disbursements there were for the civil service, $23,253,922 08; for pensions and Indians, $4,216,520 79; for interest on public debt, $24,729,846 51; for the War Department, $599,298,600 83; for the Navy Department, $63,211,105 27; for payment of funded and temporary debt, $181,086,635 07; making the aggregate, $895,796,630 65, and leaving the balance of $5,329,044 21. But the payment of funded and temporary debt, having been made from moneys borrowed during the year, must be regarded as merely nominal payments, and the moneys borrowed to make them as merely nominal receipts, and their amount, $181,086,635 07, should therefore be deducted both from receipts and disbursements. This being done, there remains as actual receipts, $720,039,039 79; and the actual disbursements, $714,709,995 58, leaving the balance as already stated.

The Navy and the Blockade.

The duties devolving on the naval branch of the service during the year, and throughout the whole of this unhappy contest, have been discharged with fidelity and eminent success. The extensive blockade has been constantly increasing in efficiency. If the navy has expanded, yet on so long a line it has so far found it impossible to entirely suppress illicit trade. From returns received at the Navy Department it appears that more than one thousand vessels have been captured since the blockade was instituted, and that the value of prizes already sent in for adjudication amount to over thirteen millions of dollars. The naval force of the United States consists at this time of five hundred and eighty-eight vessels, completed and in the course of completion; and of these seventy-five are iron-clad, or armored steamers. The events of the war give an increased interest and importance to the navy which will probably extend beyond the war itself. The armored vessels in our navy completed and in service, or which are under contract and approaching completion, are believed to exceed in number those of any other power; but while these may be relied upon for harbor defense and coast service, others of greater strength and capacity will be necessary for cruising purposes, and to maintain our rightful position on the ocean.

Colored Soldiers.

Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full one hundred thousand are now in the United States military service, about one-half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks; thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause, and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested, it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection, or tendency to violence or cruelty, has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks.

Emancipation Laws and Proclamations.

Those laws and proclamations were enacted and put forth for the purpose of aiding in the suppression of the rebellion. To give them their fullest effect there had to be a pledge for their maintenance. In my judgment they have aided and will further aid the cause for which they were intended. To now abandon them would be not only to relinquish a lever of power, but would also be a cruel and astounding breach of faith. I may add, at this point, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress. For these and other reasons it is thought best that support of these measures shall be included in the oath; and it is believed that the executive may lawfully claim it in return for pardon and restoration of forfeited rights, which he has a clear constitutional power to withhold altogether, or grant upon the terms he shall deem wisest for the public interest. It should be observed, also, that this part of the oath is subject to the modifying and abrogating power of legislation and supreme judicial decision.

The Proclamation of Amnesty, appended to the Message, is one of its most important features. This we give in full:

The Proclamation of Amnesty.

Whereas, In and by the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that the President shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment; and, whereas, a rebellion now exists, whereby the loyal State governments of several States have for a long time been subverted, and many persons have committed and are now guilty of treason against the United States:

And, whereas, with reference to said rebellion and treason laws have been enacted by Congress declaring forfeitures and confiscation of property and liberation of slaves all upon terms and conditions therein stated, and also declaring that the President was thereby authorized at any time thereafter by proclamation to extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion, in any State or part thereof, pardon and amnesty, with such exception and at such time, and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare.

Whereas, the Congressional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with the well-established judicial exposition of the pardoning power; and, whereas, with reference to the said rebellion, the President of the United States has issued several proclamations with provisions in regard to the liberation of slaves; and, whereas, it is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in the said rebellion to resume their allegiance to the United States, and to reinaugurate loyal State governments within and for their respective States; therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have, directly or by implication, participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and in property cases where the rights of third parties shall have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate; and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to wit:

I, ——— ———, do solemnly swear in presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion, having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God.

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are, or shall have been, civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion; all who are, or shall have been, military or naval officers of said so-called Confederate Government above the rank of colonel in the army or of lieutenant in the navy; all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion; all who resigned commissions in the army or navy of the United States, and afterward aided the rebellion; and all who have engaged in any way in treating colored persons, or white persons in charge of such, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war, and which persons may have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity; and I do further proclaim, declare, and make known, that whenever, in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina, a number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such State at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord 1860, each having taken the oath aforesaid and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State Government which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true Government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefits of the constitutional provision which declares that

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened, against domestic violence."

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that any provision which may be adopted by such State government in relation to the freed people of such State which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which yet may be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their present condition as a laboring, landless, and houseless class, will not be objected to by the national Executive.

And it is engaged as not improper that, in constructing a loyal State government in any State, the name of the State, the boundary, the subdivisions, the constitution, and the general code of laws as before the rebellion be maintained, subject only to the modifications made necessary by the conditions hereinbefore stated, and such others, if any, not contravening said conditions, and which may be deemed expedient by those framing the new State government. To avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to say that this Proclamation, so far as it relates to State governments, has no reference to States wherein loyal State governments have all the while been maintained; and for the same reason it may be proper to say, that whether members sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seat constitutionally, rests exclusively with the respective houses, and not to any extent with the Executive. And still further, that this Proclamation is intended to present the people of the States wherein the national authority has been suspended, and loyal State governments have been subverted, a mode in and by which the national authority and loyal State governments may be re-established within said States or in any of them, and, while the mode presented is the best the Executive can suggest with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.

Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, the eighth day of December, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

REPORTS FROM THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* presents an elaborate exposition of the financial condition of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, with estimate, for the year ending June 30, 1864. We give its leading features, in round numbers, disregarding all sums of less than one million of dollars.—It was estimated that the receipts of the Government, apart from loans, for the year ending June 30, 1863, would be 160 millions; the amount was actually 124 millions, the deficiency arising from internal revenue, which it was estimated would produce 85 millions, while the receipts were only 37 millions. It was estimated that the actual expenditures of the year would be 693 millions; the amount was 714 millions; of this sum 590 millions were derived from loans, which form an addition to the public debt. This debt on the 1st of July, 1862, was 508 millions; our debt was therefore on the 1st of July, 1863, 1098 millions. The expenditures of the Government for the present fiscal year are estimated at 749 millions; of which 161 millions will be derived from customs and taxes, and the remaining 588 millions from loans. The debt of the nation on the 30th of June, 1864, will then be 1686 millions. The actual amount on the 30th of September, 1863, was 1228 millions. The estimates for the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1864, are only approximations, and are based on the supposition that the war will still continue. The revenue from ordinary sources is put down at 206 millions, the expenditures at 751 millions, leaving 545 millions to be provided for by loans. According to these estimates our entire debt on the 30th of June, 1865, will be about 2232 millions. In order to make the internal revenue bring in the sum of 150 millions the Secretary recommends increased taxes and duties upon various articles of luxury, prominent among which are that the duty on distilled spirits be fixed at sixty cents per gallon; on tobacco from five to twenty-five cents per pound, on petroleum ten cents per gallon; and on cotton two cents per pound. The Secretary thinks that there will be no difficulty in procuring loans at reasonable rates.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* gives a rapid resumé of the military operations of the year, the main features of which are that; upon the whole, their influence "in suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the Government can scarcely be overestimated." In the West "the rebel territory has been cut in twain, and the States West of the Mississippi no longer furnish supplies to the rebels, while the people of these States are showing such signs of returning loyalty that a speedy restoration of civil government may be confidently anticipated." The operations against Charleston have not accomplished all that was anticipated; but they have exhibited great skill and bravery on the part of our forces. By the recent operations in Texas the chief avenue of the rebels for foreign commerce and foreign aid is cut off. In the East there has been little material change. The armies of Lee and Meade occupy nearly the same relative positions as they did a year ago; the combats have been attended by about equal loss on both sides, without material advantage to either. Western Virginia is clear from any rebel force. Nothing of importance has taken place in the Departments of Virginia and North Carolina. In the Department of Missouri the enemy have been driven across the Arkansas. The question of the exchange of prisoners is treated at length. The essential points are, that the agreement by which prisoners on either side were to be released on parole until exchanged has been systematically violated by the enemy. At Vicksburg and Port Hudson we captured and paroled about 35,000, not a few of whom, without having been exchanged, have since been found in the Confederate armies; and again, the Confederate Government refuses to consider our colored soldiers or white officers who command them, when captured, as prisoners of war, but treats them as criminals, refusing to exchange them. As the matter now stands they have 13,000 of our soldiers, while we have 40,000 of theirs. They refuse to exchange man for man, demanding that we should give all of theirs in exchange for all of ours. To this we can not accede. In the mean while our prisoners in their hands undergo the utmost hardships, while theirs in our hands are well cared for. If necessary, we must resort to retaliation.—The conscription has been enforced in twelve States, bringing in 50,000 soldiers and $10,000,000 of money. The question of abolishing the $300 exemption clause is commended to the consideration of Congress. The conduct of the colored troops in our armies is commended.—The operations of the Ordnance Department are given in detail. We give a few details, which are a sample of the whole. At the opening of the war we had 1052 siege and coast guns, and have since procured 1064; of field-artillery we had 231 pieces, and have procured 2734; of infantry fire-arms we had 473,000, and have procured 1,950,000; of cavalry fire-arms we had 31,000, and have procured 338,000; of balls and shells we had 363,000, and have procured 2,562,000, and so on in proportion. At first we were compelled to rely on foreign countries for our arms and munitions; now we manufacture them ourselves. Our troops have been paid up to October 31, 1863.——General Halleck presents a long, elaborate, and able Report upon the military operations of the year. This report is so compact as to admit of no satisfactory abridgment. The leading facts have already been given in our current Numbers.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* presents a careful account of the growth and present condition of our fleet, with a summary of its operations during the year. At the commencement of the present Administration we had 76 vessels, of which only 42 were in commission. At the time of the last Report of the Secretary a year ago we had 427 vessels, with 3268 guns, tonnage 340,036 tons. We have now 588 vessels, with 4443 guns, tonnage 467,967 tons; an increase, exclusive of losses, of 161 vessels, 1175 guns, 127,931 tons. We have, meanwhile, lost 32 vessels, with 166 guns, tonnage 15,985 tons. Of these lost vessels 12 were captured, 3 destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, 4 were sunk in battle or by torpedoes, and 13 lost by shipwreck, fire, and collision. Of our present 588 vessels 46 are iron-clad steamers for coast service; 29 iron-clad steamers for inland service; 203 side-wheel steamers; 198 screw-steamers; and 112 sailing vessels. The number of vessels captured by our blockading fleets, exclusive of a large number destroyed on the Mississippi and other rivers, is 1045; of these 547 were schooners, 179 steamers, 131 sloops, 30 brigs, 26 barks, 15 ships, and 117 yachts and small boats. The value of the prizes sent into court for adjudication is fully $13,000,000.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL GARRISON.

From Fortress Monroe General Butler reports that on the 13th a detachment under Colonel West captured a garrison at Charles City Court House, consisting of 8 officers and 82 men, destroying their camp and equipments. In this expedition the New York Mounted Rifles marched 76 miles in 44 hours, the New York 139th 61 miles in 54 hours, mostly in a severe storm, moving day and night.

TENNESSEE.

Nothing important, upon which reliance can be placed, is reported of the movements and position of Bragg's army, now commanded by Hardee, or of Longstreet's forces in their retreat from Knoxville. General Burnside, at his own request, has been relieved from his command, in order that he may attend to private business. He is succeeded by General Foster.

TEXAS.

General Banks has returned to New Orleans. The latest news from his expedition to Texas is to the effect that our forces under Major-General Washburne have seized the approaches to Matagorda. The rebel garrison of Fort Esperanza, consisting of 1000 men, fled at the approach of our troops, first blowing up the magazines. A high gale prevented the co-operation of the gun-boats with the land-forces, or the enemy would probably have fallen into our hands. Ten guns were captured, ranging from 24 to 108 pounders. The command of Matagorda Bay substantially gives us the control of Central and Western Texas, and all the important points on the sea-coast except Galveston.

LOSS OF THE "WEEHAWKEN."

The "Monitor" *Weehawken* was sunk in Charleston Harbor on the 6th of December. A storm, severe but not dangerous, had sprung up; the water dashed over the vessel, pouring down the forward hatchway, and filling the anchor-room, but without exciting any apprehension. The apparatus for preventing the rush of water to the cabin was out of order, and the water poured in in a steady stream while officers and men were at dinner. When the cry "She is sinking!" was raised the confusion was so great that the proper means of shutting off the other compartments were neglected, and the vessel went down in a few minutes. About 30 men, who were below and unaware of the danger, were carried down. The vessel itself will be raised.

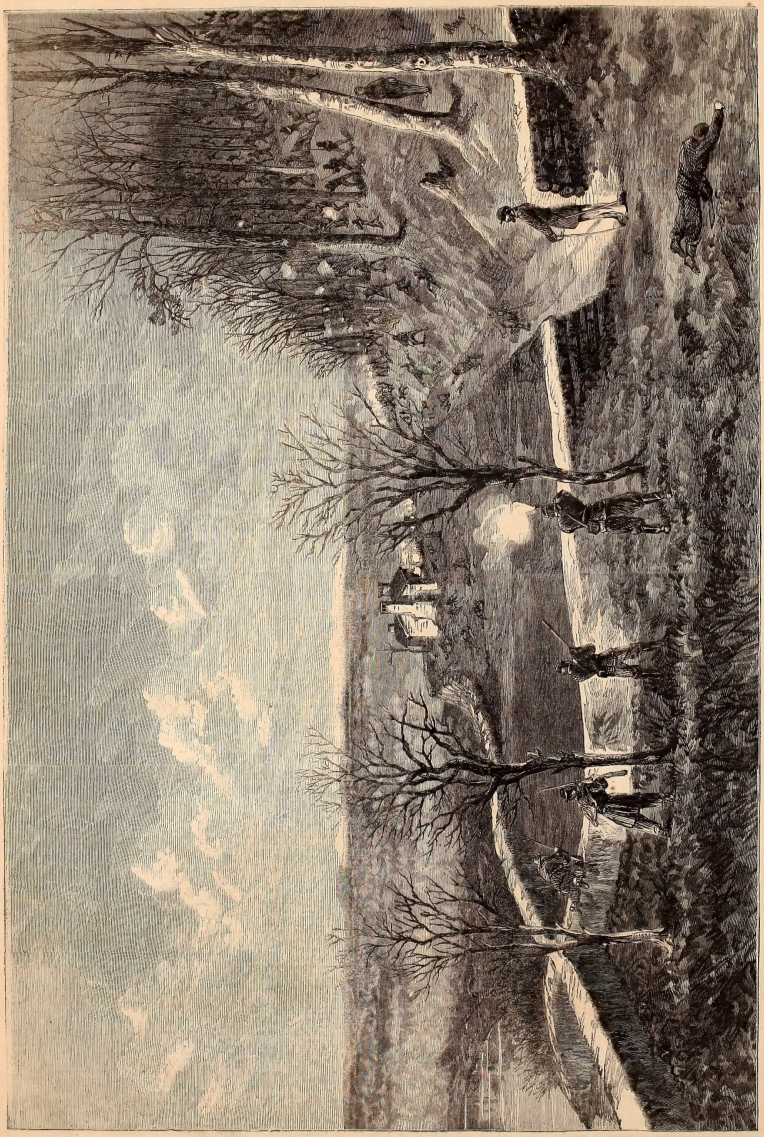
THE CHESAPEAKE PIRACY.

A daring act of piracy was committed on the 7th of December in the seizure of the steamer *Chesapeake*, plying between New York and Portland, by a gang of rebels who had embarked upon her as passengers. Full details of this exploit are given on page 817. We have as yet no accounts of the recapture of the steamer, though it is hoped that it will be effected.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

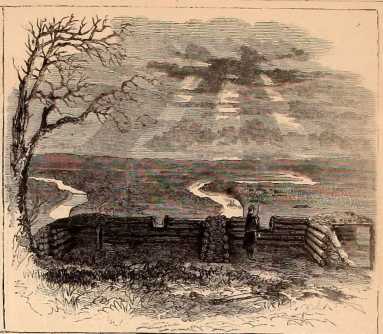
THE correspondence between the French and English Governments relating to the proposed European Congress, has been published. On the 4th of November the French Emperor wrote to "Madame my sister," the Queen of England, setting forth his reasons for desiring the Congress, and requesting her Majesty to participate in it. On the 11th Earl Russell replied that the matter should be taken into consideration. Diplomatic correspondence ensued; explanations were asked and given; and the decision of the British Government was finally announced on the 25th, in these words: "Not being able to discern the likelihood of those beneficial consequences which the Emperor of the French promised himself when proposing the Congress, her Majesty's Government, following their own strong convictions, after mature deliberation, feel themselves unable to accept his Imperial Majesty's invitation." The reply also contained the significant intimation that "Her Majesty's Government have good grounds to believe that no Austrian representative would attend a congress where any proposition for the surrender of Venetia by Austria was to be discussed."



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CAPTURE OF REBEL WORKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, NOVEMBER 24, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 828.]



TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SUNRISE, NOVEMBER 25, 1863



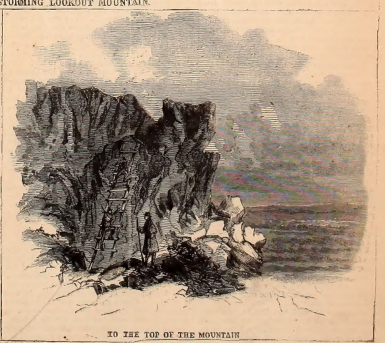
REBEL BATTERY ON THE TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



GENERAL HOOKER'S COLUMN STORMING LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



THE CREST OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 828.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

[Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. HARDIE collapsed as if he had been a man inflated, and that truth had punctured him. "Ah!" said he. "Ah!" said Skinner, in a mighty different tone: laughed triumph in it.

After a pause, Mr. Hardie made an effort and said, contemptuously: "The receipt (if any) was flung into the dust-hole and carried away. Do you think I've forgotten that?"

"Don't you believe it, Sir," was the reply. "While you turned your back, I just picked the money. I said to myself, 'Obo, is that the game?' and nailed the receipt. What a couple of scoundrels we are! I wouldn't have *her* know it for all your money. Come, Sir, I see it's all right; you will shell out sooner than be posted."

Here Peggy interposed; "Mr. Skinner be more considerate; my master is really poor just now."

"That is no reason why I should be insulted and indicted and trampled under foot," snarled Skinner, in a rage.

"Show me the receipt and take my last shilling, you ungrateful, vindictive viper," groaned Mr. Hardie.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Skinner. "I'm not a viper; I'm a man of business. I've got five hundred pounds, and I'll show you the receipt and keep dark. But I can't afford to *give* it you for that, of course."

Skinner triumphed, and made the great man apologize, writhing all the time, and wishing he was a dirty dog, that he might bite Skinner and ten honest shillings a week for his income. Having eaten humble pie, he agreed to meet Skinner next Wednesday at midnight, alone, under a certain lamp on the North Kensington road; the interval (four days) he required to raise money upon his scrip. Skinner bowed himself out, fawning triumphantly. Mr. Hardie stood in the middle of the room motionless, scowling darkly. Peggy looked at him, and saw some dark and sinister resolve forming in his mind: she feared it, for she, as such women can divine. She laid her hand on his arm, and said, softly, "Richard, you are not going to—" Hardie ed to find his soul read through his body, like a placard through a pane of glass. He trembled.

But it was only for a moment. "His blood be on his own head," he snarled. "This is not my seeking. He knows what it is to have Richard Hardie to despair."

"No, no," said Peggy; "there are other countries besides this. They've not gather all you have, and cross the water? I'll follow you to the world's end, Richard."

"Mind your own business," said he, fiercely.

She made no reply, but went softly and sat down again, and never took her eyes on his face. Mr. Hardie wrote to Messrs. Heathfield to get Hardie v. Hardie tried as soon as possible.

Meantime came a second phenomenon: gliding down Sackville Street, victorious, Skinner suddenly stopped, and clenched his hands; and his face writhed as if he had received a deadwound. In that instant Remorse had struck him like lightning, and, looking, whence came the lightning. The sweet face and voice that had smiled on him, and cared for his body, and cared for his comfort, came to his mind and knocked at his heart and conscience. He went home miserable with an inward conflict; and it lasted him all the four days: sometimes Remorse was the better, sometimes Avarice. He came to the interview still undecided what he should do. But, meantime, he had gone to a lawyer and made his will, leaving his little all to Julia Dodd: a bad sign that he felt like compounding with his awakened conscience.

It was a dark and gusty night. Very few people were out. Skinner waited a long while, and shivered, for his avarice had postponed the purchase of a great-coat until Christmas-day. At last, by the incorrect second-hand, Mr. Hardie emerged from a side street. Skinner put his head in the lion's mouth.

They met. Mr. Hardie said, quietly, "I must ask you, just for form, to show me you have the Receipt."

"Of course, Sir; but not so near please: no snatching, if I know it."

"You are wonderfully suspicious," said Mr. Hardie, trying to smile.

Skinner looked, and saw by the lamplight he was dealing with a man very dangerous a moment, Sir," said he, and on Mr. Hardie's complying, took the Receipt out, and held it up under the lamp.

Instantly Mr. Hardie drew a life-preserver, and sprang on with the savage curse. And entered a shriek of dismay; for he was met by the long shiny barrel of a horse-pistol, that Skinner drew from his pocket, and leveled full in the haggard face that came at him. Mr. Hardie recoiled, crying, "O! O! for Heaven's sake!"

"What!" cried Skinner, stepping forward and hissing, "do you think I'm such a fool as to meet a thief unarmed? Come, cash up, or I'll blow you to atoms."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Hardie, piteously, retreating as Skinner marched on him with long extended pistol. "Skinner," he stammered, "th-this is a-not b-b-business."

"Cash up, then; that's business. Fling the five hundred pounds down, and walk away. Mind it is loaded with two bullets; I'll make a double entry on your great treacherous carcass."

"It's no use trying to deceive such a man as you," said Mr. Hardie, playing on his vanity, "I could not get the money before Saturday, and so I listened to the dictates of despair. Forgive me."

"Then come again Saturday night. Come alone, and I shall bring a man to see I'm not murdered. And look here, Sir, if you don't come to the hour and do the right thing with our any more of these unbusiness-like tricks, by Heaven I'll smash you before noon on Monday."

"I'll come."

"I'll have you to Mr. Alfred and Miss Dodd."

"I'll come, I tell 'ou."

"I'll post you for a thief in every brick in the Exchange."

"Have mercy, Skinner. Have pity on the wretched man whose bread you have eaten. Tell you I'll come."

"Well mind you do, then cash and all," said Skinner, mildly, but with the most consummate resentment those humble words awakened.

Each walked backward a good dozen steps, and then they both differed some yards. Skinner taking good care not to be tracked home. He went up the high stairs to the hole in the roof of his house, and lighted a rush-light. He had half a mind to kindle a fire, he felt so chilly: but he had stopped up the vent, partly to keep out the cold, partly to shun the temptation of burning fuel. However, he stopped the keyhole with paper, and the chinks of the window, till he had shut the wintry air all out. Still then, what with the cold and what with the reaction after the great excitement, his feeble body began to shiver desperately. He thought at last he would light a foot-warmer he had purchased for one of his customers; but would only spend a halfpenny worth of charcoal. And he wouldn't; he would look at his money; that was warmer. He unrolled the precious part of his straw mattress and took out a bag of gold. He spread it before him, counted it, put the floor and put the candle down among them. The sparkled; they were all new ones, and he rubbed them with an old worsted sock and enjoyed every week. "That's better than any fire," he said, "they warm the heart. For one thing they are my own, all to myself. I'm not a beggar, nor take them of a thief for a bribe to keep dark and befriend honest folk." Then remorse gripped him for a moment. "Myself what I was going to do. "To rob an angel," was the answer. "Five fourteen thousand pounds is the figure. I could give it her in a moment. Curse him, he would have killed me for it."

Then he gathered about and took out his will.

"Ah," said he, "that is all right, so far. But what is a paltry three hundred when I help a poor sort of fellow-creature? Ah, Julia, Julia, to ease his conscience, he took a slip of paper, and wrote on it a short account of the Receipt, and how he got it, and left it in the open answer how I guided his hand, he added, "Miss Dodd lives at 49 Pembroke Street, and if I die it is right it to her as soon as I am well of my cold." Whether this preceded an unconscious resolve which he was not aware of, or whether it some time, or whether it awakened such a resolve, I hardly know: but certain it is, that here he stopped, and for the first moment of doing it; and, more seriously he entertained the thought, the more good it seemed to do him. He put the "Miss Dodd" and "Pembroke" aside, as she had lent him, and read a bit: then finding his feet frozen he began to undress. Still he read, and put it under his feet and read. The good words began to reach his heart more and more: to dull the sense of cold. The sentences never had guided his hand, he added, "Miss Dodd lives at 49 Pembroke Street, and if I die it is right it to her as soon as I am well of my cold." Whether this preceded an unconscious resolve which he was not aware of, or whether it some time, or whether it awakened such a resolve, I hardly know: but certain it is, that here he stopped, and for the first moment of doing it; and, more seriously he entertained the thought, the more good it seemed to do him. He put the "Miss Dodd" and "Pembroke" aside, as she had lent him, and read a bit: then finding his feet frozen he began to undress. Still he read, and put it under his feet and read. The good words began to reach his heart more and more: to dull the sense of cold. The chafer warmed his feet and legs. "Ay," said he, "men don't want fires; warm the feet and the body warms itself. Ah, I'll keep the Receipt" and held it in his hand, and eyed it precisely, and asked himself could he really part with it. He thought he could—to-day. Still holding it tight in his left hand, he read on the good but solemn words that seemed to speak to him upon that ill-gotten paper. "How good it was of her," he thought, "to come day after day and feed me, and think of my body, my body and soul!" She asked nothing back. She didn't know he could make her any return. "Bless you! bless her!" he cried, with a burst of love. "I have been to her, and she so kind to me! She would never let me want, if I took her fourteen thousand pounds. Like enough she would have sent; and help me save my poor soul, that I shall damn if I keep this money." He read it again. Lead us not into temptation. I repent. Lord have mercy on me a miserable sinner!" And tears relieved those wrung words, those tears of penitence, sincere, at least for the time.

A sleepy hangnor now came over him, and the good book fell from his hand: but his resolution remained unshaken; by-and-by waking up from a sort of heavy doze he took, as it were, a last look at the receipt, and muttered, "Ah, Julia, how heavy it feels!" But presently he roused himself, full of his penitent resolution, and murmured again, brokenly, "I'll—take it to—Pembroke Street to—morrow: to—mor—row."

CHAPTER LV.

MR. HARDIE raised the money on his scrip, and at great inconvenience; for he was holding up five hundred thousand pounds' worth of the Turkish Bonds over an unfavorable setting day, and wanted every shilling to pay his broker. If they did not rise by next settling day he was a beggar. However, being now a desperate gamester, and throwing for his last stake, he borrowed this sum, and took it with a heavy heart to his appointment with Skinner. Skinner never came. Mr. Hardie waited till one o'clock. Two o'clock. No Skinner. Mr. Hardie went home hugging his five hundred pounds, but very uneasy. Skinner did not appear that day. She shook her head, and said it looked very ugly. Skinner had, most likely, got angrier and angrier in his thinking on the cause. "You will never see him again till the day of the trial: and then he will go down and bear false witness against you. Why not leave the country?"

"How can I, simpleton? My money is all locked up in time-bargains. No, I'm tied to the stake; I'll fight to the last: and, if I'm defeated and disgraced, I'll die, and end it."

Peggy begged him not to talk so. "I've been down to the court," said she, softly, "to see what it is like. There's a great hall; and he must speak through a hole in the box like places where they try 'em. Let me be in that hall with the five hundred pounds, and I promise you he shall not bear false witness against you. Will both go; you with the money, I with my woman's tongue."

He gave her his hand like a shaky monarch, and said she had more wit than he had.

Mr. Hardie's counsel contrived to postpone Hardie v. Hardie six times in spite of Compton, could not hurry it on now with his co-operation. It must be entered for another or another a good fortnight; and in this fortnight Hardie senior endured the tortures of suspense. Skinner made no sign. The days were stood upon the paper, for next day, a short case of disputed contract, and Hardie v. Hardie.

The witnesses subpœnaed on either side in Hardie v. Hardie began to arrive at ten o'clock, and a tall, stately man paraded Westminster Hall, to see if Skinner came with them; all other anxieties had merged in this: for the counsel had assured him, nothing unexpected turned up, Thomas Hardie would have a verdict, or if not, the damages would be nominal.

Now, Mr. Hardie's promise, was to settle the whole lawsuit; for, while trial of the issue was being postponed and discussed, another question had been argued and disposed of. The very Queen's counsel, unfavorable to the suit, was bribed with a brief, and actually delivered them in court with more skill, clearness, and effect than Garrow ever could; then sat down, and, without a word, was contemptuously to Mr. Compton, "That is your" argument, think."

"And admirably put," whispered the attorney, in reply.

"Well; now Mr. Saunders Knock it to pieces."

Instead of that, it was Sergeant Saunders that made himself ridiculous: judge had a peck at him: then another: till they left him scarce a feather to fly with; and when Alfred's counsel rose to reply, Hardie stopped him, and the chief-of-the-court, Alfred's postponing enemy, delivered his judgment after this fashion:

"We are all of opinion that this plea is bad in law. By the common law of England no person can be imprisoned as a lunatic unless found lunatic by a jury. It has been held so for centuries, and down to the last case. And by the 8th of Henry VI. no person can be imprisoned as a lunatic unless by the authority of the Chancellor, or the justices of the peace, without remedy unless he could prove malice in the person who had procured his incarcerating him. As for the statute, it does not mend the matter, but rather the reverse; for it expressly protects the authorities who act in lunacy under the orders and certificates, and this must be construed to except from the protection of the statute the very matter we have here."

The three puisne judges concurred, and gave similar opinions. One of them said that if A. imprisoned B. for a *felon*, and B. sued him, it was no defense to say that B., in his opinion, had been insane. Judge Talfourd cited Lord Ellen-Anderdon v. Burrows, and Lord Mansfield's judgment in a very old case, the name of which I have unfortunately forgotten.

Judgment was entered for the plaintiff; and the defendant's ingenious plea struck off the record; and Hardie v. Hardie became the leading case. But in law one party often wins the skirmish, and the other the battle. Mr. Hardie grand fight, as I have already said, was to be to-day.

But the high hopes and ardor with which the young lovers had entered on one concerted move were worn out by the postponement swindle, and the adverse events delay had brought on them. Alfred was not idle: he was being examined in the schools; and had plumply refused to leave a tribunal that named its day and kept it—for Julia's sake. Like enough she should have actually opened the case. He did not believe true. He would not believe it. Julia was there, but sad and comparatively listless. One of those strange vague reports, which often herald more circumstantial accounts, had come home, whispering darkly that her father was dead, and buried on an island in the South Sea. She had kept this from Alfred, lest his journey to Edward's wish: but she implored him to restrain his fatal openness. In one thing both were unanimous: Compton should not have his way. Julia would not, and Alfred could not be candid; not to tell Alfred this at present. "Oh, do not go and disgrace him just now," she said, "or he will do something rash. No, he must and shall get his first class, and win his trial; and then you know any lady will be too proud to marry him. Then he is married and happy, you can tell him I did all I could for him, and begged him to be considerate, and was his friend, though I could not—be—his—wife."

She could not say this without crying: but she said it for all that, and meant it too.

Besides helping Mr. Compton to get up the evidence, this true and earnest friend and lover had attended the court day after day, to watch how things were done, and, woman-like, to see what *pleased* and what *displeased* the court. And so at last the court crier cried, with a loud voice, "Hardie v. Hardie!" Julia's eyes ever to be very anxiously for Alfred, and up rose Mr. Garrow, and stated to the court the substance of the declaration: "To this," he said, "three pleas have been pleaded: first, the plea of not guilty, which is a formal plea; also another plea, which has been demurred to, and struck off the record; and, lastly, that at the time of the alleged imprisonment the plaintiff was of unsound mind, and a fit person to be confined; which is the issue now to be tried."

Mr. Garrow then sat down, very tired of this preliminary work, and wondering when he should have the lock to conduct such a case as Hardie v. Hardie: and leaned forward to be ready to prompt his senior, a portly counsel, whom Mr. Compton had retained because he was great at addressing juries, and no point of law could now arise in the case.

Colt, Q.C., one like a tower, knowing very little of the facts, and seeming to know every thing. He had a prodigious business, and was rather indolent, and often shunned his brief at home, and then mastered it in court—if he got time. Now, it is a good general's policy to open a plaintiff's case very gently, and reserve thunderric for the reply; and Mr. Colt always took this line when his manifold engagements compelled him, as in Hardie v. Hardie, to take his case first and learn it afterward. I will only add, that in the course of his opening he was on the edge of seven distinct blunders; but Garrow watched him and always shot a whisper like a bullet just in time. Colt took it, and glided away from incipient error imperceptibly, and with a tact you can have no conception of. The jury did not: and the cracking of this machinery; Sergeant Saunders did, and grinned satirically; so did poor Julia, and her cheeks burned and her eyes sparkled indignant fire. And, terror of horrors! Alfred did not appear.

Mr. Colt's opening may be thus condensed: The plaintiff was a young gentleman of great promise and distinction, on whom, as usual in those cases, a false imprisonment charge was settled. He was a distinguished student at Eton and Oxford, and no doubt was ever expressed of his sanity: he proposed to call and take his money out of his trustees' hands by a marriage settlement. On this his father, who up to that time had managed his trust as a principal trustee, showed him great personal hostility for some time, and looked out for a rod: but rod was soon found in his brother, the defendant, a person who, it would be proved, had actually not seen the plaintiff for a year and a half; yet, with great recklessness and inhumanity, had signed away his liberty and his happiness behind his back. From a variety of causes, which he had that any body can buy, a couple of doctors—were, as usual, easily found to sign the certificates. These same doctors had never seen him but for five minutes, and signed in manifest collusion with the defendant. They described him as a gentleman away on his wedding morning —on his wedding morning, gentlemen, mark that—and handed him to the care of all dangeons. What he suffered there he must himself relate to you: for we, who have the happiness to walk about in the air of reason and liberty, are little able to realize the agony of mind endured by a sane man confined among the insane. But he would endeavor to prove his sanity to the very hour of his incarceration; and also that he was quite sane at the time when a brutal attempt to recapture him by violence was made under the defendant's order, and defeated by his own resolute determination to remain free. Along with the facts the true reason why he was imprisoned would probably come out. But I am not going to prejudge motives. It is for the defendant to prove, if he can, that he had lawful motives for a lawless act; and that he exercised the powers given him by the law with moderation, and not recklessly to the dark designs of others. If he succeed in this, that may go in mitigation of damages, but it can not affect the verdict. *One* principal object is the verdict, which will remove the foul stain cast on my client's character, and restore him to society. And to this verdict we are entitled, unless the other side can prove the plaintiff was insane. Call Alfred Hardie.

And with this he sat down.

An official called Alfred Hardie very loud; he also called Julia rose from her seat with dismay painted on her countenance. Compton's, Garrow's, and Colt's heads clutched their hair.

Mr. Colt jumped up again, and said, "My Lord, I must protest against the gross legal accusation of insanity is just being examined for high honors in the University of Oxford." "Aside to Compton, "and if he doesn't come, you may give them the verdict."

"Well," said the judge, "I suppose he will be here when you close your case."

On the the three heads clashed again, and Sanders said, "For the defendant I opposed it and said with great politeness, and affectation of sympathy, "My Lud I can quite understand my learned friend's hesitation to produce his principal witness."

"You understand nothing about the matter," said Colt, sulkily. "Call Mr. Harrington."

Mr. Harrington was Alfred's tutor at Eton, and deposed to his sanity there: he was not cross-examined. After him they went on step by step with a fresh witness for every six months, from Eton upward, in close order to the day of incarceration: then they put in one of Julia's witnesses, Peterson, who swore Alfred had taken to him like a sane person that very morning; and repeated what had passed. Cross-examination only elicited that he and Alfred were no longer good friends, which rather strengthened the evidence. Then Giles and Hannah, now man and wife, were called, and swore he was sane all the time he was at Silverton House. This evidence produced the last effect by eliciting that they had left on bad terms with Baker, and that Alfred had given them money since.

proclaimed fugitive, as though the brand of Cain had been upon him. He went straight to the first house on which he came. A hazel-eyed, pleasant-faced girl answered his knock.

"I am a runaway Federal officer," he said, bluntly. "I spent last night in the woods yonder. I am chilled to the bone, starved for food, and dying for sleep. You can tie my hands with the ribbon on your hair, if you like, and take me to Richmond yourself."

"Guess you came to the right place, then," said pleasant face, with a laugh. "We are all Union folks here, and the Union pickets are not half a mile off."

And so Louis was saved, and I read of him the other day in some skirmish, a dashing affair where he deserved and got honorable mention, and only yesterday I met him on Broadway mixed an arm, the left one, but with a blushing, happy-looking little person on the other, whom he introduced as Mrs. Bayfour. How she got here (and perhaps he) only knows; but here she is, installed in his mother's house, and I hear there is a wedding soon to be forthcoming.

MR. BLUEIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

IT was a gusty night that year, the evening of the 24th of December. A whistling, raw, bleak, shivering night—the sort being filled with wet, sharp flakes of snow, which whirled up in feathery-looking sprays of drift round the corners and smote one viciously in the face on encountering the blasts. A night when men instinctively cocked their heads to windward as they passed cross streets where the wild wind was playing its malicious frolic.

Mr. Blueit had been all through the pellings of the pitiless storm that day, had faithfully attended to his business, eaten a huge dinner, and now on the edge of bedtime sat, with evening paper in one hand and cigar in the hot mouth at his elbow, toasting his slippered feet before a glowing fire, reposing them, of course, upon a supplementary chair. He had had, any decent man of a large purse, which he had paid very well; he had lately moved into his handsome house on the Avenue in the Fifties; and his wife was amiable; his furnace operated well; his cook was skillful and amenable to reason—could mortal man ask more? To be sure, Mr. Blueit was not the wisest woman in the world, but she knew enough to appreciate the advantages of her present comfortable position. She had not always been wealthy, consequently she despised poor people with an unction refreshing to behold. On the present occasion the lady had retired early, being overcome of the drowsy god, leaving her lord in undisturbed possession of the cozy sitting-room, with its cheerful fire and lights. Mr. Blueit sat there under the impression that he was reading, but his stories absorbed with equal fascination all his burly head fairly drooped into his capacious breast, and Mr. Blueit slept.

Then a gust of all the hardware in the house by common consent were holding high carnival below stairs, a sort of exaggerated Dunyhroke it seemed. Mr. Blueit started to his feet, and left the room, down stairs.

The kitchen was ablaze with lights, and the range glowed with intense hospitality, as from its gleaming orifices ascended savory odors of dainties in bath—and baking and roasting, frying and frying, turning spits, and the tenderest nurgling of the trough and sty had not been withheld from that sacrifice—while eager cooks jostled under the chimney scullions, while delicate Ariels compounded fairylike confections, and jolliest Ducks relishingly basted the crisping fowls, while the brown bread sent forth its sweet and nourishing fragrance, and lubantly pigs were lying their eyes out, to be eaten with their own gravies, while high upon the rack of the sideboard, within the dining-room, yet in full view of all the complicated preparations, sat the ruler of the storm. Burly of figure, huge of limb, ruticund of nose, shaggy of beard, and jovial of wink and leer, with curving icicles, despite the torpid heat of the kitchen, depending from cap and beard, sat Saint Nicholas, issuing his orders and marshaling his forces as if he had been commander of all the cooks from Paris to the Feejee Islands, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Indian Ocean here to Abyssinia. And while the astonished Blueit stood surveying the remarkable scene delighted to find his bewildered vision in his fat jolliety laughed, and shook, and nodded, and winked, and finally, with a blow of his hand, struck on Mr. Blueit's back, seated him more suddenly than courteously in one of his own leather-cushioned chairs.

"Glad to see you, Blueit, at last!" cried the Saint; "we've been busy here for hours. All Cole began to fear you weren't coming down at all. Cole, for the wonder, was sure you think in a hotel?"

Mr. Blueit muttered something about the peculiar coolness of the presence of a man's business story to raise the dash in, and hinted something about turning the whole pack out of doors.

"Turn us out, Blueit! Shut the door, pray! Why, we've only made a beginning here. This is going to be a Christmas-eve to be remembered in the annals of Blueit & Co. When the poor and desolate of Centreville shall rise up and call you blessed, Blueit."

Mr. Blueit was convinced that the gentleman in fors, with whom he was holding this extraordinary conversation, was enormously drunk.

"I've a deal on hand to do, you see, about this time of year," remarked the Saint. "What with taking boxes to the soldiers, with seeing that all the Christmas books and stories are properly written, with filling stockings, and furnishing trees, and seeing that mothers and sisters, and aunts and cousins, do their duty by the little folks, and having a general oversight that poor children are not forgotten, I've about all I can attend to. But this big supper of Blueit & Co.—"

"What!"

"Why, yes, you see Blueit & Co. are going to entertain all their employés Christmas-day; and I concluded that, with such a splendid range as this, we might do part of the work here. Don't be concerned about the cook in the morning, I've a battalion of brownies waiting to clean up and leave every thing in the best of order. An excellently-appointed kitchen, Blueit; very few ranges work as well—hearty as good as my own in Heela—though we rather excel you on the hot-water arrangements, Blueit!"

A tall, thin, wiry creature, in a cook's cap and apron, whom Blueit had watched with much interest for some time, as he whirled the roast fowls out of the range and into platters with a celerity that defied calculation, now approached the jovial Saint.

"Is your work finished, Blazius?"

"It is; there only remains what the brownies can safely finish."

"Then take care of Mr. Blueit while he goes to give out his invitations. Mr. Blueit, allow me to introduce Mr. Blazius: you will accompany Blazius. I'd be glad to be of the party, but I have a large quantity of German toys to look over, and must be excused."

So there was no choice but for Mr. Blueit to clasp the warm leathery hand of his guide, cook, and follow him out into the gusty night. He did take time to catch his heavy coat from its peg in the basement entry and his overshoes, but, all frantically snatching on a huge pair of boots which he found standing there, he was ready and ready to accompany Blazius, who now appeared in the guise of a thin gentlemanly fellow in a brown overcoat and soft hat, and with a large, heavy tenor-ling ready-made-clothing merchant out of the street-door.

The long plumy whirls of snow came dancing down the street like ghosts, but the gaslights were all aglow, and the shops were brightly illuminated, and the shops were gay with holiday goods and gear, and the sidewalks were still full of busy people, that looks agreeable and kind in spite of snow, and the sleigh-bells were filling the frosty air with their jingling cadences. Of all the throng, Mr. Blueit became aware that they were following only two, a woman and a boy, who hurried along hand in hand, taking little heed of the busy shops with their tempting wares, or the lively throng, and intent only on gaining shelter from the biting wind. Blazius, with a few dramatic flourishes, stair they followed—Blueit and his phantom guide. The door yielded to their touch, and our two friends followed them into the room. It was all cold and dark, and if it had not been, Blueit felt with a shiver that they would not have heeded them. The boy was a poor, ragged, dirty child, and his fingers trembled so that he could scarcely hold the match; but he did light it. First a smudgy sputter of sulphur and phosphorus, and a sputter—then a jet of flame, a glow, a smell of tallow-candle, and the room was full of light and warmth. They then kindled a fire in the cracked stove of some bits of tiny laths and a scrap of wood or two, evidently saved for the purpose, for Jodge Handsaw, and had duly taken them home this night; but the lady had not had the change in her, so that little of the fire-wood in the Blueit attic that night. Mr. Blueit heard her tell the boy, and remembered that his own wife had hidden a purse in the attic of her house, very nicely to go away and come again at a more convenient season.

Dear, dear! how the poor thing did cough! as the woman and child lay down together on the crazy bedstead covered with a few tattered rags. But there was of warmth and life between the two.

"Joey?" said the woman, "did you try again if Mr. Jones would n bumble-bee to-day?"

"Yes, mother," answers the little fellow; "but he wants genteel kids. I wouldn't be nagged. I said I was needed up pretty well, and I would soon buy good clothes if he would hire me; and he laughed awful ugly, and said, 'Oh, you're needy! I'll engage; and too soon too:' and I went off and bagged an old broom and swept crossings, but nobody gave me a penny, and I'm afraid I wouldn't trust me with any papers to tell to-night, either."

"I wish Mrs. Handsaw would pay me what she owes me," sighed Mrs. Blazius. "I'm sure one's took home she was out of town, and I had to wait for weeks for my pay; and I'm afraid I've taken cold, Joey. I almost wish she knew how poor we are, but I'm afraid if she did she wouldn't trust me any more. Poor Jem, Joey, how he fought this bitter winter!" and the racking cough showed that something was helping her rapidly through her short lease of life.

Joey rolled a billet of wood in his little jacket, and put it under her head to relax it and ease the cough, and presently they slept.

There stole into the room a sharper chill and a thin wreath of frosty vapor, which came creeping itself through the cobwebbed panes. There was no coughing now, as Joey rubbed his eyes open. Ah, poor Joey—it's no use, child—she won't have to wait on Mrs. Handsaw's pleasure. The widow's Friend is righting all of her wrongs. There are no dawdling delays there. Oh, Joe! how could you ever forget those sharpened features, those emaciated limbs, that fleshly chill of touch overmastering the December morning?

"Oh my God, for all my sins have thou mercy on me!" groaned Blueit, and shuddered through forty years of his existence, back to those days which were passing before him.

And the vision faded like a cloud, and the strange pair were once more in the street. It was still evening out of doors, and Blueit descried his own porter, honest fellow! with his toes sticking out of his boots, as he passed them hurrying home, hugging a basket of potatoes with a bit of meat wrapped in a brown paper stuck in a corner of it. Blueit remembered that he had picked up and restored to him that morning a ten-dollar greenback, for which Blueit had thanked him. Really, now, it was too bad—and his wife with a young baby at home too! But Bill never complained, and how was he to know how things were on at home with all of his men? He would never have known about the baby if he had not just happened to have heard him tell the fact to Freeman, of it.

Then they passed a milliner's shop in Millinette Place. A pretty, delicate girl was at the counter weaving a chenille net, and a fast young fellow lounged against the counter, sucking his cane and asking the price as she worked. Presently she pricked her finger, and the exquisite dropped his cane to caress the delicate injured digit, unmindful of a big-whiskered fellow who had entered the shop and stood watching them both. Not that he had much business to transact there either, for the next instant Mr. Leroy Fayneant crawled on the floor beneath the substantial fist of the big-whiskered fellow, in whom Blueit recognized himself once more.

"Served him right!" was Blueit's mature verdict on this little social escapade, as the vision passed before him of the fair coquette, who, now safely nestled under his matrimonial wing, was pointed out on the Avenue there as the "beautiful Mrs. Blueit with her two-thousand-dollar horses and carriage."

Blueit saw a great many things in that gusty walk with his slender and gentlemanly, but mysterious guide. At the cashier go-down into a lively looking doorway, and be and Blazius crept after him; and the way the gnarchens piled the tables, and the little girls presented their mites of evil fee away with more than a quarter's salary at a sweep was a caution and a surprise to the uninitiated. His entire confusion, the same out at the private room door of the theatre, and drove away to a palace upon the wings for dramatic friends. He saintly youth who would not so much as hear the nigger minstrels but his influence in Sabbath-school should be lost. But that was later in the day of the evening. Now the streets were full of people, warmly and handsomely clad, going in and out of the groceries, the pastrycooks, and the fruiterers, pinching fat turkeys, selecting rich clusters of grapes, ordering groceries and good things enough to satisfy an army. Blueit wondered how the streets was blown, hither and yonder at the mercy of the mercy of the fierce gusts of the bitter, black and pine boughs with which the shops were decked for the festal season. Evergreens every where. Some poor creatures hurrying home with the Christ-child might hang them full of gifts. Refuse greens from churches and public halls, ground underfoot. Here and there, just, like faithful Christmas, giving forth the most precious odor under the vilest usage. No one could get glimpses of rich fat wreaths around bright pictures on lofty walls of stately houses as you passed. You could breathe the incense of the "fir-tree, and the pine, and the cedar together," as you passed a church, and the poor children dragged home branches of the refuse to their wretched lodgings gay with such a bit of Christmas. There went Blueit's sweeper now with a Bologna sausage and a pretzel in a paper under his arm, a bunch of pink roses over his window; and the cheap shop is hung with pipes and tobacco, and the cheap carcasses at the door wear them. There is much good in your pins and hemlock tree, however considered. There are poor women and children now children peering in at the windows of the toy-shop, where richly-dressed dolls, swinging to and fro in the warm light, mock with their fair and costly finery, the bald whistle of the wintry wind as it flapped about the thin garments of these wretched ones.

"Good stranger, spirit, guide, or whatever you are," moaned out poor Blueit, "who are these? and why are they here? Look! look! look! Behold, the line stretching out! And who are you—you are so terrible, and after all so kindly too—"

"These children, Blueit," replied the spirit, "why, the most of them are your own employés, and a few of your humbler friends, that from time to time I have gathered in, and my servants of the magnificent Christmas-dinner which you propose to give in your great packing-room on Christmas afternoon. Blueit, don't look as if they'll be worse of a hearty meal, d'ye think? And there's a few regular customers, and a few that I've called for, eh? and some of their wives and little folks too, maybe. It's a good while since they had a taste of turkey, I'm myself, I suppose myself, per diferently in different times and places. Sometimes I appear as the Scotch brownie, and work in the night to the astonishment of my lord, and a portion of cream—under the stair duly set for me at night—is considered my service. I've been reported in the character of Asmodeus at one time, and the Germans have another odd name for me too. But now I am Blueit, head cook and sub-major-domo to the excellent St. Nicholas—also Mr. Blueit's most humble servant. And with a smile of grotesque benevolence distorting his leathery jaws, the brownie bowed low to the bewildered Blueit, who could not decide whether he was properly proceeding behind him. There were poor women who hovered near a poor maimed figure in a faded blue uniform, with perhaps an empty sleeve or leg, or some other dreadful mutilation to cover as best they might. And pale, thin, hungry-eyed women, with pricked and blackened forefingers, with hollow cheeks and white lips, and some had a poor bit of black and white baby, and great dark circles, rat-stained—under the eyes, showing that no helpless living wreck was making their lives precious to them by its dependence and weakness, and revealing how strong a habit mere existence had become, that it still clutched its hold with the dead weight dragging the other way. There were aged people, leaning on the arm of their children, who were feding to shadows trying to keep the Great Shadow from the venerated forms beside them. And some whose tawdry finery and mocking laughter showed that the bottle was over, the sharp struggle for bread past, and the free, savage life of the street fairly reasserting its claims.

And Mr. Blueit began to wonder if six cents apiece for making shirts, and sixpence apiece out of imperfect work, wasn't *rather* a tight fit, with flour at nine dollars a barrel, and coal eleven dollars a ton.

"Shall I ask 'em?' inquired Blazius, jerking his long thumb backward.

"Yes—no—I—" Blueit answered. "Poor things!" He began to understand what this long night journey meant.

They were all following them—poor sewing women, shivering little children, porters out at the elbows; smart clerks, handling themselves in attics, to keep one decent suit in which to serve the counter; thin, pale fellows, with hard coughs. Not a very festally-appearing crowd, though the poor merchant. As they filed along, Blueit had an odd impression that the dinner was to have come off upon Christmas-day, and he was late. He felt late all account of time since he had started out with Blazius. But here they were, in front of the great warehouse—the whole building lighted; gas-jets dimmed from every cornice; the great doors stood open, and the air was warm in it. The great room, with its counters doing duty as royally-spread tables, was all a tremble with gay banners, bright merry flags, with evergreen garlands quivering in the glorious music of the band at the end of the hall. And just as the dais rose and the band began to come that ruddy saint, beloved of all children and true-hearted Manhattoes, St. Nicholas, Blazius and Blueit saw the saint bowing, waving, withdrew to his own duties, which, judging by the wolfish looks of the guests as they disposed themselves about the room, promised to be no sinecure.

"Friends," said the venerable Santa Claus, "in the name of Him who has bidden us welcome to his everlasting feast do I bid you welcome to this which your friend has provided for you."

Like the feast of July among shipowners, like Egypt under the locusts, the tables were cleared, and again and again from unseen sources replenished, till every human appetite was satisfied.

"Blueit! Blueit! A speech! a speech!"

A speech!—poor Blueit!

"You must!"

"I can't"

"Just try."

"I won't."

"Just a word, you know, and I'll help you if you stick," whispered Blazius.

Blueit struggled to his feet.

"Friends and fellow-citizens, he began," and gentlemen of the jury—no, I don't mean that—and gentlemen—on this painful—no, confound it!—Friends, I've a word to say, and I must talk on in my own humble way. I've been in trade for many years. Men and women, I've worked you hard; sometimes I have ground you down. I'm not a poor. I wanted to be rich. I'd known harder poverty than any of you, and it made me a brute. I'm ashamed of it. I'm sorry I worked you so night. I know that sixpence apiece for making shirts don't make honest poverty. It makes some of you desperate, and some of you starve. I don't like to say more. The boss is going to be your friend. Wages—" [Applause.] "wages shall be living wages, not starvation wages. And I've a word more to say: I've always been a Union man, and I gave ten thousand to raise men, and ten more for the commissions, and I hope it all did good. I'm no speech-maker, and dull at talking; but I am going to give some more money to the sanitary cause; I'm going to help the soldiers' widows and orphans till the country gets ready to do something for them. That is what was the preference, to bring hands at fair wages; and if any poor soul has got a wounded father or husband, I've got work for him to die; but I want to know it, and shake his fist, if he has got one left, with a ten-dollar bill in it, maybe; and, if he has not, I've a strong sympath of his breast left to cover his heart, it'll do to lay something on. It is a hard world, men, and there's many work going wrong, but the merchant of all ways is forgetting the poor, and that we were once poor ourselves. I don't want to be rich to-night. Our friend in the fars did it all; but, please God, we shall go on better hereafter."

And Blueit sat down amid a perfect storm of applause, which certainly was deserved, for I don't believe a worthy, stout, middle-aged gentleman in the ready-made line ever did make a more extraordinary speech since I began to record the marvelous exploits of the Blueit family. On one I have chronicled above; and the effect of the applause was as wonderful as the speech itself, for with the last cheer Blueit found himself awake! Seated upon his hearth-rug, crowned with his own large chair, the cozy whose sweet understanding had seemed upward having incontinently retired upon its castors in good order to the other side of the room. Otherwise, the gas was out, the fire out, the brandy-and-water all drank up, and the clock at 2 a.m. December 25.

Blueit gathered himself up and replaced his chair, lighted his candle, and shivered up stairs.

"Thank Heaven! it is only two days before Christmas yet, and plenty of time," yawned Blueit, as he deposited his ivy bald between the blankets, and proceeded to finish his Dream.

"Mrs. Blueit," remarked that gentleman at breakfast next morning, "did Mary Kirby bring home my new shirts last night?"

"Yes—Mr. B. this roll is cold, another please! —and something reminded me that I owed her five dollars too, but Lizzie & Marrieson has just opened my purse. A bit of the steak, if you please."

"Sorry you should not let it happen; touch the bell, Jessie."

"John!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get ready and take this five to Mrs. Mary Kirby; tell her Mrs. Blueit has more work for her; and John—"

"Yes, Sir."

"Stop at M'Vicars, and see if he has any nice turkeys; pick out a hen turkey, a nice fat yearling, and take it to her; and tell M'Vicar—d'ye hear?—to send three to the house."

"Yes, Sir."

"And other fowls and things, and *all* the rest to my wareroom by ten, and bring me the bill."

"Ye–es, Sir."

"Mr. Blueit, I think you are crazy! What upon earth do you want of several hundred fowls at the warehouse? I shall send for your friends. You are losing your wits! You are wasting your property! Oh dear! oh dear!"

And poor little Mrs. Blueit wrung her jeweled fingers, and actually cried behind her two inches of cambric.

"Not a bit of it. John, you stop at Dunsheimer's, and buy Katy Kirby a nice big doll. Here's another five, and tell her Mrs. Blueit sent it."

"Yes, Sir." And it's my belief that if Dr. Agnew could have seen John's optics dilate he would forever eschew belladonna, and employ unexpected benevolence, the reaction being so much more comfortable. So John departed, imparting his belief to Mary, whom he met going up with the clean towels, that "Something was wrong o' the old man; but 's longs my money's safe, and I guess it be, it's none of my business if he does throw fives in the street."

The moment John was out of the room Mrs. Blueit began to pace the floor and bewail the mental decay and overthrow of her poor husband.

Mr. Blueit finished his breakfast, put on his over-coat, and came back with hat and gloves in hand, not liking to leave Jessie feeling so badly, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not told her a word of his wonderful Dream, and how it had wrought upon him.

So Blueit, who was not a bad husband, sat down and drew his pretty, weeping wife on his knee, told her of the marvelous vision, and especially did he dwell upon the glimpses of his past and early life of his forsaken childhood, his dead mother, the poor people in the streets the Christmas-eve, and, not least, the pretty girl in Millinette Place, down to his sudden awakening under the capsized chair before the cold and ashy grate.

"And now, Jessie," said Blueit, "dreams come to a man for good sometimes. I'm going to serve my country now to some purpose. I've given before this for pride and vain glory. I'm going to give now for—for—for what folks go to church for, you know." And Blueit bolted off.

When Blueit's people went home that night they carried each a fat fowl for dinner on Christmas, and the boys had books or money, and even the little children at home, too little to work, had candy and toys, cheap to be sure, but sufficient. And, best of all, the workmen were each held worthy of their hire—good, sufficient hire—thereafter.

"And to think," said little Mrs. Blueit, "that Joe should remember, after so many years, that it was Christmas-eve that he knocked down Mr. Leroy Fayneant for kissing my hand, and dream of it at this late day. I must have been pretty then."

And the little figure, in its dainty blue wrapper and pretty slippers, refreshed itself by a look in the pier glass. "How oddly dreams do affect some men! Women ain't so silly." And Mrs. Blueit studied her splendid solitaire on the left forefinger. "But now—wasn't that odd about kissing my hand?"

MY VISION.

THE night was dark; the wild, wet wind was sighing
 In fitful gusts, and scattering drops of rain,
From the low clouds that southward fast were flying,
 Pattered against the roof; and I, in pain
 And weakness, lay and listened, while each vein
Thrilled with a boding sense of coming ill,
 And something I could feel, but ne'er explain—
A strange, mysterious awe—o'ercame my will,
And hushed my throbbing heart, and made my blood run chill.

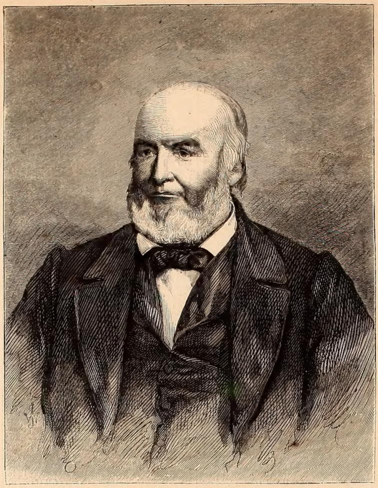
The very air seemed full of unseen evil;
 And I could fancy, 'mid the gathering gloom,
Each deeper shade was but some lurking devil
 On dark designs intent. Some awful doom
 Seemed just impending. Were the demons come
Up from their torments to prepare new woes
 For guilty man? "How soon, alas! shall some,
Unthinking now, ere e'en this night shall close,
New anguish feel, or seek their long, their last repose!"

I slept at last, worn out by anxious fears,
 But sudden seemed to waken, with a scream
Of piercing horror ringing in my ears,
 And calling me, too, did its accent seem.
 Then, with the quick transition of a dream,
A late-deserted battle-field I trod
 In search of him. The moon's pale, pitying gleam
Cast sickly radiance on the blood-stained sod
Where thousands, unprepared, had gone to meet their God.

At last, 'neath a low willow's drooping shade,
 I found him—my dear, only brother—lying
In a dark pool his own life-blood had made.
 Wildly I called him: "Brother, are you dying?"
 No answer, but the low, convulsive sighing
And gasp for breath. O God! And then I tried
 To rouse him; and at last he, too, seemed trying.
And then his strange, wild eyes were opened wide,
And his hand harder pressed upon his bleeding side.

* * * * * * *

But ere he died he knew me—grasped my hand,
 And whispered, "Brother!"—faintly, sweetly smiled,
And looked toward Heaven. And in that better land
 I hope to meet him, and am reconciled
 To sorrow here. Say not my vision wild
Was but a feverish dream; for soon there came
 News of the "Glorious Victory"—so 'twas styled;
But I saw only my dead brother's name.
And one sad joy alone remains to me—
He knew that I was with him in his agony.



HON. JOHN BROUGH, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. H. WILLARD.]

HON. JOHN BROUGH.

WE give on this page a Portrait, from a photograph by Mr. O. H. Willard, of the Hon. JOHN BROUGH, Governor-elect of Ohio. Mr. Brough was born at Marietta, Ohio, in 1811. He was brought up in a printing-office; he became at length editor of a local paper in Marietta, entered into politics, and for several years held the office of Auditor of the State. He afterward became editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, long before that journal had its present notoriety. He had in Ohio the reputation of being a great stump speaker; in 1840 he and Corwin were considered the first political speakers in the State. For the past fifteen years he has been connected neither with politics nor the press, having been engaged in various railroad enterprises in the West. He was for a while President of the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad; and he is at this time President of the Cleveland, Bellefont, and Indianapolis Railroad. He is a popular man, and has peculiar talent for finance. He re-entered the political world again last year after an absence of fifteen years, and although originally, like Dickinson and others, a member of the old Democratic Party, gave a hearty support to the Administration. It was his great speech at Marietta for the war and the Union that probably secured his nomination as Governor of the State, upon the duties of which office he will enter the first of January next. His majority over Vallandigham was the largest Ohio ever gave, being about one hundred thousand.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

WE publish on pages 820, 821, and 829 several sketches representing THE STORMING AND CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN by General Hooker, on November 24, 1863. Our correspondent writes:

"There has not during the war been a more gallant fight than the assault by General Hooker's column upon the rebel works on Lookout Mountain. The men, climbing the steep mountain-side under a severe fire from the many rifle-pits, were never checked. Whitaker's brigade, sweeping over the ridge and taking in rear the works by the White House, is the subject of the sketch on page 820, the skirmishers of Geary's division being in the fore-ground. The line of battle, as it swept over the ridge, was composed of the divisions of Generals Cruft, Geary, and Osterhaus, the other divisions of Hooker's column being disposed on the flanks and as supports. The picture on page 829 illustrates further the same affair.

"The centre picture on page 821 represents the brigades of General Whitaker and Colonel Ireland, of Cruft's and Geary divisions—Whitaker's brigade stretching to the rocks that from the crest of the mountain swept over the ridge on which the rebel rifle-pits were located. At this place the fight was short and severe.

"The other drawings on the same page show the rebel work on the crest of the mountain, from which the rebels did not remove the guns (two light pieces) until after night-fall; and the sketch of the crest of the mountain will explain why we did not get up there in time to capture them. On the morning of the 25th Captain Wilson, Sergeants Wagers, Davis, and Woods, and Privates Hill and Bradley, of the Eighth Kentucky regiment, Colonel Barnes, volunteered to place the colors of the regiment on the rocks forming the top of the mountain. Up they went, gaining the top by a route such that a single rebel might have disposed of the party. As the sun rose the next morning its first ray brightened the old flag on the very top of Lookout Mountain, as represented in one of the small drawings."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOMEOPATHIC SOUP.

TAKE a robin's leg,
 Mind, the drumstick merely;
Put it in a tub,
 Filled with water nearly.

Set it out of doors,
 In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week
 (Three days for a lady).

Put a spoonful in
 To a five-quart kettle,
It should be of tin,
 Or perhaps bell-metal.

Fill the kettle up,
 Put it on a boiling;
Skim the liquor well
 To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil
 Half-an-hour or longer
(If 'tis for a man
 You may make it stronger).

Should you now desire
 That the soup be flavory,
Stir it once around
 With a stalk of savory.

When the soup is done,
 Set it by to jell it;
Then three times a day
 Let the patient smell it.

If he chance to die,
 Say 'twas Nature did it;
But should he get well,
 Give the Soup the credit.

MOTHER WIT.

FIRST COSTER. "I say, Bill, wot's the meanin' o' Congress?"

SECOND COSTER. "A shoe heel. Female of Conger."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Splitting your Vote.

Where does Neptune stable his horses?—Why, wherever the Sea-Mews may be, of course.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—Mixing Whisky-toddy.

An Irishman who was at the celebrated battle of Bull Run was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannon-ball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman rushed upon him, exclaiming, "You owld woman, stop cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head."

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, Sir," said John. "Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

SEEING DOUBLE.—An old miser, who was notoriously parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a doctor. "What shall I do with my head?" said the old man; "it's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired: the recipe ran thus; "When you see double, you will find relief if you count your money."

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—An old writer says that to make an entirely beautiful woman it would be necessary to take the head from Greece, the bust from Austria, the feet from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England. At that rate she would be a Mosaic, and the man who married her might well be said to have "taken up a collection."

Mrs. Macaulay having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

A lady who wears a pretty little slipper is often loved by the *foot*.

The busiest coopers in these times are those that hoop the ladies.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

A player, performing the *Ghost* in Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humor, by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavors to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the ghost."

A person in public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

Parker, bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance, what was the best body of divinity, replied, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

A recruiting sergeant lately accosted an honest hind in Northumberland, saying, "Come, my lad, you'll fight for your Queen, won't you?" "Fight for t' Queen?" answered Andrew; "why, hez she fall'n out wi' ony body?"

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular they don't get married."

Upon the failure of a publican, at the sign of the "Robin Hood," an opposite neighbor obtained a license, and called his house "The Little John;" underneath which he wrote:

 Now "Robin Hood" is dead and gone—
 Come in and drink with "Little John."

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, coming across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you—what's the matter you no jump?"

Patrick Macfinigan, with a wheel-barrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roaring blackguard, or I'll be after running into yees!"

A SCOTCH DINNER.—The noon-day *meal*.

The musician who can make his hearers forget time may be excused for not keeping it.

When you are running from a mad bull, to be slow isn't to be sure."

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers?—Because they *write about face*.

What's the use of a seat of war to a standing army?

An urchin, suffering from the application of the birch, said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better: let any body get such a licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher!"

"My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?" said a father to a four-year-old. "Yes, and haven't I told you three times that I wouldn't do it. You must be stupid."

"Ah, William, home from the wars? Where is the brother who went with you?" "Ah me! we left our mother together. One of us was killed. How can I bear to tell her which one it was!"

An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and, on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work. "No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

"All bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

The English are a heavy people, and most like a stone of all others. The French are a lively people, and more like a feather.

There are many pickpockets about town just now. So he that would keep his watch, "this let him do—pocket his watch, and watch his pocket, too."

"You are ill, my friend." "Yes, my eye is inflamed, and very painful. Do you know of any remedy?" "Do as I did last week with a tooth—have it out."

Mr. Brown lately went into the country for the first time in his life, and records it as a singular coincidence in nature that every pond he saw—"and there were many of 'em"—had land round it. Mr. Brown is evidently a "natural" philosopher.

Here is what we consider a manifest improvement on the old story of the "Friend in Need:"

 A friend in need's a friend indeed,
  And this I've found most true;
 But mine is such a *needy* friend
  He sticks to me like glue.

Some time since, two young ladies near Newmarket fell into company with a gipsy, who, for a trifling sum, proposed showing them their future husbands' faces in a pail of water. The water being procured, they were desired to look. They did so; when, discovering nothing strange, they exclaimed, "We see only our own faces." "Well," replied the gipsy, "those will be your husbands' faces when you're married."

TAIL-BEARER.—Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow-squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail*-bearers among his tribe.

A French bishop, in a sermon, recently administered a philippic to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware (said he) while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the rejoinder.



THE CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—GENERAL HOOKER FIGHTING AMONG THE CLOUDS.—[SEE PAGE 826.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, he business was done on Credit and strictly *with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not in the least one has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same prices, and no more.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, ask "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Family Medicine

By having the BRANDRETH PILLS on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness occur, they can be given at once, and often will have effected a cure before the physician arrives.

As a Blood remedy, and for costiveness, they have no equal.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street.

Sold also at No. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by dealers.

Presents! SEWING MACHINES FOR **$5.**
☞ Use the Common Hand Needle.
☞ Make the Common Hand Stitch.
☞ Gather, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths. Each Machine is put up in a mahogany-veneered workbox, with full directions, 35 of BARTLETT'S Beautiful Needles, and sent anywhere safely on receipt of Five Dollars, addressed to care "Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Establishment," 447 Broome St., N. Y.
☞ 19 Machines sent to one address.....$56
☞ 4 " " .....$12.

A BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL, AND PERFECTUAL PRESENT. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED, for 1864. Published the first of each month, at $1 50 a year. The new YEAR'S VOLUME contained more than 300 engraved Illustrations, and is one of the most entertaining works now published. Order it by a year, for your nearest, dearest, and most valued friend. Best (cheapest) by any address, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

10 for One Dollar.

The Finest Portraits

At the Lowest Price.

Card Photographs of
President Lincoln and each of his Cabinet.—Sentiment—Statesmen—All Generals of our country, Navy, and other noted officers of our Army and Navy, living and dead.
Eminent Men of all ages.
AUTHORS, ARTISTS,
ACTORS, ACTRESSES,
and all prominent persons, male and female.
Fancy and Miscellaneous Pictures, &c., &c.
Catalogue sent free.

Original Gift-Book Store,
for all Pictures for Albums, and they will be sent free per return mail, Ten for $1. Single copies 15 cents.
Address
G. G. EVANS, Publisher,
Philadelphia, Penn.

N. B. A Classified Catalogue of over 2000 different books, especially adapted to Army and Navy reading, sent on receipt of Five Cents. SEND FOR IT. Photographic artists of my new enterprises of Watches, Jewelry, Vest Chains, &c., &c., sent on receipt of Ten Cents.

$80 per Month.—Agents wanted in every Town. It is something new and of real value. For particulars apdress, with stamp,
J. S. PARDEE, Binghampton, N. Y.

DREAMS—Their Significance, Space, and Time Annihilated, Poetry and Music in Sleep, Premonitory Dreams, and Happy Dreams—Are Dreams Prophetic—Read Dreams of Others, etc., The Science of the Soul, in Jan. Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 15 cts. —$1 50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

COMPETITION DEFIED!



We offer to sell our WATCH, which is of the MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER, and in addition to the Running Pattern, at the low price of TEN DOLLARS.

We therefore recommend all wanting either an ELEGANT, GOOD WATCH, with a Solid Hunting Case, to remit us $10, when they will receive a Handsome Watch, selected by ourselves, such as we would present to our nearest friends.

You can, if you choose, have one of all those who have sent us. Its beauty and cheapness cannot be surpassed. ONLY TWO DOLLARS.

☞ Recollect, the OLD ESTABLISHED AND RELIABLE AGENCY, where all orders are attended to with the utmost promptitude, exactness and accuracy, and forwarded to their destination in the most compact, reliable and economical manner.

Address
THOMAS ORMSBY,
General Purchasing Agent, 86 Nassau St., N.Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN.—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

THE GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always Reliable Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are all numbered, and adapted to all sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION PENCIL CASES.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Reliable Pen; for $1 50, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are all numbered, and have Solid Gold Pens, with Iridosmia Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a dozen Steel Pens.—*All quality, although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the medium, and No. 10 the largest manufactured, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad. Coarse Business Pens. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITH SILVER CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 4th quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION PENCIL CASES, WITH QUALITY, IN SILVER, MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 3 Pen; for $4 50 a No. 4 Pen; for $5 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest defect, and are worth twice the closest sorting can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he stands shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true standards to say such Pens are Superior) any Pens sold in this country, at whatever price.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens they desire, and in writing for Pens, state whether they are—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances must be post paid, and all letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

The following Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO GUARD.—Hundred of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, if 15 per cent on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if want to use additional Gold or Silver.

Address,
A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

$50 for $20.

SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

For **$20** we will forward by mail or express, pre-paid, the Solid Silver and Gilt Plated Jewelry—a Vest Chain, 12 Gent's Seal Rings, 3 Gold Pens and Extension Pencil Case, 1 Ladies' Gilt Heart Watch Key, 12 Brooch or Scarf Pins, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 3 Box and Glass Pins for Soldiers' Letters, 1 Double Ink-stand, and 3 Cluster Stone Pins. Address THOMAS CAFFERTEY & CO., Providence, R. I.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to notify, quickly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on sale. Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 36 Lincoln St., Boston.



Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a Solid Silver Ring with NAME MARKED ON IT. PRINCIPAL OFFICE. Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of Fifty Cents. The above out represents size and style of Badge ordered. It can be fastened to the garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.
N. B.—All kinds of Jewelry made to order, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the one, 100, or 1000.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Garment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

Presents! Presents!

Soldier's Head-Quarters.

NO MONEY NEEDED.

Rare Chance for AGENTS.

Head-Quarters for Army Corps Pins.

Any one wishing to become my Agents, or wishing to purchase anything in the Jewelry or Gold Pen and Pencil lines, I will send a sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale circular which gives full instructions and Premiums to Agents either a fine Gold Pen, with Extension Pencil, Gilt Case, Gilt-bow engraved Spring Locket or Bracelet, or Californian Diamond Seal Stone Ring, or a new style Vest Chain or Watch Chain, or Pencil-Case of Jewelry. Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, or the Kearney Crest Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it. 15 per ct. allowed Agents on Corps Pins.

D. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Queen Mab.

D. APPLETON & CO.
443 and 445 Broadway, New York.
HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

QUEEN MAB.

WITH
By Julia Kavanagh.
1 vol. Tlmo. Cloth, $1 50.

Miss Kavanagh is one of the most charming novel writers of the day.—*Evening Post.*

Sold by booksellers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—For PORTRAITS, with the Secret of Beauty, and "How to be Beautiful," see PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The January Double No. has more than 40 portraits. Only 15 cts. by first post, or $1 50 a year. New YOL. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Round the Block.

D. APPLETON & CO.,
443 and 445 Broadway, New York.
PUBLISH

ROUND THE BLOCK:

An American Novel. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 8mo, Cloth, $1 50.

This book which is pronounced the best novel that has been written for many years.

Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, consisting of Pipe, Stem, Mouthpiece and Pipe Cleaners, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe in a valve, without use of the fingers, and out of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable* as a Cigar Case. It is made for exertion, of various styles, at $1 25, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly gilded and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility, and Economy* for all Smokers, at Home or Abroad, in Camp, Field and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LABOR, nothing could be more acceptable. GIFT OF RIDGEWOOD TO ALL SOLDIERS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Liberal to the Army, daily rates this fact.

Also, the Celebrated **Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,** *Of superior quality and flavor,* in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking), $1 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SNUFFS, DELANEY, and ESTERS invited to call and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. Single Cases sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price and $1 25.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

H. A. HARVEY, 64 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES, CORDAGE, BAGGING, BUNTING, CARPET WARP,** Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Lasso Cord, Tarpaulin, Tent Cord, Packing and Wrapping **PAPER.** Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability *combined* with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera*, and general out-door use. Achromatic double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 9 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent change. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONDS, Oculists—Optician,
No. 416 Broadway, corner Walker street.

"TIP TOP."—THE JAN. PICTORIAL DOUBLE

NUMBER, PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is the best ever issued, and has Elegant and Fine Engravings, including MAY-GOT BASIN, LORD LYNDHURST, and many BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. Only 15 cents. Or $1 50 a year. New YOL. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

For the Holidays.

PATENT SPRING ROCKING CHAIRS, Unrivalled Patent, gives a healthy exercise. Invalids, Children of both sexes from 1½ to 15 years of age. Fastens the child to sit erect, and expands the chest. Is a certain cure for round shoulders. Also Walking Dolls, Sleighs, Velocipedes, and a general variety of toys. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and Price List. LEWIS TIBBALS, 511 Broadway, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, feed 2500. Price $1000.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

Duff's College

Founded in 1840, and Incorporated by Legislative Charter.

The only institution of the kind in the Union conducted by a practical merchant. Competent business authorities have pronounced the system of Book-keeping unequaled; comprehending every department of business, and yet so skilfully condensed, that every learner will master it before the whole is six or eight weeks. They include STOCK BOOKS, closed once with a loss and once with a gain, exhibiting, by three different methods, the transfer of old to new Books. PARTNERSHIP Accounts are conducted by three different methods, exhibiting the transfer of old to new Books, with the admission of a new partner. Also STEAMBOAT, RAILROAD, and PRIVATE BANK BOOK-KEEPING.

12 First Premiums

For best business and Ornamental Penmanship were awarded to WM. H. DUFF by the

United States Fair, at Cincinnati, in.....1859.
Pennsylvania State Fair, at Wyoming.....1860.
Western Pennsylvania Fair, at Pittsburgh.....1861.
Western Virginia Fair, at Wheeling.....1861.
And the Ohio State Fair, at Cleveland.....1862.

All of which are exhibited at our office.

"Perfect specimens of the fine art."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"These performances can only be excelled by the author."—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

"All his ornamental designs are new and remarkable for gracefulness and originality."—*Ohio State Journal.*

HARPER'S ENLARGED EDITION OF

Duff's Kook-keeping

Awarded Four Silver Medals.

Sold by Booksellers generally. Mailed, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of the price, $1 75.

The following are a few notices of the character of this work:

"No other work upon Book-keeping explains the subject with so much clearness and simplicity."—F. W. EDMONDS, Commercial Bank, Wall St., N. Y.

"It gives a clear insight into all departments of the business."—JOHN HAVEMEYER, Sugar Refiner, Wall St., N. Y.

"It contains much matter important to the merchant."—C. O. HALSTEAD, President Manhattan Bank, N. Y.

"The most full and complete of any work we ever saw."—JAS. B. MURRAY, President Exchange Bank, Pittsburgh.

"The most clear and comprehensive that I have met with."—JOHN F. DELANEY, Assistant Assessor, N. Y.

"You have put your own long experience as a merchant to good use in this work."—RUSSELL ARMEY, Merchant, No. 98 Front St., N. Y.

"As an ordinary Owner, American and European Merchant, Bank Director, &c., he has borne the reputation of the highest order of business men."—DAVID W. BURHAM, Merchant, No. 8 South St., N. Y.

"Mr. Duff is a man of unquestionable business."—JOHN H. TAYLOR, Merchant, Union St., New Orleans.

"I am glad to see the merchant of the future."—J. LANMAN, Merchant, New Orleans.

"I could not have Duff's Book for half the time I expended. Standard system includes nothing superfluous, nor leaves anything out of place."—W. B. DOWNS, Cashier Chicago Bank, Jan. 1863, N. Y.

"The favorable opinions already expressed by gentlemen of competent authority are well deserved, and very properly bestowed."

CHARLES M. LEUPP,
LEOPOLD BERNHEIM,
ROBERT SELLS,
Special Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, N. Y.

Address
PROSPER M. WETMORE, Secretary.

"Your Commercial College is the result of the application of the utility of the improved method of Mr. Duff."—GUS. C. LEGER, Esq., Banking Secretary Louisiana Seceding Institute, N. Y.

The full principles need for our new Circular, pp. 63, with samples of our penman's business and ornamental penmanship, including 10 cards for postage, to

F. DUFF & SON, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Presents! SEWING MACHINES FOR **$5.**
☞ Use no Shuttle.
☞ Use the *Self Sewer*.....
☞ Sew, Tuck, and Gather in the Most Perfect Manner.
☞ Needle Rocks and 350 Bartlett's Needles.....75c.
☞ Thread Winder and Tidy Holder.....25c.
☞ Silver Hemmers and Finger Shields.....25c.
☞ Hemming Gauge Screw Driver and Wrench.....25c.
At Bartlett's Needle & Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 447 Broadway, N. Y.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

I will pay the above named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus, or Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person will publish his articles as above, and mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and as soon as he may daily fill address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

T. B. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.



Just what every Family wants. Have a SEWING MACHINE Fitted for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil. Can be carried in the hand without chimney. Odorless. Safe. Saves 25 per cent. Agents wanted. Address, as above, for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Patent awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

When the Boys Come Home. "Mother would comfort Me." "Two songs by composer of "When this Cruel War is over," each 25 cts. "Eagle Call," 30 new patriotic songs and marches, 30 c. Silk and Italian violin strings, 25 c. each.
FREDERICK BLUME, 288 Bowery, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every County at $75 a month and expenses, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

200 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	50 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25 00 each.
800 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	10 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Ren. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Ivory Ribbon Slides	3 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Room Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Stone Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Lockets	3 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
7000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders	4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, naming to each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 10 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards.

National Emblems.



Major of Eagles

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of KING; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.

In placing your Orders for Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first session as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and which is handsome ornament for the room.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.

Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,

485 Broadway, or 165 William St., N. Y.

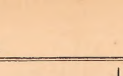
Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 calibre), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—take length five inches—four barrels—each rifled pair twist. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 463 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by

R. L. WOLCOTT, 160 Chatham Square, N. Y.



Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,

No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

New and elegant Designs, of superior Workmanship, at reasonable prices, manufactured of the very best well-seasoned and selected materials, under the supervision of the firm, whose reputation has been established seventy years. Every description of Furniture manufactured to order and executed promptly.

Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Cavalry Badges

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.



Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

1851 a year pays Board and Tuition at Hedden River Institute, Hedden, N. Y. Superior English, Classical, French, Musical, Painting, Military and Commercial Department. Both sexes. Each Term opens 18 Instructors. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal.

American Watches

For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *pocketing* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of the most substantial manufacture, as accurate and reliable time-keepers, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Arrows* and *Eagles* of which we have recently referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. FULLER, BOSTON, MASS., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

Agents of the American Watch Company,

182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Cloaks and Mantillas.

BRODIE

The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 24th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS, male or female, SOLDIERS, and all having time to spare, are particularly requested, as a favor, to send us their address, and we will send in return, free, information for which they will be HANDSOMELY. We offer EXTRA INDUCEMENTS. From $6 to $25 per day made by recipients. We want addresses from EVERY COUNTY in the U. S., and from EVERY SOLDIER in the Army. Address in full, RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 NASSAU STREET, Box 3121, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, AND ANKLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, CHRONIC PAINS, &c. SIMPSON & CO., No. 629 Broadway, N. Y.

Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Anklets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

India Rubber Gloves

Are a certain cure for Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, &c., and an excellent protection for the hands in all kinds of Housework, Gardening, &c. Sent by mail. Gents', $1 25. Mailed on receipt of price by

GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE MF'G CO.,

205 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Rubber Goods.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating ally extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and hair, except where entirely eradicated or destroyed, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles. DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor. Depot No. 403 Broadway. For sale by all druggists.



Opera and Field-Glasses

Of great power, from **$3 50** to $25. Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Also HERBERT GOODS in great variety. R. H. HOEN, Manufacturing Optician, 712 Broadway, up stairs. Send for circulars.

SPLENDID HOLIDAY PRESENTS.



Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their chronometer. — *N. Y. Evening Post.*

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's, Illustrated Paper.*

Prettiest, best and cheapest watch in the market.—*N. Y. Illustrated News,* Jan. 10.

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The excuse of late Watches are composed of so metals, or cutor one being fine 16 and the other 18 carat, reserved expiration level movement, and in various styles of hunting case piece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $264. Female watches in new, beautiful form. Sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES ARE UNSURPASSED.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced. LARGE, substantial forms of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, in case not to be affected by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best watch ever offered.

Sterling Silver in existence.

In the case of these watches, the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 each upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! *Heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial, and fancy cut hands, in case containing one watch,* per by the half dozen, $15; per dozen, $28; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk. Orders will meet the best attention and fulfilled with dispatch.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,

Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by the troops, will be sent by HARDENBURGH'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS that sell on sight, and of great value to the families; all pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and get 60 pages particulars. EVERADE BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

The Bond, &c.

If 75, the one, for a short time, of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub Balsam stimulates the Beard, Moustache, &c., to an exceedingly fine and vigorous growth. Has been thoroughly tried and found infallible. A small sample box and the interesting history of this Balsam will be sent sealed on receipt of 25 cents. Address

JOHN RAWLINS, 707 Broadway, N. Y.



Exterminates Catarrh, Rose and Branch, fourteen. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 419 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *New Enchanting Pearls, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

BILLIARD BALLS.

Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 9-1 and 9-8 in., $10 per set. 2 in. Bagatelle, $3 per set. 1½ in. Bagatelle, $2 per set. 1¼ Inch Ball, $30 set. Send for circular. Ohio Centre St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.

Commencement of the Twenty-Eighth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For December, 1863.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten. SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers at $2 00 each, or 11 Copies for $20.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.—HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.—Some constipations of life predispose to costiveness, especially those which allow but little exercise. Persons who encounter this unfortunate habit of body, under such circumstances, might possibly be relieved by regulating their sedentary employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means certain. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more injurious than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels—rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy; and a combination in the happiest proportion, of these ingredients, is found in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This famous stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while quietly removing from its convolutions all impediments to a free passage through them. No mere purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant affects the desired object. Cases of constipation, diagnosed as hopeless by distinguished medical men, have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. To those who have tried all the medicines of the dispensary in vain, we say try this veritable vegetable aperient. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the consequence of sedentary habits. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, by supplying the vigor which would otherwise be derived from exercise, will at all times enable the system to perform its excretory functions regularly and healthily. Few physicians even make the necessary allowance for the existence in some cases, and the gloom almost amounting to despair, in which the victims of habitual constipation languish in the darkness of females. The truth is, that ladies affected with this complaint are, as a class, more to be commiserated than any. And yet few of them are aware that the chief source of the tender sympathy and a feeder care.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 470 BROADWAY.

STERLING GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

(And all time).

Gold and Silver Watches,

And fine Gold Jewelry of every description. Staple Goods for the Holidays, and Lasting Tokens,

AT LOW PRICES.

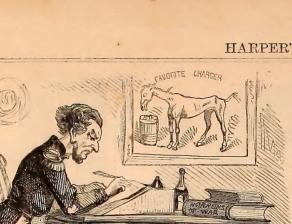
T. B. SYNNOTT, Importer and Dealer in Watches and Jewelry, No. **175** BROADWAY, N. Y., UP STAIRS.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.



CONDITION OF THE "MINING BUREAU" OVER WHICH JEFF DAVIS IS SITTING.

"The Reports from the Ordnance and Mining Bureaus are very gratifying." —(*Vide* JEFF DAVIS's *Message.*)

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities, AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

A Gold Watch Free!

To all who act as Agents for our splendid STATIONERY PRIZE PACKETS, which contain Fine Writing Materials, Paper, Envelopes, Handsome Jewelry, Novelties for the Holidays, &c. Retail for only 25 cts. Worth five times as much. These Packets contain better Stationery and more than any others put up. They are in great demand; sales quick; the profits immense; and in addition, receive as a present from us a splendid Gold or Solid Silver Watch, warranted a perfect time-keeper, worth ten times as much as the Competition Watches given with the trash sold by other parties. Please call or send for our New Circular.

C. S. HASKINS & CO., 30 Beekman Street, N. Y.

VERMILYE & CO.,

Bankers, No. 44 Wall Street,

WILL CONTINUE TO FURNISH

U. S. FIVE-TWENTY BONDS

As long as issued by Government at Par and Interest.

To BANKS and BANKERS the usual commission allowed.

We also buy and sell at market rates,

U. S. One Year CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN OF 1861.

U. S. 1-20 TREASURY NOTES.

U. S. QUARTERMASTER CHECKS.

Maturing Certificates of Indebtedness collected on favorable terms.

VERMILYE & CO.,
BANKERS, No. 44 Wall Street, N. Y.

WELLING'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS. For sale by Druggists. Send free for 60 cents. Depot 207 Centre St., N. Y.

The Parlor Ghost.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.—Now is the time to send in your orders for the greatest sensation of the day.

Every body wants it, and it is just the thing for the Holidays.

THE GREAT NEW HOLIDAY PRIZE PACKET, or,

Santa Claus Christmas Casket.

PRICE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

It contains something for all, both old and young.

And is Useful, Novel, and Amusing.

In addition to the numerous articles, it contains the recipe for producing, at trifling expense,

THE WONDERFUL PARLOR GHOST.

For sale by all the Wholesale and Retail Stationery and News Dealers throughout the country. Circulars sent free.

THIELE & CO., 199 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE ROWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifies the small objects 9,000 times. Mailed to any receiver for $2 00. Cards, Five of different powers for $4 00. Address E. G. ROWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

A Beautiful Complexion free from Tan,

Pimples and Freckles, may easily be secured by using the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS." For thoroughly it is unsurpassed. It is composed of pure oil, honey, and other valuable articles, highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and when used for washing, night and morning, renders the skin soft and white, and free from blemish. Price 50 cents.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 208 and 207 Chatham Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.



Paris Tool Chests, fitted with complete sets of Tools, sharpened and set ready for use, and packed in cases for shipping.

Prices from $3 to $75 each, and containing from 8 to 92 Tools, according to size.

Shipped on receipt of price. Send for descriptive circular to the manufacturer.

GEO. PARR, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lands. To all Wanting Farms.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $25 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for MANUFACTURERS and MECHANICS, with steam and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling there. Any person desiring with which the place is laid out in village lots can be answered. Persons containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and healthy condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

FOR

Holiday Presents,

SEE

J. H. Winslow & Co.'s

Advertisement on page 831.

Learn to Skate in One Hour by using The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles. Frederick Stevens, 215 *Pearl Street, New York;* 63 *Kilby Street, Boston.*

Davis Collamore & Co.,

479 Broadway, below Broome Street.

Are now Opening HOLIDAY GOODS in great VARIETY and of very beautiful styles.

ALSO DRESSING, TEA, and TOILET SETS. GLASS WARE, ENGRAVED with CREST or INITIAL.

HIGH CANTON COPPER URNS, *&c., &c.*

CHEMICS FOR DRESS.

$15 Per Day Easy $15 And a Watch Free.

Agents should be careful in directing their orders to us, as several small unprincipled imitators of our styles have sprung into existence lately, who copy our advertisements, and "*promise*" the same *Premiums* that we have "*given away*" for years. Those parties can not fulfill those *promises*; consequently, agents can not be dealt with honorably by *them*. Those parties who advertise those *Premiums* require agents to send them from $40 to $50 in cash for their *first* imitations *before they can receive any thing.* We do as we have done for years, *viz.*: send a Watch and a Box of Beautiful Gold or Silver "Hunting Case Watch" on a spec, or send it with their "*first order.*" No delay. Orders will be filled, and guarantee all our watches as perfect time-keepers. WE FUND THE MONEY AND PRESENT THE GOODS. Agents will notice that our Prize Packages must be of extra quality, and meet with a ready sale, or they could *not* be instituted. We are the *sole importers of* the beautiful watch, so we present to agents, and no *other Houses* have them. Look at the list of articles contained in *each one* of our popular, unscrolled, and valuable extra large size STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PRIZE PACKAGES. Fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1864, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry,* Rare Recipes, Gents' Jewelry, *&c., &c., &c.*, the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars.* Prize each Package only 25 cents each. Wholesale rate to agents very low, from 100 TO 200 PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. Our Packages stand alone as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged 'as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sellers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by EXPRESS safe to ALL PARTS of the army South or Southwest. We want agents in every town and camp, who can easily make $15 per day, and obtain with their first order a Beautiful and Correct Timekeeper *free.* A single one of our Prize Packages contains more valuable articles than any half-dozen others. Send for our Great New Circulars for 1864, containing Rates Terms, testimonials, &c., &c., &c. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

Perry Davis' Pain Killer.



This great public benefactor, we are happy to learn, is still fulfilling its mission of relief, and alleviating many of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Its domain is the wide, wide world; and wherever a Yankee has set his foot, may be found doing its work. It relieves them speedily, safely, and thoroughly. But it needs no lengthy recommendation to entitle it to the confidence. It is regularly a household remedy; and, if kept in hand and used in season, may save the lives of much suffering, besides very sensibly diminishing the expenses for medical attendance.—*Providence, R. I., Weekly Press.*

SOLDIER'S GIFT.

A PRESENT

For his Friends at Home.

THE MOST POPULAR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Beautiful Photograph Albums.

BY PERUSING AT A DISTANCE, MAY HAVE THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL STYLES OF

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

Sent by mail or express, receipt of the price annexed.

Plain Albums, Morocco, 12 Portraits, $1 50; by mail, $1 75
Plain Albums, Morocco, 24 Portraits, $1 75; by mail, $2 00
Plain Albums, Morocco, 20 Portraits, $2 25; by mail, $2 50
Plain Albums, Morocco, 104 Portraits, $6 00; by mail, $6 50
Photo Albums, Turkey gilt, 40 Port., $3 00; by mail, $3 50
Photo Albums, Morocco, 40 Port., $2 00; by mail, $2 50
Photo Albums, Turk gilt, 50 Port., $4 00; by mail, $4 50
Photo Albums, Morocco, 50 Port., $3 00; by mail, $3 50
Photo Albums, beautiful, 50 Port., $5 00; by mail, $11 00
Plain Albums, Morocco, oblong, 80 Port., $5 00; by mail, $6 00
Photo Albums, Alto Relief, 80 Port., $7 75; by mail, $10 00
Photograph Albums, magnificently ornamented, 100 Portraits, $9 25; by mail, $10 00.

Albums sent 100 miles, on Express routes, at the prices in "*first column, free*" at a greater distance, 25 cents per 100 additional $50 portraits.

WILLIAM W. HARDING,
MANUFACTURER OF ALBUMS, AND PUBLISHER OF FAMILY AND PRIVATE BIBLES,
No. 370 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia.

FURS.

C. C. GUNTHER & SONS.

FUR WAREHOUSE.

46 Maiden Lane. New York.

Importers, Manufacturers and Shippers of Raw Furs and Skins.

Invite attention to their extensive Assortment of Ladies' and Gents'

Musical Boxes,



Playing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes, and costing from $2 75 to $500 each. A beautiful article for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. My stock of Musical Boxes is the largest importation and sales found in this country. M. J. GAILLARD, Importer, No. 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York.

For Holiday Presents

Be sure and read B. T. HAYWARD'S Notice on page 839.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS

PATENT SELPHO'S PATENT

The best Substitutes for Natural Limbs ever invented. (Described 24 pages.) 310 Broadway.

STAMMERING

And Stuttering cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. For (New Edition of) descriptive Pamphlets and Drawings, address H. G. BATES, 371 W. 23d St., N. Y.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

19 Maiden Lane AND 22 John Street,

31 Rue du Chateau d'Eau, Paris, Sands St., Birmingham, England.

French and English Fancy Goods.

PORCELAIN VASES. MANTEL ORNAMENTS. MARBLE CLOCKS. BRONZES. CARD RECEIVERS. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. RICH CUTLERY AND BRONZES. CARPETS FOR FOOT STEPS. LIQUOR CASES. OPERA GLASSES. FANS. LADIES' DRESSING CASES. GOLD AND CORAL JEWELRY. DIAMONDS, WATCHES, &c. NECESSAIRES.

HEILIGE GOODS. PISTOLS.—CUTLERY, &c.

FINE ENGLISH SKATES.

$35 WATCHES. $35

Genuine Full-Jeweled American Lever Watches, in 4 Ounce Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Gold Joints, for $35.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,

209 Broadway New York.

$7. WATCHES. $7.

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, small size, *English Movements*, perfect time-keeper. Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only $7. A Solid Silver, same as above, $9. Specially adopted to the ARMY. Sent by mail, with directions for use. Agents Wanted.

J. FRANK LEROY & CO., Wholesale and Retail, 21 Nassau Street, NORTON & CO. have received two very desirable things in a watch,—cheapness and reliability. When it is known that for $7 a person can have an excellent timekeeper, there will be greater punctuality in all the offices of life."

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER. UNRIVALED

In Manufacture, Fitting, and Material.

At UNION ADAMS, No. 637 Broadway.

HAINES'S LEGAL ADVISER

For Lawyers, Business Men, Public Officers, and others. Gives all decisions and regulations concerning the Conscription Act. Price 25 cts. Published monthly. Terms $1 00 a year. Address

E. M. HAINES, Chicago, Ills.

Remington's



ARMY AND NAVY

REVOLVER.

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,

Ilion N. Y.

A Household Word.—Buy your Housekeeping Articles at BASSFORD'S, Cooper Institute, New York.



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There is no Gift, or Present, which compares with the Genuine Stereoscope and Stereoscopic Objects. As a source of amusement and instruction they are unsurpassed. The Stereoscope will be mailed, postage paid, for $2 25; or with 6 fine Stereoscopic objects, for $3; or with 24 objects, for $5.

HENRY ANSCHUTZ,

835 Broadway, New York.

A liberal discount to the trade.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metal. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to Box 5175, and receive it by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Fulton St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$5 positively made from 20 cts. I supply the Goods. Every person wants a pocket pencil case, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20 cts.; retails for $1. T. R. WOLCOTT, 71 Chatham Square, N. Y.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS

Engraved with initials, 75c. per pair, sent free on receipt of the price. Fresh $1 00 per set each. WM. J. WELLING, manufacturer of Jewelry goods, 207 Centre St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

Pegg's Double-Action Patent Lever SKATE BUCKLE,

Manufactured and for sale on Straps, at wholesale, by F. STEVENS, Manufacturer of Skates, Straps, and Leather Goods, 215 Pearl St., New York. 66 Kilby St., Boston.

MUNN & CO.,

Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,

And Publishers of the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Invaluable information concerning Patents, free. Specimens of the Paper, free.